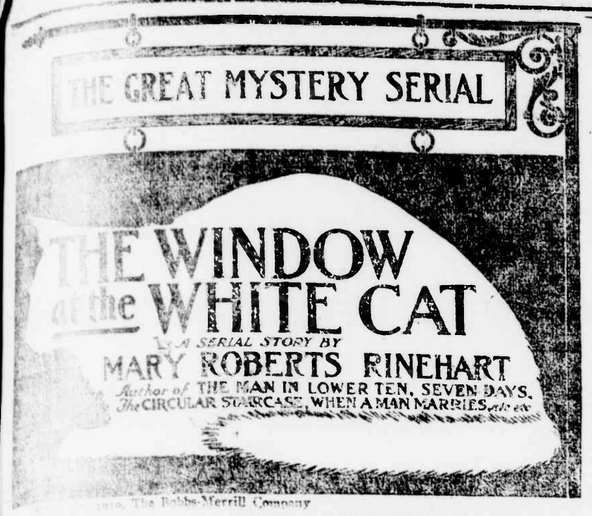


...ts, The Bobbs-Merrill Company

CHAPTER X.

...Building the News.

...was so wretched that I ... room, and mixed ... cold water. When I ... a cigar he began to ... hopeless.

"I ... darned sight better ... I would have been to you, ... circumstances," he said ... "I would better arrange ... story before we try ... replied. "What she ... in the last twenty-... nothing to what is com... Will you tell her about ...

...arm about the room.

"It would come better from ... finally. "I am in the ... of having been sus... father of robbing him, ... away her aunt, and ... office and everybody else ... her father."

"I ... suspect you of anything," ... "I don't think you ... that is all, Waldorp. ... damaging yourself to ... else."

...face was on its guard ... ceased his reckless ... impressively before ...

"I ... you my word as a gentleman ... know who killed Mr. Flem... I first saw him dead. ... thought was that he had ... He had threatened to. ... Why, if you think I killed ... have to think I robb... in order to find a motive."

...him that was precisely ... did think. I evaded the ...

... did you ever hear ... eleven twenty-two?" I ... twenty-two?" he repeated. ... any unusual connec... heard Mr. Fleming use ...

... said. "In the very ... Fleming's position, we ... the time. Eleven twen... time the theatre ... the city for Bellwood. Not ... eh?"

... answered non-committal... ... to wind my watch. He ... and prepared to leave. ... knew you any longer," he ... closing up his raincoat. He op... door and stared ruefully ... office in the hall below, ... is queer without Miss ... irrelevantly. "Well, ... thanks."

... softly along the hall and ... door. I heard him pass ... and then go back and ... was evidently awake. ... he called, "I thought ... sorry if you knew I ... tonight."

... something, for—

... he said. He stood ... hesitating over ... whatever it was, he ...

"... dear," he said gently ... made me wince. ... man has the same ... then. I have it some... Edith sits on the arm of ... one of the youngsters ... run to "daddy." And one ... I ever met went to ... and proposed to his steno... sheer craving for domestic... watching the wife of one ... run her hand over her ... chin and give him a re... slap for not having shaved!

I pulled myself up sharply and after taking off my dripping coat, I went to the window and looked out into the May night. It seemed incredible that almost the same hour the previous night little Miss Jane had disappeared, had been taken bodily away through the peace of the warm spring darkness, and that I, as wide-awake as I was at that moment, acute enough of hearing to detect Wardrop's careful steps on the gravel walk below, had heard no struggle, had permitted this thing to happen without raising a finger in the old lady's defense. And she was gone as completely as if she had stepped over some psychic barrier into the fourth dimension!

I found myself avoiding the more recent occurrence at the White Cat. I was still was too close to it to have gained any perspective. On that subject I was able to think clearly of only one thing; that I would have to tell Margery in the morning, and that I would have given anything I possessed for a little of Edith's diplomacy with which to break the bad news. It was Edith who broke the news to me that the moths had got into my evening clothes while I was hunting in the Rockies, by telling me that my dress coat made me look narrow across the shoulders and persuading me to buy a new one and give the old one to Fred. Then she broke the news of the moths to Fred!

I was ready for bed when Waldrop came back and rapped at my door. He was still dressed, and he had the leather bag in his hand.

