

TRAILS END



BY AGNES LOUISE PROVOST

FINAL INSTALMENT

The mutter dwindled to a whisper. Nancy lay quiet again. Barry sent a miserable glance at Martha.

"Don't worry. I've nured sick folks before. You go see what you can do for that man. He's hurt bad."

His jaw tightened, but he went. The outer room was quiet. Kennedy's eyes were closed, but he opened them as Barry entered.

"Anything more than the leg?" he asked curly.

"A rib or two, maybe. Landed on a rock. Horse stumbled and threw me."

"I've sent for a doctor, but you may have to wait several hours."

"I'll stick it. Might have been—still on the rock—if it hadn't been for Nancy. . . I could do with a cigarette."

Barry gave him one, and held the match.

"Thanks. That'll help."

"Anything else?"

"No. The old girl fixed me up pretty well." He grinned again in that tight fashion made an involuntary movement and winced. "If you want to hear what happened, I'll talk."

Barry nodded. Gage came over and sat down.

"Go on."

"I'll begin at your place." The black eyes were fixed on Barry. "I'd seen Nancy first here, but she beat me getting there. I guess you know the rest on the story by this time—if you got the truth."

His glance flickered, cynically from Barry to Gage. "He knows."

"All right. I was afoot, because my lights had gone wrong and I'd pitched over a bank. But I arrived in time to hear all the commotion. Then Nancy came back running for that calico horse. She sort of staggered when she got to him saying things to herself, not very loud, but it scared me. I'd asked her before I left here if she was sick, and she said no, she was all right. But she wasn't."

"I tried to stop her, but she sailed right on past, and I grabbed a horse, and followed her. When I caught up she didn't know me at first. I tried to make her turn back, but she was bent on running away from something. And then my horse stumbled and threw me, and she came back and sat down alongside of me for a while. She seemed to get the idea that I was sick and she had to take me home—poor kid. I don't know why, and I don't know how we ever got here. . . It was a pretty stiff trip."

He scowled at the end of his cigarette. "I guess we've all given Nancy a rotten deal. It's about time she had a break."

Martha hurried out, and paused on her way to the kitchen.

"Barry, you might bring in some wood. I want good fires and plenty of hot water. She's all choked up."

Barry made for the door. Gage was left alone with the man who had meant to blackmail his wife. Kennedy broke a stiff silence.

"Listen!" he said abruptly. "I'll be laid up for a long time. I don't like you and you hate me, but I like to pay my debts, and this one won't wait. Pull up closer—I've got to talk fast."

The young doctor from the county seat said it was pneumonia. He spoke briskly of health and youth and vitality, but on the second day he asked some odd questions, and added a guarded remark about reduced resistance and evidence of a long emotional strain. He agreed, after a brief hesitation, to stay with them for the first twenty-four hours, provided someone would return to his office with a message.

Petry almost lived in the gray car. News trickled in to Marston, carefully edited.

Late in that first day the rich visitor had come in with Petry, visibly tired and brief of speech, and telegrams had smoked along the wires in some kind of code.

Later a fast airplane brought a secretary from somewhere out of the East. A big new automobile appeared in an incredibly short time and went streaking out over the Junipero.

While all these things were happening Anne tossed and muttered, struggling to get up and get away somewhere. Broken scraps came to them, about Paula, who was not to worry because Nancy would find a way out—Jim—murder—a policeman—mustn't be arrested, because everything would come out—she must hurry, and send her contract over a cliff.

And presently Nancy did not babble, and they dared look at each other again. Gage had Petry drive him up to the Perch, and took Martha with him.

For nearly four days Cleo had been virtually alone at Eagle's Perch. All of her neat plans had tumbled once more, but one hard, bright little thought winked up out of the ruins. Nancy might die.

The first day of isolation she had endured, because one could not openly do much else when people were sick, but the second day was less excusable, and now her eyes bright with repressed temper.

Added to that was the fact that she was finding it difficult to get away. There were two cars now but they were always in use. And the saddle horses had been turned out somewhere.

Cleo saw the new car come in, and Petry and that woman Martha go around to the back of the house. She met Gage with a pout.

"I'm awfully glad you've come. I'm getting terribly lonely up here. How is Nancy?"

"She's going to live." His voice was dry. "Come in, I have something to show you."

In the living room he took a wallet from his pocket, and from it extracted a neat oblong of paper. Cleo came close to a gasp of surprise, but she checked it in time.

It was a check for five thousand dollars, drawn to the order of James M. Kennedy.

"Kennedy! Why, that's my name on it! He's been forging it for five thousand dollars! He was one of our chauffeurs, but I discharged him. Thank you so much!"

