

WASHINGTON 1911.

By Archibald Henderson
It is a curious fact that none of Washington's many biographers has considered in more than a few pages the extended trip Washington made through the Southern states in 1791.

account of this trip set forth by Mr. Archibald Henderson, a distinguished historical scholar. It contains the day by day narrative of Washington's journey, showing how he traveled, where he "baited," slept and spoke, what he wore, how he was received, and also his own opinion of the states he traversed and their inhabitants.

Washington's purpose in making this trip was twofold: he wanted to see with his own eyes the economic condition of the Southern states, and to estimate for himself the prosperity and the loyalty of their citizens. And secondly, he considered it advisable that he should be seen by them, not in a spirit of complacent self-glorification, but as the personification of the infant republic he



BEGIN HERE TODAY

Sir Charles Abingdon enforces Paul Harley, criminal investigator, to find out why Sir Charles is kept under surveillance by persons unknown to him. Harley dines at the Abingdon home. Sir Charles falls from his chair in a dying condition. Abingdon's last words are "Nicol Brinn" and "Fire-Tongue." Dr. McMurdoch pronounces death due to heart-failure. Harley claims that Sir Charles was poisoned and calls on Nicol Brinn to ask him the meaning of "Fire-Tongue." Brinn refuses to tell the secret.

Phil Abingdon, daughter of Sir Charles, makes friends with Harley. Harley is disturbed when he learns that Phil is friendly with a handsome and wealthy Oriental named Ormuz Khan.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Phil Abingdon repeated the weary sigh and turned her head aside, glancing down to where with one small shoe she was restlessly tapping the floor of the cab. They were both silent for some moments.

"Don't you trust me?" she asked, suddenly. "Or don't you think I am clever enough to share your confidence?"

"I both trust you and respect your intelligence," he answered, quietly. "If I withhold anything from you, I am prompted by a very different motive from the one you suggest."

She did not answer him, but stared abstractedly out of the cab window; and Harley did not break this silence, much as he would have liked to do so. He was mentally reviewing his labors of the preceding day when, in the character of a Colonial visitor with much time on his hands, he had haunted the Savoy for hours in the hope of obtaining a glimpse of Ormuz Khan. His vigil had been fruitless.

"Here we are," said Phil Abingdon.

She alighted, and Harley dismissed the cabman and followed the girl into Doctor McMurdoch's house. Here he made the acquaintance of Mrs. McMurdoch, who, as experienced had taught him to anticipate, was as plump and merry and vivacious as her husband was lean, gloomy and taciturn.

"We were waiting for you, dear," she said when the formality of presenting Harley was over. "Are you quite sure that you want to go?"

Phil Abingdon nodded pathetically. She had raised her eyes, and Harley could see that her eyes were full of tears. "I should like to see the flowers," she answered.

She was staying, at the McMurdoch's house, and as the object at present in view was that of a visit to her old home, from which the funeral of Sir Charles Abingdon was to take place on the morrow, Harley became suddenly conscious of the fact that his presence was inopportune.

But Phil Abingdon had her own views on the matter. She stepped up beside him and linked her arm in his. As a result he found himself a few minutes later entering the hall of the late Sir Charles' house.

The first thing that had struck Harley on entering the house had been an overpowering perfume of hyacinths. Now he saw whence it arose; for, conspicuous amid the wreaths and crosses, was an enormous device formed of hyacinths. Its proportions dwarfed those of all the others.

"It's wonderful," said the girl, moving forward and drawing Harley along with her. She glanced from the card up to his face, which was set in a rather grim expression.

"Ormuz Khan has been so good," she said. "He sent his secretary to see if he could be of any assistance yesterday, but I certainly had not expected this."

Presently the party returned to the neighboring house of the phys-

cian. Almost before they were seated in the doctor's drawing room he voiced his disapproval. "Phil," he said, ignoring a silent appeal from his wife, "this is, mayhap, no time to speak of the matter, but I'm not glad to see the hyacinths."

