

The Dollar Bride

By MARY IMLAY TAYLOR

Autocaster Service, New York.

Eleventh Installment

"Something terrible must have happened!" cried Angie, with a gasp. "I—I know it!"

The major nodded, looking out her out of the window.

"There's King Haddon coming in here," he exclaimed. "Go let him in, Angie. I'm going to finish my breakfast Haddon or no Haddon! You can tell him so— if you've a mind to."

Angie, flushed and angry, hurried out of the room, glad to escape those shrewd old eyes.

Haddon would not wait in the library.

"Where's the major? At breakfast? I'll go right in—if you don't mind?" and he went, in spite of Angie's protests.

"Hello! Still at breakfast?" he said, as his eye fell on the old man's engrossed attitude.

The major started up, half rising from the table, but Haddon stopped him.

"Sit down, Lomax. I don't want to starve you," he laughed. "I can wait—Angie didn't want to let me in here anyway."

"I said I wouldn't see you until I'd finished. What's the matter at this hour anyway? I haven't robbed the bank."

Kingdon Haddon laughed.

"Come in, Angie," he said as the girl tried to pass quickly through the room to the kitchen. "I haven't come to talk secrets and your uncle's crusty—I need protection!"

Angie stopped, smiling and flushed, and leaned on a chair, looking at him. She liked Kingdon Haddon but she was afraid of his wife; she could not have explained her fear of her, but it existed. Haddon was sitting on the edge of an empty serving-table.

"I came in to ask you a question, Lomax," he said irrelevantly. "You know about such things. How much is Gordon's place worth now? I mean the house and grounds, including the river lot next yours?"

Major Lomax pushed his chair back, felt in his pocket for his old pipe and began to fill it carefully.

"Near as I can figure—about

six or seven thousand. The house needs repairs. Why?" he added.

"What's hit him?"

Haddon looked absently out of the window. "How should I know? Family troubles, I reckon. The bank holds the mortgage. Helena doesn't want me to touch it. I don't know what to say about it yet."

Major Lomax rose and began to tramp up and down.

"Where's Gordon going to take his wife?" he asked sharply, "she's rooted there—and so is he, for that matter."

"Perhaps the young people think it's old-fashioned," suggested Haddon, "or Mrs. Gordon's tired of the house-keeping and wants an apartment—my wife does."

"Shucks!" the major sank down into his chair again, strumming on the table with his fingers. "You know better, Haddon! There's some trouble. I'm sorry for Will Gordon. He's a good man, and she's a good woman. She'll take it hard."

The banker nodded, glancing thoughtfully across at Angie's pale face and pleading brown eyes.

"I saw Miss Gordon on Monday—in Washington," he remarked thoughtfully.

"In Washington?" Angie started.

"Why, I didn't know she'd been away!"

Haddon nodded grimly, considering her pretty flush and her round, soft eyes critically.

"She was there all right. A decided beauty, too. I hadn't noticed it so much before. How's the boy turning out, Lomax?"

"Roddy?" The major twisted his old mouth into a queer expression. "Sowing wild oats. Haddon, I reckon. He's in New York, Greenough Trust Company, gets twenty-five dollars a week—or did six months ago. I haven't heard that he's increased in value," he added sarcastically.

Haddon, who was observing Angie, saw the girl's wince of pain and the red going up to her forehead. "In love with the boy—too bad!" he thought.

"Family troubles drain a man's pocket sometimes," he remarked sententiously.

Angie fired up, her brown eyes glowing with almost the wine tint of Roddy's. She was one of those gentle obstinate creatures who fight to the last ditch for love.

"They haven't got any family troubles, Mr. Haddon," she said hotly. "They're very fond of Nancy and very proud of her; she's lovely. I've known her all my life—and Roddy is doing well. Mrs. Gordon told me so herself."

Haddon listened with his lazy, zood-humored smile. "I wish I had a friend like you," he said.

Angie blushed crimson. "I'd feel very mean not to stand up for my friends. Anyone would—I should think!"

Major Lomax looked at her with a grim smile. "My dear, there are a mighty lot of Judases in the world," he remarked dryly.

Haddon assented, buttoning up his loose spring overcoat, coughing a little as he did it.

