platform at Charing Cross chatting to-

absorbed in their own reflections.

knew how to cope with such sensa-

groove had changed Hugh very little.

the keen edge from his enjoyment of

shock had abated, he found himself

a forlorn hero among his many friends,

his days so that brooding became im-

possible. Perhaps more than mere

mothers with marriageable daughters;

And now this Twentieth century

miracle had happened! After what

which brought far travelers home

Within a few minutes all was bustle

and hurry. The platform swammed

He searched hither and thither for

the figure he sought, anxiety slowly

rising within him. As the crowd

thinned, he took up his position just

face that passed, without success.

When at last but a few stragglers re-

Casually his glance traveled over a

thin figure in a dark coat and hat,

seated upon a bench, a kindly, gray-

haired porter standing near, suit-case

"I shall be better in a minute. .

"Bab!" With probably the quickest

movement of his life, Hugh reached

the seat and selzed the girl's tremb-

bling hands in his own. . . . Then

all other words of greeting faded upon

his lips: he was conscious of a sense

of shock, a numeless apprehension.

The general features of the face quick-

ly raised were those he knew; but that

was all. This woman with the heavy,

haunted-looking eyes, the strained set

lips, the curious rigidity of expression,

bore no resemblance to the sweet-

faced, impulsive girl who had clung

of the airplane. He felt checked, curi-

and failed. The porter, scenting ro-

name uttered, again and again, in a

scene. For she was clinging to his

hands like one in deep torment who.

for the first time amld a storm of suf-

friend. . . . And yet he received the

fering, finds the anchor of an old

seemed loath to meet his gaze, unable

horror of scenes, can be trusted to

Sending the porter for a taxi, he sat

down by her side, still holding her

hands, and took refuge in the prosaic.

"Come and have some tea-or brandy

"But-you-you-dash it all! You

"I-shall be all right," she breathed.

"We had a bad crossing. I-caught

He watched her with puckered brow.

"What made you leave the boat at

don't look fit to travel. What is it,

-or something, Bab," he suggested.

'There's just time."

dear-"

Good Stories Told of Famous French Writer

She shook her head.

cold. That's all, Hugh."

bridge over any threatening chasma.

pointment adding to his anxiety.

with a leap of the heart.

Thank you, porter. . . ."

with excited passengers, harassed por-

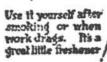
again from distant lands. . . .

ters, barrows, luggage. . . .

tions. . . .

groups. . . .

Give the youngsters this wholesome long lasting sweet - for re and benefit.





Charming Thought

It was after dinner and the talk had turned to psychology. This disturbing appear, Alice? Or are you wilfully geance upon the body of his late anquestion had just been put: "When does old age really begin?"

To establish a formula was proving rather difficult, when one lady, who did not look her years, found the fol-

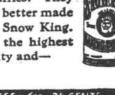
"To me, old age is always 15 years older than I am."

Knowledge is power, except that good spelling doesn't win fortunes.



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are a good Why -not an expense America **Must Have More Paved**

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With unusual decision she opened drawing room hurriedly and went as a part of the day's work,"

The second of th

SINNERS IN HEAVEN By CLIVE ARDEN

PART FOUR

Broken Harmony

with her conscience.

what?" she asked.

Hugh be warned?"

blinding yourself?"

queer!"

chatty letters!"

"Barbara."

'Hugh should be warned."

finger; this increased her irritation.

"I am no more stupid than the rest

"Well, then," continued her sister,

about it. That was queer-very

two years older and has suffered ghast-

ferent matter, of course. . . .

He wants to have the wedding after

Christmas/. . . of course it was not

Whether this self-discipline could

have been maintained had not other

people been present, is open to ques-

"You don't understand Bab as well

"No," she agreed, "but I understand

Man!" Her lips closed with a snap, to

give effect to the world of meaning in

her words. "Don't you realize, Alice,

that Barbara was attractive? And she

has been flung, unchaperoned, for two

years, into the society of a man who-

well-had extremely loose ideas, and

Bohemian ways-a man whose influ-

ence would be most questionable for

Mrs. Stockley flushed. "Are you in-

sinuating that Bab would be weak

enough to allow him to influence her?

After her careful upbringing, too? Why

-looseness of any sort would be ab-

horrent to her! Her surroundings

"I don't insinuate anything; but I

wouldn't trust that man far, in such

circumstances! We have yet to learn

"She did not allude to him in her

"No. But-she did her utmost to

get taken back to search for his body!

Surely her chief desire should have

Mrs. Stockley smiled impatiently

You are making mountains from

molehills, Mary! She did that purely

"Hugh is too trustful: that's why I

"My dear Mary! what do you mean?

