

# TRAIL'S END

By AGNES LOUISE PROVOST



## FINAL INSTALLMENT

The mutter dwindled to a whisper. Nancy lay quiet again. Barry sent a miserable glance at Martha.

"Don't worry. I've nursed sick folks before. You go see what you can do for that man. He's hurt bad."

His jaw tightened, but he went.

The outer room was quiet. Kennedy's eyes were closed, but he opened them as Barry entered.

"Anything more than the leg?" he asked curtly.

"A rib or two, maybe. Landed on a rock. Horse stumbled and threw me."

"I've sent for a doctor, but you may have to wait several hours."

"I'll stick it. Might have been—still on the rock—if it hadn't been for Nancy. . . . I could do with a cigarette."

Barry gave him one, and held the match.

"Thanks. That'll help."

"Anything else?"

"No. The old girl fixed me up pretty well." He grinned again in that tight fashion, made an involuntary movement and winced. "If you want to hear what happened, I'll talk."

Barry nodded. Gage came over and sat down.

"Go on."

"I'll begin at your place." The black eyes were fixed on Barry.

"I'd seen Nancy first here, but she beat me getting there. I guess you know the rest of the story by this time—if you got the truth."

His glance flickered cynically from Barry to Gage. "He knows."

"All right. I was afoot, because my lights had gone wrong and I'd pitched over a bank. But I arrived in time to hear all the commotion. Then Nancy came back running for that calico horse. She sort of staggered when she got to him saying things to herself, not very loud, but it scared me. I'd asked her before I left here if she was sick, and she said no. She was all right. But she wasn't."

"I tried to stop her, but she sailed right on past, and I grabbed a horse, and followed her. When I caught up she didn't know me at first. I tried to make her turn back, but she was bent on running away from something. And then my horse stumbled and threw me, and she

came back and sat down alongside of me for a while. She seemed to get the idea that I was sick and she had to take me home—poor kid. I don't know why, and I don't know how we ever got here. . . . It was a pretty stiff trip."

He scowled at the end of his cigarette. "I guess we've all given Nancy a rotten deal. It's about time she had a break."

Martha hurried, out and patted on her way to the kitchen.

"Barry, you might bring in some wood. I want good fires and plenty of hot water. She's all choked up."

Barry made for the door. Gage was left alone with the man who had meant to blackmail his wife. Kennedy broke a stiff silence.

"Listen!" he said abruptly. "I'll be laid up for a long time. I don't like you and you hate me, but I like to pay my debts, and this one won't wait. Pull up closer—I've got to talk fast."

The young doctor from the country seat said it was pneumonia. He spoke briskly of health and youth and vitality, but on the second day he asked some odd questions, and added a guarded remark about reduced resistance and evidences of a long emotional strain. He agreed, after a brief hesitation, to stay with them for the first twenty-four hours, provided someone would return to his office with a message.

Petry almost lived in the gray car. News trickled in to Marston, carefully edited.

Late in that first day the rich visitor had come in with Petry, visibly tired and brief of speech, and telegrams had smoked along the wires in some kind of code. Later a fast airplane brought a secretary from somewhere out of the east. A big new automobile appeared in an incredibly short time and went streaking out over the Juniper.

While all these things were happening Anne tossed and muttered, struggling to get up and get away somewhere. Broken scraps came to them, about Paula, who was not to worry because Nancy would find a way out—Jim—murder—a policeman—mustn't be arrested, because everything would come out—she must hurry, and send her contract over a cliff.

And presently Nancy did not babble, and they dared look at each other again. Gage had Petry drive him up to the Perch, and took Martha with him.

For nearly four days Cleo had been virtually alone at Eagle's Perch. All of her neat plans had tumbled once more, but one hard, bright little thought winked up out of the ruins. Nancy might die.

The first day of isolation she had endured, because one could not openly do much else when people were sick, but the second day was less excusable, and now her eyes were bright with repressed temper.

Added to that was the fact that she was finding it difficult to get away. There were two cars now but they were always in use. And the saddle horses had been turned out somewhere.

Cleo saw the new car come in, and Petry and that woman Martha go around to the back of the house. She met Gage with a pout.

"I'm awfully glad you've come. I'm getting terribly lonely up here. How is Nancy?"

"She's going to live." His voice was dry. "Come in. I have something to show you."

In the living room he took a wallet from his pocket, and from it extracted a neat oblong of paper. Cleo came close to a gasp of surprise, but she checked it in time.

