



CROQUIGNOLE PERMANENTS
\$1.50 to \$5.00

SPIRAL PERMANENTS
\$3.00 to \$5.00

Arcade Beauty Shop
W. Innes St. Phone 574

Candy Hall's Cafe
131 NORTH MAIN ST.

"Good Place To Eat"
Club Breakfast

Blue Plate Lunches ----- 25c
HOME-MADE BRUNSWICK STEW

Pit Barbecue Sandwiches now 10c
WHY PAY MORE?
Courteous Service Always.

Call quickly
---203

Order our
---5 big coals

Attention
all cold's coming

Leading Dealer

5 Big Names In Coal
Campbell Creek
Pocahontas
Red Gem
Dixie Gem
Great Heart

JONES
Ice & Fuel Co
Phone 203

Make-Believe Bride

by Ruth Harley

ELEVENTH INSTALMENT

"No, thank you," she said, and kept on walking.

"We need you. Come, we no hurt you. All we ask is you stop and get farmer give us gas. Yes?"

"Sure?" she asked, knowing as she looked at them that if she refused they would make her go with them anyway.

"Certainly," insisted the man, while the other evil-looking occupant of the car said, "That's all we want, miss. Can't go much farther without gas, and there ain't any stations around. Sometimes farmers ain't so generous, even if you offer them money. But they'd do it for you, I guess."

"Well, I'm afraid they'll think I'm a tramp, for I certainly did have an accident and my dress is a wreck."

A moment later she got in the car and they started coasting down hill. As they neared the end of the hill, they saw a trim farmhouse and slowly came to a stop before it.

"Now, miss, you go and tell them you want some gas, as you met with an accident, and you want to get to town. Then, after you get it we drive you five miles more and let you go. Yes? You understand?"

But as Maris went up the path she was filled with a strange misgiving. What sort of men were these, she had been with? Why didn't one of them go and speak to the farmer? They'd been quite decent to her, put her in the back seat and paid little attention to her.

But every now and then they had whispered together. Once she heard one say, "He's a double-crosser, all right." And later the older man had said, "Well, what would you expect when he's worked out this scheme to trick his own father?"

Then they had been silent so long that Maris wondered if they would ever speak again. They did twice—once to say emphatically to her, "Now, remember when they ask you where the accident happened, you tell them, 'On the long road.'"

Again one whispered in a loud voice, "Guess young Stan's got the fright of his life, trying to put us off like that. The nerve, letting us do all the dirty work and not even

wanting to pay for it, but insisting on having all the profits. Well, we won't let him off so easily next time." And the dark-complexioned man had flashed his companion an evil glance.

As Maris walked up to the door of the house, she felt the concentrated gaze of several pairs of eyes on her. But in answer to her knock, the door was opened just a little crack, while Maris could hear the shuffle of heavy shoes on the floor.

"Can you let us have some gas so we can get to town?" she asked.

"We've had an accident."

"You have?" said the farmer, opening the door a bit wider.

"Maybe you'd rather come in and get patched up here. I'll send one of the boys out to the car."

Before she realized it, she was inside the house, surrounded by several county policemen. She tried to back away. What had she landed in now, she wondered.

"Don't be scared, miss," said one of the men, "but if you value your life, tell us the truth. How far have you come in that car?"

Maris looked helplessly about her. Then, sensing there was something very wrong with the men she'd been riding with, she blurted out the truth.

"We've got them," cried one of the men.

"Not yet, young feller," cried another of the officers. "There'll be murder done if we go out. Now, little girl, I hate to ask you to do it, but will you go back to the car and tell them—as innocent-like as you can—that we're just having breakfast here and wouldn't they like to come in. Here, be biting into one of them hot biscuits and tell them you'd like to stay."

Quickly Maris stepped outside, and, running down the path, did as she was told. An angry scowl swept across the driver's face. "We don't want any breakfast. Plenty of time to get it when we get to the city. Go back and tell them that." The other man looked disappointed and started muttering. He was evidently hungry.

where just sitting down to breakfast and thought maybe you'd like a bite if you been having trouble with your car. So come in and sit down. We can get the gas afterwards." He showed them into the low-ceilinged kitchen where breakfast was set.

But as the driver of the car looked around, he said, "I think I'd like to wash my hands first."

"You would, would you?" cried an officer, rushing in. His two companions seized the other. "Well, you'll be able to get that done in jail."

Swearing in Italian and English, the men tried to wriggle from their captors' arms, but the officer and his helpers quickly subdued them. They dragged them from the house into their car which had been hidden beneath a three-year-old lilac bush.

With the men safely out of the house, the farmer went to the top of the cellar steps. "Well, Mom, you and the girls better come upstairs now. That was a pretty smart bit of work, all right," he called.

Then as they sat down to breakfast, the farmer told how word had been flashed that a big truckful of silk from one of the nearby mills had been held up and driven away by the robbers. But evidently there had been some dispute about the sharing of the booty, and two of the men had disappeared in a small sedan.

The driver, left senseless at the roadside, had finally come to, and reaching the farmhouse had sent out his SOS to the police. But the car with the archplotter had run out of gas, and evidently taken a wrong road, so that when it had been sighted a few miles up the road the police had had time to get the word on the road, and Maris had played her part in their capture.

