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CHAPTER XIII.

Good for Evil.

That night for dinner, five people at about the Pendlehaven table. Regrie, pale and miscrable looking, sat next to his mother, and Philip Mac-Cauley was opposite Doctor John, Katherine, silent and merose, was at ber own place. She had beard her

mother's version of the afternoon's happening in amazement and anger, and it only added to her discontest to hear Cousin John tell the tale to "Sarah thinks," went on the doc-

given her up without a word to-to that brute "I can't see how you can keep a man's child from him, Cousin John," excused Mrs. Curtis, a dult red

ter. "that we should have tamely

mounting to each high cheekbone Pendlobayen laughed. "She wouldn't have been much use

to him in prison, my dear Sarah," was bis maswer. "What're you talking about?" de-

manded Reggle caming red ringued eyes on his mother. "Your Cousin John insists on keep-

ing the daughter of a man named Devon in the house here when her father wants her home," she replied. Reggie's face grow a misty gray.

"Devon," he repented mechanically. "I don't know are but any such girl

"She's always with Cousin Paul," remarked Katherine, with a sidelong glance at Philip, "It does seen, saf-Isfying, though, to know who she is, Mother says she comes of common stock.

MacCauley's face grew dark, and Pendlohaven cast a glance of anger at his young cousin.

"Both Kathle and L" began Mrs. Curtis, "Why, Reggle, my darling, I never saw you look so sick in my

"Aw, cut it!" grewled the boy, unsteadily. "Tell me wint became of the girl's father."

"He's going to inil for a nice long rest," interjected Pendichaven. "It seems he was mixed up in a theft in Syrneuse,"

Reginald got up from the table, "I don't want anything more to eat." he growled, as his mother start-

ed to remonstrate with him. "I'm going to beal.

When he got upstairs, he looked at himself in the glass. How white and thin he had grown! He looked as if he had died and was trying to come to life again. He was frightened atmost out of his wits too. Then Tonnihel Devon really was in the house. It hadn't been her ghost that had thrown him bodily from the window sili after all. Urlah, knowing that had come and made a demand for his daughter and had been arrested. Perlups bewould be arrested also, and for a erims werse than stealing, that the girl mentioned the fact of his tering to poison Paul Pendlehaven? If she hadn't, would she? When Mrs. Curtis come in to ask how be felt, he was erumpled in a big chair, shaking as-

If he had been nits bed with a use. "My goodness, Reggle, you lask



Awful,"

awful," she said, coming to his side. "Tell me, child, what's the matter?" "There's matter enough," faltered the boy. "If you don't want me arrested like that man today, then give

me some money to get out with." He dropped his head, and for a moment she stood staring at him, Then her mother-heart relaxed, and she sank beside his chair.

"Darling," she crooned, "darling boy, go to your Cousin John and tell him all about it. He will forgive you and help you-"

The boy bounded up, maddened beyoud endurance. "Great God," he cried, "he'd box rae up for ten years? No, no, you've got to help me get away from Ithaca. I must have money

"Walt," said Mrs. Curtis, and she hurrled from the room.

When she appeared before Doctor John in his office, he brose hastily. "What's the matter, Sarah?" he

"John," she entreated, forgetting to raise her handherelief to wipe away her teas. "I must have some money tonight. A lot of it?"

"For Leggle?" boomed forth Pend-

"Yes, he's sick, and I want to send him away, John, Oh! You can't re-

fuse me this, you simply can't." "Going away doesn't seem to help your son any, as I see," answered the doctor. "He might better stay home. Wait till I tell you something, Sarah," he went on with a wave of his hand to step her plea. "You are ruining that boy. Three-quarters of the time you don't know where he is, and he drinks like a fish."

The woman knew what her cousin said was true; but the money she had to have. Yet she dared not confess what made it necessary.

"But this time, John," she wept brokenly, "he'll go to a place I send him. He's promised he would, John,

you must help me." Pendlehaven sat down and took up

the book he had been reading. "I refuse to hand out any more money for that boy," said he, "Let him stay awhile, Sarah, and see how that works out. . . . No. no. there's no use of your begging me, I refuse absolutely.

Mrs. Cortis fied away almost distracted. If she should see her son taken to prison like Devon had been that afternoon, it would kill her. And how could she face him without a means to help lifts escape! If she could only ratio admission to Cousin Paul! He had always been the more tender hear ed of the two.

