

TRAILS' END



THIRTEENTH INSTALLMENT

"I can't tell you. It— isn't mine to tell. Can't you understand that, Barry? Why won't you believe it?"

He wanted to believe, but that dark tormenting suspicion was tearing both of them to pieces.

"Believe that you can't tell? Oh, yes, you don't leave me in any doubt of that."

"Barry!" Anne quivered and stiffened. "I've told you all that I can tell." She turned on him in passionate appeal. Don't you trust me enough—don't you love me enough to believe me when I tell you that no matter what appearances may be, there was nothing, nothing wrong in my going to meet Jim Kennedy?"

She knew the second it came out that the familiar "Jim Kennedy" had been a mistake. Barry looked shaken, a man almost persuaded, but at the last words her suspicion flamed again.

"Trust you! I did trust you. I trusted you that night when you came in fresh from keeping a cheap rendezvous with this same man. And you lied to me."

"I have told you all that I can. You've answered me." He turned abruptly and walked toward the door. With his hand on the knob he paused.

"I have this much more to say. There are some things which can't be overlooked or forgiven—not between man and wife. But I am not going to have any open break with my wife over somebody's chauffeur, nor have my mother's name and mine dragged through a tabloid scandal. We'll go on for the present as we are, and at least maintain the outward civilities. And then if you still refuse to clear this up satisfactorily, you and I are through."

She made no attempt to answer him. There was something in her eyes that hurt him savagely. If he stayed he'd be sweeping her into his arms and plead-

ing with her. He jerked the door open and went out, without a backward glance.

After the door had closed Anne still stood there sick at heart. Barry expected her to stay, but Jim Kennedy had said that she must go. Just for a little, lying back with closed eyes, she wondered what would happen if she defied Jim's orders—if she stayed, and let John Gage meet her here. Upheaval and ruin, and a slimy hail of disgrace. She laughed with a rising note of hysteria, choked it back and abruptly pulled herself out of the chair.

She moved quietly around the room, opening drawers and closets, choosing articles here and there and dropping them on the bed. Indecision was gone.

There was a tap on the door. It was Bertha, with a message.

"Mr. Barry sent me up to pack for you. He says he's called back to Marston, and can you be ready to leave tomorrow morning on the seven-forty-three? He's just phoned for reservations."

A filmy garment dropped from Anne's fingers. "The seven-forty-three," she repeated blankly. Then she remembered the waiting Bertha. "Yes, Bertha, of course I can be ready. Here are some of my things. I've just been gathering them together."

Anne went toward the window and looked out to conceal her face from the maid's too-friendly eyes.

"I'll fight for him!" she thought fiercely. "I won't let both of our lives be wrecked like this. I love him and when we're at the Perch again I'll get him back."

Cleo's blue roadster swept recklessly up the drive. A watchful footman sped down the steps.

"Send Kennedy to me," she ordered.

The footman was a new man, but he seemed to be well trained.

Cleo waited impatiently in the library. Here Kennedy came, an infuriating eight minutes late.

"Well, you've bungled your work nicely, haven't you?"

"Think so?" He was defiant in an instant.

"I do! You undertook to see that Mrs. Duane left here within a week. She was to disappear completely, and alone. And early this morning they started back to the ranch. Together! Imbecile!"

"I've done better than you think. If she and Duane are starting west on the same train it's for appearances, not for any joy ride. You'll probably find that one or the other of them will go on to Reno," he added significantly.

"Why?"

"Oh, Duane horned in while we were talking. At a place where I'd asked her to meet me."

Kennedy looked sharply at Miss Cleo Pendleton. The small childish face was lit for a second with a sort of greedy joy.

"Now that they've gone, I'd better hold myself ready to follow up and see that it goes thru. I'll need money for that. How about letting me have the other five grand now? Cash this time."

Cleo considered it. "I will give

you the ten thousand in cash and you may turn over the check.

"I couldn't think of asking it," Kennedy bowed politely. "Five thousand will be plenty. When the job is complete I can come back for the other five, and trade it in for the check."

Cleo could have killed him. "Very well. I will have it for you tomorrow at noon."

The door closed on Kennedy.

In the hall the new footman appeared from a cross corridor and obligingly let Kennedy out. They exchanged a word or two, and the door closed. Kennedy paused for a second on the steps.