Mrs. McMurdoch's glance became positively benevolent, but the physician ignored it. "As your father's oldest friend," he continued, "I feel called upon to remark that it isn't usual for strangers to thrust their attentions upon a bereaved family."

"Oh," said Phil Abingdon with animation, "do I understand that this is also your opinion, Mr. Harley?"

"As a man of the world," declared Doctor McMurdoch, gloomily, "it cannot fail to be."

Tears began to trickle down Phil Abingdon's cheeks.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" cried little Mrs. McMurdoch, running to her side. But the girl sprang up, escaping from the encircling arm of the motherly old lady. She shook her head disdainfully, as if to banish tears and weakness, and glanced rapidly around from face to face. "I think



THE CALLER PROVED TO BE INSPECTOR WESSEX.

you are all perfectly cruel and horrible," she said in a choking voice, and ran out.

CHAPTER IX Two Reports

ON returning to his office Paul Harley found awaiting him the report of the man to whom he had entrusted the study of the movements of Nicol Brinn.

Miss Smith, the typist, had gone, for it was after six o'clock, and Innes alone was on duty. He came in as Harley, placing his hat and cane upon the big writing table, sat down to study the report.

"Inspector Wessex rang up, Mr. Harley, about an hour ago. He said he would be at the Yard until six."

"Has he obtained any information?" asked Paul Harley, wearily, glancing at his little table clock.

"He said he had had insufficient time to do much in the matter, but that there were one or two outstanding facts which might interest you."

"Ah!" murmured Harley. He took up the telephone. "City 400," he said. "Is that the Commissioner's Office, New Scotland Yard?"

"Paul Harley speaking. Would you please inquire if Detective Inspector Wessex has gone?"

"While awaiting a reply he looked up at Innes. 'Is there anything else?' he asked.

"Leave the letters, then; I will see to them. You need not wait." A moment later, as his secretary bade him good-night and went out of the office:

"Hello," said Harley, speaking into the mouthpiece. "The inspector has gone? Perhaps you would ask him to ring me up in the morning." He replaced the receiver on the hook.

Resting his chin in his hands, he began to read from the typewritten pages before him. His assistant's report was conceived as follows:

Re Mr. Nicol Brinn of Raleigh House, Piccadilly, W. I.

Mr. Nicol Brinn is an American citizen, born at Cincinnati, Ohio, February 15, 1884. He is the son of John Nicolas Brinn of the same city, founder of the firm of J. Nicolas Brinn, Incorporated, later reconstituted under the style of Brinn's Universal Electric Supply Corporation.

Nicol Brinn is a graduate of Harvard. He has traveled extensively in nearly all parts of the world and has access to the best society of Europe and America. He has a reputation for eccentricity, has won numerous sporting events as a gentleman rider; was the first airman to fly over the Rockies; took part in the Uruguayan rebellion of 1904, and held the rank of lieutenant colonel of field artillery with the American forces during the Great War.

He has published a work on big game and has contributed numerous travel articles to American periodicals. On the death of Mr. Brinn, senior, in 1914, he inherited an enormous fortune and a preponderating influence in the E. U. E. S. C. He has never taken any active part in conduct of the concern, but has lived a restless and wandering life in various parts of the world.

Mr. Nicol Brinn is a confirmed bachelor. I have been unable to find that he has ever taken the slightest interest in any woman other than his mother throughout his career. Mrs. J. Nicolas Brinn is still living in Cincinnati, and there is said to be a strong bond of affection between mother and son. His movements on yesterday, 4th June, 1921, were as follows:

He came out of his chambers at eight o'clock and rode for an hour in the park, when he returned and remained indoors until midday. He then drove to the Carlton, where he lunched with the Foreign Secretary, with whom he remained engaged in earnest conversation until ten minutes to three. The Rt. Hon. gentleman proceeded to the House of Commons and Mr. Brinn to an auction at Christie's. He bought two oil paintings. He then returned to his chambers and did not reappear again until seven o'clock. He dined alone at a small and unfashionable restaurant in Soho, went on to his box at Covent Garden, where he remained for an hour, also alone, and then went home. He had no callers throughout the day.

