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To Our Customers, Friends & Enemies, (IF THERE BE ANY?)

We thank you for the patronage you have given us in 1911.

We extend you our heartiest best wishes for a merry Christmas and a very happy New Year.

We Will Be Doing Business at the Same Old Stand in 1912

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No matter how acute or how slight is your deafness you will hear normally with the Acousticon.

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FOR THE CURE OF COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS.



My Lady of the North

THE LOVE STORY OF A GRAY JACKET
By RANDALL PARISH
Illustrations by Arthur T. Williamson

CHAPTER XVII.

Through the Camp of the Enemy. A glance at my watch told me that it was already within a few moments of midnight. There was, however, no diminution in the festivities, and I waited in silence until I heard the sentries calling the hour, and then pressed my way back into the noisy, crowded ballroom.

A few hundred yards farther a fire burned redly against a pile of logs. The forms of several men lay out stretched beside it, while a sentry paced back and forth, in and out of the range of light. We were almost upon him before he noted our approach, and in his haste he swung his musket down from his shoulder until the point of its bayonet nearly touched my breast.

"Halt! He cried sternly, peering at us in evident surprise. 'Halt! This road is closed.'

"'Valley Forge,' whispered the girl, and I noticed how white her face appeared in the flaming of the fire.

"The word is all right, Miss," returned the fellow, stoutly, yet without lowering his obstructing gun. "But we cannot pass any one out on the counterguard alone. You was going the other way it would answer."

"But we are returning from the officers' ball," she urged anxiously, "and are one our way to Major Brennan's quarters. We have passes."

As she drew the paper from out her sleeve one of the men at the fire sprang to his feet and strode across the narrow road toward us. He was smooth of face and boyish looking, but wore corporal's stripes.

"What is it, Mope?" he asked sharply.

Without waiting an answer he took the paper she held out and scanned it rapidly.

"This is all right," he said, handing it back, and lifting his cap in salute. "You may pass, madam. You must be content with the sentry's escort, and strictly to-night. Have you a pass also, Colonel?" I handed it to him, and after a single glance it was returned.

"Pass them, guard," he said curtly, standing aside.

Beyond the radiance of the fire she broke the silence.

"I shall only be able to go with you so far as the summit of the hill yonder, for our quarters are just to the right, and I could furnish no excuse for being found beyond that point," she said. "Do you know enough of the country to make the lines of your army?"

"If this is the Kendallville pike we are on," I answered, "I have a pretty clear conception of what lies ahead, but I should be very glad to know where I am to look for the outer sentry."

"There is one post at the ford over the White Briar," she replied. "I chance to know this because Major Brennan selected the station, and remarked that the stream was so high and rapid as to be impassable at any other point for miles. But I regret this is as far as my information extends."

I started to say something—what I hardly know—when, almost without sound of warning, a little squad of horsemen swept over the brow of the hill in our front, their forms darkly outlined against the starlit sky, and rode down toward us at a sharp trot. I had barely time to swing my companion out of the track when they clattered by, their heads bent low to the wind, and seemingly oblivious to the save the movements of their leader.

"Sheridan!" I whispered, for even in that dimness I had not failed to recognize the short, erect figure which rode in front.

The woman shuddered, and drew closer within my protecting shadow. Then out of the darkness there burst a solitary rider, his horse limping as if crippled, and would have ridden us down, had I not flung up one hand and grasped his bridle-rein.

"Great Scott! what have we here?" he cried roughly, peering down at us. "By all the gods, a woman!"

The hand upon my arm clutched me desperately, and my own heart seemed to choke back every utterance. The voice was Brennan's.



"Halt! This Road is Closed."

ingly, "that Mrs. Brennan will never forget anything which I would not gladly yield."

She flashed her eyes brightly into his face.

"Most assuredly not. The fact is, General, Colonel Curran, with whom I see you are already acquainted, was to pass the lines of the Major's quarters, and as he has not yet returned the duty has naturally devolved upon me to see our guest safely deposited. We are at the Mitchell House, you remember, which is beyond the inner lines; and while, of course, I have been furnished with a pass," she held up the paper for his inspection, "and have been also instructed as to the counterguard, I fear this will scarcely suffice for the safe passage of the Colonel."

