

TRAILS' END

by AGNES LOUISE PROVOST



TENTH INSTALLMENT

"Certainly, if you wish," Mrs. Duane agreed politely. "Thank you for the book, my dear. As for your driving, I am sure that it is better than having no one with you but that new chauffeur. I don't like his looks, Cleo."

"Oh, I know Kennedy looks wicked. I think he isn't used to this kind of work, and taking orders from women makes him sulky. I think he'll soon be settled down, for he seems to be very much interested in one of your maids. I'm sure I caught sight of him waiting outside when I came tonight."

"I must look into that," Mrs. Duane's voice was edged.

"What's the use? They'll only deny it." Cleo shrugged lazily.

"Dear me, I believe we're going to see the clandestine meeting. How exciting!"

Down the shadowed path a girl's figure moved quickly. She skirted the far end of the garden and went with slower steps toward the hedge. The hedge was lower at that end of the garden. On the other side of

it a man nodded slightly and sauntered along toward the rear gate. I didn't dream—I didn't mean to intrude, like this. I'll never forgive myself. . . . I'll go now."

"My dear Cleo, you have not intruded in the least. I shall speak to Bertha, of course."

Grey-faced in the darkness, Mrs. Duane held her head high. No one, not even Cleo Pendleton, should be allowed to discuss this shameful thing with her.

Cleo grimaced slightly, unseeing. The lights flashed on. But after Cleo had gone she plunged the room into darkness again and stood rigidly unyielding.

"My son's wife!" Her face was white in the darkness.

Barry was reading when his mother entered the library.

"Still up? But I suppose you had callers."

"It was Cleo," said his mother briefly. "Barry, I wish you would come with me to my rooms. Quickly."

"Of course, I will. Anything wrong there?"

"Everything is wrong," said Mrs. Duane bitterly. "I have had the humiliation of seeing my son's wife steal out through the garden at night to meet another man."

"Mother!" There was a note in Barry's voice that she had never heard before. "I am afraid," he said carefully, "that I shall have to ask you to explain that—extraordinary statement."

"I have told you. Come and see for yourself."

"Nancy and I don't spy on each other. Besides, she went to her room with a headache. Why do you assume that it was she?"

"Our maids do not appear in evening dress."

"Nancy gave Bertha one of hers last week. Someone had spilled coffee on it."

"It was not Bertha," said Mrs. Duane coldly. "I know it was Anne. The man was obviously waiting for her. I did not see his face, but I have the unpleasant knowledge that a common chauffeur—that insolent creature who drives Cleo—was hanging around outside only a little while before."

"You didn't even see them meet?" He laid a pleading hand on her arm. "Mother, why can't you be kinder to Nancy? Do you think that it has been pleasant for me to see that my mother refuses to accept my wife as her daughter?"

"Do you think that it is pleasant for your mother to know that this place is buzzing with sordid innuendo because Barry Duane's wife never refers to a single day of her life before she came to that barbarous place where you met her?"

"And who has been spreading such precious gossip as that?" The moment of pleading was gone. For the first time Mrs. Duane was afraid of the thing she had done.

"I overheard it," she said with dignity. "The very way it was said showed that it was common gossip."

"Who said it?" His eyes were blazing.

"How should I know? It is enough that it could be said at all."

He did not answer immediately.

"I suppose it is impossible to escape the malice of other women's tongues."

"It is useless to argue with you. But I know what I have heard and what I have seen tonight. Once more Barry, will you come and see for yourself."

"I will not."

Mrs. Duane went stiffly back to the door.

"You are your own master, and I am only your mother, pushed aside for a woman you scarcely know. But the time will come when your eyes will be opened. And you will regret this night as long as you live."

For several minutes after his mother left him Barry paced gloomily up and down the library. The whole thing was sickening, and that his mother should have been the one to bring this precious story to him had left him worried and depressed. Why were women so hard on each other? Even his mother. . . .

The trouble probably was that rancorous gossip. He flushed darkly at the recollection. So Nancy's name was being bandied about like that? A whispering devil of suspicion slyly jogged his elbow and was thrust out of the way.

