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MOONLIGHT MANOR

A Romantic Story With Scenes Laid in the Genesee Valley

By AGNES HORSCH HOFMASTER

(Continued From Last Week)

CHAPTER V

Spirit of Flight

"He isn't badly hurt and 'tis mostly the shock. The Doctor says leave him alone an' don't worry till he wakes up himself. Andy Alanna." Maryana was busy painting the back porch white and Andy swung in the hammock while she watched her, stirring the paint every so often to "keep it together" and now and again her eyes studied the yellow roadster that Larry had rescued from the ditch and towed to the Manor.

"It's a beaut of a car, so it is but it's plain to be seen it's owned by the wrong guy, er man." Maryana dripped paint absently down the front of her old green smock while her eyes followed Andy's puzzled gaze across the sports with a dubious looking rag. "He is too handsome entirely t'live long. But he had a bottle in the car, under the seat. Mind, Andy, a bottle and a baby is a cute thing to see. But 'tis the hello girl sees some strange sights of a night and hears some queer things as a result of them being adopted out to gentlemen in high hats. Just last night Terry Divers stumbled into the office and I stumbled him out again. I did that. Hope I didn't hurt him mournfully, "but a fellow with six drinks under his belt I've got no use for at all. No not I, Andy."

"We shouldn't be too hard on anybody, Mari. Maybe."

"Maybe nothing, Andy. Half the bottle in the car was empty. Suppose now, he'd been killed. Not a sign of a name on him anywhere. But he told Len it was you he wanted to see. O' there, now! I've spilled it, and mother said to keep still. Say nothing, Alanna. But tell your sister, what else you've been keeping a secret, besides Owen being in love with you?"

Andy's eyes flew wide. "Why Maryana O'Doone! I why, I don't know what you are talking about. He asked for ME? Oh! but no it couldn't be, yet!"

"What couldn't be yet?"

"N othing. Nothing much anyway, Maryana, please."

Maryana sat back on her heels and inspected Andrea. "WEELL." She drawled at last. "I'll be ding-busted Andy, oh! good afternoon, Mr. er, Owen. I hoyye feel rested?"

She smiled her loveliest at the tall man with his hands in his pockets and his eyes resting in hers. He smiled back. And no one could blame him. "I feel wonderful, Andrea. This place is more than even dreams could ask for and you—" he didn't finish for Andy had made a queer little sound in her throat and her eyes dropped suddenly to hide the stab in them.

Why Worry?

Before he could ask any questions, Maryana hurried to the rescue. "Maryana, you better go and take an aspirin for that throat. Mom told you this morning about your a cold in the head." She turned to Kennedy again. "She just will Stay out under the moon at night. She thinks of fairies and she says her rosary and—" she paused feeling this was not what Andy would say to her Mr. Kennedy. But the man seemed to see nothing strange about her, nor her talk and so why worry? If she got caught, the truth would come out, but as Andy had made herself like Maryana why well, anyway Mr. Kennedy was grand! Blithely and joyously skip in childes and take a look at the spare room, on your way. That joy quaffer may need a little attention. Skip Alanna quick now."

Kennedy watched Andrea skip blithely and joyously away with her crutch while Maryana wondered just what she ought to say to him. Practically anything was sure to be the wrong thing and never having been touched by the gentle passion of love, she felt lost for words. Strange but true! For Maryana. But as she wiped out her brush on the spotted, sticky rag and put it away, she bethought herself of the dance in Weyburn's barn, coming off on Thursday.

It's you can pick the right time to take a vacation, Owen," nodded she with a quirk at the corner of her mouth. "Sure Weyburns'll be ho-ho and ha-ha to welcome home the er Lord of the Manor."

Kennedy rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Weyburns? Oh yes."

"Umhm. The whole town's going over to the barn dance and you'll be the lion of the event. I'll be the the lioness." That addition ought to sound loverish enough to suit any male man. Yes it ought."

But poor Kennedy unconscious that the last sentence meant anything in particular, except that she was usually the belle of the ball, still stroked his chin and pondered. Who were Weyburns, and what about the lord of the Manor? Who was he supposed to be, anyway? Oh, well, he didn't care. He could prove that he was Kennedy, if not Owen, so let the matter take care of itself. He needed this air.

