

# The Third Degree

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE  
By CHARLES KLEIN AND ARTHUR HORNBLLOW  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS  
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**SYNOPSIS.**  
CHAPTER I.—Howard Jeffries, banker's son, under the evil influence of Robert Underwood, fellow-student at Yale, leads a life of dissipation, marries the daughter of a gambler who died in prison, and is discovered by his father. Forced to leave college, he tries to get work and fails. His wife, Annie, is straight as a die, and has a heart of gold. A former college chum makes a business proposition to Howard which requires \$2,000 cash, and Howard is broke.

CHAPTER II.—Robert Underwood, who had made love to Annie in his college days and was repulsed, and was once engaged to Howard's stepmother, Alicia, is a welcome visitor at the Jeffries home. Underwood has apartments in the Astoria, an exclusive apartment house. Howard recalls a \$250 loan to Underwood that remains unpaid and decides to ask him for the \$250 he needs.

CHAPTER III.—Mrs. Jeffries, six, foolishly encourages a dangerous intimacy with Underwood which the latter takes advantage of until he becomes a sort of social highwayman. Discovering his true character, Mrs. Jeffries denounces him to the police.

CHAPTER IV.—Alicia receives a note from Underwood threatening suicide unless she revokes her sentence of banishment. She decides to go and see him.

CHAPTER V.—Underwood is in desperate financial straits. Merchants for whom he has acted as commissioner in the sale of art treasures demand an accounting. Underwood cannot make good. Mrs. Jeffries calls at Underwood's apartments in an intoxicated condition.

CHAPTER VI.—He asks Underwood for \$2,000 and is told the latter is in debt up to his eyes. Howard drinks himself into a maudlin condition and finally goes to sleep on a divan. A caller is announced and Underwood draws a screen around the drunken sleeper. Alicia enters.

CHAPTER VII.—She demands from Underwood a promise that he will not take his life, pointing to the disgrace that would attach to herself from having been associated with a suicide. Underwood refuses to do so, unless she will renew her patronage. This she refuses to do, and takes her leave. Underwood turns out and places a pistol at his temple, and fires.

CHAPTER VIII.—The report of the pistol awakens Howard from his drunken slumber. He stumbles over the dead body of Underwood. Realizing his serious predicament he starts to leave the room and is met by Underwood's valet. The latter discovers the body, raises an alarm and Howard is turned over to the police.

CHAPTER IX.—Capt. Clinton, notorious for his brutal treatment of prisoners, puts Howard through an ordeal known in police parlance as the third degree.

CHAPTER X.—After being compelled to stand in one position for five hours while the bullying captain hurled questions at him, Howard is practically hypnotized when the shining revolver is flashed in his eyes, and mechanically repeats after the captain what purports to be a confession of murder.

CHAPTER XI.—Annie declares her faith in her husband's innocence, despite the alleged confession, and says she will clear him if it takes everything she possesses in the world.

CHAPTER XII.—She pleads with Howard's father to come to his son's assistance. He refuses to do so unless Annie will consent to a divorce and promise to leave the country, never to return. To save Howard she consents. When she finds that Jeffries does not intend to come out publicly and stand by his son, but merely to give financial assistance, she declines his help.

CHAPTER XIII.—Annie appeals to Judge Brewster, a lawyer of international reputation and attorney for the elder Jeffries, to take the case, but he declines.

CHAPTER XIV.—Annie haunts Brewster's office. A report that she is going on the stage brings the banker and his wife to the lawyer to find some way to prevent it. Brewster promises Jeffries that he will not take his son's case.

CHAPTER XV.—Annie again pleads with Brewster to take Howard's case. He consents.

**CHAPTER XVII.**  
The news that Judge Brewster would appear for the defendant at the approaching trial of Howard Jeffries went through the town like wildfire, and caused an immediate revival in the public interest, which was beginning to slacken for want of hourly stimulation. Rumor said that there had been a complete reconciliation in the Jeffries family, that the banker was now convinced of his son's innocence, and was determined to spend a fortune, if necessary, to save him. This and other reports of similar nature were all untrue, but the judge let them pass without contradiction. They were harmless, he chuckled, and if anything, helped Howard's cause.