Major Lomax glanced up at Haddon without rising. "Going right over to see Gordon?" he asked shortly.

Haddon, half way to the door, turned. "Oh, I shall send for him to come to my office—when he gets to the bank to-day."

"You needn't—I've bought it myself."

"By Jove! You're quick at a bargain," Haddon exclaimed after a moment. "It was only just out in the market."

Lomax nodded. "Took it over the telephone before you came in," he said grimly.

Haddon reddened and then laughed.

"I concede the honors of war!" he said ironically, making for her door.

Mrs. Gordon opened the old iron gate timidly, and approach-

ed the house with a hesitating, reluctant step. She was trying to realize that the place, which she had called home ever since Roddy was a baby, was no longer hers. She had just been down to the bank to sign the papers, making over the house to Major Lomax, and her hand had trembled so that she had to apologize for her signature. She went into the house, feeling a little faint and giddy. She did not know there was anyone in the library; she went straight in and sank weakly into a chair, staring blankly at the sunshine in the old south window.

"In my Father's house are many mansions—" she whispered tremulously, unaware that she spoke aloud.

Nancy rose suddenly from the corner opposite. Her mother had not even seen her and the girl had been silenced by her first glimpse of Mrs. Gordon's face.

"Mama, what is it?" she cried, "tell me—even if I have done something—something dreadful. I'm not an outsider. I—you and papa don't tell me anything! What is it? Mama, you're wretched! Is it about Roddy?"

Mrs. Gordon looked at her blankly, absorbed in her own troubles. "Your father's just sold the house," she said weakly.

"Oh!" Nancy gave a sharp little cry of pain, rising to her feet. "I tried so hard to save you from this, Mama. I did it all to prevent this—and it's been useless—useless!" she groaned.

Mrs. Gordon nodded her head sadly. "It wasn't any use, Nancy. You know how your father feels. He's paid back seven thousand already."

"To Richard?"

Mrs. Gordon raised her eyes reluctantly to her daughter's haggard face. "Yes, dear. He—your father would have it so. That leaves eight more to pay, and he—"

Nancy rose and stood quite still and straight, her white face set.

"Who bought the house?"

"Major Lomax."

Nancy's blue eyes widened. "He gave four thousand cash," her mother went on mechanically, "and there's three still on the mortgage. He—" she hesitated and then added more cheerfully: "He's been kind, dear. He urged Papa not to sell the furniture. He said it wouldn't bring enough to make it worth while, and—he wants us to keep the house—to rent it from him"

"On father's salary? Why Mama, there'll be one pinch after another! He—he hasn't sold anything else, has he?" she added fearfully.

Her mother sighed. "He's selling all his securities except his life insurance. He hopes to net about two thousand more. That will be nine paid. But, oh, Nancy, I don't know where in the world he's going to get the other six thousand from!"

Nancy sank down on the lounge. "Mama, I never thought of it in that way," she faltered. "I had only the one thought to save Roddy from prison."

"Oh, Nancy, I don't see how you could do it! When I was your age—"

Mrs. Gordon stopped with her mouth open, for they both heard Amanda admitting a visitor.

Nancy listened, straining her ears.

"It's Mrs. Haddon!" Nancy cried, springing up. "You see her. Mother, I—I will not!"

Mrs. Gordon looked aghast. She had never known Mrs. King-

don Haddon well and she did not like her.

"She's come to see you, Nancy, I—"

Nancy pushed her shaking hands. "Go out there and talk to her—in the other room. Don't let her come in here!"

Mrs. Gordon, reluctant and embarrassed, allowed herself to be pushed. Nancy thrust her through the portieres, drew them behind her, and went back to her lounge. She meant to go upstairs but she actually felt faint and ill.

Bit by bit she became aware of voices. Now the words took shape and became sentences. It was Helena's voice, her full, soft, drawing voice.

"He's taking care of King; you know my husband clings to a doctor!" she laughed softly. "He and Richard Morgan are great friends now; I'm glad of it for I was afraid he wouldn't like Richard. Men are such queer creatures. As a boy, Richard was so much in love with me he offered to fight King for trying to marry me!"

