

*(The Revolving Romance of a Stoppers' adventures on life's highway)*  
**Miss Nobody**  
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But there was more wine of despair than wine of the grape running in his blood and to his tongue.

"What was it?" asked a drunken voice with vast solemnity. "Part of the show?"

"Be still!" thundered Bravo. "You are mongrel dogs, all of you. To be loyal to a host—that's elemental. But it's not your way. You stuff yourselves at this woman's table and then go out to vomit slanders in the bushes. I said you were dogs. I apologize to all dogs for that slander. You're worse than dogs. Dogs lick the hands that feed them. And she—"

He turned and sought out Barbara's eyes from the confusing firmament of them which looked, stary with gin and fear, into his. He fixed his gaze on her intently and his voice was sad.

"She is the simplest of fools."

The little red spots in Barbara's cheeks spread. His direct address—the public insult—released in her a latent strong emotion she identified as hate. She reached blindly for Petrie's arm and seized it in a grip that made him wince.

"Get your crowd," she said in a strangled whisper. "Throw him out!" Petrie stood rooted to the spot. She addressed the crowd: "Throw him out!"

Other voices took up the cry. The majority were women's voices. But not a man moved.

Bravo suddenly swung the axe. He planted it in a wooden upright, where it quivered a moment and then stood fixed, close to his hand.

"Come and throw me out," he invited. He waited long. "No volunteers!" All right. Now—all of you—out! Get out of here. The party's over."

Again he waited. There was an uneasy shuffling of feet, but no general movement in any direction. Bravo gripped the shaft of the axe and pulled it loose. He swung the axe at arm's length and drove again for the upright. There was an ominous sound of protesting timbers, grinding one against the other. The roof over the mad axeman's head began to sag. He swung the axe again. It met, this time, such slight resistance that it drove through into the outer air. He was thrown for a moment off his balance and off his guard.

He remounted rather than saw the concerted attacking movement behind him. Dropping the axe he swung to meet a half-dozen of the braver spirits, who had advanced two paces toward him.

They halted. He strode forward. He pushed the first man violently backward. The unfortunate Bohemian staggered back several feet and fell with a loud splash into the pool.

"Swine," roared Bravo. "I'll baptize you all."

He reached for another form, lifted him into the air, and hurled him into the pool. He got a third before the exodus started.

There was a wild babble of voices, the toting of automobile horns. Then the whole mob in the pavilion found a single impulse. It melted.

Now the axeman was alone. With the solemn intentness of the methodical madman, he marched along the wall of the pavilion, swinging at each upright as he passed it.

The three men ducked into the pool, clambered out and fled.

Half way round the circuit of the hall, when the structure warned of disaster with a sudden lurch of all its timbers in one direction, Bravo dashed and looked about him in a daze.

He thought of another time, when he had invaded a town with dynamite, and blown up its streets for a woman.

Why had he done this?

He was alone, he had thought. But now his eyes met those of the other who lingered.

He reached her in another stride, seized her around the waist, lifted her as though she were a child, and vaulted through an open low-arched window to the firm turf outside.

The wall near which they stood withdrew from them in a piece. The pavilion, with one final sinking of breaking wood, sank down slowly at their feet and lay beyond them, a great oval of ruin on the wide stretch of moonlit lawn.

"There," she said quietly. "You've wrecked the place. Are you content?"

"I've got my car outside," he answered. "I'm going to drive you to your place in Ryeneck. I don't want you around here any more."

"I shall stay here," she said firmly.

"You're coming with me," he lowered.

"You'll have to carry me!" she defied.

So he lifted her in his arms, and carried her.

Without shame, she snuggled close to him as he sent the car roaring into the long green tunnel which dwindled ahead of them in the moonlight.

"Driving to the nearest freight yard, Bravo?" she asked, impatient, after a mile of silence. "I'm dressed to hit the rods."

"I'd like to drive to the ocean," came back the answer thinly through the noise of the roaring engine, "and throw you in. That would be the end of a perfect day."

"It wouldn't do any good," she sighed. "I can swim."

"The car leaped ahead viciously. 'You've been drinking,' she chided.

"Steadily," he said, without turning his head. "Ever since I got into this damned town. But I won't stay here much longer. I'm going to take you home."

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**Hopkins Heirs Ask Money Be Held Pending Claims of Kin**

Greensboro News.

The petition of various and sundry claimants to shares in the estate of \$300,000,400 alleged to have been left by Mark Hopkins, California millionaire, who died in the late 70's, filed in the office of R. L. Blaylock, clerk of the United States court for the western district of North Carolina, this city, two weeks ago, for a hearing before Judge E. Tate Webb to establish their relationship to the wealthy gold miner and railroad man, has caused people who crave a share in that great piece of change to flood the office of Mr. Blaylock with numerous inquiries.

No sooner was the petition for a hearing filed than the wires of news gathering associations, notably the Associated Press, flashed the tidings to all parts of the country. Mark Hopkins' heirs wanted the great estate distributed among more persons than Mark's common law wife and his brother Moses. Relations, real or alleged, bloomed, and the 174 were were parties to the petition for a hearing filed here threaten to become a minority, if what the people writing to the office of Mr. Blaylock contend is true.