She held out her hand, but Gage tucked the check back in his wallet.

"No thanks. I'll keep it as evidence. I have a signed statement from Kennedy, too. I'm going to put them both in safe deposit."

For a few seconds Cleo felt very, very cold. And very angry, but she merely moved a petulant shoulder.

"You're terribly mysterious. I'm afraid I don't follow you."

"Think hard," he suggested, "and maybe you'll remember. It's not such an everyday matter to pay somebody ten thousand dollars to get another woman out of your way."

"You are simply outrageous!" Her face was flaming now, but fear was crowding her close.

"That's a ridiculous thing to say. And do you think that anyone would doubt my word against that of a discharged chauffeur—a broken-down gambler and—?" She stopped, realizing that she had said too much. Gage gave her a brief smile.

"You're well posted on his record, aren't you? And you didn't discharge him, he left. I have evidence of that, too. I also have detailed affidavits covering some of your conversations with Kennedy. One of them is particularly instructive. That was the time you tried to buy back this check from him. Maybe you recollect that you'd had a new footman recently, who didn't stay very long. He was an operative from a detective agency."

"Really! Perhaps you'll tell me that Kennedy was a detective too! It's too bad that he was shot the same night that your wife's sister staged a front page exit over that cliff!"

"Maybe he was. But be a little

more careful of your speech, please."

"Young woman, you've been playing a risky game, and you've lost it. It was worse than risky, it was a dirty game, and if the story ever came out you would be a long time living it down. And if your father should get wind of it, and the way you've let yourself in for blackmail, he'd pack you off somewhere. Ambrose is pretty easy with you, but he has his limits."

"I shouldn't think you could afford to talk about blackmail!" Cleo blazed at him. "I suppose you mean that you are going to hold your precious documents over my head to keep me from telling."

"Call it anything you please. But get this idea firmly in your head—this thing is going to stop right here. You are going to keep quiet about the whole business. I haven't told Duane yet about your attempts to railroad his wife, but at the first indiscretion he is going to get the whole nasty story. If I should die before you, the sealed papers will go to Nancy. Have I made myself clear?"

Gage had found the one weak spot in her hard little armor. Of all the people in the world, she could least endure to have Barry know what she had done to get him.

At the door he paused. "There's an express that goes through the Junction at seven. I've wired for a compartment for you, and Petry will take you over. Martha is packing your trunk now. I told her to Good-bye."

The door closed behind him.

When Nancy awoke it was mid-afternoon and someone was sitting on an absurdly low stool beside her bed. He was bent over with his head resting on his hands, and the stool was so low that the bowed head was only a little way from her fingers tips, where they rested limply on the bed. It was a brown head, with thick hair roughened in the way she had loved. It couldn't be real. She moved her hand to touch it.

"Oh—hello!" He tried so hard to be matter of fact—not to frighten her. "It's pretty nice to see you awake again."

"Nice," she repeated it with dreamy content. Her hand went up slowly, and touched his cheek, and he caught hold of it and held it closer, turning his head to bury his lips in a soft palm.

"Sweet little Nancy! If you will just get well—and come back, there's nothing else in the world that's going to matter."

"Nice!" she said again, and released a happy sigh.

Under her groping fingers his cheek was suddenly wet.

"Trail's End," she murmured contentedly. "I was hoping—it would be."

She dropped off to sleep again, holding his hand.

There was still much to be done before life could go its normal way again. There was, as Gage bluntly put it, publicity to be thought of. A girl named Nancy Curtis, who had been drowned last May, must come to life again. The young doctor would be professionally assured. Cleo had gone, but Gage had assured them that she would be unable to tell anything more than the version which they would give out. Barry received it without comment.

He went in to see Kennedy.

"Getting in practice for a trip," Kennedy explained off-handedly.

"The doctor is going to get an ambulance rigged truck out here to start me off. . . How is Nancy?"

"Better. She—asked after you."

"Good little trouser." The hard black eyes softened for an instant.

"They don't come any better than Nancy. You might—no, I'll say it in a letter. You needn't mind—it'll be perfectly proper."

"I don't. I've—learned things." Kennedy broke the silence.

"I saw the former Mrs. Kennedy this morning. She was very careful not to look this way. I suppose they've made it up, and everything is all rosy again?"

"I think so." Barry was curt about it. He could not discuss the Gages affair with Jim Kennedy.

Barry wondered what Gage really thought of Paula. Gage was no dotting fool, but he loved his wife. Barry thanked God for Nancy, and swung off for a walk.