"There's something phony about that bird," he reflected. "He was out of breath. I'll drift, as soon as I get the five grand."

He got it the next day. Inside of an hour he had sent in his notice, received his wages and was on his way to the station.

A few days later Kennedy's eye picked up an item in the paper.

"Mr. and Mrs. Gage will leave next Friday on a trip to the Pacific coast."

Kennedy's eyes narrowed. Gage had business interests out there. It was not likely to be more than just coincidence. "I don't see how there could be anything in it," he reflected, "but it wouldn't hurt to be on hand."

Cleo saw the same item. She sat up suddenly. Nancy and Barry had gone west. The Gages were going west, ostensibly to the coast, but Marston was on the way. Jim Kennedy, if he kept his word, was going west also.

"I don't suppose there can be anything in it," she thought. "But Barry knows the Gages, and he had been trying for years to get John Gage interested in that old valley. It's queer. I wish I had a decent excuse to follow them."

Anne was discovering that not even the beloved Perch could banish a tormenting devil of jealousy and suspicion. Things grew worse instead of better. As a slow week dragged by, each day held less hope for reconciliation.

Ling's bland face never betrayed anything. Anne was glad that Martha Larabee had gone back to Marston.

Martha had closed the little house at Trail's End only a week before their return. It was quiet and peaceful, but it was lonely. Sometimes she wished bitterly that she had never seen Barry Duane.

She rode Comet often, but always alone. She saw Barry in the distance one day, sitting Captain at a jutting point in the trail. Comet whickered a shrill greeting and Captain replied, but Barry merely turned his head, raised his hat and turned back.

Anne's face stung with angry heat. She'd rather be ordered out of the house than treated like a child in disgrace.

She went back to her own loneliness, and presently Barry came in, saying little. She was dropping her small efforts at cheerfulness now. She must have it out with him and end this, one way or another.

"Are you busy, Barry?"

"No." He put down the book he was reading.

"Don't you think it is time we came to a definite understanding, Barry? You know we can't go on this way."

"I agree with you entirely. I am ready, and have been, whenever you want to do your part."

Her eyes closed for a moment.

"But I have told you that there are things that I cannot explain, without—without involving other people. I've promised—you shouldn't ask me to break that."

"Most escapades do involve other people," he retorted.

"I've done rash things, I know, but nothing that I am ashamed of. Won't you believe that? You've got to, Barry. All the rest of our lives depends on it—just having some—some faith between us. If you can't have that, I'm going. I won't stay in your house like this."

He was on his feet now, tramping impatiently up and down.

"How can you expect me to accept a situation like this blindly?"

He stopped in front of her and caught her arm in a close grip.

"Don't you know that I'd give up everything I have on earth to hear you say something which would set this hideous thing right? To have you back as you used to be—and to be able to take my wife back among my friends without—"

If he only hadn't said that, about his friends! Anne shivered. "I have told you all I can."

She averted a little, stiffened and stared at him bitterly.

"As for your friends, they needn't matter so much now. Marston is a long way from Granleigh. Tell them I'm dead.

if you want to. That's quite respectable, isn't it? The best people do it, Barry."

"You're talking ridiculously! What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing. I'm not going to commit suicide. Not because my husband refuses to believe that I'm decent." She walked slowly toward the door, pausing to look back. "I'm going—back to Trail's End. Good-bye."

"You can't go now," he said sharply. "The Gages are coming. They will be here next Tuesday."

She stared at him in a shocked sort of way, and said, "Oh! half under her breath. 'I'm sorry,' she added hurriedly. "But you see, I shall not be here."

In spite of all that had passed he could scarcely credit his ears. "I suppose," he said in a tight voice, "that you understand what this visit means to me? Whatever our personal differences may be, they expect a hostess."

"I'm sorry, Barry. Truly I am." Her eyes were desperate. "But I can't stay. I—"

"Don't trouble to apologise. I'm not a jailer, to keep you here against your will. But if you leave me now, I'm through. Don't ever try to come back again."

She put her hand to her throat. "I understand. I shan't come back, Barry. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," he said curtly. He was cruel with anger and savagely hurt.

He heard a door close softly, and light footsteps that died. Silence after that. Empty silence.

Many miles to the east a number of small things had happened.

The new footman had left after less than a week of service, a circumstance which vaguely disturbed the colorless Mrs. Pendleton. Cleo looked contentedly at her own image in a long mirror and decided to contrive a call on Mrs. John Gage.

At the Gage offices Winston called to make a personal report and found that Gage had been called away. A secretary admitted that Mr. Gage was due to start shortly on a trip west. Winston kept his verbal dynamite stored in his own cautious head.

In his comfortable hotel Kennedy was studying plump time-tables and discovering possibilities. He also discovered that at odd moments he was seeing the same face with suspicious frequency. Being resourceful he considered the situation and took reservations for New Orleans, where he had no intention of going. Then by car and plane and modest day coach he shook off his exasperated shadow and zig-zagged his way to Marston.

The Junction's best hostelry was the railroad hotel. Kennedy registered as Frederick James, acquired a slight but convincing cough to account for his aimless presence, and a battered old car.

He might have been interested if he had known of Gage's absence from town. This time Paula had been left behind in their huge hotel apartment.

Nevertheless she pouted at the thought of having to go to some doubtful ranch in a rough mountain valley. She had just received a telegram from John, too, saying that he would have to join her at Chicago, but had made all arrangements for her by wire.

Paula was feeling just a little sorry for herself. Miss Cleo Pendleton could not have chosen a better moment to ask for Mrs. John Gage.

A few days later, when Gage boarded his own car in Chicago, his first glimpse was of a head of snug, shining gold, very much at home in one of his chairs. In the privacy of a stateroom he jerked an expressive thumb and said, "How come?"

"You don't mind, John, do you? She is a friend of this Mrs. Duane's and she told me that Mrs. Duane had been asking her to come out and visit them. I thought it would be nice to have somebody along, and she's frightfully amusing."

"Oh, yes . . . yes, honey, it's all right. Old Ambrose's girl, is she? How did she know we were headed for Duane's place?"

"Why, I don't know. She just seemed to know it. You're not angry, are you? I did want somebody with me, and I had to start all alone."

"There, there!" He smoothed a roseleaf cheek and kissed her. (Continued Next Week.)

The Hour Glass

Alas: how swift the moments fly:
How flash the hours along:
Scarce here, yet gone already by,
The burden of a song;
See childhood, youth, and manhood pass,
And age with furrowed brow,
Time was—time shall be—drain the glass—
But where in Time is now?

Time is the measure but of change,
No present hour is found;
The Past, the Future, fill the range
Of Time's unceasing round.
Where then is now? In realms above,
With God's atoning Lamb,
In regions of eternal love,
Where sits, enthroned "I am."

Then, Pilgrim, let thy joys and tears
On Time no longer lean;
But, henceforth, all thy hopes and fears,
From earth's affections wean;
To God let votive accents rise;
With truth—with virtue live;
So all the bliss that Time denies,
Eternally shall give.

—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

This poem copied from Sanders' fourth reader printed in 1862.

Civil Service Examinations

The United States Civil Service Commission has announced open competitive examinations as follows:

Senior extension agriculturist (county agent work), \$4,600; senior extension agriculturist (Boys' and girls' 4-H Club work), \$4,600; extension agriculturist (extension research), \$3,800; associate extension agriculturist (extension research), \$3,200; senior extension economist, \$4,600 a year. Office of Cooperative Extension Work, Department of Agriculture. College graduation and certain experience required. Closing date, October 4, 1934.

Associate chemist (Insecticides), \$3,200 a year, Bureau of Entomology and Plant Quarantine, Department of Agriculture. College graduation and certain experience, or postgraduate work in lieu of experience, required. Closing date, October 4, 1934.

The salaries named are subject to a deduction of not to exceed 5 per cent during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1935, as a measure of economy, and also to a deduction of 3 1-2 per cent to

NOTICE OF LAND ENTRY

Office of Entry Taker, September 1, 1934.

Land entered by J. C. Carlton. Entry No. 1613.

State of North Carolina, Wilkes County.

Notice is hereby given that J. C. Carlton, of Wilkes county, has this day entered Three acres of land, more or less in Elk Township, Wilkes county on the waters of Yaddin River and adjoining the lands of Jim Barlowe, Elk Creek Lumber Company and others; bounded as follows, to-wit:

Beginning on a pine in Elk Creek Lumber Company's line, Carlton's corner, running South 90 degrees east 40 poles; South 58 degrees west 40 poles; North 58 poles to the beginning, and running various courses for complements. If no protest is filed within 30 days warrant for same will be issued.

T. H. SETTLE,
9-24-34-pd. Entry Taker.

NOTICE OF SALE OF LAND

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in that certain deed of trust executed by W. N. Pardue and wife, Fannie B. Pardue and R. C. Pardue, to Commercial National Bank of High Point, North Carolina, Trustee, dated Dec. 1, 1927, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Wilkes County, North Carolina, on December 24, 1927, default having been made in the payment of the indebtedness thereby secured, and demand having been made for sale the undersigned Trustee will sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash at the Court House in Wilkesboro, North Carolina, at 12:00 o'clock noon, on the 2nd day of October 1934, the following described property, located in the Town of North Wilkesboro, North Carolina:

Lying on the corner of "C" and Fourth Streets in the Town of North Wilkesboro, North Carolina, and described as follows: Beginning on a stake on the Southeast corner of C and Fourth Streets and running south 27 deg. and 27 min. east along the east side of fourth street 140 feet to an alley; thence north 62 deg. and 33 min. east along the north side of said alley 100 feet to a stake; thence north 27 deg. 27 min. west 140 feet to the south side of C street; thence south 62 deg. and 33 min. west along the south side of C Street 100 feet to the Beginning. Being lots No. 26, 28, and 32 in block No. 31 as shown on Trodod's Map of North Wilkesboro, North Carolina, and containing 14,000 square feet, more or less.

This 27th day of August, 1934.

COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK OF HIGH POINT, N. C., 9-24-34. Trustee.

John D. BIGGS, Receiver.
D. C. MacRae, Attorney,
High Point, N. C.

NOTICE

Under and by virtue of the power contained in a certain deed of trustee, made and executed by B. D. Haynes and wife Mammie Haynes, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Wilkes county, in book 102 page 85, and default having been made in the payment of the notes secured by said deed of trust and at the request of the holders thereof, I will sell to the highest bidder for cash, on the premises, on Monday 1st day of October, 1934, at 2 o'clock p. m. the following described real estate, to-wit:

A certain tract or parcel of land lying and being in Traphill Township, Wilkes county, adjoining the lands of B. D. Haynes, C. F. Haynes, Charley Thomas, J. F. Smith, L. A. Haynes and J. M. Hutchinson, and others and bounded as follows:

Beginning on a Sourwood, runs a westward course a conditional line 51 poles to a sourwood; thence Southward course a conditional line 30 poles to a sourwood; thence west 50 1-2 poles to a red oak; thence north 86 poles to a black jack; thence west 20 poles to a stake; thence north 45 poles to a chestnut oak; thence south 17 poles to a chestnut; thence east 14 poles to a chestnut oak; thence south 20 degrees east 33 poles to a pine; thence south 10 poles to the beginning.

Containing 75 acres, more or less.

This 29th day of Aug., 1934.

HARRY H. BARKER,
9-24-34. Trustee.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain Deed of Trust executed on the 15th day of Dec., 1931, by Male Goforth and Dewey Goforth to secure the payment of a note therein mentioned, default having been made in the payment thereof and demand having been made on me I will therefore on Monday, October 1st, 1934, at 12 o'clock m. at the court house door in Wilkesboro, N. C., offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, the following described tract of land, to-wit:

Beginning on a small gum in the old line and in the timber Co.'s line running east 3 poles crossing the public road to a chestnut oak, north 9 poles to a small red oak on the east side of the public road, north 20 degrees east 34 poles to a stake in Elk Creek Lumber Co.'s line, west 32 poles, to a stake and black-gum in the aforesaid company's line, south 24 degrees east with said Co.'s line 44 poles to the beginning containing 4 1-2 acres, more or less, and being that same tract of land conveyed to W. A. Blackburn by Male Goforth and Dewey Goforth and being recorded in Deed book 165, page 207 in the office of the Register of Deeds of Wilkes County, North Carolina.

This 18th day of Aug., 1934.

A. T. BLACKBURN,
9-24-34. Trustee.

666
MALARIA
666 Liquid or Tablets
Malaria in Three Days
Preventative.
9-13-31

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

When we eat too much, our food stays in our bowels. Our friends can tell it, and we feel the poison of the decay all over our body. It makes us gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything. Well, when we eat too much, our bowels don't digest it. What to do? Well, it is the most vital digestive juice in our body. Unless it is present, our food stays in our bowels. This decay causes pain, and our body every day is a mass of decay. (Don't) and we feel like a walking tomb. Don't use a mouthwash or take a laxative. Get at the cause. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills which gently and effectively loosen the bowels and stimulate the liver. It is called you, don't buy it, but it may be a colossal (mercury) pill, which loosens teeth, gripes and sores, which loosens the bowels and stimulates the liver. Liver Pills by name and not by look for ask for—25¢. ©1934, C.M.Co.

John Ruskin

Men who have been smoking 10c cigars now enjoy a John Ruskin, because the Havana tobacco used is the choicest grown.

Also an extremely Mild Panetela shape for young men. All Havana Filled.

John Ruskin bands are redeemable for valuable premiums.

5

BEST AND BIGGEST CIGAR VALUE

Carter Colton Cigar Co., High Point, N. C., Distributor

Williams Auto & Radiator Shop

Phone 334-J — N. Wilkesboro
Route 60

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

T. H. WILLIAMS, Owner.

Lady Went Back To Taking CARDUI and Was Helped

For severe periodic pains, cramps or nervousness, try Cardui which so many women have praised, for over fifty years. Mrs. Dora Dunagan, of Science Hill, Ky., writes: "Several years ago, when I was teaching school, I got run-down and suffered intensely during menstruation periods. I took Cardui and was all right again. After I was married, when I felt all run-down and was irregular, I always resorted to Cardui and was helped." . . . It may be just what you need. Thousands of women testify Cardui benefited them. If it does not benefit YOU, consult a physician. Sold in 61 bottles.

We sell ROOFS you can depend on

The Carey Roofings and Shingles which we sell are time tested and proven. They are made in the world's largest roofing plant, by a manufacturer who has been a leader in the industry for over 60 years.

We can supply the right roof for any purpose, and you'll find our prices most attractive.

Wilkesboro Mfg. Co.

Carey ROOFINGS & SHINGLES

STANDARD FOR OVER 60 YEARS

A Watermelon Feast

Quite a number of the friends and relatives of U. A. Miller were very pleasantly entertained at a watermelon feast last Sunday afternoon at his home near North Wilkesboro. After everybody had eaten their capacity quite a number of snapshots of the party in various positions were taken.

While out on the lawn Mr. Coffey's plane passed over the house on its last flight and everyone noticed they were having trouble with the plane and some one remarked that it was going to fall on the house.—Reported.

Read Journal-Patriot Ads

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ROEGER'S PAINT

MACHINE MADE

JENKINS HARDWARE COMPANY

"Northwest North Carolina's Largest Hardware Store"
NORTH WILKESBORO, N. C.

SEE THE WORLD'S FAIR

3-DAY ECONOMY TOUR "A" \$28.10

(Transportation to and from Chicago Included)

This tour rate if \$28.10 is for one person, and includes all features listed below. It provides a most inexpensive and enjoyable visit to the World's Fair, and is especially suited to the tourist whose time is limited:

- 3 days' and 2 nights' hotel accommodation.
- Transportation from terminal to hotel.
- 2 General admissions to the Exposition grounds.
- Admission to one of the following: Fort Dearborn, Lama Temple, Colonial Village.
- Sightseeing bus tour of the fair grounds.
- Choice of one of the following sightseeing trips: (a) Chicago Northside tour by Gray Line (b) Chicago Southside by Gray Line, (c) Chicago Stockyards Tour by Gray Line, (d) Moonlight cruise on Lake Michigan, or any of the other sightseeing cruises operated by the Steamer Roosevelt.

6-DAY ECONOMY TOUR "B" \$35.60

(Transportation to and from Chicago Included)

This tour rate of \$35.60 is for one person, and includes all features listed below:

- 6 days' and nights' hotel accommodation.
- Transportation from terminal hotel.
- 3 General admission tickets to the exposition grounds.
- Admission to one of the following: Fort Dearborn, Lama Temple, Colonial Village.
- Sightseeing bus tour of the fair grounds.
- Includes same as listed in paragraph six above.

For Further information consult Local Agent

ATLANTIC GREYHOUND LINES

Beach Kellar, Agent North Wilkesboro, N. C.