Deliberately Paul Harley had read the report, only removing his hand from his chin to turn over the pages. Now from the cabinet at his elbow he took out his tin of tobacco and, filling and lighting a pipe, lay back, eyes half closed, considering what he had learned respecting Nicol Brinn.

He found himself helplessly tied. In which direction should he move and to what end? As was his custom, he took a pencil and wrote upon a little block:

"Find means to force Brinn to speak."

He lay back in his chair again, deep in thought, and presently added the note:

"Obtain interview with Ormuz Khan."

Just as he replaced the pencil on the table, his telephone bell rang. The caller proved to be his friend, Inspector Wessex.

"Hello, Mr. Harley," said the inspector. "I had occasion to return to the Yard, and they told me you were ringing up. I don't know why you are interested in this Ormuz Khan, unless you want to raise a loan."

Paul Harley laughed. "I gather that he is a man of extensive means," he replied, "but hitherto he has remained outside my radius of observation."

(Continued in Our Next Issue)



Yes I made it myself

You acknowledge, modestly, a compliment on your cooking, but of course you feel proud. And who wouldn't? It's a real accomplishment to be a good cook. And cooks are not born—they're made.

When you entertain, you pay your guests the highest honor by serving something you've made yourself. And now at Christmas, the entertaining season, plan to

Make Christmas Goodies at Home

Get out the "sugar and spice and all things nice." Home cooked dainties are more wholesome and nourishing. Make your own mince pies, gingerbread men and cookie stars for the tree, candy for the stockings. And don't forget the little neighborly gifts—a jar of hermits, a fine loaf of nut bread, or some of this rich, delicious Christmas cake. They are all cheaper made at home and gas for cooking will help you succeed with every recipe.

CHRISTMAS CAKE

- 1/2 cup shortening
1 cup sugar
1/2 cup strong coffee
2 teaspoons baking powder
3 egg whites
3/4 cup chopped walnut meats
1/4 teaspoon each cloves, mace, cinnamon and allspice.
Cream shortening, add sugar, and cream again. Add coffee, sifted dry ingredients and nuts; mix well. Beat egg whites stiff and fold into mixture. Bake in moderate oven (325°) in loaf or round pan one hour.

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had struggled so arduously to help create, and as the emblem of the loyalty they owed it.

The contents of this book show how successfully he achieved his purpose. The shrewd, wise comments he made in letters and in his Journal give a clear-cut picture of the South as it was at the end of the century; and the letters, speeches, and state proclamations of his southern hosts indicate how completely the first Executive captured the loyalty and fired the imagination of the people.

Washington started from Mount Vernon April 7th, in his own splendid coach, with postillions, outriders, and a baggage train, and after making his first stop at Fredericksburg, visited Richmond and Petersburg, Virginia, and then passed into North Carolina, traveling by Halifax, Tarborough, Greenville, New Bern, Trenton, and Wilmington. He then proceeded to Georgetown and Charleston, South Carolina, Savannah and August in Georgia, and returned by way of Columbia, S. C., Salisbury, and Salem, N. C. Views of these cities, as well as portraits of many of the people Washington met, are included in the sixty illustrations, many of these exceedingly rare, many not hitherto reproduced, which the book contains.

The narrative as a whole is of great interest and importance, both as a new and hitherto unrecorded chapter in Washington's life, and as a faithful, vivid picture of the South in post-Revolutionary days.

Washington's Southern Tour is issued in a single royal octavo volume of about 335 pages, bound in gray paper stamped in gold. The edition is limited to one thousand copies, which are for sale at \$15, net, each. It is published by the Houghton-Mifflin Company.

IT PAYS TO USE PENNY COLUMN

An act of the time of Henry VII. against unlawful games, forbade the working-classes playing cards except at Christmas.