Meantime he himself had not been idle. When once he made up his mind to do a thing he was not content with half measures. Night and day he worked on the case, preparing evidence, seeing witnesses and experts, until he had gradually built up a bulwark of defense which the police would find difficult to tear down. Yet he was not wholly reassured as to the outcome until Annie, the day following the interview in his office, informed him breathlessly that she had found the mysterious woman. The judge was duly elated; now it was plain sailing, indeed! There had always been the possibility that Howard's confession to the police was a forgery, and that he had really killed Underwood. But now they had found the one important witness, the mysterious woman who was in possession of a letter in which Underwood declared his intention of shooting himself, doubt was no longer possible. Acquittal was a foregone conclusion. So pleased was the judge at Annie's find that he did not insist on knowing the woman's name. He saw that Annie

preferred, for some reason, not to give it—even to her legal adviser—and he let her have her way, exacting only the instant he needed her. The young woman readily assented. Of course, there remained the "confession," but that had been obtained unfairly, illegally, fraudulently. The next important step was to arrange a meeting at the judge's house at which Dr. Bernstein, the hypnotic expert, would be present and to which should be invited both Capt. Clinton and Howard's father. In front of all these witnesses the judge would accuse the police captain of broaching his prisoner into making an untrue confession. Perhaps the captain could be argued into admitting the possibility of a mistake having been made. If, further, he could be convinced of the existence of documentary evidence showing that Underwood really committed suicide he might be willing to recede from his position in order to protect himself. At any rate it was worth trying. The judge insisted, also, that to this meeting the mysterious woman witness should also come, to be produced at such a moment as the lawyer might consider opportune. Annie merely demanded a few hours' time so she could make the appointment and soon returned with a solemn promise that the woman would attend the meeting and come forward at whatever moment called upon.

Three evenings later there was an impressive gathering at Judge Brewster's residence. In the handsomely appointed library on the second floor were seated Dr. Bernstein, Mr. Jeffries and the judge. Each was absorbed in his own thoughts. Dr. Bernstein was puffing at a big black cigar; the banker stared vacantly into space. The judge, at his desk, examined some legal papers. Not a word was spoken.

"You have besmirched her character with stories of scandal," said the judge coolly. "I don't want to use your own methods in this matter. I don't want to spread reports about you, or accuse you in the papers. That's why I asked you to come over and discuss the matter informally with me. I want to give you a chance to change your attitude."

"Don't want any chance," growled the policeman.

"You mean," said the judge, peering at his vis a vis over his spectacles, "that you don't want to change your attitude?"

Capt. Clinton settled himself more firmly in his chair, as if getting ready for hostilities. Definitely he replied: "That's about what I mean, I suppose."

"In other words," went on Judge Brewster calmly, "you have found this—this boy guilty and you refuse to consider evidence which may tend to prove otherwise."

"Tain't my business to consider evidence," snapped the chief. "That's up to the prosecuting attorney."

"It will be," replied the lawyer sharply, "but at present it's up to you."

"Me?" exclaimed the other in genuine surprise.

"Yes," went on Judge Brewster calmly, "you were instrumental in obtaining a confession from him. I'm raising a question as to the truth of that confession."

Capt. Clinton showed signs of impatience. Shrugging his massive shoulders deprecatingly, he said: "Are we going over all that? What's the use? A confession is a confession and that settles it. I suppose the doctor has been working his pet theory off on you and it's beginning to sprout."

"Yes," retorted the judge quickly, "it's beginning to sprout, captain!"

There was a sudden interruption caused by the entrance of the butler, who approached his master and whispered something to him. Aloud the judge said: "Ask her to wait till we are ready."

The servant retired and Capt. Clinton turned to the judge. With mock deference, he said: "Say, Mr. Brewster, you're a great constitutional lawyer—the greatest in this country—and I take off my hat to you, but I don't think criminal law is in your line."

Judge Brewster pursed his lips and his eyes flashed as he retorted quickly: "I don't think it's constitutional to take a man's mind away from him and substitute your own, Capt. Clinton."

"What do you mean?" demanded the chief.

"I mean that instead of bringing out of this man his own true thoughts of innocence, you have forced into his consciousness your own false thoughts of his guilt."

The judge spoke slowly and deliberately, making each word tell. The police bully squirmed uneasily on his chair.

"I think you put too much faith in that woman, but you'll find out—you'll find out!"

Judge Brewster smiled. "That's our object, isn't it, Mr. Jeffries—to find out?" he said sarcastically.

