

Market Review and Marine and Weather News

WEATHER FORECAST.

Table with columns for Temperature, Precipitation, and dates for August 30, 1916, and September 1, 1916. Lists cities like Asheville, Atlanta, Charlotte, etc.

SUNRISE and SUNSET.

Table showing sunrise and sunset times for Saturday, August 31st, 1916.

Stage of water in Cape Fear river at Fayetteville, N. C. at 8 a. m. yesterday, 10.4 feet.

First Crook—Is there much competition in this town in our line? Second Crook—No—there's only six crooks here! And three of them are handicapped by police jobs!—Puck.

How are the incubators getting along? asked a friend of his neighbor who had recently bought some. Why, all right, I suppose; but altho I have had them for two weeks now, not one of the four has laid an egg yet. Ladies' Home Journal.

NOTICE. On account of direction of strike this Company will not accept Freight of any character from Shippers or Connections after Friday, September 1st. Effective August 31st and September 1st Freight will only be received from Shippers or Connections which will under regular schedule reach its final destination by midnight September 2nd. Bill-ladings so given on these dates will be endorsed as follows: "Subject to Delay. Not liable for Loss, Damage or Delay, resulting from Strikes or Strikes."

LOCAL MARKETS.

Table of Country Produce prices including Eggs, Butter, Spring Chickens, Hens, Puddle Ducks, Guinea, Beef, Sweet potatoes, Irish Potatoes, N. C. Hams, N. C. Shoulders & Ribs, Field Peas, White Peas, Corn, N. C. Peanuts, Spanish Peanuts, Virginia Peanuts, Oranges, Lemons, Apples, Bell Peppers, Onions.

MARINE NEWS.

Steamer Muirfield Sailed Friday Morning With Cargo of Cotton. The British steamer, Muirfield, sailed early Friday morning for Genoa, Italy, carrying a cargo of cotton from the Champion Compress, consigned by Messrs. Alexander Sprunt & Son. Arthur Storey, a mess room boy of the ship, was arrested Thursday by Deputy Sheriff C. H. Keen on a charge of desertion. When found the boy was at Wrightsville Beach, where he was comfortably perusing several of the latest issues of different magazines. He was delivered on board ship shortly before she sailed.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE RAILROAD COMPANY

Passenger Traffic Department Wilmington, N. C., Aug. 31, 1916. Notice to the Traveling Public:— Because of the probability of interruption to train service, on account of strike order, which has been issued effective 7:00 A. M., Eastern Time, 6:00 A. M. Central Time, Monday, September 4th, this Company will, from and after September 1st, 1916, sell all tickets and check all baggage with the understanding that passengers and baggage will be subject to detention or delay and will not be responsible in any wise for any detention or delay to passengers and baggage caused by strike conditions.

STOCKS.

Table of stock prices including (By Associated Press.) New York (Wall Street), Sept. 1. Passing of the crisis in the railway strike situation was followed by renewal of bullish operations today, important stocks rising a point or more at the opening with several new high records. United States Steel was the chief feature, 5,800 shares being taken at 96 3/4 to 97, a new maximum gain of 1 3/8. The stock sold minus its regular and extra dividend of 2 1/4 per cent., which makes the maximum advance equivalent to 99 1/4, or within 1-8 of its high record. Mercantile Marine preferred and Kelly-Springfield Tire represented the new maximum; Union Pacific, Atchison and New York Central gained a point and various specialties recorded similar advances.

COTTON.

Table of Cotton prices including (By Associated Press.) New York, Sept. 1.—A renewal of yesterday's buying movement was encouraged by a sensational advance in Liverpool today and the cotton market here opened at an advance of 6 to 21 points with all positions making new high records. Prices reacted several points during the early trading.

Advertisement for Peterson & Rulfs New Boots. Includes an illustration of a boot and a list of prices: Allover White Kid \$7.50, Grey Kid \$6.50, Black Kid \$5.00, Allover White Canvas Lace Boots \$3.50.

