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SYNOPSIS.

Challis Wrandall is found murdered in a road house near New York, Mrs. Wrandall is summoned from the city and iden-tifies the body. A young woman who ac-companied Wrandall to the inn and subsequently disappeared, is suspected.
Mrs. Wrandall starts back for New York 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 girl had done her a service in ridding her of the man who though she loved him deeply, had caused her great sorrow. and takes her to her own home. Mrs. Wrandall hears the story of Hetty Castleton's life, except that portion that re-lates to Wrandall. This and the story of the tragedy she forbids the girl ever to tell. She offers Hetty a home, friendship and security from peril on account of the tragedy. Sara Wrandall and Hetty return to New York after an absence of a tragedy. Sara Wrandall and Hetty re-turn to New York after an absence of a year in Europe. Leslie Wrandall, brother of Challis, becomes greatly interested in Hetty. Sara sees in Leslie's infatuation possibility for revenge on the Wrandalls and reparation for the wrongs she suf-fered at the hands of Challis Wrandall by marrying his murderess into the family. Leslie, in company with his friend Bran-don Booth, an artist, visits Sara at her don Booth, an artist, visits sara at her country place. Leslie confesses to Sara that he is madly in love with Hetty. Sara arranges with Booth to paint a picture of Hetty. Booth has a haunting feeling that he has seen Hetty before. Looking through a portfolio of pictures by an unknown English artist he finds one of these befores to her about it. Hetty He speaks to her about it. Hetty declares it must be a picture of Hetty Glynn, an English actress, who resembles her very much. Much to his chagrin Leslie is refused by Hetty. Booth and Hetty confess their love for each other, but the latter declares that she can never marry as there is an insurmountable bar-

CHAPTER XII.-Continued.

marry as there is an insurmountable barrier in the way. Hetty admits to Sara that she loves Booth. Sara declares that Hetty must marry Leslie, who must be made to pay his brother's debt to the girl. Hetty again attempts to tell the real story of the tragedy and Sara threatens to strangle her if she says a word.

"Not now. Not since I have found you out. The thing I have feared all along has come to pass. I am relieved, now that you show me just where I truly stand. But, I asked: what of

"The world is more likely to applaud than to curse me, Hetty. It likes a new sensation. My change of heart will appear quite natural."

"Are you sure that the world will applaud your real design? You hate the Wrandalls. Will they be charitable toward you when the truth is given out? Will Leslie applaud you? Listen. please: I am trying to save you from yourself, Sara. You will fail in everything you have hoped for. You will be more accursed than I. The world will pity me, it may even forgive me. It will listen to my story, which is more than you will do, and it will believe me. Ah, I am not afraid now. At first I was in terror. I had no hope to escape. All that is past. Today I am ready to take my chances with the big, generous world. Men will try me, and men are not made of stone and steel. They punish but they do not avenge when they sit in jury boxes. They are not women! Good God, Sara. is there a man living today who could have planned this thing you have cherished all these months? Not one! And all men will curse you for it, even though they send me to prison or to the-chair. But they will not condemn me. They will hear my story and they will set me free. And then,

what of you?" this earnest reasoner with growing me up to the law, but-

"My dear," she said, "you would better be thinking of yourself, not of me." "Why, when I tell my story, the world will hate you, Sara Wrandall. You have helped me, you have been good to me, no matter what sinister motive you may have had in doing so. It is my turn to help you."

"To help me!" cried Sara, astonished in spite of herself. "Yes. To save you from execra-

tion-and even worse. "There is no moral wrong in mar-

riage with Leslie Wrandall," said Sara, returning to her own project. "No moral wrong!" cried Hetty, aghast. "No, I suppose not," she went

on, a moment later. "It is something much deeper, much blacker than moral wrong. There is no word for it. And if I marry him, what then? Wherein lies your triumph? You can't mean that-God in heaven! You would not go to them with the truth when it was

too late for him to-to cast me off!" "I am no such fool as that. The secret would be forever safe in that event. My triumph, as you call it, we will not discuss."

