



FOURTH INSTALLMENT

Snavely pursed his lips thoughtfully, then shook his head. "No—no use to see any more lawyers—they'll jest gouge us, stir up somekin' so's they'd have to be illud to straighten it out ag'in. No use in that. You've seen your lawyer an' you've got the will. The will's what counts—jest as long as I recognize it as bein' what it says it is, there's no need meesin' around with law."

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has qualified as Administrator of Joel Minton, Deceased, and that all persons having claims against the Estate of Joel Minton, Deceased, are notified to present them within one year from the date of this notice, otherwise, said notice will be plead in bar of any payment thereon.

North Carolina, Wilkes County. By virtue of a power contained in a certain deed of trust executed by C. R. Triplett (single), to the undersigned trustee for the Bank of North Wilkesboro, said deed of trust being recorded in the office of the register of deeds of Wilkes county, in Book 165, page 111, and terms of said deed of trust have not been complied with and demand made on said trustee for sale. I will on Thursday September 14, 1933, at one o'clock p. m., at the courthouse door in Wilkesboro, N. C., offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, the following tracts of land, to-wit:

Beginning at the mouth of Copperas Rock branch where said branch flows into Lewis Fork creek; thence up Lewis Fork creek and with said creek to A. J. Proffitt's corner; thence with A. J. Proffitt's line to a poplar corner; thence with A. J. Proffitt's line and P. E. Brown's line to a locust; thence with the line of the Lindsay Triplett 40-acre tract to the top of a knob; thence with the line of grant from the state of North Carolina to C. R. Triplett, being Grant No. 9379, to P. E. Brown's line; thence with P. E. Brown's line to a flat rock on top of the ridge, being the corner of C. R. Triplett, J. A. Eller and P. E. Brown; thence with J. A. Eller's line to Copperas Rock branch with J. S. Triplett's line to the beginning, containing 100 acres more or less. Exception about 1-10 acre deeded by C. R. Triplett to J. A. Eller.

Trustee for Bank of North Wilkesboro. Aug 14-22-28, Sept 5-12

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE. Default having been made in the payment of the indebtedness secured by that certain deed of trust to me as Trustee for Jefferson Standard Life Insurance Company by J. B. Norris and wife, Ethel Hill Norris, on the 15th day of July, 1931, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Wilkes County in Book 159, at page 423, I will, under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in said deed of trust, and at the request of the cestui que trust, and for the purpose of discharging the debt secured by said deed of trust, proceed to sell to the highest bidder, for cash, at the courthouse door in Wilkesboro, Wilkes county, North Carolina, at 12:00 o'clock M., on Wednesday, September 6, 1933, lying and being in the Town of North Wilkesboro, N. C.

Beginning at a stake at the northeast intersection of Sixth Street and "F" street, and running thence N. 27 degrees 27 minutes W. along the eastern margin of Sixth Street 140 feet to a stake in the Southern margin of a twenty-foot alley; thence N. 62 degrees 33 minutes E. along the Southern margin of said alley 150 feet to a stake; thence S. 27 degrees 27 minutes E. 140 feet to a stake in the northern margin of "F" street; thence S. 63 degrees 33 minutes W. along the northern margin of "F" street 150 feet to the point of beginning.

Trustee. Smith, Whartens & Hudgins, Attys., Wilkesboro, N. C.

dry little laugh which had in it something of the sound of crumpled paper. "The old place has seen its best days, lady, but it's all we got. There's two rooms that's as good—jest about—as they ever was. Your brother has slept there—it's plenty comfortable—jest a little mite dirty right now."

"But it's full of great cracks—one of those walls might—" "No, no. Nothing ever falls in this country without there's a rain or a big wind. When it storms, you can come in here in case anything wants to fall. Otherwise, you'll be plenty safe. We don't have more'n a couple of storms a year anyways."

After supper the adobe itself was visited. Huge and dismal the great bulk towered above them in the night. Yet, once inside, the walls looked quite safe by the light of the oil lamp on the table. The adjoining rooms were certainly more spacious and conveniently arranged than anything in the ranch house. As Snavely had said, the place was dirty. But the dirt was the dirt of earth—clean, dry dust. Ann, the giantess, had just finished arranging the bedclothes on three canvas cots.

Ann had picked up a lighted lantern, left the room and took the path which led to the barn, the lantern swinging in long arcs from her arm.

