OUT OF THE WRECK

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



CHAPTER XVIII.

NETTIE'S ADVENTURES. Nettie, you are a brave little wo

"No, no, John, I am a coward! But it was awful, awful!" "How wet you are, little woman! was almost frantic when it stormed so. Get on something dry, and then tell me all about it. I've made you

"And I need it, for I am so nerv-

There is not one woman in "Oh, yes, now, John. I tell you, it wasn't bravery that helped me; it was

love for Delly.' John had told his wife of Doctor Brown's suspicion that Delly had come to Maysville. They knew that a light had sometimes been seen in the old Merritt house. Suppose that Dolly should be hiding there in her old

"They'll find her if she is there, Nettie, for I believe Nash meant what he said." John had said. "Poor thing! We can't risk

John. You must go and examine the "That would lead to her discovery in case she is there, for I am watch-

"I'll think of a way," Nettle had said, and she did. A little later John cautiously left the house. He carried a basket on his arm. He had changed his coat and

wore an old hat pulled down over his Nettie clapped her hands with delight when she saw a dark form, keeping well in the shadow, but surely following John along the road in the opposite direction from the Merrit place!

The plan was working! The way was John would leave the basket at the home of a poor widow, and return at a lived?" once, but the spy would be led astray, and she would have time for her part

of the work. She kissed the sleeping children, leaving a tear on the baby's cheek, for she was not a very brave woman,

then throwing a shawl over her head she went out of the house. She ran as long as she was able, then walked on, panting and breath-

The back door of the Merrit house stood open when she reached the gloomy place. Her heart stood still with dread. She went in, peering into the dark

"Dolly, Dolly Merritt." It had grown quite dark, and the rain began to fall. Safe in her own home, with her husband's strong arms about her, she

shuddered at the thought of that dreadful hour. "I was awfully afraid to go up stairs, John." she said as she sipped the hot tea he brought to her, "but I went, all the same. And I had the strangest feeling that there was some one there! That is not a nice feeling such a place, but, thinking it might be Dolly, I managed to keep on. Then

I heard a noise. It came from that "I wondered if she could be there, troubled eyes full of meaning. And then came that foolish fear, Suppose the old man had come back to his hidden gold! And, John, as I drew nearer I heard the sound of coin fall-

ing together. "My feet were heavy as lead. could not move them. For awhile I stood still, but the though of the children brought me to my senses. I knew I must hurry back home.

"So I called a little louder. lightning was awittl, and the thunder deafened me. But, John, I heard a human voice-a low, terrified cry. "And then a hand touched me and caught my apron! The fastenings gave way, and I ran. Oh, now I ran!

"I saw a flash of light above me as I flew down the stairs, and in the light I saw a face—it was Doctor Brown's! I saw him—his restless, Burning eyes—" she covered her face with her hands and shuddered.

"I saw him holding my apron in his hand. Even then I remembered that the apron was one Dolly gave me and had her name on the band! "The light went out and I ran away. I was more afraid of that man than

of all the ghosts I ever heard of.' "And she is not there?" "I am sure she is not. If she had been there she would have come to

"Unless she knew of the man's presence, Nettie," John said. "I don't think she is there. what was he doing? I certainly heard that clinking sound. What does it

Next morning John passed his shop and went to the postoffice. He wanted to hear the news, and he wanted to see Doctor Brown,

The men were talking about the re-bellion of the South. The news that and come the night before was being

The war was a certainty! All this interested John, but he was not too much engrossed to notice the increased pallor of Doctor Brown's

face as he took his seat in the stage. his traveling bag held carelessly in his The doctor was not the centre of attraction this morning. He spoke to

one or two of the men as he tour als place, but he seemed ill and weak. The postmaster threw the lank mail hag to the driver, the long whip gracked over the restless horses, and the old coach lunged forward.

John knew that Dolly would for a he felt sure that the doctor had left some one on the lookout. He listened to the reading and dis-

cussing of the news for awhile and then went quietly back to his work.

