

**What makes you look so glad, so glad,
Said Files-on-Parade,
"I'm smokin' of a pipe o' STUD,"
The Color-Sergeant said.**

**As the Governor of North Carolina said
to the Governor of South Carolina:
"Got any STUD Tobacco for makin's?"**

**If you haven't, dig for a nick' now
and play it over the counter of the
nearest smoke shop.**

**STUD is the glad-hand, come-again
smoke. It's a friend-maker. You
can't help liking it.**

**For STUD is pure tobacco, grown in the rich
Piedmont Country, clean and fragrant. It's
equally good pipe smokin' and in
cigarettes it won't stain your
fingers any more than cigars,
because it's real tobacco, with-
out dope.**

**5¢ does it.
Don't be odd.
Every time you see a white
horse buy a bag of Stud.**

At midnight things grew quiet. I sat in the library, reading, until then, when an undertaker's assistant in a pink shirt and polka-dot cravat came to tell me that everything was done.

"Is it customary for some one to stay up, on occasions like this?" I asked. "Isn't there an impression that wandering cats may get into the room, or something of that sort?"

"I don't think it will be necessary, sir," he said, trying to conceal a smile. "It's all a matter of taste. Some people like to take their troubles hard. Since they don't put money on their eyes any more, nobody wants to rob the dead."

He left with that cheerful remark, and I closed and locked the house after him. I sat in the basement kitchen with all the lights burning full, and I stood at the foot of the stairs while she scooted to bed like a scared rabbit. She was a strange creature, Bella—not so stupid as she looked, but aullen, morose—"smouldering" about expresses it.

I closed the doors into the dining room and, leaving one light in the hall, went up to bed. A guest room in the third story had been assigned me, and I was tired enough to have slept on the floor. The telephone bell rang just after I got into bed, and grumbling at my luck, I went down to the lower floor.

It was the Times-Post, and the man at the telephone was in a hurry.

"This is the Times-Post. Is Mr. Wardrop there?"

"No."

"Who is this?"

"This is John Knox."

"The attorney?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Knox, are you willing to put yourself on record that Mr. Fleming committed suicide?"

"Tonight's Star says you call it suicide, and that you found him with the revolver in his hand."

"The Star lies!" I retorted, and the man at the other end chuckled.

"Many thanks," he said, and rang off.

I went back to bed, irritated that I had betrayed myself. Loss of sleep for two nights, however, had told on me; in a short time I was sound asleep.

I awakened with difficulty. My head felt stupid and heavy, and I was burning with thirst. I sat up and wondered vaguely if I were going to be ill, and I remember that I felt too weary to get a drink. As I roused, however, I found that part of my discomfort came from a realization, and I opened a window and looked out.

The window was a side one, opening on a space perhaps eight feet wide, which separated it from its neighbor. Across from me was only a blank red wall, but the night air greeted me refreshingly. The wind was blowing hard, and a shutter was banging somewhere below. I leaned out and looked down into the well-like space beneath me. It was one of those apparently chance movements that have vital consequences, and that have always made me believe in the old Calvinistic creed of oforeordination.

Below me, on the wall across, was a rectangle yellow light, reflected from the library window of the Fleming home. There was some one in the house.

I stared, the light was slowly blotted out—not as if the light had been switched off, but by a gradual decreasing in size of the lighted area. The library shade had been drawn.

My first thought was burglars; my second Lightfoot. No matter who it was, there was no one who had business there, luckily. I had brought my revolver with me from Fred's that day, and it was under my pillow; to get it, I put out the light and open the door quietly, took only a minute. I was in pajamas, barefoot, as on another all too similar occasion, but I was better armed than before.

I got to the second floor without hearing or seeing anything suspicious, but from there I could see the light in the hall had been extinguished. The uncertainty of the house, the knowledge of the silent figure in the drawing room at the foot of the stairs, and of whatever might be waiting in the library beyond, made my position uncomfortable, to say the least.

I don't believe in the man who is never afraid; I don't deserve the credit he gets. It's the fellow who is scared to death, whose knees knock together, and who totters rather than walks into a danger, who is the real hero. Not that I was as bad as that, but I would have liked to know where the electric switch was, and to have seen the trap before I put my head in.

