

BEST CITY DRUGGIST TAKES HIS OWN LIFE

Joe J. Rhinehardt Found Dead From Knife Stabs at His Sister's Home. Rutherfordton, April 23.—Joe J. Rhinehardt, prominent druggist and member of the Rhinehardt Drug company, of Forest City, was found dead at his home this morning at 7 o'clock by his sister, Mrs. B. H. Long, who went to call him to breakfast. A bloody knife was lying by his side. There were three wounds in his left breast near his heart and a slight wound on his neck. It was a clear case of suicide and it was thought unnecessary to hold an inquest. Physicians thought he had been dead about one hour when found.

only known causes of Mr. Rhinehardt's act. He had been in ill health for more than a year. At Age of Ninety-One He Is A Bridegroom. Danville, April 23.—A message received today from Stuart, Patrick county, told of the marriage of A. J. Willard, aged 91, to Mrs. Mary Tuggle the ceremony taking place in the office of the Clark county clerk who issued the license. Elder S. A. Thompson wed the pair. Mrs. Tuggle gave her age as 67. Mr. Willard well preserved for his age, is a Civil War veteran. He entered the ranks in July, 1861, as a private in Company "H," 51st Virginia regiment. After the marriage they left for Peter's Creek where they will live.

Finding Work for Convicts of The State Now is Big Task

The next largest camp will be the camp of sixty white prisoners, and will be something on the order of a correctional camp. Only those prisoners with bad records, and who refuse to submit to the regular rules of discipline in the Central prison farm at Caledonia will be sent to this quarry camp. It is expected that this camp will greatly improve the morale of the prisoners generally in the other prisons. Another good sized camp, with 55 negro convicts, has been established in Caldwell county, for the J. F. Mulligan Construction company, which is building the new road from Lenoir to Blowing Rock. Eighteen additional negro convicts were sent Saturday to the Liberty Hill Quarry camp in Guilford county, about three miles outside of Greensboro; augmenting the number already there. Twenty more negro convicts have been sent to quarry camp of the Raleigh Granite Company in Wake county, and 15 additional white prisoners have been sent to the highway construction camp of the Ziegler Construction Company in Rutherford county, on the Rutherfordton-Chimney Rock highway. Six more white prisoners have also been sent to the Ziegler camp in Johnston county, on Route 22, between Fayetteville and Wilson. It was also announced by Mr. Pou that the camp being maintained for the State Highway Commission in Macon county, on road construction work, has been made an honor camp, with a consequent saving in its maintenance, because of the smaller number of guards required, of approximately \$300 a month. The total income resulting from the placing of these additional prisoners will amount to approximately \$100,000, if they are kept in continuous employment, Mr. Pou stated.

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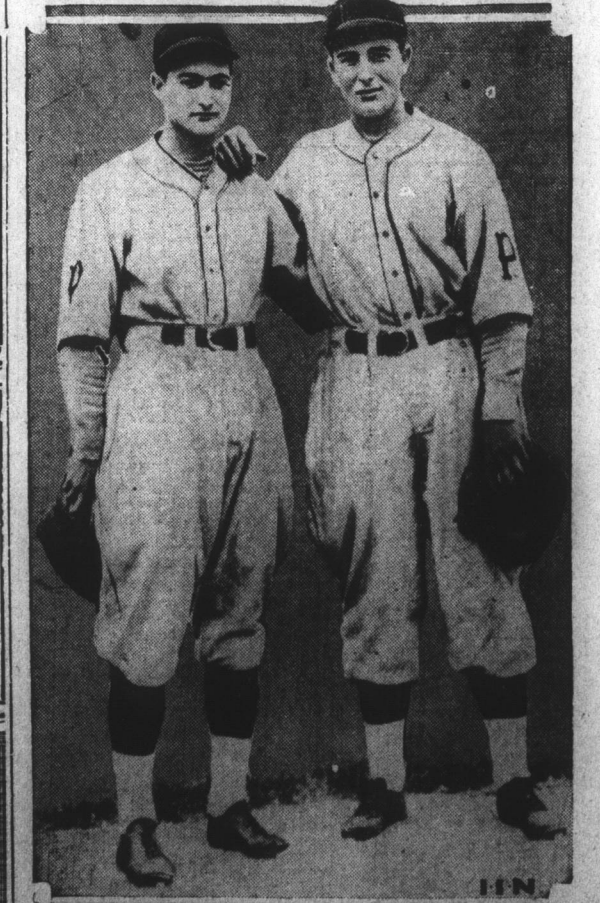
CLEANING REBLOCKING. M. R. POUNDS. Includes image of a man's face.

