THE ENTERPRISE, WILLIAMSTON, NORTH CAROLINA

father must have removed those of importance. "Possibly he carried them him ?"

She leaned her head on her hand, her eyes 'thoughtful.

"I think he once told me they were left in charge of a banker at Charles ton-an old friend. It would be too dangerous to carry them about with him in the field. You see I do not know very much about his affairs." she explained. "I was away at school when the war broke out, and we have only met briefly since. My father did not talk freely of his personal matters even to me. I learned of his feud with Cowan by accident."

"It was a feud then?"

explanation will make the situation clear, and I trust may serve to win "On one side at least. My father your confidence. 1 do not have the ap-pearance of a villain, do 1?" was shot at, and several of our out houses burned. The trouble arose "No, or I should not remain parleyover the title to property. Cowan. ing with you," she responded gravely. she explained, "was a squatter on land "The war has taught even the women which had belonged to our family ever of this section the lesson of self-prosince my grandfather first settled here. tection. I am not at all afraid, or I We had title from Virginia. but the tract granted had never been properly "It surprises me, however, that surveyed. My father had it done. and Major Harwood should consent to your discovered that Ned Cowan and two of his sons occupied a part of our land "He has not consented," she interwith no legal right.'

Her eyes uplifted to my face, and then fell again, one hand opening and closing on the back of the chair She laughed pleasantly.

"I hardly know why I am telling you all this family history," she continued almost in apology. "It is as if I talked to an old friend who was naturally interested in our affairs."

"Perhaps the manner of our meeting accounts for it," I ventured. truly I am more deeply interested than you imagine. It may prove of mutual advantage for me to know the facts. Did Major Harwood try to force them from his land?"

"Oh, no," hastily, "my father had no such thought. He tried to help them to purchase the property at a very small price, and on long time. His intention was to aid them, but he found himself unable to convince either father or sons of his real purpose. They either could not, or would not, under Do you realize the reckless, stand lawless nature of these mountain men?"

"Yes, to some extent; they trust no one."

"That was the whole trouble. Seemingly they possessed but one ideathat if my father was killed they could remain where they were indefinitely. Their single instinct was to fight it out with rifles. They refused to either purchase or leave."

There was silence, as though she had finished. She had seated herself on the wide arm of the chair, still facing me, and I could hear the rain beating hard against the side of the house Suddenly she looked up into my face. "How odd that I should talk to you

so freely," she exclaimed. "Why I do not even know your name." "Charles H. Raymond."

I could not be certain that the expression of her eyes changed, for they suddenly looked away from me, and she stood again upon her feet.

"Raymond, you say!" the slightest hardening of tone apparent, "on recruiting service from the Army of the Potomac?" She drew a quick breath. "I-- I think I have heard the name be-Would you mind if I did ask to fore. see your orders?"

"Not in the least," I answered, not wholly surprised that she should have heard of the other, and confident the papers I bore would be properly executed. "I prefer that you have no my identity

by And here'l found her a woman-a woman of charm, of rare beauty even; sweet and wholesome in look, her cheeks aglow with health, her eyes deep wells of mystery and promise.

Her father! I dare not tell her of his death, of his dastardly murder it was strange she had not recognized me, yet probably the real truth was that she had never before observed me with any care or interest-considering ma a mere boy to be laughed at and forgotten. I was only a stranger entering into her life for the first time.



Noted a Slight Trembling of Her Hands as She Held the Paper Open in Her Fingers.

This expression was in the eyes surveying me^e as 1 ate-quiet, earnest eves, utterly devoid of suspicion.

"You are a very young man." she said simply. "Not seriously so," I answered, rather inclined to resent the charge. I am twenty-four.

"You look like a boy I used to know -only his eyes were darker, and he had long hair."

"Indeed!" I caught my breath Whenever You Need a General Tonic quickly, yet held my eyes firm. "Some-

one living about here?" "Yes; his name was Wyatt. 1 never new him very well, only you recalled him to memory in some way. He and his mother went South when the war first broke out. Where was your home?

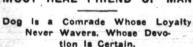
"In Burlington, Vermont."

"You are a regular soldier?" "I was a junior at West Point last

year; we were graduated ahead of our class." Her eyes fell, the lashes outlined on her cheeks, her hands clasped on the

table. "Isn't that odd!" she said quietly. 'Do you know Mme. Hactell's school for young ladies at Compton on the Hudson? That is where papa sent me. and I was at the senior hop at West Point a year ago last June. A half dozen of us girls went up: Fred Carlton of Charleston was in that class, and he invited me. You knew him, of

course? (TO BE CONTINUED.) MOST REAL FRIEND OF MAN



Says Simple Laxative **Better than Castor Oil**

Case of Chronic Constipation Yields to Mild Laxative Compound.

