

ROXBORO STILL HOLDS FIRST PLACE IN THE GREAT STATE BEAUTY CONTEST

Miss Featherstone Leads All Contestants for the First Honor in the State

RALEIGH AROUSED; DURHAM ENTHUSIASTIC

Miss Josephine Sears and Miss Katherine Davis Holding the Lead in Raleigh, and Their Friends Working Day and Night For Them—Total Vote Cast to Date 854,527. Raleigh Man Sets Durham Man Raleigh Wins.

The great surprise which Roxboro gave the other towns yesterday has had its effect, and today Raleigh is working as never before, and the other towns are aroused to the highest pitch. They have all realized that it is no play game, but a real live contest for the greatest honor that can be conferred on any woman in

and that every man in Roxboro will die game for her." At any rate the people of Roxboro are now reading The Evening Times as never before, and they are coming to Raleigh on the night of the 23d with several grips full of votes for their favorite girl. But then comes Dunn saying that the others are all mistaken and that the prettiest girls in the state live in Dunn, and that they are going to prove it by giving both their favorites more votes than any other girl.

To the people who have been watching the contest and who are familiar with the people and the affairs over the state there is one little town in the contest that may give someone (or many) a real surprise when the 24th comes. That town is Pine Level. When you are picking out your winner it might pay you to stop when you get to Pine Level, because her friends are doing the square thing, and when the vote is counted you will certainly see among the leaders Mrs. Althea Fitzgerald. She is one of the favorite women of the state and her friends are going to give somebody a big surprise.

Each day brings new developments and the girls are playing for every advantage. The entire state is watching every move and each mail



TODAY'S LEADER IN DIAMOND CONTEST MISS RUTH FEATHERSTON OF ROXBORO 73,539 VOTES.

North Carolina, and they are going to fight to a finish.

One prominent man in Raleigh was offering to bet this morning that the ring stayed in Raleigh. He based his faith on the people of Raleigh, saying that they were aroused as never before, and that they would do wonders before 12 o'clock on the 24th. One other man who was in the crowd was willing to place his money on Durham, at the odds of 3 to 1. He was basing his figures on some inside information that every person at Trinity College was going to take The Evening Times, and also on a statement made in Durham that every family in Durham would take The Times if necessary to win the ring for Miss Herndon. The Durham people are playing a great game, but the people in Raleigh are going to be just as game.

Just what Roxboro is going to do on that last day is a puzzle to the other towns. Miss Featherstone is said by one prominent Roxboro gentleman to be "a real Tar Heel beauty

brings checks and subscriptions and the people want to know who will be the prettiest woman in the state, and who will wear that fine ring on Christmas day. Will it be Roxboro, Durham, Raleigh, Dunn, or will it be Pine Level? It is up to the friends of each girl to decide who shall have the honor.

HOW TO SECURE VOTES.

Payments on Account.	
\$.45—One Month	90 Votes
1.25—Three Months	250 Votes
2.50—Six Months	500 Votes
5.00—One Year	1000 Votes
Payments in Advance.	
\$.45—One Month	45 Votes
1.25—Three Months	125 Votes
2.50—Six Months	250 Votes
5.00—One Year	500 Votes
10.00—Two Years	1000 Votes
For New Subscribers.	
\$.45—One Month	150 Votes
1.25—Three Months	500 Votes
2.50—Six Months	1000 Votes
5.00—One Year	2000 Votes
10.00—Two Years	4000 Votes

Contest Closes December 24.

Office of JOLLY-WYNNE JEWELRY CO., Jewelers, 128 Fayetteville St., Raleigh, N. C. October 28, 1908. This is to certify that we have this day sold to THE EVENING TIMES one large Diamond Ring, cash value \$250.00, to be used as a prize to be given away December 24, to the prettiest woman in North Carolina. THE EVENING TIMES has paid us \$250.00 for this Diamond Ring and it will be kept on display in our store until the contest closes and by the direction of THE EVENING TIMES will be given to the lady whom the judges award the largest number of votes in the contest. Signed, JOLLY-WYNNE JEWELRY COMPANY, Rev Frank M. Jolly.

