

# The Dollar Bride

by Mary Inlay Taylor

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17th INSTALLMENT

"Don't touch me, Helena," Richard said, not urgently, looking down at her kindly, "it's diphtheria."

"I don't care!" she cried, "you're worn out—where's the nurse? Who's that? Why—Nancy Gordon?"

Nancy, facing them sullenly, felt that she looked a fright.

"I came in because of the storm," she said sharply, "I'm going now!"

"My car's up the road. Page help Nancy over the hill; she's exhausted, too," said Helena sweetly, "been sick nursing all night, I suppose?"

"No, she hasn't; she can't stay, and you either, Helena," said Richard sharply. "Roemer, can you take a message for me? Send my man down here."

"Of course. I'll phone—I reckon some wires are up. Mrs. Haddon, you're coming with Nancy and me?"

Nancy, at the door, looked back full in their faces. She was outlined against the sunshine, small and slight and mighty defiant.

"I'm not going in the car, I'm going on foot," she said flatly. Richard, I'll send the nurse, if she can leave her case."

"Nancy—" Richard took a step forward, but she never turned her head. They could see her walking straight and steadily across the wet path to the road.

Page uttered an exclamation and ran after her. Nancy was at the top of the hill when he overtook her.

Unconsciously, the other two stood at the door and watched. They saw Page reach her and Nancy turned, said something, and walked on. But the young man nothing daunted, pressed close behind her.

Helena, watching and listening keenly, heard the fierce catch in Richard's breath. Then she looked up at him and stood still, her heart beating heavily against her breast. All the life and the light had run out of his look. "A lover's quar-

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the hotel. I've never said a word about it—and, look here, Helena, you can't either. Mind that, I won't be party to a scandal!"

"Why?" she asked in a smother-



"I love her—" he said with magnificent simplicity.

rel," she said lightly, "they were together yesterday at the inn. It was a quarrel that made her run out—he's been mad looking for her."

Richard stood rigid. Helena's hand tightened on his arm. She dared it all on one toss of the dice!

"Page is a good fellow," she said dreamily, "and—it's a pity—I don't think she's worth it, is she?"

He turned and looked straight into her face. "I love her!" he said with magnificent simplicity. Then he shook her hand off. "You'd better go home at once, Helena. You'll get diphtheria here!"

She broke down wildly, clenching her hands against her breast, her long eyes blazing the anger at him.

"I wish I could," she panted, "I wish I could."

But even her fury did not move him now; he sent her home.

Helena was late coming home that day. Haddon had returned from the bank, and was sitting in his study when he heard his wife enter the house.

"How's Polestar?" she asked lazily.

Haddon stopped smoking for a moment. "He's going to get over it. I sent for Arlou—first rate man, you know. That confounded boy!"

Helena laughed hysterically. "It wasn't the boy's fault," she said. "I've been out with Page Roemer searching for that girl—you know she ran out of the inn in the rain? Page is in love with her, and I had to help him find her. Where do you suppose she was?"

Haddon shrugged. "How the devil do I know? With Morgan I suppose."

His wife started. A new and rending suspicion laid hold of her. "You look fagged out. Better get Johnson to make you a stiff cup of coffee," he advised coolly. "You look all in."

"She was with Morgan. She'd gone into that wretched Kinney woman's shack. The child's down with diphtheria. She and Morgan were there all night, if you please, taking care of that child!"

Haddon threw his head back and laughed heartily.

"Mighty convenient to have diphtheria sometimes, isn't it?"

His cool enjoyment of a thing that was biting into her very soul infuriated Helena.

"You met Nancy Gordon in Washington—I mean, you saw her there once, King," she said slowly, with studied coolness. "I remember your saying something—what was she doing there anyway?"

He laughed shortly, a malicious light showing in the back of his eyes.

"She was with Dick Morgan, that's all," he answered her dryly. "They left here together—the day I went to the golf tournament. Afterwards, I went to register at

the hotel. I've never said a word about it—and, look here, Helena, you can't either. Mind that, I won't be party to a scandal!"