Her sister held up a dignified hand

Mrs. Stockley gazed at her, her own

"'Coming to grief!" she repeated,

horrified. "Do you dare suggest my

and family as to allow- My dear

Mary! it is preposterous! I would dis-

own such a child. But Barbara!

Why, I would trust her alone with any

man, for forty years! She wouldn't

dream of such things. Besides, Cap-

tain Croft was Mrs. Field's cousin, of

Martha, the old servant, hustled in

at this moment with bedroom candles.

She plumped them down upon the

table, and ..er old face beamed at an

excuse for garrulity over Barbara's re-

turn. When, snubbed, she departed,

Hugh or Barbara. If she has any-

painful memories-she will confide in

good family himself-"

been to hurry home to Hugh?",

so. He liked Captain Croft."

have always been strictly moral."

as Hugh and I do, you see," returned

my business to say anything!"

her sister complacently.

any young girl."

how he behaved."

letter."

nature-"

forgotten stole.

tion. . .

Stockley, with much meaning.

the drawing room door, and went to bed. But she lay long awake thinking over her sister's remarks. One alone stopped; yet the watch appeared to stood out clearly, gathering force with be ticking when, every few moments. Miss Davies, Mrs. Stockley's only every minute: "Everybody is talking remaining sister, placed a marker in her book; then laid it down upon a and wondering." Everybody eagerly devoured all small table. Her face assumed the

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complacent expression of one about to scraps of news; but the supply was perform a pleasant duty in accordance scanty. After being brought to Singapore, the heroine remained there, ill, unable to be moved for a time. . "I think," she observed decisively, A certain reticence surrounded this ill-

Mrs. Stockley glanced up from the ness, prostration being given as the stole she was embroidering. "About natural cause. No trace of a white man's body was found by the expedition sent, post-haste, to search the hunted, shot, played games, as of yore. island. Only the charred remains of a Her sister made a gesture of annoyance, which caused her to prick her but, and a few dead natives, were discovered in the north. In the south, a life, making him a little older and small tribe of furious, armed savages graver, it had not destroyed his inter-"I wish you would for once be exoffered a wildly hostile reception, mak- ests in the wholesome occupations plicit. Mary! You have thrown out dark hints about Barbara ever since ing approach difficult, refusing any in which came his way. After the first we heard of her rescue. Why should formation other than a poisoned arrow. . . . Babooma had presum-"Are you so stupidly dense as you ably recovered and wreaked his ventagonist. . . .

When well enough, the girl had imof my family, I hope!" snapped Mrs. plored frantically, as one distraught, ignoring this improbability, "you must adding piquancy to the situation. But his very life had gone: to none other realize that Barbara will most likely such quixotic madness could not be did he give a moment's thought. return-very changed. Indeed, from indulged by level-headed authorities. her one letter there seems no doubt What could a girl accomplish where hosts of men had failed? No! The Island had been thoroughly explored. Mrs. Stockley impatiently hunted The hostile faction of the natives was among bundles of colored silks. "Of in possession; her return would be lutely unchanged, except, perhaps, that course she will be changed. She is mere suicide, or worse. She was sent to England as soon as practicable.

ly experiences. She was very ill at But the De Borceau brothers, ever Singapore: you couldn't expect long thirsting for adventure, understanding As has been mentioned before, he was perhaps more of her sufferings and the She spoke with unusual asperity. true facts than they chose to publish. Two years of her sister's undiluted carried out to the end their oath to companionship had increased an in- Croft. Only on the boat did they bid rier, a sudden tension became apparent herent instinct toward contradiction, her farewell-then they returned to while developing a self-defensive alert, their charts and their seaplane. Nothness. Both were necessary in the ing save death, so they vowed to her, radius of two sharp eyes ever quizzing in their exuberant French fashion, through their lorgnette, two ears which should deter them from learning hand seemingly reached all over the house, news of the man whose personality and a caustic tongue ready to reduce had won their generous admiraother people's foibles or few ideas to tion.

shreds. Such gifts used at the expense The key to more intimate, romantic of common acquaintances are a difdrama was not forthcoming. Specula-'tion flourished. What would be likely "Ah!" Miss Davies returned to the to happen in such circumstances? promptings of conscience with renewed Would propinquity bring love in its relish. "You are as blind as Hugh. train? And, if so- This entailed end-Alice. I saw him this afternoon, quite less discussion, heated arguments. excited over meeting her tomorrow.



What would be right, and what wrong? Which would need most courage: to resist or- There were women who thought the reverse.

The fact of the girl being already from humanitarian motives; it was engaged shed a further glamor of the mance, discreetly moved a few steps only right and natural. Hugh though: the uncertainty all the greater. Perhaps no problem had arisen after voice so charged with misery that his am sorry for him, Frankly, Alice, I do all. . . . But if it had? Did the two | not believe a man and woman could themselves have clear convictions on live in such isolation without coming to either side; and, above all, courage to grief. I have seen too much of human be true to them?

