THE JACKSON COUNTY JOURNAL, LYBYA, N. C. NOV. 9, 1988

Eighteenth Installment

Next, i.e. $(1, \dots, n)$ for $[1, \dots, n]$ is the form $[1, \dots, n]$ is the state of a state in the internal Automatics, and extend thin a storp (d) or hand, at () is calm, when so a state take tight $(1, \dots, n)$ and $(1, \dots, n)$ is the formula $(1, \dots, n)$ is the formula correction Wales Available to Marce and with the second second

NOW GO ON VIT'L THE STORY, and a late -----

Writing to beil wift do molt:

"Dear Yoll, de feath wrote: "Pri point have the instant it seen the cuty childs of and I be as how go t the alter all we'v teel of its -TW BUCC of the a wall so of me titul . of Long & Stalerstery where else ! Please don't 1. I I my write by the fault is mine from be leading to end of making your house readlest to you Nor could I bear to a sea bein can see there's rething of the me to dit Ain. de l'in est geine te Re-Policius of my in the table lim the give that a 1 learn and and any Bin. Unitable:

or less profitable, but in her disor- Jan awful lot. No one knew anything ganized state its very dullness was about you, but I guess a lot of gosbeneficial to her. She kept to her- sip went the rounds. Then just two self, finding that the other girls days ago Roxie told me how she'd were suspicious of her finer clothes. heard Miss Abbout telling Mr. Neil really got them!

she had begun her job, Joyce was but you couldn't come back to him." leaving the office at five-thirty in "Oh, Sam! did he believe her? You

It amused her to wonder what they that she had seen you in San Franwould think if they knew how she cisco the day before, that she'd told you about Mr. Neil's mother dying. One day, less than a week after but that you'd said you were sorry

company with two of the other girls, don't suppose he really believed



She had tried to banish him but could not quite

with whom she was exchanging de- [1 .r : ultory remarks, when a familiar volce made her tremble. "olt, Mrs. Packard, Mrs. Packard!" It was Sam, caling to her from the tracenters, which he teered quickly to the curb and d at table that I chopped. "Gee, I'm glad I found before I'd believe them, her having the believe them is the door for her, and Joyce, "I's am paused in confusion." "Go on, Sam," said Joyce, "It's all undement of the office girls, or right.

"I dunno. It's hard for men to how what you janes are pulling. i'ut Roxie didn't. She said to me, Sam,' she said, 'I don't trust that tiss Abbott. I'd have to hear them vords from Mrs. Packard herself

about strain and send reven to remember to bid them good- "Well, so Roxie she said to me day 1914 and the strain device the strain of the car before he is d not come back and i found

that plat the Contribution of the backer for the start of the second day!" So I came, and degree if I awandy more the second divide the second day!"



A Staunch Ship In All Weathers

Size, age, position or goal-- all may differ---among ships as among men---but one qualification must exist -- ships must be seaworthy---men must be life-worthy. Nearly all of life's problems concern money-or the lack of it. A proper understanding of money and an appreciation of the true meaning of saving makes for superior life-worthiness. Money -- currency -- represents the confidence of all people in business conditions. The more business profitably done-the easier money cor litions. Savings are the real surplus resulting from the normal business of living. Hoarding is forced surplus --- scrimping. The chain's

weakest link is confidence --- but it may easily become the strongest. The severity of the storm and the ability to weather it are personal problems. The Jackson County Bank merits your confidence --- urges your cooperation, wants to help you become lifeworthy.



Called Statement

ness, his kind essi to Frilis, but she felt she simple scouldn't let herself g on this subject, to she ended briefly. "I'll get in touch with you before lon," Neil, because y will want to be gettina divorce and I shan't stand in you. way! Joyce."

Sam was warming up the motor of the Duesenberg; she call hear it purrr outside the long French windows.

Joyce flung herself down on the davenport and stilled her solas in a pillow, "Oh, Dicky," the said as a solt little nose insignated itadi into her clenched palm, "why should I feel i utterly wretche babent the only decent thing I've done since I've been in this house? I don't want to go, Dicky, I really don't want to leave at all !"

