PAGE TWELVE



CHAPTER VII.

Tony Finds a New Home.

Many a person turned in the street and looked at the bareheaded and barefooted girl as she made her way through the city with a little pig snuggled in her arms. Tonnibel was hurrying to Pendlehaven place, for she had promised Doctor John she'd come to his office at two o'clock that afternoon, and if she didn't, he might take it into his head to visit the Dirty Mary.

When John Pendlehuven came in and saw her he noted how pale she WES.

"Your mother," he began-

"She's cone away visitin'," gasped Tony. "I don't know where she is." "Didn't you see her this morning? If she was able to get up, then she's better. Isn't she? Is she?"

Tonnel bobbed her bead.

"I guess so," she mumbled. "When I woke up, she was gone. I guess she went to find-" She hesitated, then ran on, "to see some one we know. So me and Gussle come to tell you she's better."

"Sit down," urged the doctor.

Again the curly head shook negatively.

"I got to go," she told him, swallowing hard. "I just got to go."

Then as her homelessness pressed down upon her, she began to tremble, convulsive sobs shaking her from head to foot. The doctor forced her into a chair.

"There," he said sympatherically "Now tell me what has happened." "I can't." came in a gasping s

"But mommy's gone away, mebbo faever, and I got to find work. And-

and I don't know how." Doctor Pendlehuven looked at her thoughtfully. All through the night

the wan face had haunted him. Suddenly Tonnibel put her hand into her blouse.

"I brought back what's left of the money," she said, holding it out, ness, "Mummy took some. You don't care about that, do you? She needed it awful, mumnay did1 But I couldn't keep this because I dickered with you last night about the picture, and you done your share."

"Keep it," exclatimed Doctor John, huskily.

fume of flowers, and then she caw something else. A man lay partly propped up in hed, his burning gray eyes staring at her.

"This is my brother, Paul Pendlehaven, my child," said Doctor John. "He wants to thank you for bringing back the picture."

"Sit down a while," murmured Doctor Paul. + She squatted unceremoniously upon

the bed beside the pig. "Our little friend here is in trou-

ble," said Doctor John to his brother, "and wants works. I'll come back after three." Then he went out.

For a long time Paul Pendlehaven looked at Tony, and Tony looked back at him. Tony was mentally pitying him with all her loving heart. He was thinking over the conversation he and his brother had had about this strange little girl who had brought from a thief's den the picture of his baby.

"How would you like to stay here a while with me?" he asked at length.

Gray eyes widened to the fullest extent of fringed lids.

"Lordy," was all Tonnibel could say, as she glanced around.

"You might wait on me," explained the doctor, "and keep me company. I do get lonely sometimes. Would you lise that? I know you like flowers." "I love 'em," cried Tonnibel,

Pendlehaven smiled into the shining eyes. He felt better already.

"I've such a lot of them all over this wing," he went on. "You might take care of them for me and-and other things."

Tony was almost bursting with Joy, She had within her the greatest gift of God, supreme gratitude. To work for him would be bliss indeed. She didn't want to cry, so to keep from it, she bit down on her red underlip. He had said in positive tones that he wanted her. It did seem good to be wanted somewhere. What she did then Pendlehaven remembered many a long day. She bent over and kissed his hand. The warm red fips thrilled him as vibrant youth always thrills weak-

"Can Gussle stay, too?" she pleaded presently, "She'd be without anybody if she didn't have me."

"Yes," said Pendlehaven, as his brother opened the door. "You can make her a nice home in my conserva- to Paul Pendlehaven, tory.

It took but a moment for the sick "No," said Tonnibel, "I couldn't man to explain to Doctor John his ar- was looking, and no wonder his own ever sleep a wink if I did." And she rangements with Tonnibel, and the thrust the roll of bills into his hand, girl's heart was not the only rejoleing one among the trio, When Katherine Curtis came home

THE MONROE JOURNAL, TUTESDAY, MARCH 29, 1921.

"Leave it to me-" began Katherine, Just then the door swung open, and there appeared before Katherine Curtis a giri who made her breath almost stop with surprise. A very young girl, too, the gazer enught at a glance. Abumlant curis hung about one of the mest heautiful faces Katherine had ever seen. Her mother hadn't told her the girl was so pretty. She felt a nervousness come over her when she thought of Phillp MacCauley,

In silence Tonnibel donned her new clothes, and when she stood up to be inspected, Mrs. Curtis scowled at her. "Go show Doctor John." she said. "He told me to send you right down to blm."

