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SAVE YOUR MONEY WE LOAN MONEY CITIZENS BANK TRUST COMPANY CONCORD, NORTH CAROLINA.

CONCORD REAL ESTATE COMPANY DIRECTORY. The following lots were disposed of during the month of September by the Concord Real Estate Company, in West Concord:

DR. J. S. LAFFERTY Gives special attention to diseases of the Eye and Ear, Fitting Glasses and to Electric Treatment of Chronic Diseases, Cancers and Skin Diseases treated by the X-Ray. Office room 15, in Morris Building, Phone 131a.

Out for Business From Now until November 15th we will give FREE with every order for 50 Visiting Cards and Plate a Two-Quire Box of Paper embossed, with two or three-letter Monogram from any of our 10 different styles of stock Dies with two packages of envelopes to match, style of plate to be selected from sample sheet 400 to 415 and 409 to 424 inclusive. Remember this offer only holds good until 15th.

Sale of Store House and Lot. By virtue of a power vested in me by a certain mortgage deed executed to J. L. Hazzard and C. H. Hazzard in the County of Cabarrus, North Carolina, to book 8, page 48 and 49, I will on Monday, the 14th day of December, 1905, at 12 o'clock M., sell for cash, to the highest bidder, the store house and lot, situated in Concord, North Carolina, containing 200 square feet, and being the lot shown on the plat of the city of Concord, North Carolina, as shown in book 30, page 40 in the register's office of Cabarrus county, and being the store house and lot which were sold to J. L. Hazzard and C. H. Hazzard by deed, dated the 15th day of October, 1904, and being the lot shown on the plat of the city of Concord, North Carolina, as shown in book 30, page 40 in the register's office of Cabarrus county, and being the store house and lot which were sold to J. L. Hazzard and C. H. Hazzard by deed, dated the 15th day of October, 1904, and being the lot shown on the plat of the city of Concord, North Carolina, as shown in book 30, page 40 in the register's office of Cabarrus county.

Administrator's Notice. Having qualified as Administrator, do hereby notice, that I have taken and inventory of the estate of J. C. Walker, deceased, and the same is now on file in my office, and I will on Monday, the 14th day of December, 1905, at 12 o'clock M., sell for cash, to the highest bidder, the store house and lot, situated in Concord, North Carolina, containing 200 square feet, and being the lot shown on the plat of the city of Concord, North Carolina, as shown in book 30, page 40 in the register's office of Cabarrus county, and being the store house and lot which were sold to J. L. Hazzard and C. H. Hazzard by deed, dated the 15th day of October, 1904, and being the lot shown on the plat of the city of Concord, North Carolina, as shown in book 30, page 40 in the register's office of Cabarrus county.

The Filigree Ball By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN, Author of "The Mystery of Agatha Webb," "Lost Man's Lane," Etc. Copyright, 1902, by the Bobbs-Merrill Company

CHAPTER I. FOR a detective whose talents had not been recognized at headquarters I possessed an ambition which, fortunately for my standing with the lieutenant of the precinct, had not yet been expressed in words. Though I had small reason for expecting great things of myself, I had always cherished the hope that if a big case came my way I should be able to do something with it—something more, that is, than I had seen accomplished by the police of the District of Columbia since I had had the honor of being one of their number. Therefore, when I found myself plunged, almost without my own volition, into the Jeffrey-Moore affair, I believed that the opportunity had come whereby I might distinguish myself.

It had complications, this Jeffrey-Moore affair; greater ones than the public ever knew, keen as the interest in it ran both in and out of Washington. This is why I propose to tell the story of this great tragedy from my own standpoint, even if in so doing I risk the charge of attempting to exploit my own connection with this celebrated case. In its course I encountered as many disappointments as triumphs and brought out of the affair a heart as sore as it was satisfied, for I am a lover of women and— But I am keeping you from the story itself.

I was at the station house the night Uncle David came in. He was always the detective. He was standing when Washington was a village. It antedates the capitol and the White House. Built by a man of wealth, it bears to this day the impress of the large ideas and quiet elegance of colonial times; but the shade which speedily fell across it made it a marked place even in those early days. While it has always escaped the hand of the spoiler, it has been the scene of many a tragedy, and it is not without its share of the gloom which hangs about it.

Uncle David, even by the ur-china who followed him in the street, so I am showing him no disrespect, gentleman though he is, by giving him a title which as completely characterized him in those days as did his moody ways, his quaint attire and the persistence with which he kept at his side his great mastiff Rudge. I had long since heard of the old gentleman as one of the most interesting residents of the precinct. I had even seen him more than once on the avenue, but I had never before brought face to face with him, and consequently had much too superficial a knowledge of his countenance to determine oftentimes whether the gleam of light in his small gray eyes was natural or simply the result of present excitement. But when he began to talk I detected an unmistakable tremor in his tones and decided that he was in a state of suppressed agitation, though he appeared to have nothing more alarming to impart than the fact that he had seen a light burning in some house presumably empty.