It was a check for five thousand dollars, drawn to the order of James M. Kennedy.

"Kennedy! Why, that's my name on it! He's been forging it

for five thousand dollars! He was one of our chauffeurs, but I discharged him. Thank you so much!"

She held out her hand, but Gage tucked the check back in his wallet.

"No thanks. I'll keep it as evidence. I have a signed statement from Kennedy, too. I'm going to put them both in safe deposit."

For a few seconds Cleo felt very, very cold, and very angry, but she merely moved a petulant shoulder.

"You're terribly mysterious. I'm afraid I don't follow you."

"Think hard," he suggested, "and maybe you'll remember. It's not such an everyday matter to pay somebody ten thousand dollars to get another woman out of your way."

"You are simply outrageous!" Her face was flaming now, but fear was crowding her close.

"That's a ridiculous thing to say. And do you think that anyone would doubt my word against that of a discharged chauffeur—a broken-down gambler and—"

She stopped, realizing that she had said too much. Gage gave her a brief smile.

"You're well posted on his record, aren't you? And you didn't discharge him, he left. I have evidence of that, too. I also have detailed affidavits covering some of your conversations with Kennedy. One of them is particularly instructive. That was the time you tried to buy back this check from him. Maybe you recollect that you'd had a new footman recently, who didn't stay very long. He was an operative from a detective agency."

"Really! Perhaps you'll tell me that Kennedy was a detective too! It's too bad that he was shot the same night that your wife's sister staged a front page exit over that cliff."

"Maybe he was. But be a little more careful of your speech, please."

"Young woman, you've been playing a risky game, and you've lost it. It was worse than risky, it was a dirty game, and if the story ever came out you would be a long time living it down. And if your father should get wind of it, and the way you've let yourself in for blackmail, he'd pack you off somewhere. Ambrose is pretty easy with you, but he has his limits."

"I shouldn't think you could afford to talk about blackmail!" Cleo blazed at him. "I suppose you mean that you are going to hold your precious documents over my head to keep me from telling."

"Call it anything you please. But get this idea firmly in your head—this thing is going to stop right here. You are going to keep quiet about the whole business. I haven't told Duane yet about your attempts to railroad his wife, but at the first indiscretion he is going to get the whole nasty story. If I should die before you, the sealed papers will go to Nancy. Have I made myself clear?"

Gage had found the one weak spot in her hard little armor. Of all the people in the world, she could least endure to have Barry know what she had done to get him.

At the door he paused. "There's an express that goes through the Junction at seven. I've wired for a compartment for you, and Petry will take you over. Martha is packing your trunk now. I told her to Good-bye."

The door closed behind him.

When Nancy awoke it was mid-afternoon and someone was sitting on an absurdly low stool beside her bed. He was bent over, with his head resting on his hands, and the stool was so low that the bowed head was only a little way from her finger tips, where they rested limply on the bed. It was a brown head, with

thick hair roughened in the way she had loved. It couldn't be real. She moved her hand to touch it.

"Oh—hello!" He tried so hard to be matter of fact—not to frighten her. "It's pretty nice to see you awake again."

"Nice." She repeated it with dreamy content. Her hand went up slowly, and touched his cheek, and he caught hold of it and held it closer, turning his head to bury his lips in a soft palm.

"Sweet little Nancy! If you will just get well—and come back, there's nothing else in the world that's going to matter."

"Nice!" she said again, and released a happy sigh.

Under her groping fingers his cheek was suddenly wet.

"Trail's End," she murmured contentedly. "I was hoping—it would be."

She dropped off to sleep again, holding his hand.

There was still much to be done before life could go its normal way again. There was, as Gage bluntly put it, publicity to be thought of. A girl named Nancy Curtis, who had been drowned last May, must come to life again. The young doctor would be professionally discreet. Cleo had gone, but Gage had assured them that she would be unable to tell anything more than the version which they would give out. Barry received it without comment.

He went in to see Kennedy. "Getting in practice for a trip," Kennedy explained off-handedly. "The doctor is going to get an ambulance-rigged truck out here to start me off. . . . How is Nancy?"

"Better. She—asked after you."

"Good little trouper." The hard black eyes softened for an instant. "They don't come any better than Nancy. You might—no, I'll say it in a letter. You needn't mind—it'll be perfectly proper."

"I don't. I've—learned things." Kennedy broke the silence.

"I saw the former Mrs. Kennedy this morning. She was very careful not to look this way. I suppose they've made it up, and everything is all rosy again?"

