

The Dollar Bride

By MARY IMLAY TAYLOR
Autocaster Service, New York.

Twentieth Installment

"I can't tell you, Rod, don't ask me!" she begged.

"But you must tell me—Angie, what is it? Something's wrong! Tell me—you shall tell me!"

But she shook her head. "No, no!"

He dropped her hands and snatched up his hat. "I'll find out!" he said.

She ran after him, sobbing. "It's nothing—it's nothing—don't ask, Roddy, don't ask!"

Angie's tears could not avail now, she had loosed the whirlwind. Roddy was in no mood to reason with Angie's hints. Something was wrong.

He would go straight to Richard. Man to man they would settle it. He was grateful to him, he was loath to behave ill to him.

Mammy Polk was back again. "No, Mist' Roddy, de doctah ain't in—be back d'rectly, walk in, dere's a lady in de office—waitin'."

"A lady?" Roddy hesitated. Roddy thought of it a moment. He did not mind Helena. If there was any talk of Richard, Helena would tell him. She would be pealous. Roddy had found out a good deal about pealous women!

Helena sat in a chair by the window.

"Why, Rod Gordon!" she exclaimed and gave him her hand. Roddy swallowed hard. He drew a chair close to hers and sat down.

"Mrs. Haddon, I think you'd know about any—any gossip, wouldn't you?"

Helena shrank a little. What in the world was coming?

"Oh, I don't know—what do you mean?"

"I've just been told—" he stammered, then he straightened himself ruthlessly to his question. "Is there any reason why I should have a quarrel with Richard Morgan—about my sister?"

"Don't ask me!" she gasped in sheer panic. She thought he knew that she had told.

But, to Rod, her confusion was only the damning proof of Morgan's guilt. There was something. He became deadly quiet and calm.

"Mrs. Haddon, we're old friends. You were always kind to me," he said. "I—as a friend, I ask you to answer me. I have a right to know what is said of my sister."

Helena tried to collect her thoughts. The boy was not angry with her. She saw that; then he

did not know. And this would be a way to get at Nancy herself.

"There's some talk, yes," she admitted reluctantly. "A small place, Rod, and gossip. You mustn't be too angry with me if I say so—your sister has been indiscreet, that's all."

But he was more of a man than she thought. "How indiscreet? My sister? Good God, if a man had said that! Who's the man? Richard Morgan?"

Helena nodded, tapping her foot on the floor.

"Mrs. Haddon, I wish you'd tell me," he pleaded quietly.

"See, I'm not excited. I want to take care of my sister. What's the story? It's a lie, you know it. I know it, but tell me—what is it?"

She panted a little; she was frightened. He looked suddenly at a man and she had thought him a mere boy.

"I—I can't tell you!" she said in a low voice, "I'm going—let me go, Roddy!"

But he had caught her by the wrist.

"You shall tell me!" he said between his teeth, "what is the—damned lie they're telling?"

She dragged back from him, her green eyes suddenly blazing with fury. "I'll tell you—but don't blame me—let go my hand!"

He let go as if she had struck him, but his eyes still burned into hers.

"Your sister went to Washington with Morgan. She stayed there a day and a night. A man who registered at the same hotel told it—they were there as man and wife. That's the story—now, are you satisfied?"

"I'm quite satisfied," he replied simply. "Thank you, Mrs. Haddon. Good night."

Mr. Gordon had spent his evening alone. His wife had given up early; a headache brought her the relief of going to bed. She was in terror of her husband's remarks about Roddy's return. Nancy was out on the piazza now, sitting on the steps. No one knew that she was there, and she did not speak when Roddy sprang up the steps and bounded into the house. He did not see her at all.

A moment later Mr. Gordon looked up into the boy's face.

"By gum!" he ejaculated involuntarily. "What's wrong? Drunk again, sir?"

Roddy laid his hand heavily on the back of the nearest chair and straightened himself.

"Father, do you happen to know about the scandal—the

story they're telling here about Nancy Virginia?"

