

DR. WESCOTT SOLVES

The Case of  
**The Talking Dog**

BY WILBORNE HARRELL

A CHOWAN HERALD FICTION STORY



Conclusion  
At the intersection Dr. Wescott set Poochie on the ground. The dog sat on his haunches, cocked his head at Wescott and barked.

"Go find Melissa, Poochie." At the sound of Melissa's name Poochie barked again, hesitated a moment, and then trotted off down the road.

Dr. Wescott, Crosby and I followed at a discreet distance. Up ahead Poochie ran along as though he knew exactly where he was going.

About half a mile beyond the intersection, Poochie turned off the road and headed for a dilapidated old house set among a group of trees.

All three of us tensed. "This is it," said Dr. Wescott. We crossed the highway, climbed a broken-down fence, and strode off across the fields to circle the house.

"Keep under cover," growled Crosby. "If Sailor Dugan catches sight of us now, the whole thing will blow up in our faces."

Crouching, half running and half walking, we made our way across the fields and at the rear of the house drew up under

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cover of a patch of bushes. Poochie could be heard barking furiously.

"Now," said Crosby, and we made a run for the back door, and made it without any mishap. We half expected shots from the house.

Crosby drew his revolver and flattened himself at one side of the door. Dr. Wescott, gun in hand, stood alertly at the other side. I stood beside Wescott—I'm not ashamed to admit that my knees were shaking.

Poochie was still barking, and then came a yell from someone and a yip from the dog.

"Inside! Quickly!" shouted Crosby. He stood away from the door and driving his heavy-booted foot against the lock, crashed inside. Dr. Wescott and I scrambled at his heels. Dr. Wescott and Crosby dived for the floor, guns ready. I dived likewise.

Sailor Dugan burst into the room, frantically trying to bring his gun to bear on Poochie who was hanging onto the Sailor's pants leg like grim death; causing the Sailor to hesitate a moment and aim a kick at the dog.

That split second hesitation on the part of the Sailor was a lucky break for us.

Dugan fired, once, twice, but the shots went wild.

Both Crosby and Wescott were blazing away, and Dugan fell. It was all over in a matter of seconds.

I caught a glimpse of a curly-headed little figure, staring with frightened eyes, lying on the bed. Hardly before the sound of the shots had died away, I had Melissa in my arms. Terrified

and trembling, her little arms held me tightly around the neck. I don't know who was scared the most, me or Melissa.

I stroked her hair. "It's all right, honey, it's all right. We've come to take you home to your daddy."

As it turned out, Sailor Dugan had only been creased and not badly hurt, and when Crosby snapped on the handcuffs, Dugan growled, "How'd you coppers find me?"

Lieutenant Crosby gave him a shove. "A little dog told us. Get going!"

On the ride back to town, I held Melissa in my lap and she still clung to me tightly around the neck. Poochie sat between us and Dr. Wescott. Lieutenant Crosby drove with the manacled Dugan at his side, now strangely quiet.

Melissa looked into the kindly face of Dr. Wescott. "Mr. Wescott, can Poochie really and truly talk? That policeman man said that Poochie told you where to find me."

Poochie whined and snuggled close to Melissa.

Dr. Wescott turned and stroking Poochie, said, "No, Melissa, Poochie can't really and truly talk, like you and I, but in his own way he did tell us where to find you. And he was very brave in helping to rescue you. Yes, after what he did, I'd say Poochie was a very brave and loyal dog. And although he can't really talk, he has his own way of telling us things."

Poochie barked and nuzzled Dr. Wescott's cheek.

The End.



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**Your Free Gift**

By TERRY JONES

Grace, mercy, and peace, from God our Father and Jesus Christ our Lord." I Timothy 1:2.

My father made me very happy one day several years ago when he gave me a ticket signifying that I could go down to the department store and pick out a new English bicycle. To me this was a free gift from a loving father, a gift I didn't really deserve.

Your Father in Heaven has a gift waiting for you today . . . eternal life. No, you haven't

done anything to deserve this wonderful gift, your Father in Heaven just loves you so much He wants your soul to be with Him throughout eternity. He wants you to be filled to your very capacity with happiness and peace.

God offers you this moment, Grace, Mercy and Peace. It is by God's grace that He gave His Son Jesus that He may have a means to have mercy on our

souls through Jesus' death, therefore we have everlasting peace. Grace, Mercy and Peace are yours through Jesus Christ.

Do you realize your need for a saviour from the burden of sin, and are you willing to trust in Jesus with all your heart to cleanse you of sin? If you are then open your heart and life to Jesus. Try to follow His example, believe that He is at your side guiding you, and He will be. Grace, Mercy and Peace are yours through Jesus today; would you be so foolish or even dare to turn Him down?

**CHRISTIAN SCIENCE**

What changing one's standpoint can mean in meeting today's challenges will be brought out at Christian Science church services Sunday.

"Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world" is the Golden Text from the Bible (I John 2). It keynotes a Lesson-Sermon on the subject of "Matter".

One of the selections to be read from "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" by Mary Baker Eddy states: "When understanding changes the standpoints of life and intelligence from a material to a spiritual basis, we shall gain the reality of Life, the control of Soul over sense, and we shall perceive Christianity, or Truth, in its divine Principle" (p. 322).

**THE MAN OF THE CENTURY**  
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**Lunch Room Menus**

Menus at John A. Holmes High School lunch room for the week of September 24-28, will be as follows:

Monday: Corned beef with potatoes, gravy, hot biscuits, butter, string beans, toss salad, peach halves, milk.

Tuesday: Meat loaf, creamed potatoes, gravy, hot biscuits, butter, garden peas, fruit jello, milk.

Wednesday: Fish sticks, corn bread, buttered potatoes, cole slaw, chocolate cake, milk.

Thursday: Weiners, weiner rolls, relishes, pork and beans, toss salad, cookies, milk.

Friday: Broiled lunch meat, buttered potatoes, pinto beans, hot biscuits, butter, cheese slices, gingerbread, milk.

**Baptists Inaugurate Camp Road Fund**

The Baptist road fund drive got off with an unusually fine beginning at the annual meeting of the Associational Brotherhood Thursday night at Corinth Baptist Church.

After a full explanation of the plan by Eddie Davenport, the men present enthusiastically endorsed it as a Brotherhood project and a few minutes later initiated the campaign with over \$500 in contributions and pledges.

The road into the camp site will be approximately two-thirds of a mile and will cost around \$2,500.

Any contributions and pledges should be sent to Julian Long, Route 1, Hertford, N. C.

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