

TRAIL'S END

AGNES LOUISE PROVOST



THIRD INSTALMENT

SYNOPSIS—Three weeks ago a cream-colored roadster had been found wrecked in the sea at the foot of a cliff, a girl calling herself Anne Cushing appears at the desert town Marston. She has bought, sight unseen, a ranch located thirty miles away. Barry Duane, her nearest neighbor, and the man, Boone Petry, procure a reliable woman for her and in Barry's car, loaded down with supplies, they start across the desert. In Marston her reticence has aroused suspicion.

The glimpse was only a glimpse, passing as quickly as it had come. The car gave a jolt of protest and slanted off obliquely from the road they had been following. She had wanted privacy and here it was.

"Now," said her host cheerfully, "we are aiming straight—more or less straight—for your ranch. The real road is back of

us. This is just your short cut to it. See that little jag in the hills? Your ranch is right below that, in a valley."

She looked at it with sharpened interest. A valley sounded nice; sort of snug and tucked away. The agent had told her that a stream ran through the ranch. She hoped that was true, but she did not ask Barry Duane.

The hills were coming closer and a slow rise of land began to be spotted thinly with dwarf evergreens. Higher slopes towered ahead, great, wrinkled, rocky folds, almost black in shadow. Further south, where the car was heading were long, thinly wooded ridges. Lying lonely but protected, there was a little valley.

Anne had a glimpse of willows and cottonwoods, hugging what must be a little creek. There was water!

They swept in with a triumphant burst of speed, past a strip of fence, with tired looking posts and discouraged wire, past a ragged field or two, catching sight of a lovely meadow.

"Here we are," said Barry Duane. "at Cushing's Ranch. You mustn't judge it by first appearances, because a handy man with a hammer and a few nails can work miracles."

His voice sounded nervous. They were all looking at her, a little anxiously.

She began to laugh. Softly at first, but with a swelling note. This was her ranch, hers, bought insanely over the counter in a dusty little office in a small town.

"The dear little funny old thing! I don't mind if it's run down. It's mine! And I'm going to have orange curtains at the windows. Flaming orange! Let's explore!"

She was out before anyone could help her, running up a careless path to a frankly sagging porch, and turned at the door.

"I forgot the most important part. Welcome to Trail's End! Mrs. Larrabee, if I help, do you think I'd dare invite the gentlemen to our first meal?"

They stayed. It would have taken force to have dragged at least one of them away from that glowing picture on the low, lazy old porch, with the weathered logs making a silvered background for her vivid youth and the lovely flame in her cheeks.

"Don't see why they shouldn't," she agreed calmly. "There's plenty to eat, and we can easily keep two men busy until supper time. Boone, you take these things out, and I'll show you where they go. And then you might clean out the stove—it'll need it—and lay a fire for me. Barry, suppose you show Miss Cushing around and tell her about things. And you might take a look at the well and see if it needs cleanin' out."

Anne listened to them, eyes alight with laughter. "Tell me when I can help. I'm not going to be a drone, you know. But I want to see what the house is like. first. Comin'?"

This was not addressed to Martha. A slightly dizzy young man picked up a suitcase in each hand, and followed her.

They didn't usually please to bury their talents in humdrum and unspectacular farm work. Perhaps it was just a whim, or a let-down after a love affair, or—Oh, damn it, what business was it of his, anyway? He went to find Martha Larrabee.

Left to herself, Anne grimaced frankly at the slightly dingy look of her new quarters, and blessed Martha's stern creed of soap and water. She slipped into a pair of smart sport shoes, and hurried out.

"Mrs. Larrabee, I can't ask two perfect strangers to do all my work for me. It's awfully nice of them to be willing, but it's really too much."

"My name's Martha," said that capable woman composedly, "and don't you worry about the work. It won't hurt 'em. Besides, they'd want to anyway. It's only neighborly. Now you run along and tell Barry to show you around, but before he goes he might as well help Boone out with that table. I thought we might have supper early, and eat it outdoors."

A step sounded on the porch. Anne knew already whose it was.

"I've brought you some water, Martha. The well seems in good shape, but I'll take a better look at it tomorrow. It's placed right for drainage, too."

He sighted Anne. White, even teeth flashed. "All ready for action? Come along, and I'll show you the estate."

She trudged off gaily with him, to look at her kingdom. Martha looked after them, with elevated brow and that little quirk at the corner of her smiling mouth.

