THE COMMONWEALTH, SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.



SYNOPSIS.

Challis Wrandall is found murdered in road house near New York. Mrs. Wran-It is summoned from the city and identhe body. A young woman who ac-mpanied Wrandall to the Inn and sub-sequently disappeared, is suspected. Mrs. Wrandall starts back for New York an auto during a blinding snow storm In an auto during a blinding snow storm. On the way she meets a young woman in the road who proves to be the woman who killed Wrandall. Feeling that the pirl had done her a service in ridding her of the man who though she loved him deeply, had caused her great sorrow. Mrs. Wrandall determines to shield her and takes her to her own home. Mrs. Wrandall hears the story of Hetty Cas-laton's life, except that portion that re-lates to Wrandall. This and the story of tragedy she forbids the girl ever to She offers Hetty a home, friendship and security from peril on account of the tragedy. Mrs. Sara Wrandall and Hetty tragedy. Mrs. Sara Wrandall and Hetty stiend the funeral of Challis Wrandall at the home of his parents. Sara Wrandall and Hetty return to New York after an absence of a year in Europe. Leslie Wrandall, brother of Challis, makes him-self useful to Sara and becomes greatly interested in Hetty. Sara sees in Les-le's infatuation possibility for revenge on the Wrandalls and reparation for the wrongs she suffered at the hands of Challis Wrandall by marrying his mur-deress into the family. Leslies in comderess into the family. Leslies in com-pany with his friend Brandon Booth, ar artist, visits Sara at her country place. Leslie confesses to Sara that he is madly eslie confesses to Sara that he is many love with Hetty. Sara arranges with ooth to paint a picture of Hetty. Booth as a haunting feeling that he has seen etty before. Looking through a port-die of pictures by an unknown English telst he finds one of Hetty. He speaks ther about it. Hetty declares it must artist he finds one of Heity. He speaks to her about it. Heity declares it must he a picture of Heity Glynn, an English actress, who resembles her very much. Leslie Wrandall becomes impatient and fealous over the picture painting and de-clares he is going to propose to Hetty at the first opportunity. Much to his cha-grin Leslie is refused by Hetty. Sara, between whom and Hetty a strong mu-tual affection has grown up, tries to peraffection has grown up, tries to per e the girl that she should not let the tragedy prevent her from marrying.

CHAPTER XI .- Continued.

"You do know it, don't you?" he went on.

"I-God knows I don't want you to should-" she was saying, as if to herself.

"I suppose it's hopeless," he said dumbly, as her voice trailed off in a whisper.

"Yes, it is utterly hopeless," she said, and she was white to the lips.

by + Of Her Hand George Barr McCutcheon COPYFRIGHT, 1912 BY GEORGE DARR MECUTCHEON : COPYRIGHT, 1912 BY GEORGE DARR MECUTCHEON : COPYRIGHT, 1912 BY DODD, MEAD & COMPANY Her hand stole upward and caressed | ask me to tell you, for I cannot. I-I | bring her home with you?" asked Sara, |

The Hollow

joy started in his eyes-tears of ex- me, and that you still love me after the porch. quisite delight. "Good God, Hetty, I-I can't do less I was in deceiving-" without you,' he whispered, shaken by his passion. "Nothing can come full on the trembling lips. She gasped between us. I must have you always and closed her eyes, lying like one in like this."

"Che sara, sara," she sighed, like from her lips. He could not help feelthe breath of the summer wind as it sings in the trees.

The minutes passed and neither thing he could not understand, but spoke. His rapt gaze hung upon the knew to be mocumental in its power glossy crown that pressed against him to oppress. so gently. He could not see her eyes,

but somehow he felt they were tightly shut, as if in pain. "I love you, Hetty. Nothing can Whatever it is, it hurts, and God

matter," he whispered at last. "Tell knows I don't want to make it worse me what it is." She lifted her head and gently with-

drew herself from his embrace. He did not oppose her, noting the serious, almost somber look in her eyes as she turned to regard him steadfastly, an unwavering integrity of purpose in

their depths. She had made up her mind to tell little words bind you to me forever. him a part of the truth. "Brandon, I am I will wait until the barrier is down. Hetty Glynn."