This was the vital point all longed to know. The pair became invested with romance. . . . Women laid to stop all interruption. "You must their heads together and wondered. . . Dark surmises were murmured

face it, Alice! Everybody is talking and wondering. Of course, it depends concerning that illness at Singapore. . . . Sentimental girls forgot their entirely upon the man. I don't imply that all men are beasts-as some wommatinee or cinema idols and cut Croft's en would who had seen as much of the photograph out of newspapers, halfworld as I have. If he had a strong wishing they themselves had been spiritual nature—a clergyman, per- wrecked with him. . . . haps. But that man!" She pursed her

Meanwhile, through the darkness of winter nights and drabness of monotonous days, the ship plowed her way face paling, her finger twitching the to England which bore one from the closed gates of an "earthly paradise." with agonized eyes still dazzled by the lights she had left there, to trim the daughter would so disgrace her name little lamps of her Darbury home.

The boat train was late. Little groups of people, wrapped in heavy coats and furs, stood about the | Marseilles and come overland?"

> "Madam, what kind of people have cisco Argonaut.

"So you're a specialist?" Once when this happened, he left the the family doctor is supposed to do

"I hated it!" she cried huskily, freeing her hands. "It was all-unbearable-day after day-the monotony, the people-oh! I hated it all!" Her eyes roved wildly over the platform, then she abruptly turned toward him. "I want Mrs. Field. Is she in London, or at Darbury?"

"Neither. She's in Russia." gether; or promenaded slowly, eying The girl's hands twined convulsively their fellows with furtive interest, or together, and she said no more. It was a relief to both when the porter ap-Hugh became convinced that both the peared to lead them to the waiting station clock and his wrist-watch had taxi. By this sudden act of traveling overland, she had successfully thwarted publicity. No curiosity was evinced in he exclaimed it. He sighed, turned on her arrival. She sank back in a corhis heel, and for the twentieth time ner, with throbbing head, bewildered started to walk the length of the platby the noise around. It all seemed form and back. Impatience was a novelty, also the state of excitement in part of the nightmare which had been going on for so long, in which various which he found himself: he hardly parts of her anatomy moved, spoke, ate and slept, while she herself was numbed or dead. The movements Two years in his usual comfortable around appeared as unreal and detached as the life of a gay city to one He managed his father's property, lying, blind and pain-stricken, in a If the tragic loss of Barbara had taken

darkened room. Hugh turned to put his arms about her, as they drove away-but again something intangible checked him; instead, he took her hand once more, almost shyly, and leaned toward her. "Bab," he asked diffidently, "won't you -aren't you going to kiss me? After all this time?"

who took him to their hearts and filled She drew away quickly, sharply. For a moment she laid her hand upon sympathy lurked within the minds of the door, with the mad instinct to escape which some trapped animal might for facilities to return, herself, to but that suspicion never penetrated feel on its way to the zoo, its heart search. This awakened a new interest, his brain. The girl who was part of ever away in the wilds with its lost mate. . . . Then, drawing a long quivering breath, she leaned back and looked up at him. In the light from passing vehicles, she saw the hurt wonder on his face. . .

seemed a dull dream he awoke just All at once the cold rigidity encomwhere he was, when, so to speak, he passing her heart relaxed. With tremfell asleep. His feelings were absobling lips, and eyes swimming in sudden tears, she laid her free hand on they were intensified by loss. The possibility of any alteration in their re-"Hughle!" she muttered brokemly.

lationship never even occurred to him. 'you must bear with me. So much has happened. I have to tell you. . . . I not blessed-or cursed-with imagina--I'm not-I don't-" The words quavered away into silence. Hew was it When he had nearly reached the bar possible, at this first moment of meeting, to blurt out the bald statements everywhere: conversations ceased, which would shatter his pathetic hapheads all turned one way, a flutter of piness and trust? She could not bear, expectancy passed over the scattered yet, to allude to what had become a sacred memory full of poignant, ex-Hugo turned quickly. The huge en quisite pain. "I can't tell you everygine, approaching, glided slowly alongthing-here," she continued. "Oh! I side the platform, followed by the train can't speak of it all-yet, Hugh! Don't

> Again her voice died away. Hugh pressed the hands in his, and laid them against his cheek.

ask me. It-it is so-unbearable-"

"Darling old girl! Has it been as

bad as all that?" He had, she knew, entirely misunderstood; but she made no comment. Explanations were impossible, just then. This meeting, fraught with such inside the barrier, where she was irony and tragedy, had bewildered her. bound to come. Peering through the Hugh's presence, with its present murky light, he hastily scanned each strangeness and odd sense of famillarity, brought with it a sense of shock, reducing her preconceived ideas of it mained, he made his way further down to chaos. the platform a dull feeling of disap-

When they reached Waterloo, she nerved herself to put the question she scarcely dared to frame—that which was her only interest in life at present. "Has any news reached Englandyet-from De Borceau?" in hand/ . . . As he passed by, a

Hugh looked grave and shook his

voice he had once thought never to hear again caused him to turn sharply, bead. "Of-Croft, you mean? No. Poor fellow. . . I suppose-I say-

Bab-" "Yes?" "I suppose-I've sometimes

dered-was Croft quite-decent to you, all the time?"

