PAGE TWO.



Launching this formal hospitality with only the vaguest idea of its significance, she was contented when Mrs. Weatherstone merely continued . to sit.

Lettle made conversation. "How's your health, Mrs. Weath'stone?"

The lady's lips danced, but she answered as a lady should. "I'm very well, thank you. How are you?"

"Oh, me!" returned Lettle jauntily. "I'm as strong as a cow. I've made as many's twenty trips today, I guess."

Mrs. Weatherstone seemed not to be familiar with the phraseology of dumps. Her dark eyes strayed to a packing box.

"Are you moving?" she inquired, in some perplexity. .

"Land, no," cried Lettie in astonishment. "Them - why them are beds. Lo'ok here !" She sprang up and gave one of the boxes a vigorous twist. "This is where Crink sleeps; Thad blended into her usual grace. "What sleeps in the other one."

"Never mind, Lettle," reproved Mrs. Penfield quietly, as she came into kept you waiting, Mrs. Weatherstone."

box and withdrew to a corner, watch- ered with delicate sllks in a raised ing her beloved Penzie with speculative wonder. There was a subtle stitches had gone into every square change in Mrs. Penfield's manner, even inch. in her way of speaking. Lettie felt it, out realizing it herself, Mrs. Penfield others for that kind of work." had reverted to the days when she had had a real home and had received callers on a basis of genial field smiled, but made no explanation. speech and bearing. Her manner was done, as self-possessed as usual, but touched



"Yes, but I sposed you intended to A look of alarm came into Mrs. Weatherstone's face. "What did you do with them?" Her voice was tense

with suppressed anxiety. "I washed them. Right now I was troning-"

Mrs. Weatherstone sprang to her feet. "You washed them?" she repeat-"Do ed, shocked and incredulous. you mean that you put them into water?

Mrs. Penfield blinked. "Sure I dic. Why not?"

"Into water! My choicest hangings! How could you do it? - You should have known there was a mistake. Those things were to be dry cleaned. I'd gathered up everything because we're doing the house over and refurnishing. But water! Why-"

"What's the matter with water?" demanded Mrs. Penfield, thoughtfully puzzled. "Dry cleaning ain't half so cleansing, and things don't smell so good, either."

"I know that, but it's a slight matter compared with ruining-"

"Ruining! Do you s'pose for a minute, Mrs. Weatherstone, that I ruined your hangings and- Why. I shouldn't have touched 'em if I hadn't been sure what I could do. They're lookingfine.

Mrs. Weatherstone's shoulders relaxed; the tension in her bearing do you mean?" she asked weakly.

"I'll show you, but you'll have to come into the kitchen." She led the the room. "I'm very sorry to have way and pointed to a spread, thrown across a line. It was of cashmere Subdued, Lettie pushed back the satin, woven in India and embroidpattern. Hundreds and hundreds of

"Hand-made dyes," said Mrs. Penbut could not know the cause. With- field casually. "They don't use any

Mrs. Weatherstone's eyelids lifted with involuntary surprise. Mrs. Penequality, vastly different from her en- Experience in a wealthy family had forced experience in The Custard given her this knowledge, but she al-Cup, an environment which was far lowed the information to stand alone. from encouraging to nicetles in as Mrs. Weatherstone would have

"I'd only just begun to iron the with a gracious reserve that would hangings," continued Mrs. Penfield have been fatal in her intercourse presently. She held up a length of rose sills embroidered in a seattered design of self color. Mrs. Weatherstone stripped off her glove and felt of the unterlal. She shook her head. "I wouldn't have believed it could be done. H's marvelous. Do you mean, Mrs. Penfield, that you washed

this and the spread in the water, as you would white embroideries?" "Land, no. I'd have ruined 'em that

way fer sure. I washed 'em with a bag."

"With n- Did you say a bag?" "Yes, like this one." Mrs. Penfield produced from the cupboard a small bag of muslin, half filled with a soft substance.

Mrs. Wentherstone felt of that, too, but was still puzzled.

"Is it something that you buy?" Mrs. Penfield laughed. "Oh. no. I make 'em myself. It's a mixture of

grains and-" "Stop!" cried Mrs. Weatherstone, throwing up her hand in a gesture of

THE MONROE JOURNAL. FRIDAY, MAY 11, 1923. -

ever should imagine it wasn't new." Drawing on her glove, she became gra-clouely conversational. "Crink, my lear, is it possible that you and Lettie are twins? You're about the same size, but your coloring is so different !" "No, ma'am, we ain't twink. I'm most ten, but I don't know how old Lettle is.

