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I could see the back of her head and her shoulder and one arm, which was bent to the elbow and held very white in the moonlight. She was sitting in a window and I in the next one, but she was unaware of my presence.

Should I speak to her? Our acquaintance was really very slight. True, we had lived in the same house for nearly a year, but it was a lodging house, and the inhabitants straggled out into the neighborhood for their meals, and I believe the common narrow of a boarding house table to draw them together. Miss Caverly and I exchanged greetings when we met at the door or in the halls, but that hardly justified me in opening a conversation from my window to hers at 1 o'clock in the morning. Yet I wanted to do it.

While I was debating the question the lady was leaning far out from her lofty perch—it was the top story—and gazing upon the moon.

"Have a care, Miss Caverly," said I, "or you'll fall out of the window."

Nothing could have been more likely to precipitate such a catastrophe than my sudden and startling remark, but modern chivalrous men will put a lady to any amount of inconvenience for the sake of seeming to perform a service for her. However, in this instance no harm came of it. The lady turned about hastily, but without alarm.

"What?" she cried. "Another victim of insomnia?"

Now, as a matter of fact, I had just come in and had made no attempt to sleep, but I would not tell her that. It would have spoiled a conversation. So I said that sleep refused to visit my pillow.

"Sleeplessness is very distressing," she said, with the air of one who had suffered much.

I suggested that the night was too hot for sleep, but she agreed that she

the members of the club's fifth meeting I suggested to her about 2 o'clock in the morning that she ought to retire, speaking of her health in most solicitous terms.

"I couldn't sleep anyway," said she. "I might better be here, where I can enjoy myself."

She laughed nervously as she spoke, and her manner made me even more anxious about her than I had been before. Though I was deeply sensible of the obligations of delicacy, I could not help regarding it as my duty to offer some advice and aid, but I couldn't do it without knowing what was the matter. She did not resent such efforts as I made to solve the problem, yet she would tell me no more than that there was a secret at the bottom of it. What that secret could be I was unable to guess.

I felt very confident, however, that she would reveal it to me if I could get a chance to talk with her alone, but the insomnia club did not provide that opportunity. Mrs. Gale was the most efficient chaperon that it ever was my ill luck to encounter. She would not have me lead Miss Caverly into any nook or corner for a tete-a-tete.

Every New Yorker must remember the extraordinary succession of hot and cloudless days, with nights of breathless calm, that made this particular September a meteorological phenomenon. My recollection does not supply me with a time when the insomnia club could have met for so many consecutive nights. In a whole week we did not miss one, and it was upon the eighth night that the incident happened which brought affairs to a climax.

The meeting was proceeding as usual. There was one guest, a young lady to whom Graves was devoting himself with as much assiduity as the vigilance of Mrs. Gale would permit. Miss Caverly and I were sitting on the edge of the hatch that covered the stairway leading up from the garret.

Suddenly I felt it tremble under us. I thought at first it was giving way. Then I heard the rumble of a human voice below. We all heard it, and the insomnia club was in a panic.

"Hold the villain down!" cried Graves, and gathering the belongings of the club with wonderful celerity, he lurched them upon the fire escape balcony. Thither the Gales and the guest had already fled.

"Go it, Graves!" said I. "We'll follow."

Miss Caverly had remained loyally by my side.

"We'll never get to that balcony after we let go of this thing," she whispered. "We'll be discovered."

"Run for it now," I replied. "I'll take my chances."

