

with that post !"

get him!

test as he might speak to man of his crew. moved and threw up the

o you men want?" he dearis, in the tone of one aris, in the tone of one arise long accustomed to make

at Ben Eillett !" Jeffers an-He isn't here. What would

bere! What could I know ing a stirring behind Tim. t him. We want you to

-n right." . . . "Tell us "Show him to us wreck your whole blame

the stiencing hand ngainst the nddress Bran-

ame to town last night. He n seen since. His team where he left it. There's which the way who'd have an etting him out of the way. We want Eillott f" lips writhed.

pu, I know nothing→" He own the sash and cut the sentence from their hearing es did not know that his sharply as panic laid its

d his back deliberately to Then, in frantic lunge. the telephone and rang the

the fail!" he said excitedllott; lacking Elliott, they would take The jail !" him. growing, mounting roar

te the voice of an approach-Then came a sharp shout; . Then quick silence again fers reasserted his leaderdemanded that they move unit. But this order prea brief moment.

in the door; it's locked !" ried. "Take him until he

of ice, cast in the street his arms, standing close to a broken window. "Clear out, you! . . . Fair horse's foot, now picked up noutly, crashed through an cowered as a yell of ap-

up, and pressed his face great yell. Men came lugging that e telephone ... Art! This Brandon ! nob out here and-"

tures of protest. it!" The sheriff's voice "Hold your heads, now! Give us "I saw 'em come in, I don't Hoot Owl boys a chance. We'll get what we come for or we'll take Tincup apart. But no destroyin' of property

to here, then, and be quick Get down here and scatter

He gained the middle of the street in an impressive hush. Then he murmured a word to Able and they halted. He looked about at his men and smiled a triffe weak . but in his look was a quality which clearly indicated

that love which strong men have for their kind. "It's all right, boys," he said and only those in the first ranks could hear, his voice was that light. "They didn't get me . . . badly. I appre-

. . camp." He panted for breath and lifted his face to the broken windows above. Far back in that room he caught a glimpse of a face watching himcocked as though striving to hear.

"It's my fight," he went on. "Not yours . . . I don't want any . . . of you hurt. Go back. . . . Will you go ... back?" The crowd stirred.

"You bet we will, Ben'" a man called. "Now that you're located if you ask it, we will ! Tim Jeffers worked his way to Ben's

side and put a hand on his shoulder. listening to what Able told him.

"Go home, boys!" Tim Jeffers called. "They knifed Ben last night but he's well took care of. You teamsters, get out your horses; we've found what we come for. To cump, every last Hoot Owl hand !"

Men relaxed. The post that was to have battered in Brandon's door was dropped. The mob was satisfied.

Slowly Ben Elliott made his way back to Dawn's home. As Tim Jeffers took his place be-

side the sick man, Able Armiange drew into the post office entry to watch the mob disperse. Emory Sweet was standing there.

"The king is dead !" Able muttered solemnly, staring at those broken windows.

"Long live the king !" said Emory. Pause. "Dead men tell no tales."

"No, but cometimes a corpse will kick back !"

CHAPTER XIII

Furiously, Nicholas Brandon saw as the days passed the wreckage of his power plle up on a flood of public resentment, of loosened expressions of distrust and contempt and hatred which had grown and festered unobserved for years.

The man who had replaced the glass in his office windows that Sunday afternoon worked slowly and silently where, in other days, he had done odd jobs with swift efforts so that his labor might give his employer satisfaction, and had taken every opportunity to make talk with the town's great man.

On Monday as Brandon walked along the street he saw faces leering at him from windows, and men he passed averted their glances in a gleeful sort of embarrassment, or looked at him with surly, defiant glares.

In yard and mill he was conscious that his employees were thinking only of his fall. He discharged one man for loading and the fellow only laughed at him. . . . Laughed!

"There's plenty room at Hoot Owl for good hands," he said and laughed agaln.

That moh yesterday had not wrecked the town as they had threatened but the ruin they left was of far more consequence. Their coming had stripped Brandon of everything but his material possessions and now these only mocked him in survival.

read. These were Dawn McManus' letters to him, saved since her childhood.

He ran through them almost idly, his senses dulled by whishy and the calamity which had befallen him. A narrow slip of tablet paper fell out. He looked at the penciled note on one side.

"Meet us at Antler Lodge this afternoon .-- Dawn." Happier memories, that brought: of

the time Dawn had brought girls home with her from school for Thanksgiving

and had taken them to the hunting camp for a week-end.

