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## RAILROAD SCHEDULE In Effect June 28, 1925

| To Effect June 28, 1925 | To Northbound | 136 To Washington | 5:05 A. M. | 34 To New York | 4:43 P. M. | 12 To Richmod | 7:10 P. M. | 12 To Richmod | 7:10 P. M. | 30 To New York | 1:55 A. M. | Southbound | 1:55 A. M. | Southbound | 1:55 A. M. | 1:55

| Southbound | No. 45 To Charlotte | 3:55 P. M. No. 35 To New Orleans | 9:56 P. M. No. 20 To Birmingham | 2:35 A. M. No. 31 To Augusta | 5:31 A. M. No. 33 To New Orleans | 8:25 A. M. No. 135 To Atlanta | 8:35 A. M. No. 135 To Atlanta | 8:35 F. M. No. 37 To New Orleans | 10:45 A. M. Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to the on passengers going to Washington and beyond | Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from berond Washington.



KINGDOM IS WITHIN :- Neithe shall they say, lo here; or, lo the for, behold the kingdom of God within you. Luke 17:21.

### ANOTHER MOB INDICTED

Twenty men were convicted Asheville Saturday of participation in the recent raid on the Asheville jail in search of a negro charged with at-tacking a white woman. Fifteen of the men were sentenced, the other five

receiving suspended sentences.

This is the second time in the course of a few months that mobs have been indicted and convicted in North Carolina. The first was in the eastern part of the State when a young man was taken from jai and mutilated. The fact that the second case was centered in the west ern part of the State and that conctions were secured in each case in-cates that the people of the State e generally agreed that mobs will

Judge John M. Oglesby, of Concord was presiding at a term of Buncombe County Superior Court when the at-tack on the jail was made. He immediately instructed that every effort be made to apprehend the mob members Sheriff Mitchell worked diligently on the case as did Solicitor Swain. The court officials as well as the county officials are to be commended for the promptness with which they acted Judge Oglesby fixed the bonds of the men arrested at \$2,500, showing in his first move that the State regarded the offense as a serious one

The negro which the mob tried to take from the jail has been duly fried and convicted. He will pay with his life for his crime. That shows that mob law is not needed in this State. It is not needed, nor will it be teler ated. We are not living in an age of barbarism, and those persons who seek to take the law into their own hands will realize it when justice act nptly and as surely as it did i lliamson and Asheville cases

### NO LOOSENING OF DRY LAWS

H. E. C. Bryant, Washington correspondent, comes out flat with the statement that the next Congress will not loosen up the prohibition law. Am effort will be made, Mr. Bryant says, to have the law changed so beer and light wines can be legally sold, but there is little chance for the changes to be made.

Eight of the ten Congressmen in North Carolina are known to be "dety" and the other two have not become so familiar with you?—Ed.

T. R. SHERRILL
Editor and Publisher

A. SHERRILL
Associate Editor

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of their way.

Contempt For the CourtStatesyifle Daily.
When the 30-odd Asheville residents who tried to smash the county bastile in their efforts to kill a negro were being arraigned for trial in Buncombe Superior court, two under bond failed to answer and Judge Stack ordered the bonds forfeited. The attorize for one of the absentees expained that his client had an important real estate transaction in Florida, which demanded his attention, and that the wires to Florida were so congested that he couldn't wire his client and he had recourse to the nfails. Take notice that a citizens under \$2,500 bond to answer a criminal charge, with full knowledge of course of the term of court to which he was bound, and the date, considered his private business of more importance than a summons to court. The court could await his return or go on withou him; he had more important business. The wires were so loader with business that his attorney couldn't wire him. Wire business to Floida out of Asheville must be enormous.

