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Thus it would be worse than foolish to let it go on, getting worse and worse, without taking the easiest and quickest method of putting an end to the trouble and so save yourself from what might turn out to be a very seri-

ous complication. Suppose you go to the drug store and get a bottle of Cheney's Expec-torant and begin taking a teaspoonful every two hours. Keep it up and you'll find that by tomorrow the cough will have almost entirely disappeared and in a few days will be completely gone.

The time to get the best of a cough The time to get the best of a cough is right at the beginning-when you first notice it. Each day you neglect it only makes it more difficult to pry loose its hold on you. The sooner you

By P. G. WODEHOUSE Copyright by George H. Doran Co.

CHAPTER XV-Continued. -15-

He swayed gracefully, conveying a suggestion of departure without moving his feet. The action was enough for Sam. Dignity gave an expiring gurgle, and passed away, regretted by all.

"Don't go!" he cried.

The idea of being alone in this infernal lane, without human support, overpowered him. Moreover, Webster had personality. He exuded it. Already Sam had begun to cling to him in spirit, and rely on his support. "Don't go !"

"Certainly not, if you do not wish it sir?

Webster coughed gently, to show his appreciation of the delicate nature of the conversation. He was consumed with curiosity, and his threatened departure had been but a pretense. A team of horses could not have moved Webster at that moment. "Might I ask, then what . . .?"

"There's been a misunderstanding." said Sam. "At least, there was, but now there isn't, if you see what I mean."

"I fear I have not quite grasped your meaning, sir."

"Well, I-I-played a sort of-you might almost call it a sort of trick on Miss Bennett. With the best motives, of course!"

"Of course, sir !"

"And she's found out. I don't know how she's found out, but she has. So there you are!"

"Of what nature would the trick be, sir? A species of ruse, sir-some kind of innocent deception?"

"Well, it was like this."

It was a complicated story to tell, and Sam, a prey to conflicting emo-tions, told it badly; but such was the almost superhuman intelligence of Webster, that he succeeded in grasping the salient points. Indeed, he said that it reminded him of something of much the same kind in the Nosegay Novelette, "All for Her," where the hero, anxious to win the esteem of the lady of his heart, had bribed a tramp to simulate an attack upon her in a lonely road.

"The principle's the same," said Webster.

"Well what did he do when she found out?"

"She did not find out, sir. All ended happily, and never had the wedding bells in the old village church rung out a blither peal than they did at the subsequent union."

Sam was thoughtful.

"Bribed a tramp to attack her, did he?"

"Yes, sir. She had never thought much of him till that moment, sir. Very cold and haughty she had been, his social status being considerably inferior to her own. But, when she cried for help, and he dashed out from behind a hedge, well, it made all the difference."

"I wonder where I could get a good tramp," sald Sam, meditatively. Webster shook his head.

"I really would hardly recommend dure, sir."

"No, I don't remember any cup It is not always possible for one who board. As a matter of fact, when I used to stay at the house the drawing room was barred. . . . Mrs. Hignett wouldn't let us inside it for fear we should smash her china. Is there a

"Immediately behind the plano, sir. A nice, roomy cupboard. I Was glancing into it myself in a spirt of idle curlosity only the other day. It contains nothing except a few knickknacks on an upper shelf. You could lock yourself in from the interior, and be guite comfortably seated on the floor till the household retired to bed."

"I can't see a flaw in it."

suppose you can swim?"

really wouldn't do."

"No, sir."

"Well, in the first place, it would certainly jeopardize my situation. . .

shouldn't wonder. There's always

the earliest you could arrange this?"

"I fear such a course must be con-

way. Yes, that's the plan. When

"Oh, hang your situation ! You talk as if you were prime minister or something. You can easily get another situation. A valuable man like you," said Sam, ingratiatingly.

"No, sir," said Webster firmly. "From boyhood up I've always had a regular horror of the water. I can't so much as go paddling without an uneasy feeling."

The image of Webster paddling was arresting enough to occupy Sam's thoughts for a moment. It was an inspiring picture; and for an instant uplifted his spirits. Then they fell again.

"Well, I don't see what there is to be done," he said, gloomily. "It's no good making suggestions, if you have some frivolous objection to all of them."

"My idea," said Webster, "would be something which did not involve my own personal and active co-operation, sir. If it is all the same to you, I should prefer to limit my assistance to advice. am anxious to help, but I am a man of regular habits, which I do not wish to disturb. Did you ever read 'Footpaths of Fate,' in the Nosegay series, sir? I've only just remembered it, and it contains the most helpful suggestion of the lot. There had been a misunderstanding between the heroine and the hero-their names have slipped my mind, though I fancy his was Cyril-

and she had told him to hop it . . ." "To what?" "To leave her for ever, sir. And

what do you think he did?" "How the deuce do I know?"

