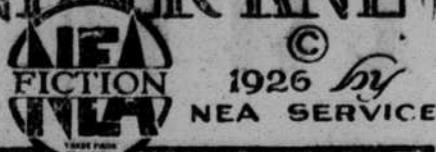


THEY NEVER KNEW

TOM SIMS



START HERE TODAY

The names of the characters in this true story are entirely fictitious. All gifts for them such as rat poison, bombs, black hand letters and dirty looks should be held until the author calls for them in person.)

JIMPSON WEED was born an infant. However, after trying for years and years he outgrew the handicap and had a fine job in the DIRTY PAN BAKERY which did a good business in OMEOMY, OHIO.

JIMP discovers a new way to kill flies and makes a million dollars. One day, while he isn't looking, PEARL HANDLE marries him, so they start on their honeymoon.

That'll give you the general idea of the story. It isn't so complicated, and you haven't missed much. But it's an awfully nice story. Read it, if you like to cry.

TURN TO THE RIGHT CHAPTER X

Yesterday's chapter ended rather suddenly when some dirty bum sneaked into the Pennsylvucky Hotel in New York and swiped our Pearl's clothes while she was taking a bath in the bath tub.

This left Pearl Weed alone in the great city, penniless, husbandless, friendless, and without a thing to wear.

Really, Pearl wasn't even in rags. The dirty crook took every stitch of clothing while she was chasing the soap about the tub.

Knock! Knock! Knock! Someone had rapped at the door three times. If you don't believe it, count them.

Pearl was puzzled. How could she go to the door as she was? She couldn't, just couldn't.

Knock! Knock! Knock! What, oh what, could the poor girl do. The carpet tickled her bare feet as she advanced cautiously.

She peeped through the keyhole. There, on the other side of the door, she saw Jim.

Jim! Oh, joy! Oh, joy! It was Jim, her husband. Evidently he had escaped from the aquarium where he was held as a fish.

"Jim," whispered Pearl through the keyhole.

"Jim," shouted Jim. "Open the door. I brought you something."

"Is it clothes?" questioned Pearl, a faint hope sending her dear little heart pounding against her dear little ribs.

"Yes," said Jim, tossing a bundle over the transome. "It's clothes. See for yourself."

Pearl tore frantically at the wrappings of the bundle. Its contents tumbled to the floor—a beautiful seal-skin coat.

Slipping into it, Pearl opened the door and fell around her darling husband's rough neck.

"How do you like it?" asked Jim, giggling sheepishly. "They thought I was a fish, so they put me in with the seals."

"It's so exquisite," beamed Pearl. "Yes, yes, continue the narration."

"They put me in with the seals. So I just skinned the seals and brought you that coat. Where are your clothes?"

Pearl willed into a chair. "Somebody stole my clothes while I was bathing in the bath tub."

"We'll buy some more," smiled the fond husband.

"I spent our last \$900,000," sobbed the wife.

It was indeed a mess. What to do now? Now what to do? Both were broke.

"Let's take a walk and formulate our plans," suggested the bright young husband who was not beaten so easily.

A drizzling rain fell as Mr. and Mrs. Jimpson Weed strolled down Broadway in earnest conversation.

Strangers gazed at the barefoot lady in the well-sealskin coat. To quell their astonishment, Jimp removed his shoes and gave them to his wife.

It was the gentleman in his which made him do so. Any gent will let his wife have his shoes when she loses hers, even if his socks do look more like spats. And Jim's socks were so full of holes in the feet they did remind one of spats.

Presently, our Jimp began to cough. The sidewalk didn't hurt his feet much but he was catching cold. He sneezed constantly.

Yes, he was catching cold. He knew that. His nose told him so. He was walking, but his nose wasn't. And it was a good nose, as noses run.

Autos sped past in the rain, their tires making a sucking sound on the wet pavement. Drivers peeped out from behind their busy automatic windshield wipers.

Suddenly, without warning, Jimp seized both of Pearl's hands in his. "I have it." He was dancin' about the sidewalk in his sock feet, and in great glee.

"You have what?" questioned his wife in her sealskin coat and his shoes. "It it a cold you have?"

"Yes," shouted Jimp. "It's a cold and another wonderful idea."

"Yes, yes," whispered his trembling bride.

"See the autos with their windshield wipers?"

"Yes, yes," whispered the bride again.

"Why not fix a windshield wiper to your forehead. Tie a rag on the wiper. And there you are!"

"What good is that?" asked Pearl, who was slow at times.

"What good is that?" shouted her keen-witted husband. "It's worth a million dollars to us. Imagine the great convenience of an automatic handkerchief! No more stopping to wipe your nose. Turn the automatic handkerchief on. Let it run when your nose does."

