

P. J. Huneycutt & Co.

Sells Cheaper

WE HAVE IT

PHONE 3 DOUBLE 6

T. D. ALMOND

word, said, "I am indeed proud that you had enough grit and love to rescue the lamb."

BURIED TREASURE.

(Edna Matthews.)

We are settled and enjoying ourselves in our summer cottage by the sea. This year we have the Carlton's cottage, as "The Palmettos" is being repaired.

On a certain Afternoon Ereestine, my cousin and I returned from our dip before the others, took our shower and got in the porch swing to dry our hair. A good breeze began to blow, so in order to make it have more force in blowing our hair we began to swing very high. We were suddenly shocked to hear the grind of the six-thirty cars as they came around the bend just across the bridge. In our glance at each other we seemed to say "Run," for our hair was flying and we still had on our suits though it was prohibited

this year for one to loll around in them.

Ernestine jumped out while we were going high, causing the swing to rush violently against one of the porch pillars. After getting over the jar we both glanced—I can't imagine why though—at the post. What we saw caused us to forget the cars for in the collision one of the little square blocks had been pushed aside, opening a small box-like part of the pillar. Clearly in view was a large letter addressed in red ink. Grabbing it out we tore the envelope which read, "To whom it may concern." On the inside sheet, yellowed as if by age, we read in a large flowing hand the following note:

Beneath Lone Sentinel, a palmetto tree on N. E. corner of island dig and become owner of my treasure buried durig this terrible bombardment. Seige of Ft. Sumter 1864.

We gazed wide-eyed from each other to the paper and back again

until the approaching figures and voices of the others who were returning, reached us. We ran in the house, quickly concealed the letter and began dressing.

That night, when all were in bed asleep, we made our plans. At first we did not believe the note to be true, but finally we decided to test it.

The next morning we told everyone at breakfast that we were going to make a trip around the island. While the others were gathering crabs for dinner, we collected a pick and shovel and set out. After passing only a few people, who had gazed peculiarly at us, we reached the fort, then turned east and soon came to the dunes. After looking a while for a palmetto tree resembling sentinel, our eyes were attracted by a large old one standing all alone on a high sand dune. It looked like a sentinel standing there all alone, its leaves waving toward the sea and fort Moultrie away back in the distance.

Too eager to even rest we began

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