

# The Dollar Bride

by Mary Inlay Taylor

19th INSTALLMENT  
Her lips were dry. "Stealing?" "No!" he snapped, then his hands clenched on the edge of the bed and he choked back a sob. "She took that money—the money I stole to save her old father from jail—and bought a trousseau—and got married—and went to Europe!" He staggered to his feet, shaking his fist at space. "Went to Europe!" he shouted, "her old father was all a blooming lie—she went to Europe with the man she'd been engaged to for two years!" Nancy, sitting alone on the edge of the bed now, gasped with relief. "I'm so glad," she cried, "so glad!"

Roddy stopped in his furious outburst to glare at her. "Money! She wanted money!" he raved, "a woman who uses a man's love for her—to get money—!" he stopped, choking, "there's nothing bad enough for a woman like that!" "I've got nothing to live for," Roddy went on, "the world's rotten—I'm twenty-three and I've drained life to the dregs! I've thrown up my job, sis, I couldn't face it any longer—I'd lied enough for her. I resigned." "Rod, you didn't—you didn't owe anything, did you?" "No! Not a dam' cent—what do I want with money? The whole world's like a rotten apple, the inside's ready to come out! I went on a spree, Nance, the biggest spree I ever had. I—" he sank down in a

chair opposite and rested his head on his clenched fists—"I'm a darned loafer. I ought to be shot. I've disgraced you all. I've stolen. I'm out of work. Why don't you shoot me, Nance?" His sister did not answer him; she was choked with her own misery. It had been no use, no use in the world; she had not saved Roddy, shaking his fist at space. "Went to Europe!" he shouted, "her old father was all a blooming lie—she went to Europe with the man she'd been engaged to for two years!" Roddy stared at her, his jaw dropping; suddenly the selfishness of his own anguish was penetrated. Nancy's forlorn cry went to his heart.

"Nancy, I'm a rotter!" he groaned, "I'm no good on earth!" "Neither am I!" Nancy's voice was smothered, "I'm—I'm just as bad! It's my fault—I—I've made everything worse!—I—it's all gone for nothing!" "It hasn't—listen!" he came over and seized her by the shoulder, almost shaking her, "it hasn't gone for nothing—if you mean that confounded money? I paid it all in—they never said a word about it; I've thought, sometime, that old Beaver knew—but he's only watched me, that's all. And now—well, they don't need to worry about me any more—I quit." "Roddy, we thought you'd try to make good!" He crimsoned with shame. It seemed to take the high tragedy out of it. Nancy, watching him, saw how he felt. She got up slowly from her seat on his bed and went to him. "Come home soon, Roddy," she whispered, "please come home—we all love you—all of us! Don't hurt us any more!" Nancy shut the door softly and went downstairs. Richard was standing with his back to his own door when she came down. "Thank you for Roddy," she said with stiff lips, "please send him home."

"Nancy," said Richard hoarsely, "you're unhappy, I see it. I won't hold you against your will. You can get a divorce. I—you want it, don't you?" She turned her face away, refusing to look at him. "The sooner the better!" she cried, and ran past him out of the house. The task of telling Mr. Gordon about Roddy fell to Nancy; her mother would not face it. Mr. Gordon's face worked. "Give him another chance, Papa! Poor Rod!" Mr. Gordon passed his other hand over his face, then he let it fall heavily on his daughter's shoulder. "My poor girl! You ruined your life for that—that young scoundrel!" She did not trust herself to look

up. "Nancy Virginia," her father said at last, slowly, "I won't have this secret kept any longer—you've got to get a divorce. I'll—make that fellow give it to you!" Nancy rose slowly to her feet. "He says I can have it," she told him, moving away from him. "He doesn't want me, that's all," she added with a little gasp. She ran upstairs and shut herself in her own room. Dropping on the edge of the bed, she stared out of the window with unseeing eyes. In her pocket was a letter from Page Roemer; in it he sued for forgiveness—pleading his love. "Forgive me, trust me, I only want to serve you."

