

How Goes Adventuring in—
PARADISE by COSMO HAMILTON
 Author of SCANDAL & THE BLINDNESS OF VIRTUE
 Published by arrangement with First National Pictures

Statesville's Grand Old Man
 Stanly News-Herald.

While in Statesville the other day we met one of the most remarkable men we have ever known. He was Captain W. H. H. Gregory, of that city. Shortly after we had been introduced to him, some one asked him "Captain, how old are you?" "Only 56," came back the prompt answer. Frankly, we were staggered, for the captain did not look to be over 65, if that. Our interest was at once kindled and so we fired many questions at our new "young friend." He can hear as well as a young man, his eye-sight is undimmed, his step is fairly quick and sure, he appears as much interested in what is going on over the state and the country as any young or middle aged man. In other words, he is remarkable in every way.

Captain Gregory is a native of Virginia, but has lived in this state for many years. He is a Confederate veteran and talks interestingly of the great war between the states. Captain Gregory is a gentleman of the old school, a typical southern gentleman. "You have the finest man in the world living at Albemarle," said Captain Gregory. "He is Mr. John S. Ehrld."

A Wall of War.

Paris, Oct. 9.—After being ignorant of the whereabouts of her family since the beginning of the war, Renee Vathu, then a little Belgian girl of four, has at last succeeded in tracing them. Her father, who joined the colors in 1914, was killed almost immediately, and her mother being dead, Renee was sent to her grandmother at St. Quentin. Her brothers and sisters were brought up by other relations.

When, in 1917, the population of St. Quentin was ordered to evacuate, her grandmother died and Renee lost all trace of her family. She wandered into German territory and was sent to Switzerland. Finally she went to Lyons, where the authorities made extensive inquiries for her relations.

Recently, nine years after the evacuation news came from St. Quentin that a family of brothers and sisters were there looking for a lost sister, and now Renee has returned to her family.

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 840

Sesqui-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.

"You'll never get to Apia, darlin', you nor 'im. Especially you, we'll have me the blinkin' trouble of lookin' fer a gal." He yanked her close and kissed her—ach, that filthy mouth—hopped with pain at the vicious impact of a sharply pointed shoe and yelled out further orders in the lingo. Brown hands ran through Tony's pockets. Another heave, another settling, another breathless oath, the booming of the sea.



They fell together—she insensible, the other in utter weakness and collapse.

"You dirty dog!" cried Tony, fighting like the very devil. By jove, these men of his were fit!—But it was no use. They pinned his arms to his sides, twisted their sinewy legs round his legs, worked him jerk by jerk to the room and fell in a slithering brown cluster.

Whereupon Quex slammed the door and wove a veil of pain dropped Chrissie. She had bitten one of his fingers to the bone.

Rushing to the door and out into the sunlight, she cried, "Help, Help," until her voice broke like a crushed bamboo and trailed away. "Oh, God, oh, God, help Tony, my Tony, in his trouble. Oh, please, please."

No shrieks, like those of the previous night, came from that closet of torture, but a deep groan, and a long intake of breath through clenched teeth, again and yet again.

"That's the stuff that makes 'em at a nice soft mood. Go on, mer, sawny boys. I'll give yer the tip to stop."

"Stop," cried Chrissie. "Stop. He hasn't got the paper."

"Oh, wot a naughty little liar, wiv them blue eyes too."

"I tell you he hasn't got it. I have."

"Ere, wot d' yer take me for? Give a thing like that to a blinkin' woman? 'E ain't sich a silly ass as that."

Again those groans, and again. An oath, and a scuffle of feet. The booming of the sea.

Chrissie flung herself on the floor with her arms round Quex's knees. "Have mercy and I'll give you the paper. I'll give you anything. I'll give you myself."

"Oh, the lovsy-dovsy. Oh, dear me, wot a wheedler! I'll take yer when I want yer, darlin'. Bet yer life on that."

She couldn't stand it. It was awful. Tony, her beautiful Tony, being broken on the wheel. . . . She threw herself at the door, hammered and hammered; ran about the room, distraught, agonising, seized the whip with the loaded handle and tried to use it, and was pitched against the sofa, where she lay.

And all in front of the cottage there were heads—more and more heads; odd cries and growing murmurs, the patter of running feet like heavy rain, the booming of the sea.

"Shove 'im art," cried Quex. "That's enough for this time. 'E's agoin' ter be a good young feller nar."

It was Chrissie's scream that rent the sunshine as Tony, the immaculate Tony, was helped out of that primeval room. His face was grey, his forehead beaded with globules of pain. His clothes were torn and dishevelled, his left arm hung limp, broken at the shoulder. He swayed and tottered on his trembling legs. But he turned towards Chrissie and tried to cheer her with his winning smile. (Didn't I say he was a bloomin' gent?)

