CLELIA'S FORTUNE.

A Tale of Romance and Adventure in Sunny Italy.

[Translated from the German of A. Kels.]

Beppo did as he was told, and the stout boatman appeared. I paid him generously for the wine.

How many boats have you, Geron imo?" I asked him. "Two, Signore."

"Are they engaged to-day?" "Unfortunaters not, Signore."
"Very well! Now go to the quai at

once and tell your men that those two boats are to remain there at my entire disposal. There, take this money." Grazie, Signore," "I want to know one thing more

Is there any other exit from this house ?" "No. Signore."

"That's bad! But never mind! I "That's bad! But never mind! I she had only been able to see the re-think you might safely trust us with flection of the largely printed news-

the house for awhile?" "As long as you please!"
"Very good! You may now go and give your men my orders. Tell them that the person identifying himself by showing them a five-franc piece and a

copper soldo is the one whose orders they have to fellow." "Ay, ay, sir. I shall not fail to tell them, and.

nem, and. . . ." He was interrupted by the opening of the door. A young girl walked in and stopped short on seeing two strangers.

My daughter, Annunziata!" said Geronimo, beckening to the girl to withdraw.

"No, no, she may remain in the house," I said; "she will not trouble us in the least."

My eyes accidentally caught Beppo's. He smiled at me approvingly, although it seemed that he was rather puzzled at not catching the drift of all these arrangements.

Geronimo took his daughter with him. I looked at my watch; it was half-past two.

"And now, Signore Beppo Man-gini," I said—"now we shall have a quiet confab. I want to see if your adroitness is really as great as I believe it is, and whether your stage-life has actually been of benefit to you." He cast a keen look at me.

"Signore," he said, "it was a capital idea of yours to keep Annunziata in the house." 'Why -89'?"

"Hm! I suppose you need not be told. She is scarcely an inch taller than Signorina Clelia."

I stepped back in surprise. That was a thing I had not even thought of.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The table d'hote at the Hotel de la Croce di Malta, whose picturesque location attracts travellers irresistibly, was but sparsely filled. It happened to be the day on which the coasting steamers depart, and the only one of the month on which no steamer from Marseilles or Leghorn had arrived. The seats at the larger table were mostly occupied by gentlemen, who from time to time-and that rather often-were casting side-glances at party was taking dinner. This highly commendable custom of having families dine "table d'hote" in the same room, yet apart from the rest of the company, is one chiefly, if not exclusively, met with in Italy.

The gentlemen at the large table showed their good taste in thus ocularly directing their attention to the smaller table: for no sight could be prettier and more attractive than that of the reader undoubtedly has long guessed whom I mean.

The old lady and the two young girls by her side formed a group which could not but call forth universal admiration. Paula was the charming picture of a merry, restless young school-girl; her beauty at first sight was as dazzling as that of the female heads which Greuze's genius alone knew how to produce. Clelia's more quiet beauty, at first almost completely fail to win the observer's admiration gradually, and would speedily become so intensely captivating that he would in vain try to take his eyes off her. She no longer looked as pale as she did in the morning; her face, on the contrary, had assumed a gentle flush, and an emotion, which she was apparently unable to suppress, gave a peculiar sparkle to her eye.

When they had first entered the dining-room, she looked the sage an hour." colorless image of suffering as usua.. "Cario dear, what are we to do in the had taken a seat opposite her aunt. the meantime?" said Paula. "It is and seemed to acquiesce listlessly in whatever was said or proposed. This state of languor had quickly changed when the waiter brought on the first course, placing it immediately in front of ber. Clelia's face becoming suddenly suffered with a deep blush, at looking down into her lap; with her trembling right hand she had seized a spoon, while in her left she endeavored to

conceal some diminutive object. Salviati, seated next to his mother. between her and Clelia. looked quite handsome; one could plainly see, however, that he was rapidly approaching his fourth decade, although not a single grey thread was to be detected in say dark hair and beard; passion had put her unmistakal ie stamp upon his face and left furrows there which would never be smoothed again. The lustre of his eyes was just the same as it was twelve years ago; nobody could stand their piercing keepness long-it fell like a heavy weight upon the beholder, and every eye, even that of dropped before his. that of his own mother.

