

The Dollar Bride

By MARY IMLAY TAYLOR

Autocaster Service, New York.

SIXTH INSTALLMENT

Day dawned at last and the sun rose gloriously—sunshine mocks at human misery.

It was shining in the kitchen windows where Amanda, with her sleeves rolled up, was cutting potatoes. As she pared she sang: "Take me up an' set me down Spang in Heaven-town! Take me up— 'Jo' de Lawd, Miss Nancy, yo' done startled me!"

Nancy had appeared unexpectedly upon the threshold. It was early but she was fully dressed for the street and wore a big hat that shaded her eyes.

"Mandy, I'm going out—I want something. Can I have a cup of coffee now?"

"I reckon so, Miss Nancy; I done made it a'ready."

Nancy sat down in a kitchen chair and took the big cup from Mandy's hands. The coffee was hot and golden brown; Nancy sipped it slowly, watching the deft brown hands at work.

"Take me up an' set me down Spang in Heaven-town," sang Amanda, pausing now and then as she flipped the slender slices of potatoes in the boiling fat.

"Take me up an' set me down Where dem angels keeps my crown! Oh, dere ain't no moths up dere, Oh, dere ain't no rust to spare, Where dem angels shines my crown."

Nancy choked down a little

more hot coffee. Amanda, looking up, caught her in the act of setting the cup aside.

"Heah, yo' ain't a-goin', is yo'? Yo' didn't drink half dat coffee. Deed, Miss Nancy, yo'll get malaria, yo' sho' will!"

But Nancy was already gone. In the path outside the door she turned and flung Amanda a smile over her shoulder. It was a pale young smile that seemed near tears.

It was very early in the morning and the street seemed to be flooded with light. There was old Major Lomax standing in his garden. Nancy's heart sank, she hated to meet any one but she had to go that way.

"Hello, Nancy, going on a journey?" He was looking at her satchel.

"Just for a little while," she answered hurriedly, "how's Angle?"

"Still living here. Better come in and see her," he advised, his eyes twinkling.

Nancy hurried. "I can't come in today, but—give Angle my love, please," she faltered.

The major chuckled. "Think I'm a carrier pigeon, eh? Angle and I saw Roddy hurry by last week—what's wrong? He never looked at us, Nancy, went by like a shot."

Nancy felt a thrill of fear run through her. Did the old man know? She must not betray Roddy, she had saved him so far, she must not fall now. She swallowed the lump in her throat.

"He had to catch a train, that was all," she explained gently. "I'm sure he didn't see you."

Nancy hurried now. She had told Richard not to come for her, to wait at the station. She thought it would be easier to go there alone, but it was not; it was harder every minute. Then suddenly she saw him waiting for her quietly, standing at his own gate.

He seemed to loom up there, not the figure that her fevered dreams had conjured—as a child dreams of the bogie-man—but Richard, tall and strong. The same face, too, not handsome like Page Roemer's, but with something in it that frightened her. Yet his eyes were warm and glowing now and—yes, they were kind!

"I couldn't let you walk all the way there alone, Nancy," he said huskily, clasping her hand a moment and letting it go again. "I've felt a beastly coward, not to come to tell your father and mother, and take you off to a church like a man!"

"You did what I asked, Richard," she got her voice—at first she thought she couldn't—and they walked on together. Once she raised her eyes and gave Richard a sidelong look, and she was stricken by it. Again she saw how he loved her and it ter-

rified her. It was like meeting something mighty and irrefragable. She was wicked. It was a wicked and sordid thing to do to a man who loved her.

"There's Mrs. Haddon," said Richard's voice and it sounded strange.

Nancy looked up at the motor and saw Helena's face at the window, her green eyes looking at them. She leaned forward, startled, bowing to them, and Nancy's cheeks grew rosy. Helena's eyes looked as if they knew, or thought they knew—something!

Nancy, trying to hide her own trembling, saw her looking back, her eyes on Richard, and Richard red under his tan.

"Haddon's going on the train with us," he said quietly, they were in sight of the station now. "He told me so last night. A pleasure trip—it won't bother us, Nancy."

She thought it would; she did not like Helena, and Kingdon Haddon was Helena's husband, and the president of the bank where Mr. Gordon had worked as a trusted clerk for twenty years. Helena would wonder why Nancy was going to Washington with Richard. Would they have to tell him? Her heart sank—it would make it so real before—before it happened. Unconsciously she faltered; her very lips grew pale.

Richard saw it. Up to this moment he had been carried along by a rush of feeling, by the depth of his own passion for her, but now—in a moment—the thing fell to pieces. They were almost at the station when he stopped short.

"Nancy," his voice was harsh and broken, "I—I wish I knew—you make a fellow feel like a brute! I can't go on with this—I'm forcing you to marry me against your heart!"

