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CHAPTER IV—(Continued.)

"It's impossible," he said, after a [illegible] he seemed to be going [illegible] minute by minute, the events of [illegible] "I was followed, as far as [illegible] in Plattsburg. Two men [illegible] from the minute I got [illegible] Tuesday; I changed my hotel, [illegible] all of yesterday—Wednesday, [illegible] I felt secure enough. But on [illegible] to the train I felt that I was under surveillance again, and by turning [illegible] I came face to face with [illegible] men."

"Did you know him?" I asked.

"Yes. I thought he was a detective; [illegible] I've had a lot of that sort [illegible] lately, with election coming [illegible] didn't get on the train, how-[illegible] the other one may have done [illegible]

[illegible] the other one may. The thing [illegible] understand is this, Mr. Knox. [illegible] drew in at Bellwood station [illegible] remember opening the [illegible] and putting my newspaper and [illegible] inside. It was the [illegible] then: my clothing was in it, [illegible] brushes."

[illegible] been examining the empty [illegible] he talked.

"[illegible] did you put your railroad [illegible]" I asked.

"[illegible] the leather pocket at the [illegible]

[illegible] here," I said, drawing out the [illegible] For a moment my com-[illegible] looked almost haunted. He [illegible] his head and began to pace [illegible] like a crazy man.

"[illegible] whole thing is impossible. I [illegible] that valise was heavy when [illegible] up from the station. I [illegible] from one hand to the other [illegible] the weight. When I got [illegible] down on the edge of [illegible] and tried the door. When I [illegible] looked—"

"[illegible] wasn't locked," I broke in. "[illegible] came down stairs to look [illegible] I found it open at least [illegible]

[illegible] in his pacing up and [illegible] looked at me curiously.

"[illegible] both crazy, then," he as-[illegible] "I tell you, I tried every [illegible] to unlock that door, and [illegible] chain rattling. Unlock-[illegible] I don't know the way this [illegible] fastened up at night."

"[illegible] it was unlocked when [illegible]

[illegible] so engrossed that neither [illegible] heard steps on the stairs. [illegible] of a smothered exclamation [illegible] doorway caused us both to [illegible] Standing there, in a [illegible] of some sort, very much [illegible] and startled, was Margery [illegible] Wardrop pulled himself to-[illegible] at once. As for me, I knew [illegible] of figure I cut, my collar [illegible] blood, a lump on my fore-[illegible] felt as big as a door-knob, [illegible] shoes.

"[illegible] the matter?" she asked un-[illegible] "I heard such queer noises, [illegible] thought some one had broken [illegible] house."

"Wardrop was trying to break [illegible]," said, "and I heard him and [illegible] On the way I had a [illegible] encounter with an open door, [illegible] I came out the loser."

[illegible] I think she quite believed me. [illegible] from my swollen head to [illegible] and then to Waldrop's [illegible] I think, womanlike, she [illegible] of the two great braids that [illegible] her shoulders and the [illegible] down she wore, for she back-[illegible] the hall.

"[illegible] that's all it is," she called [illegible] cautiously, and we could hear [illegible] coming up the stairs.

"[illegible] better go to bed," Wardrop [illegible] picking up his hat. "I'm going [illegible] station. There's no train [illegible] between midnight and a [illegible] four-thirty a. m. It's not [illegible] be of any use, but I want [illegible] who goes on that train."

"It's only half-past two," I said, [illegible] at my watch. "We might [illegible] around outside first."

The necessity for action made him welcome any suggestion. Reticent as [illegible] was, his feverish excitement made me think that something vital hung on the recovery of the contents of that Russia leather bag. We found a lantern somewhere in the back of the house, and together we went over the grounds. It did not take long, and we found nothing.

As I look back on that night, the key to what had passed and to much that was coming was so simple, so direct—and yet we missed it entirely. Nor, when bigger things developed, and Hunters trained senses were brought into play, did he do much better. It was some time before we learned the true inwardness of the events of that night.

