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Station.

## IN THE PATHS OF PEACE

By Joel McLeod

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Mrs. Hastings dropped into the big  
easy chair, with a sigh. The fire in the  
library burned cheerfully. Besides its  
crackling the only sound in the quiet  
room was that of the professor's pen as  
it made its methodical way over the  
paper. It was very restful, and she  
was so tired. She decided that this  
giving of faculty dinners was a nuisance.

Presently she glanced at her husband. Long experience had taught him  
that it was wiser to allow his wife to  
begin a conversation on the day of a  
faculty dinner party. So at this critical  
moment he deliberately capped his  
fountain pen, put it in his pocket and  
came over to the fire, stretching his tall  
figure to its greatest length. As he  
threw himself on the divan she began:

"Well!"

"How is it going, dear? Everything  
ready?"

"Yes, John; I think so. I have just  
put the last touches to the table. The  
flowers came. They're lovely. You  
were dear, John, to take so much trouble  
ordering them."

"Nothing gone wrong, then?"

"No-o, John."

"What made you sigh when you came  
in?"

"Did I? hypocritically. 'Oh, nothing,  
only I was just thinking.'"

"Thinking what?"

"Good heavens, John! This isn't a  
'quiz.' I simply wanted your advice."

"My advice! Do I hear aright? I  
know I am a tremendously wise man!"

"Professor Hastings! Will you be  
serious, please? You see, it's a question  
of love."

"At this he sat upright.

"Love! Have you turned matchmaker,  
Helen Augusta? Come over here  
and tell me the whole story." And he  
gently pulled her down beside him on  
the divan.

"John, dear, don't you remember how  
very attentive Professor Allen was to  
Elizabeth Parker last spring? He took



"OH, MR. ALLEN, TUM IN, TUM IN!" SHE  
CRIED.

her everywhere. And, impressively,  
"this autumn no one has seen them to-  
gether once. They quarreled over some  
trifle, and they're both too proud to  
make it up. They won't even speak to  
each other."

"How do you know all this?" inter-  
rupted he.

"Why, the night you were at the  
New England Alumni association ban-  
quet he called and rather well, yes—  
rather confided in me."

"And you didn't tell me! Oh, woman,  
thy name is never-mind what! Then  
why in the world did you ask them  
both to this dinner if they won't  
speak to each other?"

Mrs. Hastings looked pityingly at  
her husband.

"You dear old stupid! Tonight is  
the time I hope they'll make up."

"Oh!" whistled John. "And where  
do I come in? I can't say, though I  
am Allen's senior on the faculty."

"Speak to Miss Parker, you pigheaded  
monster! Prove to her by words and  
deeds that you love her, or I will  
procure your dismissal!"

"John, will you be sensible? I just  
want to hear your opinion of my plan."

"I thought it wasn't advice," mur-  
mured the professor of history meekly.

"You know Jean is very fond of  
Elizabeth Parker. When I was up in  
the nursery just now the child seemed  
feverish. She has a cold. She asked  
me if 'Lizburr' was coming and begged  
me to ask her to 'work Jean to seep.'  
Elizabeth has a perfect fund of child's  
songs that the baby loves. I thought  
I'd telephone her to come a few min-  
utes early. She looks simply perfect  
with Jean in her arms, and by the fire-  
light it will be a picture. Then when  
Professor Allen comes I'll tell him  
Jean wants him to kiss her good night  
—he's devoted to the child—and to go  
into the nursery to see her. And then  
—I hope for the best."

"My dear, what consummate tact!

What strategy! The way you marshal  
your forces is simply genius. But,"  
hastily, seeing his joking was

going too far: "I hope it will succeed.  
Allen deserves a nice wife, and she  
would make one."

Three hours later the carriage bearing  
Miss Elizabeth Parker rolled noise-  
lessly along College street. She felt  
distinctly nervous. Professor Allen  
would very certainly be there. And  
at the last faculty dinner, just before  
commencement, she had given him the  
rose from her hair, and he had said—  
As she stepped into the Hastings'  
hall Mrs. Hastings called from the  
top of the stairs:

"Come up, dear. How perfectly  
sweet of you to come! I was afraid  
you wouldn't get the message in time.  
Jean will be delighted. Do go right  
in. I have to see that John's tie is  
straight." And she disappeared through  
a half open door.