Well, to make a long story short, the idea worked. Jimp sold it to a man for a million dollars. Jimp and

Pearl were rich again.

The Chinese have a quaint way of remarking. "The only ill wind that blows no good is a saxophone player."

The Persians frequently say, "If every cloud has a silver lining, then every silver lining has a cloud."

The Eskimos have a habit of singing. "Fools make money and money makes fools."

In Chutney, even the small boys often whistle. "A fool and his money are soon parted."

Jim and Pearl sat in their sumptuous quarters at the Pennsylvucky Hotel. Having never visited China, Persia, Eskimona, or Chutney, they knew none of these sayings.

Pearl lifted her delicate hand languidly and rang a golden bell. Twelve maids answered its mellow note.

"I believe I'll change my complexion," said Pearl. Eleven of the maids picked up the lovely bride and carried her into the complexion room.

One maid alone remained with Jimp. And she could not be seen. Because she had hidden under the table.

Jimp rang. Twelve butlers appeared as if by magic. "Did you wish some butling done?" asked they simultaneously.

"Yes," said Jimp. "Call the footmen." Eleven of the twelve butlers turned on twenty-two of the twenty-four heels and departed.

One butler remained. But he was unseen. Because he sneaked into the sideboard.

Twelve footmen appeared. "Did you wish some footing done?" asked a pompous individual, evidently their leader.

"Yes," answered Jimp. "I wish some footing done. Carry me out for a walk."

Eleven of the twelve footmen nicked up Jimp and carried him out for a walk. But one footer remained.

The maid crawled out from under the table. With a harsh laugh, she threw off her disguise. She was Mrs. Gumshoe, the woman detective.

The butler stepped forth from the sideboard and stood revealed as Detective Gumshoe, and none other.

The footman, as, perchance, the reader has guessed ere this, was Mr. Handle, Pearl's father, the filthy crook.

"When he comes back from being taken for his walk," said Mr. Handle and there was malice aforesought in

his voice. "I'll shoot him dead."

"No," whispered Mrs. Gum, the woman detective. "There'll be no murder done here today. Let me handle this case. I'll make him love me, the ignorant boob. Then you will get your daughter back."

"I'm in favor of shooting," said Gum, who was jealous of his wife's charms.

"Hist!" warned all three. Pearl was returning. When she entered the room it apparently was deserted. Flopping down on a couch in her new complexion, she awaited Jimp. It was not long. He came skipping in, laughing like a man who enjoyed health, wealth and happiness.

"I got you now," screamed Mr. Handle, leaping from his place of concealment, pistol in hand.

But he was too late. Before he could fire, the chapter ended.

(To Be Continued)

SANITARY RULES FOR CAMPS FOR CONVICTS

Raleigh.—New rules and regulations of the state board of health governing the sanitary management of county jails and convict camps will require the posting of large placards in a prominent place about each jail and camp denoting whether it has been "approved" by the sanitary department, the board of health announced today.

The sign "disapproved" must stay there until conditions have been remedied.

The department regulations call for fire proof construction of all new jails, the removal of fire hazards from old ones, require that all jails shall be well heated, that prisoners shall be segregated as to sex, race and age, that the jail shall have at least five separate compartments, that there shall be an isolation room for the sick, and adequate light, ventilation and drainage are also required.

Other regulations require running water and facilities for bathing, the frequent collection of garbage, clean walls and floors, beds free from vermin and bed clothes sunned at least once a week; seats and cuspidors in the cells, adequate clothing for prisoners with a change of under and

outer garments each week, night shirts for prisoners, a balanced diet, with at least one meal a day containing vegetables and fruits.

In the convict camps, each prisoner must be supplied with an individual wash basin, soap and towel and warm water must be provided in cold weather. Camps must be located on dry ground away from possible sources of infection.

Lincolnton Man Has Dreams Of Gold Pot

Guy Haynes Finds Largest Cucumber After Vision of Wealth In Garden

Lincoln Co. News.

Mr. Guy Haynes, of this city, states to the News that he found in his garden last week a cucumber which measures 12 inches in length and 15 inches around, which he says is the largest he has heard of this season and that it lays the one reported by Mr. D. A. Yoder in the shade.

Seeing the report of Chief Farley

having found his blackjack through a dream Mr. Haynes tells of a dream he had some months ago, and says that he is now thinking that possibly he has been unwise in not looking further into his dream suggestion. He had a vision one night that there was a pot of gold to be found in the ground near a certain tree in the garden back of his house. He reports having dreamed the same thing three nights; the last night the vision informed him that there were three pots of gold in the back yard stacked over each other, each being covered by a piece of tin and earth. Learning of the chief's belief in dreams Mr. Haynes says he is almost persuaded that he must dig a hole in his back yard. If he does and attains success Lincolnton will get in the head lines in big style. His neighbors should not watch him too closely. Give him a chance.

