

The Dollar Bride

By MARY IMLAY TAYLOR
Autocaster Service, New York.

Seventeenth Installment
 "Don't touch me, Helena," Richard said, not ungentle, looking down at her kindly, "it's diphtheria."
 "I don't care!" she cried, "you're worn out—where's the nurse? Who's that? Why—Nancy Gordon?"
 "I came in because of the storm," she said sharply, "I'm going now!"
 "My car's up the road. Page, help Nancy over the hill; she's exhausted, too," said Helena sweetly, "been sick nursing all night. I suppose?"
 "No, she hasn't; she can't stay, and you can't either, Helena," said Richard sharply, "Roemer, can you take a message for me? Send my man down here?"
 "Of course, I'll phone—I reckon some wires are up. Mrs. Haddon, you're coming with Nancy and me?"
 Nancy, at the door, looked back full in their faces. She was outlined against the sunshine, small and slight and mightily defiant.
 "I'm not going in the car, I'm going on foot," she said flatly. "Richard, I'll send the nurse. If she can leave her case."
 "Nancy—" Richard took a step forward, but she never turned her head. They could see her walking straight and steadily across the wet path to the road.
 Page uttered an exclamation and

ran after her. Nancy was at the top of the hill when he overtook her.
 Unconsciously, the other two stood at the door and watched. They saw Page reach her and Nancy turned, said something, and walked on. But the young man, nothing daunted, pressed close behind her.
 Helena, watching and listening keenly, heard the fierce catch in Richard's breath. Then she looked up at him and stood still, her heart beating heavily against her breast. All the life and the light had run out of his look. "A lovers' quarrel," she said lightly, "they were together yesterday at the inn. It was a quarrel that made her run out—he's been mad looking for her."
 Richard stood rigid. Helena's tightened on his arm. She dared it all in one toss of the dice!
 "Page is a good fellow," she said dreamily, "and—it's a pity—I don't think she's worth it, is she?"
 He turned and looked straight into her face. "I love her!" he said with magnificent simplicity. Then he shook her hand off. "You'd better go home at once, Helena. You'll get diphtheria here!"
 She broke down wildly, clenching her hands against her breast, her long eyes blazing the anger at him.
 "I wish I could," she panted, "I wish I could."
 But even her fury did not move him now; he sent her home.
 Helena was late coming home that day. Haddon had returned from the bank, and was sitting in his study when he heard his wife enter the house.
 "How's Polestar?" she asked lazily.
 Haddon stopped smoking for a moment. "He's going to get over it. I sent for Arlow—first rate man, you know. That confounded boy!"
 Helena stopped hysterically. "It wasn't the boy's fault," she said. "I've been out with Page Roemer searching for that girl—you know she ran out of the inn in the rain? Page is in love with her, and I had to help him find her. Where do you suppose she was?"
 Haddon shrugged. "How the dev-

il do I know? With Morgan I suppose."
 His wife started. A new and menacing suspicion laid hold of her. "You look fagged out. Better get Johnson to make you a stiff cup of coffee," he advised coolly. You look all in."
 "She was with Morgan. She'd gone into that wretched Kinney woman's shack. The child's down with diphtheria. She and Morgan were there all night, if you please, taking care of that child!"
 Haddon threw his head back and laughed heartily.
 "Mighty convenient to have diphtheris sometimes, isn't it?"
 His cool enjoyment of a thing that was biting into her very soul infuriated Helena.
 "You met Nancy Gordon in Washington—I mean, you saw her there once, King," she said slowly, with studied coolness. "I remember your saying something—what was she doing there anyway?"
 He laughed shortly, a malicious light showing in the back of his throat. "She can't have!" he answered her dryly.
 "She was with Dick Morgan. They left here together—the day I went to the golf tournament. Afterwards, I went to register at the hotel. I've never said a word about it—and look here, Helena, you can't either. Mind that I won't be party to a scandal!"
 "Why, she asked in a smothered voice.
 "They'd registered as man and wife, that's all!"
 Helena drew a long breath. Before her eyes she grew as white as a dying woman. He half rose from his chair with an inarticulate exclamation, but she rallied, straightened herself and stood erect. He sank back in his chair with a foolish laugh like a man in sudden relief from pain.
 His wife was summoning all her strength to walk slowly to the door. She must be alone. Something in the suppressed fury of her look warned him; he knew he had been rash.
 "Helena!" he said sharply.
 "What is it?"
 He leaned forward earnestly, cautioning her with a raised hand of warning.
 "Mind not a word of this!" he said sharply, "no scandal involving me—even in hearsay."
 She looked over her shoulder at him with an odd twisted smile.
 "Do you really think I care—any way or the other—about that girl?" she asked scornfully.
 "No," he said dryly, "but I'm pretty damned sure now—that you do—for the man."
 She had her hand on the door and she met his eyes with fire in her look, and hatred. But she said nothing.
 Up in her own room, Helena was sitting on the edge of her bed, white teeth set hard. She was going over those crazy moments when she had made a fool of herself, and lately—yes, lately she had been no better than a mendicant begging the alms of love!
 And all the while it was Nancy Gordon! He loved the girl! Yet the tide of her hatred was turning—not on him—but on Nancy. Nancy was a woman, and Helena knew where to strike a woman. Fury rose in her like a tide.
 She was ripe for any madness.
 Before she knew it, before she had time to think of the incredible wickedness of what she did, she went to the telephone—