At five o'clock in the morning Wardrop came back exhausted and nerveless. No one had taken the four-thirty; the contents of the bag were gone, probably beyond recall. I put my dented candlestick back on the mantel, and prepared for a little sleep, blessing the deafness of old age which had enabled the Maitland ladies to sleep through it all. I tried to forget the queer events of the night, but the throbbing of my head kept me awake and I through it all one question obtruded itself—who had unlocked the front door and left it open?

CHAPTER V.

Little Miss Jane.

I was almost unrecognizable when I looked at myself in the mirror the next morning, preparatory to dressing for breakfast. My nose boasted a new arch, like the back of an angry cat, making my profile Roman and ferocious, and the lump on my forehead from the chair was swollen, glassy and purple. I turned my back to the mirror and dressed in wrathful irritation and my yesterday's linen.

Miss Fleming was in the breakfast room when I got down, standing at a window, her back to me. I have carried with me, during all the months since that time, a mental picture of her as she stood there, in a pink morning frock of some sort. But only the other day, having mentioned this to her, she assured me that the frock was blue, that she didn't have a pink garment at the time this story opens and that if she did she positively didn't have it on. And having thus flouted my eye for color, she maintains that she did not have her back to me, for she distinctly saw my newly-raised bridge as I came down the stairs. So I amend this. Miss Fleming in a blue frock was facing the door when I went into the breakfast room. Of one thing I am certain. She came forward and held out her hand.

"Good morning," she said. "What a terrible face!"

"It isn't mine," I replied meekly. "My own face is beneath these excrescences. I tried to cover the bump on my forehead with French chalk, but it only accentuated the thing, like snow on a mountain top."

"'The purple peaks of Darien,'" she quoted, pouring me my coffee. "Do you know, I feel so much better since you have taken hold of things. Aunt Letitia thinks you are wonderful."

I thought ruefully of the failure of my first attempt to play the sleuth, and I disclaimed any right to Miss Letitia's high opinion of me. From my dogging the watchman to the police station, to Delia and her note, was a short mental step.

"Before any one comes down, Miss Fleming," I said, "I want to ask a question or two. What was the name of the maid who helped you search the house that night?"

"Annie."

"What other maids did you say there were?"

"Delia and Rose."

"Do you know anything about them? Where they came from, or where they went?"

She smiled a little.

"What does one know about new servants?" she responded. "They bring you references, but references are the price most women pay to get rid of their servants without a fuss. Rose was fat and old, but Delia was pretty. I thought she rather liked Carter."

Carter as well as Shields, the policeman. I put Miss Delia down as a flirt.

"And you have no idea where Carter went?"

"None."

Wardrop came in then, and we spoke of other things. The two elderly ladies it seemed had tea and toast in their rooms when they wakened, and the three of us breakfasted together. But conversation languished with Waldrop's appearance; he looked haggard and worn, avoided Miss Fleming's eyes, and after ordering eggs instead of his chop, looked at his watch and left without touching anything.

"I want to get the nine-thirty, Margie," he said, coming back with his hat in his hand. "I may not be out to dinner. Tell Miss Letitia, will you?" He turned to go, but on second thought came back to me and held out his hand.

"I may not see you again," he began.

"Not if I see you first," I interrupted. He glanced at my mutilated features and smiled.

"I have made you a Maitland," he said. "I didn't think that anything but a prodigal Nature could duplicate Miss Letitia's nose! I'm honestly sorry, Mr. Knox, and if you do not want Miss Jane at that bump with a cold knife and some butter, you'd better duck before she comes down. Good-by, Margie."

I think the girl was as much baffled as I was by the change in his manner when he spoke to her. His smile faded and he hardly met her eyes; I thought that his aloofness puzzled rather than hurt her. When the house door had closed behind him, she dropped her chin in her hand and looked across the table.

"You did not tell me the truth last night, Mr. Knox," she said. "I have never seen Harry look like that. Something has happened to him."

"He was robbed of his traveling bag," I explained, on Fred's theory that half a truth is better than a poor lie. "It's a humiliating experience, I believe. A man will throw away thousands, or gamble them away, with more equanimity than he'll see some one making off with his clean collars."

