

# TRAILS END



"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 back on the bed and pulled her toward him. "Nancy, I'm getting madder about you 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 Greenville; summer called for sports clothes. She was not to meet critical eyes unprepared. Anne smiled at herself in the glass, thinking absent of the moral support of clothes, especially when

### NOTICE OF SALE TO SATISFY MECHANICS LIEN

North Carolina, Wilkes County.

Pursuant to section 2435 of the Consolidated Statutes of North Carolina I will sell at public auction for cash at my garage located on Boone Trail Highway one mile west of North Wilkesboro, on August 25, 1934, at 12 Noon, to satisfy mechanic's lien the following described personal property of Goldie Atkins: "One Buick Coupe, model 1933, motor number 2285375, original serial number 1971394, substituted serial number incidental to repairs 2157454."

This August 4, 1934.

JAMES F. WILLIAMS.

### NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain deed of trust executed by Claude McGee and wife, Octa McGee, on the 25th day of May, 1933, to secure the payment of the note therein mentioned and default having been made in the payment thereof, and demand having been made on me, I will, therefore, on Friday, August 24, 1934, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., at the courthouse door in Wilkesboro offer for sale for cash to the highest bidder the following described real estate, to-wit:

Beginning at a stake on the north side of I street 100 feet outwardly from the northeast corner of I and Seventh streets, and running north 27 degrees 27 feet west parallel with seventh street 50 feet to a stake; then north 62 degrees 33 feet east parallel with I street to a stake in the west side of Hinshaw street; then in a southeastward direction, along the west side of Hinshaw street to a stake in the north side of I street and the north side of Hinshaw street; west side of Hinshaw street; thence 183 feet to a stake, the point of beginning, being a portion of Lots 4, 5 and 6 in Block 125, as shown on Trogdon's map of the town of North Wilkesboro, N. C.

This 26th day of July, 1934.

A. H. CASEY, Trustee.

### IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE MIDDLE DISTRICT OF NORTH CAROLINA

In the Matter of T. B. Finley, Bankrupt.

By virtue of powers contained in the undersigned trustees of T. B. Finley, Bankrupt, under the terms of the United States Bankruptcy Act, we will on Friday, the 17th day of August, 1934, at one o'clock p. m. offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash at the Court House Door in Wilkesboro, N. C., the following described real estate, to-wit:

First Tract: 92 acres in North Wilkesboro Township, Wilkes County, North Carolina, bounded by the lands of Arthur Foster and Reddies River on the east; A. A. Finley on the South; T. J. Phillips on the west; J. G. Hackett on the North.

Second Tract: Near the first tract on the west side of Reddies River, adjoining the lands of J. G. Hackett, Albert Forester heirs and Joel Prevetie heirs and containing about 84 acres.

Third Tract: Just above the second tract, bounded by Reddies River on the east; J. F. Blackburn on the south; Brooks, Baumgardner and others on the west; Brooks, Rash and others on the north and known as the Chevis and Blackburn land, containing about 250 acres.

This sale is subject to the confirmation of the court.

This 14th day of July, 1934.

J. R. HIX, C. C. GAMBILL, C. T. DOUGHTON, Trustees of T. B. Finley, Bankrupt.

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 stooped 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 halfway.

"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."

"O-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," Matthews continued, "you were entirely satisfied with the present man."

"Quite right." He suddenly remembered something. "O-h, 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 irrespon-

sible, 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, an ash from one engagement to another. The telephone tinkled incessantly.

It was fun, but sometimes Anne was achingly homesick for the sunwashed Juniper. 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 gayer 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 ruthlessly 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 silences 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

practically 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 met 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, slanting 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)

**Mother of Three Executed For Murder of Her Spouse**

Ossining, N. Y., Aug. 9.—A frail, fright-numbered little woman of 29 tonight was taken from the cell she has occupied for 15 months and put to death in the electric chair at Sing Sing prison.

Mrs. Anna Antonio, mother of three small children, was executed shortly after 11 p. m. for the murder of her husband, Salvatore. She was the first woman to be legally killed in Sing Sing since Snyder was led to the chair in 1927.

Three Hyde County farmers have purchased pure bred Shropshire rams to head their sheep flocks.

**NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE**

North Carolina, Wilkes County.

