

The Heat Is Still On

Where the crowds come from I don't know . . . but I surely send them away happy! If it is at all possible to push your way in . . . you'd better come today, because IT CAN'T LAST MUCH LONGER . . . and it CAN'T EVER HAPPEN AGAIN!

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CRESCENT CARNIVAL

FRANCES PARKISON KEYES

(Continued)

At the end of five days, in the course of which Stella had done nothing but listen to the telephone and watch for the mail, both vainly, she had grown so edgy that Drew Breckenridge began to notice that something was wrong with her. Drew did not act in the least disturbed, but several times Stella caught him looking at her with veiled amusement. She had reached the point where she was almost ready to ask him to tell her, for the luvamike, what was eating him, when he astonished her by asking her to go for a ride with him. "I'm leaving about three, and asking Mrs. de Gruy to have some supper saved for me, because I don't know exactly when I'll get home. I'd be glad to have you with me, unless there's some special reason for all this watchful waiting of yours."

"What gives you the idea I'm doing any watchful waiting?"
"I don't know. But I've got it. You might tell me whether it is unfounded, or not, just as you like."

"Oh, for the luvamike! Three o'clock, did you say?"
She was still very loath to leave the rear gallery, but the mail was already in, unproductive again, and the telephone had not rung once all day. It would serve Raoul right if she was out when he did call. The thought buoyed her up while she went to get into riding breeches and a soft shirt.
Drew was waiting for her with the horses at the stable. He inquired in that smooth way of his that simply prickled with sarcasm, whether he might have the honor of helping her mount, and after casting one glance at him, which she knew was not so annihilating as she would have liked to make it, she sprang easily into her saddle unaided and started down the driveway at a smart clip. She would show him just how insufferable she thought he was. But she had hardly reached her lofty decision when she saw an unmistakable car tearing up the driveway toward them. She reined in her horse quickly and turned to Drew almost apologetically. "I'm sorry, Drew, but I don't think I can ride with you after all. I think I have a caller and you see—"

"Oh, then of course—good afternoon, Mr. Bienvenu. How are you?"
Raoul swung the car to the side of the driveway, jerked it to a stop and leapt out of it, slamming the decrepit door.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Breckenridge," he said civilly. "Hello, Stella! I can't stay but a second. I just stopped by to say that I can't get here Saturday, after all, I'm on my way to Baton Rouge now. A session's called for eight o'clock tonight. I tried to telephone you, but something was the matter with the line."

"How long will the special session last?" She could not make her voice sound natural.
"Probably four days," Raoul was saying. "I'm in a frightful hurry now. But I'll stop in on my way back from Baton Rouge, anyway. I'll wire or telephone you when that'll be. Don't sit around waiting for me."

"Will you write to me in the meantime?" She knew she ought not to say that, but she simply could not help it.
"I'll try. But I'm not much of a letter writer. So long, Stella. Good-bye, Mr. Breckenridge."

"Good-bye," Stella and Drew said together.
Raoul wrenched the door of his car open again, and turned it around on the narrow road. Then he went scurrying out of sight, leaving a cloud of dust and a smell of gasoline in his wake. Stella sat very still on her horse. Drew brought his mount close to hers, and then he leaned over and laid one of his hands over her hand, firmly and quietly and with infinite friendliness and tenderness. "Would it help at all if you should tell me about it, Stella?" he asked.

Though she was so terribly in love with Raoul Bienvenu, she was nearer, in that moment, to loving Drew Breckenridge than she had ever been before in her life.

Raoul's first letter came two days later. It was written on official stationery, with a print of the silo-shaped Capitol rising on the side and, underneath, the words: Raoul Bienvenu, Vermillion Parish. Stella thought it was the most wonderful letter she had ever received in her life.

Dearest Stella: (That's the way I really ought to start in, isn't it?)
Let me be the first to tell you that a great and glorious speed record has been set in the history of legislation.

I believe Huey Long will shove off by plane within the next hour or two. That means you'll be seeing me almost as soon as you get this. I don't know of a dance anywhere in the middle of the week that we can go to, but we can go to the movies, or out along the bayou, just as you prefer. Me, I'd like the bayou.

I'm afraid I forgot to say it before, but I love you a lot, and I hope I'll always be able to make you happy.

