

# The Dollar Bride

Mary Inlay Taylor

SIXTH INSTALLMENT  
Day dawned at last and the sun rose gloriously—sunshine mocks at human misery.

It was shining in the kitchen window where Amanda, with her sleeves rolled up, was cutting potatoes. As she pared she sang: "Take me up an' set me down Spang in Heaven-town

Take me up—  
"Fo' de Lawd, Miss Nancy, yo' done startled me!"

Nancy had appeared unexpectedly upon the threshold. It was early but she was fully dressed for the street and wore a big hat that shaded her eyes.

"Mandy, I'm going out—I want something. Can I have a cup of coffee now?"

"I reckon so, Miss Nancy; I done made it a'ready."

Nancy sat down in a kitchen chair and took the big cup from Mandy's hands. The coffee was hot and golden brown; Nancy sipped it slowly, watching the deft brown hands at work.

"Take me up an' set me down Spang in Heaven-town."

## A TONIC Laxative

CONSTIPATION, with the annoying symptoms that usually come with it, cuts down organic force and disturbs normal health and well-being. A thorough cleansing of the digestive tract is of great assistance in the removal of sickening constipation symptoms.

When excessive accumulated waste matter disturbs and strains the muscles of the large intestines, rendering them temporarily unable to perform their wave-like evacuating movements, Theford's Black-Draught is useful in stimulating them to activity, which, again started, should continue regularly until some future disturbance interferes. In this way, Theford's Black-Draught is one of the TONIC laxatives, tending, as it does, to establish a regular habit of evacuation.

sang Amanda, pausing now and then as she flipped the slender slices of potatoes in the boiling fat.

"Take me up an' set me down Where dem angels keeps my crown!

Oh, dere ain't no moths up dere, Oh, dere ain't no rust to spare, Where dem angles shines my crown!"

Nancy choked down a little more hot coffee. Amanda, looking up, caught her in the act of setting the cup aside.

"Heah, yo' ain't a-goin', is yo'?" Yo' didn't drink half dat coffee. Deed, Miss Nancy, yo'll get malaria, yo' sho' will!"

But Nancy was already gone. In the path outside the door she turned and flung Amanda a smile over her shoulder. It was a pale young smile that seemed near tears.

It was very early in the morning and the street seemed to be flooded with light. There was old Major Lottax standing in his garden Nancy's heart sank, she hated to meet any one but she had to go that way.

"Hello, Nancy, going on a journey?" He was looking at her satchel.

"Just for a little while," she answered hurriedly, "how's Angie?" "Still living here. Better come in and see her," he advised, his eyes twinkling.

Nancy hurried. "I can't come in today, but—give my love, please," she faltered.

The major chuckled. "Think I'm a carrier pigeon, eh? Angie and I saw Roddy hurry by last week—what's wrong? He never looked at us, Nancy, went by like a shot."

Nancy felt a thrill of fear run through her. Did the old man know? She must not betray Roddy, she had saved him so far, she must not fail now. She swallowed the lump in her throat.

"He had to catch a train, that was all," she explained, "I'm sure he didn't see you."

Nancy hurried now. She had told Richard not to come for her, to wait at the station. She thought it wouldn't be easier to go there alone, but it was not; it was harder every minute. Then suddenly she saw him waiting for her quietly, standing at his own gate.

He seemed to loom up there, not the figure that her fevered dreams had conjured—as a child dreams of the bogie-man—but Richard, tall and strong. The same face, too, not handsome like Page Roemer's, but with something in it that frightened her. Yet his eyes were warm and glowing now and—yes, they were kind!

"I couldn't let you walk all the way there alone, Nancy," he said huskily, clasping her hand a moment and letting it go again, "I've felt a beastly coward, not to come to tell your father and mother, and take you off to a church like a man!"

"You did what I asked, Richard," she got her voice—at first she thought she couldn't—and they walked on together. Once she raised her eyes and gave Richard a sidelong look, and she was stricken by it. Again she saw how he loved her and it terrified her. It was like something mighty and irresistible. She was wicked. It was a wicked and sordid thing to do to a man who loved her.

