

:-: \$5,756,850.00 IN ONE YEAR :-:~

The magnificent record of the Pioneer North Carolina Life Insurance Company has made it possible for other Home Companies to organize, and do a splendid business, and we heartily congratulate them; but

The Security Life and Annuity Company OF GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA.

IS STILL IN THE LEAD. From July 21st, 1906, it issued \$5,756,850.00 of insurance. This is nearly \$2,000,000 more than any other home or foreign company wrote in the same territory. The record of no other North Carolina Company approaches this splendid record.

Whenever it is surpassed we will take off our hat to the RECORD BREAKER. The best agency force in the State, and the best, clearest-cut policy contracts on the market did the work.

J. VAN LINDLEY, President.

C. C. TAYLOR, Agency Director.

G. A. GRIMSLEY, Secretary.

D. C. Moore, Agent, - Charlotte, N. C.

Office, Room 7 Wilkinson Building, Over News Office.

Doc. Gordon

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CHAPTER XI

Gordon smiled at James. "God bless you, boy!" he said.

"What possible difference do you think that could make?" demanded James hotly. "Could that poor little girl help it?"

"Of course she could not, but some men might object, and with reason, to marrying a girl who came of such stock on her father's side."

"I am not one of those men."

"No, I don't think you are, but it is only my duty to put the case plainly before you. That man who was buried this afternoon was simply unspeakable. He was a monstrosity of perverted morality. I cannot even bring myself to tell you what I know of him. I cannot even bring myself to give you the least hint of what my poor young sister, Clemency's mother, suffered in her brief life with him. You may fear heredity."

"Heredity, nothing! Don't I know Clemency?"

"I myself really think that you have nothing whatever to fear. Clemency is her mother's living and breathing image as far as looks go, and as far as I can judge in the innermost workings of her mind. I have not seen in her the slightest taint from her evil father, though God knows I have watched her with horrors as the years have passed. After she was born I smuggled her away by night, and gave out word that the child had died at the same time with the mother. There was a private funeral, and the casket was closed. I had hard work to carry it through successfully, for I was young in those days, and broken-hearted at losing my sister, but carry it through I did, and no one knew except a nurse. I trusted her. I was obliged to do so, and I fear that she has betrayed me. I established a practice in another town in another State, and there I met Clara. She has told me that she informed you of the fact that she was my wife, but not of our reasons for concealing it. Just before we were married I became practically certain that Clemency's father had gained in some way information that led him to suspect, if not to be absolutely certain, that she had not died with his wife. I had a widowed sister, Mrs. Ewing, who lived in Iowa with her only daughter just about Clemency's age. Just before our marriage she decided to remove to England to live with some relatives of her deceased husband. They had considerable property, and she had very little. I begged her to go secretly, or rather to hint that she was going East to live with me, which she did. Nobody in the little Iowa village, so far as I knew, was aware of the fact that my sister and daughter had gone to England, and not East to live with me. Clara and I were married privately in an obscure little Western hamlet, and came East at once. We have lived in various

localities, being driven from one to another by the danger of Clemency's father ascertaining the truth; and my wife has always been known as Mrs. Ewing, and Clemency as her daughter. It has been a life of constant watchfulness and deception, and I have been bound hand and foot. Even had Clemency's father not been so exceedingly careful that it would have been difficult to reach him by legal methods, there was the poor child to be considered, and the ignominy which would come upon her at the exposure of her father. I have done what I could. I am naturally a man who hates deception, and wishes above all things to lead a life with its windows open and shades up, but I have been forced into the very reverse. My life has been as closely guarded as that of a criminal, and I would have driven me madder than I am now. Now to live after the same fashion. Now the cause for this secrecy is removed, but as far as she is concerned the truth must still be concealed for Clemency's sake. It must not be known that the dead man was her father, and the very instant we let go one thread of the mystery the whole fabric will unravel. Poor Clara can never be acknowledged openly as my wife, the best and most patient wife a man ever had, and under a heavier sense of obligation than the most ingenuously of man could contrive." Gordon groaned, and let his head sink upon his hands.