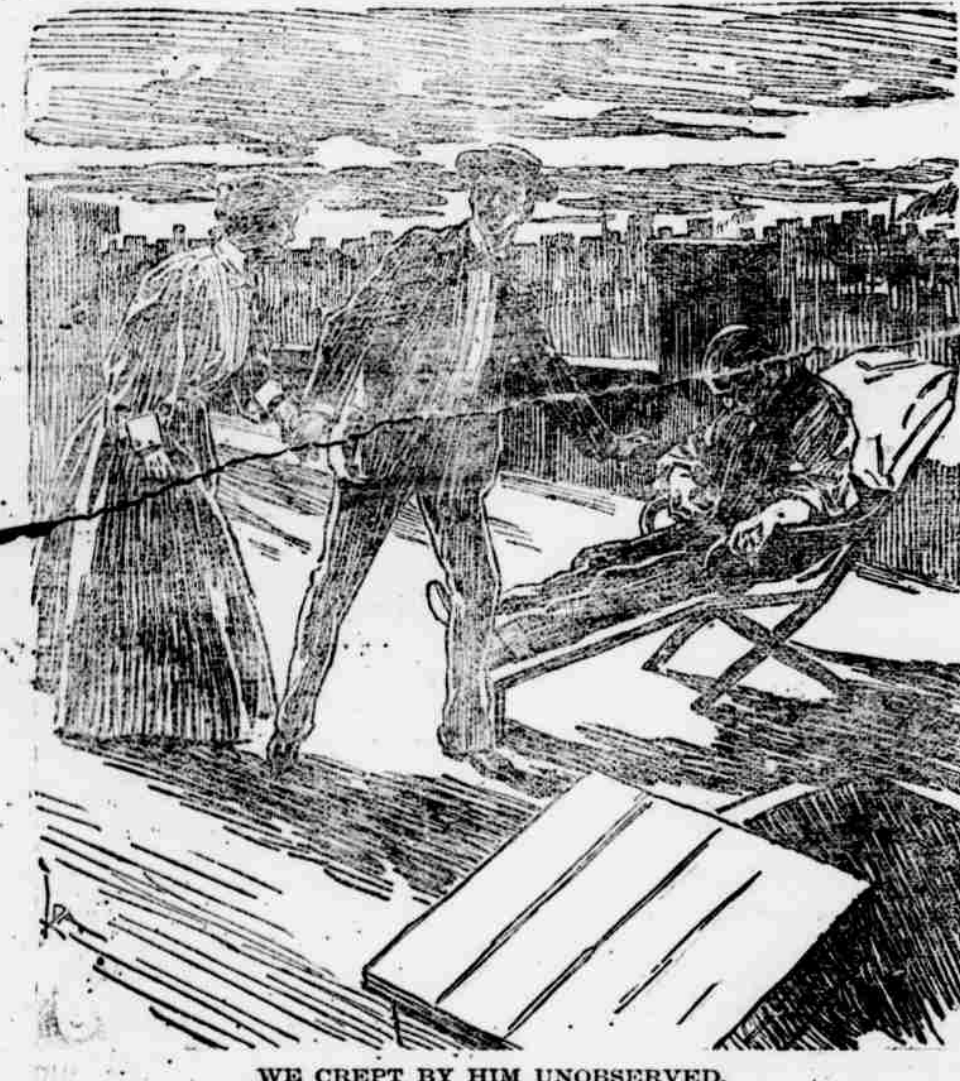
"I will do no such thing," she returned, with energy.

"Then we'll both try a run for that chimney," I suggested. "Now!"

We released the hatch and fled on tiptoe for the chimney I had indicated. It was lucky that we didn't try to go farther, for within three seconds that hatch rose into the air as if a bomb had exploded under it.

A head appeared, and a voice said, "A. J. Gale!"

It was a German man of ample proportions and of a German type. When I had finished proving to her that her welfare was my dearest concern in the world, her head was on my shoulder. Then our lips touched, and I forgot that there had ever been a secret.



WE CREEPT BY HIM UNOBSERVED.

did not mind hot weather. I might have had a lot of fun trying to find out what demon of the mind was robbing this innocent child of her slumber, but to knock at my door interrupted me. The visitor was Hallett Graves, another denizen of the top floor, and he had come to borrow matches. Graves was likely to borrow anything at any hour from any person and equally ready to lend.

He said that he'd given up trying to sleep and was going out for a walk with Mr. and Mrs. Gale—the top floor people—who were in the same difficulty.

"That accounts for us all," said I, and then I informed Miss Caverly of the facts and asked if she would try the effect of a midnight stroll, with Mrs. Gale for chaperon.

She agreed readily, and in a few minutes we were all in the hall, which was hotter than an oven. I expressed the belief that the street wouldn't be much cooler, and then some one suggested going to the roof.

"It's no good," said Graves, "but I'll tell you what we might do. There's a fire escape balcony just outside my window, and half a dozen steps lead up from it to the roof of the next house. That's a fine place to sit. What do you say?"