Writing from The House of the Good Shepherd, at Sunnyside Ave., and 50th St., Seattle, where she is the guest of her life-long friend the Reverend Mother, Mrs. Mary Austin, widow of a wealthy San Franciscan, who lost ev-crything in the fire of 1906, says she experienced speedy relief from the use of Dr. "Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin and that she found this scrute niceasant. that she found this gentle, pleasant-

The active principles of certain laza tive herbs are combined in Dr. Cald-well's Syrup Pepsin to act on the eliminative organs in an easy, natural way without griping or other discomfor Its freedom from opiate or narcotic drug of every description, combined with its gentle action and positive ef-fect, make it the ideal laxative for family use. Druggists everywhere sell it for fifty cents a bottle. A bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pep- Washington St., Monticello, Ill.

HAD A SUFFICIENT BURDEN

Taking on a Duty That He

Down in the southwestern section of Texas a gentleman by the name of Patten was running for the state senate. His partner, being very much interested in the election, took an active part in the campaign. One day he met a young man from the forks of the creek and, after inquiring about his father, mother and the rest of the family, discussing the weather, crops,

stocks and things in general, said: "Well, Bill, is the old man going to support Mr. Patten this fall?"

The young rustic scratched his head and after some little hesitation replied

"Well, I don't know, sir, but I think not, sir; you see he's having a darn hard time supporting himself, sir!"-Mack's National Monthly.

Take Grove's The Old Standard Groves Tasteless

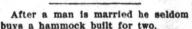
chill Tonic is equally valuable as a Gen-eral Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds ap the Whole System. 50 cents. - Adv

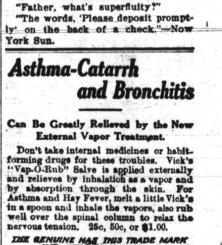
Unruly Gorgonzola. Diner-Waiter! Bring me some Gorgonzola.

Waiter-Yes, sir. Diner (a few minutes later)-Waiter! This Gorgonzola has eaten

all my bread. Fixing Her.

"That vivacious Miss Oldgirl isn't very friendly to you, is she?" "No. I think she and mother quarreled over something one time when mother was a girl."









sin should be in every home for use when the occasion arises. A trial bottle, free of charge, can be obtained by writing to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 203

Defects of Childhood. "Physical defects of childhood are largely responsible for the retardation of children in their grades at school," says William L. Bodine, prestdent of the National League of Com-pulsory Education Officials. "Mahy of our juvenile offenders are not normal children. Proper development of muscle and mind means the betterment of humanity in general. It should begin with the child. Health and the encouragement of fundamental principles that build up health mean a happy as well as a better citizenship now and in the future .- New

Father Defines.

York Herald.

Could Sidestep.

tasting laxative more effective than several doses of castor oil.

Son Saw Little Probability of Father

eyes as they swep over me. There was no evidence of recognition; scarcely more than a faint acknowledgment that my appearance was not entirely unfavorable. Yet surely that alone was all I could hope for. Except for that one chance encounter on the road we had never met since we were children, and she would not likely associate the son of Judge Wyatt with the man now confronting her, attired in the wet and muddy uniform of a Federal lieutenant. Indeed was better she should not; and a feeling of relief swept over me as 1 realized her failure to connect me with the past. No memory of my features found expression in^wher face, as her eyes fell from mine to the clothes I wore.

A TALE OF CIVIL STRIFE

COPYRIGHT

A.C.MECLURG & CO.

SYNOPSIS.

Confederate Sergeant Wyatt of the Staumon artillery is sent as a spy to his native county on the Green Briar by Gen-eral Jackson Wyatt meets a mountaineer named Jam Taylor. They ride together to a house beyond Hot Springs. In the house Wyatt and Taylor meet Major Harwood, father of Noreen and an old neighbor of Wyatt, who is sent to bed while the two other men talk. Wyatt becomes suspl-clous, and finds that Taylor has murdered Harwood and escaped. Wyatt changes to the U, S. cavalry uniform he has with him, and rides away in the night, running into a detachment of Federal cavalry, to whom he identifies himself as Lleutenant Raymond, Third U. S. cavalry, by means of papers with which he has been pro-syided. Captain Fox finds Harwood's body and follows Taylor's trail. Fox and Wyatt believe Taylor to be old Ned Cowan. The detachment is ambushed. Wyatt escapes to the Green Briar country and goes to Harwood's apparently deserted home.

CHAPTER VI.

The Mistress of the House.

