



THE STORY

By noon that plan was in partial operation. Bird-Eye Blaine, his duties as barn boss temporarily delegated to another, and Ben Elliott cruised through the timber north of camp, belt axes in their hands. And in the morning of the camp crew, augmented by fifteen men from the mill, left off the work of felling timber in strips, scattered through the woods and through marked trees. Swappers were with them, clearing the way for teams that followed close on the sawyers' heels and dragged these high quality logs out to the railroad.

Ben Elliott was everywhere. Bird-Eye knew his specialty, he determined, and Ben let the little Irishman go it alone. Without help Blaine could find more veneer trees in a day than they could drop and get out to the decking grounds.

"But it's a man's sized job to keep your eye on such an operation!" Ben declared to Able. "I've got to watch Buller and the mill, too. I've got to think about markets so we'll be all set when we commence to saw again. And the devil of it is I'm only one hand and there are only twenty-four hours in a day!" He grinned. "Where's this good man you told me about? Jeffers? Is that his name?"

"Tim Jeffers? Over in the next town! But I doubt he'll even listen. He hasn't wanted a job in three years."

"Doubting isn't knowing," Ben said grimly and the next afternoon drove hard for Jeffers' little farm clearing.

The old logger met Elliott with an eye that seemed at first to be hostile but which on closer observation proved to be only one of severe appraisal.

"So you're after a camp foreman," he said. "No, I've quit the timber for good, Elliott. I'm through. A man has trouble enough without hunting it. I'm not a young man, son. I've no years nor strength any more to put into another man's losing fight."

"We won't lose. Brandon's tried everything up to and including fire and he hasn't got me licked yet. Come along with me, Tim Jeffers, and we'll run him into his hole!"

But the man was obdurate and Ben left him, chagrined and a bit angered at his failure.

"Brandon's got a crimp in the whole country," he muttered as he drove on toward camp. "And here I am, trying to do four men's work. Tough nut? 'I'll tell the world!"

In Tincup he drove to the express office to inquire for the new piston head for the locomotive which was due. He wanted to start loading his veneer logs and getting them out to the siding as rapidly as they came from the woods. He had signed a contract with the time for delivery specified and wanted to run no chance of delay.

But the repair part was not there.

"Got the bill of it," the station agent said. "But it hasn't shown up. Ought to be along tomorrow."

However, the next day did not bring the repairs and the driver of Ben's supply team reported the fact to him.

"And the agent, he wants to see you," the man added enigmatically.

"Didn't that piston head come yet?" Ben demanded angrily of the supply teamster after the man's next trip to town.

"I told you the agent wanted to see you."

The other's manner was decidedly mysterious and Elliott, without further questioning, harnessed and drove to Tincup.

The agent shook hands cordially and drew him inside the tiny ticket office. He spoke in a cautious tone, although they were alone.

"The messenger on the train says he put that engine part off for me the night the bill came through. It ain't here and I'm takin' a chance of losing my job just telling you even that much."

Ben frowned.

"What are you driving at? It's not here and you'll lose— You mean, the express company'll hold you responsible for an article lost out of the depot?"

"That don't worry me. The shipment came in and I never saw it and if I was to tell you that the only thing that could've happened was that it was taken off the track while I was handling baggage it wouldn't be a bad guess. But if certain parties know I told you that much the railroad would get such a complaint about me that I'd be out of a job between days and don't you forget it!"

"Oh, I see," Ben looked at a candidate. "It took them five days to get it back to me. Can't wait that long. Give me a telegraph blank. I'll have 'em notify me by wire when they get it and if I have to meet trains myself, why, I can do that, too."

The other nodded and gave Ben a worried look.

"I sort of liked the way you did up Duval in that log rollin'; and I heard about the trimmin' you gave him at camp. Add I'm . . . Well, I've seen enough raw stuff go on around the

man's town to feed me up. I'll help you all I can but I've got kids to think about."

Ben made a wry face.

"Even children don't seem safe," he said. "Some of us have got our dander invested in the particular fracas I'm mixing in but everything the little McManus girl has got is at stake."

"Yup, You're— Little girl?"

"Yes, The McManus girl. She owns the Hoot Owl."

"Oh!" the agent said with a queer look.

The following morning a half hour after the men had gone to the woods, a sawyer came running toward the camp office just in time to catch Ben before he left for the mill.

"Hi Elliott!" he called. "Hold on a minute!"

He came breathlessly up to the slough.