The stairs were solidly built and did not creak. I let my way down the battery, which required my right hand, and threw my revolver to my left. I got safely to the bottom, and around the newel post; there was still a light in the library, and the door was not entirely closed. Then, with my usual bad luck, I ran into a heap of folding chairs that had been left by the undertaker, and if the crash paralyzed me I don't know what it did to the intruder in the library.

The light was out in an instant, and with concealment at an end, I broke for the door and threw it open, standing there with my revolver leveled. We—the man in the room, and I—were both in absolute darkness. He had the advantage of me. He knew my location, and I could not guess his.

"Who is here?" I demanded.

"Only silence, except that I seemed to hear rapid breathing."

"Speak up, or I'll shoot!" I said, not without an ugly feeling that he might be—even probably was—taking careful aim at my voice. The darkness was intolerable; I reached cautiously to the left and found, just beyond the door frame, the electric switch. As I turned, the electric light flashed up. The room was empty, but a portiere in a doorway at my right was still shaking.

I leaped for the curtain and dragged it aside, to have a door just close in my face. When I had jerked it open, I found myself in a short hall, and there were footsteps to my left. I blundered into the semi-darkness, into a black void which must have been the dining room, for my outstretched hand skirted the table. The footsteps seemed only beyond my reach, and at the other side of the room the swinging door into the pantry was still swaying when I caught it.

I made a mis-step in the pantry, and brought up against a blank wall. It seemed to me I heard the sound of feet running up steps, and when I found a door at last, I threw it open and dashed in.

The next moment the solid earth slipped from under my feet. I threw out my hand, and it met a cold wall, smooth as glass. Then I fell—fell an incalculable distance, and the blackness of the night came over me and smothered me.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

ONE CONDUCTOR HELPED BACK TO WORK.

Mr. Wilford Adams is his name, and he writes: "I was confined to my bed with chronic rheumatism and used two bottles of Foley's Kidney Remedy with good effect. The third bottle put me on my feet and I resumed work as conductor on the Lexington Ky. Street Railway. It will do all you claim in cases of rheumatism by eliminating the uric acid from the blood. Specially recommended for elderly people. Bowen Drug Store on North Square.

Foley's Kidney Pills contain in concentrated form ingredients of established therapeutic value for the prompt alleviation of all kidney and bladder ailments. Foley's Kidney Pills are antiseptic tonic and restorative. Do not allow your kidney trouble to progress beyond the reach of medicine, but start taking Foley's Kidney Pills at once. Refuse substitutes. Bowen Drug Store on North Square.

The High Point News Department

Special to The News.

High Point, April 6.—The special train bearing the fifty prominent men of Charleston, several newspaper men and a brass band arrived here yesterday, and in spite of the heavy down-pour of rain which gave no promise of a lull during the allotted 40 minutes of the visit a large committee of High Point's prominent men from the Manufacturers' Club, city council, merchants' association and other citizens gave the visitors a hearty greeting.

The entertainment committee of the state Sunday school convention, which meets here April 26-27-28, has divided the town into 12 districts and appointed committees from the 12 Sunday schools of the town to canvass the town and secure homes for the 600 delegates of which the convention is composed.

Much sympathy is felt here for young Clifton Suggs' Western Union operator charged with misappropriating the company's funds and the majority of the people believe him wholly innocent so much so that the recorder in giving his decision intimated that if he had final jurisdiction he would probably acquit the defendant, but as evidence gave a probable cause for binding over to superior court, he put the defendant under the light bond of \$200.00, which was promptly given. The amount supposed to be missing is \$398.00.

The small boy who outgrows his clothes seems to disprove the eternal fitness of things.

R. H. JORDAN & CO. SUCCESSFUL

Induced Dr. Howard Company to Make Special Prices.

After a great deal of effort and correspondence R. H. Jordan & Co., the popular druggists, have succeeded in getting the Dr. Howard Co. to make a special half-price introductory offer on the regular fifty cent size of their celebrated specific for the cure of constipation and dyspepsia.

This medicine is a recent discovery for the cure of all diseases of the stomach and bowels. It not only gives quick relief, but it makes permanent cures.

Dr. Howard's specific has been so remarkably successful in curing constipation, dyspepsia and all liver troubles, that R. H. Jordan & Co. are willing to return the price paid in every case where it does not give relief.