"Look here," he said excitedly, when I had closed the door, "this is not my bag at all. Fool that I was. I never examined it carefully."

He held it out to me, and I carried it to the light. It was an ordinary eighteen-inch Russia leather traveling bag, tan in color, and with gold plated mountings. It was empty, save for the railroad schedule that still rested in one side pocket. Wardrop pointed to the empty pocket on the other side.

"In my bag," he explained rapidly, "my name was written inside that pocket in ink. I did it myself—my name and address."

I looked inside the pockets on both sdies; nothing had been written in.

"Don't you see?" he asked excitedly. "Whoever stole my bag had this one to substitute for it, if we can succeed in tracing the bag her to the shop it came from, and from there to the purchaser, we have the thief."

"There's no maker's name on it," I said, after a casual examination. Waldrop's face fell, and he took the bag from me despondently.

"No matter which way I turn," he sad, "I run into a blind alley. If I were worth a damn, I suppose I could find a way out. But I'm not. Well, I'll let you sleep this time."

At the door, however, he turned around and put the bag on the floor, just inside.

"If you don't mind, I'll leave it here," he said. "They'll be searching my room, I suppose, and I'd like to have the bag for future reference."

He went for good that time, and I put out the light. As an afterthought I opened my door perhaps six inches, and secured it with one of the pink couch shells which flanked either end of the stone hearth. I had failed the night before; I meant to be on hand that night.

I went to sleep immediately. I believe. I have no idea how much later it was that I roused. I wakened suddenly and sat up in bed. There had been a crash of some kind, for the shock was still vibrating along my nerves. Dawn was close; the window showed gray against the darkness inside, and I could make out dimly the larger objects in the room. I listened intently, but the house seemed quiet. Still I was not satisfied. I got up and, lighting the candle, got into my raincoat in lieu of a dressing gown, and prepared to investigate.

With the fatality that seemed to pursue my feet in that house, with my first step I trod squarely on top of the conch-shell, and I fell back on to the edge of the bed, swearing softly and holding the injured member. Only when the pain began to subside did I realize that I had left the shell on the door sill, and that it had moved at least eight feet while I slept!

When I could walk I put it on the mantel, its mate from the other end of the hearth beside it. Then I took my candle and went out into the hall. My door, which I had left open, I found closed; nothing else was disturbed. The leather bag sat just inside, as Wardrop had left it. Through Miss Maitland's transom were coming certain strangled and irregular sounds, now falsetto, now deep bass, that showed that worthy lady to be asleep. A glance down the staircase revealed Davidson, stretching in his chair and looking up at me.

"I'm frozen," he called up cautiously. "Throw me down a blanket or two, will you?"

I got a couple of blankets from my bed and took them down. He was examining his chair ruefully.

"There isn't any grip to this horsehair stuff," he complained. "Every time I doze off I dream I'm coasting down the old hill back of the farm, and when I wake up I'm sitting on the floor, with the end of my back bone bent like a hook."

He wrapped himself in the blankets and sat down again, taking the precaution this time to put his legs on another chair and thus anchor himself. Then he produced a couple of apples and a penknife and proceeded to pare and offer me one.

"Found them in the pantry," he said, biting into one. "I belong to the apple society. Eat one apple every day and keep healthy!" He stopped and stared intently at the apple. "I reckon I got a worm that time," he said, with less ardor.

"I'll get something to wash him down," I offered, rising, but he waved me back to my stair.

"Not on your life," he said with dignity. "Let him walk. How are things up stairs?"

"You didn't happen to be up there a little while ago, did you?" I questioned in turn.

"No, I've been kept busy trying to sit tight where I am. Why?"

"Some one came into my room and weakened me," I explained. "I heard a racket and when I got up I found a shell that I had put on the door sill to keep the door open, in the middle of the room. I stepped on it."

He examined a piece of apple before putting it in his mouth. Then he turned a pair of shrewd eyes on me.

"That's funny," he said. "Anything in the room disturbed?"

"Nothing."

"Where's the shell now?"

"On the mantel. I didn't want to step on it again."

He thought for a minute, but his next remark was wholly facetious.