"Somebody cut three inches often the measures last night. Thought you ought to know. Logs three inches short might be thrown out."

"Somebody cut— How'd you find that out?"

"Well, we left the measuring stick layin' on a tree wood dropped last night. I'd marked it myself, figurin on making one more log before we quit and then we decided not to. It snowed just a little during the night. I laid the measure down again this morning and made another mark for getting about the first which was covered up with snow, you see. When I marked, it knocked the snow off the log, showin' up my first one three inches off. I thought that was funny so I measured again. Somethin' was wrong, sure. We looked her over and found where a piece had been cut off the stick and then we saw where tracks—"

"Be with you pronto," Ben muttered as he turned his team back toward the barn.

He found five of the saw gangs with shortened measures. Fortunately, the discovery was made early in the day and only a few under-length logs had been made. However, it proved to Ben that menacing influences struck in an unexpected way and from all quarters. An unexplained snowshoe trail was found which led to the north and none knew who had made it. The visitor evidently had gone out by road in the dead of night.

"Seems to me," Bird-Eve said that night, "that I heard 'bout two fellers trappin' over ferriest Squaw lake. Might be they ain't trappers a-tall a-tall!"

Shortly after dinner on the following day Ben Elliott set out to investigate this story of a trappers' camp on Squaw lake, which lay to the northward of Hoot Owl.

Things were going swimmingly on the job. He was a bit ahead even of the stiff schedule of production he had set for himself and if the weather held reasonably good and he could frustrate these attempts to slow him up, he would turn the trick which engaged him for the present.

It was a good six miles to Squaw lake but he did not follow the most direct route. Swung right and left now and then, smiling when he came on a particularly fine piece of timber. Certainly, the Hoot Owl stuff looked better every time he went through it. Money standing on end for an orphan girl, he Ben Elliott, should be strong enough to outlast Nicholas Brandon's cutthroatness and persistence! He wondered about Dawn McManus, known and marked as the daughter of a murderer. Tough, he told himself, for a child to grow up under a cloud like that.

He started back after a trustless investigation, and had not gone more than half-way to camp when he came suddenly upon a fresh snowshoe trail. He stopped short with a little thrill. Another prowler? The one who had shortened his measures yesterday? The tracks were only moments old, he knew by the way the freshly falling snow lay in them.

He took the trail at a swift walk, came on a place where the one he followed had stopped and stood a moment, turned around and then resumed his way.

Ben went faster, breaking into a jog trot where the going was good. A half hour later he saw the moving figure before him. Ben saw him turn about, looking upward, stare into the wind which blew from the northwest and swing and go with it. Not completely lost, as a greenhorn might be; not floundering in panic and traveling meaningless circles, but still far from certain in directions.

Ben felt a tightening in his throat. This, the chances were, would be an encounter with one of the men who, most certainly acting on Brandon's orders, sought to hamper and hamstring him. A savage anticipation ran his veins with that; to meet this prowler would be a greater satisfaction, even than throwing Bull Duval out of his camp had been.

Elliott pushed on, moving faster than the other, cutting down the distance between them as the thickening gloom made it impossible for him to see clearly at any distance.

The man before him stopped suddenly and faced about. Elliott hesitated, wondering whether he had been seen or not. If not, he wanted to trail secretly, if so—

"He had no doubt, now, that he had been seen so he went forward respectfully, intent on meeting the wanderer with challenge.

He dipped into a shallow ravine, climbed the other slope, and came face to face with the most lovely girl he could then or afterwards remember having seen in his life.

(To Be Continued next week)

ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE
NORTH CAROLINA, HAYWOOD COUNTY

Having qualified as Administratrix of the estate of T. F. Edwards, deceased, this is to notify all persons that have claims against said estate to file same within one year or this notice will be pleased in bar of their recovery. All persons that are due the estate to anything are hereby notified to settle at once.

This Jan. 31st 1935.

SCOTT EDWARDS,
Administratrix of T. F. Edwards,
No. 294—Feb. 7-14-21-28 Mar. 7-14.

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE

On Monday, March 4th, 1935, at twelve o'clock noon, at the court house door in the town of Waynesville, Haywood County, North Carolina, I will sell at public outcry to the highest bidder for cash, the following lands and premises, lying and being in . . . Township, Haywood County and more particularly described as follows:

BEGINNING on a rock J. L. Warren corner, and runs S 85° E. 10 poles to a rock in Human Branch; thence N 17° E. 21 poles to a stake; thence N 84° W. 24 poles to a stake in the road; thence N. S. W. 12 poles to stake in W. H. Warren's corner; thence with his line, S. 17° W. 45 poles to a stake, said Warren's corner; thence S. 80° E. 38 poles to a sourwood, J. E. Warren corner; thence North 35 poles to the B. C. LINNIX, containing sixteen and one half (16 1/2) a. c. or more or less.