"His traveling bag!" she repeated scornfully. "Mr. Knox, something has happened to my father, and you and Harry are hiding it from me."

"On my honor, it is nothing of the sort," I hastened to assure her. "I saw him only for a few minutes, just long enough for him to wreck my appearance."

"He did not speak of father?"

"No."

She got up and crossing to the wooden mantel, put her arms upon it and leaned her head against them. "I wanted to ask him," she said directly, "but I am afraid to. Suppose he doesn't know and I should tell him. He would go to Mr. Schwartz at at once, and Mr. Schwartz is treacherous. The papers would get it, too.'

Her eyes filled with tears, and I felt as awkward as a man always does when a woman begins to cry. If he knows her well enough he can go over and pat her on the shoulder and assure her it is going to be all right, if he does not know her, and there are two maiden aunts likely to come in at any minute, he sits still, as I did, and waits until the storm clears.

Miss Margery was not long in emerging from her handkerchief.

"I didn't sleep much," she explained, dabbing at her eyes, "and I am nervous, anyhow. Mr. Knox, are you sure it was only Harry trying to get into the house last night?"

"Only Harry," I repeated. "If Mr. Wardrop's attempt to get into the house leaves me in this condition, what would a real burglar have done to me!"

She was too intent to be sympathetic over my disfigured face.

"There was some one moving about up-stairs not long before I came down," she said slowly.

"You heard me; I almost fell down the stairs."

"Did you brush past my door, and strike the knob?" she demanded.

"No, I was not near any door."

"Very well," triumphantly. "Some one did. Not only that, but they were in the store room on the floor above. I could hear one person and perhaps two, going from one side of the room to the other and back again."

"You heard a goblin quadrille. First couple forward and back," I said facetiously.

"I heard real footsteps—unmistakable ones. The maids slept back on the second floor, and—don't tell me it was rats. There are no rats in my Aunt Letitia's house.'

I was more impressed than I cared to show. I found I had a half hour before train time, and as we were neither of us eating anything, I suggested that we explore the upper floor of the house. I did it, I explained, not because I expected to find anything, but because I was sure we would not.

We crept past the two closed doors behind which the ladies Maitland were presumably taking out their crimps and taking in their tea. Then up a narrow, obtrusively clean stairway to the upper floor.

It was an old-fashioned, sloping-roofed attic, with narrow windows and a bare floor. At one end a door opened into a large room, and in there were the family trunks of four generations of Maitlands. One on another they were all piled there—little hair trunks, squab-topped trunks, huge Saratogas—of the period when the two maiden ladies were in their late teens—and there were handsome modern trunks, too. For Miss Fleming's satisfaction I made an examination of the room, but it showed nothing. There was little or no dust to have been disturbed; the windows were closed and locked.

In the main attic were two step-ladders, some curtains drying on frames and an old chest of drawers with glass knobs and the veneering broken in places. One of the drawers stood open, and inside could be seen a red and white patchwork quilt, and a grayish thing that looked like flannel and smelled to heaven of camphor. We gave up finally, and started down.

Part way down the attic stairs Margery stopped, her eyes fixed on the white-scrubbed rail. Following her gaze, I stopped, too, and I felt a sort of chill go over me. No spot or blemish, no dirty finger print marked the whiteness of that stair rail, except in one place. On it, clear and distinct, every line of the palm showing, was the reddish imprint of a hand!

Margery did not speak; she had turned very white, and closed her eyes, but she was not faint. When the first revulsion had passed, I reached over and touched the stain. It was quite dry, of course, but it was still reddish-brown; another hour or two would see it black. It was evidently fresh—Hunter said afterward it must have been about six hours old, and as things transpired, he was right. The stain showed a hand somewhat short and broad, with widened finger tips; marked in ink; it would not have struck me so forcibly, perhaps, but there, its ugly red against the white wood, it seemed to me to be the imprint of a brutal, murderous hand.

Margery was essentially feminine.

