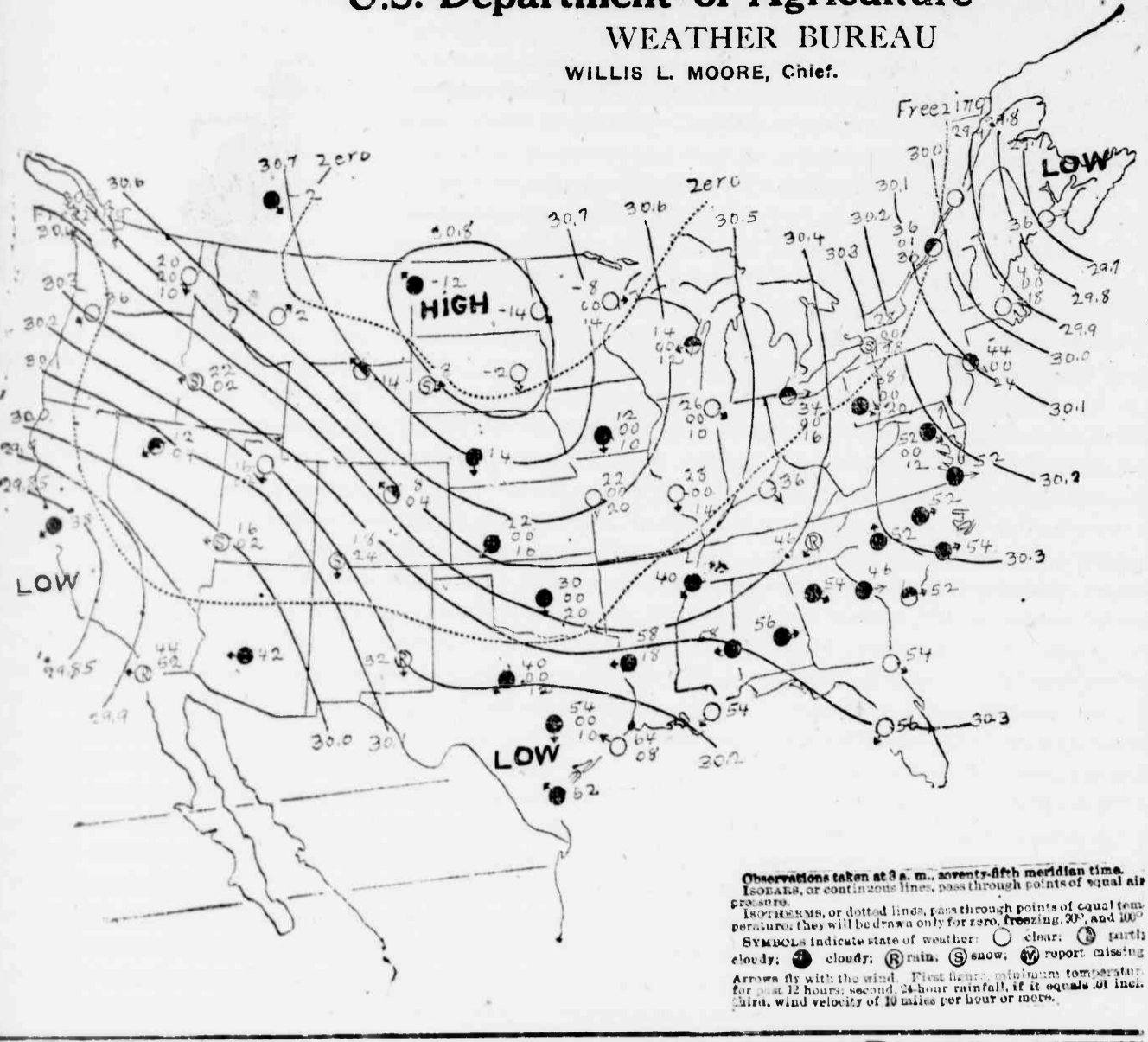


U.S. Department of Agriculture WEATHER BUREAU WILLIS L. MOORE, Chief.



Observations taken at 8 a. m. ...

THE WEATHER

Forecast for Charlotte and Vicinity. Fair and colder tonight and Tuesday; temperature below 40° by Tuesday morning.

State Forecast.

Fair and colder tonight and Tuesday.

Weather Conditions.

Low pressure continues in the extreme Northwest, and cloudy and unseasonably warm weather prevails over the Great Lakes and the Atlantic states, with snowfall in the lower Lake region.

In all other districts the weather is under the control of a large high pressure area.

Alabama and Mississippi. Settled tonight, probably rain tonight or Tuesday, colder tonight; moderate northeast winds.

New Orleans, Feb. 27.—Forecast: Louisiana, tonight and Tuesday unsettled, colder tonight, colder in south.

THE WEATHER.

By Associated Press. North Carolina:—Fair and colder tonight and Tuesday; moderate northwest winds.

east portion Thursday; light to moderate north winds on the coast.

Arkansas, tonight general cloudy, colder, freezing in north portion; Tuesday generally fair.

Oklahoma, tonight and Tuesday generally cloudy.

Thousands of people allow catarrh to slowly undermine the whole system until a serious disease develops.

People who have catarrh should use every effort to get rid of it, but should above all adopt a sensible method.

Stomach dosing, sprays and douches won't cure catarrh because it is a germ disease, and the germs must be destroyed before the disease can be conquered.

HYOMEI is the one sensible cure for catarrh because it reaches every fold, crevice and nook in the mucous membrane and gets where the germs are.

Complete HYOMEI outfit costs \$1.99. This consists of a bottle of HYOMEI and a hard rubber inhaler.

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THE LORDS OF HIGH DECISION By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

CHAPTER XIV. A Light Supper For Two.