By virtue of powers contained in a certain deed of trust executed by R. T. Pardue and wife, Mamie Pardue, to the undersigned trustee, said deed of trust being recorded in the office of the register of deeds of Wilkes county, in Book 167, page 310, and the terms of said deed of trust having not been complied with by said R. T. Pardue and Mamie Pardue, and payment of the amount due under said deed of trust having been demanded and refused, I will, on Saturday, September 1st, 1934, at one o'clock p. m., at the courthouse door in Wilkesboro, N. C., offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, the following described tract of real estate, to-wit:

Beginning on a birch stump on the north side of the old Hunt road and running northeast to the head of a branch; thence down the meanders of the branch near the old still house branch; to the branch so as to include one-half of the said old spring to the old Ward Alexander line; thence west with said line to E. O. Shoemaker's corner; thence south with said Shoemaker's line to the old Hunt road; thence southeast with said road to the beginning, it being the west front of the N. A. Ward land, and containing 15 acres, more or less. See deed of trust to J. M. Brown, recorded in Book 167, page 310.

This 26th day of July, 1934.

J. M. BROWN, Trustee.

**Wharf Rat Makes Attack On Child At West Jefferson**

West Jefferson, Aug. 9.—Attacks by a vicious wharf rat were ended last night when Walter Stringer, awakened from his sleep by cries of his two-year-old baby, killed the intruder.

The rat first made an appearance Tuesday night when it entered the Stringer home and attacked Miss Jessie Bledsoe, 15, who was visiting her uncle. She was awakened when the rat began to gnaw at her face and as she fought it off, she was bitten on the arm and hands.

Escaping from the house on that occasion, it returned last night to attack the small child. Stringer shot the pest.

The wounds of both victims have been treated and are expected to heal without infection.

**NATIVE OF WILKES DIES IN CHARLOTTE**

Mooreville, Aug. 12.—John P. Fairchild, 59, who died Thursday in a Charlotte hospital, was buried here Friday afternoon. The funeral was held at the First Presbyterian church at 4:30 o'clock. Interment followed in Willow Valley cemetery.

Mr. Fairchild was a native of Wilkes county, and when a young man moved to Opelika, Ala., where he engaged in cotton mill work. He moved to this city in 1905 and for 25 years was overseer at the Mooreville Cotton Mills until 1930. For several years he had made his home in Charlotte with his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Jolly.

Surviving are his widow and three children, J. Oscar Fairchild, Mrs. Jolly and Miss Ozeelle Fairchild, also two sisters, Mrs. N. G. Tucker, of Lumberton; Mrs. G. M. Cloaninger, of Gastonia, and three brothers, G. W., of Asheville; T. H., of Miami, Fla., and R. A. Fairchild, of Newton.

**KLONDIKE NIRA STILL VERY PRODUCTIVE IN LITTLE AMERICA**

Elkin, Aug. 9.—Klondike Nira, defying a 50-below temperature in Little America, is filling daily a 15-quart milk pail since her recovery from an indisposition of some weeks ago, according to late news received at Klondike Farm from the Byrd expedition. The bovine members of the party are snugly warm in their undersnow barn and are never inclined to complain about the strange climate of the Antarctic.

Bay Iceberg, the pet of the expedition.

**Texas Lady Tells How Black-Draught Laxative Helps All Her Family**

Here's how Black-Draught fits the needs of a family laxative in the home of Mrs. J. S. Stoker, Fort Worth, Texas: "The grown-ups in my family," she writes, "have always taken powdered Theodor's Black-Draught for biliousness, headaches and other ailments (due to constipation) and found it a reliable remedy. I was very pleased when I saw Syrup of Black-Draught advertised. I bought it and gave it to my little daughters, ages 6 and 4. They needed something to cleanse their systems and Syrup of Black-Draught acted well. . . Your druggist sells this reliable laxative in both forms. "Children like the Syrup."

**666**

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

Fine Laxative and Tonic. Most Speedy Remedies Known.

**Williams Auto & Radiator Shop**

Phone 334-J — N. Wilkesboro Route 60

Radiator Repairing, Body Rebuilding, Motor Blocks Reborn, Extensions Welded in Truck Frames, General Repair Work a Specialty.

T. H. WILLIAMS, Owner

**IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL**

When we eat too much, our food decays in our bowels. Our friends smell this decay coming out of our mouth and call it bad breath. We feel the poison of this decay all over our body. It makes us gloomy, grouchy and nervous.

What makes the food decay in the bowels? Well, when we eat too much, our bowels can't digest it. What we eat is the most vital digestive juice in our body. Unless 2 pints of it are flowing from our liver into our bowels every day, movements get hard and constipated. 1/2 of our food decays in our 28 feet bowels. This decay sends poison all over our body every six minutes.

When our friends smell our bad breath (and we don't) and we feel like a whippersnapper, don't use a mouthwash or take laxative. Get at the cause. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills which gently start the flow of your bile juice. But if "something better" is offered you, don't buy it, for it may be a calomel (mercury) pill, which loosens teeth, gripes and scalds the rectum. In many parts of the world, Carter's Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for—25¢. ©1934, C.M.Co.

**John Ruskin**

Men who have been smoking 10c cigars now enjoy a John Ruskin, because the Havana tobacco used is the choicest grown.

