

"If you will be good enough to give me the name of your valet," he concluded, "I will fill in both names on my passenger manifest and send the tickets to your hotel by messenger immediately. You can then sign the tickets—I have already signed them as witness—and pay the messenger."

"Well, I haven't engaged that valet as yet," Webster began.

"What's the odds? He's going to miss the boat, anyhow. All I require is a name."

"That ought to be a simple request to comply with. Let me see!"

"I read a book once, Mr. Webster, and the valet in that book was called Andrew Bowers."

"Bowers is a fine old English name. Let us seek no further. Andrew Bowers it is."

"Thank you. All you have to do then is to remember to sign the name, Andrew Bowers, to one ticket. Don't forget your valet's name now, and ball everything up," and the clerk hung up laughing.

Half an hour later a boy from the steamship office arrived with the tickets, collected for them, and departed, leaving John Stuart Webster singularly pleased with himself and at peace with the entire world.

A "large" dinner at Antoine's that night (Webster had heard of Antoine's dinners, both large and small and was resolved not to leave New Orleans until he had visited the famous restaurant), and a stroll through the picturesque old French quarter and along the levee next day, helped to render his enforced stay in New Orleans delightful, interesting, and instructive. For Sunday he planned an early morning visit to the old French market, around which still lingers much of the picturesque charm and colorful romance of a day that is done—that echo of yesterday, as it were, which has left New Orleans an individuality as distinct as that which the olden, golden, godless days have left upon San Francisco.

He rose before six o'clock, therefore; found a taxi, with the driver sound asleep inside, at the curb in front of the hotel; gave the latter his instructions, and climbed in.

Opposite Jackson Square the cloying sweetness of palmetto, palm, and fig burdened the air. Above the rumble of the taxi he could hear the distant babel of voices in the French market across the square, so he halted the taxicab, alighted, and handed the driver a bill.

"I want to explore this square," he said. He had recognized it by the heroic statue of General Jackson peeping through the trees. "I'll walk through the square to the market, and you may proceed to the market and meet me there. Later we will return to the hotel."

A Creole girl—starry-eyed, beautiful, rich with the glorious coloring of her race—passed him bound for the cathedral across the square, as Webster thought, for she carried a large prayer book on her arm. His glance followed the girl down the walk.

Presently she halted. A young man rose from a bench where he evidently had been waiting for her, and bowed low, his hat clasped to his breast, as only a Frenchman or a Spanish grandee can bow. Webster saw the Creole girl turn to him with a little gesture of pleasure. She extended her hand and the young man kissed it with old-fashioned courtesy.

John Stuart Webster with reverent and wistful eyes watched their meeting.

"Forty years old," he thought, "and I haven't spoken to a dozen women that caused me a second thought, or who weren't postmistresses' or biscuit shooters! Forty years old and I've never been in love! Springtime down that little path and Indian summer in my old fool heart. Why, I ought to be arrested for failure to live!"

The lovers were walking slowly, arm in arm, along the path by which the girl had come, so with a courtesy and gentleness that were innate in him, Webster stepped out of sight behind the statue of Old Hickory; for he did not desire, by his mere presence, to intrude a discordant note in the perfect harmony of those two human hearts. He knew they desired that sylvan path to themselves; that evidently they had sought their early morning tryst in the knowledge that the square was likely to be deserted at this hour.

The young man was speaking as they passed; his voice was rich, pleasant, vibrant with the earnestness of what he had to say; with a pretty little silver mounted walking stick he slashed at spears of grass alongside the path; the girl was crying a little. Neither of them had seen him, so he entered a path that led from them at right angles.

He had proceeded but a few feet along this trail when, through a break in the shrubbery ahead of him, he saw two men. Brief as was his glimpse of them, Webster instantly recognized the two Central Americans he had seen in the steamship ticket office two days previous.

They were not walking as walk two men abroad at this hour for a constitutional. Neither did they walk as walk men churchward bound. A slight, skulking air marked their progress, and caused Webster to wonder idly what they were stalking.