"It's a long time since I danced but—"

"Oh, don't let a little thing like that bother you. Anybody can dance with me. Now come on down to the pasture and I will show you something." She didn't know whether Andy had talked about Lady Joy to Kennedy or not. But if she hadn't she should have. And she'd go easy like and feel the way. Why didn't the man speak of Corner Lots? The Weyburns said Owen used to be a rare one for home and Lady Joy. Old Lady Joy, of course.

Kennedy did not swing along through the fields like a country-bred man. But he breathed in deeply the sweetness of the marshy land and the clover-scented air. Oh Lord, Lord! It was good to be alive, but here! Not, not there! Where everybody he knew either pitied or hated him or laughed at him for a fool. But he mustn't think of that. Only of getting back his nerves, or losing them rather in this divine spot. And then—

"There she is." Maryana pointed to a beautiful but no longer young black mare who raised her head as they came up against the stone fence. She whistled and the mare trotted to her. But of Kennedy she took not the slightest notice.

"I guess she has forgotten you," she said disappointed that her one bright thought had fallen flat. "Don't you know Owney any more, Joy?"

Kennedy put his hand on her black muzzle, carressingly for she was a beautiful specimen of breeding. And Joy, feeling the affection throughout her sensitive frame, lay her head over his shoulder as Her daughter had done to Larry that morning.

Maryana laughed. "Oh, you do remember, do you, oh what! well. But you don't act the way Larry Weyburn does over his Joy, Mr Kennedy. Still it's a long time since she saw you."

Kennedy nearly passed out of the picture. So he was supposed to be something special to Lady Joy Whom he had known year ago. Well! In for a penny in for a pound. But he'd stick to it.

"And how do Corner Lots look to you? Not much like the city I guess." Maryana felt she was getting on quicksand, so she quickly changed the subject. "Look at Grandpa Bully Frog. Larry says he is six years old. And Andy er Maryana says he's a bewitched prince. Er—"

Hoped To Forget

Kennedy rose to the one tip he had. He knew all about fairies and elves and things like that. He had to in his business. Or anyway, he had found it useful. A lump rose in his throat when he remembered the last fairy tale he'd told but he'd forget that someday.

"Princes are always in disguise," he declared so seriously that Maryana turned the full battery of her eyes on him in surprise.

"That they are," she answered just as seriously after a pause wherein she decided that Kennedy was a prince himself and that she was a princess. Only he didn't know it. Or yes he did. Of did he? Oh, that Andy Alanna! What'd she done to her at all? She swished away suddenly and scared up a litter of baby rabbits that scampered off high-tailed through the field. Leaping the fence herself, she hurled herself in one graceful half-wild movement for Lady Joy's back. "I am the spirit of flight!" She called with one hand twisted on Joy's mane and the other high in air, as she looked over her shoulder and the old mare streaked away with some of the old abandon that had prompted Owen to name her Lady Joy.

"Jove!" cried Kennedy, suddenly filled with a deep and rash desire to leap behind her. "She is the spirit of flight all right." And something back in his head said "If you aren't too slow, maybe you can catch her. Sometime."

Then the light died in his eyes. For he thought of another spirit that had fled. And was it his fault? Was it? She wouldn't say so. But others did.

CHAPTER VI

Pete Smith—Salesman

If Andy did not skip blithely and joyously away, she at least looked in at the spare-room door.

The handsome face on the pillow was white but the eyes in it were wide open and blazing. Not with fever but with anger. Puzzled anger.

"Who are you?" The white face demanded belligerently.

"And Maryana O'Doone" replied Andrea, a little disconcerted, but smiling.

"Whoever that is. Maryana O'Doone! Well then, where am I?"

"At Moonlight Manor, Geneseo, New York."

"Never heard of it. Say." A queer look came into the puzzled eyes. "Say! who am I?"

Andrea was thoroughly scared, now, but before calling Mom she answered "Why I don't know who you are. Don't you?"

