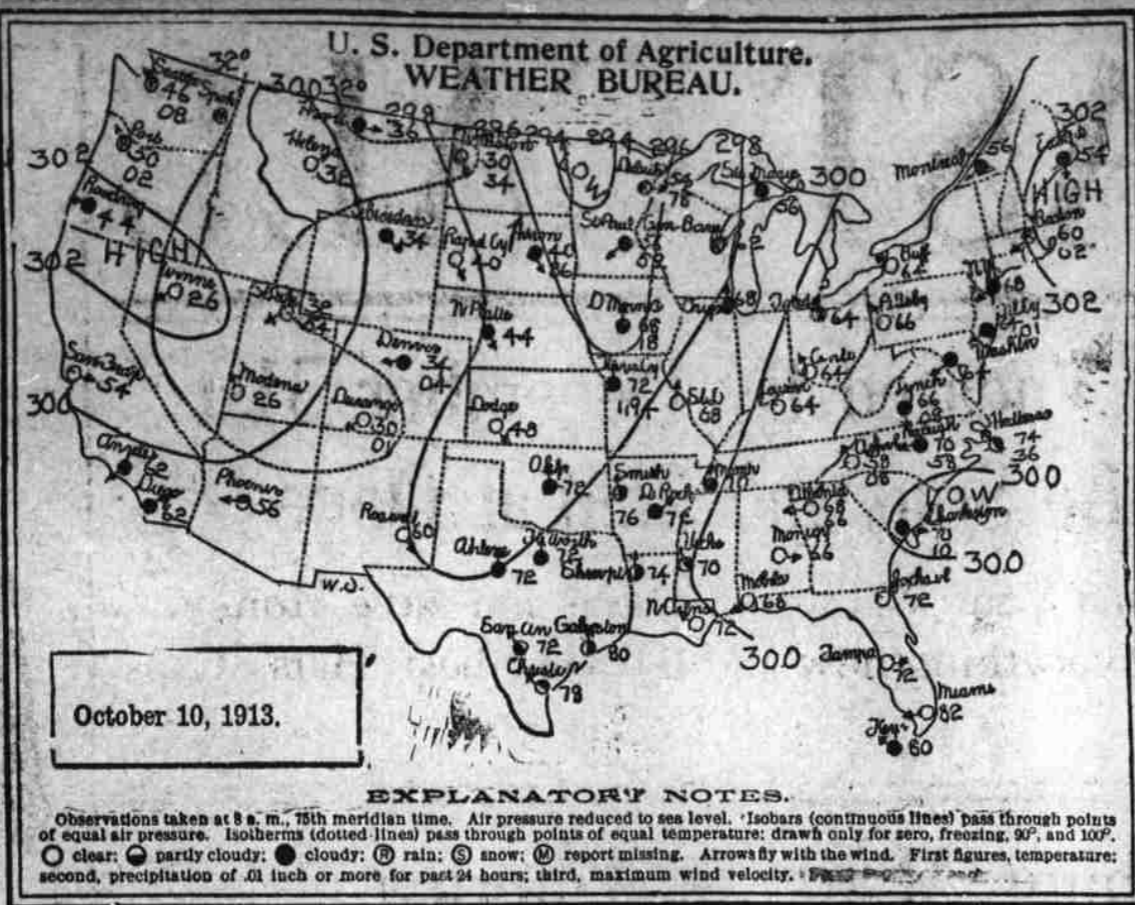


CHORUS GIRLS' CONTEST AT MAJESTIC TONIGHT

The popularity of the "Passing Parade" company has been widely established and when it was announced that the various members of the big beauty chorus of that excellent company would enter into a Chorus Girls' Contest at the Majestic tonight it created a desire on the part of hundreds of the audience to witness the contest. It is expected that the largest crowds that ever visited the Majestic will be in evidence.

The "Passing Parade" company has their engagement tonight and their feature acts of vaudeville will hold the boards at the Majestic Saturday, matinee and night.



