



Lameness

Sloan's Liniment is a quick and reliable remedy for lameness in horses and other farm animals.

"Sloan's Liniment surpasses anything on earth for lameness in horses and other horse ailments. I would not sleep without it in my stable."
—MARTIN DOYLE,
432 West 12th St., New York City.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

is a quick and safe remedy for hog cholera.

Governor of Georgia uses Sloan's Liniment for Hog Cholera.
"I heard Gov. Brown (who's quite a farmer) say that he had never lost a hog from cholera and that his remedy always was a tablespoonful of Sloan's Liniment in a gallon of slops, decreasing the dose as the animal improved. Last month Gov. Brown and myself were at the Agricultural College building and in the discussion of the ravages of the disease, Gov. Brown gave the remedy named as successful."
—OBSERVER.
SAVANNAH DAILY NEWS.
At All Dealers. 25c., 50c. & \$1.00.
Sloan's Book on Horses, Cattle, Hogs and Poultry sent free.
Address Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston.

The YELLOW LETTER

BY WILLIAM JOHNSTON
Illustrations BY V. L. BARNES

So absorbed was I in my reflections that I did not notice that the boat had reached its slip, and I was almost the last to leave it. Just as I stepped off the gang-plank a huge machine shot by me, giving me barely time to catch a look at the occupants, but in that fleeting glimpse I recognized them both.

It was Louise with Hugh Crandall.

CHAPTER XI.

More Discoveries.

The worse the injury the less it hurts at the moment. I once saw a man with both legs cut off laughing and joking with the men who pulled him from under a car. Though he died in ten minutes, I doubt if he suffered half as much as if he had bumped his head or had run a splinter under his thumb-nail. It is when you are mortally hurt and live that the pain becomes so terrible.

In the few minutes I had had with Louise I had not realized the depth of the wound in my heart her conduct toward me had made. Even when I saw her dash away from me in an automobile, pained though I was that our interview should have been cut short, I still did not comprehend what a terrible blow it was that had befallen me. It was the sight as I left the ferry of the automobile dashing by, with Louise—the woman I loved—seated beside Hugh Crandall, that gave new poignancy to my pain, that added to the fires of jealousy, that made me understand to the full the dire import of what had happened.

Louise had lied to me. Crandall had been in the house. She had seen him. She had left me to join him. She had even deserted her helpless sister and her dying father to go with him. And all the while her lips had protested that no one had been in the house but the doctors and nurses.

As I paced the platform and paced it back again, waiting two weary hours for an Arday train, as I sat for two unending hours more in the long ride through New Jersey, like a poisoned knife, cutting my heart to shreds and cutting the shreds again, the thought kept coming back to me over and over: "She lied to me."

Quarter a man alive, pour molten metal into his eyeballs, feed him salt fish and cut off water, bury him alive in quicklime, devise what torture you will and double it, the pain and agony can not equal that which comes to a man who, believing in and trusting and loving a woman with his whole heart, is forced to admit to himself that she has deceived him—that she has lied to him. In those awful hours I came to know the seven hells. I went through all of them.

Only one ray of comfort came to me. As I had asked myself "Why did she lie?" I found myself believing that she had done so, not of her own free

will, but impelled by some motive so powerful that she could not resist it. That it was the influence of Crandall I could not doubt. He had so preyed on her fears for her father and sister, perhaps on her fear for me, that he had induced her to try to persuade me to give up my investigation and had made her promise to accompany him on some doubtful secret mission.

"It is not my secret." I recalled the piteous cry my entreaties had wrung from her lips, and found the logical explanation of it in her having been terrorized by that villain, Crandall. If I could have found him at the moment I could have killed him with my naked hands.

Yet even though I was convinced that Louise had lied to me, I began to feel that whatever she had done, whatever she was now doing, was in the belief that she was acting for the best for her dear ones, for me.

My duty to her, my duty to myself, I reasoned, demanded that I do my utmost to solve the hideous mystery and free her from the fear that I was sure was responsible for her strange actions. I swung off the train at Ardway and hastened to the hotel, eager to tell Davis what I had learned about the movements of Hugh Crandall, but Davis was not there. All that I could learn was that he had hired a horse and buggy early in the morning and had driven off in the direction taken by Crandall the day before.