She paused and Mrs. Gordon mumbled something, an indistinct sentence or two, evidently bewildered. Nancy sat up straight now and listened, although she knew that Helena wanted her to listen.

"I cared for him, too, of course—who wouldn't? But my father—you remember him, Mrs. Gordon?"

"I—I think so, yes, I do," Mrs. Gordon's tone showed confusion.

"He really insisted that I should marry Kingdon. I—well, I broke my engagement and—" she laughed softly again, regretfully, "dear Mrs. Gordon, Richard felt it so much that I'm afraid sometimes—he'll never marry now. I really wish he

could. It's so hard for him since his mother's death!"

Mrs. Gordon evidently did not rise to the occasion for Nancy only heard a murmur. There were a few words more and then Helena's voice rose again, keyed to carry far, as her listener knew.

"I was so sorry that Kingdon didn't buy your house when Mr. Gordon offered it. It's quite a lovely old place. You must hate to give it up so suddenly, Mrs. Gordon?"

"Major Lomax wants us to stay on—to rent it from him," explained Mrs. Gordon, her voice breaking. "I do hate to leave it!"

"I should think you would! And your son, Mrs. Gordon. What do you hear from him?" she let her voice rest a moment and then, slowly drawing, "is he doing well?"

Nancy knew, without seeing it, the crimson flush that went up over her mother's face.

"Roddy's always done well. He's doing splendidly now."

"I'm so glad to hear it! Kingdon was asking about him yesterday. He knows someone in the trust company, I think, a Mr. Beaver, a cousin of Major Lomax."

Nancy started, trembling with apprehension. She remembered Roddy's description of old Beaver with his nose to the ground. Did this woman know?

(Continued next week)

A number of people have requested that we reprint our tribute to Joseph A. Roland, whose death occurred at West Jefferson last year. We comply with this request with reluctance because of the possibility that only a few will be interested. But here it is in full.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE BANK OF NORTH WILKESBORO

at North Wilkesboro, North Carolina, to the Commissioner of Banks at the close of business on the 5th day of March, 1934.

RESOURCES	
Cash, Checks for Clearing and Transit Items	\$ 24,763.77
Due from Approved Depository Banks	223,136.41
Due from Banks—Not Approved Depositories	578.81
Cash Items Held Over 24 Hours	NONE
United States Bonds, Notes, etc.	35,000.00
North Carolina State Bonds, Notes, etc.	51,134.38
North Carolina Political Subdivisions Bonds and Notes	46,875.17
Other Stocks and Bonds	36,862.50
Loans and Discounts—Other	569,649.67
Banking House and Site	50,000.00
Furniture, Fixtures and Equipment	5,000.00
Other Real Estate	17,297.22
Overdrafts	50.04
TOTAL RESOURCES	\$1,060,347.97
LIABILITIES AND CAPITAL	
Demand Deposits—Due Banks	\$ 16,203.80
Demand Deposits—Due Public Officials	62,157.22
Demand Deposits—Due Others	373,167.48
Cashiers Checks, Certified Checks and Dividend Checks	8,749.41
Accrued Expenses, Taxes and Interest	501.06
Savings Deposits—Due Others	372,960.92
Time Certificates on Deposit	38,238.69
Bills Payable	NONE
Rediscouunts	NONE
TOTAL LIABILITIES	\$ 871,978.58
Capital Stock—Common	\$ 80,000.00
Capital Stock—Preferred	75,000.00
Surplus—Undivided	12,000.00
Undivided Profits	11,651.02
Unearned Discount	2,375.06
Reserve for Depreciation Fixed Properties	1,125.00
Reserve for Losses and Other Reserves	36,213.31
TOTAL LIABILITIES AND CAPITAL	\$1,060,347.97

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF WILKES, ss:
R. W. Gwyn, Cashier, S. V. Tomlinson, Director, and E. M. Blackburn, Director, of the Bank of North Wilkesboro, each personally appeared before me this day, and, being duly sworn, each for himself, says that the foregoing report is true to the best of his knowledge and belief.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of March, 1934
W. W. STARR, Notary Public.
My com. expires Feb. 23, 1936

R. W. GWYN, Cashier
S. V. TOMLINSON, Director
E. M. BLACKBURN, Director.

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