She stood still at his side, her profile toward him. She did not lift her eyes.

"I—" she struggled with herself, and then steadily "I pledged myself to marry you—if you want to refuse—"

"Nancy Virginia!" he caught her hand and held it fiercely. He fairly hurt it but she did not wince.

They stood a moment thus and then walked on; the force that was driving him now was too strong even for him, or he made no effort to resist it.

At the station, Richard held the door open and Nancy stepped inside.

She stood still inside the station door. She was conscious that Richard had left her for a moment and, looking across the station, she saw him talking to a tall thin man who stooped a little. Haddon, of course! They knew each other well, Richard was the banker's physician. Was he telling him about her?

Nancy's heart beat hard. No, Richard had not told Haddon; the banker never looked her way at all. Suddenly she felt as if she wished he had. Why hadn't Richard—

"I thought you wouldn't want to talk to Haddon all the way, so I didn't tell him you were here," Richard said, coming up and taking her bag. "The train's going in two minutes, Nancy, we'll have to get aboard."

The church was almost empty but there were some roses in the white marble font, a little way from the group of witnesses, strangers, two women and a man—the church sexton.

"In the face of this company, to join together this man and this woman—"

Nancy's mind staggered back from it. She lifted her white face and looked full into the minister's eyes. She was shaken by their look, their odd, questioning look. A pang of fear shot through her.

Nancy stood beside Richard, but she no longer lifted her eyes. She did not want to meet that look again.

"Not unadvisedly or lightly; but reverently, discretely, advisedly, soberly, in the fear of God."

How solemnly he spoke. He seemed to be seeking her out and searching her, not Richard. He must be doing it on purpose!

"Nancy Virginia, wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?"

He paused; his strange voice seemed to grate and pierce her, to try to drag the truth out of her. He was doing it on purpose!

"I, Nancy Virginia, take thee, Richard, to be—"

Her ears were ringing now and her lips were dry. She had said it, she had repeated it after him, chokingly, meaninglessly, like a parrot. She would see him all her life with that look in his hands and his spectacles slipping down his nose. But she had heard her own voice repeating it, and now it was Richard's turn.

"With this ring I thee wed, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow."

His worldly goods? She turned hot and cold. She hardly knew what she was doing when the minister shook hands with her.

Then he spoke to Richard kindly and frankly; she felt the change in his tone. He seemed to know that Richard was sincere.

She was shaking hands now with the witnesses; then they walked down the long aisle—they two alone—past the vacant pews under the low gallery.

Richard opened the swinging doors and the cold spring air met them like a friend.

Across the city square the blue shadows of the dusk had gathered. Terror and homesickness clutched at Nancy's heart; she looked up and met Richard's eyes, they frightened her; he saw through her, she knew he did!

"Richard, I must go home!" she panted.

"I'm going to take you home," his voice shook, "my home is yours now, Nancy."

"Oh, I don't mean that. I meant I'll have to tell father and mother now!"

"Then—" he paused an instant, not looking at her, you want to go home tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow?" her tone was tinged with agonized dismay. He meant to stay here then—or to go farther away still!

"You want to go now?" he asked quietly, "at once?"

"Oh!" she drew a long breath. "If I could—"

He was silent. They had reached the corner of the street and he stopped abruptly, apparently lost in thought.

"You mean—you'd like to go home alone?—that—" he choked.

For a long moment the man struggled with the mounting passion and fury in his soul. Then he turned quietly, without making her even aware of the tremendous effort he had made to control himself.

"Come with me now," he said coldly. "I've taken rooms at the hotel here, close by. You need rest—I can see that—and I must talk to you."

Something in his tone stung her; suddenly she remembered. She had begged his help and pledged herself. It was her doing, not his, and she was begging off! Even now, married to him, she was longing to escape, to break her word. Had he found it out? She had a strange feeling of being in a dream and walking through an empty street with a stranger—toward a fate yet more strange. His silence, too, began to weigh upon her. She thought suddenly that it was their wedding-day—his wedding-day—and he loved her! A feeling of remorse shot through her, a feeling of shame.

They had reached the hotel now and a small suite overlooking the same park that faced the church where they had been married.

The curtains had not been drawn and, moving mechanically to the nearest window, Nancy stood looking out upon the city street with blank unseeing eyes. All her senses seemed alive to but one thing, Richard's presence and the sharper consciousness that they were alone together in a strange place.

To him it was a moment of intolerable complexity. He saw the girl he loved, his wife at last, young, lovely, appealing in her evident distress. Yet this, which should have been a moment of exultation and joy, was one of bitterness. How perfect she was, and she was his. The thought surged through him and kindled him like a flame. He forgot the way of getting her for an instant, because she was actually his!

