

The Dollar Bride

By MARY IMLAY TAYLOR
Autocaster Service, New York.

Thirteenth Installment

Richard started perceptibly at the sight of Nancy, but he came to himself quietly, greeting them all cheerfully, even cheerfully.

"I'm sorry I'm late, major," he said simply, "had a bad case—had to stay all night."

The major, releasing Nancy's hand, turned on him crustily. "Killing yourself for some old beggar, I'll warrant!" he said sharply.

Richard laughed grimly. "I'm harder to kill than that, major."

"Humph, you look like an owl! Nancy—where's that girl," the old man looked about, bewildered.

Richard went out with Angle. Richard said dryly, "Let me see your foot, major," and he laid hold of the bandages.

Meanwhile, Angle found it hard to keep her friend even a moment. But Nancy had utterly forgotten that Angle might be hurt about her brother. She wrenched her hand free of Angle's detaining fingers.

"I've got to go!" she cried.

"Mama wants me—I promised—I'll come again!"

She was off, running down the path like a frightened deer. She swung around, ran down to the back fence, climbed over into some blackberry brambles, stumbled and twisted her ankle.

She tried to take the short cut to her home but a sudden pang shot agony through her ankle.

Black-Draught For Dizziness, Headache Due To Constipation

"I have used Theodor's Black-Draught several years and find it splendid," writes Mr. G. W. Holley, of St. Paul, Va. "I take it for dizziness or headache (due to constipation). I have never found anything better. A short while ago, we began giving our children Syrup of Black-Draught as a laxative for colds and little stomach ailments, and have found it very satisfactory." . . . Millions of packages of Theodor's Black-Draught are required to satisfy the demand for this popular, old reliable, purely vegetable laxative. 25¢ a package. Children like the Syrup."

Political Notices

FOR SOLICITOR

I hereby announce my candidacy for the nomination for solicitor of the 17th Judicial district, subject to the action of the Republican voters in the June primary. Your support will be greatly appreciated.

F. J. McDUFFIE.

FOR CLERK OF COURT

I hereby announce my candidacy for the nomination of clerk of Superior court, subject to the action of the Republican voters in the June primary. Your support will be appreciated and if elected, I will serve you to the best of my ability.

L. B. DULA.

John Ruskin

DOLLARS for 50 CENTS

What's what you receive when you buy a John Ruskin at 50c. 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 tasting, because there is BETTER and MORE HAVANA in John Ruskin. Try one today. You'll like it. John Ruskin has no reasonable for valuable premium.

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

BEST AND BIGGEST CIGAR VALUE

she stumbled again, went lame and tried to hobble toward the river. She could sit there on the bank until he had gone home, she thought, and then she flushed with anger; she hated herself for being so childish. She winced with shame as much as with the pain in her ankle. Suddenly she determined to walk straight across the field and go home. But her courage failed utterly when she saw that he was taking that way home. If she went a step farther it would look as if she wanted to meet him. There was just time to avoid the encounter.

She turned hurriedly and tried to run down the path behind the pine trees. But her hurt ankle suddenly gave way, her foot turned under her and she went down, full length, in the pine needles, not ten yards from the Morgan gate. She was struggling to her knees crimson with mortification, when Richard reached her.

"You're hurt!" he exclaimed, bending down to lift her back to her feet.

"It's nothing—I stumbled," she said sullenly.

He was holding her firmly, supporting her, and his deep eyes looked straight into hers.

"Good heavens, Nancy, don't rate me so!" he cried violently.

She pressed her lips determinedly together, tears of anger in her eyes. "Let me go," she panted. "I didn't go lame on purpose—I'm not throwing myself at your head again!"

He let her go out of his arms as if she had stung him.

"Why don't you go then?" he asked her harshly.

She kept her blue eyes fixed on his, fury leaping up in them like a consuming flame.

"You thought I ran this way on purpose!" she said slowly, "I didn't. I didn't want to see you—I don't want to see you at all!"

He stood looking at her for a moment, dumb with astonishment, then something—almost a revelation—made the blood go up hotly into his face.

But he did not move. He was watching her, his own breath coming short.

Nancy did not look at him. She tried to walk straight past him to the path. She did achieve three straight, firm steps and then a wince of pain shook her. She wavered, stretched out a hand involuntarily and caught at the nearest branch; it saved her from falling, but her face turned white.

He saw it; the angry lover was suddenly merged in the doctor. She was hurt and he could help her. She had done something to her foot in the fall. It would take his skill to mend it. Without a word, he picked her up in his arms and carried her up the long path to his own house.