Brandon had gone with the party and it was there that he had first remarked Dawn's emerging womanhood, that the desire for her had been kindled in his blood; there in the camp where her father, as the whole country knew, had been with Sam Faxon on the night when Faxon fied to his death. But Dawn had never known that. She had laughed and been happy at Antler lodge.

"Meet us at Antler Lodge this afternoon .- Dawn."

He rend it again. It bore no date it was unsailed; it betrayed no indication of the time that had passed since its inscription. The note had been left on his desk for him three years before He leaned forward sharply and has eyes narrowed. After a moment he straightened and smilled oddig A look like relief, almost like happiness spread over his face.

. Fine strength of body healed Ben Elliott's wound rapidly. By mid-week he was dressed and sitting before the fire with Dawn, talking of his return to Hoot Owl on the morrow.

"It's been so good, even under the circumstances, to spend time with you," he said gravely.

The girl flushed but made no reply. "And all the time I've been wondering. Dawn, why you wouldn't let me come. . . . You've been so kind, so generous, so . . . so friendly. And yet, only a few days ago, you told me I must never come again. Why was it, Dawn? Why, when I love you

"Don't !" she begged in a light whisper. "Please !"

"But it's beyond any power 1 have to keep still. I love you, Dawn, better than life. Can you believe that, when I've seen so little of you? Look at mel"-fiercely. "Don't you like it, Pawn, being loved?"

"Ah . . . Like it? It's wonderful, Bett . . It's too wonderful!" She averted her face.

"And loved by me?" "Yes, yes! It's all wonderful. It's

too wonderful, Ben. Things like it just can't be !"

"Why not? It's wonderful, you say, and yet . . . Can't you explain?" She was fighting for self-control, now, and wrested her hands from his, backing away, white and shaken. (To Be Continued.

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE

On Monday, May 27th, 1935, at eleven o'clock A. M., at the court house door in the town of Waynesville, Haywood County, North Caro-lina, I will sell to the highest bidder for cash, a public outcry, the fol-lowing lands and premises, lying and being in the town of Hazelwood, Haywood County, N. C., and more particularly described as follows:

of record in the office of the Register of Deeds of Haywood County, N. C., in Map Book "B," Index "G," to which said map plat and subdivi-tion reference is hereby made for a full and complete description of said two lots, and which said property is more particularly described as follows BEGINNING at a stake standing in the center of the Southern Rail-way track, corner to lots No. 6 and 7 of Block 4, as aforesaid, and runs thence N. 13° 15' E. 100 feet to a stake in the margin of Georgia Avenue; thence with the margin of Georgia Avenue N. 71* 45' W. 330 feet to a stake standing in the margin of Pin Street; thence with the margin of Pine Street S. 17" 21' W. 100 feet to a stake corner to lot No. 5; thence with the divisional

corner. Being one of the lots of land conveyed by J. R. Morgan and wife, Cora Ward Morgan, and F. W. the line of lot Nos 38, N. 40° 30' W.

This 26th day of April, 193'.

GEO. H. WARD, Trustee.

No. 333-May 2-9-16-23.

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE On Monday, May 20, 1935, at elev-en o'clock A. M., at the court house door, in the town of Waynesville, in Haywood County, North Carolina, I will sell at public outcry, to the high-est bidder for cash, the following lands and premises lying and bring in Haywood County, North Caronna, and

more particularly described and bounded as follows:

BEGINNING on a haw bush at a cliff near the public road, and runs South 1512 East 3 poles to the center of old road ;thence South 371/2 West 16 poles; South 2 East 15 1-3 poles to the division line between N. F. Owen and Morrow; thence with the divisional line North 69 West, 49 poles to the branch; thence with the branch 5 poles; thence North 43 East, 9 poles; North 61 East, 15 poles to a stake in the edge of the bottom; thence up the ridge North 4612 West 25 poles to a stake near the top of the ridge; thence North 56 East, 20 poles to a stake, Nelson-Ferguson-Morrow corner; thence with the top of the ridge as it winds with Fergu-son's line, to the BEGINNING, containing 12 acres, more or less, as per-survey of J. A. Parks, Surveyor, Sep-tember, 1922, and being part of the D. A. Owen lands.

Sale made pursuant to the power of sale contained in that certain deed of trust executed by U. II. Ferguson, dated May 23rd, 1928, and recorded in Book 29, at page 170, Record of Deeds of Trust of Haywood County.

