

The Militant Maid

By Ella Randall Pearce

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Mrs. Seward looked anxiously at the door which her attractive youngest daughter had just closed behind her, and continued to look long after the sounds of firm, tapping footsteps had died away in the distance. Then her troubled glance shifted to the paternal head of the family, who was cosily intrenched behind his newspaper.

"Father, I don't approve of this sort of thing at all. I think you—ought to protest."

"What is it?" asked Mr. Seward, without looking up.

"That's just it—are you blind?" Mrs. Seward spoke a bit testily. "It's Anna. Don't you know where she is going?"

"Going for a walk, she said," replied the newspaper reader, complacently.

"Yes; but do you know where—and why?"

The intensity of Mrs. Seward's tones claimed her husband's attention at last.

"Well, mother, what is it? What's Anna up to that makes you so upset? I don't understand."

"Ah, that's what I thought. You don't understand. Yet our daughter is out now practicing for a 'hike' to the capital, as she calls it. She's joined a club; she's a suffragette!"

Then Mr. Seward threw back his head and laughed until his glasses fell off.

"Club Suffragette? Yes, yes, I've heard her talking about it lately. Pshaw! It's nothing but a notion."

"Father, I'm surprised at you! Do we want Anna's name in the papers, and Anna 'hiking' all over the country. She says she's going with the club to-morrow; she's been training for the past two weeks. She walked ten miles yesterday, and she's off again to-day. Why, she'll make herself sick."

Mr. Seward looked thoughtful.

"I wouldn't worry about Anna's getting sick in that way, or doing anything discreditable mother. If she's taken a notion to join the female suffrage party and hike along with them, there's no harm to it."

"Oh, but, father, that isn't all. There's something at the bottom of all this. Anna's discontented already; that's why she's turned to the excitement of club affairs. Our little girl's unhappy; she's not herself since Morgan Giles went away. You know Anna was always so gentle, so domestic. It isn't like her to be militant."

"Well, if walking will help her any, let her walk," said Mr. Seward, as he returned to his paper; but a shade of gravity had fallen over his genial face. Anna, his little daughter, discontented? Unhappy? That was a new, disagreeable thought.

Mrs. Seward resumed her needlework with a sigh. Since the day of the lovers' quarrel, when Morgan Giles had left the Seward home—forever, as he had avowed—she had noticed with much anxiety the growing unrest and fitful moods of the girl.

Unaware of the disturbance in her home, Anna Seward swung buoyantly through the streets of the town, and out upon the suburban highway. She was the picture of youthful health and bloom. Her close-fitting costume revealed lines of supple grace; her dark blue eyes were sparkling; the breeze that tossed the white feather of her cap backward, loosened the short, curling strands of auburn hair. No one, to have seen Anna Seward then, would have

pronounced her discontented or unhappy.

Eleven miles or so were made in good time, and after a brief rest, the traveler started on her homeward way. All went well until Anna reached the outskirts of the town again. Just as she was crossing the wide driveway that encircled the park toward which her footsteps were leading, a big touring car laden with a gay, reckless party, bore swiftly down upon her. Anna stopped abruptly, took a startled step backward, placed her foot on a loose stone, and as it rolled over, she came tumbling to the ground.

The motor car had been brought to a standstill, and one of the party came back to her assistance; but Anna had drawn herself to a seat beside the driveway.

"I'm all right," she said, laughing nervously; and, it was not until after the gray car and its occupants had gone that the girl realized that she was really injured.

Anna sank back on the iron seat, conscious of increasing pain and the fact that the afternoon glow was shifting into the gray of twilight. Two or three times she tried to stand on the injured foot, but she was helpless.

Anna waited. It seemed, after a while, that the big gray car was to be the last that would pass that way before night set in. After a time she grew uneasy. The road was rather lonely at this turn.

"I guess I will be out of the march to-morrow," thought Anna grimly.

Another hour dragged by. Sounds of passing on the driveway within the park could be heard, but no one came along on the outer road. Soon the figure on the seat became indistinct; only the rampant white feather pierced the darkness. The lonely girl grew really apprehensive. Even if any one should come now, she would be timid about hailing a stranger in the night. The pain in her crippled foot became intense, and she had to set her teeth sometimes to bear the sharp pangs without crying out.

Then came a gay whistle out of the shadows, lilting like a bird's song. Surely it would be safe to hail one who could whistle in that way.

"Boy! Boy!" cried Anna. "Ooo-oo-here."

The whistling lad approached wonderingly. Anna told her story, and he scurried away like a rabbit. A few minutes later he was back with an old-fashioned buggy and a driver.

"He came to see pa, and pa's out," he explained, breathlessly. "But he'll drive you home, and I'll bring the horse back. I told him it'd take two of us to get you home."