He would fight when the time should come, in the meantime he would not neglect his duty. As he passed the Morritt place he

saw two men going toward the house He smiled as he recognized Tom Nash and the stranger who had followed him the night before. There was little hope for Dolly if she was hiding here. Surely she would not risic that.

Ho looked up at the sky, idue and clear after the storm.

"I hope she's there, poor child, whether she committed the crime or not; for there's pity and mercy there and there's precious little of either

Later he heard the result of the two men's visit to the Merritt place.

They had found no trace of the

They had seen some marks on the floor that might or might not be human footprints. The windows were open or broken, and the wind had blown the dust into cantastic shapes. There was no sign of hidden money

Indeed in the broad light of day, the place presented a most matter of fact and dilapidaed appearance.

The whole affair had dwindled to The whole affair had dwindled to knew that some who were going out the new interest. The subjugation of the idolized brother might be one of the new interest. The subjugation of the idolized brother might be one of the idolized brother might be idolized brother might be one of the idolized brother might be idolized brother might be idolized b

Nettie was much relieved when she new that Dolly was not in her old nome, and that other matters were liverting attention from her. John surprised her by saying quiet-

"Nettie, I am going to Dolly's grave—or to the one that bears her name. I shall find out all I can from the people who buried that gard. I think I shell know if it was Doily. I won't stay long, and the desire to go will not leave me till it is gratified."

The stage took John on its next trip At Newton he bought a ticket to the station nearest the scene of the acci-

In the afternoon he arrived at the little farm house from which the un-

There was another visitor. A tall man, slightly stooped, a man with a gentle, intellectual face and soft, near-sighted eyes shining behind clear glasses.

This gentleman asked, where he could find the physician who attended Miss Leslie Carter, and was told that he had been for several months dead.

John went to the grave that the people pointed out to him and while he stood beside the little mound the gentleman he had seen at the farm house came and stood beside him. "You knew her?"

The voice was low and kind and "Yes, I knew Dolly Merritt, poor little girl, Why do you ask of her?"

"Will you tell me something of her "Who are you, sir, and what have you to do with her history?" John

asked, almost fiercely. "My name is Albert Lynn. The young lady who escaped when this poor girl was killed is a very dear friend of mine-a very dear friend, and my wife's kinswoman." "You know her-the girl who

"Yes, I know her." "Where is she, sir, for I must see

Allie shook his head "I wish that I could tell you, sir, "She is missing! Sir, what does this Dolly somewhere in Virginia. You are

Southerner?" 'Allie's face was very white as he replied. was all he could say. 'Yes.' "And they are scouring the earth for Dolly-they accuse her of the

murder of her uncle!" had been placed around the grave. "Tell me more of this," he said, hoarsely.

And John told the story of the lit tle runaway. "She couldn't have done it, sir, but some one did, and if she is above ground she'll have to bear it all," he "But she is dead, Mr. Austin.

"I don't know. Nettie and I tel each other so, but I'm afraid we don't Indeed, we haven't pretended to, lately. "Dolly might have gone some other

straight into Allie's face with honest, Allie's face gushed. Me met steady look bravely. Neither spoke

for some time. At last John said: they think is Dolly at Maysville."

"Is it like her?" "It is Dolly herself."

"I must see it." And so the stage brought another tranger to Maysville. The picture hung in the parlor at

John went in with Mr. he hotel. the place was likely to be empty. Allie took off his glasses and rubbed them, then carefully and slowly put so much.

He hesitated, then walked across of the lovely, smiling face with its violet eyes and crown of short, yellow

hair. "Great heavens!" Allie exclaimed, He took off his glasses, wiped them, eplaced them, and looked again

Long and earnestly he looked at the face that smiled down at him from I really do not know." the wall. He had forgotten that he was not

"Have you seen the face before? John asked, close to his side. "It is like-a face I know."

