

The Dollar Bride

by Mary Imlay Taylor

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SIXTEENTH INSTALLMENT

Nancy lifted the child gently on his pillow. "Now—quickly, don't be frightened, take off the old sheet and put on the clean one." Together they slipped the child into clean tights, and Nancy sponged her hot little face with cold water.

"Tony's more quiet see. the sponging did him good," she said gently, but her heart beat in her throat. The child seemed to be slowly choking to death.

Richard, Richard! Her heart cried again desperately. It seemed impossible that she could need him so, but she did.

At last she stopped and looked about her. It was better! The atmosphere had cleared, the floor was bare and clean, the bed absolutely white and fresh. She took hold of the sobbing woman and led her to the chair beside the bed.

Nancy ran into the outer room and began to iron towels with feverish energy. Would Richard never come? Perhaps Henry had been thrown by Polestar, perhaps the roads were impassable—but, no, no! She would not believe it, he

would come, he must come!

Nancy laid the clean towels in a row beside the clean basin, ready for the hot water that was steaming in the kettle. Then she went to the bedside. The boy was very still, his glassy eyes stared and his parched lips were open. Was he breathing? He gasped and she drew a long sigh of relief.

"Don't cry so! she checked the poor mother pitifully. "Don't! He hears you. The doctor must get here soon now, he must!" she ran to the window.

Would Richard never come?

Then, suddenly, she saw him, coming over the crest of the hill on foot. Of course! She ought to have known it; he couldn't drive his car past that telephone pole.

How strong he looked, how cool, and this man was her husband! It seemed to her that she stopped breathing; then the child's gasps grew suddenly audible. She ran to the door and tore it open.

"Oh, Richard, I'm afraid he's dying," she whispered, holding the door open.

He came in and shut the door with his shoulder.

"Where's the patient? he asked briefly.

"In there!" she pointed to the inner room, a catch in her throat.

He did not notice it. His eyes went to the room. His glance swept over the preparations with something like a flash of surprise, but he said nothing. She saw him put the frantic mother gently aside and bend over the child. Deftly, silently, swiftly, he made his examination, raised up, and turned to face them.

Nancy was trying to coax the frantic woman away, but she broke out in a hoarse whisper: "Bet he dyin', doctor?"

"No! Be quiet, please. Leave the room. I must be alone, I've got work to do."

Nancy drew the woman gently away.

Mrs. Kinney dropped into a chair and Nancy ran back.

"Here are towels, and I've got plenty of hot water. I can help you?"

He turned from his open surgical case and there was no response in his face at all.

"No! You ought to be at home. This is diphtheria, I'm going to put a pipe in his throat—leave me, please!"

"Oh, poor child; Richard, she can't help, you need help. Let me help you?"

"No!" he motioned to the door, impatience in his gesture. "Leave the room, please!"

He did not want her. He would not let her help! She turned and walked slowly to the door.

Then she heard the woman's voice, broken and husky.

"Th' doctor's savin' him," she said. "He's like God, ain't he? Working 'ter save life an' gettin' no pay for it."

Nancy made no answer. The woman had begun mechanically to feed the fire to keep hot water ready, and the girl helped her.

"Have you had anything to eat?"

"Me eat? Fer th' love o' Mike, however kin th' likes of me git time ter eat—an' him so sick!"

"Oh!"

Nancy found a little tea, half a loaf of dry bread, some sugar, and she managed to spread an old clean napkin on the end of the table. Then she sliced and toasted bread and made tea.

In spite of herself, Nancy watched Richard covertly. In the stern conflict that he waged, she had no place at all! She felt suddenly insignificant. Her very rage at his domination dwindled. She was



"Where's the patient?" he asked briefly

spellbound; she had never noticed before how strong he was, how powerful and deft his hands in their dangerous office.

Nancy put the kettle back and dropped down on the floor beside the old stove, furious.

She had gone to this man and offered to marry him. After she had refused him, she had given herself to him legally. And tonight she had seen not even looked at her.

Nancy could not stand it. She got up and went to the door and opened it. It was pitch black outside. She could not go; she wanted to go home—she was willing to wade through the night and the water, anything, to get away! But she could not; there the door silently and turned back, she did not want to see him again, but she could not help it.

He had his watch in his hand and was counting the child's pulse. It did not matter to him whether she went or stayed—so long as she did not obstruct him in his work. The strain on her mind gave way suddenly; she felt as if she had fallen through space; she did not matter at all! She sat down, huddled on the window sill and stared out at the night.

Mr. Gordon, scorning to admit anxiety, sat up late, waiting for Nancy. Before the storm reached its height, Mrs. Gordon had phoned to Angie Fuller to know if Nancy had been there. Angie's reply that she had left before the rain began, worried the poor woman.

Mr. Gordon, pretending to read his newspaper, grunted.

"I've thought for some time that my children didn't have sense enough to come in when it rained!" he growled.

But all the same he sat up himself. Long after he had driven his worried wife upstairs, he tramped up and down the old room.

He went to the windows and threw open the shutters. It was morning now and the rain-swept earth smelled sweet. A mackerel sky showed its golden scales all over the rosy east. Mr Gordon stared down into his own garden. The Japanese quince was violently He had heard his old gate creak on its hinges.