For a while she walked up and down her room, wringing her hands. She was in a state of terrible anxiety when Katherine came in.

"He's got to go," repeated Mrs. Curtis, after she had told the whole story to her daughter, "He says he'll be arrested if he doesn't and has made me promise not to tell John. Oh, if I could only get to Paul,"

"No one but that girl is allowed near him," flashed back Katherine, "By John's orders," supplemented Mrs. Curtis.

Katherine's lin curled.

"Then why not appeal to her, mamina? Perhaps she'd reach the ears of his majesty, the Lord Almighty," said she,

Kathle, don't be horrid," sobbed her mother. "You know very well I couldn't ask him through her.' "Then what will you do?" demanded the girl. "You say Cousin John won't help Rege, and you refuse to ask the girl to ask Cousin Paul, Then what will you do?"

"You ask her, Kathle," said Mrs. Curtis, in coaxing tones,

Katherine tossed her head "You've got a nerve to send me to her for mything," she shot back. "I will not

Mrs. Curtis came forward with trembling footsteps.

"Not for your brother's sake? Oh, Kathle, do!"

"No, I won't," said the girl, "So just don't ask me. Reggle's not my son, and I haven't any sympathy for him," With that she made for the door and was gone.

For over an hour the anguished mother tralked up and down. Then as if she had at last reached a conclusion, she went to the survants' numbers. There she sent the maid to ask Tourist to come out to Doctor

Paul's conservatory for a minute. Tony sileutly stated at the white woman when they came face to face. Mes. Curtis awalls and her pride, gulpog of the formes that ness in her

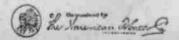
"I'm sorry about this afternoon, Miss Decoupt she said, "I resilis didn't

Torrobel thought in a flight that Mrs. Cards must have gotten reighout maching but a softening of carf could account for the apology, "Nove mind," she choked. "I'm wfully sorry about my daddy, but if se will be bad, then I suppose be must go to jail,"

This statement renewed the dread n Mrs. Curtis' heart about her son, "Could you take a message to my Cousin Paul for me?" she ventured. "What is it?" asked Tonnibel,



LUCKY



"My son is till" Mrs. Curtis explained tearfully, "and he must go away. I haven't any money, but if Paul knew about it he'd help me. Will you ask him?"

Tony thought a minute. "Not tonight!" she replied. "Mebbe Doctor John-"

"No, he hates my son," the other cried passionately. "Oh, you mustn't say anything to him about it,"

Tonnibel Devon was awfully tempted to refuse the haughty woman who had pulled her around by the hair only that afternoon. But she remembered Philip, remembered his love for her, and relented.

"Come along back tomorrow morn ing, and mebbe I can get you some," she answered, walking away. Then over her shoulder she flung back, "TH try, anyhow,"

With this last statement Mrs. Curtis had to be satisfied. Reggie suffered dreadfully the night through, his mother sitting at his bedside. Tony Devon also had been awake most of the night. In the morning after breakfast, she set about gather-

ing courage to approach Doctor Paul. With Gussle Piglet in her arms, she sat down beside him, and now the minute was there to speak, Tony didn't know how to Legin. But to begin meant to begin. Tony had learned, so she coughed and blurted: "Your cousin, Mrs. Curtis, is kind

of pretty, sin't she?" "She would be if she didn't cry so much," responded Doctor Paul,

This gave Tony the opening she

"Her boy's awful sick, so she says," she broke out, "that's why she cries, If he don't go away, he'll die, mebbe," The larely gray eyes grew darker as they searched his, and Doctor Paul leaned over and looked keenly at her.

"Did Coush Sarsh ask you to come to me. little strift he questioned in a kindly tone.

Tennihel podded.

her boy, and meldie you'd help her," said the girl, blushing.

The man considered the red face a

"Would it please you to have me help her and him?" he then queried. "I should think you'd be the last person to ask that. My brother told me she's always very unkind to you."

"She don't know any better," replied Tony, "She's never learned what lovin' awful hard means, and mebbe she's so worried over her boy she's got to be harrid to some one."

Paul Pendlehaven laughed, then he grew grave, "Perhaps that's it. Now do you think you could find my cousin and bring her here?" Tonnibet looked at him doubtfully.

