

## THE HARSH TREATMENT OF CICERO TRUBY

(Written for THE OUTLOOK.)

[CONTINUED.]

Two weeks later Robert Dewey was surprised by receiving a letter from Pixley. It was written by a local magistrate and half lawyer whose presence in the town saved its inhabitants the expense of a whole one. He gave a brief account of the death of Mrs. Dewey, and of her husband only a few days after. "There seemed to be nothing in particular the matter with him, but he just didn't appear to know how to live after she was gone," the letter said. The property had been mainly hers, and she had made a will, bequeathing it to her husband to use during his lifetime, and specifying that at his death it should go to L— University. No mention of an adopted son had been made in the will. He had not even been "cut off with a shilling," but Mr. Julius Mickle had discovered that there was one through some channel which he did not disclose. He announced that it would be perfectly easy to break the will and inherit the property, if Robert Dewey could show proof of his adoption.

After reading the letter twice very carefully, Dewey glanced about the cheerless untidy room in which he sat and a melancholy smile flickered over his thin, dark face. Through the open doorway came the sound of his wife's fretful treble scolding one of the too numerous children.

"Tired out, body, soul and spirit, poor girl!" said he, sadly. "A little money wouldn't be amiss in this family, that's certain. The children drive Hattie almost wild, and I'm afraid her voice isn't always soothing to them. I get cranky myself altogether too often, and that doesn't help matters any. Somehow, between the grinding of the big world out of doors and the jarring of the little one within, the melody of life gets small chance of a hearing. Perhaps money would help if it isn't too late. But to break the will,—hum,—let me see! No, I couldn't do that. Their intentions are perfectly clear, and I'm not going to try to thwart them by taking advantage of technicalities."

He mused a little while, holding the letter idly in his hand, a bent, dejected figure, slender and shabby, with clustering gray hair and deep-set, kindly eyes,—caverns where lurked spirits gay and spirits somber, ever ready laughter and ever ready tears. He had found considerable fun in life, but not much comfort or happiness, hitherto, and even now the humor of the situation appealed to him as much as its wretchedness.

"Avaunt, Julius Mickle, Esq.!" said he, tossing the letter upon a confused heap of papers that covered his writing table, "I'll not listen to thy machiavellian counsel. What profanation for a sinner like me to lay violent hands upon the treasure which good father and mother Dewey thought was laid up in heaven, when they left it to L— University! When they were alive they never could stand it to see me having a good time, so I'll not run the risk of disturbing their peace by beginning to eat, drink and wear respectable raiment now that they are dead. Poor, lonely old couple! I wish they might have had a kindly thought of me before they died, even if they couldn't leave me their property."

After writing a brief note to Mr. Mickle, refusing to tamper with the will or to make any sort of claim upon the estate, he dismissed the whole matter from his mind.

But not so did lawyer Mickle. He sat in his dirty office one pleasant morning in June, dreamily expectorating into the empty fireplace, and dragging the muddy depths of his memory for a drowned fact. Its spectral face had risen to the surface many times in the last two months, only to vanish, however, when he tried to grapple it.

"Cuss that whiskey!" he exclaimed angrily. "I'll never touch another drop of it—that is, when there is any business to be done."

Mr. Mickle had come to Pixley from nobody knew where. Nothing was known of his origin or past life, for on both these points he was entirely uncommunicative, and there was no other source of information. But it was generally supposed that he had been a great traveller, for the reason that it seemed quite impossible for a man to have picked up so many bad habits as Mr. Mickle had in any one quarter of the world.

Yet he excited considerable admiration as well as wonder in the little town, for he undoubtedly possessed considerable legal knowledge and skill, and had the faculty—one might almost say, the gift—of transacting business nearly as well when drunk as when sober. He could draw up a legal document with perfect correctness, and give professional advice with a gravity of deportment which left nothing to be desired, when so heavily "loaded" as to be unable to stir out of his chair. He never made a memorandum of what was done on such occasions, and generally could remember nothing about them when he was sober. Ordinarily this was no great drawback, for the documents could speak for themselves and if the advice was very bad it was not followed; but now he was haunted by a vague recollection of something that he had done for Mr. Dewey, just before his death, of which there was no scrap of evidence. What could it be?

