

# TRAILS' END



## TENTH INSTALLMENT

"Oh, how nice! But it's a pity we couldn't have had a chance to get acquainted before, isn't it?" Cleo's hard little smile came back. "Oh well, we can have some dinners and dances and things, in honor of the bride. Call on me if I can help, won't you, I must run along . . . Good-bye?"

Mrs. Duane rang for Matthews. "Matthews, Mr. Barry was married a few days ago and will be home next Wednesday. Please see that the west wing is made ready for me."

"The—west wing, Ma'am?"  
"Certainly, Matthews."  
In five minutes the news was buzzing in the rear of the old house.

In the seclusion of her own quite

luxurious suite the sole heir of the Pendletons was behaving badly.

From her petted babyhood, Cleo had her own way. And now—Barry Duane was married. Barry Duane was the only man she had ever really wanted.

"I hate her!" she thought furiously. "I'll make him ashamed of his ranch girl. Sweet simplicity . . . what'll she look like in Granleigh? I'll make him wish he'd never seen her. I'll give Barry Duane six months, or less, to be sick of his bargain."

Every day of their homeward journey had been reminding Anne that instead of a struggling young ranch owner she had married a man of assured social position.

"Almost home, Nancy."  
That was from Barry. Except for

the deep tan he was scarcely recognizable as the same Barry Duane she had first seen, coatless, dusty and cheerfully informal.

The train was slowing down. "There's John on the platform. He doubles as gardener and chauffeur, but I do my own driving."

Barry nodded at one man, moved his hand in careless salute to another, raised his hat to a woman. Anne knew that several heads had turned. Evidently everybody who counted knew everybody else in this pleasant old town.

The car swept away from the station and down a wide, well-kept road. They were passing a high stone wall, about midway of which a wide gateway indicated a drive. As they came abreast a car shot out of the opened gates, a swift roadster, and cut in ahead of them. There was a girl at the wheel. She half turned her head as she shot across their path, with an impudent little grin and a swift wave of one hand.

"Reckless little devil!" Barry half frowned and then laughed. "That's Cleo Pendleton. She's an imp. Does pretty much as she pleases—her dad's the richest man around here, except one, and she's the only child. You'll like her."

"She's pretty." Anne reserved comment about liking Cleo Pendleton. It had seemed to Anne that wide baby eyes had swept her with a stare as cool and efficient as blue steel.

The car was turning into a shaded drive which curved toward a wide, old house. It was not as pretentious as most but it was older and mellow.

A tall, spare woman with beautiful hands and an emotionless face was waiting to greet them.

Barry said, "Here we are mother," with just a touch of nervousness. He bent and kissed her, and drew Anne forward with one arm.

"I don't need to tell you who this is, Mother, except that she is just as lovely as she looks, and I am a proud husband. Nancy darling, this is my mother, and yours."

Whatever surprise Mrs. Duane may have felt as she looked at the "ranch girl" she was far too well trained to show it. What had such a girl been doing in a desolate place like this Marston—unless perhaps she had deliberately followed Barry there?

She had not intended to kiss her daughter-in-law, but she did. It was a chill salute, but it answered.

"My son's wife of course is welcome. Barry, my dear, how brown you are."

Anne held the beautiful old hand a moment longer. "I hope we shall be friends," she said impulsively. I do want Barry's mother to like me."

Mrs. Schuyler Duane smiled remotely and chilled again.

"We will take that for granted. I suppose you would like to rest after your journey? Matthews will show you to your rooms."

Matthews showed them to a pleasant suite.

"Like it, Nance?"

"Who could help liking it? It's a beautiful old house."

"My great-great-grandfather built it, and Duane has lived in it ever since. I suppose it will have to go out of the family some day, unless I make my million." He hesitated. "Mother is very reserved. She doesn't give herself out readily. But that will be all right as soon as she knows you better."

Anne wanted to cry out fiercely: "She isn't just reserved! She's cold and selfish and ambitious, and she hates me!" But she nodded wisely instead.

"You darling." He tossed her hat on the bed and pulled her toward him. "Nancy, I'm getting madder about you every day of my life."

She gave herself up to that.

Mrs. Duane's dinner hour was fashionably late. Barry had already dressed and gone down. Anne had just finished her own dressing and stood critically inspecting the result. Barry had insisted on staying over in town long enough for her to buy several new gowns. Anne knew why he had done it. One evening gown was not enough for Granleigh; summer called for sport clothes. She was not to meet critical eyes unprepared. Anne smiled at herself in the glass, thinking absently of the moral support of clothes, especially when other women were involved . . .

She switched the lights off and parted the curtains at the nearest widow. Darkness was falling. Beyond the hedge a man walked slowly, turning his head at each passing car. She watched him, idly wondering why he was loitering along like that.

He stopped to light a cigarette. A match spurted into flame, and the flare lit his face.