Advertisement for J. M. Solky & Company. Includes an illustration of a man in a suit and text: "Our Fall Outfitting! OUR HANDSOME New Suits and Overcoats—our correct shapes in Fall Hats, and our many Choice creations in Toggery are awaiting your inspection! We invite you—yes, we urge you to call to see our display of the Better Things in Men's Wear! The Style, the Quality and the Workmanship shown in our Outfitting will appeal to you in a most forceful manner as the productions of Master Hands! May We Show You? If you will accept this invitation and favor us with a call "Just for a Look," we will show you the New Wearables and Quote you Prices that will at once Convince you that it will be Profitable for you to make This Store Your Outfitting Store! J. M. Solky & Company One-Price Clothiers and Furnishers, 9 N. Front St.

THE Husbands of Pepita By Agnes Follansbee Chase

In her little room in one corner of the great tent, Pepita stood before the mirror awaiting her turn in the ring. Above the shimmering satin of her scanty costume her young face glowed rich with color amid the clustering black curls, but the delicate brows were knit in a puzzled little frown. For a change was taking place in Miguel, her husband. He no longer seemed the staid and elderly protector who had so readily come to her aid when she had been left alone in the world a year ago. This dark-browed, fiery-eyed man was not the same good Miguel whom she had known since her childhood, and who had so kindly instructed her that, to be respectable, a woman of the circus must have either a mother or a husband, and that, since she was motherless, he would sacrifice himself to her need and become her husband. At that time she had been very glad of his protection, and had willingly acquiesced in all his arrangements. With him she had gone before, that so solemn person who had asked her questions that she did not understand, and had given her a paper to sign, by which means she became a member of the "Greatest Shows," and was provided with the necessary husband. And until now all had gone well. It was good to be relieved of tiresome responsibilities, and since the possession of a husband entailed no obligations beyond the surrendering of one's pay envelope at regular intervals, Pepita was content. But now had come this change. The good Miguel now sought to manage Pepita herself! It was amazing, and not to be endured. His voice outside her door interrupted her thoughts. "Open, Pepita. I wish to enter," he was saying. "Later then; I'm quite dressed." she replied, releasing the catch that held the door, and returning to a seat beside her dressing-table. "I have a word to say to you, my Pepita," he said in Spanish, looking her up and down.

him as you smiled last night. Understand?" Pepita's eyes grew round as she listened, but her attention became absorbed in an unruly curl. "Pout!" said she, and smiled at her reflection in the glass. "You would defy me, then?" he demanded ominously. Pepita was carefully inspecting an imaginary spot upon the tip of her charming nose. "Are you sick, Miguello?" she asked lightly. Miguel's teeth came together in a sharp click, and he seized her round, bare shoulder none too gently. "Viper! You are my wife!" he snarled. Pepita's eyes glowed as she slowly turned her head and stared him in the face. "Take your hand away! How dare you touch me? You have no right!" she challenged, and laid her hand upon her light riding-whip. He released her shoulder reluctantly, but leaned over her, an ugly look growing on his face. "No right, my little scorpion? You are my wife," he sneered again. Something in his tone sent the hot blood to Pepita's face, and she sprang up, backing away from him. "It is not true!" she declared angrily, instinctively defending herself against the implication. His laugh was not pleasant to hear. "So that is your game?" he said between set teeth. "A little affair with Barry on the side while Miguel attends to the hard work? Hah! If you are not my wife you will never be wife to any man, and to that—Barry, never!" Petrified with amazement and helplessness, Pepita stood, breathing hard; then with a cry like that of a little animal, she hurled her riding whip in the man's face, and burst from the room. In the long passageway without she met Barry, ready equipped for his perilous performance in midair. "Little whirlwind!" he laughed, and caught her in a strong, bare arm. Pepita lifted a white face. "He struck me!" she whispered, choking over the words, and flung up her arm across her eyes. Barry's face grew black as he leaned down to her. "Who struck you, little one?" "Miguel," she stammered, striving to control her sobs. "That beast! I hate him, Barry! I am not his wife!" Over Barry's face the blood flamed