"How you must hate me, to be willing to do such an infamous thing to

"I do not hate you, Hetty." "In heaven's name, what do you call

"Justification. Listen to me now I am saying this for your good sense to seize and appreciate. Would it be right in me to allow you to marry any other man, knowing all that I know? There is but one man you can in justice marry: the one who can repair the wreck that his own blood created. Not Brandon Booth, nor any man save Leslie Wrandall. He is the man who must

"I do not intend to marry," said

"But Leslie will marry some one, and I intend that it shall be you. He shall marry the ex-chorus girl, the artist's model, the-the prostitute! Wait! Don't fly at me like that! Don't assume that look of virtuous Fay. This much of your story shall after leaving Hetty at the lodge. He amiably. "I quite understand." they know, and no more. They will be was throbbing all over with the love proud of you!"

that name-you call me that-and yet ous barrier; all the more zest to the you have kissed me, caressed me- inevitable victory that would be his. loved me!" she cried hoarse with pas- He would delight in overcoming ob- her with your-"

second time. You will accept him. That is all."

"You must take back what you lists of love. have just said to me-of me-Sara Wrandall. You must unsay it! You

must beg my pardon for that!" "I draw no line between mistress

and prostitute."

"But 1-"

"Enough!"

let me—" "I have an excellent memory, and it serves me well."

arms. Great sobs shook her slender tree tops.

a long time with pitiless eyes. Then brought him down from the clouds into words that were pouring from the vines and purple blossoms the while stone wall?" girl's lips. At last, moved by some he thought of her. power she could not have accounted for, she knelt beside the quivering between his mother and sister. body, and laid her hand, almost timorously, upon the girl's shoulder.

"Hetty-Hetty, if I have wronged you in-in thinking that of you-I-I-" she began brokenly. Then she lift- you come in?" ed her eyes, and the harsh light tried to steal back into them. "No, no! What am I saying? What a fool I am to give way-'

"You have wronged me-terribly, terribly!" came in smothered tones from the cushions. "I did not dream you thought that of me."

"What was I to think?" Hetty lifted her head and cried out: 'You would not let me speak! You refused to hear my story. You have been thinking this of me all along, vate ear about one thing and anotherholding it against me, damning me with it, and I have been closer to you woman are you?"

Sara seized her hands and held them in a flerce, tense grip. Her eyes were glowing with a strange fire. "Tell me-tell me now, on your soul

Hetty were you-were you-"No! No! On my soul, no!"

"Look into my eyes!" The girl's eyes did not falter. She met the dark, penetrating gaze of the other and, though dimmed by tears. her blue eyes were steadfast and resolute. Sara seemed to be searching the very soul of her, the soul that laid itself bare, denuded of every vestige gentleman's order." of guile.

"I-I think I believe you." came slowly from the lips of the searcher. "You are looking the truth. I can see it. Hetty, I-I don't understand myself. Is is so-so overwhelming, so tremendous. It is so incredible. Am I really believing you? Is it possible that I have been wrong in-"

"Let me tell you everything," cried the girl, suddenly throwing her arms

"Not now! Wait! Give me time to think. Go away now. I want to be alone." She arose and pushed the girl toward the door. Her eyes were fixed on her in a wondering, puzzled sort of way, and she was shaking her head as if trying to discredit the new emotion that had come to displace the one created ages ago.

Slowly Hetty Castleton retreated toward the door. With her hand on the knob, she paused.

"After what has happened, Sara, you must not expect me to stay with you Sara stood perfectly rigid, regarding any longer. I cannot. You may give

Some one was tapping gently at the

"Shall I see who it is?" asked the girl, after a long period of silence.

It was Murray. "Mr. Leslie has re turned, Miss Castleton, and asks if he may see you at once. He says it

is very important. "Tell him I will be down in a few minutes, Murray."

After the door closed, she waited until the footman's steps died away on the stairs. "I shall say no to him, Sara, and I

shall say to him that you will tell him



"Tell Me-Tell Me, Now-on Your Soul, Hetty-"

why I cannot be his wife. Do you understand? Are you listening to me?" Sara turned away without a word or look of response. Hetty quietly opened the door and

went out.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Second Encounter. Booth trudged rapidly homew of her. The thrill of conquest was in Hetty's eyes were blazing. "You use his blood. She had raised a mysteristacles-the bigger the better-for his "He will ask you tonight for the heart was valiant and the prize no smaller than those which the ancient knights went out to battle for in the Leslie with a scowl. "Turned you

It was enough for the present to know that she loved him. What if she were Hetty Glynn? What if she had been an artist's

eyes was all-convincing. She was wor-"You wrong me vilely! You must thy of the noblest love.

