

## OUT OF THE WRECK

BY MRS. ELLEN FRIZELL WYCKOFF Author of "Tony and the Twins," "Trying of the McAllisters, Etc.



led as such a face could be. sell looked up from his book,

his eyes full of interest. do mean it. I suppose poor Les-He is crying her eyes out, as she hasn't come down. Catch me spoiling my eyes and reddening my nose because a lish, whimsical man chooses to make a comet of himself and whirls

off, nobody knows where!" But Donald isn't foolish or whimical, Mamie; there must be some-

the matter." 'Shucks!" exclaimed Mamie elegantly, "he is notional as—as any-thing," and she snapped her eyes flercely. A big, hot tear splashed on

"Not a good-by, even! Bah! It must be awful to be tied to a brute of wondered a man! After all, I think I'll just could be. break with Bertie and follow your ex-

ample, Aunt Janet." "Oh, Mamie, and the trouseau all ordered! Ah, the trouble I am hav- his arms. ing! What with the papers full of the coming war, Donald gone, you breaking with Bertle, and Russell-" "Yes, I'll take care of you, Aunt

number him among her grievances! Mamie laughed. "A fig for the rumors of war. It's only a mouse in the mountain, Aunty.

And, as for me, I guess I'll have to go on, or Bertie will sue me for breach of promise. And, of course, Don has only gone to Richmond on business." How glad I am to hear you say so, Mamie! Go see if you can't cheer Leslie, poor child. And now Russell, what king was it?"

The boy turned to his history, and Mamie left them. Miss Janet had decided to teach

Mamie went to Leslie's room, and, not finding her sister there, sat down to read a newspaper that lay upon the

Her usually merry face was very grave as she read column after column. Perhaps, after all, all this noise might proceed from something more formidable than a mouse in a moun-

The hand that held the paper trem bled as Mamie read the bold, fearless

How would it all end? It was seldom that a grave thought found its way into the girl's fight, sunshiny mind, and such thoughts were never welcome visitors

The light was growing dim. She threw down the paper with a nervous "There, go, you message of ill omen!

If the worst comes to the worst I guess I can stand it along with the I wish Bertle had come to-day. I wish Donald hadn't taken French leave of us, and I wonder where Les-

She left the room and began to look dies were lighted in the halls and rooms in general use, but she could plan. not find Leslie.

She went into the shadowy garden, but all her calling brought no answer,

After awhile she went to the stables to inquire if Leslie had gone with her husband, but the driver said no. He had driven his master to the station. Mamie was by this time really alarmed. She set the negroes to searching everywhere about the plantation and neighborhood, but no trace of Leslie could be found

In the garden Mamie picked up a wreath of crushed and broken white Illacs, but in Uncle Peter's absence any of the negro children might have stolen into the garden and amusement breaking and twining the sweet flowers together.

She carried the wreath to the house Miss Rutherford met her in the

There is a strange man in the library-a lawyer, come to see Leslie. Donald has sent him. What does it mean?" she asked, a worried look struggling with the habitual serenity

"I don't know," Mamie said, passing her and going at once to the gloomy library. "Have I the pleasure of speaking to

Mrs. Rutherford " the stranger naked, coming to meet her "No, I am Mr. Rutherford's sister Can you tell me what you are here

"I came for an interview with your sister-in-law. Besides of a strictly private kind, Miss Rutherford" "And I may not know the nature

"I think not." "There is a mystery somewhere;

can't find Leslie, my brother's wife." We have been scarching since be-

fore dark. I should think Donald ought to know this He left us no address; have you one?" "I have not, I am sorry to say. If

I can be of any use, command me. If not I will call to-morrow when I hope

to find your sister at home," Mamie let him go. If they were going to be miserable she wanted no

strange eye to gaze upon their suffering.
She sent for Bertle to come at once

and then cried until she was tired, but still no one had found Leslie. Miss Janet had gone off into violent hysteric, as she always did when any thing broke into her accustomed

It was a relief to Mamie, for the suffering lady had been taken to her room and shut up with her maid. Russell sat with big, black eyes, listening, waiting.

