

The BLOODHOUNDS BAY

By WALTER S. MASTERMAN

READ THIS FIRST:
Jack Reid, who has just witnessed the mysterious murder of Sir Henry Severinge in the chapel of his ancient abbey, is a ne'er-do-well who has lived by his wits since he left an orphanage. In the chance to steal a valuable jeweled cross, Reid had no means of identifying Sir Henry's player and could not raise an alarm for fear of jeopardizing himself. Jack had been reared in an institute for foundlings, but had run away when still a mere youngster.
(NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)

CHAPTER 3

JACK MIXED with men—good and evil, and learnt much. His quickness and easy address found him small jobs. He gave his age as 14 and invented different stories to suit the occasion. He had been no idler and no beggar. He had known the underworld—had been taught to thieve or keep watch while others did; honesty and dishonesty came alike to him, as long as he could fill his stomach and have small sums to spend.

Later he read voraciously, in free libraries and in the houses where he got employment as boots or messenger—a quick, handsome youth, well-mannered and outwardly docile, though a raging unrest was eating him up.

At 17 he knew more than most men do at 25, and had come to realize through mixing with all classes that he came of a good stock—his face and figure and the delicate artist's hands told him that as surely as his instinctive dread of vulgarity and dirt. Perhaps with a knowledge of a moral code he might have become a steady, industrious clerk and married and lived in the suburbs; but he knew nothing of the laws of meum and tuum.

Why should some people have homes and motors, relations and friends, money to spend, when he had none? The old eternal questions. Sexually, he kept clean from a rather proud indifference to the noisy, loud-mouthed girls with whom he came into contact. He studied deeply, watched his chances, read everything in the papers and in books. He worked his own plans out with a thoroughness that would have given him a good place in business.

His looks and manners got him jobs in crowd work in studios, and walking-on parts at theaters, but never a permanent position anywhere. Then he experimented—very carefully. He was clever. Small sums of money at first. Like a wise schoolboy who, when searching the hedgerow, comes across a bird's nest, takes only a few eggs and leaves the rest, so he never emptied a purse or bag, but took a coin or two, leaving the owner to wonder whether he had dropped two half-crowns by mistake or miscounted his money.

His needs were simple; he lived in a bed-sitting room in Pimlico, and cooked his own meals over a gas ring. He hadn't a friend in the world, and had no intention of making any. He saved every penny and placed it in the Post-office Savings bank.

The game he was playing was exciting—he was pitting his wits against those of the law. Some of his exploits had revealed a high level of artistry. When Fronstein, the American millionaire, had arrived in England with a large number of dollar bills concealed in the double bottom of one of his trunks—the rate of exchange at the time being greatly in favor of the dollar—he had been furious on finding that his trunk had been tampered with and a portion of his bills extracted. No suspicion had fallen on the good-looking young lift attendant, quiet and well-mannered. When the millionaire departed and the furore had died down, the young attendant sought out the manager and explained that he had been offered a good position as a steward on board a ship, and received an excellent testimonial for honesty and industry. The dollar bills he changed in America, and returned with English notes.

A strange being, working alone, for he would not trust a soul, and avoided women above all—they had a way of worming secrets from men. If he were found dead on the road, there would be no mark or trace by which to identify him, not a letter nor a scrap of



"I have some serious news for you, m'lady."

paper, no name tape or washing mark. He would be a one-day's sensation, perhaps, in the papers, and for the first and only time mentioned in the news bulletin for millions to hear.

"Police notice. An unknown man was found dead," etc. And then, "If any person can give any information about this man, please communicate with Scotland Yard, telephone number Whitehall 1212." And then he would be buried at the expense of the local parish after 12 good men and true had solemnly puzzled over him at an inquest.

He was tired of it all: the loneliness, the sordid life and surroundings. Honest work was not for him, with no character, and nothing but that awful institution to give as his educational advantages, and he had run away from that.

He had decided to throw everything up, take all his money from the savings bank, and seek a new world. And then one day he had read an account of Severinge Abbey and the description of the wonderful Severinge cross which had been stolen by a former Severinge from a South American cathedral, when serving under Sir Francis Drake—that prince of burglars. The idea of this priceless relic had appealed to him as a fitting consummation of his present career.

As Jack Reid, an artist, he had wandered into Sussex, enjoying the countryside as only a town-bred man can do. Well, the experiment, as far as the cross was concerned, had turned out a dismal failure, but had led to something more exciting—a mysterious and horrible murder under his very eyes; but about this he could say nothing. He would certainly stay and follow it up, if only for curiosity, he thought.

But though mentally he made this his excuse, he knew that the real reason was the vision he had seen at the window in the moonlight, that floated before his eyes as he fell asleep and haunted his dreams.

James Conolly, the butler at Severinge Abbey, entered Sir Henry's room carrying a tray on which were a cup of tea and two thin slices of bread and butter. One glance showed him the disordered bed, and the dress clothes of his master thrown on a chair for his attention.