I stood with ear pressed against the

panel, fingers gripping the butt of my

revolver An ordinary latch held the

door closed, and I pressed this, open-

ment made not the slightest noise, and

In front of a small grate fire, her

back toward me, snuggled comfortably

down in the depths of an easy chair,

sat a woman reading. I could see little

of her because of the high back of the

chair rising between us-only a mass

of dark brown hair, a smooth, rounded

cheek, and the small white hand rest-

ing on the chair arm. I knew vaguely

her waist was white, her skirt gray

and I saw the glimmer of a pearl-

handled pistol lying on a closed chest

at her side. Still she was only a

woman, a mere girl apparently, whom

I had no cause to fear. The sudden

reaction caused me to smile with re

Hef, and to return my revolver silent-

ly to the belt. Her eyes remained on

the page of the book. I think I

would have withdrawn without a word.

but, at that instant. a draft from the

open door flickered her light, and she

glanced about seeking the cause.

caught the startled expression in her

eyes as she first perceived my shadow;

the book fell to the floor, her hand

gripping the pistol, even as she arose

hastily to her feet. The light was

on her face, and I knew her to be

"Who are you? Why are you here?"

she asked tersely, a tremor in the

voice, but no shrinking in those eyes

I moved forward from out of the

shadow into the radius of light. It

was only a step, but the girl recoiled

"Stand where you are!" she ordered.

"Not in the dark exactly," I an-

swered, seeking to relieve the strain,

and holding my hat in one hand, as 1

bowed gravely, "for my lamp is' on

1 marked the quick change of ex-

"What are you doing, creeping about

slightly, the pearl-handled pistol ris-

ing instantly to a level with my eyes.

that looked straight at me.

this house in the dark?"

the stairs.

Noreen Harwood.

ing the barrier slightly. The move

gave me a glimpse within.

GARANDALL PARRISH

should not be here alone.

"I am supposed to be safely

lodged with friends in Lewisburg, but

rode out here this afternoon to see

the condition of our property. Word

came to me that the house had been

entered. The servants have all gone,

and we were obliged to leave it unoc-

cupied. I was delayed, seeking to dis-

cover what damage the vandals had

done, and then suddenly the storm

broke, and I thought it better to re-

her own frankness of speech.

She laughed, as though amused at

"There, I have told you all my story,

without even waiting to hear yours.

'Tis a woman's way, if her impulse be

"You mean faith in the other party?"

"Of course; one cannot be conven-

tional in wartimes, and there is no one

here to properly introduce us, even if

that formality was desired. So I must

"My uniform alone should be suffi

"Well, hardly. I imagine you fail to

comprehend its really disreputable

condition. But-well, you-you look

"For which compliment I sincerely

thank you. However, Miss Harwood,

my story can be quickly told. I am a

like an officer and a gentleman."

She laughed; her eyes sparkling.

main until morning.

sufficiently strong.

accept you on trust."

ient guarantee.

remaining-

rupted.

"You are Union? an officer of---of cavalry? 1-can scarcely comprehend why you should be here." Her attitude no longer threatening, the gleaming pistol lowered. "There are Federal troops at Lewisburg, but-but I do not recall your face."

"My being here is wholly an accident," I explained quietly. "I supposed the house deserted, and sought entrance to get away from the storm. There was a broken window-'

"Yes," she interrupted, her eyes again on mine questioningly. "I found that when I came; someone had broken in."

"Robbery, no doubt."

"I am not sure as to that. I have found nothing of any value missing. Indeed we left nothing here to attract vandals." She hesitated, as though doubtful of the propriety of further explanation to a stranger. "I-I belong here," she added simply. "This is my home.

"Yes; I supposed as much; you are Miss Noreen Harwood?"

Her blue eyes widened, her hand grasping more tightly the back of the 8

father?"

"Slightly; enough to be aware of the ic existence of his daughter, and that this was his plantation."

the garrison at Charleston ?"

"No, Miss Harwood; I belong to the army of the Potomac, and am here back in place, but found nothing of only on recruiting service. A word of value among those that remained. My



The Book Fell to the Floor, Her Hand Gripping the Pistol.

lieutenant, Third United States cavalry-see, the numeral is on my hatattached to Heitzelman's command, now at Fairfax Court House. I have recently been detailed to the recruiting service, and ordered to this sec-

I found it strangely difficult, fronting her calm look of insistence, to go on. But there was no way of escape. Beyond doubt the sympathy of this girl was with the cause of the North, and if I were to confess myself Tom-Wyatt, and a Confederate spy, all hope of the success of my mission would be immediately ended. Besides I lacked the will to forfeit her esteem-to per-

mit her confidence in me to become changed into suspicion.

"Then I will go on," I said more slowly, endeavoring better to arrange "I picked up a guide at my story. Fayette, but the officer in command there could spare no escort. The man who went with me must have been a traitor, for he guided me south into the Green Briar mountains. Last night at dusk we rode into a camp of guerrillas.'

"Who commanded them? Did you learn?"