"For goodness sake, Russell, shut your eyes, else they'll pop out of your Mamie said with a shadowy smile about her lips.

Russell seemed not to hear. The great, unwinking eyes did not change "If you would let me go I might find her," he said after a while,

"No you couldn't; they are looking everywhere there is to look. Didn't you see Aunt Janet peeping into the lower vases? I'm glad she happened to think of her hysteries; she'd have sen looking under the thimbles by

"I don't see what Don means. He ought to be here. There's no telling what has befallen Leslie, and of course he'll blame us. Men always to blame somebody—a woman if they can draw her into it-and you'll nev-

er hear one of the creatures say it was with only his driver. He smiled at "I am sorry you are going to be a man. Russell. O, how I wish Bertie

at here to-morrow!

And still the boy sat listening, his sat eyes wide open.

breath again. A tint of pink bright- vants. ened the eastern sky, a glow of red over the hills.

It was morning. All night Leslie Mamie shuddered. All night was

so long, and Leslie was so helpless, such a child. All night! The day grew, but the round of work was forgotten. It seemed a long, long time since yesterday's work had

Dr. Grey had come to the distressed family. He sent Mamle and Russell to bed, and looked after Miss Janet. Dr. Grey walked up and down and wondered where Donald and Leslie

At last Bertle came. Mamie tumbled recklessly down the teps and flung herself headlong into

"O, Bertle, I am so glad you are here! Such trouble as we are in." He led her into the house and then coaxed her to tell him all the trouble. Janet," the boy interrupted, never "You see, Don is gone, nobody guessing that Miss Janet was about to knows where. Just like a man, to think he can do as he pleases! I'm glad I'm not one of the heartless things.

"So am I dear," Bertle consented soothingly. "Went off without a word; but that isn't the worst, Leslie's lost! All night we searched, but she's gone."

"Yes, she is lost," Mamie sobbed, and then she took a good cry, reliev-ing her over-burdened heart and ruining Bertie's immaculate shirt bosom

the same time. Bertle petted and comforted her, Russell for awhile, and chose the and she called him her one blessing, early morning and late afternoon for and declared she wouldn't give him up for worlds, and in spite of the troublesome times into which he had fallen. Bertie's wayward heart was

> It is an ill wind that blows good to nobody Another night came and went, and

full of joy.

still no tidings of Leslie. On the third day a short letter came from Donald. He had sailed for Europe and would travel for awhile. Dr. Russell would find a suitable

school for Russell. The new lawyer would attend to affairs until Mr. Graham recovered. The letter was to Miss Janet; there was not a word for Leslie!

Mamie was too indignant to cry Donald's conduct wounded deeply. She would never have imagined him capable of doing such a thing. generous brother.

Bertle could not leave her in such You and Miss Janet must come to Richmond with me, dear. We can't school, and the servants can keep the that we know that he expected louse open and let us know if Leslie returns. I think this is the best

And Mamie agreed to it, and, little butterfly of fashion that she was, consented to be married without even a wedding dress. The grand wedding she had plann-

ed could never be, now that Donald was away and poor Leslie gone. The girl was glad to let Bertle take her away from the friends who asked questions that hurt her and offered sympathy that was only pain.

And the gossips were busy, One rumor after another claimed settled upon the one that pleased them best, and after awhile sterner juestions occupied their minds, for the rising cloud could be plainly seen now, and the nation waited breathlessly for the storm that was gather-

The war was a certainty now. Even in the quiet country preparations were being hastened. The time of bloodshed had come.

People forgot to be selfish, and the outh rose as one man-

> CHAPTER XVII. IN THE OLD HOUSE.

For once Dr. Brown was sorely

He had worked up his case greatly to his own satisfaction. He had taken the portrait that Horace Grant paint-Maysville. The picture exhibited among those who knew Dolly Merritt, and not one who saw

It failed to recognize it. He had succeeded in arousing in rest in the affair. The work had seen slow, but he was a patient man. he warrant for the arrest of Dolly

Meritt was in the hands of an offi-The proof that she was living in he South as Leslie Rutherford was ready at the doctor's hand. He could

lay his finger on the witnesses at the noment's notice Maysville regarded his as a hero He kept his own counsel, knowing

he charm of a half mystery.

