

The Dollar Bride

by Mary Inlay Taylor

FOURTEENTH INSTALLMENT

Richard stood still; a shock of horror shook him out of his preoccupation. He was not a vain man, but he could not have misunderstood her words of his manner.

He drew her hands into his. He made her sit down.

"For Heaven's sake, Helena, don't!" he implored her. "Command yourself—you'll be ill, indeed."

She caught the note in his voice and she laughed suddenly and wildly. "I'd better die," she said. "Why don't you say so, Richard?"

He flushed darkly, still holding her hand. "Helena, I'm King's friend, his physician; he trusts me. In God's name, what can I say? It can't be as bad as that!" he groaned. He could not tell her now that he and Nancy were married, not until Nancy gave him leave!

But Helena felt the chill of his silence even more bitterly than his words. She rose slowly to her feet, looking at him a little wildly. "Go and tell her!" she panted.

A Laxative that costs only 1¢ or less a dose

NEXT time you need medicine to act on the bowels, try Theodor's Black-Draught. It brings quick relief and is priced within reach of all. Black-Draught is one of the least expensive laxatives that you can find. A 25-cent package contains 25 or more doses.

Black-Draught is made of approved laxative plants, firmly ground so you take the medicine into your system just as naturally as you get nourishment from the food you eat.

Refreshing relief from constipation troubles for only a cent or less a dose—that's why thousands of men and women prefer Theodor's Black-Draught.

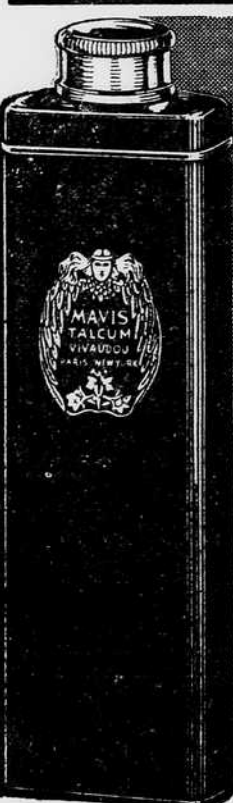
"NERVES" NO PROBLEM WITH ME!

I'VE HEARD THAT CAMELS USE FINER TOBACCOS, AND IT IS CERTAINLY TRUE THAT SINCE I STARTED SMOKING CAMELS I DON'T FEEL NERVOUS AND IRRITABLE ANY MORE.



CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS

YOU CAN SMOKE THEM STEADILY... BECAUSE THEY NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES... NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE!



If Mavis Talcum Powder was not a better talc—purer—actually beneficial to the skin, it would not be, as it is, the largest selling and most popular Talcum in the world.

Mavis Talcum protects without clogging the pores. It is indispensable for men, women and children—use all over at least once daily. Absorbs perspiration—deodorizes.

Mavis Face Powder is the perfect complement for face, throat and shoulders

By VIVAUDOU

25¢ 50¢ \$1.00
MAVIS TALCUM POWDER

he had some papers in his hand. He had, in fact, succeeded in selling out some old shares in a copper mine. He would be able to pay Richard Morgan another five hundred. He was half way to the center-table before he discovered her, and stopped short, looking at her over the top of his spectacles.

"Hello, Nancy! Got a headache?"

"I hurt my ankle—twisted it—that's all, Papa."

He came across the room and stood looking down at her kindly. "Which ankle? Whereabouts did you twist it, child?"

Nancy blushed. Richard bandaged it. I hurt it in the field as I left Angie Fuller's. He saw me fall, and—he drew a quick breath—"he's bound it up."

Her father eyed her shrewdly. "In the field? Nancy, you were running away from Morgan?"

Her eyes fell under his, and she winced miserably. He sat down in an arm-chair beside her and sighed heavily.

"Child," he said gently, "don't you want a divorce?"

He felt her start of amazement and fancied it was one of relief. She did not look up; she seemed to be considering his question.

"How can I get one, Papa?" her voice sounded smothered—"without telling people I'm married?"

"You might—there'd be some talk, of course. I put it up to Laverick the other day. He pointed out that it was not a marriage



"No, sir, she's not at home to you!" he said sharply.

in fact; there was a possibility of annulment. He said it might be suppressed a good deal if Richard—if the man would agree to keep his mouth shut, too."

