

TRAILS' END

by AGNES LOUISE PROVOST



TWELFTH INSTALLMENT

She made a movement to slip it off, but he checked it with firm hands.

"You keep it on," he said flatly. "I'll get Tom's sweater for your man."

He turned an impish grin on Barry, already absorbed with the perverse engine.

"I don't know why I should be so darned careful of your health, Barry, because I've picked myself out for Nancy's second husband. Catch a bad cold any time you like."

Halliday laughed, but Barry, jerking his eyes toward Westbrooke for a brief second, did not even smile.

"No thanks," he snapped irritably. "Sorry to disappoint you, but I've lived too much out of doors to wrap myself up like an old woman."

Halliday's portly chuckle subsided rather suddenly. Dick was blankly silent.

"I think I'll locate the trouble in a minute," he added, a trifle more graciously. "No need for the rest of you to shiver around here."

They went on and left him, Anne walking with Halliday and Dick trailing along with Riddle. Duane went back to his work wanting to kick himself for his senseless irritation.

Since the night when his mother had brought those damnable stories to him there had been a raw spot in him which had smarted at the lightest touch.

Anne went directly to her room, and the three men returned to the billiard-room to take up the game which the Wild Duck's fluttering approach had interrupted. Riddle, chalking his cue, proffered a word of advice.

"Better go easy with your little jokes, Dick. Duane seems to be something of a Turk about his wife."

"How was I to know that he'd go early-Victorian on me?"

"She handled the blonde rather well," Riddle remarked absently.

"Well, that was a mistake."

"A very natural one," Riddle seemed absorbed in his ball. "I saw the resemblance as soon as she spoke. It's startling."

"How the devil," sputtered Halliday, "could you see a resemblance to some unknown female whose name wasn't even mentioned?"

"Just an unsuspected gleam of intelligence. As soon as I caught Blondie's girlish chatter I made the connection. This Mrs. Duane is practically the image of an actress I saw a couple of years ago. I ran across her picture in the paper again last spring. She'd been killed in a motor accident. Her car skidded over the edge of a cliff and she was drowned."

Halliday said "M'm" and lost interest. Riddle stopped to light a cigarette.

"They never found the body," he said thoughtfully.

"That sounds like a nasty crack, Ward."

"I didn't intend it that way. But that girl's name was Nancy, too. It struck me as a remarkable coincidence."

Dick reddened. "It's the kind of a coincidence that wants to be kept under your hat," he said grumpily. "Here comes Barry. We'd better change the subject, and darned quick."

They made the return trip in good time, arriving before the dinner hour. Mrs. Duane did not appear. Mrs. Duane, with the purse strings held firmly in her own delicate hands, had established her separate dining room in the west wing.

Anne knew when Barry came into the room that he had had news

for her.

Anne felt her face grow hot. "Do you mean," she asked slowly, "that your mother refuses to sit at the same table with me?"

"Don't take it that way, Nancy. She'd old, and she doesn't see things as we do."

"There's no other way to take it," she said dully.

He had just come back from a bitter half hour with his mother, and he was stung with a humiliation that he could not admit, even to her.

"Oh, my dear!" Her eyes stung with sudden tears of contrition, but she blinked them back hastily. "I know it's hard for you, Barry. If I could do anything—if there's any possible way—"

He shook his head. "No. I'm afraid it can't be helped. It's—her house. I'm sorry; that's all I can say. But of course this can't go on. We must look for other quarters."

He looked worried and his jaw was tight. The Perch would have provided comfort and a decent living, but the Perch was closed to them for six months in each year.

"I'm terribly sorry to have got you into this, Barry. We can go anywhere you like. Were you thinking of—staying in Granleigh?"

"I haven't thought much of anything yet." He stopped and gave her a quick, embarrassed smile. "No, I suppose not. No use in advertising things—and it's pretty expensive here."

"Of course." She was afraid that her eyes were blazing with hope and excitement. "There are lots of places. We can get a tiny apartment somewhere and have lots of fun."