CUT HERE

THE EVENING TIMES

DIAMOND RING CONTEST.

This ballot is good for one vote:

For M.....

Address

Good for one vote when neatly trimmed and filled out if sent to the Contest Department of THE TIMES by mail, or otherwise, before expiration of date. No ballot will be altered in any way or transferred after being received by THE EVENING TIMES.

NOT GOOD AFTER DECEMBER 24, 1908.

CUT HERE

ROXBORO.	HAW RIVER.
Miss Ruth Featherstone.....73,539	Miss Lorene Spoon.....2,512
DUNN.	GREENVILLE.
Miss Isabel Young.....41,849	Miss Lillian Carr.....1,970
Miss Vira Parker.....32,380	Miss Helen Forbes.....1,382
Miss Ethel Honeycutt.....795	Miss Frances Bagwell.....940
RALEIGH.	GRANITE QUARRY.
Miss Josephine Sears.....40,122	Miss Sadie McCanness.....1,267
Miss Katherine Davis.....22,580	CARY.
Miss Alice Willson.....3,878	Miss Norma Lynn.....1,017
Miss Nannie Baldwin.....2,465	BURLINGTON.
Miss Betsy Haywood.....1,984	Miss Ruth Albright.....1,103
Mrs. C. J. Wall.....3,220	Miss Helen Hall.....811
Miss Sadie King.....521	Miss Mary Freeman.....781
DURHAM.	WASHINGTON.
Miss Mary Herndon.....33,347	Miss Clough Davenport.....940
Miss Louise Troy.....1,951	ROCKY MOUNT.
Miss Willie Cox.....610	Miss Nell Walker.....726
Miss Irma Lyon.....609	Miss Clyde Daughtridge.....610
WOODSDALE.	ROCKINGHAM.
Miss Beattie Humphries.....11,518	Miss Bessie Terry.....813
PINE LEVEL.	Miss Minnie Poplin.....720
Mrs. Alice Belle Fitzgerald.....8,310	SANFORD.
HENDERSON.	Miss Rebecca Underwood.....651
Miss Mabel Kelly.....5,193	GRAHAM.
Miss Florence Currin.....2,409	Miss Mildred Patrell.....685
Miss Emma Louise Jones.....1,200	GOLDSBORO.
WILSON.	Miss Estelle O'Berry.....620
Miss Martha Applewhite.....3,550	GREENSBORO.
Miss Gene Kirby.....560	Miss Eugenia Patterson.....620
Miss Della May Farmer.....517	WAKEFIELD.
TRENTON.	Miss Mary Whitley.....580
Miss Isabel Brodgen.....3,396	HILLSBORO.
OXFORD.	Miss Mary C. Edwards.....620
Miss Mamie Royster.....2,571	ORE HILL.
Miss Josephine Brown.....1,465	Miss Lillian Heritage.....987
FAYETTEVILLE.	WAKE FOREST.
Miss Mary McNeil.....2,341	Miss Hallie Powers.....720

ROSALIND AT RED GATE

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

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Continued From Yesterday.)

"We are going away—we must leave here. I can never see you again," she whispered.

In the starlight she was Helen, by every test my senses could make; but by something deeper I knew that she was not the girl I had seen in the window at St. Agatha's. She was more dependent, less confident and poised; she stifled a sob and came close. Through the window I saw Arthur Holbrook climbing up to blow out the last light.

"I could have watched myself, but I was afraid that sailor might come, and it was he that fired at you in the road. He had gone to Glenarm to watch you and keep you away from here. Uncle Henry came back today and sent word that he wanted to see my father, and I asked you to come to help us."

"I thank you for that."

"And there was another man—a stranger, back there near the road; I could not make him out, but you will be careful—please! You must think very ill of me for bringing you into all this danger and trouble."

"I am grateful to you. Please turn all your troubles over to me."

"You did what I asked you to do," she said, "when I had no right to ask, but I was afraid of what might happen here. It is all right now and we are going away; we must leave this place."

"But I shall see you again."

"No! You have—you have—Helen. You don't know me at all! You will find your mistake tomorrow."