Mr. Gordon sat up straight. "Make yourself plain, sir."

"Did Nancy ever go to Washington without you—or mother?"

Mr. Gordon's face changed. "She did."

Roddy made an inarticulate sound in his throat, his hands clenching on the chair back.

"When?"

"In the Spring—after your first escapade," Mr. Gordon was staring hard at him, his anger rising.

"They say she went with Richard Morgan and stayed there twenty-four hours. They—" Roddy gasped, his eyes blazing—"that fellow—Morgan—registered them as man and wife."

To his amazement, his father said nothing. He merely nodded his head slowly, his face stern.

"Do you hear me?" Roddy shouted. "do you take it in? Nancy—Nancy Virginia and Dick Morgan as man and wife. Some one saw it, read the register!"

Mr. Gordon regarded him sternly, something like grim humor showing in his eyes. The young fool did not know what a sacrifice the girl had made for him. Then he remembered the intolerable implication against his poor girl. He turned on his son angrily.

"They're married," he said shortly.

"Married?"

Roddy's jaw dropped, he stared at his father like a zany.

There was a long moment of silence. In it Mr. Gordon's anger gathered force. And who had dared to start it? Roddy getting his breath, broke out again.

"Married? Why didn't I know? Why didn't you tell me before—tell other people?"

Mr. Gordon gave him an exasperated glance. "You're not the one to find fault," he replied dryly, "they're married—secretly."

"Secretly? The word was like a torch of flame, it set Roddy on fire."

"Why?" he demanded fiercely, "is that fellow ashamed of my sister?"

His father said nothing.

"Do you hear me?" Roddy struggled with anger. "My sister!" he began to walk up and down. He thought of the family honor. His father must be breaking down in a premature dotage! What else could it mean. Did Richard know it? His eyes shot fire.

"I know," he said chokingly, "you've told Morgan about me—it's because she's my sister! Nancy Virginia scorned for me—my God, I'll—I'll—" he seemed to strangle again. He ran out of the room and out of the house.

Bare-headed and disheveled, he ran to the gate. He never once looked back. He did not hear the half-smothered cry that pursued him. He vaulted the gate and was gone.

But Nancy stood there, clasping her cold hands against her breast.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she sobbed to herself softly. She had heard almost all that Roddy had shouted at his father, "what can I do?"

This Week In Washington

Washington, May 28. (Auto-caster)—With the adjournment of Congress apparently set for the middle of June, the outlook is that President Roosevelt will get about all of the legislation which he really wants—and some that he doesn't care about—by that time.

Major measures which seem certain to be passed include the silver bill, which extends the President's power to remonetize silver but does not compel him to do anything about it; the bill authorizing the President to revise tariffs; the measure providing for industrial loans by R. F. C. and the Federal Reserve; the bill for Government regulation of wire and radio, communications; the extension of the present bank deposit insurance plan; and, last but not least, the President's pet plan to stimulate home-building and employment in the building trades by providing a Government controlled guarantee fund to insure lenders on first mortgages from loss, and a similar guarantee against loss on loans made for home repairs and improvements under Government restrictions and approval.

The most exciting thing in Washington, however, is not that Congress is going back home to run for re-election, though that is something which always evokes sighs of relief here. It is the controversy that has been started by the Darrow report on the workings of NRA.

The Darrow Report

There is a good deal of significance attached here, however, to the fact that after the Darrow report had been submitted and before it was published, General Johnson announced that there would be a broad change in the system under which the NRA operates. Many of the smaller lines of business will be exempted from the codes, and only the large concerns doing an interstate business will be continued under Government regulation.

There is still a good deal of shaking down and shaking out to be done before the Administration machine gets into smooth working order. Too many minor functionaries and a few of the more important officials have not yet sobered up from their early intoxication with newly-acquired power.

There is still a great deal of official arrogance and insistence that nobody is honest except these few Administration officials. Giving them all credit for good intentions, there has been extreme carelessness and lack of a sense of responsibility in the methods which many of the newly-created bureaus have adopted.