"Ah, that's the way," said Quex. "'E's blinkin' well enjoyed 'isself. I said 'e would."

"You're—you're a very charming person," gasped Tony, edging to the whip.

"No blinkin' error. Come, I like yer mood. Tell me where ter find ther paper, and me and ther missus'll tuck yer up in bed, make yer cosy wiv a tot o' whisky and nurse yer like a couple o' 'arrin' angels."

"It's—it's in my sock," said Tony. "Come and get it, dear old—Mr. Quex."

his arms up, brought down the loaded end upon his bullet head, with a most magnificent crash.

They fell together—the one insensible, the other in utter weakness and collapse.

And before Chrissie could stir a finger, the six paid slaves of a brutal master lifted Tony to the sofa, signalled to their fellow natives behind the wall of the garden, and fell upon the prostrate form of the man they so bitterly hated with loud and joyous cries.

In an instant the room was filled with dark-brown bodies that swarmed upon the despot like birds of prey,—plucking, rending, tearing, and drowning the boom of the sea, with long-drawn yells of bliss—

VIII

Chrissie was sitting by the bed, holding Tony's quivering hand. The doctor from Apia had made him comfortable and he was sleeping on his back.

The gate clicked again for the twentieth time that day. The chanting in the village never ceased. Some one wearing shoes entered the sitting room on tiptoe and opened the bedroom door. It was Pollock, gleaming with perspiration, a martyr to mosquito bites. He raised his long forefinger and whispered, "Can you come?"

Chrissie nodded, placed Tony's unbroken arm on the bed with the utmost tenderness, bent over his flaccid body for a moment in love and admiration, crept into the sitting room and closed the bedroom door.

"My dear," said Mortimer Pollock to the tiny, devoted girl. "You look as though you'd been through an earthquake."

"It doesn't matter. Nothing matters," she answered. "Tony's alive."

"It's difficult to understand why. He must have the constitution of an ox. May I smoke?"

Chrissie's gesture of permission was not only eloquent but humorous. To be asked such a civilised question after such a day—in that place—

He led her to the wicker sofa and sat with a sigh of relief. He could have grumbled about the heat. He dared not trust himself to speak about the insects. All the same, he had put in a most unusual and exciting day, the incidents of which he would have held up to the most scathing ridicule if he had read of them in one of the current books. "Well, I took the doctor back to Apia in the launch. A competent man. He will be here again tomorrow and onwards. He told me to say that he will leave Tony on his legs by the end of the month. His understanding of the excellence of your nursing abilities and nerve, when I informed him of the way in which you came by them. He will have a far more difficult job with Quex though, whom we took to the hospital in the most appalling mess."

As Chrissie put a hand over her eyes, the celebrations in the village continued with undimmed enthusiasm. It seemed to have been taken for granted that the tyrant's reign was over.

"Um," said Pollock. "If Evans and I hadn't come upon those ghostly rejoicings at that very minute, your friend Quex would have been taken into the village like a picture puzzle. He was almost in pieces as it was. There would have been a rememento in every adobe on the island. From your vivid description of the affair and that man's methods, I can't help feeling sorry that we arrived in time. It was a pity to prevent these simple people from indulging in their very natural vengeance."

"Will he die?" asked Chrissie, who would have confessed to a similar sorrow if any one had asked her.

"Probably not," said Pollock. "Have you never noticed that those who are dear to the world fall out before their allotted time, while the bad men in every walk of life, especially politics, go on in the very best of health to a ripe old age? I don't suppose that I shall ever have the doubtful pleasure of seeing Quex, because the Captain has decided to start on the return journey at the end of next week. It appears that the thoughtful Sherwood had left the necessary money in the purser's hands. But you will see him again, I have no doubt. As soon as his various limbs have been reattached to his extremely unpleasant trunk he'll come back to the island, to demand the sight of the deeds."

"Yes, but by that time," said Chrissie, "we shall have lodged them with the Consul and the island will be ours."

"You think so?"

"Yes, of course. Why not?" Forgetting that he was so far away from 1922, Pollock looked about for an ash tray, and not finding such a thing, imitated the code of manners of the younger generation with an easy flick. "Well," he said, "I don't know why, but certain sentences in old Lord Stirling's letter flashed into my mind just now. And, do you know, it occurred to me that having had his leg pulled so often by Tony in the past, he might have retaliated by inventing those deeds by way of a most sardonic posthumous joke."

Chrissie was too amazed to speak. She already had been through so much harrowing that day that this new suggestion of dire misfortune took her breath away.