She was urging me toward the steps that led up to the house. The sob was still in her throat, but she was laughing, a little hysterically, in her relief that her father had come off unscathed.

"Then you must let me find it out tomorrow; I will come tomorrow before you go."

"No! No! This is good-by," she said. "You would not be so unkind as to stay; when I am so troubled, and there is so much to do!"

We were at the foot of the stairway, and I heard the shop door snap shut. "Good night, Rosalind!"

"Good-by; and thank you!" she

his proneness to consume the cabinet pudding, the chocolate ice cream and the fruit in season from the chastening American bill of fare, after partaking impartially of the preliminary fish, flesh and fowl. He is confidential with hotel clerks, affectionate with chambermaids and all telephone girls are "Nellie" to him. Types, my dear Donovan—"

"That's enough! I want to know what you are doing!" and in my anger I shook him by the shoulders.

"Well, if you must have it, after I started to the village I changed my mind about going, and I was anxious to see whether Holbrook was really here; so I got a launch and came over. I stopped at the island but saw no one there, and I came up the creek until I grounded; then I struck inland, looking for the road. It might save us both embarrassment, Irishman, if we give notice of each other's intentions, particularly at night. I hung about, thinking you might appear, and—"

"You are a poor liar, Buttons. You didn't come here alone!"—and I drove my weary wits hard in an effort to account for his unexpected appearance. "All is lost; I am discovered," he mocked.

He had himself freed my horse; I now took the rein and refastened it to the tree.

"Well, inexplicable Donovan!" I laughed, pleased to find that my delay annoyed him. I was confident that he was not abraded at this hour for nothing, and it again occurred to me that we were on different sides of the matter. My weariness fell from me like a cloak, as the events of the past hour flashed fresh in my mind.

"Now," I said, dropping the rein and patting the horse's nose for a moment, "you may go with me or you may sit here; but if you would avoid trouble don't try to interfere with me."

I did not doubt that he had been sent to watch me; and his immediate purpose seemed to be to detain me. "I had hoped you would sit down and talk over the Monroe Doctrine, or the partition of Africa, or something equally interesting," he remarked. "You disappoint me, my dear benefactor."

"And you make me very tired at the end of a tiresome day, Gillespie. Please continue to watch my horse; I'm off."

He kept at my elbow, as I expected he would, babbling away with his usual volubility in an effort, now frant enough, to hold me back; but I ignored his talk and plunged on through the wood toward the creek. Henry Holbrook must, I argued, have had time enough to get out of the creek and back to the island; but what mischief Gillespie was furthering in his behalf I could not imagine.

There was a gradual rise toward the creek and we were obliged to cling to the bushes in making our ascent. Suddenly, as I paused for breath, Gillespie grasped my arm.

"For God's sake, stop! This is no affair of yours. On my honor there's nothing that affects you here."

"I will see whether there is or not!" I exclaimed, throwing him off, but he kept close beside me.

We gained the trail that ran along the creek, and I paused to listen. "Where's your launch?"

"Find it," he replied succinctly. "I have my bearings pretty well, and set off toward the lake. Gillespie trailing behind in the narrow path. When we had gone about twenty yards a lantern glimmered below and I heard voices raised in excited colloquy. Gillespie started forward at a run.

"Keep back! This is my affair!" "I'm making it mine," he replied, and flung in ahead of him.

I ran forward rapidly, the voices growing louder, and so heard men stumbling and falling about in conflict, a woman's voice now rose in a sharp cry:

"Let go or him! Let go of him!" Gillespie flashed by me down the bank to the water's edge, where the struggle ended abruptly. I was not for behind, and I saw Henry Holbrook in the grasp of the Italian, who held the lantern high above her head, that he was only protecting himself. Gillespie had caught hold of the sailor, who continued to protest his innocence of any wish to injure Holbrook; and for a moment we peered through the dark, talking account of one another.

"So it's you, is it?" said Henry Holbrook as the Italian freed him and his eyes fell on me. "I should like to know what you mean by meddling in my affairs. By God, I've enough to do with my own flesh and blood without dealing with outsiders."

