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For Rent

- 1 brick store on North Graham extension. 1 seven-room house on South A St. 1 six-room house on East Stone-wall St. 1 six-room house on West Fifth St. 1 five-room house West Twelfth St. 1 four-room house East Seventh St. 1 three-room house East Catherine St. 1 three-room house E. Palmer St. 2 three-room houses College St. extension.

C. Mc Nelis

No. 53 East 4th St. Phone No. 804-J.

THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER (Copyright 1911, The Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

CHAPTER VII.

The Fight at Slosson's Tavern.

Months and more had elapsed since Yancy's trial. Just two days later and boy disappeared from Scratch Murrell was soon on their trail pressing forward in pursuit. Reach the mountains, he heard of them as ten days ahead of him and the end for west Tennessee; the week he dwined at a week, the week he five days, the five days three; the five days he emerged from the last of hills he caught sight of

Nancy glanced back at the blue wall of the mountains, where it lay along the horizon. "Well, navy," he said, "we've put a heap of distance between us and old Scratch Hill. For the past ten days your journey had been conducted in a leisurely fashion. As Yancy said, they were being the world, and it was well to have a good look at it while they had chance."

Suddenly out of the silence came the regular beat of hoofs. These grew nearer and nearer, and at last, when they were quite close, Yancy faced about, smilingly Murrell reined in his horse. "Why—Bob Yancy!" he cried in apparent astonishment. "Yes, sir—Bob Yancy. Does it happen you are looking for him, Captain?"

"No—no, Bob, I'm on my way West," Murrell slipped from his saddle and fell into a seat at Yancy's side as they moved forward. "They were mighty stirred up at the Cross Roads when I left, wondering what had come of you," he observed. "That's kind of them," responded Yancy, a little dryly. There was no reason for it, but he was becoming distrustful of Murrell, and uneasy.

They went forward in silence. A sudden turn in the road brought them to the edge of an extensive clearing. Close to the road there were several buildings, but not a tree had been planted to shelter them and they stood forth starkly, the coming touch to civilization that was still in its youth, unkempt, rather savage, and almost military. A sign announced the dingy structure of logs nearest the roadside a tavern.

From the door of the tavern the figure of a man emerged. He was black-haired and bull-necked, and there was about him a certain shagreen which recent toilet performed at the horse trough had not served to mitigate. "Howdy?" he drawled. "Howdy?" responded Mr. Yancy. "Shall you stop here?" asked Murrell, shaking his voice. Yancy nodded. "Can you put us up?" inquired Murrell, turning to the tavern-keeper.

"I reckon that's what I am here for," said Slosson. Murrell glanced about the empty yard. "Slack," observed Slosson languidly. "Yes, sir, slack's the only name for it." It was understood he referred to the state of trade. He looked from one to the other of the two men. As his eyes rested on Murrell, that gentleman raised the first three fingers of his right hand. The gesture was ever so little, yet it seemed to have a tonic effect on Mr. Slosson. What might have developed into a smile had he not immediately suppressed it, twisted his bearded lips as he made an answering movement.

"Eh, come here, you!" Slosson raised his voice. This call brought a half-grown black boy from about a corner of the tavern, to whom Murrell relinquished his horse. "Let's liquor," said the captain over his shoulder, moving off in the direction of the rear. "Come on, Navy!" said Yancy following, and they all entered the tavern.

"Well, here's to the best of good luck!" said Murrell, as he raised his glass to his lips. "Same here," responded Yancy. Murrell pulled out a roll of bills, one of which he tossed on the bar. Then after a moment's hesitation he detached a second bill from the roll and turned to Hannibal. "Here, youngster—a present for you," he said good-naturedly. Hannibal, embarrassed by the unexpected gift, edged to his Uncle Bob's side. "Thank you, sir," said the boy. "Let's have another drink," suggested Murrell.

Presently Hannibal stole out into the yard. He still held the bill in his hand, for he did not quite know how to dispose of his great wealth. After debating this matter for a moment he knotted it carefully in one corner of his handkerchief. In the tavern the three men were drinking—Murrell with the idea that the more Yancy came under the influence of Slosson's corn whiskey the easier his speculation would be managed. Yancy believed on his part that if Murrell went to bed reasonably drunk he would sleep late and give him the opportunity he coveted, to quit the tavern unobserved at break of day.

