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CHAPTER XV (Continued)

We had little time to waste now; however, for in an instant they had overtaken the fugitives who were making a dire slaughter among them. Their method was to charge with their full weight upon us, in turn, baying like hounds, and managed to bound on others and others. The wretched Indians screamed with terror, but were helpless, run as they would, before the relentless purpose and terrible activity of these monstrous creatures. One after another they went down, and there were not half-a-dozen surviving by the time my companion and I could come to their help. But we had been of little avail and only involved us in the same peril. At the range of a mile or two hundred yards we emptied our magazines, firing bullet after bullet into the beasts, but with no more effect than if we were pelting them with pellets of paper. Their slow reptilian nature cared nothing for wounds, and the springs of their lives, with seemingly infinite center but scattered throughout their spinal cords could not be tapped by any modern weapon. The most that we could do was to check their progress by distracting their attention with the gun and roar of guns, and so drive both the natives and ourselves to the steps which led to safety. But where the sudden explosive bullets of the twentieth century were of no avail, the poisoned arrows of the natives, dipped in the juice of cinnamomous and steeped after wards in decayed carbon, did suggest. Such arrows were of no avail to the Indians who attacked the beast, because their action in that torpid circulation was slow, poor before its powers failed. It could certainly overtake and slay its assailant. But now, as the two Indians pointed us to the very foot of the stairs, a drift of darts came whistling from every chink in the walls above them. In a minute they had gathered with them, and with no sign of pain they clattered and stumbled with impotent rage at the steps which would lead them to their victims, mounting slowly up for a few yards and then sliding down again to the ground. But at last, the poison-tipped arrows took effect, and dropped his head on to the earth.

Chased Challenger to the Market of the Rocks.

EDWARD CHALLENGER, IN his circle with shrill, wailing voices, and then lying down with his arms for some minutes before it was attained, and lay still. With yell of triumph the Indians came flocking out from their houses and danced a frenzied dance of victory round the dead bodies, and lay that two more of the most dangerous of all their enemies had been slain. That night they cut up and removed the bodies, and to this day the poison was still active, but nothing could break the spell of death. The Indians, however, each as large as a lion, still lay there, breathing slowly and slowly with a gurgling noise and a horrible indescribable life. It was only upon the third day that the "gang" ran away, and the dreadful things were still.

Some day, when I have a better book than a meat-in-and more helping hands, than a worn stub of pencil and a last tattered note-book, will write some fuller account of the savages, Indians, of our life among them, and of the glimpse which we had of the strange civilization of wondrous Maple Woodsland. Memory, at least, will never fail me, for so long as the breath of life is in me, even hour and every action of that period will stand out as hard and clear as the first strange happenings of our childhood. No new impressions could efface those which are so deeply cut. When the time comes, I will describe that weird moonlight night upon the great lake when a young ichthyosaurus, a strange creature, half seal, half shark, to look at, with bone-covered eyes on each side of his snout, and a third eye fixed upon the top of his head, was entangled in an Indian net, and nearly uprooted our canoe before we towed it ashore, the same night that a green water snake shot out from the bushes and carried off in its coils the steersman of Challenger's canoe. I will tell, too, of the great nocturnal white thing—to this day we do not know whether it was beast or spirit—which lived in a vile swamp to the east of the lake and flitted about with a faint phosphorescent glow. They were so terrified at it that they would not go near the place, and though we twice made expeditions and saw it each time, we could not make our way through the deep marsh in which it lived. I can only say that it seemed to be larger than a cow and had the strongest musky odor. I will tell also of the huge bird which chased Challenger to the shelter of the trees one day—a great running bird, far taller than an ostrich, with scimitar-like neck and cruel head which made it a walking death. As

(To be continued.)

Another installment of this great serial will be published in tomorrow's News. Don't fail to read it!