"She might make you nervous," she said dublomsty. "I don't think so," replied the doctor, smilling. "I'm so much better, We won't speak of this to John, and I

won't get nervous." He made the hast promise because the girl's face was troubled and auxlous, Tonnibel nedded and hurried out, days' She then which room Mrs. Curtis oc. skeptical. cupled and sought the other wing of

the house. When she knocked at the door, a woman's voice called a low "Come In " Tony stepped inside and, turning, shut the door before she took a survey of the room. When she did, she almost fainted. Reggie Brown, the awful man she had known in the canniboat days, the man who had dropped the poison into Paul Pendlehaven's medicine, was sented very

near Mrs. Curtis, and Katherine was by the window, wearing a very bored An exclamation came from each one of the three as the girl faced them, looking as if she were ready to

"You didn't get the money then, girl," demanded Mrs. Cartis, sharply. "Reggie dear, I didn't tell you last night, but your Cousin John refused. me when I asked him for help, and I had to reach Paul through-

Tony's eyes were on Regionid, who was crouching lower in his chair. Her forward, staggering step broke off the speaker's explanation.

"You want the money for him?" she



"You Want the Money for Him?" She

cried, pointing a finger toward the cringing boy.

Mrs. Curtis nodded. "Yes, he's my son," she answered. Tony drew a long breath, letting it

hiss out through her teeth. "If he's your son, ma'am," she said falteringly, "then you got a murderer for a son. He tried-he tried to poison Doctor Paul."

Mrs. Curtis got up slowly, a cold rage rising in her pale eyes. Katherine came forward to her mother's

side, but Reginald remained silent. "You lie," snarled Mrs. Curtis,

"I don't lie," cried Tony, hearsely. "I don't lie, either. Look at him, and see if he ain't guilty. He did put poison in Doctor Phil's medicine, and I pushed him off the window. But I didn't know he was your son."

By forcing her eyes around, the mother enught sight of her boy.

"Reggie," she screamed, "for God's love, don't look that way. Why don't you tell the huzzy she lies! Tell her you'll go to your cousins and let them know of her necessations. I'll go my-

She darted across the room, but Reginald's husky voice called her

"Don't do that," he walled, "Don't do it, mater! What she says is true. I did exactly that thing. I-I tried to kill Cousin Paul."

Mrs. Curtis sink down with a groan, and Katherine uttered a cry. "I thought you wanted me to, ma-

ter," went on the boy, wearily. "I thought you said, if he died, we'd get ionex-

"But, my God, I didn't want you to kill him." monned Mrs. Curtis.

"I didn't," said Reggle. "But you tried," thrust in Tonnibel, "And you've told my cousins, ch?" he asked hopelessly.

"No. I didn't," denied Tony, "I snose mebbe I would have, but I didn't know you belonged here. I knew you used to steal with my daddy and do all sorts of wicked things

Mrs. Curtis cried out again,

"Dut I didn't know you'd try to killi poor sick man," Tony went on, "and then send your ma to get money of

"Leaf tell him. I know you will, van terrible girl," screamed Katherine no longer able to restrain herself.

Foundbel thought quickly, coustn Paul Pendlebaven lived in the house with an enemy who had tried to take "She says Doctor John don't like his life. This same enemy had tried to destroy her, toe.

"You said he was going away?" she questioned Mrs. Curtis presently. "Didn't you?"

"If I get money," put in Reggle, drearly, "I will."

Doctor Paul wants to see you. ma'am," said Tonnibel, her dark gray eyes fixed on the woman, "and if he goes," she pointed at Reginald, "and stays a long time, I'll keep mum.

Completely overlooking Katherine, Tony ran out of the room. The next day she didn't look up when she leard Doctor John tell Doctor Paul that Reginald had left Ithaca. When she peeped at Doctor Paul, he smiled

(Continued in the next issue.)

Rheuma for Uric Acid

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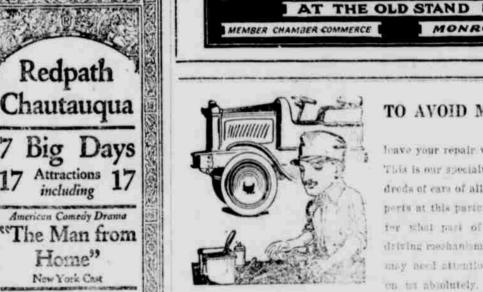
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