"When you get to feelin' like sleep, young boss, Mas'r Slosson he says 'show you to yo' chamber.'" It was Slosson's boy Eph. "Yes, you can show me my chamber," he said. Eph secured a tin candle-stick with a half-burnt candle in it and led the way into the passage back of the bar. They mounted a flight of stairs and passed down a narrow hall. This brought them to the back of the building, and Eph pushed open the door on his right. "This heah's yo' chamber," he said, and preceding his companion into the room, placed the candle on a chair. The moon was rising and Hannibal went to the open window and glance

ed out. For a moment he considered the night, not unaffected by its beauty, then, turning from the window, he moved his bundle and rifle to the foot of the bed, where they would be out of his way, kicked off his trousers, blew out the candle and lay down. Yancy had become more and more convinced as the evening passed that Murrell was bent on getting him drunk, and suspicion mounted darkly to his brain. "Have a drink with me!" cried Slosson, giving way to drunken laughter. "The captain's dropped out, and I low it's about time for these here festivities to come to an end. I'm thinking some of going to bed myself," said Yancy. He kept his eyes fixed on Murrell. He realized that if the latter could prevent it he was not to leave the bar. He never shifted his glance from Murrell's face. Scowling now, the captain's eyes blazed back their challenge as he thrust his right hand under his coat. "Fair play—I don't know who you are, but I know what you want!" said Yancy, the light in his frank gray eyes deepening. Murrell laughed and took a forward step. At the same moment Slosson snatched up a heavy club from the back of the bar and dealt Yancy a murderous blow. A single startled cry escaped the Scratch Hiller; he struck out wildly as he lurched toward Murrell, who drew his knife and drove it into his shoulder. Yancy dropped heavily to the floor.

How long the boy slept he never knew, but he awoke with a start and a confused sense of things. It was evidently very late, probably long after midnight—but where was his Uncle Bob? He sank back on his pillow intent and listening. A chilling terror that gripped him fast and would not let him go mounted to his brain. Where was his Uncle Bob? Why didn't he come to bed? Memories of idle tales of men foully dealt with in these lonely taverns flashed through his mind. He slid from the bed, and for a long moment stood cold and shaking, his every sense on the alert. With infinite caution he got into his trousers and again paused to listen, since he feared his least movement might betray him. Next he secured his pack, and was ready for flight. Encumbered by his belongings, but with no mind to sacrifice them, he stepped out upon the shed and made his way down the slant of the roof to the eaves. He tossed his bundle to the ground and going down on his knees lowered his rifle, resting the muzzle about a corner of the building. He could just distinguish that they carried some heavy burden between them and that they staggered as they moved. They passed out of sight, and breathless and paleled, Hannibal crept about a corner of the tavern. He must be sure!

Presently he heard a distant sound—a splash—surely it was a splash. A little later the men came up the lane, to disappear in the direction of the tavern. Hannibal peered after them. The very terrors, while they wrenched and tortured him, gave him a desperate kind of courage. As the gloom hid the two men, he started forward again. He reached the end of the cornfield, climbed a fence, and entered a deadening of timber. In the long wet grass he found where the men had dragged their burden. He reached down and swept his hand to and fro—once—twice—the third time his little palm came away red and discolored.

The dull beat of the child's heart quickened as he gazed on the swift current that was hurrying on with its dreadful secret. Then the full comprehension of his loss seemed to overwhelm him and he was utterly desolate. Sobs shook him, and he dropped on his knees, holding fast to the stock of his rifle. "Uncle Bob—Uncle Bob, come back! Can't you come back!" he wailed miserably. Presently he staggered to his feet. As he glanced about, he saw a dug-out, made from a single poplar log. It was secured to an overhanging branch by a length of a wild grape-vine. With one last fearful look off across the deadening in the direction of the tavern, he crept down to the water's edge and entered the canoe. In a moment he had it free from his lashing and the rude craft was bumping along the bank in spite of his best efforts with the paddle. Then a favoring current caught it and swept it out toward the center of the stream.

