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Account Mardi Gras Carnivals. Tickets on sale February 11th to 13th, 1912. Final limit, March 2, 1912. Ask nearest Ticket Agent for particulars.

W. W. CROXTON, G. P. A.
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MORTGAGE SALE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, executed on the 4th day of December, 1909 by D. W. Peed to H. C. Mayo, and duly recorded in the Register of Deed's Office, of Beaufort County in Book 158, Page 571, I will offer for sale at Public Auction to the highest bidder for Cash at the Court House Door in Beaufort County, on Monday, the 4th day of March, 1912, at 12 o'clock M., the following described land, contained in said Mortgage Deed:

In Richland township on the East side of South Creek, beginning at the Northeast corner of the David Godley land, running North 62 W. 32 poles, thence N. 16 E. 16 poels to W. T. Mampin's line, thence with Campin's line to the road and with the said road to the beginning, containing three acres more or less, including all buildings and improvements thereon.

Default having been made in the payment of the debt secured by said Mortgage Deed sale is made to satisfy same.

This 29th day of January, '912.

H. C. MAYO,
Mortgagee.
Stewart & Thompson, Attorneys.
2-2 15-C

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Thomas W. Boyd, deceased, late of Beaufort County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of the said deceased to exhibit them, duly verified to the undersigned at Aurora, N. C., on or before the 24th day of January, 1913, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This 23rd day of January 1912.

W. T. BOYD,
Administrator of the estate of Thomas W. Boyd, deceased.
Stewart & Thompson, Attorneys.

NOTICE TO REDEEM LAND.

To John Sparhawk, Jr., and the heirs at law or Devisees of Joseph R. Tatum, Deceased, and of Rachel Robertson, Deceased:

You, and each of you, are hereby notified that at a sale of real estate for non-payment of State and County taxes, made by the Sheriff of Hyde County, on the first Monday in May, 1911, I became the purchaser of all of that tract of land in said County alleged to belong to John Sparhawk, Jr., and to the heirs at law or devisees of Joseph A. Tatum, deceased, and of Rachel Robertson, deceased, which land is the same conveyed by John Hall to Joseph R. Tatum, by deed dated April, 29th, 1846, duly recorded in the Register's Office of Hyde County, part of which was also conveyed by said Joseph R. Tatum to Rachel Robertson, being all of the land owned by any of the parties above named or referred to in Hyde County, all of whom are hereby notified that unless redemption thereof is made within one year from the day of sale, I will be entitled to a deed for said real estate as prescribed by law in such cases. Said claimants are further notified that the amount required to redeem the same is One Hundred and Seventeen Dollars, which amount includes the penalty and costs authorized by law.

This February, 1st, 1912.

(Signed) WALTER JONES.

THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. MELVILLE

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(Continued From Yesterday.)

them Bible kings seemed to average pretty profane." Yancy was disposed to defend this point.

"You must a heard of the kings of England. Sho', wa'n't any of yo' folks in the war agin' him?"

"I'd plumb forgot, why my daddy fit all through the war!" exclaimed Yancy. The Cavendishes were immensely relieved.

"Now you-all keep still," said Cavendish. "I want Mr. Yancy should get the straight of this here! The various orders of royalty are kings, dukes, earls and lords. Earls is the third from the top of the heap, but lords ain't no slouch."

"Dick had ought to know, fo' he's an earl himself," cried Polly exultantly.

"Sho,' Richard Keppel Cavendish, Earl of Lambeth! Sho', that was what he was! Sho'!" and some transient feeling of awe stamped itself upon their small faces as they viewed the long and limber figure of their parent.

"These here titles go to the eldest son. He begins by bein' a viscount," continued Chilis and Fever. "It was my great grandfather come over here from England. His name was Richard Keppel Cavendish, same as mine is. He lived back yonder on the Carolina coast and went to raisin' tobacco. I've heard my grandfather tell how he'd heard folks say his father was always hintin' in his licker that he was a heap better than he seemed, and if people only knowed the truth about him they'd respect him mo', and mebby treat him better. Well, sir, he married and ris a family; there was my grandfather and a passel of girls—and that crop of children was the only decent crop he ever ris.

"My grandfather said he never knowed a man with the same aversion agin labor as his father had. Folks put it down to laziness, but they misjudged him, as come out later, yet he never let on.

"Then one day he got his hands on a paper that had come acrost in a ship from England. All at once, he hit on something in the paper, and he started up and let out a yell like he'd been shot. 'By gum, I'm the Earl of Lambeth!' he says, and took out to the nearest tavern and got b'illin' full. Afterward he showed 'em the paper and they seen with their own eyes where Richard Keppel Cavendish, Earl of Lambeth, had died in London. My great grandfather told 'em that was his uncle; that when he left home there was several cousins—but they'd up and died, so the title come to him. He never done a lick of work after that.