(Continued next week)

FOUR DOGS EXECUTED BY COURT'S ORDER

Cortland, N. Y., Feb. 12.—

Four mongrel dogs wagging their tails and playing with joy over their release from barred cells in which they had been confined more than a week, were executed early today with a poisoned needle, for the pack attack on Joyce Hammond, 8, McGraw school girl, two weeks ago.

The death sentence pronounced by Peace Justice A. P. McGraw was carried out in the face of appeals from across the nation, asking for commutation to life imprisonment for the animals.

There were only three official witnesses to the execution in the animal hospital of Dr. E. V. Moore, county veterinarian, who injected the poison needle with the aid of an assistant. Those who watched the laws of man exact their penalty were State Trooper Charles Slononky, who investigated the attack on the girl, "arrested" the dogs and took them to court; Fred H. Cook and James J. Spillane, both newspaper men.

After injection of the needle in each dog, an anesthetic was administered to make sure of death. Dr. Moore, who received scores of suggestions from townspeople on how to "execute" the animals, said his method was approved by the Cortland S. P. C. A. as the "most humane."

A few short blocks away while the dogs were paying for their "crime" was Joyce, unaware the creditors and the Fairfax Investment Company placed a bid of \$7,300.00 on the first tract of land hereinafter described, and agreed that tract No. 1 described below be started at the price of \$7,300.00.

I will on Monday, the 5th day of March, 1934, on the premises or real estate hereinafter described, in the town of North Wilkesboro, at 1:30 o'clock p. m., offer for re-sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, the following described tracts of land, to-wit:

1st Tract. Beginning at a stake on the south east corner of B and Eighth Streets, and running south 27 degrees and 27 minutes east along with the formerly known as the East side of Eighth Street 100 feet to an alley; thence north 62 degrees 33 minutes east along the north side of said alley 50 feet to a stake; thence north 27 degrees 27 minutes west parallel with Eighth Street 100 feet to a stake on the south side of B street; thence south 62 degrees 33 minutes west along the south side of B street 50 feet to the point of beginning, having a frontage of 50 feet to the south side of B street and of that width running back southwardly parallel to Eighth Street 100 feet to an alley, said land being described as Lots 34 and 35 in Block 25 as shown on Trogdon's Map of the town of North Wilkesboro.

Second Tract. Beginning at an iron stake J. C. Meadows corner and running south 27 degrees 57 minutes east with Duncan's line and parallel with Eighth Street 59 feet to an iron stake or alley; thence north 62 degrees 33 minutes east parallel with C Street 53 feet to an iron stake; thence north 27 degrees 27 minutes west parallel with eighth street 59 feet to an iron stake; thence south 62 degrees 33 minutes west parallel with C street 53 feet to the beginning.

The above sale is made subject to the confirmation of the court. This 12th day of Feb., 1934. JETER M. BLACKBURN, Trustee.

John Ruskin

DOLLARS for 50 CENTS

What's what you receive when you buy a John Ruskin at 5c. Extra value! 60% HAVANA, plus other imported tobacco, for only 5c. Compare them with any brand you now can buy at 5c. You'll agree that John Ruskins are milder and better smoking, because there is BETTER and MORE HAVANA in John Ruskin. Try one today. You'll like it. John Ruskin brands are redeemable for valuable premiums.

L. Lewis Cigar Mfg. Co., Newark, N. J.

BEST AND BIGGEST CIGAR VALUE

Boone Man Is Named Head Baptist Hospital

Smith Hagaman, of Boone, was elected superintendent of the Baptist hospital in Winston-Salem Thursday. The Boone man will succeed Rev. G. T. Lumpkin, who died a few weeks ago.

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. 22-28-5

NOTICE

By virtue of power contained in an order from the Clerk of the Superior Court of Wilkes county, I, J. F. Jordan, Administrator, cum testamento annexo, of the Estate of T. J. Smithey, (deceased) will sell the following described real estate at the courthouse door in Wilkesboro, Wilkes county, State of North Carolina, on March the 10, 1934, at the hour of 1 o'clock p. m.

Beginning on a post oak on the southeast side of the old State road and running down the various courses of said road 126 poles to E. F. Andersons line in center of said road then south 50 degrees east 3 poles to a gum in said line of said Andersons and Edwards 52 poles to a dogwood at the old original red oak corner on the point of the hill north 87 degrees east with said line crossing Fishing creek 33 poles to said Andersons and Edwards rock corner south 80 poles to a black gum bush at the original pine corner east 80 poles crossing a branch to a black gum and sourwood T. J. Williams corner south crossing a branch 80 poles to a stone in a field west 80 poles to a double sycamore on the bank of a branch north 18 poles to a persimmon on an agreed corner between Edwards and Williams north 75 degrees west with an agreed line between Edwards and Williams 47 poles to the ridge south 72 degrees west crossing the creek 74 poles to a post oak at the red oak corner north 30 degrees west 20 poles to the beginning containing 76 acres more or less. For further reference see Deed from D. R. Edwards and will to T. J. Smithey recorded in book 50 page 156 in the Register's Office of Wilkes county.