"No, I guess you won't step on it up there. Like the old woman: she says, 'Motorman, if I put my foot on the rail will i be electrocuted?' And he says, 'No, madam, not unless you put your other foot on the trolley wire.'"

I got up impatiently. There was no humor in the situation that night for me.

"Some one has been in the room," I reiterated. "The door was closed, although I had left it open."

He finished his apple and proceeded with great gravity to drop the parings down the immaculate register in the floor beside his chair. Then—

"I've only got one business here, Mr. Knox," he said in an undertone, "and you know what that is. But if it will relieve your mind of the thought that there is anything supernatural about your visitor, I'll tell you that it was Mr. Wardrop, and that to the best of my belief he was in your room, not once, but twice, in the last hour and a half. As far as that shell goes, it was I that kicked it, having gone up without my shoes."

I stared at him blankly.

"What could he have wanted?" I exclaimed. But with his revelation, Davidson's interest ceased; he drew the blanket up around his shoulders and shivered.

"Search me," he said and yawned.

I went back to bed, but not to sleep. I deliberately left the door wide open, but no intrusion occurred. Once I got up and glanced down the stairs. For all his apparent drowsiness, Davidson heard my cautious movements, and saluted me in a husky whisper.

"Have you got any quinine?" he said. "I'm sneezing my head off."

But I had none. I gave him a box of cigarettes, and after partially dressing, I threw myself across the bed to wait for daylight. I was roused by the sun beating on my face, to hear Miss Letitia's tones from her room across.

"Nonsense," she was saying querulously. "Don't you suppose I can smell? Do you think because I'm a little hard of hearing that I've lost my other senses? Somebody's been smoking."

"It's me," Heppie shouted. "I—

"You?" Miss Letitia snarled. "What are you smoking for? That ain't my shirt; it's my—"

"I ain't smokin'," yelled Heppie. "You won't let me tell you. I spilled vinegar on the stove; that's what you smell."

Miss Letitia's sardonic chuckle came through the door.

"Vinegar," she said with scorn. "Next thing you'll be telling me it's vinegar that Harry and Mr. Knox carry around in little boxes in their pockets. You've pinned my cap to my scalp."

I hurried down stairs to find Davidson gone. My blanket lay neatly folded, on the lower step, and the horsehair chairs were ranged along the wall as before. I looked around anxiously for telltale ashes, but there was none, save, at the edge of the spotless register, a trace. Evidently they had followed the apple parings. It grew cold a day or so later, and Miss Letitia had the furnace fired, and although it does not belong to my story, she and Heppie searched the house over to account for the oder of baking apples—a mystery that was never explained.

Wardrop did not appear at breakfast. Margery came down stairs as Bella was bringing me my coffee, and dropped languidly into her chair. She looked tired and white.

"Another day!" she said wearily. "Did you ever live through such an eternity as the last thirty-six hours?"

I responded absently; the duty I had assumed hung heavy over me. I had a frantic impulse to shirk the whole thing; to go to Wardrop and tell him it was his responsibility, not mone, to make this sad-eyed girl sadder still. That as I had not his privilege of comforting her, neither should I shoulder his responsibility of telling her, a trace. Evidently they had fol- sooner than I expected, for at that moment I saw the glaring head lines of the morning paper, laid open at Waldorp's plate.

She must have followed my eyes, for we reached for it similtaneously. She was nearer than I, and her quick eye caught the name. Then I put my hand over the heading and she flushed with indignation.

"You are not to read it now," I said, meeting her astonished gaze as best I could. "Please let me have it, I promise you I will give it to you—almost immediately."

(To Be Continue dTomorrow.)

Ain't It the Truth.

"How is the new filing system? Success?" asked the agent of the merchant to whom he had sold a "system" a few days before.

"Great!" said the merchant.

"Good!" said the agent, rubbing his hands. "And how is business?"

"Business?" echoed the merchant. "Oh, we have stopped business to attend to the filing system."

HAIR REMOVERS ARE DANGEROUS

Physicians Say: "Don't Use Poisonous Depilatories."

The extravagant claims recently made by unscrupulous manufacturers of hair removers in sensational advertisements unquestionably justify physicians in cautioning the public against the use of this class of depilatories. How many people have been enticed into using these dangerous preparations, with consequent injury to themselves cannot be estimated, but only guessed at.