Being the same lands conveyed by H. R. Mauney and wife, I. N. Mauney, et al, by deed dated March 10, 1919, and recorded in Book No. 54, page 292, Record of Deeds of Haywood County, N. C.

Said sale pursuant to power of attorney vested in the undersigned trustee by virtue of a deed of trust executed by W. R. Pinner and wife, May Pinner, dated June 1st, 1931, and recorded in Book 26, page 261, Record of Deeds of Trust of Haywood County.

This the 1st day of February, 1935.

M. G. STAMEY,
Trustee.

No. 297—Feb. 7-14-21-28.

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE

Default having been made in payment of the indebtedness secured by that certain deed of trust executed to me as trustee for Dixie Fire Insurance Company by H. R. Atkins and wife, Nora S. Atkins, on August 29, 1918, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Haywood County, North Carolina, in Book 1, page 233, I will, under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in said deed of trust, and at the request of the vesting trust, and for the purpose of discharging the debt secured by said deed of trust, proceed to sell to the highest bidder for cash, at the court house door in Waynesville, Haywood County, North Carolina, at twelve o'clock noon, on

MONDAY, MARCH 4, 1935,

the following described land, to-wit:

Situate in the town of Waynesville, BEGINNING at a stake on the side walk line on the East side of Main Street, being the Southwest corner of Bishop James Atkins' lot, and 20 feet from the corner of the old L. T. Holmes bakery lot, and runs in a Southernly direction 58 feet with Main Street to a stake; thence in an Easterly direction parallel with the L. T. Holmes and Bishop James Atkins' line 125 feet to a stake; thence in a Northernly direction parallel with Main Street 58 feet to the BEGINNING, this lot being 58 feet front by 125 feet deep, and if the alley is laid out at a greater distance from Main Street than 125 feet then this lot is to run to said alley provided that said alley is not more than 140 feet from Main Street.

This the 1st day of February, 1935.

A. L. BROOKS,
Trustee.

No. 296—Feb. 7-14-21-28.

NOTICE
STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,
COUNTY OF HAYWOOD.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT
The Federal Land Bank of Columbia,
vs.
Alden Howell, Sr., H. B. Atkins, Nora Swift Atkins, W. A. (Bill) Smathers, Will Spivey, Will Spicer, M. G. Stamey, Trustee, Citizens Bank and Trust Company, Geo. H. Ward, Trustee, W. M. Blackwell, Annie Dee Chancellor, Walter G. Chancellor, Mrs. L. C. Harbeck, Mrs. R. H. Blackwell, Haywood County, Isabelle Ferguson, W. P. Underwood.

The defendants, Alden Howell, Sr., Nora Swift Atkins, Annie Dee Chancellor, and Walter G. Chancellor, will take notice that an action entitled as above, has been commenced in the Superior Court of Haywood County, North Carolina, to foreclose a mortgage executed by Alden Howell, Sr., and wife, Fannie D. Howell, and H. B. Atkins and wife, Nora Swift Atkins, to the plaintiff in the principal sum of \$6,000.00, dated April 9, 1929, and duly recorded in Book 3, page 425, Record of Deeds of Trust of Haywood County, said mortgage having been given to secure a note of even date and of even amount, and said mortgage conveyed to the plaintiff herein \$0 acres of land about five or six miles Southwest of the town of Waynesville, North Carolina, and the recovery of the 1931 county tax assessed by the plaintiff on said property, pursuant to the terms of said mortgage; and said defendants will further take notice that they are required to appear at the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of Haywood County at the court house in the town of Waynesville, on the 4th day of March, 1935, and answer to the complaint filed in said action, and the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint filed in this action.

This the 31st day of January, 1935.

W. G. BYER,
Clerk Superior Court.

No. 295 Feb.—7-14-21-28.