THE WEATHER

TEMPERATURE	Lowest	Highest
Asheville	55	78
Atlanta	66	84
Birmingham	64	84
Charleston	68	74
Charlotte	66	78
Denver	32	63
Galveston	78	84
Jacksonville	68	88

Knoxville	62	84
Mobile	68	82
New Orleans	70	88
New York	64	72
Raleigh	70	76
San Francisco	54	68
Tampa	66	86
Washington	64	76
Wilmington	68	78

weather tonight and Saturday. For North Carolina: Unsettled weather tonight and Saturday, light variable winds.

General Conditions (Past 24 Hours). The western storm has moved eastward with greatly increased energy and is now centered near Lake Winnipeg. This storm now dominates weather conditions over the Lake region, the upper Mississippi valley, the northern Plains states and the eastern slope of the Rocky mountains. The Atlantic coast storm has decreased in energy but has again caused rain in the middle Atlantic states and the Carolinas. Rains have occurred in the north Pacific states and from the Rocky Mountains eastward to the Lake region. The following heavy precipitation (in inches) has been reported during the last 24 hours: Kansas City, 1.94. Unsettled weather is indicated for this vicinity tonight and Saturday.

T. R. TAYLOR, Observer.

THE ISLAND OF THE STAIRS

Being a True Account of Certain Strange and Wonderful Adventures of Master John Hampdon, Seaman, and Mistress Lucy Wilberforce, Gentlewoman, in the Great South Seas.

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Copyright, 1912, by Cyrus Townsend Brady (CONTINUED.)

"Master Hampdon," she began, "to what a sorry pass am I reduced! What shall I do now?"

"My lady," said I, "the sorriest part of the pass to which you have been brought is that you have in me such a poor counselor, a rough sailor, but one who would, nevertheless, give his heart's blood to promote your welfare, or do you any service."

Now, as I said that I laid my hand on the breast of my coat, and as I bent awkwardly enough toward her—I could not even bow as gracefully as the little attorney just departed—I felt the paper which I had taken from Sir Geoffrey's hand and which I had entirely forgotten in the hurry and confusion of the days that had followed his death. I stood open mouthed with surprise and shame at my careless forgetfulness, and stared at her.

"What is it?" she asked, instantly noting my amazement.

"I am a fool, madam, a blundering fool," said I, drawing forth the paper, "here is a letter addressed to you which I should have delivered at once." I continued, extending it toward her.

She tore open the envelope as she spoke and drew forth a letter, unfolded it and there dropped from it a little piece of parchment which I instantly picked up and extended to her, but she was so engrossed in the letter that she did not see my action and paid no attention to my outstretched hand.

I looked at the parchment I held in my hand. It was evidently the half of a larger sheet which had been torn in two. The right half was in my possession. A glance showed me that it was a part of a rudely drawn map, apparently of an island, although lacking the other half of that I could not be quite certain. It was lettered in characters which were very old and quaint, and some figures in the upper left hand corner gave a latitude. The outlines of the map and the letters and figures were all very dim and faded.

My lady's letter was a short one, for she looked up from it presently, her eyes filled with tears, the first I had seen there, and for that reason I was glad she should enjoy this relief. I suppose the fact that she was so alone and had no one else induced her to confide in me. At any rate she extended the paper to me.

"Read it," she said. "'Tis my father's last word to me."

I took it from her, and this is what I read:

My Dear Lucy—As an ancient king of France once said, "Everything is lost but honor," and that trembles in the balance, I have speculated, gambled, tempted fortune, first because I loved it and at last hoping to win for you. But everything has gone wrong. You are penniless. Even your mother's fortune, of which she foolishly made me trustee, has followed my own. Master Ficklin may save something from the wreck. I hope so. I can do no more, and perhaps—nay, certainly—the best thing I can do for you is to leave you. May God help you since I cannot. Your shamed and unhappy father, GEOFFREY WILBERFORCE.

Post Scriptum.—The last thing that I possess is this scrap of parchment. It has been handed down from father to son for five generations. The tradition of it is lost, but there has always been attached to it a singular value. Perhaps some day the missing part may turn up. At any rate, of all that I once had this is what is left. Should you marry and have children pass it to them. A foolish request, but I am moved to make it as my father made it to me.

