

TRAILS END

by AGNES LOUISE PROVOST



NINTH INSTALLMENT

Cleo seemed to have a great deal to show Anne. A dress. Then a jewel case. After that there must be a brief call on her mother. There was still something else, a rare vase of the Ming Dynasty.

"Dad will want to show it to you, so you might as well be prepared. He's crazy about it, but I think it's awful," said Cleo frankly. "Now, darling, I'll take you home. Wait here for me just a minute. . . . I forgot to put those sapphires away."

She whisked out of sight, and returned to a house telephone. "Is Kennedy there? . . . Bring the car around now, Kennedy. And go to the Chinese room and tell Mrs. Duane that I've been detained and will be down in ten minutes."

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T. H. WILLIAMS, Owner.

Out in front of the garage building, which in itself was a smaller stone castle, Kennedy scowled and sauntered back to his car.

"Wonder why she didn't give her message to one of the flunkies? Too damn lazy to ring twice, maybe. . . . Oh, well, it's O.K. by me."

"Miss Pendleton wishes me to say that she will join Mrs. Duane in ten minutes."

Anne whirled about to see Kennedy. "So we meet again! You're looking like a million, Nancy. I suppose you were the last time, but I didn't get much of a look before I passed out. Nice little party, wasn't it?"

It was ghastly, Jim, how can you talk like that?"

"I could talk a lot, if I got started."

"You could talk yourself into prison!" she flashed angrily. "There's a penalty for blackmail." "It would never get that far, baby." He twisted a scornful under lip. "It would take too much explaining. There's that pleasant little scene at the beach bungalow, and a sweet mix-up afterward—Oh yes, I've figured that out. And a nice ride for Jimmy—only it's just too bad that I came back."

"Hush!" She looked around nervously. "Your own part was nothing to be proud of. What are you doing here? In Granleigh?"

"Any reason why I shouldn't be here?" He grinned at her mockingly. "You've done pretty well for yourself, after all. Picked a rich man and landed soft. Does he happen to know—"

"Please, Jim!"

"No, he doesn't know! How could I tell him? I left all of the old life behind me, on that night last May. I never meant to come East, either, but I had to risk it—or lose everything. . . ."

Her voice broke. Kennedy looked at her curiously.

"You're a queer kid, Nancy. What did you do it for? . . . Oh, you know what I mean. I knew there was something phoney about that accident. I went to a library and hunted up the papers—afterward. I believed you'd taken the jump, until I came here and saw you through a window one night."

"Why did you come?" she cried. "If it's money you want, there's little enough that I can do. My husband isn't rich at all. Can't you have a little mercy and go away?"

"You let me alone, Nancy, and I won't bother you. Get that?" Kennedy gave her a brief, tight smile. "I'm after money, big money. And if you should get any notions about horning in on the game, don't overlook the fact that I hold some high cards."

"But Jim—"

He bowed stiffly from the door, and strolled jauntily out of his car. Anne stood for a moment staring blankly at the empty doorway.

Back of her a curtain moved, and a pair of childlike blue eyes peeped out before it dropped again. A moment later she heard Cleo's voice calling her from the hall.

"I tried to see Gage this morning, but he'd just hopped a plane for Washington."

"Oh. . . . I didn't know he lived here."

"He doesn't, although he will some day, within a dozen miles. He's living at the Ritz now, just back from Europe. Probably buying up the insides of a few old manor houses to put in his new place, and another rope of pearls for his wife."

"He's married, then?"

"Yes. Married a Follies girl. Barry's tone was slightly disparaging. "I'm not looking forward to that interview. I nearly told him to go to blazes last time. But I'm going to keep at him. I ought to take you with me and see if you can hypnotize the old pachyderm."

Anne said "Oh!" in a rather small voice. "Then it's this Mr. Gage that you're trying to interest in the Junipero?"

"That's the idea."

"But Barry"—she was desperately in earnest—"why do you have to deal with him at all? There must be plenty of other men. Why, the only reason that he owns the Duane Mills is because the first plan failed! He'd be prejudiced from the start!"

