

SHE WHO LOVES SKATING

Cynthia Grey's Correspondence

The Daily Menu . . .

MENU FOR A DAY.

Infants' Gowns

ake your infant several
strokes of soft cotton flann

Newest Winter Fashions

HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES

Stock-Taking Clearance Sale

Ladies' \$15.00 Suits, \$7.50

Ladies' and Misses' Suits, in tweeds and Venetian cloth, short coat, plain skirts. Regular \$12.00 and \$15.00, for..... **\$7.50**

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"Please God, we'll recover him soon!"

By the window Carrington moved impatiently. No harm could come to the boy. But Betty—a shudder went through him.

"They've stolen him!" Yarcy spoke with conviction. "I reckon they've started back to No'th Carolina with him—only that don't explain what's come o'

"Bob are just getting off a sick bed. He's been powerful poorly in consequence of having his head laid open and then being throwed into the Elk River where I fished him out," explained Cavendish, who still continued to regale

The judge with unmixed astonishment first cocking his shaggy head on one side and then on the other, his bleached eyes narrowed to a slit. Now and then he favored the austere Mahaffy with a fleeting glance. He seemed intuitively to understand the comradeship of their degradation.

"Mr. Cavendish fetched me here on his raft. We tied up to the sho' this morn-

ing. It was there we met Mr. Carrington—I'd known him slightly back yonder in No'th Carolina," continued Yancy. "He said I'd find Hannibal with you. was counting a heap on seeing my neevy."

Carrington, no longer able to control himself, swung about on his heel

“What’s been done?” he asked, with fierce expression. “What’s going to be done? Don’t you know that every second is precious?”

“I am about to conclude my investigations, sir,” said the judge with dignity.

Carrington stepped to the door. After all, what was there to expect of these men? Whatever their interest, it was plainly centred in the boy. He passed out into the hall.

As the door closed on him the judge turned to his friend, Mr. Miller.

"Mr. Yancy, Mr. Mahaffy and I hold your nephew in the tenderest regard; he has been our constant companion ever since you were lost to him. In this crisis you may rely upon us; we are committed to his recovery, no matter what it involves." The judge's tone was one of unalterable resolution.

"We have endeavored to be, Mr. Yan," — indeed, I had formed the resolute intention to adopt him, should you not come to claim him. I should have given him my name, and made him my helper. His education has already begun under my supervision," and the judge, remembering

bering the high use to which he had dedicated one of Pegloe's trade labels fairly glowed with philanthropic fervor. "Think of that!" murmured Yand softly. He was deeply moved. So was Mr. Cavendish, who was gifted with a wealth of ready sympathy. He thrust out a hardened hand to the judge. "Shake!" he said. "You're a heap better than you look!" A thin ripple

"Price, isn't it important for us to know why Mr. Yancy thinks the boy has been taken back to North Carolina?" said Mahaffy.

"Just what kin is Hannibal to you, Mr. Yancy?" asked the judge, resuming his seat.

"Strictly speaking, he ain't none. TH he come to live with me is all owing Mr. Crenshaw, who's a good man who's left to himself, but he's got a wife, so nobody may say he never is left to himself," began Yancy; and then briefly told the story of the woman and the child, much as he had told it to Blad at the Barony on the day of General Quintard's funeral.

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strength, PURITY FLOUR requires more shortening for best pastry-results. Yes, PURITY FLOUR costs slightly more than ordinary flour. But use it once and you'll say it's worth more—much more—than the difference.

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face in shadow, rested his left elbow on the desk, and with his chin sunk deep in his palm, followed the scratch Heller's hatve way, the closest attention. "I have a quarrel with you," said the man, "but I have manifested any interest in him?" "His words came slowly from the judge's mouth, a customary expression of battered nerves, while a smile at once wistful and rueful hovered about his lips.

"One other question," he said, "this man Murrell appeared very much in trouble with Bladen? He was a

and he seemed to gulp down something that rose in his throat. "Poor little girl," he muttered, and again, "Poor little girl."

Never once, sir. He told the slaves kept him out of his sight. We-all wouldn't fo' you know how niggers will do. We niggers maybe he was some to the Quindars, but we couldn't fig-out how. The old general never had no say in it.

"That you should keep the child—yes," Hannibal was never changed by the old man. All my troubles about that time."

"Murrell belongs in these parts," the judge said.

"I'd admire fo' to meet his Yawls," Yawls dutifully.

"The judge grinned.

"I place my professional service

"No, sir, it ain't; I look a-ways—I's a clear case of my s's the damndest sort of a body b'." "Sir," said the judge, "I'll hold while you are about it."

To Be Continued.

waste of years—years that he before him in review, each bitter with its hideous memories of shame and defeat. Then from the smoke of these battles emerged the lonely figure of a child as he had seen him that June night. His ponderous arm stiffened, he reared on his desk, he straightened up his chair and his face assumed its

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