The General laughed good-humoredly, evidently pleased with her assumption of military knowledge.

"Colonel Curran is certainly to be congratulated upon having found so charming a guide, madam, and I can assure you I shall most gladly do my part toward the success of the expedition. The Major was expected back before this, I believe."

"He left word that if he had not returned by twelve I was to wait for him no longer, as he should go directly to his quarters. I find the life of a soldier to be extremely uncertain."

"We are our country's servants, madam," he replied proudly, and then taking out a pad of blanks from his pocket, turned to me.

"May I ask your full name and rank, Colonel?"

"Patrick L. Curran, Colonel, Sixth Ohio Light Artillery."

He wrote it down rapidly, tore off the paper, and handed it to me.

"That will take you safely through our inner guard lines," he said gravely, "that being as far as my jurisdiction extends. Good-night, Colonel; good-night, Mrs. Brennan."

We bowed ceremoniously, and the next moment Mrs. Brennan and I were out upon the steps, breathing the cool night air. I glanced curiously at her face as the gleam of light fell upon it—how calm and reserved she appeared, and yet her eyes were aglow with intense excitement. At the foot of the steps she glanced up at the dark, projecting roof far above us.

"Do you suppose he can possibly be up there yet?" she asked, in a tone so low as to be inaudible to the ears of the sentry.

"What Bungary?" I questioned in surprise, for my thoughts were elsewhere. "Oh, he was like a cat, and there are trees at the rear. Probably he is safe long ago, or else a prisoner once more."

Beyond the gleam of the uncovered windows all was wrapped in complete darkness, save that here and there we could distinguish the dull red glare of campfires where the company cooks were yet at work, or some sentry post had been established. We

ly able to distinguish the glint of buttons and gleam of brass.

"Your pardon, sir," he ejaculated at last. "I mistook you for some runaway soldier. But I failed to catch your words; how did you name your self?"

"Colonel Curran, of Major-General Halleck's staff."

"The hell you are! Curran had a full gray beard a month ago."

He took a step forward, and before I could recover from the first numbing shock of surprise was peering intently into my face.

"Damn it!" he cried, tugging viciously at a revolver in his belt. "I know that face! You are the messy Johnny Reb I brought in day before yesterday."

There came a quick flutter of drapery at my side, the pressing me firmly backward, faced him without a word.

The man's extended arm dropped to his side as though pierced by a bullet, and he took one step backward, shrinking as if his startled eyes beheld a ghastly specter.

"Edith!" he cried, as though doubting his own vision, and the ring of agony in his voice was almost piercing. "Edith! My God! You here, at midnight, alone with this man?"

However the words, the tone, the gesture may have struck her, her face remained proudly calm, her voice cold and clear.

"I certainly am, Major Brennan," she answered, her eyes never once leaving his face. "And may I ask what reason you can have to object?"

"Reason?" His voice had grown hoarse with passion and surprise. "My God, how can you ask? How can you even face me? Why do you not stink down in shame? Alone here,"—he looked about him into the darkness—as such at hour, in company with a Rebel, a sneaking cowardly spy, already condemned to be shot. By Heaven! he shall never live to boast of it!"

He flung up his revolver barrel to prove the truth of his threat, but one step toward me, and he had fallen, and shielded me with her form.

"Put down your pistol," she ordered coldly. "I assure you my reputation is in no immediate danger unless you shoot me, and your bullet shall certainly find my heart before it ever reaches Captain Wayne."

"Truly, you must indeed love him," he sneered.

So close to me was she standing that I could feel her form tremble at this insult, yet her voice remained emotionless.

"You uncalculated words shame me not, my friend. In being here with Captain Wayne tonight I am merely paying a simple debt of honor—a double debt, indeed, considering that he was condemned to death by your lie, while you deceived me by another."

"He told you that?"

"He did not. Like the true gentle

Louisville Courier-Journal.

"All things come to him who waits"—provided he is patient and a good stayer. A paragraph going the rounds of the Kentucky papers is an exemplification of the saying. Forty-two years ago a boy in Clay county, who was then seventeen years old, purchased a tract of land, and paid for it with six sheep, five hogs, one cow, and a rifle. A few days ago he sold the same tract of land for \$31,940, cash in hand.