Tonnihel was glad to escape, Katherine hadn't said a word to her, but both girls had eyed each other appraisingly, and Katherine suddenly came to a resolution, which she made known to her mother the moment they were alone.

"She can't stay in this house," she said between her teeth.

Mrs. Curtis laughed sarcastleally. "See what you can do with your cousin, then," she snapped. "I dld my best with John, and he positively refused to let me go to Paul! As much as told me it was none of my businoss,"

"I won't cry when I talk to him." said the girl. "I'll speak my mind outright. I'll make the house too hot to hold her. I think I know how to put one over on our philanthropic cousins."

When Tonnibel came into the office that evening to ask a very important question of Doctor Pendlehaven, he said to her:

"My dear, I want you always to remember what I am going to tell you now. This house belongs to my brother and me, 1 do not wish you to take orders from anyone but us." Tony gazed at him a moment, not understanding at first. Then her lips widened.

"That means if anyone says I've got to hike back to the canal boat, I don't go unless one of you tells me to," she demanded, "Is that it?"

The doctor laughed.

"Yes, that's it." said he. "Now what did you want of me?"

"Can I go down the lake tonforrow afternoon-" she hesitated and then went on, "I want to see if anyone's home."

"Certainly, dear child, you can," was the answer, "But get back before it's dark; I don't want anything to happen to my little Tony Girl."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Fight.

Little by little Paul Pendlehaven taught her, and little by little Tony's salvation boy preached his lessons of Universal Love to her; and the enger young mind drank in the knowledge as a thirsty plant takes in water.

There were no signs of Urlah and Edith returning, and Tonnibel grew dally more hopeless when she thought of her mother. Perhaps she would never see her again. She had strenuously refused to speak of her people

Doctor John noticed as the days pressed how much better his brother heart warmed hourly to the curly-



He dragged her forward until her slender, quivering body was pressed against his. He had said he intended to kiss her. All the rebeliion of a primitive uneducated nature sprang into life within Tony Devon. The curly head darted upward for a moment, and the gray eyes blazed into the muddy blue ones, leering down upon her. Then, knowing no other way to protect herself from desecration, she set her sharp while teeth into Reggie's hand, sinking them deep beneath his skin. A cry of hurt rage escaped his lips, and he flung her from him.

"You fittle vixen." he got out, shaking his hand in panic. "You little wicked brat! There! Now I'll teach you to blte me again."

He sprang at her, and Tony screamed twice with all her lung power. Then something happened! Someone grasped hold of the man who had snatched her into his arms, and for what seemed an interminable time two forms struggled together in the small cabin. For a few seconds Tony didn't realize who Reggie's assailant was; then with a grip at her heart she recognized Phillip's white face as with terrible strength he dragged Reggie up the steps.

Into her terrified eyes came one strange flashing smille of welcome, Her salvation man had saved her, and as every woman does in cases where her need is great, she cried out her thanksgiving in his name, that hestbeloved name of Phillip. By this time the two men were struggling on the deck, and as if impelled by some unknown force Tony staggered up the steps,

It was just as she reached the top that she saw Captain MacCauley, by one mighty effort, lift the struggling figure of the other man and throw him into the lake. A sharp ejaculation fell from her lips. Never had she seen



TWELVE PAGES

Farmer.)

to be had, there will be between nine

and ten million bales of cotton in

sight August 31, 1921, which is more

cotton than present consumption will

require to supply the spinners until

August 31, 1922.(Read that again.+

will be surplus-whether it be one

million or ten millions bales-and

whole year, does anybody expect over

ten cents for the best? And on that

basis a large part will bring five to seven cents. (Do you doubt it?)

all. Does any man who can read and write English need to know more? Yet there are thousands of

men outside insane asylums who are

now busying selling 1920 cotion for

These same men would be ten-fold

better off if they would try to grow

just enough food to live on the next

season, rest their bodies and feed

October, then tell me how big a liar

(?) 1 am.

conscious of none.