"I think so." Barry was curt about it. He could not discuss the Gages' affairs with Jim Kennedy.

Barry wondered what Gage really thought of Paula. Gage was no dotting fool, but he loved his wife.

Barry thanked God for Nancy, and swung off for a walk.

They were back at the Perch again. Anne snuggled contentedly in a big chair in front of a whispering fire.

Publicly had swept over them like a wave and had gone, leaving them breathless but safe. There might have been privacy for some, but not for Nancy Curtis, who had glittered for a brief time and whose brother-in-law was a multi-millionaire.

Anne gave the whispering fire a little secret smile. Barry had been sweet about it.

Now the tumult had died, and life was their own again. Letters and telegrams had been pouring in and lay in drifts on the table and in her lap.

And finally there was a letter from Mrs. Duane. It was addressed to Barry and it was restrained and frugal of emotion, but Anne knew how difficult those few careful sentences had been. "I'll do my share," Anne thought, and felt a twinge of pity. "She is Barry's mother. I'll do all that she will let me."

Aloud she said: "It was nice of your mother to release you from your promise about living in Granleigh. I know it is hard for her. But she'll be terribly proud of you. If you can get away, perhaps we could go back for a little while, maybe at Thanksgiving or Christmas—if she would like it."

"Why—that sounds good to me." His eyes warmed. "With the salary that I'm to draw as president of the new company, we can make it a real party."

His eyes went back to some telegrams which lay open on the table. He knew them by heart. One was from this Mammoth Pictures Corporation whose hard-won contract Nancy had once had to let go. It offered a star contract now, with nearly twice

## New Mrs. Forbes



YUMA, Ariz. . . Heather Angel (above), British screen star, is now the wife of Ralph Forbes, also British screen star and former husband of Ruth Chatterton. They motored here to be wed.

the salary. The other was from Amalgamated, adding a bonus on every picture.

He fingered the yellow sheets and looked soberly across at her.

"You know," he said hurriedly, "it's all right, Nancy—if you want to. I mean—I wouldn't stand in your way."

She knew how much that had cost him, how he hated the very thought of her living a life like that—and of losing her.

"Thanks for that, Barry. I've been thinking about it, of course. It seems as though I'd never really finished anything that I began. I had a job in a little town, and then Paula went away and I gave it up to follow her and got another in a big town. And I let that go for my first little part in a new play, and after two years I left the stage to go to Hollywood—and I ran away from that and bought a ranch. And then I tried being married for a while—just a very little while. If you don't mind, I think I'd like to stay around and make a good job of that."

Something swooped. Barry picked her up out of the big chair, and the letters and telegrams went swishing down like rain.

THE END.

TWO MEN ARRESTED IN KIDNAPING PLOT

Wheeling, W. Va., Oct. 4.—Trapped in the swiftly moving machinery of the government's new law against kidnaping, two men pleaded guilty and were jailed today within 12 hours after federal agents frustrated their alleged plot to abduct Betty Bloch, daughter of a Wheeling millionaire, and hold her for \$25,000 ransom.

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NOTICE

By virtue of a power of attorney and for the purpose of distributing the proceeds among the signers of said power of attorney executed to the undersigned by Mrs. Ella Ogilvie and others, the undersigned will, on October 20, 1934, at 2:30 o'clock p. m., at the garage of J. T. Finley, deceased, on the north side of C street, in North Wilkesboro, N. C., in close proximity to the new post office building, sell to the highest bidder upon the following terms: One-fourth cash, one-fourth in three months, one-fourth in six months, and the remainder in nine months, subject to the confirmation of the undersigned, the said garage and lot upon which it stands, being lots 17 and 19, in Block 44, map of North Wilkesboro, having a frontage on C street of 50 feet and running back 140 feet to an alley, containing 7,000 square feet, subject to a party wall agreement with Isaac H. McNeill contained in deed to him recorded in office of register of deeds of Wilkes county, in Book 147, page 501. For full and complete description of the lands herein to be sold, see deed from Winston Land & Improvement to J. T. Finley, recorded in office of register of deeds of Wilkes county in Book 18, page 266.

This 20th day of Sept. 1934. J. R. FINLEY, 1-15-4t By Power of Attorney.

## At Last

Cook—"I'm leaving in exactly three minutes, so give me my money."

Mistress—"Three minutes? Fine! Put the eggs on to boil, and we will have them right for the first time since you came."

The Parthenon in Athens serves

Constipation Symptoms Soon Go Away After Use of Black-Draught

Mrs. E. G. Ramey, of Henryetta, Okla., writes that she has taken Theford's Black-Draught about twenty-five years, when needed, and has "found it very good."