The preparations above referred to are invariably in the form of creamy pastes, which are to be spread upon the skin to remain until dry. These contain Sulphide of Barium, an insolable chemical, which cannot be dissolved; therefore cannot be absorbed by the skin. The very fact that you told to leave these pasty compounds on the skin until they dry and cake and then lift off with a knife is proof positive that they are not absorbed. If they are, why do they still remain on the skin? The most they can possibly do is to remove the surface hair, which in consequence will reappear stronger and thicker after each removal.

There is only one logical and scientific way to remove hair, and that is by means of a liquid containing soluble ingredients which can be absorbed by the skin. De Miracle, known all the World over as the only real superfluous hair remover, is just such a preparation. It is easily and quickly absorbed and after you have used it you will note there is nothing left on the skin. It leaves the skin free from irritation, and what is more to the point, it is absolutely non-poisonous; therefore, it will not produce eczema or blood poisoning. Remember, no matter what claims are made to the contrary, no poisonous, pasty compound or so-called "liquid cure" ever did or ever will kill a single hair root, and we can prove it.

Beware of the fake free advertisers and others who by wording of their advertisements, try to give the impression that newspapers and other reputable publications endorse their worthless preparations. Don't be deceived by them. De Miracle is the only preparation which is so endorsed. De Miracle is sold at all good stores.

No honest dealer will offer you a substitute on which he makes more profit.

We will send you a 52-page booklet containing full information concerning this remarkable treatment, as well as testimonials of prominent physicians, surgeons, dermatologists, medical journals and the principal magazines and newspapers. You should read this booklet before you try anything. Write to the De Miracle Chemical Co., Dept. C 20, 1905 Park ave., New York, simply saying you want this booklet, and it will be mailed, sealed, at once.

Note—All readers of this paper who are afflicted with superfluous hair growths are strongly advised to write for information concerning this wonderful method, which is endorsed the World over by eminent authorities, who have made a lifelong study of this subject.

Peach Crop Not Badly Damaged

Special to The News.

Raleigh, N. C., April 4.—That the peach crop in North Carolina is not nearly so badly damaged as was at first feared following the recent cold and severe frosts is the information coming in to state horticulturalist, W. M. Hutt, at the state department of agriculture. He says that letters from the owners of the big commercial orchards around Southern Pines are to the effect that they still have in that section from half to three quarters of a crop with the expectation, on this basis, that the quality of the fruit will be exceptionally fine owing to the thinning of the burden for the trees. Letters to the department from the central sections of the state indicate that the peaches in these sections are pretty well killed out and that those in the Piedmont section are possibly more damaged than in the easy central section. There are no large commercial peach orchards around Raleigh but the trees hereabouts are understood to still retain promise of fair crops. The apples in the east are damaged to the The damage in the Piedmont section is not nearly so great and in the mountain section where the principal commercial orchards of apples are the damage is thus far considerable. Mr. Hutt says there is danger of further damage until probably May 1, but that up to date, taken the state over, North yield of fruits. HeoeFshvETAOINOI Carolina has possibility for an average yield of fruits. He is advised that the strawberry crop in the trucking sections is set back a number of early pickings by early blossoms being killed but strawberries being a crop that matures gradualy there is still probability of big yield, if a little belated. Unfortunately ,in this case, however, it is the earliest pickings that bring the highest prices on the northern and eastern markets.

The Gattis Realty Co., of Charlotte, was chartered today with $125,000 capital by Thomas J. Gatis, Henry Hayman and Craig Davidson. There is also a charter for the Eastside Realty Co., Charlotte, capital $25,000 by C. G. McManaway, Luther Snyder and others. Both are for developing real estate around Charlotte.

Thirty-six neat new houses painted white are being placed on the limbs of trees in Capital Square for the squirrels that are being deprived of their nests in hollows of the trees through the work of the "tree surgeons." The little houses are being put out on the limbs because in the past similar houses have been placed in forks of trees where it was easier to fasten them and the tree growth has crashed them in a remarkably few years. The work of treating some of these old trees by the "tree surgeons" is costing as high as $50.

