

# The Yadkin Riddle

VOL. XXVII.

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## TAX

### An Adventure Romance

By George Agnew Chamberlain

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#### SYNOPSIS.

**PART I.**—Robert Hervey Randolph, young New York man-about-town, leaves the home of his sweetheart, Madge Van Teller, chagrined because of her refusal of his proposal of marriage. His income, \$10,000 a year, which he must surrender if a certain Miss Imogene Pamela Thornton (whom he has seen only as a small girl ten years before) is found, is not considered by the girl of his heart adequate to modern needs. In a "don't care" mood Randolph enters a taxi, unobserved by the driver, and is driven to the stage door of a theater. A man he knows, Duke Beamer, induces a girl to enter the cab. Beamer, attempting to follow, is pushed back by Randolph and the cab moves on. His new acquaintance tells Randolph she is a chorus girl, and has lost her position. She is in distress, even hungry, and he takes her to his apartment. There, after lunch, a chance remark convinces him the girl is the missing Pamela Thornton. He does not tell her of her good fortune, but secures no promise to stay in the flat until the morning, and leaves her. In a whimsical mood, also realizing that the girl's appearance has left him practically penniless, he bribes the taxi driver to let him take his job, and leaving word with the legal representative of the Thornton estate where he can find Pamela, takes up his new duties under the name of "John Hervey." He loves the girl, but his pride forbids him approaching her under their changed conditions.

**PART II.**—One evening he is engaged by Beacher Trenton, notorious promiscuous, to drive him and Madge Van Teller to a hostelry known as "Greenwood." Aware of the evil nature of the place, Randolph drives the pair to Greenwood cemetery. Infuriated, Beacher gets out of the cab and Randolph leaves him there, taking the girl (who has awakened to a realization of her folly) to her home. Madge recognizes him.

Slumber meant nothing in Pamela's life. That statement should be taken not in the sense of the common slang of the vulgar, but at its literal face value. What is meant is that when this young lady slept, it was like taking a chunk bodily out of life and putting it in warm storage. As a consequence, when the old-fashioned clock on the mantel buried a warning that it was thinking of striking the hour of nine in about two minutes, she opened her eyes and wondered through what magic night had been suddenly replaced by broad and smiling day.

Not for long did that life-long and accustomed miracle hold her attention, for scarcely had it occurred, through force of habit, to her awakening thought than her startled eyes fell upon the tall, stooped, gray-headed figure of a man, clad in livery, and standing unsteadily poised in the doorway of the room. His eyes, naturally deep-set, actually protruded from his face as though they were determined to come half-way out to meet Pamela's

"He-hello," stammered the young lady.

He looked like a solemn raven which has carelessly alighted on a live wire. "He-hello," stammered the young lady. "Good-morning, miss," said Tomlinson, in sepulchral and censorious tones. "Where is Master Robert?" "You mean Mr. Randolph?" asked Pamela, a little breathless. "The old man staided himself by seizing the door-jamb and bowed con-

ly. Tell me the addresses of the first four places you and Maggie lived in after your father died."

"I can't remember the first," said Pam, but after a second's thought, rattled off the names of three streets, and located addresses approximately by describing nearby corners prominent to a child's mind for one reason or another. "These are the next three," she said. "After that we went—"

But Mr. Milyuns was satisfied. "That's enough for formalities my dear. I'm convinced that you are the person for whom the firm of Milyuns, Branch & Milyuns has been searching for years. Do you remember your great-uncle, Asa Thornton?"

"Yes," said Pamela, a vague wonder and terror in her eyes; "but I didn't know he was real."

"Didn't know he was real?" exclaimed Mr. Milyuns. "What do you mean?"

"Maggie used to say," explained Pamela, "if you're not good, your great-uncle Asa Thornton will catch you, and he hasn't cut his finger nails since your poor father married your dear mother."

"You'll have to forget all that," said Mr. Milyuns soberly. "Before your great-uncle died, he repented very effectively of the way he treated your father, and left you an income of ten thousand dollars a year."

Pamela sat up very straight, and then sank slowly into the pillows at her back.

"Ten — thousand — dollars — a — year!" she repeated slowly.

discovered. That provision was quite natural, if you will remember that Mr. Asa Thornton had been searching for you unsuccessfully for some months before he died."

Pamela sat up straight again. "I want to understand you."

Mr. Milyuns nodded. "You have guessed it in one," he said slyly.

"I don't need ten thousand dollars a year," said Pamela promptly. "You will please tell Mr. Randolph that I shall only take half."

"I'll try to carry out your orders," he said blandly. "But I'll have to find Mr. Randolph first. Let me add that you apparently don't know the young gentleman very well."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Pam.

"Well," said Mr. Milyuns, taking another scrap of paper from his pocket and handing it to her, "read that. It was left at my house this morning by a taxi-cabman, who didn't wait for an answer. You see that Mr. Randolph has handed over to you in perpetuity this apartment, Tomlinson, and the other fixings. It doesn't look very much as though he intended to come back in the near future."

"But I want him to!" cried Pam. "I—I've been expecting him. I didn't half-half thank him for—"

Tears of disappointment clogged her throat.