SURVIVOR OF FORT FISHER FIGHT DIES IN JONES

Kinston, Aug. 18.—Turner Meadows, 87, who died at his Jones county home recently, was the best known

Confederate veteran in the country

south of here and one of the last survivors of the Battle of Fort Fisher in this section.

The aged man was in good health until a few weeks ago, when he suffered a stroke of paralysis. His was one of the most extraordinary physiques ever known in Jones. During the fighting at Fort Fisher he carried on many hours with a maimed hand and declined to regard his sacrifice as heroic. He went to Fort Monroe as a prisoner of war after the capitulation of Fisher.

Mr. Meadows is survived by nine sons and daughters, most of whom reside in this section and are prominent.

Lincoln's Chickery

From The Lincoln County News.

The county is leading in the poultry game, having recently begun erection of one of the largest hatcheries in the state. Already the management of the hatchery has enough eggs contracted to fill the incubator for the first run, and it begins to look as if there will be a waiting list.

Endurance

Graham Brothers Trucks are built to endure. That is why they make such mileage, last so long—and sell so readily to careful buyers.

[Graham Brothers Trucks with Dodge Brothers 3/4-Ton Commercial Cars, meet 90% of all hauling requirements.]

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SIZES	PRICES	SIZES	PRICES
30x3 1/2 Reg. Clincher	\$7.95	33x5	\$25.00
30x3 1/2 Oversize Cl.	\$8.75	29x4.40	\$9.85
31x4	\$13.20	30x5.25	\$15.85
32x4	\$14.60	30x5.77	\$19.40
32x4 1/2	\$19.65	31x5.25	\$16.00
33x4 1/2	\$20.65	33x6.00	\$20.45

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SOUTH SHELBY

Everything will be offered at and below cost. Store opens Saturday and continues open every day until stock is sold.

Come in and make your selection. It's a chance to buy cheaper than ever before.

A REAL VACATION EXCURSION TO WILMINGTON AND RETURN

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BAGGAGE—Will be checked.

TICKETS—Good in Pullman Cars upon payment of Pullman fares.

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For information and reservations write or call any Seaboard Air Line Agent, or

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Stanley Creek, N. C.	\$8.00	Pee Dee, N. C.	\$5.25
Crouse, N. C.	\$8.75	Folkton, N. C.	\$5.75
Shelby, N. C.	\$9.25	Wingate, N. C.	\$6.25
Ellenboro, N. C.	\$9.75	Mt. Holly, N. C.	\$7.75
Forest City, N. C.	\$10.00	Lincolnton, N. C.	\$8.
Monroe, N. C.	\$6.50	Waco, N. C.	\$9.00
Rockingham, N. C.	\$5.00	Mooreboro, N. C.	\$9.75
Wadesboro, N. C.	\$5.50	Bostic, N. C.	\$10.00
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Kings Mountain to Charlotte—7:30, 9:30, 11:30, 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 8:30. Direct connection made in Kings Mountain for Spartanburg and Greenville in the morning—One hour layover in afternoons.

Bessemer City to Charlotte—7:45, 9:45, 11:45, 1:45, 3:45, 5:45, 8:45.

Gastonia to Charlotte, leaves every hour on the hour, from 7 A. M. to 8 P. M. Connection made there for Rock Hill, S. C.; Spartanburg, Greenville, Cramerton, Lincolnton and Cherryville, York and Clover, S. C.

Gastonia to Shelby—On the odd hours, making connections for Rutherfordton, Hendersonville, Asheville and Statesville

Gastonia to Cherryville—8:30, 12:10, 4:10, 8:10.

Cherryville to Gastonia—7:15, 10, 2, 6 P. M.

Charlotte to Rock Hill—8, 10:30, 4:15.

Rock Hill to Charlotte—10:30, 1:30, 4:15.

Bus leaves Spartanburg 6:15 P. M. Connections at Kings Mountain, Charlotte.

Telephones: Charlotte 2671, Gastonia 1051, Shelby 450 Shelby to Rutherfordton—8 A. M. and 1 P. M. Rutherfordton to Shelby—9:40 A. M. & 2:15 P. M.

Shelby to Asheville—10:00 A. M. 12, 2, 4, 6 P. M. Asheville to Shelby—8, 9 & 11 A. M. & 2, 4, P. M.

Shelby—7:20 A. M., 10 A. M., 1 P. M., 4:30 P. M.

Lincolnton—8:30 A. M., 11 A. M., 3:00 P. M. 6:30 P. M. Schedules Subject to Change.