"There's Mrs. Haddon," said Richard's voice and it sounded strange.

Nancy looked up at the motor and saw Helena's face at the window, her green eyes looking at them. She leaned forward, startled, bowing to them, and Nancy's cheeks grew rosy. Helena's eyes looked as if they knew, or thought they knew—something! Nancy, trying to hide her own trembling, saw her looking back, her eyes on Richard, and Richard red under his tan.



"I felt a beastly coward, not to come to tell your father and mother."

"Haddon's going on the train with us," he said quietly, they were in the station now. "He told me so last night. A pleasure trip—it won't bother us, Nancy."

She thought it would; she did not like Helena, and Kingdon Haddon was Helena's husband, and the president of the bank where Mr. Gordon had worked as a trusted clerk for twenty years. Helena would wonder why Nancy was going to Washington with Richard. Would they have to tell him? Her heart sank—it would make it so real before—before it happened. Unconsciously she faltered; her very lips grew pale. Richard saw it. Up to this moment he had been carried along by a rush of feeling, by the depth of his own passion for her, but now—in a moment—the thing fell to pieces. They were almost at the station when he stopped short.

"Nancy," his voice was harsh and broken, "I—I wish I knew—you make a fellow feel like a brute! I can't go on with this—if I'm forcing you to marry me against your heart!"

She stood still at his side, her profile toward him. She did not lift her eyes. "I—" she struggled with herself, and then steadily: "I pledged myself to marry you—if you want to refuse—"

"Nancy Virginia!" he caught her hand and held it fiercely. He fairly hurt it but she did not wince. They stood for a moment thus and then walked on; the force that was driving him now was too strong even for him, or he made no effort to resist it.

At the station, Richard held the door open and Nancy stepped inside. She stood still inside the station door. She was conscious that Richard had left her for a moment and,

## Traveling Around America

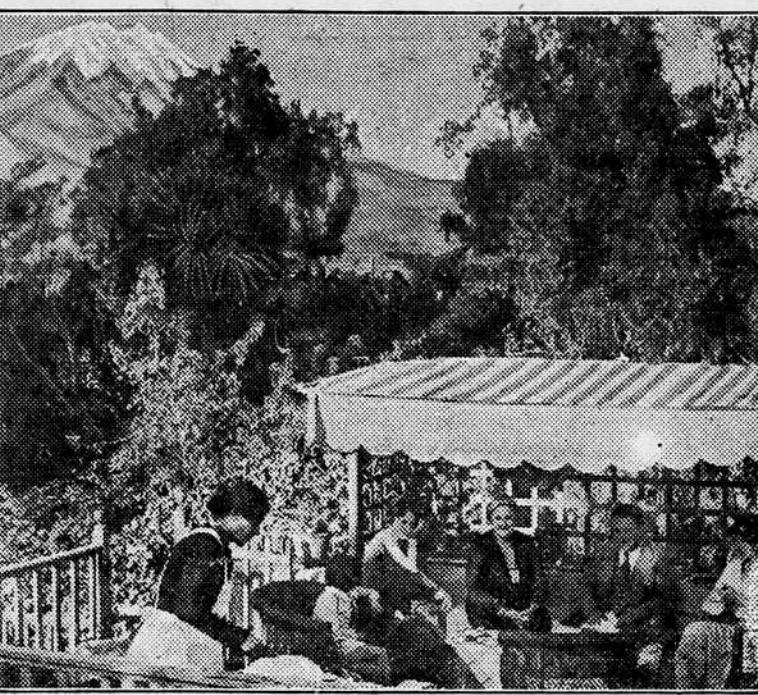


Photo Grace Line

### FAMOUS GODMOTHER SERVES TEA

ALTHOUGH godmother to 5,000 Aymara Indians, Mrs. Ana Bates (center) still finds time to mother the hundreds of celebrities from all over the world who visit her flower-covered inn which rests in the shadow of the hoary headed "Gentleman." El Misti in Arequipa, Peru. "Tia" (aunt) Bates as she has been affectionately nicknamed, has accumulated her Indian godchildren during more than thirty years of residence in South America—first as the only English-speaking woman in the Corocoro copper mines in Bolivia, and later in Arequipa.

