

The Dollar Bride

by Mary Inlay Taylor

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NINETEENTH INSTALLMENT

"Her lips were dry. 'Stealing' 'No!' he snapped, then his hands clenched on the edge of the bed and he choked back a sob. 'She took that money—the money I stole to save her old father from jail—and bought a trousseau—and got married—and went to Europe!' He staggered to his feet, shaking his fist at space. 'Went to Europe!' he shouted, 'her old father was all a blooming lie—she went to Europe with the man she'd been engaged to for two years!'

Nancy, sitting alone on the edge of the bed now, gasped with relief. 'I'm so glad,' she cried, 'so glad!'

Roddy stopped in his furious outburst to glare at her. 'Money! She wanted money!' he raved, 'a woman who uses a man's love for her—to get money—' he stopped, choking, 'there's nothing had enough for a woman like that!' he cried, 'nothing!'

'I've got nothing to live for,' Roddy went on, 'the world's rotten—I'm twenty-three and I've drained life to the dregs! I've thrown up my job, sis, I couldn't face it any longer—I'd lied enough for her. I resigned.'

'Rod, you didn't—you didn't owe anything, did you?'

'No! Not a dam cent—what do I want with money. The whole world's like a rotten apple, the inside's ready to come out! I went on a spree, Nance, the biggest spree I ever had in my life. I drank up all I had, I—' he sank down in a chair opposite and rested his head on his clenched fists—'I'm a darned loafer. I ought to be shot. I've disgraced you all, I've stolen, I'm out of work. Why don't you shoot me, Nance?'

His sister did not answer him; she was choked with her own misery. It had been no use, no use in the world; she had not saved Roddy, she had only made his worse! 'Oh Roddy!' she gasped, 'oh, Roddy, I wish I were dead!'

Roddy stared at her, his jaw dropped; suddenly the selfishness of his own anguish was penetrated. Nancy's forlorn cry went to his heart.

'Nancy, I'm a rotter!' he groaned, 'I'm no good on earth!'

'Neither am I!' Nancy's voice was smothered, 'I'm—I'm just as bad! It's my fault—I've made everything worse—I—I—it's all gone for nothing!' she cried.

'It hasn't listen!' he came over and seized her by the shoulder, almost shaking her, 'it hasn't gone for nothing—if you mean that confounded money? I paid it all in—they never said a word about it; I've thought, sometimes, that old Beaver knew—but he's only watched me, that's all. And now—well, they don't need to worry about me any more—I quit.'

'Roddy, we thought you'd try to make good!'

He crimsoned with shame. It seemed to take the high tragedy out of it.

Nancy, watching him, saw how he felt. She got up slowly from her seat on his bed and went to him. 'Come home soon, Roddy,' she whispered, 'please come home—we all love you—all of us. Don't hurt us any more!'

Nancy shut the door softly and

went downstairs.

Richard was standing with his back to his own door when she came down.

'Thank you for Roddy,' she said with stiff lips, 'please send him home.'

'Nancy,' said Richard hoarsely, 'you're unhappy, I see it. I won't hold you against your will. You can get a divorce. I—want it, don't you?'

She turned her face away, refusing to look at him.

'The sooner the better!' she cried, and ran past him out of the house.

The task of telling Mr. Gordon about Roddy fell to Nancy; her mother would not face it. Mr. Gordon's face worked.

'Give him another chance, Papa! Poor Rod.'

Mr. Gordon passed his other hand over his face, then he let it fall heavily on his daughter's shoulder.

'My poor girl! You ruined your life for that—that young scawlag!'

She did not trust herself to look up.

'Nancy Virginia,' her father said at last, slowly, 'I won't have this secret kept any longer—you've got to get a divorce—I'll make that fellow give it to you!'

Nancy rose slowly to her feet. 'He says I can have it,' she told him, moving away from him. 'He doesn't want me, that's all,' she added with a little gasp.

She ran upstairs and shut herself in her own room. Dropping on the edge of the bed, she stared out of the window with unseeing eyes.

In her pocket was a letter from Page Roemer; in it he sued for forgiveness—pleading his love.