"And it is like Dolly, only that look in her eyes, like a half-awake baby's -I never saw that in her eyes." "You see it-that expression?" Allle

But John interrupted him roughly, and turning in his surprise at this, Allie saw in the doorway a group of eager, excited faces. He left the picture and

ward the group of men. "Has it been proven that Dolly Mer-ritt killed her uncle?" he asked. Well, not to say proved, exactly, out it's dark that way.'

"Has no one else been suspected? "There was something said about a man being seen there. Are you a de

story, and the question was not an-For the first time Allie heard th mention of Doctor Brown's name in

connection with the affair. This served o puzzle him even more sorely No one could tell him where doctor could be found. Knowing him to be a frequent visitor to Richmond,

Allie went home. At Maysville the people talked about the new detective, and poor Allie, knowing so little of the world and its ways, wondered what ought to be

done, almost as helplessly as a child might have done. No one in the city had time to give the matter proper attention. In the beginning of a war every man is a pa-

triot; at the close !

CHAPTER XIX. RUSSELL'S BABY.

It was the spring after Mamie's marriage, and Bertle was on the battlefield, for war was a terrible reality

Mamie had kissed her young hus band with smiling lips. He was a -a hero, and she was his wife! And Captain Lynn was as brave and bonny a lad as ever went out from his home to fight for what he believ-

ed to be right. Cleo's lips were white as Bertie, in his gray uniform, bent over her for his good-by kiss.

She had been shut in for all the excitement of preparation—she had not felt the inspiration of martial music, ber eyes were not bilinded by the gift- ter of gold lace and bright buttons, nor the flash of bayonets or swords, Others were sanguine, even exultant, while her heart was heavy with dread.

Then we'll call her 'Dorothy,' a gift from God.

Cleo kissed the boy's trembling lips, and Allie wiped his bright glasses.

Member of gold lace and bright buttons, a small park, and to this pretty place the boy's trembling lips, and Allie wiped his bright glasses.

Member of gold lace and bright buttons, a small park, and to this pretty place the boy's trembling lips, and the ceiling of his iessons or his play, for he gift from God.

Cleo kissed the boy's trembling lips, and Allie wiped his bright glasses.

Or, what H'the hands she held so close to her aching heart—the clean, innocent hands of the generous boy should send desolation and sorrow to some happy home? It was the last time that she could

kiss the dear hands and know that they were not stained with the blood of his brother! But Cleo was brave. She could not prevent the wrong, then she would quietly submit to it. She could not remedy the evil, then she would pa-

endure it. And so she kissed Bertie with a whispered "God bless you, and keep you," and only Allie guessed at the heartache it cost her.

Her eyes were soft and bright and a little smile lay about her sweet lips. Allie wrung the soldier's hand and spoke a few brave, hopeful words. His poor, near-sighted eyes render ed him unfit for the battlefield, but he would still be able to serve his country at home. And Cleo needed

nim. "Allie, dear, it is strange that we can ever come to be grateful for a cross that ever hore so heavily upon our unwilling hearts, but I am glad that you cannot go-glad that I can keep you with me. I missed you so when you went to look for poor Leslie. Only the hope of hearing from her kept me from being miserable. "And you were disappointed!"

"But you were here before I knew that. Allie, do you think Donald will home now?" come

They rarely spoke of Donald, these "I believe he will. He is very patriotic, and his views on this question are very pronounced. Don't you rewhat a red-hot secessionist he used to be when the war was discussed as a posibility—perhaps a probability? Yet, I think he will be in the service, even if we do not hear

"But I hope he will come home. Surely he must know why Leslie went away. I think of it all so often. It is a year now since they went, and not a word from either. Who would have dreamed of all this-they were so

happy. Cleo sighed. She had paid such a mean? They thought they had found fearful price for that happiness, and it was lost and ruined. At last one day a letter came from