Joyce had Sam take her to the Y. W. C. A. in which she had previously stayed in San Francisco, but she remained there only over night, recting that if Neil pressed Sun very hard I a might tell her whereabouts, and she preferred to remain in hiding.

"I know Neil will feel that he should make every effort to find me," she thought, "but i.'ll be better if he doesn't Packard's mother had died?" succeed.

than she had supposed. After installing pressed, "Why, what on earth are herself in a cheap rooming-house you saying, Sam? What do you under the name of "Florence Hilton" Imean? Has Mrs. Packard died since (to make it easier perhaps for Neil toj -since I left? Of course I didn't get his divorce) she set out to find em- know! I haven't seen a soul from ployment.

in the daily papers, but she could get of her-how he would grieve! Of up no interest in the kind of work they offered. She foun ! that the luxury of living as Mrs. Neil Fackard had sapped her courage, and left her less able to face hard work and uncomfortable living conditions. Her room filled her better go back and tell you all that's with horror; she was acutely unhappy every moment she had to spend in it.

She began to wonder what she would do when all her money was spent. Somewhat sadly, she let her mind

open itself to thoughts of Robert Ainsworth. She had tried to banish sion around his usually pleasant him but could not quite; persistently the thought of him would thrust and I don't mind telling you that I itself up, only to be persistently ig- told him all I knew. He brightened nored. She had but one conclusion a bit when he heard I'd taken you to reach, and that was that he had to the Y. W. C. A. in the city, and failed her, that he had shown him- we both went there right away, and self lacking in chivalry and courage, missed you by just twenty minutes. didn't! Oh my dear, my dear, forthat perhaps . . . he . . . did . . not . . . love : . . her.

To Joyce this was too bitter for tears, too bitter for complaint. She could not hold her head up under the shame of it.

When the hundred dollars was so nearly gone that Joyce was seized with a feeling of sudden panic, she shook off her lethargic mood and, striking wut wildly for employment seized upon a position as file clerk in a large paper concern. The work could not have been less interesting Miss Abbott seemed to come around

bbing uncontrollably. 11111 -"There, there," Sam was saying, "it's all right, gee, I'm glad I tound . . . and then in a minute, you!" when Joyce was calmer, "Shall I make straight for Manzanita, or do you want to get your bags first?" "Oh, Sam, I mustn't go to Man-

zanita! You took me so much by surprise that I just naturally got in the car, but I'm not going to be weak-minded as you think! If you don't mind driving me around for a little, until I get control . . ." she

obbed afresh. "What do you mean, weak-minded? Excuse me, Mrs. Packard, but I think there's a tall lot of explaining to be done somewhere!" Sam suddenly reddened, and

looked at her with a mixture of apprehension and determination. "Maybe it's none of my business, and all that, but-see, I like you and Mr. Packard both too much----

He stopped confusedly, and then shot at her a perplexing question, "Why didn't you want to come home when Miss Abbott told you Mr.

Joyce stared at him in such hon-Joyce found it harder to get a job est bewilderment that he was im-Manzanita! Tell mc-please!" Neil's She took to reading the Want-Ads mother-she knew how fond he was

course she must go to him at once.

"Gee, that's funny," Sam an-swered, "Miss Abbott said--well, you see, it was this way," he paused to collect his thoughts, "guess I'd happened since "in left. When Mr. Neil came the next morning and got your note he was about sick. He was sick anyway, boked terrible, never saw him take on so ... " Sam stepped on the gas, a grim expresmouth. "He seat for me right away,

the clerk said. We hung around all day, hiring you might come back for sot thing you'd left. Then we came home. Mr. Neil was near crazy, what with worrying about you and worrying about his mother, who really was sicker than he'd let

you know. " "Oh, Sam!" Joyce's misery shot her words through with pain. "Well, anyway, Mrs. Packard died four days afterward. Everyone felt terrible sorry for Mr. Neil. That Continued Next Week

"So Roxie believed in me! thought Joyce, deeply touched. And aloud she said, "Bless her! I always felt Roxie could be depended on!" Suddenly she realized that they were more than half way to Mananita.

