

TRAILS' END



AGNES LOUISE PROVOST

EIGHTH INSTALLMENT

"My great-great-grandfather built it, and Duane has lived in it ever since. I suppose it will have to go out of the family some day, unless I make my million." He hesitated. "Mother is very reserved. She doesn't give herself out readily. But that will be all right as soon as she knows you better."

Anne wanted to cry out fiercely; "She isn't just reserved! She's cold and selfish and ambitious, and she hates me! But she nodded wisely instead."

"You darling," He tossed her hat on the bed and pulled her toward him. "Nancy, I'm getting madder about every day of my life."

She gave herself up to that.

Mrs. Duane's dinner hour was fashionably late. Barry had already dressed and gone down. Anne had just finished her own dressing and stood critically inspecting the result. Barry had insisted on staying over in town long enough for her to buy several new gowns. Anne knew why he had done it. One evening gown was not enough for Granleigh, summer called for sports clothes. She was not to meet critical eyes unprepared. Anne smiled at herself in the glass, thinking absently of the moral support of clothes, especially when other women were involved.

She switched the lights off and parted the curtains at the nearest window. Darkness was falling. Beyond the hedge a man walked slowly, turning his head at each passing car. She watched him, idly wondering why he was loitering along like that.

He stopped to light a cigarette. A match sputtered into flame, and the flare lit his face.

Anne shrank hurriedly back into the room, dragging the heavy curtains together. This was ghastly. What could possibly bring him to this part of the country again, straight to Granleigh?

"I mustn't let it get me! It won't do... I've got to see him, somehow."

There was a tap on the door. It was Matthews.

"Mr. Barry wishes me to tell you that Miss Pendleton is here."

So the Pendleton girl was here already! M'm. Anne gave a last quick glance in the mirror and went slowly downstairs.

Anne went down with unhurried grace, half smiling.

Barry looked up, a quick flash of pride in his answering smile. Cleo Pendleton looked up also.

"Here's Nancy now."

Cleo slipped from the arm of the chair and met Anne half-way.

"I'm Cleo Pendleton. I wanted to be the first to meet you. I hope you will like me a lot, because I'm one of Barry's old friends. I've been counting on having you here."

"That's awfully nice of you," Anne was sweet but non-committal.

"It makes me feel that I'm not a stranger here after all."

"Oh, is this your very first trip East?" There was a second's pause.

"I lived in the East for a while. But I've never been here before."

"Oh-oh," said Cleo softly. "But I hope you're going to stay this time. We've all been arguing for years to make Barry stay home, but he won't listen to us."

"I always listen," Barry grinned at her.

"And then do as you please."

Cleo shrugged a petulant shoulder, and then laughed. "All right, if you won't tell me. But I like Nancy better than I do you."

"You'll let me call you Nancy, won't you?"

"Why—of course... My name really is Anne... not that it makes any difference."

"Barry calls you Nancy. I like it better, too. But I must trot dutifully back before Dad calls out the reserves."

Out in the hall there were voices. A door had opened.

"Good-bye Nancy. I'm going to stop for you some morning, and we'll dash around and do things." Cleo whisked out with a careless wave. Barry chuckled silently.

"She's an irresponsible imp." He called after Matthews, just returning down the hall. "Who was that, Matthews?"

"A man looking for a job, sir. A chauffeur. He was quite insistent about seeing you."

"I told him," Matthew continued, "You were entirely satisfied with present man."

"Quite right." H suddenly re-

membered something. "Oh, Matthews, is my mother out? I knocked at her door, but there was no answer."

"No sir. She's changed her rooms to the west wing. I think she will be in presently, for dinner."

"Oh... thank you, Matthews." His voice was quite colorless.

Matthews went hastily. Both of them knew that the west wing had not been opened for years.

Anne, listening idly, could come very close to guessing what had happened. And this was only her first day in Barry's home.

Meantime Cleo Pendleton, who was not in the least irresponsible, huddled sulkily back in the limousine.