"She told me some time ago that she was ill," James said pityingly.

"H! She has been upon the executioner's block for years. It is not illness; that is too tame a word for it. It is torture, prolonged as only the evil forces of Nature herself can prolong it."

Gordon rose and shook himself angrily. "I am keeping her now almost constantly under morphine," he said. "She has suffered more lately. The attacks have been more frequent. There has never been the slightest possibility of a surgical operation. From the very first it was utterly hopeless, and if it had been the dog there, I should have put a bullet through his head and called it a friend." Gordon gazed with miserable reflection at the dog. "I am glad that the direct cause of that man's death was not what it might have been," he said.

He shook himself again as a dog shakes off water. He laughed a convulsive laugh. "Well," he said, "Clemency is free now. She can go her way as she will. You see she resembles her mother so closely that I had to guard her from even the sight of her father. He would have known the truth at once. Clemency is free, but I have paid an awful price for her freedom and for your life. If I had not done what you doubtless knew I did that night, you would have been shot, and it would have been a struggle between myself and her father, with the very

good chance of my being killed, and Clara and the girl left defenseless. His revolver carried six deaths in it. It would all have depended upon the quickness of the dog, and I should have left too much hanging upon that."

"I don't see what else you could do," James said in a low voice. He was pale himself. He did not blame Gordon. He felt that he himself, in Gordon's place, would have done as he had done, and yet he felt as if faced close to a horror of murder and death, and he knew from the look upon the other man's countenance that he was the same with him.

"I saw no other way," Gordon said in a broken voice, "but—but I don't know whether I am a murderer or an executioner, and I never shall know. God help me! Well," he added with a sigh, "what is done, is done. Let us go to bed."

James said when they parted at his room door that he hoped Mrs. Ewing would have a comfortable night.

"Yes, she will," replied Gordon quaintly. Then he gave the young man's hand a warm clasp. God bless you!" he whispered. "If this had turned you against the child, it would have driven me madder than I am now. I love her as she were my own. You and your loyalty are all I have to hold to."

"You can hold to that to the end," James returned with warmth, and he looked at Gordon as he might have looked at his own father.

Late as it was, he wrote that night to his own father and mother, telling them of his engagement to Clemency. There now can be no possible need for secrecy with regard to it. James, in spite of his vague sense of horror, felt an exhilaration at the thought that now all could be above board, that the shutters could be flung open. He felt as if an incubus had rolled from his mental consciousness; Clemency herself experienced something of the same feeling. She appeared at the breakfast-table the next morning with her hat. "Uncle says I may go with you on your rounds," she said to James. She beamed, and yet there was a troubled and puzzled expression on her pretty face. When she and James had started, and were moving swiftly along the country road, she said suddenly, "Will you tell me something?"

James hesitated.

"Will you?" she repeated.

"I can't promise, dear," he said.

"Why not?" she asked pettishly.

"Because it might be something which I ought not to tell you."

"You ought to tell me everything if—it—," she hesitated, and blushed.

"If what?" asked James tenderly.

"She nestled up to him. "If you—feel toward me as you say you do."

"No, Ob, don't tell me. No, you needn't kiss me. I want you to tell me something. I don't want to be kissed."

"Well, what is that you want to know, dear?"

"Will you promise to tell me?"

"No, I can't promise, but I will tell you if I am able without doing you harm."

"Who was that man who was buried yesterday, who has been hunting me so long, and frightened me and Uncle Tom, and why have I been compelled

to stay housed as if I were a prisoner so much of my life?"

"Because you were in danger, dear, from that man."

"You are answering me in a circle."

Clemency sat upright and looked at James, and the blue fire in her eyes glowed. "Who was the man?" she asked peremptorily.

"I can't tell you, dear."

"But you know."

"Why can't you tell me then?"

"Because it is not best."

Clemency shrugged her shoulders.

