

trembled.

to the night.

"I don't want money," she falaced.

"We'll go to her instantly," trid

Pendlebaven. "Wait until I get my

hat and cout, and I'll tell my brother

In a few minutes he was back, find-

or her standing where he had lett her.

Without a word they walked out in-

As they passed the Salvation army

booked at it. But she made to remark,

and so rapid did she walk that Pendle-

To say he was surprised when they

path beading to the west shore at the

lake wer a be notting it lightly. But

somelow a waste as difference to blen.

His strong, was not all held the small

brown one, and something in the touch

with pleasure. He found family voice

of the girl's fingers made him thritt

which water, in tumbling rooms, took

Here we are to the ragged"

its way down the hill. Just on the

she said. "There's the hout where and

mummy is. See that little light? Stand

here a minute till I come back and get

It had suddenly occurred to Torni-

sel that perhaps her father might

have ventured home. If so, then see

must prepare him for the doctor's con-

She went immediately to her mother

darlin'," she whispered, but the wom-

n made no move, if by chance she

Clambering up the steps, Tonnibel

"Mammy's alone," she said. "Come

Pendlelaven stooped over Edith De-

von, gently taking her wrist in his

tingers. For some time he sat beside

her, then mixing a draught, succeeded

in pouring it down her throat. The

"Yep," replied the girl, and that was

Pendlehaven didn't ask anything

more. In accepting the picture he had

tacitly promised not to question her.

What did it matter to him how the

woman had come into her present con-

dition? He would do his utmost, his

very best for the sake of the trembling

child who had brought back the baby's

picture which might bring a new de-

"Come outside," he said at length,

"She'll get well, huh?" demanded

"Surely," he responded, "Of course."

The thought of her father coming

mind. "I don't want you to stay if

Tonnibel extended her hand, "I sald

"And what about you?" demanded

"Oh, I'm used to it," she responded.

When they conched the boulevard,

"Now go back," he said gently, "I

"I'll hike to you." answered Tonni-

"I shall get home perfectly safe,

bringing me the picture and allowing

bel. "If you're sure now you won't

she is? Or shall I come down?"

two on my bean, but that won't count

sleep a long time, perhaps until morn-

sire to live in his prother, Paul.

Tonnibel, in a whisper.

so you'll be safe."

tears to the girl's eyes.

he scarcely realized it.

limply.

nH.

Ing.

the doctor,

orth side the girl stopped.

- re they were going;

some medicine as a change off."

you brought this to him."

strides to keep up with her.

what it might be.

CHAPTER V.

Doctor John Has a Visitor.

After remaining hidden in the forest for some time. Tonnibel stole along toward Ithaca in the gathering gloom, her heart filled with hope. To get some medicine for Edith, and to take back the picture to the father who had offered money for it, were the two things she wanted to do now. Her young mind was busy with plans for her mother. If she could find some work to do, and Edith would go with her, she would get well again.

That evening, just after dinner, Dr. John Pendlehaven was sitting in his office, his mind disturbed, his hear nehlng for the sick brother upstairs and he remembered that the first thresor four years after the disappearance of Paul's daughter had been spent in a frontle search. All those working on the case had finally decided that Edith Mindil, a young nurse who had cared for the child most of the time since her mother had died and was devoted to her, had left home with the

He sat up suddenly, for distinctly there came to him from the wide front porch the patter of feet like the soft footpads of some smalthy night-animai. He turned his eyes an the open door that led to the porch- and then he rose. There before him stood a girl,

a silent girl looking at him beseechingly-a curious demanding cancersion in her eyes, and she was turefooted, reo. He dalo't speak, nor did he move forward. She was not a patlent, that he know, for only the rich came to him for treatment.

Suddenly she smiled and took two steps toward him, "Good evening," be managed to say:

"Paul Pendlehaven?" came in



There Before Him Stood a Girl-a Silent Girl.

bead. "Oh! I hoped you were!" was the

breath, and Doctor John shook his

swift reply. "I want to see the doctor."

The voice was filled with touching pathos, and the young face had grown rising. "I want to talk to you. She'll "I'm one Doctor Pendlehaven," he

said. "Won't you sit down?" Tonnibel shook her head. She

couldn't sit down in all this royal splender, she who had been used to canal boats and rough benches to sit home drunk flashed acress the girl's

"I'm kinda mussed up," she said in she's all right," she said with a backexcuse. "I've come to make a dicker ward bend of her head. "You said with-with Dr. Paul Pendlehaven."

"Ten me what you want of my doctor's affirmative nod she went on: brother?" he said gently. "Do you "Then I'll take you back up the hill, want him to help you?"

