

The Dollar Bride

By MARY IMLAY TAYLOR
Autocaster Service, New York.

SECOND INSTALLMENT

"Roddy—my son, my son!"
He recoiled violently. "My God, what was I going to do to you?" he turned stupidly, blindly, groping for the door. "I'd better go out now and hang myself!" He groaned.

"Oh, my boy, my poor boy!" His mother cried after him, trying to reach him, trying to hang on to him with mother hands that never give up.

But he did not look at her, he fumbled at the lock of the long French window, found it and, tearing it open, he walked out over the sill like a blind man. They heard the soft thud of his plunge to the ground below.

Mrs. Gordon's sobs came in gasps. "Oh, Willie, what have you done? You've driven your own boy crazy—he'll kill himself—I've got to stop him, I've got to—I—" She was actually at the window herself now, trying to climb out.

But Nancy caught her, thrusting her back with firm young hand. "I'll go. Stay here. I'll go—I'll stop him—leave it to me!" She pushed her back gently, looking over her head at her father.

The light outside was ghostly; white squares of ground with black shadows etched where, in the daytime, there were tall shrubs and hemlocks.

Nancy stood still, too, rooted to the ground, listening, her heart in her throat. Then she heard the faint crunch of gravel in the path behind the lilac hedge. Roddy was there, of course, she might have known. She fled lightly, making no sound, in his direction and overtook him at the end of the garden; it opened there through a broken gate—on the river meadow.

"Roddy," she called to him. "Roddy—wait!"

He stopped short and turned, the moonlight whitening his haggard young face.

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SAVE THE MONEY THEY ARE WASTABLE

John Ruskin
THE BIGGEST
CIGAR VALUE

"Don't come near me, Nance," the young fire-brand said fiercely. "You'd best keep away from a dirty thief!"

She came up, panting. "Rod, you're killing Mama."

That reached him; he put his hand up with a despairing gesture and pushed the lock of hair out of his eyes.

"I wish to the Lord I'd shot myself in New York!" he said hoarsely.

The anguish of his tone went to his sister's heart; they were close of an age, she was just twenty-one, and they had always been together. She clung to him, shaking.

"Roddy, are you sure they'll find out right away? I mean those people in New York—before you can put the money back?"

"Oh, they'll find out! They've got an accountant there—old Beaver. He never liked me, he's got his nose to the ground like a hound now—looking for the trail. I think he knows already."

"Then they might come after you—arrest you—tomorrow?" Nancy shuddered, remembering the time: "It's after twelve now—it must be. Today then!"

He nodded. "I don't care any more. I've had all I want from father. I reckon I can take everything now—even handcuffs."

"He didn't mean it, he didn't mean half of it, he's mad and crazy with grief about it! You mustn't go, not this way. Roddy. Mama can't stand it. You know how she feels—you're all she cares for!"

He choked, irresolute. "I won't let father—I won't stand for it—he's insulted the woman I love, a beautiful, good woman, whom he's never seen! I—Nance, what did I do? I was wild—did I really try to strangle him?"

She nodded, pressing her lips firmly together to keep from crying.

Roddy looked down strangely at his own hands, stretching them out. "Lordy, I might have killed him—I'd clean forgotten myself."

Nancy tugged at his sleeve. "Come back, Rod!"

He shook his head. "I'd do something worse if he called her names."

"You needn't go in there; go up to your own room: you're tired out. I'll tell Mama—that's all."

He stood irresolute. "It wouldn't be for long anyway—" he said at last. "Don't you tell him if I do stay tonight—tomorrow—" he laughed wildly—"there'll be a jail ride tomorrow, Nance!"

It was long past midnight; morning was in the air and the frost seemed to strike to the marrow in the girl's bones. She shook with a chill of fear.

"Rod, why did you take it?" He did not answer for a while; he stood staring at the ground, his face distorted in the moonlight. He looked a mere boy, but his misery had made black rings around his eyes.

