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WNU Service



nerves are steadier - your interest keener.

Aids teeth and digestion.

After Every Meal



Appropriately Named

"Gosh !- that old dog is a sight !" said a hypercritical acquaintance, from over beyond Presbyterian Hill, "He's lame, skinny, blind in one eye, and "pears to have ticks all over him. He looks as if he had been scalded too."

"Eh-yah !" replied Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge. "He's got the mange, also the biggest appetite you ever seen. He's covered with fleas, and howls all night. He hain't good for a living thing on earth, and I'd take him out and shoot him if it wasn't too much trouble to borry a gun."

"What do you call the varmint?" "The only name that will fit himson-in-law." -- Kansas City Star.

In the Amazon and its tributaries lives the Firal, a comparatively small fish which goes in shoals and attacks bathers. Its teeth are razorlike.



The Girl in the Mirror By ELIZABETH JORDAN

STORY FROM THE START

Laurie Devon, a gay young chap somewhat inclined to wildness, has recently succeeded as a playwright. His wealthy sis-ter Farbara, who has helped him to succeed, has just been married and is going to Japan, leaving Laurie on his own. Epstein and Bangs, his theatrical partners, have promised Barbara to keep an eye on Laurie. They scold him for his laziness of late, and he retorts that he seeks adernture. From his window in New York he sees the reflection of a beautiful girl in a mirror in the house opposite. From the elevator boy in the girl's house Laurie learns the girl's name is Mayo. Again in the mirror's reflection he sees her with a revolver and fears she means to commit suicide. He rushes into her apartment, and, winning her confidence, induces her to lunch with him, though she warns him of danger. At lunch she admits there is a mystery in her life. She says also that her funds are almost exhausted, but refuses flatly Laurie's offer of financial help. As a stranger enters the restaurant, the girl mutters "He has found me." Upon learning that the man has no claim on her, Laurie warns the stranger not to molest the girl, whose name, Laurie learns, is Doris. To Louise Ordway, his

CHAPTER VI—Continued

invalld sister-in-law, Laurie ad-

mits his interest in Doris.

"Bob didn't know," she said. "If he had felt the least suspicion he wouldn't have gone so far, or for so long. I thought I had three or four months-"

Laurie bent and kissed her cheek. "I'm coming in every day," he said, and abruptly left the room.

In the lower hall he stopped to take in the full real realization of what he had discovered. Louise, superb, arrogant, beautiful Louise, was really ill, desperately ill. A feeling of remorse mingled with his sense of shock. He had believed her a sort of nervous hypochondriac. He had so resented her excessive demands on Barbara that it was only since he had seen much of her in this last month that he had been able wholeheartedly to like and admire her.

As he stood silent, he become conscious of another presence-an august, impressive one, familiar in the past but yelled now, as it were, in a but infinitely more tragic figures than midst of human emotion. It was Jep- Louise and Doris. Yet a week ago he son, the butler. He coughed humbly. had thought they amused him! "Hexcuse me, sir," he faltered. "But Mrs. Hordway h'ain't quite so well lately, sir. 'Ave you hobserved | bloom from three fresh white ties. that?"

rather unusual degree of firmness was | served, with satisfaction. "No one necessary, for Miss Billie was not used to having her invitations refused. She accepted the phenomenon with acute unwillingness and very lingeringly.

Bangs was not at home, to divert his chum's mind with his robust conversation. As he dressed for his call on Doris, the sharp contrasts of life struck Laurie with the peculiar force with which they hit the young and the inexperienced.

But were they really contrasts? On the one side were Louise, dying, and Doris, seemingly eager to die. On the other were Billie and her friendsfoolish little butterflies, enjoying their brief hour in the secret garden of life,



Sitting Under the Shade of a Reading Lamp in Her Studio.

eternally chattering about "good times," playing they were happy, perhaps even thinking they were happy, Pondering on these and other large

lamp in her studio, deep in the pages

of a sophisticated French novel and

Subconsciously, he resented this.

His mood was keyed to tragedy. But

lowing his glance, Doris nodded com-

"I left them there for you to see,"

"Did the kind gentleman under the

"Don't be so arrogant about your

wealth. It's fleeting. Any copy-book

She opened a small drawer in the

table, swept the bills into it, and

casually closed it. Laurie stared.