The doctor enjoyed his success and he wanted to be fully repaid for his work. He hastened to Grey ltock in advance of the officers, who were proceeding with great caution, that he might himself bear the tidings of her disgrace and rule to the gentle girl who had never harmed-him n the alightest degree.

He wanted to witness her a and shame. He wanted to see Donald I am Hated.

And yet he was a man! Once he had een a little innocent child! Whence ame the evil that possessed him? But in his wildest imaginings no uch delectable feast as this had ever resented itself. He expected resisance on the part of Donald. affuence and his money would make he fight a long and hard one And ow an was not likely to have these contend with.

He had seen it all. Not one throb human pity and stirred his unnatural heart.

He saw the happy, idolized wife fall rom the pedestal on which her hushand's love had placed her-fall to he dust broken, ruined.

He saw a brave, strong, loving friend, since he knew so much about the trouble. And the old man rewretch-crazed, humiliated, made into a pitiless demon with a heart equal in hardness to his own. And smiled at the ruin he had wrought. Donald's behavior astonished doctor, for he was still capable of being surprised.

He watched Donald leave home the white face of the half-crazed

here now! It's an age until he Nothing escaped him. The evidence of excitement arprise him. He felt afraid that he haps he has found her. No, it's nad risked too much and that he tile wind!" tim might escape. But he resolved that she should not pass his watchful

GONE!

"Why, Mamie, you don't mean that Donald is really gone!"

Miss Janet's mild face was as troubled as such a face could be windows.

Mamie pushed open the shutter, triumph. But the girl was gon? In Birds were twittering sleepily. The world seemed to be catching its they questioned the wondering ser-

> She could not be found, though light, and then the sun rose slowly the faithful negroes, ignorant of the mission of the strangers and supposfriends, joined in the search dilligen-

Men were left to watch the place and quietly search the neighborhood,

and Dr. Brown went away. He went to Richmond. He decided to pay Cleo a visit. He could know by her manner of receiving him whether or not they knew of the part he had taken in the downfall of Les-

There was nothing to be lost by going, and something might be gain-

Cleo received him just as she had always done. She was frail and weak, but to his surprise he found that she knew nothing of the disgrace that had fallen upon Leslie.

He found Mrs. Lynn loud in her lamentations, and perfectly willing to take him into her confidence. She told him how the poor girl had disappeared, and how Donald had

She dreaded the gossips of friends when the affair should become known as it surely would. "It may be taken for granted that she accompanied her husband," the

wary doctor suggested. 'No, there is no hope of that. It too well known that he went alone. I have just had a letter who chanced to see Donald go

"She asked about all of us, of ourse and wrote to know what had it." changed Donald so, and why he had eft his wife at home. No they will all find it out." The doctor had been careful to say

nothing of the warrant to the people at Grey Rock. He had made one mistake, but he need not make an-

this wise precaution. The girl would has not come to Maysville for shelsurely apply to her friends, and these ter?" friends knew nothing as yet, of his connection with the affair, and nothng of the crime with which Leslie voice replied. had been charged.

"What could have been her reason or going away?" He asked the quesion with his eyes on the carpet. 'Excuse me, Madam, but my interst in yourself and your daughter-" "I understand you, and I appreciate our interest, doctor. It does me good to talk to you. I really have no It was all so unlike her noble, idea why she did it. They seemed

perfectly happy. But it was some-thing between the two, for Donald went so suddenly and does not send a line to her. "He left no message at home, but walt for the wedding day; we must be sent a strange lawyer to arrange married at once, Russell can go to some sort of business with her. By bag. He went quickly along the street

o be at Grey Rock, so it was not her going that caused him to leave. superintending the laying off of a new garden. He hardly left the work all the next thing Leslie was missing. "It is a sad affair. Of course everything is being done in a quiet way. A sensation must be avoided.