"Nance, you know I didn't mean to keep it. I took it little by little at first. I—well, there was a reason for it even then. I was going to put it straight back, but I couldn't. I took some more. There are some queer people there. Nance, you wouldn't understand—cub-brokers. I thought

NOTICE OF SEIZURE

Charlotte, N. C.
Whereas, on June 27, 1933, Ford Coach, Model 1928, Motor No. A286149, was seized by Federal Officers, in Wilkes County, N. C., while being used by unknown parties in the unlawful removal and concealment of untaxed spirits; now therefore, notice is hereby given to all persons owning or claiming right, title or interest in said automobile to present certified claim thereto on or before February 21, 1934, in default of which the same will be advertised and sold at public auction, as provided by law. J. A. Clifton, Jr., Acting Investigator in Charge, Alcoholic Beverage Unit.
22-29-5

MR. BROAD OF WALL STREET



I'd make enough out of the second bit to look to return the whole sum, don't you see? It was gambling, of course, but I wanted to get rich, too. You get that way in New York; you just have to get rich quick! And I—well, I loved her and she won't marry a poor man."

"She made you steal!"

"That's a lie!" he said brokenly. "She couldn't, she's beautiful, she has such wonderful eyes, Nance, they're like jewels, topazes, you know."

"She was in dreadful trouble, she had to have money—she told me about it, her poor old father might have gone to jail—through a mistake, you know, and it took all the money to save him—she was so grateful, so broken when I got it, Nance. She was going to pay it all back—she will yet—she feels dreadfully because she can't right off. She feels as bad as you do, but she's grateful—I did it for her, to save her, Nance. I'd do anything for her—I'd go to hell for her!"

"Rod!"

"I would!" he cried passionately. "I love her. My God, Nance, you don't know what love is. It runs through your veins like fire! When I look into her eyes—I'd give my soul for her, I'd—" He clenched his hands, shaken with passion, a mad boy, mad with love. "I've saved her anyway! They can send me to jail—jail's nothing, death's nothing, shame's nothing—if you can give yourself for the woman you love!"

He choked, clenching his hands again, and Nancy said nothing. She stood looking at him. She thought she knew something of love, too, but—to steal for it!

For a long moment they were dumb, then she spoke hesitatingly.

"If—if we could only raise it—the whole of it—right away—The trouble is—if we do, it would clean us out and Papa's too old to begin over again."

"I won't have that!" said Roddy quickly. "I don't want a cent from him—and he can't do it, Nance, he's got something weak about his heart; anyway, he's too old—why, they'd fire a man as old as he is in New York!"

"They must be cruel in New York!"

"They are; that's it, Nance, they get you and they break you. They have no hearts. I can see how they'll break me—even old Beaver with his nose to the ground. He wants my place for his nephew and he's going to get it."

Nancy's hand clung to his shoulder. "Roddy, you can't go to jail," she whispered with white lips. "I won't let you!"

He smiled at her, an odd, twisted smile. "You can't help it, Sis, I've got to go. D'you remember old Major Lomax? He was always sending his enemies to jail to crack stones!" Roddy laughed hysterically.

"I think he knows about this Rod. I met him tonight and he asked about you—in such a strange way."

"They'll all know presently. How they'll talk, Nance, all the old fogies, and the girls, too."

"Roddy, you're only twenty-three. How long will they keep you in jail?"

"It's grand larceny. I reckon that's ten years in New York."

She gave a stifled cry, slinging to him.

His face was ghastly in the moonlight, like a white mask, and his eyelids twitched nervously.

"Don't cry!" he said harshly. "I'll be old when I come out—thirty-three—and done for. They never forget a fellow with a jail sentence. I—well, there's a way out of it, Nance, a way for the family honor, too. I reckon father thought I'd forgotten it, but I haven't—I've seen it all the time. I—" he laughed bitterly—"I'm working up to it."

She tightened her arms about him frantically; she knew.

"Roddy, you can't—you won't!" He laughed at her, his lips twitching like his eyelids.

"Father meant that—he knows he means it now—he thinks I'm a coward because I didn't."

"Rod," she clung to him. "not tonight—promise me. Roddy, not tonight! Come in—you needn't see father, go upstairs to your own room—you need the rest; yes, you do—you're crazy! Rod,



I'll tell Mother, promise me, not tonight!"

Her frantic, clinging hands, the love and pity in her eyes, pierced the boy's tortured soul. His lips shook, a sob choked him.

Nancy's arm slipped about his neck, she drew him along, she held him tight. She understood how her mother felt. It couldn't happen, it mustn't!

She had dragged him to the back door now.

"Roddy, go up to your room—I'll tell Mama you'll stay tonight," she whispered, as if she thought her father would hear it and break out again. "Don't frighten her, Rod, go to bed—she'll die if you tell her this!"

