

The Dollar Bride

By MARY IMLAY TAYLOR
Autocaster Service, New York.

EIGHTH INSTALLMENT

Then he saw, lying on the table, one of Nancy's gloves. It lay there, holding the perfect form of Nancy's hand—like a thing alive. He blushed up to his hair. His eyes fixed on it.

"Sit down," he said formally, drawing forward a chair that was not Nancy's. "You spoke of Roddy. What's wrong with him?"

Helena laughed bitterly, refusing the chair, her green eyes on him. "King's reading Voltaire now—I wish he had some real work to do beside sitting in the back room at the bank on great occasions. It's awful to be rich and idle and hang around all day reading French. My father and my brothers all worked; I'm

not used to idle men. Richard, I'll quarrel with him dreadfully if he doesn't go off for golf. I want you to send him."

Richard moved over to the mantel and rested his elbow on it, shading his face. "I can't urge any more of it, Helena. King's not strong enough this spring. Besides, he's just gone for the tournament in Washington, hasn't he? He told me so. You both ought to go to Europe."

She stared at him, startled. Then a slow hot blush went up over the long oval of her face. "I didn't know he was ill, she said slowly, watching Richard. "He's not ill—he's got a weak heart, that's all—I'm taking care of him."

"Keeping him alive?" she looked away. This was not what she had come to say; her heart was stormy now. She put her hand suddenly on the glove. "That's Nancy Gordon's," she said defiantly. "You're in love with that girl, Richard!"

He turned toward her, meeting her glance coldly.

"Do you want me to prescribe for you or King today Helena?" he asked shortly.

She stood quite still, her eyes fixed on his. For a moment, the very forces of life seemed suspended, her green eyes were as glass, she barely breathed. He had never seen her like this before! Then suddenly she began to laugh wildly, hysterically, choking back her tears.

"Oh, how funny! Your blushing, Richard," she gasped. "I didn't mean anything. Prescribe for us, both, do! I'm an awfully good patient, you know it!"

He smiled grimly. "No, you're not, but here's a prescription—it's for nerves, Helena," he added coolly, holding it out.

She caught her breath, his anger seemed to burn its way through to her consciousness, but in a moment she controlled herself.

"I'm sorry I offended you, Richard," she said, with amazing gentleness.

He nodded. "You haven't." She gave him an odd look, her hand on the door. "Oh, yes, I have—but I didn't think of you—I was sure that Nancy Gordon was engaged to Page Roemer. She is, isn't she?"

Richard held the door open for her gravely. "I suggest that you ask her," was all he said.

Helena laughed, but she said no more. She stood a moment, looking back at him. An unhappy woman, unhappily in love with him, and he knew it.

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It is an impressive fact that many women have said they learned of the value of Cardul from their mothers.

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Mrs. Gordon was sitting in the old wicker rocking chair, by the library window, her hands lying idle in her lap. She could not read, she could not even knit; she had cried over Roddy until her eyelids were puffed and her eyes ached. He was safe, she knew it, but—now that she knew he was safe—she began to feel the disgrace that his mere rescue from jail could not wipe out. Her boy had stolen money! The escape from punishment did not sponge out the sin.

She had borne him and she had reared him and he was a thief. His father called him that and she cringed from it as if she had been struck a blow. She wanted to cry, to throw herself into some one's arms and cry like a girl, but Mr. Gordon was not receptive. He was there. He had come in from the bank and was sitting grimly upright in his chair, reading the paper.

They had been sitting thus half an hour when she heard the familiar sound of the gate and started up.

"Papa, it's Nancy!"

He laid his paper on his knee. The broad afternoon light fell full on his worn face and his wife was shocked.

They heard the door open, a light step, and Nancy came into the room. She was very pale but her blue eyes shone. She came slowly toward them and stood still.

"I don't want you to worry any more," she said abruptly. "I borrowed that money from Richard Morgan. Roddy and I will pay him back. I—I married him yesterday."

Her mother dropped back into her rocker, speechless, but her father rose. His face turned gray.

"What did you say?" he demanded.

"I said I married Richard Morgan yesterday, in Washington, because—because he gave me the money to save Roddy."

"Where's Roddy?" Mr. Gordon's voice shook, "where is he now? He had no business to take that money from you!"

No one answered him and he broke loose in terrible denunciation. All the pent-up misery found vent. He raved no bones about it. He spoke the truth as he saw it, spoke it brutally without seeing its effect.

