



SAK RUNNER

ENGIN HERE TODAY
Sir Charles Abington asks Paul Harley, criminal investigator, to find out why Sir Charles is kept in constant surveillance by persons known to him.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY
You are out after one of the big heads of the crook world," he said. "He knows it and he's trailing you. My luck's turned. How can I help?"

CHAPTER V
The Gates of Hell
If Paul Harley had counted upon "Fire-Tongue" to have a dramatic effect upon Nicol Brinn, he was not disappointed.

Brinn opened his heart to the players' club.
"that's all I know about Sir Charles Abington."
"Then I can only suppose," resumed Harley, deliberately, "that the cause of your fear lies in the term, 'Fire-Tongue'."

Mr. Harley, he began, abruptly, "you have been perfectly frank with me and I'll return it with the same frank with you as I can be. I am fazed to face with a thing that has haunted me for seven years, and every step I take from now onward has to be considered carefully, for any step might be my last. And that's not the worst of the matter. I will risk one of those steps here and now. You ask me to explain the significance of 'Fire-Tongue' (there was a perceptible pause before he pronounced the word, which Harley duly noticed). "I am going to tell you that Sir Charles Abington, when I lunched with him at his club, asked me precisely the same thing."

lot more than you might believe to know that Abington had told you the story which he told me.
"You are not helping, Mr. Brinn," said Harley, sternly. "I believe and I think that you share my belief that Sir Charles Abington did not die from natural causes. You are repressing valuable evidence. Allow me to remind you that if anything should come to light necessitating a post-mortem examination of the body, you will be forced to divulge in a court of justice the facts which you refuse to divulge to me."

"I know it," said Brinn, shortly. He shot out one long arm and grasped Harley's shoulder as in a vice. "I'm counted a wealthy man," he continued, "but I'd give every cent I possess to see 'paid' put to the bill of a certain person. Listen. You don't think I was in any way concerned in the death of Sir Charles Abington? It isn't thinkable. But you do think I'm in possession of facts which would help you find out who is. You're right."

"Not so loud—not so loud!" implored Brinn, repeating that odd, almost furtive glance around. "Mr. Harley—you know me. You've heard of me and you've met me. You know my place in the world. Do you believe me when I say that from this moment onward I don't trust my own servants? Not my own friends? He removed his grip from Harley's shoulder. "Inanimate things look like enemies. That mummy over yonder may have ears!"

Nicol Brinn crossed to a bureau, unlocked it, and while Harley watched him curiously, sought among a number of press cuttings. Presently he found the cutting for which he was looking. "This was said," he explained, handing the slip to Harley, "at the Players' Club in New York, after a big dinner in pre-dry days. It was said in confidence. But some disguised reporter had got in and it came out in print next morning. Read it."

NICOL BRINN'S SECRET AMBITIONS

Millionaire Sportsman Who Wants to Shoot Niagara
Mr. Nicol Brinn of Cincinnati, who is at present in New York, opened his heart to members of the Players' Club last night. Our prominent citizen, responding to a toast, "The Distinguished Visitor," said:

"I'd like to live through months of midnight frozen in among the polar ice; I'd like to cross Africa from east to west, and get lost in the middle. I'd like to have a Montana sheriff's posse on my heels for horse stealing, and I've prayed to be wrecked on a desert island like Robinson Crusoe to see if I am man enough to live it out. I want to stand my trial for murder and defend my own case, and I want to be found by the sunbathers in the haven of the Shah. I want to die for pearls and scale the Matterhorn. I want to know where the tunnel leads to—the tunnel down under the Great Pyramid of Gizeh—and I'd love to shoot Niagara Falls in a barrel."

"It sounds characteristic," murmured Harley, laying the slip on the coffee table.
"'It's true!' declared Brinn. "I said it and I meant it. I'm a glutton for danger, Mr. Harley, and I'm going to tell you why. Something happened to me seven years ago—"
"Is India?"
"Is India. Correct. Something happened to me, sir, which just took the sunshine out of life. At the time I didn't know all it meant. I've learned since. For seven years I have been striving with death and hoping to fall!"
Harley stared at him uncomprehendingly. "More than ever I fail to understand."
Nicol Brinn dropped his chin into his hand and resumed, "I sat unseeing stare into the open sea. Paul Harley watched him stare."