He stood irresolute, half pushed to the kitchen door. It was dark in there and silent and he could go up the back stairs. The thought of his own room and his white bed—where he had slept as a boy—suddenly leaped on him and pinched him with a sharp little pain, a needle thrust beside the great pain he carried with him. He groaned.

"I'll stay, Nance, until—until I have to go," he said thickly, "for her sake—Mother's I mean."

Mrs. Gordon's relief at Roddy's return made her yield to Nancy's persuasion.

"Let him be in his room for a while, Mama. He's worn out, perhaps, he'll sleep a little—if papa doesn't break out again."

Her mother had come upstairs with her to see Roddy, and Nancy had coaxed her away from his door and into her own room. No one had thought of sleep that night and it was daylight now. The soft gray of the dawn crept in like a mist, and they heard suddenly—in their broken pauses—the twittering of the birds in the vine outside the window.

Mrs. Gordon sank into an old arm-chair beside her vacant bed, hiding her face in her hands. She was a mere huddled heap of misery, and Nancy saw her shoulders rise and fall with the struggle of suppressed sobs. The whole figure, the disheveled head and the blue-veined hands, tore the young girl's heart.

"Don't," she whispered, patting her shoulder. "Please don't!" Her mother raised a haggard face, blurred and puffed with weeping.

"Oh, Nancy, what shall we do? What can we do? I've lived too long!"

"Hush, don't say such things." Mrs. Gordon drew a long sigh, wiping her eyes.

"Lie down, Mama," she advised her softly, "please go and lie down. If you're ill you can't help Roddy at all."

But her mother only sank lower in her chair.

"I can't rest," she said, and then, petulantly: "leave me alone. Nancy, I don't want anything in the world but my boy!"

Nancy turned silently and went back into the hall, but not to her own room; instead she went cautiously downstairs. The light was still burning there and she saw her father sitting bolt upright in his chair beside the blackened hearth. She went softly into the room, drawing nearer step by step, staring at him in silent terror. She thought he had died in his chair. He had not. He looked old and gray and broken, and his mouth hung open like a dead man's.

(Continued next week)

KILLS HIS SICK SON AND ENDS OWN LIFE

San Francisco, Jan. 25.—Believing his son to be suffering from an incurable illness, police said Joseph Pera invaded the Marine hospital here late today, shot and killed his son, Elton J. Pera, and then committed suicide.

Officers said the elder Pera apparently believed his son was dying from a tumor and had decided upon the shooting to end his suffering.

Assaults Administration
Rochester, N. Y., Jan. 25.—Senator Dickinson, Republican of Iowa, assailed administration policies here tonight, asserting the NRA was "passing and passing fast" and dubbing the entire Democratic legislative program an "economic guessing party."

Read Journal-Patriot ads.

NOTICE OF SEIZURE

Charlotte, N. C.
Whereas, on September 24, 1932, Ford Roadster, Model A 1929, Motor No. A2590406, was seized by Federal Officers, in Wilkes County, N. C., while being used by unknown parties in the unlawful removal and concealment of untaxed spirits; now therefore, notice is hereby given to all persons owning or claiming right, title or interest in said automobile to present certified claim thereto on or before February 21, 1934, in default of which the same will be advertised and sold at public auction, as provided by law. J. A. Clifton, Jr., Acting Investigator in Charge, Alcoholic Beverage Unit.
22-29-5

R. E. Gribbin Is Consecrated As Bishop of Western North Carolina

New Bishop Delivered Annual Literary Address At City Schools

Winston-Salem, Jan. 25.—With solemn and picturesque rites dating back to the early days of the Christian church, the Rev. Robert Emmett Gribbin today was consecrated bishop of the western North Carolina diocese of the Protestant Episcopal church.

The Most Rev. James DeWolf Perry, D. D., presiding bishop of the church in the United States, officiated as chief consecrator at the service which elevated the 46-year-old rector of St. Paul's church here to the episcopate, succeeding the late Rt. Rev. J. M. Horner as bishop of the diocese.

Church officials from half a dozen states took part in the consecration. Among the prominent laymen present for the ceremony was Gov. J. C. B. Ehringhaus. Also attending was Mrs. Rebecca M. Gribbin, of Blackville, S. C., Mr. Gribbin's aged mother.