"I never met Lord Stirling, but I've known a host of his fellow countrymen—Fleet Street recks of Harris tweed—and I can't forget that when a Scotsman makes up his mind to indulge in a joke it has a nasty sting."

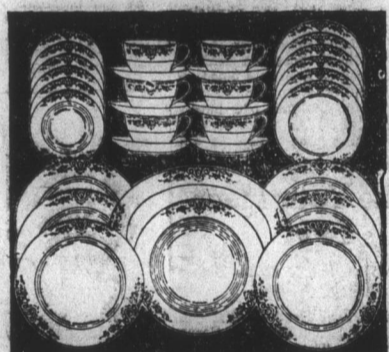
(To be Continued)

(Copyright 1925, by Cosmo Hamilton)



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.

Ford
 THE UNIVERSAL CAR
49.3 Miles To One Gallon Of Gasoline!

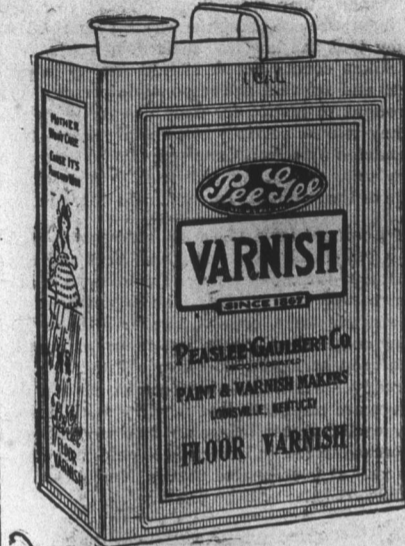
Final mileage tests in Charlotte on September 15th, show this to be a fact. One-third of the 36 cars entered in the contest got more than 40 miles to the gallon.

Buy a Ford and Bank the difference.

Reid Motor Co.



Varnished floors that last

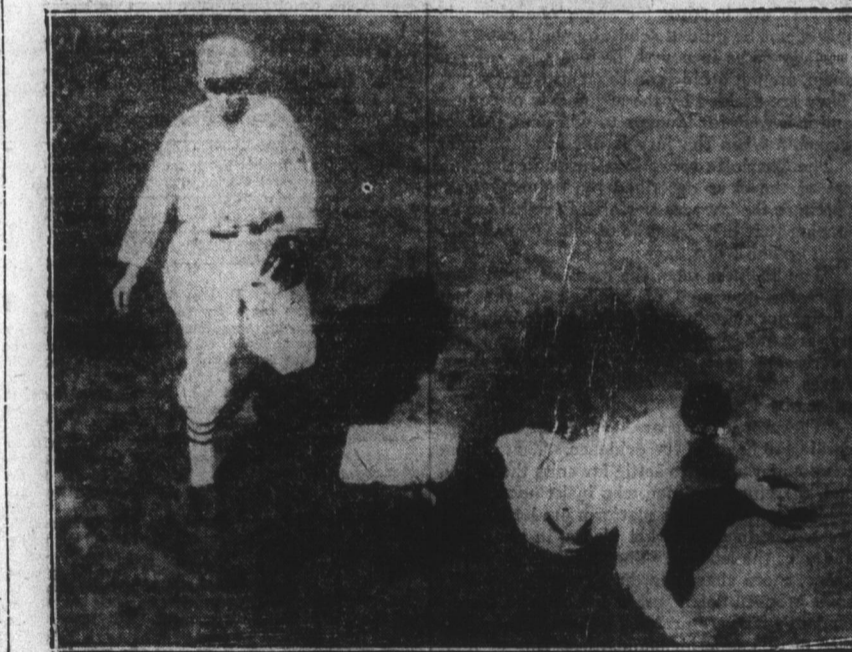


You want varnish on your floors that will withstand hard usage. No matter what kind of floor varnish you use it will look good right after it is put on, but time will prove whether it delivers the service it should, and for which you pay.

When you see a can of floor varnish with the Pee Gee label on it you don't have to look farther. You can depend upon it and we back that up, too.

RITCHIE HDWE. CO.

THIRD WORLD SERIES AME



This photo which was rushed to Chicago by airplane and then to New York by telephone shows Dugan reaching first base safely in the third inning of the third game of the world series played in St. Louis. (Copy right by International Newsreel Transmitted by Amer. Tel. & Tel. Co.)

Aimee Semple McPherson and Mother in Court



Aimee Semple McPherson (left), evangelist, and her mother, Mrs. Minnie Kennedy, were photographed in a Los Angeles court where they were arraigned on charges of conspiring to defeat justice. The accusations grew out of Mrs. McPherson's disappearance.