

The Dollar Bride

by Mary Inlay Taylor

FINAL INSTALLMENT

Roddy ran down through the Morgan grounds, into the river meadow. Then he stood still a moment, thinking, his clenched hand at his chin.

He remembered Major Lomax. Lomax! He started. The major was the man! He loved Nancy. He had always petted Nancy.

There was a light in the study window; he knocked at the side door. How long the old man was in coming!

Then the door opened. The little old man stood there in his shirt sleeves, his eyes peering out of their creases.

"I've got to see you, major, at once—alone!" he panted.

The major closed the door deliberately. "Come in here. There's no one about—Angie's gone to bed."

"Sit down. Rod. What's wrong? Out with it!" he smiled grimly—"honest confession's good for the soul."

"I haven't come to confess anything," said Roddy, with a dry throat. "I've come to ask you to do me a favor, the greatest favor! To be my second; I've challenged Richard Morgan to fight me tonight—out on his own lawn—to the death."

"What!"

"Morgan has insulted my sister with a secret marriage, he's dragged her name in the dirt, and I've challenged him to fight—now, tonight!"

"A secret marriage? What the deuce d'you mean?"

"What I say! He did it and backed out—because I'm a rotter. He's ashamed to marry my sister. He's insulted Nancy Virginia. I've challenged him. He's accepted, he's got to fight!"

The old man got up and began to walk about the room. "I've known Dick Morgan all his life, there's something wrong—Nancy's been trying to hide something to save somebody. I've seen it!" he stopped short. "Rod Gordon, you're the nigger in the woodpile!" he shouted.

"It doesn't matter what I am. I am not here to answer questions!" Roddy replied fiercely. "You know my sister, I'm defending her honor, I'm ready to die for it. Will you stand by me now, or won't you? That's the question."

The old man drew a long breath. "I will!"

There was a moment of silence.

"I'm an old man," said the major, "this is illegal. Who's his second? The cartel should be properly delivered. You could fight to-morrow at sundown. He has the choice of the weapons, the place, and the hour."

"It's all fixed—I won't wait until tomorrow!" Roddy's breath came in short gasps and his eyes blazed, "he'll have a second when we get there; he's chosen pistols; the time is now, the place, his own lawn—he'll die there or I will, please God, to-night!"

The major thought a moment. Then he brought out a polished wood box.

"Duelling pistols, Rod, I've had 'em years. Maybe they'll come in handy."

Roddy nodded, his white face drawn. "I'll use anything he's got," he said shortly, "come major. It's time—the moon's right!"

"Bully for you!" the major chuckled. His fierce old soul scented the smoke of battle.

They took the short cut to the Morgan house. Two figures were standing on the steps.

"By gad," ejaculated Major Lomax, "he's got Haddon!"

As he spoke, the banker came down the steps.

"See here, Lomax," he said in an aside, "can't we fix this up? It's—'t's deplorable! It's our duty as seconds, can't we stop that young—young firebrand?"

The major's jaw snapped to. "D'you know what's it's about?"

"Some quarrel about Rod Gordon's sister, isn't it?" Haddon was utterly confused; had it been his fault! His fault for telling Helena?

The major set his black box on the sun-dial. "I reckon you've heard of the scandal?" he said in an undertone.

Haddon stared violently. "My God! Is it that?"

Roddy was stripping off his coat and waistcoat; his hands were firm now. The moonlight caught the red in his hair and showed it, clipped close from the nape of his neck. Richard watching him silently, was straighter and taller and stronger. The boy was right he ought to be shot—he would fire in the air.

Richard came down the steps; challenged and challenger took their weapons. Richard walked to his place and the moonlight shone full on him, a big man, big in body and soul. He had not uttered a word. Both Lomax and Haddon objected.

"Shift around—you're a shining mark!" they exclaimed in unison.

Richard laughed dryly. "There's a saying that Death loves a shining mark. Rod, I believe we shake hands first."

"I'm damned if I do!" Rod said, shaking with passion. "I'll fight. Time up, major?"

As he spoke there was a crackling of twigs behind them and a shout, a hoarse vociferous shout.

"Hi, there! Hold on, you—you young rascal, what's you doing here?" Mr. Gordon came up, breathlessly, hatless.

He plunged into the middle of the group, snatched his son by the nape of the neck, like a puppy, and fairly shook him.

"Lomax, Haddon, Richard—what the devil d'you all mean by this?"



Challenged and challenger took their weapons.

Mr. Gordon, Major Lomax, Haddon, all of you. I didn't know until tonight of the scandal that has been launched against the loveliest girl in the world. I deserve to be killed for exposing her to it. I stand here tonight to expiate it in my blood. Nancy Virginia is my wife, gentlemen, and I love her. I have always loved her. And I am glad—I say this facing death here, so you know—I'm glad and proud that she bears my name."