Elizabeth on opening the nursery  
door was joyfully welcomed by the  
tiny Jean, who sprang into her arms  
with a cry of delight and hugged her  
close. Then she curled up contentedly  
in Elizabeth's lap, murmuring, with a  
sigh of satisfaction, "Slug 'Pick-a-nin-  
ny.'"

The songs went on uninterruptedly  
for half an hour. Then the carriages  
began to arrive. Elizabeth could hear  
the ponderous annual joke of the pro-  
fessor of mathematics and the obedi-  
ent laugh of his assistant as they passed  
into the dressing room. She heard  
the rustle of skirts as the women flut-  
tered down the stairs.

"They must all be here," she  
thought, "but I won't go down till I  
have to."

She glanced at Jean, whose eyes  
were heavy with sleep, and sang again  
the favorite song. And this was the  
scene upon which Professor Allen  
gazed a minute later as he stood at the  
nursery door. In her shimmering satin  
gown, her crimson cape falling back,  
revealing her beautiful neck and arms,  
her sweet face slightly turned from  
him as she looked down at the drowsy  
child cradled in her arms, she seemed  
to the unhappy professor almost di-  
vine.

As he stood listening to the lullaby  
Jean, suddenly raising her head, saw  
him.

"Oh, Mr. Allen, tum in, tum in!" she  
cried.

There was no escape. He came in.

Elizabeth's heart beat so loudly she  
felt sure he must hear it, but she did  
not speak.

"Jean, I came in to say good night."

"Is I your sweetheart tonight?"

"Yes, dear."

"Does you lub me?"

"Yes, Jean."

"Does you lub Lizburr too?"

He gave one appealing look, but the  
dear face was turned away. He re-  
solved to risk all in one desperate  
stroke.

"God knows I do, Jean."

"Well, tuss us bode dood night, and  
I'll go as seep."

He kissed her. But the baby insisted.

"Now Lizburr."

"May I, dear?" very tenderly, bend-  
ing over them both.

"Tiss her, Allen," urged Jean.

"Elizabeth!" pleadingly.

Ever so little she turned her face to  
him.

Jean sank back satisfied.

Downstairs all wonder at the delay  
of dinner was changed into delight  
when Professor Allen and Elizabeth  
came into the drawing room together.  
And dinner was served.

### Test of Sobriety.

An English carman who was brought  
before a magistrate for being drunk  
while in charge of a horse and cart  
complained of the indignities to which  
he had been subjected by the police.  
He had walked a chalk line marked  
down the middle of a long passage;  
had said clearly and distinctly "truly  
rural" and "chrysanthemums," had  
pulled his hat up from the floor with  
his right foot, raised it from his foot  
and put it on his head while standing  
on his left foot; had been asked to  
stick a pin in a small dot made by a  
pencil on a wall and had told them that  
if a brick weighed eight pounds and  
a half a brick and a half would weigh  
sixteen pounds. And yet the divisional  
surgeon said he was intoxicated. The  
police explained that the accused had  
not walked the chalk line properly,  
that his enunciation of "truly rural"  
and "chrysanthemums" was very  
throaty and vague, that he had three  
times fallen on the floor in his efforts  
to pick up his hat with his foot, a test  
he volunteered, and in sticking the pin  
in the wall he had selected a spot that  
was not visible to any one but him-  
self. The brick problem had merely  
been put before him by way of a joke,  
and his solution was wrong.

### Squelching the Landlady.

The landlady was disturbed over one  
of her boarders. The young woman  
was pretty and consequently had many  
male admirers. The landlady was prim  
and pedantic and believed that a pretty  
girl must necessarily be wicked. Any-  
way, she thought it sinful for a man  
caller to stay later than 9:30 o'clock.  
The pretty girl had different ideas, and  
when one of her callers finally became  
"her steady" she paid little attention  
to him, or the landlady. The good woman,  
however, decided to break up the  
late hours; so one evening she rapped  
gently on the parlor door. There was  
a slight scurry and then "Come in,"  
said a cordial voice.

"Excuse me, Miss Travers," said the  
landlady, "but when the gentleman  
goes will you please turn out the gas?"