"I'm an orphan man of title now and it's been my dream to take Polly and the children and go back to England and see the king about my title. Don't you reckon he's got the notion the Cavendishes has petered out?"

Mr. Yancy considered this likely.

The furious shrieking of a steamboat's whistle broke in upon them.

"It's another of them hawgs, wantin' all the rivers!" said Mr. Cavendish, and fled to the steering oar.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Judge Sees a Ghost.

Charley Norton's good offices did not end when he had furnished Judge Price with a hope, for Betty requested of him that he should supply that gentleman with legal business as well.

Thus it happened that Judge Price, before he had been three days in Raleigh, received a civil note from Mr. Norton, asking him to search the title to a certain timber tract held by one Joseph Quaid. The judge, pewmitting himself, told Mahaffy he was be-mazzlemented and astounded.

The immediate result of Norton's communication had been to send the judge up the street to the court house. He would show his client that he could be punctual and painstaking.

Entering the court house, he found himself in a narrow hall. He entered the county clerk's office. He was already known to this official, whose name was Saul, and he now greeted him.

"A little matter of business brings me here, sir," began the judge, with a kwelling chest and mellow accents. "I am in some haste to look up a title for my client, Mr. Norton."

Mr. Saul scrambled up out of the depths of his chair and exerted himself in the judge's behalf.

"This is what you want, sir. Better take the ledger to the window, the light in here ain't much." He drew forward a chair as he spoke, and the judge, seating himself, began to polish his spectacles with great deliberation.

"You've sat on the bench, sir?" suggested Mr. Saul.

"In one of the eastern counties, but my inclination has never been toward the judiciary." He was turning the leaves of the ledger as he spoke. Suddenly the movement of his hand was arrested.

"Found it?" asked Mr. Saul. But the judge gave him no answer; he was staring down at the open pages of the book. "Found the entry?" repeated Mr. Saul.

"Eh—what's that? No—" he appeared to hesitate. "Who is this man Quintard?"

"He's the owner of a hundred-thousand-acre tract in this and adjoining counties," said Mr. Saul.

"Who has charge of the land?"

His Face Went White and the Book Slipped From His Fingers.

"Colonel Fentress; he was old General Ware's law partner. I've heard it was the general who got this man Quintard to make the investment, but that was before my time."

The judge lapsed into silence.

A step sounded in the narrow hall. An instant later the door was pushed open, and grateful for any interruption that would serve to take Mr. Saul's attention from himself, the judge abruptly turned his back on the clerk and began to examine the record before him. Insensibly, however, the cold, level tones of the voice that was addressing itself to Mr. Saul quickened the beat of his pulse, the throb of his heart, and struck back through the years to a day from which he reckoned time. He turned slowly, as if in dread.

What he saw was a man verging on sixty, lean and dark, with thin, shaven cheeks of a bluish cast above the jaw, and a strongly aquiline profile. Long, black locks swept the collar of his coat, while his tall, spare figure was habited in sleek broadcloth and spotless linen. For a moment the judge seemed to struggle with doubt, then his face went white and the book slipped from his fingers to the window ledge.

The stranger, his business concluded, swung about on his heel and quitted the office. Mr. Saul, bending above his desk, was making an entry in one of his ledgers. The judge shuffled to his side.

"Who was that man?" he asked thickly, resting a shaking hand on the clerk's arm.

"That?—Oh, that was Colonel Fentress I was just telling you about."

"Has he always lived here?"

"No; he came into the county about ten years ago, and bought a place called The Oaks."

"Has he—a family?" The judge appeared to be having difficulty with his speech.

"Not that anybody knows of. Some say he's a widower, others again say he's an old bachelor; but he don't say nothing. The colonel's got his friends, to be sure, but he don't mix much with the real quality. One of his particular intimates is a gentleman by the name of Marrell."

The judge nodded.

"I've met him," he said briefly.

Acting on a sudden impulse, the judge mentioned something about returning later, and briefly quitted the office.

In the hall the judge's steps dragged and his head was bowed. He was busy with his memories. Then passion stung him.

"Damn him—may God—for ever damn him!" he cried under his breath, in a dense whisper.

They finished supper, the dishes done, cleared away and the candles lighted, when the judge produced a capacious leather-covered case. This he opened, and Mahaffy and Hannibal saw that it held a handsome pair of dueling pistols.

"Where did you get 'em, judge?—Oh, ain't they beautiful!" cried Hannibal, circling about the table in his excitement.

"My dear lad, they were purchased only a few hours ago," said the judge quietly, as he began to load them.

* * * * * * * *

Norton had ridden down to Belle Plain ostensibly to view certain of those improvements that went so far toward embittering Tom Ware's existence.

"Do you think Belle Plain is ever going to look as it did, Charley?—as we remember it when we were children?" asked Betty.