Fights Socialite

WILLISTON, N. D., Oct. 11. — Thomas I. Moodie (above), veteran newspaperman, is the Democratic candidate for governor, opposing the New York socialist, Mrs. Lydia Cady Sawyer. Moodie is also endorsed by the Nonpartisan League.

like a wave and had gone, leaving them breathless but safe. There might have been privacy for some, but not for Nancy Curtis, who had glittered for a brief time and whose brother-in-law was a multimillionaire.

Anne gave the whispering fire a little secret smile. Barry had been sweet about it.

Now the tumult had died, and life was their own again. Letters and telegrams had been pouring in and lay in drifts on the table and in her lap.

And finally there was a letter from Mrs. Duane. It was addressed to Barry and it was restrained and frugal of emotion, but Anne knew how difficult those few careful sentences had been. "I'll do my share," Anne thought, and felt a twinge of pity. "She is Barry's mother. I'll do all that she will let me."

Aloud she said: "It was nice of your mother to release you from your promise about living in Grandleigh. I know it is hard for her. But she'll be terribly proud of you. If you can get away, perhaps we could go back for a little while, maybe at Thanksgiving or Christmas—if she would like it."

"Why—that sounds good to me." His eyes warmed. "With the salary that I'm to draw as president of the new company, we can make it a real party."

His eyes went back to some telegrams which lay open on the table. He knew them by heart. One was from this Mammoth Pictures Corporation whose hard-won contract Nancy had once had to let go. It offered a star contract now, with nearly twice the salary. The other was from Amalgamated, adding a bonus on every picture.

He fingered the yellow sheets and looked soberly across at her.

"You know," he said hurriedly, "it's all right Nancy—if you want to. I mean—I wouldn't stand in your way."

She knew how much that had cost him, how he hated the very thought of her living a life that—

and of losing her.

"Thanks for that, Barry. I've been thinking about it, of course. It seems as though I'd never really finished anything that I began. I had a job in a little town, and then Paula went away and I gave it up to follow her and got another in a big town. And I let that go for my first little part in a new play, and after two years I left the stage to go to Hollywood—and I ran away from that and bought a ranch. And then I tried being married for a while—just a very little while. If you don't mind, I think I'd like to stay around and make a good job of that."

Something swooped. Barry picked her up out of the big chair, and the letters and telegrams went swishing down like rain.

THE END

POST DATED

Egg Peddler (to wife): "Sufferin' snakes, Florabel, you sold the wrong eggs to that last woman."

Wife: "How so?"
Peddler: "You sold her some of that lot which we dated 'Sept. 10' when it is only Sept. 1 now."

Black-Draught Brings Refreshing Relief of Constipation Troubles

Constipation produces many disagreeable sensations, several of which are mentioned by Mr. T. E. Stith, of Boonville, Ind., who writes: "I have used Theford'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."

Theford's Black-Draught is a good, purely vegetable laxative, obtainable for 25¢ a package.

LEGAL NOTICES

NORTH CAROLINA, ROWAN COUNTY.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT

J. K. Whitley, Vs. P. E. Goodnight and wife, Donnie I. Goodnight, et al.

NOTICE OF SUMMONS AND WARRANT OF ATTACHMENT

The defendants, P. E. Goodnight and wife, Donnie I. Goodnight, defendants in the above entitled action will take notice that on the 4th day of October, 1934, a summons in the said action was issued against them by the undersigned Clerk of the Superior Court of Rowan County, plaintiff claiming the sum of FIVE THOUSAND (\$5,000.00) DOLLARS due him as damages sustained by reason of the malicious injury to the person of the plaintiff, which summons is returnable within thirty days thereafter; and the defendants will also take notice that the warrant of attachment was issued by said Clerk of the Superior Court of Rowan County on the 4th day of October, 1934 against the property of the said defendants, which warrant of attachment is returnable on the 4th day of November, 1934 at the time and place named for the return of the summons; that defendants are required to appear and answer or demur to the complaint and to the warrant of attachment before the undersigned Clerk of the Superior Court of Rowan County, on the 8th day of November, 1934, or 30 days thereafter, or the relief demanded will be granted.

Dated this 8th day of October, 1934.

B. D. McCubbins, Clerk Superior Court, Rowan County, N. C. Oct. 12—Nov. 2.

SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

Pursuant to the terms of a certain mortgage deed of trust executed by Martha Alice Banks, unmarried, to H. E. Isenhour, Trustee, on January 24th, 1927, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Rowan County in book of mortgages No. 99, page 240, default having been made in the payment of the indebtedness therein secured, and at the request of the holder of the note therein secured, the undersigned, Trustee, will expose for sale, at public auction, for cash, at the court house door in Salisbury, N. C., on Saturday, October 27th, 1934, at the hour of 12 M., the following described real estate:

Being lot No. 38 as shown on the map of Fairview Heights, the property of E. A. and L. G. Goodman, surveyed by N. A. Trexler, C. E., which map is duly registered in the office of Register of Deeds for Rowan County, to which reference is hereby made.