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Gentlemen: Please send me further information about the New Electrolux. This request obligates me in no way.

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Old Major Lomax just recovered from his prolonged attack of gout, got to his desk and began to figure on William Gordon's indebtedness to him. Not even the house had quite wiped out Gordon's plunge. It wasn't like Gordon. Of course there was a reason.
 Lomax had his own suspicions, fed up by letters from his cousin in the trust company. Old man Beaver had conceived a chronic distrust of young Gordon. "Going on another bat, I think," he wrote Lomax, "something eating the boy—women or wine or something, can't make it out. Don't lend the old man too much."
 Major Lomax rubbed the end of his nose with his pen. He was thinking of Nancy when he heard the front door shut violently and the rush of feet in the hall. Angie came in, dropped into a chair by his desk and began to cry. The major eyed her for began to cry. The major eyed her for a moment, then laid down his pen.
 "What's the matter? Shut off the water-works! What's wrong now, child? Who's hurt your feelings?"
 Angie dashed away her tears, choking and gasping.
 "I'm not hurt, I'm mad!" she said fiercely. "Uncle Robert, they're saying things—perfectly awful things about Nancy Virginia."
 The old man picked up his pen mechanically and added up two sets of figures. His niece strangled another sob.
 "It's about Richard Morgan—it's—it's perfectly awful, Uncle Robert."
 One thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine plus—the major suspended his pen.
 "Tell me the whole business, Angie."
 "The girl's eyes fell before his."
 "Hump! Where did you get it?"
 "It's a horrid thing, uncle."
 Angie told him. The woman had a good name, and not much of a gossip either, she had it on good authority. "Everybody knows!" Angie sobbed. "I—Pd like to kill Dr. Morgan!"

GROW WORK STOCK ON HOME FARM

North Carolina farmers bought heavily of mules this year and though the number of horses decreased by 2,000 head, the number of mules increased by 3,000 head, leaving a gain of 1,000 head of work-stock for the state.
 "Unfortunately," says Earl H. Hostetler, in charge of livestock research for the North Carolina Experiment Station, "this gain was made by sending money out of the State and with the present price of mules, the money spent for only one pair is often more clear cash than the owner makes on his farm in one year. The way to stop this steady drain on the state's farm resources is to grow the workstock at home. The animals so grown will furnish a home market for grain, roughage and pasture and may be grown with little trouble or expense."
 Hostetler points out that the state must have mares before it can have mules. A majority of the mares are now over 10 years old which makes breeding very doubtful and if growers could get in a few young mares which might be bred and thus build up the horse population, the breeding of mules can follow successfully.
 "Colts are not difficult to raise. If they are foaled in the early spring their mothers can do full time work on the farm. In fact, the mare and colt both will thrive better where the mother gets plenty of exercise," Hostetler says.
 He declares that pasture is a prime necessity in growing colts and this seems to have been overlooked in the past. Both horses and mules need a full ration of grain and good roughage during the work season. On idle days, they may be turned into the pasture and the grain ration lightened.