"What's the name of this mysterious witness?" exclaimed the banker testily. "If the police haven't been able to find her why should Howard's wife be able to do so? There was a report that she herself was—"

He paused and added, "Did she tell you who it was?"

"No," said the judge dryly, "she will tell us to-night."

The banker bounded in his seat. "You'll see," he cried. "Another flash in the pan. I don't like being mixed up in this matter—it's disagreeable—most disagreeable."

Dr. Bernstein puffed a thick cloud of smoke into the air and said quietly: "Yes, sir; it is disagreeable—but unfortunately it is life."

Suddenly the door opened and Capt. Clinton appeared, followed by his fidus Achates, Detective Sergeant Maloney. Both men were in plain clothes. The captain's manner was condescendingly polite, the attitude of a man so sure of his own position that he had little respect for the opinion of any one else. With an effort at amiability he began:

"Got your message, judge—came as soon as I could. Excuse my bringing the sergeant with me. Sit over there, Maloney." Half apologetically, he added "He keeps his eyes open and his mouth shut, so he won't interfere. How do, doctor?"

Maloney took a position at the far end of the room, while Dr. Bernstein introduced the captain to Mr. Jeffries.

"Yes, I know the gentleman. How do, sir?"

The banker nodded stiffly. He did not relish having to hobnob in this way with such a vulgarian as a grafting police captain. Capt. Clinton turned to Judge Brewster.

"Now, judge, explode your bomb! But I warn you I've made up my mind."

"I've made up my mind, too," retorted the judge, "so at least we started even."

"Yes," growled the other. "As I stated in my letter, captain, went on the judge coolly. "I don't want to use your own methods in this matter. I don't want to spread reports about you, or accuse you in the papers. That's why I asked you to come over and discuss the matter informally with me. I want to give you a chance to change your attitude."

"Don't want any chance," growled the policeman.

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sheets have tried this young man in their columns and found him guilty, thus prejudicing the whole community against him before he comes to trial. In no other country in the civilized world would this be tolerated, except in a country overburdened with freedom."

Capt. Clinton laughed boisterously. "The early bird catches the worm," he grinned. "They asked me for information and got it."

Judge Brewster went on: "You have so prejudiced the community against him that there is scarcely a man who doesn't believe him guilty. If this matter ever comes to trial how can we pick an unprejudiced jury? Added to this foul injustice you have branded this young man's wife with every stigma that can be put on womanhood. You have hinted that she is the mysterious female who visited Underwood on the night of the shooting and openly suggested that she is the cause of the crime."

"Well, it's just possible," said the policeman with effrontery. "Judge Brewster was fast losing his temper. The man's insolent demeanor was intolerable. Half rising from his chair and pointing his finger at him, he continued:

"You have besmirched her character with stories of scandal. You have linked her name with that of Underwood. The whole country rings with



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"I don't follow you, judge. Better stick to international law. This police court work is beneath you."

"Perhaps it is," replied the lawyer quickly without losing his temper. Then he asked: "Captains, will you answer a few questions?"

"If all depends," replied the other insolently. "If you don't," cried the judge sharply, "I'll ask them through the medium of your own weapon—the press. Only my press will not consist of the one or two yellow journals you inspire, but the independent, dignified press of the United States."

as if thinking hard. Then, turning to his sergeant, he said: "Yes, I think I did. Didn't I, Maloney?"

"Your word is sufficient," said the judge quickly. "Did you hold it up?"

"Think I did."

"Do you know if there was a light shining on it?" asked the judge quickly.

At this point, Dr. Bernstein, who had been an attentive listener, bent eagerly forward. Much depended on Capt. Clinton's answer—perhaps a man's life.

"Don't know—might have been," replied the chief carelessly.

Judge Brewster turned to Dr. Bernstein. "Were there electric lights on the wall?"

"Yes."

"What difference does that make?" demanded the policeman.

"Quite a little," replied the judge quietly. "The barrel of the revolver was bright—shining steel. From the moment that Howard Jeffries' eyes rested on the shining steel barrel of that revolver he was no longer a conscious personality. As he himself said to his wife: 'They said I did it—and I knew I didn't, but after I looked at that shining pistol I don't know what I said or did—everything became a blur and a blank.' Now, I may tell you, captain, that this condition fits in every detail the clinical experiences of nerve specialists and the medical experiences of the psychologists. After five hours' constant cross-questioning while in a semi-dazed condition, you impressed on him your own ideas—you extracted from him not the thoughts that were in his own consciousness, but those that were in yours. Is that the scientific fact, doctor?"