"Don't struggle so!" said Richard sharply, "if you've hurt your ankle, you'll make it worse. I'm going to bind it for you."

As he spoke he carried her into his office and put her gently down on the old leather lounge in the corner. Nancy's impulse to spring up vanished with a new pang in her ankle, and he was taking off her shoe and feeling of her foot. Then, ignoring her, he went to the door and called sharply:

"Mamma Polk, some hot water!"

Nancy, sitting on the side of the lounge, clenched her hands on the edge of it until her knuckles whitened. How cool he was! It made her even hotter with anger to see how cool he was.

"Ain't swelled any, Miss Richard," Mamma Polk observed dryly, on her knees to help him.

Nancy winced. "She thinks I'm playing hurt!" she thought.

Richard's hands were deft and fine on her ankle. He bound it swiftly, neatly, thoroughly.

"There, mamma, that's a figure-eight—see?" he said good naturedly, and then, pushing aside the hot water, "that's all, you can take the bowl away now."

Mamma rose slowly to her feet. "I reckon you-all forgets I've got ter put on her stockin' for her," she remarked with dignity.

But Nancy had snatched it up and pulled it on herself.

"I'm going right home," she said.

Mamma Polk courtseied. "If you-all wants me I'm right out in de kitchen, peelin' potatoes," she said majestically. "I reckons

three ain't com'pny no-ways," she added.

Nancy, lacing her shoe frantically, stared after her with furious eyes.

"Richard, you've told her!" she cried.

He raised his eyes without a smile.

"Is there any new reason to hate me, Nancy?" he asked dryly, "I haven't told her."

She was ashamed of her unreasonable anger.

"I'm sorry," she said in a low voice. "I—I thrust myself into your life, I—was just so!"

He looked at her, passion in his eyes. "I love you," he answered; "I want the chance to teach you to love me."

She shook her head. "You don't know me—I'm not a good woman to have for a wife—I—I—she stopped, gasping, and then, hotly: "I've let Page Roemer kiss me—since we were married!"

In spite of himself, he started. The instinct of the caveman to seize his woman and keep her, leaped up in him. Suddenly he put his arms around Nancy and kissed her. He kissed her forehead, her cheeks, her lips, her throat. Then she wrenched herself free, hot and trembling.

"How dare you!" she cried.

"How dare I?" he laughed bitterly, "didn't you tell me that you let Page Roemer kiss you? And I'm your husband! Would you rather have another man kiss you?"

She was furious, her face glowing with color. "Let me go," she cried, "I hate you! Let me go—you said you didn't want a woman who didn't love you!"

"Yes, I know it!" he said hoarsely, "I know it—I thought I could let you go, but what if I can't? What if my love is too strong for it—I—I— he caught her hands now and held them, looking down at her. Love in his face, love triumphant and beautiful, but dominant and selfish, too. "Suppose I will not let you go?"

She panted, trying to break away from his hold, her eyes ablaze with anger.

"You've got to let me go—you—" she wet her parched lips—"you paid for me—that's how you feel. I know it—and you've taken half the money back. You've got to let me go!"

He flung her hands from him, rising to his feet, his face dark.

"You love that fellow! You want Roemer's kisses not mine! I—I—he choked with fury—"he shan't have you!" he began to walk up and down the room; "he shan't have you, do you hear me, Nancy?"

He stopped short. The door of his office stood ajar and he suddenly saw a woman's figure coming down the hall. Unannounced, Mamma Polk had admitted a patient. It was Helena Haddon.

"Nancy, stay here—I'll take her into the other room," he said below his breath, going to meet his visitor.

But Nancy had struggled to her feet. "I'm going home," she gasped, and steadied herself, leaning on the table beside her.

Helena heard her. "Don't let me break in on another patient," she said, smiling, and then, coming to the door: "Why, Miss Gordon, are you ill, too?"

Richard flushed. "It's a twisted ankle," he said briefly, "let me take you into the library, Mrs. Haddon; Miss Gordon can't walk very well yet, the ankle's just bandaged."

"I'm so sorry—" Helena began.

But Nancy cut them both short; she straightened herself and began to walk quite steadily across the room.

"I'm going right home," she said.

"Sit down," Richard ordered sharply, "your foot will twist again."

Nancy flung him a look that breathed defiance. Agony was shooting through the hurt muscles, but she trod on the foot with an iron will. She had the side door open when Richard sprang to her aid.

"I'll help you home anyway," he said.

But Nancy recoiled from his touch. "Go back—to her!" she whispered, her face flushed still with anger and pain. "I can walk."