"He kidnaped her little brother, sir, to whom she was devoted, kept him hidden for a bit, and then returned him, and in her gratitude all was forgotten and forgiven, and never . . . "I know. Never had the bells of the

old village church . . ." "Rung out a blither peal. Exactly, sir. Well there, if you will allow me to say so, you are, sir! You need seek

no further for a plan of action." "Miss Bennett hasn't got a little brother."

"No, sir. But she has a dog, and is greatly attached to it."

Sam stared. From the expression onhis face it was evident that Webster imagined himself to have made a sug-gestion of exceptional intelligence. It struck Sam as the silliest he had ever heard.

"You mean I ought to steal her dog?" "Precisely, sir."

"But, good heavens! Have you seen that dog?"

"The one to which I allude is small brown animal with a fluffy tail." "Yes, and a bark like a steam siren.

wishes to leave America to spring on to the next boat. A long morning's telephoning to the offices of the Cunard and the White Star brought Mrs. Hignett the depressing information It's the longest-lasting that it would be a full week before confection you can buy -and it's a help to dishe could sail for England. That

meant that the inflammable Eustace would have over two weeks to conduct an uninterrupted wooing, and Mrs. Hignett's heart sank, till sudden ly she remembered that so poor a sailor as her son was not likely to have had leisure for any strolling on the deck during the voyage of the Atlantic.

Having realized this, she became calmer and went about her preparations for departure with an easier mind. The danger was still great, but there was a good chance that she might he in time to intervene. She wound up her affairs in New York and,

The Nuronia is one of the slowest of the Cunard boats. It was built at

swoon on the dock if an ocean liner broke the record by getting across in nine days. It rolled over to Cherbourg, dallied at that picturesque port for some hours, then sauntered across the channel and strolled into Southampton water in the evening of the day on which Samuel Marlowe had sat in the lane plotting with-Webster, the valet. At almost the exact moment when Sam, sliding through the windows of the drawing room, slid into the cupboard behind the plano, Mrs. Hignett was standing at the customs barrier telling the officials that she had nothing to declare.

Mrs. Hignett was a general who believed in forced marches. A lesser woman might have taken the boat train to London and proceeded to Windles at her ease on the following afternoon, Mrs. Hignett was made of sterner stuff. Having fortified herself with a late dinner, she hired an automobile and set out on the cross-country journey. It was only when the car, a genuine antique, had broken down three times in the first ten miles, that it became evident to her that it would be much too late to go to Windles that night, and she directed the driver to take her instead to the "Blue Boar" in Windichurst, where she arrived, tired but thankful to have reached it at all, at about eleven o'clock.

At this point many, indeed most women, having had a tiring journey, would have gone to bed: but the familiar Hampshire air and the knowledge that half an hour's walking would take her to her beloved home acted on pleased when, by our new method, Mrs. Hignett like a restorative. One glimpse of Windles she felt that she must have before she retired for the night, if only to assure herself that it was still there. She had a cup of coffee and a sandwich brought to her by the night porter, whom she had roused from sleep, for bedtime is early in Windlehurst, and then informed him that she was going for a short walk and would ring when she returned. Her heart leaped joyfully as she

turned in at the drive gates of her home and felt the well-remembered gravel crunching under her feet. The silhouette of the ruined castle against the summer sky gave her the feeling which all returning wanderers know. And, when she stepped onto the lawa and looked at the black bulk of the house, indistinct and shadowy with its backing of trees, tears came into her eyes. She experienced a rush of emotion which made her feel quite faint, and which insted until, on tiptoeing nearer to the house in order to gloat more adequately upon it, she perceived that the French windows of the drawing room were standing ajar. Sam had left them like this in order to facilitate departure, if a hurried departure should by any mischance be rendered necessary, and drawn curtains had kept the household from noticing the fact. All the proprietor in Mrs. Hignett was roused. This, she felt indignantly, was the sort of thing she had been afraid would happen the moment her back was turned. Evidently laxityone might almost say anarchy-had set in directly she had removed the eye of authority. She marched to the window and pushed it open. She had now completely abandoned her kindly scheme of refraining from rousing the sleeping house and spending the night at the inn. She stepped into the drawing room with the single-minded purpose of rousing Eustace out of his sleep and giving him a good talking to for having failed to maintain her own standard of efficiency among the domestic staff. If there was one thing on which Mrs. Horace Hignett had always insisted it was that every window in the house must be closed at



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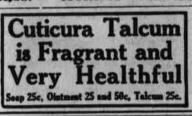
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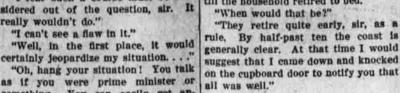
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## THE NEWS-RECORD, MARSHALL, N. C.

