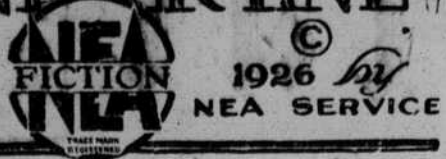


THEY NEVER KNEW



HOW COME
JIMPSON WEED AND PEARL HANDLE live in OMEOMY, OHIO. **JIMP** makes a million dollars with a new idea for killing flies. He paints one fly red, white and blue, and the others cheer themselves to death.
 One day while **JIMP** is thinking about something else, **PEARL** up and marries him. They decide to spend their honeymoon together.
PEARL'S FATHER, Mr. Handle, follows them about the country and shoots at **JIMP**. This leads **JIMP** to suspect the old man doesn't like him.
DETECTIVE GUMSHOE and **MRS. GUMSHOE** also trail **JIMP** AND **PEARL**. They have been hired by **MR. HANDLE** bust up the match.
JIMP AND **PEARL** become lost in **MAMMOTH CAVE**. It's almost dinner time and they haven't had much to eat since lunch. So they stretch out and prepare to die.

ANOTHER CHAPTER CHAPTER XIII
 "Help! Help! Help!" shouted **JIMP** into the darkness of the cave. But his voice only reverberated from unseen crag to unseen cliff.
 Its echo returned mockingly hollow. "No use, **JIMP**. No use," moaned **PEARL**. "We must have strayed into an unexplored part of the cave."
 Two small fiery points peered at them now and then, evidently the eyes of a bat. A rattlesnake dislocated a rock nearby, and it went bounding into a bottomless chasm.
 The air was damp, chilly, moist, slimy.
 "We mustn't die, **PEARL**," whispered **JIMP**. "I still have \$800,000 to spend."
 "If we could offer it for a reward," suggested **PEARL**, hopefully.
 "I'll try," said **JIMP**. He shouted into the empty darkness. "Eight hundred thousand dollars reward to anyone finding us!"
 The amount was large. There are people in Florida and California who don't make as much as \$800,000 in a week.
 But **JIMP** got no answer. There was no one to hear him.
 "Well," said the dying man to his dying wife, "this is the end. We are lost in Mammoth Cave. No one can find us."
 "Yes," said the dying bride to her dying husband, "we are lost in Mammoth Cave and no one can find us."
 "I wish I had some life insurance," whispered **JIMP**.
 The dying man and his dying wife were startled by a rush of feet. Lights came bobbing from every direction.
 Mammoth Cave swarmed with insurance agents. "Promise me," said the first arrival, "that you won't do anything in the way of insurance until I see you again."
 He was shoved aside by dozens of others. All had their policies ready made. **JIMP** and **PEARL** received ninety invitations to dinner.
 In a few minutes they stood outside the cave, the blue sky above them once more. It was great to be free. But they were broke. **JIMP** had spent his \$800,000 on insurance.

The hotel at Cave City is a large semi-Colonial structure, looking more like an expensive private residence. A wide, airy porch extends across the front and is known as a veranda.
 Here the guests sit in hickory chairs and gaze idly at the street of Cave City. You never can tell when someone is going to pass. Very often people pass two, and sometimes three at a time.
 The hotel is famed for its southern cooking. It specializes in hot biscuits. **JIMP** and **PEARL** were seated at breakfast, busily engaged in surrounding a plate of these biscuits smeared with butter.
 "Narrow escape you had," said the manager, approaching on foot.
 "Yes," said **JIMP**. "Narrow escape."
 "I understand," said the manager, "that you were saved by a gang of insurance agents."
 "Yes," said **JIMP**, becoming uncomfortably suspicious.
 "Quite clever," smiled the manager.
 "No matter where you are, if you want insurance those boys will locate you."
 "Yes," said **JIMP**. "I was glad to have the dern insurance."
 "Yes," said the manager. "It's good stuff to have. Spent all your money for it, didn't you?"
 "Yes," admitted **JIMP**. "Spent all my money for insurance. Broke now. Can't pay my hotel bill."
 "Too bad," smiled the manager.
 "Hurry up with your break fast. The windows need washing. You'll find a nail in the kitchen."
JIMP smiled a trifle sadly. In one night he had gone from millionaire to window washer.
 "Run along to your room," said he to his wife, **PEARL**. "I must be about my work."
 "Your room, said the hotel manager, "is just through the swinging door there. You'll find the wishes need