"Hurry, I'm late!" she snapped, and the car swept out of the drive so fast that a man crossing the pavement sprang aside hastily. He scowled and took an envelope from his pocket and wrote down the license number.

"Friends, and rich ones," he thought. "I'll try my luck there. Damn it, I'll get a job somewhere. I'm going to stick here until something breaks."

Cleo had not even seen him. She was in a whirl of angry thought.

"She's no more a ranch girl than I am—unless she's one of the awfully rich ones. The way she talks—and the way she wears her clothes! And I thought I could make him ashamed of her!"

The soft lips pursed sullenly.

"I picked up a point or two, anyway. She'd rather be called Anne, and she hadn't told Barry that she'd lived East. Caught that one from him! And something bothered her about the windows... but that sounds crazy. The funniest thing is that she looks familiar to me... Just a little familiar."

In the next few weeks they danced and dined, lunched and motored, and dashed from one engagement to another. The telephone tinkled incessantly.

It was fun, but sometimes Anne was achingly homesick for the sun-washed Junipero. She and Barry seemed to have so little time for each other here.

Not once in those flying days had Anne caught a glimpse of the man who had loitered in front of the house that night. She watched for him, but he seemed to have disappeared. It could, she decided, have been pure coincidence. Jim had probably gone on before this to the gay haunts where he was more at home.

Cleo Pendleton was in and out constantly and at all hours. She amused Barry, and in her kitten-impish way managed to monopolize him a good deal.

"Baby vamp!" Anne thought scornfully. The more she saw of Cleo the less she cared for her, but intimacy seemed to be thrust upon her.

Anne wondered if Mrs. Duane held the check book as well as the household control. That would be embarrassing for Barry; she would have to wait until he told her.

What she needed to do first, she told herself, was not to make trouble but to coax Barry's mother to like her.

What Anne could not know was how ruinously the secret hope of years had crashed when Barry had sent that sudden word of his marriage. Mrs. Duane was a proud and strong-willed woman, hating poverty and all that it meant. Barry could have married Cleo Pendleton, and Cleo would have brought him wealth and leisure. Mrs. Duane hated the very name of Eagle Lake.

The knowledge of this deep-rooted bitterness came to Anne sharply. She had tried to bridge the recurring silence of a tete-a-tete lunch by talking for once of something less impersonal than dinners and minor items of Granleigh news.

"You have never been to the Perch, have you? It is like a beautiful mountain camp. You must visit us there next summer."

"I have never been interested in the place. I hope, now that my son is married, he will definitely give up that kind of life."

"Oh, but his heart is in it! I'd be willing to see him sell everything else that he owned, and live in a hut with him, if he could raise the money for the dam that way."

Mrs. Duane's thin cheeks flushed slightly.

"I have no desire to see my son living in a hut. Barry has prac-

ically nothing to sell, except those worthless Western lands. If his mother has any influence with him, he will never go there again."

Anne sat very straight. "I see," she said softly. "You have made it quite clear to me. Thank you."

A declaration of war had been made and answered.

Anne told Barry some of it late that evening, anxious to convey a hint of warning.

"You see," Barry explained, in that careful way, "my uncle was really the head of the Duane Mills. My father had died years before, when I was a baby, and Uncle Bob had bought in a further share from my mother. Father's will left everything to her. Uncle Bob was unmarried, and meant to pass on the control of the mills to me."

Anne murmured something, she scarcely knew what. So Mrs. Duane did hold the check book!

"Uncle Bob was different from the rest of the Duanes. His health wasn't good, and one March, after a bad attack of pneumonia, he went off for a year in the West. When he got into the Pinos Valley scheme it was easy to think of the mills as a solid asset to back something better. He was so sure of success that he financed it entirely himself. He didn't take anybody else's money, but of course there were—repercussions."

"The crash came, and all that remains of the Duane ownership is the name and the comparatively small block of stock which my mother still holds. For the sake of the name I have a nominal office. The real head is Gage."

