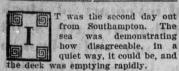
#### \* A Victim of Complications

By SOPHIE HAMMOND.

#### 



Powell smoking with his back to the rail, was realizing what a bore it was to be crossing with a number of Germans and not an acquaintance on the control of can; but how the dickens-

the occupant of a steamer chair near him got up, and the movement made him turn. As his glance fell upon the old lady who had risen, he

smiled quickly.

"Miss Lockhart!" he exclaimed. "I didn't know you were on board. I'm afraid you're finding this motion un-

pleasant. Can I—get anything?"
"Thank you, Captain Powell," she gasped, stiffly, "but my niece will assist me."

The girl had put down her writing and come hastily forward.
"Help me to my stateroom, Madge."

said the old lady with dignity. am ill." When the niece came back to her

scattered writing materials an hour later Powell turned from his contem plation of the sea.

"I hope your aunt is better, Miss Lockhart," he said with polite solicitude. The girl raised her eyes and looked at him curiously for a moment. "Thank you," she said, formally, and dropping them again; "just now

she is asleep, but I'm afraid she is suffering a great deal." "Oh, she'll probably be all right by morning." Powell observed, reassur-ingly. "It's this nasty pitching that

has laid her up." "When Aunt Emily goes below it is long before she reappears," she said. was a Saratoga, on the line of the New lork Central, that you met her, wasn' it? she asked.

"Yes last summer. We were both on the ookout for health. I don't think was a glow in her face, nevertheless.

on the colour for health. I don't think she regembered me at first."

She had taken up her writing case and opened it on her knee.

"Oh, she knew you perfectly," she said, and resumed her writing so ostensibly that Powell, after a moment, through his chaldens and walked. shrugged his shoulders and walked

But there really wasn't another soul on board to speak to. He could not talk to the Germans. For a time he wandered about, bored and nimless. But finally he found himself again by the side of his reserved young countrywoman, doing his usually successful best to make himself entertaining. nd afterward, when ever she was on ck, he was generally to be found be

She was rather unappreciative at first. She didn't laugh whenever she might have been expected to, and she let him do most of the talking. But now and then a subject would come up so particularly interesting that she was drawn into it in spite of herself, and several relapses the stiffness could not be regained.

When they were more than half way across the Atlantic Miss Lockhart put in a brief appearance on deck. Powell had counted on a good deal of friendliness from her, for she had shown him quite marked attention at Cannes, where, as an invalid from Cu-ba, his wound had made him something of a lion. But the sea seemed to have worked havoc with her disposition, and she responded to all at-tempts at conversation with a resent-ful snappishness that was disconcert-ing. The regret caused by her second was not unalloyed.

> rord f there's only to myself."

he moonlight-

pard"-that

lization

vas a brushing of skirts past a girl's voice, plaintively, as its owner sank into a chair. "I really believe she is worse now than she was at first. To think of her having come abroad for the sea air and being obliged to stay in that stuffy little cabin all the

way across! And it's been such lovely weather, too!" "Perfect," Powell acquiesced, glancing up at the brilliant sky. "A conto when I crossed in the other direction a month ago-on my wedding

His companion looked up. "Your wedding trip!" she repeated, with a slightly puzzled smile. "What has happened to the bride?" "I don't know." said Powell, savage-

The girl laughed.
"How dreadful!" she murmured. "How dreadful?" she murmured.
"Oh, I'm in earnest," said Powell, jerkily. "Didn't you read in the papers about that old millionaire who left half of his money to the son of one friend and half to the daughter of another on condition that they would market each other and not let any of

set eyes on each other, but we both wanted the money, so we complied prith the proviso."

"You-married her?" asked the girl, paling a little.

"Six weeks ago in New York. It must have looked a queer affair to outsiders. One dismal morning my lawyer and I drove to the registrator's office, and as we came in by one door another lawyer, with an old gentleman and lady and three girls all in short skirts and blouses and brown veils, entered by another. We all bowed and then the registrator called our names and I and one of the girls-it might have been any of them, for all I knew-went up to the desk and answered a few questions and wrote our names. The lawyers gave us each a deed of separation to come into force at once. Then we all bowed again and the family party got into a carand the family party got into a car-riage and drove off, and I—I had a two months' furlough, you know, for the honeymoon—came abroad to get out of the talk."