The storm of his wrath swept over Nancy's bowed head like a hurricane. She clung to a little table in the center of the room.

"What kind of a girl are you?" roared Mr. Gordon, "what did you do? Go down there and tell him you'd marry him for fifteen thousand dollars?"

"Yes."

Nancy fixed her blue eyes on her father. He was so amazed that his mouth hung open. His shot had been a random one; that he had hit the bull's eye nearly prostrated him with horror and dismay.

"Good Lord!" he said below his breath.

Then he rallied himself. "I'll wire Roddy, I'll make him confess and bring that money back—it isn't his to pay in. I'll—I'll—" he sputtered breathlessly.

"You can't," said Nancy, "he's put it back; he's not going to confess and go to prison now!"

"He shall—I say he shall!" Mr. Gordon slammed an old chair back with such violence that he broke a leg off; it toppled over helplessly and fell into the corner with a crash.

"I'd a darned sight rather that Roddy stayed in jail for life than to have him take that money! Can't you see that your daughter's sold herself?" he appealed to his wife. There was a terrible vehemence in his tone.

"Where's that man?" he swung around on Nancy, "where's Morgan?"

"He came home with me—he's in his office now. We—we haven't told any one—he wanted to come here with me, but I—"

"I should think he'd better come here like a man. I want to ask him if he thinks he's living in his grandfather's time. I reckon old Morgan bought his slaves about the same way—only cheaper!"

"Papa!" his wife almost shrieked now, "Papa, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"I am, I'm ashamed to have such children! I've got a pair of them—the boy steals and the girl sells herself to the first rich man who'll—who'll pay for her!"

"Hush!" Mrs. Gordon cried, "hush, Papa!"

Nancy, who had never stirred from her table, did not lift her eyes now, but her white lips moved.

"Let him alone Mama; it's true! Only a minister married us in church. It—it wasn't an auction, Papa."

Her father snorted with fury. "True! I reckon it is! There's one thing I'd like to say to you, though," he added with sudden and terrible courtesy, "if you'll permit me, Nancy?"

She choked back a sob. "It's this—" he took a step nearer, striking his fist on the table—"you've sold yourself darned cheap!"

She gazed at him, speechless. "You're young, you're strong, you're good-looking, you ought to have made a better bargain, Nancy. I've heard my father say that a pretty slave girl always brought a big bid. You're too cheap!"

"Papa!" Mrs. Gordon rose from her chair, fairly tottering on her feet, but snatching at her husband's coat-tails. "Don't you see that—that you're killing the child?"

He swung free of her with an angry swish of his garments, a mild-mannered man beside himself.

"She can stand it. She's got an all-fired lot of brass to go and tell a man she'd marry him for fifteen thousand dollars cash!"

"Oh, Nancy dear, he doesn't mean it!" Mrs. Gordon cried timidly.

Nancy did not hear her. When her father's furious fist struck the table she let go her hold upon it and drew back, staring at him, fascinated. Then she turned slowly and started toward the door.

"Nancy!" her mother's voice quavered.

The girl did not answer her; she turned and looked back at her father. "We—we may keep it secret—the marriage—Richard leaves it to me."

"Secret?" Mr. Gordon roared, "secret? What's this? Is he ashamed of it already?"

Nancy gasped, "No," she said with white lips, "he isn't—I am!"

As she spoke she went slowly out into the hall and they heard her going slowly upstairs. Mrs. Gordon sank down again into her rocker. Her husband marched tumultuously about the room. A fancy, lace bordered sofa-cushion caught on his sleeve button and he sent it flying.

"Oh, Papa, you've broken Nancy's heart!"

He swung around on her, his flushed face and standing hair terrifying her.

"Heart? Broken her heart—I'd—I'd like to thrash her!" he bellowed.

"You'll have a stroke, William; you'll have a stroke—if you don't stop!"

"Stroke be hanged!" he said, and rushed to the telephone. He had just thought of it.

He called up Richard. "Yes, I want to see you—now—right away! All right, I'll wait!" He hung up the receiver and began to stride up and down again.

Mrs. Gordon knew the girl must be wretched and her heart went out to her. But there was a thrill of secret relief Roddy was saved. His father couldn't make him return the money now. Should she go upstairs and try to make it up to Nancy? She half rose and Mr. Gordon smashed a little glass paper-weight that had fallen in his way.