A little removed from the table of the Salviati family stood another ta-

at which a traveler took his soliy meal. Why had not this traveler en his seat at the large table glishmen are and will be originals is one held the gigantic sheets of o Times in his hand, intent upon

sing not a single moment at either

nirror, however, immediately in front

of him, he might easily have observed

Clelia's movements if he would but ake his eyes off the paper, a feat

which seemed to him an utter impos-

shilty. The young girl, consumed

y an indescribable emotion ever since

he waiter had stood so near her and

another little flower-an immortelle

igain !- bad dropped into her lap, had

CHAPTER XXXV.

The dinner had progressed uninter-

ruptedly and was war its termination

when the waiter entered and handed

Clelia, whose excitement was in-

shyly about her once more, her eyes

were resting on the large looking-

glass opposite, and-she turned deadly

pale. She had at last exught a glimpse

paper aside, fixed his eyes upon the

mirror, and-here Clelia's heart-

stopped beating-in spite of the strange exterior of the man, in spite

eagerly in the entry with a shabbily-dressed individual, who, cap in hand,

answered his questions with that ex-

pression of stupidity bordering on half-

wittedness, which, in a Genoese, con-

ceals a high degree of shrewdness and

"Did she give you this note her-self?" asked the Cavaliere.

"Herself? What do you mean by

"Well-with her own hand then?"

What do you mean ?"

. What do I mean? What else can

"Verbal instructions? That's too

big for me! She of course told me by

her own word of mouth where to take

you when she gave you the letter."

him at our corner from sheer compas-

sion, his father having broken a leg

while passing in front of Signore

Lara's store—the same, where old Granny Assunta has her stand, whose

husband about ten years ago-per

Bacco! it is nearly deven years-how

time does fly, Signore-one is growing

old fast, and my youngest brother was

But Salviati grew impatient and

would not hear more; he knew what the denoese are and that it is abso-lutely impossible to get anything out

of them if they refuse to tell all they

"You will have to excuse me,

"You had better retire to your

cooms and rest. You will be knocked

'Addio," was all Salviati said-

'Addio!" and casting a significant

glance at his mother, pointing to

Clelia, he walked out of the room,

while the ladies continued their inter-

The Englishman had his last or-

dered course placed before him. Clelia, who could not abstain from di-

recting a look at the mirror now and

then, saw a white piece of paper dis-

appearing in the hands of the waiter. A secret voice told her that that paper

was for her; and when the same waiter

approached her table a few minutes

later, she opened her hand in her lap;

she had guessed rightly, a note

dropped into it, which she hid quickly.

The meal was finished at last. The

oom was gradually being deserted. The ladies rose from their table like-wise, and, slightly bowing, left the room. Clelia cast another look at the

Englishman, who had resumed his

about pretty roughly to-night."
"Oh, for the pleasure of a sea voy-

age!" pouted the young girl.

conscripted last year and my-"

and over again.

said to his mother:

too hot to take a walk,"

rupted repast.

the letter when I asked her."

I mean? Did she give you any verbal

"Did she say anything else?"

paper.

left the room.

cumning.

instructions ?"

Salviati

ting or reading. He had probably onsidered it u becoming to unfold Your orders have been well at ended to," he whispered. The Englishman, with that phlegm e large newspaper at the public ta-le, and in all likelihood asked to be e peculiar to the sons of Albion, put two gold pieces on the table, and in erved at a separate table. He had eated himself so as to turn his back most execrable French, said : upon the cavaliere; there being ;

"Double that sum for the lady's reply." The waiter's eyes glistened as he moved off again. The Englishman slowly finished his coffee, lighted a eigar, and began to examine the different cordials. He had concluded reading the debates in Parliament and now began to study the Courtrecords on another page of the Times.

aper, and was so deeply lost in the

receedings in Parliament as not to

otice that look. After a w.ile-the

lining-room being then almost en-

irely deserted -- the waiter approached

him, bringing him coffee and several

decanters of wine and cordials.