"Yes," replied Dr. Bernstein, "the optical captivation of Howard Jeffries' attention makes the whole case complete and clear to the physician."

Capt. Clinton laughed loudly. "Optical captivation is good!" Turning to his sergeant he asked: "What do you think of that, Maloney?"

Sergt. Maloney chuckled. "It's a new one, eh?"

"No, captain—it's a very old one," interrupted the lawyer sternly, "but it's new to us. We're barely on the threshold of the discovery. It certainly explains these other cases, doesn't it?"

"I don't know that it does," objected the captain, shaking his head. "I don't acknowledge."

Judge Brewster sat down. Looking the policeman squarely in the face, he said slowly and deliberately: "Capt. Clinton, whether you acknowledge it or not, I can prove that you obtained these confessions by means of hypnotic suggestion, and that is a greater crime against society than any the state punishes or pays you to prevent."

The captain laughed and shrugged his shoulders. Indifferently he said: "I guess the boys up at Albany can deal with that question."

"The boys up at Albany," retorted the judge, "know as little about the laws of psychology as you do. This will be dealt with at Washington!"

The captain yawned. "I didn't come here to hear about that—you were going to produce the woman who called on Underwood the night of the murder—that was what I came here for—not to hear my methods criticized—where is she?"

"One thing at a time," replied the judge. "First, I wanted to show you that we know Howard Jeffries' confession is untrue. Now we'll take up the other question." Striking a bell on his desk, he added: "This woman can prove that Robert Underwood committed suicide."

"She can, eh?" exclaimed the captain sarcastically. "Maybe she did it herself. Some one did it, that's sure!"

The library door opened and the butler entered.

"Yes, some one did it!" retorted the judge; "we agree there!" To the servant he said: "Ask Mrs. Jeffries, Jr., to come here."

The servant left the room and the captain turned to the judge with a laugh: "Is she the one? Ha! ha!—that's easy—"

The judge nodded. "She has promised to produce the missing witness to-night."

"She has, eh?" exclaimed the captain. Rising quickly from his chair, he crossed the room and talked in an undertone with his sergeant. This new turn in the case seemed to interest him. Meantime Mr. Jeffries, who had followed every phase of the questioning with close attention, left his seat and went over to Judge Brewster.

"Is it possible," he exclaimed, "is it possible that Underwood shot himself? I never dreamed of doubting Howard's confession!" More cordially he went on: "Brewster, if this is true, I owe you a debt of gratitude—you've done splendid work—I'm afraid I've been just a trifle obstinate."

"Just a trifle," said the judge dryly. Sergeant Maloney took his hat. "Hurry up!" said the captain, "you can telephone from the corner drug store."

## Household Economy

How to Have the Best Cough Syrup and Save \$2, by Making It at Home.

Cough medicines, as a rule, contain a large quantity of plain syrup. If you take one pint of granulated sugar, add 1/2 pint of warm water and stir about 2 minutes, you have as good syrup as money could buy.

If you will then put 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (50 cents' worth) in a pint bottle, and fill it up with the Sugar Syrup, you will have as much cough syrup as you could buy ready made for \$2.50. It keeps perfectly.

And you will find it the best cough syrup ever used—even in whooping cough. You can feel it take hold—usually stops the most severe cough in 24 hours. It is just laxative enough, has a good tonic effect, and taste is pleasant. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

It is a splendid remedy, too, for whooping cough, croup, hoarseness, asthma, chest pains, etc.

Pinex is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, rich in guaiacol and all the healing pine elements. No other preparation will work in this formula.

This recipe for making cough remedy with Pinex and Sugar Syrup is now used and prized in thousands of homes in the United States and Canada. The plan has often been imitated but never successfully.

A guaranty of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex, or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

## Operation on Boy Shot By Father

Special to The News.

Salisbury, Feb. 8.—An operation was performed in a local hospital on the 11-year-old son of Rev. A. T. Horne, who was accidentally shot earlier in the day by his father. The accident happened at the Horne home in the county while Mr. Horne was handling a pistol preparatory to killing a hog. The ball entered the boy's abdomen, but the wound is not expected to prove fatal.

