

The Dollar Bride

Mary Halay Taylor

ELEVENTH INSTALLMENT

"Something terrible must have happened!" cried Angie, with a flash. "I—I know it!"

The major nodded, looking past her out of the window.

"Theres King Haddon coming in here," he exclaimed. "Go let him in, Angie; I'm going to finish my breakfast Haddon or no Haddon! You can tell him so—if you've a mind to."

Angie, flushed and angry, hurried out of the room, glad to escape those shrewd old eyes.

Haddon would not wait in the library.

"Where's the major? At breakfast? I'll go right in—if you don't mind?" and he went, in spite of Angie's protests.

"Hello! Still at breakfast?" he said as his eye fell on the old man's engrossed attitude.

The major started up, half rising from the table, but Haddon stopped him.

"Sit down, Lomax, I don't want to starve you," he laughed. "I can wait—Angie didn't want to let me in here anyway."

"I said I wouldn't see you until I'd finished. What's the matter at this hour anyway? I haven't robbed the bank."

Kingdon Haddon laughed. "Come in, Angie," he said as the girl tried to pass quickly through the room to the kitchen, "I haven't come to talk secrets and your uncle's crusty—I need protection."

Angie stopped, smiling and flushed, and leaned on a chair looking at him. She liked Kingdon Haddon but she was afraid of his wife; she could not have explained her fear of her, but it existed. Haddon was sitting on the edge of an empty serving-table.

"I came in to ask you a question, Lomax," he said irreverently. "You know about such things. How much is Gordon's place worth now? I mean the house and grounds, including the river lot next yours."

Major Lomax pushed his chair back, felt in his pocket for his old pipe and began to fill it carefully.

"Near as I can figure—about six or seven thousand. The house needs repairs. Why?" he added, "What's hit him?"

Haddon looked absently out of the window. "How should I know? Family troubles, I reckon. The bank holds the mortgage. Helena doesn't want me to touch it. I don't know what to say about it yet."

Major Lomax rose and began to tramp up and down.

"Where's Gordon going to take his wife?" he asked sharply, "she's rooted there—and so is he, for that matter."

"Perhaps the young people think it's old-fashioned," suggested Haddon.

don, "or Mrs. Gordon's tired of the housekeeping and wants an apartment—my wife does."

"Shucks!" the major sank down into his chair again, strumming on the table with his fingers. "You know better, Haddon! There's some trouble. I'm sorry for Will Gordon. He's a good man, and she's a good woman. She'll take it hard."

The banker nodded, glancing thoughtfully across at Angie's pale face and pleading brown eyes.

"I saw Miss Gordon on Monday—in Washington," he remarked thoughtfully.

"In Washington?" Angie started, "why, I didn't know she'd been away!"

Haddon nodded grimly, considering her pretty flush and her round, soft eyes critically.

"She was there all right. A decided beauty, too. I hadn't noticed it so much before. How's the boy turning out, Lomax?"

"Roddy?" The major twisted his old mouth into a queer expression. "Sowing wild oats, Haddon, I reckon. He's in New York, Greenough Frust Company, gets twenty-five dollars a week—or did six months ago, I haven't heard that he's increased in value," he added sarcastically.

Haddon was observing Angie, saw the girl's wince of pain and the red going up to her forehead. "In love with the boy—too bad!" he thought.

"Family troubles drain a man's pocket sometimes," he remarked sententiously.

Angie fired up, her brown eyes glowing with almost the wine tint of Roddy's. She was one of those gentle obstinate creatures who fight to the last ditch for love.

"They haven't got any family troubles, Mr. Haddon," she said hotly. "They're fond of Nancy and very proud of her; she's lovely, I've known her all my life—and Roddy is doing well. Mr. Gordon told me so himself."

Haddon listened with his lazy good-humored smile. "I wish I had a friend like you," he said.

Angie blushed crimson. "I'd feel very mean not to stand up for my friends. Anyone would—I should think!"

Major Lomax looked around at her with a grim smile. "My dear, there are a mighty lot of Judases in the world," he remarked dryly.

Haddon assented, buttoning up his loose spring overcoat, coughing a little as he did it.

Major Lomax glanced up at Haddon without rising. "Going right over to see Gordon?" he asked shortly.

Haddon, half way to the door, turned. "Oh, I shall send for him to come to my office—when he gets to the bank today."