A harsh caricature of a laugh jarred on his ears. "Yes. Oh! Quite-decent!"

Hugh knitted his brow at her tone "You are sure? He-looked after you, I mean, and did all he could?" "Oh, yes, yes! He-did all he pus-

sibly could." "It was a beastly position for you both. Especially as you didn't like

round his neck at parting, in the cabin "Here's the station!" she exclaimed,

ously embarrassed, as if with a stranwith a quick breath of relief. The taxi ger. Still clasping her hands, he gazed drew up at the pavement, and a porter opened the door. . . . at her silently, noting with alarm the ashen hue spreading even to her lips. The train was rather full; but the Several times she essayed to speak,

presence of others in their carriage was a boon to Barbara. Hugh hadsunk so far into the background that, dramatic over the adventure, making away. . . . At last Hugh heard his in her recent anguish, the consideration of their position had held no place. Robbed with such cruel suddenness of apprehensions deepened, and a sudden both Alan and her future motherhood, mistiness enveloped the surrounding there had been no room, in the bitterness of her heart, for thoughts of the empty years ahead. Every throb of the engines bringing her away increased the passionate craving to return-to search every nook and corner impression of fear in her manner; she of the island for remains of the man who meant more than life to her; then to talk to him. . . . He was frankly to lie down beside them and die, herpuzzled; but an Englishman, with his

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Wonderful Baby

"Now, then, ladles and gents," shouted the rosy-faced showman, "walk up an' see the most wonderful baby on earth! The charge for admission is only stypence. Walk up! Walk up!" A good many people responded to

the invitation, and when the place was full the showman brought forward a very ordinary baby indeed in all respects. "What is there wonderful about it?"

asked one of the disgusted audience of the showman. "I've seen thousands of bables like it."

"Well," said the showman, getting near an aperture in the booth, "all l can say is that its mother says it's the most wonderful baby on earth, an if she doesn't know who does? You'll have to take the lady's word for it!" he yelled as he dodged an empty bot tle and disappeared from view .- London Tit-Bits.

Freak Indian Ocean Island Midway between Africa and Austra-Ha and about 1,500 miles north of the Antarctic circle, Kergueien island or Desolation land, as it is called, presents one of the most perplexing mysteries of the Indian ocean. It is covered with strange vegetation unlike that found in any other part of the world. There are also millions of cabbages which bear large heads of leaves 18 to 20 inches across.—Popular Machanics Magazina

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vertised and thought I would try it and it has helped me in all my troubles. 'I have had six children and I have taken the Lydia E. Pinkham Vegetable Compound before each one was born, for weakness, vomiting, poor appetite and backache, and again after childbirth because of dizzy headaches. It is a good medicine for it always helps me. I have also taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills for the last eight years for constipation." - Mrs. MABEL LA POINT, R. F. D. No. 1, Turtle Lake, Wisconsin. In a recent canvass, 98 out of every 100 women say they were benefited by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



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> distress gone ative and catharti ups and children

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bringing these together on t side and then the other the the reptile a forward motion

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Best Wishes "Hello, Mabel. Haven't sed

for a long time." "I'm married now, Gertle." "Is zat so? Well, I hope reff happy home life, girlle."-Lad Courier-Journal.

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Max O'Rell, the famous French sat | down to the hall, whence he returned irist, joked to the end. When he was in a few minutes in a state of great lying on his deathbed, and after the excitement, and approaching his host Mrs. Stockley faced her sister, candle doctors had informed him that there ess whispered agitatedly into her ear: in hand, with an air of outraged digwas no hope, he wrote: "I fear that I am doomed. The doctors give me a you here? The check you placed in "Mary" she said, "your conversation tonight has shocked me inexpressibly! few months, but I believe I shall last my overcoat pocket—my fee for tolonger. At any rate I shall try; for night-has been stolen!"-San Fran-I insist on your never breathing à I'd rather wear a hat than a halo." word of your suspicions-either to

Max O'Rell, like all professional men, was occasionally imposed on with me. Of course, I did not know Cap- regard to hospitality, hostesses invittain Croft well, nor like him; but- ing him to an "at home" as a guest poor child! Her sufferings may have and then expecting him to perform, in been worse than I ever imagined. Good other words to "tell a few stories."

The Specialist

"Yes. I've discovered that is the way to get fancy prices for doing what