## Southern Railway Engineer Found Dead in Bed

Special to The News.

Salisbury, Feb. 8.—J. H. Barnes, a Southern Railway engineer, was found dead in bed at his home in Spencer Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Barnes was a hostler at night and when he retired yesterday morning was in his usual health. When Mrs. Barnes went to awaken him she found he had been dead some time. He leaves a wife and four children.

## Milk Inspector for Rowan.

Special to The News.

Salisbury, Feb. 8.—The Rowan county officials have taken action looking to the appointment of a milk inspector and the placing of the sale of milk under proper restrictions.

## Rutherford Superior Court.

Special to The News.

Rutherford, Feb. 8.—The February term of Rutherford superior court is in session this week, with Hon. Judge M. H. Justice presiding, he having received an exchange of courts with Judge H. A. Foushee, of Durham.

## What is that noise?

"What is that noise?" asked the presiding judge, when a witness' voice was nearly drowned by a rasping uproar outside the court. "My lord," said the counsel for the defendant, "I think it is the plaintiff filing affidavits."—Tit-Bits.

## A WARNING AGAINST WET FEET.

Wet and chilled feet usually affect the mucous membrane of the nose, throat and lungs, and is gripped, bronchitis or pneumonia may result. Watch carefully, particularly the children, and for the racking, stubborn coughs give Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. It soothes the inflamed membranes, and heals the cough quickly. Mrs. A. A. Swagel, Krob, Wis., says: "I always give Foley's Honey and Tar Compound to my children. It cures their coughs and colds and they like to take it."—Bowen's.

## JACOB HARRIS, Ladies' Tailor

Has gone North to study styles and buy New Spring Goods. Watch for opening announcement upon his return.

## Monitor Radiator

A Delighted Purchaser of one of them tells us "I am heating seven rooms with the amount of coal I would ordinarily consume in one grate (in some times the space heated on the same coal consumption). He is just one of the many pleased users of this wonderful stove, that is doing likewise.

THE FIVE RADIATING FROM FLUES is what does the work. No other stove has them. Let us show you.

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"THE STOVE MEN"

221 South Tryon Street

**FUNERAL OF ROSWELL CRAIG.**  
Rock Hill, S. C., Feb. 8.—The funeral of Roswell Craig, son of Rev. and Mrs. T. B. Craig, was held yesterday at the residence of the deceased, 200 years of age and was a member of the senior class of Davidson College. He is survived by his parents and his sisters, all of this city. Young Craig was taken ill about Christmas and had been a patient at the Fennell Infirmary for more than a month. He was a young man of sterling habits and his death came as a shock to his many friends throughout the country. He was buried in the cemetery at Rock Hill. Dr. Henry Louis Smith and several of his classmates were here from Davidson to attend the funeral.

## N. & W. Railway

Schedule in Effect June 11, 1911.  
10:20 am. Lv. Charlotte So. Ry. 5:50 am. 2:05 pm. Lv. Winston N&W 2:05 pm. 4:09 pm. Martville N&W Ar. 11:40 am. 6:25 pm Ar Roanoke N&W Lv 9:15 am. Additional trains leave Winston-Salem 7:20 a. m. daily for Roanoke. Councils at Roanoke for the East and West. Pullman sleepers. Dining cars.

If you are considering taking a trip to California or the Coast, get our variable Round-Trip Fare. The information is yours for the asking, write one of our complete Map Folders.

W. B. BEVILL, W. C. SAUNDERS, Gen'l Pass Agt. Asst. Gen'l Pass Agt. Roanoke, Va.

## For Rent

- 1 brick store on Graham St. Extension.
- 1 seven-room house on South A St.
- 1 six-room house on East Liberty St.
- 1 six-room house on East Stone wall St.
- 1 five-room house on West 12th St., with all modern conveniences.

## C. Mc Nelis

No. 33 East 4th St. Phone No. 504-J.

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Only fire-proof hotel in Charlotte; supplied entirely with water from its own deep well.

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Pure Water from our Artesian Well, 303 1-2 feet deep, for sale.

50 gallon at Hotel.

100 gallon in 5-gallon lots.

Delivered in Charlotte or at B. R. Station.

EDGAR B. MOORE, Proprietor.