That is an example of the indifference with which the courts are often treated by those who think they will be able to get away with it, and who

That is an example of the indifference with which the courts are often treated by those who think they will be able to get away with it, and who often succeed. Judge Stack told the attorney that the excuse wasn't valid, but if that forfeited bond is collected it will be cause for surprise. Take notice of any Superior court sitting and observe how often the judge has to twiddle his thumbs while he waits the appearance of subpoenaed witnesses, defendants under bond, or other persons, frequently attorneys, who often come in at their convenience and pleasure. With all due onsideration for emergencies, that sort of indifference to court orders and regulations doesn't create respect for the courts; ad, some of the excuses offered by lawyers are an insult to the intelligence of the court.

### It Was the Devil Who Said It.

It Was the Devil Who Said It.

Stanly Enterprise.
Editor Eugene Asheraft in his
Catch-All Column says:
"Newspapers say that it cost W.
B. Cole \$100,000 to be acquitted of the
murder of W. W. Ormond, the World
War veteran. No doubt Mr. Cole believes it worth the money to be saved
from the electric chair. The Good
Rook says all that a man bath will

lieves it worth the money to be saved from the electric chair. The Good Book says all that a man hath will be give for his life."

If friend Ashcraft will investigate a bit, he will find that the Good Book does not say "all that a man hath ewill give for his life." It was not God who said that, it was the devil. And it's as big a lie as the devil ever told. His satanic majesty remarked that "all that a man hath will he give for his life." when designing ways and means of tempting Job away from and means of tempting Job away from his God. All that a man hath he wil not always give for his life. Thous ands of men have died rather than for ands of men have died rather than forreit their honor, or the honor of their
country. The grave of every Revolutionary soldier gives the lie to the devil's statement that, "all that a man
hath will he give for his life." No
the Good Book never made any such
statement, Brother Asheraft, for the
Good Book never uttered an untrue
statement, and that statement, "all
that a man bath will he give for his
fille" is untrue. that a man bath

### A Plea For Seat Hogs.

A Plea For Seat Hogs.
Editor New York Mirror:
My father and biother-in-law both
commute to the city and use the subways. They both work hard. Why
should they give up their seats to silly
young flappers? They are not "seat
hogs," when elderly women enter the
car. The men are the real breadwinners and if anyone should have special cars it is the men. As it is they
have to be smeared with power and
paint and loose hairs from the flappers. I would like to have other people who think the same as I write to
the Peoples' Mirror with their ideas.
MISS GLEN COVE.
True, a tired man has a right to his

MISS GLEN COVE.
True, a tired man has a right to his
seat after a hard day's work. It is
not this man the Daily Mirror is critcising. And no woman would criticise him for keeping his seat.—Ed.

A Man's Viewpoint.

Editor New York Mirror:
You say women are not safe in the subways. It's the truth. Some women are not safe when let loose. I was in a subway car last September when a come woman womanded to get when a young woman managed to get her hand too near my pocket. It cost

that you are ashamed of being a victive be made.

Sight of the ten Congressmen in the Carolina are known to be ry' and the other two have not an questioned yet. Both Senator amous and Senator Overman are rey" Mr. Bryant says Wayne R. heeler, director of the antiliquot has been been said that of the House members 22:5 to 6 435 are opposed to changes in the present law.

That means, of course, that the law ill not been chunged so as an make is a to sell beer and wine if the course that the law is cliently be to sell beer and wine if the course that the law is cliently be to sell beer and wine if the course that the law is cliently be to sell beer and wine if the course that the law is cliently be the law it is cliently been cloudy on the morning of the trace.

The means, of course, that the law is cliently been cloudy on the morning of the trace.

The mans are estiled.

The will not advocate galoous the races lack here so far.

The will not advocate sploous the races lack here so far.



