



THE PRODIGAL VILLAGE BY IRVING BACHELLER. ILLUSTRATIONS BY IRWIN MYERS.

CHAPTER I—In the village of Bingleville thirteen-year-old Robert Emmet Moran, crippled son of a poor widow, is known as the Shepherd of the Birds.

CHAPTER II—The village becomes money mad, reflecting the great world in its state of unrest. The Bing family is a leader in the change.

Meanwhile, Bingleville was in sore trouble. The ancient roof of its respectability had begun to leak.

Men were talking of leaking roofs and water pipes and useless bathrooms and outrageous costs.

They drove at top speed over the smooth, state road to the mill city.

At half past two, Mrs. Bing alighted at the fashionable Gray Goose Inn where the best people had their luncheon parties.

She found Phyllis and Gordon in a cozy alcove, sipping cognac and smoking cigarettes.

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Now, all this would seem to have been in itself a matter of slight importance.

But Orville Gates, the superintendent of the mill, and Kelly Seaver, attorney at law, and Robert Brown, the grocer, and Pendleton Ames, who kept the hotel and stationery store, and William Ferguson, the clothier, and Darwin Smith, the banker, and Snodgrass, the carpenter, and others had joined the party.

Some of the girls smiled and looked into one another's eyes.

There had been a curious intercurrent in the party. It did not break the surface of the stream until Mrs. Bing asked Mrs. Pendleton Ames, "Where is your Baker?"

A silence fell upon the group around her.

Mrs. Ames leaned toward Mrs. Bing and whispered, "Haven't you heard the news?"

"No?" had to scold Susan Crowder and Martha Featherstraw as soon as I got here for neglecting their work and they've hardly spoken to me since.

"Phyllis Baker has run away with a strange young man," Mrs. Ames whispered.

Mrs. Bing threw up both hands, opened her mouth and looked toward the ceiling.

"You don't mean it!" she gasped.

"It's a fact," Susan told her. Mr. Baker doesn't know the truth yet and she doesn't dare to tell him.

There was a hush of silence in which one could hear only a faint rustle like the stir of some invisible spirit.

Baker's door and left the young man standing in the hall below stairs.

On entering her home, about one o'clock, Mrs. Bing received a letter from the hand of Martha.

"Phyllis told me to give you this as soon as you returned," said the girl.

"What does this mean?" Mrs. Bing whispered to herself, as she tore open the envelope.

Her face grew pale and her hands trembled as she read the letter.

"Dearest Mamma," it began, "I am going to Hazelmead for luncheon with Gordon King. I couldn't ask you because I didn't know where you were.

"Without luncheon?" the girl asked.

"Just give me a sandwich and I'll eat it in my hand."

"I want you to hurry," she said to James as she entered the glowing limousine with the sandwich half consumed.

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"I don't see how I can spare the time, but I'll have to," said Baker.

"Time! Fiddlersicks!" the judge exclaimed. "What a darn fool money makes of a man!

Bill Pritchard used to talk that way to me. He has been lying twenty years in his grave.

The spirit of the old, dead days spoke in the voice of the judge, spoke with a kindly dignity.

Pauline had announced in her letter that her husband's name was Herbert Middleton.

"Martha!" she called.

"Tell James to bring the big car at once. I'm going to Hazelmead."

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the great inhabitants of Bingleville could not recall so severe a winter.

Prices at the stores mounted higher. Most of the gardens had been lying idle.

Those who had plenty of money found it difficult to get a sufficient quantity of goods.

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Service Quality Price are the fundamentals of this store. SERVICE is the motto of this store, the same service is extended to all of our customers regardless of how small or big purchase may be. QUALITY—No article is accepted by us from any manufacturer unless it was assured to us of giving good service, regardless of its price. PRICE—In figuring the profit on each item we not only make it the lowest possible, but we buy everything for cash so it will enable us to sell for less. Pay Cash—Cash Pays—Yours for better service. MARGOLIS BROS. AND BROOKS "Just a Little Better—Just a Little Different"



Report of the condition of the PEOPLES BANK at Williamston, in the State of North Carolina, at the close of business, February 21, 1921.

Table with 2 columns: RESOURCES and LIABILITIES. Includes items like Loans and discounts, Demand loans, Overdrafts, United States bonds, Liberty bonds, North Carolina state bonds, All other stocks, bonds and mortgages, Banking houses, Furniture and fixtures, Cash in vault and net amounts due from banks, Cash items held over 24 hours, W. S. S. Acct., Capital stock paid in, Surplus fund, Notes and bills rediscounted, Bills payable, Deposits subject to check, Time certificates of deposit, Cashier's checks outstanding, Total.

Report of the condition of the BANK OF HAMILTON at Hamilton, in the State of North Carolina, at the close of business, Feb. 21, 1921.

Table with 2 columns: RESOURCES and LIABILITIES. Includes items like Loans and discounts, United States bonds and Liberty bonds, All other stocks, bonds and mortgages, Furniture and fixtures, All other real estate owned, Cash in vault and net amounts due from banks, Cashier's checks outstanding, Total.

Trustee's Sale of Land Under the power of sale contained in a deed of trust executed to me by J. A. Powell and wife, recorded in book V-1, page 236, Martin County Registry, I will sell at the court house door in Williamston, N. C., at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, on Tuesday, April 5th, 1921, at 12 o'clock, noon, the following described real estate, to wit:

First tract: Adjoining the lands of Moses Harrell, deceased, Joseph Harrell and others, containing 50 acres, more or less, being the tract of land conveyed to T. H. Combs by Alex. H. Smith and Wheeler Martin, Commissioners, by deed recorded in book PFF, page 300. Second tract: Adjoining the lands of T. H. Combs, Margaret Staton and others, containing 60 acres, more or less, being the identical tract of land conveyed to T. H. Combs by B. B. Howell and others, by deed recorded in Book MMM, page 198. Said two tracts of land being the identical lands this day (January 1, 1918), by T. H. Combs and Annie Combs, his wife to the said J. A. Powell, and reference is hereby made to all said deeds for a further and more particular description of said lands. February 28th, 1921. W. A. HART, Trustee.



"I Am Cold, Too," Said the Shepherd.

children and who had fallen sick of the influenza with no fuel in her house. "I am cold, too!" said the Shepherd. "Why, of course you are," the coin answered. "That's the reason I'm cold. A coin is never any warmer than the heart of its owner. Why don't you take me out of here and give me a chance to move around?" Things that would not say a word to other boys often spoke to the Shepherd. "Let him go," said Mr. Bliggs. Indeed it was the tin soldier, who stood on his little shelf looking out of the window, who first reminded Bob of the loneliness and discomfort of the coin. At a rule whenever the conscience of the boy was touched Mr. Bliggs had something to say. It was late in February and every one was complaining of the cold. Even