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## Traveling Around America

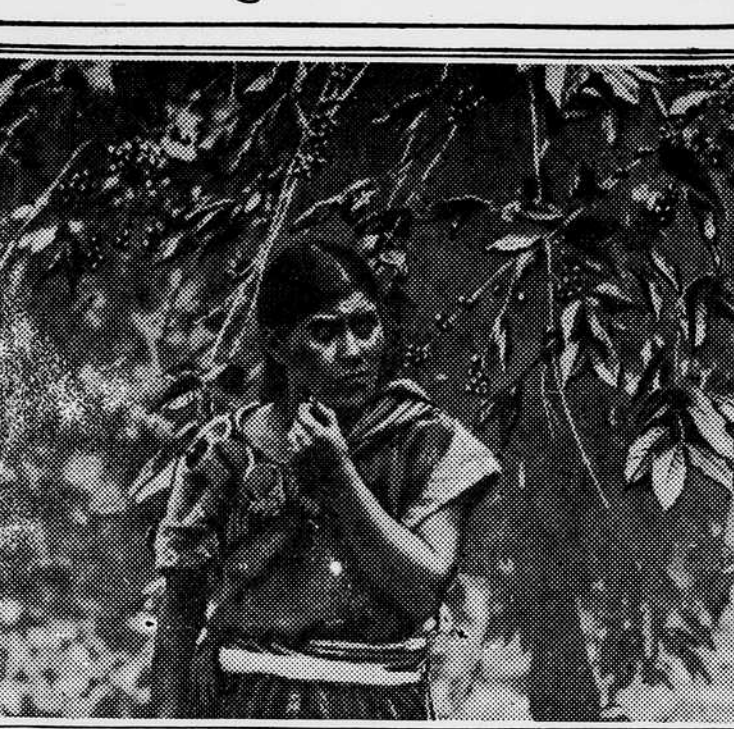


Photo Grace Line

### TASTING COFFEE CHERRIES

THIS Guatemalan housewife never heard of sealed cans nor dating, but she certainly knows her coffee—and how it should be grown. Most of her life she has been working on one plantation or another, as have most of her kinsmen, for just about everything in Central America revolves around the coffee fincas.

These vast plantations are one of the sights most enjoyed by travelers visiting the Central Americas on the weekly cruises between New York and California. It is little wonder, for activities centering around the fincas and benefits are always entertaining, and the coffee groves themselves are remarkably beautiful at any season of the year. The low coffee trees—they are generally kept pruned down to a height of six or eight feet—stretch in long straight rows ten or twelve feet apart between avenues of shade trees, often cacao

or petate, used to help keep the temperature and moisture around the coffee plants uniform. When in blossom the dark green, waxy-leaved trees bear clusters of dainty, slender-petaled white flowers which completely blanket the trees and fill the air for miles around with a perfume more fragrant than that of orange blossoms.

Coffee cherries first appear as clusters of green berries which deepen to brilliant red then dark maroon as the coffee ripens. The trees usually begin to bear after three years and although a pound is considered a good yield for one tree, many yield as much as four pounds in a season; and the largest plantation, 500,000 to 600,000 pounds. The finest flavored coffee is grown in high altitudes—as high as 5,000 feet—and much of it on the fertile slopes of volcanoes.

She can't keep her seat on one Jack Fuller's horses. I believe you're a reckless young devil, Nancy. I suppose you'll go it strong?"

Angie sobbed. "I—I'd like to kill Dr. Morgan!"

"You haven't told me what it is yet," said her uncle dryly.

"I hate to soil my mouth with such talk!" his niece cried, her face aflame.

Little by little the old man drew story out of her. It had grown since Helena started it, and it was very reasonable.

The major drummed on his desk with his fingers, his eyes fixed on the distant view from his windows. He had known Richard from boyhood. Not a usual boy, a good deal of a man always, the major thought.

"It's a darned lie, Angie," he said finally.

"Of course it is!" she agreed, "and you've got to stop it, Uncle Robert."

The major patted her hand. "That's right! I like to hear you, but you can't stop women's tongues, child. You'd better get Nancy to come out with the truth. That's the way to meet it."

