

SOME WORKING GIRLS LOSE TOO MUCH TIME

Two Girls Tell How To Avoid It.

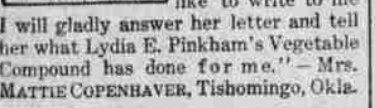
There is nothing that teaches more than experience. We therefore quote from the letters of two girls who suffered and were restored to health. The same remedy is within reach of all.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—"Prior to taking the first bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I suffered agony every month, but after your wonderful medicine had been taken a while I felt a little better, and after taking seven bottles of it I feel that I can truly say I have no more pain or inconvenience."

"As I am out in the business world as a stenographer, I come in contact with many girls, and when the opportune moment arrives I tell them about the Vegetable Compound and I know that quite a few are taking it."—HELEN CANET, 556 Dean St.

Another Girl's Experience.

Tishomingo, Okla.—"I am a stenographer and book-keeper, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has saved my life. I am enjoying the best of health now, but I was suffering from female troubles and painful periods, and would have backache, headache and fainting spells. If any woman would like to write to me I will gladly answer her letter and tell her what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—Mrs. MATTIE COPELAND, Tishomingo, Okla.



Portrait of a young woman, likely the author of the testimonial.

Whereas, Harriet Q. Moore and husband, James Moore, did on the 29th day of June, 1910, execute and deliver to S. G. Bernard, trustee, a trust deed on certain lands in Buncombe county, North Carolina, therein described, to secure the sum of \$124.25 due by said Harriet Q. Moore and James Moore to Scott Lumber company, which said trust deed is recorded in Buncombe county in Book 36, page 41, of Mortgages and Deeds in Trust, to which reference is hereby made; and, whereas, default has been made in the payment of the moneys secured by said trust deed; and, whereas, the undersigned has been duly requested to execute the trust therein contained;

Now therefore notice is hereby given, that under and by virtue of the power contained in said trust deed, I, the undersigned trustee, on Saturday, the 23rd day of November, 1912, at 12 o'clock m., at the court house door in the city of Asheville in Buncombe county, will, by public auction, sell to the highest bidder for cash, the following described property, viz: Lying and being in said county of Buncombe, North Carolina, adjoining the lands of J. S. T. Baird, Sedmon, Martha J. Way, Wm. Roberts and others, described as follows: In the county of Buncombe, state of North Carolina, about two and one-half miles north of Asheville, and bounded and more particularly described as follows: Beginning on a white oak on N. W. Woodlin's old corner and runs a westerly course with said Robert's line to J. S. T. Baird's line; thence with said Baird's line to the Bechtelmann road; to the east with said road to said Redmon's and Way's corner in said road; thence with said Redmon's line to the beginning, containing four acres and eight rods, more or less.

Said land will be sold to satisfy the debt secured by said trust deed, and such title will be given as is vested in said trustee.

This October 21st, 1912. S. G. BERNARD, Trustee.

DEED OF TRUST.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain deed in trust made and executed by C. L. Greenwood and wife, E. L. Greenwood, to A. S. Barnard, trustee, to secure the indebtedness therein contained on the 20th day of July, 1908, and duly recorded in Book 14, at page 227, of the record of mortgages and deeds of trust, in the Register of Deeds' office at Buncombe county, North Carolina, to which reference is hereby made for all purposes, and by reason of default having been made in the payment of said indebtedness secured by said deed in trust whereby the power of sale has become operative, and upon the request of the owner and holder of said indebtedness to exercise such power of sale the undersigned will on the 11th day of Nov., 1912, at 12 o'clock, noon, sell at public auction to the last and highest bidder for cash at the County Court House door in the city of Asheville, Buncombe County, North Carolina, the lands and premises described in said deed of trust.

This the 5th day of October, 1912. A. S. BARNARD, Trustee.

ALLISON'S Drug Store

43 Patton Ave. "A Good Drug Store."

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THE DRUGGISTS' ASSOCIATION... Sold by all druggists.

LOGAN

Logan's Compound... Sold by all druggists.

The Sable Lorcha

BY Horace Hazeltine

CHAPTER XIX.

The Pang of Disillusion. The sick room was dark. So dark that for a little, until our eyes accustomed themselves to it, we could hardly distinguish objects. But our ears required no attuning. Even in the passageway, separated by a heavy mahogany door, we had hint of what was going on within; and as we entered, a hoarse trade smote us in the gloom, like an assault from ambush.