CHAPTER VIII. On the River. Betty stood under a dripping umbrella in the midst of a down-pour. Just arrived by the four-horse coach that plied regularly between Washington and Georgetown, she had found the long board platform beside the canal crowded with her fellow passengers. Suddenly she became aware of a tall, familiar figure moving through the crowd. It was Bruce Carrington. At the same moment he saw her, and with a casual air that quite deceived her, approached. "You're leaving tonight?" he asked. "Yes—ain't it miserable the way it rains? And why are they so slow—why don't they hurry with that boat?"

"It's in the last lock now," explained Carrington, and gathering up Betty's hand luggage, he helped her aboard. By the time they had reached Wheeling, Betty had quite parted with whatever superficial prejudice she might have had concerning river-men. This particular one was evidently a very nice river-man, an exception to his kind. He made choice of the steamer on which she could continue her journey, and thoughtfully chose The Naiad—a slow boat. "I haven't a thing to offer her—this is plain madness of mine!" he kept telling himself, and then the expression of his face would become grim and determined. No more of the river for him—he'd get hold of some land and go to raising cotton; that was the way money was made. Slow as The Naiad was, the days passed much more swiftly for him. When Memphis was reached their friendly intercourse would come to an end. There would be her brother, of whom she had occasionally spoken—he would be pretty certain to have the ideas of his class. The days, like any other days, dwindled. The end of it all was close at hand. About twenty-four hours and Carrington reflected there would only be good-by to say. "We will reach New Madrid tonight," he told her. They were watching the river, under a flood of yellow moonlight. Carrington with his back against a stanchion, watched her discontentedly. "You'll be mighty glad to have this over with, Miss Malroy," he said at length, with a comprehensive sweep toward the river. "Yes—shan't you?" and she opened her eyes questioningly. "No," said Carrington with a short laugh, drawing a chair near hers and sitting down. Betty, in surprise, gave him a quick look, and then as quickly glanced away from what she encountered in his eyes. As she looked, suddenly pale points of light appeared on a distant headland. "Is that New Madrid—Oh, is it, Mr. Carrington?" she cried eagerly. "I reckon so," but he did not alter his position. "But you're not looking!" "Yes, I am—I'm looking at you. I reckon you'll think me crazy, Miss Malroy—presumptuous and all that—but I wish Memphis could be wiped off the map, and that we could go on like this forever!" "You mustn't talk so—I am nothing to you!" "Yes, you are. You're everything to me," said Carrington doggedly. "You shall love me." She felt powerless in his embrace. She felt his breath on her cheek, then he kissed her. Suddenly his arms fell at his side; his face was white. "I was a brute to do that—Betty, forgive me! I am sorry—no, I can't be sorry!" They were alongside the New Madrid wharf now, and a certain young man who had been impatiently watching The Naiad's lights ever since they became visible crossed the gang-plank with a bound. "Betty—why in the name of goodness did you ever choose this tub?" said the new-comer. "Charley!" Carrington stepped back. This must be the brother who had come up the river from Memphis to meet her—but her brother's name was Tom! He looked this stranger—this Charley—over with a hostile eye, offended by his good looks, his confident manner, in which he thought he detected an air of ownership, as if—certainly he was holding her hands longer than was necessary. An instant later, when Betty, remembering, turned to speak to him, his place by the rail was deserted. (To Be Continued Tomorrow)

IT STARTLED THE WORLD. When the astounding claim was first made for Bucklen's Arnica Salve, but 40 years of wonderful cures have proved them true, and everywhere it is now known as the best salve on earth for Burns, Boils, Scalds, Sores, Cuts, Bruises, Sprains, Swellings, Eczema, Chapped hands, Fever Sores and Piles. Only 25c. at W. L. Hand & Co.s.