What would you say, Pepzie?" "I expect Lettle's younger!" smilled Mrs: Penfield. "Only a few months, likely. And you know we're guessing more or less 'bout your age, too, 'Preximate ages'll do very well for all three of you. There's a heap of things more important."

Mrs. Weatherstone paused with her fingers on the clush of the glove she had been about to fasten. Her dark eyes were full of inquiry, but her lips were polite.

Mrs. Penfield answered her expression. "They weren't mine at all originally, I-I lost my own."

'Oh. But they are related?" "Bless you, no. I just adopted 'em."

Mrs. Penfield waved her hand carelessly, in a rather correct indication of the vague buginnings which all three had had.

"You-adopted-three children?" exclaimed Mrs. Weatherstone.

"Why, yes. It wasn't nothing. I wanted to, and I could as well's not." Mrs. Weatherstone, looking at the other woman across a vast gulf of economic disparity, smiled gently. "Yes," she said, in a low voice, "you could."

Crink was uneasy. There was some thing in the interview that he did not understand. He felt the undercurrent of unspoken thoughts and could only infer that his beloved Penzle was being criticized. He caught Mrs. Weatherstone's glance, keen, swift, darting from the vivid pictures on the wall to the packing boxes, to the few straight chairs, to the bare spaces around the room where furniture most conveniently might have been.

"Yes," repeated Mrs. Weatherstone softly, "you could."

Crink plunged into defense. "You don't understand, Mrs. Weatherstone," he said cornestly. "It ain't a bit as you're thinking. We get along finehonest, we do. I'earn some money now, and a lot of old veg'tables and things. And we always have lots to eat-that is, all except last week, and then-then we get along. But that's the only time. We always have grand spreads-two kinds to ev'ry meal, and sometimes-" .He caught a warning giance from Mrs. Penfield and stopped in confusion.

"Golly, what're you folks talking about?" burst out Lettie with violence. "Who ever thought we didn't have the swellest ents? Eest chow on the Coast! Never was auybody like Penzie, Lordy, she's got me solid. I'd die 'fore I'd get h'isted outa here. You'd just oughter-"

"Children - children-" reproved Mrs. Penfield, who by quieter, more unobtrusive means had been unable to driveway. No Thad! check this torrent of gratuitous explanation. "I'm 'shamed of you." Mrs. Weathersone made no comment on the intimate revelations. She gathered up her muff and moved toward the door.

"Will the hangings be ready tomorrow, Mrs. Penfield? Then I'll send for them; you won't have to fold them so much in that case. And I shall speak to Mr. Crashaw. I'm sure he'll come to see you. Good-by-and Happy New With a charming smile she Year." stepped down to the warped board that took the place of front porch. "We'll all go out with you," shouted Mrs. Penfield gazed at her in silent Lettie. "And come again whenever you can, won't you? It's been awful int'rusting, seeing you?" The three children trooped after her, prodigal with entertaining comment. delighted with the graciousness of her response. After she had stepped into the car, they stood watching, hand in hand.

to look in the suitcase. Seconds passed while she stared at the overt chair, paralyzed by drand. At last she nerved harself to investigate. The front door was still locked, but the back door had been left open, that the children might enter when they returned.

She went into the bedroom. The sultcase was on the floor. The rickety old fasteners were undone.

The envelope of bills was gone. So was Gussie Bosley's package. Mrs. Penfield sank back on the floor

by the sultcase, faint and sick. Her blood seemed to have stopped. The room whirled. She was hanging over a chasm . . . black ruin. . .

Crink came in. "Where's Thad, Penzle? Ain't he here ?"

"Thad !" repeated Mrs. Penfield, still in a daze.

"Yes. He'n Timmy were playing in the Catterbox back yard, and Thad



The Envolope of Bills Was Gone.

came home for his spools. Timmy waited for him till Mrs. Catterhox called him in. He spoke to me outa the window." "My goodness! We must find him right off. Time he went to bed, any-

how. - It's 'most dark." They went through the house, looking in bunks on the chance that Thad might be hiding, moving boxes behind which no one could be concealed. They searched in the back yard, in the

Mrs. Penfield was alarmed.

"Crink, we must find him.' Must !"

