The Carpet from Bagdad

A NEW STORY by HAROLD MAC GRATH

A BRILLIANT tale of the Orient, full of color and with never a dull moment, is the new serial we have secured and which we will print in installments.

The Carpet *from* Bagdad

is probably the best and most fascinating story that has thus far come from the pen of Harold MacGrath. The plot, starting with the theft of a rare and holy rug by an American adventurer from its Moslem owner and sold to an American collector, is MacGrath's most salient stroke of originality.

You will enjoy following the fortunes of the little group of Americans who meet dangers amid the strange surroundings of the Near East, and who come home only to be involved in more dangerous and remarkable complications.

Don't Miss the Opening Installment!

The Carpet *from* Bagdad

A swiftly moving tale of adventure

BY

Harold MacGrath

OUR NEXT SERIAL! WATCH FOR IT!

A thrilling adventure story woven around a holy Moslem rug

The Carpet from Bagdad

Watch for the Opening Installment!

The Carpet from Bagdad

An absorbing tale of adventure in the Moslem country

By HAROLD MACGRATH

Smugglers, card-sharks, an ancient rug and a caravan in the desert are some of the ingredients out of which the author has compounded this story of love and exciting adventure we are about to print as our next serial.

You will thoroughly enjoy every installment. Be sure you get the issue with the first chapter

You Ought to Read

The Carpet from Bagdad

Reveal Their Own Shame.

It has been the unpleasant task of the Record for the last thirty years to bring to the attention of the voters of the country the systematic debaucheries practiced by Republican campaigners in the use of vast sums of money for carrying elections. To gather together the proofs of corruption from unwilling witnesses and to cite last year misdoing as a warning against this-year and next-year repetitions has been a labor of difficulty now happily no longer necessary. The Record can find better employment for its employes. The Taft and Roosevelt shouters and statisticians are busy in uncovering mutual default and criminality. They are diving into the records of past campaigning income and outgo and publishing the scandalous truth. There never was, nor ever will be, a more shameless exhibit since Sodom and Gomorrah.—Philadelphia Record.

The man who marries for money sells his liberty.—Proverb.

A female optimist is a woman who marries a poet.

A great majority of summer ills are due to Malaria in suppressed form. Lassitude and headaches are but two symptoms. OXIDINE eradicates the Malaria germ and tones up the entire system. Adv.

Those love truth best who to themselves are true, and what they dare to dream of, dare to do.—James Russell Lowell.

For SUMMER HEADACHES

Hicks' CAPUDINE is the best remedy—no matter what causes them—whether from the heat, sitting in draughts, feverish condition, etc. 10c., 25c and 50c per bottle at medicine stores. Adv.

Rural Fat.

"Sims never made a big hit. He just ploughed his way along."

"What a harrowing life!"

TO DRIVE OUT MALARIA AND BUILD UP THE SYSTEM

Take the Old Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking. The formula is plainly printed on every bottle, showing it is simply Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form, and the most effectual form. For grown people and children, 50 cents. Adv.

Complimentary.

"What would you call it in a man to steal all my ideas?"

"Petty larceny."

As a summer tonic there is no medicine that quite compares with OXIDINE. It not only builds up the system, but taken regularly, prevents Malaria. Regular or Tasteless formula at Druggists. Adv.

Wrong Guess.

Nan—I've seen your new young man, and I should call him a diamond in the rough.

Fan—Well, he's susceptible of some polish, I'll admit, but you haven't classified him correctly; he's a Jasper.

CLAIMS BABEK SAVED HIS LIFE.

Mr. Chas. W. Miller, of Washington, D. C., writes of **Elixir Babek:**

"I can heartily testify to the virtue of your preparation known as Babek, as I consider that it was the means of my recovery from a bad case of intermittent fever and the saving of my life."

What it did for him it can do for you, if you suffer from any form of malaria. **Elixir Babek,** 50 cents, all druggists, or Kloczewski & Co., Washington, D.C. Adv.

