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FRIDAY, OCT. 8, 1915.

THE SLEEP OF GOLD.

(By Major F. W. Barber)

Will its sleep of gold yet be the undoing of the United States?

Will history be repeated and our worship of Mammon become the means of our national disintegration?

Will the peoples of America—rich, grasping, indifferent to safety—become the serfs of a conquering nation?

It is food for serious thought—food which should be dissected and consumed without loss of time.

A book has been widely circulated throughout the Japanese empire calculated to inflame the passions of the little brown men against the people of the United States and pave the way for the waging of a conquering war against this country. It is creating a wild and deadly enthusiasm throughout the empire.

The United States is pictured as a nation of money grasping weaklings incapable of self defense, a people devoid of national pride or honor, a nation the conquering of which would be but idle pastime for the fanatical hordes of the mikado.

The book described in detail the methods of an alliance with Mexico, the destruction of the Panama canal, and a simultaneous invasion of this country from the sea shores and across the Rio Grande.

The book is not the fantastic creation of an idle brain. It is a stern reality and must be faced if we would maintain our nationality.

In much it is ridiculously overdrawn and warped from all semblance of truth—designedly so in order to inflame the masses—but in other respects candor compells us to admit that it is only too true.

We are a nation of money grabbers, and gold is our god.

We are periling our national safety in our greed for more gold.

We are sinking our patriotism in the tide of indifference.

We are a nation without the means of self defense.

We are facing the wearing of the yoke of a nation of unbelievers, a nation of blood thirsty fanatics.

We are walking blindly into the jaws of destruction without a thought of the ignominy of submission, without a conception of the horrors that face the future of the women of our race.

We are virtually sleeping in the jaws of death.

Japan, with its millions of veteran troops, can conquer us to-day with ease. A Japanese-Mexican alliance can crush us to earth.

This is not the day of David and Goliath. It is a day when big guns and discipline and [illegible] troops win the battle.

It is a day of death to the [illegible] and victory to the strong.

It is [illegible] for us to forget [illegible] for gold and think of [illegible]

[illegible]

The Million Dollar Mystery

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

Illustrated from Scenes in the Photo Drama of the Same Name by the Thanhouser Film Company

(Copyright, 1914, by Harold MacGrath.)

"The nearest, Jones; the very nearest you can think of! Some day, when I'm rich, I'll hire you for my chauffeur. But for the present I shall expect at least a box of Partagas out of that hundred."

Jones chuckled. "I'll buy you a box out of my own pocket. That hundred goes to charity."

"Here we are! Out with you," said Jim to his prisoners. He shouldered them into the police station, to the captain's desk.

"What's this?" demanded the captain.

"Holdup men," said Jim. "Entered this man's car and tried to rob him."

"Uh-huh! An' who're you?"

Jim showed his badge and card.

"Oho! Hey, there; I mean you!" said the captain, leveling a finger at Otto. "Lift up that hat; lift it up. Sure, it's Fountain Pen Otto! Well, well, an' we've been lookin' for you for ten months on the last forgery case. Mr. Norton, my thanks. Take 'em below, sergeant. You'll be here to make the complaint in th' mornin', sir," he added to Servan.

"If it is necessary."

"It may be against Otto's pal. I don't know him."

"Very well."

And Jones and Norton and Servan trooped out of the station.

At last Jones and the reporter entered a cheap restaurant and ordered coffee and toast.

"You're a wonderful man, Jones, even if you are an Englishman," said Jim as he called for the check.

"English? What makes you think I am English?" asked Jones with a curious glitter in his eyes.

"I'll tell you on the night we put the rollers under Braine and company."

Jones stared long and intently at his young partner. What did he really know?

CHAPTER XXII.

A Night of Adventure.

The federal government agreed to say nothing, to put no obstacles in the way of the Russian agent, provided he could abduct his trio without seriously clashing with the New York police authorities. It was a recognized fact that the local police force wanted the newspaper glory which would attend the crushing of the Black Hundred; it would be an exploit. But their glory was nil; nor did Servan take his trio back with him to Russia.