The above property will be sold subject to prior liens and encumbrances.

This September 24th, 1934.

Moses Goodman, Trustee, John L. Rendleman, Jr., Attorney, Oct. 5—26.

SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

Pursuant to the terms of a certain mortgage deed of trust executed by Paul T. Goodman and wife, Emma Goodman, to Moses Goodman, Trustee, on April 12th, 1921, and recorded in the office of Register of Deeds for Rowan County in book of mortgages No. 76, page 59, default having been made in the payment of the indebtedness therein secured, and at the request of the holder of the note therein secured, the undersigned Trustee will expose for sale, at public auction, for cash, at the court house door in Salisbury, N. C., on Saturday October 27th, 1934, at the hour of 12 M., the following described real estate:

Being lot No. 38 as shown on the map of Fairview Heights, the property of E. A. and L. G. Goodman, surveyed by N. A. Trexler, C. E., which map is duly registered in the office of Register of Deeds for Rowan County, to which reference is hereby made.

The above property will be sold subject to prior liens and encumbrances.

This September 24th, 1934.

Moses Goodman, Trustee, John L. Rendleman, Jr., Attorney, Oct. 5—26.

SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

Pursuant to the terms of a certain mortgage deed of trust executed by Paul T. Goodman and wife, Emma Goodman, to Moses Goodman, Trustee, on April 12th, 1921, and recorded in the office of Register of Deeds for Rowan County in book of mortgages No. 76, page 59, default having been made in the payment of the indebtedness therein secured, and at the request of the holder of the note therein secured, the undersigned Trustee will expose for sale, at public auction, for cash, at the court house door in Salisbury, N. C., on Saturday October 27th, 1934, at the hour of 12 M., the following described real estate:

Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8, as shown on the map of the Paul T. Goodman property, surveyed by N. A. Trexler County Surveyor, on January 1921, and filed in the office of the Register of Deeds for Rowan County, Book 3, page—, and described by metes and bounds as follows:

Beginning at a stake, intersection of Depot Street and the Salisbury-Albemarle Public Road; thence with Depot Street N. 41 1/2 deg. E. 290 feet to a stake, railroad right of way; thence with said right of way, North 46 1-2 deg. West 228.5 feet to a stake; thence South 43 1/2 deg. W. 261 feet to a stake in the Salisbury-Albemarle road; thence with said road, S. 38 deg. E. 235 feet to the beginning, and being lot No. 1.

Beginning at a stake, intersection of Depot Street and Salisbury-Albemarle road; thence with the line of the Post Office lot N. 50 deg. E. 154 feet to a stake; thence with

the line of the post office lot S. 33 1/2 deg. E. 59 feet, crossing the switch, to a stake; thence N. 35 deg. 15 min. E. 194 feet to a stake, the right of way; thence with the right of way, N. 56 1/2 deg. W. 311.50 feet to a stake in Depot St.; thence with Depot Street S. 41 1/2 deg. W. 292 feet to the beginning, being lots Nos. 2 to 8, inclusive.

Beginning in the railroad right of way, in the town of Gold Hill, and runs N. 65 deg. W. 30 poles to the old line; thence with the old line N. 5 deg. E. 10 poles to a stone; thence S. 60 deg. E. 21 poles to the right of way; thence with the same to the beginning, containing 1 1/4 acres. For back title see book of deeds No. 154-524.

The above property will be sold subject to all prior liens, if any.

This September 24th, 1934.

Moses Goodman, Trustee, Oct. 5—26.

SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

Pursuant to the terms of a certain mortgage deed of trust executed by William Krider and wife, Emma Krider, to Moses Goodman, Trustee, on November 17th, 1923, and recorded in the office of Register of Deeds for Rowan County in Book of mortgages No. 89, page 32, default having been made in the payment of the indebtedness therein secured, and at the request of the holder of the note therein secured, the undersigned Moses Goodman, Trustee, will expose for sale, at public auction, for cash, at the court house door in Salisbury, N. C., on Saturday, October 27th, 1934, at the hour of 12 M., the following described property:

Beginning at a point on the East side of Harrell Street, corner to lot No. 108; thence in an Easterly direction with line of lot No. 108 150 feet to a stake, corner of lot No. 108; thence N. 3 E. 50 feet to a stake, corner of lot No. 110; thence in a Westerly direction with the line of lot No. 110, 150 feet to a stake, corner to lot No. 110 in the edge of Harrell Street; thence S. 3 W. with the edge of Harrell Street, 50 feet to the beginning, and being lot No. 109 as shown on the map of Fairview Heights, the property of E. A. and L. G. Goodman, surveyed by N. A. Trexler, said map being duly recorded in the office of Register of Deeds for Rowan County.