"If he is following Crandall's trail," said I to myself, "he is just a day too late." So long as Davis was not about I decided I might as well see if the missing postmaster had been found. As I walked up the street I could not help thinking how dumfounded Davis would be when he returned from his fruitless chase for Crandall and listened to my tale of Crandall's actions. While he had advised against my return to the city, he would have to admit that it had not been without result.

As I entered the post-office I found that Miss Cox was still in charge. Approaching the letter window, I bade her good afternoon and asked if there was any news of the missing postmaster. It was late in the afternoon and the last mail for the day having been distributed, she sat crocheting. She motioned to me to come around to the rear door.

"How about it?" I asked as I entered the office, "has anything been heard of Rouser?"

She shook her head.

"That's about the eighty-ninth time I've answered that question to-day. Seems like the whole town was in here wanting to know."

"Has the post-office inspector been here?"

"He was in here this morning and made just the routine examination. He



"Has Anything Been Heard of Rouser?"

didn't ask no questions, though I understand he has been sleuthing around up to Widow Smith's, where Charlie Rouser boards. If he's looking for anything wrong with Charlie's accounts it's my private opinion that he ain't going to find it. I've been all over the books twice today and there ain't anything out of the way."

"Have you any idea where all that money came from that we found behind the cash-drawer?"

"No, and I don't see that it's any of my affair. His books is right, and his stamps and his stamped envelopes is all accounted for. Maybe he made it in Wall street, or maybe somebody left it there with him for safe-keeping."

As I recalled Davis' parting instructions to me when I had first come out to Ardway, I was more and more surprised that he had not investigated further at the post-office. He had seemed to think that the clue to the whole mystery would be found there, and he had particularly charged me to find out to whom Lock Box No. 17 had been rented. I decided to ask Miss Cox if she knew anything about it.

"Seventeen has never been rented as long as I have had anything to do with the office. It is away off there in the corner where it is hard to see into. There's always been more boxes than there was any call for. Not one of them in the lower row ever has been rented, even in summer, when there's a lot of city folks out here."

"Do you ever remember of seeing any mail addressed to that box?"

She worked industriously at her crocheting for a minute or two before replying and then, putting it aside, said thoughtfully:

"It's funny that you should have asked me that."

"Why?"

Saved!

"I refused to be operated on, the morning I heard about Cardui," writes Mrs. Elmer Sickler, of Terre Haute, Ind. "I tried Cardui, and it helped me greatly. Now, I do my own washing and ironing."

Take CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

Cardui is a mild, tonic remedy, purely vegetable, and acts in a natural manner on the delicate, womanly constitution, building up strength, and toning up the nerves. In the past 50 years, Cardui has helped more than a million women. You are urged to try it, because we are sure that it will do you good. At all drug stores.

"I don't know that I've any business telling you," said Miss Cox, as she debated with herself whether or not she was talking too much, "but I am as anxious as anybody to find out what's become of Charlie Rouser, and from what I've seen of you I guess you're a sight more likely to find him than Jim Dobbs, the constable. If I wasn't sure in my own mind that Charlie hadn't done nothing out of the way, I don't know as I'd even be telling you about it. But since you've asked me, I guess I will."

She hesitated, studying my face as if trying to read there whether or not I meant harm to the missing postmaster. I tried not to exhibit undue interest, though inwardly I felt quite jubilant. I was certain that I was on the track of important revelations.

"Let me see," she continued, "it was a week ago Tuesday—no, it was Wednesday, for I went over to my sister's Tuesday and Mr. Rouser left word for me, and I found it waiting for me when I came back. He asked me to come over and take the office for the day. I was surprised when I came over here to open up to find him here, for I'd understood that he was going to be gone all day. He explained that he didn't have to go till after the mail was in, and he stayed here and helped me sort. There was a lot of mail that day, people round here are great for answering advertisements and getting circulars. Besides that, some of them get-rich-quick concerns have got hold of our telephone subscribers' book and there's always a lot of mining stock letters. There was no less than four good-sized bundles of letters from New York. Rouser was sorting

the letters and I was handling the second class and the papers. I got through with that and picked up the last bundle of letters. In it was no less than six letters addressed to Lock Box 17. 'Seventeen's rented at last,' says I, thinking it funny that I didn't know the name on them, Henry Malcolm Stewart. Who's got it? 'I'll take charge of them,' says he, taking the letters right out of my hand before I had a chance to look at the postmarks or anything. I noticed, too, that he didn't put them in the box, but jammed them into his pocket along with a lot of other letters he had. I couldn't say who the other letters was addressed to, for I didn't get a chance to see them. They might have been his own, for all I know. But I couldn't help thinking that the only reason he'd waited till the mail was distributed was to get hold of them Lock Box 17 letters. As soon as he got them he went away, and he didn't come back till after closing time."