It was all so trivial that I gave him but scant attention till he let a name fall which caused me to prick up my ears and even to put in a word. "The Moore house," he had said. "The Moore house?" I repeated in amazement. "Are you speaking of the Moore house?" "A thousand recollections came with the name. "What other?" he grumbled, directing toward me a look as keen as it was impatient. "Do you think that I would bother myself long about a house I had no interest in, or drag Rudge from his warm rug to save some ungrateful neighbor from a possible burglar?" No, it is my house which some rogue has chosen to enter. The "he" he snarled corrected, as he saw surprise in every eye, "the house which the law will give him, if anything ever happens to that child of a girl whom my brother left behind him."

Growing some words at the dog, who showed a decided inclination to lie down where he was, the old man made for the door and in another moment would have been in the street, if I had not stopped after him. "You are a Moore and live in or near that old house?" "You are a Moore and live in or near that old house?" I asked. The surprise with which he met this question daunted me a little. "How long have you been in Washington, I should like to ask?" was his next remark. "Oh, some five months."

His good nature, or what passed for such in this irascible old man, returned in an instant, and he curbed but not unkindly remarked: "You haven't learned much in that time." Then, with a nod more ceremonious than many another man's bow, he added, with sudden dignity: "I am of the older branch and live in the cottage fronting the old place. I am the only resident on the block. When you have lived here longer you

"Indeed!" I laughed, sounding my whistle. Then, soberly enough for I was more than a little struck by the oddity of his behavior and thought him as well worth investigation as the house in which he showed such an interest: "You shouldn't let that count. Come and see what's up in the house you are so ready to call yours." But he only drew farther into the shade.

CHAPTER II. THOUGH past seventy, Uncle David was a brisk walker, and on this night in particular he sped along so fast that he was half way down H street by the time I had turned the corner of New Hampshire avenue. His gaunt but not ungraceful figure, merged in that of the dog trotting closely at his heels, was the only moving object in the dreary vista of the most desolate block in Washington. As I neared the building I was so impressed by the surrounding stillness that I was ready to vow that the shadows were denser here than elsewhere and that the few gas lamps which flickered at intervals down the street shone with a more feeble ray than in any other equal length of street in Washington.

Meanwhile the shadow of Uncle David had vanished from the pavement. He had paused beside a fence which, hung with vines, surrounded and nearly hid from sight the little cottage he had mentioned as the only house on the block with the exception of the great Moore place; in other words, his own home. As I came abreast of him I heard him muttering, not to his dog, as was his custom, but to himself. In fact, the dog was not to be seen, and this desolation on the part of his constant companion seemed to add to his disturbance and affect him beyond all reason. I could distinguish these words among the many he directed toward the unseen animal: "You're a knowing one—too knowing! You see that loosened shutter over the way as plainly as I do; but you're a coward to slink away from it. I don't. I face the thing, and what's more, I'll show you yet what I think of a dog that can't stand his ground and help his old master out with some show of courage. Creaks, does it? Well, let it creak. I don't mind its creaking, glad as I should be to know whose hands—Hello! You've come, have you?" This to me. I had just stepped up to him.

"Yes, I've come. Now, what is the matter with the Moore house?" He must have expected the question, for his answer was a long time coming. His voice, too, sounded strained, and was pitched quite too high to be natural. But he evidently did not expect me to show surprise at his manner. "Look at that window over there!" he cried at last. "That one with the slightly open shutter! Watch and you will see that shutter move. There, it creaked! Didn't you hear it?" A growl—it was more like a moan—came from the porch behind us. "Rudge!"

stantly the old gentleman turned and, with a gesture as fierce as it was instinctive, shouted out: "Be still there! If you haven't the courage to face a blowing shutter, keep your jaws shut and don't let every fellow who happens along know what a fool you are. I dare—be damned on it! I'll show you yet what I think of a dog that can't stand his ground and help his old master out with some show of courage. Creaks, does it? Well, let it creak. I don't mind its creaking, glad as I should be to know whose hands—Hello! You've come, have you?" This to me. I had just stepped up to him.

"We may come upon a gang. You do not wish me to face some half dozen men alone?" "You won't find any half dozen men there," was his muttered reply. Nevertheless he followed me, though with less spirit than I liked, considering that my own manner was in a measure assumed and that I was not without sympathy—well, let me say, for a dog who preferred following a dismal accompaniment to his master's music to keeping open watch over a neighborhood dominated by the unhalloved structure I now proposed to enter. At the first touch the door yielded. It was not even latched.

"So!" I thought. "This is no fool's job; some one is in the house." I had provided myself with an ordinary pocket lantern, and when I had convinced Hibbard that I fully meant to enter the house and discover for myself who had taken advantage of the popular prejudice against it to make a secret refuge or rendezvous of its decayed old rooms, I took out this lantern and held it in readiness. "We may strike a hornet's nest," I explained to Hibbard, whose feet seemed very heavy, even for a man of his size. "But I'm going in and so are you. Only, let me suggest first that we take off our shoes. We can hide them in these bushes."