Nancy stirred sharply, averting her face. She remembered Richard's cry: "I swear it, I won't give you up!"

She drew herself up on the couch, clasping her arms about her knees, a huddled figure. "I shan't ask for a divorce—I did it myself, Papa, and I've got to stand it!"

He turned and looked at her, and she saw the tears in his eyes.

"Good for you, Nancy!" he said, and put his shaking hand on her bright head.

He was holding her silently when the telephone bell rang sharply. Nancy started violently. Even Mr. Gordon looked startled, but he rose heavily, crossed the room and took up the receiver. His daughter saw his whole figure stiffen.

"No, sir, she's not at home to you!" he said sharply. "Yes, Mr. Gordon speaking. My daughter's not going to answer you, Good day!" and he hung up.

Then he turned and stared at Nancy, his face utterly transformed. The emotion of a few moments ago was lost in the wrath of his discovery.

"You're flirting with the Roemer boy still! He's been at the phone—thought I was out! Nancy, I'm ashamed of you."

She said nothing, still huddled on the lounge, her knees cradled in her arms.

"You said you wouldn't get a divorce, didn't you?" he went on with rising anger. "What d'you mean? You can't play fast and loose with two men. I—good Lord, girl, where's your mother? She's got to teach you sense—d'you hear? I won't have two men about. I'll—by the Lord Harry I'll shoot 'em both if you don't stop! D'ye hear me?"

Nancy winced again, but this time not from the pain in her ankle. "I hear you, Papa."

These were bitter days, too, for Page Roemer. He had been sure of Nancy Virginia. Then suddenly, out of a clear sky, the bolt fell.

Traveling Around America



Photo Grace Lins

BEAUTIFUL MISNOMERS

HERE is an open-air hat factory in Tabacucuda which turns out some of the most beautiful and yet the most mis-named hats that ever reach our markets. They are handsome, finely woven, light-as-a-feather chapeaus called "Panamas." Yet they have a little connection with Panama as dinner jackets have with Tuxedo. The hats are made in Ecuador and were christened "Panama" back in the days when the shipments were all made through the Isthmus.

Another erroneous belief in connection with Panamas is that the finest of them are woven under water. This idea probably originated from the fact that the weavers keep their finger tips moistened while braiding the straw in order to render it pliable and keep it from splitting. An even moisture and the dim light of dusk—for sunlight

has a tendency to dry out the strands of fiber and make them brittle—are essential to the creation of the best grade of hat. This means that the weavers must be up and about their work before daybreak. Watching these skillful hat-makers in operation, and bargaining for their beautiful creations is one of the pastimes of travelers visiting Ecuador on the fortnightly 24-day cruises from New York.

In making a Montecristi the weavers begin by uniting about sixty strands of fiber, increasing the number as the crown broadens out and the sides are developed, until at the edge of the brim they total sometimes more than a thousand fibers. The mesh is so extremely fine in the best quality of hat that it is like a fine cloth fabric and can be rolled up and slipped through a finger ring.

She had married Morgan against her will, she had married him secretly, and she refused to confess her motives.

He walked the floor at night, his nails biting deep into the palms of his hands. Out of these vigils of agony he emerged jagged but determined. Morgan shouldn't have her! He would take her away from him now by main force.

Love and Hate contended for his soul, and the love that he made his god was more dangerous to poor Nancy than hate.

But she did not know it. Stinging from her father's denunciations, shrinking from her mother's reproachful eyes, uncheered even by letters from Roddy, home was intolerable to Nancy. As soon as the hurt ankle let her walk without wincing she went out again, and she met Page. He was always lying in wait for her in his hours of leisure.

Not even Angie Fuller, who had taken a sudden unaccountable dislike to him, could prevent those encounters. One day, when the two girls were down in the river meadow, Page joined them. The two were so intent on each other that the girl left them, a little hurt and angry.

A storm was gathering, too, behind the hills. Angie saw it. She shook her head and went into the house, aware that her own heart was sinking. She had had no word of any kind from Roddy.

