

OUR PRIVATE CHAPEL AFFORDS PRIVACY, COMFORT

The modern funeral chapel provides all the privacy and comfort of a private residence plus every facility and service that the funeral director has at hand.

Our mortuary is a beautiful and restful place that provides our patrons with a type and character of service unequalled.

AMBULANCE SERVICE BELL & HARRIS FUNERAL HOME

Open Day and Night Phone 640

Sequi-Centennial Exposition

PHILADELPHIA, PA. June 1-November 30, 1926 Special Excursion Fares VIA Southern Railway System

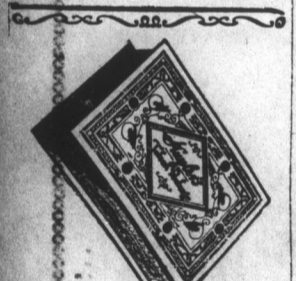
Tickets on sale daily from all Southern Railway stations up to and including September 30th. Final return limit all tickets fifteen days including date of sale.

Stop-overs permitted at Washington and Baltimore in each direction within final limit of tickets.

Fine trains, excellent schedules, pullman sleeping cars, day coaches and dining car service.

For further information and pullman sleeping car reservations call on any Southern Railway agent or address:

R. H. GRAHAM, D. P. A. Charlotte, N. C.



Stuyler's Token Package

WHAT a gift, this Stuyler's Token Package! From the first delicious chocolate to the last, it will gladden the heart of the most particular candy lover, \$1.50 per pound.

PEARL DRUG CO.

22 PHONES 722



Dignified Equipment

Our Funeral Home is equipped in a dignified manner of complete appointment. Facilities that properly meet each requirement of a ceremony of quiet privacy.

Wilkinson's Funeral Home

PHONE 9

Open Day and Night

24-Hour Ambulance Service

PARADISE COSMO HAMILTON Author of SCANDAL & BLINDNESS & VIRTUE Published by arrangement with First National Pictures

"Do you understand, or shall I put it in blunter words than those?"

"This blankety-blankin' toff! 'Oo the 'ell! Got a lot of pluck or right, standin' 'is ground like that there. One blow and he was dead. Now, now, tact, tact."

"Very good. I thoroughly understand." God, what a cheek.

"Good night, then, Mr Quex," said Tony. "I'm greatly obliged to you."

"Good night, Gov'nor," said Mr. Quex. "Many 'appy dreams."



Then inch by inch the door opened. The o'er creaked under a creeping step.

And finally, after undressing very quietly in order not to disturb Christie, Tony, being blessed with youth and its glorious optimism, did sleep like a log. On the way to bed he had, however, reviewed the state of things.

It was natural, after all, he told himself, that this man who had been born on, and made his living out of, that island should have been considerably jarred by the sudden arrival of its claimant after all his tears of sole and complete possession. Perfectly natural. What would have been his own feelings under a reversal of the position? On the whole, therefore, he had behaved extremely well. The point was lustily and rightly taken, too, as to his having accepted the interlopers on their face value. The caretaker of another man's property, it was his duty to be satisfied as to the identity of his wholly unexpected visitors and the authenticity of their claim.

Obviously, there was no doubt about that. Also it was human to hope that there be something fishy in all this which would prevent his being deposed from his hitherto uncontested seat, and if he intended to put up a fight, he had every right on his side. Should he, in spite of his appearance and his brutal methods of punishing delinquents, turn out to be a rough but honest man, the production of the deeds and their lodgment with the consul would be all that was needed to make him resign with cheerfulness and accept with stoicism the new regime. Should he, on the contrary, live up to his ugliness and show any definite signs of the rascality that he had suggested once or twice, the greatest care must be taken to keep the priceless chart away from him with its tremendous temptation to play the crooked game.

As one who had lived on his wits and been in command of men in war, Tony had great knowledge of human nature. Like a doctor, a lawyer, a banker, or a card sharp, it had been his business—his only one before the war, when everything had changed—to study men. The result of all this and of his service had been to give him a deep-seated faith in the human race. Treated with kindness, imagination and understanding, good, bad and indifferent men all responded; towards warmed into a false courage, ungrateful devils showed a certain amount of graciousness, dirty dogs refrained temporarily from snapping at other people's bones. Even in the case of Sherwood, who, heaven knew, had lived under long years of suffering and a fanatical grievance, there were, Tony held, many plausible reasons for excuse. And so, being a confirmed optimist with a justifiable confidence in his winning smile, he preferred to believe in the integrity of Quex—but to keep the chart to himself. And having arrived at that conclusion went to sleep.