washing.
PEARL smiled, but she didn't mean it. Poor **PEARL**. In one night she had gone from a millionaire's wife to a dish washer.
 Life has its ups and downs. One day you are upon the mountain tops, and the next day in the valleys. But the valleys are lovely, if you don't spend your time sighing for the mountains.
 And there is no pleasure to be found on the mountains if you are afraid of the surrounding valleys.
 The Pyrenees have a quaint way of saying, "Life has its up and downs, but you'll get along if you are on the level."
PEARL sang as she flung a wicked dishrag in the kitchen. Raising her hand, red from the warm soapy water she gazed upon the wedding ring which sparkled there.
 "For better or worse," she mused. "It's been better. Now it's come to the worse. Here I am washing dishes when I could be back in the Dirty Pan Bakery selling cookies. Wish I had taken up stenography. That's the best thing to protect a girl's hands from dishwater."
JIMP entered the kitchen to fill his pail.
 How goes it, **JIMP**? smiled **PEARL**, calling her fond husband by his pet name.
 "Not so good," smiled **JIMP**. "My back aches. What a swell honeymoon this turned out to be."
 "Quit your blamed kicking," snapped **PEARL**, who up until now had put up a brave front.
 "Who's kicking?" cried **JIMP**, his nerves raw. "I'll kick somebody in somebody's eye."
 "Meaning me?" asked **PEARL**, calmly grabbing the pan of dishes and smashing them over the unfortunate husband's head.
 "What's this? What's this?" cried the excited manager, attracted to the scene by the noise of the falling dishes.
 "What's what and who wants to know?" smiled **PEARL**.
 "Why did you break those dishes over **JIMP**'s head?"
 "Because he's my husband."
 "Oh," said the manager, apologizing. "I forgot." So he departed.
PEARL had become a hard boiled egg. But **JIMP** was only slightly addled. His head buzzed as she went about his window washing. The blow had started something. He was thinking.
 "Hello **PEARL**," said a voice at **PEARL**'s elbow.
 "Detective Gumshoe," exclaimed **PEARL**. "What brings you here?"
 "I am with you always," blushed Gum. "I have watched you since you married **JIMP** because I love you. He's broke. Come, flee with me."
 "Flee with you?" said **PEARL**, considering the proposition. "You mean you want me to chase you?"
 "No," sighed the new lover. "I want to take you away from here. Seeing your beautiful hands in that dishwater is like a dagger in my heart."
 Gum was a handsome gentleman. He was almost as handsome as **JIMP**.

Intuition told **PEARL** he loved her. Should she flee?
JIMP, busy washing windows and thinking, was annoyed by someone pinching his leg. "Stop that," said he, looking down from his ladder.
 It was Mrs. Gumshoe. "Hello, sweetheart," said the fast worker. "Climb down a minute. I have a huge hug for you."
JIMP climbed to the top of the ladder and sat there, at bay.
 "Come to me," coaxed Mrs. Gum. "Come **JIMP**. Come **JIMP**. Come flee with me," quoth the she-devil.
 "Not so loud," whispered **JIMP**. "My wife will hear you."
 (Author's note: Apologies are due for the conclusion of this otherwise perfect chapter.
 Mr. Handle, **PEARL**'s father, was supposed to dash into the hotel and shoot at **JIMP**, or at least have **JIMP** cornered on top of the ladder.
 But there is a cobblestone road just outside of Cave City. The old man lost his false teeth on this road, and stopped to hunt them. He finally found the teeth over in a patch eating watermelons.
 Too late today, Mr. Handle will be with us next time.)
 (To Be Continued)
Brains and the Bald
 Just as the members of the Bald-Headed association of America are assembling at Springfield, Mass., in annual convention, come cheering cables from Oxford University, where the British association for the advancement of science is in session. Its combined gigantic intellects have been concentrated on the relation between baldness and brains. In the opinion of the chief of the anthropological section, "it is not far wrong to assume that diminished hair growth liberates thyroid secretions to exert themselves elsewhere. The relation of thyroid to brain growth is close also, and thus we may view diminishing hair growth as an accessory factor in man's brain growth."
 It will be encouraging to many laymen, whose cranial foliage is less luxuriant than it once was to have

enabled to feed myself and family. I am now tottering to the grave; but I am perfectly happy, because I look forward to a life of immortality with Jesus in heaven. That's what my religion has done for me. What has your way of thinking done for you? Well, my good lady, rejoined the lecturer. "I don't want to disturb your comfort, but—" "Oh, that's not the question," interrupted the woman. "Keep to the point, sir.—What has your way of thinking done for you?" The infidel endeavored to shirk the matter again. The feeling of the meeting found vent in uproarious applause, and the skeptic lecturer had to go away discomfited by an old Christian woman.—Sunday School Journal
 Summer hint: A practical hot weather costume is a bath tub full of water.
 You can overlook the faults of your friends, but in your enemies they seem terrible.
 What's the difference between mowing the grass and clipping it with a golf club?
 The law provides a penalty for murder but no one ever interferes with the tree killers.
 "The bootleg King" is another monarch who, it appears, is going to be forced to abdicate.
 There should be two so the old folks can hide from their children's swell friends.