He could easily settle this. All he needed to do was to go upstairs and look in at Nancy. He smiled to himself and swung quickly toward the stairs.

Barry let himself in quietly. Anne was not there.

He turned toward the door, blindly.

There was the slight sound of its opening. Anne stood there, staring at him.

"Oh—Barry!" She said it breathlessly. "You startled me."

His eyes swept over her swiftly, suspiciously of her slippers. On the side of one of them, marrying its delicate sheen, was a long earth stain.

The blood sang in his ears again, so that he scarcely heard his own voice. "Anne, where have you been?"

Before that hard note she stopped short.

"Why, Barry, what is the matter?"

"Where have you been at this hour of the night?"

"At this hour? Why, it isn't late."

"I've been in the garden. Barry, what is the matter?"

"Within the past half hour I have had to listen to a sickening story that you were meeting somebody's chauffeur out in the garden."

She felt suddenly sick and tired. Barry's mother must have seen her and carried the story to him in bitter triumph. Who else hated her enough to do that? She wanted to tell him the whole hateful story, but she must not.

"Somebody must have been willing to carry tales about me to have hurried the news to you as quickly as that." She saw him flush, but she went on bitterly. "And whether I was there or not, I won't talk

about it! I won't say things that we'll both be sorry for." Her hands went up to her throbbing temples. They really did throb now. "Ring for Bertha, please. And stay until she comes."

He looked at her uneasily. He rang hastily and came back to her. "I'm sorry if you're not well," he said jerkily. "Perhaps I'd better and for Dr. Carmichael."

"No, please. It's only my head."

They waited for Bertha in uncomfortable silence. There was a tap on the door, but it was Ellen's broad face which appeared.

"I rang for Bertha. Isn't she here?"

Ellen was a new maid. She grinned companionably.

"Yes'm, in a way, but it's her night out. She's been to a party, Ma'am, lookin' as pretty as a pitcher in the grand dress ye give her, and this good half hour she's been standin' at the end of the drive sayin' good-night to the young felly from Quinn's Garage. Is there anything I can do, Ma'am?"

"Bring me some ice cubes, Ellen. I've a headache."

The door closed on Ellen. Anne scarcely breathed.

"Nancy, forgive me! I've been a brute and I ought to be kicked for it."

He drew her around with coaxing hands.

"Don't you know I love you, Barry? There isn't anybody else but you. There couldn't be."

"I know," he muttered. "It's because you're so much to me, Nancy. . . . I think I'd go mad if you ever let me down."

She tried not to shiver, quaking a little at the narrowness of escape.

Luck had been kind to Cleo. Mrs. Duane, outraged and bitter, would go straight to Barry with her story. Cleo felt brightly contented as she snuggled down behind the wheel.

The driveway wound toward the end of the grounds in a double curve. The lights of the roadster swung around and picked up two startled figures, hastily backing out of their flaring range. One of them was Bertha.

"Alibi!" Cleo said under her breath. "Damn!"

It was close to midnight when Kennedy strolled back to that smaller chateau which housed the Pendleton fleet of cars and their attendants, and he was met by a message that Miss Cleo wanted to see him. Kennedy was half sulky about it. Some deviltry, or he missed his guess.

Cleo received him in the Chinese room.

"I'm thinking of getting a new car, Kennedy. Do you know anything about racing cars?"

"A little," Kennedy's eyes narrowed slightly. He hesitated, and the desire to show that he had not always been at an employer's beck and call was too much for him. "I know their points pretty well," he added carelessly. "I've driven my own now and then."

"Really?" Cleo smiled encouragingly. "That was before you—er—gave up the Forty-Ninth Street house, wasn't it?"

All the lines of Kennedy's face sharpened.

"About that time," he said briefly. "So you've been looking up my record?"

"It wasn't necessary, Kennedy. You're quite well known."

He stared back at her suspicious and half truculent. "Well, you know, I didn't try to get the job under an assumed name, anyway."

"Oh yes, I'm perfectly satisfied, Kennedy. But of course I know that a man of your experience isn't taking a chauffeur's position except for some special reason. Does John Gage know that you are in Granleigh?"

