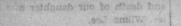
ALCORE TITOP VINIE TO BUT STA



THE ELKIN TRIBUNE, ELKIN, NORTH CAROLINA



TENTH INSTALLMENT

acquainted before, isn't it?" we couldn't have had a chance Cleo's hard little smile came back. "Oh well, we can have some dinners and dances and things, in honor of ly wanted. 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

"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 the deep tan he was scarcely recog-"Oh, how nice! But it's a pity 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 real-

> ,'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 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

To My Wife:

I don't want to hurt your feelings, but I know the difference between a home-washed shirt and a welllaundered 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.

as the same Barry Duane nizable 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 journey had been reminding Anne 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 You'll like her. child

"She's pretty." Anne reserved comment about liking Cleo Pendle-It had seemed to Anne that ton. 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-

hands and an emotionless face was wave. 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 ued. 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 re-

motely 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 pleasant suite.

"Like it, Nance?"

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 lowly 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." of you.

"That's awfully nice 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.' A tall, spare woman with beautiful Cleo whisked out with a careless 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 contin-

"you were entirely satisfied with the present man." "Quite right." He suddenly re-

membered something. "Oh, Mat-thews, 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. Mat-thews went hastily. Both of them knew that the west wing had not

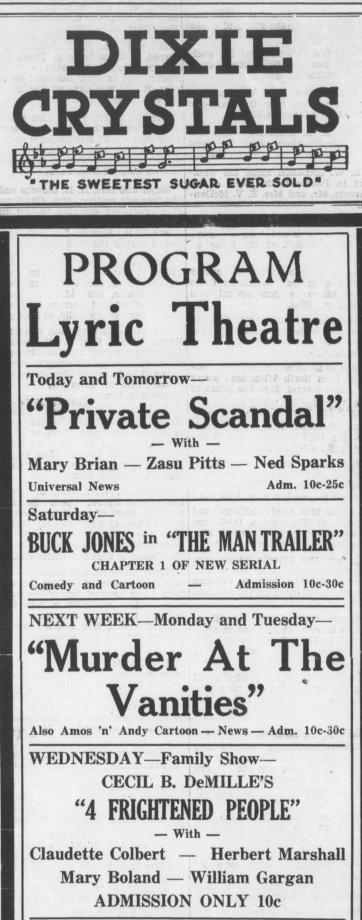
been opened for years. Anne, listening idylly, could come very close to guessing what had happened. . . . And this was only her first day in Barry's home. Meantime Cleo Pendleton, who

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



Examinations on Tuesdays and Fridays 1 to 5, 7 to 8:30 P. M.



Thursday and Friday, Sept. 6-7-

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