

# TRAILS' END



**THIRTEENTH INSTALLMENT**

"Certainly, if you wish," Mrs. Duane agreed politely. "Thank you for the book, my dear. As for your driving, I am sure that it is better than having no one with you but that new chauffeur. I don't like his looks, Cleo."

"Oh, I know Kennedy looks wicked. I think he isn't used to this kind of work, and taking orders from women makes him sulky. I think he'll soon be settled down, for he seems to be very much interested in one of your maids. I'm sure I caught sight of him waiting outside when I came tonight."

"I must look into that," Mrs. Duane's voice was edged.

"What's the use? They'll only deny it." Cleo shrugged lazily.

"Dear me, I believe we're going to see the clandestine meeting. How exciting."

Down the shadowed path a girl's figure moved quickly. She skirted the far end of the garden and went with slower steps toward the hedge. The hedge was lower at that end of the garden. On the other side of it a man nodded slightly and sauntered along toward the rear gate. The girl in the garden followed him. Cleo was on her feet, breathing apologies.

"Oh, Mrs. Duane, please forgive me. I didn't dream—I didn't mean to intrude like this. I'll never forgive myself. . . I'll go now."

"My dear Cleo, you have not intruded in the least. I shall speak to Bertha, of course."

Grey-faced in the darkness, Mrs. Duane held her head high. No one not even Cleo Pendleton, should be allowed to discuss this shameful thing with her.

Cleo grimaced slightly, unseen. The lights flashed on. But after Cleo had gone she plunged the room into darkness again and stood rigidly unyielding.

"My son's wife." Her face was white in the darkness.

Barry was reading when his mother entered the library.

"Still up? But I suppose you had callers."

"It was Cleo," said his mother briefly. "Barry, I wish you would come with me to my rooms. Quickly."

"Of course, I will. Anything wrong there?"

"Everything is wrong," said Mrs.

Duane bitterly. "I have had the humiliation of seeing my son's wife steal out through the garden at night to meet another man."

"Mother." There was a note in Barry's voice that she had never heard before. "I am afraid," he said carefully, "that I shall have to ask you to explain that—extraordinary statement."

"I have told you. Come and see for yourself."

"Nancy and I don't spy on each other. Besides, she went to her room with a headache. Why do you assume that it was she?"

"Our maids do not appear in evening dress."

"Nancy gave Bertha one of hers last week. Someone had spilled coffee on it."

"It was not Bertha," said Mrs. Duane coldly. "I know it was Anne. The man was obviously waiting for her. I did not see his face, but I have the unpleasant knowledge that a common chauffeur—that insolent creature who drives Cleo—was hanging around outside only a little while before."

"You didn't even see them meet?" He laid a pleading hand on her arm. Mother, why can't you be kinder to Nancy? Do you think that it has been pleasant for me to see that my mother refuses to accept my wife as her daughter?"

"Do you think that it is pleasant for your mother to know that this place is buzzing with sordid innuendo because Barry Duane's wife never refers to a single day of her life before she came to that barbarous place where you met her?"

"And who has been spreading such gossip as that?" The moment of pleading was gone. For the first time Mrs. Duane was afraid of the thing she had done.

"I overheard it," she said with dignity. "The very way it was said showed that it was common gossip."

"Who said it?" His eyes were blazing.

"How should I know? It is enough that it could be said at all."

He did not answer immediately.

"I suppose it is impossible to escape the malice of other women's tongues."

"It is useless to argue with you. But I know what I have heard and what I have seen tonight. Once more, Barry, will you come and see

for yourself?"

"I will not."

Mrs. Duane went stiffly back to the door.

"You are your own master, and I am only your mother, pushed aside for a woman you scarcely know. But the time will come when your eyes will be opened. And you will regret this night as long as you live."

For several minutes after his mother left him Barry paced gloomily up and down the library. The whole thing was sickening, and that his mother should have been the one to bring this precious story to him had left him worried and depressed. Why were women so hard on each other? Even his mother . . .

The trouble probably was that rancorous gossip. He flushed darkly at the recollection. So Nancy's name was being bandied about like that? A whispering devil of suspicion slyly joggled his elbow and was thrust out of the way.