Those faults are recognized and will be cured, by the dismissal of the worst offenders and the disciplining of the others.

and ruined her good name!"

"If you were not a boy and her brother," said Richard, "I'd wring your neck!"

"Wring my neck, would you? You haven't got the courage!" Roddy screamed, flinging out his arms. "Do you think I don't know what ails you? Father told you I was a thief—you're ashamed to say you married my sister—my sister, Nancy Virginia Gordon! She's an angel and you're a devil, you're a black-hearted, cowardly scoundrel! You'll fight me, or, by God, I'll call you a coward on every street corner in the town! I'll publish you—you can't hide any longer behind my sister. I—" he stopped again, and suddenly drawing himself to his full height, spoke with a new tragic dignity. "I challenge you, Richard Morgan, to defend yourself or die in your tracks—like a dam' coward!"

Richard had scarcely heard him.

"Yes, I'll fight you," he said dryly, "I admit you've a right to demand it."

"Come out now—the moon's like day—I'll get a gun—we can fight it out now. I can't wait, I won't wait!"

"Now? Out there?" a grim smile twisted Richard's lips. "If one of us dies out there tonight it would be called plain murder. That won't do, Roddy, we must keep to the code. Get a second, then I'm ready any time."

"I wouldn't care a copper what they called it," Roddy snapped, "but since you're particular—oh, the code, of course! I'll get a second, you can get yours—over the phone. I give you the choice of weapons, Dr. Morgan."

Richard bowed his head gravely. "Pistols. Mine's here on my desk, but you can bring two. I'll be waiting for you when you come back. Where is it to be?"

"Oh, there!" Roddy pointed at the moonlit lawn.

"I understand," Richard answered grimly, and he opened a long window on the moonlit piazza, "you can go this way. I'll wait."

(Continued next week)

PENDING TARIFF BILL IS EXPECTED TO GET SENATE APPROVAL

Washington, May 28. — As many members in close touch with the White House pushed ahead today in the hope that Congress will find it possible to adjourn on June 9, many doubt whether this is possible of achievement—the belief was expressed in senatorial circles that the pending tariff bill would be disposed of shortly, but that there was such doubt whether the bill containing the AAA amendments can be passed.

In fact, a number of the members out in front in opposition to this bill, recently submitted by the secretary of agriculture, are convinced that the bill is already dead beyond recall, and some of the administration leaders were inclined this afternoon to agree with them. They say that the Tugwell nomination for undersecretary of agriculture will be confirmed, that Chairman

TRUSTEE'S SALE

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a deed of trust, dated July 11, 1930, from H. O. Absher and wife, Minnie M. Absher to the undersigned as Trustee for Burrus Gray, recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Wilkes county, N. C., on July 14, 1930, in Book 157, at page 201, and default having been made in the payment of the indebtedness secured thereby, and application having this day been made by the owner of the note evidencing said indebtedness to the trustee to foreclose said deed of trust, the undersigned trustee, will, on Friday, the 15th day of June, 1934, at 11 o'clock, a. m., at the courthouse door in Wilkesboro, N. C., offer for sale, at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash the following described lot or parcel of land, to wit:

Situated in the town of North Wilkesboro, N. C., on the south side of D Street and described as follows:

Beginning at a stake on the south side of D street 100 feet eastwardly from the southeast corner of D and Third Streets, and running south 27 degrees 27 minutes east parallel with Third Street 140 feet to an alley; thence north 62 degrees 33 minutes east along the north side of said alley 100 feet to a stake; thence north 27 degrees 27 minutes west parallel with Third Street 140 feet to a stake on the south side of D Street; thence west along the south side of D Street 100 feet to the point of beginning, containing 14,000 square feet and being shown and described as lots 18, 20, 22 and 24 in Block 39 on The Winston Land and Improvement Company's map and Trogdon's map of the town of North Wilkesboro, N. C.

Said tract of land will be sold thereon in addition to the subject to any and all taxes due amount of the note and interest secured thereby.