It must have been a sharp jolt for Kennedy, but this time his face—the gambler's face, after all—was absolutely expressionless.

"That's too deep for me," he answered indifferently. "If you mean the big fellow, I don't know what he knows. I've never met him."

"Not even that night last May, when this happened?" Cleo's hand rested for a moment against, just below her heart.

"You've had a busy day," he said dryly.

"Things have a habit of coming my way, Kennedy. And I know you went out tonight to keep an appointment with Mrs. Barry Duane, and just where you met her. . . . and by the way, how very much she looks like Miss Curtis! You're a wonderful driver, Kennedy, but you haven't any intention of staying on here as a chauffeur, big money. I'm afraid the courts would call it blackmail."

Kennedy listened, outwardly unmoved but taking lively account of this new situation.

"What's your game?" he asked bluntly.

"I'm not playing, Kennedy," Kennedy took the hint.

"My error." He temporized astutely. "But I got the idea that you wanted me to do something for you."

"Perhaps you could." She considered him thoughtfully. "There is someone in Granleigh whose presence is going to bring danger and unhappiness to some close friends of mine. Some day there will be a scandal, and she will be forced to leave in disgrace. It would be better for everybody concerned if she went away quietly, before her—her past became known."

"You want me to get Duane's wife out of the way—"

He had an unpleasant way of stripping facts naked and making her look at them.

"I wish her to go away. Alone." "Reno, or a Mexican divorce?"

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

World Is To End On September 10, Voliva Declares

Zion, Ill.—Wilbur Glenn Voliva has told his faithful that the Lord will come to Zion on or about September 10.

On that day of the feast of trumpets the loyalists of the religious colony here will gather in Shiloh Tabernacle to await the coming of the Lord.

As for the unfaithful—well, Voliva consigned them to destruction, some of them specifically to hell.

"Things are winding up in Zion," he proclaimed in a fiery address to a thousand followers at the Wednesday evening prayer meeting.

"At the close of every age God has called a messenger. In Zion there will be a little circle, and are in the end."

Things temporal began to wind up for Voliva in Zion months ago when receivership robbed him of control of the Zion institutions and industries. Once worth millions, the co-operative industries that were the backbone of Voliva and his church went the way of other victims of economic depression and a federal court receiver supplanted the Voliva management. The political control began to slip away with the elections last spring which put his foes into municipal power.

Tire Hurls Stone, Woman Loses Eye

Evansville, Ind.—A stone thrown by the tire of a passing automobile crushed the eyeball of Mrs. George Himmelbaure, Terra Haute, as she and her father, William C. Welborn, Evansville attorney were en route to Oakland City. It was necessary to remove the eye.

"I can not sing the old song," some singers warble, and if some of them would also admit they can't sing the new songs, all might be well.

The scientists are anxious to get up into the stratosphere but here in Salisbury we will sell our share of it for a cent a foot.

People tell about how glad they are to get back for Old Home week, but they are usually pretty anxious not to miss the train out the next day.

Cities Service Stockholders

may learn something of interest by writing

CRUMPTON & COMPANY
Woodward Bldg. Washington, D.C.

NOW ON DISPLAY
STOKOL
The World's Greatest Automatic COAL BURNER
C. J. W. FISHER
Your Plumber
113 E. Innes St. Phone 570

RADIATOR REPAIRING

Let us inspect your radiator for spring driving. We flush, clean and recore all makes of radiators. We sell or trade new and second hand. We are the oldest and most reliable. See us.

EAST SPENCER MOTOR CO.
E. Spencer, N. C. Phone 1198-J

SALISBURY, THURSDAY, SEPT. 6

CHAS. SPARKS presents

DOWNIE BROS. BIG 3 RING CIRCUS

TWO SHOWS 2 AND 8 P.M. DOORS OPEN 1 AND 7 P.M.