CHAPTER XXXVL

more than once swept the room with a scrutinizing glance and carefully looked at the mirror, which might have revealed to her the face of the Half an hour might have elapsed, when the waiter a ain made his appearance, his bearing face indicating Englishman; unfortunately, however. that he had been eminently successful. He stepped up to the table, and without saying a word he laid a tum-bled-looking note by the Briton's ash-

stand. "Very well," was the latter's whole reply, while he quickly pushed four napoleons, held in readiness all this time, towards the waiter, pocketed the note, and deliberately went on with his reading.

the Cavaliere a let er, which had just been brought by a porter. Salviati opened it; his face assumed an expres-"Queer sort of fellow!" muttered the waiter, as he retired. "The sion of intense autonishment as he read on. He called the waiter back, young woman does not take it quite o coolly-she is in a high fever."

Ten minutes more went by. The Englishman folded his paper, rose from inquired if the messenger that brought the letter had left, and, on being answered in the negative, he rose and his chair, and with slow but long strides, apparently with the utmost composure and nonchalance, went up creasing with every minute, looked

Scarcely had he reached it-scarcely had the door closed upon him, when a singular metamorphosis took place. He flings away hat and cane; takes the of the Englishman, who had laid his note, which he had received with such perfect indifference, in feverish haste from his pocket: his eyes run hur-riedly along the barely legible pencillines, and, after having perused the of his immense whiskers, she had not precious little sheet, he presses it to only recognized him, but observed the his lips, his kisses nearly effacing sign he had made to her-and underevery trace of the writing. stood its meaning! Meanwhile Salviati was conversing

The note was a very short one, far too short for him. It read as follows:

"Sir :- The last letter of my dying parent, enclosed in your own, clearly prescribes the course I have to pursue. shall obey you and consider everything you may do or direct in my behalf as if done or directed by my father. Just as it did to my parent, so has your whole manner clearly proved to me that your intentions are both good and honest. I shall follow you wherever you wish me to go. Your smage will rank with the sacred one of my dear mother; my life hence forth shall be devoted to offering up grayers for the two beings who have protected and saved the poor orphangirl. You may rely upon me fully. I shall prove to you to-night that the child of your departed friend is the daughter of a soldier also !" "Forever, gratefully yours, "CLELIA GINOZZI."

"Don't be silly, man! Repeat to me, word for word, what the lady told Meanwhile the Cavaliere was impatiently pacing up and down the Aqua-The messenger straightened himself Sole. He was closely scrutinizing the up, looked cautiously about him, clacked his tongue and said: few premenaders taking their walk at steps now and then to cast a searching "What does all this mean?" asked glance along the path ascending the hill. The next moment he might have "That's exactly what the lady said!" replied the other. "I rushed been seen pursuing his promenade forward at once, a good deal quicker again, pulling out his watch and with increasing impatience repeating the than Gianni Lomba, who wanted to lose me the job. although it was not same scene as before described. his turn at all, and we are tolerating

"Hang it !" he muttered; "it seems I am being made a fool of. I have a great mind to go back to the hotel: but I know her obstinacy-she is capable of following me thither and preparing a scene for me right before my mother and sister. How the deuce did she find out that I was here? Hm! I thought she had gone to Bologna long ago. It will be no easy task to make her understand that those two young girls are my sister and my cousin."
"She will be furiously jealous!

She must have seen us when we first arrived! What a barbarous orthography she uses in her letters!" He took a slip of paper from his

know. He gave him some money and re-entered the room, while the reticent pocket and could not help laughing at messenger slowly descended the stairs, seeing how his fair correspondent had putting the pieces just received in his murdered the language of Petrarca. pseket and counting his earnings over "It is the first time I have seen her handwriting!" he went on soliloquiz-The Cavaliere returned to the table. He remained standing, however, and

ing. "When I lived at Turin I had that rascal of a Beppo Mangini for my servant and messagere d'amore. was confident she had returned to Bomother. An urgent business matter logna. Here it is half-past four and oblines me to absent myself for about not a soul to be seen!"

Again Salviati resumed his walk. The clock struck a quarter of five-then five. Still nobody came. He finally resolved to wait not another minute, and returned to the hotel at the very moment when the Englishman whom he had noticed in the dining-room before was leaving it.

On the stairs he was stopped once more. A stout, lumbering barchettaiolo had been expecting him to inform him of his being the boatman of the hotel and to request him to name the hour at which he was to come for the baggage. A waiter, who happened to pass just then, confirmed the man's assertion, and the Cavaliere or-dered him to be ready at half-past seven to take the baggage and to call for himself and family at a quarterpast eight, just in time to reach the steamer leaving at half-past eight precisely; taking good care that no strangers occupy the boat with them.