Mr. Gordon caught at his son's gain. "You hear him? He speaks like a man. He loves your sister. He's married her. Confound you, you donkey, you, you're making a public scandal. Lomax, help me take this boy home! Richard, go in the house!" he shouted, "what d'you mean by standing up there for this lumox to shoot at? You're a brave man. I take off my hat to your courage, sir, but I—I've had all I can bear! Rod Gordon, he's married your sister!"

"Has he?" Roddy breathed heavily, his face rigid. "I want to see the license. I want to see the certificate of this secret marriage, I want to know if he's made a dupe of my sister."

Richard met his look squarely. His own face was hard now. "You can see them all. We were married in church. But we'd better settle our differences now. Do your duty, gentlemen, I accepted his challenge and I'm ready."

"This can't go on!" Haddon gasped, coming forward. "I want to say—"

Richard threw back his head. All right, Haddon another time! Give us the signal, gentlemen."

Lomax caught hold of Roddy's father and held him by main force. Mr. Gordon was struggling violently.

"Damn you, Lomax, unhand me—Roddy, you young devil, you—"

"Give the signal, Haddon," said the major sharply, "I can't hold this old octopus forever!"

Roddy sprang to his position, his weapon gleaming in the moonlight. Richard faced him. Haddon shaken and gray, began to count.

"One, two, three—"

Suddenly a white-clad figure sprang out of the shadow of the shrubbery. Like a flash it leaped between the duelists. Nancy covered Richard with her own body.

"Stop!" she cried, panting, "you'll have to shoot me first, Rod!"

Roddy recoiled, his mouth fell open, his eyes fixed themselves on hers—incredulous, startled, maddened with surprise. There was a terrible moment of silence.

"God, you love him!" he gasped.

His father, broken loose from Lomax now, had him by the arm, and he wrenched the pistol from the boy's relaxed fingers. Roddy sagged over against him, while Nancy still faced him, her face as white as a star and her beautiful hair tumbling about her shoulders.

Roddy was dumb.

Mr. Gordon dragged him along. "Come!" he said huskily, and then; "you young fool, you, she loves him—you've made trouble enough, let 'em alone!" he whispered.

Roddy was still speechless. He yielded to the older man's force; he let himself be dragged away, Lomax and Haddon following them—as dumb as he was. They walked slowly. Twice Roddy stumbled. His ears were ringing, but he heard his father's voice, after a moment.

"You young donkey!" and then it broke and grew husky; something melted in him. He looked at the boy's dejected face.

"I'm proud of you."

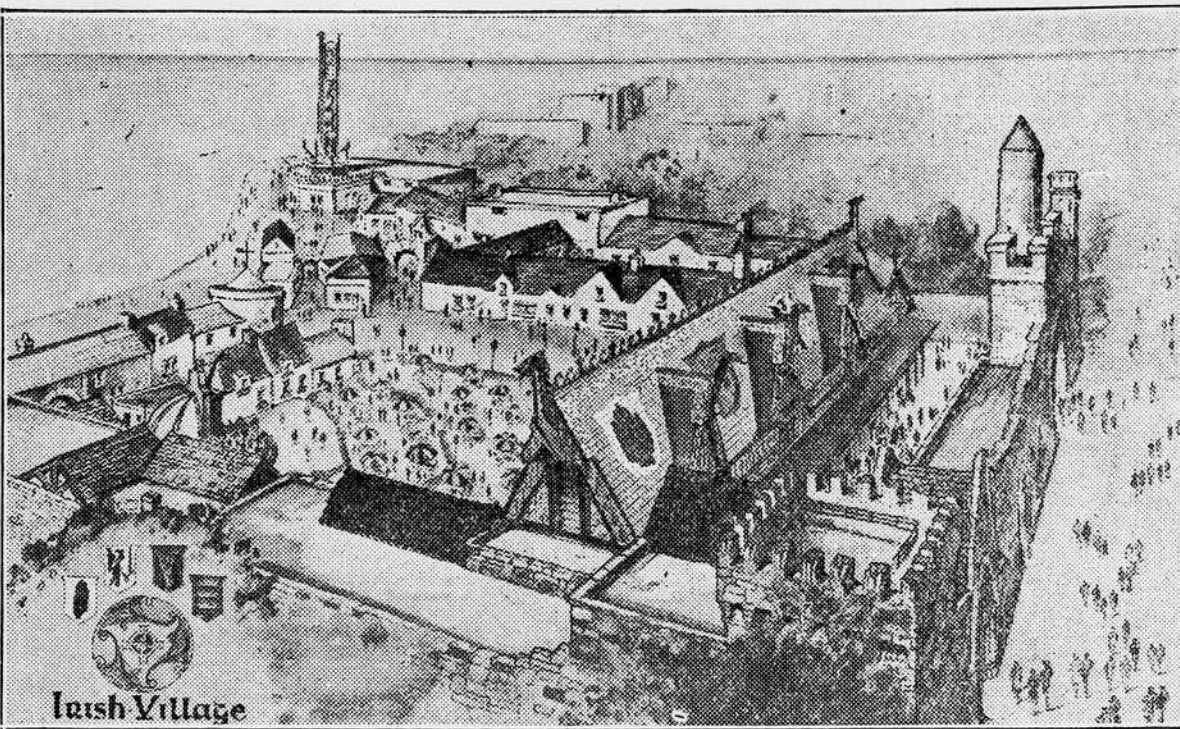
Roddy was silent his head sagged with his shoulders his face burned. He knew now the price his sister had paid to keep him out of jail and the iron entered his soul. He had come at last to the beginning of repentance.