He turned into the path down which the two men had passed, not with the slightest idea of shadowing them, but because his destination lay in that direction.

Both men had forsaken the gravelled path and were walking on the soft velvet of blue grass lawn that fringed it! "Perhaps I'd better deaden my hoof beats also," John Stuart Webster soliloquized, and followed suit immediately.

He had scarcely done so when the men ahead of him paused abruptly. Webster did likewise, and responding—subconsciously, perhaps, to the remembrance of the menace in the glance of the man with the puckered eye—he stepped out of sight behind a broad oak tree. Through the trees and shrubbery he could still see the lovers, who had halted and evidently were about to part.

Webster saw the young man glance warily about; then, apparently satisfied there was none to spy upon them, he drew the girl gently toward him.



Drew the Girl Gently Toward Him.

She clung to him for nearly a minute, sobbing; then he raised her face tenderly, kissed her, pressed her from him, and walked swiftly away without looking back.

It was a sweet and rather touching little tableau; to John Stuart Webster, imaginative and possessed of a romantic streak in his nature, it was more than a tableau. It was a moving picture!

"I suppose her old man objects to the young fellow," he muttered to himself sympathetically, "and he can't come near the house. They've met here for the fond farewell, and now the young fellow's going out West to make his fortune, so he can come back and claim the girl. Huh! If he wants her, why the devil doesn't he take her? Hello! By Judas priest! Now I know what those two parakeets are up to. One of them is the father of that girl. They've been spying on the lovers, and now they're going to corner the young fellow and shingle him for his nerve."

The girl had stood for a moment, gazing after her companion, before she turned with her handkerchief to her eyes, and continued on her way to the cathedral. Webster heard her sobbing as she stumbled blindly by, and he was distressed about her, for all the world loves a lover and John Stuart Webster, was no exception to this universal rule.

"By George, this is pretty tough," he reflected. "That young fellow treated that girl with as much gentleness and courtesy as any gentleman should, and I'm for him and against this idea of corporal punishment. Don't you worry, Tillie, my dear. I'm going to horn into this game myself if it goes too far."

The two dusky skulkers ahead of him, having come to another cross-path, turned into it and came out on the main path in the rear of the young man. Webster noticed that the pair were still walking on the grass. He padded gently along behind them.

The four were now rapidly approaching the old French market, and the steadily rising babel of voices speaking in French, Italian, Spanish, Creole patois and Choctaw, was sufficient to have drowned the slight noise of the pursuit, even had the young man's mind not been upon other things, and the interest of the two Central Americans centered upon their quarry, to the exclusion of any thought of possible interruption.

Webster felt instinctively that the two men would rush and make a concerted attack from the rear. He smiled.

"I'll just fool you two hombres a whole lot," he thought, and stooping, picked up a small stone. On the instant the two men, having approached within thirty feet of their quarry, made a rush for him.

Their charge was swift, but though it was, the little stone which John Stuart Webster hurled was swifter. It struck the young man fairly between the shoulderblades with a force sufficient to bring him out of his sentimental reverie with a jerk, as it were. He whirled, saw the danger that threatened him, and—sprang to meet it.

"Bravo!" yelled Webster, and ran to his aid, for he had seen now that it was to be knife work. Tragedy instead of melodrama.

The man with the puckered eye closed in with such eagerness it was apparent to Webster that here was work to his liking. The young man raised his light cane, but Pucker-eye did not hesitate. He merely threw up his left forearm to meet the expected blow aimed at his head, lunged forward and slashed viciously at the young man's abdomen. The latter drew back a step, doubled like a Jack-knife, and brought his cane down viciously across the knuckles of the assailant's right hand.

"So it is thou, son of a pig," he

called pleasantly in Spanish. "I fooled you that time, didn't I?" he added in English. "Thought I would aim for your head, didn't you?"