Headaches, coated tongue, dizziness, gas on stomach, specks before the eyes, constipation, and all forms of liver and stomach troubles are soon cured by this scientific medicine.

So great is the demand for this specific that R. H. Jordan & Co. have been able to secure only a limited supply, and every one who is troubled with dyspepsia, constipation or liver trouble should call upon them at once, or send 25 cents, and get sixty doses of the best medicine ever made, on this special half price offer with their personal guarantee to refund the money if it does not cure.

R. D. MOORE & CO.

We write Fire Insurance, Live Stock Insurance, Liability, Health and Accident, Elevator, Steam Boiler, Plate Glass, Physicians' and Druggists' Defence and all kinds of Automobile Insurance. Bonds written while you wait. See us.

PHONE 307, OFFICE ROOM NO 1, FOUR C'S BUILDING.

The Automatic Refrigerator

Has perfect Air Circulation, small Ice Chamber and large space for provisions thereby using less ice and keeping a lower temperature than other Refrigerators. Has a large enameled water reservoir just between the walls that opens from the outside and therefore cannot be contaminated by anything that may be in the refrigerator.

ODORS WILL NOT MIX—TRY IT.

Put onions right along with any other food and you cannot notice the odor on any of the stuffs when taken out.

Guaranteed absolutely.

Everything for the Home Here.

Lubin Furniture Co.

No Stopping for Oven or Broiler, where Imperial Excelsior Gas Stoves are used. \$23.50 and Up

Come in and let us show you this excellent Stove.

J. N. McCausland & Company

THE GREAT MYSTERY SERIAL

THE WINDOW at the WHITE CAT

A SERIAL STORY BY **MARY ROBERTS RINEHART**

Author of THE MAN IN LOWER TEN, SEVEN DAYS, THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE, WHEN A MAN MARRIES, etc. etc.

CHAPTER XI—(Continued.)

and no doubt are among Mr. Fleming's private effects. I would like to go through his papers, and leave tonight for the capital."

"I have hardly the authority," I replied doubtfully. "Miss Fleming, I suppose, would have no objection. His private secretary, Wardrop, would be the one to superintend such a search."

"Can you find Wardrop—at once?"

"Something in his eagerness put me on my guard."

"I will make an attempt," I said. "Let me have the name of your hotel, and I will telephone you if it can be arranged for tonight."

He had to be satisfied with that, but his eagerness seemed to me to be almost desperate. Oddly enough, I could not locate Wardrop after all. I got the Marlborough house by telephone, to learn that he had left there about three o'clock, and had not come back. I went to the Fleming house for dinner. Edith was still there, and both tried to cheer Margery; a sad little figure in her black clothes. At the meal, I called Lightfoot at his hotel, and told him that I could not find Wardrop; that there were no papers at the house, and that the office staff would have to wait until Wardrop was found to open it. He was disappointed and furious; like a good many men who are physical cowards, he said a great deal over the telephone that he would not have dared say to my face, and I cut him off by hanging up the receiver. From that minute in the struggle that was coming, like a red, I was "formalist" the government.

It was arraigned that Edith should take Margery home with her for the night. I thought it a good idea; the very sight of Edith tucking in her babies and sitting down beside the library lamp to embroider me a scarf-pin holder for Christmas would bring Margery back to normal again. Except in the matter of Christmas gifts, Edith is the sanest woman I know; I recognized it at the dinner table, where she had the little girl across from her planning her mourning hats before the dinner was half finished.

When we rose at last, Margery looked toward the music room, where the dead man lay in state. But Edith took her by the arm and pushed her toward the stairs.

"Get your hat on right away, while Jack calls a cab," she directed. "I must get home, or Fred will keep the boys up until nine o'clock. He is absolutely without principle."

When Margery came down there was a little red spot burning in each pale cheek, and she ran down the stairs like a scared child. At the bottom she clutched the newel-post and looked behind fearfully.

"What's the matter?" Edith demanded, glancing over her shoulder.

"Some one has been on the stairs," Margery panted. "Somebody has been staying in the house while we were away."

"Nonsense," I said, seeing that her fright was infecting Edith. "What makes you think that?"

"Come and look," she said, gaining courage, I suppose, from a masculine presence. And so we went up the long stairs, the two girls clutching hands, and I leading the way and inclined to scoff.