He started, not so much in surprise as at the abruptness with which she made the announcement. "I have been sure of it, dear, from

the beginning," he said quietly. Then her tongue was loosed. The words rushed to her lips. "I was Hawkright's model for six months.

I posed for all those studies, and for but-some day. Then you will see was either that or starvation. Oh,

you will hate me-you must hate me." He laid his hand on her hair, a

love me. I never meant that you and hate at the same time," he said. "The barrier may be insurmountable, "There was nothing wrong in what you did for Hawkright. I am a painter, you know. I understand. Doesdoes Mrs. Wrandall know all this?"

> "Yes-everything. She knows and else?" understands. She is an angel, Brandon, an angel from heaven. But," she

"I-I sha'n't say anything more," burst forth, "I am not altogether a with a deep breath. "I thought it

"No."

I have told you how mean and shameout for his morning exercise," said he He drew her close and kissed her surlily. "Far be it from me to-Umph!'

Sara repressed the start of surprise. a swoon. Soft, moaning sounds came She thought Hetty was alone. "She will bring him in for luncheon, ing a vast pity for her, she was so I suppose," she said carelessly, although there was a slight contraction gentle, so miserably hurt by some-

of the eyelids. "He is a privileged character." It was long past the luncheon hour

"Listen, dearest," he said, after a long silence; "I understand this much, warm. She was alone, and she had at least: you can't talk about it now. been walking rapidly.

for you in this hour when I am so selfishly happy. Time will show us the way. It can't be insurmountable. Love always triumphs. I only ask you to repeat those three little words, and I will be content. Say them."

"I love you," she murmured. "There! You are mine! Three

Then I will take you." "The barrier grows stronger every day," she said, staring out beyond the pretty state of confusion. tree-tops at the scudding clouds. "It

never can be removed.' butted in, that's all. How are you?" "Some day you will tell me-every-

thing?" She hesitated long. "Yes, before God, Brandon, I will tell you. Not now, steady scrutiny. "Oh, it will all peel

off in a day or two," he explained, gothe big canvas in the academy. It why-why I cannot-" She could not ing a shade redder. complete the sentence. "When did you return?" she asked. "I don't believe there is anything "I thought tomorrow was-"

you can tell me that will alter my calm smile on his lips. "I can't love feelings toward you," he said firmly. but my love is everlasting."

today. That's why he never has any "I can only thank you, dear, andtroubles ahead of him." love you with all my wretched heart." "You are not pledged to some one

Sara. "Wouldn't he come in, Hetty?" "I-I didn't think to ask him to "That's all I want to know," he said, stop for luncheon,' she replied, and

"I say, Sara," broke in Leslie, "you begged. his brown cheek and throat. Tears of am so happy in knowing that you love as they moved off in the direction of could go up to Bar Harbor with the I promise-I promise. Forgive me! I

Williamsons at that time. Tell her would not give you an instant's rain "She seemed to be taking Brandy about the invitation, Vivie." "It isn't necessary," said Sara coldly. "I scarcely know the Williamsons." She hesitated an instant and then went on with sardonic dismay:

lips-a hoarse gasp of pain. "They're in trade, you know." "That's nothing against 'em," proher side. tested he. "Awfully jolly peoplereally ripping. Ain't they, Viv?" with a cold, repelling look.

"I don't know them well enough to say," said Vivian, turning away. "I

only know we're all snobs of the worst when Hetty came in, flushed and sort." "Just a minute, Viv," he called out. What does Miss Castleton say about coming?" It was an eager question.

Much depended on the reply. "I haven't asked her," said his sister succinctly. "How could I, without elly. first consulting Sara?"

"Then you don't intend to ask her?" "Certainly not."

After the Wrandalls had departed, Sara took Hetty off to her room. The girl knew what was coming.

"Hetty," said the older woman, facing her after she had closed the door of her boudoir, "what is going on between you and Brandon Ecoth? I must have the truth. Are you doing anything foolish?"