This 14th day of May, 1934.
FRANK D. HACKETT,
Trustee.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE— WITHOUT CALOMEL

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

If you feel sour and snaky and the world looks punk, don't swallow a lot of salts, acids, and cathartics. The reason for your sour and snaky 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 sour and snaky and expect them to make you suddenly sweet and buoyant and full of sunshine.

If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You have a thick, bad taste and your breath is foul, and you feel down and out. Your whole system is poisoned.

It takes those good, old CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." They contain wonderful, harmless, gentle vegetable extracts, amazing when it comes to making the bile flow freely.

But don't take liver pills. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Resist a substitute. 25-cent drug stores. © 1931 C. M. Co.

FOR ANY KIND OF RADIATOR or WELDING

job see the old reliable

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(JAS. F. WILLIAMS)

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Phone 323 North Wilkesboro, N. C.

TRAVEL BY BUS

THE ECONOMICAL, CONVENIENT WAY

Buses leave North Wilkesboro 9:30 a. m. and 6:30 p. m. for Boone, West Jefferson, Mountain City, Abingdon, Bristol, Johnson City, Knoxville, Bluefield, Charleston, Cincinnati and Chicago. Leave 10:30 a. m. 1:30 and 7:30 p. m. for Statesville, Charlotte and all points south: Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, Raleigh, Danville, Richmond, Norfolk, Washington and New York.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CALL PHONE 218

ATLANTIC GREYHOUND LINES

NEW BUS STATION—GREEN LANTERN CAFE
TENTH STREET J. J. HICKS, Local Agent.

NOTICE OF SALE OF LAND

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a mortgage deed executed by Ouis Griffin and wife, Cordie Griffin, on the 11th day of June, 1932, to J. McK. Hunter, to secure the payment of a note which is past due and unpaid, the undersigned will offer for sale for cash to the highest bidder at the courthouse door in Wilkesboro, N. C., on Monday, June 25th, 1934, at 2 p. m., the following described real estate, to-wit:

Beginning on a pine or hemlock stump at or near the mouth of Leroy Carlton's spring branch, then up and with the meanderings of the creek to J. W. Calloway's line, then with Calloway's line to a sourwood corner, then with Calloway's line to a chestnut oak corner, it being Calloway's and Leroy Carlton's corner, then a east direction about 3 or 4 poles with Carlton's line to the extreme top of a small ridge, then down the extreme top of the ridge to the beginning. Containing 3 acres, more or less.

For full description see Book 166, Page 66, Register of Deeds office, Wilkes county, N. C.
This 25th day of May, 1934.
J. McK. HUNTER,
6-18-4t. Mortgagee.

NOTICE OF SALE OF LAND BY TRUSTEE

Under and by virtue of the power of sale and authority contained in that certain deed of trust executed on the 8th day of December, 1934, by L. L. Oakley and wife, Della Oakley, to the undersigned trustee, and recorded in Book 151, at page 192, in the office of the register of Deeds of Wilkes county, and default having been made in the payment of the indebtedness thereby secured, as therein stipulated, and at the request of the holder of the said indebtedness, the undersigned trustee will sell the undersigned lands to the highest bidder for cash, at the courthouse door of Wilkes county, on Monday, the 25th day of June, 1934, at 2 o'clock p. m., the following described lands to-wit:

One acre adjoining the lands of Rufus Love and Sallie Oakley and others. Being a part of the Sallie Oakley tract.
This 24th day of May, 1934.
TOM STOUT,
Trustee.
W. E. McIvor, Attorney.
6-18-4t.

John Ruskin

DOLLARS for 50 CENTS

What's the value of a dollar when you buy a John Ruskin at 50 cents? Extra value 60% HAVANA, plus other imported tobacco, for only 50 cents. Compare them with any brand you now can buy at 50 cents. You'll agree that John Ruskin is a better value and better smoking, because there's BETTER and MORE HAVANA in John Ruskin. Try one today. You'll know it. John Ruskin is the only brand that's worth the money.

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