HAVOC OF MICE AND RABBITS Horticulturists Report Heavy Losses to Young Orchards. Burlington, N. J., Nov. 11.—Several prominent horticulturists in Burlington county claim to have lost thousands of dollars this year through the destruction of young orchards, particularly of apple trees, by field mice and rabbits. The rodents gnaw away the bark at the base of the tree, preventing the life-sap from reaching the branches, with the result that the tree dies the following spring. Dozens of growers have torn down the signs warning gunners off their premises and are inviting sportsmen to help them rid their farms of rabbits. Where orchards have been kept cultivated and free from grass and weeds around the trees, the ravages of the field mice have been checked.

Quite True. "Somehow, we never expect much enthusiasm from a man with a malarial cast of countenance." "Well, we never get much enthusiasm from a man with that kind of countenance."

MAIL CARRIER'S LOAD Seems heavier when he has a weak back and kidney trouble. Fred Duhrren, Mail Carrier at Atchison, Kas., says: "I have been bothered with kidney and bladder trouble and had a severe pain across my back. Whenever I carried a heavy load of mail, my kidney trouble increased. Some time ago, I started taking Foley Kidney Pills and since taking them I have gotten entirely rid of all my kidney trouble and am as sound now as ever." Foley Kidney Pills are tonic in action, and quick in results. Try them. Bowen Drug Store on North Square.

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QUAIL THE NATURAL ENEMY OF BOLL WEEVIL Special to The News: Atlanta, Nov. 11.—Here is more bad news for the hunters. A Texan of a scientifically inquiring turn of mind has announced that quail are the natural enemy of the boll weevil, and that wherever quail abound the weevil cannot live. The matter is going to be brought formally to the attention of the state board of entomology. If the discovery proves to be a fact, it will be brought in turn to the attention of the legislature next year, and a bill will possibly be introduced prohibiting all shooting of quail. If that happens, the Georgia hunters will be so miserable that they won't care what becomes of the cotton.

Harmon Will Be in Atlanta. Special to The News: Atlanta, Nov. 11.—Hon. Judson Harmon, governor of Ohio, and presidential possibility, is to be Georgia's next distinguished guest. He is coming to Atlanta on December 6th, to deliver an address on "Legislation Needed for the Development of Agriculture."

TELLING Dining Room Furniture VALUES We have just opened up some styles in handsome pedestal dining tables in either golden or Early English Oak at \$12.50, \$14.50, \$18.50, \$21.50 and \$30.00 that simply can't be touched on the market. W. T. McCOY & CO. Your Credit is Good.

HEATING STOVES Of course you want a heating stove to save fuel, to hold fire over night and all that sort of thing, but the most important thing is that they heat the house properly and that they are built so they will last. There is a good deal of difference between a guarantee covering "defective material and workmanship" and our guarantee of perfect satisfaction. We are willing to leave the decision to your judgment, but we want you to see our stoves and make the comparison before you buy. It will pay both of us. We handle the "Favorite" Base Burner. Charlotte Hardware Company

GLOVES For Men and Boys Our \$1.00 Special Gloves are better than you'd expect for the money. Light weight for dress wear. Heavy seam for street wear. Silk and wool lined Men's and Boys' Gauntlet 50c to \$2.00 pair. All kinds of Gloves from 25c to \$4.00 the pair. Yorke Bros & Rogers CLOTHIERS AND FURNISHERS

ARE you going to leave any furniture for your children. We have passed through the era of trashy furniture. Let us hope those days never return. Furniture which has neither thought nor purpose is a disgrace to good wood and a misuse of poor. Purchasing furniture is a serious transaction. Furniture that is worth having is not the kind you can throw away if you make a mistake in choosing it. We sell Berkey & Gay furniture exclusively here. In woods, in design, in wonderful workmanship, it is For Your Children's Heirlooms. Come in and inspect a chiffonier or a dresser, for example—see the perfect cabinet work in the hidden corners, note the use of the solid wood where it doesn't show. Work like that naturally comes with designs that typify the art of master craftsmen. Random notes made on our floor—some Berkey & Gay pieces, some others that come up to our standard of quality.

Winter Will Soon Be Here So Fill Your Coal Bin With Standard Coal The Best That Money Can Buy Standard Ice & Fuel Company Phones 19 and 72