"You can bet he's prejudiced," said Barry grimly, "and that is just the reason I've got to win him over. Gage is more than just money in this scheme. He's the man who owns the other side of the spur that I must tunnel through. It's part of what he took over in payment of my uncle's debts. I don't know why."

He was silent for a moment. "He has held out now for four years. Says it's damn nonsense. So you see, unless I can persuade him to sell pretty soon, I'd better give up my large schemes."

She laughed shakily. "Oh, well, there's time yet. Hurry in to your flannels, and we'll be off."

"Right! I'll be ready in ten minutes."

Anne huddled down in a chair, her hands glancing into tight little fists. John Gage again. Everywhere she turned. She must either face him or run away.

"He's building here!" she thought. "That's why Jim is here! I must see him again—somehow."

She jumped up from her chair, listened to the sounds from the next room, and went lightly over to her desk. . . . Her pen raced. When Barry came back, a few moments later, the envelope addressed to Jim Kennedy was hidden in her bag.

"I suppose this is very silly," Cleo raised appealing eyes toward the large impressive man. "I wouldn't want anything to come of it to hurt the man's reputation, but he came to us without any references. I just wanted to be sure that he didn't

have a criminal record. I was sure you could find that out for me without any publicity." "If he has one, we'll find it. What name does he give?"

"James Kennedy. And I have a snapshot of him. I took it when he wasn't looking."

The man at the desk looked at the small picture with interest. "Yes, that's Jim Kennedy," he said briefly.

"Oh! You do know him?"

"I've seen him. He may be going straight enough, but he's no chanfreur. He's a gambler. He had a gambling house and speakeasy up in the Forties at one time, and it was raided once too often. Dropped out of sight for a while, but he was mixed up in some shooting business last spring and had a close call."

"No, he isn't a gunman. Not his type. Oh, Willard!" This to the young man who had entered. "Find out when the Kennedy shooting happened. And anything else we may have."

In less than five minutes the young man called Willard was back.

"All right, Willard. M'm Kennedy was shot on the night of May second, last. He was found lying beside a road in the outskirts of Ventura, California. Police inclined to credit it to a bootleggers' war. He pulled through but refused to name his assailant. Discharged from hospital in three weeks. That's all."

"There's no actual police record, outside of the raid on the Forty-Ninth Street house. I'd advise you to let me send an operative down to watch him."

"I don't think I want to go as far as that."

A brief movement of his head said that it was her business. He arose and opened the door for her.

"Please send the bill direct to me, in a plain envelope. I shouldn't want anyone to know that I've been inquiring. Thank you."

The man went back to his desk with a dry grin on his face. "So that's old Ambrose's daughter. I'll bet she's a hand-ful."

Cleo was already on her way to the public library.

"It probably wouldn't be in the New York papers," she reflected "but I'll look here first. "M'm, May second—say the third."

A sheet crackled as she bent suddenly forward. On the page in front of her was a picture of Anne Duane.

"I knew it! I was sure I had seen her somewhere! Nancy Curtis, as she appeared in 'Gypsy Love.'" Her eyes flicked on the news account.

"John Gage! Now I wonder . . ."

She frowned and went back to reading.

"She wasn't drowned at all. She just disappeared. . . . And her car went over the cliff the same night that Kennedy was shot, and she's afraid of him. Those two stories ought to connect somewhere. . . . Maybe I'd better get the California papers."

Ann Duane had taken the man Cleo had meant to marry, and there were no rules in the fight to get him back.

Cleo pinched her lip and took a brief census of Granleigh. Gwenda adored Anne. . . . nothing doing there. The Atwoods had taken her up, and so had the Westbrooks and Chisolms. But Fan Whittemore, six years older than her husband and looking it, hated every pretty girl that Ted looked at, and Ted never missed a chance to talk to Anne. Eddie Carver babbled everything she heard. There were plenty of others to catch a bright ball of rumor and toss it along.

Late that afternoon Cleo parked the blue roadster in front of the Fairfax house.