"Why of course, it is, dear, you are doing wonders!"

Ware stalked toward them. Having dined with Betty as recently as the day before, he contented himself with a nod in her direction. His greeting to Norton was a more ambitious undertaking.

"I understand you're a new overseer!"

"Then you understand wrong—Carrington's my guest," said Norton. "He's talking of putting in a crop for himself next season, so he's willing to help me make mine."

"Going to turn farmer, is he?" asked Ware.

"So he says." Norton was extremely disappointed when the planter manifested a disposition to play the host and returned to the house with them, where his presence was such

his eyes.

Leaving from the time he turned his face in the direction of home. He was within two miles of Thicket Point when, passing a turn in the road, he found himself confronted by three men. One of them seized his horse by the bit. Norton had not even a riding-whip.

"Now, what do you wish to say to me?" he asked.

"We want your word that you'll keep away from Belle Plain."

"Well, you won't get it!" responded Norton.

In the same instant one of the men raised his fist and struck the young planter in the back of the neck.

"You cur!" cried Norton, as he wheeled on him.

"Damn him—let him have it!"

* * * * * * * *

It was mid-afternoon of the day following before Betty heard of the attack on Norton. She ordered her horse saddled and was soon out on the river road with a groom in her wake. Betty never drew rein until she reached Thicket Point. As she galloped into the yard Bruce Carrington came from the house.

"How is Mr. Norton?" she asked, extending her hand.

"The doctor says he'll be up and about inside of a week. If you'll wait I'll tell him you are here."

Carrington passed on into the house. He entered the room where Norton lay.

"Miss Malroy is here," he said.

"Betty?—bless her dear heart!" cried Charley weakly. "Just toss my clothes into the closet and draw up a chair. . . . There—thank you, Bruce—let her come along in now." And as Carrington quitted the room, Norton drew himself up on the pillows and faced the door. "This is worth several beatings, Betty!" he exclaimed as she appeared.

He bent to kiss the hand she gave him, but groaned with the exertion. Then he looked up into her face and saw her eyes swimming with tears.

"What—tears?" and he was much moved.

"It's a perfect outrage!" Betty paused irresolutely. "Charley—"

"Yes, dear?"

"Can't you be happy without me?"

"No."

"But you don't try to be!"

"No use in my making any such foolish effort, I'd be doomed to failure."

"Good-by, Charley—I really must go—"

He looked up yearningly into her face, and yielding to a sudden impulse, she stooped and kissed him on the forehead, then she fled from the room.

CHAPTER XV.

At the Church Door.

Tom found Betty at supper.

"You were over to see Norton, weren't you, Bet? How did you find him?"

"The doctor says he will soon be about again."

"Betty, I wish you wouldn't go there again—that's a good girl!" he said tactfully, and as he conceived it, affectionately. Betty glanced up quickly.

"Why, Tom, why shouldn't I go there?"

"It might set people gossiping. I reckon there's been pretty near enough talk about you and Charley Norton." The planter's tone was conciliatory in the extreme, he dared not risk a break by any open show of authority.

"You needn't distress yourself, Tom. I don't know that I shall go there again," said Betty indifferently.

* * * * * * * *

At Thicket Point Charley Norton, greatly excited, hobbled into the library in search of Carrington. He found him reading by the open window.

"Look here, Bruce!" he cried. "It's settled; she's going to marry me! Can's you wish me joy?"

Carrington held out his hand.

"You are not going to take any risks now, you have too much to live for," he said haltingly.

"No, I'm to keep away from Belle Plain," said Norton happily. "She insists on that. Everything is to be kept a secret until we are actually married; it's her wish—"

"It's to be soon, then?" Carrington asked, still haltingly.

"Very soon."

There was a brief silence. Carrington, with face averted, looked from the window.

"I am going to stay here as long as you need me," he presently said. "Miss Malroy asked me to, and then I am going back to the river, where I belong."

* * * * * * * *

Betty ate supper with big Steve standing behind her chair and little Steve balancing himself first on one foot and then on the other near the door.

The long French windows, their curtains drawn, stood open. She wandered down to the terrace. There with the sound of a step on the path Betty turned. It was Carrington who stood before her, his face haggard. Without a word he stepped to her side and took her hands rather roughly.

"What am I to do without you?"—his voice was almost a whisper. "What is this thing you have done?" Betty's heart was beating with dull sickening throbs.

"If you had only come!" she moaned. "Now I am going to be married tomorrow. I am to meet him at the Spring Bank church at ten o'clock."

"How can I give you up?" he said, his voice hoarse with emotion. He put her from him almost roughly, and leaning against the trunk of a tree buried his face in his hands. Betty watched him for a moment in troubled silence.

"It's good-by—" he muttered.

She went to him, and, as he bent above her, slipped her arms about his neck.