To us both the tone and words were alike unfamiliar. In infection and modulation the voice was strange. And the uttered sounds were a coarse, horrid jargon. Once I thought I detected an English oath, but I was not sure. Evelyn clutched my hand and I could feel against me the tremble of her slim young body. Gladly I would have spared her this ordeal, but I had been no less unprepared than she. And now, as gradually shapes defined themselves less dimly in the gloom, the horror grew; and, held by it, speechless, inert, I stood where I had paused—the quivering girl very close beside me—staring, listening, wondering.

It was a large room, lofty of ceiling, with high windows, across which heavy curtains were drawn; and the only light was that which stole between these hangings or filtered through three dark, richly-colored, glass medallions set in a side wall. Cameron's bed, a massive, ornately carved four-poster, was hung with fringed and embroidered velvet, and in the dusk of the chamber it took on the somber likeness of a catafalque, adding to the eerie seeming a touch of the funereal. Inconspicuously from the shadowy midst of it came that ranted signifier of strange words, now high pitched, now bass, now guttural.

What had at first seemed a moving gray patch had developed by degrees into the white, night-robed, sitting figure of the invalid, swaying excitedly, with arms extended in ceaseless gestures. For a long moment this uncanny object had held my gaze, but presently near the bed's foot, I descried Bryan's white uniform and the slight brought a measure of relief. In response to a beckoning head-tilt, the nurse joined us.

"I thought you had better come," he whispered, quite calmly. "I thought possibly you might understand what he is saying."

"But I don't," I whispered back. "It's a real language I never heard of. What do you imagine it is?"

"I have an idea it's Chinese," he answered. "It sounds like the stuff you hear at a Chinese theater, and I caught two or three words of pidgin-English, just before you—"

"There!" he murmured. "Did you hear that? Maskee. That was plain enough. It means 'never mind.' A little while ago he was evidently trying to hurry some one. It was chop-choo about every other sentence."

Evelyn's eyes shone luminous in the gloom. "Can't you give him something to quiet him?" she begged. "It's awful to let him go on like this. It's cruel. He seems to be in such distress."

where, and the nurse was pressing home the piston of that little shining instrument of glass and silver which I had so recently seen him take up from the medicine table.

For a moment the patient roiled about, restlessly, muttering strange oaths, mingled with suppliant murmurs. And to me this was the most sadly trying part of the incident. I would gladly have retreated, but Evelyn begged me to wait.

"Just until he is quiet," she pleaded; "just until he falls asleep."

At length he lay quite still and we thought from his regular breathing he had succumbed to the narcotic, and so were about to go, when he started up with a little feeble cry, low-voiced, but clearly distinct.

"No, no, for God's sake, not that! I didn't kill them. I swear I didn't kill them. It was an accident. She stove on a rock. I—I—didn't, I say! I didn't—"

His voice trailed into silence. He dropped back, heavily, upon the pillows. He slept.

It is one thing to have your faith in a friend shaken. That is serious enough in all conscience. But your faith may tremble, and sway and rock, and still there is always the possibility of its being restorated and made firm again by explanation—by extenuation even. It is quite another thing to have your faith toppled headlong, by the snatching away of the last vestige of support, the last sliver of underpinning. That is more than serious. It is calamitous; it is catastrophic; it is tragic.

Back in the library again, I set to pacing the floor. I think Evelyn resumed her seat in the big leather chair, I am sure. For a time I was not conscious that she was in the room. That it was inconsiderate of me, I admit. It was, perhaps, unparadonable. And yet it was not willful. Frankly, I had forgotten her, absolutely, in the stress of the emotional tempest raised by that revelation in the darkened bedchamber.

Back and forth, I strode from bookcase to bookcase, over the soft, neutral-tinted Persian rugs; and all the while there echoed those repeated denials of Cameron's that he had ever been in China. "Never nearer than Yokohama," he had said. "Once I ate chop suey in a Chicago Chinese restaurant." "I have always been interested in China and the Chinese, but I know only what I have read." And the words of his quondam friend came back to me now, too, with redoubled emphasis: "He refused to admit what I knew to be the truth."

Nevertheless I had chosen to believe that Cameron, should he ever return to us, would be able to clarify this turbid stream of circumstances, and prove the fallibility of appearances. The illusion to which I had clung, however, was now in shreds. Cameron, returning, with body enfeebled and brain confused, had spoken in his unguarded delirium. The mask was dropped, the screen thrown down, and barefaced and stark he stood revealed, a woeful figure in the impartial glare of truth.