"Have you any idea where he went?"

"When I come over here that day I supposed he was going to the city, but a few minutes after he left the office I saw him driving past in one of the livery rigs."

"Which direction did he go?" I asked, feeling more and more sure that I had struck the right trail. In all probability this young fellow in the post-office was merely an innocent tool of Crandall. He had driven off somewhere to meet Crandall and give him the Lock Box 17 letters, for I was convinced that Stewart was merely an alias of the villain who had been sending out the yellow letters. If I could learn where the postmaster had gone on this visit, I might be able to find him now.

"Every time Charlie Rouser goes driving," said Miss Cox, "he always goes that way," indicating the opposite direction from the station. "I shouldn't be surprised in the least if he was keeping company with some farmer's daughter."

A sudden light came into her eyes and a smile of satisfaction spread over her face.

"Land alive, I never thought of it before," she exclaimed, "but I'd bet anything he's gone off to get married."

"Hardly likely," said I. "He wouldn't go off and leave the office unguarded without telling any one. And he

wouldn't leave five thousand dollars lying there in the drawer."

"That's just what he would do. I'll bet he had a windfall of some sort and the minute he got the money in his hands he just couldn't wait to go and tell the girl."

"Somebody would have known it if he got a horse at the livery stable, would they not?"

"Oh, that's neither here nor there. He might have gone on his bicycle. He generally keeps it over there in the corner, and it ain't there now."

"It might be up at his boarding-house."

"It might be," said Miss Cox. It came to me that if Davis had thought it worth while to go to the Widow Smith's to make inquiries, it might be worth my while, too. After asking Miss Cox for directions, I told her I was going to see if Rouser's wheel was missing, and made my way up one of the side streets to the boarding-house. Davis' visit evidently had ruffled the widow. I found her in anything but a communicative mood.

"If you're another of those detective men coming prying around here," she said, "you might just as well get out. I've said all I'm going to say, and that's all there is to it."

"Please don't mistake me for a detective," I said as pleasantly as I could. "I'm—a friend of Miss Cox down to the post-office and we were wondering whether Charlie had taken his bicycle when he went away, and Miss Cox thought you might know."

"If you're a friend of Jennie Cox," said Mrs. Smith, "I guess I'd be likely to know it, being her own cousin and knowing as well as I know my own face that she hasn't had a man friend for eleven years, since Aleck Thompson died. As for Charlie Rouser going away on his bicycle, I don't know nothing about it. All I know is his wheel ain't here, but he never kept it here anyway. He always kept it down to the post-office."

With that she slammed the door in my face, but I went away well satisfied. As I walked down the dusty path of the so-called street toward the hotel I reviewed all I had learned and was delighted to think how amazed Davis would be when I presented my facts gathered in the last twenty-four hours, which were these:

Hugh Crandall was aware that we were on his trail.

Unable to learn anything from Louise over the telephone, he had dared to go to the Farris home.

He had so intimidated Louise that she had asked me to withdraw at once from the inquiry.

Acting on her fears, he had persuaded her to accompany him to some place in New Jersey.

Lock Box 17 was used for the mail of some one who had taken the alias of Henry Malcolm Stewart.

All the mail that came to that address was taken care of by Charlie Rouser, the postmaster.

Rouser was in the habit of going at frequent intervals either on his bicycle or in a buggy out on the road that led away from the station.

Rouser, when he disappeared, undoubtedly had gone away on his bicycle.

Everything, to my mind, pointed to his having gone to meet Crandall.

How to account for the fact that Rouser had not returned was still a poser to me, but as I reviewed Crandall's connection with the chain of persons who had been driven to death I found myself believing that it was

not at all out of the range of possibility for Crandall to have made away with Rouser for fear of betrayal. From all I had learned about the missing postmaster, I was convinced that he was weak rather than vicious, and I felt that he probably was an innocent party to the nefarious plot of the yellow letters. Davis' story that it was a crime of two persons, after all, was only a theory. When the mystery was cleared up I was positive that the only criminal who would be uncovered would be Hugh Crandall. I shuddered as I recalled that Louise even now was somewhere with him, not exactly alone, to be sure, for the car was driven by her chauffeur, but still it was a most disconcerting thought.