"Yep, a bull lot," she responded 'a great lot. My mother's awful sick, "No, I won't let you. I can find my But I can't tell how she got that way, way all right, but I can't leave you so don't ask me. But-but I thought like this," mebbe if I brought Doctor Paul's baby back-" She paused, drew out of her I was going with you," she answered blouse the picture and handed it out, crisply. "Come on, it'll be all hours "I thought if I didn't take any money before you get home now. I ain't sayfor it, he'd help me, and mebbe wouldn't in' I would love to have you in the make me tell where I got it." Dirty Mary with mummy and me, but

John Pendlehaven made no more to you might get killed if you stay." touch the little card she was holding out to him, and Tonnibel came nearer. Pendishaven. Her fingers let go their hold on the picture, and it fell to the floor. And "Somebody might give me a swat or there before the startled man's eyes. she dropped down and began to sob, for nothin'!" long bitter sobs such as John Pendlehaven had never heard from any of he dropped her hand. his own women kind.

"I want some one to help my rammy can find my way. Will you come toso bad," came to him from among the morrow at two, and let me know how curis.

Then he shook himself, deep sympathy striking at him.

"Listen to me, my dear; you've done get lost, I'll run back to mummy. my brother the greatest favor in the But-" world by bringing back this picture." He stooped and picked it up. "He child," came in quick interruption. loved it dearly; no money could have and "Good-night. Thank you for bought it."

Tounibel's eyes, filled with tears, me to come to your mother."

"Tony" Swears an Oath. When Tonnibel bent over the bunk, she saw her mother's eyes were open. She smiled sadly down upon her, sat on a stool and took one of the woman's thin hands in hers.

CHAPTER VI.

"Where's your daddy?" murmured Mrs. Devon.

"He's gone, mummy dear," breathed Tony. "I guess he thought some one was after him. You're feelin' a lot better, buh, honey?"

"Yep, but I'm thirsty, awful thirsty, baby dear."

Tonnibel gave her a drink, and resented herself.

"You're goin' to get well," she ejaculated. "I brought a awful nice doctor here when you were so sick. He's just gone, and he left you them pills and that medicine in the plass." The woman stared at the speaker

as if she hadn't heard rightly, "A doctor?" she whined, "What doctor?"

But my poor little munmy . eick. So "Doctor Pendlehaven," replied Ton-I said to myself if the picture was worth cash, then mebbe I could get nibel. "He's a real nice man-John Pendlehaven."

Edith struggled up on her elbow. "What'd you bring him here for ?" she cried. "I bate the Pendlehavens. Uriah hates 'em-

"I know that, mummy," Tony out her off with, "but you was too sick to tell me what to do, and daddy wasn't here, so I just went and got the doctor myself. . . . Here! You mustn't sit up.

quarters the girl turned her head and "I will! I will! Now tell me all he said from the beginning to end."

In stience Tonnibet helped her mothhaven found himself taking long er to a sitting position and wrapped the blankers around her. Then she began to tell her what had happened. urned from the bonfevard read to a. The only thing she omitted speaking of was the baby's picture,

"He were the only doctor I knew about," she offered finally, flushing. "and he's the beautifulest man I ever saw, Mobbe he'll come down tomorrow to see you."

Edith dropped back on the bed, shive ing that anything this strange child ering in desperation,

"tlet your clothes off, baby," she should ask of him, he'd do, no acciter whispered, "Crawl in beside me. You're all wet." They passed over a culvect through

Take your medicine first, then 1 will " said Tonnibet, "Here-" She picked up the glass and then stood staring at the place she'd taken in "Why, the doctor must have this money," she exclaimed, takog up a roll of bills, "Look, Edie,

"Get off your clothes," repeated the woman, impossively, "Come on to hed and go to sleen,"

in mother moment the girl had stripped off her wet clothes, had blown out the light and was in bed beside her mother.

and looked down upon her. The When Edith was assured the girl swellen lids were still closed and the slept, she crawled out of the bed and wan white face brought a rush of lighted the lump. She tried to collect "I've brung some one to help you, ture for herself and husband, John her thoughts, to lay a plan for the fu-Condichaven had been there! Pendlehaven, the one man in the world she readed the mention of! And Tony at said he would come back tomorwas back at the doctor's side before

She turned and looked at the sleephad stolen this child from her father, and now she had to escape the consequences of her wicked deed. She had to go away, and that quickly. If she had dured to face her husband's wrath, she would have, then and weary lids didn't lift, but one thin arm there, communicated with Paul Pencame rigidly upward, then fell back dichaven,

She reached out and touched Touri-Some one struck her, ch?" asked bel's face, "Baby, darlin', wake up," she said,

"I want to ask you something."

Tony opened her stumber-laden eyes and smilled.