Something like fear passed over the half boyish, half manish features. Then he laughed weakly. "Can't say I do. Must have been a wild party last night. Any of the crowd here?"

"No."

"Low lot. They'd desert me in a pinch!"

"Why, you were alone in your car, looking for, for Andrea O'Doone, you said."

"Stewed. Stewed to the ears. Well, they always said I'd come to some bad end. Like the crowing hen."

"Who said so?"

"Douced if I seem to remember. Say, You aren't stringing me? I'll call my mother. I think you'd better not talk."

"No, wait. I feel O. K. And I'll remember, in a minute or so. I don't tell anybody yet. Tell em tell the inv name's Pete Smith. Moving picture saleman or anything. And say, get me a cigarette. I think maybe I have some somewhere. I was alone in the car, you say?" That half fearful look crossed his face again and as Andy handed him the cigarette case from the table, he noted her crutch and how adorable she was. But he couldn't remember who he was or where he had hailed from, nor whither he was going. Oh well. He might be in worse places. She was easy to look at, in spite of the crutch. Now what did he want here? And where was this Andrea he'd asked for? Wow! It'd be a joke on him when he got home to the bunch. The bunch? Aw!

Steps in the hall prompted him to whisper rapidly. "Keep mum, now I am Peter Smith, salesman. See? I'll be O. K. in the—"

Things Muddled

Mom came in and took in the scene. Her pleasant face clouded, for she remembered that it was Andrea this lad had wanted to see. Well, she wasn't one to beat about the bush, but things were muddled up pretty badly right this minute.

"So, you are awake, Mr—"

"Smith. Peter Smith. Mrs O'Doone. Awfully sorry to bother you like this, but it sort of can't be helped, now, can it?"

At any other time Mom would have smiled back into the handsome face but now she merely talked. Kindly, for she couldn't help being kind. "Well you were looking for us anyway, it seems."

She saw the swift fear flash into the blue eyes and the quick lifting of them to Andrea's. "God help us," she thought. "I am all tuned round this day."

"I was directed here for a good place to get dinner." Pete Smith lied glibly. Or maybe he didn't lie.

"Oh," answered Mom, but she couldn't believe it for he'd asked for Andrea. If it had been Maryana, now, it would seem different. They dined travelers, sometimes, and Maryana was well known in town, of course. But Mom kept her counsel. She'd seen Andy Alanna alone first.

"Yes," babbled Pete, gesturing with his cigarette. "Just coming back from Hollywood with a bunch of new film contracts for the boss. Had lunch with Mary and Doug, and danced with Joan Crawford out there too. Great place." Evidently Pete Smith salesman, knew as little about the way moving picture bosses secured film contracts as did the O'Doone's. That part of the tale seemed credible to Mom. But what about Andy? Sure may be she'd sent in her picture like some silly girls did and maybe this boy but Andy had no photos. Well, it must be something. And she'd soon find out what. Right now, it was her cue to listen a lot, and draw conclusions later.

"The doctor said you aren't hurt much and that you can get up as soon as you are over the shock," she informed her guest.

"I guess I will feel K. O. in the morning," promised Pete with a helpless grin that trickled off at the corner of his lips, in a quirk he couldn't quite conquer.

Mom's heart smote her. He was sick. It was her duty to care for him, and no one ever did much damage, while he was in bed. So she patted his slicked-back hair and told Andy to come along to the kitchen, while they fixed up a tray for the invalid.

Andy "came along" and then the teakettle was set over. Mom turned to her quietly. "'Tis queer, so it is Andy, Alanna. But you tell Mom all there is to tell and we'll get it straightened up, somehow."

"But Mom. I don't know anymore about him than you do." But even as she spoke, she remembered that she did know something more and she flushed vividly.

"Andy." That was all Mom said but it cut Andrea like a knife.

"Mom, Mom, I know what you are thinking. But, wait. Wait, Mom. Don't—"

Mom put her arm about her baby and drew her head to her shoulder. "Mom trusts her girl. She will wait till she is ready to tell everything, but Alanna, it's trouble you've brought us, isn't it?"