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

Letters to Santa Claus

Concord, N. C., Dec. 15, 1923.
Dear Santa Claus:
I am a little boy 3 years, 11 months old. Please bring me a snapper gun and other toys; candy, apples, oranges and nuts of all kinds. Please remember my little crippled brother, Worth, who wants anything you can bring him.
Your little friend,
EUGENE McCALL.

Concord, N. C., Dec. 14, 1923.
Dear Santa Claus:
I am a little girl seven years old, and I want a doll, a trunk, and cradle for Christmas.
Your little girl,
MELLIE SHORT.

Dear Old Santa Claus:
Don't forget me. Bring me a cow-boy suit number 8, pistol, pair of gloves, watch that runs like daddy's, 12 boxes of pistol caps and oranges, apples and nuts. Please don't forget little brother Bill. He will send you his letter later. Hoping you will be feeling fine Christmas night and remember all the little girls and boys and don't forget daddy and mama.
MUNDIE EUGENE WOODY.
126 S. Spring St.

My Dear Santa Claus:
I am two years old but large enough to have lots of toys, so please don't forget me when you make your round. I would like to have a telephone to talk to my daddy while he is working, a wheelbarrow to roll sand with, a horn, a pair of bed room slippers as my feet get cold these cold mornings before I can get my shoes on and don't forget to bring lots of oranges, candy and nuts, good-bye.
WILLIAM LEWIS WOODY.
126 South Spring Street.

Concord, N. C., Dec. 13, 1923.
Dear Santa Claus:
I am just a little girl nine years old. I want you to add my name to your list. I want you to bring me a baby doll and a tea set, some oranges, apples, candy of all kinds and some nuts, and raisins.
Your little friend,
LOUISE HORTON.

Concord, N. C., Dec. 15, 1923.
Dear Santa Claus:
I am a little baby boy just six months old. I want Santa Claus to come to see me. I want a white elephant and a baby rattle and some oranges, apples, candy, nuts of all kinds.
MILTON RAY HORTON.

Glass, N. C., Dec. 15, 1923.
Dear Santa Claus:
I am a little boy just three years old. I want Santa Claus to come to see me and bring a tricycle and a book and a little automobile and a little chair, some oranges, apples, some candy, and raisins and nuts of all kinds.
Your little friend,
WALTER WILKINSON, JR.

Concord, N. C., Route 3, Box 108, Dec. 15, 1923.
Dear Old Santa:
I am a little boy nearly seven years old. Please bring me a train, a gun, and lots of good things to eat. I hope you are well and please don't get sick! Lots of love.
FRANK EDDLEMAN, JR.

Concord, N. C., Route 3, Box 108, Dec. 15, 1923.
Dear Santa Claus:
Please bring me a doll-carriage. I have plenty of dolls, and I want to ride them in a carriage. Please bring me some apples, oranges, raisins, nuts and candy.
Your little friend,
FAITH EDDLEMAN.

P. S.—Please Santa, I have a little brother named Alton. Please bring him a red wagon, and some good things to eat too.
F. E.
Almost every day for nearly a hundred years the famous Morro Velho gold mine, in Brazil, has yielded a fortune in gold and its allied products, while more wonderful still is the fact that, instead of giving out, the lode shows signs of becoming, if anything, richer than ever.
Watching a blind pianist in Paris distinguish the keys of her instrument by her remarkable sense of touch, so stimulated the inventive genius of Valentine Haüy that in 1784 he produced the first book ever printed with relief letters for the use of the blind.

Gifts For Every Man and Boy
And If They're From HOOVER'S
FOR HIM
Handkerchiefs
Of course he will appreciate a box of handkerchiefs. But they must be exquisitely woven so they will launder well. They come striped or squared initials or plain.

GLOVES
Just as seasonable as anything you could give Dress Gloves, in both dressed kid and undressed in the different colors.
Motor Gloves if he motors, in all the best makes.
McGeorge imported knit gloves from Scotland.

Shirts
Perhaps you have already thought of shirts and a suggestion from us is superficial. We would like to say, however, our stocks are bigger than ever before, and they come in collar attached for the young fellows, as well as neckband and the season's silks.

Bath Robes, Lounging Robes, House Coats, such a collection we have never before had. Wools, silks and blanket robes in the newest patterns.