Bertie, The family assembled to hear read. Mamie cried a little at first. Bertie seemed so far away! Her voice was not quite steady un til she reached the second of the closely written pages. Then she for-Allie caught at the little railing that got her own trouble, and read on in

a clear voice. "Donald is here! I have talked with him," Bertie wrote. "But so changed, Mamle, I hardly knew him." Cleo raised herself from her pillows and listened eagerly.
Russell stood close to her side his

big black eyes wide open and full of Mamie read on: "He is not the Don we used to know. It seems incredible that in one year a man could be so

"Poor fellow. There's no telling what he has done to himself," Mamie " he stopped and looked said, with a threatening sob. "Don't cry, Mamie, Read on. Is there more about him?" and Cleo laid

the her hand on the letter, "Oh, yes; a lot more. "His face is set and stern," she read on, and then interrupted heself; They have a picture of the girl "They always do get their faces set and stern when things go wrong-

"Read on, dear." And his hair is thickly sprinkled with gray." "That runs in the family, and Bertie knows it," Mamie said, feeling a little inclined to scold her, brother,

now that she knew him to be alive, Lynn to see it, choosing an hour when and indulging herself in a little ill humor toward Bertie because seemed to feel the change in Donald 'Yes; read on, Mamte." "It was some time befre I could ask the room and stood under the picture him about Leslie. He had hardly spoken except to ask if all of you were well. But at last I did ask him, and I shall never forget his face as

he replied: 'If you mean the girl who starting back as if he had been struck. was my wife, I do not know where she is. I directed a lawyer to see that she was prvided for, and I have not interested myself in the disgraceful affair "I shall always be sorry that I in

terrupted him the nby exclaiming: 'Disgraceful! Donald, what did the poor child do?" "He looked at me strangely. I told him how we had searcned for her, but

found no trace of her. He listened, his face white and awful, but he said no more, and somehow I can't renew the subject. "He knows about Leslie but he does not know

where she is. "And that hope is gone." Cleo said sadly, as Mamie dug her handkerchief

"There is a dark mystery here, and we made a mistake in keeping the er did you get it and what are we to matter private. Though it seemed to do? Some mother's hair must be us that we were doing all that could quite gray by this time." be done. There is no possibility of doing anything now. I cannot but blame Donald."

and down the room, his head lowered Tom Nash was telling the whole and his hands on his breast, a habit and quite at home in her arms of his when he was in deep thought Cleo followed him with her soft roubled eyes. She knew that her husband had not opened all his heart to she felt that it was best for her to cording to Vashti. wait. He would tell her when the

ime came. But she could not help wondering what it was that he knew or suspect-Mamie cried a little, kissed the let- arms and hushed it to sleep.

ter tenderly and put it into its coarse envelope. Poor Bertie, he used to be so fastid- into the wondrous land of motherlus in his little things! But this war hood! letter was dearer than all the pretty love letters in her desk upstairs. None noticed Russell. He had heard the letter read, every word, and then he turned away with tears in his black

The trouble at Gray Rock had talked gravely of its training and edgreatly distressed the boy. He loved Donald dearly, and Leslie vas his ideal of perfection. He had never given up the hope of name. ome time finding Leslie.

Children usually become accustom ed to a sorrow or a wrong and take it as a part of their lot without protest or rebellion, simply allowing their lives to go over or around it as the waters of a brook pass an obstruction. But Russell had not done this. His loss was still new to him and many plans were formed in the boy's busy brain when he seemed to be thinking

He saw no one; the place seemed couch, quite deserted. There were not many del pleasure-seekers in the Confea-when

erate capital in those days, There were not even the customary care-takers, for matters more serious than the mowing of grass plots or the

attention of the people.

