

The Concord Daily Tribune

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RAILROAD SCHEDULE: In Effect Nov. 29, 1925. Northbound: No. 40 to New York 9:28 P. M.

THE PRINCE OF PEACE: For untous a child is born: and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called, The Prince of Peace.—Isaiah 9:6.

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY: Bible thoughts memorized will prove a precious heritage in after years.

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?: Once upon a time a little girl in New York City was almost heart broken because her playmates told her there was no Santa Claus.

CUTEST THING: New York Mirror. The teacher was giving the class a lecture on gravity, and said, "Now, children, it is the law of gravity that keeps us on this earth."

Using Cross Word Puzzles Again: The New York World has resumed the use of cross word puzzles. This paper, in which the original cross word puzzle appeared, gave up the puzzles some time ago.

ATWATER KENT RADIO: Do you like fine concerts? They are singing through your home right now. Or lectures, home talks, or the speeches of the President?

Yorke & Wadsworth Co.: Let us demonstrate. The first Christmas dinner at the White House was in 1800, and its preparation was supervised by the wife of President John Adams.

CHICKEN THIEF DROPS BAG BUT KEEPS GOING: Rowan Man and His Son Chase Robert But He Escapes.—W. A. Whirlow Is Dead.

W. A. Whirlow, 38 years old, died at Miami, Fla., death being caused by a heart attack. Mr. Whirlow's mother, Mrs. R. C. Whirlow, lives here, as does a sister, Mrs. T. M. Casey, and three brothers, Zeb, Henry, and Carr Whirlow.

SANTA CLAUS AND THE MOUSE: One Christmas Eve, when Santa Claus came to a certain house to fill the children's stockings there, he found a little mouse.

PERFUME: The Perfect Gift. D'Orsay, presents their perfumes to the increasing demand of the American woman, who always knows, and insists on quality.

Gibson Drug Store: The Rexall Store. WANTED: To supply your needs in Apples, Oranges, Candies, Nuts and Raisins.

Cabarrus Cash Grocery Co.: Special Prices on Quantities for Christmas Trees.

Getting Even With Barber. As the Post Office clerk handed out a dollar's worth of stamps he asked: "Don't you want to send something by parcel post? Have a money order? Or a package of postcards? Well why not buy some stamps envelopes? Always handy, you know. Would you like to telephone? The booth's empty?"

CHAPTER X—Continued. "Just tell the flip gentleman what you'll do to him, when you get loose—pretty now, ain't polite, of dear. Aw! that ain't pretty, Poochie! Say, Sister, you'd better stick your fingers in your ears. When Pooch is sore, what he says ain't fit for publication in the 'Police Gazette'."

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DINNER STORIES

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Bobbed Hair

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Now, during this conversation Connemara had first looked volu- meous, then tossed her head, again returned to study the darkness over the lee rail. Several times she repeated this maneuver, though discreetly, as she pondered over his status with the gang and, what seemed more important, with the girl. He was undeniably charming; but, then, charming men were sometimes strangely interested in girls far beneath them. And too, charming men made, so those experienced said, the most expert of criminals. He was brave, handsome—of course that was not to the point—but he seemed so eminently well bred and—well, anyway, Connemara also was finding things a bit incomprehensible.

But what was that staccato 'put-put' off their quarter! That good-looking Harvard boy back again! She made out the lines of the on-coming bulk. It was longer and beamier than Bob's little craft, larger even than the Bloody Nuisance. And that gruff hail was not at all like the gallant Bob's. "Stand by, or we'll fire!"

"Golly!" said Connie. "They're looking for my salary again. I knew it was too good to last." And reaching for support, instead of the rail she clutched the hand of Lacy, who, at the sound, had sprung to her side. The bald pate of the Scot, like a moonlit desert with an auburn morage, appeared once more over the cockpit. He chuckled audibly. "Ye've lost, Davie; there's the Swede."

"Yes, confound your Scotch dourness, or whatever you call it! I believe you monkeyed with that engine on purpose."

He shrugged his shoulders hopelessly, adding, "All right, I've picked my man; you pick your 'sax,' old Scot. And I hope you get killed."

But immediately the demand was repeated from the leader of the crew whom they could dimly discern through the murk, and Lacy turned to the girl.

"Can you swim as far as that shore—if we get in trouble?"

With her nod of assent, he picked her up bodily and almost threw her in the cockpit, growling out, "Lie low; they may fire"; then, tossing a life belt after her, tempo- rized with Fate as personified in that insolent voice, by running to the wheel and ordering McTish to address the newcomers as they circled round them.

"Who is 't' speakin' us?" roared the latter through cupped hands. "Are ye some o' them damned revenooers?"

"You bloody Scotch stool pigeon, bring that sea-goin' hack of yours alongside or we'll blow you to—" The wind muffled this last, but the speaker's geography, Connie was sure, was impressively accurate.

A moment Lacy reflected, as he caught the gleam of a six-pounder. There were seven against the two, nine if you counted Doc and Pooch, who would be freed the moment the others came aboard. His brain, working with lightning rapidity, showed him only one possible way out—a chance in a hundred, at that. The Swede's craft was an old tub, the nose of their own steel. It was a desperate expedient he had in mind, but it might succeed.

"All right," he called, "we'll go about. You heave to and wait for us." And whirling the wheel, he swung the nose of the Bloody Nuisance the five boat's length of clear water that now lay between them, and before the bewildered crew on the other boat had time to diagnose the maneuver, were upon them.

Amidships the Bloody Nuisance struck, stoving in her enemy's side, and blunting as she did so her own gallant nose. There was a crash, the shearing of short timbers and plates, a wild medley of oaths, and the smaller boat backed out, as the other craft listed, the water pouring through the gaping wound in her side.

But at this point their own engine balked; and time had been lost in the extrication. There was not enough clear water now between the two crafts to repel the boarders. Up chain and rope, and over the rail they swarmed, six of them, the seventh falling backward with the bark from McTish's revolver, which, however, was instantly knocked from his hand.

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