"You needn't—I've bought it myself."

"By Jove! You're quick at a bargain," Haddon exclaimed after a moment, "it was only just put in the market."

Lomax nodded. "Took it over the telephone before you came in," he said grimly.

"I concede the honors of war!" he said ironically, making for the door.

Mrs. Gordon opened the old worn gate timidly, and approached the house with a hesitating, reluctant step. She was trying to realize that the place which she had called home ever since Roddy was a baby, was no longer hers. She had just been down to the bank to sign the papers, making over the house to Major Lomax, and her hand had trembled so that she had to apologize for her signature. She went into the house feeling a little faint and giddy. She did not know there was anyone in the library; she went straight in and sank weakly into a chair, staring blankly at the sunshine in the old south window.

"In my Father's house are many mansions—" she whispered tremulously, unaware that she spoke aloud.

Nancy rose suddenly from the corner opposite. Her mother had not even seen her and the girl had been silenced by her first glimpse of Mrs. Gordon's face.

"Mama, what is it?" she cried, "tell me—even if I have done something—something dreadful. I'm not an outsider. I—you and papa don't tell me anything! What is it? Mama, you're wretched! Is it about Roddy?"

Mrs. Gordon looked at her blankly, absorbed in her own troubles. "Your father's just sold the house," she said weakly.

"Oh!" Nancy gave a sharp little cry of pain, rising to her feet. "I tried so hard to save you both from this, Mama. I did it all to prevent this—and it's been useless—useless!" she groaned.

paid back seven thousand already."

"To Richard?"

Mrs. Gordon raised her eyes reluctantly to her daughter's haggard face. "Yes, dear. He—your father would have it so. That leaves eight more to pay, and he—"

Nancy rose and stood quite still and straight, her white face set.

"Who bought the house?"

"Major Lomax."

Nancy's blue eyes widened. "He gave four thousand cash," her mother went on mechanically, "and there is three still on the mortgage. He—"

she hesitated and then added, more cheerfully: "He's been kind, dear, he urged Papa not to sell the furniture. He said it wouldn't bring enough to make it worth while, and—he wants us to keep the house—to rent it from him."

"On father's salary? Why Mama, there'll be one pinch after another! He—he hasn't sold anything else, has he?" she added fearfully.

Her mother sighed. "He's selling all his securities except his life insurance. He hopes to net about two thousand more. That will be nine paid. But, oh, Nancy, I don't know where in the world he's going to get the other six thousand from!"

Nancy sank down on the lounge. "Mama I never thought of it in that way," she faltered, "I had only the one thought to save Roddy from prison."

"Oh, Nancy, I don't see how you could do it! When I was your age—"

Mrs. Gordon stopped with her mouth open, for they both heard Amanda admitting a visitor.

Nancy listened, straining her ears. "It's Mrs. Haddon!" Nancy cried, springing up. "You see her, Mother, I—I will not!"

Mrs. Gordon looked aghast. She had never known Mrs. Kingdon Haddon well and she did not like her.

"She's come to see you, Nancy, I—"

Nancy pushed her shaking hands. "Go out there and talk to her—in the other room. Don't let her come in here!"

Mrs. Gordon, reluctant and embarrassed, allowed herself to be pushed. Nancy thrust her through the portieres, drew them behind her, and went back to her lounge. She meant to go upstairs but she actually felt faint and ill.

Bit by bit she became aware of voices. Now the words took shape and became sentences. It was Helena's voice, her full, soft, drawing voice.

"He's taking care of King; you know my husband clings to a doctor!" she laughed softly. "He and Richard Morgan are great friends now; I'm glad of it for I was afraid he wouldn't like Richard. Men are such queer creatures. As a boy, Richard was so much in love with me he offered to fight King for trying to marry me!"

She paused and Mrs. Gordon mumbled something, an indistinct sentence or two, evidently bewildered. Nancy sat up straight now and listened, although she knew that Helena wanted her to listen.

"I cared for him too, of course—who wouldn't? But my father—you remember him, Mrs. Gordon?"

"I—I think so, yes, I do." Mrs. Gordon's tone showed confusion.

He really insisted that I should marry Kingdon. I—well, I broke my engagement and—"

she laughed softly again, regretfully, "dear Mrs. Gordon, Richard felt it so much that I'm afraid sometimes—he'll never marry now. I really wish he would, it's so lonely over there for him since his mother's death."