"Him!" she said eloquently. "Runnin' after a girl!"

The tour of inspection took in the hay barn and wagon shed, tool house and store house, a disused blacksmith shop cluttered with odds and ends, a fairly good cabin with several bunks, used, no doubt, in busier days. There were farm implements more or less in repair, a fair assortment of tools, some noticeably patched harness and a quite respectable saddle.

They left these dusty details behind them and walked slowly down beside the little creek, hustling busily along over its stones. Young willows crowded close to its banks, cottonwoods towered gracefully, golden green with young leaves. It was quiet and lovely here.

"An Indian," said Barry Duane, "would feed a tribe on what a Simpson wastes. A primitive dam out there and some irrigation ditches on each side would add acres to this place. But try to make them do it!"

There was a curious bitterness in his voice, out of all relation to such a harmless subject. She wondered.

"Why, I think it sounds exciting."

"Yes, it's exciting enough." He broke off with an apologetic grin. "Don't let me get started. It's a hobby of mine. Come on, let's go up to that knoll. You will get a good view down your little valley and a nice glimpse of some aspens on the other side. When they turn in the autumn that upper slope is like running gold."

Ditches and views and creeks, bitterness and an eye for mountain slopes running with autumn gold! An unexpected young man. Life might not be so solitary here after all.

That had been hours ago. They had eaten picnic fashion, with zestful appetite and in the open air. Strange that it should seem so natural! They had talked of deserts and of deep bosomed hills, of the temperamental habits of the dry sandy washes in the season of rains. Of everything, in fact, except the reason why a girl with beautiful hands and the smart tailoring of expensive city shops should have elected to live on a little ranch in an isolated valley.

Then finally, rather reluctantly, her two sun-browned guardians had climbed into the disreputable car and departed.

After that she had tied herself into a big apron and worked with Martha, despite protest, and now, after two hours of beating and dusting and washing and dragging things around she sat quietly by herself on the amiably sagging porch.

She had learned that "home" for Barry was rather high up in the hills. She wondered if he had always lived there. He must have been away to school. He didn't talk like the others. She liked him.

Martha's solid step sounded back of her.

"You better get to bed. You look mighty near done out to me."

"Just lazy. You've done wonders. I like my ranch, Martha. Perhaps I'm a hopeless greenhorn, but I do."

"So do I," said Martha unexpectedly. "I've always liked it."

"Oh, do you?" A certain listlessness had gone out of her voice.

"I thought perhaps—well, it's generally agreed to be rather run down, isn't it?"

"Nothing that plain, ordinary hard work and a little backbone won't bring up again," said Martha bluntly. "There's a home and a reasonable livin' on it, and in good years there ought to be a little over to tuck in the bank."

She looked shrewdly down at the small dark head, at sharply, taper-fingered hands clasped over a rounded knee. Martha had a head and used it, but whatever she may have felt of curiosity or doubt she kept to herself. She added a brief afterthought, cautiously.

"And if you ever get tired of ranchin', I guess you wouldn't have any trouble turnin' your money over. Anybody could easily turn it into a dude ranch, and I guess there's rich men that would like it just for the shootin' and fishin' back in the hills. Now I'm on my way to bed. We have got to get up early tomorrow morning."

"All right, Martha. I'll follow in a minute. Be sure to call me."

The firm step retreated. Anne was alone again, and thoughtful. Home and a living. It was curious how precious that seemed now. Hidden away in her smaller suitcase there was still a little store of bills in that golden bag, hated and yet miraculous. Enough to buy some needed things for her ranchito, and a little in reserve, always in reserve, if by any chance disaster should pursue her even here, and the need for flight should come suddenly.

"Hide me!" she whispered fiercely. "Hold me and hide me, until no one remembers my face!"

A memory stung her like a nettle. She shook it off abruptly and jumped to her feet.

Four days had passed since Anne had arrived at this tucked away, neglected ranch of hers, four days of almost unremitting work which had sent her to bed with every muscle protesting and had swept her in five minutes into dreamless sleep.

From the kitchen came a subdued rattle of pans. Anne's eyes opened wide and she reached for the watch lying on an unsteady little table beside her bed. Seven o'clock!

A swing and a soft thump took her out of bed, and she threw open the door and ran out.

"Martha, you villain, you've let me oversleep! Don't you know I'm a hard-working woman?"