Gwenda was serving tea in the garden. Ann was lovely in a yellow frock. Ted Whittemore was dawdling near her chair. His wife sat a few feet apart, discontented, as usual. Barry was talking to Gwenda, some distance away. Anne looked up quickly.

Cleo waved carelessly to Gwenda and Barry and dropped into a chair near Anne.

"Hello, everybody. That's an awfully clever frock, Nancy. Do you know you're the image of somebody I saw in a play once? I knew as soon as I saw you that you reminded me of someone and it's just come to me as I caught sight of you in that yellow dress. The star or leading lady was sick, and they rushed this girl in. You could double for her, Nancy."

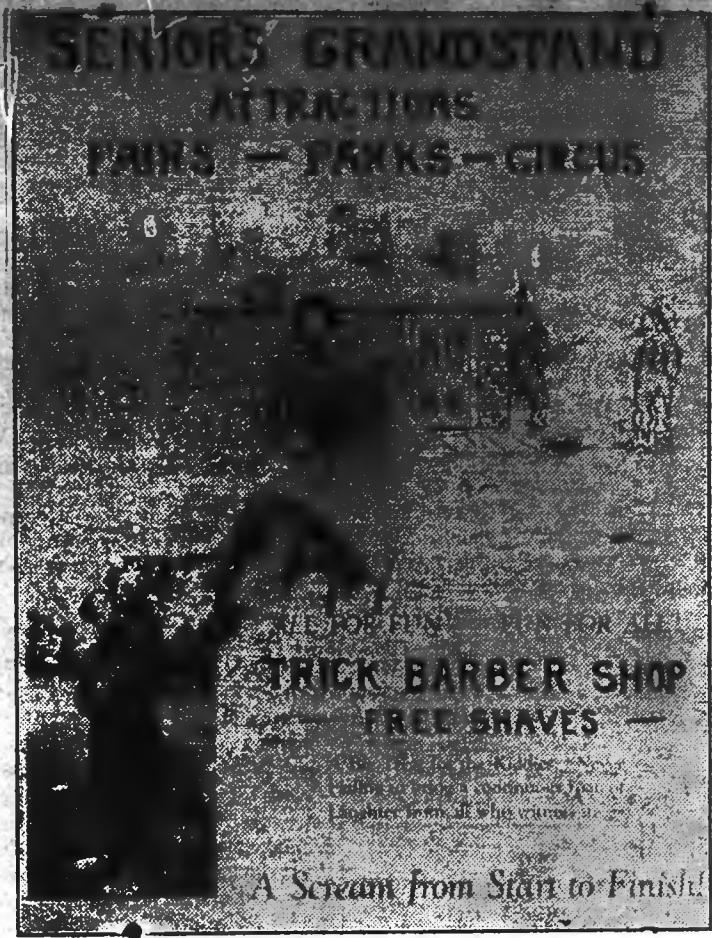
She saw Anne's finger tips whiten against the arm of her chair. They slowly relaxed again. "I suppose lots of people have doubles somewhere."

Fan's long eyes drifted from one to the other, faintly satirical. "You're not very lucid, Cleo. If the girl made such an impression on you I should think you'd have remembered more about her."

"Darling, I'm not a card index. I suppose the star got well or something. Maybe she got the Hollywood fever."

She talked to Fan, but her eyes were on Anne. Anne swung her hat idly by the brim and smiled slightly.

SCENES IN FREE FAIR ACT PROGRAM



The above picture gives an idea as to the nature of the Billy Senior Combination exhibition, one of the many free acts for the Great Wilkes Fair to be held here September 18, 19, 20, 21 and 22.

A Carload of Laughs In the Free Act Program Great Wilkes Fair

Laugh-Provoking Features in Billy Senior Combination Exhibition
In presenting the Billy Senior Combination to the Great Wilkes Fair patrons, the association has secured an attraction above the ordinary. Funny clowns, a bucking mule, trick dogs, comedy riding school and many other laugh-provoking features are included in the Billy Senior Combination.