Half way home!

A sob caught in her throat.

The house seemed deserted when they arrived, and Joyce, who had been nerving herself for a reception by "the gang," felt tremendously relieved. She wanted a little (ime before seeing any one, even the faithful Roxie for whom her heart was full of gratitude. She slipped quietly up to her bedroom, and stretched out on the bed, in tense ilence.

What next? What next? She had never felt less mistress of the sitnation since she had found herself Frills Packard.

Gradually, as night drew on, she heard sounds downstairs, and, along with pangs of hunger, she relaxed omewhat and began to consider facing Neil Packard. Sh: took a hasty bath, and dressed herself in one of the pretty frocks that still hung in her closet. It shocked her to notice how worn and haggard she looked; the life she had led in San Francisco had left its mark.

Sam was standing by the door as Joyce came down the wide stairs; he smiled at her with a return of the old friendliness, and then slipped out.

She was left facing her husband. All thought of how she should meet this situation vanished when she saw Neil. Such an intensity of unhappiness brooded over his face that Joyce was instantly stabled. and without a moment's hesitation she ran toward him. Here was some one of whom she was genuinely fond, in the greatest trouble-nthought but to comfort him! He di. not once lose his self-control, bu the tragic look in his eyes lightened when he saw her, and his whole tense expression softened.

"It was a lie, Neil!" she said, "It was a lie that I knew! Of course ? give me. I'm so terribly sorry. ! loved your mother too. No one could have helped loving her."

"I guess I was the dud," he said gruffly, "to have believed Joyc. Abbott. Gee, I didn't know women did that sort of thing to each other! "Not all women!" said Joyce Remember it was Roxie who didn'

helleve her, and sent Sam to find ny !"

Report of the condition of The Jackson County Bank at Sylva, North Carolina, to the Commissioner of Banks. At the close of business on the 25th day of October, 1933.

RESOURCES

ICEBOOLODD	
'ash on Hand and Due from Banks	\$ 54,710.13
Theeks for Clearing and Cash Items	13.32
Ponds:	
State of North Carolina Bonds \$125,021.16	
Federal Land & Joint Stock	
Land Bonds	
Fown of Sylva Bonds 300.00	÷.,
Fotal Bonds	190.321.16
oans and Discounts	262,584.33
Banking House and Site (Appraised Value	1
March, 1933)	12,000.00
Furniture and Fixtures (Appraised Value	
March, 1933)	3,000.00
Other Real Estate (Appraised Value	
March 1933)	25,500.00

\$518,128.94

\$548,128.94

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock—Common	\$30,800,00	7
	1,419.00	1
Surplus (Invested in North	5 D	
Carolina Bonds)	15,400,00	
Undivided Profits	1,907.18	
	84,427.28	
Reserve for Interest		3

Total Capital	\$136,853.46
Deposits	310.346.89
Cashiers and Certified Checks Ou.standing	925.38
Borrowed Bonds	100,000,00
Bills Payable NONE	
Rediscounts NONE	
Cash Over	3.21

QUALLA

Qualla tolks were very much inter- Sunday. ested in a splendid prohibition ad- The Prohibition committee met at were Qualla visitors Sunday dress delivered Sunday morning at the Baptist church Monday afternoon Mrs. Mary Blackwell of Sylva is Widenhouse of Cullowhee,

Rev. R. L. Bass and family of Elm-

and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Ferguson at Laughlin.

the Methodist church by Rov. E. C. Mr. Glenn Ferguson and family visiting her sister, Mrs. T. W. Me-

Miss Louise Hyatt of Cullowhee wood called at Mr. H. G. Ferguson's selool pent Sunday with home folks Mr and Mrs. Ramsey of Woodfin |

The Jackson County