This was no get-rich-quick proposition. It did not involve any risk. It was merely a question of time and patience, and this Clay county man was blessed with a liberal supply of both. It was slow business, but it was safe and sure. It would not appeal to a Napoleon of finance, and it perhaps would be a too long drawn process for the average man, for life is short, and most Americans do not like to wait. There is nothing so very remarkable about it, for land everywhere is increasing in value and must continue to increase, so long as the country grows in population. Nevertheless, it was a pretty good stroke of business for the country boy when he swapped his rifle and his live stock for a liberal slice of mother earth. In the years intervening, it may well be imagined, he has not been idle. He has put his mountain land to good use. He has made a living, and more than a living, and at fifty-nine he finds himself with a comfortable fortune.

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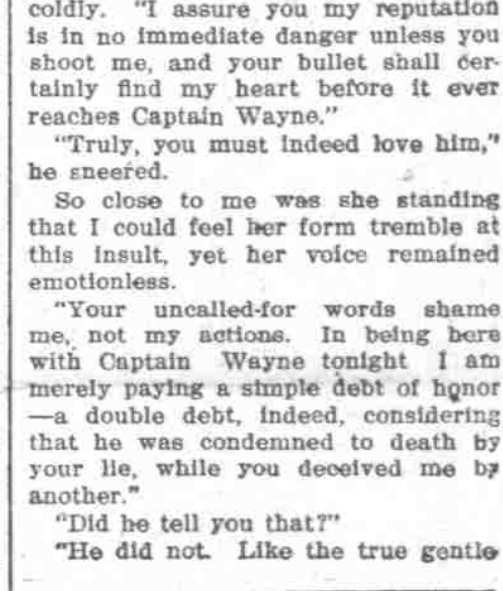
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The nourishing and curative elements in Scott's Emulsion are so perfectly combined that all (babies, children and adults) are equally benefited and built up.

Be sure to get SCOTT'S—it's the Standard and always



"Put Down Your Pistol," She Ordered Coldly.

man he has ever shown himself to be, he endeavored to disguise the facts to withhold from me all knowledge of your dastardly action. I know it by the infamous sentence pronounced against him and by your falsehood to me."

"Edith, you mistake," he urged anxiously. "I never told that he had been sent North."

She drew a deep breath, as though she could scarcely grasp the full audacity of his pretence to ignorance.

"You appeared to be fully informed before now as to his death sentence."

"Yes, I heard of it while away, and intended telling you as soon as I reached our quarters."

I could feel the scorn of his miserable deception as it curled her lip, and her figure seemed to straighten between us.

"Then," she said slowly, "you will doubtless agree that I have done no more than was right, and will therefore permit him this chance of escape from so unmerited a fate; for you know as well as I do that he has been wrongly condemned."

He stepped forward with a half-smothered oath, and rested one hand heavily upon her shoulder.

"I rather guess not, madam," he said. "Damn him! I will hang him now higher than Haman, but to show Queen Esther that it can be done. Out of the way, madam!"

Rendered desperate by her slight resistance and his own jealous hatred, he thrust the woman aside so rudely that she fell forward upon one knee. His revolver was yet in his right hand, gleaming in the starlight, but before he could raise or fire it I had grasped the steel barrel firmly, and the hammer came down noiselessly upon the flesh of my thumb. The next instant we were locked close together in fierce struggle for the mastery. He was the heavier, stronger man; I the younger and quicker. From the first every effort on both sides was put forth solely to gain command of the weapon—his to fire, mine to prevent. For I knew well as the sound of the discharge there would come a rush of blue-coats to his rescue. My first three shots had put him on the de-

TO GROW MEAT ARTIFICIALLY.

Review of Reviews.