Anne shrank hurriedly back into the room, dragging the heavy curtains together. This was ghastly. What could possibly bring him to

this part of the country again, straight to Granleigh?

"I mustn't let it get me! It won't do . . . I've got to see him, somehow."

There was a tap on the door. It was Matthews.

"Mr. Barry wishes me to tell you that Miss Pendleton is here."

So the Pendleton girl was here already. M'm. Anne gave a last quick glance in the mirror and went slowly downstairs.

Anne went down with unhurried grace, half smiling. Barry looked up, a quick flash of pride in his answering smile. Cleo Pendleton looked up also.

"Here's Nancy now." Cleo slipped from the arm of the chair and met Anne half-way.

"I'm Cleo Pendleton. I wanted to be the first to meet you. I hope you will like me a lot, because I'm one of Barry's old friends. I've been counting on having you here."

"That's awfully nice of you." Anne was sweet but non-committal. "It makes me feel that I'm not a stranger here after all."

"Oh, is this your very first trip East?" There was a second's pause. "I lived in the East for a while. But I've never been here before."

"O-oh," said Cleo softly. "But I hope you're going to stay this time. We've all been arguing for years to make Barry stay home, but he won't listen to us."

"I always listen." Barry grinned at her.

"And then do as you please." Cleo shrugged a petulant shoulder, and then laughed. "All right, if you won't tell me. But I like Nancy better than I do you . . . You'll let me call you Nancy, won't you?"

"Why—of course . . . My name really is Anne . . . not that it makes any difference."

"Barry calls you Nancy. I like it better, too. But I must trot dutifully back before Dad calls out the reserves."

Out in the hall there were voices. A door had opened.

"Good-bye, Nancy. I'm going to stop for you some morning, and we'll dash around and do things." Cleo whisked out with a careless wave. Barry chuckled slightly.

"She's an irresponsible imp." He called after Matthews, just returning down the hall. "Who was that, Matthews?"

"A man looking for a job, sir. A chauffeur. He was quite insistent about seeing you."

"I told him," Matthews continued, "you were entirely satisfied with the present man."

"Quite right." He suddenly remembered something. "Oh, Matthews, is my mother out? I knocked at her door, but there was no answer."

"No sir. She's changed her rooms to the west wing. I think she will be in presently, for dinner."

"Oh . . . thank you, Matthews."

His voice was quite colorless. Matthews went hastily. Both of them knew that the west wing had not been opened for years.

Anne, listening idly, could come very close to guessing what had happened. . . . And this was only her first day in Barry's home.

Meantime Cleo Pendleton, who was not in the least irresponsible, huddled sulkily back in the limousine.

"Hurry, I'm late!" she snapped, and the car swept out of the drive so fast that a man crossing the pavement sprang aside hastily. He scowled and took an envelope from his pocket and wrote down the license number.

"Friends, and rich ones," he thought. "I'll try my luck there. Damn it, I'll get a job somewhere. I'm going to stick here until something breaks."

Cleo had not even seen him. She was in a whirl of angry thought.

"She's no more a ranch girl than I am—unless she's one of the awfully rich ones. The way she talks—and the way she wears her clothes! And I thought I could make him ashamed of her!"

The soft lips pursed sullenly.

"I picked up a point or two, anyway. She'd rather be called Anne, and she hadn't told Barry that she'd lived East. Caught that one from him! And something bothered her about the windows . . . but that sounds crazy. The funniest thing is that she looks familiar to me . . . Just a little familiar."

(Continued Next Week)

### NOTICE

By virtue of the power contained in a deed of trust executed by W. M. Childress and wife, Rosa Childress, to the undersigned trustee for A. P. Hanes, which is recorded in the office of Register of Deeds of Surry County Book 77, page 164, the debt therein secured being due and unpaid, I will sell at public auction for cash at the court house door in Dobson on Saturday, the 8th day of September, 1934, at one o'clock P. M., the following real estate lying in Surry County, N. C., being the entire one-fifth undivided interest of W. M. Childress and wife Rosa Childress in the lands owned by E. J. Wall at the time of his death, adjoining the lands of E. W. Walters, A. J. Key, David Childress and others, containing 100 acres more or less. Said lands will be sold to satisfy said debt, interest and cost.

This the 7th day of August, 1934.  
W. L. REECE,  
Trustee.

Office: Elkin National Bank Bldg.  
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NEXT WEEK—Monday and Tuesday—  
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### To My Wife:

I don't want to hurt your feelings, but I know the difference between a home-washed shirt and a well-laundered shirt. And so do my friends. They notice. And maybe the boss does, too. Little things like that are embarrassing. But worse than that, they affect a man's future.

I haven't said anything about it in the past because I figured you'd notice the difference, too. Maybe you're trying to save us money. If that's the reason you've been playing washwoman, just phone 205 and find out how little the White Swan Laundry charges to launder shirts. They do a swell job.

Love,

JIM.



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