

# TRAIL'S END

by AGNES LOUISE PROVOST

## SIXTH INSTALLMENT

Three weeks after a cream colored roadster had been found wrecked in the sea at the foot of a cliff, a girl calling herself Anne Cushing appears at the desert town Marston. She has bought, sight unseen, a ranch located thirty miles away. Barry Duane, her nearest neighbor and his man Boone Petry procure a reliable woman for her and in Barry's car, loaded down with supplies, they start across the desert. In Marston her reticence has aroused suspicion. Barry and Anne become more than neighbors, and when Anne is lost in the hills and rescued by Barry, each realizes that something more than friendship exists between them.

A quiet mood seemed to have descended on Barry. When the coffee was finished he smoked for a few moments. In silence, his eyes coming back every few seconds to the clear little profile turned toward him. Anne felt that restless scrutiny.

"Weren't you," she asked suddenly, "going to tell me about the town of Duane?"

"So I was." He shifted his position. "It's just the story of a man who wanted to turn a desert into a garden. He was my uncle, Robert Duane. He worked like a giant for it, and died broken and ridiculed, and discredited."

His face was black as he stared down at the lake.

"He loved this country. He came here from the East years ago, and he came across this lake and took over a big tract of land. He saw that this lake was the biggest body of water in miles, but useless to those dry plains down there, and he began dreaming of the things that could be done."

"I see," said Anne softly. "It was a big dream."

"Yes, it was big. It was particularly big for one man to swing. He built this place, and after that I came and lived with him every summer."

He stopped, frowning reminiscently.

"When they actually started work on the dam, people began to take serious notice. They remembered what was being done in the Imperial Valley. Eagle Lake swarmed with workers, and the dam grew. And then the big day came."

"It was a great day. No matter what came of it, it can never be anything less than that. The signal was given and the water rushed down the sluiceways to make his wilderness blossom. Everybody cheered, and Uncle Bob gripped my shoulder and said, 'Barry, you and I believed in this when other people laughed. When I go, this is to be yours.'"

Barry looked at her with a twisted grin.

"So this is my inheritance, and anybody down in Marston would tell you that it's no better than junk. For after the first big moment, the tragedy came. The irrigation was there, but it didn't irrigate. The valley was full of gravel sinks that no one had suspected, and the water drained off as fast as it was run in. It was a complete spashing failure."

"Oh, how dreadful!" It was all that she found herself able to say. Barry threw away a half-consumed cigarette and arose.

"The Pinos isn't the only stretch of arid land around here. There's the Junipero, bigger and better, and with a soil—it isn't really sand—that will give its very heart to you for a steady supply of water. I want to use this dam to irrigate the Junipero."

He ran a brown hand through his hair and laughed abruptly.

"I suppose you think I'm chasing an elusive rainbow?"

"Why shouldn't you, if you've found one that's worth chasing?"

"You darling!" His eyes kindled.

"For these kind words..."

She jumped up and gave him a prim little marionette's bow. "Come on, lazy, I want to go down by the lake again."

He arose obligingly and followed her, overtaking her in two strides. They went down side by side, and where the pitch was steep he caught her arm in his. Within a few yards of the water's edge he spread out his coat for her to sit on and dropped down beside her.

"Anne, will you marry me?"

"You're a sudden person, Barry."

She hedged for time. "Don't you realize that we'd never met until a few weeks ago? Just four—"

"Four days was enough for me, Anne, darling. I don't want to rush you, but you know how I feel, don't you? I love you. I keep seeing you here all the time, every day, every hour. You and I together."

"Anne."

Warmth flooded over her; there was a singing tingle in her veins. Why not? Who in that distant outside world would ever know?

Just the two of them, here in this secluded place.

Temptation tugged at her. "Take your chance!" it whispered. "Take it!"

And then recollection flooded back, crawling over her like an oily wave.

"Anne, look at me!"

Her throat felt stiff and dry. "Oh, Barry, please! We've been such good friends. Don't let's spoil it."

"Oh—spoil it!" The warmth died out of his face. He looked stung and hurt, and suddenly tight lipped.

"Sorry!" he said curtly. "I must have got the wrong idea. I thought—well, it's been rather nice, going around like this, I had a feeling... a hope... it was getting to mean something to you, too... my conceit, probably."

The words came jerkily. He looked up suddenly. "See here, is it because of somebody else, or just because I'm myself?"

She shook her head. "There isn't anybody else. And I hate to hear you talk like that. Barry isn't it possible to like—to be awfully fond of somebody without—"

"Not for you and me." Barry looked at her moodily, softening because she really did look unhappy about it, and because she was so lovely—so damnably lovely.

"All right," he said, and forced a smile. "We won't let it spoil things. It's not your fault if I don't make a hit with you. But don't think—"

he reached out and laid a firm clasp on her wrist—"don't think that I'll give up without an everlastingly good try."