Senators Win One; Athletics Split

BASEBALL RESULTS

HOW THEY STAND

Club:	W.	L.	Pct.
Oak Heights	9	2	.818
Kinston	14	Norfolk	11
Wilson	9-7	Portsmouth	4-4
Eureka	7	6	.556
Snow Hill	14	Richmond	2
Rocky Mount	6	Richmond	2
Piedmont	7	Winston-Salem	5
Goldsboro	7	Salisbury	11
Winston-Salem	5	Raleigh	5
Durham	11	Danville	8
American			
Washington	10	Chicago	2
Philadelphia	8-7	Cleveland	14-5
New York	6	St. Louis	4
Detroit	5-8	Boston	9-2
National			
St. Louis	6	Boston	4
Only one game played			
WHERE THEY PLAY TODAY			
Virginia			
Kinston at Portsmouth			
Wilson at Richmond			
Rocky Mount at Norfolk			
Piedmont			
Winston-Salem at Greensboro			
Raleigh at Salisbury			
Durham at Danville			
American			
Washington at Chicago			
New York at St. Louis			
Boston at Detroit			
Philadelphia at Cleveland			
National			
St. Louis at Boston			
Chicago at Brooklyn			
Pittsburgh at New York			
Cincinnati at Philadelphia			
SCUSE IT PLEASE			
The NEWS was informed yesterday by a Pikesville fan that last Friday's game credited to Snow Hill was won by Pikesville, this information changing the Inter-County League standings as published in yesterday's NEWS.			
As revised standing, based on the corrected account of the game appears in this morning's NEWS, showing Pikesville to be tied with Oak Heights for the league leadership.			
Navy Asks For Time			
OCIO			
ANNAPOULIS, Md., July 8.—Supt. Louis M. Nutton, of the United States Naval Academy, this afternoon ordered the suspending of all classes except those in engineering, to be held at the site of the 1926 Army-Navy football game. Superintendent Nutton was in conference with Capt. W. H. McCall, commanding officer of the naval station, representing the municipal authorities of Philadelphia, who are seeking the site of the proposed new stadium, now under construction, by Chevrolet parts and car stocks. The Indianapolis office carries no stock.			
NEW YORK COTTON			
NEW YORK, July 8.—Cotton futures closed steady July 23-24; October 24-26; December 24-28; January 23-25; March 25-26. Spot cotton steady July 24-25.			
Napolean A Circus Rider Strange Autobiography Shows			
Strange horoscope			
Seize chapter in the life of Great Corsican rivalized in Confessions of Famous Circus Rider.			
A hidden chapter in the life of the great Napoleon has just been revealed. Like his great career on the throne of France, Henry the Fourth, like Haroun Al Raschid, in the pages of Boccaccio, like King John the Hans Andersen story, or like Uncle Floritz of Bohemia in Stevenson's New Arabian Nights, it seems probable that the Great Corsican sought retribution from the gates of King John in the most Bohemian adventure recorded of any monarch.			
Indeed the story of Napoleon's intermittent basis of freedom is stranger than any in the hidden history of any monarch. For it is probable that while Napoleon was reigning as Emperor of the French he was also competing mightily, and unswearingly, to be chosen as an expert circus rider in the famous circus of Paris.			
In the astonishing new field cast upon the life of the Great Corsican by Josephine de Metz-Régnier, the world's most famous circus rider, we have revealed a mystery of the life of Napoleon.			
The story of Napoleon's secret avocation has been handed down as a tradition in Mrs. Robinson's family from the time of her great-aunt, who was the greatest rider of her day and was an intimate of the Empress. Mrs. Robinson says:			
"My great-aunt had a famous string of horses at the Paris Cirque, Napoleon Bonaparte, himself a noted rider, and a horse lover, often chose to see them, and talk to her. After the difficulties of his days of exile, he always took his seat in front of his tried horses, passing them and often ride the horses behind them."			
His great-aunt was a small man, like a jester, but she could ride Napoleon in battle, and their pleasure to each other was often commented on. She would never say uncle's pride, which had never ridden with regular reins, but only with long woven silken cords, was Napoleon's favorite, and the tradition runs in our family that on more than one			

dealers and the 34 associate dealers now included in the zone.

The new factory branch at Jacksonville, now in temporary quarters at 916 Main street, was opened recently as Zone Office 26 when it became apparent that the facilities of the Atlanta, Ga., zone office were inadequate for the rapidly increasing Florida trade. Under the direction of Zone Sales Manager Chester A. Smith it will serve as the distribution center for Florida and southern Georgia.

brother in Raleigh.

PUBLISHERS HEAR

(Continued from page 1)

that he had heard of various preachers which were utterly ridiculous and untrue. One of them told of the late Woodrow Wilson lavishing gifts and entertainments on a chorus girl, when the actual facts were that the president attended the show, which was a stock company, and at the end of the season sent some flowers to the actress, telling her how he enjoyed her acting.

Washington aside from being the government center, is now the nerve center of American business and the

endless stream of "cops" that comes from there furnishes proof of its news distributing and originating value. The Southern Newspapers have come to appreciate this fact, as stated, as evidenced in the number of correspondents now being kept in Washington by them. Fifteen years ago there were not half a dozen Southern newspapers who had their own correspondents in Washington. Now every large paper in the South main

tain a bureau there.

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vice.

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G. A. Norwood, Pres.

Then H. Norwood, Cashier

John C. Johnson, Cashier