

KANNAPOLIS DEPARTMENT

Kannapolis, N. C., Jan. 31.—The Kings Daughters met Thursday night at the home of Mrs. A. M. C. Miss Margie McArthur...

R. B. Rankin. Mr. J. D. Beaver and Mr. and Mrs. Burley Beaver attended a turkey dinner Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Beaver, Concord.

WORK OF STATE LEGISLATURE.

Raleigh, Jan. 30 (By the Associated Press).—R. A. Doughton, representative from Alleghany County in the General Assembly, today resigned from the House prior to taking the oath for the office of State Commissioner of Revenue...

To War on Bootleggers in Capitol.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 31.—A spectacular crusade against the bootlegging ring in Washington is to be launched tomorrow, according to an announcement made by Edward W. Reed, chief of the District of Columbia division of the prohibition bureau.

THE FARMER'S WORST ENEMY—RATS. THE FARMER'S BEST FRIEND—RAT-SNAP.

These are the words of James Baxter, N. J.: "Ever since I tried RAT-SNAP I have always kept it in the house. Never fails. Used about \$3.00 worth of RAT-SNAP a year and figure it saves me \$300 in chicks, eggs and feed."

Passes Second Reading.

Raleigh, N. C., Jan. 31 (By the Associated Press).—Voting down, all amendments to the state road bill which provides for an issue of \$15,000,000 in bonds to carry forward the program of highway construction under way...

MRS. BOWEN TELLS HOW RATS ALMOST BURNED HER HOUSE DOWN.

"For two months I never went in our cellar, fearing a rat. One night in bed I smelled fire. Sure enough the rat had been nibbling at the matches. If I hadn't acted promptly my house would have been burned. Later we found the dead rat. RAT-SNAP killed it. It's the great stuff." Three sizes, 35c, 65c, \$1.25. Sold and guaranteed by Ritchie Hardware Co., and Cline's Pharmacy.—Advertisement.

PRESIDENT PLANS VISIT TO FLORIDA

He and Mrs. Harding Will Leave the Capital on Night of March 5th. Washington, Jan. 31.—President and Mrs. Harding expect to leave Washington the night of March 5 for their Florida trip. It was learned from sources close to the President today. No itinerary has been arranged, but it is believed the first stop will be St. Augustine, where the President enjoys the golf course, and then several stops will be made down the Florida coast.

DAVIDSON STUDENT PLAYS HEROIC PART DURING FIRE

Fell Through Burning Roof, But His "Pants" Caught on a Nail and Saved His Life. Davidson, Jan. 30.—Echoes from the fire yesterday at Dr. J. M. McConnell's residence are to the effect that one of the Charlotte boys, in Davidson college here, McLean Sencaire, with a daring that outran his prudence and lacerated in his strenuous efforts to save his bit in extinguishing the flames on the high roof, fell through the opening made by the ravages of the fire and the fire-fighters down to the garage floor, but his fall was broken by a nail that caught and did trifle violence to his "pants," but possibly saved him from any hurt of consequence at all. That some of the fellows climbing with their shoes on the steep roof did not slip and get a fall to the ground was a matter of congratulation for all concerned.

Neilson Lay Seriously Wounded.

Perhaps dead by now. Whatever his injuries, he would not go back with them to share in the gold of the claim. The fire, also, was a prey to do with what he liked. "There is nothing I can do, now. You came too late. But I would have had something to do if I had my rifle." "Oh, you depraved dogs!" he told them quietly and distinctly. "You yellow mongrel cowards!"

Lincoln Co. to Make Refund.

Washington, Jan. 30.—The amount agreed upon by the Department of Justice and the receiver for the Lincoln Motor Car Co. in settlement of the government claim for alleged overpayment on war contracts is \$1,500,000, according to Wm. D. Ritter, assistant Attorney General, who said today, however, that this figure is subject to the approval of Judge Tuttle, of the Federal District Court at Chicago.

CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY.

This is a pleasant, safe and reliable medicine for coughs and colds. It has been in use for many years and is held in high esteem in those households where its good qualities are best known. It is a favorite with mothers of young children, as it contains no opium or other harmful drug. Try it when you have need of such a remedy.—Advertisement.

Attorney General Files Petition.

Philadelphia, Jan. 30.—Attorney General Daugherty filed in the Federal District Court today a petition raising the question whether the proposed sale of the stock of the Lehigh & Wilkesboro Coal Company to the Jackson E. Reynolds syndicate of New York, was made in good faith.

CONSTIPATION.

Constipation of the bowels is a stoppage of the sewerage system that removes the waste matter from the body. It is as necessary that your bowels move regularly once each day, to carry off this waste, as it is that the waste pipes of your home be kept open and carry off the waste from the house. If you would enjoy good health, keep your bowels regular by taking Chamberlain's Tablets when needed.—9d advertisement.



(Continued From Our Last Issue)

And Ray's hands fell from his shoulders as he heard the incredible answer from the shore of the lake. "I'm coming, Beatrice," some one said in the coverts. Her cries uttered when her father fell, had not gone unheeded. Ben walked quietly into the circle of freight and stood at Beatrice's side. But while Ray and Chan gazed at him as if he were a spectre from the grave, Beatrice's only impulse was one of immeasurable and unspeakable thankfulness.



