

## WANT ADS

WANTED—For Rawleigh  
of 800 families. Reliable  
should start earning \$25  
daily and increase rapidly.  
today. Rawleigh, Dept.  
211-S, Richmond, Va. 1-29\*

WANTED—USED CARS.  
to repair or equip with new  
batteries on time pay-  
ment plan. We repair all makes  
terms to suit. Weekly, mon-  
or crop time. BRAXTON  
TO SERVICE, Whiteville, N.  
1-24-c

RENT—Two or three fur-  
nished rooms for light house-  
keeping in the Carolina House.  
R. M. GASKINS, Southport.  
1-8-\*

FOR RENT—To desirable  
located on old Southport-  
Tobacco allotment 31.6 ac-  
For terms apply to Mrs. J. C.  
COX, 210 E. King St., Kinston.  
1-15-c

STOCK HATCHING: Use eggs  
from your own flock to raise  
baby chicks. Eggs hatched  
\$2.50 per hundred. Eggs must  
be delivered, and chicks called  
Booking orders now for  
hatching. H. L. CLEM-  
ONS, Supply, N. C. 2-12-\*

## LEGALIS

Administrator's Notice  
Having qualified as administra-  
tor of the estate of B. L. Holden,  
of Brunswick county, N. C.,  
is to notify all persons hav-  
ing claims against the estate of  
said deceased to exhibit them  
to the undersigned at his home  
Supply, N. C., on or before the  
10th day of December, 1935,  
or notice will be pleaded in bar  
of their recovery. All persons in-  
terested in the said estate will  
make immediate settle-  
ment.

This 10th day of Dec., 1935.  
D. HOLDEN, Administrator  
of B. L. Holden.

FORECLOSURE SALE REAL  
ESTATE MORTGAGE  
Under and by virtue of the power  
contained in that certain  
mortgage made to me on the  
1st day of June, 1930, by George  
H. and Rhoda Mitchell, his  
wife, recorded in Book 32, at  
page 102, records of Brunswick coun-  
ty, to which reference is hereby  
made. Default having been  
made in the payment of the in-  
debtedness secured by said mort-  
gage, I will offer for sale at public  
sale to the highest bidder for cash  
the court house door in the City  
of Southport, Brunswick County, N. C.,  
on Monday, 4th day of Jan., A. D., 1936  
at 12 o'clock noon, the following de-  
scribed parcel of land, to wit:  
Beginning at a long-leaf pine on the  
north side of the Old Georgetown  
road and on the east side of the  
road leading to Juniper Creek; runs  
east-south-east sixty-four (64)  
feet to a long-leaf pine on the south  
side of the Juniper Creek road; then  
about south 80 east with the vari-  
ous courses of said road ninety-four  
feet to a stake on the South  
side of said road and a corner of  
said road; thence south 26  
degrees twenty-eight (28) poles to a  
corner of the Juniper Creek road;  
thence about south 80 east with the  
various courses of said road to the  
first station, containing twenty-  
two (22) acres.

Witness my hand and seal this 4th day  
of December, 1935.  
J. H. DAVIS, Attorney for the  
Mortgagee.