An hour or so later, something—a perception of evil, a signal to the protective sense—brought Christie to instant consciousness. Her eyes opened. Her ears strained for a sound. With a series of icy rivulets down her spine she remained motionless. There was Tony, lying stretched and flaccid at her side. There was a great white splash of moonlight on the floor. There was the perpetual drumming of the sea. Then, inch by inch, the door opened. The floor creaked under a creeping step. A figure stepped over the puddle of light. The frock was canary yellow, the swanny hair as black as ink. Framed in the shadowy doorway the looming unshapely body of the very friendly Quex.

A case was opened, found empty, closed. Another. Yet another. A tongue was clicked against the roof of a mouth. There was a whispered suggestion, a hand was waved towards a cupboard. The quality opening of a door, the rustle of stirred clothes in a passage and faintest noise.

Search! That was the word. For what? Dear God, what did this mean? And then, at last, the quiet shutting of the cupboard, a brief interchange of whispers, a smothered oath, the snakelike withdrawal of the woman, another gleam of yellow the merging of two figures—the inch by inch reclosing of the door.

And Christie sat bolt upright in bed. For a moment she felt as though she must utter a scream that could be heard not on the yacht but in Pantan Street. Not on the yacht because this somehow seemed to fit in with the Sherwood scheme. In Pantan Street because there, in those two clean, normal rooms, had been the cage-like safety of a home. "You little fool," she said in her head, "be brave. Control yourself. Say a prayer. Guard over Tony. Tony, oh, my Tony!" And so, hardly breathing, she sat erect, fingers stretched, eyes distended, nostrils wide, mouth open—until, outside after an angry growl, a door banged and after that nothing to disturb the rolling drum of sea.

Then she relaxed, bent over and kissed Tony on the lips. Not in the spirit of wifely or maternal love, or lover's passion, but as a frightened child pleading to be held, and hidden, and warmed. Tony slept like a log. She kissed him again and then again, with her arms about him, the trembling body close. And he smiled murmured and returned her kisses—woke—and becoming aware of the tremble and the icy limbs turned with quick anxiety.

But before he could speak his hand was on his mouth, that wonderful, small hand. "Sssh—whisper." He whispered, "What is it, Christie?" With her mouth almost to his ear she told him, and felt him go taut like a rope.

"The chart. The chart. They've got it. My God. I've lost it. This island's gone."

"The chart? Is that the thing they were after? Why?"

"To destroy my proofs. To do me out of my kingdom. Can't you see? At the very moment when I needed most. You heard those screams."

And without a word she took his hand and guided it to her breast beneath her nightgown.

A paper crinkled, and with her face against his face, Tony felt the wrinkling of a nose.

"Oh, God," he said. "Chris, you—you most amazing Chris. Where would I be without you?"

"There's no such place," she said.

VI

They began the first day on the island early. It was to be a very difficult day. All the more so because Tony was unarmed.

It had been decided in the whispered consultations of that stark-awake night to assume no knowledge of the attempted burglary, to play the parts of two green, island people, lately of an older civilization, who suffered from the anemic intellectualism of high sophistication which made them accept everything on its surface value, in the usual civilized way. Thus they hoped to mislead the man Bill Quex into the belief that they regarded him as a kind and thoughtful host who would do all that was in his power to help them with a view to being gratefully rewarded when the island changed hands.

And so at six o'clock in the morning, believing that Quex would be in bed, they entered the sitting room with the intention of getting a spade from one of the native servants and with this to follow the directions of the chart to the place where old Lord Stirling had, in a moment of self-conscious romanticism, buried the vital deeds. By means a bad idea.

They drew up short at the sight that met their eyes. Not having been anywhere near his bed, there was Quex, spread out in a drunken coma on his favourite wicker sofa, that was drawn across the main entrance to the house. His jacket had been flung upon the floor where it was spread-eagled flatly. His dirty buttonless shirt was gaping, his thin hair towelled, his lose-lipped mouth wide open, one arm hanging like a broken bough. An empty bottle of whisky was lolling between his legs.

"That's awkward," said Tony quietly. "And there's netting over the windows."

Christie thought quickly. She was in her most practical mood.

"I'm glad he's sleeping so heavily," she said. "It's good. All we've got to do is to go back to our rooms and before anybody sees us, break the netting over the window and climb out of the cottage through that."