Youthful Woman Pastor.

Rev. Miss Ina L. Morgan of the Methodist church of Georgetown and Arrowsic, Me., is the youngest woman pastor in New England. She is in her early twenties and has been engaged in church work for nearly four years, having received a license in 1908 from Bishop John W. Hamilton of Worcester.

New Stage in Inebriety.

Mr. Borden has been telling an anecdote concerning two "brither Scots" who used to foregather in a "dry" district, each bringing with him a portable spring of comfort in the shape of a bottle of whisky.

One of them was asked one day by a "third party" whether the other, Jock Anderson, did not get a little drunk sometimes.

"Drunk," was the reply. "Man, the last time I was wi' him Jock was that drunk I couldna see him."—London Mail.

Getting Along Fine at School.

Now that school has been "goin" several weeks parents are beginning to inquire of their young hopefuls as to their progress. The other day a mother out on Harrison boulevard, while eating luncheon with her 6-year-old, asked:

"And how are you getting along in school, Dorothy?"

"Oh," replied Dorothy between mouthfuls of bread and milk, "just fine! I and Frances Smith are the smartest and best dressed girls in the school."—Kansas City Star.

HAD ALREADY LEARNED.

"I hear your son's at college learnin' to be a author. Do you expect he'll soon learn to write for money?"

"Humph! He don't do nothin' else now."

IT'S THE FOOD.

The True Way to Correct Nervous Troubles.

Nervous troubles are more often caused by improper food and indigestion than most people imagine. Even doctors sometimes overlook this fact. A man says:

"Until two years ago waffles and butter with meat and gravy were the main features of my breakfast. Finally dyspepsia came on and I found myself in a bad condition, worse in the morning than any other time. I would have a full, sick feeling in my stomach, with pains in my heart, sides and head.

"At times I would have no appetite, for days, then I would feel ravenous, never satisfied when I did eat and so nervous I felt like shrieking at the top of my voice. I lost flesh badly and hardly knew which way to turn until one day I bought a box of Grape-Nuts food to see if I could eat that. I tried it without telling the doctor, and liked it fine; made me feel as if I had something to eat that was satisfying and still I didn't have that heaviness that I had felt after eating any other food.

"I hadn't drank any coffee then in five weeks. I kept on with the Grape-Nuts and in a month and a half I had gained 15 pounds, could eat almost anything I wanted, didn't feel badly after eating and my nervousness was all gone. It's a pleasure to be well again."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest. Adv.

PARALLEL STORIES of FAMOUS CRIMES

By HENRY C. TERRY

THE CRIMINAL Tells How He Planned the Deed and Sought to Close Every Avenue of Knowledge Leading to His Guilt. The Detective Shows How Futile These Efforts Were and How the Old Adage, Murder Will Out, "Always Holds Good."

(Copyright by F. L. Nelson

THE LAST OF THE RED PEPPER THIEVES.

IT has been but a few months since New York city rang with the story of two bank messengers held up in a taxicab, beaten and robbed of $25,000 right under the shadow of Trinity spire. It brought instantly to my mind another sensational robbery that took place exactly at the same spot more than twenty-five years ago. The details, strange to relate, were almost exactly similar except that the former thieves did not, of course, attack a taxicab. But they more than doubled the taxicab robbers' haul, getting $53,000. They were widely known as the last of the famous "Red-Pepper Gang." Their capture followed as swiftly as did that of the recent robbers.

It was my privilege to talk both with Phil Heinrich, one of the gang, and with Detective Dalton, who was instrumental in their capture. Their stories form a unique chapter in the annals of crime, and prove that crime, like the Paris fashions, moves in circles.

PHIL HEINRICH'S STORY.

"It is my firm belief," said Phil Heinrich, "that there is more philosophy among crooks than in any other class of people. They take what comes in their way in a moral sense as well as in a physical sense, without complaint. I have seen the work of years go in a second without a murmur. I know a gang of crooks who spent four years laying an outfit for a bank and then got dumped in the end, and I never heard a whimper from any of them.