Miss Travers gazed speechless at her  
landlady and then blushed scarlet. As  
soon as she could get her breath she  
said feebly:

"No, I will not. But to save your gas  
bills and further anxiety I will turn it  
out before he goes." And she promptly  
turned out both burners, leaving the  
landlady to fumble her way out of the  
room as best she could.—New York  
Press.

## ABNER DANIEL

By WILL N. HARBEN

Author of "Westerland"

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"Come back here," he said. Opening  
a door at the end of the warehouse, he  
led Pole into a more retired spot, where  
they would be free from possible inter-  
ruption. There in a most persuasive  
voice he continued: "Baker, you need a  
man of experience with you in this.  
Besides, if there is as much of that  
stuff as you say there is, you wouldn't  
be able to use all you could make out  
of it. Now, it might take you a long  
time to get up the money to buy the  
land, and there is no telling what  
might happen in the meantime. I'm  
in a close place, but I could raise five  
hundred dollars or even a thousand.  
My friends still stick to me, you know.  
The truth is, Baker, I'd like the best  
in the world to be able to make money  
to pay back what some of my friends  
have lost through me."

Pole hung his head. He seemed to  
be speaking half to himself and on the  
verge of a smile when he replied, "I'd  
like to see you pay back some of 'em,  
too, Mr. Craig."

Craig laid his hand gently on Pole's  
shoulder.

"How about lettin' me see the place,  
Baker?" he said.

Pole hesitated, and then he met the  
ex-banker's look with the expression  
of a man who has resigned himself to  
a generous impulse.

"Well, some day when you are  
a-passin' my way stop in, an' I'll—"

"How far is it?" broke in Craig, pull-  
ing his beard with unsteady fingers.

"A good fifteen miles from here,"  
said Pole.

Craig smiled. "Nothin' but an easy  
ride," he declared. "I've got a horse  
doin' nothing in the stable. What's to  
hinder us from going today—this morn-  
ing—as soon as I can go for my horse?"

"I don't keer," said Pole resignedly.  
"But could you manage to go without  
anybody knowin' what you was bound  
for?"

"Easy enough," Craig laughed. He  
was really pleased with Pole's extreme  
cautiousness.

"Then you mought meet me out ther  
somewher'."

"A good idee, a good idee, Baker."

"Do you know whar the Ducktown  
road crosses Holly creek at the foot of  
Old Pine mountain?"

"As well as I know whar my house  
is."

Pole looked at the sun, shading his  
eyes with his hand.

"Could you be ther by 11 o'clock?"

"Easy enough, Baker."

"Well, I'll meet you. I'm a-goin' to  
trust you, Mr. Craig, an' when you see  
the vein of ore you think that's enough  
money in it fer two—but we can see  
about that later."

"All right, Baker. I'll be there. But  
say," as Pole was moving away, "you  
are a drinking man and get a little off  
sometimes. You haven't said anything  
about this whar anybody?"

Pole laughed reassuringly. "I never  
have been drunk enough to do that,  
Mr. Craig, an', whar's more, I never  
will be."

### CHAPTER XXII.

ABOUT noon that day as Pole  
Baker sat on a fallen tree  
near the roadside in the lone-  
liest spot of that rugged coun-  
try, his horse grazing behind him, he  
saw Craig coming up the gradual in-  
cline from the creek. Pole stood up  
and caught the bridle rein of his horse  
and muttered:

"Now, Pole Baker, durn yore hide,  
you've got brains—more sense than  
any yore have—an' so has he. If you  
don't git the best of that scawwas,  
yore done fer. You've put purty big  
things through. Now put this un  
through or shet up."

"Well, here you are," merrily cried

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out the ex-banker as he came up. He  
was smiling expectantly. "Your se-  
cret's safe with me. I haven't met a  
soul that I know since I left town."  
"I'm glad you didn't, Mr. Craig,"  
Pole said. "I don't want anybody  
a-meddlin' with my business." He  
pointed up the rather steep and rocky  
road that led gradually up the moun-  
tain. "We've got two or three mile  
further to go. Have you had any din-  
ner?"

"I put a cold biscuit and a slice of  
ham in my pocket," said Craig. "It'll  
do me till supper."

Pole mounted and led the way up the  
unfrequented road.

"I may as well tell you, Mr. Craig,  
that I used to be a moonshiner in these  
mountains, an'—"

"Lord, I knew that, Baker. Who  
doesn't I'd like to know?"

