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No. of Trains	(Eastern Standard Time)	No. Daily
PM	STATIONS.	AM
3:20	Asheville.....Ar	12:10
3:30	Biltmore.....Ar	12:20
4:05	Hudsonville.....Ar	11:00
4:10	Yale.....Ar	10:30
4:15	Horse Shoals.....Ar	10:34
4:25	Cherokee.....Ar	10:38
4:30	Etowah.....Ar	10:38
4:35	Blantyre.....Ar	10:18
4:40	Blantyre.....Ar	10:18
4:45	Blantyre.....Ar	10:18
4:50	Blantyre.....Ar	10:18
4:55	Blantyre.....Ar	10:18
5:00	Blantyre.....Ar	10:18
5:05	Blantyre.....Ar	10:18
5:10	Blantyre.....Ar	10:18
5:15	Blantyre.....Ar	10:18
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6:40	Blantyre.....Ar	10:18
6:45	Blantyre.....Ar	10:18
6:50	Blantyre.....Ar	10:18
6:55	Blantyre.....Ar	10:18
7:00	Blantyre.....Ar	10:18

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The MYSTERY.

Continued from Page 3

CHAPTER III.

THE falling of dusk on June the 3d found tired eyes aboard the Wolverine. Every officer in her complement had kept a private and personal lookout all day for some explanation of the previous night's phenomenon. All that rewarded them were a sky filmed with lofty clouds and the holiday parade of the eapeuleted waves.

Nor did evening bring a repetition of that strange glow. Midnight found the late stayers still deep in the discussion.

"One thing is certain," said Ives; "it wasn't volcanic."

"Why so?" asked the paymaster.

"Because volcanoes are mostly stationary, and we headed due for that light."

"Yes, but did we keep headed?" said Barnett, who was navigating officer as well as ordnance officer, in a queer voice.

"What do you mean, sir?" asked Edwards eagerly.

"After the light disappeared the compass kept on varying. The stars were hidden. There is no telling just where we were headed for some time."

"Then we might be fifty miles from the spot we aimed at."

"Hardly that," said the navigator. "We could guide her to some extent by the direction of wind and waves. If it was volcanic we ought certainly to have sighted it by now."

"Always some electricity in volcanic eruptions," said Trendon. "Makes compass cut dikes. Seen it before."

"Where?" queried Carter.

"Off Martinique. Pelee eruption. Needled chased its tail like a kitten."

"Are there many volcanoes hereabouts?" somebody asked.

"We're in 162 west, 31 north, about," said Barnett. "No telling whether there are or not. There weren't at last accounts, but that's no evidence that there aren't some since. They come up in the night, these volcanic islands."

"Just cast an eye on the charts," said Billy Edwards. "Full of E. D.'s and P. D.'s all over the shop. Every one of 'em volcanic."

"E. D.'s and P. D.'s?" queried the paymaster.

"Existence doubtful and position doubtful," explained the ensign. "Every time the skipper of one of these wandering trade ships gets a speck in his eye he reports an island. If he really does bump into a rock he cuts in an arithmetic book for his latitude and longitude and lets it go at that. That's how the chart makers make a

living, getting out new editions every few months.

"But it's a fact that these seas are constantly changing," said Barnett. "They're so little traveled that no one happens to be around to see an island born. I don't suppose there's a part on the earth's surface more liable to seismic disturbances than this region."

"Seismic!" cried Billy Edwards. "I should say it was seismic! Why, when a native of one of these island groups sets his heart on a particular loaf of bread up his breadfruit tree he doesn't bother to climb after it. Just waits for some earthquake to happen along and shake it down to him."

"Good boy, Billy!" said Dr. Trendon approvingly. "Do another."

"It's a fact," said the ensign heatedly. "Why, a couple of years back there was a trader here stocked up with a lot of belly mixture in bottles. Thought he was going to make his pile because there'd been a colic epidemic in the islands the season before. Bottles were labeled 'Do not shake.' That settled the business. Might as well have marked 'em 'Keep frozen' in this part of the world. Fellow went broke."

"In any case," said Barnett, "such a glow as that we sighted last night I've never seen from any volcano."

"Nor I," said Trendon. "Don't prove it mightn't have been."

"I'll just bet the best dinner in San Francisco that it isn't," said Edwards. "You're on," said Carter.

"Let me in," suggested Ives.

"And I'll take one of it," said McGuire.

"Come one, come all," said Edwards cheerily. "I'll live high on the collective bad judgment of this outfit."

"Tonight isn't likely to settle it anyhow," said Ives. "I move we turn in."

Expectant minds do not lend themselves to sound slumber. All night the officers of the Wolverine slept on the verge of waking, but it was not until dawn that the cry of "Sail ho!" sent them all hurrying to their clothes. Ordinarily officers of the United States navy do not scuttle on deck like a crowd of curious schoolgirls, but all hands had been keyed to a high pitch over the elusive light, and the bet with Edwards now served as an excuse for the betrayal of unusual eagerness; hence the quarter deck was soon alive with men who were wont to be deep in dreams at that hour.

