

The Dollar Bride

by Mary Inlay Taylor
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THE STORY SO FAR:

Nancy Gordon trades herself in marriage for fifteen thousand dollars—the price of her family honor—and the freedom of her brother, Roddy, who stole for a woman that amount from the bank in which he works. Nancy, desperately in love with young Page Roemer, nevertheless agrees to a secret elopement with Dr. Richard Morgan, and with the money he loans her prevents Roddy's arrest. Dr. Morgan is loved by Helena Haddon, a young married woman, but he adores Nancy and hopes to win her after marriage. In Washington they are married. Nancy is Richard's Bride—and afraid of him.

Now Go On With the Story:

"I don't call him a decent man now, Sarah. I thought he was. It's not decent, it's not honest to take advantage of a wild girl beside herself with grief about her brother. I'd—well, I'll tell him what I think of him."

"Nancy did it herself, Papa."

"Nancy had lost her mind—he's a doctor and he hadn't!"

"He's in love with her; when a man's in love—"

The door opened abruptly and Amanda's round black head came in.

"Doctor Morgan is ter see you, suh."

Mr. Gordon's eye gleamed. "Tell him to come in here, Mandy."

Miss Gordon half rose from her seat. She wanted to run, but if she did—? She had never seen her husband like this before and she had swift and horrid visions of murder and sudden death. She cast a startled glance at his drawn face and stopped crying.

The hall door opened quietly for Richard Morgan.

There was a moment of terrible silence. At a glance he took in the situation. Perhaps his own heart-searching had prepared him for it. He glanced at Mrs. Gordon but he faced her husband. He spoke apparently with some effort.

"I see that Nancy has told you, sir, that we were married yesterday in Washington."

"My daughter has told me that you bought and paid for her—yes! What I want to know is—how you dared to take advantage of a young girl in such distress as she was? How did you dare to marry her?"

"I married her because I loved her, Mr. Gordon. I've asked her to marry me before. I've loved her for a long time. That was my only reason."

"Fiddlesticks!" roared Mr. Gordon. "How can you love a girl and let her do a thing like that? She doesn't love you—she told me that she hated you—"

"Oh, Papa!" protested his wife, don't!"

Richard Morgan said nothing; he turned deathly white. Mr. Gordon stared at him like an infuriated buffalo about to charge.

"Do you happen to know why she wanted that money?" he demanded fiercely.

Mrs. Gordon half rose from her chair. "Oh, Papa, don't—don't tell!"

Her husband ignored her. So did Richard.

"She didn't tell me, I didn't ask—I don't want to know."

Mr. Gordon stopped long enough to loosen his collar button, and then went on furiously.

"I'll tell you all about it. My son's in the Greenough Trust Company in New York. You know it? He's got the get-rich-quick fever and he picked up a handful, fifteen thousand dollars—and spent it in five months. He's a promising boy at spending—"

"William Gordon, I'll leave you if you don't stop!" his wife wailed.

"You hush up, Mother, it's the truth, isn't it? Well, he took it and he was in danger of going to jail. He came here instead—ran away and came home, and we're all broken up. You see, we've always loved the boy!"

Mr. Gordon choked a little—"he and Nancy, as kids, were as thick as peas. It broke her up altogether. She wanted to save her brother, to give him another chance. She went out like a madwoman and went to you. And you—by the Lord Harry, sir, I'd like you to explain yourself. How dared you to take a girl like that—at her word—and tie her up? You're—you're—"

He didn't finish. Mrs. Gordon's trembling hand was over his mouth. "He's crazy, Richard!" she sobbed clinging to her husband. "I'm sure he's going to have a stroke!"

Richard turned and looked at Mr. Gordon and then at his wife, and his look was astonishingly full of light and beauty. "I trusted to the power of my own love for Nancy—I thought I could make her love me, if once she was my wife. I think so still."

Mr. Gordon still stared at him. He began to understand that this man loved Nancy deeply, irrevocably, but it did not stop his heartburn and his shame.

"You'll get it back—every cent of

it," he said, "you cannot put me under this obligation. I won't endure it."

Richard's mouth shut hard. He did not answer this, he ignored it.