So Russell had the pretty place all to himself. But there was no joy in his heart, and the singing of the birds awakened no answering thrill; the beauty of the summer flowers was unseen. In vain the lilles neld up to him their pearly cups of sweetness, in vain the roses awang down to kiss their mates in his ruddy cheeks. Russell passed them all without a giance. Presently he heard a sound that was

surely no bird song. Lifting his head he saw something fairer than the fairest flower he had ever seen. On a grass plot, almost at his feet sat a baby! A tiny thing in short, white frocka wee, blue-eyed baby with a sweet, smiling mouth and the cutest of small

Actually, a live, real, "true and true's baby! Russell knelt down beside it. Of course the nurse would come in a moment. In the meantime he could just

The baby welcomed him with a soft little coo, and by giving him a most entrancing smile, thereby revealing to his admiring gaze four lovely teeth. Now, every boy who is not going to make a villain loves a baby.

He does it secretly sometimes, and

sometimes openly, but he loves it. And this was a particularly baby. Russell made room for it in his manly heart at once. He smiled in what he hoped was an engaging manner, and ventured to

touch the pretty, dimpled foot that peeped like a small mouse from under the short frock. His knowledge of babies was limited, but he had a vague notion that they must be approached with re-

spectful caution. The little one laughed-a delicious, happy giggle that drove the last vestige of gloom from Russell's heart. The boy laughed joyously, whereupon the baby began to "pat-a-cake"

vigorously. This was too much. Russell bent over and kissed it. The baby offered no resistance. kicked and cooed delightedly. Russell forgot the nurse until the child tumbled over underemoniously and began to cry lustily. The boy got

up and looked about him helplessly No nurse-no one at all, was sight. Russell called but there was no answer. Still the baby screamed. The boy was frightened. He had known only a few bables, and these not intimately. Nobody has ever let hold one, but it was evident that something must be done.

The boy dared not leave the screamagainst his breast. To his delight and surprise the little thing left off crying. stretcher, was brought here yesterday He had hit upon the right thing to do. en route to his home in Randleman, The baby "snugged" down against being seriously afflicted with kidney trouble. All over the park he wandered, but

no one was in sight. He and the baby were all alone! He wondered what he ought to do. and then decided to ask Cleo. But there was the sleeping baby. He could not leave it. There was only one way; he must take it home.

Caring and planning for it for even so short a time had awakened in the boy's heart a sort of protecting love He felt that, in a way, the child be-Messrs. E. A. Snow, J. Elwood Cox, longed to him. He hoped that he J. W. Harris and A. E. Tate, being might be allowed to hold it in his elected for a term of three years arms sometimes, even after the nurse each. should take it away. The street was very quiet as he

asleep in his arms. He went straight to Cleo. "Cleo, see my pretty baby! I found it in the park, and I can't find anybody else; if we never do, mayn't I have the baby

Cleo looked at the pretty thing with astonished eyes, "Why, Russell, dear you'll have some mother or nurse alarming the you should not have brought the child away!

"I couldn't help it, really, Cleo There wasn't anybody else there, and I called and yelled aw fully. I couldn't leave it alone. Isn't it pretty?' He laid it on the couch beside and stretched his thred arms.

"It's a pretty fat baby, if it is little." he said by way of excuse. Cleo asked him dozens of questions something dreadful and began to look uneasy. "Call Mamle, dear; we must let it be known at once, and advertise."

Mamie came in answer to the sum "Why, good gracious alive, Russell have you turned kidnaper? Wherev-

She took the child in her arms and listened to the whole story, kissing the rosy face now and then, and tickling Allie had not spoken. He walked up the little dimpled chin with her finger The baby seemed perfectly content

Cleo, in her quiet way told them what ought to be done and her directions were carried out promptly. But in the meantime the baby must her—that there were thoughts in his be cared for. Vashti was given charge

mind that he had not seen fit to dis- of it, and Russell was busy helping, as close to her, but whatever these were he fondly hoped, but hindering, ac-The days passed, and nobody called for Russell's baby.