"I always catch cold when I walk barefooted," mumbled my brave companion, but receiving no reply, he drew off his shoes and dropped them beside mine in the clump of stank bushes which figure so prominently in the newspaper illustrations that have lately appeared. Then he took out his revolver, and, cocking it, stood waiting, while I gave a cautious push to the door. "Darkness! Silence!"

Rather had I confronted a light and heard some noise, even if it had been the ominous creak to which we are so well accustomed. Hibbard seemed to be emphasizing rather than detracting from the extreme desolation of the great room. The settle was a fixture, as I afterward found, and was almost the only article of furniture to be seen on the wide expanse of uncarpeted floor. There was a table or two in hiding somewhere amid the shadows at the other end from where I stood, and possibly some kind of stool or settee, but the general impression made upon me was that of a completely dismantled place given over to moth and rust. The elegance of the heavily stuccoed ceiling, admitted to be one of the finest specimens of its kind in Washington, as well as the richness of the carvings ornamenting the mantel of Italian marble rising above the accursed hearthstone, only served to make more evident the extreme neglect into which the rest of the room had sunk. Being anything but anxious to subject myself further to its unhappy influence and quite convinced that the place was indeed as empty as it looked, I turned to leave as quietly as I could, when I was suddenly and unexpectedly confronted by a well-dressed man.

ence of the old tragedies with which my mind was needlessly full, that I paused, unbidden in my advance and well nigh unheeded whether I looked upon a real thing or on some strange and terrible fantasy of my aroused imagination. A form lay before me, outstretched on that portion of the floor which had hitherto been hidden from me by the half open door—a woman's form, which even in that first casual look impressed itself upon me as one of aerial delicacy and extreme refinement; and this form lay as cold as the dead lie the dead! And I had been looking at the hearthstone for just such a picture! No, not just such a picture, for this woman lay face uppermost, and, on the floor beside her was blood—

A hand had plucked my sleeve. It was Hibbard's. Startled by my immobility and silence, he had stepped in with quaking members, expecting hardly to know what he had done. His eyes fell on the prostrate form which held me spellbound than an unforeseen change took place in him. What had unnerved me, restored him to full self-possession. Death in this shape was familiar to him. He had no fear of blood. He did not show surprise at encountering it, but only at the effect it appeared to produce on me. "Shout!" was his laconic command as he bent over the prostrate body. "Shout through the heart! She must have died before she fell!"

That was a new experience for this room. No wound had ever before disfigured those who had fallen here, nor had any of the previous victims been found lying on any other spot than the one over which that huge settle kept guard. As these thoughts crossed my mind I instinctively glanced again toward the fireplace for what I almost refused to believe lay outstretched at my feet. When nothing more appeared there than that old seat of sinister memory, I experienced a thrill which poorly expressed my amazement. "Look here! What do you make of this?" He was pointing to what, upon closer inspection, proved to be a strip of white satin ribbon running from one of the delicate wrists of the girl before us to the handle of a pistol which had fallen not far away from her side. It looks as if the pistol was attached to her. That is something new in my experience. What do you think it means?"

"Aias, there was but one thing it could mean. The shot to which she had succumbed had been delivered by herself. This fair and delicate creature was a suicide. But suicide in this place! How could we account for that? Had the story of this room's ill-acquired fame acted hypnotically on her, or had she stumbled upon the open door in front and been glad of any refuge where her misery might find a solitary termination? Closely scanning her upturned face, I sought an answer to this question, while thus musing received a fresh shock which I did not hesitate to communicate to my now none too sensitive companion. "Look at those features," I cried. "I seem to know them. Do you?" He growled out a dissent, but stooped at my bidding and gave the pitiful young face a prolonged stare. When he looked up again he was met by the sudden contraction of his eyebrows. "I've certainly seen it somewhere," he hesitatingly admitted, edging slowly away toward the door. "Perhaps in the papers. Isn't she like—"

"Like!" I interrupted. "It is Veronica Moore herself, the owner of this house and she who was married here two weeks since to Mr. Jeffrey. Evidently her reason was unimpaired by the tragedy which threw so deep a gloom over her wedding."

My first glance showed me little save the ponderous outlines of an old settle, which jutted from the corner of the fireplace half way out into the room. As it was seemingly from this seat that the men, who at various times had been found lying here, had fallen to their doom, a thrill passed over me as I noted its unwieldy bulk and the deep shadow it threw on the ancient and dishonored hearthstone. To escape the ghastly memories it evoked and also to satisfy myself that the room was really as empty as it seemed, I took another step forward. This carried the light from the lantern I carried to spread beyond the point on which it had hitherto been so effectively concentrated, but the result was to emphasize rather than detract from the extreme desolation of the great room. The settle was a fixture, as I afterward found, and was almost the only article of furniture to be seen on the wide expanse of uncarpeted floor. There was a table or two in hiding somewhere amid the shadows at the other end from where I stood, and possibly some kind of stool or settee, but the general impression made upon me was that of a completely dismantled place given over to moth and rust.

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