He faced her with obstinate determination, angry, but more alive than she had seen him in weeks.

"I'm going in to town tomorrow, and I'm going to see Gage again if I have to knock down a row of secretaries to get to him. We're going to have one more round over the Junipero."

She gave his arm a sudden squeeze. "He must agree this time. It means so much!"

Barry called to the telephone, but Anne stayed there, curled up in a chair.

Barry took an early train the next morning.

"I don't know how long I may have to wait before I can see him, but I'm going to be on hand. Wish me luck, Nancy."

"Oh Barry, I do!" She gave him a desperate little hug as he kissed her goodbye.

The morning mail came as he left, and Matthews handed her some letters. There was one envelope that she looked at twice. She hurried to her room and tore the envelope open.

I must see you again. It's important. I am going in to town on Wednesdays and will meet you at the Rosewell, on Seventh, at two o'clock sharp. Better decide to come. Granleigh won't do. Think you are being watched there.

JIM.

An hour later she rang for Matthews. "I've decided to go in to town, Matthews. If Mr. Barry should call up later, tell him where I have gone. He can have me paged at the Plaza, any time after three."

Barry was talking hard. He had waited over three hours for this audience. Gage listened and grunted.

"Oh, is that, is it? Thought you'd given up that nonsense by this time."

"It isn't nonsense, Mr. Gage. It's horse sense. The land is there, acres on acres of it, as rich as the Imperial could ever be; the water is there, and all that separates them is one spur of rock."

"And a pot of money. And don't forget that the first project got a black eye, and nobody's going to be anxious to see his money go the same way."

"It can't. Not for the same reason, anyway. If you don't want to risk it, I don't suppose that I could say anything to change your decision, but why don't you sell your side of the spur and give me the chance to interest somebody else?"

"See here, Mr. Gage, I know I'm making a nuisance of myself, but I feel certain that you would let down the bars if you really had a look at the place."

"Young man, do you know what my time is worth?"

"I know that it is worth more than I could hope to meet in cash. But you might consider taking a

vacation. Do you like good shooting? Or fishing? Like to ride a good horse over mountain trails, and not see another human being but your guide all day long?"

"Sounds pretty good." Gage grunted. "Got a cook who can give a man plain ham and eggs without drowning 'em in a gummy sauce?"

Barry leaned back with a grin of pure relief.

"I'll guarantee both the cook and the appetite."

"What kind of accommodations have you? I'd want to bring Mrs. Gage. She hasn't been well lately."

Barry politely swallowed his dismay. His one meeting with Mrs. John Gage had left him with the recollection of a dazzling loveliness and probably not much else.

"There's a big log ranch house with all the improvements, and electric current. Of course it isn't town."

"That's all right. The change might do her good."

They went down together in a private elevator. Barry had won a victory, but he wondered grimly what Nancy was going to do to keep the lovely Paula from being bored to hysterics.

Barry turned briskly back from the curb intending to find the nearest telephone and break the glad news to Nancy. He took two steps and slowed down.

A few yards ahead of him a man was signaling a taxi. Barry had vaguely noticed the same man loitering in the corridor when they had come out. Instead of a trim uniform he wore a well-fitting blue suit but Barry knew him. As Kennedy stepped into a taxi Barry jerked his finger at another.

"Follow that black and white," he said, and slammed the door.

Once they lost sight of it, but Barry's driver expertly picked up the trail. Barry was beginning to feel slightly ashamed of the unreasonable impulse which had sent him careening across town.

They were in a shabby, busier district now. The black and white taxi had gained on them again. It swung in to the curb in front of a dingy-looking entrance, and Kennedy got out.

"I'll stop here."

Barry tossed a bill to the driver. Having made a complete idiot of himself, he would walk back for a few blocks and put in a call to Nancy.

For his self-respect he stepped into a doorway, inclined to grin at himself. It gave him a good view of the hotel. Another taxi had just drawn up. A small, slim figure stepped out, and looked around quickly. Girl and man vanished into the dingy portals of the hotel.

Anne looked hastily around the uninviting lobby.