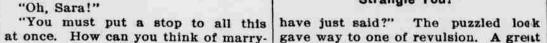
It-it is a tragedy," cried Hetty, meeting her gaze with one of utter despair. "What am I to do, Sara darling? He-he has told me that he-he-'

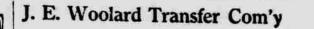
"Yes." "And you have told him that his love is returned?"

"I couldn't help it. I was carried away. I did not mean to let him see that I-"You are such a novice in the busi-

ness of love," said Sara sneeringly. You are in the habit of being carried away, I fear."

crimson. "How dare you?"





Cars for Hire, Cars Repaired PHONES

Residence No. 45. Office No. 66





Strangle You!"

you would-"

you to marry Leslie Wrandall."

she cried, suddenly indignant.

Hetty stopped short.

"Oh, I'm sorry to be so late," she apologized, darting a look of anxiety at Sara. "We grew careless with time. Am I shockingly late?" She was shaking hands with Mrs. Redmond Wrandall as she spoke. Leslie and Vivian stood by, rigidly awaiting their turn. Neither appeared to

be especially cordial. "What is the passing of an hour, my dear," said the old lady, "to one

who is young and can spare it?" "I did not expect you-I mean to say, nothing was said about luncheon. was there, Sara?" She was in a

"No," said Leslie, breaking in; "we "Foolish? Heaven help me, no! He clasped her hand and bent over it. She was regarding him with slightly "What has happened? Tell me!" dilated eyes. He misinterpreted the

"Loves you?"

said he. "Of course, I understand how it is. There's some one else, Only I want you to know that I love you with all my soul, Hetty. I-I don't see how I'm going to get on without you. But I-I won't distress you, dear."

"There isn't anyone else, Brandon," she said in a very low voice. Her fingers tightened on his in a sort of desperation. "I know what you are thinking. It isn't Leslie. It never can be Leslie."

"Then-then-" he stammered, the blood surging back into his heart-"there may be a chance-"

"No, no!" she cried, almost vehe mently. "I can't let you go on hoping. It is wrong-so terribly wrong. You must forget me. You must-"

He seized her other hand and held them both firmly, masterfully. "See here, my-look at me, dearest!

What is wrong? Tell me! You are unhappy. Don't be afraid to tell me. You-you do love me?"

She drew a long breath through her half-closed lips. Her eyes darkened with pain.

"No. I don't love you. Oh, I am so sorry to have given you-" He was almost radiant. "Tell me the truth." he cried triumphantly. "Don't hold anything back, darling. If there is anything troubling you, let me shoulder it. I can-I will do anything in the world for you. Listen: I know there's a mystery somewhere. have felt it about you always. I have seen it in your eyes, I have always sensed it stealing over me when I'm with you-this strange, bewildering atmosphere of-"

"Hush! You must not say anything more," she cried out. "I cannot love you. There is nothing more to be said."

"But I know it now. You do love me. I could shout it to-" The mis- taken from him, no matter what else erable, whipped expression in her eyes checked this outburst. He was struck by it, even dismayed. "My dearest ore, my love," he said, with infinite tenderness, "what is it? Tell me?"

He drew her to him. His arm went about her shoulders. The final thrill



sham. I am the daughter of Colonel Castleton, and I am cousin of all the Murgatroyds-the poor relation. It isn't as if I were the scum of the earth, is it? I am a Castleton. My Brandon, the only thing I've ever done voice.

in my life that I am really ashamed of is the deception I practiced on you when you brought that magazine to me and faced me with it. I did not lie to you. I simply let you believe

was not the-the person you thought was. But I deceived you-" "No, you did not deceive me," he said gently. "I read the truth in your dear eyes."

"There are other things, too. I shall not speak of them, except to repeat that I have not done anything else in my life that'I should be ashamed of." Her eyes were burning with earnestness. He could not but understand what she meant.