"He" came toward the seat by the roadside, and the girl gave a little scream. "Oh, Miss Seward, is it you?" said Morgan Giles, stiffly. "I came down to see this boy's father about some carpentry work. I never guessed—"

"If you had, I suppose I'd been left here all night." Anna's tones were too broken to sound very angry. "I'm sorry I'm so helpless, Mr. Giles."

"I suppose that means you're sorry you've got to accept my help. Well," sharply, "I've got to carry you to the wagon."

"No, indeed! I'll walk," retorted Anna; but at the first step, she crumpled in a heap, and young Giles picked her up in his arms masterfully.

He did not speak again during the

long drive through the park. Anna cast a few shy glances at his stern profile; his broad shoulders looming beside her; his strong hands on the reins. Suddenly a sharp twinge made her utter a little grasping cry, quickly suppressed.

"Shall I stop at the doctor's?" asked Morgan, gruffly.

"No—home, please."

He turned his head. "I'm sorry you're suffering. But what were you doing so far from home—and alone?"

Anna's heart leaped. He was interested, at least. Her mood softened.

"I was finishing a fifteen-mile walk. My club starts for Albany to-morrow."

"Your club? Albany? You mean—"

"Yes, I'm working for the cause. I have a mission in life, now."

He did not see her face, but her voice sounded encouraging, despite its uncompromising statement. Morgan Giles sat silent a moment. The little fire beside him stirred uneasily. Would he accept her words as a finality? Then a man's laugh rang out freely, mirthfully.

"Anna Seward, is that why—"

"No, it isn't!" she said crossly. "I thought of that after—after you went away."

"But you told me to go. You said you would never marry; you would not allow any man to dictate to you."

"Oh, oh, but that was about quite a different matter. And you were so high-handed. I—I just couldn't stand it!"

Another silence; then young Giles brought his lips close to the girl's inclined ear.

"And, now—Anna, now?"

The lights of home flashed out. The man sprang down, and wrapped his arms around the unresisting girl; her head dropped to his shoulder.

"And now?" came his urgent whisper, as he carried her to her door. Her arms clung closer as her voice answered him in mocking petulance. "What can a girl do when she is crippled—and can't walk—or run away, Morgan?"

He had just time to kiss her hurriedly before the door was opened.

Ransom's Brigade.

The State Journal of April 4 has quoted from the Statesville Landmark a sketch of Ransom's Brigade from Mr. J. C. Brown, of Iredell, Company K, Fifty-sixth North Carolina Regiment. This writer was at Appomattox April 9, 1865, with the Twenty-fourth North Carolina Regiment, Ransom's Brigade. On the retreat from Petersburg we took part in the battles of Dinwiddie Court-House and Five Forks—terrible and destructive battles. The most of our brigade was captured at Five Forks. I remember the smoke of battle increased by the smoke of the burning woods was almost suffocating and so blinding that we could not distinguish a Southern from a Northern soldier. The cavalry horses from both armies were rushing riderless back and forth seemingly in search of their fallen riders. At Farmville finding the baggage wagons could not be drawn any further, they were packed and burned with all the stores of the army. For three days following Lee's army subsisted on parched corn. These incidents occurred forty-eight years ago this April, and Monday was the forty-eighth anniversary of Lee's surrender.—M. N. McIver, in Scottish Chief.

President Wilson has directed that a wreath in his name be laid on the grave of Thomas Jefferson at Monticello next Sunday, the birthday of the original Democrat.

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NOTICE TO THE CREDITORS OF THE WENDELL MERCANTILE COMPANY.

Having been appointed permanent receiver of the Wendell Mercantile Company by an order entered in a civil action pending in Wake County Superior Court entitled E. W. Harris and J. E. Owens vs. the Wendell Mercantile Company, I hereby notify all creditors of said company to forthwith present their claims to me duly verified.

F. EUGENE HESTER, Receiver.
April 12, 1913.

COPY OF SUMMONS FOR RELIEF

For Creditors, Stockholders, and Dealers With Wendell Mercantile Company.

Wake County—In the Superior Court.

State of North Carolina.

E. W. Harris & J. E. Owens

vs.

The Wendell Mercantile Company.

To the Sheriff of Wake County—Greeting: You are hereby commanded to summon The Wendell Mercantile Company, the defendant above-named, if it be found within your county, to be and appear before the Judge of our Superior Court, at a court to be held for county of Wake, at the courthouse in Raleigh, on the seventh Monday after the first Monday of March, it being the 21st day of April, 1913, and answer the complaint, which will be deposited in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of said county within the first three days of said term; and let the said defendant take notice, that if it fail to answer the complaint within the time required by law, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit, the appointment of a receiver of said corporation.

Hereof fail not, and of this summons make due return.

Given under my hand and seal of said court, this 3rd day of April, 1913.

MILLARD MIAL,
Clerk Superior Court.

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