Allie looked at it with a soft, reverent sort of expression in his nearsighted eyes, and even took it in his A new look came into Cleo's face. It was almost as if she had entered

Mamie tossed and kissed the pretty thing, dressed and undressed it as a girl plays with her tavorite doll The little ownerless baby had found a warm spot in all their hearts, but it was Russell who worshiped it and who

ucation. The baby was a little girl, and upon Russell fell the honor of giving it a Many pretty names were suggested,

but none of them seemed good enough for so fair a child. At last, after one of the many family councils, the boy looked up, his great eyes very grave and tender. "I've been reading about names," he said, "and I've found one that I think is all we want. Don't you think, Cleo, that God gave me that baby?"
"I think so." Cleo answered.

the ceiling, and called her by the pretty, old-fashioned name,

Russell walked along the descried ready for her, Mamle will take my place, won't you, dear?"

He entered the park, where the who could fill that? Don't talk about the property of the could fill that? birds were singing and the fresh sweet leaving us; it breaks my heart."

And Mamie burst into tears as threw herself on the floor beside C threw herself on the floor beside Cleo's

But you will?" Russell persisted. when Mamie lifted her little tearstained face again.
She laughed at his earnestness, but

Russell was very grave.

"Yes. I will but you musn't let me make of her such a silly woman as somebody has made of me." Mrs. Lynn could not give herself up all at once to the delight of having a baby in the house. There were so many things to be uneasy about; so

many unpleasant things might hap-

But at length even she yielded her heart to the pretty little waif, for no good woman can hold out against a baby very long. No one with the mother instinct can resist the little one's unconscious pleading for love. Miss Janet accepted the baby in her calm, serene way.

All her life she had seemed to be set aside from the really live people She was only a looker on. She watched the tragedies and comedies about ier as we watch them, on the stage, If trouble came too near she retreated and took refuge in the hysterics that

rarely failed her. And so the baby had found a home, name, and loving friends, but noth ing was heard of its parents. Russell's love for it was wonderful.

He never tired of it, and every day found some new beauty to admire. Mamie wrote to Bertle about it, and very soon all the friends of the family knew the little there was to know about Russell's baby.

It was a time when strange happenings crowded each other so that no one of them could occupy the people very long. A lost or deserted baby here and there was no great cause for astonishment, after all. And no one ever dreamed whose baby was, or what right it had to their pro-

(To Be Continued.

LITTLE FUN OUT OF PIG.

The Animal Was Too Easily Caught-Humorist and Evangelist on Night-Jeweler Critically III-Anniversary Edition of The Enterprise Sent Out.

Special to The Observer. High Point, Sept. 14.—The greased pig race dast night at the auditorium must be pretty thick or you will know pink was attended by an overflow what I meen. If I rite agen I'll tell you rink was attended by an overflow house. Five dollars in gold were offered to the one who first caught the trully. pig and delivered it to a given point across the rink floor. A young man by the name of West first grappled the pig, but Zonah Russell also got his hands on it and delivered across the room. For this conflict the When asked, as a joke, how travelers him prize was evenly divided between the two. The fun was not as great as was expected, owing to the fact that Quite curt too much grease and a slick floor ing baby, and yet he must try to find kept the pig from making any time; its nurse. So he gathered the child and, therefore, becoming an easy up in his arms, holding it carefully prey to the onslaught of the skaters. Mr. John Ferree, resting on a

> trouble. John Thompson, the humorist, appear here in the opera house Tuesday night, the 17th. The same night Rev. George Stuart, the noted evangelist, will also hold forth, speaking STEER CROW. at South Main Street M. E. church.

At the annual election of four mem-

bers of the board of governors of the Manufacturers' Club last night the following were the lucky ones: Messrs. E. A. Snow, J. Elwood Cox. The committee appointed by Masonic order is out working for

trudged home with the baby fast large crowd here Monday night to Jim spatters away, most uncommonly greet the orphans from Oxford. Mr. W. H. Leighton, a jeweler of this place, is critically ill at his home Several days ago he was stricken with severe pains and now he has develop-

ed typhold fever. The attending physician is uneasy about him. The Daily Enterprise to-day out its special anniversary edition, consisting of 56 pages, check full of good reading matter about the town and the people who made it and are making it, together with quite a number of advertisements of factories and business houses. The edition is attractively got up, being printed on super-calender paper, photo-brown ink, size 15x11, and covered with fine catalogue covering, embossed and printed in two colors. It is one of the largest and most attractive editions of a daily newspaper ever got out in the State.