"You haven't told me what it is yet," said her uncle dryly.
 "I hate to tell you with such talk!" his niece cried, her face ashen.
 Little by little the old man drew the story out of her. It had grown since Helena started it, and it was very reasonable.
 The major drummed on his desk with his fingers, his eyes fixed on the distant view from his windows. He had known Richard from boyhood. Not an unusual boy, a good deal of a man always, the major thought.
 "It's a damned lie, Angie," he said finally.
 "Of course it is!" she agreed, "and you've got to stop it. Uncle Robert."
 The major patted her hand. "That's right! I like to hear you, but you can't stop woman's tongues, child. You'd better get Nancy to come out with the truth. That's the way to meet it."
 "As if she had anything to tell—she can't have!" Angie turned indignant eyes upon him.
 He shook his head. "No! But there's something at the bottom of it; too much smoke, Angie."
 It was ten days before Haddon heard the story, a garbled story, but he came home white with rage. "By God, Helena, if I thought you'd started this!" he stormed fiercely, finding her alone in her room.
 She looked his over from head to foot, beautiful and insolent.
 "Do you imagine you were the only one to read that register?" she asked cuttingly.
 He recoiled in spite of himself. Of course he had been a fool and flown off the handle about nothing.
 "No," he answered coolly.
 "Lord!" he said, "women are the devil!" and he heard his wife's laugh, as he shut the door.
 At first, Nancy suspected nothing, but she felt a change, subtle, complete, chilling. The old friendly atmosphere seemed to recede and leave her marooned. She fancied that it had something to do with Polestar. Haddon had made a great deal of that incident, he had discharged Henry and told the whole story. Major Lomax overtook her one day on her way home. "Going down to Warrenton tomorrow to spend the day with Angie and her cousin?" he asked pleasantly.
 Nancy smiled. "Why, yes, Angie asked me—she says her cousin told her she might bring a friend. There's a cross country race, isn't there?"
 The old man nodded. "Angie won't ride. I've forbidden her. She can't keep her seat on one of Jack Fuller's horses. I believe you're a reckless young devil, Nancy. I suppose you'll go it strong."
 The girl's face brightened perceptibly. "I love to ride, major, and—I love horses."
 "Hum, didn't thing about sparing race horses though?" he observed dryly.
 Nancy's cheeks blazed red. "Major, they've made such a fuss about that—I can see it, the very way people stare at me!"
 The old man stopped stert, leaning on his cane, and peered at her. "That isn't the reason people stare at you, my child," he said gravely.
 Nancy lifted startled eyes to his face; what she saw there frightened her.
 The major drew a pattern on the ground with his cane.
 (Continued Next Week)

PUBLIC PULSE

This is a column open to the public for free expression. The Journal-Patriot does not assume any responsibility for articles printed under this heading, and neither endorses nor condemns them. Please be as brief as possible.

CALLS NEW DEAL A DEAL OF DESTRUCTION
 Editor Journal-Patriot:
 "The age of plenty for all" will come when the good things of life will be distributed on a basis of need and not on a basis of greed. When millions of people are in need of the three chief necessities of life—food, clothing and shelter—a great deal is said about over-production—too much wheat, too many vegetables, too much beef and too many pigs, which seems to be the cry, but is it not a false alarm? There isn't too much food, so long as there is a hungry soul suffering for want of it. There isn't too much clothing, when honest men and women with their children go in rags, with no money to buy with. How can a processing tax on wheat help the working man? He will have to pay more for his bread. It will only help the wheat farmer—a processing tax on wheat, which the consumer must pay, and the proceeds are to be used to reduce the wheat acreage for the sole purpose of raising the price of wheat, which the consumer will have to pay still more for his bread. It is an injustice to humanity.
 What a shame the government should feel! Called upon to spend money to destroy the necessities of life, such as food, cotton for clothing, and such—when the same money could be used to clothe and feed the hungry. The government is paying people to reduce their hog production when the same man has said he never got that much money for his pigs in one year in his life that he would get now, and still raise the same amount of pigs. Or a farmer that is well off on a good farm and plenty to eat and wear, with money in the bank and has not had more than one litter of pigs in a year, and still get papers signed up for money from the government not to raise more pigs. What is the justice of this work?
 The needs of humanity cannot be supplied through a policy of destruction, but we need a system of charitable distribution that will, at the minimum, supply first the living needs of all, and then if there is any left over, store away for future distribution. Destroying the necessities of life under any condition, is fundamentally wrong, and becomes a crime against humanity when it is done in the face of even one soul who is suffering for want of it.
 How many of our rulers and law makers, manufacturers and merchants that stand for this kind of thing are we going to push up and vote for? And can they kneel in prayer and not have a guilty conscience? We all have room for better improvement of life.
 MRS. J. H. HAYES.
 Wilkesboro, N. C.