The petitioners alleged that Mark Hopkins, who sailed out with the gold rush for California in 1849, left brothers and sisters behind him and that the children and other descendants of these sisters and brothers are justly entitled to a share of what he accumulated. Hopkins and his brother are said to have left the parental roof in Randolph county following the investigation of the theft of a horse, which was a neck-breaking affair in those days.

News of court action involving the Hopkins estate quickly spread, and no sooner had the tidings gone forth than other claimants seized pen in hand and wrote letters and such. One received by the clerk's office here insisted that all money collected for redistribution be held until the writers had time to dig into family records and establish their right to share in the total. Mr. Blaylock is willing to hold all the money he has collected for the Hopkins heirs—if any. Still others ask if the \$300,000,000

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in other sections, Missouri, Arkansas, Oregon, Ohio, California, Wyoming, Georgia and South Carolina are represented to date, as are the counties of Randolph and Rockingham, in this state.

Clerk Blaylock is thinking of appointing one of his assistants as clerk in charge of Hopkins' hopes.

**A Fighting Jeweler Slain.**  
 Monroe Enquirer.

You have probably never heard of Aaron Rodack, who was slain by robbers in New York last week. Aaron was a jeweler who persisted in the time-honored belief that those who wished to obtain his jewelry should come in and buy and not come in and shoot.

We call your attention to his death because he exemplified a fighting spirit which will enable the people of this country to cope with outlaws. Two years ago, when robbers began to make life miserable for jewelers in New York, Aaron remarked, "They will get nothing while I live and they might as well stay away." Others have said this before, only to change their minds as they looked into the blue steel barrel of an automatic.

Early in 1924 three robbers entered Aaron's shop and ordered him to throw up his hands. During the bullets that whistled past him, he reached for his ready pistol and opened fire, pursuing the fleeing bandits into the street and chasing their departing automobile as fast as he could, firing as he ran.

This exploit won considerable notoriety for Aaron, but alarmed his wife, alone was not completely reassured when he told her that the robbers now understood that he meant business and would stay away. Early in 1925 another gang swarmed into his shop, giving the same "hands-up" order. Again Aaron snatched his pistol, dodged bullets and routed the gangsters, pursuing them on the sidewalk and bringing down one of their number, fatally wounded.

By this time, Aaron was the center of something like hero-worship in his neighborhood. His prestige was equal to the old-time sheriff with many notches in his gun, but Aaron was somewhat disturbed, his theory that robbers would let him alone had been shattered.

Less than two weeks ago five robbers swooped down upon him and once again Aaron reached for his gun and put them to rout. Once again, and once too often, he pursued them to the sidewalk and fired upon them as they fled in their car. The bandits, one fatally wounded, combined their fire from the rear of the car and one

of the bullets went through Aaron's head.

**Two New Colleges to Be Established Near Herwin.**  
 (By International News Service)  
 Marion, Ill., Aug. 26.—Williamson county, noted for the bark of gunmen's pistols, soon may become famous also for its educational opportunities. For two new colleges are preparing to open their doors.

At Cambria, a little town near Herwin, steps are being taken for the founding of a self-help college, to offer a two year college course. According to Rev. Ben T. Baggott, Cambria, president of the Holiness association which is sponsoring the movement, \$100,000 has been secured toward a fund for the establishment of the institution.

The second collegiate effort of Williamson county is being exerted at Creal Springs, thirteen miles southeast of here, where the old Creal Springs college is being revived. It is expected to open this fall and will offer degrees in liberal art and music. The college is a Baptist institution.

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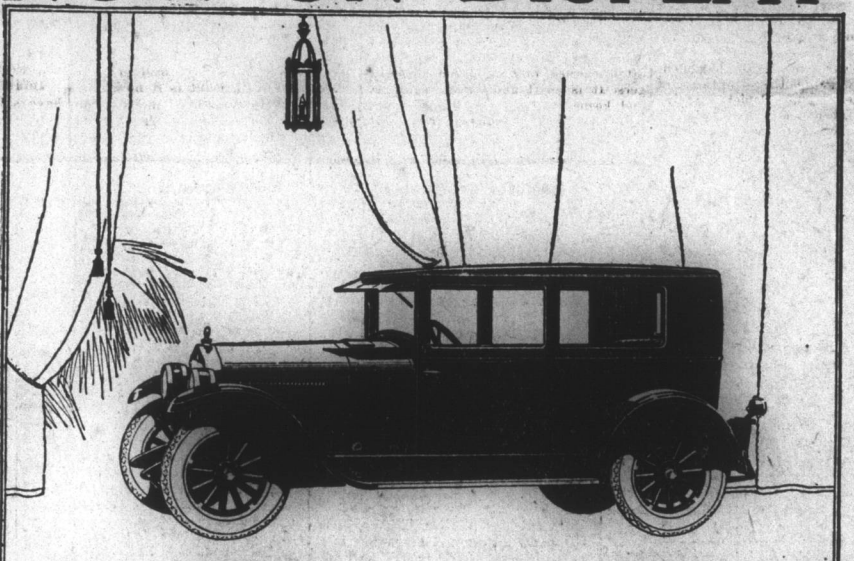
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