FELT TIRED, SO TIRED

Indiana Lady Says She Was Run-Down, Suffered With Her Back, Took Cardui, and Got Well.

Richmond, Ind.—"I thought I would write a line of so, to say that I owe my good health and strength to Cardui," says a letter from Mrs. Cora Courtney, 31 Railroad Street, this city.

"I was all run-down until my family thought they would lose me," writes Mrs. Courtney. "My husband coaxed me to take Cardui, so, to please him, I did, and will say I do not regret it, for I am able to do all my work and do my shopping."

"I have five children, four in school, my husband and a boarder to do for, and do all my own work for all of us, and find time to play. We all praise Cardui. Every sick and run-down woman should take this wonderful medicine."

"I suffered with my back; a very weak feeling in my limbs."

"I felt hardly able to drag just tired—so tired all the time."

"It was an effort for me to do anything, but Cardui helped me so I felt like a different woman."

If you are in a run-down physical condition, suffering as this Indiana lady says she did, give Cardui a fair trial. It should help you.

Take Cardui. NC-147

To Meet Thursday. Greensboro, N. C., Dec. 17.—The annual meeting of the Piedmont League directors to arrange a 1924 playing schedule and to post forfeits to enter that race, will be held here Thursday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock, according to a call issued by President William G. Bramham, of Durham. The meeting was originally to have been held Tuesday.

Thirteen varieties of holy are grown in Europe.

NO REST—NO PEACE

There's no peace and little rest for the one who suffers from a bad back, and distressing urinary disorders. Concord people recommend Doan's Kidney Pills. Be guided by their experience.

Mrs. R. S. Scott, 132 E. Depot St., Concord, says: "My kidneys distressed me quite a lot. My back ached continually and I was miserable all the time. I couldn't sleep well nights and mornings I could hardly begin my work my back ached so badly. I was hardly ever free from dizzy headaches and my kidneys acted irregularly. I used Doan's Kidney Pills, getting them at Porter's Drug Store and have never had anything do me so-much good. I soon felt like a different person. The backaches left and my kidneys were regulated."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Scott had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mrs. Buffalo, N. Y.

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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.
TO 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 an affair in life? Do you want more success? If 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 9:30 p. m. 22 West Depot Street, Dusenbury House.

SPLENDID FARMS FOR SALE
55 acres on public road four miles north of Court House, 6 room house, double barn, out buildings, timber, 25 acres dredged bottom. Acres near Georgeville, 7 room house, outbuildings, \$5,000. \$1,000 cash, balance on easy terms.
138 acres on public road 3 miles north of Court House, splendid buildings, 50 acres dredged bottom land, a splendid dairy farm. \$1,000 cash, balance on easy terms.
175 acres, the Cotes place, in No. 7 township, on public road, good neighborhood, good buildings, timber, at a real bargain.
108 acres at Glass, the Rogers farm, very desirable, will sell as a whole or cut it to suit the purchaser.
383 acres fine timber land on public road 5 miles east of Concord.
33 acres on public road 4 miles northeast of Concord, with good buildings.
163 acres on Concord-Midland Highway with good buildings, \$40.00 per acre.
80 acres two miles east of Kannapolis, \$40.00 per acre.
98 acres two miles east of Kannapolis with buildings and timber.
80 acres on Big Cold Water Creek at Rowan County line with buildings, very productive.
200 acres on Highway two miles from Midland with splendid buildings.
CITY PROPERTY FOR SALE
Modern 5-room cottage in good repair on Kerr Street near No. 2 school.
The Novelty Building on Elm street near Brancord Mill at a real bargain.
House and lot on Green street at Hartsell mill, lot 120x300 feet. Fine fruit trees.
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6-room house on McGill street with modern improvements.
The Novelty Building, lot 60x120 feet on Elm street, cheap at \$1,200.00.
6-room house, an acre of land on St. George street.
3-room house on Houston street, \$850.
4-room house on St. Charles street, \$1,000.00. Terms easy.
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