"Why, did he hunt me so?"

"I can't tell you, dear."

"But you know."

"I am not sure."

"But you think you know."

"Yes."

"Then tell me."

"I can't, dear."

"When will you tell me?"

"Never."

Clemency looked at him, and again she blushed. "You will tell me after—we are married. You will have to tell me everything then," she whispered.

James shook his head.

"Won't you then?"

"No, dear, I shall never tell you while I live."

Clemency made a sudden grasp at the reins. "Then I will never marry you," she said. "I will never marry you, if you keep things from me."

"No, dear, I shall never tell you that you ought to know, dear."

"I ought to know this!"

James remained silent. Clemency had brought the horses to a full stop.

"Won't you ever tell me?" she asked.

"No, never, dear."

"This is Annie Lipton's street. I am going to see her."

"When let me see things from you that you ought to know, dear."

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how much she wished to listen at the kitchen door, but she was above such a course.

"Clemency and I had a bit of a life," James explained to Gordon. "She seemed vexed because I would not tell her what you told me last night. She is curious to know more about—that man."

"She must not know," Gordon said quickly. "Never mind if she does seem a little vexed. She will get over it. I know Clemency. She is like her mother. The power of sustained indignation against one she loves is not in the child, and she must not know it. It would be a dreadful thing for her to know. I myself cannot have it. It is enough of a horror as it is, but to have the child look at me, and think—"

Gordon broke off abruptly.

"She will never know through me," James said. "and I think with you that her resentment will not last long."

"She will be at home this afternoon," said Gordon, "and the walk will do her good."

But the two returned from their afternoon call, and still Clemency had not returned. Emma met them at the door. "Mrs. Ewing says she is worried about Miss Clemency," she said. "Gordon ran upstairs. When he came down he joined James in the office. 'I have pacified Clara,' he said, 'but suppose you jump into the buggy. Aaron has not unharnessed yet, and drive over to Annie Lipton's for her. It is growing colder, and Clemency has not been outdoors much lately, and she has rather a delicate throat. It is time now that she was home.'"

James smiled. "Suppose she will not come with me?" he suggested.

"Nonsense," said Gordon. "She will be only too glad if you meet her half-way. She will come. Tell her I said that she must."

"All right," replied James.

He went out, got into the buggy, and drove along rapidly. He had the team at a trot, and the horses were still quite fresh, as they had not been long distances that day. There was a vague fear in the young man's mind, although he tried to dispel it by the force of argument. "What has the girl's reason kept dining in his ears, but, in spite of himself, something else, which seemed to him, unreasonably, made him anxious. When he reached Annie Lipton's home, a fine old house, overhung with a delicate tracery of withered vines, he saw Annie's pretty head at a front window. She opened the door before he had time to ring the bell, and she looked with alarm at questioning at him.

"I have come for Miss Ewing, her uncle—"

James began, but Annie interrupted him, her face paling perceptibly. "Clemency," she said, "why, she has been directly to the lurch. She said she must go. She felt anxious about her mother, and did not want to leave her any longer. Hasn't she come home yet?"

"No," said James.

"And you didn't meet her? You must have met her."

"No."

The two stood staring at each other. A delicate old face peeped out of the door at the right of the halls. It was like Annie's, only dimmed by age, and shaded by two leaf-like folds of gray

hair as smooth as silver. "Oh, mother, Clemency has not got home!" Annie cried. "Dr. Elliot, this is my mother. Mother Clemency has not got home. What do you think has happened?"

The lady came out in the hall. She had a quiet serenity of manner, but her soft eyes looked anxious. "Could she have stopped anywhere, dear?" she said.

"You know, mother, there is not a single house between here and her own," where Clemency "ever" stops," said Annie. She was trembling all over.

James made a movement to go. "What are you going to do?" cried Annie.

"Stop at every house between here and Doctor Gordon's, and ask if the people have seen her," replied James.