FORECLOSURE SALE  
By virtue of the power of sale  
contained in that certain mort-  
gage made by Annie E. Piner and  
Charles E. Piner, to Fred  
Humphreys, bearing date July 20th,  
1934, duly recorded in Book 43,  
page 61, records of Brunswick coun-  
ty, the undersigned will sell  
at public auction to the highest bid-  
der at the courthouse door in  
Southport, N. C., at twelve o'clock  
on Friday, January 31st, 1936  
the interest in certain tracts  
located in Town Creek town-  
ship, Brunswick county, N. C.,  
as follows:  
First Tract: Lying on the North  
side of the Juniper Creek road,  
beginning at a long-leaf pine on  
the creek in Edward Smith's line;  
thence N. 70 degrees W. 90  
feet to a stake; thence with his  
line S. 44 degrees E. 462 poles to a  
corner of the center of 3 pines; thence  
S. 75 degrees W. 110 poles to a stake;  
thence S. 14 degrees W. 460 poles to  
a corner of oak and black gum on the  
corner of the creek; thence with the  
various courses of the creek to the  
first station, containing 350 acres.  
Second Tract: Lying on the North  
side of the Juniper Creek road and  
also adjoining the lands formerly  
belonging to the Evans' line, running  
thence S. 72 poles to a stake in  
the Evans' line, running thence S.  
72 poles to his line N. 70 degrees  
W. 100 poles to a stake;  
thence S. 75 degrees W. 100 poles to  
his line or near Evans' line;  
thence with his line S. 200 poles to  
the beginning, containing 100 acres.  
Third Tract: Lying on the North  
side of the Juniper Creek road and  
adjoining the lands formerly belong-  
ing to the Evans' line, running thence  
S. 72 poles to a stake in the Evans'  
line, running thence S. 72 poles to  
his line N. 70 degrees W. 100 poles  
to a stake; thence S. 75 degrees W.  
100 poles to his line or near Evans'  
line; thence with his line S. 200  
poles to the beginning, containing  
100 acres.  
Fourth Tract: Lying in Town Creek  
Township, containing 350 acres,  
beginning at a long-leaf pine on the  
corner of the east side, and being a  
part of the Sullivan land, beginning  
at a stake on the west side of Still  
Branch; runs S. 16 degrees W. 120  
poles to a spruce pine; thence N. 74  
degrees W. 40 poles to a spruce pine,  
thence N. 16 degrees E. 120 poles to  
a dead pine; thence S. 74 degrees E.  
40 poles to the beginning.

This 28th day of December, 1935.  
FRED ANDERSON, Mortgagee.  
By John D. Bellamy & Sons,  
Attorneys. 1-22-c

CERTIFICATE OF DISSOLUTION  
To all to whom these presents may  
come—Greeting:  
Whereas, it appears to my satisfac-  
tion, by duly authenticated record of  
the proceedings for the voluntary dis-  
solution thereof by the unanimous  
consent of all the stockholders, that  
the State of North Carolina, a corpo-  
ration of this State, whose principal  
office is situated in the town of Southport,  
Brunswick County, N. C., and whose  
business is the operation of a steam  
boat line, and in charge thereof,  
upon whom process may be served,  
has complied with the requirements  
of Chapter 22, Consolidated Statutes,  
entitled "Corporations," preliminary  
to the issuing of this Certificate of Dis-  
solution:  
Now therefore, I, Stacey W. Wade,  
Secretary of State of the State of  
North Carolina, do hereby certify that  
the said corporation did, on the 17th  
day of December, 1935, file in my  
office a duly executed and attested  
consent in writing to the dissolution  
of said corporation, executed by all  
the stockholders thereof, which said  
proceedings aforesaid are now on file  
in my said office as provided by law.  
In testimony whereof, I have here-  
to set my hand and seal, this 17th day  
of December, A. D., 1935.  
STACEY W. WADE,  
Secretary of State.

What To Expect  
In Wool Blanket

Warmth And Durability  
Are Two Principal  
Qualities A Housewife Seeks  
In A Blanket

Warmth and durability are the two principal qualities a housewife seeks in a blanket. But at present she has to go chiefly by price, appearance, and feel—not sure guides to good value, say home economists in the United States Department of Agriculture, who have just finished a study of many kinds of blankets. They say the different properties of blankets can be compared if the label carries definite information.

In 1932 a group of manufacturers agreed that if the word "wool" appeared on the label the blanket must contain at least 5 percent wool. Such labeling is not compulsory, but those who use it have agreed to designate blankets containing 5 to 25 percent wool as "part wool, not less than 5 per cent," and to label those having more than 25 percent with a guaranteed wool content given in percentage. The housewife would find other information helpful.

Two or more blankets may be compared by weight if all are the same in fiber, size and price. But 1 wool and 1 part-wool blanket cannot be compared in this way.

The ideal blanket label also would give length and width, breaking strength in the direction of filling yarns—a measure of durability, and information as to warmth and air permeability.

A blanket in which a great deal of fiber has been raised to form the nap may be warm when used indoors, but it is not suited for outdoors because it does not resist wind.

Safety Pens To  
Handle Bad Bulls

Unnecessary To Slaughter  
Young Bulls Of High  
Breeding Simply Because  
They Have An Ugly Dis-  
position

"Never slaughter a high grade young bull just because he has an ugly disposition.

"The indiscriminate slaughtering of young bulls is a great hindrance to herd improvement in this state," said John A. Arey, extension dairyman at State College.