"A gray-headed, seamed-faced moun taineer, they called Cowan." She emitted a guick breath, between

losely pressed lips. "You know the man?" I asked.

"Yes; old Ned Cowan; he lived over yonder, east of here in the foothills. He and-and my father had some trouble before the war. He-he is vindictive and dangerous." She stopped. her glance sweeping about the room. "I-I have some reason to suspect." she added, as if half doubting whether she ought to speak the word, "that "Yes," she admitted. "You knew my either he, or one of his men, broke in here.

"In search of something?"

"A paper; yes-a deed. Of course I may be mistaken; only it is not to be "Then you must be connected with found. The desk in the library was rifled, and its contents scattered over the floor when I came. I put them She took them, and I noted a slight

trembling of her hands as she held the paper open in her fingers, her eyes glancing swiftly down the written lines

"I have become quite a soldier of late," she said, and handed the package back to me. "And I cannot doubt your credentials. I am very glad to meet you, Lieutenant Raymond," and she held out her hand cordially. "As I have admitted already, I am Noreen Harwood."

"Whom I shall only be delighted to serve in any manner possible," I replied gallantly, relieved that she was so easily convinced.

"Oh, I think the service is more ikely to be mine. You confessed you broke in here seeking after food and a fire Down below we may find both, and it will be my pleasure thus to serve a Federal officer. You have a lamp without?"

"On the stairs?"

me as a guest, uninvited, but none the less welcome, a position I was not re-luctant to accept. I held the lamp as we went down the stairs together. the rays of light pressing aside the curtain of darkness.

CHAPTER VII.

Parson Nichols.

She put aside laughingly my suggestion of assistance. The fire in the grate burst into blaze, and her hands were busily rearranging the table. "With no servants left, and the house unoccupied for months," she explained, "I shall have to give you soldier fare, and, perhaps, not very much of that. Pardon my not joining in the feast, as I have only just eaten." She drew up a chair opposite to where I sat, supporting her chin in her hands. The light between us illumined her face, outlining it clearly against the gloom of the wall behind It was a young face, almost girlish in a way, although there was a grave. strong look to the eyes, and womanly firmness about lips and chin. I had

Your dog is ready to go with you anywhere, at any time, through any thing. like Good Deeds in the old play. He is something more than a respectable family possession, a toy, a part of an exhibition; he is a comrade whose loyalty never wavers, whose devotion never obtrudes itself: who responds to your mood without plum ing himself upon his tact and who nel ther commiserates nor flatters.

After you have taken a few trampe together you understand each other perfectly, and there is no fear of either changing his mind unless you yourself prove fickle past belief

And, when you are no longer friends with your dog, you are beyond saving -Countryside Magazine.

Where Politeness Ends.

The Moors are the politest and most genial people, taken as a whole, that are to be found anywhere, a writer in Travel reports in describing a visit She led the way like a mistress in to Fez. Politeness ends, however, ft her own home, and I followed. There seems in the vicinity of the mosque was a force of character about the girl of Moulai Idris, founder and protector not to be ignored. She chose to treat of Fez The streets are barred of by poles, and Christians, Jews and even animals are forbidden to enter. "A few days before our arrival a Frenchman had been almost beaten to death for trespassing in this quarter." the traveler says. The tourist naturally made no attempt to take photographs in this section; elsewhere the polite natives did not object to his use of the camera-a western invention not usually welcomed in Mohammedan towns.

> Misled. "There goes Professor Dobbins, the famous ethnologist." "An interesting character, no doubt. "Yes, indeed. Why he knows more

about the races than any other man in this country "Fancy that! And he doesn't look as if he had ever been on a track in his life."

And He Knew.

Mrs. Bacon--l see it is said as a rule, where earthquakes are most fre guent they are most severe. Mr. Bacon--- I have noticed the sam seen so little of her in the days gone ! thing about curtain lectures, my dear big crops on cleared land. Now Stor Man is the time to clean up your farm while products bring high prices. Blasting is quickest, cheapest and easiest with Low Freez-ing Du Pont Explosives. They work in cold weather.

Get rid of the stumps and grow

Write for Free Handbook of Explosives No. 69F, and name of nearest dealer.

DU PONT POWDER COMPANY WEMINGTON DELAWARE



T'S smooth, sweet and mellow, and is made just right from honestly good tobacco by a thoroughly clean process. It has less effect on the nerves than some other kinds. These are only a few of the reasons why Tube Rose Snuff deserves its famous repu-

*The Snuff That Satisfies"

And what's more, the green labels around the cans can be redeemed in a big list of fine

FREE PREMIUMS

If you're looking for the snuff that brings contentment, just say "Tube Rose" to your dealer next time you buy. If he won't supply you we will,-11-oz. can 5c; or 12 for 60c. BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CO. Dept. L.