PRICES CHILDREN UNDER 12 25¢ ADULTS 50¢ INCL. TAX

with JACK HOXIE FAMOUS WESTERN SCREEN STAR in person

STREET PARADE AT NOON

Circus Grounds, Colonial Ball Park

For babies, mothers rely on Mavis Talcum Powder. So pure—no added medication is necessary. It guards baby skins against chafing and acid irritations. Within the familiar Mavis red container is complete summer comfort for every member of the family.

Mavis Talcum actually keeps the skin cooler.

by VIVAUDOU 25¢ 50¢ \$1.00

MAVIS TALCUM POWDER

Travel anywhere..any day on the SOUTHERN for 1 1/2 A fare for every purse...!

PER MILE

- 1 1/2 PER MILE One Way Coach Tickets On Sale Daily
- 2 PER MILE Round Trip Tickets for each mile traveled . . . return limit 15 days Good in Sleeping and Parlor Cars on payment of proper charges for space occupied
- 2 1/2 PER MILE Round Trip Tickets for each mile traveled . . . return limit 6 months Good in Sleeping and Parlor Cars on payment of proper charges for space occupied
- 3 PER MILE One Way Tickets Good in Sleeping and Parlor Cars on payment of proper charges for space occupied

NO SURCHARGE!
HIGH CLASS TRAINS
Latest Pullman Equipment, including Compartment, Drawing Room and Open Section Sleeping Cars

MODERN COACHES.. CONVENIENT SCHEDULES
Insure Satisfactory Service on the Southern Railway System

Be Comfortable in the Safety of Train Travel

FRANK L. JENKINS
Passenger Traffic Manager
Washington, D.C.

R. H. GRAHAM
Division Passenger Agent
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Black-Draught Brings Refreshing Relief of Constipation Troubles

Constipation produces many disagreeable sensations, several of which are mentioned by Mr. T. E. Smith, of Boonville, Ind., who writes: "I have used Theodor's Black-Draught many years when needed for biliousness and other minor ills when a laxative was needed. I have a tight feeling in my chest when I get bilious. I get dizzy and feel very tired, just don't feel like doing my work. After taking Black-Draught, I feel much better. This is why I continue to use it when needed." . . . Theodor's Black-Draught is a good, purely vegetable laxative, obtainable for 25¢ a package.

Let Us "TUNE-UP" Your Radio!

Yes, only \$2.00 for a complete check-up of your radio! Guaranteed repairs on any make, any model, any year! Phone for quick, expert service!

Day Phone 574 Night Phone 1578-J

Arcade Bldg. West Innes St.

RADIO SERVICE SHOP
R. E. MILLER, Mgr. Salisbury, N. C.

SUMMER TIME IS BUS TIME FARES are the LOWEST in HISTORY COOL! COMFORTABLE! SAFE!

FARES FROM SALISBURY:

One Round Way Trip	One Round Way Trip
Norfolk, Va. \$5.05 \$9.10	Charlotte70 \$1.30
Richmond, Va. 3.85 6.95	Concord40 .75
Washington, D. C. 4.80 8.65	Lexington25 .50
New York, N. Y. 9.20 16.50	High Point55 1.00
Atlanta, Ga. 5.10 9.20	Greensboro80 1.45
Birmingham, Ala. 6.50 11.70	Burlington 1.20 2.20
Memphis, Tenn. 9.65 17.40	Durham70 1.30
Miami, Fla. 12.50 22.50	Raleigh 2.20 4.00

You can't afford to use your car while fares are so low.

SAVE Wear and tear on your nerves Wear and tear on your car.

CAROLINA COACH CO.

SALISBURY CHINA GROVE
Union Bus Station—Phone 1751 Cline Hotel

IN THE MIDST of all Government Buildings

Within a radius of one mile of Hotel Continental are located twenty of the most important government buildings. The Union Station is just a block and a half away. Every room has an outside exposure. Excellent food in coffee shop and dining room with moderate, fixed-price meals.

HOTEL CONTINENTAL

RATES with BATH
\$2.50 to \$5.00 Single,
\$4.00 to \$7.00 Double
without bath \$2, \$2.50 single
— \$3, \$3.50 double

C. J. COOK Manager

WASHINGTON D. C.