"You say that Nancy told you she hated me?" he said slowly, turning to Mr. Gordon.

Mr. Gordon nodded.

Richard's shoulders seemed to square themselves like those of a man who had resisted a heavy blow.

"I've already put it up to her," he said, with forced quietness. "I've told her we needn't announce it if she wishes a quiet release. Of course, I—" he was speechless a moment and then added:

"I've loved her ever since she was a child, I think. I'll put it all up to her again. I— words were seemingly difficult—" may I see her now?"

Mr. Gordon rose and went to the door, opened it, and called up the stairs.

There was no answer. Mrs. Gordon stumbled out of her rocker.

"I'll go up, Papa, she—perhaps she doesn't hear you."

"Nancy Virginia!" bawled her father.

The kitchen door opened and Amanda's black face appeared. She was showing the whites of her eyes prodigiously; she had heard all the racket and knew as much as they did.

"Miss Nancy ain't in, suh. She done gone down ter de river. She was crying."

"Oh Papa, you—you broke her heart!" wailed Mrs. Gordon, careless of Amanda's eaves, "she—she's gone to kill herself."

Mr. Gordon's flushed face grew pale, his eyes started.

"I—" he snatched his hat off the rack in the hall and made for the door.

But Richard Morgan was before him. Without a word to either of them, he flung the door open and started down the garden path.

Nancy fled from the house when her husband entered. Her father had painted a convincing picture. She saw herself a brazen creature, offering to marry a man for a price—without excuse.

Where the river was little wider than a stream a heavy log spanned it, laid from boulder to boulder at the ford. Nancy crossed on it. She had gone that way a thousand times with Roddy. It was one of their childish feats. Nancy sat down, took off her hat and let the spring wind blow her soft hair about.

At her feet, in a sunny nook, bloomed the first wild violets. She looked down at them in dull misery. Page always picked the first violets for her; no doubt there were some folded into the letter she had in her handbag. She had found it in her room.

Now she remembered, took it out and opened it. She was right, the first wild violets of the season fell out of it. She looked at them vacantly. It was a moment before she began to read.

"Dear Nancy Virginia: Why couldn't you come down to see me? That headache wasn't excuse enough—I believe you know what I had to say then, and I can't wait any longer, I must say it now. Nancy Virginia, will you marry me? I'm coming tonight for my answer."

Tonight? She looked at the date and he had written it the day she was married. The crumpled paper fell in her lap and she sat and stared at it for awhile. Then, very slowly, she picked up the drooping little violets and kissed them. She sat there for a long time without moving; then, the wind blowing from that direction, she heard her father's voice and Amanda's in their garden, and nearer at hand, the crackling of twigs. In an instant she divined the situation, they were looking for her, her father, and her husband! This might be Richard himself in the brush across the river!

She rose, trembling, and ran up the path. She knew her way here as no one else knew it. She slipped behind some cedars, climbed a steep rock, and came out, by a short cut, on the main street, below MacDougal's drug store. She crossed Main Street and went down Meadow Lane.

At the end of it was an old orchard, no one would find her there! She only wanted to be alone.

She strayed along under the bare trees of the old orchard. The short turf was soft and green and gave under her feet. The wind was wonderfully fresh and keen, and it was the only thing that revived her. She felt alive when it blew in her face. But she did not know what to do. What could she do? She had married Richard Morgan—and according to her father—even Richard would despise her for it. It was true then what her father said, he did not want her!

She went on wandering under the trees, sure that they could not find her there. She wanted to hide, oh hide so that no one would ever find her! Least of all, Richard. Yet, all the

Blue Eagle Exercises



BERMUDA . . . There being no code covering a Blue Eagle on vacation, Miss Dorothy Ford of New York (above) who is "Miss NRA of the U. S. A." felt free to express herself in the way she liked best of the Bermuda beaches, as the photo shows. Miss Ford, model for the best known illustrators of feminine beauty, was chosen "Miss NRA" last fall.

while, she felt his ring hard and cold on her finger. It felt heavy there, but she dared not take it off.