"Well, you were a mighty plucky girl to ride with them thugs, but how come you were on the road so early in the morning?"

"There's a sign," Maris has told

a sudden blackness seemed to envelope her. With a cry, the farmer's wife rose and rushed to her side just in time to save her from striking her head against the table.

"The poor little girl! Quick, Tillie, bring some cold water, and then turn down the bed in the spare room. I guess all this terrible excitement's been too much for her."

When Maris opened her eyes again, she found herself in a cool, dormer-windowed room with snowy white curtains at the windows and a big bowl of flowers on the window ledge. She looked slowly around her. Where was she, she wondered. It was a pretty room, but how had she ever got there?

Then the generous-bosomed woman in the quaint flowered-sprigged cotton gown who was sitting by her side said, "Feeling some better now, my dear?"

"Oh, yes," she whispered. "I'm afraid I've been an awful nuisance to you. I must get home."

"No, no, not yet. You couldn't rise just yet, but if you can tell me where your friends are, I'll call them up."

"Oh, but that would scare Patsy. I'd better talk to her myself." She tried to rise, but slumped back on the pillows again.

"There, my dear, you mustn't try just yet. Won't you let me talk to your folks. I'll be mighty careful what I say—tell them just what you want me to."

"All right. I guess you'd better," Maris said, and told her Patsy's name. Then she fell asleep again.

It was late afternoon when she woke, and through the open window drifted in the gay hum of a laggard bee, and the fragrance of fall flowers. She closed her eyes again as once more she thought of the fate she had escaped. What a fool she had been! She'd lost Rod, for of course he wouldn't be interested in her any more.

She'd lost Stan. That was different. She was only too glad that she had found out in time what a contemptible cad he was. Maybe, after all, Rowene had found out his real character. She might well be congratulating herself on her escape.

Patsy had been right. Men like Stan didn't have much sense of honor where girls like her were concerned. She clenched her fists, as she thought of her escape.

Then she thought of what her crazy infatuation had cost. Her job would be gone, for of course she could never go to Fayson's again. She'd spent nearly every penny in her savings account so she could be all dressed up. Now the very thought of the clothes she had bought was hateful to her.

Once more she drifted off to sleep. Then just as dusk was falling she woke again, and suddenly she sat up in bed.

The door of her bedroom was softly opened, and Patsy tiptoed lightly to the bedside. "Maris, honey," she whispered as she bent over her.

"Oh, Pat, you darling, will you ever forgive me? I've been an awful fool, and now when I'm stranded you're the only one I could call on." Her eyes filled with tears.

"There, Maris, there's nothing to forgive. I'm just so glad you were lucky enough to strike folks like the Dawsons. They seem the kindest people. They're insisting that Jimmy and I will stay overnight too so we won't strike all the Sunday night traffic."

"And you'll take me home with you, Patsy, even if I'm broke and—"

"Of course we will, and we're not going to say another thing about it. I know you never really loved Stan Fayson. You were just carried away by the glamour that surrounded him. But when you know all that we know about him, you'll thank your lucky stars that you never went through any marriage ceremony with him."

Maris was silent. She could not yet understand why she had fallen for Stan's love-making, why she never realized till their last ride what the expression of scorn on those lips of his signified, nor what it might mean to her to marry a man who couldn't get along without his whiskey.

She shut her eyes tightly, as she turned to Patsy. "Oh, Patsy, if only I could ever forget all this; if only I'd listened to you."

"There, Maris, don't feel so badly. You haven't committed any crime like Stan—there, I didn't mean to tell you," she said as Maris opened her eyes wide and jumped up.

666 Checks Malaria in 3 days
COLDS first day Headache, 30 minutes

Liquid - Tablets
Salve - Nose
Drops

Try "Rub-My-Tism"—World's Best Liniment

DR. N. C. LITTLE
Optometrist
Eyes examined and glasses fitted
Telephone 1571-W.
107 1/2 S. Main Street
Next to Kechie Barber Shop

LAND POSTERS—For Sale at The Watchman Office.



Circulators and Heaters

We carry every type of heating unit to make your home, or any room cozy and warm during the cold winter months.

If you use either coal, wood or oil we have the unit that you'll find best suited to your needs. Come in and inspect our stoves, circulators, and heaters.

"Hardware For Everywhere"

Salisbury Hardware

120 South Main St. Phone 81



"Oh Mary, I've found a wonderful new way to get rid of the grey in my hair!"

How eager we are to tell others about something we discovered... a new recipe, an unusual treatment. When you discover Clairol you will rush to tell your friends about it. For Clairol takes drab, grey-streaked or grey hair and imparts natural-looking color and luster in one quick triple-action treatment.


Ask your hair-dresser. Or write for FREE booklet, FREE advice on care of hair, FREE beauty analysis.