"I don't know, Mom. I didn't mean to. Anyway, Mom, Mom I am so miserable. And I love him and I wish I was—"

"That'll do, Andy. No sniffling now. You've always got to stand up to trouble, and in the end you and Owen Kennedy will know what you are and what you aren't, in spite of Maryana. But there! Everything in its time. And now its time for this Pete Smith to drink tea. Go and serve it. I'll carry the tray to the door." And she did.

(To Be Continued Next Week)

Physical Director Tells You How To Maintain Health

This week's advice for maintaining health as given by Physical Director Wilbur E. Quinn of Columbus Civic Center is as follows:

HOW TO EXERCISE FOR RESULTS

Not any of the exercises recommended, by me, or others, will do you any good unless there is enough muscle action to create a real demand for energy in the tissues which reduce the fat in these tissues.

This all exercises should be taken with this thought in mind. When you bend, for instance, don't "throw" your body back and forth. That will not help a bit. The right way to do it is as if you were trying to pull a weight down. "Put a tension on your muscles", all of them as you bend your body from the waist and try to touch your toes with tips of your fingers.

Exert this tension all over your body from the tips of your fingers, through your arms, your shoulders, your abdomen, your thighs and calves, down to your feet. You must, in fact, be pulling against yourselves, as it were, in flexing your body.

Then the tension and strain on the muscles by doing work to overcome resistance will require energy-forming fat to result in weight reduction. This holds true of all exercises. If this tension, this muscular strain does not exist, then you are wasting so much time. You are not exercising properly and are not spending the required energy. It is for this reason that pulling machines are good. They compel you to exert a strain, a muscular effort and use up energy that can only be obtained from stored-up fat.

Exercising is delightful, once you get in the habit of doing it regularly. Don't overdo it at first. Start with just two or three times for each one at first. But gradually increase to four of each, then to five, six, eight or more, as you find your ability to master. More effort can be achieved without strain or tired feeling.

The character and scope of the exercise should be governed by your physique and condition. Be governed by the distribution of fat on your body. If the greatest mass of fat is around your abdomen and hips the bending and twisting exercises are an absolute necessity, as they will do more to burn out the fatty accumulation on the lining of your stomach.

Dr. Cowen, C. A. Tucker Speak To Holy Name Men Of Blessed Sacrament

Four hundred members of the Holy Name Society of Blessed Sacrament Church were in attendance at the annual banquet held Wednesday evening in the Church Hall on Oxford St.

Eloquent addresses were given by the Rev. Dr. William E. Cowen, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Auburn and formerly professor at St. Bernard's Seminary and assistant at Blessed Sacrament Church, and Charles A. Tucker, chancellor of Rochester Council, Knights of Columbus, who took the place of B. Edward Shlesinger, President Rochester Diocesan Holy Name Union, who was unexpectedly called out of the city.

Toastmaster was Charles E. Welch newspaperman who handled the assignment in his humorous manner. He was presented by President Frank E. Wolfe.

A vocal solo by Miss Alice Harvey accompanied by Miss Margaret Malley at the piano pleased the diners. Entertainment in the school auditorium followed the banquet.

The program was in charge of John P. Keating general chairman, assisted by Thomas E. Murphy and a staff of volunteers.

Little-Theatre Players Of Auburn in Pleasing Presentation of Comedy

Auburn—Another triumph was achieved by the Little Theatre Players of Auburn directed by Reverend M. Cleary in the presentation of the comedy "Wedding Bells," Sunday afternoon and Monday and Tuesday evenings at the Holy Family Auditorium.

The play, enthusiastically received by large audiences at all three performances possessed the admirable technique which has made the organization three times winner of the Central and Western New York Little Theatre Contest.

Father Cleary director and manager of the organization, was pleased with the presentation of the Little Theatre Players' latest vehicle for entertainment of Auburnians and advancement of drama in this city.

The cast included Miss Irene Kenny, Luke White, Miss Almera Carroll, Miss Helen Beardsley, Miss Jennie McLean, Paul Landers, William Kelley, Delos Brown and Theodore Chinen, a Japanese student attending Auburn Theological Seminary.