Cut this out, keep it until next

The greatest of faults is to be

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466

The two paragraphs above tell it

with plenty in sight for another

Every bale of cotton grown in 1921

According to the best information

Uriah took another step feward the Predicts Ten Cent Cotton. young copinta. (C. W. HUNT, in the Progressive

"That's your canoe, alu't it, roped to my dock?" he demanded flercely. Well, hop in and 1.4 away if you dou't want a broken skull!"

Phillip sent a flashing glance to the stient, white girl. There was such terfor marked on her face that his toeth came together tensely.

"He cen't go till my mother comes." she broke out abruptly. "I won't stay

Uriah's hand went back to his hip. "I guess he'll co if I tell 'im to," said "Just hop into your boat, kid. before I fill you up to your teeth with

Tonnibel had witnessed scenes like this before. She knew but a tiny pressure of her father's finger on the gun he held would kill her sweetheart.

between her chattering teeth. "It'll be grow more to sell for less. worse for both of us if you don't !" Devon was forcing Philip backward

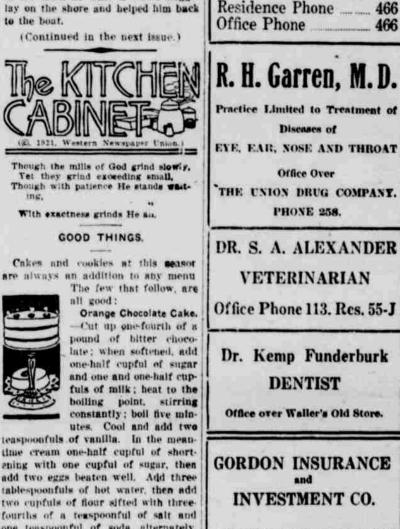
this time Reginaid had crawled to the their minds, "Don't lag, mister," erled Tony to

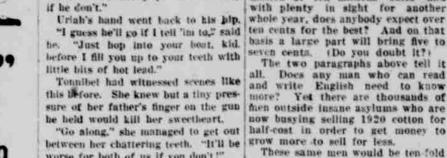
Philip. "Go along to Ithaca." MacCauley stepped into his canoe. and Devon sullenly unfastened the rope and threw it into the bow of the

"Don't come back here if you don't want a taste of this," he snapped, touching his gun. "Get out and stay out, mister." With the end of the revolver he

gave the canoe a shove, and Tony saw the paddle dip into the water and the boy move away.

Uriah stood a moment and looked off to the hills. Then locking Tony in the cabin he went to where Reggie lay on the shore and helped him back to the boat.





toward the end of the dock, and by shore and had fain down upon it.

craft.

(Continued in the next issue.)

giving a long sigh as if she were glad ; to be rld of it.

It might have been this action on her part that brought to quick fruition the resolve that had begun to live the night infore when Doctor Pendlehaven find tramped along the boulevard to Ithuen. From what the find told him now, she had been left alone. Then there was no one to ask permission of to help her.

"Where's your father?" he said, abruptly.

"I dunno," answered Tonnibel, a little sulkily. She didn't intend ever to speak of Uriah to anyone.

"Then you are all alone, now that your mother's gove? Do I understand you haven't any relatives?"

"Not anybody," she hesitated, "at least, not now. Not anybody but Gusste-Piglet here."

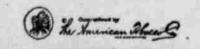
She touched the little animal with exquisite tenderness. Doctor Pendlebeven leaned over and, placing one finger under the girl's chin, raised her face to his. "Come with me," he said softly.

Tonnibel followed him through what seemed to her long miles of halls, When he ushered her into a room and closed the door, she stood a moment taking in all its ungnificence. The atmosphere was laden with a heavy per-



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"For Heaven's Sake, What's the Mat. ter?" Asked the Girl.

mother '., a towering rage, surrounded by many strange looking boxes and hundles.

"For heaven's sake, what's the partter?" asked the girl.

"I think your Cousin John's gone mad," said Mrs. Curtis, beginning to ery. "He's brought a ragged girl into the house to stay, a girl with bare feet, and enough hair for three people. From what I could gather she's going to stay over with Paul. And John insisted on my going with him to buy these. Think of a poor nobody dressed up like a horse."

Katherine looked at her keenly, "I suppose you served Consin John a deep-seated spell of hysterics, didn't you, when he popped the girl in on you?" she demanded.

"I did my best," admitted Mrs. Curtis, sulfling.