Constipation

"For over nine years I suffered with chronic constipation and during this time I had to take an injection of warm water once every 24 hours before I could have an action on my bowels. Happily I tried Cascarets, and today I am a well man. During the nine years before I used Cascarets I suffered untold misery with internal piles. Thanks to you, I am free from all that this morning. You can use this in behalf of suffering humanity. E. F. Fisher, Roanoke, Ill.

Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripe. 10c. 25c. 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C C C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. 950

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 287, 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 16-foot alley; thence in a Westerly direction with aforesaid alley 172 1-2 feet to a 10-foot alley; thence with said adley 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 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 E. 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.

SPECIAL RATES

For the Base Ball Game between the University of North Carolina and University of Virginia, at Charlotte, N. C., Monday April 10th, 1911, The Southern Railway will sell reduced rate Round Trip tickets, from all points within a radius of approximately 100 miles of Charlotte, including Asheville, N. C., and all intermediate points. Tickets will be sold on April 9th, and for all trains on April 10th, scheduled to arrive at Charlotte before 2 p. m., with final limit of all tickets April 11th, 1911.

For further information, rates, schedules, etc., apply to any Ticket Agent Southern Railway

R. H. DeBUTTS, T. P. A.,
Charlotte, N. C.

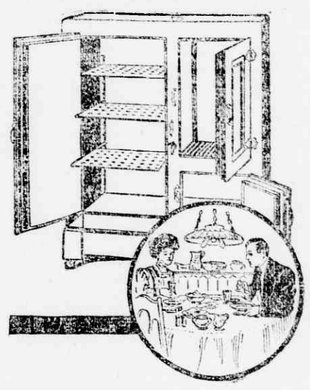
2-9t

CARBON PAPER

I have recently arranged to purchase all kinds of carbon papers direct from the factory—in large quantities—for cash—and buy same at the lowest possible price. I am, therefore, selling carbon paper at $1.25 per box of 100 sheets—full size sheets 8 1-2 by 13 inches—any colors—put up in moisture proof pockets and won't dry out. I guarantee that this carbon paper for typewriter purposes is in every way the equal of carbon sold on this market at $2, $2.50 and $3 per box. If after you have tried the carbon papers I offer and do not find them in every way as guaranteed, you can return and get your money back any time. There is no use paying 200 per cent to 300 per cent profit on carbon paper when I will sell you equally as good stuff for $1.25 per box. Try it.

JONES—The Typewriter Man.
'Phone 243.

The Automatic Refrigerator



Has perfect Air Circulation, small Ice Chamber and large space for provisions thereby using less ice and keeping a lower temperature than other Refrigerators. Has a large enameled water reservoir just between the walls that opens from the outside and therefore cannot be contaminated by anything that may be in the refrigerator.

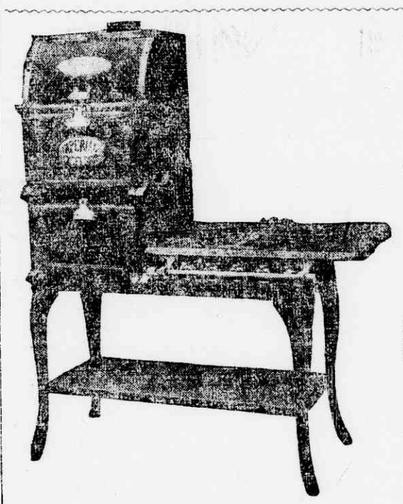
ODORS WILL NOT MIX—TRY IT.

Put onions right along with any other food and you cannot notice the odor on any of the stuffs when taken out.

Guaranteed absolutely.

Everything for the Home Here.

Lubin Furniture Co.



No Stooping for Oven or Broiler, where

Imperial Excelsior Gas Stoves

are used.

$23.50 and Up

Come in and let us show you this excellent Stove.

J. N. McCausland & Company

If You Want Dry Coal, Buy

Standard COAL

It is all under shed and protected from the weather.

Phone 19 or 72

Standard Ice & Fuel Co.

M. A. BLAND, Sales Agent

Clean-Up Day

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 worn-out 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

Weddington Hardware Co.

INCORPORATED

29 East Trade Street

Post Toasties

With a package of this sweet, crisp food in the pantry, you dodge the fuss and bother of early morning cooking, yet have a breakfast which makes a happy start for the day.

Serve direct from the package with cream, and sometimes fruit.

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.