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RAILROAD SCHEDULE
In Effect June 28, 1925

Northbound	
No. 40 To New York	9:28 P. M.
No. 138 To Washington	5:30 A. M.
No. 3 To New York	10:25 A. M.
No. 24 To New York	4:45 P. 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.

Southbound

No.	To	Time
No. 45	Charlotte	3:55 P. M.
No. 35	New Orleans	9:55 P. M.
No. 29	Birmingham	2:35 A. M.
No. 31	To Augusta	5:51 A. M.
No. 33	To New Orleans	8:45 A. M.
No. 34	Charlotte	3:45 P. M.
No. 135	To Atlanta	8:35 P. M.
No. 37	To New Orleans	10:45 A. M.
No. 39	To New Orleans	9:55 A. M.
Train No. 34	will stop here to dis- charge passengers coming from be- yond Washington.	

Persons who fail to attend the fair will miss something unusually fine.

Post and Flagg's Cotton Letter.

New York, Oct. 13.—The situation at the outset appeared to be against the market, but there were no reports of actual damage by frost and cables were disappointing. There was renewed and heavy selling in the early selling which, however, was taken well by demand from the trade and to secure profits on shorts and later the market showed a somewhat firmer tone and acted more or less sold out.

There was some hedging out there were also a good many southern orders to buy and good judges expressed the opinion that prices were now down to a point where a subtended which would be helped by the fact that ginning has already probably passed its peak for the season. That was true last year at about this time and this crop is decidedly earlier than that.

Roulette's condition was pitiable enough, but she was concerned less with it than with her father's extraordinary behavior, and when the Countess undertook to procure for her dry clothing she protested:

"Please don't trouble. I'll bring up a bit; then I must go back to dad."

"My dear, you're chilled through—you'll die in those wet things," the older woman told her.

Miss Kirby shook her head and in a queer strained, apprehensive voice, said: "You don't understand. He's had a drink; if he gets started—" She shivered wretchedly and hid her white face in her hands, then moaned: "Oh, what a day! Danny's gone! I saw him drown."

"There, there!" The Countess comforted her as best she could. "You've had a terrible experience, but you mustn't think of it just yet. Now let me help you."

Finding that the girl's fingers were stiff and useless, the Countess removed the wet skirt and jacket, wrung them out, and hung them up. Then she produced some dry undergarments, but Miss Kirby refused to put them on.

"You'll need what few things you have," said she, "and—I'll soon warm up. There's no telling what dad will do. I must keep an eye on him."

"You give yourself too much concern. He's chilled through and it's natural that we should take a drink. My men will give him something dry to wear, and meanwhile—"

Roulette interrupted with a shake of her head, but the Countess gently persisted.

"Don't take your misfortune too hard. The loss of your outfit means nothing compared with your safety. It was a great tragedy, and it's true that you and your father were saved, but you had him and he had you."

"Danny knew dad was coming," said the girl, and tears welled into her eyes, then slowly overflowed down her white cheeks. "But he faced it. He was game. He had his faults, of course, but he loved dad, and he loved me; why, he used to carry me out to see the horses before I could walk; he was my friend, my playmate, my pal. He'd have done murder for me!" Through her tears Roulette looked up. "It's hard for you to believe that I knew, after what he did to you, but—know how men are on the trail. Nothing matters. He was angry when you outwitted him, and so was father, for that matter, but I told them it served us right and I forbade them to molest you further."

"You did that? Then it's you I was sick, but I did not seem to know what to do get better. If I had had one particular thing wrong I would have known what to do, but in my case I fell generally run-down and out of sorts. I was nervous, had no appetite, was often sick at my stomach, could not sleep at nights and ached all over. I felt so completely worn out that I did not know where or how to go. I had to give up my job, because I had taste in my mouth that would not end it. It would get up in the morning that way and it would never leave me all day. I knew that it was probably all caused from my stomach and so decided to take something for stomach trouble and constipation," said Mrs. W. A. Helms, a young woman of Concord, N. C. C. R. F. D. & JUICE demonstrator and tell the demerit of the new product she was pleased she was with HERB JUICE.