This 19th day of April, 1935. J. R. MORGAN,

Trustee. No. 330-Apr 25-May 2-9-16

NOTICE OF COMMISSIONER'S SALE

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF HAYWOOD. IN THE SUPERIOR COURT.

The Federal Land Bank of Columbia,

Vs. Alden Howell, Sr., H. B. At-Aiden Howell, SF., H. B. At-kins, Nora Swift Atkins W. A. (Bill) Smathers 1 Will Spivey, Will Spicer, M. G. Stamey, Trustee, Citi-zens Bank & Trust Compa-nk, Geo. H. Ward, Trustee, W. W. Blackwell, Annie Dee Company Chanselor, Walter G. Chanselor, Mrs. L. C. Har-beck, Mrs. R. H. Blackwell, Haywood County, Isabella Ferguson, W. P. Underwood.

On Monday, the 13th day of May, 1935, at 12:00 o'clock M., at the court house in Waynesville, Haywood Coun-ty, North Carolina, the undersigned Commissioner of the Court, will sell old rock corner; thence North 1 pole at public out-cry to the highest bid-der for cash, the following described Shingle Cove Road N. 82° E. 8 poles and being in the town of Hazelwood, Haywood County, N. C., and more particularly described as follows: Being lot No. 7 of what is known as the Grimball Park Addition, which said map, plat and subdivision is duly

line between lots Nos. 6 and 7, 337 runs thence with the line between said feet to a stake, the BEGINNING tracts, S. 4" 34' W. 10 chains, 98 links wife, Cora Ward Morgan, and F. W.1 the line of lot Nos 38, N. 40° 30' W. Miller to C. A. Black and wife, Leila M. Black, by deed dated June 11. 1928, and recorded in Book 77, page 250, Record of Deeds of Haywood County. Sale made pursuant to power off sale contained in that certain deed of trust executed by C. A. Black and wife, Leila M. Black, dated March wife, Leila M. Black, dated March 26, 1929, and recorded in Book 23, recorded in Map Book "B," Index "H" prige 109, Record of Deeds of Trust office of the Register of Deeds of Hay-of Haywood County. | wood County. wood County.

Subject to the right- of way for a roadway along the Northern margin of said lots for the adjoining lots, and including the rights reserved over the Northern margin of adjoining lands for a roadway to the public road.

Sale made pursuant to the power of sale contained in that certain deed of trust executed by R. K. Hall and wife, Ella Hall, dated April 10, 1927, and recored in Book 19, page 237, Record of Deeds of Haywood County. This 12th day of April, 1935.

GEO. H. WARD, Trustee.

No. 226-Apr. 18-25-May 2-9.

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'E SALE On Monday, May 27, 1935, at eleven o'clock, A. M., at the court house door in the town of Waynesville, in Hay-wood county, North Carolina, I will sea at public outery, to the highest uidden for cash, the following lands and premises:

BEGINNING at an iron stake on the South side of Sycamore Lane or Main Street, in mazelwood, N. C. Main Street, in Trazelwood, N. C. Being the Northeast corner of lo. No. 2, Block "B," Brookwood Addition to Hazelwood, N. C., and runs South 88" 15' East with the margin of Main Street, 216' feet to a stake in center of State Highway No. 10; thence South 411 20 Wore about 105 for the South 41° 30 West about 428 feet to a stake in North margin of Kentucky Avenue; thence North 88° 15 West with margin of Kentucky Avenue, about 50 feet to a stake, corner af lot No. 30, in Block "B;" thence North 22" 35 West with line of lots 30 and 2, about 358 feet to the BEGINNING, being the part of Block "A" West of State Highway No. 10, in Brookwood, as per survey by J. W. Seaver.

Sale made pursuant to power of sale conferred upon the undersigned trustee by virtue of the power of sale contained in that certain deed of trust executed by John F. Bass and wife, Hallie V. Bass, dated October 27, 1931, and recorded in Book 29, at page 163, Record of Deeds of Trust of Haywood County

This the 26th day of April, 1935, 1. L. COUNCIL, Trustee.

No. 331-Apr. 25,-May 2-9-16.