This 8th day of Feb., 1934. J. F. JORDAN, Administrator, cum testamento annexo.

Overcome Pains this better way

WOMEN who get into a weak, run-down condition can hardly expect to be free from troublesome "small ailments."

When the trouble is due to weakness, Cardui helps women to get stronger and thus makes it easier for nature to take its orderly course. Painful, nagging symptoms disappear as nourishment of the body is improved with the assistance of Cardui.

Instead of depending on temporary pain pills during the time of suffering, take Cardui to build up your resistance to continually ailments.

Thousands of women have found relief by taking CARDUI. Sold at all drug stores.

Wake Up Your Liver Bile Without Calomel

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

BRAME'S RHEUMA-LAX FOR RHEUMATISM

Quick Relief

H. M. BRAME & SON North Wilkesboro, N. C.

NOTICE OF SEIZURE

Charlotte, N. C.

Whereas, on September 23, 1932, Ford Roadster, Model A 1928, Motor No. A559496, 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. 22-28-5

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the District Court of the United States for the Middle District of North Carolina.

In the Matter of F. D. Meadows, Bankrupt.

By virtue of an order signed by his Honor, L. C. McKaughan, Referee in Bankruptcy on the day of October, 1933, authorizing and directing the undersigned Trustee in Bankruptcy to advertise and sell certain real estate belonging to the Estate of F. D. Meadows, Bankrupt, and same was sold by me, and at a meeting of the creditors on January 20th, 1934, that the original bid of \$6,600.00 was rejected by the creditors and the Fairfax Investment Company placed a bid of \$7,300.00 on the first tract of land hereinafter described, and agreed that tract No. 1 described below be started at the price of \$7,300.00.

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The above sale is made subject to the confirmation of the court. This 12th day of Feb., 1934. JETER M. BLACKBURN, Trustee.

Successor to Atlantic Bank & Trust Company, Trustee. J. G. DUNCAN, Attorney.

Bus Fares Reduced

From North Wilkesboro To—

Winston-Salem	\$1.75
Greensboro	2.50
Statesville	1.25
Atlanta	6.50
Charlotte	2.50
Lenoir	1.00
Washington	7.45
New York	11.00
Bristol, Tenn.	9.00
Boone	1.15

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CALL 12

Atlantic Greyhound Bus Lines

NORTH WILKESBORO, N. C.

Wake Up Your Liver Bile Without Calomel

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

If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just clogs up the bowels. One blank, yawning stomach. You have a thick, bad taste and your breath is foul, skin often breaks out in pimples. Your head aches and you feel drowsy and sick. Your whole system is poisoned.

It takes three pills of CALDIUM LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get twenty-four hours of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." They contain no harmful, harsh, or irritating ingredients, causing what is called "the bile flow test."

See they can't do it. They only move the bowels and a mere movement doesn't get at the cause. The reason for your discomfort and feeling ill is your liver. It should pour out the bile that is needed to take your bowels fully.

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Why Doctors Favor a Liquid Laxative

A doctor will tell you that the careless choice of laxatives is a common cause of chronic constipation.

Any hospital offers evidence of the harm done by harsh laxatives that drain the system, weaken the bowel muscles, and even affect the liver and kidneys.

Fortunately, the public is fast returning to laxatives in liquid form. The dose of a liquid laxative can be measured. The action can thus be controlled. It forms no habit; you needn't take a "double dose" a day or two later.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin has the average person's bowels regular as clockwork in a few weeks' time. Why not try it? Some pill or tablet may be more convenient to carry. But there is little "convenience" in any cathartic which is taken so frequently, you must carry it with you, wherever you go!

Its very taste tells you Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is wholesome. A delightful taste, and delightful action. Safe for expectant mothers, and children. All druggists, ready for use, in big bottles. Member N. R. A.

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THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR QUALITY

Micheal Stern Clothes
Dobbs Hats — Arrow Shirts
Nun Bush Shoes — Cheney Ties

HAVE STOOD THE TEST

ABSHERS

The Cash Store North Wilkesboro, N. C.

ATTENTION TAXPAYERS!

ONE PER CENT penalty will be added to 1933 Town Taxes on and after

MARCH 1st, 1934

and an additional one-half of one per cent for each month thereafter that said taxes remain unpaid. Pay now and save the penalty.

W. P. KELLY, Tax Collector FOR TOWN OF NORTH WILKESBORO, N. C.