After luncheon-served with some Hetty suddenly threw herself upon | pipe on the porch and stared reminis- | air of compassion, the couch and buried her face in her cently at the shifting clouds above the

He did not see the Wrandall motor Sara stood over her and watched for at his garden gate until a lusty voice

Leslie was sitting on the wide seat

"Glad to see you back, old man," said Booth, reaching in to shake hands with him. "Day early, aren't you? Good afternoon, Mrs. Wrandall. Won't

He looked at Vivian as he gave the invitation. "No, thanks," she replied. "Won't

you come to dinner this evening?" He hesitated. "I'm not quite sure whether I can, Vivian. I've got a halfway sort of-"

"Oh, do, old chap," cut in Leslie, more as a command than an entreaty. 'Sorry I can't be there myself, but you'll fare quite as well without me. I'm dining at Sara's. Wants my prisee what I mean?"

"We shall expect you, Brandon," than- My God, what manner of said Mrs. Wrandall, fixing him with her lorgnette.

"I'll come, thank you," said he. He felt disgustingly transparent under that inquisitive glass. Wrandall stepped out of the car.

'I'll stop off for a chat with Brandy, mother.' "Shall I send the car back, dear?" "Never mind. I'll walk down."

The two men turned in at the gate as the car sped away. ment window. "Come up and take the you."

I'd have been completely pickled. I initial venture. A question rose to

shall always remember Maine."

hooked his toes in the supports and his watch. proceeded to fill his pipe. Then he struck a match and applied it, Leslie I hope." watching him with moody eyes.

man?" he inquired between punctuating puffs.

"It's bully. Sargent never did anything finer. Ripping."

"I owe it all to you, Les." "To me?"

"You induced her to sit to me." "So I did," said Leslie sourly. "I was Mr. Fix-it sure enough." He al- hedgerow at the end of Booth's garlowed a short interval to elapse before taking the plunge. "I suppose, old chap, if I should happen to need your valuable services as best man in the near future, you'd not disap-

Booth eyed him quizzically. "I trust you're not throwing yourself away, Les," he said drily. "I mean to say, on some one-well, some one not

quite up to the mark." Leslie regarded him with some severity. "Of course not, old chap. What the devil put that into your

head? "I thought that possibly you'd been

the Maine woods." "Piffle! Don't be an ass. What's the sense pretending you don't know who she is?

said Booth, puffing away at his pipe. "Who else?" "Think she'll have you, old man?" asked Booth, after a moment.

"I suppose it's Hetty Castleton,"

"I don't know," replied the other, a bit dashed. "You might wish me luck, though."

from the bowl of his pipe. A serious line appeared between his eyes. He was a fair-minded fellow, without guile, without a single treacherous instinct.

"I can't wish you luck, Les," he said slowly. "You see I'm-I'm in love with her myself."

"The devil!" Leslie sat bolt upright and glared at him. "I might have known! And—and is she in love with you?"

"My dear fellow, you reveal considerable lack of tact in asking that

"What I want to know is this." exclaimed Wrandall, very pale but very hot: "is she going to marry you?" Booth smiled. "I'll be perfectly irank with you. She says she won't." Leslie gulped. "So you've asked

"Obviously." "And she said she wouldn't? She refused you? Turned you down?" His little mustache shot up at the ends and a joyous, triumphant laugh broke from his lips. "Oh, this is rich! Ha, ha! Turned you down, eh? Poor old

Brandy! You're my best friend, and

dammit I'm sorry. I mean to say,'

he went on in some embarrassment,

"I'm sorry for you. Of course, you

can hardly expect me to-er-" "Certainly not," accepted Booth "Then, since she's refused you, you might wish me better luck."

"That would mean giving up hope." "Hope?" exclaimed Leslie quickly. "You don't mean to say you'll annoy "No, I shall not annoy her," replied

his friend, shaking his head. "Well, I should hope not," said down, eh? 'Pon my soul!" He appeared to be relishing the idea of it. "Sorry, old chap, but I suppose you understand just what that means." Booth's lips hardened for an inmodel? The look he had had into the stant, then relaxed into a queer, alsoul of her through those pure blue most pitying smile,

"And you want me to be your best | I'm blowed if I consider it an honor | we have been led to believe that you man?" he said reflectively.