Mrs. Gordon evidently did not rise to the occasion for Nancy only heard a murmur. There were a few words more and then Helena's voice rose again, keyed to carry far, as her listener knew.

"I was so sorry that Kingdon did not buy your house when Mr. Gordon offered it. It's quite a lovely old place. You must hate to give it up so suddenly, Mrs. Gordon?"

"Major Lomax wants us to stay on—to rent it from him," explained Mrs. Gordon, her voice breaking. "I do hate to leave it!"

"I should think you would! And your son, Mrs. Gordon. What do you hear from him?" she let her voice rest a moment and then, slowly drawing, "is he doing well?"

Nancy knew, without seeing it, the crimson flush that went up over her mother's face.

"Roddy's always doing well. He's doing splendidly now."

"I'm so glad to hear it! Kingdon was asking about him yesterday. He knows someone in the trust company, I think a Mr. Beaver, a cousin of Major Lomax."

Nancy started, trembling with apprehension. She remembered Roddy's description of old Beaver with his nose to the ground. Did this woman know?

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

DEATH HELD ACCIDENT

A verdict that Yates Stroup, 22, Mars Hill boxer, who was fatally injured Saturday night in a boxing bout at the Y. M. C. A. at Asheville, "came to his death from a blow received in a boxing match, the same thing being an unavoidable accident," was returned Sunday by a coroner's jury.

PROGRAM Lyric Theatre

Today and Friday—

"8 Girls In A Boat"

News and Musical Revue

Admission 10c and 25c

Saturday—

Zane Grey's
The THUNDERING HERD
A Paramount Picture with
RANDOLPH SCOTT · JUDITH ALLEN
HARRY CAREY · BUSTER CRABBE
NOAH BEERY · RAYMOND HATTON
and MONTE BLUE

Serial — Comedy — Silly Symphony
ADMISSION 10c-30c

Wednesday,
NEXT WEEK—

FAMILY SHOW

Admission

10c

To All

Midnight Show!

SUNDAY NITE 12:01 O'CLOCK

Also Easter Monday, Matinee and Nite



WOMEN MADE HIM!
WOMEN SMASHED HIM!

but HE TROD THE
PATH OF THE GODS!

Ageless as the Sun, this big, vital drama! of Man's love for Woman is flung against the mad tumult of Today!... The surging saga of a great American family whose red blood curdles thru a hundred years to the level of cheats, snobs, and fools!... Muni more magnificent than in "I Am a Fugitive!"



"The WORLD CHANGES"

A First National picture with 26 Stars including Aline MacMahon, Mary Astor, Margaret Lindsay, Guy Kibbee, Patricia Ellis.

Cartoon — Comedy

Admission 10c and 30c

Tuesday Only—

I LIKE IT THAT WAY



Starring
GLORIA STUART
ROGER PRYOR

with
MARIAN MARSH
Shirley Gray, Onslow Stevens,
Lucille Gleason, Merna Kennedy,
Mac Busch. Directed by Harry
Lechman. Story by Harry Sauber.
A Stanley Bergerman Production.
Presented by Carl Laemmle.
A UNIVERSAL PICTURE.

News—Comedy — Admission 10c-30c

Thursday-Friday,
NEXT WEEK—

Joe E. Brown

in

"Son Of A Sailor"

Better To Be INSURED Than To Wish It Done

Insurance Dept.
THE BANK OF ELKIN
James S. Hall, Manager

Why Children Need a Liquid Laxative

The temporary relief children get from unwise dosing with harsh cathartics may cause bowel strain, and even set up irritation in the kidneys. A properly prepared liquid laxative brings a perfect movement. There is no discomfort at the time and no weakness after. You don't have to give the child "a double dose" a day or two later.

Can constipation be safely relieved in children? "Yes!" say medical men. "Yes!" say many mothers who have followed this sensible medical advice: 1. Select a good liquid laxative. 2. Give the dose you find suited to the system. 3. Gradually reduce the dose until the bowels are moving regularly without aid.

An approved liquid laxative (one that is widely used for children) is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. The mild laxative action of this excellent preparation is the best form of help for children—and grown-ups, too. The dose can be regulated for any age or need.

Your druggist has Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Member N. R. A.