"Don't like it?" Kennedy sent an amused glint at her.

"Of course not. And what did you mean by saying that I was being watched in Granleigh?"

"Just a bright little deduction of mine. Somebody saw us the other night. I heard it from the little blonde boss before I'd been back half an hour."

"So it was Cleo!" Anne said it under her breath, as though she had forgotten Kennedy's existence.

"That was just a little tip-off," Kennedy informed her. "The rest you won't like. I think you'd better go away, Nancy!"

"That's preposterous!" An angry color flamed, but bright was crowding anger aside. "What possible explanation could I give to Barry?"

"I'm afraid that's up to you. I don't say it will be easy." He lowered his voice, significantly cautious. "I saw Gage the other day. He may have recognized me."

"He doesn't even know that I am in Granleigh."

"But he's likely to find it out any day, and when he does, things are going to happen. If he lets either one of us hang around in the same county, after what happened last May, it will just be a present from Santa Claus. You and I are out of the picture, Nancy, and we may have to take a sudden journey any day. I mean to do it when I'm ready, and you'd better get a telegram from a sick aunt in Manitoba."

"I won't! I won't go and you can't make me."

"Sure of that? Not even if Duane should be told—that you told Gage that night?"

"Jim! You wouldn't be so insanely cruel!"

Kennedy flushed slightly, but his

hard gaze did not waver. Anne reached over and clutched at his hand. "Haven't you any mercy for anyone else? I thought—when I told you about that the other night—that you . . . Oh!"

Her voice died in a shaking breath. She was looking past Kennedy with a stricken stare.

"Oh—Barry. I—won't you . . ."

She stammered, stiffening and trying to smile, as he came grimly toward them, his face set and a white line of fury around his lips. Barry looked past Kennedy as though he had not been there.

"If you have finished," he said, "it will not be necessary for your—companion—to see you home."

Anne arose slowly, but Kennedy's chair had already rasped back. He was on his feet, a dark glitter in his eyes.

"High handed, aren't you? You must think you're pretty damned important, if nobody can have a business interview with your wife without your permission."

"You'd better consider it finished. Get out!"

The voice was low, but the words were bitten off and flung. For a moment longer, they stared at each other, Barry's face flinty in its tight restraint, Kennedy's faintly jeering. Then his shoulders moved expressively. Kennedy had too much at stake to risk ruining everything by a public row with Nancy's husband. He bowed to Anne.

"Thank you for the interview, Madame, in case I do not see you again."

He walked deliberately away. Anne broke the silence that was suffocating.

"Well?" she demanded. "I think I am the one to ask for explanations, but the first thing to do is to get out of this hole. Are you ready?"

Anne nodded silently and went with him.

"If there is any explanation that you can make, I am ready to hear it."

They were home again.

"What is there to say that you'd be willing to believe?" she asked bitterly. "I went there to meet him. It was a matter of—business, as he told you. That is all."

"What business could you have with a man like that? And why couldn't it be transacted decently, in your own home?"

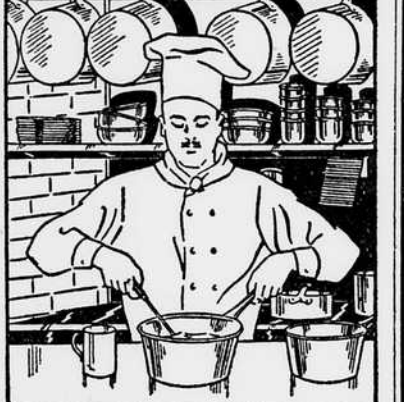
"He wanted to see me privately," she continued. "I knew him—years ago—when he was in better circumstances. He wanted me to do something for him."

"What was it?"

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

Carrots and Turnips as the French Cook Them

By Ann Pryor



CARROTS and turnips, like spinach, are excellent foods, but many children and grownups, too, seem to find them hard to take. Here are two simple recipes, in the French manner, which will interest those who wish to impart new and appealing flavor to these two vegetables.

