

The Concord Daily Tribune

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RAILROAD SCHEDULE. In Effect June 28, 1925. No. 40 To New York 9:25 P. M., No. 36 To Washington 5:05 A. M., No. 34 To New York 10:25 A. M., No. 46 To Danville 3:15 P. M., No. 12 To Richmond 7:10 P. M., No. 32 To New York 9:03 P. M., No. 30 To New York 1:55 A. M.

Starts on Fifteenth Year in Prison. Boston, Mass., Sept. 8.—Sunday morning's crowd upon the table-top of his confinement behind the iron walls of "Cherry Hill," the stronghold of the State prison in Charleston.

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY. Saying Goodbye.—Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you.—I Cor. 13:11.

BISHOP MANNING AND PRESIDENT GREEN SPEAK. On Sunday, in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York, William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, and Bishop Manning made addresses on who lessons should be learned on Labor Day.

That \$2 Hoodoo! Why is a \$2 bill considered unlucky? Politicians ascribe its odium to the price paid and the medium used for buying votes.

Look! Look! SPECIALS! 3 Lb. Jar Moore County Pure Honey in the comb, only 95c. 4 Large Cans Sliced or Grated Pineapple (Or Ass'd. 2 of each) \$1.00.

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PEARL DRUG COMPANY. Since Florida has received so much attention in recent months due to the land boom there, Natural Resources

NORTH CAROLINA AND FLORIDA. We have contended and still do contend, that Florida real estate as an investment, is not as good as North Carolina soil.

Gasoline War On. South Dakota, Nebraska and Connecticut are leading the battle against the "gasoline gorge."

Co. in Nebraska has been a boon to motorists in that state. There each concern is trying to out-sell the other.

USE PENNY COLUMN—IT PAYS. The price cutting war between the Standard Oil Co. and the Shell Oil

THE LIMITED MAIL by ELMER EVANCE

Copyright, 1925, Warner Bros. "THE LIMITED MAIL" with Monte Blue, is a dramatization of this story by Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.

SYNOPSIS. Caroline Dale, who is in love with Bob Wilson, discovers that Jane, who claims to be Bob's wife, is now married to another. Bob had married her, the result of a cottage boy elopement episode, but the marriage was annulled. The Limited Mail and a runaway freight train have been in collision, and Wilson, the Limited's engineer, and little Bobby Fowler have found refuge in the shack of Potts, a tramp whom Wilson had known formerly.

CHAPTER X—Continued

The constant lightning made it easy for him to make out Bob's swinging figure, working down-hill toward the tracks, and Bobby followed as fast as his little legs could move. He began to have some doubts about his ability to overtake Daddy Bob, but he was determined to try.

Bob strode in moody, listless deliberateness toward the Gorge. The Old Witch's nose loomed ominously above him, as it had on that other night of crisis. The Old Witch had been quiet for a long time now, and pronounced safe. It was probably by way of showing her contempt for the plane and the analyses of men, therefore, that she chose in this storm to vent in one grand, final fit of vicious temper the gnawing anger she had known through the years since the trains first began to rumble past in rupturing indifference to her hitherto sublime solitude.

Bob paused on the tracks, feeling an uncanny sensation of live, cold things crawling up and down inside his spine as he heard the great, devastating roar as the whole profile of the Old Witch crashed down into the cut.

file of the Old Witch sloughed away and crashed down into the cut—the trestle and into the Gorge. For many minutes the avalanche carried on. When its fury had been spent, and subsided to a settling growl, Bob raced forward to see what had happened.

The final death throes of the Old Witch had been a stupendous, catastrophic one, indeed; for the tons of her granite face had smashed away the trestle, and now there was no bridge across the maddened river—nothing, but torn railends on either side and a black void between.

And even as he stood there, there came to Bob's tense senses, faintly on the gale, the whistle of the Limited. The ill-fated Limited, indeed; dogged by a perversity as remorseless as the one that pursued Bob in his petty human affairs; rushing again to disaster—a disaster more complete and annihilating than any of the others which had threatened or occurred to it.

Bob's heart leaped to the sudden appreciation of an opportunity to pay up for the disaster, the deaths, that had been his fault. He had wrecked the Limited once; he could save it now, though it would probably cost his life—which mattered not at all, and but would save him the trouble.

Without hesitation he scrambled down the massed mumble of avalanche debris to the brink of the river—plunged into its awful current, and swam with all his strength and heart. It was a race not only against a vicious, evil tide but against time. Whirlpools sucked him down, spun him out—jagged boulders bruised him—wind-whipped

(To be continued)



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spray and rain blinded and choked him. But he made the eastern side! He landed far below the trestle, so there still remained a hard climb back and up to the track level. And, meanwhile, the Limited's whistle sounded near and clear above the clements.

He was thoroughly spent when he reached the tracks, and he collapsed involuntarily; then remained where he was, for a momentary respite, before starting to run down toward the Limited. The searchlight was not yet apparent; he had a brief margin of time.

Then a scream from across the shattered Gorge curdled the heart-blood he was trying to compose. Bob looked aghast. There on the opposite wound of the trestle, outlined in the lightning, was Bobby. He had lost Bob's trail, except for the knowledge that he had proceeded along the tracks. He had followed these, searching—until he reached the broken edge. And just at that moment, when he had caught sight of Bob in the broken illumination of the lightning, had tripped on the sheet intended for the frightening of Bob. It was his scream in the dire and awful few moments during which he struggled to regain his balance that had attracted Bob.

And even as Bob in horror looked on from the opposite cliff, Bobby's childish efforts to untangle and catch himself came to naught—and he toppled headlong into the raging whirlpools below.