"The child's come home!" he thought with sharp relief.

But he opened the door to Page Roemer. The young man's clothing was wet and muddy, but Mr. Gordon did not see it.

"Is Nancy here, Mr. Gordon?" Page asked anxiously.

"I believe I've forbidden you the house," replied Nancy's father.

Page leaned against the doorpost.

"Mr. Gordon, your daughter was down at the inn when the storm broke yesterday afternoon. She went out—at its height—no one knows where. We can't find a trace of her!"

"When was it?" he asked. "and why did she leave?"

Page's answers were vague, but he said that Helena Haddon and her husband were both there. Helena had been with him, leading her car to help in the search.

"Go on, make what inquiries you can," he said sharply to Page.

"Try the Lomaxes, I've got to speak to my wife—then I'll look myself!"

"I've been there!" Page's face set itself, then he looked at dr. Gordon. "I went to Morgan's, but he's out, been out all night!"

Mr. Gordon said nothing. He shut the door in the young man's face and went upstairs.

"Nancy was at the inn when the storm broke, The Haddons were out there; that Roemer boy's just come here to tell me. Of course Nancy got out of it to shake him

Traveling Around America



Photo Grace Lines

"THE GENTLEMAN"

THE white-headed "gentleman," El Misti, forms a stately background for Arequipa, one of the most charming towns in Peru. With his two brothers, the magnificent Pichu Pichu and Chachani, this sleeping volcano has been watching over Arequipa since it first came into being as a little halfway station on the old Inca trail between Cuzco and the coast. Back in those days the village was used as a resting place by Indian runners whom the Incas dispatched to the sea to bring fresh fish to the monarchs in Cuzco. Later, when Pizarro recognized in it an ideal place for a Spanish stronghold between the interior and the coast, it became the seat of a bishop.

Today Arequipa's chief attractions to visitors are the portal-lined plaza with the shops and cafes clustered round it, an exceptionally beautiful

Cathedral, the market place animated with colorful Indians, and above all, the magnificent vistas presented by the mountains.

From Mollendo, port for the weekly "Santa" cruises from New York and California to Peru and Chile, Arequipa is approached by rail over a route leading through the colorful desert of Islay across which strange crescent-shaped sand dunes have been parading for centuries. The desert is one of the few in the world from which snow-capped mountains rise. The peculiar clearness of the desert air together with the height of El Misti has led to its being selected by Harvard as the site of its astronomical observatory for mapping out the stars of the southern hemisphere, and it is said that not even in the great deserts of Africa do the stars shine more brightly than here.

Black-Draught For Dizziness, Headache Due To Constipation

"I have used Theford's Black-Draught several years and find it splendid," writes Mr. G. W. Holley, of St. Paul, Va. "I take it for dizziness or headache (due to constipation). I have never found anything better. A short while ago, we began giving our children Theford's Black-Draught as a laxative for colds and little stomach ailments, and have found it very satisfactory." . . . Millions of packages of Theford's Black-Draught are required to satisfy the demand for this popular, old reliable, purely vegetable laxative. 25¢ a package. "Children like the Syrup."

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MEMBER N. R. A.

off. Don't worry Mama; I'm going to see about the telephone. our wire's down on top of the Japanese quince."

Mrs. Gordon crept out of bed and dressed herself. She came downstairs before Amanda made the coffee, and tried to set the breakfast table, when Amanda came out from the kitchen.

"I'm makin' biscuits. Mis' Gordon, an' Miss Haddon's autermobill's at de gate—I reckon yo' all gots ter go ter de doah yo'se'f."

Helena came up the path alone. Mrs. Gordon was agitated when she opened the door.

"Oh, Mrs. Haddon, where's Nancy?" she cried.

"I came here—I hoped she'd come home," Helena replied gently.

"I've been nearly crazy all night," she said weakly. "Mr. Gordon's sure she's stopped somewhere—because of the storm. Page came here a while ago."

Helena laid her hand on her shoulder. "Don't worry," she said with a sweetness that went to Mrs. Gordon's heart. "I'm sure she's safe—isn't there anybody you can think of—she might know?"

The poor woman forgot herself entirely. "If our phone wasn't out of order—I'd call up Richard Morgan—she might be there, she—"

she stopped short, catching herself. Helena's long eyes glimmered

Richard was still with the child, but the crisis had passed in the night and his poor mother, in the collapse of relief, was lying asleep on the floor. Nancy, shut out of the sick-room, was trying to get ready to walk home.

She was putting on the wracks of her shoes when there came a knock at the door. Richard himself came to answer it. He was still in his shirt sleeves. He had stripped off his collar and the strong cords in his throat showed like the scrolled muscles of an athlete.

The next moment the door opened and the broad sunshine showed her Helena and Page Roemer. Helena caught at Richard's arm.

"Richard!" she cried anxiously, "you're killing yourself! It's not right—we can't let you do it—you're too valuable!"