Featured in this attraction, which is billed as "a carload of laughs," is Capt. Billy, the human fish, who performs one of the most novel acts ever offered by the Great Wilkes Fair. In a specially constructed tank on a late model truck which revolves itself in front of the grandstand, Capt. Billy eats, drinks, smokes and holds the world's record "submerging himself under water, giving an exhibition which is mystifying as well as entertaining."

The troupe of clowns, under the supervision of Billy Senior, are laugh provoking. The comedy barber shop is a "classic in fun." Smoky Joe, the "unridable mule," snorts, and prances while the clowns try to ride him.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE
North Carolina, Wilkes County.
By virtue of powers contained in a certain deed of trust executed by R. T. Pardue and wife, Mamie Pardue, to the undersigned trustee, said deed of trust being recorded in the office of the register of deeds of Wilkes county, in Book 167, page 310, and the terms of said deed of trust having not been complied with by said R. T. Pardue and Mamie Pardue, and payment of the amount due under said deed of trust having been demanded and refused, I will, on Saturday, September 1st, 1934, at one o'clock p. m., at the courthouse door in Wilkesboro, N. C., offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash the following described tract of real estate, to-wit:

BOY SCOUT KILLED BY 200-FOOT FALL INTO LARGE LAYKE
Los Angeles, Aug. 17.—Clad in his Boy Scout uniform except for shoes, the body of 14-year-old Vincent Slocomb, missing since Monday when he disappeared in the rough White Oak canyon area, was found floating behind big Tujunga dam, 20 miles north of here, today.

Farley Draws Wrath Of Tammany Solons
Washington, Aug. 17.—Members of the big Tammany house delegation today charged the administration was attempting to unseat them with so-called Roosevelt recovery party candidates in the Democratic primaries September 13 in New York.
As spokesman for a group, Representative Martin J. Kennedy, Democrat, New York, asserted that in order to help some "recovery" candidates, Postmaster General Farley, with President Roosevelt's approval, was permitting either the candidates or their advocates to handle federal patronage in Manhattan.

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9-18-34

This is just one of the many features that will appear in the free act program at the fair here September 18-22, and was booked to appear through the Gus Sun Booking agency of Springfield, Ohio.

Rhode Island, with 500 persons to the square mile, is our most densely populated state.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain deed of trust executed by Claude McGee and wife, Octa McGee, on the 25th day of May, 1933, to secure the payment of the note therein mentioned and default having been made on the payment thereof, and demand having been made on me, I will therefore, on Friday, August 24, 1934, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., at the courthouse door in Wilkesboro offer for sale for cash to the highest bidder the following described real estate, to-wit: Beginning at a stake on the north side of I street 100 feet eastwardly from the northeast corner of I and Seventh streets, and running north 27 degrees 27 feet west parallel with seventh street 50 feet to a stake; then north 62 degrees 33 feet east parallel with I street to a stake in the west side of Hinshaw street; then in a southeasterly direction, along the west side of Hinshaw street to a stake in the north side of I street and west side of I street; thence 183 feet to point of beginning, division of Lots 4, 5 and 125, as shown on map of the town of North Wilkesboro, N. C.
This 26th day of July, 1934.
A. H. CASEY, Trustee.

8-20-4t

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

When we eat too much, our food decays in our bowels. Our friends smell this decay coming out of our mouth and call it bad breath. We feel the poison of this decay all over our body. It makes us gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything. What makes the food decay in the bowels? Well, when we eat too much, our bile juice can't digest it. What is the bile juice? It is the most vital digestive juice in our body. Unless 2 pints of it are flowing from our liver into our bowels every day, our movements get hard and constipated and the decay of our food decays in our 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over our body every six minutes. When our friends smell our bad breath (not we don't) and we feel like a whipped donkey, don't use a mouthwash or take a laxative. Get at the cause. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills which gently start the flow of your bile juice. But if "something better" is offered you, don't buy it, for it may be a calomel (mercury) pill, which loosens teeth, gripes and scalds the rectum in many people. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for—25¢. ©1934, C.M. Co.

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