

THE NEW CLARION

By...
WILL N. HARBEN

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CHAPTER VIII.

Howard's Temptation.

THE dinner to be given to the country contributors—the "Doctors"—as they had playfully called themselves—was, according to the New Clarion's announcement, to be unsurpassed in sumptuous splendor. It was got up to bring writers of congenial tastes into agreeable personal intercourse for the first time in the history of local journalism. The obliging and fur-famed boniface of the Johnston House, his efficient clerk and corps of accommodating waiters and porters were to throw open their doors to the bright representatives of the New Clarion under auspices never before equaled.

For the first time these contributors, many of whom had had friendly tiffs in the public arena of wit and repartee, were going to meet face to face and also hands in good fellowship and to resolve to promote the interests of the best weekly in north Georgia. The massive introductory number of the new series had fairly astounded the public.

The day arrived. The weather was crisp and cool enough to be agreeable. Every invited correspondent had accepted. Early in the afternoon they began to arrive, in buggies, on horseback and by train. They were noticeable on the streets from their spick and span appearance and their strolling about like tourists from spot to spot in groups or alone. Abner had supplied badges of blue silk, on which were printed in gold letters the words "The Doctors' Dinner," and Frank Raymond, a friend of Howard's, a member of the social set of the town who sometimes telegraphed important news to the city papers, had proffered his services and was distributing the badges and introducing the delegates one to another.

About 4 o'clock Abner went into the hotel, finding Tom Sugar behind the counter in the office.

"How goes it, Tom?" he asked affably. "Get all you kin do, I reckon?"

"Pull up," Sugar smiled. "But say, Tom, you are goin' to have enough grub tonight, ain't you?" queried Abner.

"Leave that to me, Uncle Ab." Sugar rubbed his palms together as if quite elated. "You said you could stand a dollar a head, and we are spending all of it and some more. We want them writers to remember the Johnston House to the end of their days. A dinner like this has never been given in Durley."

"As I said," Abner returned, "there is only two items for the palate that I stick out for—that is fried chicken and 'lee cream—an', yes, good, strong coffee to top off on."

"Lee cream?" Sugar clapped his hands as he began rubbing them afresh. "You surely have heard of that famous Atlanta brand that has the run clean to the Florida coast with all the big hotels that stop at the palace hotels? It ain't any of your boiled custard makeshift, but solid, thick cream from the cow, froze as hard as a snowball. We are looking for three freezers of it up on the 6:30. As for chicken, your friend Dale Baker hauled in a coop of the fattest that ever pecked and scratched in a barnyard. He said he would let them go for your dinner, but wouldn't have sold them to anybody else."

About 7 o'clock that evening Abner brought Mary to town in his buggy. As they drove up the main street to the hotel they noticed that the long front veranda of the sidewalk was illuminated by many varicolored Japanese lanterns.

At the head of the stairs on the parlor floor they met Howard and Frank Raymond. They are both in evening dress. Frank had a great tray of damp, buttonhole bouquets, which he was pinning on the lapels of the men's coats as they arrived. Abner submitted gracefully to his decoration, while Howard piloted Mary to the ladies' dressing room. He was waiting for her in the corridor when she came out.

"I have never seen you look so well," he declared, admiringly, as he looked at her simple white dress and flowers. "The drive has given you a splendid color."

Mary dropped her eyes. It was hard for her to conceal the pleasure his words gave her. She elected to change the subject.

"Up to 6 o'clock this afternoon," she said, "I was in hopes that your mother and father would come, but they decided that they'd rather not sit up so late, and they heard that the hotel was crowded too much for them to get a room. Oh, Howard, I wish you knew how happy your mother is over your success and remaining here. She can't

talk of anything else, and as for your father—"

"Oh, he will always be sour over it," Howard said quickly. "He is down on Uncle Ab and will denounce anything he touches. We simply can't listen to him, Mary. We've got to be our own judges and act accordingly."

"But it has changed him," Mary declared. "He is not the same—not so vindictive. He made a little talk at Sunday school last Sunday, and I felt rather sorry for him. It looked as if he were trying to be more liberal. There has been so much said over the New Clarion and its chances under your care that he simply had to lay aside open opposition."