Again he stroked her hair. "I am sure of that," he said. "My mother was Kitty Glynn, the

actress. My father, a younger son, fell in love with her. They were married against the wishes of his father, who cut him off. He was in the service, and he was brave enough to stick. They went to one of the South African garrisons, and I was born there. Time Then to India. Then back to London, where an aunt had died, leaving my father quite a comfortable fortune. But his old friends would have nothing to do with him. He had livedwell, he had made life a hell for my

mother in those frontier posts. He deserted us in the end, after he had squandered the fortune. My mother made no effort to compel him to provide for her or for me. She was

proud. She was hurt. Today he is in India, still in the service, a martinet with a record for bravery on the field of battle that cannot be

may befall. I hear from him once or twice a year. That is all I can tell you about him. My mother died three years ago, after two years of invalidism. During those years I tried to repay her for the sacrifice she had

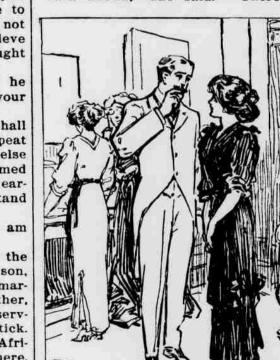
made in giving me the education. the-" She choked up for a second. and then went bravely on. "Her old manager made a place for me in one of his companies. I took my mother's name, Hetty Glynn, and-well, for a season and a half I was in the chorus. could not stay there. I could not," she repeated with a shudder. "I gave striking. it up after my mother's death. I was fairly well equipped for work as a quite ingenuous." children's governess, so I engaged my-

self to-" She stopped in dismay, for he was laughing.

"And now do you know what I think to peel off in chappy little flakes. of you, Miss Hetty Glynn?" he cried, seizing her hands and regarding her comment. with a serious, steadfast gleam in his eyes. "You are the pluckiest, sandiest girl I've ever known. You are the kind that heroines are made of. There is nothing in what you've told me that Vivian. could in the least alter my regard for you, except to increase the love I thought could be no stronger. Will "Nonsense," cried the elder Mrs. direction."

might be-Leslie." "No, no!" she cried out, and he caught a note of horror in her voice. "Does he know this - this thing you can't tell me?" he demandfather comes of a noble family. And, ed, a harsh note of jealousy in his

> She looked at him, hurt by his tone. "Sara knows," she said. "There is



"She Doesn't Seem Especially Over joyed to See Me."

no one else. But you are not to question her. I demand it of you." "I will wait for you to tell me," he

said gently. CHAPTER XII.

Sara Wrandall Finds the Truth. Sara had kept the three Wrandalls over for luncheon.

"My dear," said Mrs. Redmond Wrandall, as she stood before Hetty's portrait at the end of the long livingroom, "I must say that Brandon has succeeded in catching that lovely little something that makes her so-what shall I say?-so mysterious? Is that what I want? The word is as elusive once."

as the expression." "Subtle is the word you want; Leslie, tall, slim and aristocratic, her hands behind her back, her manner one of absolute indifference. Vivian was more than handsome; she was

"There isn't anything subtle about Hetty," said Sara, with a laugh. "She's

Leslie was pulling at his mustache. present moment." and frowning slightly. The sunburn on his nose and forehead had begun

"Ripping likeness, though," was his "Oh, perfect," said his mother. 'Really wonderful. It will make Brandon famous."

"She's so healthy-looking," said "English," remarked Leslie,

that covered everything. Wrandall, lifting her lorgnette again.

ing him, Hetty Glynn? Send him-" then hurried off to her room to make herself presentable. "I do not intend to marry him," said

ibly.

tiously.

arms about her.

De man

"Sara, Sara, you must let me ex-

"Don't, Sara, please don't!" she

Considerably Disturbed Her

Composure.

Ellen Terry, the famous English

"'Will,' said she, 'I am so morti-

actress, tells this story:

house.

litely.

wrong!

"A young girl appeared.

"'I heard dreadful cries and yells."

panted Lecoq. 'Tell me what is

"The young gill blushed and an-

"'Well, sir, if you must know, ma's

Go Deeper for Plumbago.

swered with an embarrassed air:

Hetty was in a state of nervous exthe girl, suddenly calm and dignified. citement during the luncheon. The "I am to draw but one conclusion, encounter with Booth had not resulted at all as she had fancied it would. She the girl intently. "What do you mean?"

had betrayed herself in a most disconcerting manner, and now was more deeply involved than ever before. She tion ?' had been determined at the outset.