"I begin to understand why you are

He took the bills, smoothed them

out flat, rolled back the rug to the

edge of the table, laid the money un-

rites so old that the idea originally

underlying them has been forgotten.

Her wedding veil, for instance, is a

relic of the canopy that used to be

held over the bride to seclude her

from + profane gaze. The ancient

Romans attached great importance to

the custom of veiling the bride. Its

primary object was to protect her

against the evil eye, a superstition cur-

rent among many tribes and nations.

quired because the bride's own glance

was considered to be dangerous. Mis-

fortune would surely befall any per-

son or animal the bride looked at be-

fore she had seen her husband on her

From the early Romans is handed

down the custom, not infrequently ob-

served by an American bride of to-

worn marriage vell. Great luck is sup-

posed to attend the practice, especially

day, of being married in a previously

arrival at his house.

With some people the veiling was re-

sometimes financially cramped."

three balls give you all that?"

"He did. Count It."

Laurie frowned.

will tell you so."

Just like that?"

"Why not?"

She looked patient.

phere of well-being.

placently.

she remarked.

connected with a studio ever lifts a rug. Bangs and I used to throw our money under the furniture, and pick it up as we needed it; but others sometimes reached it first. This way is better. How lovely you look !" he added. As he spoke he comfortably seated himself on the other side of the reading-lamp, and moved the lamp to a point where it would not obstruct his view of her.

She did look lovely. She had put on an evening gown, very simply made, but rich in the Oriental coloring she loved. She was like Louise in that. Laurie's thoughts swung to the latter's sick-room, and his brilliant young face grew somber. The girl lounging in the big chair observed the sudden change in his expression. She pushed a box of cigarettes toward him.

"Smoke if you like," she said, indifferently. "All my friends do." He caught the phrase. Then she had friends!

"Including Herbert Ransome Shaw?" he asked, as he lit a match. "Don't include him among my friends! But-he was here this aft-

ernoon.' "He was!" In his rising interest Laurie nearly let the match go out. "What did he want?"

"To warn me to have nothing to do with you."

"I like his infernal cheek!" Laurie lit the cigarette and puffed at it savagely. Then, rising, he drew his chair forward and sat down facing her.

"See here," he said quietly, "you'd better tell me the whole story. I can't help you much if I'm kept in the dark. But if you'll let me into things -And before I forget it," he interrupted himself to interject, "I want to bring a friend of mine to call on you. She will be a tower of strength. She's a Russian, and one of the best women I know."

She listened with a slight smile. "What's her name?" "Miss Orleneff, Sonya Orleneff, a

great pal of my sister's and an allround good sort. I'd like to bring her in tomorrow afternoon. Will five be convenient?"

"No." She spoke now with the curtness of the morning. "In no circumstances," she added, decisively, "But-why?", problems, he absently. removed the He was dazed. If ever a knight errant worked under greater difficulties than these, Laurie told himself, CHAPTER VII he'd like to know the poor chap's name. Griggs Gets an Order

very long. It's hard to form the habit, all of a sudden." "You will have to take me seri-

ously." He made a large gesture of accept-

ance. "All right," he promised. "That brings us back to where we were. Tell me the truth. If there's any-

thing in it that really menaces you, you'll find me serious enough." Before answering, she rose and opened the studio door, on which, he

observed with approval, a strong new lock and an inside bolt had already been placed. He saw her peer up and down the hall. Then she closed and bolted the door, and returned to her chair. The precaution brought before him a mental vision of Herbert Ransome Shaw prowling about the dim corridor. He spoke incredulously.

"Are you really afraid of that chap?"

"I have good reason to be," she said quietly. She sat down in her chair again, rested her elbows on the table and her chin in her hands, in the pose already so familiar to him, and added quietly, "He is the source of all my present trouble." She stopped and turned her head to

listen. "Do you hear anything moving in

the hall?" she asked, almost in a whis-

"No. Shall I look?"

She shook her head. "Don't unbolt the door."