"I have heard a great many compliments from the delegates I have met today about your letters to the paper," Howard said. "They all like them. I have just set up your last and corrected the proofs. Has Uncle Ab mentioned it to you yet? He says that a little later you simply must be our society editor."

As they were going toward the door of the parlor, whence came the music of some one playing on the piano, they saw Cora Langham, beautifully attired in a stylish gown, come down the stairs, and join Frank Raymond at the table holding the flower tray.

"I did not know that she was to be present," Mary said coldly. "I thought the entertainment was confined to—"

"She will not be at the dinner," Howard explained, a little awkwardly. "But as a guest of the hotel. In fact, all the guests have been invited to look on and join in the dance afterward, if they wish. You see, there is no other way. It wouldn't do, you know, to deprive traveling men and summer boarders of the use of the verandas and parlor in such warm weather."

"I think if I had been in her place, though," Mary said, "I would not have put on quite such an elaborate dress, and surely she might have anaesthetized herself in her room for one evening."

"But, you see, she and her mother come away from the city to pass the time pleasantly, and an affair like this is, after all, a sort of diversion."

"It will be to her," Mary replied. "She will snuff and sneer at everybody and everything."

The conversation was ended by Abner, who came for Mary with the intention of introducing her to the "Doctors," who now filled the big parlor.

"They all want to meet you," he said, "especially the men."

"Ah, now is your turn," Howard said teasingly. "Be careful, Mary. Those fellows are just as much like sheep as any of Cora Langham's admirers, and if you don't mind you may have to take some of your own medicine."

At this moment Miss Langham left Raymond pinning a boutonniere on a man's coat and came toward Howard with a seductive smile on her lips.

"I am awfully proud of you this evening," she said, her wonderful eyes glittering as they met his. "This is a triumph for you in particular. You are the center of it all. But for your brains and energy all this would not be taking place. Mr. Daniel told me yesterday that the paper was doing wonderfully well. I saw you talking to Mary Trumbull just now. Mr. Daniel says she writes too. She looks like a smart girl. She has a rather pretty face. I'm sure you like her."

"Yes, very, very much," Howard answered sincerely. "She is the best and truest friend I have."

Miss Langham winced slightly and gave him a reproachful glance from her shadowy eyes. "You say that to me," she said, "after all I have said to you?"

"You have said a good many things," Howard laughed softly and significantly. "But Mary has done so many that I can't count them. But there is no use in our talking about her. You'd have to know her as well as I do to understand."

"Howard," she said, with a little sigh, "you make me very angry at times. Do you know, you are the only man that has ever dared to speak to me as you do?"

He looked down into the beautiful eyes, which were so full of reproach. The upturned face seemed as pure and guileless as that of a child. Once again he felt her influence on him. He wanted to clasp her in his arms. He wanted to kiss her. He might have declared his love, or what he blindly fancied was love. She read the passionate fire in his eyes, pressed his arm again, looked down and sighed again. As he had made no response she said softly, "Do you really think you are treating me fairly?"

"Yes, or I would act otherwise," he said frankly. Then, as he smiled he felt himself somewhat humiliated from the impulse which had just possessed him. "Cora, we might as well understand each other. You are a flirt, and I do not approve of it. You are a flirt and you know it."

"I am not," she said, not wholly displeased. "There is a difference between the girl who likes to be admired because she is rather pretty and attractive—between the one who loves to be liked by others and the girl who is incapable of genuine affection."

"What is the good of my criticizing you, even to gain a point in an argument? I know that you are playing a great game," he returned, with a gentle smile, "and it has become second nature to you. Men are temptors to you. The bigger the bunch the more fun you have knocking them down. I've heard men say that they would not marry a girl who was not desired by many others; but I am not like that for certain well grounded reasons."

"What are they, you stupid boy?" She took his arm again, and they strolled out on the veranda and to the far end, where they were quite alone.

"To be frank, and you make me

frank, Cora; you force it on me, for I don't like false pretensions even with women—to be frank, if a pretty girl has innumerable followers it is her fault."

"Fault? Humbug!"