They found Carter, whose watch on deck it was, reprimanding the lookout.

"No, sir," the man was insisting, "she didn't show no light, sir. I'd a' sighted her an hour ago, sir, if she had."

"We shall see," said Carter grimly. "Who's your relief?"

"Sennett."

"Let him take your place. Go aloft, Sennett."

As the lookout, crestfallen and surly, went below Barnett said in subdued tones:

"Upon my word, I shouldn't be surprised if the man was right. Certainly there's something queer about that hooker. Look how she handles herself!"

The vessel was some three miles to windward. She was a schooner of the common two masted Pacific type, but she was comporting herself in a manner uncommon on the Pacific or any other ocean. Even as Barnett spoke she heeled well over and came rushing up into the wind, where she stood with all sails shaking. Slowly she paid off again, bearing away from them. Now she gathered full headway, yet edged little by little to windward again.

"Mighty queer tactics," muttered Edwards. "I think she's steering herself."

"Good thing she carries a weather helm," commented Ives, who was an expert on sailing rigs. "Most of that type do. Otherwise she'd have jibed her masts out, running loose that way."

Captain Parkinson appeared on deck and turned his glasses for a full minute on the strange schooner.

"Aloft there!" he hailed the crew's nest. "Do you make out any one aboard?"

"No, sir," came the answer.

"Mr. Carter, have the chief quartermaster report on deck with the signal flags."

"Yes, sir."

"Aren't we going to run up to her?" asked McGuire, turning in surprise to Edwards.

"And take the risk of getting a hole punched in our pretty paint with her running amuck that way? Not much!"

Up came the signal quartermaster to get his orders, and there ensued a one sided conversation in the pregnant language of the sea.

"What ship is that?"

No answer.

"Are you in trouble?" asked the cruiser and waited. The schooner showed a bare and silent main peak.

"Heave to." Now Uncle Sam was giving orders.

But the other paid no heed.

"We'll make that a little more emphatic," said Captain Parkinson. A moment later there was the sharp crash of a gun, and a shot went across the bows of the sailing vessel. Hastened by a flaw of wind that veered from the normal direction of the breeze the stranger made sharply to windward, as if to obey.

"Ah, there she comes!" ran the comment along the cruiser's quarterdeck.

But the schooner, after standing for a moment, all flapping, answered another flaw and went wide about on the opposite tack.

"Derelict," remarked Captain Parkinson. "She seems to be in good shape, too, Dr. Trendon."

"Yes, sir." The surgeon went to the deep, abrupt utterance in reply to some question too low for their ears.

"Might be, sir. Beriberi, maybe.

More likely smallpox if anything of that kind. But some of 'em would be on deck."

"Whew! A plague ship!" said Billy Edwards. "Just my luck to be ordered to board her." He shivered slightly.

"Scared, Billy?" said Ives. Edwards had a record for daring which made this joke obvious enough to be safe.

"I wouldn't want to have my peculiar style of beauty spoiled by smallpox marks," said the ensign, with a smile on his homely, winning face. "And I've a hunch that that ship is not a lucky find for this ship."

"Then I've a hunch that your hunch is a wrong one," said Ives. "How long would you guess that craft to be?"

"They were now within a mile of the schooner. Edwards scrutinized her calculatingly.

"Eighty to ninety feet."

"Say 150 tons. And she's a two masted schooner, isn't she?" continued Ives insinuatingly.

"She certainly is."

"Well, I've a hunch that that ship is a lucky find for any ship, but particularly for this ship."

"Great Caesar!" cried the ensign excitedly. "Do you think it's her?"

A buzz of electric interest went around the group. Every glass was raised. Every eye strained toward her stern to read the name as she veered into the wind again. About she came. A sharp sigh of excited disappointment exhaled from the spectators. The name had been painted out.

"No go," breathed Edwards. "But I'll bet another dinner!"

"Mr. Edwards," called the captain. "You will take the second cutter, board that schooner and make a full investigation."

"Yes, sir."

"Take your time. Don't come alongside until she is in the wind. Leave enough men aboard to handle her."

"Yes, sir."

The schooner steamed to within half a mile of the aimless traveler, and the small boat put out. Not one of his fellows but envied the young ensign as he left the ship, steered by Timmins, a veteran bo's'n's mate, wise in all the ins and outs of sea ways. They saw him board, neatly running the small boat under the schooner's counter. They saw the foresheet eased off and the ship run up into the wind. Then the foresail dropped and the wheel lashed so that she would stand so. They awaited the reappearance of Edwards and the bo's'n's mate when they had vanished below decks, and with an intensity of eagerness they followed the return of the small boat.

Billy Edwards' face as he came on deck was a study. It was alight with excitement. Yet between the eyes two deep wrinkles of puzzlement quivered. Such a face the mathematician bends above his paper when some obstructive factor arises between him and his solution.

"Well, sir?" There was a hint of effort at restraint in the captain's voice.