Also an extremely mild Praxetela shape for young men. All Havana Filled.

John Ruskin bands are redeemable for valuable premiums.

I. Lewis Cigar Mfg. Co., Newark, N. J.

BEST AND BIGGEST CIGAR VALUE

Carter Colton Cigar Co., High Point, N. C., Distributor

**FOR ANY KIND OF RADIATOR or WELDING**

job see the old reliable

**Williams Welding & Radiator Shop**

(JAS. F. WILLIAMS)

Now located one mile west of North Wilkesboro on Boone Trail Highway.

We also do all kinds of Body and Fender Work and General Automobile Repairing.

DO NOT BE MISLED! PHONE 334-W

**TWO BUSES LEAVE DAIL FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR**

Take the family and let's go. The rates are the lowest in history.

**Round Trip to Chicago . . . \$20.10**

Buses going West leave North Wilkesboro at 9:30 A. M. and 6:30 P. M. Going East at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

**ATLANTIC GREYHOUND LINES**

Consult Local Agent For Further Information

J. J. HIX, Agent PHONE 216

**"THE MAIN THING ON MAIN STREET"**

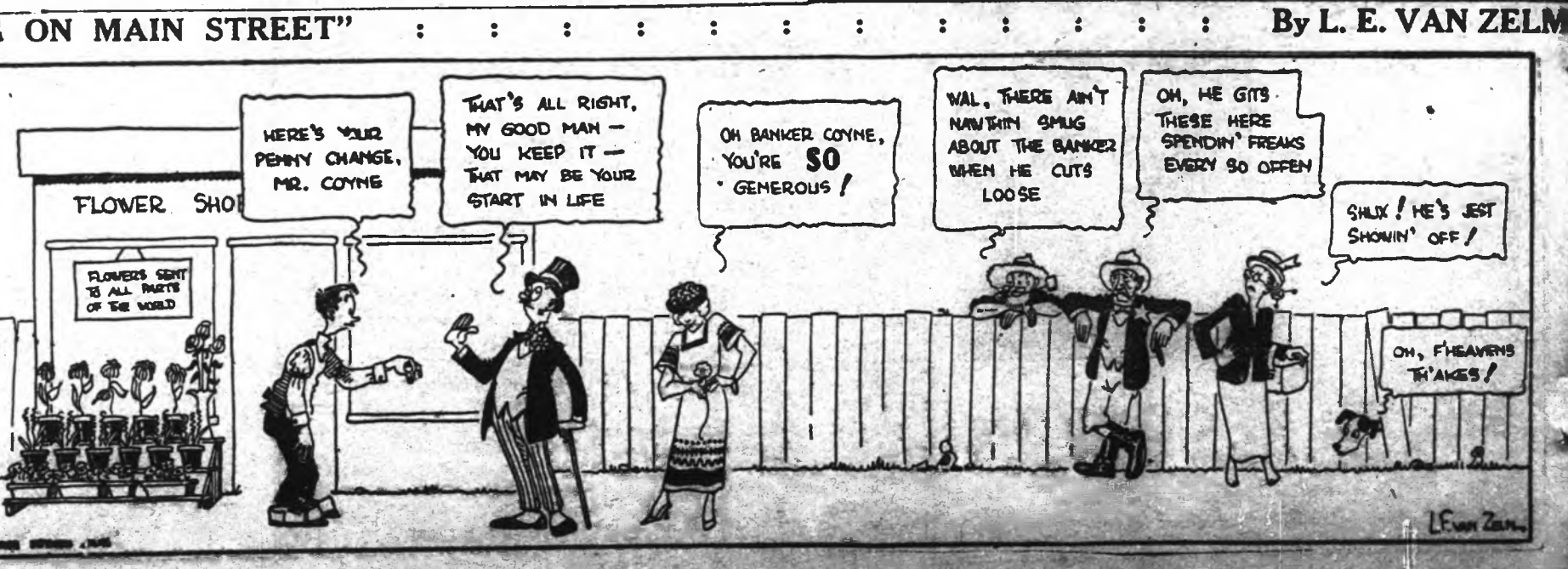
**Daily Buzz**

MAIN STREET'S LEADING NEWSPAPER

**BANKER COYNE A FREE SPENDER**

J. R. COYNE, OUR LOCAL BANKER, THAT GAY RECKLESS RASCAL—WAS ONE OF HIS SPENDING SPREES YESTERDAY.

CORA COSMETIC, THE HAIRDRESSER, WAS THE RECIPIENT OF HIS WILD DISPLAY OF EXTRAVAGANCE. HE SHOWERED HER WITH A DAVSY—TO HIM MONEY WAS NOTHING—WHEN HE SPENDS—HE SPENDS.



By L. E. VAN ZELM