As I approached the hotel I saw a buggy stop before it, the occupants of which were Davis and the constable. As Davis dismounted I heard him say to the constable:

"Tonight at eight."

"I'll be on hand, you bet," said the constable as he drove off.

I quickened my steps and overtook Davis just as he started up the stairs to his room.

"I've got some great news for you," I whispered and went on up with him. The minute he got into the room he flung himself on the bed, as if utterly worn out, and lighted a cigarette. I had expected that he would be eager to question me but this did not seem to be the case. He lay there with eyes half closed as if he lay there with eyes half closed as if he lay there with eyes

annoyed as I was at his seeming indifference, I was sure that when I told him my amazing news about Crandall and my discoveries about the postmaster he would be effectually aroused. I took it for granted that his mood was due to despondency over his failure to find either of them.

"I have seen Hugh Crandall twice, no, three times, today," I said by way of beginning, "and I have found out how Rouser went when he left the post office."

"Yes," he said absent-mindedly, "What's more," I cried impatiently, "I know who had Lock Box No. 17. I know what was done with the mail that came to that address."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE NEWS.

Administrator's Sale. Re-Sale of Real Estate.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Superior Court of Lincoln County in special proceedings, entitled, D. A. McNeely, Administrator of Elias Goode, deceased, Plaintiff, vs J. C. Willis and others, defendants, I will for the purpose of making assets for the payment of debts of said intestate, sell at public auction at the County Court House door in the town of Lincolnton, North Carolina, at 12 o'clock M., on

Saturday the 29th day of March 1913

that certain tract or parcel of land situate, lying and being in North Brook township in the county of Lincoln and State of North Carolina, adjoining the lands of Marion Greenhill, William Baker, Francis Barnes and John King, Beginning at a pine and running South 82 W 100 poles to a post oak; thence N 28 W 100 poles to a black oak; thence N 62 E 100 poles to a black oak; thence to the beginning, containing 100 acres, more or less, and being the home place of the late Franklin Goode and wife Eliza Goode.

Terms of sale—one-third (3) cash, balance upon a credit of four (4) and eight (8) months, equal payments, deferred payments to be secured by sealed notes or bonds of the purchaser or purchasers bearing interest from date of confirmation at the rate of 6 per cent per annum and the title reserved until purchase money is all paid.

This 19th day of February 1913.
D. A. McNeely, Administrator, etc.
R. L. Sigmon, Attorney.

North Carolina, Superior Court, As of April Term 1913
Lincoln County) In the Matter of Flay Mercantile Company;

Whereas on the 13th day of February 1913, upon the application of Flay Mercantile Company, a corporation, its president, secretary and directors joining therein showing that said corporation was insolvent and that there was imminent danger of the assets thereof becoming lost, William Hull was appointed temporary receiver of said corporation by His Honor James L. Webb resident judge of the 12th Judicial District and then holding the Courts therein. Now, therefore, all persons, interested as creditors or otherwise are notified to appear before His Honor James L. Webb Judge of the 12th Judicial District, at Shelby, on the 8th day of March 1913 and show cause if any they have why said receivership should not be made permanent. That a copy of this order be published in all the newspapers published in Lincoln County, viz, Lincoln County News and Lincoln County Times until said date.

This 20th February 1913.
F. L. Hoyle,
Clerk Superior Court Cleveland County.
f 25

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

SEABOARD AIR LINE PASSENGER

Schedule Effective 12:01 p. m. January 5th, 1913.

Train No. 46 Eastbound—Due 8:52 a. m.
Train No. 132 Eastbound—Due 6:16 p. m.
Train No. 133 Westbound—Due 12:06 p. m.
Train No. 47 Westbound—Due 5:45 p. m.

CAROLINA & NORTH-WESTERN.