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE On Monday, May 13, 1935, at elev-en o'clock, A. M., at the court house door in the town of Waynesville, in Haywood County, North Carolina, J will sell at public outcry to the high-est bidder for cash, the following lands and premises, lying and being in the town of Waynesville, Hay-wood County, North Carolina, and more particularly described as follows:

BEGINNING on a stake on the bank of Richland Creek, at the Southwest pier of the old iron bridge across Richland Creek; thence up the creek S. 30° E. 4½ poles to the mouth of the Shingle Cove Branch; thence up the branch N. 70° W. 8 poles to the



night Delaney had promised to try

again but he had not come to report,

though Brandon had waited late. And

now the crowd was howling for El-

He covered his face with his hands,

tried to stop his ears. In those menac-

ing cries he heard the knell of this

reign. For years he had ruled by the

force of his will and now that force

was not enough. Bit by bit, Ben El-

liott had caught the fancy of the coun-

try and now, with that group of stout

men as a rallying point, the entire

town was setting up a demand for the missing Elliott. They wanted Ben El-

"Go home !" he screamed and waved

But his words were drowned in a

post across the street while Tim Jef-

fers hastened toward them with ges-

liott. They would have Ben Elliott.

warning, I'm giving !"

Coming! They were coming in to

He could not satisfy them! He did

not know where Elliott was. Last

walted for the ready acwhich always had come ten he had made, from offilaw and judges and public th high and low. there?" he demanded shorp-

will sip came from the

Brandon. 1 hear you but what d'you expect me to a mob alone? I-" You're sheriff, you fool! law behind you! Bring a

trewd, Nick ! Why, they're a in the north. They'd tear or! They're good men and . You better get out the I Fou can !! ieth Brandon flung the re-

h him as another window ded to fragments. Abandonmottering mob, and by a political career he had his own hands! From a e point he looked out. A men were pulling at a sign street was filling with peowhen was thing with peo-whe his employees. They ered, excited, and he saw them, men who had whined at before him, laugh and other missile spattered on mana.

ewn the hallway and looked fow in the rear. A grim bree men stood there, ready to him to attempt flight

into his sleeping chamber down a rife from its rack of anilers. He threw open er but it was empty. He a dresser drawer and agh it in a fruitless search free, cursing because he a His breath was ragged the rifle on the bed and a hair wildly.

"These and other terriflood out above the conrahed back to the front

vaved his arms for silence In the shattered glass of but the sight of him only iots and jeers which were of a great billow of say-Tige.

His will prevailed a moment. He lifted his face to Brandon.

"We mean business. Will you come out and show us Ben or must we come and get you? We won't walt much longer.'

until everything else falls!"

An opening, there a chance to delay. "Coming !" Brandon croaked. "I'm

coming !" A gratified mutter went up from the crowd and burst into shrill words,

Coming? Like the devil, he would go! He was ransacking drawers, now, dumping their contents on the floor in his frantic search for rifle cartridges that should be there.

The noise outside increased; more people were coming to join the crowd. It seemed as though the whole town must be there.

He sought a key for a locked trunk and could not find it. He tried several but his hands shook so that he might have failed to make the proper one operate, even had he found it.

Again Jeffers' voice, demanding his presence, came out of a strange silence.

"Coming!" he shouted thickly and seized a hammer and attacked the trunk lock. Ammunition must be in there.

The crowd milled, now, trampling the new snow, completely out of hand at this delay. Two or three aided Tim in his plea for at least temporary moderation but others rebelled and fought to get the post which would batter down the stair door. These weaved to and fro there in the packed throng, a

quarrel within a guarrel. And then came a hush, a quick, spreading hush which swept the crowd like a shadow; like a swiftly speeding shadow, wiping out sound as a shadow wipes out sunlight, breaking sentences in half. And then rose a quick popping of excited voices.

"Elliott!" "Here he is!" "Look!" "He's hurt !"

Bundled to the ears in a great overcoat, cap drawn low, supported on the one side by John Martin and on the other by Able Armitage, he came slowly, painfully out of the side street. He scarcely seemed to be aware of that throng; did not look either to the right or the left. All his energy was bent on moving forward.

...

Back in the office he paced the place like a caged animal.

Mail arrived. He took the packet of letters and drank deeply from his bottle again.

He thumbed the letters absently, until the script on one caught his eye. The envelope contained a single sheet of note paper and he unfolded it with trembling fingers. On the sheet was

written: "I never want to see you again. I know now what the whole country has known and been afraid to admit for years. I have thought you were my friend but now I know you are my worst enemy, as you are the sworn

enemy of those I love most. "DAWN."

He stood for n time staring at the paragraph; then read it again and drained his whisky bottle. Such a note, now, was to have been expected by an ordered mind, of course, but his fevered brain had not foreseen any necessity for abandoning this, the most precious of his hopes. He trembled a bit and made a strange sound in his throat.