She would not look at him. Couldn't he see that he was tearing her heart out? "It's no use, Barry. I like you awfully, but—"

"I don't want to be liked," he said savagely. "I'd want you to be just as crazy about me as I am about you. I'd never be satisfied with just possessing—I want all of you."

All of her! She felt desolate and a little frightened. It occurred to her that no matter what came to her now—love, friendship, trouble—she would always have something to hide.

A restless week crawled by. Another, flat and uninteresting, trudged stolidly at its heels. The days were just days, one of them plodding stupidly after another. Barry still came down to Trail's End, but he seemed always to be on his way somewhere else.

Playing around with Barry was dangerous, but letting him go left a blank emptiness. Anne worked violently, indoors and out, but the zest had gone from it. Warmth and color had gone.

The day had not been of the kind to encourage a stiff morale. A hot wind had been blowing in from the desert for hours. Anne sat for a while beside her tinkling little creek.

"Miss Anne, are you out there?"

"Coming, Martha. Anything I can do?"

"I wish you'd do up that package Boone's going to stop for. I've left some paper on the table."

Martha had left a sheet of newspaper spread out for her. Anne looked down at it, idly.

A heading caught her eye. It was two months old. She leaned over the spread-out sheet. Then she was very still.

To Martha, out in the kitchen, there came the sharp sound of tearing paper.

"Oh, Martha, I've torn this! Have you any more?"

The voice was careless, but her eyes were brilliant with excitement as she came to the kitchen door. She tied the package up swiftly, and then vanished into her own room. The newspaper went also.

Once behind a closed door she spread it out again with shaking fingers. She read again, more carefully this time, scanning each word for some hidden meaning. Relief was creeping all through her, warm and lovely.

"Thank God," she whispered, "I don't have to be afraid of that!"

The last words were shaky. Mustn't get hysterical.

When she came out a few moments later there was a lit in her voice which Martha had not heard for days.

"I'm going for a little run before supper," she called and went out toward the corral. A few moments later pinto and girl flew past the kitchen window with a clear call and a scurry of hoofs.

"Something's cheered her up mighty quick," she commented.

At one side of the room hung two of Anne's dresses, freshly ironed. Martha went into Anne's room to put them where they belonged. Then, arms akimbo, she looked around. On a chair, half concealed by an orange cushion lay a folded newspaper. Martha picked it up.

"I do wonder what started her off like that. Well, if it's in print it can't be any secret."

Martha sat down to read. There were only two sheets of it and the news would be stale, but she plod-

ded through it carefully. There was political news, which she skipped. Somebody had been brutally shot down in a hold-up. A bold headline featured the latest divorce scandal, and a "mystery woman" who had vanished into the blue... a much smaller one noted the death of a once prominent financier. Some young girl had been drowned and the body had not yet been recovered, and a very rich man had offered a reward for it. A brief two inches of type said that the man found badly wounded in the outskirts of Ventura had been identified, but refused to name his assailant. A screen-jummary had just received his final decree of divorce.

Martha read patiently. "Murders and suicides and divorces!" she sniffed. "I don't see much in them to cheer anybody up. Hmp!"

There was a spot on Barry's homeward way—or rather, out of his way—where Trail's End was in full view. He detoured until he reached it and pulled up, half tempted to turn and ride down.

Out from the modest group of low buildings a dancing speck came, a girl and a pinto horse. How Anne did love to ride!

The pinto was sweeping on gloriously. They would pass almost beneath him. He turned Captain about.

"Old man, if we go around by the trail it will take half an hour at your prettiest, but if we take the old slide we can join the lady pronto."

Pronto was a word the Captain understood. He took the steep plunge valiantly and without a pause.

"Hello. Any objection if I ride along?"

"Reckless cowboy, aren't you? Do you usually slide down half a mountainside to meet your friends?"

"No, this is something special. Movie, stuff," he added, deprecatingly, half ashamed of his dramatic plunge.

"It was a real thrill, anyway, but for the first few seconds you had me well scared. Suppose Captain had stumbled, or anything?"

"Captain doesn't stumble or anything."

"Comet doesn't stumble, either." Barry glanced up with a quick frown. "Pinto, we can't let these two beat us, can we?"

"Don't think of trying such a thing!" anxiety.

"You did it."

"I've done it before," he said doggedly. "It's a fool trick anyway. One misstep, and you could be killed or crippled for the rest of your life. And I'd always have to remember that it had come about through an act of mine."

Barry swung close, his fingers reaching for her hand.

"You're precious to me, Anne, whether you want to be or not. Please promise that you won't try it. Not unless it's life or death."

"I might promise that. I wasn't really going to anyway." She did not take her hand away, and he gathered up the other and held them together.

"Is that all you can promise?"

She looked slowly up at him.

