



A serial story by SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS of the FRANK LLOYD PRODUCTION MAID OF SALEM starring CLAUDETTE COLBERT-FRED MacMURRAY a Paramount Picture

SYNOPSIS

Barbara Clarke, belle of the Puritan village of Salem, is being criticized constantly for her jolly and carefree manners by Elder Morse, young church official who loves her. Barbara remains heart-free, however, until a Negro slave with supposed fortune-telling powers, tells her that she will soon meet a dark and handsome young man with whom she will fall in love.

CHAPTER II

Mirthful and expectant, Barbara fixed her gaze upon the closed door. Jeremiah came up at a run. She set finger to her lips.

"You have guests?" she whispered. "No."

"That chair." Her hand followed its motion.

"The wind. My cabin is a sieve for weather."

The vivid face crinkled into laughter as an undeniable sneeze sounded from back of the door. "I've heard of a nose for the wind," she chuckled.

The fisherman changed his tune. "A poor bagman whose craft was bent on upon the beach. I gave him refuge." She advanced on tiptoe, barking in a cleverly assumed baritone: "Come out, bagman, and show your wares."

The door was jerked open. With a little cry Barbara leapt back, swift as a doe, from the naked point at her breast. She was staring into fierce-set eyes that widened with wonder and a warmth that quickened her breath. The rapier spun upward, was deftly caught and presented in reverse.

"Grace and mercy, maiden," pleaded the bearer. "I yield me."

She touched the hilt with light fingers, and the blade shot home in its scabbard. "Fine feathers for a poor bagman," she smiled, marking his tattered garments of the costliest fabrics, his tall boots and the plumed hat on a peg.

"No bagman, but a gentleman of Virginia, at your beauty's service."

"Oh, Jeremiah! What deceit! And

you a Son of the Prophet."

"I, too, claim Harvard College as my alma mater," said the stranger. He chuckled. "There was some difference of doctrinal opinion, such as exiled my uncle—" He indicated Jeremiah—"from his professorship, setting me in temporary disfavor. As one might say, a Stepson of the Prophet."

"And that's why you're in hiding?"

"If that were all!"

"Have a care, Roger," warned his kinsman.

Roger Coverman said recklessly: "If this maid be not staunch, if I may not trust that face, those eyes, then let me be taken and hanged. Surely Nature is not so false to her fairest presentments that there should be aught but kindness from such beauty."

"Say you so?" grunted the other.

"Ask the lovelorn youth of Salem whether she be all kindness for them."

"Ah? Then I enter the lists against many."

"Not for the first time," said his uncle. He addressed the intruder. "Three hundred against two regiments. Those stains are blood, and not all his own."

"A small matter of taxes" put in the young soldier lightly, "The Governor of the Province thought thus; some of us, gentlemen and freeholders, thought otherwise. Out swords, and at it. So you see me, a sought rebel and traitor to the crown."

"I have heard of worse being pardoned," said Barbara.

"Pardons are for those who ask them. I have never loved the beggar's part—as yet," said he with a significant look at the girl.

"How did you escape?"

"There were six of us that rode and fought together, all of us Sons of the Prophet. A friendly skipper gave us passage to Boston, after the defeat. And so back to Alma Mater."

"Where he must needs make issue

against the Rev. Mather, no less. A son of contention and an heir of trouble, this lad," said Jeremiah, setting an affectionate hand on his shoulder.

"I might still have maintained my thesis against the witch-hunters," said Roger. But my home province named me ringleader and set a price on this unworthy head." He leaned forward to Barbara. "I am worth a thousand pounds to you, Beauty."

The girl tossed her head. "Because you are traitor to the crown, shall I be traitor to a friend?" She thrust an arm through Jeremiah's.

"Did I not venture she was staunch?" cried the young soldier triumphantly. He caught her hand to his lips.

With deepening color, she still spoke banteringly. "Do you still value yourself at a round thousand pounds, damaged goods that you are? Even though I wished to claim the forfeit, I do not know your name, nor, I doubt, should I remember your face."

He bowed to the floor. "The heart knows where it can put its trust. And when shall I have opportunity of recalling my face to you?"

"When I fetch more candles," she answered as a call from the cliff summoned their host outside.

"Our need of them is sore. Often I read the night through. Do you fear the dark?"

"Not I."

He leaned eagerly to her. "There is a safe thicket back of the church. Will you meet me there half an hour before curfew? I may not be here long," he pleaded.

Her hand went to her breast. "No," she breathed. "I—dare not."