Helena stood by the table, drawing off her gloves. Richard noticed it as he came in, bewildered and angry and in doubt. That ankle must hurt horribly, if it hurt at all. The doubt shook him, but he noticed how white and soft Helena's hands looked, and that she had discarded her rings. He did not even notice the usual plain band on the marriage finger.

"I always come at the wrong time, Richard. I'm as inopportune as the measles!"

He pushed a chair forward. "On the contrary," his voice said, "you're always welcome. I hope you're not nervous again, Helena?"

She sank into the chair, putting up her hands with a graceful gesture to push back the light veil she wore.

"Well, I don't sleep at all,"

she replied with her provoking smile. "I suppose you'd scold dreadfully if I should ask for chloral or morphine or anything—to make me sleep!"

Richard dragged his mind back from its absent contemplation and looked at her intently.

"I wouldn't give it to you," he said gravely.

She smiled, drooping her lids over eyes that softened too much when they met his; even a little color went up in her face and transfigured it.

"She's beautiful!" he thought reluctantly.

"I've taken lots of it already," she said, laughing quietly. "I increased the dose last night."

"What!"

"Chloral." She stirred in her chair, and he saw that her chin was shaking.

"Look here, Helena, this won't do," he spoke kindly, with genuine concern. "Do you know, I ought to tell King?"

"King?" She sat up, turning the blaze of angry eyes on him.

"Why King? He's thinking of nothing—of no one—but his new racehorse he got from Lomax. He and the grooms are at him day and night, getting him in shape. He's to race next month. King cares more to have that horse win the race for him—or to win himself in a golf tournament, than he cares for my soul!"

She rose from her chair and went to the window. Helena was winking back hot tears. She had seen Richard's face as he looked at Nancy, and every instinct of her nature leaped up into furious jealousy.

"Richard, I'm wretched—what's the use of lying? King and I hate each other cordially—I— she covered her face with her hands.

(Continued next week)

NITRATE OF SODA FOR 4-H CLUB BOYS

As part of an elaborate program throughout the south, the agricultural bureau of the Barrett company, distributor of American nitrate of soda, is donating 100 pounds of this material to each 4-H club member entering the contest in growing one acre of corn, it was disclosed recently by L. R. Harrill, state club leader. In addition, a one-year scholarship to the North Carolina State College of Agriculture and Engineering will be awarded the state winner. Each contestant must follow the instructions of the North Carolina agricultural extension service in growing his acre of corn. The basis of the awards will be 25 points for yield, 35 points for profit, 15 points for field selection of seed and 25 points for the record of operation.

Resolutions of Respect

We, the members of Ferguson Subordinate Grange No. 809, wish to pay tribute to the memory of our beloved brother, Presley Shepherd, who departed this life on March 29, 1934. He was a good and faithful member of the grange order. His passing is a distinct loss to our ranks. The piety of his venerable age was one of the characteristics which we wish to emulate. Upon every great moral issue he had the courage of his convictions to stand for the right. He was loyal to his church, in attendance and in matters of financial contributions, often giving to Mills Home an amount equal to all the rest of his church. Therefore, be it resolved:

1. That we bow in humble submission to the will of God, feeling that our loss is his eternal gain;

2. That we deeply sympathize with the bereaved family in the loss of such a devoted husband and father;

3. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the county papers for publication and that a copy be sent to the family of the deceased, and recorded on our minutes.

T. W. FERGUSON,
A. J. FOSTER, Com.

85-Year-Old Farmer Held on Charges of Slaying Wife

Williamston, April 13.—Joe Davenport, 85-year-old farmer, was ordered held without bond for superior court on a charge of murder of his wife after a preliminary hearing here today before Justice J. L. Hassell.

Davenport, who accused his wife, a woman in her 20s, of being unfaithful to him, shot her to death last week.

C. T. Johnson Dies At Windy Gap Home

C. R. Johnson, of Windy Gap, died yesterday at 11:15 a. m. He was 33 years of age.

The last rites will be conducted at Windy Gap today at 2 o'clock with Rev. D. C. Clanton in charge.

Surviving are his wife, Mrs. Eula Mae Johnson, and one son, Ralph, Jr.

LUTHERAN SERVICES

Lutheran services will be held at 8 o'clock Tuesday evening at 729 Kensington avenue. The public is cordially invited.

R. E. MENNEN, Pastor.

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Phone 131—North Wilkesboro.

Radiator Repairing, Body Rebuilding, Motor Blocks Reborn, Extensions Welded in Truck Frames, General Repair Work a Specialty.

T. H. WILLIAMS, Owner.

P. T. A. Closes Successful Year

History of Association Is Given By President, Mrs. Edward G. Finley

Thursday, April 12th brought to a close one of the most successful years in the history of the Parent-Teacher Association of North Wilkesboro. Paid membership for this year reached the high mark of 237, with an average attendance of 75 to 80. This was the largest attendance in the history of the association.