THEN and NOW



Ray Schalk's smile has improved in the last twenty years. Schalk, distinguished because almost his entire baseball career has been with the Chicago White Sox, is managing the team from the catcher's box this year, succeeding Eddie Collins. Pictures show him in the good old days and today.

PIRATE OUTFIELD FAMILY AFFAIR



Lloyd Waner is following his brother Paul's footsteps in becoming a member of the Pittsburgh Pirates. Like his brother Lloyd starred in San Francisco before heading East. Both are in the outfield.



Copyright, 1926, by R-C Pictures Corp. Published by courtesy of Film Booking Office of America, Inc. (F. B. O.) From the picture "A Regular Scout" starring Fred Thomson.

THE STORY THUS FAR. Fred Blake impersonates Fred Monroe, long-lost son of a Sierra family, after this "son" has caused Mrs. Blake's death. "Monroe" is killed peculiarly, and Fred is hunted by the police. He meets the Sierra Boy Scout troop, in which Buddy Monroe is a Scout. At the ranch, Fred keeps the Burlingames from selling out stock to Mrs. Monroe and June, her beautiful daughter. His conscience begins to trouble him.

CHAPTER IX—Continued. Fred looked up, his face hardened. What sort of coward was he to be drooling like a weak-kneed baby when his whole being cried out for manliness, decision? "Buddy," he said grimly, "I'm going to tell yuh somethin'. I—" "Fred." Fred whirled around, utterly taken by surprise. June stood quietly, with traces of tears around her eyes, in the doorway. The sight of that sweet, tear-stained face unmannered him. All his courage fled. He grew white. "Haven't yuh something to tell me, Fred?" June was subdued, restrained, tense. "Why, June, I—I—" Buddy quietly slipped out of the room. Suddenly June's face softened, grew tender. A fleeting flash of her eyes, and she turned her head. "Whatever happens—Fred—I believe in you," she said in a low voice, and fled from the room, leaving Fred, faint, miserable, helpless, feeling despicable, sitting with loose, limp hands on the sofa in the living-room.

CHAPTER X FRED ACTS

It was a cloudless, typical California night. The sky was studded with myriad twinkling stars, al-



Fred Blake sat fully dressed and battled with his conscience.

most near, friendly and satisfying. A soft breeze whispered through the pine on the flanks of the mountains and descended in gusty troops on the Monroe ranch, lifting the dust a trifle, rustling and crowding over the eaves of the bunk-house, where the tired cowboys lay sleeping like dead men.

In his room above the porch of the ranch-house Fred Blake sat, fully dressed, at an open window, watching the stars. Friendly—but not to him. Now they seemed instruments of mockery, revealing to him how happy was the world, and what an outsider he was in the world of happiness. Never had the lead of misery weighed so heavily upon his heart; never had he felt the burden of past wrongs as he did now. It was like a cross. A cross which for some inscrutable reason God had laid upon his shoulders, to bear with staggering heart through a weary life-time.

The moon poured into his room, illuminating his white bed in bold relief, outlining the polished surface of the wash-bowl, drenching the snowy bed-linen with silver and gold. It touched its magic fingers to the rugged, stern features of the man sitting there staring out into the half-light of a California night, and retreated as if it were afraid of what it felt. What a world of pain. . . . That sweet, gay, understanding little wild-flower of the range. . . . June. A sweet, soft name for a sweet, soft woman. How cowardly he was! Allowing this innocent, trusting young girl to kiss him, careen him, murmur words of love in his ear—because she thought he was her brother, while all the time in his black heart he was deceiving her, planning the ruin of her family, of her mother, of little Buddy.

There was a boy! Fred thought with inert pain of the thoughtfulness, the courage, the manliness of this little chap who stood as high as a man's ribs and yet had the heart of a great race of pioneers beating high in his little chest. Could Buddy practice such deception? No. He was a scout. A Boy Scout. Who was caught above all things to be honest, truthful, a good citizen, a fearless fighter, a brave and useful lad. That troop of little boys, swooping along on their small horses, grim, determined, disciplined, happy. Oh, to be a boy again! Buddy had once called him a coward. If he had only known! How he would despise him, pity him! A regular scout—oh, God, if a man were only two men, and if one man's strength were only the strength and will of two men!

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