When a bull has been found to have the ability to transmit good type and high milk producing capacity to his daughters, Arey added, he is a proven asset to the herd.

The life of these bulls, which take the guess-work out of breeding, should be prolonged as long as they are active.

A dairy bull can be handled safely, and his period of usefulness extended, by keeping him in a safety bull pen, Arey pointed out.

Such a pen can be built by any dairyman at low cost from materials usually found around a farm, he added. During the winter months, when farm work is not pressing, is a good time to build the pen.

A complete set of plans showing the details of construction may be secured free by writing the agricultural editor at State College, Raleigh, N. C.

250 acres, more or less.  
Saving and excepting from the foregoing description of the three several tracts of land a tract of 100 acres, more or less, heretofore conveyed by Lindsey Walker to his brother, and 10 acres heretofore conveyed by him to one Peter Elchorn.  
Fourth Tract: Lying in Town Creek Township, containing 350 acres, beginning at a long-leaf pine on the corner of the east side, and being a part of the Sullivan land, beginning at a stake on the west side of Still Branch; runs S. 16 degrees W. 120 poles to a spruce pine; thence N. 74 degrees W. 40 poles to a spruce pine, thence N. 16 degrees E. 120 poles to a dead pine; thence S. 74 degrees E. 40 poles to the beginning.  
This 28th day of December, 1935.  
FRED ANDERSON, Mortgagee.  
By John D. Bellamy & Sons,  
Attorneys. 1-22-c

## HOSTILE VALLEY



THE STORY

PROLOGUE.—At a gathering of groves in the village of Liberty, Maine, Jim Saladine listens to the history of the neighboring Hostile Valley—its past tragedies, its up-to-date streams and above all the mysterious, enticing "Huldy," wife of Will Ferrin. Interested, he drives to the Valley for a day's fishing, though admitting to himself his chief desire is to see the reputedly glamorous Huldy Ferrin.

CHAPTER I.—"Old Marm" Pierce and her nineteen-year-old granddaughter Jenny live in the Valley. Since little more than a child Jenny has at first admired and then deeply loved young Will Ferrin, neighboring farmer, older than she, and who regards her still as merely a child. Will leaves the farm—his father's and takes employment in nearby Augusta. Jenny, despite her grandmother's comforting, is disconsolate.

CHAPTER II.—His father's death brings Will back to the Valley, but he returns to Augusta, still unconquered by Jenny's womanhood, and love. Neighbors of the PIERCES are Bart and Amy Carey, brother and sister. Bart, unmarried and something of a ne'er-do-well, is attracted by Jenny, but the girl repulses him. Learning that Will is coming home, Jenny, exulting, sets his long-empty house "to rights," and has dinner ready for him. He comes—bringing his wife, Huldy. The girl's world collapses.

CHAPTER III.—Huldy, at once perceiving Jenny's secret, mercilessly mocks her discomfiture. Huldy soon becomes the subject of unfavorable gossip in the Valley, though Will apparently is blind to the fact.

CHAPTER IV.—Entering his home, unlooked for, Will has found seemingly damning evidence of his wife's unfaithfulness, as a man who he knows is Seth Humphreys, breaks from the house. With the echo of his wife's derisive laughter in his ears, Will pursues Humphreys. He overtakes him, and after a struggle chokes him to death, though Humphreys shatters his leg with a bullet. At Marm Pierce's house the leg is amputated. Jenny goes to break the news to Huldy. She finds Bart Carey with the woman. When he leaves, Huldy makes a mock of Jenny's sympathy, declaring she has no use for "half a man" and is leaving at once. She does so.

"Didn't come to?"  
"No," Marm Pierce told him.  
"No."  
"You look her over, did you?" the sheriff urged. He explained: "I guess likely I'll want a doctor to see her, but you might have noticed some special hurt on her."

The old woman told him: "Why, she was hurt cruel. Sheriff. Looked like she'd fell on her head and side. There was scratches and cuts all over her; and a deep bad cut on her neck. And her face was banged where she'd hit a tree, or a rock or the like."

"I mean to say," he persisted, "nothing to show."

The old woman shook her head. "Nothing that she couldn't have got from falling the way she did."

The sheriff sighed as though discouraged, and Marm Pierce asked: "You didn't know Huldy, did you, Sheriff?"