"He's going crazy," she thought feebly; then she remembered Richard Morgan. He was coming soon and there would be an explosion worse than the one that had greeted Nancy. What would happen? Would there be an awful scene? She did not know what to make of this, but she had seen Nancy's face. She summoned all her courage.

"I don't think it's right to treat the child so!" Mrs. Gordon wiped the tears from her eyes. "She's done it all to save Roddy."

"You think of nothing but Roddy! I'm—" his voice broken suddenly—"I'm thinking of my girl!"

"I'm thinking of Nancy, too. What use is it to make a scandal of her marriage? She married Morgan—I can't think she'd do it if she didn't care for him—it's—'tis against nature!"

"Fiddlesticks! What's nature got to do with it? She married that—that fellow to get the money quick for Roddy." He brought his fist down again on the table—"I'd like to thrash the minister who married them! What business has any man got to marry people in that way? He ought to have had them both locked up in the police-station!"

"William Gordon, I've heard you say yourself that you wished Nancy'd stop flirting with Page Roemer and marry a decent man like Richard Morgan!"

(Continued next week)

Electrolux Now Sold In Wilkes

(Circuit Electric Company Acquires Agency For New Up-to-date Refrigerator)

Farmers' wives in the vicinity of North Wilkesboro, and other parts of Wilkes county now have the opportunity of availing themselves of the latest scientific triumph in bringing the farm kitchen up-to-date, an Electrolux refrigerator that is operated by a kerosene flame, the sales rights of which for this territory have been granted to Circuit Electric Company, 200 North Main Street, Winston-Salem.

Awarding of the franchise to sell Electrolux kerosene refrigerators in North Wilkesboro and vicinity was announced by F. E. Sellman, vice-president of Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc., from the company's eastern headquarters, 51 East 42nd Street, New York City.

Other nearby counties where the Electrolux kerosene refrigerator will be merchandized are as follows: Rockingham, Randolph, Yadkin, Davidson, Forsyth, Surry and Davie.

Electrolux kerosene refrigerators are manufactured by Servel, Inc., at Evansville, Indiana, and are the counterpart of the Electrolux gas refrigerators manufactured by the same company, over 400,000 of which are in use in cities and larger towns all over the United States.

Like the gas refrigerator, the kerosene refrigerator is air-cooled, and contains all the other features which give the Electrolux gas refrigerator its high standing in the field of modern household refrigeration.

The Electrolux kerosene refrigerator was developed with the idea of bringing a rural communities exactly the same service that the Electrolux refrigerator furnishes to the most up-to-date of city homes. Practically the only difference between the two types of refrigerator is that one is operated by gas and the other by kerosene. Each has the same simple principle of refrigeration, a tiny flame causing the refrigerants to circulate, thereby obviating the need of machinery. Thus, there are no moving parts, no friction, no vibration, no noise, no electrical connections, no interference with the radio, no flickering of lights.

The Electrolux kerosene refrigerator has also been designed for economy, the fuel for the burner only costing a few cents a day. The tank is easily filled, and holds enough kerosene to last a week or more.

\$23.20 Raised On Community House

(That Amount Realized From Presentation Of "Tea Toper Tavern" In Wilkesboro)

The Junior Woman's Club of Wilkesboro realized \$23.20 from the presentation of "Tea Toper Tavern" in the school auditorium Thursday evening and this amount will be donated to the Community House fund. The play was directed by Miss Helen Bostic and the performance was enthusiastically applauded.

Marriage Licenses

Marriage licenses were issued at the register of deeds office to the following couples the latter part of the week: Charlie Winebarger, of Othello, and Edith Ray Spears, of Summit; Zack Higgins, of North Wilkesboro,

Byron T. and America Call, of Hunting Creek; Roosevelt Adams and Bonnie Baldwin, both of Congo.

QUESTION AND ANSWER

Question: How can my standing timber be protected from the Pine Beetle?

Answer: This beetle is usually held in check by its natural enemies but there is a danger if there are many "falls" in the timber. In this case all trees that are down or broken should be taken from the woods at once. This should include the whole tree—logs, tops, and large limbs that are over three inches in diameter. Material below three inches in diameter will not be a source of danger. Similar results can be secured by peeling the bark from the trees instead of removing them from the woods.

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