COCKPIT COMPETES

Mindanao, P. I. (JMS)—Battling to death with sharp, steel spurs strapped to their legs, the gamecocks here on Sundays provide no end of sport for the natives, but not a little anxiety for the American Jesuit missionaries of this district. The Fathers do not object to the cock-fighting itself, but only to the excessive gambling and missing of Mass which too often accompanies this Sunday diversion.

NAMED MILAN AUXILIARY

Vatican City, (NCWC)—The Most Rev. Pietro Mozzanico, former Vicar General of Milan has been named Titular Bishop of Sela and auxiliary to His Eminence Ildefonso Cardinal Schuster, Archbishop of Milan.

Fr. Toole, First Resident Pastor, Takes Over Elmira Heights Church

By WILLIAM STOWELL, JR.

Elmira—The Rev. Thomas J. Toole assumed his duties as pastor of St. Charles Church, Elmira Heights, Sunday, Jan. 27th. St. Charles' Church celebrated its 30th anniversary during the past year, and until the present time has been a joint parish with St. Mary's of Horseheads, under one pastor, the Rev. Michael B. Groden.

The separation of the two churches became necessary because of the rapid growth of St. Charles' parish and the more arduous duties of the pastor of a church of its size.

A new schedule became effective at St. Charles' Church Sunday. Two masses will be held each Sunday: Low Mass at 8:30 a. m., and High Mass at 10 a. m. Sunday School will follow the Low Mass.

Father Toole, who became administrator of St. James' Church in Waverly upon the death of its Pastor the Rev. Edward J. Dwyer, last September, is a member of the faculty at Elmira College, where he will continue in that capacity. He expects to take up his residence in Elmira Heights in the immediate future.

The members of St. Charles' parish regret the departure of Father Groden, who during the past four and a half years has made many friends at Elmira Heights. He will continue as the pastor of St. Mary's church, Horseheads.

Elmira—Additional committees have been named by Patrick J. Finnell, general chairman, for the social and card party to be given by the members of St. Patrick's Parish at St. Casimir's Hall, Wednesday evening, Feb. 27. The door committee is: Michael Conkhere, Richard J. Haley and Henry L. Brown.

Cards will start at 8:30 p. m. and will be in charge of Miss Elizabeth Holleran and Miss Josephine Kelly. Mrs. James Constantine and Mrs. Raymond J. Marks are in charge of refreshments. The social will be held from 8 until 12 o'clock to the music of Jerome "Red" O'Donnell's orchestra.

Elmira—The Rev. Francis J. Reilly, principal of the Elmira Catholic High School, has resumed his duties after an operation for appendicitis at the St. Joseph's Hospital recently.

Fr. Heisel of Wayland To Speak To Holy Name Of SS. Peter and Paul

Holy Name Society of Ss. Peter and Paul's Church will have the Rev. William Heisel, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Wayland as the principal speaker at the annual supper, Wednesday evening, Feb. 6 in the school hall, Brown Street.

Other speakers and guests of honor will include Walter "Rabbitt" Maranville, Boston Braves shortstop, and James "Ripper" Collins, St. Louis Cardinals first baseman. A program of entertainment is being planned.

President William H. Rossenbach in charge of the supper is being assisted by Stephen Gould, Joseph Schoen, John Keegan, Ben Johnson and Francis Papineau.

Sister, Chicago Fire Survivor, Reaches 86

Chicago.—(NCWC)—Sister Mary Isabel O'Brien, believed to be the sole surviving member of the Sisters of Mercy who went through the Chicago fire of 1871, celebrated her eighty-sixth birthday at Mercy Hospital last Saturday.

Sister Isabel was an instructor in old St. Xavier Academy at the time of the fire. She was born in Burlington, Vt., January 12, 1849.

25 YEARS HEAD

Winnipeg, Canada—(NCWC)—The Rev. J. O. Plourde, O. M. I., has just completed his twenty-fifth year as director of the Canadian Publishers, here, which issues three Catholic weeklies. The papers published by this agency are the Northwest Review, the Gazeta Katolika, and La Liberte.

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