Sweetened Turnips—Scrape small turnips, or divide large ones into halves or quarters. Heat them in a saucepan with butter for about 20 minutes. When they become light brown sprinkle with one or two teaspoonsfuls of sugar and moisten with about two tablespoonfuls of meat stock or gravy. Cover and let them simmer for about one hour.

Creamed Carrots—Scrape small carrots and place them in boiling salted water to which three lumps of sugar have been added. Cook for about 45 minutes. Small carrots may be left whole; larger ones should be cut into round slices.

Prepare a white sauce with a lump of butter the size of a walnut, two heaping teaspoonfuls of flour and a cup of the water in which the carrots have been cooked. Drain carrots and place them in sauce. Just before serving add four tablespoonfuls of cream.

Most people want peace, provided they can have their own way about everything.

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We are showing in the table below just what it costs you, under our new low rates, to operate the various electrical household appliances that mean so much in comfort, convenience, time-saving and drudgery elimination to the modern housewife.

Figure what you can get in service from your favorite appliance FOR ONE PENNY.

OPERATING COST OF ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

These figures apply after the use of 30 K. W. H. of electricity, which is less than the average modern home uses for lighting alone.

Name of Appliance	Standard Wattage	Actual Cost Per Hour (In Cents)	Normal Monthly Cost	Based On Normal Usage
COOKER (Portable)	530	1 3-5	72c	1½ Hrs. per Day
CURLING IRON	50	1-6	3-4c	5 Hrs. per Mo.
EGG COOKER	660	2	06c	Once a Day
ELECTRIC IRONER	1200	3 3-5	31c	2 Hrs. per Wk.
FAN	50	1-6	23c	5 Hrs. per Day
FOOD MIXER	60	1-7	05c	1 Hr. per Day
HAIR DRYER	250	3-4	03c	4 Hrs. per Mo.
HEATING PAD	65	1-7	01c	6 Hrs. per Mo.
INDIRECT LAMP	300	9-10	81c	3 Hrs. per Day
IRON	600	1 4-5	31c	4 Hrs. per Wk.
KETTLE	1000	3	67c	45 Min. per Day
PERCOLATOR	400	1 1-5	18c	Twice Daily
POP CORN POPPER	600	1 4-5	07c	4 Hrs. per Mo.
RADIO (8 Tubes)	100	3-10	36c	4 Hrs. per Day
REFLECTOR HEATER	630	1 9-10	28c	½-Hr. per Day
SUN LAMP	250	3-4	06c	8 Hrs. per Mo.
TOASTER	625	1 9-10	28c	Twice Daily
VACUUM CLEANER	300	9-10	10c	3 Hrs. per Wk.
WAFFLE IRON	660	2	12c	6 Hrs. per M.
WASHING MACHINE	375	1 1-8	10c	2 Hrs. per Wk.

After the use of 130 K. W. H. per month the cost per K. W. H. drops to 2 1-2c, or 16 6-10% less than the above figures.

(All of above costs are figured on Southern Public Utilities Co. Residential Rate.)

The cost of operation of any electrical appliance depends on the total time used in a month. The above figures give you the cost of operation for normal average use. Your use may be more or less than the normal shown. If so, your cost per month will vary accordingly.

Electric Range: The average cost for operating an electric range is less than one cent a meal for each person served.

Electric Refrigerator: Cost of electricity for operating an electric refrigerator will vary from \$1.50 per month for the smaller sizes up to around \$3.50 per month for the larger sizes; the variation being further influenced by the use and the weather.

Southern Public Utilities Co.

Ride the street cars and avoid the parking nuisance.

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"I have used Theodor's Black-Draught several years and find it splendid," writes Mr. G. W. Holley, of St. Paul, Va. "I take it for dizziness or headache (due to constipation). I have never found anything better. A short while ago, we began giving our children Syrup of Black-Draught as a laxative for colds and little stomach ailments, and have found it very satisfactory." . . . Millions of packages of Theodor's Black-Draught are required to satisfy the demand for this popular, old reliable, purely vegetable laxative. 25¢ a package. "Children like the Syrup."