



**BEGIN HERE TODAY.**

The savage fight for possession of the priceless Flaming Jewel had twice brought the beautiful Eve Strayer near death that day, and now the gem rested and her pillow in the rough hunting camp in the Adirondacks. The gem was first stolen from the refugee Countess of Esthonia by the great international thief, Quintana, and later stolen from Quintana by Mike Clinch, who brought the gem to America and hoarded it as the sole means of giving Eve the education of a lady. Around Clinch's burglar raged a murderous battle between rival factions. Clinch and his men had sworn to wipe out Quintana's gang. Guarding Eve was the man she loved, State Trooper Stormont. With Clinch was James Barrack, known as Hal Smith, who had sworn to restore the gem to the biggest coureurs: a night Smith and Hal Salzar, one of Quintana's gang, then sets out for Clinch's cabin.

**Go on With the Story.**

**CHAPTER II**

Before midnight Smith struck the hard forest. Here there was no track at all, only spreading outcrop of rock under dying leaves.

Ahead of him, somewhere in darkness—but how far he did not know—Quintana and his people were moving. It may have been an hour later—two hours, perhaps—when from far ahead in the forest came a sound—the faint clink of a shoe heel on rock.

Now, Smith unslinging his pack placed it between two rocks where laurel grew.

Salzar's red bandanna was still wet, but he wiped it across his face, leaving his eyes exposed. The woman's hat fitted him. His own he and the extra torch he dropped on his basket pack.

Ready, now, he moved swiftly forward, trailing his rifle. And very soon it became plain to him that the people ahead were moving with out much caution, evidently fearing no unfriendly ear or eye in the section of the wilderness.

To keep in touch with them Smith hastened his pace until he drew near enough to hear the low murmur of their voices.

They were travelling in single file, he had a glimpse of them again, the ghostly radiance ahead. Indeed so near had he approached that he could hear the heavy, labored breathing of the last man in the file—some laggard who dragged his feet, plodding on doggedly, panting, muttering. Probably the man was Sord.

Already the forest in front was invaded by the misty radiance from the clearing. Through the trees star light glimmered on water. The perfume of the open land grew in the night air—the scent of dew-wet grass, the smell of still water and of sedgy shores.

Lying flat behind a rotting log Smith could see them all now—spectral shapes against the light. There were five of them at the forest's edge.

They seemed to know what was to be done and how to do it. They went down among the ferns and stunted willows toward the west shore of the pond; two sheered off to the southwest, shoulder deep in blackberry and sumac. The fifth man waited for a while, then ran down across the open pasture.

Scarcely had he started when Smith glided to the wood's edge, crouched, and looked down.

Below stood Clinch's Dump, plain in the starlight, every window dark. To the west the barn loomed, huge with its ramshackle outbuilding straggling toward the lake.

Straight toward the slope toward the barn ran the fifth man of Quintana's gang, and disappeared among the outbuildings.

Smith crouched, strained, search the starlight with intent eyes, and waited.

Until something happened, he could not solve the problem before him. He could be of no use to Eve Strayer and to Stormont until he found out what Quintana was going to do.

He could be of little use anyway unless he got into the house where two rifles might be hidden, against his life.

There was one thing he could do. He felt that what he was about to do was a very bold one, but he would do it all over again in half an hour if he had to. The only thing to do was to stay where he was.

As for his plan, he was both Grand Duflus, that was always in his mind. Sooner or later, somehow, he was going to make good his pledge.

He knew that Quintana and his gang were here to find the Flaming Jewel.

Had he not encountered Quintana his own errand had been the same. For Smith had started for Clinch's mount, and then, masking to the eyes—and to have Eve from States Prison—he had meant to rob the girl at pistol point.

It was the only way to save Clinch; the only way to save the pride of this blindly loyal girl. For the arrest of Clinch meant ruin to both and Smith realized it thoroughly.

A slight sound from one of the out-houses—a sort of wagon-shed attracted his attention. Through the frost-blighted rag-woods he peered intently, listening.

After a few moments a faint glow appeared in the shed. There was a crackling noise. The glow grew pinker.

know anything about this?"

"I know they lie. My father is not a thief. I have my rifle and plenty of ammunition. I shall kill every man who enters this room."

For a moment nobody stirred or spoke. Then Quintana strode to the bolted door and struck it with the butt of his rifle.

"You, in there," he said in a menacing voice, "you listen once to me! You open your door and come out. I give you one minute!" He struck the door again. "One minute, morita!—or I cut from your rief," here, the hand from his right arm!