Not with common, old-fashioned hair dyes, but—NATURALLY...with CLAIROL

Beverly King, Clairol, Inc., 122 West 46th St., New York, N. Y.
Send FREE booklet, advice and analysis.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

My Beautician _____



I'M A NEW WOMAN THANKS TO PURSANG

Yes, Pursang contains elements of proven value, such as Organic Copper and Iron, which quickly aid nature in building rich, red corpuscles. When this happens, the appetite improves. Nervousness disappears. Energy and strength usually return. You feel like a new person. Get Pursang from your druggist.



The officer and his helpers quickly subdued them.

As they hung around, undecided, the farmer opened the door and called out, "Ain't you boys coming? The biscuits is getting cold."

"Better run along," the driver said to Maris. "We'll follow you."

Then turning to his companion, he said, "Park the gats here. I guess they're a bunch of rubes. They don't know who they're going to entertain."

By this time Maris had entered the house, and the farmer quickly told her to follow his daughter to the cellar. "It's the safest place. You've been riding with a bunch of thugs. But I reckon it'll be their last ride for a good long while."

"Well, said the farmer as the men approached the door, "we

me all about it," his daughter said. "It's all right, and just as soon as she gets a cup of coffee she's going to call up her folks. She's had her own troubles, too, but I guess they're over now."

"Well, well, that's fine, and now I reckon I'd better get out to the fields or we'll never get any work done with all this excitement, for even if it's Sunday the beasts must be fed."

But as the men left the table, Maris turned to the farmer's wife. "I wonder if you'd let me call up Patsy now?" she asked.

"Of course you may. The phone's right there," and she pointed to the hall.

But as Maris rose from the table

LOANS

"Money You Can Use Today"

\$5.00--- **Quick Loans** ---UP

Easy Repayment Plan

C. E. Allen & Co.
SECOND FLOOR, WASHINGTON BUILDING
120 North Main Street Phone No. 7
SALISBURY, N. C.



INNER COIL

We guarantee our Inner Coil Installation.
NEW OR REBUILT
ONE DAY SERVICE

Taylor Mattress Co.

PHONE 6

Awnings Venetian Blinds

GUARD YOUR BABY with this OIL RUB

Mother—heed the urgent advice of doctors and hospitals; do as they do; give your baby a daily body-rub with the **antiseptic** oil that chases away germs, and keeps the skin SAFE. That means Mennen Antiseptic Oil. It's used by nearly all maternity hospitals. It gets down into skin-folds—and prevents infection, chafing, chapping and roughness. Get a bottle today. At any druggist.

MENNEA Antiseptic OIL


Keep a Good Laxative always in your home

Among the necessities of home is a good, reliable laxative. Don't be without one! Do your best to prevent constipation. Don't neglect it when you feel any of its disagreeable symptoms coming on. . . . We have used Theodor's Black-Draught for 21 years and have found it a very useful medicine that every family ought to have in their home," writes Mrs. Perry Hicks, of Belton, Texas. "I take Black-Draught for biliousness, constipation and other ills where a good laxative or purgative is needed. I have always found Black-Draught gives good results."

Sold in 25-cent packages.

BLACK-DRAUGHT

HOWDY FOLKS!



TEXAS CENTENNIAL CENTRAL EXPOSITION

Dallas, Texas, 1936

All preparations have been made to entertain you. Glamorous Texas cities, bustling, typically Texan communities, every section offers a brilliant panorama of attraction. Texas is celebrating one hundred years of unequalled achievement. Dallas and its gigantic Centennial Exposition will be your starting point. Then you'll wish to visit the Frontier Centennial at Fort Worth. Festivals, pageants, reunions, cowboy ceremonies, mardi gras and historic celebrations will lure you to every section of Texas. Texans will be in festive mood. Help them celebrate.

Southern Railway offers

THREE GATEWAY ROUTES to Dallas and other points in Texas and the Southwest—New Orleans, Vicksburg and Memphis. DIVERSE ROUTES—Go one way and return another, if desired—to enable you to secure the greatest benefit from an educational and scenic standpoint. EXCELLENT TRAINS AND SCHEDULES to insure satisfactory service. GREATLY REDUCED FARES to make your trip economical.

Examples of Round Trip Fares in effect Daily to Dallas:

FROM:	In Coaches (A)	In Pullman Cars (B)
Charlotte, N. C.	\$34.40	\$43.95
Concord, N. C.	34.99	45.05
Gastonia, N. C.	35.75	45.75
Greensboro, N. C.	35.84	47.00
High Point, N. C.	35.84	47.31
Lexington, N. C.	35.50	46.90
Marion, N. C.	31.85	42.50
Morganton, N. C.	32.64	43.70
Reidsville, N. C.	35.58	45.55
Salisbury, N. C.	34.99	45.70
Statesville, N. C.	34.22	45.55
Thomasville, N. C.	35.84	47.15

(A) Good in Coaches only, 30-day limit. (B) Good in Sleeping or Parlor Cars, Pullman fare extra, 30-day limit. Season limit tickets on sale at slightly higher fares. Proportionate fares to other Texas points, including Fort Worth, Galveston, Houston, Austin and San Antonio. For further information, consult your local ticket agent R. H. G. AHAM, Division Passenger Agent, Charlotte, N. C.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

LAND POSTERS for sale at The Watchman Office.