'Forgive me, trust me, I only want to serve you.'

Nancy tore it in little pieces, just as Page Roemer had torn her love for him in little pieces and trampled it in the mire—when he asked her to run away with him.

Roddy, tramping in the wet meadow grass, had gotten to the bottom of his misery. 'Pretty white to treat a poor devil like me so well!' he mused bitterly, with that rush of friendship for Richard that comes to a man at the end of his tether.

No one had told him that he owed his freedom to Richard.

Roddy, in the rush of his friendship and gratitude to Richard, did not know how much he owed. He was tramping up and down the river meadow in the dusk when he came suddenly upon old Major Lomax.

'Eh, there!' he shouted.

Roddy stumbled. He knew the voice and it brought a rush of memory.

'It's only Rod Gordon, Major,' he said in a choked voice.

The old man set down his lantern and held out his hand.

'Come and shake hands then, sir,' he said sharply, 'drat it, I thought I'd caught my chicken thief!'

Red in the face, Roddy came up and shook hands. The old man swung the lantern in his face.

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(24)

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lighted doorway. Before he knew it, he was holding her soft cool hands in his.

'Come in, come in,' said the major testily. 'I'm playing chess tonight with Haddon, but you and Angie can talk if you've a mind to.'

The major, hanging his lantern on a hook by the door, surveyed him. 'Beaver says you've given up,' he remarked sharply, 'going to turn in to a foot-pad, young man, or a toedancer—which?'

'Uncle Robert!' gasped Angie. Roddy swallowed hard. 'I'm going to work here,' he answered thickly. 'I'm looking for a job near home this time—I'm done with New York.'

'New York's done with you,' corrected the major grimly. 'I'll give you a job,' he said flatly, 'got one in the insurance office now—twenty dollars a week to start—and no fooling. Take it, Rod?'

Roddy gasped. 'I'd—I'd like to think about it, sir.'

The major laughed shortly. Then he heard their maid-of-all-work admitting a visitor.

'There's Haddon! Did you set out the chess table, Angie? All right, then, you take this young firebrand in hand and talk sense to him.' He started down the hall to meet Haddon, but threw a word back over his shoulder. 'Better take it, Rod, unless—you want to jockey for Polestar.'

Roddy said nothing.

'Won't you sit down, Rod?' He swung around and found her, sitting in her corner, just as she used to sit.

'Angie, I'm not fit to lace your boots!' he cried impetuously.

She was startled. 'I'm so sorry uncle was rude—' she faltered, 'please don't mind it, Roddy. He—he means to be kind.'

'No one could be dreadful enough to me,' said Roddy flinging himself on a low stool at her feet.

She was shocked, but her heart began to beat in her throat. He was always impetuous. He had come back to tell her—he was sorry, then!

'I've done awful things,' he went on, in a passion of self-abnegation, 'do you remember—when I was here last? I didn't come to see you.'

'Yes, I know. I saw you go by—I thought you'd forgotten.'

'I had,' said Roddy, 'I was ashamed to remember, I'm a rotter, Angie. I'd been stealing to help a bad woman out of trouble.'

IN MEMORY OF MY DEAR FATHER

On the 16th day of June, 1934, the death angel came to our home and took from us a loved one. It was hard to give him up, but the Lord knows best and He needed him for some purpose, so He took him out of his suffering on that bright and peaceful shore.

Papa was born January 27, 1868, and died June 16, 1934, making his stay on earth 66 years, four months and twenty days. He was the oldest son of the late Solomon D. and Susan Frances Clayton, of Person County. On November 23, 1890, he was happily married to Anna Frances Foushee, daughter of the late Haywood D. and Bettie Foushee, of Person County, and to this union were born eleven children, three boys and eight girls. Two boys and two girls died at infancy. One boy, six girls, his wife, eleven grandchildren, three brothers and two sisters survive him. May the grace of God rest upon his children, grandchildren and lonely companion, that we may walk in his footsteps of life, and follow his example he left. I do know that his desire was to serve his Lord. The scripture teaches us that a tree is known by the fruit it bears. He always strove for peace in his family, community and church.