The artificial production of food, by merely chemical processes, has always been a dream of the scientific man. A recent discovery brings this within the possibilities, provided the chemist is allowed an organic cell to start with. In a recent issue we reported in this department the noteworthy success of Prof. W. H. Lewis, and his wife, of Johns Hopkins, in causing cellular substances to grow indefinitely outside of the organisms to which they originally belonged. Dr. Lewis is now reported that this step which was so "greatly" on a vegetable basis, says the *Hygienic and Hygienic Gazette* (New York, October), quoting in part from T. P.'s Weekly:

"What Dr. Lewis and his wife claim to have actually accomplished is this: They have taken pieces of chicken, placed them in a saline solution, and grown chicken meat. They have discovered that it is possible to cut off some of this chicken meat without hindering further growth, and the process can be repeated indefinitely. They also claim that the process can be applied to any sort of flesh. Dealing with the question of his discoveries, Dr. Lewis says: 'The value of all these experiments which my wife and I have conducted has several different phases. For instance, it may some day have a great commercial value. There is nothing to prevent our operations from being conducted on a much larger scale. Suppose that you had a number of vats filled with saline solutions, and that in these solutions you put the muscles or other organs of various animals, not only while in the embryo, but even when they had reached the adult stage. There would be large growths, and these would be edible. In other words, the salt solutions could be turned into incubators, sure to hatch, and from which pieces of embryo chicks could be taken every day without hindering the increase of the supply.'

"Go! And leave you here alone! Are you not afraid?"

"Afraid?" she looked about her into the darkness. "Of what? Surely you do not mean of Frank—of Major Brennan? And as to my being alone, our quarters are within a scant hundred yards from here, and a single cry will bring me aid in plenty. Hush! what was that?"

It was the shuffling tread of many feet, the sturdy tramp of a body of infantry on the march.

"Go!" she cried hurriedly. "If you would truly serve me, if you care at all for me, do not longer delay and be discovered here. It is the grand rounds, I beg of you, go!"

I grasped her outstretched hand, pressed my lips hotly upon it, and sped with noiseless footsteps down the dark, deserted road.

(To Be Continued.)

A Man Who Waited.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

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THE DISAPPEARING JEWS OF CHINA.

Literary Digest.

The Jewish race, which has practically preserved its race integrity elsewhere throughout the world, has found the overpowering numbers and race-influence of China too much for them. Remnants still remain of a colony that settled there twenty centuries ago, but their race traditions are now only a vague memory, as William Edgar Gell, who has visited them, tells us in his recent work on the "Eighteen Capitals of China." The city of Kai-Fong, in the province of Shensi, holds what remains of the Jews, but "disappointment awaits those who go to investigate" them, he says, adding:

"The early annals tell of them, and there is good reason to believe that they have been in China two thousand years. But for three centuries they have gathered at this capital, and have degenerated with it. Two hundred years ago they had a handsome block of buildings, with a synagogue sixty by forty. Sixty years ago they had suffered by a great flood, and only two hundred Jews were left. In 1866 Dr. Martin found that they had pulled down all their buildings and sold the materials, some being built into a mosque. A later observer said that some had turned Buddhist, some Moslem, and some were studying the Confucian classics. Today we found that only seven families remained; the very soil had been sold, and is being carted away to raise the level of other parts, so that a stagnant pond covers the ancient site. The wretched survivors seem to get their living by transporting the earth, though they so far recollect their past as to have a few rubbings of the former inscriptions to sell. Their religion has evaporated, for they have no Hebrew scrolls, and could not read them if they had; only they still eat no pork, nor worship idols, nor burn incense to their ancestors. Israel in Kai-Fong is a has-been."

TO ALING WOMEN.

A Little Sound Advice Will Help Many a Sufferer in Wadesboro.

No woman can be healthy and well if the kidneys are sick. Poisons that pass off in the secretions when the kidneys are well, are retained in the body when the kidneys are sick. Kidneys and bladder become inflamed and swollen and worse troubles quickly follow. This is often the true cause of bearing down, dizziness, lameness, headache, etc. Stop planning and consult Kendaoloy, Olney's specific, languor, nervousness and rheumatic pain.

When suffering so, try Doan's Kidney Pills, a remedy that has cured thousands of such cases. You will get better as the kidneys get better, and health will return when the kidneys are well. Let a Wadesboro woman tell you about Doan's Kidney Pills.

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Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

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