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GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought In Use For Over 30 Years

THE CANTON COMPANY, 27 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

she had known him. But in a very brief moment she disabused me. "It is not he, at all," she declared, with emphasis. "There is a resemblance, yes. But the man you found in the street is not Robert Cameron; I am sure of that."

"The idea that I had brought there, not my friend, but my friend's double, seemed to me too preposterous for a moment's entertainment. I fear I suspected, just then, that Evelyn's reason had been warped a trifle by the racking scene of which we had been witnesses."

"I would to God, my dear child," I said, sympathetically, "that you were right. But there can be no question as to the identity of the sick man. Every one who has seen him recognized him at once—Checkabeedy, Louis, Stephen, Dr. Massey. No, no, Evelyn, you must not be misled by his ravings." And at this point there occurred to me a tentative explanation—one in which I did not in the least believe, but which, at all events, was worth trying; one which, indeed, I prayed would serve.

"Cameron, you must remember, has been with his Chinese captors for four weeks. In that time he must have picked up something of their language. It is only natural that he should. So, you see, to hear him use a few words of pidgin-English in his insane gibberish is not so remarkable, after all. And as for that spirited denial just before he dropped off to sleep, it is very evident that they accused him of something with which he had no connection, though quite cognizant of the facts."

But the girl would have none of it. Tolerantly she listened, and tolerantly she smiled when I had finished. "No, no, Philip," she insisted, "I see

it all quite clearly. Whatever offense was committed, the creature lying there committed it. But he is not my uncle. Others mistake the resemblance for identity, just as you did, only the situation was reversed. Those who abducted Uncle Robert thought they were abducting that villain we are now housing."

It was an ingenious notion, but of course it was not possible. However, I saw that it would be idle to continue to dispute with her.

"What would you suggest, then? Shall we send our invalid to a hospital?" I asked, in pretended seriousness.

But very sagely she shook her head. "Oh, no," she returned. "We must keep him. He is very valuable to us. Perhaps we can do as contending armies do—arrange an exchange of prisoners."

In spite of my wretchedness, I suppressed a smile. It was all very amusing; and yet the fear that she was suffering aberration due to hysteria, tempered pitifully the humor of it.

When, later in the afternoon, Dr. Massey called, I told him everything, including this hallucination of Evelyn's.

"You did perfectly right," he said, in tones of cordial approval. "The malady with which Cameron is afflicted has a tendency to distort certain lineaments. Especially at times of excitement his face changes, so that Miss Grayson is justified in fancying that this is not the Robert Cameron she knew. I have noticed the dissimilarity myself, but it is due, of course, entirely to distorted expression. In a couple of days, at most, he will be fully restored, and then he himself will be the best one to rectify her error. Meanwhile, if I were you, I would not dispute her. She has gone through a great deal, and gone through it bravely; indeed with a courage that is quite phenomenal, and she is entitled to any little consolatory beliefs that she chooses to entertain."

And then, as if such advice were not wholly superfluous, he added: "Be kind to her, Clyde! be good to her. She is a wonderful young woman."

Breakfast In a Good, Warm Room

A "warm" breakfast—the kind that sends you out ready braced for a good day's work—should be eaten in a warm room. You lose half the good of the meal if you are shivering in discomfort while you eat it. A Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater makes breakfast a cozy meal for the whole family. No smoke or smell with a Perfection. Easily cleaned. Easily moved from room to room. An ornament anywhere; a luxury in the bedroom; a necessity in the sewing-room or the bathroom. Dealers everywhere, or write for descriptive circular. STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Incorporated in New Jersey) Newark, N. J. Baltimore, Md.

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Will speak at the Odd Fellows' Home at West Asheville Tuesday night at 7:30 o'clock in the interest of democracy.

EVERYBODY INVITED

At 1 o'clock Wednesday afternoon Hon. W. T. Crawford and R. M. Wells will speak at the Leicester school house, on the issues of the campaign.

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When you have a bad cold you want the best medicine obtainable so as to cure it with as little delay as possible. Here is a druggist's opinion: "I have sold Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for fifteen years," says Eben Leiler of Saratoga, Ind., "and consider it the best on the market." For each of all diseases.

Asheville Power & Light Co.