"What did I tell you?" she asked. "Some one was in this house last night; I heard them distinctly. There must have been two, and they quarreled—" she shuddered.

We went on down stairs into the quiet and peace of the dining room again. I got some hot coffee for Margery, for she looked shaken, and found I had missed my train.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

—There will be a meeting of the Trinity College alumni tonight at the Y. M. C. A. building. All Trinity Alumni of the city and county are urged to be present as business of importance is to be attended to.

Try This Home-Made Cough Remedy

Costs Little, But Does the Work Quickly, or Money Refunded.

[illegible] pint of granulated sugar [illegible] half pint of warm water, and stir [illegible] minutes. Put 2½ ounces of Pinex (half ounce worth) in a pint bottle and add the Sugar Syrup. Take [illegible] teaspoonful every one, two or three [illegible]

You will find that this simple remedy takes hold of a cough more quickly than anything else you ever used. It promptly ends a deep seated cough in [illegible] 24 hours. Splendid, too, for [illegible] cough, chest pains, bronchitis and other throat troubles. It [illegible] the appetite and is slightly laxative, which helps end a cough. This recipe makes more and better cough syrup than you could buy ready made for $2.50. It keeps perfectly and tastes pleasantly.

Pinex is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, and is rich in guaiacol and all the natural pine elements which are so healing to the membranes. Other preparations will not work in this formula.

The plan of making cough syrup with Pinex and Sugar Syrup (or strained honey) has proven so popular throughout the United States and Canada that it is often imitated. But this original and successful formula has never been equaled.

A guaranty of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

CHENEY'S EXPECTORANT CURES COUGHS AND COLDS

INFLAMMATION AND PAIN

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Creston, Iowa.—"I was troubled for a long time with inflammation, pains in my side, sick headaches and nervousness. I had taken so many medicines that I was discouraged and thought I would never get well. A friend told me of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it restored me to health. I have no more pain, my nerves are stronger and I can do my own work. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me after everything else had failed, and I recommend it to other suffering women."—MRS. WM. SPALS, 603 W. Howard St., Creston, Iowa.

Thousands of unsolicited and genuine testimonials like the above prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made exclusively from roots and herbs.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

If you want special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. She will treat your letter as strictly confidential. For 20 years she has been helping sick women in this way, free of charge. Don't hesitate—write at once.

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF VALUABLE

By virtue of power vested in me by a certain deed of trust executed and delivered on the 6th day of August, 1910, which said deed of trust is recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds, Mecklenburg County, in Book 267, Page 190, the undersigned will expose to public sale at the Court House door in the City of Charlotte on the 15th day of April, 1911, at 12 o'clock the following described pieces of land, lying and being in Charlotte Township, Mecklenburg County, and in the City of Charlotte, and more particularly described as follows:

One lot situated on the Southwest corner of Clement Avenue and Peachtree Street, Beginning at the corner of aforesaid Street and Avenue and running in a Southerly direction with Clement Avenue 226 feet to a 10-foot alley; thence in a Westerly direction with aforesaid alley 172 1-2 feet to a 10-foot alley; thence with said alley in a Northerly direction 100 feet; to the lot of the Cochrane Show Case Company, on which their factory building stands; thence in an Easterly direction with the line of the lot of the Cochrane Show Case Company's line Cochrane Show Case Company 75 feet; thence in a Northerly direction with Cochrane Show Case Company's line Cochrane Show Case Company line in an Easterly direction with Peachtree Street 97 1-2 to the beginning. (Above Lot is in Block 22, see Map of Oakhurst).

Also that tract of land adjoining the lands of B. D. Heath, now or formerly Charlotte Casket Company, and the lot above described and bounded as follows: Beginning at a stake in Block No. 22 on Peachtree Street on the East side of a 10-foot alley which separates this lot from the lot of the Charlotte Casket Company and runs about South parallel with said alley toward Lawyer's Road 120 feet to a corner on the line of said alley; thence about East 75 feet to a stake; thence about North 120 feet to a stake on Peachtree Street; thence about West 75 feet with a line of Peachtree Street to the Beginning Corner.