"I had a bit of this sort of luck myself and know how it feels. I found that I took disappointment as well as the best of them and did not want anybody's sympathy. I was at that time running a counterfeiting layout in partnership with Sam Ellis. We had put up some very fine work in Philadelphia. We ran out an edition of twos, fives and tens in government notes which were beauties in every way. I tell you the work was so good that we could have passed the bills on ourselves without knowing it.

"Instead of turning out our work in two years, it was nearly four before we got the plates just right, and got a good imitation paper to use for printing. We ran off a big wad of money, and put it in circulation as rapidly as possible. Just when we got things running beautifully, and it looked like a million a year, a blooming fire hit our house, and all the plates, paper and presses were destroyed as well as the mute servant.

"We did not carry any insurance, and we had to write up a total loss. We managed to get most of the plates out of the ruins in order to put them out of the way to avoid arousing suspicion, but everything was not cleaned up, and the secret service men began to get suspicious. Some of the money that we had put out got to Washington, and it made a terrific muss, but they did not get near to us, although there was a lot of talk about the game being worked in Philadelphia.

"It was useless, for a time, to think about putting another counterfeiting layout to work in this country, so Sam and I went up to Buffalo and got a few samples of Canada money to experiment with. The best bill that I saw for our purpose was the $10 Canadian bank note. It was a pretty bill, not nearly as cleverly put up as one of Uncle Sam's $10 notes, and we decided to give it a test. We got a new set of tools, and laid out for a two years' job. We worked with the greatest care so as to avoid injuring a plate if possible, and we had magnificent luck. I never did such good work in my life, and I never saw Sam in quite such fine trim.

"In just eighteen months we turned out a plate which, I'll bet, would have been accepted by the government officials of Canada as the genuine article. There appeared to be a great wad of dust in this layout for us, but before a single bill was laid down the pair of us got the collar. It all came through an inquisitive and gabby plumber, who was sent to our house to repair a broken pipe. He saw a lot of things during our absence which he did not know anything about, and got to firing off his mouth in bar rooms in Buffalo.

"His talk in some way reached the ears of the Treasury agents, and Sam and I were caught red-handed. It was the greatest throw-down I ever got, but when we got a chance Sam and I shook hands and smiled at our bad luck. He had not a word of complaint to make, nor had I. I'll bet that there never were two men who lost a fortune so easily and kept more even tempers.

"It looked a good deal like working for the state for about twenty years, but I did not lose heart. When I got into the Erie county jail I studied the situation of affairs very carefully, and I saw that I had more than an even chance of getting a peep of sunshine again. I set up communication with a friend of mine. When I was taken to the court to plead my friend shook me heartily by the hand. Incidentally he slipped up my sleeve in front of the bright-eyed coppers some very small tools which would be of great service to me. I took the precaution of putting them away in case I should be searched on entering the jail. I got through all right, and divided my tools with Sam, who had a cell on the same tier with me, about twenty-five feet away. My tools consisted of a set of the finest steel band saws and a little box of acid to soften the iron and muffle the buzz of the saws when at work.

"It took three nights to get through with everything except the automatic bolt which locks all the cells. After learning that Sam had made as good progress as I had, we arranged it to go through the last bolt before midnight and be ready to make a break as soon as possible after the midnight change in the watch. I got to work on the automatic bolt when the lights were put out early in the evening, and by 1 o'clock in the morning I could shift my bolt in good shape. I tried the door and found that it opened easily. After the guard made the rounds I slipped into the corridor. A moment later Sam appeared.

"We had our plans all laid. I entered his cell. We waited for the guard to come round again, and as he passed the door we seized him from behind, dragged him into the cell and put him to sleep with a crack on the skull with an iron bar. I put on his official coat and hat, took his keys, unlocked the door to a store room and sent in the half-hour signal to the main office. Sam used the saws as quickly as possible to go through the bars on the window, while I made the regular tour of the guards' corridor.