In July 1918 he joined the Rox-

boro Primitive Baptist Church. He was made Clerk of the Union and Assistant Moderator of the Lower Country Line Association several years prior to his death.

For four years he was Register of Deeds of Person County. He was Postmaster for ten years and was in this office at the time of his death.

Funeral services were held at home, June 17th, at three o'clock, conducted by his pastor, Elder J. A. Herridon, of Durham, assisted by Elder E. L. Cobb, of Wilson, N. C., Elder Lex Chandler and Brother J. F. Herbert, of Roxboro, N. C., and Brother S. F. Nicks, of Cedar Grove, N. C. They talked so comfortingly to the bereaved family. He was laid to rest in the Birchwood cemetery beneath a large and beautiful mound of flowers. The large congregation assembled to honor his memory and the profusion of beautiful flowers attested the esteem in which he was held.

He is now gone to his reward but we feel his going made earth poorer and Heaven richer. We know that we can't see him anymore here on earth, but we can live in such a way that we can meet him in Heaven where there'll be no more pain and death, nothing but peace and joy.

We wish to take this method of thanking our many friends and neighbors and everyone else who showed us such kindness during his illness and death, and especially Dr. B. E. Love, who so faithfully attended to him. All was done that loving hands and a good doctor could do but nothing could stay the cold hand of death. God saw fit to take him to the beautiful home in Heaven.

Written by one who loved him.

PRICES LOWERED IN LUMBER LINE

Agreement Would Encourage Home Owners To Use Federal Repair Funds

In order that home owners may take full advantage of the loans offered by the Home Owners Loan Corporation for the renovation and modernization of homes, lumber dealers and manufacturers have agreed to reduce their prices drastically.

The agreement was reached between the Lumber Code Authority in Washington, the Southern Pine Association in New Orleans and the National Recovery Administration.

Dealers in Raleigh have been notified of reductions of 50 cents a thousand feet for various types of lumber, effective July 20.

Reductions are to be made by the pine lumber industry all over the country.

The modernization program of the Home Owners' Loan Corporation will be functioning within ten days, the lumbermen have been notified.

It is expected that the program will aid materially in improving the building trades and in reviving the lumber business. Northern buyers already are placing orders in anticipation of reconditioning and home-building programs.

The reconditioning division of the

HOLC, which has a branch office in Raleigh, is prepared to take applications for loans for repairs or improvements of any kind.

The rate for the repayment of loans is \$7.91 a month per \$1,000 borrowed. A maximum of 15 years is allowed for payment of loans.

Congress in April appropriated \$200,000 to be used for loans to people whose homes have fallen into

disrepair during depression years and for those who desire to enlarge or modernize their homes in any way.

Procedure for securing reconditioning loans will be explained to prospective borrowers by Lawrence Bret, head of the reconditioning division of the HOLC, with offices in the Commercial Bank building Raleigh, or at any o ce in the State.



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There are some things we refuse to do to sell a car



There are some things we refuse to do to sell a car. We like sales, but fair-dealing and the confidence of our customers are dearer to us.

For one thing, we refuse to poison any one's mind against another make of car. We know what our car is and what it will do, and we are ready to tell you about that. But to imply defects in another car is not our business.

We have done our utmost to encourage intelligent buying of motor cars by showing purchasers how to protect their own interests. All that a good producer asks is a customer who knows quality when he sees it. An intelligent purchaser will speedily conclude that only a bad product requires bad sales methods.

We refuse to keep dinning in your ears that the Ford V-8 is the best, most economical, lowest

priced car. That is claimed for several cars. Obviously it cannot be true of all. There comes a point where claims and adjectives and all advertising hysteria disappears in its own logic. Personally, I prefer facts.

We say the Ford V-8 is the best car we have ever made.

We say that our 8-cylinder car is as economical to operate as any lower number of cylinders.

We say that we have always been known as the makers of good cars and that the many good, well-balanced qualities of our present car place it at the head of our line to date.

Any one wishing to do business with us on these principles will find our word and the quality of our product to be A-1. What we say about economy, operation and durability will stand good anywhere.

[A letter from Mr. Henry Ford published by the Associated Ford Dealers of this territory]

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