Pole's big booted legs swung back  
and forth like pendulums from the  
flanks of his horse.

"I was a-goin' to tell you that I had  
a hide out, whar I kept stuff stored,  
that wasn't knowed by one livin' man."

"Well, you must have had a slick  
place from all I've heard," said Craig,  
still in his vast good humor with him-  
self and everybody else.

"The best natur' ever built," said  
Pole; "an' whar's more, it was in thar  
that I found the gold. I reckon it  
ud 'a' been discovered long ago, ef it  
had 'a' been above ground."

"Then it's in a sort of cave?" ven-  
tured Craig.

"That's jest it; but I've got the mouth  
of it closed up so it'd fool even a  
bloodhound."

Half an hour later Pole drew rein in  
a most isolated spot, near a great yawning  
canyon from which came a roaring  
sound of rushing water and clashing  
winds. The sky overhead was blue  
and cloudless; the air at that altitude  
was crisp and rarefied, and held the  
color of spruce pine. With a laugh  
Pole dismounted. "What ef I was to  
tell you, Mr. Craig, that you was in  
ten yards of my old den right now?"

Craig looked about in surprise. "I'd  
think you was making fun of me—ten-  
derfootin', as we used to say out west."

"I'm givin' it to you straight," said  
Pole, pointing with his riding stick.  
"Do you see that pile of rocks?"

Craig nodded.

"Right under them two flat ones is  
the mouth of my den," said Pole.

"Now-let's hitch to that hemlock, an'  
I'll show you the whole thing."

When they had fastened their horses  
to swinging limbs in a dense thicket  
of laurel, and rhododendron bushes,  
they went to the pile of rocks.

"I told mighty nigh all of 'em from  
higher up," Pole explained. "Some  
of the biggest I rolled down from that  
cliff above."

"I don't see how you are going to  
get into your hole in the ground," said  
Craig, with a laugh of pleasant anti-  
cipation.

Pole picked up a big, smooth stick  
of hickory, shaped like a crowbar, and  
thrust the end of it under the largest  
rock. "Huh! I'll show you in a jiffy."

It was an enormous stone weighing  
over three hundred pounds; but with  
his strong lever and knotted muscles  
the ex-moonshiner managed to slide it  
slowly to the right, disclosing a black  
hole about two feet square in the rag-  
ged stone. From this protruded into  
the light the ends of a crude ladder  
leading down a steep twenty-five feet  
to the bottom of the cave.

"Eight," Craig shuddered as he peered  
into the dank blackness. "You don't  
mean that we are to go down there?"

It was a crisis. With his big feet  
dangling in the hole, Pole threw him-  
self back and gave vent to a hearty,  
prolonged laugh that went ringing and  
echoing about among the cliffs and  
chasms.

"I 'lowed this ud make yore flesh  
crawl," he said. "Looks like the open-  
ing to the bad place, don't it?"

"It certainly does," said Craig, some-  
what reassured by Pole's levity.

"Why, it ain't nigher forty feet  
square," said Pole. "Wait till I run  
down an' make a light. I've got some  
fat pine torches down at the foot of  
the ladder."

"Well, I believe I will let you go  
first," said Craig, with an uneasy little  
laugh.

Pole went down the ladder, reckless-  
ly thumping his heels on the rungs.  
He was lost to sight from above, but  
in a moment Craig heard him strike a  
match and saw the red, growing flame  
of a sputtering torch from which  
twisted a rope of smoke. When it was  
well ablaze, Pole called up the ladder:  
"Come on now, an' watch whar you  
put yore feet. This end of the ladder is  
solid as the rock of Gibraltar."

The square of daylight above was  
cut off, and in a moment the ex-banker  
stood beside his guide.

"Now come down this way," said  
Pole, and with the torch held high he  
led the way into a part of the chamber  
where the rock overhead sloped down  
lower. Here lay some old whisky bar-  
rels, two of three larger beer kegs and  
the iron hoops of several barrels that  
had been burned. There were several  
one gallon jugs with corncob stoppers.  
Pole swept his hand over them with a  
laugh. "If you was a drinkin' man, I  
could treat you to a thimbleful or two  
left in them jugs," he said almost apolo-  
getically.