The father and son went slowly and the other two, Lomax and Haddon melted quietly away toward the river meadow.

Richard stood still, rooted to the spot, his face as white as his shirt, his eyes were on Nancy, and hers were fixed on the distance where her father and her brother had gone. Suddenly it came to her that they had gone home and left her. Left her alone with the man she had married. She drew a quick breath, a wave of crimson rose slowly it rose all over her quivering young body and rushed up to her white face. Her eyes sank and her hands shrank together. She was alone—left behind—and he was silent. But she had heard what he said to her father and to the others. He had said he loved her, that he was proud that she bore his name!

The silence grew and grew. It seemed to her that it was killing her. She heard the drip of moisture from the quivering boughs of

Bit of Old Ireland for New Fair



Tara hall, meeting place of the ancient chiefs, is the dominant building in this Irish village, now nearly complete for the opening of the new World's Fair in Chicago May 26. Fifteen "foreign villages" will offer the visitor to A Century of Progress a "tour of the world" in a single day.

the trees; the faint fragrance of openings buds came to her, it was almost more than she could bear.



"Shall I take you home—to them?" he asked.

Then Richard's voice, broken and changed.

"Nancy, you didn't mean that? You did it to save Roddy from murder,—"

She was dumb, but she made a faint, wavering gesture of denial.

"Nancy, I beg your pardon—I didn't know the things that were said—it's all my fault. It was up to me to protect you, I—"

He stopped and then, hoarsely: "God knows I wish you did mean it—I love you with all my soul!"

She lifted her head at that, and the moonlight found her face; slowly, almost reluctantly, she raised her eyes to his.

He caught his breath. A great light broke.

"Nancy! You don't mean that you—"

his voice failed it died in his throat. He caught her hands with a force that almost hurt them. Even his lips were white.

"Nancy Virginia—" he drew her toward him, looking into her face, "shall I take you home—to them?" he asked, and his deep voice broke on the word, "or—?"

She could not take her eyes from his. She no longer tried. Her face quivered and softened into a happy smile.

"Richard," she answered softly, "I—I've come to you!"

THE END

FRENCH FARMERS CHANGING



ABOVE: Primitive farming methods are still in use in much of France. Note the wooden plow this farmer uses. (Photo by Ewing Gallowsay, N. Y.)

Some Farming Facts and Figures

FRANCE is figuring in the news in many ways these days. First we hear that its wine merchants are happy over the big business that they are doing with the U. S. A. Then we hear that Frenchmen are complaining that there will be few American tourists this summer because the franc has risen from around 4¢ to almost 7¢.

If your geography is rusty, you may like to be reminded that France has 212,659 square miles, or 53,237 less than Texas. Its African colonies, however, are about 20 times as big as France itself. There are 5,500,000 farm owners in France, with the average farm consisting of 24 acres.

The French peasant is proverbially slow to change his habits. As a result, many French farming methods have remained unchanged for generations. The two oxen in the picture above are drawing a wooden plow similar to the plows used in Roman days. An example of the obstinacy of the French farmer was seen lately when the French Government, knowing the importance of nitrate of soda in war, put a restriction upon imports to build up a synthetic nitrate industry in France. The French farmers, tradition-bound, refused at first to believe that the synthetic nitrate of soda gave as good results as the product which they had been using.

Last month, however, an article in "The Fertilizer, Feeding Stuff and Farm Supplies Journal" (published in London, England), said that large-scale official tests in France are finally convincing farmers that the two kinds of nitrate give "practically identical results," a fact wide-awake Southern farmers who use the American nitrate of soda made at Hopewell, Virginia, could have told them years ago!

Forty per cent of rural France is farmed. Over 12,000,000 acres are in wheat, 8,500,000 in oats, 3,800,000 in vineyards and 3,500,000 in potatoes. Textiles, iron and steel are the big French industries. The population of greater Paris is over 3,000,000.