"I've heard tell of her," he answered.

"Guess the whole county has, if it comes to that," the old woman assented. "But you can see for yourself, a lot of things might have happened to a woman like her."

"It was account of her," Bart reminded them, "that Will killed Seth Humphreys. I dunno as I blame him. I dunno as he went to kill Seth; but Seth had a gun, and Will, with his leg shot to pieces, he had to hang on to Seth's neck or get another bullet in him. But Huldy was back of that."

"I heard she'd left Will, sence," the sheriff reflected.

"She come back," Bart explained. "She took a shine to Zeke and decided to stay."

"Will take her back, did he?"

"Dunno as he could help it," Bart confessed; and he said slowly: "Will, he always stood a lot from her, Sheriff! No matter what she did, I dunno as he'd—harm her."

He added harshly: "But if he did, I wouldn't blame him!"

The old woman's sharp eyes fixed on him. "You trying to let on that Will killed her, Bart?" she asked, in a matter-of-fact tone. "Speak out. No sense in talking around corners."

"I'm not letting on a thing about it," Bart assured her. "I'm trying to see through it, Granny, the same as you."

"I can see a-plenty," she said crisply.

The sheriff said, frowning: "I'd like to talk to this Zeke. Might be he'd know something. Maybe Will, he'll fetch him. Looks like I'd have to talk to that man."

But when Will and Jenny presently did return, they were alone.

This hour she spent with Will was for Jenny deeply comforting. Huldy's accusation had faded into a cloudy unreality, like the substance of a dream. But Jenny now, more than any other emotion, felt a grievous sympathy for Will, for the remorse she knew he must endure; and she strove in small ways to reassure and comfort him, not by words, but by her steady supporting presence at his side.

of talk from you or anybody. Not about Huldy. Not now."

There was, briefly, silence; but after a moment the sheriff said, half to himself, in almost querulous tones:

"It's a pity she didn't come to long enough to tell what happened to her!"

And it seemed to Jenny suddenly that this familiar kitchen was very small, and crowded, and stifling hot. She felt strangled, and her hand flew to her lips, and stark terror choked her. Then she saw Marm Pierce watching her with eyes suddenly keen and shrewd; and she felt smothered, and shrank back into the corner by the door.

After the sheriff spoke, there was silence for a moment; then Jenny had a respite, for Joe Matthews, the undertaker, came out of the dining room. He spoke to Will.

"There, Will," he said. "I've done all that needs doing tonight; and if you want, I'll carry her home." He hesitated, added: "But if you take my advice, let her lay here tonight. I can't tend to everything a sight better in the morning."

Marm Pierce said: "She's welcome to stay, Will!"

Will nodded. "Well, likely that's sensible," he agreed.

Jenny, while their attention was thus turned away from her, opened the door and stepped out on the porch, grateful for the taste of cool, moist air. In the kitchen she heard the sheriff say doubtfully: "I guess, Joe, you'll want to go along home now. I don't know as I ought to leave yet, though. I'd like to see this Zeke Dace, first. But I wish't you'd bring Doc Harris in the morning. I want him to look her over."

When presently the undertaker came out to depart, Jenny drew aside out of his way. Sohier and Saladine crossed with him to where his truck stood, spoke with him there. Then Bart came out, and said to Jenny casually:

"Hot in there, ain't it?" And in a lower tone: "Don't you worry, Jen! Nothing to be afraid of."

He too had seen her terror then! It must have been plain, for them all to see. But even as she thought this, she realized suddenly that she was no longer afraid, and wondered why. And then, without speaking to Bart, she came quickly back into the kitchen where were Marm Pierce and Will. Her hand touched Will's sleeve, and peace filled her; and a deep enlightenment and certainty, like a revelation.

Then the truck departed, and Bart and Sohier and Saladine returned indoors. After a moment the sheriff appealed to Saladine. "Jim," he said. "Looks like you could figure something out of this business. I guess you was the last one to see 'Mis' Ferrin alive."

Saladine shook his head. "I don't see it at all," he confessed.

Bart turned to Will. "How about you, Will?" he urged. "Didn't you hear her screech when she fell? I'd have said everybody in a mile could have heard that. It sounded mighty loud to me."