It looked a good deal like burglary, and the ladies were timid, but the hall was too hot to permit of long argument, and very soon we all fled to our neighbor's roof.

At first we were afraid to speak above a whisper, and the creaking of a night pillow on the roof sounded like heavy artillery, but as the minutes passed and nothing happened we grew bolder. We brought some chairs from our rooms

others fared during the remainder of the night; but, as for me, I slept like a dead man, and when the servant waked me as usual at 8 o'clock I threatened to shoot him.

However, when the insomnia club, as Graves had named it, drifted into a meeting on the following midnight I was quite ready to take my place. They elected me president of the club, and then I had to keep awake if it killed me.

Yet I am free to confess that if the tender sentiments with which I was beginning to regard Frances Caverly had been lacking, I could never have kept awake during that session.

A whisper of our doing got abroad in the house, and for the third meeting we had guests—a young man and two young women from the second floor. They expressed a great enthusiasm for the club, but they were not on hand for the fourth session. Instead they remained about half past 8, presumably to make up for lost sleep, as I was informed by Mrs. Gale, who had a woman's faculty for knowing all about everybody else in the house.

For the fourth meeting I fortified my soul with black coffee at dinner and strong cigars in the course of the evening. I had begun to realize that the club would be the ruin of my health if it continued to flourish, and yet I was willing to make even that sacrifice for the sake of those delightful hours with Frances Caverly.

I couldn't get any other chance to see her. She taught in a summer school and spent her evenings in study that the work required, a most laborious life. How she could bear it without sleep by night was a problem that began to engage my serious attention. On

the German went to sleep at a quarter after 4, and we crept by him unobserved. The other失眠症 were anxiously awaiting me. We all agreed that this incident dissolved the club, and we parted for the night with expressions of deep sorrow and regret.

For my own part, aside from the natural joy which filled my soul, I was greatly relieved by the thought of the club's demise. I owed that German a double debt of gratitude. No longer would it be necessary for me to steep myself in black coffee. A fellow can see the girl that he is engaged to without so much trouble.

That very morning before day had fully dawned I threw a small coffee pot out of my window and laid aside a brown paper bag with what remained of my store of coffee for my landlady.

When I came out into the hall next morning, Frances was just ahead of me. I called to her, and she turned about. I tried to take both her hands, but she held one of them behind her, concealing something.

"It's nothing at all," she said, "only a little coffee I happened to have. I was going to give it away."

"And is that the awful secret that drove sleep from your pillow?" I demanded.

"Yes," she said. "I might as well confess. I am really a sound sleeper, but I liked the club. It gave me a chance of seeing—some—one—I cared for. You understand?"

For answer I took a brown paper bag of coffee from the side pocket of my coat.

Progress.

The Irish Cyclist says that an old farmer quietly watched a wheelman lose control of his mount and go over a wall, machine and all, and then remarked: "Well, well! And so they can make them leap now!"

Cabbage Plants!

Orders for Henderson's Early Jersey Wakefield, Large Type Wakefield, Early Spring and Succession Cabbage Plants, promptly filled. These varieties withstand severe cold weather without injury. If you want to be in the swim for early cabbage for market or home consumption, file your orders at once with.....

John F. Rowland

LAND SALE.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Superior Court of Rutherford county, Fall Term, 1897, in the case of the Safety Investment and Loan Company vs. E. V. Revis and wife, Harriet Revis, I, as commissioner, will sell for cash to the highest bidder at Rutherfordton, N. C., on

Monday, March 6th, 1899,

at 12 m., the following real estate to wit:—One lot of land lying and being in said county, near the town of Rutherfordton, and described as follows: Beginning on a stake on the S E corner of Emeline Edwards' lot (her corner) and running thence S 25 W 15 poles to a stake; thence S 27 W 15 poles to a stake; thence South 25 East 15 poles to a stake; thence N 67 E 15 poles to the beginning, containing one acre, more or less. This sale will be for cash to satisfy a debt adjudged to be due from the defendants to the plaintiff in the above entitled action. This January 31st, 1899.

Geo. C. Jeter, Commissioner.