"There, there!" said Mr. Milyuns, leaning over and patting her head. "I understand just how you feel, because Bob is one of the straightest, openest, most lovable young devils that ever went his own way through a delighted world."

Pamela nodded her head and down in silent confirmation of all those kind words. She began to like Mr. Milyuns. She raised her eyes

to his face.

"Won't you please find him for me?" "My dear," said Mr. Milyuns, so promptly that if she had asked for the house and lot on the northwest corner of Fifth avenue and Fifty-seventh street, he would have promised it to her before he could stop himself. "I will. I haven't proved myself much good at the game, but I'll find Bob for you if I have to start a detective agency of my own. In the meantime, what are you going to do? I suggest that you accept these premises until the trunk turns up—only, of course, we must get you a companion."

"A companion?" asked Miss Thornton. "But I have that already. Tomlinson is a dear."

"Tomlinson is splendid in his way," admitted Mr. Milyuns, "but he isn't quite a woman. You can't live here unaccompanied by a more manly."

"Can't I?" said Miss Thornton, with a new edge to her voice and something in her eyes that made them look as though they were passing in review of the unchaperoned years since first she made her debut as an independent millinery-maid at Mrs. Blunkin's feed-house. "I shall change nothing here," she concluded. "When Randy—Mr. Randolph comes back, he shan't find his place cluttered with females."

Mr. Milyuns turned on her a gaze not complex with admiration and a realization that he was on the way to biting off more than he could chew.

"Can you be in this afternoon?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," said Pamela, reluctantly glancing at the door and catching a half-formed intention to which she devoted a night and day until the death of Mr. Robert Hervey Randolph arrived. "I'll be in, why?"

"Mrs. Milyuns says my daughter Ellen will call on you at about five," explained Mr. Milyuns. "Just one more matter and I must go," he continued. "Your income amounts to something over eight hundred dollars a month. I shall pay it in advance until you get settled and have a chance to catch up."

## Ford For

One Ford car with a piston ring  
Two rear wheels and one front  
Has no fenders, seat made of pl  
Burns lots of gas and darn h  
Carburator busted half way thro  
Engine a-missing, hits on two  
Three years old and four in the  
Has shock absorbers an' every  
Ten spokes missing, front axle  
Tires all punctured, not worth  
Get'er started, it'll run like the de  
It will burn either oil or tobacco  
If you want this car apply within  
It's a helluvagood Ford for the sha

WINTER QUARTER FOR DUCKS

Breeding Flocks Must Be Furnished With Good Protection Against Cold Winds and Snow.

BLACKHEAD IS MOST DEADLY

Cowpea/Hay Best for Cows

Campaign for Better Sires

Superior Brace for Fence

Getting Products to City

Timbers Firmly Mortised in Afford Great Resistance to Heavy Strain of Wires.

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## Member Harmony Grove Church Make Statement

Editor Ripple:— Will you please correct a statement appearing in the last issue of the Riddle concerning Harmony Grove church, as it is a mistake that the church will be moved elsewhere and it will retain the name and the place where it has formerly been. Signed, Members of Harmony Grove Monthly Meeting

## STRYCHNINE USEFUL TO DESTROY RABBITS

Good Lively Machine Gun is Harmless in Comparison.

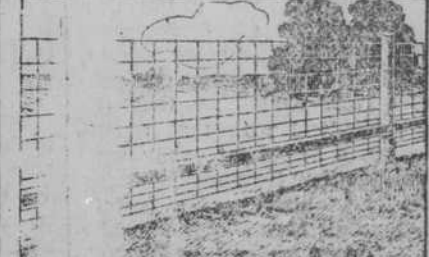
Record of 1,000 Animals to One Ounce of Poison Made in Gooding County, Idaho—Campaigns in Other Western States.

Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture. A good lively machine gun is harmless when compared to strychnine—at least when it is used to exterminate rabbits. In Lincoln county, Idaho, the farmers, working in co-operation with the biological survey, United States Department of Agriculture, report that one ounce of the poison killed 400 rabbits. Farmers in Gooding county did even better with their poison and averaged 1,000 rabbits to the ounce. Minidoka county, conducting a poison campaign under the direction of the bureau, killed 40,000 rabbits.

These figures are illustrative of the work that has been done under government direction in exterminating rabbits in the western states, where they are so plentiful as to be extremely destructive to orchards and crops. Large-scale campaigns were organized in Idaho, Oregon, Washington, Nevada, Utah and Arizona under the leadership of Department of Agriculture representatives and along co-operative lines in which the state governments, the state extension service, and the land owners assumed a share of the responsibility. In addition to the poisoning methods, great rabbit drives were conducted, some of which resulted in the killing of as many as 10,000 rabbits.

The representatives of the bureau of biological survey emphasize the fact that, in the West, the rabbit is a serious menace. Rabbits often devastate large fields of grain and destroy valuable orchards and vineyards. Those who assist in the extermination of these animals are helping to save the life-time, and which constitute the sole support of the owner, have been completely destroyed in a single night by jack rabbits.

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