Men's and Boys' Clothing
Men's: Overcoats, Top Coats, Raincoats, Suits in all that is new, Hunting Suits, Trousers, Riding Trousers, Khaki Trousers, Corduroy Suits, Corduroy Trousers.
Boys: Suits, Overcoats.
Pants, Raincoats, Sweaters, Shirts, Underwear, Socks—Silk, Clock-ed, Striped, Plain Silks, Nice Lisles, Striped Lisles, Wool Clock-ed, Plain Wool, wool striped, Silk and wools in all shades and patterns.
New Jewelry, Cuff Buttons, Tie Pins, Belt Buckles.

SCHOBLE HATS
GIVE HIM A HAT
HOOVER'S, INC.
THE YOUNG MAN'S STORE

VISIT THE SCIENTIFIC PALMIST
MADAME ALLEN
If you are unhappy, discouraged, unsuccessful in doubt, or trouble, this wonderful palmist can positively change your condition, many who were on the brink of uncertainty, today are resting easily in the lap of luxury by acting on her advice.
10 THOSE UNHAPPY AND DISCONTENTED—If you are separated from the one you love or in trouble from any cause consult her NOW. Would you like to marry quickly? Have you any trouble over any affair in life? Do you want more success? If so you need her advice, she not only tells you of your troubles but how to overcome them. No question asked, she will tell you all. There is no home so dreary and sad, no life so wicked or blighted, no heart so sad and lonely, no condition or circumstance so complicated or incomprehensible that can't be set right and kept right after a visit to her, common sense says go and partake of these advantages and in after years you will be spared the saddest of words "It might have been." Private room for colored people. Office Hours: 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.
22 West Depot Street, Busenberry House

Presidential Hot Biscuits Her Specialty
Mrs. George W. Nichols, president of the Highland Park Woman's Club of Columbia, Tennessee, is famous for her hot-beaten biscuits. She has sent a box of these every Thanksgiving to the last three presidents of the United States. This year President Coolidge was favored with the perfect specimens shown in the picture. Mrs. Nichols has consented to give us the recipe for her "presidential" biscuits. Here it is: Try it on your own chief executive:
Take one and one-half pounds of flour, four full ounces of crisco, three level teaspoons of sugar and one and one-half teaspoons of salt. Mix this into a stiff dough with one cup of water. Work well with the hands, then roll through dough. Break until smooth and white. Roll about one third of an inch thick, cut, and pierce with fork and bake in a moderately hot oven for about 30 minutes, then let the fire reduce and bake for an hour or more. They should be dry throughout. This makes five dozen biscuits one and one-half inches in diameter.

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Give us your order for Fresh Country Butter and Eggs and Farm Vegetables.
Orchard Produce Company
Phone 130. Successor to L. E. Rogers

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CAPITOL BRIEFS
In the early days of the State of North Carolina the Legislature met in at least a dozen places, according to Col. Fred A. Olds, of the State Historical Commission. This was due to the fact that no definite site for a state capitol had been selected. Finally, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, New Bern was selected by legislative enactment as the capital and buildings were erected in that city. Later the capital was changed to Raleigh where it has been since.
W. N. Everett, Secretary of State, was absent from Raleigh during the latter part of this week, being in New York where he delivered an address at the mid-winter dinner of the New York branch of the University of North Carolina Alumni Association. Mr. Everett returned Saturday afternoon for a week's stay at his office before he departs for Rockingham for the Christmas holidays.
Stock Exchange Lingo.
"At the outset a firm tone was in evidence." Perhaps you think the writer was reviewing a violin recital. He was not. He was reviewing the day's activities on the New York stock exchange.—Kansas City Star.
Life's Constant Changes.
In human life there is a constant change of fortune; and it is unreasonable to expect an exemption from the common fate. Life itself decays, and all things are daily changing.—Wintarch.
Bees and poultry are kept in many British schools by the teacher and pupils as subjects of study.
No Cause to Worry.
A society "to prevent the illiterate from being scoffed at by colleges" has been started. The Bible has been scoffed at for about 2,000 years, both in and out of colleges, and still remains the international "best seller." Why worry?—Minneapolis Journal.
Lizard Walks on Hind Legs.
A curiosity of Queensland is the frilled lizard, which does not crawl, as all other lizards do, but walks about on its hind legs, and when standing perfectly erect is often more than a yard high.
Art and Nature.
Art is the right hand of nature. The latter only gave us being, but 'twas the former made us men.—Schiller.