She moved suddenly. "Who?"

"John Gage. He was Uncle Bob's chief creditor, and all sorts of a millionaire."

She did not answer. Barry was looking soberly ahead of him, and did not notice her frozen stillness.

"I have the Western lands," Barry went on, "which barely meet their own overhead as things stand now, and just enough income for our personal expenses here. Sometimes I'm tempted to throw the whole thing up and get a job. Any job. It might be better than hanging around like this, half-way between a visionary and a lounge lizard."

"You're not! I won't have you calling yourself names like that! And you're not going to give all your hopes up, either." She gave his shoulders a furious little shake, almost in tears for him. "If things are like that we can't afford to live in Granleigh. You're not really needed here, and we could go back and make the ranch pay and save a lot of useless expenses. I don't mind being poor."

"I know you don't, you good little sport, but there's a serious hitch." He looked uncomfortable again, a little on the defensive.

"When the crash came, my mother was prostrated, and I gave her my word that I would stay East at least six months out of every year, as long as she lived... Sorry you married me, Nancy?"

"Never!" She hugged him impulsively. "Don't you dare give it up. It's coming all right. You wait and see."

But her heart was heavy.

Anne heard the swish of a car coming in the drive.

Usually Cleo came in the roadster, preferring to drive herself, but today a long grey limousine waited there. A chauffeur stood by the door. He was a new man.

Anne looked toward him casually, and her eyes stayed. For an instant they seemed to cling to him in frozen recognition. The chauffeur slipped easily into his own seat. There had not been a glimmer of surprise in his face; only a cool watchfulness.

Cleo's eyes widened. This was too good to be true. These two knew each other. Barry's wife and a chauffeur!

"I ditched the roadster yesterday, so I'm giving it a rest until the parent stops roaring."

Cleo sat watching Barry's wife with bright, stanting glances. Anne talked when she had to, listened to Cleo, commented and even laughed, but now and then her hands moved nervously in her lap, and her eyes went back to that smartly uniformed figure in front.

The tennis finals were on when they arrived. It was good tennis, but Anne found her eyes wandering off toward a wide arc of parked cars. What was Jim doing here?

When it was over, Cleo lingered, a little in the rear, but Anne slipped ahead to where the limousine stood.

"Jim, I must see you alone. Just as soon as possible."

"Yes, we ought to have a lot to talk about." There was a jeer in the guarded tone. He opened the door for her, without the faintest change of expression. "I guess you know where to find me."

Cleo's light steps were behind them. "I'll take you home in plenty of time for dinner, but I want to show you something first."

Outside of laying violent hands on her, there was no getting rid of Cleo, once she started to have her own way.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

—Buy in Salisbury—

Cardui Helped Lady For Nervousness and Run-Down Condition

"I have taken Cardui several times for weak, run-down condition and it has helped me," writes Mrs. Walter M. Coulson, of Forsyth, Ga. "I was nervous and suffering from a weak condition. There were days when I had to lie down during the day. I sent for six bottles of Cardui, as it had helped me before. Cardui gave me strength, stopped the nervousness and helped me in every way. Cardui may be just what you need. It can't do you any harm, so why not try it? Thousands of women testify Cardui benefited them. If it does not benefit YOU, consult a physician. It is a tonic at drug stores."

Sale of Real Estate in the Town of East Spencer for Non-Payment Of Taxes

Pursuant to the Provisions of the Charter of the Town of East Spencer, and as provided by Law, for sale of Real Estate for Non-Payment of taxes and pursuant to the terms of a Resolution unanimously adopted by the Mayor and Board of Aldermen of the Town of East Spencer the undersigned tax collector will sell at Public auction to the Highest Bidder, for cash, at the Court House door in Salisbury, N. C., on MONDAY September 10th, 1934, beginning at 12 O'clock, noon, and continuing until completed for non-payment of taxes, Real Estate in the Town of East Spencer on which the taxes for 1933, and for prior years thereto which tax has not been paid, the name of the owner of said Real Estate, the description thereof and the total amount of taxes thereon, being as set out below. To the amount stated as due, will be added all cost of advertising, cost of sale, and all other Legitimate charges:

J. O. Almond, house and lot, Railroad Ave.	3.40
N. G. Arey, lots on Weant and Verbal St.	33.60
Ernest B. Arey, lot on Spencer St.	8.92
G. W. Baker, 2 lots and house Heilig St.	23.74
F. M. Barber, house and lot, Long St.	22.18
Esther M. Barnes, house and lots, Trexler St.	11.40
Mrs. Jennie Behre, house and lot, Henderson St.	39.96
C. A. Blackwelder, store and lot, Long St.	42.08
J. S. Blackwelder, house and lot, Mitchell St., and 4 acres land, house, Boundary St.	25.22
R. L. Blackwelder, lots and house Boundary St., lots Correll St. 8 acres Div. Ave., and 3 acres Correll St.	40.46
Mrs. Mary Bosh Estate, lots Earnhardt St.	13.60
Mrs. W. A. Brandon, houses and lots, Heilig St.	25.16
Brown Insurance & Realty Co., house and lot Isenhour St. house and lots, Long St., and house and lot Shaver St.	43.76
Laura Z. Buff, house and lot Long St.	21.08
C. M. Caldwell, lot Railroad Ave.	3.40
Miss Pearl Canup, house and lot Railroad Ave.	28.72
W. H. Canup, house and lot, Long St.	23.46
Central Investment Company, house and lot, Long St.	41.66
John W. Clark, lots on Clay, Hall and Shaver St.	53.98
J. R. Clement, 2 lots and house on Shaver St.	23.20
Mrs. Elsie Clodfelter, house and lot, Henderson St.	34.76
John H. Cooke, lots on North and St. James St.	10.20
W. C. Coughenour, lots and store, Long St.	18.70
J. P. Crowell, Estate 2 houses and lots, Isenhour & Railroad Ave.	23.00
A. L. Dennis, lots Henderson and Shaver St.	9.36
C. M. Donaldson, lots Depot and Clay Sts.	7.12
W. A. Earnhardt, house and lots, Weant St.	50.40
I. N. Earnhardt Estate, houses and lots, Long St.	83.92
East Spencer Trading Company, lot on Long St.	7.06
C. H. Edwards, house and lots, Heilig St.	24.76
J. F. Edwards, house and lots, Heilig St.	46.98
H. B. Ellum, house and lots, Long St.	22.96
T. C. Eller, house and lot, Shaver St.	8.50
P. D. Eller, house and lot, Div. Ave.	36.46
Mrs. O. K. Everhardt, lots Verble St.	10.70
O. K. Everhardt, house and lot, Heilig St.	17.00
Mrs. Brucette Farrington, house and lot, Henderson St.	32.68
Mrs. Carey Fearnster, house and lots, Shaver St.	55.08
Mrs. G. R. Fink, house and lot, Long St.	28.40
H. M. Foster, lot, Weant St.	4.26
R. A. George, 1/2 acres and house, Heilig St.	27.20
O. C. Godfrey, lot, Division Ave.	3.40
S. T. Grubb, house and lots, Weant St.	44.74
L. T. Grubb, house and lot, Weant St.	16.96
Mrs. Lula O. Haden, house and lot, Long St.	20.06
W. E. Hardiman, lots, Haden St.	6.80
Mrs. Dora Mae Hargrave, house and lot, Long St.	32.36
Mrs. Lou E. Hatley Estate, lots, Heilig and Royal Sts.	10.82
H. E. Hatley, 2 lots and 2 brick buildings, Henderson St.	121.48
H. H. Hayner, 6 1/2 acres land.	13.78
John Y. Hedrick, house and lot, Long St.	37.78
J. S. Henderson & Vanderford, lots, Foster and Green Sts.	7.82
John S. Henderson Estate, lots, Long St. and R. R. Ave.	13.60
O. C. Herrington, lots and houses, Long St. and R. R. Ave.	15.30
Mrs. M. J. Lee Hines, lots, Depot St.	12.76
W. L. Honeycutt, house and lots, Heilig St.	38.62
G. W. Honeycutt, house and lot, Henderson St.	15.58
William Huffman Estate, house and lot, S. S. Spencer St.	38.42
Mrs. S. W. Huffman, house and 3 lots, Long St.	37.40
B. H. Isenhour, house and lot, Emancipation St.	4.22
T. R. Jackson, house and lot, Broad St.	11.98
A. L. Jarrell, houses and lots on R. R. Ave.	38.64
Mrs. T. E. Johnson, house and lot, R. R. Ave.	22.44
Mrs. H. F. Ketchie, house and lot, R. R. Ave.	31.20
Mrs. J. R. Klutz, house and lots on Spencer St.	29.66
J. L. Klutz, lot, Long St.	5.10
G. H. Klutz, house and lot, Spencer St.	24.22
L. A. Leonard, house and lot, Long St.	42.34
R. M. Lewis, house and lot, W. S. Long St.	21.76
Mrs. Lucy J. Maupin, lot, Weant St.	4.26
P. H. Meroney, lots, Hall St., Div. and R. R. Ave.	22.52
E. B. Mims Estate, 2 lots Haden St., 6 lots N. Long St.	23.12
Atlantic Mortgage Company, house and 2 lots, Haden St.	21.62
C. C. Moore, House and lot, Southern St.	25.16
Mrs. R. L. Myers, house and lot, R. R. Ave.	24.66
Joe Myers Estate, house and lot Long St.	46.14
L. M. McGahee, house and lot Henderson St.	17.00
Mrs. W. B. McKinney, 4 acres, Depot St. and house	34.00

