Wednesday Evening, February 24, 1897.



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CHAPTER XXV. JAMES MULLEN AND I MEET AT LAST. As the cab which I had chartered rattied tp the approach to the Great Eastern tern inus at Liverpool street I had to comit to myself that the probability of my falling in again with the red bearfed man scarcely justified me in feeling so sanguine as I did.

I are not in the general way given to presentiments, but on this occasion I felt almost childishly confident about the result of my operations. Though I told myself over and over again that there is nothing so hope destroying to an active mind as compulsory inaction and that it was only because I had something definite with which to occupy myself that I felt so hopeful, not all my philesophy could persuade me that I should fail in bringing the enterprise to a successful termination.

Ceriously enough, presentiment was for once justified of her assurance and at the expense of philosophy, for as the clocks were chiming 8 and evening was beginning to close in whom should I see step out upon the platform from a Romford train but my gentleman of the red beard and brown bag!

He gave up his ticket and walked out of the station into Liverpool street, crossed the road and went up New Broad street, and so to the bank. Then he went into a tobacconist's, whence he emerged puffing a big cigar and proceeded un Cheapside until he reached Foster lane, down which he turned. Here I had to be more cantious, for on Saturday night the side streets of the city are deserted. Even in the great thoroughfares, where during the five preceding days blows have rained thick and fast, with scarce a moment's interval mon the ringing sovils of traffic, there is a perceptible Jull, but in the side streets there is absolute sileuce.

When I saw the man with the red beard and brown bag turn down Foster lane, which, as every Londoner knows, is a narrow side street at the back of the general postoffice. I felt that it was indeed a happy thought which had prevented me from changing my shore when I received Grant's summons in the morning. Had I been wearing my ordinary lace ups I should have been in a dilemma, for they are not easy to remove in a hurry, and in that deserted place the echo of my llowing footsteps, had I been thus shod, could not have failed to reach the ear of the man I was shadowing. To have followed him boldly would have aroused his suspicions, whereas if I remained far enough behind to avoid running this risk, I incurred the greater risk of losing sight of him altogether.

But for the purposes of shadowing nothing could be better than the gutta percha soled shoes which I was wearing, and by keeping well in the shadow and only flitting from doorway to doorway at such times as I judged it safe to make a move I hoped to keep an eye upon r.d. beard unseen.

The result justified my anticipations, for when he reached the back of the general postoffice he stopped and looked hastily up and down the street, as if to make sure that he was unobserved. Not a son] was in sight, and I need scarcely say that I made of myself a very water and was clinging like a postage stamp to the door against which I had squared myself. Evidently reassured, he put down his bag, opened it and lifted out something that from the stiff movement of his arms appeared to be heavy. This he placed upon the ground, and so gingerly that I distinctly heard him sigh as he drew his hands away. Then he stood crect, puffed fiercely at his cigar until it kindled and glowed like a live coal, took it from his lips, turned the lighted end round to look at it and stooped with it in his hand over the thing upon the ground. I saw an answering spark shine out, flicker for a moment and die away and heard red beard matter "Damnation, hell!" through his teeth. The next instaut I heard the spurt that told of the striking of a lucifer match and saw him stoop again over the thing on the ground. A little point of light, which grew in size and brightness, shone out as I stood looking on, half paralyzed with horror. That he had fired the fuse of an infernal machine I had no doubt. any] for one moment my limbs absolutely refused to move. I tried to call out, but gave utterance only to a silly inarticufate noise that was more like a bleat than a cry and was formed neither by my lips nor tongue, but seemed to come from the back of my throat. The sound reached the ears of the man with the here instead. And a bad time yea's hag, however, for he came to an erect ned of it, I can tell you. But now you mustn't talls any more." postars in an instant, looked quickly to right and to left and then walked briskly away in the opposite direction. there many pupple killed?" And then the night stillness was broken by the most terrible cry I have ever heard-a cry so terrible and unday, must of the places were eearthly that it seemed to make the blood cept for carctakers. And no 110 to in my yeins run cold, although I knew sleep. that it was from my own lips and no other that the cry had fallen. That cry broke the spell that bound happened?" me, Even while it was ringing in my ears I leaped out like a tiger athirst for blood, and, heedless of the hissing fuse, which burned the faster and brighter for the wind which I made as I rushed by it, I was after him, every drop of blood in my body boiling with fury, every muscle and tendon of my fingers twitchstory.' ing to grip the miscreant's throat. Had he been as fleet of foot as a greyhound he should not have escaped me then, and though he had thrown the bag away and was now running for dear life I was upon him before he was half way down Noble street. When he heard my steps, he stopped and faced round suddenly, and as he did so I struck him with my clinched fist full under the jaw and with all my strength. Shall I ever feel such savage joy as thrilled me then as I heard his teeth snap together like the supp of the teeth of an iron rattrap and felt the warm rush of his blood upon my hand? He went down like a pole axed ox, but in the next second had staggered to his knees and thence to his feet. His hand was fumbling at a side pocket, whence I saw the butt end of a revolver protruding, but before he could in mind. Up to this point my search And, oh, such skies, such cloud pomp

et in this has been by the throat again, where a y blow had knoched the false ed beard marge, and I premise you that ny grip was nove of the gentlest. Nor or the matter of that was ny language, for-though I am by habit nice of speech and not given to oaths-words which I nave never.used before or since bubbled ap in my threat and would cut though

"You bloody monster!" I cried, and the words seemed to make iron of the nuscles of my arm and granite of every one in my fist as I strock him again and again in the face with all my strength. "You hell miscreant and devil! By God in heaven, I'll pound the damned life out of you!" And then the solid ground scemed to

tagger and sway beneath me, and from the neighborhood of the general postofthe neighborhood of the general postof-fice came a sudden blaze of light in wy suspicious from the police I might be looked upon as less of a fool than a which I saw a tall chimney crook inward at the middle, as a log is bent at the knee, and then snap in two like a angar stick. There was a low rumble, a tion, and I should be everywhere deroar like the discharge of artillery, followed by the strangest ripping, rending criminal vanity had made him think din, as of the sudden tearing asunder of innumerable sheets of metal. I was con-

cions of the falling of masoury, of a choking limy dust and then a red dark-I remember no more.

> CHAPTER XXVL AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

My next recollection was that of eren ing my eyes to find myself lying at night in my room at Packingham street. I made an effort to sit up in hed, but my head had suddenly become curiously heavy-so heavy that the effort to rates it was almost too a ach for me, and I was glad to fall back up a the pillow, where I lay a moment feeling more faint and feeble than I had ever felt before. Then there plided gently into the room-into my bachelor room-a pleas-

ant looking young wearan in a gray dress with white cellar and cuffs, "What's happened, nurse?" I said. recognizing at once what she was, which was more than could be caid of my voice, for it had become so thin and piping that its unfamiliarity startled

"Ob, nothing has happened of any onsequence," she replied smilingly, except that you have not been very well. But you're mending now, and another day or two will see you quite yourself. "What's been the matter with me?"

I asked. "You got a blow on the head by the

WIN IPP.

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who you were and had you haved

"Oh, I'm all right. Tell a , we

"A good many in the poster > 1 at

not mi av onte de. You see, le it

out I said I harw you and tead the

"How did L get h

'afallen, " I miswoull.

are you feeling?"

CH HIP

fall of a chimney," she replied, "But I can't let, you talk now. Mr. Grant is coming in to sleep here tonight, as I've promised to take a turn sitting up with than into the clutches of the wilder patient who is very ill. You can ask beast of the city and the shun. Mr. Grant to tell you anything you wish to know in the morning; but now you must go to sleep

That something had happened, mitwithstanding her assurance to the contrary, I felt cure, but what that comblood unglutted. thing was I did not know, for did 1

THE ASHEVILLE DAILY CITIZEN.

for Ciplian ba ("", red s. "a rame | and pageantry, and above all such suna somewl of public up rated and deserving the thanks of the community, and in fact being regarded very much as the hero of the hour. But while I had been lying in my

room, idle in body, but abnormally active in brain, the matter had presented itself to me in a very different light, and I was by no means sure that were the facts made public I should not be looked upon as a knave rather than as a hero. I had to ask myself seriously whether the course I had taken could be

justified at all, near second by withbolding from the anti-acties the suspicion'l entertained about the man with the red heard and by taking upon my self the responsibility of keeping, un aided, an eve upon his movements, I was not morally a worable for the whole beech of listening bishops were lives which had been last in the last

errible outrage he had effected. It was quite possible that had I gond to the authorities before the event and informed them of my unsupported suspicion I should have been laughed at for my pains. But were I to come forward after the event and admit that before the outrage occurred and while yet there was time to prevent it I had saspected the man with the 1 rown beg to be James Mullen and yet bad withheld

scoundrel. My motives for having kept silen

would be open to the worst interpretanounced as an energy of society, whose bimself capable of coping single handed with the greatest artist in crime of the contury and whose yet more criminal gread and anxiety to secure the entire ness closed in upon me with a crash, and reward for himself had led him to with hold from the proper authorities information by means of which the capture

of the archnurdeter might have been effected and the last dreadful outrage prevented. Knowing, as I and, how uncontrollable was the feeling of the populate in regard to the outrage, I could not disguise from myself that a man who made such a confession as I had to make would, should he be recognized in the streets, run a very good chane of being mobled, if not lynched. An infurtated mob is not given t

make nice destinctions, and so long as it has a scapegeat on which to wreak vengeance it does not wait to inquire co particularly into the question of the canegoat's innecence or guilt. Let the object of its wrath be not forthcoming, and let some evil or fool-

ish person raise the cry that this or that luckless passerby is the offender's relative or friend, or even that he has been seen coming from the offender's house or is of the same nationality, and in nine cases out of ten the mob will "go" for the luckless wight on masse. I have made a study of that wild beast which we call "a mob"-the one

wild beast which civilization has given us in exchange for the many she has driven away-and, knowing something of the creature and its habits, I must confess that I would rather fall into the jaws of the wild beast of the jungle One day-one not very distant day-

that wild loast will turn and read its keepers, and when once the thing has tasted human blood it will not be beaten back into its lair with its thirst for

To be mobiled or dynamical in a noble very nuch care, for I felt doid and silly very much care, for I felt did and silly cause and in support of a great princi-and more than include to follow her ple is not without its compensations, This I must in the real have done, for to physical violence and personal insult when next 1 opened may eyes it was as a secondryl and a knave. broad daylight and the utwarshouting in his shirt shows in five the holding Worse, however, than the possibility of being mobbed was the certainty of days, shaving. My head was of merbeing held up in many quarters as an now, and i was the first all what had object for public odium and private aken place up to the margent when I scorn, and the more I thought about it and last my sease after the emploiser the less inclined did I feel to face the at the general reaching. consequences of confessing the part "Have the part han. Could" I inwhich I had played in the recent trage-

rises and sunsets! Such dance and sparing color, is . To bring such a scoun- kle of moving water when the tide is drel to justice would be doing a service in, and, more beautiful still, when the to the country and to humanity, and in tide is out, such play of light and shadthe wild scene of excitement which I ow, such wonderful wealth of color on knew would follow the news of his arrest I liked to picture myself as receiv- purple or opalescent green, there a rose gray or pearly pink, with little shining pools changing from blue to silver and silver to blue with the passing of every cloud!

Southend is a pretty spot at any time. but after a month spent on a sickled in a stuffy London side street the view from the pier hill seemed to me exceptionally beautiful.

As I stood there, drinking my fill of he sweet, strong, brackish air and basking in the sunshine, I was conscious of being scrutinized quietly, but very keenly by a man who was lounging near the Royal hotel.

There was nothing in his appearance or dress-white flannel tronsers and shirt, cricketing blazer and straw hatto distinguish him from the hundreds of holiday ; aakers in like attire who are to be seen in and about Southend during the season, but I recognized him at once and with some alarm as one of TRANSFIELD the cleverest officers of the detective force, and one, moreover, who had been specially told off to effect the capture of Mullen. In detective stories as in pantomimes

-no doubt for the same reason-the policeman is too often held up to scorn and ridicule as an incompetent bungler, who is more daugerous to the hearts of susceptible servant girls than to lawbreakers and more given to deeds of prowess in connection with the contents f the pantry than in protecting the ives or properties of her majesty's subjects. The hero of the detective story is very often a brilliant amateur, of whom the police are secretly jealous, notwithstanding the fact that whenever they have a difficult case they come, hat in hand, to seek his assistance. This, after a little light banter for the benefit of the Boswell who is to chronicle his marvelous doings-and in the course of 600 which, by the bye, the fact that the police are about to arrest the wrong man is not unfrequently clicited-he conde

284

scends to give, the understanding be tween him and them being that he shall do the work and they take the credit.

Why the amateur detective should be the victim of a modesty which is not always characteristic of the amateur in other professions does not transpire, but the arrangement is extremely convenient to the policeman and to the author, the latter probably adopting it lest inquisi-tive readers should ask why, if there are such brilliant amateur detectives as au-50 hors would have us to believe, we never near of them in real life.

Now, I should be the last man in the world to cheapen the work of my fellow craftsmen. I hold that there is no more unmistakable mark of a mean mind than is evonced in the desire to extol oneself at the express of others, but none the less I must enter my protest against what I cannot but consider an unwarrantable imputation upon a

ery deserving body of men. Detectives and policeman, taken as whole, are by no means the bunglers and scobies that they are made out to be in be nantcomimes and in the mages of de. the affidavit of Thomas Latta, the he pantomimes and in the pages of deective stories. I do not say that they we all born genieses in the detection of rime, for genius is no commoner among betertives toan it is among bakers, bankrs, clergymen, novelists, barristers of ocks. But what I do say is that the ank and file of them are painstaking and intelligent men, who do their duty o the public conscientiously and effi

ciently, and to dub them all duffers be for six successive weeks, commercing with Wednesday, the 20th day of Januause now and then a detective is caught apping is as unjust as to pronounce ary, 1897, requiring the said defendant all clergymen fools because a silly ser Emma Latta, and she is hereby required non is sometimes preached from a pulto appear and answer or demur to the mplaint of the plaintiff, to be filed



out the country, of the proceedings of farmers clubs and institutes and the discussion of new Literary and Scientific matter of the day. To still further enhance its value and methods and ideas in agriculture. Its market reports, poultry department and veterinary col umn are particularly valuable to country read-

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> fficiency, extend its scope and increase its usefulness, the publishers have an

> > These Include

d. The addition of a Monthly Sup-

plement containing three depart-

dy. It was upon my own responsibility, I argued, that I had entered upon the "Good Levil, of Fuence, Fow your durenterprise, and so long as I kept within iled mod You've a static clash my olf here is a Cost when it is work. the law it was to myself only that I was responsible for the way in which the

enterprise was carried on. That I had "Mullen? Out Theoyou do know all failed meant nothing more than that about it's No, they have a't. But how what had imppened to these whose business and whose duty it was to have suc-"Like a boiled owl. How long have I ceeded had happened also to me, and,

after all; I left things no worse than "Three weeks You got 1 weeked on they were when I took the matter up. the head by a chinately a transmitting and had a touch of reason don of the Had it been my intention to abandon my quest I should have no choice but to acquaint New Scotland Yard with what had come to my knewledge. But as a "Damage? I believe year. The top of Cheapside pretty reacher energy, and matter of fact I was more than ever set

ou bringing the miscreant, Captain Shannon, to justice, and this not merely for the sake of reward or because of the craving for advinture which had first urged me to the enterprise, but because of the loathing which I entertained for the measter whom I had with my own eyes seen at his hellish work. Hence I was justified, I told myself, in keeping my information to myself. and the more so for the fact that were I to say all I knew the partic plars would no doubt be made public, and in this

way reach the ears of Captain Shannon, thus defeating the very end for which I had made my confession. Into the questions whether the decision to which I came was right or

wrong and whether the arguments "One natre question only, 1 3 any with which I sought to square my deme know I was after Mullin st mit cision with my conscience and my sense of duty were founded on self interest

tiped. To the right are the shady shrub-

beries and sunny grass crowned cliffs of

"No; they thought you were relevant and inclination rather than on reason by chance. You see, I total them who will not here enter. you were, but I couldn't tell them what When that decision was once made, I had happened, as I didn't how, as gave no further thought to the rights you couldn't speak for your ht. ro 1 or wrongs of the matter, but, dismissing thought I'd better say nothing with you every such consideration from my mind, were well enough to tell your own concentrated all my energies upon the

"And Mullen got clean away?" And first I decided to pay a visit to "Look here, old man, this ten't do Southend, to see if the little brown cutrou know. The doctor said you writen't ter was still there, and, if not, to discover to be allowed to talk more than could what had become of it.

21.30

be helped." "Answer me that, then, and I'll ask from the station the pier lies directly in front, running out 1^{4}_{4} miles to sea on its myriad slender feet like a giant cenno more for the present." "Yes, the ruffinn got clean away, and

no one knows to this day how he aid it. Do you?" "Yes. I saw him do it."

New Southend, and to the left, with "The dence you did! But there, you lips stooped to the water's edge, the old shall tell me all about it tomorrow. town straggles away seaward, a long line Have a drop of beef tea and then go to of picturesque, irregular buildings, some cheerful red, others warm yellow, by-by.

Which I did. My powers of recuperation are great, and a few days saw me comparatively Belgian port blinking in the morning well in body, though by no means casy sunshine

I had managed to get ahead of the

olice in the investigation I was conlucting, not because of the shining abilties with which I was endowed, for as he reader knows I had bungled matters andly on more than one eccasion, but secause fate had thrown a clew in my way at the start. But I have never unlerrated the acuteness and astuteness of he representatives of the criminal department from New Scotland Yard, and at did not greatly surprise me to find when I commenced operations again at outhend, that, though the little brown utter was still lying off the same spot, the was being closely watched by mer whom I knew to be detectives.

Whether they had discovered the re-1-20d6t-wed aticuship between Mullen and the ownr of the Odd Trick and in following

up the clew had traced the boat to outboud, or whether they were in posession of information unknown to me which led them to believe the fugitive and lson hiding in the neighborhood, I ould not say, but that they were there a effect the capture of Mullen should e return to the cutter I made no doubt. Mullen, however, was apparently too very a bird to come back to the nest until he had satisfied himself that no at had been spread there to catch him. or that he had got wind of what was ming on at Southend seemed probable r in the fact that he never put in an pressure there again. Nor would it ave profited me personally if he had, r in that case I could scarcely hope to crestall the police in the matter of his arrest.

Under the circumstances it would be march, aste of time to stay in Southend, and the question I had now to ask my olf was, "Where, then, is he likely to

As crime begets crime, so question gets question, and "Where, then, is he ikely to be?" had scarcely come to the birth before it was itself in travail with, "Why not on the Cuban Queen?"

[TO DE CONTINUED.]

Her Graveyard.

He-You have no idea of the extent and area of my love. I could die for you. Fire-Yes, I suppose so, but, dear me what a graveyard I should have if all the en who were willing to die for me had sen taken at their word!-Boston Tran-ACTILL



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bove entitled action in the office of the Clerk of the Superior court of said Buncombe county during the first three days of the pext term hereafter of th Superior court of said Buncombe county to be held at Asheville, in said county, on the second Monday in March, 1897. and the summons in said action shall be deemed served at the expiration of the time in this notice and in the order of publication berein prescribed for publics tion, and the said defendant, Emma Latta, shall then be in court in said ac tion and the said cause shall stand regu larly for trial. This 20th day of lanu ary, 1897. J. L. CATHEY, Clerk of the Superior Court of Buncomb

County, North Carolina. County, North Carolina. Davidsou & Jones, Attorneys for the plaintiff.

NOTICE OF SALE-By virtue of the power of sale vested in the under signed mortgagee by a certain mortgage executed on the 9 h day of October, A. D., 1888 by J. C. Reynolds and wife Mary Reynolds, to the undersigned mortgagee which mertgage is duly re-corded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Buncombe county, State of North Carolina, in book of mortgages and deeds of trust No. 14, on page 168 et seq., to secure certain indebtedness as therein mentioned, default having been made in the payment of said indebted ness so secured, the undersigned mort-gagee will, on Monday, the 1st day of March, A. D., 1897, at 12 o'clock m., at the court house door in the city of Ashe

ville, county of Buncombe and State of North Carolina, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, the follow ing described lands, conveyed to said ut dersigned mortgagee by said mortgage

viz; A certain piece, parcel or let of land situate, lying and being in the county of Bancombe and State of North Carolinn, adjoining the lands of D. L. L. Reynolds, D. V. Smith and others and bounded and more particularly described as follows, tc-wit: Beginning on a wa! nut stake, the southeast corner of a tract of land conveyed to D. L. Reynolds by J. E. Reed, and in the line between the

ands known as the Chunn and Dan'l Reynolds land, and runs south one (1 deg east seventy (70) poles to a stake at the fence built by Dan'l Reynolds; thence south seventy-two and one-half (725) deg west thirty-six (36) poles to

a post oak stunp and corner of the land known as the Chunn lands on the top of the ridge; thence west sixty (60) pol s to a white oak stump and stake on the west margin of the old Burnsville road that runs by Dan'l Reynolds' old resider ce, D. V. Smith's corner; thence north fifty (50) degrees west with old Burnsville road and D V. Smith's line 13 poles to a stake, Smith's line; thence south sixty (60) degrees west with Smith's line thirty-two (32) poles to a stake in the Burnsville road. Smith's corner; Charleston & Western Carolina Ry. Co. thence north twenty-three (23) deg west UGUSTA, GA., AIKEN, S. C., and Scuth Carolina and Georgia points. with said road thirty-one (31) poles to a stake, Smith's corper; thence north

chased of D. L. Reynoids, running parallel with last mentioned lice. This 27th day of Jan. 1897. LAURA M. NEWLAND,

Mortgagee. Adams & Breese, attorneys. 1-27d4t-wed

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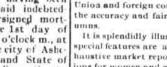
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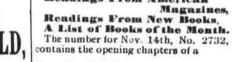
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In hurning newly cut wood one-third of the consumption is required to evaporate the mois-ture. In other words, you lose, when using green wood, one-third of its heating capacity, and therefore one third of its cost. The driest wood on the market was cut in Bilmore Porest over a year ago. Notwithstand-ing its greater value, it is for sale at the rame prices at which you buy green wood, namely per full cord:

Oak, split, 5 feet long, \$2,00, Pine, split, 5 feet long, \$1,75, Oak, poles, 5 feet long, \$1 50, Pine, poles, 5 feet long, \$1,35,

In effect Fcb. 7, 1897. 8 20 am Lv. Asheville Ar. 7 00 pm 9 15 am "Bendersonville 551 pm 11 45 am "Spartanburg 300 pm 130 pm "Laurens 130 pm 2 28 pm "Gretawood 121 7 pm 5 00 pm Ar. Augusta Lv. 9 40 am 6 20 pm "Alken "9 00 pm Auk for tickets via C. & W. C. Ry, from Ask for tickets via C. & W. C. Ry. from Spartanburg. WM. CRAIG, Gen. Pass. Agt., Augusta, Ga.

and a few cool gray, reminding one not a little of some quaint French or It will be right, too.

27

task of finding Captain Shannon.