Schedule Effective 12:01 p. m. Sunday November 24th, 1912

NORTH BOUND

Train No. 10 Daily Passenger—Due 10:26 a. m.
Train No. 8 Saturdays only, Passenger—Due 6:31 p. m.
Train No. 62 (Mixed) Daily except Sundays—Due 6:40 a. m. Local Freight

SOUTH BOUND

Train No. 9 Daily Passenger—Due 3:43 p. m.
Train No. 7 Mondays only, (Passenger)—Due 5:33 a. m.
Train No. 63 Daily except Sunday (Mixed)—Due 4:20 p. m. Local Freight

Train No. 8 Lv. Gastonia 5:40 p. m.
" Lincoln 6:31 p. m.
" Newton 7:08 p. m.
" Hickory 7:40 p. m.
Ar. Lenoir 8:40 p. m.
Train No. 7 Lv. Lenoir 7:50 a. m.
" Hickory 8:27 a. m.
" Newton 8:50 a. m.
" Lincoln 9:27 a. m.
Ar. Gastonia 10:25 a. m.
Train No. 50 Lv. Hickory 7:05 a. m.
Ar. Lenoir 8:40 a. m.
Train No. 51 Lv. Lenoir 2:45 p. m.
Ar. Hickory 4:20 p. m.

G. W. MARTIN, Ticket Agent.

PIEDMONT & NORTHERN LINES

The Great Electric System of the South

Schedule of Passenger trains between Gastonia and Charlotte, N. C.

Lv. Gastonia Ar. Gastonia
No. 2 7 a. m. No. 1 7:53 a. m.
" 4 8:15 " " 3 9:15 " " " 6 9:30 " " 5 10:15 " " " 8 10:50 " " 7 11:40 " " " 10 11:45 " " 9 12:40 p. m.
" 12 1:50 p. m. " 11 2:00 " " " 18 3:30 " " 17 4:30 " " " 20 5:00 " " 19 5:35 " " " 22 6:30 " " 21 7:30 " " " 24 8:45 " " 23 9:45 " " " 26 10:55 " " 25 11:55 "

Direct connection at Gastonia N. C., with all trains of the Carolina and North-Western R. R. Company.

Through tickets sold at all points on C. and N-W. Railroad.

E. C. Jennings, C. V. Palmer, Commercial Agt. G. P. A. Gastonia, N. C. Charlotte, N. C.

Under and by virtue of the authority given by an order made by the Clerk of the Superior Court of Lincoln County, N. C., on the 22nd day of February, 1913, in a special proceeding therein, entitled, "K. B. Nixon, Ex'r. of O. M. Howard vs. Mrs. E. C. Howard and others" the undersigned will sell the lands hereinafter described, to the highest bidder at public auction, to create assets in the due administration of said estate on

Tuesday, 25th day of March 1913

at noon, on the premises of the late O. M. Howard, Iron Station, N. C., upon terms one third cash, balance in equal installments of six and twelve months deferred payments to bear interest at six per cent from date of sale and to be secured by notes with approved security, title to same to be reserved until the payment of purchase money in full, with privilege to purchaser to pay all cash on date of sale and receive title upon confirmation of sale. Said lands bounded and described as follows:

First Tract: Lying and being near Iron Station, N. C., adjoining the lands of Mrs. E. C. Howard, deceased, Plaintiff, vs J. C. Willis and others, Beginning at a stone on the railroad, E. C. Howard's corner and runs with her line N 72 W 42 poles to a stone in the field; thence N 21 W 24 poles to a stone in the public road; thence S 71 W 101-2 poles to a stone; thence N 13 W 73 poles to stone and gum pointers on branch; an old corner; thence with old line S 51-3 W 66 poles to a stone on the public road; thence a new line East 117-4 poles across the railroad to a persimmon in the field; thence N 72-4 E 138 poles to a stone in the R. R. cut on G.W. Browns line; thence up the meanders of the R. R. about 80 poles to the beginning, containing about 88 acres, more or less and being the "Home place" of J. A. Brown, deceased.

Second Tract: Adjoining the first tract above and beginning at a rock, E. C. Howard corner and runs with her line S 4 E 13 poles to a stake and pointers on Long's line; thence S 81-4 W 44-3 poles to a stone, Dellinger's corner; thence with his line N 1 W 21 poles to a stone, Summers' corner; thence with Summers' line S 88 E 49 poles to the beginning, containing 41-2 acres, more or less.

Third Tract: Adjoining Ellis Rhyne's Mrs. Long and others, Beginning at a large black oak, Long's corner and runs with her line S 89 E 36 poles to a stone, Long and Link's corner; thence with the line S 8 E 41-2 poles to a stone, stake near large line, Link's corner; thence with Link's line N 5 W 10 poles to a stone and W. O.; thence with Link's line S 77 E 1-2 poles to a stone in the field; thence with the line S 77 E 1-2 poles to a stone in the field; thence N 19-1 W 22 poles to a stone in the field; thence a spring path; thence S 58 W 29 poles and 7 links to a stone on Mrs. Long's line; thence with her line N 80 E 49 poles to the beginning, containing 41-2 acres, more or less.