Continuing her remarks, Mrs. Helms said: "I had read so much about HERB JUICE and I was impressed with what I had read. I decided to try it, and knew it was supposed to be splendid for stomach trouble. I bought my first bottle and to day I am still buying it. It has made me feel like a different person. I have gained fifteen pounds by weight. My stomach is in such good condition now that I can eat anything I want. Best of all, I do not have that disagreeable taste in my mouth, for the cause of it has been removed. I sleep like a top at night and do not suffer from nervousness as I did. It is the best laxative on the market and I attribute my improved condition entirely to HERB JUICE. I do not believe any other medicine could so quickly and easily remove the trouble. I build me up on HERB JUICE. I have done, I am only too pleased to recommend it, as I know it will do more for one than any other medicine of similar nature."

"We are now on a new era," remarks The Record. "This world knows nothing like it. Only a few men have yet visioned the inevitable changes which must take place in the building of broader highways, in beautifying them and building them so solid that they can stand any degree of traffic. This is an economic condition which has come about and we must face it and in some way meet it."

"BIGGER AND BETTER" IS
RIGHT.

Fairs, like similar projects, always promise to be "bigger and better" from year to year and the expression is so

often used incorrectly that people have become suspicious when it is used.

In connection with the Cabarrus County Fair we used the expression in making predictions. We are ready, and honestly so, to reiterate the remark now, with the "bigger and better" underlined. Officials of the Cabarrus County Fair are offering this year the finest fair they have ever shown, and that is covering much territory for we believe the Cabarrus Fair in the past two years would take rank with the best anywhere in the South.

This year the features that proved so successful in the past are offered in larger measure. Therein lies the success for the truth of the "bigger and better" expression. The Midway exhibits, the free acts, the fireworks and the other features are so near perfection insofar as a county fair is concerned, that we are certain we are within the bounds of reason when we say no other county fair in the South has excelled them and few have equaled them. Many of the horses have been raced at State fairs; the free acts have played four State fairs and the shows on the Midway have played five State fairs. Only the fact that this fair has the reputation of being as big and as good as State fairs made it possible for the fair management to secure these features.

Outside exhibitors, men who go from fair to fair with their livestock are not at the local fair, yet some unusually fine cattle and other stock is on display. The fair is for Cabarrus county people and other amateurs. The professional is ruled out, and rightly so.

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CHAPTER XII

A chilly twilight had fallen by the time the castaways arrived at the encampment above the rapids. Kirby and his daughter were shaking from the cold. The Countess Courteau hurried on ahead to start a fire in her tent, and thither she insisted upon taking Roulette, while her men attended to the father's comfort.

On the way up there had been considerable speculation among those who knew Sam Kirby best, for none of them had ever seen the old fellow in quite such a frame of mind as now. His misfortune had crushed him; he appeared to be numbly fatigued, though he had not even been heated through; nevertheless, her apprehension was so keen that she was conscious of little bodily discomfort.

"You were right," the Countess announced when she returned. "He slipped into some borrowed clothes and went up-town. He told the boys he couldn't sit still. But you mustn't follow—at least in that

Did he—drink any more?"

"I'm afraid he did."

Needless of the elder woman's restraining hands, Roulette Kirby made for the tent opening. "Please don't stop me," she implored. "There's no time to lose and—I'll dry out in time."

"Let me go for you."

"No, no!"

"Then may I go along?"

Again the girl shook her head. "I can handle her better alone. He's a strange man, a terrible man, when he's this way. I hope I'm not too late."

Roulette's wet skirts slatted about her ankles as she ran; it was a windy, chilly night, and in spite of the fact that it was a steep climb to the top of the low bluff, she was chilled to the bone when she came panting into the sprawling cluster of habitations that formed the temporary town of White Horse. Tents were scattered over a dim, stump clearing, lights shone through trees that were still standing, a meandering trail led past a straggling row of canvas-topped structures, and from one of these issued the wavering, metallic notes of a phonograph advertising the place as a house of entertainment.

Sam Kirby was at the bar when his daughter discovered him, and her first searching look brought dismay to the girl. Pushing her way through the crowd, she said, quietly:

"Please don't trouble. I'll bring up a bit; then I must go back to dad."

"My dear, you're chilled through—you'll die in those wet things," the older woman told her.

Miss Kirby shook her head and in a queer strained, apprehensive voice, said: "You don't understand. He's had a drink; if he gets started—" She shivered wretchedly and hid her white face in her hands, then moaned: "Oh, what a day! Danny's gone! I saw him drown."

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