"You won't just be friends, Barry?"

"No. There's nothing to it. I've tried, but it won't work."

The hands seemed to snuggle down contentedly.

"I've tried too, Barry, and it doesn't work at all."

"Anne! Do you mean it?"

Anne looked at him.

"You darling!" he said huskily, and gathered her into his arms. Time lost its meaning.

She looked up and caught his

eyes on her.

"There isn't the least reason why we shouldn't be married right away, is there? How about—tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow!" Anne sat up straight at that. "Indeed I won't! Do give me a minute to feel engaged."

"I nearly lost you once, and I'm not taking any more chances. Wednesday, then."

"Just quietly, Barry? Without any fuss at all?"

"As quietly as you like. That suits me. We'll have a honeymoon at the Perch and take a trip later."

"I don't want a trip. I'd rather stay right here."

"No trip? Maybe you'll change your mind. There's lots of time. About that wedding day..."

"Likes his own way, doesn't he? I'm taking an awful chance... Monday?"

"Monday, you know... it's going to be pretty nice, isn't it?"

She nodded quickly. They sat there together like two children, suddenly shy.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

## NOTICE SALE OF LAND

Under and by virtue of the authority conferred upon us by a certain deed of trust executed by Cy Winstead and wife, Mary Winstead, on the 1st day of March, 1919, and duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Person County in deed of trust Book 2, at page 560, default having been made in the payment of the note secured by said deed of trust and as in said deed of trust provided, the undersigned administrators of T. C. Brooks, trustee, will on Monday, October 8, 1934, at 12 o'clock Noon, in front of the courthouse door in Roxboro, North Carolina, sell to the highest bidder, for cash, the land conveyed in said deed of trust, to-wit:

Lying and being in Roxboro Township, Person County, North Carolina, bonded on the North by the estate of J. A. Long; on the East by the lands formerly owned by Geo. W. Barnett; on the South by heirs of J. C. Clayton and on the West by lands of J. S. W. Long, containing 63 acres, more or less, and being the land sold and conveyed to Cy Winstead by Lester Clayton, administrator of Jim Clayton. Also 1-8 undivided interest in that certain tract of land lying and being in Person County, adjoining lands of John Harris, Will Carver, J. A. Long estate et al, containing 25 acres, more or less, and known as the George Winstead place.

This September 6, 1934.

Mrs. D. L. Brooks, T. Carlyle Brooks, Admsrs.

## TRUSTEE'S SALE

Under and by virtue of the terms of that deed of trust executed by Willie Bryant and wife Bettie Bryant on August 30th, 1933, to the undersigned Trustee, and recorded in Book 7, page 264, Register's Office of Person County, default having been made in the payment of the note secured thereby, and upon re-

## DR. R. J. PEARCE

Optometrist  
Eyes Examined—  
—Glasses Fitted  
Thomas & Carver Building  
Roxboro, N. C.  
MONDAYS ONLY  
10 A. M. to 5 P. M.

quest of the holder thereof, I will, as Trustee, on

Saturday, October 13th, 1934, at twelve o'clock Noon at the Courthouse door in Roxboro, North Carolina,

Sell to the highest bidder at public auction for cash the following described real estate, to-wit:

Lying in Roxboro Township, and being in that part of the Town of Roxboro known as Woodland Heights, it being Lots Nos. 33, 34, 35, 37 and 38 of Woodland Heights as shown by plat recorded in Register's Office of Person County, in Book 16, page 142. Lots Nos. 33 and 34 each fronting 50 ft. on High Street; Lots Nos. 35, 37 and 38 each fronting 52 ft. on Broad Street. Also Lots Nos. 75 and 76 of Woodland Heights, each of said lots fronting 52 ft. on Broad

Street, these being the lots formerly conveyed by J. J. H. Perkins and A. J. Dixon. See deed from Perkins to Dixon in Book 30, page 141, and from Dixon to Hobgood, Book 30, page 147. Also deed from T. C. Brooks, Trustee, to W. S. Hobgood, and being the lots conveyed to Wil-

lie Bryant by Roxboro Building & Loan Association.

This September 13th, 1934.

L. M. Carlton, Trustee.

Approximately one-fourth of a man's life is spent developing and training his mind.

## Professional Cards

Dr. ROBT. E. LONG  
Dentist  
Wilburn & Satterfield Building  
Main Street - Roxboro, N. C.

B. I. SATTERFIELD  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
Roxboro-Durham, N. C.  
Roxboro Office: Thomas & Carver Building. In office Monday and Saturdays.  
Durham Office: 403 Trust Building. In Durham office Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday each week.

DR. G. C. VICKERS  
Dentist  
Office at residence, on Route No. 144, near T. H. Street old home Mill Creek.