His listener's color had faded entire

"Her name was Margaret Kennedy, wasn't it?" she said slowly. "I went to school with her. She—"

"Oh, you needn't hesitate," said Powell, with a short laugh. "I've had several fetching descriptions of her. She's AI at a bargain, as I know by experience. And her voice and-erlooks impressed me even through the veil.

"She wasn't pretty, certainly, or very popular, but she was well born, of course, and—" she was speaking with evident effort now. "Oh, there is the steward," she said, rising. "I—I must-see if he hasn't something to coax auntic to eat." coax auntie to eat."

Powell gazed after her, his face rather colorless, too.

"It can't be that she- Bah! I haven't the right even to think of such a thing. She'd resent it desperately," he said under his breath, turning again to the sea. "Wonder if I can get through the next two days without

behaving like a cad?"

But in the morning Miss Lockhart emerged from her seclusion, probab-ly against her will, and the day passed quite unconstrainedly. When the last morning came Powell was silent and stern and Madge was absorbedly solicitous of her aunt's comfort, but the final parting was conventional enough. As their cab bore the aunt and niece away from the docks the girl drew a

murmured with a little sigh, but there was a glow in her face, nevertheless. The city awoke under weeping skies. Powell, in his club window, gazed gloomily down on the dripping streets. The disgust that his whole appearance bespoke, however, was not for the dismal prospect, but for the years that were stretching, in his imagination, without interest and wearisome ahead of him. He was sick of the army, he told himself, and of civilization. As

One of the club waiters brought him a letter and he tore it open, indifferently, and his face changed as he

he loathed the thought of it.

drew it out.
"I would not write this," he read, 'except that you would learn it from some one else. It was your own mistake in the beginning, you will remember, in taking for granted that my name was the same as that of my mother's sister. And in self-defense I could not do less than leave you under the delusion, though my aunt strongly disapproved. I am sorry that the only time we are likely to meet I should seem to have been passing under false colors. But for the future, I beg you will believe, I shall take as good care of your name as you do

yourself.
"Margaret Kennedy Powell." Without a change in his attitude Powell stood staring down at the paper in his hand. Then he winced

"What a fool I must have looked!" he muttered, the dark color rising in his face.
Miss Lockhart was deep in the appre-

hensive delights of unpacking when a maid entering, announced:

"A gentleman to see Mrs. Powell. "It's the landlord," said Miss Lock-hart, sharply. "I expected him. Mind, Madge, if he asks for another penny you go."

Her niece had risen, with changing color, and put her hands nervously to her hair.
"Very well, auntie," she murmured,

vaguely, from the door.

In the hall below she passed before the drawing-room portieres; then, parting them, stopped short on the threshold

'Captain Powell!" she exclaimed, in a low voice.

He came quickly forward. "Oh, you knew I would come," he said, unsmilingly, taking her hands. She laughed.

"You made a complete fool of me, I know," he said, flushing. "It must have been tremendously amusing. Heaven only knows what I said, but you've paid me out for it in the last two hours. I've been a victim of com-plications from the first. But—oh, Madge-it is all over now, isn't it? and we are together at last."

She gave him her hand and lifted her eyes to his.
"Yes, Hugh," she said.—The Ameri-

can Queen.

Bachelor of Arts at Fourteen Pierre Alba, a lad of fourteen, has just received the degree of Bachelor of Arts from the faculty of literature "Oh, I'm in earnest," said Powell, jerkily. "Didn't you read in the papers about that old millionaire who left half of his money to the son of one friend and half to the daughter of another on condition that they would marry each other and not let any of his accumulation get into the hands of people he didn't know? Well, I'm the man in the story. We had never

#### The King of

"And here I must sit, like a cat on a rug, while you dance with all these charming ones," said Fairfax. "It is I who lose most if accounts are prop-

Mr. Vernon was present, passing among the thronging guests, his stalwart form and his massive head distinguishing him as one cast in no com-mon mold. He appeared to have grown older, and the expression of his face suggested some inward reserve of gloom, albeit he smiled and conversed with much of his accustomed stately vivacity. To him General Jackson

vivacity. To him General Jackson showed more marked respect than to any other person in the house.