"She's the Laughing Lass, sir. Everything shipshape, but not a soul aboard."

"Come below, Mr. Edwards," said the captain. And they went, leaving behind them a boiling caldron of theory and conjecture.

CHAPTER III.

BILLY EDWARDS came on deck with a blue of irritation right angling the furrows between his eyes.

"Go ahead," the quarter deck bade him, seeing him adfush with information.

"The captain won't believe me," blurted out Edwards.

"Is it as bad as that?" asked Barnett, smiling.

"It certainly is," replied the younger man seriously. "I don't know that I blame him. I'd hardly believe it myself if I hadn't—"

"Oh, go on! Out with it! Give us the facts. Never mind your credibility."

"The facts are that there lies the Laughing Lass a little weather worn, but sound as a dollar, and not a living being aboard of her. Her boats are all there. Everything's in good condition, though none too orderly. Pitcher half full of fresh water in the rack. Sails all O. K. Ashes of the galley fire still warm. I tell you, gentlemen, that ship hasn't been deserted more than a couple of days at the outside."

"Are you sure all the boats are there?" asked Ives.

"Dory, dingy and two surfboats. Isn't that enough?"

"Plenty."

"Been over her, inside and out. No sign of collision. No leak. No anything, except that the starboard side is blistered a bit. No evidence of fire anywhere else. I tell you," said Billy Edwards pathetically, "it's given me a headache."

"Perhaps it's one of those cases of panic that Forsythe spoke of the other night," said Ives. "The crew got frightened at something and ran away, with the devil after them."

"But crews don't just step out and run around the corner and hide when they're scared," objected Barnett.

"That's true, too," assented Ives.

"Well, perhaps that volcanic eruption jarred them so that they jumped for it."

"Pretty wild theory, that," said Edwards.

"No wilder than the facts, as you give them," was the retort.

"That's so," admitted the ensign gloomily.

"But how about pestilence?" suggested Barnett.

"Maybe they died fast, and the last survivor, after the bodies of the rest were overboard, got delirious and jumped after them."

"Not if the galley fire was hot," said Dr. Trendon briefly. "No; pestilence doesn't work that way."

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First License Under New Law.

New York, Feb. 8.—First of its kind since the new law went into effect a license to marry was issued Friday at the city hall to a Japanese couple. Applicants were Kamosuke Kawanaka, a student of the Yale divinity school, and Miss Youki Kitamura, 23 years old, of New Haven. Both were born in Japan.

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Reports of Heavy Snowfalls.

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THE GRAPE BLIGHT

This disease prevails in North Carolina. In the grape crop is produced unless proper care is taken to prevent the disease. The black rot is caused from the accumulation showing its various characters, black and final shrivel grapes in the clusters of them shrivel and wither. Though the disease is not noticed until the grapes have shriveled, it may be seen as brown or black spots before its appearance. It is at all times in the grape clusters, one-eighth of an inch in diameter, or more. Very close inspection of the diseased spots on leaves or fruit, reveal once of very small pustules. These pustules are the bodies of the fungus cause of the black rot. These pustules issue in hundreds of spores which spread the disease.

This disease can be prevented if you saw black rot on your grape vines last year it will almost certainly return again this year. The best steps to prevent it are simple and sure. In spraying your vines Bordeaux mixture, composed of pounds of bluestone, 100 lbs of lime and fifty gallons of water. The first application, before the buds open; the second, immediately before the buds appear; the third, just as the buds are opening; the fourth, at intervals of ten to fifteen days thereafter.

The cost of six sprayings of grapes is about 10c per acre, including material. The grapes saved will exceed this cost.

Now is the time of your spray pump ready to use; to buy one if you have not; to prepare for the spraying during the coming spring.

If you need further information regarding spraying, write to me to prepare them, spray where to buy them, and when to spray.

North Carolina Agricultural Experiment Station, Raleigh, N. C., for Bul. 193, "Spraying and Machinery." The following Bulletin is upon application.

Bulletin 182. Apple Blight.

Bulletin 184. Gardening Fruits, their Marketing.

Bulletin 185. Black Grape in North Carolina Treatment.

Bulletin 186. Insect Enemies of the Peach.

Bulletin 187. Grape Blight.

F. L. STEVENS

A Paris shopkeeper with his customers as follows: "I am able to offer you inclosed sample at 9 francs. In case I do not hear from you, I conclude that you wish to purchase. In order to lose the last mentioned article."

"George, I saw that sample today carrying the name that she borrowed from your party."

"Why didn't you ask me?"

"I was just going to borrow that I borrowed from your party."

Cleveland P.

Hemp is a Philippine plant. It cannot be grown in any other part of the world. The States is the largest producer.

Whittier's History is told of a woman who strates the character of two of his neighbors, a man and sister, had accuracy. He thought it was larger than was need of their age and worldly and spoke of it.

"We must lay by some last sickness and have a bury us," said the sister.

"Mary," replied Whittier, "ever know any one in his life to stick by the way funds?"

There seems to be a possibility of Kentucky being led out of the mass.