"KEEP TO THE POINT"
 "After one of the noted infidels had concluded one of his infidel lectures in a village in the North of England, he challenged those present to discussion. Who should accept the challenge but an old, bent woman in most antiquated attire, who went up to the lecturer and said: "Sir, I have a question to put to you." "Well, my good woman, what is it?" "Ten years ago," she said, "I was left a widow with eight children utterly unprovided for and nothing to call my own but this Bible. By its direction and looking to God for strength I have been

DR. DAVID M. MORRISON
 Optometrist.
 EYE SPECIALIST
 Telephone 585
 Eyes examined, glasses fitted, lenses made and duplicated.



NORTH CAROLINA POPULAR EXCURSION
 TO
WASHINGTON, D. C.
 VIA
SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1926
 Three whole days and three nights in Washington.
 Round trip fare from Shelby \$12.00.
 Special train leaves Charlotte 8:55 P. M. Set. 3, 1926.
 Arrives Washington 8:35 A. M. September 4, 1926.
 Tickets on sale Sept. 3rd. Good on all regular trains to junction points, thence special train.
 Final limit to return leaving Washington on all regular trains (Except 37) so as to reach original starting point prior to midnight September 7, 1926.
BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL GAMES.
 Washington Senators vs Boston Red Sox. One game Sept. 5th—Two games Sept. 6th.
 Fine opportunity to see Walter Johnson, George Murray and other stars in action. Also to visit Washington's many public buildings; Arlington National Cemetery and other points of interest.
 Tickets good in Pullman sleeping cars and day coaches.
 No stop-overs. No baggage checked.
 Make your sleeping car reservations early.
 For further information and sleeping car reservations please call on any Southern Railway Agent.
A. H. MORGAN, Agent, Shelby, N. C.
R. H. GRAHAM, Division Passenger Agent, Charlotte, N. C.

Luremont--
On Lake Lure
In Chimney Rock Mountains
 AS SCENIC AS SWITZERLAND, AS SUNNY AS ITALY AND AS BEAUTIFUL AS VENICE.
 IT HAS THE GRANDEUR OF THE MOUNTAINS, THE CHARM OF SEQUESTERED COVES AND DALES AND THE SINUOUS BAYS AND RECESSES OF AN INLAND SEA.
 —SEE—
C. L. T. FISHER — PHONE 535
 Central Hotel Lobby,
 Shelby, N. C.

CHEAP RATE EXCURSION
 VIA
SEABOARD AIR LINE RAILWAY
 TO
Washington, D. C., Richmond, Va.,
Portsmouth, Virginia Beach & Return
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1926.

	TO Wash- ton, D. C.	TO Rich- mond, Va.	TO Ports- mouth, Va.	TO Va. Beach
From Ruth'ton, N. C.	\$12.00	\$7.25	\$16.25	\$16.75
Shelby, N. C.	12.00	7.00	10.00	10.50
Lincolnt'n, N. C.	12.00	7.00	9.50	10.00
Charlotte, N. C.	11.00	7.00	8.50	9.00
Monroe, N. C.	10.00	7.00	7.50	7.50
Wadesbo', N. C.	10.00	7.00	7.00	7.50
Hamlet, N. C.	10.00	7.00	7.00	7.50
Chester, S. C.	12.00	9.75	9.75	10.25

Tickets on sale for all trains stopping at your station, Friday, September 3rd, 1926.
 LIMIT—Return trip must be completed by midnight, Tuesday, September 7th, 1926.
 BAGGAGE—No baggage will be checked.
 Tickets good in Sleeping Cars upon payment of Pullman fares.
 For further information and Pullman reservations call on nearest Agent or,
J. T. WEST, Division Passenger Agent, RALEIGH, N. C. Phone 2700.
E. W. LONG, Division Passenger Agent, CHARLOTTE, N. C. Phone 186.
B. HARRIS, Depot Ticket Agent, CHARLOTTE, N. C., Phone No. 1.

AN ATTRACTIVE PROPOSITION
 The consensus of opinion among intelligent people is that the Penn Mutual is the greatest Life Insurance Company the world has ever known. It has been doing business at the same stand for 80 years, and its financial strength is greater than the combined strength of all the stock companies represented in Cleveland County. A Penn Mutual policy, covering the double indemnity, and disability provisions, is the most attractive proposition ever presented to a man, and whoever insures in any other company does himself and family a great injustice.
C. J. WOODSON,
 Agent.

Now!
New Low Prices
 on
U.S. ROYAL
 and
USCO



For Sale By
CHAS. E. LAMBETH MOTOR CO.
SHELBY BRANCH
S. LaFayette Street, Shelby, N. C.
UNITED STATES TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES

Less need now than ever before to shop around for "bargain" tires that you know nothing about. Come in and let us tell you the New Low Prices of good United States Tires to fit your car.

THE PASS WORD IN ANY TRAFFIC



Esso
 The Custom Built Motor Fuel
 Costs 5 cents More - Worth It

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (N.J.)