He set the tray down and took a good look round the room. A large window with latticed, old-fashioned panes faced the lake, but the windows were fast shut, for Sir James suffered from gout and feared the exhalations from

the waters below. Pajamas and bedroom slippers were gone, but the dressing gown was hanging behind the door. The door to the bathroom was open, and James looked in; but it was clear that his master had not been there, and the window also was closely fastened. It was quite unusual for Sir Henry to make a move until he had swallowed his tea and his morning clothes had been laid out. A search of the compactum assured James that all the clothes were in their places, neatly arranged by himself.

He went downstairs and made inquiries of the maids who were working in the living room, but no one had seen any sign of the missing man, and the great front door was bolted and locked, as James had left it the night before. James went through the rooms on the ground floor, the great library, and then into the chapel, but there was no sign of Sir Henry.

The Abbey was an old, rambling place, and James felt that he had better report the matter before making a thorough search. He ascended the staircase slowly and knocked at the door of Lady Severinge's private sitting room over the gateway.

She was reclining in a cushioned recess in the window, fully dressed, but wearing a peignoir and chatting with Eric Colindale, the agent for the estate, a blonde giant of a fellow in riding breeches and sports coat. A slight breeze ruffled Hilda Severinge's fair hair as she turned to the butler with an impatient expression.

"What is it, James?"
"I have some serious news for you, m'lady."
Her face went suddenly white.

"What is it—not my husband?"
Colindale sprang to his feet. "He's not dead?"
"Oh no, sir. I hope it is not as bad as that, but he has gone from his room, and no one seems to know where he has got to."
"But that's ridiculous," Colindale said, glancing at Hilda Severinge as he spoke. "He must be somewhere."

The butler, in a wooden voice, recounted his tale.
"We must have a thorough search at once," Colindale said briskly.

"He may have fallen down somewhere, and been injured," the woman observed nervously. "There was a look of terror in her eyes, as though she feared the worst."
"You had better stay here, Hilda. I'll go with James."
The butler turned his head away to hide a look of anger at the Christian name that had slipped out inadvertently.
(To Be Continued)

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE CROSS COUNTRY CHAMPS



Pictured above is the University of North Carolina's cross country team which Saturday won the Southern Conference championship in the 13th annual meet held at Chapel Hill. The Tar Heels dethroned Duke's defending champions.

Coach Dale Ranson's charges completed a highly successful season, losing to Navy by a single point. Carolina defeated Washington and Lee, Duke, Davidson and the state individual meets.

Reading from left to right: Front row—Earl Kind, Jenkintown, Pa.; Graham Gammon, Charlotte; Jim Hall, Wilmington; Bill Hendrix, Greensboro; Mark Aderholt, Lexington; Bob Gardner, Germantown, Pa.; Andy Jones, Variana; Frank Wakelby, South Orange, N. J.; Bill Daniel, Wilson; and Bob Garland, Marshville.

Back row—Bill Knight, Bynum; Murray Honeycutt, Lexington; Scott Hunter, Hendersonville; Clyde Moore, Turkey; Joe Russell, Marshville; Jim Baden, Washington, D. C.; Marvin Gewolb, New York City; Steve Mazur, Irvington, N. J.; Walter Lashley, Greensboro; and Tom Morgan, Canton.

DEACONS READY TO BATTLE WILDCATS

Team Will Spend Most Of Time Perfecting Timing and Play Execution

Wake Forest, Nov. 23—With the date of the game with Davidson College there on Richardson Field Thanksgiving Day only a few days off, Coach Jim Weaver has pronounced his Demon Deacon squad as fit and ready to go to battle in this annual Turkey Day classic against the Wildcats.

According to Coach Weaver, his boys will spend most of the time this week in perfecting the timing and execution of their plays. The Deacons were largely occupied in last week's drills with setting up a defense to be used against the famous running and passing attack of Mr. Lafferty and company. It has been said by Wake Forest scouts and by many fans that nothing short of a court injunction can stop the powerful offense of the Newton coached machine.

CAVALIERS TACKLE HEELS TURKEY DAY

Ancient Rivals Will Clash in Charlottesville In Annual Grid Battle

Chapel Hill, Nov. 23—The University of North Carolina winds up its 1936 grid campaign Thanksgiving Day meeting the University of Virginia at Charlottesville in the renewal of an ancient rivalry which fanks high in Dixie in color and keenness of competition.

The Cavaliers and Tar Heels have played 40 times on the gridiron. The feud was first inaugurated in 1892 when there were two contests. Virginia won the first 30-18 but later in the season the Tar Heels measured off their opponents in an impressive manner 26-0.

The Cavaliers dominated the grid picture from 1892 to 1927, winning 20 games losing eight, and tying three. Since that time the Tar Heels have beaten the old Dominion contingent consistently and have lost but once in the past nine years.

CATTLE FEVER TICK SEEMS ELIMINATED

Not Single One Reported to State Agriculture Department In Over Two Years

Daily Dispatch Bureau, in the Sir Walter Hotel, Raleigh, Nov. 23.—Not a single cattle fever tick has been officially reported in North Carolina in the past two years.