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

Mr. Gordon, scorning to admit anxiety, sat up late waiting for Nancy.

under their heavy lids. So, she thought, there is something in it! She thought she knew it all now. The mystery of Polestar's condition—discovered late the night before—had been explained just before he left the house. Henry had confessed to Kingdon Haddon. He had also told where Morgan went.

Amanda came to the door, "Mist' Page Roemer's outside, m'm. He'd like ter see Mis' Haddon."

Helena leaned over and deliberately kissed Mrs. Gordon. "He's going with me. We'll find her. Don't be frightened," she said.

"I know where she is, dear boy," she said softly to Page. "I've just found out—we'll go and get her. She can't walk home through this



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Cheap Gains Made Before Pigs Weaned

At no time in a pig's life will he make as cheap gains as when he is properly fed during the suckling period.

"One should be guided in feeding spring-farrowed pigs by the use to be made of these pigs when they are ready for slaughter," says Earl H. Hostetler, in charge of swine research for the North Carolina Experiment Station at State College. "During the suckling period however, all pigs should be fed the same regardless of how soon they are to be marketed. If the sow is to farrow two litters of pigs annually, she should be full fed during the last five or six weeks of the suckling period so that she might supply her own body as well as that of the litter with the necessary nutrients."

Hostetler points out that where the sow is fed by hand, the pigs should be allowed access to shelled corn in a creep in addition to what they may get from the sow's feed. Where the sow is fed from a self-feeder, the pigs may eat with her and will need no additional feed.

During the period before the pigs are weaned, it is important for the sow and her litter to have ample and fresh, succulent grazing. This will stimulate the milk flow and encourage growth in the young pigs. The corn or other carbohydrates fed should be supplemented with an adequate supply of protein, such as fish meal or tankage, Hostetler says.

He also points out that spring pigs intended for sale this fall should be continued on full feed and be pushed to gain as rapidly as possible. Those pigs intended as breeding animals should also be full fed until they weigh about 75 pounds each, then the grain ration may be limited. The pigs intended to be kept for a home feast supply next winter should receive a limited feed until time to push them for slaughter.

In Treasury Dept



WASHINGTON . . . Thomas Jefferson Coolidge (above), Boston banker, photographed at his desk when he took over U. S. Treasury fiscal affairs as assistant to Secretary Moranbau.

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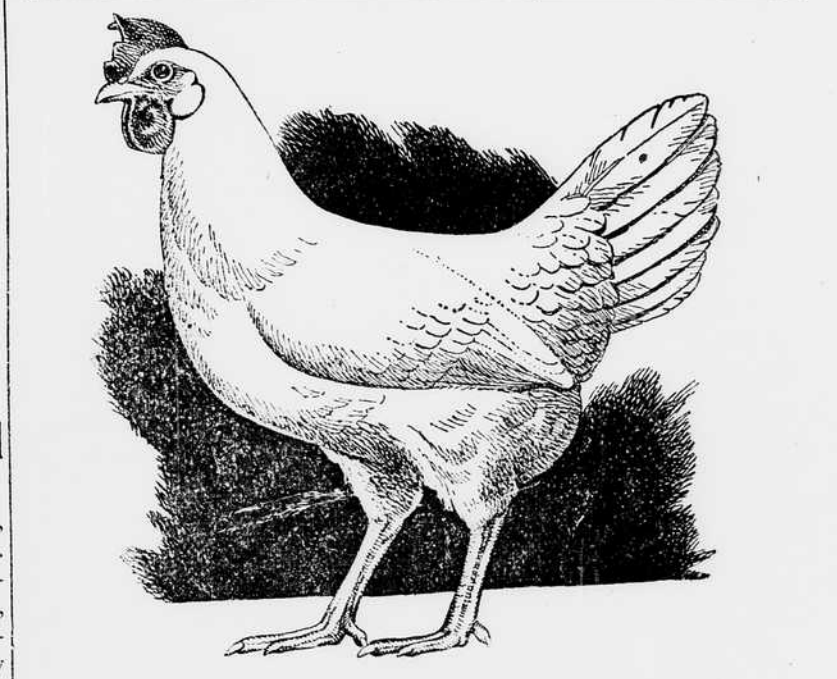
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Roy B. Miller Now Aboard USS Portland

Savannah, Ga.—Roy B. Miller, son of Mr. and Mrs. Bachman H. Miller of China Grove, is now stationed aboard the USS Portland, one of the latest 10,000 ton cruisers, according to announcement by Lt. Col. A. B. Drum, Commanding Marine Corps Recruiting Station, Post Office Building, Savannah, Ga.

Miller enlisted in the Marine Corps on January 19, 1932, and upon completion of his training at Parris Island, S. C., was assigned to duty at Headquarters Company, Parris Island, and later transferred to the Sea School, Portsmouth, Va., from which place he was assigned to duty aboard the Cruiser Portland and promoted to the rank of Private First Class.

Marines aboard ship man the secondary batteries, or torpedo defense guns, and the anti-aircraft guns, perform guard duty, and when landing operation are necessary, are first ashore when trouble threatens.

They tell us to show spring feeling in our clothes, and it is also well here in Salisbury to show some signs of spring cleaning on our overalls.