Back in the living room of the ranch house Snavely remarked that he had sent Ann to the gate

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain deed of trust, executed to me on the 4th day of March, 1933, to satisfy a certain note, the terms of which having not been complied with, said note and deed of trust having been executed by R. W. St. John and wife, Elizabeth St. John, I will sell for cash at public auction to the highest bidder at the courthouse door in Wilkesboro, N. C., on the 11th day of September, 1933, at 12 o'clock M., the following tract of land, located in Wilkes county, adjoining the lands of York Hayes and others:

Beginning on a small black oak, running south to a stake; thence west to a chestnut; thence north to a hickory; thence east to the beginning, containing 50 acres, more or less, and adjoining the lands of York Hayes, Dick Henderson and others. See deed book No. 20, at page 112.

Trustee. EUGENE TRIVETTE, 9-4-4t

NOTICE

North Carolina, Wilkes County. By virtue of a power contained in a certain deed of trust executed by T. M. Hawkins and wife, Martha A. Hawkins, to the undersigned trustee for the Bank of North Wilkesboro, said deed of trust being recorded in Book 165, page 177, Wilkes county registry, and the terms of said deed of trust have not been complied with and demand made on the said trustee for sale, I will, on Thursday, the 14th day of September, 1933, at 1:15 o'clock p. m., at the courthouse door in Wilkesboro, N. C., offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, the following tracts of land, to-wit:

Beginning on a post oak, Banner McNeill's corner, also corner of Lot No. 6, running south 43 poles to a small spanish oak, corner of Lot No. 6; thence north 27-1-2 poles to a sourwood, corner of Lot No. 7 and B; thence north 76 degrees 45 east 14 poles and 22 links to a stake; thence north 63 east 8 poles to a hickory; thence north 32 poles east 19-1-4 poles to an old pine corner in R. N. Hackett's line; thence south 22 degrees 30 west 28 poles to the beginning, containing 20 acres, more or less. Exceptions: 2 lots sold to E. C. Woodie and one lot to Commodore Miller on the south side of the Boone Trail; also except that part of the above tract which is located on the North side of the Boone Trail.

Trustee for Bank of North Wilkesboro. J. M. BROWN, Trustee. Aug 14-22-28, Sept 5-12

in the backboard for the baggage.

"Oh, but that wasn't necessary," said the girl. "We could get along until to-morrow—it's such an awful trip in the dark."

Snavely shrugged. "She'll be back in a couple of hours. Snavely sat near the fireplace, half facing the man and woman who were seated near the cot. His attitude was that of one who is waiting to be asked foolish questions—as though he were about to be quizzed by a pair of children. Ruth's first question changed this attitude.

"Who is Ann—is she your—" "No, by God!" The man thrust his body forward and his hands gripped the arms of the chair as if he were about to spring to his feet. His pale eyes glittered. "She's nothin' to me! Do you get that? She's a nigger half-breed I'm hirin' to take care of the house an' help on the place. Anybody says different is a—" he paused.

"I was only going to ask what you have just told us, Mr. Snavely." The girl's heart was in her throat.

Snavely settled back in his chair and his fingers strayed to his forehead. After a moment he spoke casually. "Ann's a queer creature. Strange. Her blood, I reckon. Her father was a heavy-weight nigger prize fighter an' her mammy was an Apache squaw. 'Big Jackson, her daddy, was born a slave. He was in the army durin' the Indian trouble in this country—stationed at San Carlos. I reckon Ann's the result of a raid on some Apache village. Mostly she's called 'Indian' Ann—you can see she favors her mammy's folks—straight hair an' that Indian face. Must have got her size an' color more from her daddy, though. Ann don't get along with towns—this here civilization. Down in Texas she run a dance hall an' saloon, but she got in trouble an' drifted out this way. I'd seen her before, an' when I runs onto her in town one day, she was broke an' lookin' for a job. That was just after your brother went to Mexico."

Snavely paused, his eyes on the girl's face. "So—I hires her. Knowin' her like I did, I felt sorry for her. There's nothin' bad about Ann. She jest can't stand bein' in town—spends most of her time in jail when she is in town. It ain't her fault—but folks give her liquor, you see, an' when she's drunk she's a God-a-mighty terror."

"How much do you suppose she weighs?" asked Warren. "Close to three hundred. I reckon—sold as a rock. She's powerful. You'll look a long ways before you find a man as strong as what Ann is."

"I'll subscribe to that," said Warren. "What kind of trouble did she get into down in Texas—did she just prove too destructive to the city hall?"

"Well, no. She killed a man—beat him to death with a chair. But it was his fault." Snavely paused. "He wasn't no small man, neither," he added as an interesting afterthought.

For quite some time the conversation hung fire. Snavely sat as before—waiting.

Ruth began by asking about the ranch. To all of her questions Snavely returned prompt and pessimistic answers. It was soon evident that there would be no need of any one working out the exact value of three-quarters of forty thousand dollars.

"But couldn't we get some new cattle if that's what we need?" asked the girl.

"How could we get more water-ering places?"