"I had to go within twenty feet of another guard, but covered my face with my handkerchief during an assumed fit of coughing, and ran the gauntlet in good shape. When Sam got through the bars I brought two sheets to him, which he made into a rope, while I made my last tour.

"When I got back to the room everything was in readiness. We slid down the rope to the top of the prison wall. It was an easy drop from there to the ground and we got away. It was a very cold night and we forced an entrance into a clothing store and got a new outfit. We decided that it was best for us to go it alone and make a line for New York.

"We were flat broke and had to get money somewhere. We fixed up a bit and tumbled onto a darling scheme the very first day out. Two young fellows, as we were passing the First National bank shortly after 3 o'clock, came out carrying a bag. They showed by their manner that they were on an important mission. We laid for them for two days, and found that they came out regularly each day with the bag. Then we fixed our play.

"We waited for them to appear on the third day in Trinity church yard, and when they started up Broadway we got them before they had gone a block. Stepping quickly up behind, each picked out a man and gave him a handful of red pepper in his eyes. They dropped the bag like a shot, and before they had time to yell I picked it up and we got lost in the crowd. It was a safe play to make a break for the Liberty street ferry with the bag as if we were going to take a train on the Central. I unloaded the bag in the lavatory and got just $53,000 for the day's work."

DETECTIVE DALTON'S STORY.

"I had the very great pleasure," said Detective Dalton, "of running down about the last of the important red-pepper sneaks.

"I saw the two messengers about three hours after the robbery. They were in a terrible condition. Their minds were in such shape that they gave me half a dozen different versions of the way the robbery happened, and as many descriptions of the thieves. I could sympathize with them, and knew that it would be hours, perhaps days, before they would have sufficient control of their senses to tell an intelligent story. About the only thing which they agreed upon in their delirious ravings was that there were two thieves.

"Knowing that it is customary for thieves before carrying out a robbery of this kind to study the situation carefully and lay plans for the attack and escape, I hunted all over the neighborhood of the bank to find some one, if possible, who had seen any suspicious-looking persons. I only learned enough to confuse me, as so many people had seen men who might have been the thieves. If all their stories were accepted there probably were one hundred crooks in lower Broadway several days before the robbery. It is remarkable how little evidence can be picked up about an occurrence which, in the natural order of things, ought to have been seen by at least fifty men. The robbery occurred in broad daylight at an hour when the street is most crowded. Yet after a long search I only found one person, who had seen anything which might be of value. I ran across a street vender who must have been within twenty-five feet of the messengers when they were attacked.

"He did not see the assault, but a second later, and before he understood what had happened, he saw two men, very well dressed, hurry across Broadway and turn down Cedar street toward the North river. That was the natural course which thieves who knew their business would have taken. The vender had a pretty fair idea of the appearance of the two men and their clothing. With that as a guide I went through Cedar street. I traced the men to West street by witnesses who had noticed them moving quickly as if they were in a hurry to catch a train, but lost track of them in West street until I reached the Liberty street ferry. Then I picked up the very clue I was after.

"The ticket agent had seen the men, and his attention was attracted to them particularly because in buying a ticket for Scranton one of them took some money out of a bag. This was red-hot stuff. A moment later I struck something better. While searching for information from the ferry hands I ran across a porter who had found a valise in the lavatory and had taken it to the lost and found department. It did not take me long to get there and see that bag. It was a medium-sized affair, and had been found unlocked and empty. There was no mark on it to indicate where it had come from. I sent it to the bank and in a few moments received word that it was the bag which had been used by the messengers.

"That point being cleared up, I next started the telegraph lines working, and kept them hot until the train dispatcher held up the Scranton train at a station, and got the conductor on the wire. He had noticed every one on the train, simply as a matter of business, soon after leaving Jersey City. He was positive that no person answering the descriptions of either of the men who had brought the bag to the ferry house had been on board his train. This settled beyond reasonable doubt that the thieves had not left the city, at least by that route.