Recently while visiting her girlhood home in New York "Tia" Bates told reporters that her first invitation to become godmother came from an Indian couple who somehow acquired the notion that she had "bueno mano" or lucky touch. This idea soon became popular, for the Indians are very superstitious. And the god-family in Arequipa has increased with amazing rapidity.

"Of course these 5,000 children are not all living," Mrs. Bates explained "and when death claims any of them it is my sorrowful duty as godmother to supply the shroud and tiny wooden coffin. Often I am asked to furnish also a yard of white ribbon. This the parents fasten to the shroud leaving the loose end hanging from the coffin—so the babe can pull its godmother up to Heaven."

An attractive, vivacious, motherly looking woman with twinkling eyes and an irresistible sense of humor, it is easy to understand why "Tia Bates" is so popular not only with the natives, but also with hundreds of travelers visiting Peru on the weekly cruises from New York and California. The "Quinta Bates" guest register reads like an international "Who's Who" and "Tia Bates" has become almost a national institution in South America.

shadows of the dusk had gathered. Terror and homesickness clutched at Nancy's heart; she looked up and met Richard's eyes, they frightened her; he saw through her, she knew he did!

"Richard, I must go home!" she panted. "I'm going to take you home," his voice shook, "my home is yours now, Nancy."

"Oh, I don't mean that I meant I'll have to tell father and mother now!"

"Then—" he paused an instant, not looking at her, you want to go home tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow?" her tone was tinged with agonized dismay. He meant to stay here then—or to go farther away still!

"You want to go home now?" he asked quietly, "at once?"

"Oh!" she drew a long breath, "I could!"

He was silent. They had reached the corner of the street and he stopped abruptly, apparently lost in thought.

"You mean—you'd like to go home alone—that—" he choked. For a long moment the man struggled with the mounting passion and fury in his soul. Then he turned quietly, without making her even aware of the tremendous effort he had made to control himself.

"Come with me now," he said coldly. "I've taken rooms at the hotel here, close by. You need rest—I can see that—and I must talk to you."

Something in his tone stung her;

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suddenly she remembered. She had begged his help and pledged herself. It was her doing, not his, and she was begging off! Even now, married to him, she was longing to escape to break her word. Had he found it out? She had a strange feeling of being in a dream and walking through an empty



"I'm going to take you home," his voice shook, "my home is yours now, Nancy."

street with a stranger—toward a fate yet more strange. His silence, too, began to weigh upon her. She thought suddenly that it was their wedding-day—his wedding-day—and he loved her! A feeling of remorse shot through her, a feeling of shame.

He had reached the hotel now and a small suite overlooking the same park that faced the church where they had been married.

The curtains had not been drawn and, moving mechanically to the nearest window, Nancy stood looking out upon the city street with blank unseeing eyes. All her senses seemed alive but one thing, Richard's presence and the sharper consciousness that they were alone together in a strange place.

To him it was a moment of intolerable complexity. He saw the girl he loved, his wife at last, young, lovely, appealing in her evident distress. Yet this, which should have been a moment of exultation and joy, was one of bitterness. How perfect she was, and she was his. The thought surged through him and kindled him like a flame. He forgot the way of getting her for an instant, because she was actually his!

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

The "back to the land" movement will probably be popular provided you don't have to do anything on the land except lie down in the shade during the hot weather.

It is declared the American people are losing their liberties, but many of the husbands will say that is nothing new

Some people who leave their automobiles out all night will probably be heard complaining because many cars are stolen.

Question asked, "What's wrong with marriage?" Well, some of the boys say the thing that's wrong is that their wives won't support them.

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