W. B. McKinney, 1 lot and store Geroid and Long St. house and lot R. R. Ave., 1 lot Henderson St., 2 lots Haden St., house and 2 lots, Long St.	60.34
A. L. and C. A. Nash, lots, Moore St.	17.00
Mrs. Mary L. Nash, house and lot, Long St.	43.56
R. A. Pethel, house and lot Long St.	17.00
Pilgr Realty Company, house and lot, S. S. Henderson St.	22.12
D. L. R. Poole, house and lot, Henderson St., lot and store Earnhardt St.	35.72
C. R. Prospit, houses and lots, Cedar St., and R. R. Ave.	33.20
Provident Life Insurance Company, 8 lots, W. S. Trexler St., 11 Beard St., 5 lots, Trexler St., and 6 lots.	20.66
J. A. and J. L. Rendleman, 2 houses and 2 lots, R. R. Ave.	21.26
John L. Ritchie, lot, Weant St.	4.26
Salisbury Hardware Company, 1 lot S. S. Weant St., and 1 lot and house, Correll St.	13.32
Mrs. J. C. Shaw, house and lot, Southern St.	26.48
T. P. Simpson, house and 2 lots, N. S. Henderson St.	33.94
J. M. Sink Jr., and B. L. Hume, 3 lots	8.16
Mrs. A. M. Smiley, house and lot, Earnhardt St.	26.24
Mrs. Lucy A. Smith, house and lot, Long St.	31.82
A. L. Snoot, 2 lots, Depot St.	8.50
A. H. and W. M. Snider, 1 lot and house, Washington Ave. and 1 lot Depot St.	21.48
Star Milling Company, 7 lots, N. S. Weant St.	25.70
S. M. Stirewalt, house and lot, Long St.	33.64
D. R. Thomas, house and lots and store, Geroid St.	43.36
R. B. Thompson Estate, 3 lots, Royal St.	12.76
J. W. Thompson, 1 lot and house, Long St.	17.00
C. W. Trexler Estate, 1 lot and house, Long St.	21.88
C. W. Trexler, Jr. house and lot, Long St.	23.58
Mrs. J. A. Trexler, house and lot, R. R. Ave. and 3 lots	24.06
T. H. Vanderford Estate, houses and lots, R. R. Ave. and Long Street Filling Station Cafe	232.36
George E. Vogler, Trustee, Elizabeth Vogler, house and lots Long and R. R. Ave.	64.26
J. M. Waggoner, houses and lots, Broad and Cedar St.	18.44
T. G. Kennerly and J. M. Waggoner, 2 acres land and house on Broad St.	10.20
Mrs. Laura G. Weant, lots Henderson and St. James St.	39.10
W. B. Whiteside, house and lot, Henderson St.	25.02
O. H. Williams, lots, Clay, Royal and Burt St.	22.96