SCHEERR-BUSH

F. C. Bush, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Bush, of this city, was married in Fredericksburg, Texas, on April 30 to Miss Ruby Scheerr. Mr. Bush has been in the army for five years and has made a splendid record with several promotions. He is now stationed at Fort San, Houston, Texas.

Andy Dover of Cabarrus county will start growing one and three-eighths inch cotton staple this season having planted five bushels directly from the breeder.

The thousand Mimosa trees planted along the highway out of Morganton three years ago were pruned recently under the direction of the Burke County farm agent.

Reregistration Is Called For

Unemployed who have registered at the national re-employment office here and whose applications have not been renewed within 90 days will be placed in the inactive file on June 1, states R. L. Woolen, director of the office here for five counties—Wilkes, Alexander, Alleghany, Ashe and Watauga.

Renewal of the registration is necessary due to the fact that the office wishes to keep in the active file only the unemployed who still are interested in getting work through the re-employment office.

Applicants may have their names restored to the active file by letter, telephone or personal call. Attention is called to the fact that the office desires all available information in regard to any special qualifications of any applicants, especially in regard to machine operators. Machine operators, when re-registering, should state the particular type of machines with which he has had experience.

Files from the re-employment office here will furnish the list of laborers and skilled workmen for contractors on projects of the state highway and public works commission.

Political Notices

FOR REGISTER OF DEEDS
 I have filed with the county board of elections and am a candidate for the Republican nomination for register of deeds. If nominated and elected I will try in an honorable and efficient way to perform the duties of office. I will greatly appreciate your vote on June 2.
 Sincerely yours,
 M. F. BUMGARDNER.
 5-3-34

For Clerk of Court
 Having announced my candidacy for the Republican nomination for Clerk of Superior court of Wilkes county in the June primary, I wish to say that I will be deeply grateful for any support which you may give me in the primary campaign and in the primary. Assuring you of my desire to serve the people of Wilkes county to the best of my ability, I am,
 Very truly yours,
 J. RUFF HENDERSON.

NOTICE
 North Carolina, Wilkes County.
 In the Superior Court.
 Harry W. Justice, vs A. C. DePass and K. C. Eller.
 The defendant A. C. DePass will take notice: That an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Wilkes County, North Carolina, to remove certain deeds of trust as a cloud upon plaintiff's title, said deeds of trust being those purported to be executed and delivered by the Equipment Sales and Supply Company to A. C. DePass on certain real estate situated in Wilkes County, North Carolina, being the same lands conveyed to Harry W. Justice by the Equipment Sales & Supply Company, as will appear of record in the Register of Deeds Office of Wilkes county, Book 169, page 23. And the said defendant will further take notice that he is required to appear at the office of the clerk of Superior Court of said County in the Court House in Wilkesboro, North Carolina, on the 7th day of June, 1934, and answer or demur to the complaint in said action, or the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in said complaint.
 This 3rd day of June, 1934.
 PEARL STROUD, Asst.,
 Clerk Superior Court, Wilkes County.
 5-28-34

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 then be regulated. It seems so simple; you need not take a "double dose" a day or two later. Nor will a solid 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 osmotic—a natural laxative. The bowels will not become dependent on this form of help. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is at all druggists. M. C. N. R. A.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE— WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

If you feel sour and sunk and the world looks punk, don't swallow a lot of salts, mineral water, oil, laxative candy or chewing gum and expect them to make you suddenly sweet and buoyant and full of sunshine.

For they can't do it. They only move the bowels and a mere movement doesn't get at the cause. The reason for your down-out-of-feeling is your liver. It should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily.

If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas builds up your stomach. You have a thick, bad taste and your breath is foul, skin often breaks out in blemishes. Your head aches and you feel down and out. Your whole system is poisoned.

It takes those good, old CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." They contain wonderful, harmless, gentle vegetable extracts, amazing when it comes to making the bile flow freely.

But don't ask for liver pills. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Beware! A substitute. 25c a dozen stores. © 1931 C. M. Co.

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