"Kiss me—" she breathed.

He kissed her hair, her soft cheek, then their lips met.

* * * * * * * *

Another hot September sun was

upon the lawn and among the roses's head in the direction of Raleigh. She would keep her promise to Charley and he should never know what his happiness had cost her.

Norton joined her before she had covered a third of the distance that separated the two plantations.

"We are to go to the church. Mr. Bowen will be there; I arranged with him last night; he will drive over with his wife and daughter, who will be our witnesses, dear."

* * * * * * * *

Afterward Betty could remember standing before the church in the fierce morning light; she heard Mr. Bowen's voice, she heard Charley's voice, she heard another voice—her own, though she scarcely recognized it.

"I'll tie the horses, Betty," said Norton.

He had reached the edge of the oaks when from the silent depths of the denser woods came the sharp re-

"Charley—Charley!" She Moaned.

port of a rifle. The shock of the bullet sent the young fellow staggering back among the mossy and myrtle-covered graves.

For a moment no one grasped what had happened, only there was Norton who seemed to grope strangely among the graves. He had fallen now. Even as the shadows deepened he was aware that Betty was coming swiftly toward him.

"I'm shot—" he said, speaking with difficulty.

"Charley—Charley—" she moaned, slipping her arms about him and gathering him to her breast.

He looked up into her face.

"It's all over—" he said, but as much in wonder as in fear. "But I knew you would come to me—dear—" he added in a whisper.

She felt a shudder pass through him. He did not speak again.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Judge Offers a Reward.

The news of Charley Norton's murder spread quickly over the county. For two or three days bands of armed men scoured the woods and roads, and then this activity quite unproductive of any tangible results ceased, matters were allowed to rest with the constituted authorities, namely Mr. Betts, the sheriff, and his deputies.

No private citizen had shown greater zeal than Judge Slocum Price. One morning he found under his door a folded paper:

"You talk too much. Shut up, or you'll go where Norton went."

A few moments later he burst in on Mr. Saul.

"Glance at that, my friend!" he cried, as he tossed the paper on the clerk's desk. "What do you make of it, sir?"

"Well, I'd keep still."

The judge laughed derisively as he bowed himself out.

He established himself in his office. He had scarcely done so when Mr. Betts knocked at the door. The sheriff came direct from Mr. Saul who arrived out of breath, but the letter was not mentioned by the judge. He spoke of the crops, the chance of rain, and the intricacies of county politics. The sheriff withdrew mystified, wondering why it was he had not felt at liberty to broach the subject which was uppermost in his mind.

His place was taken by Mr. Pegloe and on the heels of the tavern-keeper came Mr. Bowen. Judge Price received them with condescension; but back of the condescension was an air of reserve that did not invite questions. The judge discussed the extension of the national roads with Mr. Pegloe, and the religion of the Persian fire-worshipers with Mr. Bowen; he permitted never a pause and they retired as the sheriff had done without sight of the letter.

The judge's office became a perfect Mecca for the idle and the curious, and while he overflowed with high-bred courtesy he had never seemed so unapproachable—never so remote from matters of local and contemporary interest.

"Why don't you show 'em the letter?" demanded Mr. Mahaffy, when they were alone. "Can't you see they are suffering for a sight of it?"

"All in good time, Solomon." He became thoughtful. "Solomon, I am thinking of offering a reward for any information that will lead to the discovery of my anonymous correspondent," he at length observed with a finely casual air, as if the idea had just occurred to him, and had not been seething in his brain all day.

"There you go, Price—" began Mahaffy.

"Solomon, this is no time for me to hang back. I shall offer a reward of five thousand dollars for this information." The judge's tone was resolute. "Yes, sir, I shall make the figure commensurate with the poignant grief I feel. He was my friend and client—"

The next morning it was discovered that some time during the night the judge had tacked his anonymous communication on the court house door.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Night Express

Schedule in effect January 7, 1912.

N. B.—The following schedules are published as information only and are not guaranteed.

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Southbound.

2:26 a. m. Daily—Pullman Sleeper Pullman sleeping car for Raleigh.

10:45 a. m. Daily—For Raleigh, Coast. Parlor car service.

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7:00 a. m. Daily except Sunday—For Greenville, Wilson and Raleigh. Connects north, south and west with all lines.

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2:30 a. m. Daily—Pullman sleeper and Raleigh. Connects north, south and west.

Southbound.

2:30 a. m. Daily—For New Bern, Kinston and Goldsboro. Pullman sleeping cars.

10:07 a. m. Daily except Sunday—For New Bern.

3:50 p. m. Daily—For New Bern, Goldsboro and Greenville.

For further information and reservation of Pullman sleeping car space apply to T. M. Myers, Washington, N. C.

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Mr. Merchant, now is the time to take advantage of the advertising columns of the Daily News.