Leslie arose. His chest seemed to exasperation by Patrick an hour and a swell a little; assuredly he was breathhalf later than usual—he smoked his ing much easier. He assumed an

"I shan't insist, old fellow, if you feel you'd rather not-er- See what I mean?" It then occurred to him to utter a word or two of kindly advice. "I shouldn't go on moping if I were a queer, uneasy, wondering light be- the range of earthly sounds. Then you, Brandy. 'Pon my soul, I shouldn't. gan to develop in those dark, ominous he dashed out to the gate, bareheaded Take it like a man. I know it hurts, eyes. She leaned forward the better and coatless, forgetting that he had but- Poch! What's the use aggrato listen to the choked, inarticulate been sitting in the obscurity of trailing vating the pain by butting against a

His companion looked out over the tree tops, his hands in his trousers pockets, and it must be confessed that his manner was not that of one who is oppressed by despair.

"I think I'm taking it like a man,



Leslie Sat Bolt Upright and Glared at

"Well," said Booth, "it's good to see Les," he said. "I only hope you'll you. Pat!" He called through a base- take it as nicely if she says nay to

An uneasy look leaped into Leslie's "No drink for me, Brandy. I've been face. He seemed noticeably less corin the temperance state of Maine for pulent about the chest. He wondered two weeks. One week more of it and if Booth knew anything about his his lips, but he thought quickly and Booth sat down on the porch rail, held it back. Instead, he glanced at

"I must be off. See you tomorrow,

"So long," said Booth, stopping at "How do you like the portrait, old the top of the steps while his visitor skipped down to the gate with a nimbleness that suggested the formation of a sudden resolve. Leslie did not waste time in part-

> ing inanities he strode off briskly in the direction of home, but not without a furtive glance out of the tail of his eye as he disappeared beyond the den. That gentleman was standing where he had left him, and was filling his pipe once more.

> The day was warm, and Leslie was in a dripping perspiration when he reached home. He did not enter the house but made his way direct to the

"Get out the car at once, Brown," was his order.

Three minutes later he was being driven over the lower road toward Southlook, taking good care to avoid Booth's place by the matter of a mile or more. He was in a fever of hope and eagerness. It was very plain to making a chump of yourself up in him why she had refused Booth. The iron was hot. He didn't intend to

lose any time in striking. And now we know why he came again to Sara's in the middle of a blazing afternoon, instead of waiting until the more seductive shades of night had fallen, when the moon sat serene in the seat of the Mighty.

He didn't have to wait long for Hetty. Up to the instant of her appearance in the door, he had reveled in Booth knocked the burnt tobacco the thought that the way was now paved with roses. But with her entrance, he felt his confidence and courage slipping. Perhaps that may explain the abruptness with which he proceeded to go about the business

in hand. "I couldn't wait till tonight." he explained as she came slowly across the room toward him. She was halfway to him before he awoke to the fact that he was standing perfectly still. Then he started forward, somehow impelled to meet her at least half-way. "You'll forgive me, Hetty

if I have disturbed you." "I was not lying down, Mr. Wrandall," she said quietly. There was and others, to give occasional dinners Chronicle. In the United States pie nothing ominous in the words, but he at which they may refresh their spirexperienced a sudden sensation of its with the familiar dialect which is cold. "Won't you sit down? Or would grateful in the ears long unused to it, struggle consisted of a layer of you rather go out to the terrace?"

know what it is I want to say to you. You-" "Yes," she interrupted wearily;

you go on.'

ment. "But, my dear, I-" claimed, with a pleading little smile great majority of persons who go to seven pies in the allotted time. For lantic Limited, leaving at 7:12 a, m., that would have touched the heart of these dinners do not know or care this he received the "championship a solid train to Cincinnati, carrying anyone but Leslie. "Please don't go on. It is quite as impossible now as the usually very indifferent food set it was before. I have not changed." before them and wait, helplessly, for He could only say, mechanically: 'You haven't?"

thought that I might come to-" word that you were not-"

"Unfortunately Sara cannot speak you for the honor you would-"

a purely selfish thing with me, and great machine-made dinner is a fool- lanta Constitution.

to be refused by any woman. I-" "Mr. Wrandall!" she cried, fixing lynch men. I now know better than him with her flashing, indignant eyes. that. From you alone I learned my

and imperious before him. He quailed. "I-I beg your pardon.

"There is nothing more to be said," she went on icily. "Goodby." er there is anyone else?" he asked, as he turned toward the door.

the right to ask that question, Mr. the world. I would not be betraying Wrandall?"