About to turn, they heard the click of the gate, saw a native race light-footed up the clinker path and wave something at them from behind the hideous barrier of brush. There was a moment of indecision before he held the letter like a card, and spun it into the room, turning immediately with a sheepish smile and an obvious air of relief to make short work of the path, let himself out and disappeared.

A point of the envelope hit the wall, and as Quex stirred like an uneasy whale, Tony picked it up from the floor, put his hand under Christie's elbow, spread her into their bedroom and shut the door.

(To be Continued)

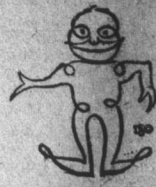
Copyright 1926 by First National Pictures

DISTURBED SLEEP

Relieved for Wisconsin Lady—Wants to Tell Others—Bladder Irritation the Cause.

Mrs. Ellen Johnson, Hillsboro, Wis., says she will tell or write any one how she was relieved by simple lithiated buchu. (Keller Formula). She says: "I had to get up nights so much. The irritation was so bad, I had to go to the hospital for eleven weeks. I improved some but was not at all well. I began to take lithiated buchu. I feel fine today. Haven't taken medicine for two months. Am still well. Gained 30 pounds."

Keller Laboratory, Mevane, Osgood, Ohio. Sold by all druggists. Locally at Gibson Drug Store.



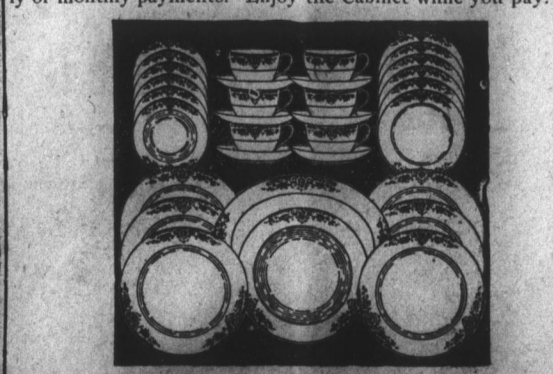
Electrically at your Service A Live Wire

W. J. HETHCOX

Advertisement for Junior League Bon Marche Saturday, October 9th. Includes text: 'A Campaign to Double Our FALL BUSINESS', 'Charlotte's Junior League (For the Baby Home) Will Manage Bon Marche Saturday, October 9th', 'The Junior League will receive a percentage of all sales for the benefit of their Baby Home. About 30 of these young ladies will assist the staff on Saturday. Help them help this wonderful work.', 'Bon Marche N. Tryon St. Charlotte, N. C.'



Car Load Sale Sellers Cabinets PRICES \$49.50, \$57.50, \$62.50, \$74.50 \$1.00 puts a Sellers in your home. Balance in small weekly or monthly payments. Enjoy the Cabinet while you pay.



Free—32-Piece China Set—Free With every Cabinet sold during this Sale, you get absolutely free a 32-piece set of Dinner China. No advance in prices.

Concord Furniture Co.

Large advertisement for THE CONCORD DAILY TRIBUNE. Text: 'ARE YOU READY? THE CABARRUS COUNTY FAIR Will Open NEXT TUESDAY, OCTOBER 12 Have You Gotten Your Season Ticket? THEY ARE FREE ONLY A FEW MORE LEFT The First Subscribers Who Pay a Year's Subscription in Advance on The Daily Tribune Will Get Them. GET YOUR TICKET TODAY! There May Be None Left Tomorrow. (The Ticket Is Good For Admission Every Day During the Fair) PHONE 78 OR CALL AT OFFICE THE CONCORD DAILY TRIBUNE 82 S. Union Street Concord, N. C.'

Advertisement for STANDARD GASOLINE. Text: 'The used key is always bright', 'Likewise the motor using Standard Gasoline. She's always bright and ready for any service—eager to speed you on the broad highway, to lift you over the hills without a shift, to carry you safely through intown traffic.', 'No gasoline peps a motor more or makes it give better year 'round service than Standard Gasoline. It's the result of fifty-six years' development. It's always dependable. It's obtainable everywhere.', 'says Dealer Dan', 'STANDARD GASOLINE ALWAYS DEPENDABLE', 'Free—32-Piece China Set—Free', 'With every Cabinet sold during this Sale, you get absolutely free a 32-piece set of Dinner China. No advance in prices.', 'Concord Furniture Co.', 'TIMES AND TRIBUNE PENNY ADS. ALWAYS GET RESULTS'