"Yes, fault is the word," he answered firmly, and he laid his hand fearlessly on her shoulder for a bare instant, as if for emphasis. "No other man of your acquaintance would say this to you, perhaps, but it is true, nevertheless. Nature has blessed you with beauty and power, but you are misusing them. You have acquired a habit that is as abnormal as the use of morphine, but you don't realize it. You are feverish and excited over your game of winning hearts and crushing them. Even if you possessed the love of the truest, noblest man in the world it would not satisfy you. After marriage, perhaps even after being a mother, you'd still want the attention of men. Your husband would have to

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FOR YOUR CHILD'S COUGH.

If your child has a cold, nose runs or coughs much get a small bottle of Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey. It's a pleasant Pine-Tar-Honey syrup, just what children like and just the medicine to soothe the cough and check the cold. After taking, children stop fretting, sleep good and are soon entirely well. Insist on Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey. 25 cents at your druggist. ADV. NO. 1

SUMMONS BY PUBLICATION.

State of North Carolina, Stanly county, In the Superior Court. Before the Clerk.

Isaac H. Corbett and Malachi Corbett, the latter by his next friend, Isaac Corbett, vs. Martin Parker and Reuben Parker.

Notice. The defendant, Reuben Parker, above named, will take notice that a special proceedings, entitled as above, has been commenced before the Clerk of the Superior Court for Stanly county for the sale of the estate lands of Martin Parker, deceased, for division between the plaintiffs and the defendants as tenants in common in said lands. The said defendant, Reuben Parker, is further notified that he is required to appear at the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court for Stanly county, before the Clerk of said Court, on the 5th day of May, 1915, at 12 o'clock M., and answer or demur to the petition or complaint in said action, or the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded. This 30th day of March, 1915.

P. B. COGGIN, C. S. C. R. E. Austin, Att'y.

Under and by virtue of the power and authority conferred upon me by the judgment of the Superior Court, under a special proceedings entitled Kisly Ritchie, Adm'r. of G. W. Ritchie, deceased, Agnes Blackwelder, et al., heirs at law of G. W. Ritchie, deceased, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, at the court house door in Albemarle on

MONDAY, MAY 1, 1915, at 12 M., the following described real estate, to-wit: Adjoining the lands of Joseph Culp, Columbus Frick, Homer Ritchie, and others, and being lot No. 1, in the division of the W. A. Ritchie lands, which division is recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Stanly county, North Carolina, in Book of Deeds, No. 42 page 322, and bounded as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a stake in Fraley Branch in the old line and runs with the old line S 84 1-2 E 28 chains to a large white oak stump, Fricks' corner; thence with his line S 4 W 7 3-4 chs. to a stake in said line; thence a new line N 85 W 22 1-4 chs. to a stake in Fraley Branch; thence up the various courses of said branch to the beginning, containing 19 acres, more or less.

The said sale will be left open for twenty days for a 10 per cent increased bid, and if the bid is raised, the lands will be resold at the court house door on Monday, the 22nd day of May, 1915, at 12 o'clock M. This the 1st day of April, 1915.

P. L. SMITH, Com'r.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE OF LAND.

By virtue of the power contained in a mortgage executed by S. H. Milton to W. M. Morton, November 16th, 1912, recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Stanly county, in Mortgage Book 57, pages 12 and 13, the undersigned will on

MONDAY, MAY 1, 1915, at 12 o'clock M., at the court house door in Albemarle, expose for sale for cash, at public auction, certain real estate situate in Stanly county, North Carolina, to-wit:

Known and designated as lots Nos. 2 and 3 in a survey of the Blackwelder land, made by J. E. Burleyson, surveyor for W. M. Morton, and bounded as follows, to-wit:

Lot No. 2.—Beginning at an iron pin in the public road, corner of lot No. 1 in said survey; thence S 82 W 11.35 chs. to an iron pin by a black-gum and dogwood; thence S 4 1-2 W 4.35 chs. to a stone; thence S 82 W 9.11 chs. to a stone; thence S 4 1-2 W 2 1-4 chs. to an iron pin by a post; thence N 82 E 21 1-2 chs. to an iron pin in the road; thence N 4 E 7 chs. to the beginning, containing ten acres.

Lot No. 3.—Beginning at an iron pin in the public road, corner of the above described lot, and runs S 82 W 1-2 chs. to an iron pin by a post; thence S 4 1-2 W 4.60 chs. to an iron pin in the old line; thence N 82 E 23 1-2 chs. to an iron pin in the public road; thence with said road N 22 W 4.60 chs. to the beginning, containing ten acres.

Lot No. 4.—Beginning at an iron pin in the public road on corner of No. 3; thence S 82 W 23 1-2 chs. to an iron pin in the old line; thence S 4 1-2 W 7.85 chs. to an iron pin; thence N 82 E 27 chs. to an iron pin in the public road; thence with said road N 22 W 7.85 chs. to the beginning, containing twenty acres.

This April 1, 1915. MURCHISON NAT'L BANK, of Wilmington, N. C. Assignee. By James A. Lockhart and Frank L. Dunlap, Attorneys.

SALE OF LAND FOR TAXES IN TOWN OF NORWOOD—1914-1915.

J. E. Clontz, house and lot... 5.18
T. Colson, house and lot... 13.43
T. W. Hunter, house and lot... 21.72
T. C. Ingram, house and lot... 51.25
Hill and Coble, one lot... 40
Will Milton, 1 lot... 1.28
C. W. Kendall, house and lot... 10.50
James W. Smith, house and lot... 1.28
J. P. Turner, 1 lot... 11.23
D. N. Tyson, house and lot... 11.23
Mrs. W. L. Kendall Est., 1 lot... 2.22
W. B. Kirker, 1 lot... .18

COLORED.
Andrew Crockett, house and lot... 1.15
W. G. SNUGGS, Tax Collector, Town of Norwood, N. C.



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SPRING CLOTHING

We have gotten together for this Spring the finest collection of Suits we have ever shown. Come and see this style-show of Beautifully Tailored Garments from Hart, Schaffner & Marx and Cehloss Bros. & Co.

The most popular Suit in America for young men is "Varsity Fifty Five" from Hart, Schaffner & Marx.

A full line of Furnishings ready, On The Corner.

Allen Clothing Store.

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SIR THOMAS A. LIPTON.

He was obliged to quit school at the age of ten and so to work as a messenger boy at sixty cents a week. He was ambitious, however, and attended night school where he gained an education that has aided him greatly on his way to success.

He came to America when 15 years old, and he had some bitter experiences. It is reported that he was so "hard up" once while in New York that he had to borrow five cents to send a letter to the old folks at Glasgow.

After returning to Ireland his father set him up in a small grocery store, and by practicing what he had learned abroad, hard work and thrift, he is today the Merchant Prince of Ireland.

He has now nearly five hundred stores, mostly in England. He is the largest land owner on the island of Ceylon, where he employs thousands of natives and grows coffee, tea and coconuts. He has water-houses in Asia and a packing house in Chicago that kills 3,000 hogs daily. He is known as the Millionaire Tea Merchant and Yachtman.

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SIR THOMAS LIPTON SAYS: "SAVING IS THE FIRST PRINCIPLE OF SUCCESS. A YOUNG MAN MAY HAVE MANY FRIENDS, BUT HE WILL FIND NONE SO STEADFAST, SO CONSTANT, SO READY TO RESPOND TO HIS WANTS, SO CAPABLE OF RUSHING HIM AHEAD, AS THE LITTLE LEATHER COVERED BOOK WITH THE NAME OF A BANK ON ITS COVER." THE NAME ON YOUR BOOK SHOULD BE THE

The Cabarrus Savings Bank, ALBEMARLE, N. C.

Say, Good Farmer!

Don't fail to use Lime on all Clover Sod and Rye, that you turn under for corn and cotton, if you want best results. Apply lime and cut the sod with disc. Then turn all under together. The lime will prevent souring and hasten decay of all green substance, and make the potash available. Use America Subsoil Plow and make big crops and prevent washing. For particulars write

D. R. PARKER, New London, N. C.

or see me at cotton platform at Albemarle on Saturdays.

RUB-MY-TISM

Will cure Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headaches, Cramps, Colic Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Burns, Old Sores, Tetter, Ring-Worm, Eczema, etc. Antiseptic Anodyne, used internally or externally. 25c