They separated, each taking a side of the driveway and ringing doorbells In rotation. Some one was at home in every flat-except the Bosley's, where the windows were dark and the eve-

Deeds for Union county, North Car-olina, in Book A-1, page 443, default having been made in the payment of the obligations therein secured, the undersigned trustee will sell at pub-lic auction to the highest bidder for

woods, H. M. Houston and the divis-ion corner, and runs thence with the division line N. 29 3.4 E. 125 1-4 poles crossing a branch at 92 poles to a stone in a field on Benton's line: thence with his line N. 58 1-4 W. 97 poles crossing said branch at 15 poles to a stone by a small b. j. and n. o. H. M. Houston's corner; thence with three of his lines S. 43 1-2 W. 70.60 poles to a p. o., S. 26 1-2 E, 112 3-4 poles to an oak stump and pile of stones, S. 67 3-4 E. 20.40 poles to the begin-ning, containing 70 acres, more or less, and being the same land convey-ed by S. A. Williams to W. H. Also-brooks by deed duly registered in of-fice of Register of Deeds of Union county, N. C., in Book 34, page 518. Second Tract: All those two cer-tain tracts of land in Vance town-ship, Union county, North Carolina, on the waters of Crooked Creek, ad joining the lands of Sarah Wentz and Zeb Wentz, and more particularly described by metes and bounds in a deed executed by D. M. Stallings and wife to W. H. Alsobrooks on Dec. 26, 1919, and recored in the office of the Register of Deeds of Union county in book 57, page 48, excepting, how-

Register of Deeds of Union county in book 57, page 48, excepting, how-ever, 80 1-2 acres of said land this day conveyed to H. H. Creft by said W. H. Alsobrooks and wife, Ristie Alsobrooks, by deed recorded in office of Register of Deeds for Union coun-

Having qualified as administratrix of the estate of Arthur S. Helms, deceased, late of Union county, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons laving claims against the estate of nid deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at Monroe, N. C., on or before the 10th day of April, 1924, or this notice will be pleaded in bar

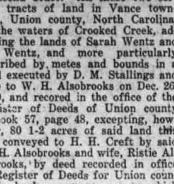
Immediate payment. This 10th day of April, 1923. MRS. GEORGIA HELMS, Administratrix of Arthur S. Helms

John C. Sikes, Attorney.

"Cracky, yes," cried Crink, "We couldn't live 'thout Thad."

NOTICE OF SALE

L. Alsobrooks and wife, Ristie rooks, on Dec. 19th, 1921, duly ded in the office of Register of i for Union connty, North Car-



ty in book....., page....., to which reference is hereby made for a more particular description. Sold to satisfy provisions of said

deed of trust. This April 24th, 1923. W. S. BLAKENEY. Trustee.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

I their recovery. All persons in-debted to said estate will please make

deceased.



PAGE TWO.

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF REAL ES-

Under and by virtue of the provisions of a certain deed of trust dat-ed February 3, 1921, registered in Book A. 1., page 176 of the office of Register of Deeds for Union county, which deed of trust was given by Abraham Lincoln and wife, Lillie Lincoln, and default having been made in the payment of the note

undersigned trustee will sell at pub-lic auction to the highest bidder for cash at the courthouse door in Mon-roe, N. C., at 12 o'clock noon, on Saturday, May 26th, 1923, . the following described real estate in Union county, N. C., more particular-ly described as follows: First Tract: All that tract of land fn Monroe township adjoining the lands of Ed Crow, S. A. Rogers, D. H. Benton and others, and more par-ticularly described as follows: Be-ginning at a pile of stones and dog-woods, H. M. Housion and the diviswood stump by a pine and two dog-woods, H. M. Houston and the divis-ion corner, and runs thence with the 3' 4' W. 50 feet to a stake corner of

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Mrs. Weatherstone Sprang to Her Feet.

with tenants who assumed superiority lest someone treat them as inferior. Mrs. Weatherstone, being a cultured woman, was undisturbed by thoughts of comparison. Therefore Mrs. Penfield could meet her on her own ground.

Mrs. Weatherstone proceeded at once to her errand. "I have just discovered that one of the maids gave your son the wrong bundle. I suppose you knew it was a mistake."

"A mistake!" Mrs. Penfield repeated the phrase in surprise, "No, I didn't know there was a mistake."

"You didn't? Why, didn't you get the silk hangings and that erabroidered bodsprend?"



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"Don't you tell me-or anybody else. Don't you tell a soul what's in it."

bewilderment. "You remember what I say. Keep it to yourself."

"I don't see why," said Mrs. Penfield slowly. "It's just something I worked out, and it's been wonderful for the children's dresses. I can keep gingham as bright as ever-if it ain't faded to begin with. I stumbled on it first by accident, and then I experimented till I got the right ingredients and proportions and-"

"That's just it." nodded Mrs. Weatherstone, "and you've worked out a method that is ahead of the commercial methods. You keep your own counsel till I talk with a man I know who dren. In their made-over versions of owns a chain of laundries. I'll have him come to talk with you."