Nancy and Page walked steadily out on the old river road. There was a pungent fragrance in the very air.

Nancy drew a long breath. "How peaceful it is out here! What a beautiful world, Page."

He did not answer. Hate, that was working in his heart against Richard was suddenly swept aside by love. She looked so beautiful today.

They had walked a long way now and suddenly she realized it. She hesitated, looking about her.

"Where are we going, Page?"

"We're going to the end of the rainbow, Nancy."

She laughed faintly, startled, looking at him now, her eyes wide with surprise.

"We shan't find a treasure there," she said sadly; "it looks like a storm. We'd better turn back."

He caught her hand and held it fiercely. "Nancy, will you come on with me, or will you turn back to him?"

She stood still, and, instead of blushing she turned white and her lips tightened.

"Don't ask me," she said faintly, "don't talk of it now—I was happy here. Let me be happy for a little while, Page. I've been—so miserable!"

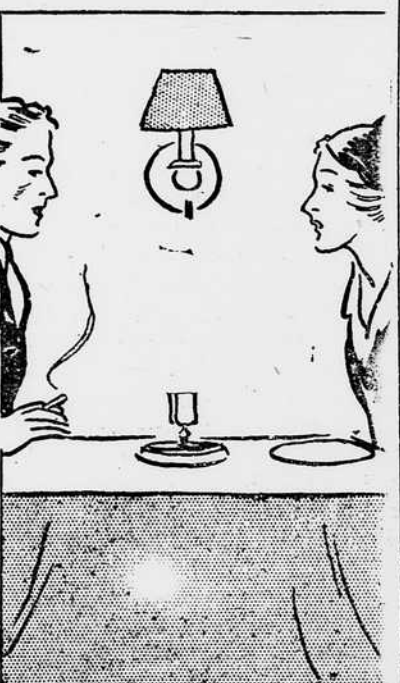
She shivered, shaking her head.

Nancy loved it; it had no terrors for her, the very fury of it helped her lift up her soul. Then a rush of wind came, torn leaves whipped about them, the rain began to fall in great drops.

"Come—we'll have to go into the inn over there," he said briskly, "you'll get wet Nancy." Nancy yielded to his guidance and ran across the lane into the old tavern that had been made into a roadhouse for the convenience of summer motorists.

The inn dining-room was long and barren, with here and there a group of small tables. As yet there were but few summer visitors. Only a few people were in the room, driven in by the coming storm.

"You'll take something, Nancy just for form's sake? People no-



"Free?" she sighed, "Oh Page, if I only could be free—as I use to be!"

—there's Haddon over there. His wife, too. The storm must have driven them in, too. He's been down to his racing stables. I reckon They're always quarreling, poor fools, I wonder they're together."

Their alcove isolated them. Page put his hand out suddenly and laid it over hers.

"Nancy, are you going to endure it? You're wretched, I see it! Break with him now—right off—before it is too late."

"Too late? What do you mean, Page?"

"I know what to do. Trust me, Nancy, let me—set you free!"

"Free?" she sighed, "Oh, Page, if I could only be free—as I used to be!"

"You can be—you shall be!" he said in a choked voice, "Nancy, I adore you—I won't give you up, I swear it, he sha'n't have you."

She did not look at him now. "He won't let me get it," she said faintly, "he won't give me up."

"I can't see how—he's like granite. Page. I can't make him yield."

"You can!" The girl lifted her head and looked at him questioning.

"Come to me," said Page thickly, passionately, "I love you—you love me. Come to me Nancy, we can go away from it all together. He'll know it's useless then. He'll get a divorce."

She stared at him innocently, bewildered.

"What do you mean, Page?"

He bent nearer, his face flushed, his eyes glowing, love triumphant and determined and unscrupulous, love without pity or remorse. He was sure of her now.

"Come to me, I said," he panted, "come now—today—let us go away together. The world's a big place. He can't follow us. We love each other. We have a right to our love—he has robbed us. It's like life—love is life—we'll be together—and Morgan"—he laughed wildly—"Morgan will get a divorce then!"

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

The baseball fans will always support a home team, provided it wins all the games.