#### CHAPTER XXVIII. (Continued)

There were other overflows unand in places the sleds slewed side-wise and the dogs ran on slack traces across long stretches of bare glare ice. It was while negotiating such a place as this that Rock paid the price of his earlier carelessness, Doret's dry moose-skin soles had a sure grip, hence he never hesitated, but the lieutenant's mocasing were Doret's dry moose-skin soles had a sure grip, hence he never hesitated, but the lieutenant's moccasins were like a pair of tin shoes now and, without warning, he lost his footing. He was running swiftly at the moment; he strove to save himself, to twist in midair, but he failed. Poleon heard a cry of pain and dismay, so he halted his team and came striding back. Rock raised himself, then took a step, but failtered and clung helplessly to the handlebars. He began to curse furiously; he undertook to estimate the extent of his injury, then explained:

'My foot doubled under me and I came down on it like a ton of bricks, By Heavens! I believe something broke."

By Heavens! I believe something broke."

'Poleon was solicitous. He blamed himself, too. "It's dem wet moccasin." I should have stop an mak' you change," said he.

"We can't stop," Rock groaned. "I'll be all right as soon as—" The words ended in another explosive oath as he again put his weight upon the injured member. Blasphemy poured from his lips as repeatedly he tried to force his foot to carry him. He cursed himself for a clumsy blundering ass; he shouted at his dogs; he sent his sled forward and furched along behind it, half supporting himself, until 'Poleon finally halted him.

"It's no good mak' bad t'mg worse, M'sieu'," the woodsman delared. "You bus him for sure, an it's no use goin' furder. S'pose mebbe we boil de kettle, el?"

"And let them get away clean? When we had 'em? They can't be a mile ahead. Let 'em slip between our fingers?" raved the officer. "I can't. I won't."

"We mak' li'l fire an' look him over dat foot. Me, I t'ink you don' walk no more for two, t'ree week!"

"You go! I'll deputize you! Get 'em, Doret, quick! You can do it! I'll wait! Go ahead!"

The other nodded. "Sure, I can get 'em! I never have no doubt 'I'll wait! Go ahead!"

"The other nodded. "Sure, I can get 'em! I never have no doubt 'bout dat in de least, but it's better we fix you corfor ble."

"They'll be across, I tell you—over the Line—"

"I came pas' dat place more 'n once or twice"—the French Cana-

"They'll be across, I tell youover the Line—"
"I came pas' dat place more 'n
once or twice"—the French Canadian grinned—"an' I never seen it
no Line." He forced his companion
to lower himself upon the sled, then
swing it toward the river-bank,
calling upon his own lead dog to
follow. Up and into the shelter of
the spruce he drove the Folice team;
quickly he felled dry wood and kindled a fire. This took but a few
moments, but Rock was wet with
sweat and in consequence he was
shivering wretchedly; his teeth were
chattering even before the blaze had
taken hold. Poleon continued to
work with what speed he could, and
in a surprisingly short time he had
built a sinug wickinp and filled it
with boughs. This done, he unhitched and fed both teams, spread
Rock's sleeping bag under the shelter, and set a pail of snow to melt.
By the light of the fire he examined
the latter's injury, but could, make
tittle of it, for already it was bad'y
swollen and every manipulation
caused its owner extreme pain.
There were no remedies available;
there was not even a vessel of sufficient size in which to bathe the foot; here was not even a vessel of suffi-ient size in which to bathe the foot; tence Poleon contented himself by andaging it and helping his trail-nate into bed.

Not since leaving Poleon

bandaging it and helping his trailmate into bed.

Not since leaving Dawson had
either man tasted hot food, but
their hunger was as nothing to their
thirst. Even in this length of time
their bodies had shruhk, withered,
inside their clothing and for perhaps an hour they took turns greedily draining the pail of its tepid
contents. Under intense cold the
human body consumes itself at a
rapid rate. Once it has burned itself out it preys upon those deephidden forces which nature holds
in reserve, and the process of recuperation waits upon a restoration
of a normal balance of moisture.

Both men were weighed down by
an aching, nightmare fatigue, and as
they sat gulping hot water, absorbing heat from within and without

an acting, nightmare fatigue, and as they sat gulping hot water, absorbing heat from within and without, their smuscles set and they felt as if their ilmbs had turned to stone.