"You will not think me neglectful of your gallant husband's inestimable services to me and the country, madame," said the general to Mrs. Livingston, "if I say frankly that I owe more to Mr. Vernon than to any maning my arm."

more to Mr. Vernon than to any man in my army."

"You may trust me not to misunderstand you, general," replied that lady, with frank earnestness. "Mr. Vernon has always been a man of remarkable influence and executive power. My husband has often relied upon him, and never without avail, in matters apparently beyond hope. But do you know," and she lowered her voice, "that he is wholly mysterious?"

"Yes; I confess that he is the only man that I ever met whose motives

man that I ever met whose motives and whose character I could not even guess at."

"It is comforting to hear you say so; it confirms me in my romance." She smiled reminiscently and then added: "I have always imagined that some great secret was locked in his breast."

"It is the secret of greatness hamered by some controlling fets." said

pered by some controlling fate," said Jackson, half in seriousness, perhaps, but guided by his chivalrous impulse to assist Mrs. Livingston in her romantic notion.

mantic notion.

"Do you know that his word is law with the forbans and outlaws?" she suddenly inquired. "My husband says that he controls them perfectly." General Jackson looked at her, and then, without replying, masked his face in an expression of impenetrable reserve. He knew that Livingston himself had been accused of standing close in with the Lafittes standing close in with the Lafittes and other noted law-breakers, and doubtless he feared that the wife of his friend might go too far with her disclosures. Long afterward, in his old age, he remarked to a friend in Nashville that, at the time he was commanding at New Orleans, society there knew no line of division between gentlemen and robbers. "But," he added, "the gentlemen were gentlemen; the robbers, patriots; and the women were charming; they were

the women were charming; they were angels, sir—angels!"

The people thronging the de Sezannes mansion were, indeed, drawn together without regard for fitness as we now view it, and little did certain of them dream that the great battle ever which they were rejoicing had rung the note of change and reform; that the flash of those guns had kindled the fire of destruction under the very foundations of outlawry.

the very foundations of outlawry.

It is true that Murrell organized It is true that Murrell organized his band of robbers and thieves in Mississippi and held them together for some years; but in New Orleans, as if by a wave of a hand, when Mr. Vernon withdrew his influence, the Chate-Huants disappeared, and the power of the Lafittes was broken for

The de Sezannes reception was the last notable social event under the old regime. After that, there followed disclosures which led to Govern-mental investigation and legal promental investigation and legal pro-cedure. Steps were taken to admin-ister the criminal laws with great vigor in the State, and the United States Government enforced its authority along the coast. These changes speedily brought about a new social order, especially in New Orleans, and the city at once took a high place as a center of refinement, luxdivision between the fit and the unfit were drawn with extreme exclusive

Wilfred Parker made his last apwilfred Parket made in Society on the occasion of Mademoiselle de Settle occasion of Mademoiselle occasion of Mademoiselle occasion o zannes's marriage. M. de Sezannes had insisted on inviting zames had insisted on inviting him, although Marie affered as an objection that she had aver been able to rid herself of the belief that Parker had stolen her rithe on the evening of the party at Chaeau d'Or. Lieutenant Ballanche heartily disliked the suave little atventurer, without knowing just why, but he pooh-poohed Marie's suspeion of felonious behavior.

The very next day Parker we iden-

The very next day Parker we identified as John A. Murrell, an with great difficulty made his escap into Mississippi. The crime of which he was accused was horse-stealing and when he left New Orleans, it was astride of Ballanche's favorite nare

astride of Ballanche's favorite nare
that he rode into the swampy voods
and evaded the officers.