the poor girl, or to hear something "It is very remarkable. I agree with you that it is better to keep the their attention, and at last they each affair quiet, Mrs. Lynn, I fear the effects of this upon your daughter." 'Yes. Cleo is much affected by it She loves Leslie, and is not inclined

to blame the girl at all. She is afraid that Leslie has been stolen." "Very absurd. And of course she cannot reconcile that with Donald's Farther on the hall we conduct. Sometimes I think there but he moved on slowly. vas something wrong about the girl.

"Wrong?" We had to send for Dr. Bel-"Yes. den, of course, as soon as we arrived. thought he acted strangely when we fold him. Then he and Alice were loseted for some time. And then rain. they sent for Dr. Grey. Of course I don't know whether that had anything to do with Leslie, of if it was all on Cleo's account as it seemed to

be. I was not taken into their conwas lidence. "You were not? But I beg your pardon, Madam, if I spoke with too much feeling. It only seems-a little odd that you should be left out."

"And you might have given some wind. excellent advice-offer some valuable inue to regard Mrs. Rutherford as er sounds. A sliding panel slipped into being an angel, which she may be, its place. Mrs. Lynn."

"Oh, yes; I don't say she is not." "But it is queer that you were not consulted. Valuing your opinions as do-as I have always done--lt hard to realize that they can be set aside by others I shall be glad to ear more about this, Mrs. Lynn, but it is not likely that I shall be taken into the family confidence when you are left out. But if you should hear from the poor girl will you let me know? We may be able to assist

"Indeed I will. Dr. Brown." And the doctor went away, leaving Mrs. Lynn in a good humor with her-

He had learned much that wanted to know. The family had not heard of the scene in the garden. He felt sure of that. But of course that state of affairs could not last. Don- low as a breath of suffmer air, but he ald would explain, and Leslie would heard it. try to communicate with the family. In the hall he met Allie. But he centured no remark except a words about Cleo. He was not supposed to know of the trouble, He went back to Grey Kock. The

He found Uncle Peter and stopped or a few words with him At first the old man had very litle to say, but he was soon convinced that the doctor must be an interested

the trouble. And the old man

place was closed

leved his over-burdened heart by talking freely. "No, sir, we une haint heerd fum Marse Donal', nor Mill Leslie. Hit's might quar; de Rutherford temper's er culs one. 'Speck somebuddy riled hit in Marse Donal'. I seed him 's I's comin' back wif me seed'n truck, an' knowed in reasin 'at suppin' tuck

an swaller de po' chile,"

watched, but there was no telling what he might see by looking around. Uncle Cupid saw him doming. The old man got up slowly from his seat in his cabin door and drawed the yard to the house.

It was an old place and somewhat out of repair. A rambling old house and a flowery, run-a-way garden, with the woods lying close about it and beyond this the cotton fields.

Uncle Cupid was sweeping the yard with an old brush broom and singing softly when the doctor came up.

The doctor wanted to look at the house. Uncle Cupid was sager to show it.

It was like old times, he said. The doctor went through the rooms the old negro talked about them, but nothing was gained by the visit.

Again the lumbering old stage coach carried Dr. Brown to Mays-

The people had expected to hear of Dolly Merritt's arrest. He had disappointed them and they were beginning to lose faith in him. "Ar'n't you considerably interested for an outsider, anyhow? Some of our boys could have beat that," Tom

Nash said when the doctor tried to explain the situation. "No man is an outsider when-" "Oh, pshaw. You'd better let the girl alone and try to find the money. There's been mighty little said about that, anyhow."

"Like all the rest, Allen, plenty said and little done." "She didn't take all that money." "Maybe there wasn't such dead loads; misers are always overrated."

"Maybe the old man hid it." "There wasn't hair nor hide of it in the cabinet." "All this had been gone over numberless times.