"You're nervous. I'm sure there's nothing there. Please go on," he urged. "Our little friend Bertle-" Seeing her expression, he stopped short. "Forgive me," he said, hunibly. "But the plain truth is, it's awfully hard for me to take that fellow seriously. Oh, I know he's venomous," he conceded, "but I can't help feeling that he hasn't as much power over

you as you think he has." He realized that she was listening, but not to him.

"There is some one outside that door !" she whispered.

Laurie leaped to the door as noiselessly as a cat, unbolted it, and flung it open. The hall was empty. He had an instantaneous impression that something as silent as a moving shadow had vanished around the staircase at the far end, but when he reached the spot he saw nothing save the descending iron spirals of successive stairways. He returned to his companion, smiling reassuringly.

"It's our nerves," he said. "In a few minutes more I shall be worry-

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Cities to Exchange Ideas

Philadelphia and Parls have concluded arrangements for the exchange of ideas and working data between the public works departments of the two cities.

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Necessity, we are informed, is the mother of Invention. Surely, Luxury must be its flapper daughter.--Kansas City Times.

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Here, Too

For the tropics, special golf balls are used to stand the heat. Even in this country we have seen a golfer fan his ball a long time before starting to play.-London Opinion.

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Watch City Hall Cat

People rush pell-mell down Park row each morning to work but can always take five minutes off to watch the city hall cat stalk a sparrow.-New York Times.

I will utter what I believe today if it should contradict all I said yesterday.-Wendell Phillips,

STOP COUGHING!

Tampa, Fla .-- "In my young womanhood, I caught a heavy cold that settled on my lungs and in

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my bronchial tubes.

would cough 10

hours at a time. I

thought I was go-

ing to die. But.

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Laurie nodded. "I noticed it today," be admitted

"She's losin' strength very fast, sir. Hall of us 'as seen it. Cook says she don't eat nothing. And Susanne and the nurse says it's 'ard work to get 'er from the bed to 'er chair-" Laurie checked these revelations radiating an almost oppressive atmos-"Has the doctor been here today?" "Yessir, two of 'em 'ave been 'ere. Doctor Speyer comes hevery day. This morning 'e brought Doctor he returned her half-serious, half-Hames again. Hit's very hupsetting, sir, with 'er brother away and hall." The man was genuinely anxious.

Laurie tried to reassure him. "She may be better in a day or two," he said, more buoyantly than he felt. "But I'll come in every day. And here's my telephone number. If anything goes wrong, call me up immediately. Leave a message if I'm

not there." "Yessir. Thank you, sir." Jepson was pathetically grateful and relieved. He had the English servant's characteristic need of sanction and authority.

When Laurie reached his rooms, he called Sonya on the telephone. Like Jepson, he was feeling rather overwhelmed by his responsibilities. It was a relief to hear Sonya's deep, colorful voice.

"Didh't know you were here till just now," he told her. "I'm coming to see you in the morning. I want to talk to you about a lot of things." "Including Mrs. Ordway?" suggest-

ed Sonya.

"Yes. You saw her today. You noticed--"

"Of course. Samuel is to be operated on tomorrow. I'll send him back to Devon House with his mother in a few days, as soon as he can safely travel, and I shall stay right here."

"That's splendid of you!" "It's what Barbara and Mr. Warren would wish. And Mrs. Ordway, too, I think, though she would never sug-

gest it." "I'm sure it is."

Laurie hung up the receiver with'

a nervous hand. To a youth of twenty-four it is a somewhat overpowering experience to discover that destiny is especially husy over the affairs of two women for whom he has assumed

a definite responsibility. As he turned from the instrument its bell again compelled his attention. He took up the receiver, and the voice of a girl came to his ear. A week or two ago he had rather liked that voice and its owner, a gay, irresponsible,

good-hearted little creature who pranced in the front row of an uptown pony ballet. Now he listened to it with keen distante.

"Hello, Laurie," it twittered. "Is that you? This is Billie. Listen. I gotta plan. A bunch of us is goin' out to Gedney to supper tonight. We're goin' to leave right after the show. Are you on?" Laurie got rid of the fair Billie. He

id it courteously but very firmly, \blacktriangle if the former wearer had been happy | memory.