"Then, there is some one!" he cried, be the one to suffer. When you met rapping the table with his knuckles. me on the road that night I was on He didn't realize till afterward how my way back to the inn to give myvigorously he rapped. "Some con- self into custody. You have made it

is no English nobody, if that answers | Sara." your question." offer a reason for not giving me a look in her face. A gilded birdcage

it's due-" "Can't you see how you are distressing me? Must I again go through the gilded cage cocked his head and that horrid scene in the garden? watched her with alert eyes. Then Can't you take a plain no for an an- she reached up and gently removed

those two words he revealed the com- opened the tiny door. The bird hopped plete overturning of a lifelong esti- about his prison in a state of great mate of himself. It seemed to take excitement. more than his breath away.

"Goodby," she said with finality. He stared at the door through which she disappeared, his hopes, his con- later resolved itself into the bobbing, ceit, his self-regard trailing after her fluttering dicky-bird that had lived with shameless disloyalty to the in a cage all its life without an hour standards he had set for them, and of freedom. For a few seconds it then, with a rather ghastly smile of circled over the tree tops and then self-commiseration on his lips, he alighted on one of the branches. One slipped out of the house, jumped into might well have imagined that he the motor car, and gave a brief but could hear its tiny heart beating with explicit command to the chauffeur, terror. Its wings were half-raised and who lost no time in assisting his mas- fluttering, its head jerking from side

packing them for departure, when Sara entered her room. They regarded each other steadily, questioningly for a short space of

"Leslie has just called up to ask 'what the devil' I meant by letting him make a fool of himself," said Sara, with a peculiar little twisted smile on her lips.

Hetty offered no comment, but after a moment gravely and rather wistfully called attention to her present occupation by a significant flaunt of her hand and a saddened smile. "I see," said Sara, without emotion,

"If you choose to go, Hetty, I shall not oppose you." "My position here is a false one, Sara. I prefer to go."

"This morning I should have held a sword over your head." "It is very difficult for me to realize all that has happened."

"You are free to depart. You are free in every sense of the word. Your future rests with yourself, my dear." "It hurts me more than I can tell to feel that you have been hating me

all these months." "It hurts me-now." Hetty walked to the window and

"What are your plans?" Sara inquired, after an interval. "I shall seek employment-and wait for you to act."

"I? You mean?" "I shall not run away, Sara. Nor do I intend to reveal myself to the authorities. I am not morally guilty of crime. A year ago I feared the consequences of my deed, but I have learned much since then. I was a stranger in a new world. In England

lynch women here as readily as you "You are forgetting yourself." She greatest lesson. You revealed to me was standing very straight and slim the true meaning of human kindness. You shielded me who should not Even now I believe that your first impulse was a tender one. I shall not forget it, Sara. You will live to regret the baser thought that came "Would you mind telling me wheth- later on. I have loved you-yes, almost as a good dog loves his master. It is not for me to tell the story of "Do you really feel that you have that night and all these months to myself, but you. You would be called He wet his lips with his tongue. upon to explain, not I. And you would founded English nobody, I suppose." impossible for me to do so now. My She smiled, not unkindly. "There lips are sealed. It rests with you,

Sara joined her in the broad win-"Then, will you be kind enough to dow. There was a strangely exalted fair chance in a clear field? I think hung suspended in the casement. Without a word, she threw open the window screen. The gay little canary in the cage from its fastenings. Putting "Good Lord!" he gasped, and in it down upon the window sill, she

Hetty looked on, fascinated. At last a yellow streak shot out through the open door and an instant ter to turn tail in ignominious flight. to side in wild perturbation. Taking Hetty was gloomily but resolutely courage, Master Dicky hopped timoemployed in laying out certain of her rously to a nearby twig, and then venpersonal belongings, preparatory to tured a flight to a tree top nearer the window casement. Perched in its top

> if there was fear in his little breast. In silence the two women in the window watched the agitated movements of the bird. The same thought was in the mind of each, the same question, the same intense wish.

most branches he cheeped shrilly, as

A brown thrush sped through the air, close by the timid canary. Like a flash it dropped to the twigs lower down, its wings palpitating in violent

then cheeped between her teeth. A moment later Dicky was fluttering about the eaves; his circles grew smaller, his winging less rhythmical, till at last with a nervous little flutter he perched on the top of the window

shutter, so near that they might have

"Dicky!" called Sara Wrandall, and

reached to him with their hands. He sat there with his head cocked to one "Dicky!" called Sara again. This time she held out her finger. For some time he regarded it with indifference, not to say disfavor. Then he took one

more flight, but much shorter than the first, bringing up again at the shuttertop. A second later he hopped down and his little talons gripped Sara's finger with an earnestness that left no room for doubt. She lowered her hand until it was

even with the open door of the gilded cage. He shot inside with a whir that suggested a scramble. With his wings folded, he sat on his little trapeze and cheeped. She closed and fastened the door, and then turned to Hetty.