## Three Men and a Maid upset the boat. I plunge in . . . cupboard ?" "Oh? Well, never mind. You'll manage somehow, I expect. Cling to the upturned boat or something,



Sam was glowing with frank approval. "You know, you're a master-mind !"

he said, enthusiastically,

"You're very kind, sir !" "One of the lads, by Jove!" said Sam. 'And not the worst of them! I don't want to flatter you, but there's a future

for you in crime, if you cared to go in for it." "I am glad that you appreciate my poor efforts, sir. Then we will regard the scheme as passed and approved?" "I should say we would! It's a

bird !" "Very good, sir."

"T'll be round at about a quarter to eight. Will that be right?" "Admirable, sir."

"And, I say, about that soporific. . . Don't overdo it. Don't go killing the

little beast."

"Oh, no, sir." "Well," said Sam, "you can't say it's

are l"

not a temptation. And you know what

### CHAPTER XVI

you Napoleons of the Underworld

#### Episode One.

If there is one thing more than an-

other which weighs upon the mind of a story-teller as he chronicles the events which he has set out to describe, it is the thought that the reader may be growing impatient with him for straying from the main channel of his tale and devoting himself to what are after all minor developments. The story, for instance, opened with Mrs. Horace

Hignett, the world-famous writer on Theosophy, going over to America to begin a lecture tour; and no one realizes more keenly than I do that I

on the following Wednesday, boarded the Nuronia bound for Southampton.

a time when delirious crowds used to

begin treatment the sooner you will get over the trouble. Begin now. Sold by all druggists and in smaller towns by general merchants in 30c and 60c bottles.—Advertisement.

#### Anxious

Sambo-Look here. Yuh ain't even payin' me interest on dat five dollahs yuh owes me.

Rastus-Ah knows it, man. But Ah am worryin' 'bout it.

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One application of Roman Bye Balsam will prove how sood it is for sore eyes. Costs only 15 cents. 375 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

Unfair

It is unfair that a dumb creature like cat should have nine lives, while an ntelligent pedestrian has only one.



"No. It would be difficult to make a tramp understand what you wanted." Sam brightened. "Tve got it! You pretend to attack

her, and I'll . . . "I couldn't, sir! I couldn't really ! I should jeopardize my situation."

"Oh, come! Be a man !" "No, sir, I fear not. There's a dif-ference between handling in your resignation-I was compelled to do that only recently, owing to a few words I had with the guy-nor, though subsequently prevailed upon to withdraw it -I say there's a difference between handing in your resignation and being

given the sack, and that's what would happen-without a character, what's more, and lucky if it didn't mean a prison cell. No, sir; I could not contemplate such a thing."

"Then I don't see that there's anything to be done," said Sam morosely. "Oh, I shouldn't say that, sir," said

Webster, encouragingly. "It's simply a matter of finding the way. The problem confronting us-you, I should say . . ."

"Us," said Sam. "Most decidedly us."

"Thank you very much, sir. I would not have presumed, but if you say so-The problem confronting us, as I envisage it, resolves itself into this. You have offended our Miss B. and she has expressed a disinclination ever to see you again. How, then, is it possible, in spite of her attitude, to recapture her esteem?"

"Exactly," said Sam,

"There are several methods which ccur to one . . ."

"They don't occur to me!"

Well, for example, you might rescue her from a burning building as in True as Steel." . . ."

"Set fire to the house, ch?" said mething in that." be so

"I would hardly advise such a thing," said Webster, a little hastilyflattered at the readiness with which his disciple was taking his advice, yet acutely alive to the fact that he slept at the top of the house himself. "A little drastic, if I may say so. It

might be better to save her from drowning, as in "The Earl's Secret'." "Ah, but where could she drown?"

"Well, there is a lake in the grounds

"Excellent !" said Sam, "Terrific | I knew I could rely on you. Say no more! The whole thing's settled. You ake her out rowing on the lake, and | which I refer, sir"

five teeth, all sharper than razors. I gouldn't get within ten feet of that dog without its lifting the roof off, and, if I did, it would chew me into small pleces."

"I had anticipated that difficulty, sir, In 'Footpaths of Fate' there was a nurse who assisted the hero by drugging the child."

"By Jove !" said Sam, impressed. "He rewarded her," said Webster, allowing his gaze to stray nonchalantly over the country-side, "liberally, very liberally."

"If you mean that you expect me to reward you if you drug the dog," said Sam, "don't worry. Let me bring this thing off. and you can have all I've got. and my cuff-links as well. Come, now, this is really beginning to look like something. Speak to me more of this matter. Where do we go from here?" "I beg your pardon, sir?"