"Men get surfelted to women's tears, mamma darling," said the all-wise Katherine. "If I wanted to make any impression on him, I'd leave off howling every minute or two. And you don't look pretty when your nose is red. Who is the gutter rat?"

"I'm sure I don't know. She's got a queer name, and I asked her about herself, and she looked as sulky as could be."

headed waif who had come among them so mysteriously.

Unknown to either of the doctors, late that afternoon she found her Mrs. Curtis and her daughter had been able to keep Tony Devon from meeting Philip MacCauley in the house. At first John Pendlehaven had insisted that Yony attend the family table, but both Paul and the girl decided that ber meals should be served in the sick room. Perhaps if Phillp MacCauley loods't been interested in a certain litthe girl on a canal boat, his curiosity would have taken him to Paul's apertments to make the acquaintance of be little companion John Pendlehaven and ensually spoken of.

"She's a wonder, Phit," he said one evening, "For the first time I've hopes of Paul's recovery." "Good !" replied Philip, and immedi-

itely fell into a revery.

Tonnibel had reached the canal boat and had changed to her old clothes when suddenly she heard footsteps on the path beside the Hoghole. Her beart almost leapt out of her month. Perhaps her mother was coming home. perhaps her father. Tremblingly she peeped out through the aperture. She drew back instantly. Reginald Brown was approaching the canal boat. She beard him cross the deck, and then the funisteps censed. She hoped with all ber might and main that he wouldn't think of coming downstairs.

But that was exactly what he did

10. She crouched up against the bunk, as the boy stepped into the cab-When he saw her a slow grin spread over his thin face.

"So you're here," he got out thickly. "Where have you been? I've visited this place three times in that many weeks. Where have you been, I SSYY

"Go away," she said, half frightened to death, "You'd better get out of here before my mother comes back. She'll beat you with the broom !"

"I'm not afraid of your father or mother," he said tauntingly. "I know where they are."

The words sent Tonnihei forward a

"Honest?" she gasped. "Is h honest what you say ?"

"Certainly," replied the young man, and they told me to come here and get you."

"Where are they?" She bad come very near him now, her eyes gazing at him wistfully. "Piense tell me where my nummy is!"

"Never mind just now," said he, his eyes taking in her slight young ligere passionately. "Here, I want to kind Powerful but harmless.

Never Had She Seen Such Strength,

such strength, never had her heart sung as it did then. She trembled so that when Philip swung back and rushed toward her, she sank down at his feet. As falls away an old garment so feil away Philip's anger. Tenderly he lifted her up and spoke to her.

he had no time to add anything, nor had Tony time to answer him,

ing at her, a frown dragging his brows

Uriah Devon had halted at the sight of a man being thrown into the water, Then he came forward, and the girl loosened herself from the arms that held her and turned swiftly to him.

"Where's mummy?" she demanded, and again came a sharper "Where's my mother?" Roughly shoving her aside, Uriah walked across the boat deck, his sunken eyes fixed on aluc-Caules,

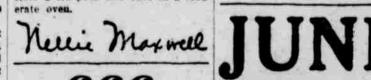
'What you mussin' about my boat for, mister?" he demanded. "And what happened to that young feller crawlin' to the beach there?" "I slung him in the lake," said Philip fiercely. "The pup was-was-" he made a gesture toward Tony as Devon's Interruption belched forth: "Was it any of your business what

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Pomona Pudding.-Mix four tablespoonfuls of flour with one-half cupful of sugar and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, until thoroughly blended. Stir this mixture into onehalf cupful of warm sweet cider and keep stirring until thick and smooth Add the juice and putp of three oranges. Pour into a dish, make a meringue of the whites of three eggs. beaten with six tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar: beat this into two cupture in the dish. Bake or steam until the meringue is set, and decorate with glaced orange sections or any

candled fruit.

Fruit Drops .-- Mix in the order giv en: Two eggs beaten until thick; two thirds of a cupful of sugar, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, two squares chocolate melted, one-half enpful of hickory-nut meats or walnuts chopped, one-half cupful of raisins, one-half cupful of candled cherries. and pineapple cut flue, one cupful of pastry flour sifted with one-half tenspoonful of baking powder, Drop from a tenspoon and bake in a mod-



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happened to my girl?"

Rheuma Drives Out Pain

"Poor little girl," he whispered. But

For there on the Hoghole path looktogether, was her father.