There was a deathly silence. Then he sound of bolts. The door opened. Slowly the girl limped forward, still wearing the hunting jacket over her night dress.

**HOLD NO COURT ON ELECTION DAY**

There will be no court on election day, November 7, according to decision reached by members of the Guilford county bar when they met to fix the calendar for the two-weeks' term of Guilford superior court for the trial of civil cases. Court convenes on Monday, November 6.

A large number of cases were docketed for trial, among them being 20 divorce actions. These will be heard on the first day of the court, which will be presided over by Judge W. P. Harding, of Charlotte.

**NEW LEGION HEAD IS FIGHTING MAN**

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 24.—"I want the World war veterans to know that I am going to give the region the best I've got in me. I expect to fight my hardest to drive the hyphenates out of their holes, and to secure adjusted compensation for the ex-service men."

So says A. Vin M. Owsley, Texas lawyer last week elected national commander of the American Legion. His past activities forecast an eventful year for the Legion.

Owsley declares Americanization one of the country's biggest needs. He resigned as assistant attorney general of the Lone Star state to become assistant director of the legion's national Americanization commission. He effectively worked throughout America for better citizenship.

He is credited with putting the fight for the Texas legionnaires for a \$2,000,000 hospital for disabled ex-service men.

Owsley was made a major in the first officers' training camp, and as a battalion commander in the 34th division, he recruited his own men and a large part of the division. Overseas, he was made adjutant of the 36th division and participated with it in the Champagne and Argonne campaigns.

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**Football in 1930.**

SOUTH BEND, Ind., Oct. 24.—Kaute Rockne, University of Notre Dame football mentor, would make good as a theatrical producer, the football fans here declare. Rockne gave the spectators at the Notre Dame-DePaul game last Saturday some entertainment from the K. K. off until the final play. He filled in the intermission between halves with a burlesque entitled "Football in 1930."



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**SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM SCHEDULE**

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF PASSENGER TRAINS AT HIGH POINT.

Schedule Figures Published as Information and Not Guaranteed

Ar.	No.	Between	No.	De.
12:45 m	29	New York-Birmingham	29	12:45 m
2:22 a	30	New Orleans-New York	30	2:22 a
4:47 a	31	N. Y.-Columbia, Augusta	31	4:47 a
7:02 a	137	New York-Atlanta	137	7:02 a
7:09 a	44	Charlotte-Washington	44	7:09 a
7:22 a	17	Richmond-Charlotte	17	7:22 a
8:02 a	77	New Orleans-New York	37	8:02 a
12:57 p	36	New Orleans-Bham-N. Y.	86	12:57 p
1:14 p	45	Danville-Westminster	45	1:14 p
5:55 p	48	Westminster-Danville	48	5:55 p
6:27 p	53	N. Y.-Washington-Bham	53	6:27 p
8:19 p	43	Danville-Charlotte	43	8:19 p
9:40 p	12	Atlanta-Richmond	12	9:40 p
9:54 p	33	Augusta-Col.-Wash.-N. Y.	33	9:54 p
11:28 p	138	Atlanta-Wash.-N. Y.	138	11:28 p
10:34 p	38	New Orleans-New York	38	10:34 p

Trains 11 and 12 Pullman Cars Charlotte-Richmond.  
Trains 29 and 30 Pullman Cars Birmingham-New York  
Trains 37 and 38 Pullman Cars New Orleans-New York  
Trains 31 and 32 Pullman Cars Augusta-New York  
Trains 35 and 36 Pullman Cars Birmingham-N. O.-N. Y.  
Trains 127 and 138 Pullman Cars Atlanta-Washington-N. Y.

For further information call on  
H. D. SAUNDERS, Ticket Agent. Phone 2146, High Point.  
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**SCHEDULE BUS LINE**

HIGH POINT—THOMASVILLE LEXINGTON

Leave Elwood Hotel, High Point for Thomasville

8:00 a. m.  
8:30 a. m.  
10:30 a. m.  
11:00 a. m.  
3:00 p. m.  
4:00 p. m.

11 and 4 o'clock bus does not go to Lexington.

Leave Mock Hotel, Thomasville, for Lexington:

8:50 a. m.  
11:00 a. m.  
3:20 p. m.

Leave March Hotel, Lexington, for Thomasville

9:45 a. m.  
2:15 p. m.  
4:15 p. m.

Leave Mock Hotel, Thomasville, for High Point

9:30 a. m.  
10:30 a. m.  
11:30 a. m.  
4:30 p. m.  
5:00 p. m.

This Change Effective Monday.

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