He could easily settle this. All he had to do was to go upstairs and look in at Nancy. He smiled to himself and swung quickly toward the stairs.

Barry let himself in quietly. Anne was not there.

He turned toward the door, blindly.

There was the slight sound of its opening. Anne stood there, staring at him.

"Oh—Barry!" She said it breathlessly. "You startled me."

His eyes swept over her swiftly, suspiciously, and dropped to the slim perfection of her slippers. On the side of one of them, marring its delicate sheen, was a long earth stain.

The blood sang in his ears again, so that he scarcely heard his own voice. "Anne, where have you been?"

"Why, Barry, what is the matter?"

"Where have you been at this hour of the night?"

"At this our? Why, it isn't late."

"I've been in the garden. Barry, what is the matter?"

"Within the past half hour I have had to listen to a sickening story that you were meeting somebody's chauffeur out in the garden."

She felt suddenly sick and tired. Barry's mother must have seen her and carried the story to him in bitter triumph. Who else hated her

enough to do that? She wanted to tell him the whole hateful story, but she must not.

"Somebody must have been willing to carry tales about me to have hurried the news to you as quickly as that." She saw him flush, but she went on bitterly. "And whether I was there or not, I won't talk about it! I won't! I'll say things that we'll both be sorry for." Her hands went up to her throbbing temples. They really did throb now. "Ring for Bertha, please. And stay until she comes."

He looked at her uneasily. He rang hastily and came back to her. "I'm sorry if you're not well," he said jerkily. "Perhaps I'd better send for Dr. Carmichael."

"No, please. It's only my head."

They waited for Bertha in uncomfortable silence. There was a tap on the door, but it was Ellen's broad face which appeared.

"I rang for Bertha. Isn't she here?"

Ellen was a new maid. She grinned companionably.

"Yes'm, in a way, but it's her night out. She's been to a party, Ma'am, lookin' as pretty as a pitcher in the grand dress ye give her, and this good half hour she's been standin' at the end of the drive sayin' good-night to the young felly from Quinn's Garage. Is there anything I can do, Ma'am?"

"Bring me some ice cubes, Ellen. I've a headache."

The door closed on Ellen. Anne scarcely breathed.

"Nancy, forgive me. I've been a brute and I ought to be kicked for it."

He drew her around with coaxing hands.

"Don't you know I love you, Barry? There isn't anybody else but you. There couldn't be."

"I know," he muttered. "It's because you're so much to me, Nancy . . . I think I'd go mad if you ever let me down."

She tried not to shiver, quaking a little at the narrowness of escape.

is someone in Granleigh whose presence is going to bring danger and unhappiness to some close friends of mine. Some day there will be a scandal, and she will be forced to leave in disgrace. It would be better for everybody concerned if she went away quietly, before her—her past became known."

"You want me to get Duane's wife out of the way—"

He had an unpleasant way of stripping facts naked and making her look at them.

"I wish her to go away. Alone." "Reno, or a Mexican divorce?"

**CONTINUED NEXT WEEK**

Human rights have taken first place over property rights in the New Deal and all that it portends.

**Carter Reunion**

The fifth annual Carter reunion will be held Sunday, September 23, at Pleasant Ridge church, in Wilkes county, four miles north of Elkin. All relatives and friends are requested to attend and bring well-filled baskets.

**KIDNAPERS GET LIFE**

For kidnaping, robbing and maltreating Mr. and Mrs. John Jeske, legatees of the late Lon Chaney, noted screen actor, a woman and four men Friday were given sentences in Los Angeles court designed to keep them in prison the rest of their lives.

## PROGRAM Lyric Theatre

Today and Friday—  
**JIMMIE DURANTE**  
— in —  
**"Strictly Dynamite"**  
With Marion Nixon—Lupe Velez  
NEWS ADMISSION 10c-25c

Saturday—  
The Slashing—Seething—Sizzling  
DADDY OF ALL THRILL-DRAMAS  
**"FOG OVER FRISCO"**  
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Margaret Lindsey  
Cartoon—Serial—Comedy Admission 10c-30c

NEXT WEEK—Monday and Tuesday—  
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and Universal News  
No Advance In Admission 10c-30c

Wednesday—  
**"FAMILY SHOW"**  
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**"HANDY ANDY"**  
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