Many strange things happened that night, the night of the final adventure.

Florence sat in her room reading. The book was "Oliver Twist," not the pleasantest sort of book to read under the existing circumstances. Several times—she had reached the place where Fagin overheard Nancy's confession—she fancied she heard doors closing softly, but credited it to her imagination. Poor Nancy, who wanted to be good but did not find time to be! Florence possessed a habit familiar to most of us; the need of apples or candy when we are reading. So she rang the bell for her maid, intending to ask her to bring up some apples. She turned to her reading, presently to break off and strike the bell again. Where was that maid? She waited perhaps five minutes, then laid down the book and began to investigate.

There was not a servant to be found in the entire house! What in the world could that mean? Used as she was to heartrending suspense, she was none the less terrified. Something had taken the servants from the house. From whence was the danger to come this time? Where was Jones? Why did he not return as he had promised? It was long past the hour when he said he would be back.

She went into the library and picked up the telephone. She was told that Mr. Norton was out on an assignment, but that he would be notified the moment he returned. She opened a drawer in the desk. She touched the automatic, but did not take it up. She left the drawer open, however.

Farther, at the newspaper office that night, Jim went into the managing editor's office and laid a bulky manuscript on that gentleman's desk.

"Is this it?"

"It is," said Jim.

"You have captured them?"

"No; but there is a net about them from which not one shall escape. There's the story of my adventures, of the adventures of Miss Hargreave and the butler, Jones. You'll find it exciting enough. You might just as well send it up to the composing room. At midnight I'll telephone the introduction. It's a scoop. Don't worry about that."

The editor riffled the pages.

"A hundred and twelve pages, 300 words to the page; man it's a novel!"

"It'll read like one."

"Sit down for a moment and let me skim through the first story."

At the end of ten minutes the editor laid down the copy. He opened a drawer and took out two envelopes. The blue one he tore up and dropped into the waste basket. Norton understood and smiled. They had meant to discharge him if he fell down. The other envelope was a fat one.

"Open it," said the editor, smiling a little to himself.

This envelope contained a check for $2,500, two round-trip first-class tickets to Liverpool, together with innumerable continental tickets such as are issued to tourists.

"Why two?" asked Jim, innocently.

"Forget it, my boy, forget it. You ought to know that in this office we don't employ blind men. The whole staff is on. There you are, a fat check and three months' vacation. Go and get married; and if you return before the three months are up I'll fire you myself on general principles."

Jim laughed happily and the two men shook hands. Then Jim went forth to complete the big assignment. Five minutes later Florence called him up to learn that he had gone.

What should she do? Jones had told her to stay in the house and not to leave it. But where was he? Why did he not come? What was the meaning of this desertion by the servants? She wandered about aimlessly, looking out of windows, imagining forms in the shadows. Her imagination had not deceived her; she had heard doors close softly.

"Susan, Susan!" she murmured; but Susan was in the hospital.

"Oliver Twist!" What had possessed her to start reading that old tale again? She should have read something of a light and joyous character. After half an hour's wandering about the lonely house she returned to the library, feeling that she would be safer where both telephone and revolver were.

And while she sat waiting for she knew not what, her swiftly beating heart sending the blood into her throat so that it almost suffocated her, a man turned into the street and walked noiselessly toward the Hargreave place. He passed a man leaning against a lamppost, but he never turned to look at him.

This man, however, threw away his cigar and hot-footed it to the nearest pay station. He knew in his soul that he had just seen the man for whom they had been hunting all these weary but strenuous weeks—Stanley Hargreave in the flesh! Half an hour after his telephone message the chief of the Black Hundred and many lesser lights were on their way to the house of mystery. Had they but known!

Now, the man who had created this tremendous agitation went serenely on. He proceeded directly and fearlessly to the front door, produced a latchkey and entered. He passed through the hall and reception room to the library and paused on the threshold dramatically. Florence stepped back with a sharp cry of alarm. She had heard the hall door open and close and had taken it for granted that Jones had entered.

There was a tableau of short duration.