Nancy tore it in little pieces, just as Page Roemer had torn her love for him in little pieces and trampled it in the mire—when he asked her to run away with him. Roddy, tramping in the wet meadow grass, had gotten to the bottom of his misery. "Pretty white to treat a poor devil like me so well!" he mused bitterly, with that rush of friendship for Richard that comes to a man at the end of his tether. No one had told him that he owed his freedom to Richard. Roddy, in the rush of his friend-



"Roddy, we thought you would try to make good."

hip and gratitude to Richard, did not know how he owed. He was tramping up and down the river meadow in the dusk when he came suddenly upon old Major Lomax. "Eh, there!" he shouted. Roddy stumbled. He knew the voice and it brought a rush of memory. "It's only Rod Gordon, Major," he said in a choked voice. The old man set down his lantern and held out his hand. "Come and shake hands then, sir," he said sharply, "dread it, I thought I'd caught my chicken thief!" Red in the face, Roddy came up and shook hands. The old man wung the lantern in his face. "Been drinking," he asked grimly. "You look fishy, but come in—Angie hears your voice." Roddy wanted to escape. Then he looked up and saw the girl in the lighted doorway. Before he knew it, he was holding her soft cool hands in his. "Come in, come in," said the major testily, "I'm playing chess tonight with Haddon, but you and Angie can talk if you've a mind to." The major, hanging his lantern on a hook by the door, surveyed him. "Beaver says you've given up," he remarked sharply, "going to turn into a foot-paid, young man, or a toe-dancer—which?" "Uncle Robert!" gasped Angie. Roddy swallowed hard. "I'm going to work here," he answered thickly. "I'm looking for a job near home this time—I'm done with New York." "New York's done with you," corrected the major grimly. "I'll give you a job," he said flatly, "got one in the insurance office now—twenty dollars a week to start—and no fooling. Take it, Rod?" Roddy gasped. "I'd—I'd like to think about it, sir." The major laughed shortly. Then he heard their maid-of-all-work admitting a visitor. "There's Haddon! Did you set out the chess table, Angie? All right, then, you take this young firebrand in hand down the hall to meet Haddon, but throw a word back over his shoulder, 'Better take it, Rod, unless—you want to jockey for Polestar.'" Roddy said nothing. "Won't you sit down, Rod?" He swung around and found her, sitting in her corner, just as she used to sit. "Angie, I'm not fit to lace your boots!" he cried impetuously. She was startled. "I'm so sorry, uncle was rude—" she flattered, "please don't mind it, Roddy. He means to be kind."

## Traveling Around America

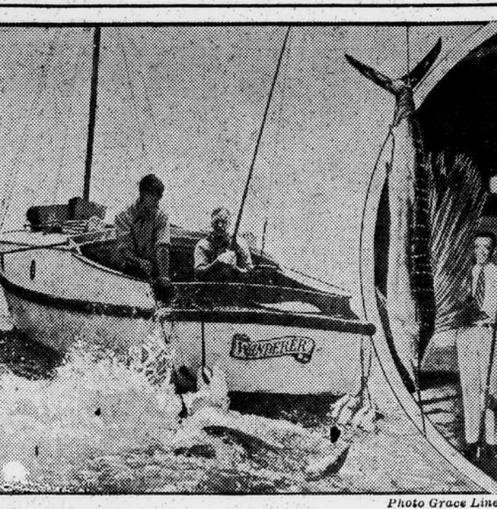


Photo Grace Lino

**FISH—PANAMA STYLE**  
THIS sailfish, when encountered, was speeding across Panama Bay with the pep of an old-time full-rigger. It was finally captured by a passenger on one of the weekly cruises between California and New York who stopped off in Panama between ships for a week or two of fishing. His method was to troll a "teaser" behind the launch and a cut bait back of it. The largest sailfish ever taken from these waters weighed 174 pounds. Panama Bay and the Gulf are fast becoming a popular rendezvous of the "big-time" fishermen. In addition to sailfish these waters shelter many of the best fighters in the game. Marlin swordfish, one weighing 353½ pounds, have been taken by local sportsmen. There are skipjacks which are excellent sport with light tackle; amberjacks which are very game and found

usually in the vicinity of Pearl Islands; rooster fish which give a great battle, leaping from the water like tarpons; the hard-fighting yellow-jack-crevilles, which stay down deep and require a great deal of patience ere they are brought to gaff; and the wahoo kingfish which puts up a long hard fight.

Spanish mackerel are very plentiful and run in large schools. Tuna are prevalent off-shore and must be trolled for at a fast clip. Dolphin-rainbows found in driftwood about 15 miles offshore, are great sport for anglers, and are caught with cut bait, spoons and feather baits. Red snappers are found at their best in this Bay and caught by deep slow-trolling. Fish like these in waters so comparatively near home are luring an ever-increasing number of laymen into the sport.

ough to me," said Roddy flinging himself on a low stool at her feet. She was shocked, but her heart began to beat in her throat. He was always impetuous. He had come back to tell her—he was sorry then!