"Don't go to sleep again," exclaimed Mrs. Devon, hoursely. "Tell me this. Do you honest believe what you said about that thing on the card? About It bein' holy?"

"Yep," asserted Tony, with drooping eyelids.

"You don't want to burt Uriah and me, do you, honey?"

The girl shook her head slowly, and a doubtful shadow settling in her eyes, seemed to make her wider awake.

"I wouldn't hurt you, dartin'," she replied at length, "but sometimes, when daddy's beatin' you, I feel like whackin' the life out of him. Why. today-

Edith stopped her by a tug at her steeve.

"If you swore by that card you brought. I mean if you took an oath, she'd get well, didn't you?" At the would you keep It?" she asked hoarse-

"You bet I would." There was amazement, surprise and eagerness in "No," said Pendlehaven, firmly. the young voice. "Didn't you tell me the feller sald

Jesus was a holy bird?"

Tony nodded. Mrs. Devon gripped her fingers

about the girl's arm. "Mebbe he's in the Dirty Mary here, only you can't see him, haby dear?" The woman's voice was slyly toned. but she shivered in superstition,

"He's right here," affirmed the girl, thinking of a boy's earnest uplifted face and vibrant assurances. "Then say after me what I'm

thinkin' of," said Edith, Tony lifted her eyes to her mother's but drew back when she discovered

how terrible she looked, white like a dead person. "I swear by the livin' Jesus," began

Edith, and then she paused. "Sny it," she hissed. "I swear by the livin' Jesus," Tony

repeated fearfully. "I swear to my mummy never to

say nothin' mean against Uriah Devon, my daddy," went on Mrs. Devon. Tony repeated this, too, almost frightened into fits. She had never

seen her mother look and act so mysterloosly. "Now say this, keepla' in your mind

you'll be blasted to hell if you break your word. 'I won't never tell that my father beat my poor mummy, or that he's a thief and a liar-" A thick tearless sob burst from the woman's lips and brought an ejuculation from the girl.

"I swear to it all, honey mummy." she cried. "You believe me, Edle, darlin', don't you?"

"Yes, I believe you," replied Edith, "Crawl into bed, and go to dully. sleep, buby dear,"

Shiveringly Tony Devon got back under the blanket. Then for more than an hour there

was silence on the canal boat, silence that was broken only by the night noises outside. Then, extremely weak, the woman

prepared herself to go out. It took her a long time to write a note she had to leave for Tony, and when that was finished, she divided the money the doctor had left and stole softly from the boat.

It was in the full blaze of a morning sun that Tonnibel opened her eyes and hoked around the cabin. The other bank was empty, and her mother was not in the cabin. In her night clothes, Tonnibel went to the deck, shouting the name "Edith." her strong young voice repeating itself back from the woods in echoes. Then she went downstairs again and began to dress fastily, and every moment her fear was growing. She spied the note pinned to the lamp handle and stared



A Canoe Slipped Under the Overhanging Trees.

at it mutely as if dreading to know its contents, but she unpinned it with fingers that seemed to be all thumbs. Her legs were shaking so she had to sit down to read it. "Tony dear," it began,

"I'm going to look up Uriah, I took part of the money. We might need ome. You can go to work somewhere it I don't come back. Maybe some day you'll see me. Leave the boat where she is so your daddy can

find her. I love you, darling. Rememing face, half-hidden in the blankets, ber about your swearing not to tell if the English language does not inon your Pop, and don't tell I'm gone to MIIMMY. find blu.

Tonnibel gave a gasping sob. They had all gone and left her stranded in a land of strangers. Because it was no longer her home, she began to love the silent old canal boat, and to wish with all her soul that Urlah and Edith would come walking down the cabin

For a long time she sat thinking, looking out over the water, sometimes with tears flooding her lids, sometimes dry-eyed with fright. After a while she got up, took Gussle to the lake, where, much to the little animai's disgust, she washed her with a scrubbing brush and soap. Then she carefully washed herself, letting her feet and legs bang over the end of the dock until they, too, were as clean as her little friend.

It was while she was sitting there with the pig in her arms that a canoe slipped under the overhanging trees and came toward the canal boat swiftly. She watched it coming with no show of interest. Directly in front of her the puddle remained suspended. and the boat came to a stop. Tonnibel's heart thumped, then seemed to fall to the plt of her stomuch. Here, right before her, was the Salvation man.

"How do you do?" he said, smiling at her. "I see you're having a nice time.'

Tonnibel shook her head. "No, I ain't, and Gussle ain't,

either," she replied almost sullenly. By a skillful twist of the paddle. Philip MacCauley drew the canoe close to the dock.

"Is this the boat you told me you fived on?" he asked, climbing up beside her and holding the canoe fast by a rope.