The blow temporarily paralyzed the assassin's hand; he dropped the knife, and as he stooped to recover it with his left hand, the young man, before retreating from Pop-eye, kicked Pucker-eye in the face and quite upset him. "Stop it!" shouted Webster.

Pop-eye turned his head at the outcry. The man he was attacking fell into the position of a swordsman en garde, and thrust viciously with the ferrule at the face of the pop-eyed man, who, disregarding Webster's approach, seized the cane in his left hand and with a quick, powerful tug actually drew his victim toward him a foot before the latter let go the stick.

Before he could give ground again Pop-eye was upon him. He grasped the young man by the latter's left arm and held him, while he drew back for the awful disembowling stroke. As his long arm sped forward the hook of John Stuart Webster's heavy cane descended upon that flexed arm in the crook of the elbow, snatching it cleverly.

The knife never reached its destination!

"You would, would you?" said Webster reproachfully, and jerked the fellow violently around. The man he had rescued promptly struck Pop-eye a terrible blow in the face with his left hand and broke loose from the grip that had so nearly been his undoing; then Webster tapped the assassin a meditative rap or two on the top of his sinful head for good measure and to awaken in him some sense of the impropriety and fatuity of resistance, after which Webster turned to discuss a similar question of ethics with Pucker-eye.

The scar-checked man was on his knees, groping groggily for his knife, for he had received a severe kick under the chin, and for the nonce was far from dangerous. Stooping, Webster picked up the knife; then with knife and cane grasped in his left hand he seized Pucker-eye by the nape with his right and jerked him to his feet. The assassin stood glowering at him in a perfect frenzy of brutish, inarticulate fury.

"Take the knife away from the other fellow before he gets active again," Webster called over his shoulder. "I'll manage this rascal. We'll march them over to the market and turn them over to the police." He spoke in Spanish.

"Thanks, ever so much, for my life," the young man answered lightly, and in English, "but where I come from it is not the fashion to settle these arguments in a court of law. To call an officer is considered unclublike; to shoot a prisoner in this country is considered murder, and consequently I have but one alternative and I advise you, my good friend, to have a little of the same. I'm going to run like the devil."

And he did. He was in full flight before Webster could glance around, and in an instant he was lost to sight among the trees.

"That advice sounds eminently fair and reasonable," Webster yelled after him, and was about to yell when he observed that the young man had abandoned his pretty little silver-chased walking stick.

"That's too nice a little stick to leave to these brigands," he thought, and forthwith possessed himself of it and the pop-eyed man's knife, after which he hurried not upon the order of his going but went, departing at top speed.

The young man he had saved from being butchered was right. An entangling alliance with the police was, decidedly, not to John Stuart Webster's liking, for should he unfortunately, form such an alliance, he would be haled into court as a witness and perhaps miss the steamer to San Buenaventura.

He had planned to spend an hour in the market, drink a cup of cafe noir, smoke a cigarette, and return to his hotel in time for a leisurely breakfast, but his recent bout with grim reality had blunted the edge of romance. He ordered his driver to take him back to the hotel, sprang inside and congratulated himself on his lucky escape.

Continued in next issue.

NOTICE OF SUMMONS AND WARRANT OF ATTACHMENT.

North Carolina, Union County—In the Superior Court.

J. D. Futch et al, partners, trading as J. D. Futch & Sons, vs. D. A. Ramsey.

To D. A. Ramsey, defendant above-named:—You will take notice herefrom that a summons in the above-entitled action was issued against you on the 16th day of December, 1920, in the Superior Court of Union County, North Carolina, on a cause of action for which plaintiff claims damages in the sum of \$800 for breach of warranty in the sale of a carload of oranges, said summons being returnable before R. W. Lemmond, clerk of superior court of Union county on the 25th day of January, 1921.

You will also take notice that on the same date a warrant of attachment was issued against your property in the State of North Carolina, which warrant is returnable at the time and place named for said summons, when and where the defendant above-named is required to appear and answer or demur to the complaint filed within the time provided by law.

