

WHISPERING ROCK

by JOHN LEBAR

Sixteenth Installment

"Might be a good idea," said Snavely slowly, as they rode up to the remains of the cow which lay at the mouth of the gully.

Snavely dismounted and examined the cow. Ruth sat on her horse, watching. "Say!" he said in a surprised voice, "it might be—no. Never heard of that in this country." He came toward the horses, shaking his head in perplexity.

"What do you think it might be?"

"I ain't saying yet—have to see another one or two. But if it's what it looks like—Hum. Snavely lapsed into silence as he and Ruth rode on. Finally the girl said, "Don't be so mysterious please, if you think you know what's wrong, tell me!"

"Well, I ain't saying yet, but if it's what it looks to be it's a lucky thing I'm here. I reckon I'm the only man in this country that's had to do with that sickness. Liver fever, I've heard it called in Texas—nobody knows what it is. Very uncommon."

Mr. Snavely's worst suspicions were confirmed after the next examination. He looked up. "It's liver fever, sure enough!"

"What shall we do—will the whole herd get it?"

"I've got the cure for it. We're mighty lucky to find out about it so soon. It's easy, dead easy, to cure, but if we let it go it'll clean out every animal on this ranch an' out of this section of the country. It's a very rare an' uncommon sickness. Liver fever is, but I can cure it. Snavely's eyes glistened eagerly. "I had occasion in Texas with a herd that near died of it—nobody, no vet'nary, nor smart man could do a thing. Just when things was worst an' old nigger man came into camp an' said he could cure all them as was left. He done it—not a single animal died after old Jake doctored them."

"How?"

"He just put a little medicine in the water they drunk, that's all. I got five pounds of that medicine for a dollar a pound an' I still got it. I can put that medicine in the water an' there won't be no more deaths."

"What is the medicine?"

"I don't rightly know. Old Jake wouldn't tell, an' it don't make no difference what it is. You come back to the barn with me, an' we'll start right in doctorin' the water."

At the barn Snavely rummaged among the litter of the medicine shelf and produced a Quaker Oats box nearly full of a dirty white powder. "Here she is." He smiled broadly. "The very same stuff. A good big cupful in each trough'll stop the sickness—nary a cow'll die from to-night on."

Ruth was plainly skeptical. "If you're sure it will help, Mr. Snavely, we'll certainly put it in the water. But at the same time we'll get a vet'nary."

"There ain't a bit of use in getting a vet. Mrs. Warren. This stuff is certain. All knowledge ain't stuck in the vest pocket of scientific folks. Why, that old nigger claimed this was discovered in Africa—the only place they have liver fever common—an' for nobody knows how many years the savages have used this same medicine. A thing that's been used by people for a thousand years an' found to 'war', don't need no doctors to help it none."

"Well, we'll try it to-night, if you like, but I wish you'd leave for town in the morning—you know we have to have supplies anyway."

Snavely rode away with his box of medicine and returned about nine that evening. After he had eaten he came to Ruth's door and knocked. "I've put some in every trough. Mrs. Warren, and in the coral troughs and in the troughs by the spring—"

Ruth opened her door and stepped outside, for David had just gone to sleep. "Have you seen Francisco and Alfredo?" They found seven more dead this afternoon—there are buzzards circling all along the foothill gullies. Please start to town early—if any machines pass, you ask them to send out a vet'nary as soon as they reach town."

"Mrs. Warren!" Snavely fixed her with narrowed eyes. "I know the medicine will stop the sickness!" The momentary steadiness of his eyes gave way to their customary jerking, and he walked toward his room.

Ruth did not quite know what to do.

"Mrs. Warren"—Snavely stopped at his own door and his manner softened—"I know how you're worried an' if I didn't know the danger was over, I'd

start for town now. Now listen here—if we find one fresh dead cow after to-night, I'll get your vet'nary. I'm saying this 'cause I know the sickness will stop, an' I ain't goin' a-foggin' into town for no vet'nary who couldn't do nothin' after he got here.

Ruth stood thinking. She was not at that moment so very afraid of Snavely. Still... Anyway, she had his word; one more dead animal. And in three days Old Charley would be going into town. If need be, she could ask him to send out a vet'nary.

The following day five more dead animals were found, but none recently dead. Ruth tallied the bulls and found only one, Number Six, missing. She crossed her number from her list. So far she had lost eighteen head, about one thousand dollars. For all she knew, that thousand dollars might mean the failure to meet her note. Certainly, if many more cattle died she could not meet it.

But no more cattle died. For a week every one anxiously watched for buzzards but the great birds had grown more scarce and not a single new death was reported. Ruth's relief was unbounded and Snavely's eyes glistened triumphantly.

The day came when Snavely was setting out for town. Ruth spoke to him just as he was leaving. "I wish you'd take some of that medicine with you and see if you can't get it analyzed—go to a druggist and if he can tell what it is, get some more."

Snavely nodded. "That's a good idea—I'll sure do it. We ain't got much left; but I don't think we'll have any more trouble. I'm just a mite worried about the stock in the north pasture—they feed along the foothills a heap an' you know it was foothill feeders that got took bad. We ain't found no sickness down on the meadows. I'll take a little of that powder into town but maybe you'd better put some in the spring troughs—I ain't done that lately. Better put some in to-night—there's a lot of foothill grazers watering at them troughs."

That evening Ruth reached up to the medicine shelf, found the partly filled cardboard box and poured a small amount in a cup. At the troughs she turned the water on so that the medicine would not be diluted during the night, poured in the powder and returned to the barn for her Spanish lesson. She hoped fervently that Snavely could obtain more of the medicine and, if not, decided that she would send a sample to Will—surely some laboratory in Los Angeles would analyze it.

As she and David and Alfredo were leaving the next morning for the day's riding, they chanced to go into the pasture by way of the spring troughs. It was early, and the advance guard of the herd was just coming over a distant hill for their first drink of the day, when the riders reached the troughs.

Only three cows, two calves, and a yearling steer had already watered. The six animals lay within a hundred feet of the troughs. All but the steer were dead.

For the next five hours, Ruth, Ann, and the two Mexicans labored vainly with the dying steer. It is neither easy nor pleasant to treat animals for poisoning; for according to the actions of the steer and the Cattle Breeder's Guide it had been poisoned. When the steer was dead, Ruth went to the medicine shelf. Standing on a sack of rolled barley which lifted her eyes to the level of the shelf, she discovered that there were two Quaker Oats boxes, each containing a white powder. On the outside of one box was scrawled in pencil, "for liver fever"; the other box had a poison label "Cyanide." Ruth held a box in each hand, looking from one to the other—for the life of her, she could not tell which she had taken from the shelf the evening before.

Old Charley sat upon his horse, leaning slightly forward, his belligerent eyes on a thin thread of smoke which came from a clump of oak and mesquite, half a mile beyond the eastern boundary of his ranch. He had just noticed that thread of smoke. The old man rode to the top of a small hill, over which the fence passed, dismounted and, kicking off his chaps, studied a mesquite tree which served as a post in the fence. Then, with much grunting and many scandalous remarks regarding thorns he hauled his heavy body part way up the tree. From his new position he could see the origin of the smoke. One

look told him much and his remarks increased in volume and temperature as he descended.

The land from which the thread of smoke arose was free land—government homestead land. It joined the Thane ranch on the west and the Dead Lantern property on the north, extending eastward as far as the highway. Since Will had been a boy, Old Charley had planned for him to use his homestead rights to acquire this excellent piece of property. It would make a wonderful pasture—deep in grass and shade and having several natural sites for watering places. But when Will had come of age he was in college. And when he finished college he went into business—never did Will have six continuous months during which he could live on this property, make the required improvements, and so become owner of it.

And now it appeared that some confounded foreigner was intent on taking this property away from Will! Old Charley dropped his horse's reins over a post and crawled through the fence. He was going to pay his would-be neighbor a call.

He stopped about fifty feet from the shack. The setting sun threw deep shadows under the oak trees. The single window was open, but the old man could see nothing within. From the crazy chimney of stove pipe on the roof came a thin column of smoke. Near the door stood a box holding a washbasin. There was a splash of water on the side of the box.

"Hello, neighbor!" called Old Charley.

A frying pan dropped to the floor with a clatter, but no other response came from the house. Then, as he was about to call again, a cloth curtain dropped behind the window, as though released by the jerk of a string.

Old Charley frowned and went toward the shack.

He banged on the door. "Say, in there, I've got a message for you—from a friend."

"I ain't got no friend sendin' me no messages!" The voice behind the door rasped roughly.

"What'd'ya want, stranger?"

Old Charley almost abandoned the moonshiner hypothesis—moonshiners are more inquisitive about messages from friends. However, he tried again.

The old man frowned. "My name's Thane—I own the ranch, here, and I thought I'd see who's living in this shack."

"Like hell you own this land! I'm ownin' it myself, come another five months! I don't paid my visit to the land office, Mister, and I don't fell like openin' no door. Don't like to talk nowadays—fat people don't agree with me."

"What! Why, you low—"

"Yeah," interrupted the voice, "and, besides, I'm gettin' my supper so why don't you be a nice little fat man an' get th' hell off my property—huh?"

Old Charley's face was the color of a well-done ham. He hit the door with a tremendous blow of his fist. "Open this!"

(Continued next week)

School Teachers Killed In Wreck

Miss Ora Jones and Miss Ethel Swanson Die In Accident At Greensboro

Two McLeansville school teachers, Miss Ora Jones, 27, and Miss Ethel Swanson, 22, were fatally injured on state highway No. 10, about eight miles east of Greensboro, about 7 o'clock Monday evening when the Ford coupe in which they were riding was struck by a truck as the former machine was making a left turn from the highway.

Miss Swanson, whose home was at Lenoir and who was owner of the coupe, was reported instantly killed, while Miss Jones, whose home was at Ossipee, died while enroute in an ambulance to a Greensboro hospital. It was learned that Miss Jones' neck was broken and that Miss Swanson's skull was fractured.

The teachers were on their way to a Hallowe'en rehearsal, it was learned, and were turning from the highway into a side road leading to the home of a schoolboy whom they were to take with them. Although it was not definitely determined who was driving the coupe, it was understood that Miss Swanson was.

More and more street vendors are appearing on the highways and byways of New York City. You can buy candy, fur, razor blades, pocket combs, lead pencils, tooth brushes, nail files,—name what you will—on the streets of the city.

NOTICE OF SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY

Under and by virtue of the power and authority granted under Sections 4067 to 4076 of Consolidated Statutes and for the purpose of satisfying warehouseman's or storage liens against the property hereinafter described, which cars were placed in the warehouse belonging to the undersigned for safe keeping by Carlyle Ingle, North Carolina Highway Patrolman, and taken by him under a charge of being operated without proper license.

I will, therefore, on Friday, November 10, 1933, at ten o'clock a. m., at the garage of Motor Service Company, on Ninth Street in the Town of North Wilkesboro, offer for sale for cash to the highest bidder the following described personal property, to-wit:

- 1 Dodge Coupe, Motor No. A-605073, Se. No. 543158, car taken from P. U. Billings, storage for six months \$32.00.
 - 1 Studebaker car, Motor No. E0 12095, Serial No. 3132338, car taken from a colored man, (name not known) storage for four months \$16.00.
- This 20th day of Oct., 1933.
MOTOR SERVICE COMPANY
By Jeter P. Crysel. 10-30-21

NOTICE OF SALE OF LAND

By virtue of authority contained in a certain deed of trust executed to the undersigned trustee by B. F. Rollins and wife, Ida Rollins, on the 19th day of April, 1932, which deed of trust is recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Wilkes County in Book 165 at page 307 to secure an indebtedness of \$10,000, and the stipulations relative to payment in said deed of trust not having been complied with and at the request of the holder of said indebtedness secured by said deed of trust, the undersigned trustee will on November 20, 1933, at 12 o'clock noon, offer for sale at the courthouse door in the town of Wilkesboro, for cash, at public auction, the following described real estate, to-wit:

Beginning at an iron stake, J. E. Winkler's corner, in the old Lenoir line, and the Southwest corner of the schoolhouse lot, and running North 29 poles to a persimmon stump, now down, now a stake, on the east side of said Wilkesboro and Statesville road; thence South 41 degrees East 40 poles to a double wild cherry, on the side of the road and side of the branch in the line of the Transous's heirs; thence East to the Little Hunting Creek road and with the line of the Transous's heirs 115 poles to a pine, now down, now a stake; thence South with Transous's line 15 poles to a stake, Transous's corner; thence east with Transous's line 56 poles to a small oak, now down, now a stake, Transous's corner; in Eli Barnett's North and South line; thence North crossing Little Hunting Creek road 114 poles to a post oak sapling, now down, now a stake; thence North 50 degrees West 11 poles to a white oak, at the head of hollow; thence north about 11 degrees west down the branch and continuing with Eli Barnett's line 44 poles to a bunch of willows on the bank of the branch in the line of Parker Bros.; thence West with Parker's line 38 poles to a pine stump, Parker's corner; thence North with Parker's and Foster's line 30 poles to a stake in Foster's line; thence West with Foster's line 34 poles to a stone; thence North with Foster's line 61 poles to a stone, on the South bank of the Curry road; thence East with the South bank of the Curry road with Foster's line the three following courses, South 79 degrees East 10 poles to a stake; North 78 degrees East 11 poles to a stake; South 79 degrees East 5 poles to a rock, Foster's corner; on the south bank of the Curry road; thence North crossing the

Revival Services Now In Progress

The revival services, which are being held in the vacant building, formerly occupied by The Wilkes Journal, on Main street, will continue throughout the week. The services each evening is held at 7 o'clock.

Rev. Gurney Laws and Mrs. Laws are conducting the services. The public is invited to attend.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Dwight Barber, deceased, late of Wilkes County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased, to exhibit them to the undersigned at Wilkesboro, North Carolina, on or before the 21st day of October, 1934, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This 21st day of Oct., 1933.
J. T. REDDING, Admr.,
Estate Dwight Barber, deceased.
11-27-4t.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the District court of the United States for the Middle District of North Carolina.

In the matter of F. D. Meadows, Bankrupt.

By virtue of an order signed by his Honor, L. C. McKaughan, Referee in Bankruptcy, on October 4th, 1933, authorizing and directing the undersigned Trustee in Bankruptcy to advertise and sell certain real estate belonging to the Estate of F. D. Meadows, Bankrupt, I will on Thursday, November 23rd, 1933, on the premises or real estate hereinafter described, at 2:00 o'clock p. m., offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, the following described tracts of real estate, to-wit:

1st Tract: Beginning at a stake on the South East corner of B. and 8th Streets, and running South 27 degrees 27 minutes east along the east side of what was formerly known as 8th street, 100 feet to an alley; thence north 62 degrees 33 minutes east along the north side of said alley 50 feet to a stake; thence north 27 degrees 27 minutes west parallel with 8th Street 100 feet to a stake on the South side of B street; thence South 62 degrees 33 minutes west along the south side of B street 50 feet to the point of beginning, having a frontage of 50 feet on the South side of B street and of that width running back southwardly parallel to Eighth Street 100 feet to an alley, said land being described as Lots 34 and 36 in Block 25 as shown on Trogdon Map of the Town of North Wilkesboro.

2nd Tract: Beginning at a stake the South West corner of Eighth and C streets, and running south 62 degrees 33 minutes west along the south side of C street 112 1-2 feet to a stake, Ralph Duncan's corner; thence South 27 degrees and 27 minutes east with said Duncan's line and parallel with Gordon Avenue 140 feet to an alley, Duncan's corner; thence north 62 degrees 33 minutes east along the north side of said alley 112 1-2 feet to a stake at the corner of said alley and Eighth street; thence north 27 degrees 27 minutes west along the west side of Eighth street 140 feet to C street, the beginning, containing 15,750 square feet and having a frontage of 112 1-2 feet on the south side of C street and of that width extending back southwardly along the west side of Eighth street 140 feet to an alley, being lot No. 2, Block 2, Kensington as shown by G. W. Hinshaw's Supplemental Map to the Winston Land and Improvement Company's map of North Wilkesboro, N. C. the same having been deeded to E. B. Addison by the Winston Land and Improvement Company 25th of Jan. 1899, recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Wilkes County, book 31 on page 64. Quit claim by J. E. Finley, Trustee to E. B. Addison, recorded in Book 31 of deeds on page 67. Deeded by E. B. Addison, widower, to G. W. Hinshaw 17th of July 1905, deed recorded in Book 55 of deeds on page 249.

Reference is also made to deed from W. C. Meadows, dated the 4th day of April, 1828, to F. D. Meadows, which is recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Wilkes County in Book 152, Page 305.

Exception: From the second tract of land described above is excepted a tract or parcel of land which F. D. Meadows and wife, Edna Meadows, deed to J. C. Meadows on April 5th, 1928, see deed which is recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Wilkes county in Book 152, page 303, said boundary of land being described as follows:

Beginning at a stake on the South side of C street 58 1-2 feet south from the southwest corner of C and Eighth Streets and running south 62 degrees and 33 minutes west along the south side of C street 53 feet to a stake, Ralph Duncan's corner; thence South 27 degrees 27 minutes east with said Duncan's line and parallel with Eighth street 81 feet to an iron stake; thence north 62 degrees 33 minutes east parallel with C street 58 feet to an iron stake; thence north 27 degrees 27 minutes west parallel with Eighth street 81 feet to the beginning.

The above sale is made subject to the confirmation of the Court. This 21st day of October, 1933.
JETER M. BLACKBURN,
11-20-5t Trustee

NOTICE OF SALE OF LAND

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain Deed of Trust executed by W. R. Snow and wife, Adar Snow, dated December 26th, 1912, to secure the payment of a note and default having been made in payment thereof, and demand having been made for payment, I will on SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11th, 1933, at 2 p. m., offer for sale at public auction on the premises in Wilkes County, North Carolina, for cash to the highest bidder, the following described property:

Beginning on a rock by the side of the road, runs North 63 degrees East 24 poles to a rock; thence North 54 degrees East to a poplar; thence North 19 degrees West 61 1-2 poles to the branch, up the branch 82 poles to a poplar; thence South 45 degrees East 72 1-2 poles to the beginning, containing 27 1-2 acres, more or less.

CHARLIE ROSS, Trustee.
11-13-4t

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the District Court of the United States for the Middle District of North Carolina.

In the matter of J. C. Meadows, Bankrupt.

By virtue of an order signed by his Honor, L. C. McKaughan, Referee in Bankruptcy, on October 4th, 1933, authorizing and directing the undersigned Trustee in Bankruptcy to advertise and sell certain real estate belonging to the Estate of J. C. Meadows, Bankrupt, I will on Thursday, November 23rd, 1933, on the premises or real estate hereinafter described, at 2 o'clock, p. m., offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, the following described tract of real estate, to-wit:

Adjoining the lands of F. D. Meadows and Ralph Duncan and others and bounded as follows.

Beginning at a stake on the south side of C street 58 1-2 feet south from the southwest corner of C and Eighth streets and running south 62 degrees 33 minutes west along the south side of C street 53 feet to a stake, Ralph Duncan's corner; thence South 27 degrees 27 minutes east with said Duncan's line and parallel with Eighth street 81 feet to an iron stake; thence north 62 degrees 33 minutes east parallel with C street 53 feet to an iron stake; thence north 27 degrees 27 minutes west parallel with Eighth street 81 feet to the beginning, being a portion of the land conveyed from W. C. Meadows to J. C. Meadows which is recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds office of Wilkes county in Book — page —.

The above sale is made subject to the confirmation of the court.

This 21st day of October, 1933.
JETER M. BLACKBURN,
11-20-5t Trustee

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SAVE TIME AND MONEY

SCHEDULE:

	A. M.	P. M.
Lv. North Wilkesboro	9:30	6:30

For Boone, West Jefferson, Mountain City, Abingdon, Bristol, Johnson City, Knoxville, Bluefield, Charleston, Cincinnati and Chicago.

	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Lv. North Wilkesboro	10:30	2:30	7:30

For Statesville, Charlotte and all points South; Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, Raleigh, Danville, Richmond, Norfolk, Washington and New York.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CALL PHONE 12

— LOW BUS RATE —

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