"Leslie never has any tomorrows,

Miss Castleton," explained Vivian.

"He always does tomorrow's work

"Where is Mr. Booth?" inquired

"What rot!" exclaimed Leslie.

she had failed, and now he had a claim-an incontestable claim against her. She found it difficult to meet horror Sara's steady, questioning gaze. She wanted to be alone.

After luncheon, Leslie drew Sara aside.

"I must say she doesn't seem espeference a natural one? You are forcially overjoyed to see me," he getting yourself." growled. "She's as cool as ice."

"What do you expect, Leslie?" she demanded with some asperity. "I can't stand this much longer. Sara," he said. "Don't you see how things are going? She's losing her heart to Booth."

"I don't see how we can prevent

I did not know he was-married. For "By gad, I'll have another try at God's sake, do me the justice to-" t-tonight. I say, has she said-any-"But you went there with him," inthing?" sisted the other, her eyes hard as

"She pities you," she said, a masteel. "It doesn't matter whether he licious joy in her soul. "That's akin was married-or free. You went." to something else, you know." "Confound it all, I don't want to be panion's breast and wound her strong

pitied!" "Then I'd advise you to defer your try' at it," she remarked.

plain-you must let me tell you every-"I'm mad about her, Sara. I can't thing. Don't stop me! You have resleep, I can't think, I can't-yes, I can fused to hear my plea-" eat, but it doesn't taste right to me. "And I still refuse;" cried Sara, I've just got to have it settled. Why, throwing her off angrily. "Good God, people are beginning to notice the do you think I will listen to you? If change in me. They say all sorts of you utter another word, I willthings. About my liver, and all that strangle you!" sort of thing. I'm going to settle it tonight. It's been nearly three weeks she moved backward in the direction now. She's surely had time to think of the door, never taking her eyes

will be for her, and all that. She's no fool, Sara. And do you know what Vivian's doing this very instant over there in the corner? She's inviting her to spend a fortnight over at our place. If she comes-well, that means the engagement will be announced at

ance in the face of what had gone beof the original rebuff, he was thoroughly satisfied in his own mind that Hetty Castleton would not be such a Horrible Discovery by Mrs. Flint Had

Booth quite as good a catch as you,

mented, rubbing his nose gently, thinking first of his person. An instant later he was thinking of the other half of the declaration. "That's just what I've been afraid of," he said. "I told you what would happen if that portrait nonsense went on forever. It's

your fault, Sara."

shudder swept over her. "Leslie Wrandall must pay his brother's debt to you."

"If You Utter Another Word, I Will-

"My God!" fell from the girl's stiff suppose," said the other, regarding lips. "You-you must be going madmad!"

Sara laughed softly. "I have meant "Is it necessary to ask that quesit almost from the beginning," she said. "It came to my mind the day The puzzled expression remained in that Challis was buried. It has never the girl's eyes for a time, and then been out of it for an instant since that slowly gave way to one of absolute day. Now you understand."

If she expected Hetty to fall into "How dare you suggest such a a fit of weeping, to collapse, to plead thing?" she cried, turning pale, then with her for mercy, she was soon 40 find herself mistaken. The girl Sara laughed shortly. "Isn't the instraightened up suddenly and met hor gaze with one in which there was the fierce determination. Her eyes were

"I understand," said the girl, through steady, her bosom heaved. pallid lips. Her eyes were dark with "And I have loved you so devotedly pain and misery. "You think I am al--so blindly," she said, in low tones together bad." She drooped perceptof scorn. "You have been hating me all these months while I thought you "You went to Burton's inn," sentenwere loving me. What a fool I have

been! I might have known. You "But, Sara, you must believe me. couldn't love me."

"When Leslie asks you tonight to marry him, you are to say that you will do so," said Sara, betraying no sign of having heard the bitter words. "I shall refuse, Sara," said Hetty,

every vestige of color gone from her Hetty threw herself upon her com- face.