The foregoing sale is made because of default of the payment of the Notes secured by the deed of trust above refered to.

This the 13th day of March, 1911.

W. H. WOOD, Trustee.

13-30da.

EXECUTORS' SALE OF VAULABLE REAL ESTATE IN CHARLOTTE.

By virtue of power and authority given us by the Will of the late Mary E. Bloom, we will sell at the County Court House Door in the City of Charlotte, N. C., on Monday, April the 3rd, A. D., 1911, at 12 o'clock M., all that land on West Trade street in the city of Charlotte.

First Piece: Beginning at R. G. Hayes' corner on West Trade street and runs with the fence in a Northern direction, 198 feet to a post; thence in a Western direction 23 feet to a post; thence in Southern direction, 198 feet to a post on West Trade street; thence with West Trade street, 48.7 feet in an Eastern direction to beginning. On said lot is a two-story house—six rooms and bath, with gas and water and electric lights.

Second Piece: Beginning at a post. O. T. Henderson's corner on West Trade street, and runs in a Northern direction with said Henderson's line, 198 feet to a post; thence in an Eastern direction 76 feet to a post; thence in a Southern direction, 198 feet to a post on West Trade Street; thence with West Trade street 51.3 feet to the beginning. On said lot is a six-room house with bath.

Terms one-third cash, balance in one year, interest on deferred payments. This sale subject to advance bid of not less than 10 per cent to be put on in 10 days.

A map of said property can be seen in Office of Clarkson and Duls, attorneys.

February 22, 1911.

CHAS. E. BLOOM,
F. M. BECKHAM,
3-3-30da Executors of Mary E. Bloom.

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These tiny CAPSULES are superior to Balsam of Copaiba, Cubebs or Injections, and RELIEVES in 24 HOURS the same diseases without inconvenience.

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Here's A Winner!

This elegant, substantial and useful three-piece mission Hall Suit delivered anyhere in the South for $17.00. Upholstered in green or brown imitation leather and will wear almost as well as any covering you can get.

Send us your order at once. We have the greatest proposition for young housekeepers ever heard of. Call or write and let us explain.

Lubin Furniture Co.

EVERTHING FOR THE HOME

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

For Sale

One 10-room house, corner Vance and A Sts.

One 7-room house S. A St.

One 10-room house N. Tryon St.

3 6-room houses E. Vance St.

One 5-room house W. 12th St.

Two 4-room houses N. Brevard St.

One 6-room house E. Liberty St.

One 6-room house E. Hill St.

Three 3-room houses Winona St.

One lot on S. Tryon with 4 3-room houses.

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Shirt Waists

No matter how delicate and soft the material, we always launder them just right—faultlessly!

Fancy Aprons

Every care is taken to have them finished as you may request.

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the bugaboo of some laundries, we starch and iron correctly.

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Rooms $1.50 Per Day and Up.

Rooms with Private Bath $2.00 Per Day and Up.

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Prices Reasonable.

150 Elegant Rooms. 75 Private Baths.

Located in the heart of Charlotte, convenient to railroad station, street cars and the business and shopping centre. Cater to high-class commercial and tourist trade.

Pure Water from our Artesian Well, 203 1-2 feet deep, for sale, 5c gallon at Hotel. 10c gallon in 5-gallon lots, Delivered in Charlotte or at R. R. Station.

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If You Want Dry Coal, Buy

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It is all under shed and protected from the weather.

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That sounds good to us. While you are cleaning up your premises don't forget to clean out all the old

Pans, Kettles

and other wornout articles from your kitchen and house and call on us and we will supply you with a nice, clean lot of the best kitchen and household utensils to be found in the city. Make your cleaning up thorough and you will find many articles that should be replaced by new and better ones and then call on the

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Tickets to Edisonia or Amuse-U Free

Do you want two Tickets to the Edisonia or Amuse-U given you FREE!

Enter your name on lines below and cut this out and send to NEWS office. Your name will be entered on the list and will appear amongst the Want Ads.

Watch for your name.

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