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in that certain Deed of Trust executed by R. W. Ensley and wife, Beulah Ensley, to Insured Mortgage Bond Corporation of North Carolina, Trustee, under date of February 15, 1927, securing the indebtedness therein described, said deed of trust being recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Haywood County in Book _____ at page _____, default having been made in the payment of said indebtedness, and at the request of the holder or holders thereof, the undersigned Trustee will, on the 12th day of March 1935, at 12:00 o'clock noon, at the Court House door in Haywood County, North Carolina, offer for sale at public auction for cash, to the highest bidder, the following described premises, to-wit:

Certain real estate situated in the City of Waynesville, County of Haywood, State of North Carolina, and described as follows:

BEGINNING on a stake the North side of Beulah Avenue 150 feet from a stake which is 16 feet North of a Whit Oak corner of Wm. Herron's and runs thence North 1 1/2 West 150 feet to a stake; thence North 88° 40' West 140 feet to a stake; thence South 1 1/2 East 150 feet to a stake in Beulah Avenue; thence with said Avenue South 88° 40' East 140 feet to the BEGINNING corner.

The above described lot of land being a part of the tract conveyed to R. W. Ensley (Ralph W. Ensley) by deed dated January 21, 1927, by J. R. Thomas and wife, Josephine Thomas, and recorded in Deed Book No. 29, page 161, Record of Deeds for Haywood County, N. C.

This the 15th day of February, 1935.

Insured Mortgage Bond Corporation of N. C.,
Trustee.

By Johnson, Rollins & Fagell,
Attorneys.
No. 298—Feb. 14-21-28 Mar. 7.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of George Moore, deceased, late of Haywood County, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased, to exhibit them to the undersigned at 16, N. C. Route 1, duly verified, on or before the 16th day of February, 1935, or their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please in immediate payment.

This the 12th day of Feb. 1935.

MRS. ELMINE PARTON,
Administrator of George Moore, deceased.

No. 301—Feb. 14-21-28 Mar. 7-14-21

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of Stanley Wright, deceased, late of Haywood County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate to exhibit them to the undersigned at Waynesville, N. C., on or before the 16th day of January, 1935, or their recovery. All persons indebted to the estate will please in immediate payment.

This the 16th day of January, 1935.

J. R. BOYD,
Administrator of Stanley Wright, deceased.

No. 286—Jan. 17—Feb. 14-21-28

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of R. W. Kinland, deceased, late of Haywood County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of the deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at Waynesville, N. C., on or before the 17th day of January, 1935, or their recovery. All persons indebted to the estate will please in immediate payment.

This the 17th day of January, 1935.

J. H. KINSLAND,
Administrator of R. W. Kinland, deceased.

No. 285—Jan. 17-21-31-Feb. 7-14-21

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of R. W. Kinland, deceased, late of Haywood County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate to exhibit them to the undersigned at Clyde, North Carolina, Route 1, on or before the 24th day of January, 1935, or their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make settlement before March 24, 1935.

This the 24th day of January, 1935.

J. HERMAN KINSLAND,
Administrator of R. W. Kinland, deceased.

No. 291—Jan. 24-31-Feb. 7-14-21-28

Church Clock

The clock in the parish church at Rye, in England, has been going since 1500 except for a few short periods for repairs. It is said to be the only clock in the world with a pendulum that is suspended through the roof and into the bell tower of the church.

Stones in the Tuscany

The Tuscany was a British ship carrying United States troops during the World War. She was sunk on February 5, 1918, off the coast of Ireland after having been struck by a torpedo. Two hundred and forty lives were lost.

Our Diseases Are Old

As you can see, our modern medicines are not new. They had bladder, stomach, stress, respiratory, tooth and nervous troubles, fevers, epilepsy and febrile. Then, as now, women turned the majority of ill.

Don't Get Up Nights
Use Juniper Oil, Buchu Leaves, Etc.

Flush out excess acids and waste matter. Get rid of bladder irritation that causes waking up, frequent desire, scanty flow, burning and backache. Make this 25c test. Get juniper oil, buchu leaves, etc., in little green tablets called Bukets, the bladder laxative. In four days if not pleased your druggist will return your 25c. Waynesville Pharmacy.

Stones in Cheap Jewelry

A special kind of glass known as Strass, which is made by fusing white sand, red lead, borax and several other elements, is used for the manufacture of cheap jewelry. When a colored gem is placed in a ring or bracelet and a fine powder and coloring substances are added. The mixture is then fused and pressed.

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Overtaxed by speaking, singing, smoking

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Although there are more than 450,000 "live" words in the English language, ten of them—the of, that, it, I, is, and, to, a, in—comprise 25 per cent of all the words used in our spoken or written communications.

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