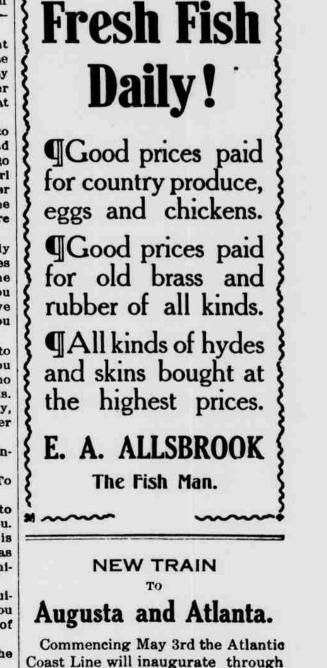
"There is an alternative," announced the other deliberately. "You will expose me to-him? To his family?"

"I shall turn you over to them, to let them do what they will with you. If you go as his wife, the secret is safe. If not, they may have you as you really are, to destroy, to annihilate. Take your choice, my dear." "And you, Sara?" asked the girl qui-

Hetty shrank back, terrified. Slowly etly. "What explanation will you have to offer for all these months of protection?" from the impassioned face of her pro-

prospect no terror for you?"

Her companion stared. "Has the (TO BE CONTINUED.)



sleeping car service between Wilmington, Florence, Sumter, Augusta and Atlanta, in connection with the Georgia Railroad. Following is the schedule from Scotland Neck in connection with the new service: Lv. Scotland Neck 10:02 a. m. 7:35 p. m. Ar. Florence FELT SHE HAD BEEN FAMILIAR | garden, he heard loud shouts and 8:00 p.m. Lv. Florence roars of: 'Murder! Oh, heavens! Ar. Sumter 9:20 p.m. Help! You're killing me! Murder!' 10:35 p.m. Ar. Orangeburg "It was the work of an instant for Ar. Augusta 1:40 a.m. Lecoq to vault the crumbling fence. Ar. Atlanta 6:00 a. m. tear through the weedy garden, and Passengers may remain in sleeping thunder at the door of the mysterious cars until 7:00 a.m. Returning the train leaves Atlanlanta 8:00 p.m., Central time; and "'What's wanted?' she asked poarrives Florence 9:00 a. m., and

Scotland Neck 7:28 p. m., Eastern time. Sleeping cars are operated between Weldon, Rocky Monnt and Florence, in connection with the above service.

Connections are made in the Union putting a patch on pa's trousers and depot Atlanta with the Dixie Flyer, leaving there at 8:00 a. m., which is a solid train to Chicago, carrying sleeping, dining and observrtion In the plumbago district of Ceylon, cars; also through sleeping cars to St. Louis: and with th

Sara did not marvel at his assurmother," said Vivian, standing beside fore. She knew him too well. In spite fool as to refuse him the second time. "It is barely possible, Leslie," she said, "that she may consider Brandon

and infinitely better looking at the

"Mrs. Flint came home from a call "It's this beastly sunburn," he la one day in such a disturbed condition that it was evident that tears were not far in the background. Her husband gazed at her inquiringly for a moment but she made haste to explain before he could advance any questions.

fied that I don't know what to do!' "But I have reason to believe she "'What's up, little one?' Mr. Flint he's got 'em on.'' will not accept him, if it goes so far as that. You are quite safe in that inquired flippantly. "'I have just been calling on Mrs.

Boutelle. You know her husband, "Gad, I'd hate to risk it," he mut-

it over; how much better everything

tector.