R. S. Eaves, Attorney for Plaintiff.

A... Nice - Job Printing... Goes a long ways in a man's business. If you have neat and attractive stationery, you proclaim to the world that there is nothing shoddy about you, and that your business methods are correct. The Vindicator Co. do only good work, fully realizing the best is the cheapest. Every 1,000 note heads or bill heads, are put up in ten tablets, with blotters attached without an extra cent.

The Vindicator Comp'y,

Rutherfordton, N. C.

Twenty-Five Cents!

Nettles' Restaurant is open day and night with everything good to eat the market affords. Twenty-five cents is all you have to pay for a square meal at Nettles'. When in town don't fail to call on him and he will treat you right.

A. J. NETTLES.

Rutherfordton, - - North Carolina.

Why Not Save Money

BY TAKING ADVANTAGE OF OUR

? GREAT REDUCTION SALE ?

Which begins May 1st, and which will last for three weeks. Beautiful Bed-room Suites in Solid Oak at \$12.50 to \$75. each. Parlor Suites at \$20 to \$100. Everything in the House furnishing line. Carpets, Curtains, Rugs, Mattings and Pictures.

We carry the largest stock of HANOS and ORGANS in the South and also saws and axes. We give the best attention to mail orders. Write for prices.

E. M. Andrews,

16 W. Trade Street, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

A Wonderful Prescription.

A prominent New York physician has published the results of his experiments with the medicine he has called "Ripans Tablets." He writes: "I have used it in cases of indigestion, flatulency, and other stomach troubles, and have seen the most remarkable results. It is a most valuable medicine, and one that would help the whole human race—nothing could be better than to procure the Ripans Tablets, and have them in the form of a ketchup and distributed among the poor."

An Eminent Lady.

An elderly lady living at Fordham Heights, a part of New York City, and who was known to be a warm advocate of Ripans Tablets for any case of her trouble or indigestion, said to a reporter who visited her for the purpose of learning the particulars of her case: "I had always employed a physician and did so on the last occasion I had for one, but at that time obtained no beneficial results. I had never had any faith in patent medicines, but having seen Ripans Tablets recommended very highly in the New York Herald concluded to give them a trial, and found they were just what my case demanded. I have never employed a physician since, and that means a saving of \$3 a call. A dollar's worth of Ripans Tablets lasts me a month, and I would not be without them now if it were my last dollar." At the time of this interview there were present two daughters who specially objected to their father giving a testimonial which should give her name in the newspapers, but to do this the elderly lady argued: "There may be other cases just like mine, and I am sure I take great pleasure in recommending the Tablets to any one afflicted as I was. If the telling about my case in the papers enables some other person similarly afflicted to be as greatly benefited as I have been, I see no objection." The daughters, knowing how earnestly she felt about the benefit she had received, decided she was quite right.

Sales Increasing.

The largest retail drug store in America is that of Heenan & Co. on Broadway in New York City. A reporter who went there to learn how Ripans Tablets were selling bought a five-cent carton and asked: "Do you have much call for these?" He was referred to a gentleman who proved to be the head of the department. He said: "The sale of Ripans Tablets is constant and is increasing, especially of the testimonial in the daily press, and growing out of these, through the recommendation of friend to friend. Satisfaction with them is very general. When once they are begun I notice that a permanent customer for them is made. This, I believe, is through their intrinsic merit, which proves the bona fide character of the advertising. I think them specially useful in the general run of stomach troubles."

ONE GIVES RELIEF

FOR FIVE CENTS

ONE GIVES RELIEF

\$1.00 And What it Will Buy!

One pair best Brogan Shoes ever sold.....	\$1.00
One pair Men's Fine Shoes, can't be downed.....	1.00
One hat, the best on earth, a dozen kinds to select from.....	1.00
Ten pounds coffee, beats all others.....	1.00
Fifty pounds good flour.....	1.00
Forty pounds best soda.....	1.00
Twenty yards A. A. Domestic.....	1.00
Fourteen and half yards of Fruit of the Loom Domestic.....	1.00
One pair pants, good enough for a king.....	1.00
Seventeen pounds sugar.....	1.00

Come and bring your dollars with you and I will mention a thousand other things they will buy just as cheap as can be sold. Don't forget the place.

C. O. REID

Rutherfordton, North Carolina.