to the roots of his fair hair, and his eyes darkened. "Shall I kill him?" he asked, below his breath, watching the heaving shoulders of the girl beside him. Pepita's head went up. "No, you need not kill the carrion, Barry, my friend," she said, her eyes flashing. "Only, he is no longer my husband. I declare it to you! I speak with him no more. See, I spit upon his memory." As they left the ring that night a strange shyness held Pepita silent, for Miguel's words had awakened something deep within her young heart. The color flamed in her cheeks as Barry lightly touched her shoulder. "Get into your things, Pepita, and come to dinner with me. I want to talk to you," he said, leaving her at her door. When they were seated in the quiet little restaurant outside the circus grounds, Barry turned to the silent girl. "Pepita, how do you know that Miguel is not your husband?" he asked abruptly. She flashed a startled glance up at his serious face, then her brows came together in a haughty little frown. "He is my husband no longer," she stated with an air of finality. "Child, you do not understand," Barry said gently. "If you have really been married to Miguel, only the law can make him no longer your husband. Don't you understand what I mean?" With infinite pains he explained the situation as best he could, but she still shook her head. "In the beginning I said I was willing that he should be my husband, and he is no longer my husband. It is very simple," she said. Barry stared at her thoughtfully. "Did you understand that you were being married when you signed those papers a year ago?" he asked. She shook her head. "I do not know what you mean, I know not what were those papers. I could not understand the English then. Miguel spoke for me. Then I have but to sign my name so, 'Pepita Maria Dolores Ignato,' and Miguel say 'Now you belong to the good Miguel and to the Greatest Shows.' Then we come to the two beeg tents, and Mrs Lane take me in with her until I am so valiant that I have a room to myself, as now. That's all." "Pepita, dear, I believe that Miguel

has deceived you. I believe he is not really your husband and never has been. If I prove it beyond a doubt, will you be glad?" Pepita looked up quickly, but the light in Barry's eyes confused her, and she took refuge in the shadow of the big hat she wore. But Barry's strong fingers were gripping hers, and Barry's voice went on a bit unsteadily. "And when I have robbed you of one husband, Pepita, will you let me find you another dear?" Pepita's breath fluttered in her throat, and she struggled to release her hands. "Please, Barry! I wish to go back," she stammered, trembling, and with a low laugh he let her go. "But I shall ask you again, my Pepita," he exulted. Just before the evening performance a week later, Barry drew Pepita aside, his face jubilant. "I have done it, sweet! I have actually seen the only paper you signed. There was never any marriage, and I shall face Miguel with my proofs to-night. And then—and then I shall ask you that question again!" As she whirled about the ring that night, Pepita's thoughts whirled faster still, and her cheeks burned with the fire within her heart. There was something contagious in the thrill of her excitement, and her audience unconsciously responded. With her breathlessly watched Barry begin his downward fight; saw him swing with amazing accuracy from bar to bar, his eyes blinded by the silken scarf, his body lithe as a springing tiger. Rigid with the tension of the moment, they followed Pepita's quick circling of the great ring; saw her perform wonderful feats of grace and skill; wondered afresh at the delicate beauty of her face. Then they saw her suddenly stiffen with horror as she gazed at Barry far above her head! For Pepita one glance was enough to stop the mad beating of her heart; but even in that moment of horror her quick wits, well-schooled to meet desperate emergencies, did not desert her. With scarcely a second's delay she sprang erect, struck the white horse two stinging cuts with her whip, and as he leaped forward out of his stride she set her small teeth firmly, her lithe body tense, her perfectly trained muscles answering to her need like sentient things.



leaped and was gone, and the watching crowds below saw what at first seemed merely a fresh marvel of strength and perfect physical training, a miracle of outflung arms and hands that caught in a grip of steel the hands of the man dropping downward like a living meteor. Then, like a wind amid a field of grain, the news swept through the audience that this had been no well-planned feat, but a splendid bit of presence of mind, of courage and strength made unfinished by despair, and men leaped to their feet cheering wildly, while women hid their eyes and sobbed. Behind the scenes, surrounded by anxious faces, Pepita lay back against Barry's arm and smiled. "Only the shock," the doctor had passed judgment upon her; but Barry's face was white with anxiety. "It is nothing; I am quite well," Pepita murmured, stroking his cheek. Then she frowned. "It was that pig Miguel who took away my Barry, and for that I myself will kill him with my hands!" Barry caught her to him, and his voice shook. "Little fire-eater! Do not think of him now. Miguel has gone. You will never see him again, and he is punished enough in leaving you to me, to me, Pepita!" "May the crows devour him!" sighed Pepita happily.