The annual reports of each committee were read, giving plenty of proof that material things had been accomplished, and that each committee had worked hard. The finance chairman reported a nice balance in the treasury to start off the year next fall.

Each month during the school year attendance prizes were awarded to the grade in the grammar school and the high school that had the most parents present.

Mrs. E. G. Finley, the retiring president, presented a most interesting and enlightening history of the Parent-Teacher Association, beginning with the year it was organized in 1910, and extending to the present time.

A copy of the historical paper has been secured by The Journal-Patriot and will be published in an early issue.

TRUSTEE'S SALE

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a deed of trust from C. W. Church to Claude Kiser, trustee, dated December 17, 1931, and recorded in Book 160, Page 233, in the office of the register of deeds of Wilkes County, North Carolina, default having been made in the payment of the indebtedness thereby secured and application having been made by the holder of the notes evidencing said indebtedness to the trustee to foreclose said deed of trust, the undersigned Claude Kiser, trustee, will on Saturday, April 21, 1934, at 12 o'clock noon, at the court house door in Wilkesboro, North Carolina, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash a tract of land located in Reddies River Township, North Carolina, which is described as follows:

Beginning on a stake near the mouth of a small branch, C. W. Church corner, N. 82 1-2 deg. W. up said branch, 19 poles to a poplar stump; thence N. 80 deg. W. with C. W. Church line 25 poles to a sourwood; near the head of a branch and running S. 2 1-2 deg. W. with Thomas Church and Vinson Bumgarner's line 44 poles to a stone, (the old Spanish Oak corner); thence S. 86 deg. E. with the old line known as the Rash line 44 1-2 poles to a chestnut; thence S. 2 1-2 deg. W. 16 poles to a stone, G. E. Pearson's N. W. corner; thence S. 2 1-2 deg. E. 11 poles to a branch; thence in a northward direction with the meanderings of said branch to the beginning, containing 14 1-5 acres, more or less.

This being a portion of the tract of land deeded by Rell Caudill and wife, Adah Caudill, to the Elkin Box Company, Inc., the 19th day of December 1919, recorded in the office of Register of Deeds of Wilkes County, Wilkesboro, N. C., Book 110, Page 340.

Said tract of land will be sold subject to any and all taxes due thereon.

This 19th day of March, 1934.

CLAUDE KISER,
Trustee.

Robert Moseley, Attorney.

Farmers! Use Fish Brand Fertilizer

this season and reap Bumper Crops. This is a high grade Fertilizer that we are selling at the right price.

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Let us supply you with Feed for your Cattle, Hogs, and Poultry.

See us for your Field Seeds.

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Forester Avenue
North Wilkesboro, N. C.

Queen Trucking Firm Chartered

Local Company Is Granted Charter To Operate Motor Trucks in State

The Queen Trucking company, of this city, was granted a charter to operate motor trucks for the transportation of freight and express by Secretary of State Stacey W. Wade last week.

The company has an authorized capital of \$10,000 with \$300 stock subscribed by S. W. Queen, R. H. Queen and Travis Queen, all of this city.

After 16 years of work, Japan has completed a tunnel almost five miles long under the Hakone Mountains.

The famous Tyrian purple, worn by kings, came into use about fifteen centuries before Christ.

HOW WOMEN CAN WIN MEN AND MEN WIN

The Favor of Other Men

Unless two pints of bile juice flow daily from your liver into your system, your food decays in your bowels. This poisons your whole body. Movements get slow and spasmodic. You get yellow (jaundice), low skin, pimples, dull eyes, and indigestion. Gas, distension, flatulence, and have become an ugly-looking, unbecoming, sour-looking person. You have your personal charm. Everybody wants to run from you.

But don't take salts, mineral waters, oils, laxative pills, laxative enemata of shaving cream and expect them to get rid of this poison that destroys your personal charm. They can't do it, for they only move out the tail end of your bowels, and that doesn't take away enough of the decayed poison. Cosmetics won't help at all.

Only a free flow of your bile juice will stop this decay poison in your bowels. Only one mild vegetable medicine will stop a free flow of your bile juice is Carter's Little Liver Pills. No calomel (poison) in Carter's. Only fine, mild vegetable extracts. If you would bring back your personal charm to win men, start taking Carter's Little Liver Pills according to directions today. 25¢ at drug stores.

Refuse "something just as good" for it may grip, loosen teeth or acid stomach. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for. ©1934, C. M. Co.

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