"I believe this pest has been completely eradicated from this State," said Dr. William Moore, chief of the veterinary division of the State Department of Agriculture, through which cooperation has been maintained with the Federal Bureau of Animal Industry, in the battle against dracunculi, the cattle and livestock industry. North Carolina was among the early states to be rid of the tuberculous.

During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1935, out of 24,572 cattle tested for tuberculosis, only 64 reacted. For the year ending June 30, 1936, tests numbered 30,334, with only 14 reactors. All these diseased animals were slaughtered and owners paid indemnities aggregating \$1,424.71 in the first period and \$254.31 in the second period, a like amount being paid by the Bureau of Animal Industry.

In its control program, the Department of Agriculture, also through the Veterinary Division, made 126,456 tests for pullorum disease among poultry in 1934-35. Of these birds, 3,542 were found to be infected. During the 1935-36 season 153,551 test were made, with 4,737 birds showing positive reaction.

All reacting birds were removed from flocks and sold for slaughter, it was pointed out.

No anthrax, sheep scab, blackleg or glanders have been encountered during the past 20 year period, and the Department has continued to look after the health of livestock on 22 owned farms and has carried on successful efforts of disease control on these farms.

Frank Morrison, veteran secretary of the American Federation of Labor, born at Frankton, Canada, 77 years ago.

Finalists In P. G. A. Tourney



Jimmy Thompson (left) of Shawnee-On-Delaware, Pa., and Denny Shute (right) of Newton, Mass., sailed through some of the toughest competition in the ranks of American golfers and met in the finals of the Professional Golfers' tournament at Pinehurst, N. C. They are shown in action during the tournament. (Associated Press Photos).

Duke Sensation



ERIC TIPTON

Winning his varsity spurs in the opening game with Davidson, Eric Tipton, Duke's sophomore fullback, has been a big reason the Blue Devils have such a great record this season. This side-stepping youngster will be one of the Blue Devils big hopes for a victory over N. C. State, in the final game which would give the Wademen state and Southern conference titles for the second year in a row. Tipton came to Duke from Petersburg, Va., high school.

THANKSGIVING DAY FEED LESS COSTLY

Chiefly Due to Lower Priced Turkeys and Poultry; Turkeys Off Five Cents Wholesale

Washington, Nov. 23.—Thanksgiving dinners will cost less money this year chiefly on account of lower prices of turkeys and poultry the Bureau of Agricultural Economics said today. How much less, officials would not say, since prices vary with quality and markets.

Wholesale prices of turkeys, due to this year's large crop, are reported at about five cents a pound less than in early November a year ago. Prices of chickens are down about three cents, also due to larger supplies. Ducks and geese are priced slightly under a year ago.

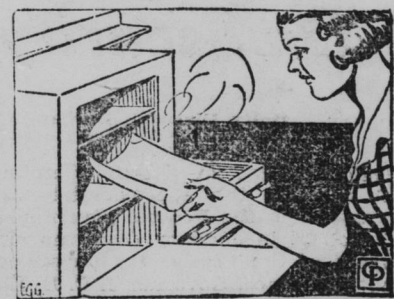
Prices of cranberries will be relatively high again this year (about the same or possibly slightly higher than a year ago). Prices of apples are higher. Oranges and grapefruit will be slightly lower.

Retail prices of potatoes in October were 80 percent higher than a year ago on account of the small crop of late potatoes. Prices of sweet potatoes also are higher, and the retail prices of cabbage, carrots, and lettuce will be slightly above those of a year ago, the bureau said.

But prices of squash and onions will be much less than a year ago—about one-half the prices in 1935. Celery is slightly lower priced as is rice. Various nut crops are small this year with prices advancing.

Talk is cheap—and, if you are not careful what you say, it's cheapening.

Wife Preservers



To test the heat of your oven if you have no thermometer or regulator, put a piece of white paper in after heating. If the paper turns light yellow you have a slow oven; if it turns yellow, a moderate one; if dark yellow, a hot or quick oven, and if dark brown, your oven is very hot. If paper chars it is too hot for baking.

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WHO'S WHO

DO YOU KNOW YOUR STATE?

THE NAMES OF 533 TARHEELS ARE LISTED IN WHO'S WHO

DRIVER'S LICENSES

713,000 PEOPLE IN N.C. HAVE OBTAINED DRIVER'S LICENSES

WEALTH

DID YOU KNOW THAT THOMAS EASTCHURCH AND JOHN ASHE WERE ELECTED GOVERNORS OF NORTH CAROLINA BUT BOTH DIED BEFORE THEY WERE INAUGURATED

WEALTH

THE PER CAPITA WEALTH OF NORTH CAROLINA IS \$1,156 WHILE THE AVERAGE FOR THE UNITED STATES IS \$2,366

WEALTH

DID YOU KNOW THAT IN THE ELECTION OF JAMES K. POLK, A TARHEEL, NORTH CAROLINA GAVE HIS OPPONENT, HENRY CLAY, THE MAJORITY OF ITS VOTES

WEALTH

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