COLORED

James Archie, 2 lots and house and store building, Cedar St.	29.30
Sam Barber, house and lot, Cedar St.	17.44
Mattie Barber, house and lot, Shaver St.	14.52
W. M. Beverly, lots, Washington Ave.	8.16
Coffield Bowen, house and lot, Shaver St.	19.56
Bessie Boyd, house and lots, Cedar St.	7.66
William D. Burnon, house and lots, Long St.	21.06
Annie Cain, house and lot	10.88
Louisa Cain, 7 and 2/10 acres and house, Moore St.	21.85
J. D. Carlton, 1/2 acre land and house	12.12
Gaston Carter, house and lot, Long St.	14.96
Parthenia Carter Estate, 1 lot Long St., 1 lot R. R. Ave.	11.74
Ida Chappell, house and 2 lots, Broad and Trexler St.	9.18
James Chunn, house and lot, Cedar St.	7.32
Annie Lee Churcher, lots, Long St.	6.80
John Cornwell, house and lot, Shaver St.	16.80
Annie Correll, house and lot, Shaver	11.90
Addie Craige, house and 10 9/10 acres land, Correll St.	39.76
E. C. Craige Estate, house, lot, store building and Garage, Mitchell St.	28.00
Zena Craige, house and lot, Div. Ave.	14.96
Hattie and Frank Culp, house and lot, Shaver St.	26.60
Sarah Curry, lot, Long St. house and lot, Grant St.	10.18
Eddie Small and James Daniel, house and lot, Shaver St.	13.78
John A. Davis, house and lot, Mitchell St.	11.48
Dora Dickey, house and lots, Mitchell and St. James St.	37.96
Alice Dixon, house and lot, Broad St.	10.64
Robert Drain, house and lot, Broad St.	17.10
Phebe Drain, house and lots, Broad St.	22.12
Walter Ferby, house and lots, Broad St.	12.08
Fannie Ford, 4 3/4 acres and house, Washington Ave.	13.86
Joseph Garner, houses and lots, Broad and Moore St.	33.08
Thema Hargrave, lots on Long St.	17.86
A. A. Hargrave Estate, houses and lots, Long and Shaver St.	55.26
Amanda Holmes, 8 1/10 acres land and house, Broad St.	18.56
Octavia Holmes, houses and lots, Mitchell and Shaver St.	51.26
Garfield Holmes, houses and lots, Shaver St.	45.88
Thomas and J. W. Holmes, 8 and 8/10 acres, Trexler Heights	14.96
Ed Holt, house and lot, St. James St.	14.26
John D. Holt, house and lots, Royal St.	19.90
Fannie Huntley, house and lot, Royal St.	10.78
John Jefferies, house and lot, Cedar St.	21.36
Florence Hargrave Johnson, house and lot, Long St.	16.98
Julia Jones, houses and lots, Long St.	27.98
W. F. Kelsey, Second and Cedar St.	29.62
George Knox Estate, house and lot, Broad St.	8.76
Henry Long Estate, houses and lots, Long and R. R. Ave., lots Cedar St.	51.18
Jessie Marlow, 2 3/4 acres land and house, Moore St.	12.68