

"My dear young ladies, over at the Villa Vandercross tonight there is going to be a large masque ball. Among the most distinguished guests are Colonel and Mrs. Arnold Bilkstein, who are on their way home after a recent visit in New York City. And as these same two old persons happen to be the grandparents of this young lady sitting here on the arm of my chair, I think, if we agree, mother, we shall doll her up and send her over there to get a peep at her aforesaid grandparents. All willing, says?"

I was so full of glee while mother was helping me into the Cinderella costume that I tried to put on everything at once. I gazed into the glass fully five minutes before I recognized myself. I thought I saw a fairy princess. My long golden hair was braided into two braids, and I wore a small cap of beads. The left slipper was a wee bit too large, so I tucked some cotton in the toe. Mother and dad went as far as the garage with me, where they again cautioned me about leaving before unmasking time.

I slipped in through a French window and gazed on the brilliant ballroom scene from a little alcove of palms. Presently I found out it held another occupant, who was my knight of Cross Peak, only he was a prince tonight. I adjusted my mask and let my fan drop.

"Ah, Cinderilla," said he, picking it up. "May I have this dance?" Everything was heavenly until I happened to meet the eyes of a sweet old lady sitting among a group of old people. I forced myself to look away but when I looked again there was an old gentleman beside her.

There was a dim expression, as of sternness on his face. The answer to my question as to who they were was, as I had expected, "The Bilksteins of New Orleans."

While dancing with the man of the small mustache, whom I supposed was the multi-millionaire, my left foot began to hurt terribly so during the rest between dances I slipped away behind the palms, not knowing where the dressing room was, and took the cotton from my shoe. Later while dancing with my prince, I heard a clock begin striking 12 and my partner said: "I'll soon set my perplexed mind at rest by getting a look behind your mask." As we were passing the little alcove and window where I came in I flew and that large left slipper came off just as I was going down the steps. As I met dad at the hedge I turned and saw my prince picking it up.

The next day I could hardly believe it had happened. Early after breakfast we three started out. The calves and cattle were in good condition, but the fence to the large yard was in bad shape and dad said if the red flag bull took a notion he could knock it down easily so he would have to send a man over to repair it.

On our way home, we were at the bend of the road which is nearest the Vandercross mansion, when the noise of thundering feet behind made us turn and there, tearing down upon us was the red flag bull. Father drew his pistol and shot, but the bull came on, and before I knew it he had thrown mother and dad and was heading for me. I drew my faithful little pearl handle and aimed at the bull's eyes. My first shot went

home, the second hit his nose, but he slackened his pace. I kept on shooting until my revolver was exhausted and the bull was down. There lay poor dad and mother, unconscious. I headed Betsy toward Vandercross's; they had heard the shots and were all on the porch. I jumped off at the steps and told them what I could in my short breaths. My prince ran for the garage and was back in a minute with one of the cars.

We soon had mother and dad there, and one of the guests, who was a doctor, was doing all he could for them. As we brought mother up the steps old Mrs. Bilkstein had exclaimed, "Cybil!" and then fainted. When my parents gained consciousness, the old couple came in and caught mother up in their arms. It was a dandy reunion.

As I started on the porch I ran into the prince, who cried, "Cinderilla! My Cinderilla!"

We were wedded in June. I in my costume and my husband, John Suthington, in his prince costume. Now there are three happy couples living in the old Bilkstein homestead in New Orleans, Louisiana.

#### THE GHOST OF WILLOW GLEN.

(Ruth Greene.)

The dark, gray blue in the west faded rapidly, and as the twilight deepened, not a star could be seen peeping through the dark sky. The night came quickly on. It was one of those dark nights that always aroused the people of Willow Glen, and made them glance apprehensively around them, to be sure that the headless man was not about

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