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Carnivals Bad For a City. A number of North Carolina towns and cities have put carnivals under the ban.

They carry away a good part of the people's money. Of course they leave some money in the towns they visit, but it is money that they collected in those towns and if they had not collected it, it would have been spent in the same towns by the persons originally in possession of it.

Convictions. "Men who have the courage of their convictions are in the minority and couldn't elect a township constable."

RESOLUTIONS FOR MR. C. W. MUNGER. The board of stewards of Centenary Methodist church adopted the following resolutions upon the death of Mr. C. W. Munger.

A Heavy Buyer. It is estimated that over sixty millions of dollars went out of this State for farm products last year.

Some allowance is to be made by reason of the fact that many North Carolina products are shipped out of the State.

McCombs, Chairman. The National Democratic Executive Committee has selected William F. McCombs as its chairman agreeable to a recommendation made by the Presidential candidate, Governor Woodrow Wilson.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS. For Resolving Kidneys and Bladders. Four Economies. Probably the poorest economy in the world is to buy things you don't want in order to make acquaintance with you don't need.

ally a winner and the manager of his campaign in our opinion had everything his own way in the fight to get his man named. It looks too as if he will not have to be a political genius to get the Governor elected.

The present outlook is that McCombs is going to have things his own way again. Luckily he is a man of thoroughgoing qualities and may be depended upon not to allow overconfidence to injure Governor Wilson's now glowing prospects.

Blackstock managed to run through it with the customary facility of scoundrels of his class. Don't talk to me: I tell you, I know a lot of things for certain that I don't know for sure; and this is one of 'em."

Wanted a Romance. BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE. ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK WILKINS. COPYRIGHT, 1912 BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE.

Coast passed doubt timing his tone. "Sir, to you?" "There's one thing been troubling me. It seems to me we're taking a lot for granted. Of course, to begin with, I was only too keen to believe the worst of Blackstock. But seriously, what warrant have you for believing he's mixed up with this smuggling game?"

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So said, passing behind Coast and balancing himself lightly against the masthead of the boat. "She's a shrewper all right; a cabin cruiser about thirty-four over all with a good, stiff engine in her—twenty-five H.P., I'd guess. She moves when she moves!"

"That argues a crew of two?" Coast surmised. "Just about—aside from our friend the passenger, Mr. Handyside—who's to such a sweat to get on his job that he has to risk the passage in the teeth of an easter," said the little man. "You can bet your boots no one else would run the chance—nor he, unless it was on urgent business."

"By this time the Echo had worked well up into the channel, the other vessel being about midway through. To a second signal, a solitary blast, Appleyard replied with two, in utter disregard of every rule and regulation for the prevention of collisions at sea. A husky shout of wrath answered this manifestation of landlubberly foolishness. Appleyard responded with three short blasts of the whistle, the sardic signifying what was obviously untrue—that he had reversed his engine and was running full-speed astern; for at the same moment, in obedience to his low-toned command—"Star-board, starboard your helm!"—Coast again put the wheel over and the Echo swung smartly on her heel, showing her port light and making as if to cut across the other's bows at a moment when they were but a few lengths apart.



"Well—" he asked, half dazed. "Time," returned Appleyard coolly. "They're just about to stand in round Lone Rock. Come on deck."

"What's o'clock?" he asked as he stepped on deck. "About seven. Take the wheel," Appleyard dropped lightly into the cockpit as Coast obediently moved to the stern and grasped the spokes. His first glance was comprehensive, summing up the situation in a single cast; he was now fully awake and very alert.

With a muffled cough the motor began to throb and drum. The Echo gathered way. Coast swung her gun to starboard as Appleyard, throwing the speed to half, climbed out and dropped the hatch. "Right," the little man approved. "Now hold her steady for Pasque, not too far up channel, and stand ready to put her about when I give the word."

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Coast took ashore with him a new sense of respect and admiration for his companion. What emotions, if any, Appleyard entertained, remained inscrutable. Driving the boat through a quartering run of surf, they made an uncomfortable though not dangerous landing on the west side of the sand spit, drew the dory far up and set off, side by side, wet and weary, for the Cold Lairs—as they had christened, by common consent, the abandoned fishing village.

"Two throats blowing from an automatic whistle floated down the wind. 'What'd I tell you?' chuckled Appleyard. 'She's slowed down already,' he announced, although Coast was unable to discern any change in the speed of the nearing craft. 'It hurts to do this.' The little man jerked the whistle lever and uttered a single, prolonged, derisive blast. 'Lord! they must be cussin' a blue streak!'"