This 3rd January, 1921.
R. W. LEMMOND, clerk of Superior Court of Union county, North Carolina.
Vann & Milliken, Attorneys for Plaintiffs.

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE

Under and by virtue of a power contained in a certain deed of trust executed by Duke E. Wentz to A. A. Edgeworth to secure a certain note therein mentioned, a default having been made in payment of said note, and demand having been made by the holder of said note, I will, on

Monday, the 21st day of January, 1921, at 12 o'clock M., at the courthouse door in Monroe, N. C., offer for sale a two-eighths undivided interest in and to the following described tract of land, which lies in Union county, Vance township, and adjoins the lands of Mrs. Nancy Byrum, A. I. Wentz, T. A. Ritch, and others, and bounded as follows:

Beginning at a stake, formerly a P. O., Nancy M. Byrum and A. I. Wentz's corner, and runs thence with said Wentz line S 7 E 20 chs., crossing a branch to a stone by a P. O., R. O., and two hickories; thence with division line S 44 3-4 E, 89 poles to a stake by two hickories and two P. O.'s, Lemmond's and Penner's corner in said James M. Wentz old line; thence with Lemmond's line N 59 3-4 E 57 1-2 poles, crossing Dry Run Branch, to a P. O. stump and pile of stones by three sweet gums and two large dogwoods, T. A. Ritch's corner; thence with his line N 13 1-2 E 20 chs to a P. O.; thence N. 26 1-2 W 8.72 chs, crossing said Rry Run to a pine stump; thence N 84 1-2 W 1.99 chs to a pine knot by a pine and three P. O.'s, the division corner; thence with the division line, N 83 3-8 W 91 1-4 poles to a stake and pile of stones, Nancy M. Byrum's corner, by a B. J. and 3 P. O.'s; thence with said Byrum line S 77 W 24 poles to the beginning, containing ninety-two acres (92) more or less.

The bid of prior sale held Jan. 10, 1921, having been raised to \$367.50, it is necessary that bidding start at that amount.

Terms of sale—Cash.
This January 12, 1921.
T. F. LIMERICK, Trustee.

DR. HORACE SMITH, Eye - Sight Specialist, can now be found at his office regularly during the entire fall and winter. Your eyes examined and glasses fitted. The latest of everything known to the optical Profession. Examinations free, you pay for the glasses only. Broken lenses duplicated. New frames, mountings, and temples. Office in Belk-Bundy building, Monroe, N.C.

GORDON INSURANCE and INVESTMENT CO.

INSURANCE EXPERTS
Phone 269.

Farmers & Merchants Bank Building.

R. H. Garren, M. D.

Practice Limited to Treatment of Diseases of EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT
Office Over THE UNION DRUG COMPANY.
PHONE 258.

New City Ordinances

At the regular meeting of the Board of Aldermen of the City of Monroe, held in the Clerk's Office on January 3rd, 1921, the following ordinances were passed and unanimously adopted by the Board of Aldermen:

Upon motion of W. F. Lemmond, seconded by J. B. Simpson, the following ordinances were unanimously adopted:

1. Upon the sounding of a fire alarm, and during a fire, the firemen of the City of Monroe shall have the right of way over all the streets of said city, and every person in charge of any carriage, wagon, automobile or other vehicle, shall immediately upon the sounding of any fire alarm, move said automobile or other vehicle to the curb and there let it remain until the fire engine, trucks, automobiles and other conveyances conveying firemen, have passed.
2. No person shall get in the way of, or ride or drive any automobile or other vehicle in front or within two blocks behind any fire truck, hook and ladder wagon, or any other vehicle or conveyance being used by the Fire Department during a fire, provided this shall not apply to any conveyance which is carrying a fireman or any person connected with the Fire Department in said conveyance.
3. No person shall run any engine, train, automobile or any kind of a vehicle over any fire hose or any other apparatus or equipment of the Department.
4. No person shall with carriage, wagon, automobile or other vehicle, or on horseback, follow the fire engine, truck, or any of the fire fighting apparatus of the Fire Department while same is going to a fire, unless said automobile or vehicle is at least two city blocks in the rear thereof.
5. No person shall enter in or on any part of the buildings or grounds occupied by the Fire Department, or in any manner cause or allow any damage to any of the fire fighting equipment or to remove any parts, tools or equipment therefrom, nor ride nor attempt to ride on any of the fire trucks or other fire apparatus nor go within a city block of the Fire Station after a fire alarm is given unless he is a fireman in the regular service, or has permission from the Chief of the Fire Department or other officer of said department.
6. That no person shall part or leave standing for a longer period than five minutes any automobile, truck or other vehicle on the west side of Church Street between Windsor and Franklin Streets, and all automobiles parked on the east side of