"I mean, what's the next step in the scheme? Oh. Lord !" Sam's face fell. The light of hope died out of his eyes. "It's all off! It can't be done! How could I possibly get into the house? I take it that the little brute sleeps in the house?"

"That need constitute no obstacle, sir; no obstacle at all. The animal aleeps in a basket in the hall, . Perhaps you are famillar with the interior of the house, sir?".

"I haven't been inside it since I was at school. I'm Mr. Hignett's cousin, you know.

"Indeed, sir? I wasn't aware. Mr. Hignett sprained his ankle this morning, poor gentleman."

"Has he?" said Sam, not particular-ly interested. "I used to stay with him," he went on, "during the holidays sometimes, but I've practically forgot ten what the place is like inside. I remember the hall vaguely. Fireplace Sam, reflectively. "Yes, there might at one side, one or two suits of armor standing about, a sort of window-ledge

near the front door . . ." "Precisely, sir. It is close beside that window ledge that the animal's basket is situated. If I administer a slight soporific . . ." " "Yes, but you haven't explained yet

how I am to get into the house in the first place."

"Quite easily, sir. I can admit you through the drawing room windows while dinner is in progress." "Fine !"

"You can then secrete yourself in the you recollect the cupboard to



Iron.Souled as This Woman Was, Her Fingers Trembled as She Wrote.

have left Mrs. Hignett flat. I have thrust that great thinker into the background and concentrated my attention on the affairs of one who is both her mental and moral inferior, Samuel Marlowe. I seem at this point to see the reader-a great brute of a fellow with beetling eyebrows and a jaw like the ram of a battleship, the sort of a fellow who is full of determination and will stand no nonsense-rising to remark that he doesn't care what happened to Samuel Marlowe and that what he wants to know is, how Mrs. Hignett made out on her lecturing tour. Did she go big in Buffalo? Did she have 'em tearing up the seats in Schenectady? Was she a riot in Chicago and a cyclone in St. Louis? Those are the points on which he desires in-

formation, or give him his money back, I cannot supply , the information. And, before you condemn me, let me hastily add that the fault is not mine lights-out. but that of Mrs. Hignett herself. The

fact is, she never went to Buffalo. Schenectady saw nothing of her. She did not get within a thousand miles of Chicago nor did she penetrate to St. Louis. For the very morning after her son Eustace sailed for England in the liner Atlantic, she happened to read in the paper one of those abridged passenger lists which the journals of New York are in the habit of printing, and got a nasty shock when she saw that, among those whose society Eustace would enjoy during the voy age was Miss Wilhelmina Bennett. daughter of J. Rufus Bennett of Bennett, Mandelbaum and company. And within five minutes of digesting this information, she was at her desk writing out telegrams canceling all her engagements. Iron-souled as this woman was, her fingers trembled as she wrote. She had a vision of Eustace and the daughter of J. Rufus Bennett strolling together on moonlit decks, leaning over rails damp with sea spray,

and, in sort, generally starting the whole trouble over again. In the height of the tourist

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sun's Rays Nearly Start Fire. Just how simple a matter it is for combination of circumstances to prefuce a fire was recently demonstrated in a striking manner, in an office build-ing at Corning, N. Y. A flask that was being used as a flower vase was full of water. The rays of the sun, coming through the window and falling out the flask, were concentrated in a speci about the size of a nickel, much as if burning glass were being used. The re sult was that the finish on the oak deal was burned through to the wood. Th possible results of this simple combi nation of everyday circumstances wer clearly revealed by the incident, which happened on a Saturday afternoon when there was no one near the dest If the concentrated rays had fallen or paper it would have been set on fire -St. Nicholas Magazine.

And it sometimes happens that ththings you did not say are more to b, regretted than the things was did a

#### Not Interested

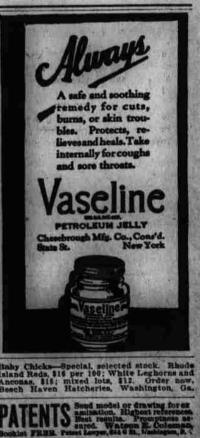
"When you found you hadn't your fare did the conductor make you get off and walk?" asked the inquisitive man.

"Only get off," was the sad reply. "He didn't seem to care whether I walked or sat down."

#### Eureka!

Barber-"Your hair is starting to get gray in the back here!" Querulous Patron\_"That doesn't surprise meit's almost taken an eternity for you to cut it !"-St. Louis Times.

Spending all one's evenings at home is praiseworthy, no doubt, but the oyster does it.





W. N. U., CHARLOTTE, NO. 7-1924