Will shook his head. "The noise wouldn't carry up to the farm, with the hill between, and the trees." He looked at Saladine. "I mind," he said, "when you went off with Huldy, Zeke he come out of the shed like he'd go along after you. I stopped him, made him stay behind." And he continued after a moment: "Seems like I kep' him there a sight longer'n I'd take you to get down to the brook. Supposing you didn't stop any time on the ledge."

"I didn't," Saladine said.

There was silence for a moment; then Will spoke again, gropingly.

"By the time I figured you'd be gone," he explained, "I left Zeke and went into the house; but when it come on to rain, I wondered where Huldy was. I come out on the porch and yelled for Zeke, but he didn't answer, so I went hunting them. I started to go down the path to the brook. But then I decided there wa'n't any use in that."

He added with a glance at Saladine: "I see tracks where you'd gone down, where your boots had slipped. . . ."

Saladine spoke quickly. "Boots? I've got shoes on. It was someone else," he insisted. "It wa'n't me."

Will said stubbornly: "It was boot tracks that I see. Somebody with boots on had gone down the trail."

And Bart spoke. "Guess Zeke had boots on, didn't he?"

Will considered, and he nodded. "Likely," he agreed. "Yes, he did. I mind, now. He did."

The sheriff stirred. "The way it looks to me," he decided, "Zeke's the one to find; and we ain't likely to find him, long as we're setting here!"

"Nor you can't find him outside," Marm Pierce cried sharply. "Show some sense, Sheriff! You couldn't see Zeke ten feet away, a night like this, if he was a mind to hide. Set down. Use your head, 'stead of your feet! Use your eyes!"

"What good's my eyes going to do me here?" he urged.

"There's been enough to see, if you wa'n't blind," she told him; and she looked briefly at Jenny. "Jenny," she called sharply. "You were almighty scared a while ago. I think you know something more'n you've told. You was down brook this morning. Did you see any-

thing, hear anything at all?" Her tones were insistent.

Jenny, though her heart was pounding, spoke after a moment steadily enough. The way was clear before her now, all doubts resolved. But she only said: "I told you I heard someone talking, in the woods."

Marm Pierce came closer to the girl. "Jenny, I can see more than most; but I can't see everything. What was it scared you, a while ago, when the sheriff said that about wishing Huldy had come to, before she died? What was it, Jenny?" she demanded.

Jenny looked at Will's bowed head, and her smile suddenly was radiant as the sun. "It don't mean a thing to me now," she protested softly. "Because I can see it wa'n't true."

"What was it, Jenny?" the old woman insisted.

"Huldy did come to, for a minute, before she died," said Jenny then.

Marm Pierce cried in a deep incredulity:

"Jenny, she never did!"

And Bart exclaimed: "She couldn't, Jenny! Why, she was as good as dead before I ever got her here!"

Jenny repeated slowly: "She did, anyway!" And for a moment she said no more. She stood near the cabinet over the sink, where knives and forks and cooking dishes were stowed away. Bart was by the door into the shed. Marm Pierce was between Jenny and the stove; and Sheriff Sohier sat in front of the oven with his greatcoat loose about him.

Will was beyond the stove, near the other door, impassive, waiting. Saladine, watching Jenny, thought she seemed in this moment to wear a mantle of grace. She looked at Will and her eyes held his, and her tone was gently mournful.

"She told me you did it, Will," said Jenny, with a smile on her lips, and her glance serene.

Bart uttered a low ejaculation; but Marm Pierce spoke in brisk insistence.

"How come you didn't call me?"

"I didn't want you," Jenny told her gently.

"The more fool you!" said Marm Pierce briskly, her patience near the breaking point. "What happened?" she demanded.

The sheriff spoke heavily. "Mis' Pierce, you let her tell it her own way," he urged. So Marm Pierce was silenced; and Jenny's eyes turned again to Will. The big man shook and swayed where he stood, as though this that Jenny had said had struck him nerveless.

Then Jenny faced the sheriff steadily and she said: "Mis' Ferrin looked at me, and her mouth twisted into a kind of laugh, and she said something. First off, I couldn't hear her. She was awful weak, and I leaned down and I said to her, 'It's all right, Mis' Ferrin!' And she laughed at me. I mean her mouth twisted as if she was trying to say, 'And this time I heard what she said.'"

Marm Pierce exploded in a fierce impatience: "Get on with it, Jenny! What did she say?"