"No strangers," reiterated the boatman, turning on his heel, while the Cavaliere went up to his mother's room.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The harbor seemed to be alive that night. Hundreds of boats, moore near the custom house, were on the alert for the massengers. The mowas immediately surrounded by a crowd of bontmen, every one of whom wanted to secure him for himself. It required a pair of strong arms to light one's way through the crowd of barchettaiolo, which was all the greater on that eventful eve as several steam-boats were to leave for different destinations, and the skies so densely obscured that in spite of the gas lanterns on the qual one could scarcely see more than three feet ahead. state of the atmosphere is a very dangerous one in Genoa; short-sighted travellers are apt to have their baggage disappear in a most remarkable manner.

The Cavaliere left the hotel in company with the ladies and walked straightway to the landing. His mother leaned on his arm. Paula was a few steps in front of her, and Clelia. dressed entirely in black, walked by her side. They entered the gate of the Molo; their appearance was at once hailed by a score of boatmen, who ushed forward to offer their services. Salviati told them to stand aside, and called loudly for the man he had hired

expressly.
"Here I am, your Excellency! Away with you, you scoundrels. I am hired by his Excellency-I, Geronimo! Do you hear?"

And, as if afraid of having the Cavaliere taken away from him. Geronimo scized his hand and led him into the

At the same moment two men rushed in between the old lady and Clelia.

A brief hustling, screaming and cursing took place; the old lady was much frightened, but her companion, only separated from her for a second or two, was again by her side Geronimo lited Paula into the boat, after her Cielia, whose veil had dropped over her face amid all the confusion, and lastly the old lady. Two minutes later his boat was swiftly gliding over the dark waters in the direction of the steamer.

"We shall have to hurry," he said in a stentorian tone of voice. "If I am not mistaken I see the mail boat yonder, and the moment the mail bags are on board off she goes. Avante, avante!

Before Salviati had time to answer Geronimo began to sing with deafening voice:

Sott' il ponte del Rialto

La barchetta fermaremo He seemed bent upon a steeple-chase with the mail boat: his brawny arms were working with herculean energy, and he won the race by half a minute. After factoing his passengers on board he care if up their baggage in an incredibly short time, received his fare from Salviati, and pushed off shore-

The confusion and noise incident to the last minutes before a steamer's departure are too well known to need a lengthy description here. The screw was already in motion, and Salviati still vainly looking for the steward to unlock their staterooms. The ladies had seated themselves on a bench, looking at and counting the numerous masts of vessels which—each having a lantern aloft—emerged from the surrounding darkness like a forest.

Clelia's face was turned toward the shore. With her hands supporting her drooping head, she seemed to be lost in a profound reverie.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The steamer had already passed the bar, nearly a quarter of an hour had elapsed since they loft the anchorage and the swell of the Mediterranean was beginning to make itself felt before Salviati returned to the ladies to inform them that their state-rooms were ready for them. Paula insisted upon remaining on deck a little while longer, and the Cavaliere meanwhile sat down by the side of his mother, conversing with her in an undertone "It is getting cold," said Paula at last, after the family had been sitting there for nearly half an hour and the

steamer reached the open sea.
"We had better go below," replied her mother. "I also begin to feel the effects of the night air."

They rose to go. Clelia alone remained in her seat. "Are you not going down with us,

Clelia?" asked the old lady. Clelia made no answer. "Do not urge her," she said to her

on. "We have gained our point so far, and ought not to annoy her unnecessarily." "I do not wish her to stay out here alone," was the son's reply in the same

low tone. "Some passenger might take it into his head to go up to her, "You are right, Carlo!" said the

old lady, approaching the fair dreamer. "Come, Clelia, my childit is too cool here on deck." There was no reply. The old lady at last put her hand upon her niece's

shoulder, which greatly startled the "Come, Clelia!" she said again. "Can I do anything for you, Mad-

ame?" answered a strange voice from under the veil. For a moment the old lady seems much confused; the next she repeated

her former urgent request. "I do not know what you mean," replie! the voice in the purest Geno-

ese dinlect. "Demonio!" exclaimed Salviati. That is not Clelia's voice. Where

In un instant he had torn the veil from the young girl's face. Paula and her mether started back with a loud shrick-they gazed into a face they had never seen before.