The above property will be sold subject to all prior liens and encumbrances.

This September 24th, 1934.

Moses Goodman, Trustee, John L. Rendleman, Jr., Attorney, Oct. 5—26.

SALE OF VALUABLE BUSINESS PROPERTY

Pursuant to the terms of a certain judgment entered at the September Term, 1934 of Rowan Superior Court, in the civil action entitled Gurney P. Hood, Commissioner of Banks for North Carolina, and on relation of Clyde Jones, Agent and Conservator of the North Carolina Bank & Trust Company vs. H. A. Rouzer, et al. and docketed in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court in Book of Judgments No. 26, page 313, the undersigned, Commissioner, will expose for sale at public auction for cash at the Court House door in Salisbury, N. C., on Saturday, October 27th, 1934, at the hour of 12 M., the following valuable city business property:

Lying and being on the South-west corner of Main and Liberty Streets, in the City of Salisbury, described by metes and bounds as follows:

BEGINNING at the West corner of the intersection of Main and Liberty Streets and running South-west with Main Street 66 feet to a stake; thence Northwest and parallel with Liberty Street 198 feet to the edge of a 12 foot alley; thence in a Northeastly direction and parallel with Main Street 66 feet to a stake in the edge of Liberty Street; thence in a Southeastly direction with Liberty Street 198 feet to the beginning.

For back title, see deed from Charles Joseph Hedrick, and others, to H. A. Rouzer, dated 21st day of January, 1920, and registered in Book 154, page 282, 283, and 284, in the office of the Register of Deeds for Rowan County.

This September 25th, 1934.

J. Temple Gobel, Commissioner, John L. Rendleman, Sr., Attorney, Sept. 28—Oct. 26.

SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

Pursuant to the terms of a certain mortgage deed of trust executed by J. C. Gordy and wife Carrie G. Gordy, to Earle R. Honeycutt, Trustee and mortgagee, on

December 11th, 1931, and registered in the office of Register of Deeds for Rowan County in book of mortgages No. 118, page 206, default having been made in the payment of the indebtedness therein secured, the undersigned, Trustee and Mortgagee, will expose for sale, at public auction for cash at the courthouse door in Salisbury, N. C., on Saturday, October 27th, 1934, at the hour of 12 M., the following described real estate situated in Morgan Township, and described as follows:

One third undivided interest in the following tract of land, known as part of the lands of Noah Park Deceased:

Beginning at a post oak stake in Daniel Lyerly's line, runs North with his line passing his corner a black-jack, in all 20 chains, to a stake Henry Earnhardt's corner; thence West with his line 25 chains to a stake, his corner; thence South 20 chains to a black-jack; thence East 57 poles to a stake; thence South 12 poles to a black-jack; thence East 43 poles to a stake; thence North 10 poles to the beginning, containing 53 acres, more or less according to the two old deeds. These lines are the old lines of 1827 and 1835 found in the old deeds and known as the land of Jacob Earnhardt and wife, sold to Noah Park. See deeds registered in book 68 of deeds, page 279, also book of deeds No. 93, page 406. This property came by J. C. Gordy being legal heir of J. F. Gordy, deceased.

This September 26th, 1934.

Earle R. Honeycutt, Trustee and Mortgagee, Rendleman & Rendleman Attys. Oct. 5—26.

SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

PURSUANT to the terms and provisions of a certain mortgage deed of trust executed on May 25th 1927 by W. H. Barringer and wife, Nora Barringer, to J. E. Fisher, Trustee, which is duly recorded in the office of Register of Deeds of Rowan County in book of mortgages No. 100, page 187, default having been made in the payment of the indebtedness therein secured, and at the request of the holder of the note thereby secured, the undersigned, J. E. Fisher, Trustee, will expose for sale at public auction, for cash, at the court house door in the City of Salisbury, N. C., on Saturday, October 13th, 1934, at the hour of 12 M., the following described property:

One lot in the town of Granite Quarry, lying near the depot and adjoining Julius Arey and being part of the J. M. Lyerly tract and bounded as follows: Beginning at a stone near the depot on the edge of depot street, Julius Arey's corner; thence South 77 deg. East 75 feet to a stone, a new corner; thence with J. M. Lyerly's line North 7 1/2 deg. East 168 feet to a stone, a new corner; thence South