A flash of gratitude lighted Mrs. Penfield's brown eyes, "Oh, if it could be worth something !" she stammered. "I never had thought of that. And I thank you. I always knew you were kind."

Mrs. ,Weatherstone's glance traveled briefly around the bare kitchen; rested on Lettie, who had followed silently; skipped to Thad, who had padded In from the yard. ... She bit her lips, as if an unwelcome conclusion about her own thoughtfulness had forced its way into her mind.

"I'm sorry I was impatient. Mrs. Penfield," she apologized, as they went back into the living-room, "but I never dreamed you were so skillful." She was fastening her scarf as she spoke,

"Oh, do wait a minute, please,"begged Mrs. Penfield. "That sounds field, agitated out of observance of like Crink's whistle. He'd be so glad to meet you !"

Crink, came in at the big door, Crink shabby cap. Lettle and Thad in their ried to Mrs. Enslow's, thin cotton, were dressed according to the sunshine and the really mild temperature; but Crink, coming in contact with the outside world, was dressed according to the calendar month of January, nominally winter.

Mrs. Weatherstone ?"

"I should say !" Orink stepped forward eagerly. "I wanter thank you for gone!

"Remember us to your daughters, won't you?" beamed Lettle, in a climactic ecstasy of politeness,

"Yes, thank you," returned Mrs. Weatherstone, not to be outdone.

In the moment before the car started she looked again at the three chilclothing that had come out of her household. She was unwittingly responsible for the appearance which these three enger mites of humanity presented to their little world.

"May the Lord forgive me," she thought, "for what I have done to the Innocent !"

In The Custard Cup the afternoon continued to be unusual. To her in tense delight, Lettle was invited to have supper with Mrs. Sanders-in vited with that spontaneous informal ity that is dear to the heart of every youngster. The rest of the family were at home, lingering around the table, when an emergency call came from Mrs. Enslow's. The baby had met with an accident, painfully connected with the hot stove

Crink was dispatched to the drug store for soothing remedies, Mrs. Pen her customary after-supper 're was inveigled into permitting Thad to hunt up his chum, Timmy Catteri in the tarned overcont, pulling off his She left the table as it stood and hur-

Half an hour later, when the bab was relieved, Mrs. Penfield went black her interrupted routine. She to switched on the light and began clearing the table-stopped in the act of lifting a platd.' Her eyes had fallen "This is Crink," said Mrs. Penfield, proudly. "Crink, ain't it grand to see Mrs. Weatherstone?" and happened while she had been While all the family had been gone.

It was pretty good last winter, but of the some which she had failed to now't Penzic's turned it, ain't nationly deposit that afternoon. More than got better." now't Pennie's curned it, and t namody depoid that intermined. Anore than got better." I two hundred dollars! It had totally "You turned Geraldine's cout?" our slipped her mind in the excitement of mured Mrs. Weatherstone, "Why, I the Endow, catastropha, She dreaded

ning paper was still on the steps. But no one had seen Thad since he had left Timmy Catterbox.

They went up and down the sidewalk outside The Custard Cup,through all the yards once more, through Number 47.

Lettie bounded in. She had known that Crink had, rung Mrs. Sanders' bell, looking for Thad, but it had taken a few minutes for this information to turn into anxiety in her mind.

"Have they found him?" she demanded.

The silence answered her. They had | all loved Thad, but no one had realized how large a place he held,

Mrs, Penfield stood in the middle of the room, dazed, unable to see the next move to make. Her face was chalky white. Her brown eyes looked black; they burned with a florce fire. She had totally forgotten the loss of the money. She had not even mentioned It to the children. What was money compared with Thad, the baby that she had loved as if it had been hers by blood?

Lettle had never seen her idolized Pensie look like that, had never seen her withdrawn from the ways of speech. A mighty impulse surged up in the child to make her Penzie happy again; and it was as if the rising tide of that impulse lifted a recollection. fallen in one corner of her brain, and bore it to the surface. Her mind was lliumined with conviction.

"T'll get him, Penzie; I'll get him," she screamed, waving her arm wildly and dashing toward the door.

Mrs. Penfield sprang forward and caught the child by the shoulder. You stay right here, Lettle. Ain't no use starting off at random. I'm going to Mrs. Catterbox's to telephone the police, and-"

"Leggo I" cried Lettle, working her an shoulder madly in the effort to se herself. "Leggol I'll get him." "Lettio-"

"Leggo! I gotta get him." The frail cotton tore under Mrs. Penfield's grasp. Lettle had wrenched herself loose.

"Don't you worry, Pennie, darithu, she shricked, as she darted toward the "I know where he is. Fil get him; Pil get him."

TO BE CONTINUED

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