"Yes, the Dirty Mary," answered Tonnibel, with a little catch in her voice. "Now I live on her, I mean today." "What do you mean by now you

live on her?" he asked. "Isn't this your home? Didn't you tell me that?" The girl's dark head drooped, and the shower of curls almost covered Gussie to her short hind legs. Tears dropped silently.

Philip touched her gently, "Where's your mother?" he questioned. She lifted her head and looked at

him through her tears. She wanted to confide in some one-yes, she did want to tell him, but the oath she'd taken on the gentle Christ flashed into

"She sin't home just at present." she replied in a low voice. Oh how she wanted to ask him if

he knew of any work she could do! 'As if he had read her thoughts, he asked abruptly. "Can I do anything for you? I brought you this."

She made a slight movement with her head but accepted the card be extended.

Then there drifted over the quiet summer day the tolling of the chimes from the university clock on the campus of Cornell. She bent forward to listen. It struck one, and drawing her feet from the water, she got up. She had promised to be at Pendlehaven place at two o'clock. "I got to go now," she said apole-

getically. "Much obliged for bringing me some more salvation, mister! Mebbe I'll see you again some time. Mebbe I will." "When?" demanded Philip, the blood

running swiftly to his face. He felt a sudden renewed interest in the solemn girl, and he didn't want her to leave him at all,

"I dunno," she answered, putting Gussie under one arm. "I mightn't be home when you come."

"Can I come temerrow?" the boy

"Yep, you can come," said Tonnibel, with filling throat, "but if there's any one around, don't stop."

This was all the warning she dared give him. Then she paused long enough to see him jump into the canoe, and for a few minutes she stood watching the craft as it danced away on the water toward lthuca. Then she started for the doctor's.

(Continued in the next issue)

"DR." TOM WEDS AGAIN Famous Janitor at Wake Forest Col-

lege Takes Bride at Age of 75. His heart weary of single life in the great cold world, and pierced by Cupid's darts, "Doctor" Tom Jeffries janitor at Wake Forest College for the past half century, on last Sunday began his third voyage upon the sea

f matrimony. This venerable character, his body bent under the weight of seventy-five years, has devoted the greater part of his life to the care and beautification of the college buildings and grounds. With such respect and esteem is he held by the authorities and students of the college and so interwoven is his life with that of the institution, that Wake Forest can hardly be mentioned lest a word or a thought concerning "Dr." Tom arises. He is a negro, typical of the Southern darkey of ante-bellum days, and possesses the wit, superstition, and other qualities characteristic of the best of his race.

None interested in the welfare of Wake Forest is more keenly concerned as to its destiny, and more proud of its achievements than this important personage. To deny him recognition of a part played in the various underytakings of the college would indeed be cruel and in his estimation very selfish and unappreciative. Some of the most notable improvements even added to the campus were perfected by "Me and Dr. Taylor."

Furthermore, "Doctor" Tom is an orator of no mean abilty, and upon many occasions has entertained various assemblages of students with his eloquent flow of adjectives. He is always appropriate to the occasion, whether it be a funeral, a lawyer's smoker, a preacher's confab, or a prep meeting. His vocabulary seems be an unlimited one. However, express his thought, without hesitating in his speech, he will easily manufacture one, and it matters not whether Shakespeare ever used it or not, everyone in the audience will grasp its meaning and see the

thought which it expresses. And so while the community mourned the death of one of its most beloved citizens (Dr. Lanneau,) this celebrity donned the togs of the "an-cient mariner" and set sail upon the incertain waters of matrimony. It was at the home of "Chicken" Jones in that part of the village known as "Happy Hill" that the many friends of "Dr." Tom congregated to witness the celebration of the nuptials. The hour was eight in the evening. An ancient plane in a distant corner of the parlor pealed forth the tune, "Here Comes the Bride," and in the door-way there appeared, clothed in black swallow tail coat and a linen collar of lofty dimensions, the groom, 'Doctor," Tom Jeffries, leaning heavily upon the arm of the best man. The piano did not cease, and there came into view another party, the birdie, Amie Jones, a woman of fortyeight years, and one hundred and

upon the arm of him who was to give her into the martial bonds Upon reaching an improvised altar, the procession halted and stood in the presence of "Professor" Tom W Land, an ordained minister of the gospel. From his little book this minister in words solemn and full of meaning, proclaimed, "I now pronounce you man and wife; that which God has joined together let no man put asunder.'

seventy pounds, robed in flowing

white raiment, and leaning gently

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The honey-moon is past and "Doctor" Tom Jeffries is once more on the job. His face bears a smile of joy and in the evening when he sita upon the steps of the administration building and with his eloquent narratives entertains all who care to listen, his speech is dedicated to one subject only, Amie and his family of twelve.

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