Her shrewd eyes warmed, in spite of an inner protest, as they looked at the gay little figure in the kitchen door. Bright eyes and a curly mop of hair, bare feet thrust into gaudy Chinese slippers, slinky, impudent pajamas, scarlet and black.

"If you're goin' to run around in those red pants, you'd better keep an eye on the door. First thing you know one of your regular callers will be stickin' his head in, and then what'll you look like?"

"Why, just like this!" She plucked a bit of gay silk in each thumb and forefinger and bowed extravagantly. Then with a sudden glint in her eye she swung out a slipped foot at a perilous angle and twirled off in a series of extraordinary dance steps. The older woman stared at her, a girl gone mad, whirling and swooping, small feet stamping a curious time beat in light, staccato thuds.

"Like it, Martha?"

Mrs. Isadore Faw Answers Summons

Resident of Reddies River Route 1 Buried Today; Died Tuesday

Mrs. Isadore Faw, wife of Chal Faw, of Reddies River R. F. D., died Tuesday morning at 10:45 at the state hospital in Morganton. She had been a patient for 11 months.

Mrs. Faw was the daughter of the late Allen Brown and Mrs. Lessie Brown, of Reddies River. She was a well known resident of her community and was a member of Mountain Valley church.

She is survived by her husband and the following seven children: Cheslie, Arvin, Dasie, Vernice, Marvel, Allie and J. D. Also surviving are her mother, two sisters, Mrs. Cora Reavis and Mrs. Emma Pless, and one half brother, Quincy Brown. She was preceded to the grave by two children, Treely

NOTICE

The Board of Education of the North Wilkesboro City Administrative School Unit will receive sealed bids up to 12 o'clock noon on Tuesday, July 17, 1934, for furnishing labor, material, erection, and completion of the proposed Colored Elementary school building to be located in the east section of the town of North Wilkesboro.

The blue print and specifications of the proposed four room building may be had from the office of Superintendent of town schools at High School Building. Each bid must be accompanied by a certified check amounting to ten per cent of the bid. Unsuccessful bidders' checks will be returned on the day of the letting of the contract. The Board of Education reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

NORTH WILKESBORO BOARD OF EDUCATION.
By W. H. H. Waugh, Chairman.
7:2-5-9.

NOTICE OF SALE

By virtue of the authority contained in a certain deed of trust executed on the 1st day of December, 1922, by Comodore Hutchens to Southern Trust Company, Trustee, and recorded in book 123, page 229, of the office of the Register of Deeds for Wilkes county, N. C., default having been made in the conditions of said deed of trust, the undersigned Trustee will, on the 23rd day of July, 1934, at 12:00 o'clock noon, at the Court House door of Wilkes county, N. C., offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, the following described property:

All those certain lands containing 78 1-2 acres, more or less, situated on the Congo Road, about 6 miles from the town of Wilkesboro, in Reddies River Township, Wilkes county, N. C. and adjoining the lands of Jefferson Parsons, W. E. Parsons, James Bumgarner and others, and beginning on a forked red oak, now a stone and black gum pointers by the side of the public road, and runs with an agreed line of marked trees as follows: S. 41 degrees W. 3 poles, S. 32 degrees W. 5 1-2 poles, S. 35 degrees W. 5 poles; S. 39 degrees W. 10 1-2 poles in all 24 poles to a small black oak W. E. Parsons' corner; then with same agreed line as follows: S. 33 degrees W. 11 poles, S. 25 degrees W. 8 poles; S. 38 degrees W. 8 poles, S. 35 degrees W. 18 poles, S. 47 degrees W. 12 poles, in all 57 poles to an apple tree, now down; thence S. 41 degrees W. 10 poles to a persimmon tree by the road; thence S. 31 degrees W. 8 poles to a pine stump; thence S. 43 1-2 degrees W. 24 1-2 poles to a black gum on the top of the hill; thence with an agreed line of marked trees as follows: S. 52 degrees W. 37 poles; S. 48 degrees W. 31 poles, in all 68 poles to a stake in the center of Brown's Road; thence with said road as it now runs, general bearing as follows: N. 46 degrees W. 21 poles, N. 28 degrees W. 13 poles, N. 17 degrees W. 20 poles, N. 25 degrees W. 10 poles, in all 95 poles to a stone on the east edge of said road, corner of the church lot; thence with the line of said church lot N. 56 degrees E. 34 poles to a stone, corner of said church lot; thence S. 37 degrees E. 6 poles and 8 links to a stone; thence N. 68 1-2 degrees E. 28 3-4 poles to a stone; thence N. 37 degrees W. 12 poles and 8 links to a stone; thence N. 2 degrees E. 12 poles to a stake in the mouth of a ditch in Barr's Branch; thence with the center of said ditch N. 21 degrees E. 11 poles; thence N. 48 degrees E. 108 poles; thence S. 65 1-2 degrees E. 30 poles to the beginning. This being part of the tract of land conveyed to Comodore Hutchens by W. A. Bishop and wife, M. A. Bishop, by deed dated April 18th, 1913, and recorded in the Office of Register of Deeds of Wilkes County in Book 101, page 512, reference to which deed is hereby made.