Seek Sale Label For Rum Seized During Dry Era

Washington—The Government is looking for some one with a bright idea on how to label about half a billion dollars' worth of liquors seized during the late prohibition era.

Much of the liquor already has been sold at auction to wholesalers. They want to pass it to the ultimate consumer, but Uncle Sam has been unable to figure out the proper labels. For instance, there would be no sales appeal in putting out a lot of bottles bearing such labels as:

"Hooch Seized at Mike's Place, 1931. Aged in Wood at U. S. Warehouse 895 Since Then. Fair to Middlin' Rye."

To work out the problem the Federal Alcohol Control Administration announced a hearing on June 2, when all except the ex-bootleggers will be invited to speak.

The FRCA refuses to permit seized liquor to be sold under its original labels.

So it has suggested this explanatory label:

"Purchased from U. S. Government After Seizure."

It further suggests the label might give the report of the Government chemist; that is, whether it is rye, Bourbon, Scotch, rum, gin, etc.

The people who live in a dream world have not found much bread and butter lying around there.

VERY LATEST By Patricia Dow



Pattern 8229
and 8205
Top: Designed in Sizes: 2, 4 and 6. Size 4 requires 1 1/2 yard of 35 inch material with 1/4 yard contrast.
Below: Designed in Sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5. Size 4 requires 1 1/2 yard of 35 inch material with 1/4 yard contrast.

New Scientific Discovery Featured In Camel Campaign

The R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company has just released an intensive new nation-wide campaign of newspaper advertising for Camel cigarettes. As revealed in the first advertisement appearing in this newspaper this week, the new campaign embodies important facts for smokers which throw a new light upon our past knowledge of cigarettes.

A basis discovery has been made in a famous New York Research Laboratory concerning Camel cigarettes and their "energizing effect"—which means that the flow of normal, natural energy is restored. Thus, an almost immediate relief from fatigue is accomplished by smoking a Camel.

During the day one's "energy curve" varies—a great deal—frequently drops below normal. That's when fatigue and irritability put in their appearance. The "energizing" effect of Camels has long been recognized by Camel smokers, but even science hasn't been able to explain it until now.

Summing up with a popular slogan, each advertisement carries the reminder that you can "Get a Lift With a Camel"—at any time, as often as you like—because the finer, more expensive tobacco used in the manufacture of Camel cigarettes never interfere with healthy nerves.

The first advertisement in this new and impressive series proclaims a large size display type, "NEWS! Science Reveals Important New

Turkey Wins Owl Battle

Kamath, Falls, Ore.—An irate turkey hen made short work of an owl in a battle a short distance outside of this city.

The owl apparently attempted to catch a small turkey. The hen leaped into the air, striking with her spurs as she came down, killing the owl in three or four blows.

Present plans call for frequent appearance of this striking new campaign, which embodies interesting and informative news from the field of science.

PINAFORE FROCK

Pattern 8205: Little girls are never too young to like pretty things to wear, and this little frock is so easy to make and to launder that mothers and small daughters will agree on choosing this style. The side plats with bows below the kimono sleeves are attractive points in this little dress and the pinafore effect is very appealing.

Printed and plain percale would be sweet in blue or pink and also very durable and color fast.

For PATTERN, send 15 cents in coin (for each pattern desired), your NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER and SIZE to Patricia Dow, The Carolina Watchman Pattern Dept., 115 Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Cost Of Votes To Be Watched

Washington—The Senate's big stick is ready to crack down on any Congressional candidate who steps out in too big a financial way in the coming elections.

A campaign expenditures committee is ready to swing into action at the first definite charge that any seeker after Congressional office is spending too much money in his quest.

An investigating fund of \$25,000 is available and if past records are any criterion the Senate Committee is just hoping that someone will loosen the campaign fund pocketbook strings a bit too much.

There is nothing a Senator with a nose for investigation enjoys like a good investigation. The present committee resulted from activities by Senator Borah (Republican of Idaho, insurgent who is always a pain in the side of anyone who spends too much money—whether it be a corporation or an individual). Borah was backed on the Democratic side by Bennett Champ Clark, of Missouri, son of the late famous House speaker.

Lady Says She Took CARDUI for Cramps; Was Soon Relieved

Women who suffer as she did will be interested in the experience of Mrs. Maude Crafton, of Belleville, Ill., who writes: "For several years, I suffered from irregular trouble and cramping. There would be days when I would have to stay in bed. I would get so nervous, I was miserable. My aunt told me to try Cardui. She believed it would build me up, regulate me and help the nervous trouble. I knew after taking half a bottle of Cardui that I was better. I kept on taking Cardui and found it was doing me a world of good. I am in good health, which means a lot to me."

Thousands of women testify Cardui benefited them. If it does not benefit YOU, consult a physician. . . . Price 41.