But, once the first mad craving for drink had been assuaged, they fried bacon and made tea. Like wolves they fell upon the salt meat; they dipped the hot grease up in their spoons and swallowed it with relish; they crunched their hardlack and washed the powdery mouthfuls down with copious draughts from the blackened pail. When the tea was gone they brewed another scalding bucketful.

Rock lay back finally, but the movement caused him to bare his teeth in agony. At Poleon's quick inquiry he shook his head.

"Tm all right," he declared. "Good for the night. You can pull out any time you want to."

"Dere's plenty tam." Poleon lift his pipe and reached again for the tea-bucket.

"Poleon was squatted Indian fishid on over the blaze; he was staring
fixedly into the flames, and an aboriginal reticence had settled upon
the min. After a long time he answered;
"Mebbe so I keel de beeg feller. I
dim. After a long time he answered;
"Mebbe so I keel de beeg feller. I
dim. After a long time he answered;
"Decent of you to take a chame
like that for Pierce," Rock resumed.
"It's different with me; I have to
do it. Just the same, I wouldn't care
to follow those fellows over the
Boundary. I don't think you'd better try it."

In spite of his suffering, the lieutenant fell into a doze; whether he
slept ten minutes or an hour he never
the camp-fire, still smoking, still sipping tea. Rock ate and drank some
more; again he slept. For a second
time his pain roused him, and once
more he marveled to discover Polcon occupied as before. It seemed
to him that the fellow would never
satisfy himself. Eventually, however, the latter arose and made preparations to leave.

"The Northern Lights had flickered
to him that the fellow would never
satisfy himself. Eventually, however, the latter arose and made preparations to leave.

"The Northern Lights had flickered
to him that the fellow would never
satisfy himself. Eventually, however the latter arose and made preparations to leave.

"The Northern Lights had flickered
to him that the fellow would never
satisfy himself. Eventually, however the latter arose and made preptraining the scintillating frost jewels
frozen into the dome of heaven;
there were no sounds while
ever to break the deathlike silence
of the night, for the Arctic wastes
are all but lifefess. Ther was no
bird-calls, no sounds of insects, hot
ever to break the deathlike silence
of the night, for the Arctic wastes
are all but lifefess. The Arctic wastes
are all but lifefess. There was no
bird-calls, no sounds of insects, hot
ever the whisper of running water,
for the river was locked deep beneath its icy armor.

"You got 'nough wood to las' long
tame," Poleon declared. "If I

Poleon saw that a canvas sledcover had been used to cutrain the
door opening, and during the instant
following the alarm he brushed the
tarpaulin aside and stepped into the
pitch-black interior.

It had been a swift maneuver, the
result of a lightning-like decision
and not so reckless as it appeared.
He stood now with his back to the
rough log wall, every muscle in his
body taut, his ears strained for some
sound, some challenge. He had been
prepared for a shot out of the darkness, but nothing came. His lungs
were filling with the first deep breath
of relief when a sleepy voice spoke;
"That you, Frank?" Poleon remained fixed in his tracks. "Frank!"
There was a moment's pause, then
"Frank!"

red a rustle as of a bod then a startled mumble in



Joe McCaskey uttered

Joe McCaskey uttered a cry, a scream. The flame was crushed in his palms and again the cabin was ink black. It remained as silent as before except for a dry rattling of breath in the elder brother's throat. "Wha—what 'd you—see?" the younger one gasped. Both men were bow fully awake, but, disregarding the question, Joe cried, wildly:

wildly:
"Who are you? What d'you want?" And then, when no answer ame: "Christ be Say something."
Poleon could hear the wretch noisten his dry lips; he could picsure both men sitting bolt upright in their sleeping-bags; he could feel he terror that was creeping over them. want?'

in their sleeping-bags; he could feei the terror that was creeping over them.