In the lonely orchard Nancy's face burned with shame. She had asked him for fifteen thousand dollars. She had set a price on herself!

The sun had set long ago and a mist was rising over the meadows. It ran along the edges in circling wreaths like smoke. Nancy shivered.

Nancy hurried on. Another half-hour brought her face to face with the old farmhouse, deserted now and

dark. On the opposite side of the street were some small old-fashioned houses given up to lawyers and their clerks. In one of these Page Roemer had his rooms. He lived there, in two rooms behind his law office, and the windows were lighted now.

Was Page getting ready to go for his answer? A wave of emotion swept over her, and intense longing for sympathy, for kindness, Page loved her! The temptation was too keen to resist, the longing to see him, to speak to him, to tell him her troubles. Perhaps he would hate her, too, then, and it would make it easier for him.

She turned, went into the narrow hall and ascended the stairs. The door at the top stood open and she stopped, leaning against it, and looking into the room beyond, herself unseen. It was an office, plainly and simply furnished. As she looked the inner door opened and Page Roemer came in, went to his desk and sat down, taking up his telephone.

She could see him plainly; he was already dressed, and he had some of the wild violets on his coat. The light from the green shaded lamp fell on the handsome arch of his young head. He was younger than Richard Morgan, better looking, more pliable, and gifted with a grace of manner.

What would he think of her? What of her coming here at this hour? The wave of emotion that had borne her up the stairs to his threshold, swept back upon her and submerged her. She turned softly, felt for the banisters with a groping gesture and tried to escape unseen. But he had just hung up the receiver and in the ensuing stillness, he heard the rustle of her garments. He turned quickly, trying to look out of the lighted room into the dim hall beyond. She had to cross his vision to reach the head of the stairs, and he saw a woman where as a rule no one but men appeared at this hour. His curiosity took him to the door.

Page took a step forward and turned up the old fashioned gas-jet in the hall. As he did so she turned her head away, but he had already recognized her.

"Nancy! Good heavens, Nancy!" he cried, "what is it?"

He caught her in his arms and lifted her like a child, carrying her into his office.

But she disengaged herself, pushing him off with both hands, her white lips shaking.

"Don't touch me," she cried wildly. "Don't touch me!"

He stood dumfounded, looking at her, almost as pale as she was.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

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The drop shoulder is ever so nice now, with the perky puff for a sleeve and the pleats make the skirt fuller.

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 2. Do you reason that having waited so long, you might as well wait a little longer?
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 6. Do you see what you can do, and are you enterprising enough to go ahead and do it?
 7. Have you sufficient initiative to make use of the ability, energy and activities of others?
 8. Are you able to subordinate in a proper manner, the will of others to your own will?
 9. Are you able to prepare to take advantage of opportunity and circumstances?
 10. Are you able to supply yourself and others with inspiration and enthusiasm enough to tide over hard places?
 11. Are you able to carry on despite apparent set-backs?
 12. Can you keep out of ruts?
- If you have climbed one by one up these twelve rungs of the ladder, you possess initiative which will count in making you a leader among men—an executive of the first water and a success financially.—Exchange.

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Mystery of the Wooden Model that "came to life." How the great French detective solved the mysterious murder of a French painter. One of many interesting articles on March 11 in the American Weekly, the magazine which comes each Sunday with the Baltimore American. Get your copy from your favorite newsboy or newsdealer.

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NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain deed of trust executed to Jason Moretz, trustee, for J. E. Luther Sr. by A. F. Hampton and wife, Lola Hampton, January 31, 1927, and default having been made in the payment of the money thereby secured as therein provided, I will on Monday, April 9, 1934, at the courthouse door in Boone at 1:00 p. m., sell to the highest bidder for cash, the following real estate, lying and being in Deep Gap, N. C.:

A tract of land known as the W. P. Welch place, containing 26 acres more or less; joining the lands of Mrs. Ida Welch, Clay Norris, J. E. Luther Sr., J. F. Welch and bordering Highway No. 421 and No. 60 eleven miles east of Boone, N. C. See Book 9, Page 207, Register of Deeds office for complete description of said lands.

This March 5th, 1934.

JASON MORETZ,
Trustee.