Helen Holbrook turned swiftly and held the lantern toward me, and when she saw me shrugged her shoulders. "You really give yourself a great deal of unnecessary concern, Mr. Donovan."

"You are a damned impudent meddling!" blurted Henry Holbrook. "I have had you watched. You—you—"

He darted toward me, but the Italian again caught and held him, and another altercation began between them. Holbrook was wrought up to a high pitch of excitement and cursed everybody who had in any way interfered with him.

"Come, Helen," said Gillespie, stepping to the girl's side; and at this Arthur Holbrook turned upon him viciously.

"You are another meddling outsider. Your father was a pig—a pig, do you understand? If it hadn't been for him I shouldn't be here tonight, camping out like an outlaw. And you've got to stop annoying my daughter!"

Helen turned to the Italian and spoke to him rapidly in his own tongue. "You must take him away. He is not himself. Tell him I have done the best I could. Tell him—"

She lowered her voice so that I heard no more. Holbrook was still heaping abuse upon Gillespie, who stood submissively by; but Helen ran up the bank, the lantern light flashing eerily about her. She paused at the top, waiting for Gillespie, who it was patent, had brought her to this rendezvous and who kept protectively at her heels.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of infants and children—Experience against Experiment.

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the girl's lantern faintly twinkled. Gillespie kept on after the girl, the lantern flashing more rarely through the turn in the path, until I caught the threatening of his launch as it swung out into the lake.

I drew back, seeing nothing to gain by appealing to Holbrook in his present overwrought state. The Italian had his hands full, and was glad, I judge, to let me alone. A moment later he had pushed off his boat, and I heard the sound of oars receding toward the island.

I found my horse, led him deeper into the wood and threw off the saddle. Then I walked down the road until I found a barn, and crawled into the loft and slept.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Lady of the White Butterflies.

Titania: And pluck the wings from painted booties!

To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes: Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

Peaseblossom: Hail, mortal! —Midsummer Night's Dream.

The twitter of swallows in the eaves awakened me to the first light of day, and after I had taken a dip in the creek I still seemed to be sole proprietor of the world, so quiet lay field and woodland. I followed the lake shore to a fishermen's camp, where, in the good comradeship of outdoors men the world over, I got bread and coffee and no questions asked. I smoked a pipe with the fishermen to kill time, and it was still but a trifle after six o'clock when I started for Red Gate. My mood was not for the open road, and I sought woodland paths, that I might loiter the more.

With squirrels scampering before me, and attended by bird song and the morning drum beat of the woodpecker, I strode on until I came out upon a series of rough pastures, separated by stake-and-rider fences that craved sinuously through tangles of blackberries and wild roses. As I tramped along a cow path that traversed these pastures, the dew sparkled on the short grass, and wings whirred and dipped in salutations before me. My memories of the night vanished in the perfection of the day; I went forth to no renewal of acquaintance with shadows, or with the lurking figures in a dark drama, but to enchantments that were fresh with life and light. Barred gates separated these fallow fields, and I passed through one, crossed the intermediate pasture, and opened the gate of the third. Before me lay a field of daisies, bobbing amid wild grass, the morning wind softly stirring the myriad disks, so that the whole had the effect of quiet motion. The path led on again, but more faintly here. A line of sycamores two hundred yards to my right marked the bed of the Tippecanoe; and on my left hand, beyond a walnut grove, a little filmy dust cloud hung above the hidden highway. The meadow was a place of utter peace; the very air spoke of holy things. I thrust my cap into my jacket pocket and stood watching the wind crisp the flowers. Then my attention wandered to the mad antics of a squirrel that ran along the fence.

(To Be Continued.)

Marked for Death.

"Three years ago I was married for death. A graveyard cough was tearing my lungs to pieces. Doctors failed to help me, and hope had fled, when my husband got Dr. King's New Discovery," says Mrs. A. C. Williams of Bac, Ky. "The first dose helped me and improvement kept on until I had gained 20 pounds and my health was restored. This medicine cured my cough and I am now 50 and \$1.00. Trial bottle free."

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