WITH FIENDISH, MANIACAL FURY HE HAD SPRUNG TO Avenge THE BLOW.

A mighty and terrible ally had come to Ben's aid. He came pouncing from the darkness, a gaunt and dreadful avenger whose code of death was as remorseless as Ray's own. "It was Fenris the wolf, and he had found his master at last. Missing him at the accustomed place in the cave, he had trailed him to the lake margin; a smell on the wind had led him the rest of the way. Like a ghost he had glided almost to the edge of the freight, lingering there—until he had made up his brute mind in regard to the strangers in the camp. But he had waited until he saw Ray kick the helpless form before him—that of the god that Fenris, for all the wild had claimed him, still worshipped in his inmost heart. With fiendish, maniacal fury he had sprung to avenge the blow.

SUNDAY SCHOOL INSTITUTE IN CONCORD, FEBRUARY 7-9

Record Breaking Crowd is Expected to Attend Sessions of Institute to Be Held in St. James Church. From officers of Cabarrus County Sunday School Association comes the information that all indications point to a record breaking attendance at the Concord Sunday School Institute at St. James Lutheran Church in Concord, on February 7, 8, 9.

JUDGE ASSAILS KLAN IN CHARGE TO GRAND JURY

"God Save Us From K. K. K." Says Judge Featherstone at Greenwood. Greensboro, Jan. 30.—The North ing the Ku Klux Klan in his charge to the Greenwood county grand jury today, County Judge C. C. Featherstone, who is holding his last term of court before taking up his duties as circuit judge in the eighth judicial circuit to which he was elected recently by the legislature, declared that "never has the organization been such a menace." "God save us from the K. K. K.," said the judge in opening that portion of his charge in which he mentioned the organization. "This K. K. K.," he continued, "has been organized because some felt that they had to take the law into their own hands. Their excuse is that courts and juries are not enforcing the law. Never has any organization been such a menace. It gives opportunity for a few cowards to punish the other organization. Unless checked it won't be long before there will be no government at all."

...izing at Ben with fierce, luminous eyes. "Down, down, boy." Ben cautioned in a softer voice. "There, old fellow—down—down." Then Fenris whined in answer, and Ben knew that he was no longer to be feared. The three lesser wolves seemed startled, standing in a nervous group, yet growing savagely and eyeing him across the living fire. Fenris trotted slowly toward Ben, but with the true instincts of the wild his followers knew that this was no affair of Fenris and Ben. He came in love, in a remembered comradeship, just as often he had led them to the mouth of the cavern, and they did not understand. They slowly backed away into the shadows, fading like ghosts. Ben's arms, in unspeakable gratitude, went about the shoulders of the wolf. Beatrice, sobbing uncontrollably yet sweet with that infinite thankfulness of the redeemed, crept to his side. Fenris whined and shivered in the arms of his god. Quietude came at last to that camp beside the lake in the far, hidden heart of Back There. The wolves had gone. Fenris's three brethren, had slipped away, perhaps wholly mystified and deeply awed by their madness of a moment before; and from the ridge top they had called for their leader to join them. He had done his work, he had avenged the base blow that had seemed to strike at his own wild heart, he had received the caress he had craved—and there was no law for him to stay. The female called intently; the wild game was running for his pleasure on the trails. Ben had watched the struggle in his fierce breast, and Beatrice's eyes were soft and wonderfully lustrous in the subdued light as she gazed at the wolf's parting career. He could not deny the call of his followers on the ridge. It was like a chain, drawing him remorselessly to them. Whining, he had sped away into the darkness. The fire had been built up, Beatrice had rallied her spent strength by full feeding of the rich, dried meat, and had done what she could for Neilson's injury. Ben, exhausted, had lain down in some of the blankets of his enemy's outfit. Neilson was not mortally hurt. The bullet had coursed through the region of his shoulder, missing his heart and lungs, and although he was all but unconscious, they had every reason to believe that a few weeks of rest would see him well again. Beatrice bathed the wound, bandaged it the best she could, then covered him up warmly and let him go to sleep. And the time came at last, long past the midnight hour, that she crept once more to Ben's side. There was little need for them to say. The stress of the night had taken from them almost all desire to talk. But Ben took her hand in his feebly, and held it against his lips. "We're safe now," Beatrice told him, her eyes still bright with tears. "We've seen it through, and we're safe." Presently she saw that he was trying to speak to her, whispering; trying to draw her ear down to his lips. She smiled, with an infinite tenderness. Dimly though he spoke, she heard him every word. "I love you," he told simply. He watched her face, as intently as the three Wise Men watched the East, for a sign. And he saw it, clear and ineffably wonderful, in the stars that came into her eyes. "I love you," she answered, with equal simplicity. They lay a while in silence, blissful in this wonder each had for the other, wholly content just that their hands and lips should touch. The same miracle was upon them both; and the girl's thought, ranging far, seized upon a deep and moving discovery. "All this belongs to us," she told him, indicating with one movement of her arm the boundless solitudes about them. "This is our own country, isn't it, Ben? We can't ever go away." The fire burned down. The moon wheeled through the sky. The tall spruce saw the dawn afar and beckoned. THE END.