"Fuzzy" Perry Wins



MIAMI... Farwell "Fuzzy" Perry, (above), son of John H. Perry, New York publisher, is 13 years old and weighs 80 pounds. He went fishing here and hooked a 40 pound barracuda. Fuzzy landed him alone and won his stripes to stand in the ranks of real Isaac Walton.

NEW PRICES Dry Cleaning 50c

Men's Suits, Ladies' Plain Dresses. Men's Hats Cleaned and blocked.

CASH AND CARRY
FARABEE BROS.
122 E. Innes Phone 243

Some authorities consider that men need 10 or 15 suits of clothes so as to be provided for all kinds of occasions, and the moths that flourish in our closets will certainly agree with that proposition.



Are you one of these nervous people who lie awake half the night and get up feeling "all in"? Why don't you do as other light sleepers have been doing for more than two generations—take Dr. Miles Nervine?

One or two pleasant effervescent Nervine Tablets or two or three teaspoonfuls of liquid Nervine will generally assure a night of restful sleep. Perhaps you will have to take Nervine two or three times a day just at first.

Nervous people have been using Dr. Miles Nervine for Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Irritability, Restlessness, Nervous Indigestion, Nervous Headache, Travel Sickness, for more than fifty years.

Dr. Miles' NERVINE
Liquid and Effervescent Tablets

Newsom & Co.
104 1/2 S. Main Street
Salisbury, N. C.
Expert Watch and Jewelry Repairing

Shoes rebuilt the better way. All kinds of harness, trunk and suitcase repairing.

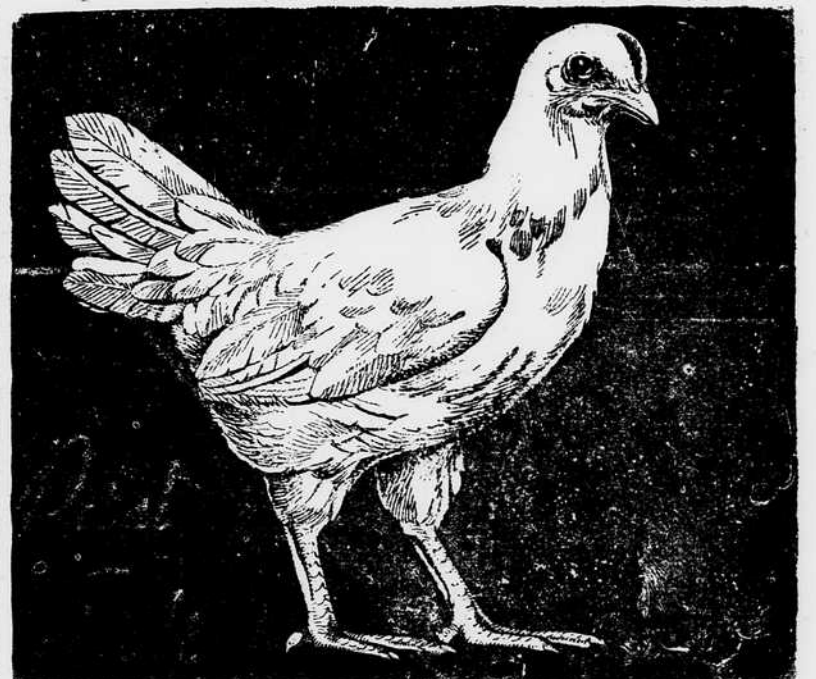
FAYSSOUX'S PLACE
Phone 433 120 E. Innes St.

Radiator Repairing

CLEANING AND RECORDING ALL MAKES

We Sell or Trade New and Second - Hand. We Are The Oldest and Most Reliable.

SEE US
EAST SPENCER MOTOR CO.
E. Spencer, N. C. Phone 1198-J



STARTENA DOES THE JOB!

ACTUAL RECORDS last year on 925,427 chicks fed STARTENA, show that 93 per cent of them lived. At six weeks of age, the light breeds averaged 17.4 ounces per chick; the heavy breeds 19.2 ounces per chick. No wonder there's a big swing to PURINA STARTENA this year. Feed it and get the kind of chicks you want at six weeks. It only takes two pounds per chick to do the job.



LUDWIG-HOLT
111 E. Innes St. Phone 296