"The porter who had found the bag had got a very good look at the two men. He remembered them even more accurately because he had associated them with the lost bag. His description tallied with that given by the street vender, except that he gave more complete details. In thinking it over it suddenly struck me that I had read a similar description somewhere. I could not place it until the next day. Then it came over me like a flash. What I had seen was the alarm which had been sent out at the request of the Erie county police giving the descriptions of Sam Ellis and Phil Heinrich, fugitives from justice.

"The case then appeared perfectly plain to me. Ellis and Heinrich, after leaving Buffalo, had come to New York instead of going to Canada, as had been generally believed. They probably had adopted the red-pepper scheme of robbery in order to raise money at once, since their scheme had been frustrated to flood Canada with counterfeit money. The job was not exactly in the line of either of the men, but they were, I knew, fully competent to undertake anything in any branch of thievery.

"Unfortunately the newspapers got hold of the story of the finding of the bag and the description of the men. This was, of course, sufficient warning to the team of worthies to dive deeper into their hole, and made my work so much harder. How was I to get to Ellis and Heinrich? I did not know. They were a cunning lot, and I knew I had a stiff game.

"I knew all the haunts of both men, and after putting on some togs to suit the occasion I spent my days and nights bumming around booking tips. It was slow work, but it was all that could be done. I got in with a lot of people and heard all the gossip that was going on among crooks, but it was over a month before I heard anything of importance. I had to go very quietly in order not to excite suspicion. I did not dare to ask leading questions of anybody or I might have got a tip sooner.

"One evening, while I was having some oysters in Billy the Bite's in Wooster street, Jack Griffin came in. A few moments later in came his old friend, Reddy the Blacksmith. They were both friends of Ellis and Heinrich. To my utter amazement Griffin began telling in my presence about the arrest of both Ellis and Heinrich in Pittsburgh for fighting and cleaning out a joint. Griffin was with them, but had got away safely. Both men were sent to the county prison for thirty days under fictitious names. I ate my oysters without any show of hurry, but I need not tell you that I did not lose any time when I reached the street.

"I notified headquarters and took the first train for Pittsburgh. I got there just in time to learn that the two men had been discharged upon bail after appealing their case. I knew that they were going to skip the town, and just for a flyer I hurried to their lawyer's office. Luck was with me, and I met Ellis and Heinrich coming out with a satchel. I followed them until I met a policeman and then closed in with them. I covered them with a gun while the policeman put on the handcuffs, and then we locked them up. It took a three months' fight in court to land them here, but finally they were tried and sent away for twenty years."

The Clepsydra of Canton.

One of the most extraordinary clocks in the world is the clepsydra, or water clock, of Canton, in China. This time-teller is housed in a temple on the city walls and is a sight no traveler to the Chinese city ever fails to take in.

In a hall called the "Temple of Time" are four big earthen jars placed upon shelves. The fourth and lowest one has a wooden cover. This, together with the others, constitutes the whole clepsydra.

The water descends by slow drops from one jar to another, the brass scale on a float in the last crock telling the hours as it rises. It is said that during every afternoon since the year 1321 A. D. the lowest jar has been emptied, the upper one filled, and the clock thus "wound up" for another day.

Boards with the number of the hour are displayed on the outside wall, in order that all passers-by may know the time.

Antidote for Toilet Water?

"What is an antidote for toilet water?"

This question was asked in an excited feminine voice over the telephone at the board of health recently, and cold water was recommended.

The young woman explained that her brother had attended a "club" meeting and had inbibed too freely of the brimming stein. In order that his mother might not detect the odor of liquor on his breath, she had given him toilet water. He started to choke and she resorted to the health department.—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

The Senator.

"Judging from the way he keeps on talking, Senator X—— must be a candidate for something!"

"Yes, but his modesty prevents him from mentioning what it is."—Satire.

ALREADY ACCOMPANIED.

He—I wouldn't mind having a wife like you.