"Who are you-and where is Ulelia?" shricked Salviati furiously.

"Capis neng" (I do not un lerstand), repeated the strange girl in the purest Genoese patois.

"But who are you" again asked Salviati in pure Genoese. "My name is Annunziata Peona," she replied. "I am the daughter of

the boatman who rowed you on board, and on a journey to an aunt of mine at Leghorn. My father brought me over in the same boat with you."

" But Clelia-where is Clelia?" cried Paula and her mother. The young Genoese made them no

Salviati stood there like a marble

statue, his face ashy pale, his eyes shooting fire, his hair standing bolt upright: not a word escaped his tightly compressed lips. His mother at last went up to him.

'Carlo!" she said with trembling voice, "Carlo, where is Clelia?"

Salviati made no answer. With iolent effort upon himself he suddenly dashed down the companionway into the Captain's room. He did not stay there long; and the Captain. coming on deck soon after him, was heard to say to his lieutenant :-

"It seems we have a queer fellow on board. An individual flumped nto my room not five minutes ago, offering me two hundred napoleons f I would lower a boat and send him ashore again."

The lieutenant smiled at what he called a good joke, and carelessly remarked:

'I think he'll have to wait until eight o'clock to-morrow morning, when he can go ashore at Leghorn for one franc."

The reader has probably guessed in what manner Clelia had been freed from Salviati's grasp. The indefatig-able reader of the Times at the table d'hote was none other than myself. and the voluble tongue of Beppo Mangini was the only one capable of imitating a Genoese porter. Beppo knew of a former entanglement of Salviati's with some Bologna beauty, of New York. So eaty thousand are who had left Turin only a few days herded in one little district comprising of a former entanglement of Salprevious to return to her native city y way of Leghorn; and the suppostion that she should have remained at Genoa for some reason or other was the note, which was handed Salviati at the dinner table for the double purpose of luring him away from the hotel, thus diverting his attention from Clelia-and of giving her sufficient time to read and answer my note, in which I informed her of the object of my visit and the plans adopted for her rescue. I had dis-tinctly requested her to wear & black dress, in order to have it resemble that of Annunziata; the waiter, whom I nad completely won over, had even taken Cielia's hat to a milliner for the short space of one hour in order to get an exact copy made for daughter of the barchettaiolo.

Such things, I believe, can only be done in Italy, the country where money is a never-failing "open sesame," and where people are easily bought. During that memorable day I had been able to procure the services of the railroad conductor, the boatman and his daughter, the waiter at the hotel, and five or six more boatmen, who were to surround and make harmless the Cavaliere, while Clelia disappeared in the crowd and darkness on the wharf, and Annunziata took her place in the boat. Could I have compassed this result as easily and simply in any other country? My sincerest thanks were also due to Fra Angiolo for his excellent advice on the previous day, to turn my letters of credit into

ready money.
. . . Clelia and I had been sitting a whole hour in a dark back-room at Geronimo's house. What had we been saying to one another? I do not distinctly remember; all I know is that she could not find words enough to express her gratuade, nor did I tire of assuring her that hence forth my life and purposes in life should have no other aim than that of justifying the confidence which her father had placed in me.

[To be continuel.]

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

What can money do to cure a man with a headache?-[George Macdonald, Action and care will wear down the strongest frame; but guilt and melancholy are poisons of quick dispatch -

Life is like a game of whist, I don't enjoy the game much, but I like to play my cards well, and see what will be the end of it - [George Eliot.

Regulate your expenses and your busi-ness. Be honorable and modest, simple and free. Serve your country from duty, not from ambition and vain hopes, -Fenelon.

Of course women always think what they would do in such cases if they were men. But if men did what women think they would do if they were men, the women would be disgusted .- [W. D. Howella.

A man should surely dare to live his small span of life with little heed of the common speech upon him or his life, only caring that his days may be full of reality, and his conversation of truth speaking and wholeness.—[John Morley.

Seeking the way, you must exert yourselves, and strive with diligence—it s not enough to have seen Mel Walk as I have commanded you; get rid of all the tangled net of sorrow. Keep your heart carefully—give not place to listlessness, earnestly practice every good work.—[Buddha.