As Wayne entered his father's house he saw with surprise that the little reception parlor, adjoining the drawing room, which was usually dark at this hour, was brilliantly lighted.

"Well!" he said. "Just home from a party, are you? Where's father?" She put her finger to her lips, and indicated the closed library door with a slight movement of the head.

"He's waiting a speech or something. He had a stenographer come up right after dinner, I was de trop, so I have been waiting all this time for you to come home and amuse me. And you are very, very late, you bad boy."

"No smoking! You can't get it out of these drawers!" "You'll have to wait this time," he said. "I had the match stick into a Sevres urn at his elbow and looked her over."

"The colonel's been at it ever since dinner?" "Since 8:30 by the stair clock." "You might have gone to bed."

"Oh, yes, there's always that, but it's a bore, going to bed right after dinner. I've never been used to it. And besides, you never can tell; I might have been needed; the door might have swung open at any minute and a command made for a race—at just what hour George crossed the Delaware and whether it was real or staged they put that history book well lithographed in the boat with his cloak pulled round his shoulders."

"You're in trouble about being called in for consultation. When the oration is all over you will be given a chance to attend a dress rehearsal—or two of them. I used to hear those things; and now you've out me!"

"This was the first time since the afternoon of her arrival that Wayne had seen his stepmother alone. He had, in fact, seen little of her. They met usually at the breakfast table, but Wayne was never home at midday and as often as not he dined at the club. A series of dinners and receptions in her honor had engaged Mrs. Craighill's attention; her coming had forced the season and these functions were now lagging. Her presentation to the society of the Greater City had, however, been accomplished; and she was now woven into the social fabric, one of its bright figures, discernible to any eye. She was Mrs. Craighill, a sufficient answer to any inquiry. She had met nearly every one it was necessary to meet; even the small band of recalcitrants who had sworn that she should never cross their

CHILDREN IN THE HOME. The highest type of happiness is reached by having children in the home; but the coming of the little ones is often attended with apprehension and dread. Mother's Friend is used by the expectant mother in preparation of the ordeal, carries her through the crisis with safety.

which are probably quite beyond me—and I'm outside the door," she concluded plaintively.

"That's wholly complimentary. You are distracting—never more so than now. You affect my own ideals pleasantly. It was always so. I wonder what would have happened if—well, if you dear mother hadn't been so obviously and heartily grasping."

"He had not expected it to come so soon, this change—this appeal, this cry, faint thought it was, of distress. His eyes brightened as he watched her. A black velvet band clasped her throat and a diamond twinkled in a pendant that swung from it by a tiny chain. The line from her brow, with the brown hair rising abruptly above it, to her fair throat, could not have been improved upon. Though he had never thought of her as common or vulgar, in his assay she had never been of standard weight and fineness; she had been offered at too many prices in too many markets, and he was not sure yet how much alloy lay under the bright surface. On the day of her home-coming he had mistakenly expected to find her ready to meet him on his own terms, but she had rebuffed him. He had felt that she must share in time his own contentment for his father; he had been content to wait for that, and he felt that he had not waited in vain. Tonight, with only a month of married life behind her, she had a grievance; she was bored, and eager for sympathy. Her youth and prettiness, her charm, of which she was not ignorant, meant as little to her elderly husband as moonlight to strong, deep-flowing waters. Like a troublesome child she had, in effect, been told to sit in a corner outside the door while her husband gave heed to important matters within. It was inevitable that Wayne, by reason of their acquaintance, and with the same royal sheltering in the hands of a chief dependence in an unhappy hour."

"I thought I asked you not to think of that. We buried all that first afternoon." "I'm not so sure we buried it. The ghost of it still stalks!" "It had no ghost; it was too dead for that."

"Well, what would have happened?" she asked, bending toward him, her elbow on her knee, her chin in her palm, as was her way. "For one thing, you wouldn't have sat here all evening in this hideous, stuff room. You have a comfortable sitting room upstairs where you could have taken your ease while the colonel prepared his oration."

"I don't believe I understand," she said. "You know I am a very dull person, Wayne; I am not a bit—what do you call it?—subtle?" "You're a mighty pretty woman; there's no doubt of that. And knowing as I think so and would be likely to mention it, you stayed down here to be sure not to miss me when I came home."

"Please don't speak to me like that; it is not what I expected of you. I told you when I came here that I meant to be very, very good. More than that, I asked you to help me. I threw myself on your mercy!" "The tears were bright in her eyes and she leaned back and turned her face away from him. He rose with a laugh. "For heaven's sake, don't cry! It's bad for the complexion. Let's dig in the pantry for something to eat."

"Splendid!" she cried, jumping up. He tried to take her hand, but she brushed by him and ran toward the dining room, where she bade him turn on the lights and wait while she forced. "Stay right here, please! I will bring the things myself; don't expect too much, but I think—I think there will be cold chicken."

"The strong drink is usually kept locked—you must have the key." "Nothing but milk, or distilled water! You may have either. You wait here—it would look better." She pursed her lips and bent her head with the slightest of inclinations toward the library.

When he heard her at the swinging pantry door a moment later he sprang up and flung it open. She carried a fowl and bread, and told him he might fetch knives and forks and other essentials of their feast. She was in a laughing mood now, and in the midst of their preparations, she ran to the hall door and listened, like a child about to ravish the jam pots. The grace of her slight figure, her pretty way of catching up her skirts,

the mockery of her anxiety lest they be discovered, brought them into a new and delightful intimacy. "Do you remember?" asked Wayne, crossing his legs at ease and nibbling the sandwich she had made for him. "do you remember our little picnic on the rocks up there at Struby's Cove, when we got lost on the drive home? There was chicken then—perhaps it was a distant cousin of this one. All chickens are sacred henceforth."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)