	you marry me, Hetty?"	Wrandall, lifting her lorgnette again.	"Gad, I'd hate to risk it," he mut-	Boutene. Tou mark a	the supply near the surface has been	St Louis and with the South At-
and the second	She jerked her hands away, and	"Pure, honest, unmixed blood, that's	tered. "I have a feeling she's in love	Major Boutene:	practically exhausted, and the mine	
"Some Day You Will Tell Me-Every-	held them clenched against her breast.	what it is. There is birth in that	with him.	warr is I that loownod today that	owners in going deeper are confronted	a solid train to Cincinnati carrying
thing?"	"No! I cannot. It is impossible,	girl's face."	Vivian approached. "Sara, you must	was to in tanta his sittle at all "Major"	with the water problem, which they	eleening and dining cars: also
of ecstasy bounded through his veins.	Brandon If I loved you less than I	"You're always talking about birth.	let me have Miss Castleton for the		now recognize means the installation	through elegning gars to Louisville
The feel of heat The man denial	do I might say yas hut_no it is im-	mother." said her son sourly, as he	first two weeks in July," she said se-	is his first name.'		
the feel of her! The wonderful,	do, 1 might bay yes, but-40, it is im-	turned away.	renely.	"Why, sure it is. I've always	of modern machinery, including pow-	and Indianapons.
subtle, feminine feel of her! His	possible."	white a state of the base is a state of the	"I con't do it Wigian " sold the other	known that. What is there so morti-	erful pumps. The picturesque will be-	Connections are also made in At-
brain reeled in a new and vast whirl	His eyes narrowed. A gray shadow	mother with conviction	promptly. "I can't bear the thought		come a matter of memory, for buckets	lanta with the Atlanta & West Point
of intoxication.	crept over his face.	mother with conviction.	promptry. I can't boat the thought	"'Nothing,' Mrs. Flint answered,	and hand pumps operated by coolie la-	R. R. fyr Montgomery, Mobile, New
She sat there very still and unre-	"There can be only one obstacle so	7It's an easy thing to get in Amer-	of being alone in this big old barn	with a groan, 'only that I've been	bor will be discarded. Plumbago in	Orleans and the Southwest: with the
She sat there very still and unre- sisting, her hand to her lips, uttering	serious as all that," he said slowly.	ica," said he, pulling out his cigarette	of a place. Nice of you to want her,	calling him "Major" every time I've	the most important mineral export	Southern Ry. for Birmingham, Mem-
W WOLd Scarcely breathing He walt.	You-vou are already married.	vade.		met him for the last six years:	from Ceylon, and more than half of	phis and the west and with other
ed. He gave her time After a little	"No!' she cried, lifting her pathetic	It was then that Sara prevailed upon	"Oh, don't be seinsh, Sara, cried		the total output comes to the United	diverging lines for points in South
while her fingers straved to the crown	eves to his. "It isn't that. Oh, please	them to stop for function. Hetty al-	vivian.	Good Reason.	States.	Georgia, etc.
of how lines which many	he mod to ma! Don't ask me to say	ways takes these long walks in the	You don't know now much i de-	William J. Burns, at a banquet in		For reservations, tickets and
found the single betnin and draw it	anything more Don't make it hard	morning, and she will be disappointed	pend on her," said Sara.	William J. Burns, at a bungettive	Each a Law Unto Himself.	schedules to any Western destina-
	Are me Drandon I love you I love	1 If she finds you haven t walled-	I u ash you over, coo, acar, it more	New York, told a number of detective		tion by this new and attractive route
Suppression of the second seco	man The he your wife would be the	"Oh as for Loal— Degan Leslie and	weren't so many others coming. I	stories. And then there hat one	nut forth the leaf that is created in	by old and reliable lines, apply to
away and then pressed her dark little	you. To be your whe would be the	stopped but he could not have been	don't know where we're going to put	said Mr. Burns. Lecoq, late one	ble Education is only like good cul	Eon I. Brown Ticket Agent of the
nead against his breast. Her blue	most glorious-No, no: 1 must not	stopped, but he could not have been	thom You understand, don't you?"-	night, was pursuing his homeward	him. Education is only like good cur-	ATLANTIC COAST LINE.
eyes were swimming.	even think of it. I must put it out	more lucid if he had uttered the sen-	them. Iou under the t	man when from a dark mysterious-	ture: it changes the size but hot the	Standard Railroad of the South.
"Just this once, just this once,"she	of my mind. There is a barrier, dear-	tence in full.		looking house set in a weed-grown	sort-H W. Beecher,	
murmured with a sob in her voice.	est. We cannot surmount it. Don't	"Why didn't you pick her up and	A But I ve been cour sing on month.		and the second se	