"Nevertheless I shall be waiting—and hoping. My uncle will vouch for my honor." There was a new gravity in his tone that moved her more than his easy grace. "God go with you, Barbara Clarke."

Unwonted restlessness possessed Bar-

bara that evening as she set to herb-stringing with old Tituba. Finally she opened the door.

"What you goin'?" asked the slave anxiously. "Into de night?"

"Yes, Timmy is too long at the Dominie's."

"Goody Higgins is wiff him."

"I know. But I'm smotherin' for air." She slipped into the darkness.

At the rear of the church she stopped. "Still," ordered a quiet voice.

"Pretend to be picking ground-herbs. Someone is spying."

From the further side of the thicket Goody Higgins's toothless mumble reached the girl's ears. "Where's your wits, boy? There's no man here."

"I saw him," piped Timothy. "A stranger. All black."

"Save us! Be you sure?" Before the child could reply, a formidable figure manifested itself from the shadows. Its monstrous head was black and from its front protruded one shining horn. Screaming, the old woman and the boy fled.

"This is no place for us," laughed Roger and, throwing an arm about the girl, he hustled her to the safer shelter of the cliff.

"What a thing to do!" she scolded. "How am I to soothe my little Tim? He'll think he has seen the devil, himself."

"Better he should tell your gossips of the devil than of the stranger in the settlement." With a deft sweep he gathered the black cloak, thrusting the point of his sword through one of the lacelets. "Have you ever seen a better counterfeit of Old Horny?"

She frowned. "I think my wits were wandering when I came here."

"Are you sorry?" he asked shortly.

"Nanna—o. But you mustn't ask me to meet you again. It's so unsafe for you." Forcing a lighter tone, she added: "And I even forgot to bring you your dips."

By noon all Salem had heard, with horror, that an unidentified woman had trysted with Satan in the very shadow of the church.

(To Be Continued)

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SHEARING CHECKED BY RAIN

LEWISTON, Idaho—Operations in the northwestern wool market last week were centered in Idaho. Inquiries were being made in Oregon and Washington, but no contracts were reported. Where shearing was started it was checked by rain.

All the early shorn wools in Idaho have been cleaned up. In the last two weeks over 100,000 fleeces were sold at a price range of 35 to 37 cents.

All foreign wool markets were firm during the week.

ASKS ANOTHER CAMP ON THE LOLO TRAIL

OROFINO, Idaho—Word received here from U. S. representative Compton I. White last week said he would ask the Bureau of Federal Prisons to establish a second convict labor camp in north Idaho to speed completion of the Lewis and Clark (Lolo Trail) highway linking Portland and Missoula with Lewiston.

He said a prison camp now is operating at the west end of the road above Kootsika, Idaho.

Advertisement for Fidelity Savings & Loan Association, featuring a 30-year history, home company status, and insurance coverage.

Advertisement for Complete Diesel Training at Western Diesel School, located at 8402 Third Ave. in Spokane, Wash.

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Advertisement for hotels, laundries, and other services.

Advertisement for musical instruments, radios, and other goods.

Advertisement for sporting goods, tools, and other items.

Advertisement for Beauty Culture school, offering training in cosmetology.

Week's Radio Programs-KHQ, KFIO, KFPY, KGA

Table with 7 columns: SUNDAY APRIL 4, MONDAY APRIL 5, TUESDAY APRIL 6, WEDNESDAY APRIL 7, THURSDAY APRIL 8, FRIDAY APRIL 9, SATURDAY APRIL 10. Each column lists radio programs with station call letters and times.



RUTH SPRAGUE NBC Actress

Ruth Sprague, pretty fair-haired little actress heard on the "S. and W. Junior News Parade" Mondays and Fridays over NBC's Pacific coast Red network, is only 17 years old but she has a record of microphone experience

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of which many older players might be proud. She began her microphone career at the age of 5 and looks back with pride to the fact that

Leo Carrillo was her first "leading man." At the conclusion of the skit Carrillo picked up the tiny thing and gave her a kiss and a hug.

comes of an interesting family which arrived in America shortly after the Mayflower brought its cargo of Pilgrim Fathers to

New England. She has attended school in San Francisco and has studied violin at the San Francisco conservatory. She has played in almost every kind of radio production the other waves have known since her early childhood.

\$150 to \$175 is the average monthly salary of beginning Railroad TELEGRAPH OPERATORS We want the applications of men with good eyesight, 17 to 35 years. A high school education preferable, but not absolutely necessary. Unusual conditions will justify you in enrolling at a very early date. SPOKANE TELEGRAPH SCHOOL N102 Monroe Spokane

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