"I've done awful things," he went on, in a passion of self-abnegation, "do you remember—when I was here last? I didn't come to see you."

"Yes, I know. I saw you go by—I thought you'd forgotten."

"I had," said Roddy, "I was ashamed to remember. I'm a rotter, Angie. I'd been stealing to help a bad woman out of trouble."

The girl shrank back into her corner. It was a long while before he could speak. "I—can't believe it, Roddy, you're—why, you're a Gordon!"

He turned crimson. She had touched the tenderest spot about him.

"I stole fifteen thousand dollars from the trust company, Angie. I ought to be in jail," he went on, pouring it all out in a molten stream of passionate regret and repentance. "My sister helped me. Nancy borrowed the money and kept me out of jail! A girl, Angie! I'm a lout—I let her do it."

Angie's quick gasp escaped him. He was too much wrapped up in himself to perceive that he had given a key to a mystery. Richard had money—could Nancy have gone to him?

"I—I'm so glad you didn't go to jail!" she gasped, and then: "Roddy, you ought to have gone. We ought to pay for what we do—ourselves."

He caught her hand and held it feverishly; he had forgotten his hatred of the sex. "You don't despise me for it?" he asked huskily.

She shook her head. Then, suddenly, without warning, she burst into tears. Her tears melted Roddy he felt a rush of self pity as great as her pity for him.

"Oh, Roddy—" sighed the girl meltingly, and before she knew it her soft fingers touched his brown hair with shy fondness. "Oh, Rod, there was a woman, you said—"

"I hate her!" he vowed, "I was a fool, Angie. She fooled me. She begged for help for her old father—oh, a touching story—and she said she'd return it, I—I thought I could myself. Then found out she was married," he blazed.

Angie dried her tears angrily. "She ought to have gone to jail!" "That's what Nance thinks," he admitted a little sheepishly, then, abruptly, he kissed Angie's hand.

"Roddy, you're going to work here? You'll—" she hesitated— "you'll take Uncle Robert's offer?"

He rose slowly and began to walk up and down, with the same picturesque melancholy. "I think I—I'll ask Richard, you see Richard took me in—drunk—and took care of me," Roddy's voice choked, "pretty white, wasn't it? I'm grateful to Richard."

"Grateful?" Angie sprang up, her face crimson, "you've no reason to be grateful to Richard Morgan!" she cried impetuously, "no reason in the world!"

Roddy caught the change in her tone, and he saw the anger in her face. He stood still, with a shock of



"New York's done with you" corrected the Major grimly.

surprise.

"What do you mean, Angie?" "Don't be grateful to that man!" she answered furiously, "that's all—I can't tell you why, but—let him alone, Rod!"

"Richard Morgan? Why? I don't understand—tell me, Angie."

She drew back at that, she saw the look on his face and suddenly remembered. If she told Nancy's brother the story that was going the rounds, the story that linked Nancy's name with Morgan's, Roddy would go to Richard and demand satisfaction. He would have to go—and it would mean death! The girl began to tremble; she had been a fool, what could she say?

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

### Mrs. Wallace Active



WASHINGTON... Mrs. Henry A. Wallace (above), wife of the Secretary of Agriculture, was hostess with Mrs. Otto Veehoff, president of the National Farm and Garden Association at the annual convention held here. Mrs. Wallace is quite active in the Association program for the coming year.

The fellow who "didn't know it was loaded" is often heard from, but he is not often the one who intercepts the bullets.

### Why the Sudden Change to Liquid Laxatives?

Doctors have always recognized the value of the laxative whose dose can be measured, and whose action can be controlled. The public, too, is fast returning to the use of liquid laxatives. People have learned that a properly prepared liquid laxative brings a perfect movement without any discomfort at the time, or after. The dose of a liquid laxative can be varied to suit the needs of the individual. The action can thus be regulated. It forms no habit; you need not take a "double dose" a day or two later. Nor will a mild liquid laxative irritate the kidneys. The wrong cathartic may keep you constipated as long as you keep on using it. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a prescription, and is perfectly safe. Its laxative action is based on senna—a natural laxative. The bowels will not become dependent on this form of help. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is at all druggists. Member N. R. A.



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The people who want to fight wars for better trade relations, can have the profits of such trade, if they will bear the cost of the wars. Government expenses are said to need the pruning knife, but a lumberman's axe would seem to be needed before they get through.

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