When Pauline and Fairfax were
married, the guests at their widing
were chosen with a care the surprised not a few who had e prised not a few who had e be invited. It was Mr. Ve self who had most insisted clusiveness. Fairfax had his drop

swallow with all his nup On the day of his marriage, that Madame Souvestee over her forturne to had retired to a co in nowwise

# his children, as he now called Pauline and Fairfax, live at Chateau d'Or, where they watched him go gently down the decline of life. He outlived Mrs. Vernon many years, and died at the age of ninety-one. For years before his death, he spent much time at the old mahogany desk, writing what afterward was found to be both a will and history. In the testament.

what atterward was found to be both a will and history. In the testamentary part of the hage document he left all his property to his daughter, and she was surprised to find that a large part of the bequest consisted of landed estates in Scotland. The will was signed "Thomas MacCollough," and among the annexed papers were all the directions, facts and documentary proofs necessary to establish the truth of a strange and startling autobiog-

ore thing was left without an word of explanation: In the package of papers was inclosed the amethyst cross, still shut in the old, worn

leather case.

Pauline refused to make public Pauline refused to make public claim to the estates in Scotland; but after her death, which was in 1849, her children offered the proofs and possessed the property, which was valued at nearly a million dollars.

Fairfax never reached eminence as an artist. Indeed, after his marriage, an artist. Indeed, after his marriage, he made no more than occasional efforts with his brush. One of his pictures, however, has been recently attracting much attention, By some means, it passed from the hands of a friend in New Orleans to whom Fairfax gave it, and is now in the collection of "Masterpieces of Obscure Artists" made by the late Marquis de Montluzin. Montluzin.

The picture is scarcely more than a study of the face of Kirk MacCollough, sketched by Fairfax long before his marriage and before he had proof that Pierre Rameau and Colonel Loring were but one man. It is, nevertheless, a powerful piece of work, in which is caught with perfect cunning the indescribable fascination

of the strange outlaw's countenance. Under it, on the darkened margin of the canvas, is written in heavy red

THE KING OF HONEY ISLAND.

KITE BOAT NOT A SUCCESS.

Attempt to Cross From England to France Is a Failure. Mr. S. F. Cody attempted to cross

the English channel from Dover to Calais in a fourteen-foot canvas collapsable boat, attached to two special kites, but failed to make the passage owing to the unfavorable conditions of



Colonel Cody's Kite Boat.

the wind. There was a breeze during the morning from the northwest. which it was thought might prove sufficiently strong to enable the novel trip to be accomplished. About mid-day Mr. Cody and a companion, both wearing lifebelts, made a start, amid the cheers of a crowd of spectators on the sea front, says an English exchange. As soon as she was launched the little craft sped away at a good pace towards the French coast, but after she had traveled some distance it was seen from the shore that the kite lines were slackening. On reaching the lightship the boat encountered rough water set up by a strong east-erly current and as the wind veered rapidly to the west the kites began to point up channel. Ultimately one of them fell into the sea and, it being obvious by this time that the French coast could not be reached, the attempt was abandoned.

Chivalrous Turkish Brigands A rather amusing instance of brigandage is recorded from the town of

Konitza, in Epirus, Turkey. A bride-groom, with his family and men friends, was proceeding with violins fifes and other musical instruments, according to the custom of the country, to bring away the bride, when half way, they found themselves bese on all sides by armed brigands, who, at the gun's muzzle, compelled the surrender of every farthing of money and every article of jewelry they possessed, even to the nuptial ring. The coup being quite successful, and the booty large, as the family was well to do, and there were many handsome wedding gifts and personal jewels, the brigands entered into the spirit of ne occasion, returning the nuptial ng and coins equivalent to forty ts per head, in order that the groom and his friends might no too humiliating figure at the merrymakings. Then, with pod wishes for the future hapthe bridal pair, the robbers

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No Vowels in It. Many places have curious names but apparently there is only one place which has a name without any vowels. That place is the little hamlet of Ws. near Paris. Ws being an unpro-nounceable name, the inhabitants of the hamlet have transformed it into "d'Us," but this change has not been sanctioned legally, and on all the official records the name Ws still appears. The hamlet has 117 inhabi pears. The namiet has 117 inhabi ants, and its sole attractions are the Chateau d'Osny, which has been for many years in the possession of Ed-mond About's family, and the Chateau de Vigny, which is one of the best specimens of the Renaissance style of

architecture. So far as is known, there is onl; one person in Europe at present who has a name without any vowels, and that is M. Srb, the Mayor of Prague.

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