The doctor listened very quietly, not troubling himself after his explanation to make any remark. But presently John Austin, who had been a silent listener, saw the bland smile fade, and the uneasy eyes grow

It was when Tom Nash said: "Let's pull the old rat trap down and search The men laughed. And while they were laughing John said: "And so, doctor, you didn't find

Dolly!" The doctor smiled, "And you are rejoicing, Mr. Austin. when you should be sorrowing, that is if you are still in sympathy with He smiled not at the thought of the girl. Gentlemen, are you sure she

"It would go hard with the person or persons who gave it to her," a gruff

John Austin looked uneasy. He left the groop and started home. At a little distance he turned and looked back. One of the men-a stranger-was following him. A dark cloud was rising and night was coming on. Urgent business must

John set his teeth and drew his breath hard. But he went on his way. When the men had gone away Dr. Brown left the hotel by a side door. The street was empty and quiet. Slowly the storm was gathering.

be taking the man away from the ho-

was almost dark. The doctor carried a black traveling her and for a little distance down the ther road. Then he left the public way and walked through a bit of woodland, "Donald had been busy all day across a field and then he stopped. He had come to the orchard at the

back of the old Merritt place. The day, until off he went like that, and trees were twisted and untrimmed, and the place was dark and uninviting. The doctor looked up at the sky, and then hurried to the back door of the house. He sat down on the steps and wiped the perspiration from his fore-But no pains will be spared to find head. He waited a moment and then opened the door. It creaked on its hinges dismally, and then fell back with a heavy bang against the wall,

Some rats scurried across the hall a musty odor filled the air Wickedness The man hung back. had hardened his heart, but it had not strengthened his nerves.

Clutcing the bag firmly he went on, He was not a very young man, and not a strong one; in the dim light the face was ghastly. Farther on the hall was quite dark,

stairs, stopping often to wipe his face. At the top he rested, leaning against the window. Through the broken glass a gust of

Again he crept up the creaking

The wind was beginning to moan in the trees. Something like a sob escaped the man's pale lips as he stood with his face turned toward the stormy sky. He shook himself as if he had been asleep, and went on to the room in which the old man died. He trembled violently. His breath came hard.

Here and there It was very dark. a loose board creaked in the rising Presently the click, click of coin suggestions. I dare say they con-falling together mingled with the oth-

Dr. Brown was in the hall again. The thunder sounded deep and low. Outside the rain poured in torrents. The man held the bag and waited for the storm to pass. The lightning blined him and the thunder had grown loud and deafening. The storm in-

creased in fury. But there was another sound-the sound of a human footstep! He listened intently.

Yes, it was a step slow and cautious. Who beside himself would dare to visit that gruesome place on such a Nearer came the footsteps-nearer.

He heard the rustle of a woman's garments. A flash of lightning brightened the place, and he saw a face a woman's face white and awful in the livid light And all again was darkness. Again the footsteps sounded, and then a voce

"Dolly, Dolly Merritt!" He could see in the darkness a mov-

ing object. Stretching out his hand he touched the soft folds of a woman's dress. He clutched it and held it firmly Before he could take a step forward the garment gave way in his hand, and the dark object moved switly on. He took w match from his pocket and struck it.

white apron and on the waistband in black ink was the name: "Dolly Mer-The match went out. He heard swift steps in the lower hall. The back door closed with a bang.

Cramming the apron into his pocke

and grasping the bag firmly he rushed down stairs and out into the storm. What discovery had he made?

The garment in his hand was a little

(To be continued next week.) and hit's der hade."

"And you haven't seem your missions."

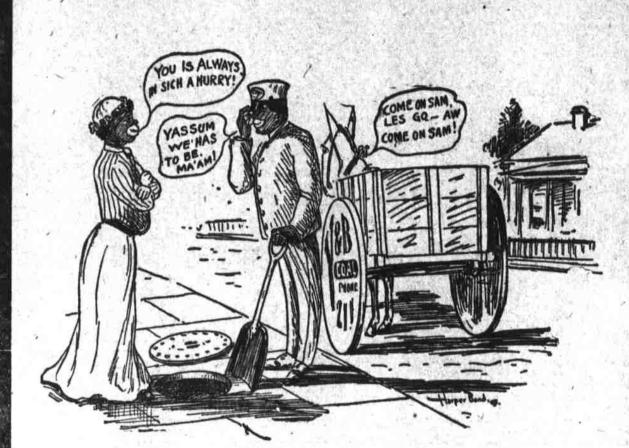
"No, sir. De yarth musser opened in swaller de po' chile."