"As if she had anything to tell—she can't have!" Angie turned indignantly eyes upon him.

He shook his head. "No! But there's something at the bottom of it; too much smoke, Angie."

It was ten days before Haddon heard the story, a garbled story, but he came home white with rage.

"By God, Helena, if I thought you'd started this!" he stormed fiercely, finding her alone in her room.

She looked him over from head to foot, beautiful and insolent.

"Do you imagine you were the only one to read that register?" she asked cuttingly.

He recoiled in spite of himself. Of course he had been a fool and flown off the handle about Nancy.

"No," he answered coldly.

"Lord!" he said, "women are the devil!" and he heard his wife's laugh as he shut the door.

At first, Nancy suspected nothing, but she felt a change, subtle, complete, chilling. The old friendly atmosphere seemed to recede and leave her marooned. She fancied that it had something to do with Polestar. Haddon had made a great deal of that incident, he had disgraced Henry and told the whole story. Major Lomax overtook her one day on her way home.

"Going down to Warrenton tomorrow to spend the day with Angie and her cousin?" he asked pleasantly.

Nancy smiled. "Why, yes, Angie asked me—she says her cousin told her she might bring a friend. There's a cross country race, isn't there?"

The old man nodded. "Angie won't ride, I've forbidden her.

### Nosegay Holder of '65



CHICAGO . . . Seventy years ago a Belle of Pike County, Illinois flourished the dainty sterling nossegay holder, as shown by Lucille Jenkins, (above). In competition here it won second prize in the personal adornment contest. . . . Note the silver ring and chain to prevent dropping.

## Acquit Bishop Of Concealing Campaign Funds

A jury in District of Columbia Supreme court on Friday found Bishop James Cannon, Jr., and Ada L. Burroughs innocent of any attempt to conceal campaign contributions in 1928.

After three hours of deliberations, during which the jury took four ballots, it brought to the bishop, sitting tensely forward on the edge of his chair, and Miss Burroughs, standing stiffly grasping a table, an acquittal on both counts of the indictment against them.

On the first ballot, the jury voted nine innocent, one guilty of willfully violating the corrupt practices act and two unlawfully but unlawfully violating. The second ballot found 10 voting to acquit and two that the funds were unlawfully not reported. The third ballot was 11 to one for acquittal.

The charges involved money given Bishop Cannon by Edwin C. Jameson, a New York insurance executive, for use in the campaign in Virginia, and other southern states against Alfred E. Smith.

The United States may not be prepared for war, but it is even less prepared for peace.

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It costs money to be sick. You see it directly if your pay envelope is short. You lose out on some important work if you live on a farm or if you are one of the few who are not docked for lost time. You can't afford to show up on the job unless you are feeling fit. The boss wants results—not excuses.

How many times do Gas on Stomach, Headache, Sour Stomach, "That Tired Feeling," "That Morning After" Feeling, Neuralgic, Rheumatic, Sciatic, Muscular or Periodic Pains keep you at home or interfere with your doing a full day's work?

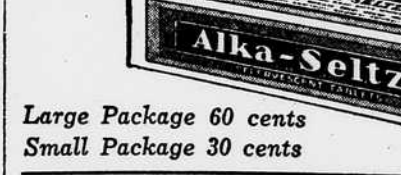
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Why don't you try it? Get a drink at your drug store soda fountain for a nickel. Buy a package for home use.



Large Package 60 cents  
Small Package 30 cents

These are said to be times that test men's souls, but the men will have to walk more to test their sole leather much.

The Bible says it's not good for man to be alone, but there isn't much danger of it here in Salisbury when so many people are trying to sell us things.

The motorist who makes a letter "S" as he wabbles through the street, should be required to make a straight letter "I" direct to jail.

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Doctors throughout the world agree there is no greater folly than to buy and take unknown drugs. Ask your own doctor.

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Remember that doctors endorse Genuine Bayer Aspirin as SAFE relief for headache, colds, sore throat, pains of rheumatism and neuritis, etc.

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Genuine Bayer Aspirin does not harm the heart



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