"Who'd you see?" Frank whispered again.

"S-something big! Right there!" Joe's tone was firmer now; nevertheless, fright still held him motionless, paralyzed. He was staring with blind eyes into the velvet blackness, and his flesh was ripping with a superstitious horror of that formless creature he had glimpes. What was it that had walked in out of the night and now crouched ready to spring? Nothing human, nothing hattiral, that was sure.

Similar thoughts raced madly through his brother's brain, and the latter let forth a thin wail—almost a sob. The sound set Joe into motion. Swiftly but clumsily he fumbled through the dry grass with which his bunk was filled. He uttered a throaty curse, for he had laid his revolver by his side, right where his hand would fall upon it. Where was the thing—? Joe's body turned rigid, his shaking fingers grew stiff and useless, when out of the darkness came a sigh-faint but unmistakable; whence it issued neither brother could tell. With another shriek Frank fell back and burrowed finto his sleeping-bag.

### CHAPTER XXIX

CHAPTER XXIX

Rouletta Kirby spent an anxious and a thoughtful night. The more she dwelt upon Laure's peculiar behavior the more it roused her suspicions and the more she felt justified in seeking an interview with Colonel Cavendish. She rose early, therefore, and went to Police Head-quarters.

them sufficient time in which to overcome the first accord of fittine and
to fall asleep. He wondered appretensively where they had put their
dogs, and if by any evil chance the
McCaskey team included an "outside" dog of the watchful, barking
variety.

Gingerly he stepped out, and found
that the snow underfoot gave off
only the faintest whisper. Like a
shadow he stole closer to the hat
teceping the imperceptible night
treeze in his face.

So noiseless was his approach that
the tired dogs, snugly curled each in
the strength of the tired of the
surroundings. She wandered
restlessly about the room, humming
time the window-curtains to he
the window curtains to he
the window-curtains to he
the window curtains to he
the window-curtains to he
the window curtains to he
the window-curtains to he
the window curtains to he

low-voiced conversation with him.

When, eventually, the commandant himself emerged from his sanctum, he paused for a moment at his daughter's side; then he approached Rouletta.

Very briefly the latter made known the reason of her presence, and the colonel nodded.

"You did quite right in coming here," he declared, "and I'm sure this dance-hall girl knows more than she has told. In fact, I was on the point of sending for her Please wait until she arrives. Pershaps, we can straighten out this whole unpleasant affair informally. I'll need Phillips, too. Meanwhile, there's a friend of yours inside. Stepping to the inner door, he spoke to some one, and an instant later the Countess Courteau came forth.

Rouletta had not seen the Countess alone since early the previous evening. She went swiftly to he now and placed an arm about her feelillers. Hilds responded to thin mith of sympathy with a weary and."

(To be continued)

### DINNER STORIES

The mbtorcycle cop at last pulled up beside the speeder.

"I've chased you for a mile," he belowed, "to tell you that you were going sisty an hour."

"Willikins!" remarked the offender pildly. "Bad news sure travels fast, lon't it?"

I was to marry a blonde in a month. She—Oh, that's all right. I can be a blonde in a month.

George—Can I borrow a cigarette! Elmer—Well, you ought to be able you've got enough practice.

"For heaven's sake!" ejaculatede a percritical tourist in the Slippery ab neighborhood, "why don't you ash your windows? You could

Aunt 'Liga's former mistress wa talking to her one morning when suddenly she discovered a little piccanning standing shyly behind his mother's skirts. "Is this your little boy, Aunt 'Liza?" she asked.

"Yees, miss, dat's Prescription."
"Goodness, what a funny name, auntie, for a child! How in the world did you happen to call him dat?"

"Ah simply calls him dat beeux Ah has seeh hard work gettin' h'm filled

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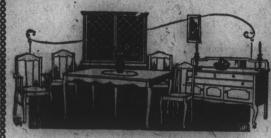
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