That famous ring that pricked its owner when he forget duty and followed desire—I wonder if it pricked very hard when he set out on the chase, or whether it pricked but lightly then, and only pierced to the quick when the chase had long been ended, and hope folding her wings looked backward and became regret.-{George Ellot.

PEGITIVE PACTS.

A Scotch printer invented the postage

In Switzerland goats are trained to tend the flecks of sheep.

The largest gun on earth does not weigh more than 116 ton.

The estimated population of the District of Columbia is 253,489. The Japanese make artificial tortobe

shall with the whites of eggs. The climate of China is said to be grow

ing not only colder, but drier. And now there is black ice cream,

Turkish pranes being used for the cold Ten years ago a good buffalo head sold

for \$15 to \$40. The price now ranges from \$75 to \$400. The captains of the big ocean steamships plying on the Atlantic get salaries

of from \$1,800 to \$2,400 a year. Canadian railway statistics show that Canada has 12,666 miles in operation, an

increase of 596 miles during 1889. Sixty years ago railroads were un-knewn in this country, and the popula-tion of the United States consisted of 12,000,000 people.

The largest greenback extent is worth \$10,000, and there is only one such note in existence. Of \$5,000 notes there are Seven.

According to the Army Register for 1890 the army of the United States con-sists of 26,792 officers and men and 733 retired officers and mon.

Lake Chelan, Washington, never freezes, although in latitude 48. The reason given is that it is so deep, and the warm water rices from the bottom to supplant the cild.

The total length of the telegraph lines of the world amounts to 537,054 miles. Europe has 216,490; America, 163,646; Asia, 46,800; Australia, 24,204, and Africa. 12,080.

Australia has entered the world as silver producer, and turned out in 182 200,000 cunces a week—most of it from a single mine, the broken Hills, or \$15 600,000 a year.

enly a few squares in the vicinity of Mots and Elinabeth streets.

Portions of the Bible are to-day transleted into 25 times as many tongues as were heard on the day of Pentecons. During the present century alone it has been put into 250 languages. It has been estimated that the land

centained in the Central Park, New Yerk, which originally cost \$6,000,000, now worth over \$100,000,000. The mais tenance of the park costs \$400,900 a year, There are 16,000 Bands of Hope and jo-

venile temperance societies in the United Kingdom, with nearly 2,000,000 mem-bers. The Scottish Union includes 000 societies and 130,000 members.

A curious feature of the artificial te A cursus recture of the artificial tools industry is the variety of color required for different countries. Canada, for the large of the color, and china only black teeth.

Mortgage Sale.

By virture of a mortgage deed executed on the lat day of December, 1888, by T. B. Phillips and wife, M. F. Phillips, to George Brewer, and duly recorded in the Registry of Union county on book fecorded in the Registry of Uniter county on look 6, rage 192, and duly transferred and assigned to the undersigned by the said George Brewer, I will well for cash, on the premises, on Monday, January 2th, 1891, at 12 o'clock, the tract of land convenjoining the lands of H. T. Baucott, Dr. Nance and others, containing 29 acres, more or less. Sold to satisfy the provisions of said mortgage

deed. This December 8th, 1890.
THOMAS BREWER, Assigner

NORTH CARGLINA UNION COUNTY, SUPER OR COURT GRONGE W. BARINO

ZENTE BARINO. ORDER OF PURLICATION.

In this cause, it appearing by affidavit to the court that the plaintiff has commenced, an action against the defendant for a divorce a vinculo matimonii, and that the defendant, cannot, after d liligence, be found in this State, and that a conof action exists against the d fendant; Now, therefore, on motion of Covington & Adams

Now, therefore, on motion of Covington & Adams attorneys for the plaintiff, it is ordered, that publication to made for six successive lasces in Ten Moxnon - Konstan a newspaper published weekly in Union county, North Carolina, Commanding the defendant, Zenie Barino. to appear at the next term of the Superior Court. to be held for the courty of Union, on the 4th Monday before the first Monday in March. 1991, and plead, answer or demur to the complaint which will be filed within the first three days of said term, or the same will be heard experte as to her. Nov. 25th, 1990 GRO. C. MCLARYT, C. B.C.

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