"This country's a watain place is a repress, a dirt tank. You take an' dig a basin in the ground where a gully runs. When it rains the water comes down the gully an' fills the pond. We got plenty of them ponds but they're so silted up an' shallow they don't hold water long an' it don't rain anyways. It rained just enough last winter to fill the biggest pond on the place; that an' the well here, is all the water we got. There's four other ponds but they're powder dry. An' all the grass is sunburned an' wispy-like."

"Mr. Snavely," asked Warren, "perhaps we should wait until tomorrow to see the books—but could you give an idea of the earnings?"

Snavely observed the young man for a moment. "Yes, Mr. Warren, I can. There ain't any earnings. You can see the books any time you want—they ain't complicated, neither. We sell twice a year, after the fall an' spring round-ups. An' we buy twice a year—stock up the commissary. Grey took his share of last fall's sale with him—an' some of mine too, if it comes to that. This spring I sold all I could an' got enough to a little more'n stock up the commissary. If you folks aim to stay on I reckon I'll have to go to town again before fall."

Snavely spoke as though nothing could be more distasteful than going to town. "But, Mr. Snavely," asked the girl, "isn't there any money?"

Snavely stood up and took an old daybook from the mantel. Slowly he turned the pages, wetting his thumb at every page. He looked up. There's a hundred an' fifty-one dollars an' eight cents of partnership money in the bank."

Closing the book with a snap, he returned it to the mantel, re-seated himself and waited patiently for more questions.

"Mr. Snavely," said Warren, "when we were coming along the road shortly before we saw the house, we heard a—well, we had a queer sensation, as if some one who was very close by spoke to us—"

"You did?" Snavely leaned forward and watched Warren's face keenly. "Was it by a big rock down in the gulch?"

"Yes—yes, that's where it was. At least that's where we thought we heard the whisper—it was rather weird."

"Tell me about it—what did it say?"

"It's hard to describe. We stopped at the rock a moment, and when we were leaving, this voice told us to—to go back. The unaccountable thing about it was that the words seemed to have been spoken just a few inches from our ears. We were rather tired and a bit unstrung, though, perhaps our imaginations—"

Snavely frowned and shook his head. "No—you heard it all right."

"But what is—who was it and how in the world was it done? Why was it done?"

Snavely thought a moment. "Oh, it's a superstition—I guess you'd call it."

"I wouldn't!" breathed the girl, with a shiver.

"But we heard something," said Warren. Snavely rose and entered his bedroom. In a moment he returned and gave the girl a sheet of paper in her brother's handwriting. "Your brother was always interested in legends an' things about this country. He used to try to find somebody who said they'd heard the voice, but he had poor luck. Then some Indians come up in this neighborhood to gather acorns an' your brother got one old bush-head, who'd had education, to come up to the house an' tell about the legend. I was right here when your brother took down what the old buck said."

The girl read aloud from the paper: "The Legend of the Voice. In the long ago days a tribe of good Indian live in the San Jorge Valley. They grow what they eat and kill nothing. They do never fight other Indian for so long they forget how it is. One time some bad Indian come quick from the north. These Indian kill what they eat and fight much. All the village and all the field of the good In-

dians is burn up. All the young men become dead. They do not know how it is to fight.

"But there is one very wise old man. He is medicine man. He take the women and the little children away. He lead them in these mountains when the young men try to fight. But very quick the bad Indian are on the trail. When the wise old man come to the big arroyo with the women and the little children he look back. He see the bad Indian follow. Where the trail leave the arroyo he stop. The wise old man say to the women and the little children, 'You must go on. Go in the still places of the mountains and wait. You must stay four days. Then go back into the valley and make again the village and the field.'

"The wise old medicine man go back in the arroyo and wait for the bad Indian by the big rock. He take a little breeze he find playing by the big rock. He make this little breeze into a soft whisper. Then he do other things that medicine man can do. When all is ready he lay down by the big rock and let his life go away.

"The bad Indian come to the arroyo. The chief try to step over the dead old man. But he stop. Into his ear there come a little whisper. All the bad Indian hear the whisper. It tell them things and they are much afraid. They go out of the San Jorge Valley and they do never come back.

"Always there is the little breeze in the arroyo. Sometime it whisper. More I do not know!" Beneath the legend Harry

NOTICE

North Carolina, Wilkes County. Under and by virtue of a power contained in a certain deed of trust executed by T. C. Caudill and wife, Cassie Caudill, to the undersigned trustee for the Bank of North Wilkesboro, said deed of trust being recorded in Book 165, page 183, Wilkes county registry, and the terms of said deed of trust have not been complied with and demand made on the said trustee for sale, I will, on Thursday, the 14th day of September, 1933, at one o'clock p. m., at the courthouse door in Wilkesboro, N. C., offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, the following tracts of real estate, to-wit:

First Tract. Adjoining the lands of Vannoy and McNeill and F. C. Forester and others and bounded as follows: Beginning on a stake on the west side of 10th street, 25 feet southward of the southwest corner of C and 10th streets and running south 62 degrees 33 west parallel with C street 105 feet to a stake; thence south 27 degrees 27 minutes east along the east side of N. H. Forester's line; thence north 62 degrees 33' east 105 feet with F. C. Forester's line to the west side of 10th street; thence north 27 degrees 27 minutes west along the west side of 10th street, 25 feet to the beginning, containing 2625 square feet. Said land being described as Lot 11 in Block 36 on the map of North Wilkesboro, N. C.

Second Tract: Being described as follows in the deed made to S. R. Joines by J. C. Reins, dated Sept. 1, 1909, registered in the office of the register of deeds of Wilkes county in Book 87 of Deeds on page 227, and bounded as follows, to-wit:

Bounded on the south by W. W. Vannoy's estate; on the north by S. R. Joines; on the east by Tenth street, between "B" and "C" streets and more fully described as follows: Beginning in the center of the brick wall on the north side of the brick store building, belonging to W. W. Vannoy's estate on the west side of Tenth street; thence running westwardly with the center of said brick wall 50 feet to the west end of said wall; thence southwardly with west end of said store building 6 inches; thence westwardly parallel with "C" street and 18 inches south of the north side of said Vannoy's lot 25 feet to a stake; thence northwardly 18 inches to a stake in the line between said Vannoy's and Reins'; thence westwardly with said line 75 feet to the corner of said lot on Tenth street; thence southwardly with Tenth street 12 inches to the point of beginning, being one-half of the north side wall of the brick wall belonging to estate of W. W. Vannoy, deceased, and to be used as a party wall and the land as above described. The above described wall was deeded to J. C. Reins on the 8th day of October, 1902, by W. W. Vannoy and wife, S. E. Vannoy.

This 12th day of August, 1933. J. M. BROWN, Trustee. Aug 14-22-28, Sept 5-12

Grey had written, "The old man tells me that for centuries the Indians have used the big spider in the gulch as a council place. They believe that when the head is great the voice will advise them."

"What do you think now?" For the first time Snavely had asked a question. Neither the girl nor her husband gave an answer.

"Can you tell us any more?" asked Warren at last.

(Continued next week)

Young Roosevelt in Spain

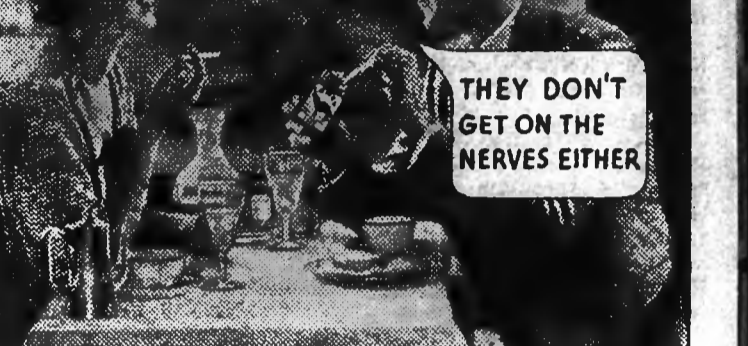
Madrid, Aug. 10.—Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., and his party arrived here today on a tour of Spain. The president's son paid his respects to Ambassador Claude G. Bowers and accepted an invitation to remain overnight at the embassy.

BODY IS FOUND

Tarboro, Aug. 9.—The body of Dr. Samuel N. Harrell, Tarboro physician who disappeared Sunday morning, was found last night in Tar river near here. An inquest was deemed not necessary. The 50-year-old physician had been in ill health for over a year and when he disappeared from his home early Sunday a search was begun. The river was dragged repeatedly and last night Tom Nicholson, one of the searchers, found the body.

Film Star to Get Divorce

Reno, Nev., Aug. 11.—The marriage of Carole Lombard, blonde film star, and debonair William Powell, also of the movies, will end in the Nevada courts this week.



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By Charles McManus MR. BROAD OF WALL STREET DID YOU GO TO THE OPERA HOUSE LAST NIGHT? NO! WHAT WAS THERE? I WAS! I MADE MY DEBUT ASA SINCER YOU DID? YES! I SANG A SAD BALLAD WITH GREAT EXPRESSION, EVERY ONE WAS MOVED ONE MAN IN THE AUDIENCE TRIED TO COMMIT SUICIDE! OH MY! HE SHOT AT HIMSELF TWICE, BUT MISSED, AND THE BULLETS WHIZZED RIGHT PAST MY HEAD