"When I have a sour stomach and my mouth tastes bitter, and I feel bilious, sluggish and tired, I will very soon have a severe headache if I don't take something. I have learned to keep off these spells by taking Theford's Black-Draught. Very soon I am feeling fine. I feel that Black-Draught can't be beaten as a family medicine." . . . Get a package of Black-Draught today. Sold in 25¢ packages.

## 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 the decay coming out of our mouths and we had had breath. We feel the poison of the 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 food is not properly digested. What is the best food? It is the most vital digestive juice in our body. Unless it gets into our bowels, our movements get hard and constipated and 2% of our food decays in our 25 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over our body every six minutes.

When our friends smell our bad breath (but we don't) and we feel like a whipped tomato, 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 of 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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Wilkesboro Mfg. Co. CAREY SOLKA ROOFING TRY TO TEAR IT

## 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.

## ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE

North Carolina, Wilkes County.

Having qualified as administratrix of the Estate of J. W. Shepherd, late of Wilkes county, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the Estate of the said deceased to file said claims with the undersigned Administratrix on or before twelve months from the date of this notice or same will be plead in bar of their right to recover. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment thereof at once.

This 28th day of Sept., 1934.

MRS. ELLA SHEPHERD, Administratrix of the Estate of J. W. Shepherd, dec'd. 11-1-6t

# John Ruskin

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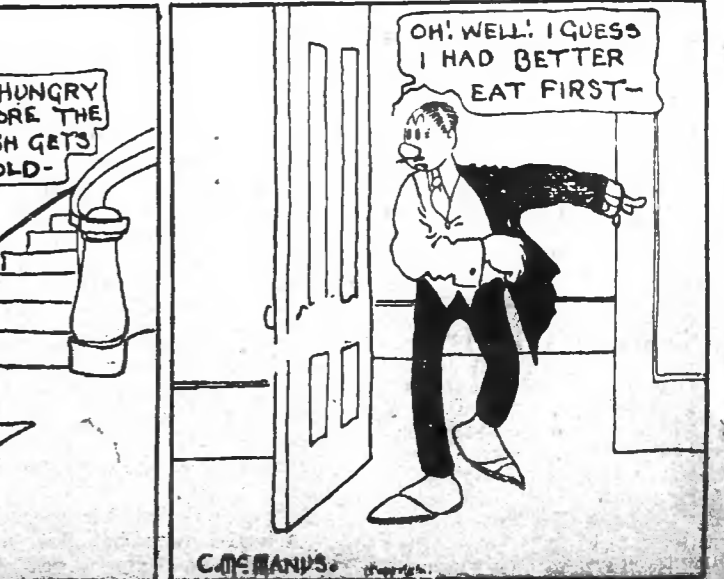
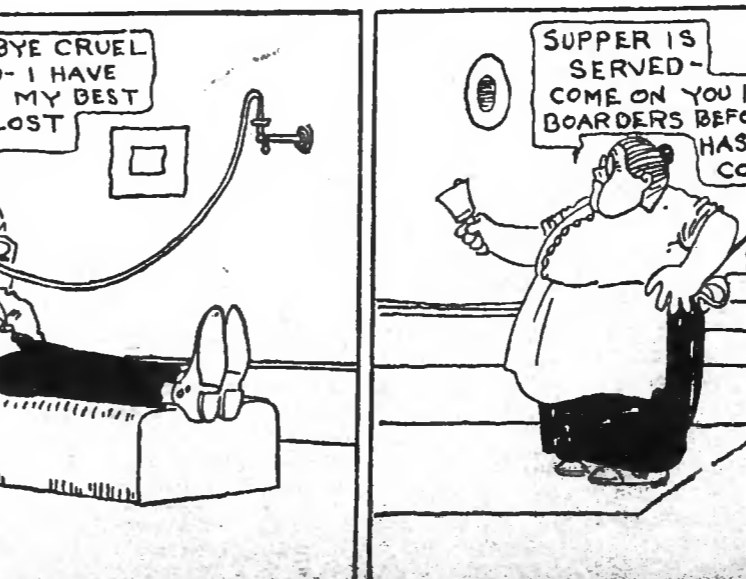
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SUPPER IS SERVED. COME ON YOU HUNGRY BOARDERS BEFORE THE WASH GETS COLD.

OH! WELL. I GUESS I HAD BETTER EAT FIRST.