She—But your wife does like me.

THE RIGHT SOAP FOR BABY'S SKIN

In the care of baby's skin and hair, Cuticura Soap is the mother's favorite. Not only is it unrivaled in purity and refreshing fragrance, but its gentle emollient properties are usually sufficient to allay minor irritations, remove redness, roughness and chafing, soothe sensitive conditions, and promote skin and hair health generally. Assisted by Cuticura Ointment, it is most valuable in the treatment of eczemas, rashes and other itching, burning infantile eruptions. Cuticura Soap wears to a wafer, often outlasting several cakes of ordinary soap and making its use most economical.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

Woman Police Officer.

Miss Mary Steele Harvey is the first woman to be appointed a police officer in Baltimore. The last legislature created five police matrons with full police powers. Miss Harvey is the first of the five to be appointed.

Burduco Liver Powder.

Nature's remedy for biliousness, constipation, indigestion and all stomach diseases. A vegetable preparation, better than calomel and will not salivate. In screw top cans at 25c each. Burwell & Dunn Co., Mfrs., Charlotte, N. C. Adv.

Mixed Metaphors.

"You didn't really show that you were bored?"

"No; I hope I am too well drilled."

Regular practicing physicians recommend and prescribe OXIDINE for Malaria, because it is a proven remedy by years of experience. Keep a bottle in the medicine chest and administer at first sign of Chills and Fever. Adv.

What our religion haven't may make us appreciate what we have.

Eye-Sight Restored

After Being Given Up by Specialists

A wonderful cure by

MILAM

Mr. W. E. Griggs, Secretary and Treasurer Westbrooks Elevator Co. and formerly Cashier Bank of Danville, says:

"About ten years ago my eyesight began to fail to such an extent that it became necessary for me to consult a specialist. My trouble increased until I found it necessary to consult several others. My case was diagnosed as Atrophy of the Optic Nerve, caused by impoverished blood supply. The progress of my trouble was slow but steady, with never any relief, until finally my physician advised me that nothing further could be done. About this time, about two years ago, I could not see to read, and my range of vision was so short that I could not see anything at a greater distance than fifty or seventy-five feet. I often found it difficult to recognize acquaintances when I met them, distinguishing them more by their voices than their features. In May, 1909, a friend advised me that 'if the physician's diagnosis was correct, MILAM will cure you, because it will purify and enrich the blood, increase the flow, and build up the system; but it will take a long time and the improvement will be slow.'

"I did not believe one word of this, and consented to take MILAM because I did not think it could hurt me, and there might be a bare possibility that it might help me. After six weeks use I began to notice a slight improvement in my sight, which has been slow but steady and with no setback. Now I can read newspaper with ordinary glasses, can distinguish large objects two miles away, and have no difficulty now, as far as my sight is concerned, in attending to my duties as the executive officer of a corporation.

"I am still careful not to tax my eyes unreasonably, because I realise that I am not cured but hope, and am more and more encouraged as time passes, to believe that the continued use of MILAM will cure me.

"I think it proper to state that my general health and strength have also improved in the same ratio as my eyesight, and I attribute this to the use of Milam.

[Signed] W. E. GRIGGS."

Danville, Va., March 23, 1910.

MILAM is NOT an Eye medicine and will cure no blindness except that arising from impoverished or impure blood or depleted system.

Ask Your Druggist

Kodak Finishing

Cheapest prices on earth. I am photographic specialists. Developing any roll film 5c. Prints 2c and 4c. Mail your films to Dept. K, PARSONS OPTICAL CO. 244 KING ST., CHARLESTON, SO. CAROLINA

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

Pettit's Eye Salve Quickly Ease Weak, Sore Eyes

FOR SALE—456½ A. IN SAMPSON CO., N. C.; 125 a. cult.; 6 r. house, outbldgs., tenant house. W. B. F. Johnson, Magnolia, N. C.

25 CTS. **PISO'S REMEDY** Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists. 25 CTS.

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS