

Whispering Rock

By JOHN LEBAR
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Twentieth Installment

Mr. Martin gazed thoughtfully at the ceiling above Ruth's head. Presently he asked, "Did this man know that you were the only beneficiary of your brother's will?"

"He didn't even know about me until I came to the ranch. I suppose after we'd talked he found out there was no one else—I told him my share was three-quarters. He read the will, too."

"Then I think we might attempt to solve the riddle in this manner: the man, may have thought that since you were rather new to ranching he could perhaps encourage you to sell him your interest." Ruth nodded confirmation, and Mr. Martin continued: "He could have given you a cash payment for your holdings, and you might have gone away, assuming that everything had come to a satisfactory conclusion."

Ruth hesitated. "Has my so-called partner committed any crime in not telling me that I had no rights on the place?"

"No crime, exactly, but it should be plain to any one what his motives were."

"What ought I to do," asked Ruth.

"I think, if I were you, I should tell him that you have consulted an attorney and that you intend to have the will probated. Once that has been adjusted, I do not believe anything further will be done; except, of course, the selling of the ranch and the division of the proceeds according to both your interests."

"Oh," Ruth smiled uncertainly as she stood up. "That's a relief. I think I'll be going now. I'll decide later just what I want to do. What do I owe you for your advice?"

Mr. Martin smiled slightly. "You owe me nothing, but here is my card. I rather feel that we shall meet again."

NOTICE OF SALE

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed executed to the undersigned, and default having been made in the payment of same as therein provided, we will on Monday, the 4th day of December, 1933, at the courthouse door in Wilkesboro North Carolina, at one o'clock, P. M., offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, the following described real estate, to-wit: Situated on the waters of the north prong of Reddies River, adjoining the lands of P. J. Vannoy, the Poe heirs, and others, and bounded as follows:

Beginning on a bunch of marked maples on the west bank of Reddies River, J. C. and R. L. Vannoy's corner, running southward with the center of the creek to a willow, P. J. Vannoy's corner; thence westward with the said P. J. Vannoy's line, to a white oak in the Poe line, Vannoy and Poe's corner; thence northward with the Poe line to a black gum in R. L. Vannoy's line, J. C. and R. L. Vannoy's corner; thence westward with R. L. Vannoy's line, to the beginning, containing twenty acres, more or less.

This 2nd day of Nov. 1933.
EUGENE TRIVETTE,
RALPH G. BINGHAM,
11-30-4t. Mortgagees.

NOTICE OF SALE

North Carolina, Wilkes County. In the Superior Court, October Term, 1933.

Mrs. Lula Kilby, Plaintiff, vs The Mountain View Institute, and Mountain View College, Inc., Defendants.

Under and by virtue of a judgment rendered in the above entitled cause at the October Term, 1933 of Wilkes Superior Court, the undersigned Commissioners duly appointed in said judgment, will sell to the highest bidder at the Courthouse door in Wilkesboro, North Carolina at 1:00 o'clock p. m. on the 9th day of December, 1933, for cash to satisfy the judgment rendered in said cause for the sum of \$9,000.00, with interest on the same from November 5, 1924, and the cost of the suit, the following described real-estate:

Lying and being in the county of Wilkes and bounded and described as follows:

All of the land of the said Mountain View College or Mountain View Institute, Inc., in and around the said Mountain View College or Institute either in one parcel or several, together with the buildings located thereon among said buildings being the building known as the Administration Building, the dormitory for girls known as the Pearl Kilby home and the dormitory for boys and all the out buildings appurtenant thereto. All situated in the immediate vicinity of Hays postoffice, specifically described in a mortgage deed of Trustee's deed duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Wilkes county in Book No. 130, page 510 and Book 153 page 79. This November 9th, 1933.

T. C. BOWIE,
12-4-4t. Commissioner.

She found David and Will waiting at the machine. During the rest of the afternoon, which was spent at a moving picture show, and later at dinner, Ruth's mind was busy. It was maddening, that the first time she had been able to leave the ranch and enjoy herself, she could think of nothing but the ranch. She imagined that Will did not notice her preoccupied manner.

This thought was easy in the lighted restaurant, humming with the voices and laughter of many people. But twenty miles out of town—the roadster throbbing into a wall of blackness which never lifted—Ruth's part in her imaginary conversation with Snavelly became less aggressive.

By the time the car was entering the arroyo east of the barn, Ruth had grave doubts about saying anything, whatever, to Snavelly. His desire to have the ranch and to be by himself amounted to a mania—what would he do if she were to tell him that the ranch was to be sold? And she was eighty-five miles from help.

"How long did you say you and your father were going to be away?" asked Ruth, as Will drove past the barn.

"About a week. We're leaving tomorrow morning and expect to be home again next Saturday evening."

As they were helping David, who was more than half asleep, out of the car, Ruth thanked Will for the trip. Then said hesitatingly, "I wish you and your father would come over soon—I can't promise you a very cheerful dinner, but—"

"Fine!" Will interrupted tactfully. "You set the day and we'll certainly raise the dust getting here."

"Well, how about coming over the day after you get back—Sunday?"

Will nodded. "That'll be all right. We'll show up about noon."

"I wonder—" Ruth paused.

"What?"

"I hate awfully to admit it, but I lost your father's revolver. It was buried when the old house fell. I wish you'd try to get me another like it in Los Angeles. Could you? He's asked me once or twice why I didn't wear it when I went riding, but I didn't want to tell him."

"Good Lord! Is that all you've been worrying about? Well, forget it right now! Dad's lost more than one gun in his time—as a matter of fact, he was forced to give one or two of 'em away. Sure, I can get you one. But say, you should have said something about this before. Here"—Will drew a revolver from the pocket of the car. "Keep this until I see you again."

Ruth took the gun without much urging. She stood watching while he turned the car about. He leaned from the seat, "We'll see you next week—good night."

As she answered, Ruth saw the slowly moving lights swing toward the gulch, and gasped; Snavelly was standing near the fence, partly concealed by a bush. She ran back to the house. What had Snavelly been doing in the vicinity of the gulch? As she stood on the dark porch, Ruth suddenly decided to find Ann.

She knocked on the giantess' door.

After a moment Ann slowly opened it. A low-turned lamp burned in the room. She had taken off her shoes and shirt.

"Oh, are you up yet? I just thought I'd tell you that we've come back. Have you been reading, Ann?"

"No, I can't read."

"But why are you dressed? Have you been anywhere?"

The huge woman lowered her eyes and slowly nodded.

"Ann! Have you been down to the rock?"

"I got to go—down there—"

sometimes." Her eyes darted fearfully in the direction of Snavelly's door and her voice dropped to a husky whisper. "Oh, Gawd, Miss Ruth—you take yo' little boy an' go 'way from this place." Ann stepped back and softly closed the door.

Snavelly eyed her cautiously when, at breakfast, Ruth gave him the packet of notes which represented his share of the cattle sale. There was something oddly apologetic and inquisitive in his voice as he asked, "Didn't have no trouble in payin' off the note, did you?"

"Oh, no," answered Ruth, as she seated herself at the table. She was thinking of the money she had just given Snavelly—it had not been earned through any effort of his.

"Nice sort of feller, that Witherspoon," he remarked, guardedly.

"He seemed pleasant," said Ruth.

That morning Snavelly did not ride; he stayed in the neighborhood of the corrals. More than once Ruth saw him watching her.

After the noon meal, Ruth went to the corrals and caught up Brisket and Sanchez. To her surprise, Snavelly came from the blacksmith shop and helped her saddle the horses.

"Goin' for a ride, eh?" he asked with a strained smile.

"Yes; the mail. Today's Saturday."

"I was jest gettin' set to go down that-a-way, myse'f. I'll be startin' directly."

"Perhaps David and I will see you, then," replied Ruth.

Snavelly did not speak for a moment; then said casually, "No use in you goin'—without you're set on it, I can bring the mail."

Ruth ignored this suggestion and helped David to mount.

As she and David rode along the faintly marked road, the girl's mind was busy. The situation on the Dead Lantern was drawing to a climax; it seemed to her as though the very air was tensely charged.

Since the evening before, Ruthly with the voice in the gulch; had definitely connected Snavelly with the standing there by the fence when she and Will came home, and Ann had heard the voice that same evening. She tried to recall Snavelly's whereabouts on the occasions when the voice had spoken. At first, she told herself that the man had two or three perfect alibis—yet, were they? Did she know positively that he had gone to Palo Verde on the night of the storm? One thing certain, he had not brought back any Mexicans. And that evening when she and Kenneth and David had first come through the gulch, Snavelly had apparently been milking at the barn—yet, Ruth had never known of his milking since. True, he always avoided going through the gulch as though he were afraid of it. But that did not prove that he had nothing to do with the voice. Perhaps he went around, merely to give her the idea that he was afraid. She began to feel that the only thing which definitely mitigated against Snavelly being responsible for the voice was that the legend of the whispering rock was very old—there was no getting around that. Every one knew of the legend; even Don Francisco had heard of it as a boy. She determined to explore the gulch.

But Ruth did not explore the gulch that day. In the mail was a letter addressed to J. B. Snavelly. In the upper left-hand corner of the envelope was the business head of the broker, Witherspoon. Snavelly had evidently changed his mind about fixing the gate. He was near the saddle shed when Ruth and David returned. Ruth nodded to him but made no other answer to his questioning eyes, until she and David had turned out their horses. Then Ruth walked up to Snavelly, the letter in her hand. "Well here it is," she said, looking him full in the eyes.

For an instant, Ruth thought he was going to pretend surprised, but he suddenly began to laugh. It was a desperate laugh, somehow horrible; yet the laugh was meant to convey that he was greatly tickled, as though he had a tremendous joke on Ruth—a

friendly joke in which he expected to be joined. Ruth did smile. "Dogged if this ain't th' beat-in'st!" Snavelly exclaimed. "You see why I done it, don't you, pardner?"

Ruth had not been wholly sure of what Snavelly had done or why he was receiving a letter from Witherspoon, up to the time he began to laugh. Now she said very soberly, "I hope I know why you did it, Mr. Snavelly."

Snavelly swallowed twice before he spoke. "Well, I was aimin' to tell you jest as soon as it was settled. Last month when you did get enough cattle money an' met the note, I jest figgered I'd let you go ahead an' pay it anyways, an' then su'prise you." His lips smiled.

"If I had not been able to meet my note, Mr. Snavelly, is it not true that you would have had my entire interest in the ranch?" asked Ruth quietly.

Snavelly spoke glibly. "Not at all, Mrs. Warren. Such a thing ain't possible because we're pardners. Parker or anybody else could have took your interest away from you if you couldn't pay the note. But not me; I'm your pardner."

It was a moment before Ruth could reply. She saw the deadness behind the man's eyes. . . . if she could only keep him good-natured until next week. "It was very thoughtful of you," she smiled; "it's nice to know I was safeguarded all the time. Well," she turned, "it's all over now; the note is paid and the ranch has been improved."

"It sure has," replied Snavelly. He watched the girl as she walked toward the ranch house, his pale eyes fastened on the retreating figure, suspicion and hatred mingled on his face.

The next morning after breakfast Ruth entered her room. She sat for a time looking at her trunk, thinking. Suddenly she rose, unlocked the trunk, and took out the Quaker Oats box on which was scrawled, "For liver fever." Going into the kitchen, she asked Ann to keep an eye on David for an hour, and taking up a potato and a paring knife, left by the front door. Sugarfoot greeted her and for a moment the girl looked down at the little dog. Once more, she asked the question which had never been answered, "Sugarfoot, why didn't you bite when you ate the meat Ann poisoned?" Sugarfoot wagged himself knowingly.

(Continued next week)

HE IS DEAD SURE THAT HE IS ALIVE

New Orleans, Nov. 30.—Peter A. Barros appeared on the witness stand today before the senate committee investigating the Senator John H. Overton election and testified he was not "a dead man" at the time of the election and denied that anyone else had voted under his name.

"It has been testified by a witness put on the stand that you are a dead man and that he had read of your funeral in a newspaper," said Senator Overton in explaining the witness. "I want to know if that is true."

"I don't believe so," said Barros as the audience roared with laughter.

"I want you to be positive," said Overton.

"I am positive," said Barros. "How about being alive September 13, 1932?"

"I was alive that day," the witness replied.

State Dental Health Survey Will Be Made

Raleigh, Nov. 29.—North Carolina's plan for a dental health survey of the schools was announced today by Dr. E. A. Branch, of Raleigh, president of the North Carolina Dental Society.

Dr. Branch has sent out letters to dentists of the state asking their cooperation and also that of the schools in all divisions. "Inasmuch as the schools are to be our workshops," he writes, "the help of the superintendents, grade teachers and principals will be sought."

The plan contemplates the dividing of the state into five districts with a director for each of them. There will be one director each in all the 100 counties. The state director works with the county director. A complete survey of dental health will thereby be made.

Coughlin Stands Pat, Launches New Attack On Gov. Smith and Others

Crusading Catholic Priest Declares Smith "Has Written His Own Obituary Notice in Lining Up with the Philosophy of the Morgans"; Repeats That Smith Went To Morgan For Loan on Empire State Building

Detroit, Nov. 29.—The militant Father Charles E. Coughlin, strong defender of President Roosevelt's monetary policies, tonight launched a second attack on Alfred E. Smith for his opposition to those policies, declaring that Smith "has written his own obituary notice in lining up with the philosophy of the Morgans."

In the face of widespread controversy following his New York address Monday night, the Royal Oak, Mich., priest, who returned from New York today, said bluntly that he was "not hedging at all," and reiterated his assertion that Smith visited the office of J. P. Morgan in an attempt to arrange for a loan for his Empire State building in New York.

"I do not say that he obtained the loan, or that he saw Mr. Morgan," said Coughlin. "I simply stand by the statement as I made it. In no sense have I borne false witness against my neighbor."

Reiterating his statement made in the New York address that he considers Smith the "outstanding Catholic layman of this country," the crusading Father Coughlin said, however, that "Alfred E. Smith is banking-minded—he cannot wriggle from the rock which he has cast upon his own head—a letter which he published insisting that President Roosevelt and those who are supporting him in attempting to free this nation from financial slavery which, consciously or unconsciously, the Smiths, the Baruchs, the Spragues, and the Warburgs are supporting, are crackpots, and so am I."

The priest's statement came at the close of a day in which he had been charged with "wild ranting that is a disgrace to the church," by the Rev. John L. Belford, Brooklyn prelate, and in which former Governor Smith of New York declared his statements concerning the Morgan incident "absolutely false."

In a separate statement he attacked Mr. Belford for saying that "his (Father Coughlin's) bishop is worse than he is because the bishop has it in his power to stop him and has not done so." The bishop referred to is the Rt. Rev. Michael J. Gallagher, Roman Catholic bishop of Detroit.

"Father Belford should at least learn to respect the episcopacy of the Catholic church," said the Royal Oak priest. "He is certainly taking a lot on his shoulders to term as 'wild ranting' what has received up to the present date the imprimatur of a Catholic bishop. I care little what a priest says about me, but I care very mightily what he says about my bishop."

Bishop Gallagher, informed of the Brooklyn prelate's statement, declared it was "not worthy of comment."

"I think Father Coughlin was justified in concluding from the report he received that Mr. Smith approached Mr. Morgan for financial assistance," he said later.

"I do not believe Mr. Smith is a tool of Mr. Morgan or that his attitude on the money question was influenced by favors," he added.

Asked if he were going to put any restraint on Father Coughlin the bishop said:

"I have no intention of interfering. No heresy has been preached. Father Coughlin in his addresses is advocating the principles set down by Leo XIII and Pious X. He is perfectly justified in doing that."

Father Coughlin announced his intention of continuing a strong campaign against men who, he declared, "because they hold and control money are able also to govern credit and determine its allotment."

"I have gone so far and intend to go still further," he said, "in pointing my finger at the very individuals who concentrate wealth and who welded, link by link, the economic chain which has bound us to the floor of a hellish poverty. For entering into this contest to secure financial freedom for the people of this country, and as a matter of fact for the people of the world," Father Coughlin said.

SETTLE GIRL KILLED WHEN STRUCK BY CAR

Statesville, Nov. 29.—Edna Louise Currie, seven-year-old daughter of William Currie, a tenant farmer, was killed this afternoon at 3:15 o'clock when struck by an automobile owned and driven by H. A. Kuhn, an insurance man, of Newton. The accident occurred on No. 10 highway, five miles east of Statesville.

Mr. Kuhn, accompanied by L. P. Snelling, of Lenoir, and J. S. Bishop, of Hickory, was returning to his home from Salisbury where the men attended an insurance meeting today. The little girl was standing on the shoulder of the paved road, in front of her home, with a bucket of water in her hand, looking toward the west and she walked into the side of the west-bound car without seeing it. The right rear fender struck the girl, knocking her some distance.

Coroner N. D. Tomlin held an inquest this afternoon and exonerated Mr. Kuhn, the jury finding the child stepped into the side of the moving automobile.

We read in a fashion note that "Gown buttons mean a lot." Yes, sister, and so do pants buttons!

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as Administrator of the Estate of J. A. Norman, deceased, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate to file same with the undersigned administrator on or before December 1, 1934, or this notice will be plead in bar of their right to recover. All persons owing the estate are requested to make settlement at once.

H. C. NORMAN,
Administrator C. T. A., of J. A. Norman, deceased, R.F.D. Hamptonville, N. C. 1-1-34-6t

USE COOK'S C. C. C.

Relieves Flu, Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Nervousness and Stomach Trouble.

NOTICE OF SALE OF LAND

Under and by virtue of power of sale contained in mortgage deed executed the 29th day of July, 1929, by J. F. Walker and wife, Sina Walker to the undersigned mortgagee to secure the payment of a note which is past due and unpaid and demand having been made for payment thereof, I will sell to the highest bidder at public auction at the courthouse door, Wilkesboro, N. C. at the hour of One P. M., on the 9th day of December 1933, for cash, the following described real estate:

Lying and being in New Castle Township, Wilkes county, North Carolina, and adjoining the lands of R. C. Younger heirs, Carl Redding and others, beginning on a pine running north 80 poles to a black gum, R. S. Younger's corner; thence south 75 degrees east 75 poles to a rock on the South bank of a branch, Redding's corner; thence south ten degrees west Redding's line 62 poles to a rock; thence west 64 poles to the beginning, containing 72 3-4 acres more or less. Said mortgage deed recorded in Book 143, page 208, in the office of the Register of Deeds of Wilkes County.

This 6th day of Nov., 1933.
EMMA MATHIS,
12-4-4t. Mortgagee.
J. A. Rousseau, Attorney for Emma Mathis.

John Ruskin

"IS AMERICA'S GREATEST CIGAR VALUE AT 5¢"

Don't be misled by old time brands "marked down to 5¢." JOHN RUSKIN always was and always will be America's Greatest Cigar Value at 5¢. It is the only real 10¢ quality cigar selling at 5¢.

JOHN RUSKIN has more than 60% choice Havana filler, giving it a taste and aroma all its own.

Buy a few today and learn for yourself what real smoking enjoyment is.

SAVE THE BARS THEY ARE REDEEMABLE

John Ruskin
BEST AND BIGGEST CIGAR VALUE

S. Lewis Clark Mfg. Co., Wilkesboro, N. C.

Travel By Bus

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.
Lv. North Wilkesboro	10:30	2:30
For Statesville, Charlotte and all points South; Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, Raleigh, Danville, Richmond, Norfolk, Washington and New York.		
Lv. North Wilkesboro		7:30 P. M.
For Lenoir and Taylorsville.		

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CALL PHONE 12

—LOW BUS RATES—

ATLANTIC GREYHOUND LINES
NORTH WILKESBORO, N. C.

By Charles McManus

MR. BROAD OF WALL STREET

DO YOU WANT ME PAPA?

I'M GOING TO TRY YOU ON YOUR HOME WORK

SALL, RIGHT, SHOOT

I OWE A MAN TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS. I PAID HIM FORTY DOLLARS BACK ON ACCOUNT, NOW I'M SUPPOSED TO PAY HIM TEN DOLLARS A WEEK

?

HOW MANY WEEKS IS IT GOING TO TAKE ME TO PAY IT ALL UP?

ONE HUNDRED

THAT'S WRONG! YOU DON'T KNOW YOUR LESSON

NO! BUT I KNOW YOU

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