Then he ran back to the buggy, and heard as he went a little nervous call from Annie. "Oh, let us know if—"

"I will let you know when I find her," Miss Lipton, he called back as he gathered up the lines. He kept his word. He did stop at every house, and at every one all knowledge of the girl was disclaimed. There were not many houses, the road being a lonely one. He was met mostly by women who seemed at once to share his anxiety. One woman especially asked very carefully for a description of Clemency, and he gave a minute one. "You say her mother is ill, too," said the woman. She was elderly, but still pretty. She had kept her tints of youth as some withered flowers do, and there seemed still to cling to her the atmosphere of youth, as fragrance clings to dry rose leaves. She was dressed in rather a superior fashion to most of the countrywomen, in soft lavender cashmere which fitted her slight, tall figure admirably. James had a glimpse behind her of a pretty interior: a room with windows full of blooming plants, of easy-chairs and many cushioned sofas, beside book-cases. The woman looked, so he thought, like one who had some private anxiety of her own. She kept peering up and down the road, as they talked, as though she, too, were on the watch for some one. She promised James to keep a lookout for the missing girl. "Poor little thing," she murmured. There was something in her face as she said that, a slight phase of amusement, which caused James to stare keenly at her, but it had passed, and her whole face denoted that, utmost candor and concern.

When James reached home he had a foreboding hope that he should find Clemency there; that from a spirit of mischief she had taken some cross track over the fields to elude him. But when Aaron met him in the drive, and he saw the man's frightened stare, he knew that she had not come. It was unnecessary to ask, but he did. "She has not come."

"No, Doctor Elliot," replied Aaron. He did not even chew. He tied the horses, and followed James into the office, with his jaws stiff. Gordon stood up when James entered, and looked past him for Clemency. "She was not there?" he almost shouted.

Continued Monday.

Mr. C. D. Harris, of Raleigh, is registered at Hotel Buford.

CURED FOR SEVEN YEARS

Has Drunk Nothing Stronger than Coffee Since the Third Day After Entering the Keeley Institute at Greensboro.

The Keeley Institute, Greensboro, N. C.

When but a boy I formed the habit of taking an occasional drink which grew as I grew older, until when I had grown to be a man, I was a confirmed drinker—ruined as I thought—socially, morally, financially, and spiritually, with help gone, hopes blighted, and with no control of appetite or self. But over seven years ago I was persuaded by a praying mother and father to take a course at the Greensboro Keeley Institute, and the treatment there effected a permanent cure. I have never tasted a drop of anything stronger than coffee since the third day after entering the Institute at Greensboro.

To-day I am a successful farmer with a happy wife and three bright little children trying to serve our God.

I give the Keeley credit for all that I am and all that I have to-day.

E. J. GREEN, Oxford, N. C. R. F. D. No. 5, Nov. 9, 1904.

The Shah of Persia has an extraordinary museum in Teheran, his capital. It is supposed to contain his presents from foreign potentates, but the exhibits include a hand glass marked "Price 3s." and some fans ticketed "5s. 12d." Some captious critic declares they were purchased by His Highness.

To Creditors of The Traders Insurance Company, of Chicago.

Notice is hereby given to all creditors of The Traders Insurance Company, of Chicago, that June 29, 1906, an order was entered by the Circuit Court of Cook County, Illinois, in the cause wherein the undersigned was appointed Receiver, directing that all claims against The Traders Insurance Company, of Chicago, (other than fire-loss claims) be filed, under oath, with the Receiver on or before ninety days from said June 29, 1906, and that all claims (other than fire-loss claims) not so filed within ninety days from said June 29, be forever barred from any right to share in the distribution of the estate by said court.

Notice is accordingly given hereby to all creditors of said The Traders Insurance Company, of Chicago, (other than fire-loss claimants) to file their claims, under oath, with me pursuant to the terms of said order, on or before ninety days from June 29, 1906. Blank forms for claims may be had on application at my office.

BYRON L. SMITH, Receiver of The Traders Insurance Company, of Chicago, Rector.

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