N. LUNSFORD  
Attorney-at-Law  
Office over Thomas & Carver Bldg. Roxboro, N. C.

DR. J. H. HUGHES  
Dentist  
Office in Hotel Jones, next door to Dr. Tucker's Office

Dr. J. D. BRADSHAW  
Dentist  
Office over Wilburn & Satterfield's Store Building.

LET  
JOHN CASH  
Repair your shoes and repair your chairs. Under Wilburn & Satterfield.

## Business Directory

If you are in doubt as to where to find anything look over this list. The advertisers in this space are all reliable and you will make no mistake when you patronize them. If you do not find what you are looking for here come to The Courier office and we will give you the information desired.

J. T. BRADSHAW  
Plumbing and Heating  
Office on Reams Avenue  
Phone 14

G. B. MASTEN  
Painting and Paperhanging  
Good Paint Applied by Good Painters Produces a Good Job

GEO. W. KANE  
BUILDER - CONTRACTOR  
"No Job Too Big—None Too Small."

Carolina Power & Light Co.  
Home-Life Made Easier  
Ask the lady who has an Electric Range.

Hambriek, Austin & Thomas  
DRUGGISTS  
Hollingsworth's Unusual Candles, Penslar Remedies, School Books, Shaeffer's Fountain Pens.  
We would like to be your Druggist.

Sergeant & Clayton  
"The Sta-Klean Store"  
Phone Us Your Orders.  
We Deliver Promptly.

HARRIS & BURNS  
BARGAINS  
Everything from head to foot for men, women and children.  
"Roxboro's Best Store"

Roxboro Lumber Co.  
Buy It From Us And Bank The Difference  
"Home Of Quality Lumber"

Wilburn & Satterfield  
Roxboro's Dependable Store  
"It Will Pay You To Trade With Us—Try It"

Street, these being the lots formerly conveyed by J. J. H. Perkins and A. J. Dixon. See deed from Perkins to Dixon in Book 30, page 141, and from Dixon to Hobgood, Book 30, page 147. Also deed from T. C. Brooks, Trustee, to W. S. Hobgood, and being the lots conveyed to Wil-

## ATTAINMENT



OUR goal of attainment, like the height of efficiency, is reached only through deservedness. Striving and straining for perfection is the Service of Integrity.

SPENCER'S FUNERAL SERVICE  
SINCE 1910  
NIGHT PHONE 47-D DAY PHONE 47-M  
AMBULANCE SERVICE  
"THE COST IS A MATTER OF YOUR OWN DESIRE"

## The Record Shows

THAT BUILDING AND LOAN INVESTMENTS ARE SAFEST

We Solicit Your Savings on the Weekly or Monthly Installment Plan

50 cents per week will produce \$200.00

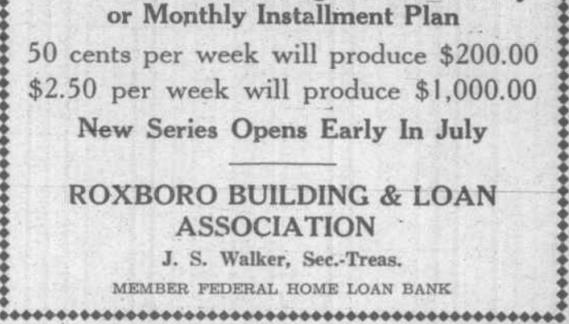
\$2.50 per week will produce \$1,000.00

New Series Opens Early In July

## ROXBORO BUILDING & LOAN ASSOCIATION

J. S. Walker, Sec.-Treas.

MEMBER FEDERAL HOME LOAN BANK



## In Town or Out

Enjoy Modern Iceless Refrigeration

THE joys of modern refrigeration are now within your reach, wherever you live. Superfex, the Oil-Burning Refrigerator, works anywhere. Just by burning two or three cents' worth of kerosene during an hour or two each day, you obtain modern, complete, year-around refrigeration, with no outside connections, motors, drains or moving mechanism. Silently guarding your food and your health, Superfex will put an end to food spoilage, help you to serve more delicious meals, provide generous ice cubes, and save you time, energy, cash! Let us give you details.

## SUPERFEX

Oil-Burning REFRIGERATORS AND HEATERS!

DELCO LIGHT PRODUCTS

Plants—Batteries—Pumps—Radios

and many other products that are

"FARMERS FRIENDS"

DELCO HAS EVERYTHING

and So does

## Danville Welding Co., Inc.

See the "MISSING LINK" Danville, Va.



## Lov'me Face Powder

Enhances Every Skin

A million women every day prove inevitable Lov'me delicately emphasizes every natural beauty—conceals every defect. It gives petal-smooth perfection to every type of skin. A finer, clinging powder which stays on all day.

Flesh—White—Rachel

Have you tried the new Melba Cold Cream? It sells at only 25c

MELBA Lov'me Powder

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name

PARFUMERIE MELBA • 580 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