If real coffee disturbs your Stomach If real coffee disturbs your Stomach, your Heart or Kidneys, then try this relever Coffee unitation—Dr. Shoop's Health Coffee, Dr. Shoop has closely matched old Java and Mocha Coffee in flavor and teste, yet it has not a single grain of real Coffee in it. Dr. Shoop's Health Coffee Imitation is made from pure tessted grains or cereals, with Malt. Nuts, etc. Made in one minute. No tedious long wait. You will surely like it. Get a free saf-ple at our store. Miller-Van Ness Co.

TANGLEWOOD



Let all men shun this wilful ONE, Who walks with cloven feet; Whose artful wink still bids us think Some evil must COMPLETE.

He flaps and swings his bat-like wings, As ONES and demons do: His crocked grin betrays th That works some crooked TWO.

The firebrands of dissension; or king nor clown can put him down Or TWO the ONE'S invention.

Bombs he can fill, with free good will, For anarchy or riot;), would the elf blow up himself. The world might rest in quiet.

337-EOBBY'S VACATION.

Lake of the Woods, Aug. the 10.

Dear Ma-Please tell pop to send me sum monny; I got my last dollar changed ylsterday and if I don't git sum more rite away, tell pop, larceny will be the only way out. Our party is all rite now, but last week there was a few ill owing to the cold dump wether. Ive ben up to the cold, damp wether. Ive in every old tree around hear, lookin for nests; and last week I found a prand new hat, a real derby, and I'm gohn to fetch it home for pop if he sends me sum munny. I'm most reddy to cum home; its ben three weeks now, but that seems only a short time to a kid like me; but there is no use at all in denyin I want to see Carlo offul bad. Last nite a wasp entured our tent and the darned bee chased after me and I raced around till finally I run out doors to git red of him. I wish you could feel my mussle ma, and say you ought to see the dif-ferunt kind of trees hear. I've named sum of em in this letter and your hed ther names. I Goodbye, with Don't forgit the munny, lots of luv and vours Bobby.

An Eastern traveler of some renown, Who had traveled for months at a time With naked New Zealand natives

When asked,
dressed
In the wilds, replied, with a manner
In the wilds, replied, with a manner
Online curt: "Pole, SaR; *VaN * R*A* A* A *A*R* N*V*R *S *i*T ...
DE LANCE. 529-ANAGRAMS. IN ENGLAND. Find towns and cities that at first You may think you do not know;

bust change the letters all about

And the names familiar grow. 1. MEN CHASE T. R. 2. BIG THORN CLEAN STEW. 4. RAM HIM; BING BUSY LIARS. 6. MORE TINSEL. 7 GOLT, SIR! S. O. GLUE CREST. GOT HINT, MAN. 10, DROP AN L. PERT SON. 12, O. MAY HINDE 11. CARL LIES. 18. CLEAN RAIS. 1F SHE FLED. 20. O, ROUGH CRABS. PEANUT.

230-CHARADE. There goes barefeet Jini, in a hat with no On ONE-TWO or THREE he runs out: While James, who ONE TWOS, and re splendent new shoes Must sit on a ONE-TWO, and pout.

For the road is uncommonly muddy; 'oor James, kent inside till the wet THREE is dried, ONE also his primer to study. He punches a hole in his TWO, while his Revolts at each black line and letter; He scowle at "The cat who can sit on the

And hopes that the how-wows may get He plans that some day he will just run away, In a hat with a raggedy brim;

To dig his pure feet in the slushy COM-And splash through the puddles with

In this large garden of mine most of the plants contain some sort of living creature. I count 28 of them. Along this flower border sire pansies, snap-dragon, lilies, foxgloves, exalls, ronen, harebells, spiderwort and chryssathemums. In this further corner I have wild things, such as spearmint, cranesbill, hepaticas, horehound, wakerohin, hartstongue, coweifps, buttercups, wormwood, toaddax, and peppermint. Here are the useful plants, cucumbers, leeds grapes, horseradish, peaches, mandrakes, currents, saisify, carrots, buckwheat, Grass and weeds also spring up in the garden beds, such as cockle, shepherds purse, chickweed, fleabane, dock, pigeweed, duckweed and dandelion. The place is shaded by fine clim, catalpa, aspen and maple trees. MI-A ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.