"My symbol," she said softly. There were tears in Hetty's eyes.



New York Newspaper Says It Is, Both on Account of Poor Food and Poor Speakers.

It has long been the agreeable habit of friendly organizations, from the Sons of St. Patrick to the New Engand by reminding each other of what "It's much more comfortable here, a good place the old home was, and if you don't mind. I-I suppose you is, remarks the New York Evening Sun. But the old custom has long what they eat, and therefore gobble belt." It should have been an elastic sleeping and dining cars; a "the speakers." Their own indifference is much to blame for the general what you are doing!" he cried, feeling resulted in an explosion which would for the edge of the table with a sup- do away entirely with the public din-

PUBLIC DINNER A NUISANCE? | ish anomaly to begin with; nobody but the hotelkeepers, who charge enough to pay for a much more tempting dinner than they serve, feels any tenderness for it.

Pie, the National Dish. test was held for the championship land society, the Ohio, the Southern of New Jersey, relates the London is a national dish, and the variety with which the competitors had to spread with canned fruit, the average weight being half a pound. According to the report of a local journal. since become a bore beyond descrip- "amid enthusiasm, thirty-five young tion because of the inordinate atten- men, trained to the minute, entered and knowing as much, Mr. Wrandall, tion required of the diners to a long the contest for the championship. it would not be fair of me to let array of speakers, none of whom has The state record of twenty-six pies in anything in particular to say, and at half an hour fell during the battle. a solid train to Chicago, carrying "Not fair?" he said, in honest amaze- the same time because of the very Walter Tappin of Tilsomfield, N. J., sleeping, dining and observation indifferent quality of the dinner pro- was the winner. He managed to put cars; also through sleeping cars to "Please, Mr. Wrandall," she ex- vided. It is no doubt true that the himself on the outside of twenty- St. Leus; and with the South At-

Georgia Invasion.

"It's been the dream of the old "No. I am sorry if you have stodginess. It is encouraging, of man's life to see Was'rton," said course, to observe that the disgust the Billville matron, "an' now he's "Think, for heaven's sake, think with such silliness as this has finally a-goin' thar, an' I'm a-goin' with him. 'I won't be unknown thar,' he says, 'fer I've been a member of six Georgia port-seeking hand. "I-I had Sara's ner. The private dinner, of course, legislatures, an' any one of 'em could Georgia, etc. chosen carefully and served to a beat congress a-raisin' of the place small and congenial company, is one whar Satan lives at an' a-doin' of for me in a matter of this kind. Thank of the most honorable and sacred so- nuthin!' But what we want to see cial rites in the civilized world; men most is the place whar they make losing his temper. "I love you! It's defend and maintain it. But the why we don't git our share of it."-22

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NEW TRAIN

Augusta and Atlanta. Commencing May 3rd the Atlantic Coast Line will inaugurate through 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. Ar. Florence 7:35 p. m. 8:00 p. m. Lv. Florence 9:20 p. m. Ar. Sumter 10:35 p. m. Ar. Orangeburg Ar. Augusta 1:40 a. m. Ar. Atlanta 6:00 a. m. Passengers may remain in sleeping

cars until 7:00 a.m. Returning the train leaves Atlanlanta 8:00 p. m., Central time; and arrives Florence 9:00 a. m., and Scotland Neck 7:28 p. m., Eastern

Sleeping cars are operated between Weldon, Rocky Monnt and Florence, in connection with the above service.

Connections are made in the Union depot Atlanta with the Dixie Flyer, leaving there at 8:00 a. m., which is through sleeping cars to Louisville and Indianapolis.

Connections are also made in Atlanta with the Atlanta & West Point R. R. fyr Montgomery, Mobile, New Orleans and the Southwest: with the Southern Ry. for Birmingham, Memphis and the West and with other diverging lines for points in South

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