Fourth Tract: Adjoining Lutheran church lot, Mrs. Elizabeth Lineberger's, Browns home place and others, Beginning at a stone on the west side of the C. C. R. at a corner of the Lutheran church lands and runs with the church lines S 62 W 20 poles to a stone, Mrs. Lineberger's corner; thence with her line S 88 W 1-3 poles to a stone; thence with another line Mrs. Lineberger's line N 2 1-3 W 15 poles to a stone on High Shoals road; thence with said road S 85 W 12 poles to a stone on the side of the road; thence S 2 E 24 poles to a stone in the field; thence 77 E 42 poles to a stone in the field, R. R. and George Browns corner; thence up the railroad as it meanders N 7 W 19 poles to the beginning, containing 51-2 acres, more or less.

The four tracts above described have been sub-divided and will be sold in lots as follows:

1, 2, 3 and 4, contain 3/4 acre each and front on S. A. L. R. Ry.; No. 5 is the dower of the widow and homestead and contains 34 acres, in which the reversionary interest will be sold; No. 6, contains 24.7 acres; No. 7, 18 acres; Nos. 6 and 7 will be sold separately and then together; Nos. 8 and 9 are half acre lots in Iron Station; No. 10, 25 1/2 acres; No. 11, 11 acres; No. 12, 12 acres; Nos. 10, 11 and 12 will be sold separately and then as a whole.

Said sale will commence at the upset bid of R. C. Goode on each tract as follows:—No. 1, \$38.50; No. 2, \$41.25; No. 3, \$71.50; No. 4, \$73.70; No. 5, \$229; No. 6, \$415.80; No. 7, \$504.70; No. 8, \$22; No. 9, \$28.00; No. 10, \$105.00; No. 11, \$157.80; No. 12, \$742.50.

A plat of same can be seen at the Clerk's Office in Lincolnton. For further particulars apply to the undersigned.

This the 22nd day of February 1913.
K. B. NIXON, Executor
625-4t of O. M. Howard deceased.

NOTICE.

The original good roads bill will be submitted to the people with no change except to conform to a recent decision of the Supreme Court which held that a majority of the actual votes cast instead of a majority of registered voters is sufficient to adopt the road law which supplemental bill is as follows:

A Bill to be Entitled an Act to Amend a Certain Act of this General Assembly Entitled "An act to Authorize the Board of Commissioners of Lincoln County to issue bonds to improve the Highways of Lincoln County, and to Create a Road Commission Therein" Ratified on the Thirtieth day of January One Thousand Nine Hundred and Thirteen.

WHEREAS, at the present session of the general Assembly an act was passed submitting to the voters of Lincoln County the question of issuing bonds for road improvement, the election to be held on the 4th day of March, 1913, after a notice of thirty days; and

WHEREAS, by virtue of said act, an election has been ordered to be held on March 4th, 1913, to vote on the question of issuing bonds for road improvement, the election to be held on the 4th day of March, 1913, after a notice of thirty days; and

WHEREAS, it is deemed right and proper that the notice to hold said election should be issued, shall be determined by a majority of those voting in said election.

NOW THEREFORE, The General Assembly of North Carolina do enact, that the Board of Commissioners of Lincoln County, by striking out of lines thirteen and fourteen in section nine the words "the voters of Lincoln County qualified to vote," and inserting in lieu thereof the words "those voting," and this amendment shall control and apply to all provisions of the former bill wherever the same may be relevant, so as to provide that the election shall be determined by a majority of the votes cast.

Section 2. That notice of this amendment shall be published in the newspapers in Lincoln County, immediately after the passage of this act, and until the said election on the fourth day of March 1913, and such notice shall be deemed sufficient for a valid election on said day, under the statute as amended.

Section 3. If any act shall be passed at this or any subsequent session of the General Assembly authorizing the state to loan money to the counties to aid in building or improving public roads, taking county bonds as collaterals, for said loan, then the board of county commissioners of Lincoln County are hereby authorized and empowered to sell all themselves or the privileges and benefits of any such act, and after its ratification. Ratified this 25th day of February 1913.

Are You in Arrears?

on your subscription? You know WE NEED THE MONEY

PRINT

Let us YOUR SALE BRANCH