The Rt. Rev. E. A. Penick, D. D., bishop of North Carolina, and the Rt. Rev. Thomas C. Darst, D. D., bishop of East Carolina, acted as co-consecrators.

The new bishop's see city is Asheville and he will take up his residence there in a few days. The counties of Alleghany, Wilkes, Alexander, Catawba, Lincoln, Gaston and all North Carolina counties west of these comprise the diocese which has 700 parishes and missions as well as a number of schools and other church institutions.

Preceding the service of consecration there was a colorful procession of the participants into the church.

The Rt. Rev. Kirkman G. Finlay, D. D., bishop of upper South Carolina, who preached the sermon when Mr. Gribbin was advanced to the priesthood in 1913, preached the consecration sermon.

An old friend, Bishop Finlay will be closely associated with the new bishop. He is in charge of the Episcopal conference and camp grounds at Kanuga lake in western North Carolina which is within the jurisdiction of the western North Carolina diocese.

A native of South Carolina, the newly consecrated bishop has been rector of St. Paul's here since October 1, 1921. After his ordination, he was assistant at St. Luke's in Atlanta for one year and then became rector of St. John's church, Wilmington, on December 1, 1916, remaining there until he came to Winston-Salem. He is married and has three children.

During the World War he saw service overseas as chaplain of a North Carolina regiment and since coming to Winston-Salem has been chaplain of the American Legion. He was educated at The Citadel, South Carolina's military college, the College of Charleston and the General Theological seminary, New York. Later he took special courses at Harvard and Columbia in psychology and philosophy.

IS KNOWN IN CITY

It is recalled that Rev. R. E. Gribbin, who was consecrated as bishop of the western North Carolina diocese of the Protestant Episcopal church Thursday to succeed the late Bishop Horner, delivered the annual literary address at the commencement exercises of North Wilkesboro high school last year. He made a very favorable impression upon his local audience which is interested to learn of his elevation.

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And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Ravin' to Go

If you feel sour and sunk and the world looks punk, don't swallow a lot of salts, mineral water, oil, laxative candy or chewing gum and expect them to make you suddenly sweet and buoyant and full of sunshine.

For they can't do it. They only move the bowels and a mere movement doesn't get at the cause. The reason for your down-and-out feeling is your liver. It should be your own personal enemy. It should be your own personal friend.

Don't let it be your enemy. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Beware of substitutes. Buy at drug stores. GENUINE G. M. Co.

Miss Gwyn Dies At Ronda Home

Funeral Services Held At All Saints Chapel On Thursday Afternoon

Funeral services for Miss Lenora Gwyn, highly respected Ronda lady, were conducted from All Saints chapel at Ronda Thursday afternoon by Rev. B. M. Lackey, of Lenoir, rector of the church, in the presence of a large concourse of friends and relatives. Interment was made in the family cemetery.

She was 78 years of age.

Miss Gwyn passed away at 3 o'clock Wednesday morning at the home of her sister, Mrs. Varde McBee, at Ronda, following a brief critical illness from influenza and pneumonia. For the past several years Miss Gwyn's health had been very delicate.

The deceased was a member of one of the most prominent families in this section of the state, being a daughter of the late James Gwyn and Mrs. Mary Anne Lenoir Gwyn. She was a member of the Jonathan Hunt Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Elkin, and a member of long standing of the All Saints Episcopal church at Ronda. Miss Gwyn was a gifted musician and possessed a lovely contralto voice. She was a graduate of Salem college, Winston-Salem.

Miss Gwyn had spent the greater part of her life at the ancestral Gwyn home, "Green Hill," near Ronda, and was loved by all with whom she came in contact. Since the recent death of her sister, Miss Mary Gwyn, and her brother, William A. Gwyn, she had resided with her sister, Mrs. McBee, who is the only surviving member of her immediate family.

Wheat growers belonging to the Burke-Caldwell Association received checks for over a thousand dollars from their association treasurer last week for reducing acreage last fall.

LEPT HAPPY HOME AS TWINS ARRIVED

Chicago, Jan. 25.—Her husband, John, didn't want any children, Mrs. Gladys Farley said today.

When he was just about to become a father, however, he became reconciled to the idea.

But when it turned out to be twins—Farley left her the day they were born, she said in a suit for divorce filed today.

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