Again and again he went over the events of that period. He remembered that after the death of Mrs. Dewey, the old man had brought her will to him to ask his advice upon it, and that he had then and there pointed out certain flaws in it and advised the making of a new one. He remembered, too, that Mr. Dewey did not seem much disturbed by the information, and assented very readily to his advice. He could almost remember that they had settled upon a day for drawing up the instrument; but just at that point everything faded out into a blank which lasted over a week. "A spree," his acquaintances said; "mental alibi" was his term for it. The next thing he could remember was the death of Mr. Dewey, and then the sealing up of his effects in the presence of witnesses. In spite of diligent searching only the will of Mrs. Dewey had been found. Was another one ever made, and if so, what had become of it?

Progress was slow in settling the estate. Mr. Dewey had been one of the executors of his wife's will, and the other was at some distant point in the North. The University at L— had displayed no unseemly haste to get possession of its legacy, and Robert Dewey had perversely refused to break the will.

Evidently there was nothing to do but wait and let everything work out their own salvation. As a rule, no occupation could better suit Mr. Mickle than this. He was used to it, and had always found it well adapted to his philosophic disposition. But this time philosophy did not avail. He found himself growing more and more restless and uneasy. He wished that he could either remember this something that was continually bothering him or else forget it altogether.

"If that adopted son of old Dewey's wasn't so mighty set up in his notions and would just let me go ahead and bust up that will, 'twould be all right. I might get rid of this cussed ghost of an idea that goes promenading up and down my mind. It's my belief that John Dewey made a will in favor of that high-headed feller up in Massachusetts—never would have spoken of him in the way he did to me, if he hadn't meant to—but what in Chickahominy did he do with it?"

The question had been often asked before and always with the same geographical flourish, but hitherto no answer had appeared. This morning, however, by direction of the fates, Cicero Truby stood at the door, holding in one hand a very ragged hat and in the other the solution of the mystery.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

## Negroes' Own Mill.

Last week the machinery of the only cotton mill in the world owned and operated by negroes was started at Concord, N. C.

Two years ago W. C. Coleman, a well-to-do colored citizen of Concord, began to canvass the state in the interest of such a factory. How well he succeeded was shown today when the 7500 spindles began to turn. The mill was given Coleman's name in compliment, for he secured subscriptions aggregating \$50,000.

The Coleman mill is the 235th cotton mill in operation in North Carolina. It will employ 100 persons, half of them adults. The stock is widely scattered.

The machinery is all new and of the best patterns. The building is of brick and well constructed. Many white persons were anxious to take stock.—*Exchange.*

## Why She Refused The Room.

A German lady, arriving for the first time in England, drove to a first-class London hotel, asked for a room, and was shown into a very small, scantily furnished one. She said, in a determined manner, and in very broken English, "I will not have this room."

"No, ma'am," said the porter, and brought in the first box.

"Man!" repeated the lady, emphatically, "I will not have this room!"

"No, ma'am," said the porter and brought in the second box.

The lady thought her faulty grammatical construction was the reason of the porter's continued obstinacy, and repeated, with a stern distinctness:

"Man, I will have this room not have!"

"No, ma'am," said the porter, and brought in the third box, whereupon the lady left the room indignantly, but the porter drew her hurriedly back across the threshold, pulled a rope and to her intense astonishment, the lift went up.—*Exchange.*

**P**LANET LIFE, to be vigorous and healthy, must have

## Potash

Phosphoric Acid and Nitrogen. These essential elements are to plants, what bread, meat and water are to man.

Crops flourish on soils well supplied with Potash.

Our pamphlets tell how to buy and apply fertilizers, and are free to all.

GERMAN KALI WORKS,  
93 Nassau St., New York.

Do You Want

FINE  
JOB  
PRINTING?

Our office is well equipped with

New Modern Type  
First Class Presses  
Electric Power  
Competent Workmen

Prices Reasonable. Give us a Call.

THE OUTLOOK,

Pinehurst, N. C.

HOME MADE BREAD

Can be obtained at the store.

Cooked Meats and Pastry should be

Ordered the day before needed.