G. W.

I read it slowly. It was not a brave man's letter. I liked Sir Geoffrey less than ever before. Some of the ancient awe and reverence I felt for the family went out of my heart then.

"Here," said I, "is the inclosure to which your father refers."

She took it listlessly, but as her glance fell upon it her face brightened.

"Why," she exclaimed, brushing aside her tears, "I have the other half. It came to me from my mother. When she died, five years ago, she gave it to me with much the same account as my father gives. I have never shown it to any one—never mentioned it even."

"Why not?" I asked.

"I scarcely know. It was valueless. I attached no special importance to it. But now, now!"

"It is a miracle," I said, "that the two pieces should have come together in your hands."

"I don't yet understand what it all means," she said, "but—"

"Meanwhile," said I, "may I respectfully suggest that you get the other piece and let me look at it?"

"You!" she flashed out in one of those sudden changes of mood, sometimes so delightful and sometimes the reverse.

"I am a seafaring man, as you know, mistress," said I humbly, "and I am accustomed to study maps and charts.

Our Store Will Be Closed Tomorrow (SATURDAY) Until 6 P. M.

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Gowns, Muslin Underwear, Messaline Petticoats, Shirt Waists, Knit Underwear, Kimonos, all at Reduced Prices today.

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that ring around the island?"

"That will be a coral reef, I take it. They usually are broken at some point so that ships can sail within, but here is a complete circle inclosing the island. There seems to be no entrance anywhere. 'Tis unusual and most strange."

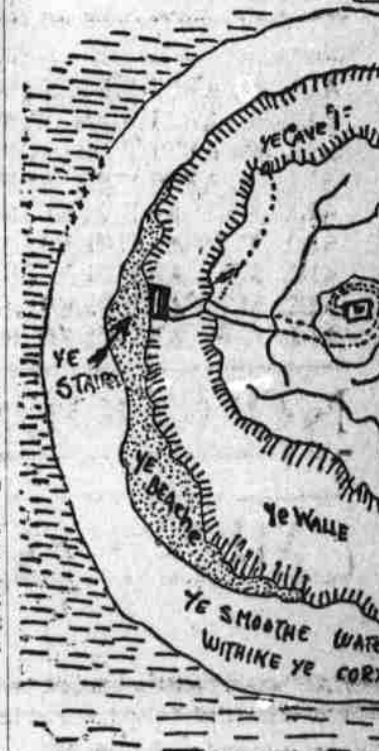
"Perhaps the man that drew it made a mistake."

"I think not. The map has been made by a seafaring man, that is plain."

"I see, and the island itself is a circle," she said, bending to inspect it more closely.

"Yes," said I, "and it is like no island that I have ever seen, for here be two great rings like a gigantic wall and a

YE LAT, 21°-40'S



One Half of the Map of the Island.

hill or something of the sort in the middle." I bent lower over it in my turn. My eyes are unusually keen, and I saw a word written on the outside of the island proper and between it and the coral reef. "See," said I, "the word 'Stairs!'"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PALAIS ROYAL 5 and 7 S. Main St.

It is a genuine pleasure to show our new Fall Display of Ladies' SUITS, COATS AND DRESSES.

The most attractive styles we have ever had—the most pleasing values we have ever been able to secure—the most decidedly enticing prices we have ever shown—all tend to make this an especially advantageous place for you to come to for your new apparel this season.

We hope you will come soon and see this splendid exhibit while it is at its best—then you will realize as never before that it pays to trade at The Palais Royal. One lot suits, special tomorrow, no two alike... \$12.50. See the best value ever offered for tomorrow, ladies' suits... \$10.00. You'll see some particularly smart "Sport Coats" here—some are plain, loose mannish sack coats with or without a wide belt, others are the Norfolk style. Some are plain colors, others are striped or checked. We're showing excellent values.



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At Majestic Tonight "CHORUS GIRLS' CONTEST"

Participated In By Every Member of The Big Beauty Chorus Of "The Passing Parade" Co. Hilarity, Fun, Laughs, Good Time For All.

TWO COMBINED SHOWS FOR ONE ADMISSION
First show starts 7:30 promptly.

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4 Feature Vaudeville Acts 4

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