"Nobody lives at the Hall now?"

"Oapid's dar. Tuther niggers hired."

"The first requisite of beauty is a clear complexion. Or no Laxative Fruit Syrup clears a sallow blotched complexion as it stimulates the liver and bowels, and the cyes become bright and clear. You owe it to your friends to take it it your complexion is bad. Or no Laxative Fruit Syrup does not nausente or grape and is very pleasant to take. Refuse substitutes. "All Things Considered"

Will fill the bill. High quality. Careful attention to your wishes incidental to delivery, etc., makes the "Y. & B." way popular



Hesitate to 'Phone 211

"Remember the Mule."

## BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

Heresy! Heresy! Here comes somebody saying the American woman is not the finest, most wenderful, most

desirable creature in the world! It is perhaps needless to say that this "somebody" is a woman, since no wind brought some heavy drops of this "somebody" is a woman, since no rain. He looked up at the dark sky. mere man—no American man at least -would dare give vent to such blasphemous utterances. There have been foreigners who have intimated that they didn't see anything so very wonderful in the American woman, but they have generally waited till they reached the other side of the Atlantic before saying it. This lady who thus alms a blow at the foremost of our American institutions signs herself Anna A. Rogers," and strange to say the publication allowing its pages to be given over to such outrageous

statements is the stately, well-bred Atlantic Monthly. Mrs. Rogers-it must be Mrs., since she apparently speaks from the inside -writes in the September number under the heading: "Why American

Marriages Fail." Mrs. Rogers begins by commenting in the vast preponderance of the divorce evil in the United States over other countries of the world. Now somebody must be to blame for this condition of affairs. Who is it? Mrs.

Rogers says it is-our pen almost falt-It must be said that Mrs. Rogers | are spoiled, extremely idle, and curiseems to be a little severe on this the product in which we take most It is difficult for a woman to be perfectly just to her own sex. But her viewpoint is interesting anyhow. Mrs. Rogers mentions three "instances which account for many di-"(1) Woman's failure to real-

ize that marriage is her work in the world. (2) Her growing individualism. (3) Her lost art of giving, re-placed by a highly developed receptive faculty." The writer further charges woman with trying to unsex herself. "Only as a woman, with all that en-tails upon her, is she alone, pre-eminent, unapproachable. And yet parently her whole energy is to-day bent upon dethroning herself!" Mrs. Rogers goes on to comment on present feminine megalomania," which "the poets are responsible." She might also have included advertis ing men and illustrators of the Gib-Harris-Hutt-Pierce school. From magazine cover, bill-board, calendar, poster, blotter and advertising page smiles the endless series

of girls, girls, girls, from which there seems to be relief, Mrs. Rugers goes on to speak scath-ingly of our false system of education and "physical coddling" which "have produced a curious anomalous hybs a cross between a magnificent, rather unmannerly boy, and a spoiled, ex-acting, demi-mondaine who sincerely

in this world herself alone
. And all this unexpended feminine egoism, joined with unexpended physical energy, demands from the normally expended masculine egoism far more of everything than he is at all prepared to give, far more than she has ony just claim to de-

wants all of them to satisfy her recently discovered Self he, poor soul, after the first exigent

mood, which soon passes, wants very little more than peace and a place to smoke unmolested. Of one thing the young wife may be sure, that man has neither the instinct nor the time to coddle his disappointments in marriage-he puts on his This is his universal, silent, unlabeled argument, that the happiness of that home in not his business, but hers.