said street between said points shall be parked along side the gutter and within twelve inches of the curb and shall be twice headed north and south.

7. That every person operating any motor vehicle of any kind or riding horseback or driving any kind of vehicle shall keep to the right of any post placed at any street intersection by the City of Monroe.

8. That no person shall drive an automobile or vehicle so near to any of the "Drive to the Right" posts as to strike, hit or injure said posts.

9. No person shall turn any automobile or other vehicle around in the city of Monroe on any of the streets of the city except where said street intersects with another street.

10. That no person driving an automobile or other vehicle, shall cross any street intersection at a greater rate of speed than ten miles per hour.

11. That no railway company, or other common carrier, nor any person, firm or corporation, shall permit any fish scrap, manure or carriage, or anything else with an offensive odor, to remain upon their premises for a longer period than one hour.

12. That it shall be unlawful for any person, firm or corporation to place any gasoline tank within thirty feet of any sidewalk or street of the city of Monroe or upon the sidewalk or streets of the City of Monroe without the written permission of the Mayor.

13. That it shall be unlawful for any person, firm or corporation to deliver gasoline direct from any gasoline tank by means of a hose or other attachment to any automobile, truck or other motor vehicle while said automobile, truck or other motor vehicle is standing on any of the streets or sidewalks of the city of Monroe, without having paid all special taxes assessed by the City of Monroe and receiving the written permission of the Mayor of the City of Monroe.

14. No person shall sweep or place any trash, leaves, tin cans, bottles, or other debris on any of the streets or sidewalks of the City of Monroe, provided this shall not apply where persons place the same in a trash can or box so that the same does not overflow or blow out and be easily handled by the drivers of the City trash wagons.

That any person violating any of the foregoing ordinances shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and punished by fine of fifty dollars or imprisonment thirty days.

This January 3, 1921.
J. H. BOYTE, Clerk to the Board.

MANY OTHERS

have found an account at this bank very helpful in assisting them to get a start in the world. Why don't YOU try it? Your income isn't so small but you can save a part of it. Most of the present day bank accounts were started in a very small way and gradually builded to their present. YOU can do as well.

No matter how small your account at the start if you show that you are in earnest and really want to get ahead in the world we shall be very glad to have you use the conveniences and accommodations furnished by this bank. Also, insofar as is consistent with safe, conservative banking, to assist you in any way that we can.

Farmers & Merchants Bank
The Bank That Backs the Farmer.

Capital, Surplus and Profits \$95,000.00
M. K. LEE, President, W. B. LOVE, Vice President
C. B. ADAMS, Vice President, R. A. MORROW, Jr., Cashier

Why man—
we made this
cigarette for you!



CAMELS fit your cigarette desires so completely you'll agree they were made to meet your taste!

Unique flavor, fragrance and mellow-mild-body due to Camels quality and expert blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos are a revelation! You will prefer the Camel blend to either kind of tobacco smoked straight!

With Camels you can go the limit without tiring your taste. They leave no unpleasant cigaretty after-taste; no unpleasant cigaretty odor!

To get a line on why Camels win you so completely compare them puff-for-puff with any cigarette in the world at any price. You'll prefer quality to coupons or premiums!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N.C.