"Don't you know me?" asked the stranger in a singularly pleasant voice.

Florence had been imposed upon too many times. She shook her head defiantly, though her knees shook so that she was certain that the least touch would send her over.

"I am your father, child!"

Florence slipped unsteadily behind the desk and took up the revolver which lay in the drawer. The man by the curtains smiled sadly. It was a smile that caused Florence to waver a bit. Still she extended her arm.

"You do not believe me?" said the man, advancing slowly.

"No, I have been deceived too many times, sir. Stay where you are. You will wait here till my butler returns. Oh, if I were only sure!" she burst out suddenly and passionately. "What proof have you that you are what you say?"

He came toward her, holding out his hands. "This, that you cannot shoot me. Ah, the damnable wretches! What have they done to you, my child, to make you suspicious of every one? How I have watched over you in the street! I will tell you what only Jones and the reporter know, that the aviator died, that I alone was rescued, that I gave Norton the five thousand; that I watched the windows of the Russian woman, and overheard nearly every plot that was hatched in the council chamber of the Black Hundred; that I was shot in the arm while crossing the lawn one night. And now we have the scoundrels just where we want them. They will be in this house for me within half an hour, and not one of them will leave it in freedom. I am your father, Florence. I am the lonely father who has spent the best years of his life away from you in order to secure your safety. Can't you feel the truth of all this?"

"No, no! Please do not approach any nearer; stay where you are!"

At that moment the telephone rang. With the revolver still leveled she picked up the receiver.

"Hello, hello! Who is it? . . . Oh, Jim, Jim, come at once! I am holding at bay a man who says he is my father. Hold him where he is, you say? All right, I will. Come quick!"

"Jim!" murmured the man, still advancing. He must have that revolver. The poor child might spoil the whole affair. "So what Jones tells me is true; that you are going to marry this reporter chap?"

She did not answer.

"With or without my consent?"

If only he would drop that fearless smile! she thought. "With or without anybody's consent," she said.

"What in the world can I say to you to convince you?" he cried. "The trap is set; but if Braine and his men come and find us like this, good heavens, child, we are both lost! Come, come! Stay where you are!"

At that moment she heard a sound at the door. Her gaze roved; and it was enough for the man. He reached out and caught her arm. She tried to tear herself loose.

"My child, in God's name, listen to reason! They are entering the hall and they will have us both."

Suddenly Florence knew. She could not have told you why; but there was an appeal in the man's voice that went

(continued on page 5)

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K. of P.
Meets Every Tuesday Night in Their Hall in Horton Bldg.
Visiting Brothers Welcome.

Report of Condition of
THE BANK OF FARMVILLE
Farmville, N. C.
At the close of business Sept. 2nd, 1915.

Resources:		Liabilities:	
Loans and Discounts	$146,019.80	Capital stock paid in	$35,0[illegible]
Overdrafts	1,946.65	Undivided profits, less curre[illegible]	
Furniture & Fixtures	1,000.00	expenses & taxes paid	3,0[illegible]
Other real estate owned	3,000.00	Bills payable	35,0[illegible]
Demand loans	140.[illegible]	Deposit sub. to check	54,9[illegible]
Due from Nat'l Banks	12,251.76	Time Certificates of Deposit	40,0[illegible]
Cash Items	320.30	Cashier's Checks outstanding	[illegible]
Gold Coin	97.50	Certified Checks	[illegible]
Silver coin, including all minor coin currency	955.5[illegible]		
National bank notes and other U. S. notes	2,979.00		
Total	168,710.86	Total	168,[illegible]

State of North Carolina, County of Pitt, ss:

I, J. R. Davis, Cashier of the above-named Bank, do sol[emnly] swear that the above statement is true to the best of my [know]ledge and belief.
J. R. DAVIS, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 15th day of Sept., 1915.
J. A. Mewborn, Notary Public.
My Commission expires July 2, 1917.

Correct—Attest:
W. A. POLLARD,
R. L. DAVIS,
W. J. TURNAGE,
Direct[ors]

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[illegible] & [illegible]

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[illegible]

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