"Hers." More heresy still. Does

not Mrs. Rogers know that the old

ideal of sweet and useful womanhood

is now considered old-mehioned and no longer in "good form?" For what does the modern American woman marry a man if it is not to bestow upon him the ineffa\_le privilege of working for her all the rest of his life? Mrs. Rogers speaks of a wife "merging" her life into that of her husband, of "supplementing" it and making it deeper and broader. Now "supplementing" and "merging," when is she going to find the time to entertain in accordance with the position to which her husband's money entitle her, to go to the dress maker, to read the latest novels, to develop her Higher Self? And yet here goes this writer and says: "Our women as a whole

ship that they demand from our hardworking men And on the subject of marriage she

ously undeserving of the maudlin wor-

"On his side, nine times out of ter in this country, a man marries for love. Of course, he idealizes her, and is absolutely sure that she is going to make him happy. Surely the greatest source of peril to the young wife lies in the distorted vision of her bridegroom's eyes, blinded by a passion for perfection! . . . . On the young wife's part, she has been brought up in ignorance of a man's perfection! On the make-up, of his latent brutalities in which is rooted his very strength to bear the burdens of life."

The American man has already bee disposed of. He has been properly pigeon-holed as a "selfish brute." We wonder if lovely woman is being found out. If the writers of her own keep on exposing her, she will be, that's certain. Marie Corell has already arisen and called her "painted, dyed, frizzled, padded" and other hard names. And then among masculine writers Henry James has recently rebuked her for her atroclous speach and William Dean Howells has taken her to task for her bad manners. If this sort of thing keeps up, someone will be saying directly that our extolled American woman is noth-

ing but a human being after all. one of the most popular short story on an extern of the day if "O. Henry," one of from of whose yarns may be seen in almost territor unine any magazine. Henry's stories of the unusu than underworld, of South American revolution and of the unwashed starts of distance de- New York soulety would leave one in ment.

mand. More of his love, more admi- doubt as to where he originated, but ration, more time, more money-she as a matter of fact he was born and raised right up here at Greensboro. Some of his kinspeople live there yet. His real name is Sidney Porter.

Porter has never given out many of the details of his lire, but it is said that he has had a strange and interesting career. He has been nearly ev-erywhere and done nearly everything: It is said that he began to earn his living as a drug clerk in Greensboro, then went out to Ohio, where his occupation was the same. The desire to roam and see something of the world seized him and his experiences began. He wandered over the West, drifted down to Texas, hung about in Southern ports, spent some time in New Orleans, joined a filibustering expe-dition to Central America, roved a while in South America and made a living by doing anything that came to his hand. After roving several years, he wrote out one of his experiences, polished it up a bit, threw in some local color, and submitted it to a New York magazine. It was accepted and from that beginning Henry has climbed up in the magazine world till he has a market for anything he cares to write. He now lives in New York and recently has published a book of short stories called "The Four Million," givng inside glimpses of New York life as it is. Henry is well into his thirties now and by this time ought to be fairly well off.

BIG SHIPMENT OF SHOES.

The Stephen Putney Company Opens Up Fall Trade in Great Shape Richmond Times-Dispatch.

The great and increasing business of Richmond's industrial enterprises stands as living testimony to the wonderful prosperity of the country.

As an example of this great prosperity, the Stephen Putney Shoe Company and Battle Axe shoes make a fine showing in shipments for the fall trade during the months of July and

In the month of July the shipment of Battle Axe shoes amounted to \$323,263.78, and for August reached the unprecedented record of more than \$400,000, with September following as another heavy month for early fall shipments. The sales of Battle Axe shoes in July and August showed very large in-

es. July showed an increase in

August.

orders received of 60 per cent, and August of 70 per cent. over these same months last year. The salesmen of the Stephen Putney Thee Company are now going out with their lines of spring samples, a line so complete in every detail, as regards quality, style and every other feature of perfect shoe construction, that its equal has never been shown on any market. From reports received from every section of the large territory covered by this company, an unusually large business is looked for this fall, both in orders for immediate sections and the contract of the con

diata use, as well as for future ship-