Yours,
Raoul.
(To be continued)

IN MEMORIAM

MR. ANDREW MACLEOD

There passed peacefully away at his home on March 22nd, Mr. Andrew MacLeod at the advanced age of 95 years. Deceased was born in Irishtown—the son of the late Kenneth and Margaret (MacPherson) MacLeod. He belonged to a family noted for their longevity. In a family of eight, almost all of them were spared to see more than four score years, some, including himself, reaching near the century mark. In early life the late Mr. MacLeod learned the carpenter trade, having served as an apprentice with the late Nathan MacParlane of Summerside. Later he acquired the farm adjoining the old home, where he successfully carried on the occupation of farming during his life time. In recent years his son Heath took over the farm management—today the finest farm home in the neighborhood. Deceased was one of God's noblemen, endowed with a quiet, cheerful nature, he won and retained the esteem and confidence of a host of friends. A man of warm Christian friendship, highly respected by all classes and creeds, he possessed the quiet dignity of a true gentleman. In church and community life he has set a worthy example of citizenship. His house was one of genuine hospitality where friend and stranger alike were assured of a hearty welcome. Throughout his long and useful life he faithfully upheld the fine traditions of his ancestors.

He was an elder in the Presbyterian Church at Long River for upwards of 50 years. Superintendent of the Irishtown Sunday School and also a teacher for many years and a loyal advocate of the temperance cause. In politics he was always a staunch Liberal.

His funeral was held on Easter Sunday, despite the impassable condition of the country roads for a large number of sympathizing friends gathered to pay a final respect to the departed. The service was conducted by his Pastor, Rev. D. A. Campbell, basing his remarks on the words of St. Paul (so suitable to the occasion) "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith, I have finished my course." Rev. Mr. Campbell spoke words of comfort and hope to the bereaved. Hymns sung by a mixed choir were: "The Lord's My Shepherd", "Shall We Gather at the River" and "Asleep in Jesus." Mrs. Kenneth MacLeod presiding at the organ. The floral tributes were beautiful.

Deceased leaves to mourn his passing, one daughter, Emeline at home, whose faithful and loving care brought sunshine into the closing days of his life, and two sons, William F. Charlottetown and Heath on the homestead. Five grand children and eleven great grand children. Also one brother George, Irishtown, and three sisters, Mrs. Alma Sheen, Tyne Valley; Mrs. Barbara MacGougan and Mrs. Minnie Campbell, both of Kensington. His beloved wife predeceased him in 1943. One brother and two sisters passed away in recent years.

The pallbearers were nearby neighbours, Preston Campbell, Thomas Campbell, Kenneth MacLeod, James B. MacLeod, J. Lorne Campbell and Wilfred L. Campbell. Burial was in the family plot in Geddie Memorial cemetery.
Mr. J. L. Davison was in charge of the funeral arrangements.

Card Of Thanks

The family of the late Andrew MacLeod of Irishtown wish to thank their friends and neighbors who sent flowers and messages of sympathy; also those who helped in any way during their recent sad bereavement.

IN MEMORIAM

In fond memory of

SAMUEL D. JAY

who departed this life four years ago today, March 31st.

Lovingly Remembered by Wife and Daughter.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of Mother, Mrs. Daniel MacDonald, who departed this life March 31st, 1950.

Sweet are the memories that never fade

Of one we loved, but could not save.

Always so gentle, true, and kind.

Few in this world her equal you'll find.

A beautiful life that came to an end

She died as she lived, everyone's friend.

Fondly Remembered by Her Son Hugh, Joan and Family.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of William A. White, Milton, who departed this life March 31st, 1943.

May Heaven's winds blow softly,

O'er that sweet and hallowed spot,

Where one we loved lies sleeping,

Who will never be forgot.

Fondly Remembered by Wife and Family.

IN MEMORIAM

In fond and loving memory of my dear Mother, Mrs. Rachael MacDonald, who died March 31st, 1950.

Fondly Remembered and Sadly Missed by Her Son John and Daughter-in-Law Frances and Family.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of our Mother,

MRS. DAN W. MACDONALD

who passed away March 31st, 1950.

Sweet memories will linger forever.

Time cannot change them, it's true.

Years that may come cannot sever

Our loving remembrance of you.

Lovingly Remembered by Her Family.

IN MEMORIAM

In fond memory of a loving husband and dear father

PHILIP MORRISON

Departed this life

March 31st, 1949.

Sadly Missed by Wife and Family.

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