At the door of a small room next to what had been Allan Fleming's bedroom, we paused and I turned on the light.

"Before we left," Margery said more quietly, "I closed this room myself. It had just been done over, and the pale blue walls and the covers put over everything. Now look at it!"

It was a sort of boudoir, filled with feminine knick-knacks and mahogany lounging chairs. Wherever possible, a pale brocade had been used, on the window seat. It was evidently Margery's private sitting room.

The linen cover that had been thrown over the divan was folded back, and a pillow from the window seat bore the imprint of a head. The table was still covered, knobby protuberances indicating the pictures and books beneath. On the corner of the table, where the cover had been pushed aside, was a cup, empty and clean, washed, and as if to prove her contention, Margery picked up from the floor a newspaper, dated Friday morning, the twentieth.

A used towel in the bath room nearby completed the inventory; Margery had been right; some one had used the room while the house was closed.

"Might it not have been your father?" Edith asked, when we stood again at the foot of the stairs. "He could have come here to look for something, and lain down to rest."

"I don't think so," Margery said wily. "I left the door so he could get in with his key, but—he always used his study couch. I don't think he ever spent five minutes in my sitting room in his life."

We had to let it go at that finally. I put them in a cab and saw them start away, then I went back into the house. I had arranged to sleep there and generally to look after things—as I said before. Whatever scruples I had had about taking charge of Margery Fleming and her affairs, had faded with Wardrop's defection and the new mystery of the blue boudoir.

The lower floor of the house was full of people that night, local and state politicians, newspaper men and the usual crowd of the morbidly curious. The undertaker took everything in hand, and late that evening I could hear them carrying in tropical plants and stands for the flowers that were already arriving. Whatever panoply the death scene had lacked, Allan Fleming was lying in state now.

N. & W. Railway

Schedule in Effect May 15, 1910.

11 am. Lv. Charlotte, N. C. 5:50 pm. 2:40 pm. Lv. Winston, N. C. 2:10 pm. 4:44 pm. Martville N. & W. Ar. 11:40 am. 7:00 pm. Ar Roanoke N. & W. Lv. 9:15 am. Additional trains leave Winston-Salem 7:10 a. m. daily except Sunday. Connects at Roanoke for the East and West. Pullman sleepers. Dining cars.

If you are thinking of taking a trip YOU want quotations, cheapest fares, reliable and correct information, as to routes, train schedules, the most comfortable and quickest way. Write and the information is yours for the asking, with one of our complete Map Folios.

W. B. BEVIL, M. F. BRAGG, Gen. Pass Agt. Trav. Pass. Agt. Roanoke, Va.

Southern Railway Offers Extremely Low Round Trip Rates to Little Rock, Ark. On Account Annual Reunion United Confederate Veterans May 15-25, 1911.

Tickets for this occasion will be sold on May 13, 14, and 15, with final return May 23rd, with privilege of an extension of return limit until June 14th, by depositing ticket with joint agent and payment of 50 cents. The following round trip rates will apply from stations named:

Charlotte, N. C.	\$17.15
Charlotte, N. C.	17.30
Davidson, N. C.	17.15
Greensboro, N. C.	18.30
Gaston, N. C.	16.65
High Point, N. C.	18.00
Statesville, N. C.	17.15
Salisbury, N. C.	17.30

Low round trip rates from all other points on Southern Railway on same basis. Southern Railway has double daily through service for Little Rock, Ark., via both Asheville, Chattanooga and Memphis, N. C., and via Atlanta, Birmingham and Memphis.

For further information, reservations, etc., apply to any Southern Railway Agent, or write R. L. Vernon, D. P. A., and R. H. DeButts, T. P., Charlotte, N. C. 3-23-td

Standard COAL

If You Want Dry Coal, Buy Standard COAL

It is all under shed and protected from the weather.

Phone 19 or 72

Standard Ice & Fuel Co.

M. A. BLAND, Sales Agent

Clean-Up Day

That sounds good to us. While you are cleaning up your premises don't forget to clean out all the old

Pans, Kettles

and other wornout articles from your kitchen and house and call on us and we will supply you with a nice, clean lot of the best kitchen and household utensils to be found in the city. Make your cleaning up thorough and you will find many articles that should be replaced by new and better ones and then call on the

Weddington Hardware Co.

INCORPORATED

29 East Trade Street