And Jenny answered: "She said I could have him now!"

"I guess I kind of moved back, at that, away from her! It was like she'd slapped me!" Her cheek was pale, and she spoke almost humbly. "I didn't know what to do," she confessed. "So I just tried to tell her it was all right, and I told her Will was coming."

Her tones shook, then steadied.

"And then she said it," she concluded. "She said, kind of slow and weak: 'Will knocked me off—' And she had to wait a minute, and then she said: 'He hit me!'"

The girl was silent for an instant before she could go on.

"Her mouth was still kind of laughing," she finished. "And she sort of coughed. I guess that was when she died." A deep tremor shook her, but her voice was firm. "She laid there, looking at me, and her mouth grinning at me; but I guess she was dead by then. Anyway, she didn't say any more."

She finished and was still, waiting. And suddenly she was very tired, dreading what was to come.

Yet for a while no one spoke at all.

CHAPTER X

JENNY'S disclosure for a moment hushed them all. Marm Pierce was the first to speak.

"Whew!" she exclaimed. "I declare, 'it's hot as love in hay time, here!"

Bart opened the door into the shed, to admit some air.

The sheriff crossed his feet and sat in a deep embarrassment. His shoes scraped on the floor; and Marm Pierce said:

"I smell a lamp smoking."

The lamps here were all in order; but when she opened the door into the dining-room where Huldy lay, a reek of soot and smoke emerged. The old woman bustled in there, complaining, scolding the absent Joe Matthews.

"Takes a man to make a mess of things," she protested. She brought out the lamp, its chimney black. "He left it turned up too high," she declared; and replaced it with another lamp, and they heard her raise the windows a little from the bottom. "I'll air out a mite," she

explained, talking to herself in the other room.

Then she returned, shut the dining room door again.

"Well!" she ejaculated. "I declare, I've had about enough of the golings on this day. Jenny, why didn't you tell me this here before?"

Jenny looked at Will, and she said: "Because first off I was afraid it was true." She smiled steadily.

"Only I knowed that even if it was, I didn't care!"

"How do you mean, you didn't care?" the sheriff asked, in a dull perplexity.

But before Jenny replied, Marm Pierce spoke, in a sort of defiance. "I'll tell you that, Sheriff," she said. "The thing is, Will and Jenny had got to like each other mighty well, before Huldy come back after that time she went away. Will he's fine; and so's Jenny. No harm in it. I hoped Huldy'd not come back ever. It looked to me that Will'd be better off if he was rid of her for good and all. But when she did come, Jenny, she didn't see him after that, till today."

She concluded: "But Jenny and Will would have married before this, if Huldy hadn't been married to Will. Jenny loves him and he loves her, and I'm glad of it, if it comes to that. Jenny's fine, and Will's a man!"

"And nobody'd blame him for hitting Huldy," Bart insisted, quick to Will's defense. "She needed it, bad! But he never meant to knock her off the ledge!"

Jenny cried, swift, indignant: "Will never touched her, Bart!"

"I know he didn't," Bart loyally agreed. "But I'm just saying, if he did!"

"He didn't!" Jenny repeated crisply.

The sheriff looked up at her. "How come you to be so sure, Jenny?" he asked in sober tones.

"If I wa'n't sure," Jenny challenged, "d'you think I'd ever have told you, or anybody, what she said?"

"You wouldn't want to marry a man that'd kill his wife, would you?" Sohier urged; and Jenny's eyes met his fairly, and hers were misty with deep tenderness.

"He didn't," she insisted steadfastly. "But I'd want to marry Will any way it come, and no matter what he done!"

"Well, that ain't telling me how you know he didn't do it?" the sheriff repeated doggedly. "What made you sure, all of a sudden, now?"

"Just—coming to my senses," Jenny decided. "I was kind of numb for a while; but then after I'd been with Will for a spell, I was sure!"

The sheriff, surprisingly, chuckled. "I'd admire to bear you testify like that in court," he declared. "I'd like to see what the judge would say." He became grave again, and looked at last at Will. "How about it, Will?" he suggested soberly.

"Anything you've got to say?"

Will, with all their eyes upon him, stood fumbling for words. "If it was anyone but Jenny told me, I wouldn't believe Huldy said it," he declared.

"Tain't true, I guess you'll say."