For an instant that seemed like a century Bob was literally too paralyzed to stir hand or foot. His eyes were riveted on a towhead, light against the black waters as it was borne downstream. Then Bob came to life and stepped to the trestle edge to leap into the stream again, after Bobby.

A whistle, long, wailing—carrying its proud demand for the safe passage of trainload of human souls. Bob paused almost in the very act of diving—a hundred or more lives rushing toward their death from behind him; one beloved little soul being swept away to death in front of him.

Which should he save? He could only save one. Before he could flag the Limited and get back to the river, that little spot of brightness against the dark waters would be gone from his sight forever. Before he could overtake and swim back with Bobby, the Limited and its human freight would have plunged to an all-embracing death. It was the greatest decision in his life; the most terrible dilemma a fevered brain could imagine. Weakly he shrieked a cursed prayer that this Chalice might pass from him. But there was none to take it.

Which should he save? Somehow he made up his mind; somehow he got his trembling legs into motion and started down the track toward the flying Limited—in body, while his soul went out to die in the rapids with little Bobby. From then on, for many minutes; everything was black.

When next he drew a conscious breath it was to find himself on the ground in the light of the halted Limited, encircled by anxious faces, of which one stood out from all the rest in saintly significance. "Caroline!"

"Bob—my darling!" Bob did not know why she should be on her knees beside him, straining his head against her slender, tremulous bosom, kissing him. He did not care why or how—he melted into the incredible miracle of it, and sobbed.

But his sobs of happiness gave way to an agonizing gasp, and he rose with swift unsteadiness to his feet, as he remembered. "Bobby," he choked, to Caroline, "Bobby's gone—into the Gorge. Bobby, my poor, dear little Bobby!"

A cry from some of the trainmen who had gone ahead to examine the full damage of the avalanche—a cry that caused the sympathetic group around Caroline and Bob to part and make way for two brakemen who staggered into the group, carrying Spike Nelson. And tightly clasped in Spike's one arm, was Bobby!

Use Penny Column—It Pays. The price cutting war between the Standard Oil Co. and the Shell Oil

Co. in Nebraska has been a boon to motorists in that state. There each concern is trying to out-sell the other.

Competitor's fight against retail gas prices brought a four-cent reduction in two days. However, the oil companies deny state effort is responsible. They contend that an oversupply brought the recent drop general throughout the eastern seaboard.

USE PENNY COLUMN—IT PAYS. The price cutting war between the Standard Oil Co. and the Shell Oil

MRS. C. B. COOK, W. C. T. U. HEAD ASSASSINATED

Friends Assert Iowa Woman Died a Martyr to Cause of Prohibition.—Was Active. Vinton, Iowa, Sept. 8.—Shot down as she was writing a paper she intended to read today before the Benton county W. C. T. U., of which she was president Mrs. C. B. Cook was killed in her home last night. Her friends believe her the victim of one of a number of liquor law violators against whom she had been active.

A shot fired through a rear window as she sat writing her paper entitled "Looking Forward" caused her death an hour and a half later. She was unconscious most of the time until her death and unable to supply any information that would aid authorities in their search for her assailant.

Belief that Mrs. Cook was killed by a liquor law violator was strengthened by word from Cedar Rapids that Mrs. Cook had made two trips to the city to consult Roy R. Slade, a prohibition enforcement officer, relative to conditions in Vinton.

Mr. Slade said that on her last visit she furnished the names of several persons suspected of being engaged in rum running and illegal sale of liquors. Later, Slade said he received a letter from her in which she spoke of going before the Benton county grand jury.

Mrs. Cook charged, Slade said, that Benton county civil authorities were not doing their duty, though he declined to make public the correspondence. From another source it was learned that Mrs. Cook had a

list of names of all of the bootleggers she intended to submit to the grand jurors. "A martyr to the cause of prohibition," was the way Mrs. Cook's friends viewed the crime. Her mother-in-law and co-worker, Mrs. S. W. Cook, declared that "this dastardly murder—the shooting down of a God-fearing woman in her own house—only crosses to new efforts to crush the illicit liquor traffic in this community."

Fore! Because he didn't obey the unwritten law of golf to call the warning, "Fore," before driving off, Lloyd Coleman, of East Orange, N. J., was sued by Mrs. Ernestine O'Laughlin, of South Orange, that state, for \$500 damages. Coleman's golf ball hit the woman over the heart, making her ill.

Mrs. Sanford Hinshaw, of Des Moines, Iowa, says her married life was very happy until she and her husband took up golf. She won a divorce on the ground that her husband inflicted "unheard of cruelties" on her on the golf course, even going so far as to kick her ball off the green every time she made a good approach.

"I'm not old enough to play golf yet," declared John Phillip Sousa, noted bandmaster who is now in his 70th year. "I'll start golfing," he added, "when I can't do anything else."

Patient: "Doctor, I can't sleep nights. What shall I do?" Doctor: "Get a position somewhere as night watchman."

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- 19740 10 Row! Row! Rosie, Fox trot, with vocal refrain. George Olsen and his Music. Say Arabella, Fox Trot. George Olsen and His Music.

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- 19722 10 If I Ever Cry, Fox Trot. Ted Weems and His Orchestra. Siberia, Fox Trot. Ted Weems and His Orchestra.

- 19727 10 Deem Elm, Fox Trot (A Paul Whiteman Orchestra). Busse's Buzzards. I'm Gonna Charleston Back to Charleston, Fox Trot, with vocal refrain. Coon-Sanders Original Nighthawk Orch.

- 19728 10 Alone at Last, Fox Trot, with vocal refrain. Coon-Sanders Original Nighthawk Orchestra. Stop Flirting—Fox Trot. Meyer Davis' Le Paradis Band.

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