232-FIGHTING LETTERS. Tween B and N the row began, Till both were done a sombre tan
As it progressed 'tween C and D,
A motley mob came up to see.

Proceeding then 'tween G and L It ended in an eerie yell; To C and N, by parting them, It brought a glittering diadem.

It threatened once to quench out life. But when it came to F and N. A scowl was all resulted then.

Twas bitter war 'tween S and M. A countless legion greeting them; Tween D and F its flery zount Produced a mite, like Aesop's mount. Wher It broke out 'tween S and D.

They both collapsed upon the lea; Then, winding up 'tween A and D, To them the trophy we decree. WM. WILSON.

373-ENIGMA. In the mideight through the wood, We two have rouned together; With the brooks, in merry mood, We babble on forever.

Though not by you invited: You saw us stretched along you Unless you are short-sighted.

On foot we often wander; Although a roof is ours by right, And this, too, you may ponder. With all the poor, and with the good, We are most strongly rooted; And, though not often understood,

In many questions mooted without us no event comes soon, However much expected; And even life is not a boon

When we are left rejected. ANSWERS. 318-1. Wheatear, Mino. 2. Baldpate. 3. Dods, Jay. 4. Blackcap, Goose, 5. Fly-catcher, 6. Dipper Pintall 7. Cutwater, 8. Reetlehead, Wall-creeper, 9. Nuturack-

er, Knot. 319-1. Haywood. 2 Davie. 3, Greens. 319-1. Haywood. 2 Pavic. 2 Green. 4 Alamanee. 5 Dare. 6 Carteret. 7. Bertle. 8 Anson. 9 Ashe 10 Vance. 11 Nash. 12 Polk. 13 Onsiow 14 Mar-rin 15 Moore 16 Warren. 17 Macon. 18 Pitt. 19 Davidson. 20 Rowan. 21 Madison. 2 Gates. 13 Scotland. 24 321-1. Arbores-cent. 2. De-cent.

2. Evanes-cent. 10. Adja-cent. 11. In-cent. 12. Translu-cent. 13. Phosphores-cent. 15. Irid-3-cent. 15. Incandes-cent. 16. Coales-cent. 17. Inde-cent. 18. Ju-vents-cent. 19. Nas-cent. 20. Convales-cent. 21. Obsoles-cent. 22. Inno-cent. 21. Ferefi-cent. 22. Ketl-cent. 25. Quies-cent. 522-Sucw. no. 193-1. Plusoandry (husband-dry). 2. Whiten (whitsen). 3. Fartlest (corellist). #3-1. Plusoandry (husband-dry). 2. Writen (whit-ter). 3. Earliest (carl-liest).

. Factory (fact-tory). 5. Mother emoth-

to. Adja-cent. II

9. Evanes-cent.

6. Massage (mass-sage). m4 La-ugh. 325-Singer, singe, sing, sin, si, S. Don't be afraid to give Chamberlain's ough Remedy to your children. It con-

tains no opium or other harmful drug. It always cures. For sale by W. L. Passed Examination Successfully. James Donahue, New Britain, Conn. "I tried several kidney remedies and was treated by our best physicians for dispetes, but did not improve until I tock Foley's Kidney Cure. After the second bottle I showed improvement, and five bottles cured me completely. I have since passed a rigid examination for life insurance." Foley's Kidney Cure tures back ache and all forms of kidney

R. H. Jordan &

and bladder trouble.

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