A deposit of five per cent of the amount bid will be required of the successful bidder at the hour of sale.

This notice dated and posted this 22nd day of June, 1934.
SOUTHERN LOAN & INSURANCE CO., Trustee.
(Formerly Southern Trust Company.)
By Worth & Horner, Attorneys.
7-15-34

and one in infancy. The funeral service was held at Mountain Valley church this morning at eleven o'clock with Rev. Lee Minton in charge.

An oyster egg is about one five-hundredth of an inch in diameter.

666

Liquid, Tablets, Salve, Nose Drops, Checks Malaria in 3 days. Colds first day. Headaches or Neuralgia in 30 minutes.

Fine Laxative and Tonic

Most Speedy Remedies Known
10-13-34

NOTICE OF SALE OF PROPERTY UNDER MORTGAGE

Under and by virtue of the power and authority conferred in that certain Mortgage Deed executed by Mark Brown and wife, Viola Brown to the undersigned on the 17th day of July, 1920, and recorded in the Register of Deeds Office for Wilkes County in Book 156, Page 108, and default having been made in the payment of the indebtedness therein secured, I will on the 23rd day of July, 1934, at 11:00 a. m., at the Courthouse Door, Wilkesboro, N. C., offer for sale, at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, (for the purpose of satisfying the said indebtedness), the following described property, viz:

Beginning on a poplar in his corner line; then west to a gum and maple in Garfield Plerson's line; then a South course to a Black gum in said Plerson's line; then an east course to Mark Brown's line; then north with the said Mark Brown's line to the beginning. Containing four (4) acres, more or less.

This 20th day of June, 1934.
LOU LAWRENCE, Mortgagee.
7-16-4. L. M. Abernethy, Attorney.
Granite Falls, N. C.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE— WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning

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-and-out 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. It 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 on the box. Buy on the red label. Beware a substitute. Be at drug stores. ©1931 C. C. M. Co.

John Ruskin are real valuable.
BEST AND BIGGEST CIGAR VALUE
Carter Colton Cigar Co., High Point, N. C., Distributor

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JENKINS HARDWARE COMPANY

"Northwest North Carolina's Largest Hardware Store"
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WILKES ELECTRIC COMPANY

W. M. DAY TAL J. PEARSON
Phone 328 North Wilkesboro, N. C.

TRAVEL BY BUS

Lenoir, Statesville and Morganton Schedule— Effective June 15th

Lv. N. Wilkesboro 9:30 a. m.	Lv. Statesville 12:15 p. m.
Lv. Lenoir 10:20 a. m.	Lv. Taylorsville 1:00 p. m.
Lv. Morganton 11:00 a. m.	Ar. Lenoir 3:50 p. m.
Lv. Morganton 11:15 a. m.	Lv. Lenoir 2:00 p. m.
Ar. Lenoir 13:00 p. m.	Lv. Morganton 3:45 p. m.
Lv. Lenoir 12:15 p. m.	Lv. Morganton 4:45 p. m.
Ar. Taylorsville 1:00 p. m.	Ar. Lenoir 5:20 p. m.
Ar. N. Wilkesboro 1:30 p. m.	Lv. Lenoir 5:30 p. m.
	Ar. N. Wilkesboro 6:30 p. m.

Bus makes connection at Lenoir for Hickory and Blowing Rock and at Morganton for Marion and Asheville.

ATLANTIC GREYHOUND LINES

NEW BUS STATION—GREEN LANTERN CAFE
TENTH STREET
L. J. HICKS, Local Agent.

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- 4.40 x 21 . . . \$5.70
- 4.50 x 20 . . . \$6.20
- 4.50 x 21 . . . \$6.50
- 4.75 x 19 . . . \$6.90
- 5.00 x 19 . . . \$7.40

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