"I have no wish to meet Miss Or-At eight o'clock Laurie found Doris leneff." sitting under the shade of a reading-

"But she's an ideal person for you to know, experienced, sympathetic, and understanding. She did a lot for my sister last year. I must tell you all about that sometime. She could do more for you-"

"Mr. Devon!" The finality of her tone brought him up short. "We must mocking smile with one as enigmatic, understand each other.' "I should like nothing better." He,

shook hands with grave formality, and surveyed with mild interest a too, was suddenly formal. modest heap of bank-notes of small "This morning you projected your-

denominations that lay on the table. self into my life." catching the room's high lights. Fol-

"Literally," he cordially agreed.

"I am grateful to you for what you did and what you wish to do. But I will not meet any more strangers.] will not meet Miss Orleneff, or any one else. Is that clear?"

"Oh, perfectly !" Laurie sighed. "Of course you're a crowned head," he mused aloud. "I had forgotten. Would you like my head on a charger, or anything like that?" She studied him thoughtfully.

"Almost from the first," she said,

"and except for an occasional minute "Are you going to leave it there? or two, you have refused to be serious. That interests me. Why is it? Aren't you willing to realize that there are real troubles in the world, terrible troubles, that the bravest go down under?"

"Of course." He was serious now. He had begun to realize that fully. "It's my unfortunate manner, I supder it, and carefully replaced the rug. pose," he defended himself. "I've "That's the place to put it," he ob- never taken anything seriously for

Marriage Rites That Are Old as Humanity

The girl who today treads the aisle | in the married state.--Elleen Bourne, to the tune of the wedding march is in Liberty Magazine. still the victim of certain marriage

Troth

Man's idea of pledging himself to marriage, according to some sources. comes down to us from the Roman ages. "Treouth," which was what the Romans called the pledging of oneself, is still ours in the shape of the English word "troth."

In the Roman era great ceremony was attached to the act, but these traditional rites have been simplified gradually until today about the only thing remaining is the giving of the ring, this having persisted through the centuries. As originally practiced, the ritual included troth rings for both maid and man and this double ring custom is still preserved by some European peoples.

One Help to Happiness Among the things that enable a man to be self-satisfied is a poor

ing about Bertie, myself."

"Bolt the door again," she directed. He obeyed. She went on as if there had been no interruption to their talk. "It isn't what he is," she admitted. "He himself is nothing, as you say. It's what is back of him that-that frightens me! Why don't you smoke?" she interrupted herself to ask.

Laurie automatically selected and lit another cigarette.

"I know what's going to be back of Bertie pretty soon," he darkly predicted. "Whoever he is, and whatever he is doing, he has a big jolt coming to him, and it's coming fast."

He laid down the cigarette and turned to her with his most charming expression, a wonderfully sweet smile, half shy, wholly boyish. Before this look, any one who loved Laurence Devon was helpless.

"Come," he said gently, "tell me the whole story. You know it's not curiosity that makes me ask. But how can I help you when I'm working in the dark?"

As she hesitated, his brilliant eyes, so softened now, continued to hold hers.

"And I want to help you," he added. "I want that privilege more than I want anything else in the world."

For a long moment she sat still, as if considering his words, her eyes on her, hands, folded in her lap. The strange, deep flush he had noticed once before again stained her face. At last she straightened up with a quick movement, throwing back her shoulders as if to take on again some burden they had almost cast off.

"I am sorry to seem so mysterious," she said, "and so unresponsive. I will tell you this much, and it is more than I ought to say. In the situation we are in Lam in his power, horribly so. He can crush me at any time he chooses."

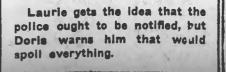
"Then why doesn't he?" The gentleness of her caller's voice softened the brusqueness of his words. "Because--" She stopped again. For the first time she had become embarrassed and self-conscious. She made her climax in a rush: "Lately he insists that he has fallen in love with me!"

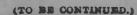
Laurie uttered an ejaculation.. It was not a pretty one, but it nicely fitted the emergency.

and others, I will marry him, the contemptible, crawling snake!"

The listener was impressed by her comparison. Certainly there was something ophidian about Shaw. He himralf had noticed it.

really safe?" he suggested. "No. His patience is exhausted. He is beginning to realize that I'd rather die."



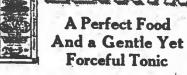


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