A meticulous office man was Nicholas Brandon, and though he had suffered the severest blow of his experience just now he mechanically went about his habitual procedure. He had received and read a letter. It required no reply. The next step in orderly procedure was to file it.

In the outer office were ranks and rows of letter files. But this letter did not belong there.

In the great safe to which only he had combination and keys reposed two files side by side. He took both out and placed them on the desk. He opened one and a cruel smile twitched his lips. It contained letters on paper of varying size, color and quality. He riffled through these, stopping now and again to read a phrase, a sentence, a paragraph. . . . Pleas, these were; a writing begging for help . . . and he smiled again.

In the other file were more letters, some yellowed by age and these older ones had been written in the unformed script of a child. . . "Dear Uncle Nick," they all began. Always that though the handwriting grew formed and mature until it was identical with that on the single sheet he had just

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on the Balsam Road about 5 to 6 miles from Waynesville, N. C., in Waynesville Township, County of Haywood, State of North Carolina, EXCEPTIN

having such shapes, metes, courses and distances as will more fully ap-

pear by reference to a plat thereof made by J. W. Seaver, Surveyor, made 1920, and attached to the abstract now on file with the Federal Land Bank of Columbia, the same being bounded on the North by the lands of R. V. Welch estate, on the East by the lands of R. V. Welch estate and Will Spivey, on the South by the lands of Will Spivey and the R. V. Welch estate, on the West by Jackson County, J. S. Mehaffey and tract of land heretofore conveyed to the said Alden Howell and H. B. Atkins by J. R. Morgan, Trustee, by deed dated January 27th, 1919, and recorded in the Office of the Register of Deeds of Haywood County, N. C., in Book 52, page 45 and also the same as described in a judgment and decree registered in Book 52, page 11, Record of Deeds of Haywood County. This sale is made pursuant to, un-der and by virtue of the power of judgment of Superior Court of Hay-wood County, North Carolina, bear-ing date of April 8th, 1935, and rendered in the above entitled action and wherein the undersigned was duly

appointed Commissioner of the Court to sell the above described lands to satisfy the judgment rendered in this cause on a first note secured by deed of trust taxes and insurance advanced by above named plaintiff. This the 8th day of April, 1935.

A. T. WARD, Commissioner of the Court. No. 225-Apr. 18-25-May 2-9

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE

On Monday, May 13, 1935, at elev-en o'clock, A. M., at the court house door in the town of Waynesville, in Haywood County, North Carolina, I will sell at public outcry to the high-est bidder for cash, the following lands and premises, lying and being in Waynesville Township, Haywood County, North Carolina, and more particularly described as follows

BEGINNING at a stake in the Hyatt and Winchester line, corner between Tracts Nos. 34 and 35, and

more or less, situate, lying and being veyed by R. D. Gilmer, administrator of M. H. Love to Alden Howell and Kimsey Howell, on the 27th day of

EXCEPTING from the operation of this deed all lands taken by the Town of Waynesville for road through said lands up to this time.

Being the same property conveyed to the said John R. Carswell by Shuford Howell and wife, Annie Howell, by deed dated the 13th day of Sep-tember, 1917, and duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds in Book 50, page 72, Record of 'beeds for Haywood County.

Sale made pursuant to the power of sale contained in that certain deed of trust executed by J. R. Carswell R. V. Welch estate. This is the same and wife, Annie M. Carswell, dated June 24, 1929, and recorded in Book 23, page 131, Record of Deeds of Trust of Haywood County.

This 12th day of April, 1935. GEO. H. WARD,

Trustee. No. 227-Apr 18-25-May 2-9

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as executors of the estate of C. E. Ray, deceased, late of Haywood County, North Carolina, this sale conferred upon my by order and is to notify all persons having claims igdgment of Superior Court of Hay-against the estate of the said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at Waynesville, N. C., on or before the 4th of April, 1936, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This the 4th day of April, 1935. J. W. RAY,

MRS. MINNIE RAY,

Executors of the Estate of C. E. Ray Deceased. No. 382-April 4-11-18-25-May 2-9.

ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE

Having qualified as administratrix of the estate of Kenneth E. Ferguson, deceased, late of Haywood County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at Waynes-ville, N. C., on or before the 17th day of April, 1936, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This 17th day of April, 1935. JOSEPHINE C. FERGUSON,

Administratrix of estate of the deceased.

No. 328-Apr. 18-25-May 2-9-16-23.