There was an instant of suspense as the boats drew swiftly together. Coast held his breath and prepared to jump should the threatened happen; it seemed certain that the sharp stem of the motor cruiser would crash into the cabin's side. Even Appleyard lost something of his customary aplomb and betrayed the strain upon his nerves. "Sit tight—sit tight!" he whispered between his closed teeth. "Don't giv an inch—they've got to—they got to—dare—dare!"

The last was a sigh of relief as the cruiser swerved sharply in toward Pasque, shot forward a couple of lengths and brought up suddenly with a churning screw—hard and fast astern.

A moment later the Echo rounded gracefully to port within two yards of her stern; and simultaneously Appleyard, leaning far out over the combing, made an exceedingly cunning cast with a coil of line which Coast had laid in against the possibility of a broken halyard. The flying loops settled accurately into the water, fast above the foam, kicked up by the cruiser's propeller, and in another instant the motor stopped with a strangled gurg.

Out of the cloud of profanity that smoked up from the cruiser's cockpit few first one heavy snigger, then another. Both splashed heavily alongside the Echo. Not until they had drawn well out of range did Coast and Appleyard rise from the shelter of the combings. "So far, splendid," commented Appleyard soberly, staring astern. "I reckon that between the furrow they ploughed in that shoal and several yards of good hempen rope gunning up the shaft and screw, they'll bleed where they are a wee. Till the screw blows over any way, it ought to take a good drive or a marine railway to free that shaft."

For a space thereafter Coast held the hands full; the Echo was swinging out of the channel, past the hollow, dependent slugging bell, and the wind had found her with a swoop of fury and a wolfish howl. By the time he had trimmed the main-sheet the coxswain was sweeping onward at a rate little short of incredible. "Heedily the guiding longshore lights swung round them, marking their progress to starboard. Outrigger skims standfast as a low-bung star, to port Gay Head lit up by its lofty beacon, asters, low down a glimmer, frequently lost—Nobaka. No nearer lights were there to befriend; as the motor cruiser's hooped wings whirled round a sixth time that the Echo took her wings alone."

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Coast and western extremes of the north shore of No Man's Land, a little sandy spit jutted out, forming, according to Appleyard, "what you might call a sort of cove, if you don't care what you say." To the west of it lay the only good anchorage near the island—one that can be termed such solely when the winds blow from the south. Into the poor shelter of this cove-ly harbor, under the pilotage of Appleyard (who asserted that he found his way half by guess work and half by sense of smell) the Echo fought her way and as her anchor bit into the bottom and her cable tightened brought up staggering, like a spent runner at the close of a long race.

Only seamanship of a sort not inapplicable to the called asperg (but not less so than the courage exhibited by both men) eked out by Appleyard's intimate acquaintance with the waters therabouts, could have brought the Echo through in safety. Coast took ashore with him a new sense of respect and admiration for his companion. What emotions, if any, Appleyard entertained, remained inscrutable.

If the crew of the grounded vessel (he explained) chose to land on Pasque, they would better their condition not at all—merely exchange a comfortable cabin for the grotesque, shabby freedom of a little two-by-four island cut off from Nantuxon and its habitations by the deep, swift currents that scour Robinson's Hole. In another direction, it would profit them as little to seek the cheerless shelter of the life-saving station on Nantuxon; it would require more than man-power to free the cruiser from the sticky clutches of the shoal, and their chances of obtaining a tow before the storm abated were positively nil.

"You can tie to this," Appleyard had summed up; "they'll stay put till morning. And then a while. That'll give me time to tend to their cases properlike. Even should I fall down there, we've got at the worst reckoning a clear eighteen hours. And if that's not long enough for us to frame up a suitable last act for this thrilling drayman of crime and booman hearts, we ain't fit even to dope out a scenario for a moving-picture film; and I for one will make up my mind to shake the leg, and try to make a dent in the two-a-day."

From which pronouncement Coast drew what comfort he could. The banaglog occupied what was apparently the brow of the island's highest ridge, something like a quarter of a mile to the south of the farm-house and near the southern shore. As they drew nearer Applegate slowed down to a cautious walk. At a fair distance from the lighted window both pined, as if seeking some final word; then, without speech (it would have been necessary to shriek to make oneself heard in that exposed spot) Coast caught the little man's hand and gave it a long, friendly pressure. He turned and moved a few paces toward the house. When he looked back Appleyard had melted into the darkness.

He passed a window so misted with moisture that he could have seen little within, had he wished or stopped to look. He turned a corner, moved past another window, and came to a door before which he stopped a long minute, not hesitating, but pulling himself together, realizing that on the whole not sorry that he now stood alone, had only himself to look to whatever the emergency the next few hours might give rise to. On the other side of those panels were the little two beings in the world who could strike upon his heart-strings every chord in the gamut of the emotions; and he must be prepared to experience their moods. (To Be Continued.)

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