

# Light Restored At Age Of Ninety-One

PITTSBURGH.—The surgeon's hands restored to 91-year-old James Hopkins the sight he lost six years ago when cataracts formed in his eyes.

Went to doctor after doctor," said Hopkins, "and they all said I was too old. They said I could not have an operation."

Several days ago Dr. Walter Dick, of Knoxville, decided he was strong enough to stand the strain of an operation on one eye.

Montefiore Hospital surgeon who used use of his name propped the eye open, deadened the nerve and cut a small piece of the eyeball around the pupil. Then he probed and removed the cataract.

"It was a fifteen minute ordeal. How do you count my fingers?" asked Hopkins when the bandages were removed for the first time.

"I replied Hopkins in a voice of joy. "There are five."

# Shoots Himself To Atone For Wrecking Car

WAYNESVILLE.—A seventeen-year-old school boy shot himself through the stomach to atone for wrecking a crowded automobile. Detective O. A. Carter told today.

Ogle used the service revolver of his stepfather, Patrolman R. Hut. He left this note: "I hope this will pay for the car. My life is all I have to give."

The boy is in a critical condition.

# DEED OF NORTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF HAYWOOD.

Monday, 12, June, 1939 at 11:00 A. M., at the Courthouse in the Town of Waynesville, North Carolina, the undersigned will be the following and described land for sale at public outcry to the highest bidder for cash, the lands to be sold being described as follows:

Beginning on a rock in the road, Jones corner and runs south west 22 1/2 poles crossing the road to a stake on top of the ridge; south 51' east 13 1/2 poles to a Spanish oak; thence south 73 1/2 poles to the center of the road;

with the center of the road with W. H. Jones line, north 28 1/2 poles; North 49 1/2 east 5 poles; 12 1/2 east 2 poles; north 30 1/2 poles to the beginning, containing 2 acres more or less.

The sale is to be had under and subject to the power of sale contained in a certain deed of trust made and executed by T. A. Long and wife, and assigned to the undersigned as Trustee, T. B. Medford, et al, bearing date of 19, May, 1934, and which is recorded in the office of Register of Deeds of Haywood County in Book No. 34 at page 235.

Witness my hand and seal of office the 17th day of May, 1939. W. T. Crawford, Trustee.

1939—May 18-25-June 1-8.

# ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE

I, being qualified as administratrix of the estate of T. Troy Wyche, deceased, of Haywood County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to me at my residence at Waynesville, North Carolina, on or before the 11th day of June, 1939, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

The 11th day of May 1939. E. LUCILE BROWN WYCHE, Administratrix of the Estate of T. Troy Wyche, deceased.

# ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE

I, being qualified as administratrix of the estate of R. G. Coffey, deceased, of Haywood County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to me at my residence at Waynesville, North Carolina, on or before the 11th day of June, 1939, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

The 11th day of May 1939. MINNIE A. COFFEY, Administratrix, Estate of R. G. Coffey, deceased.

# ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE

I, being qualified as administratrix of the estate of R. G. Coffey, deceased, of Haywood County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to me at my residence at Waynesville, North Carolina, on or before the 11th day of June, 1939, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

The 11th day of May 1939. MINNIE A. COFFEY, Administratrix, Estate of R. G. Coffey, deceased.

# ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE

I, being qualified as administratrix of the estate of R. G. Coffey, deceased, of Haywood County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to me at my residence at Waynesville, North Carolina, on or before the 11th day of June, 1939, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

The 11th day of May 1939. MINNIE A. COFFEY, Administratrix, Estate of R. G. Coffey, deceased.

# Bad, Logy? You May Need This

As the lighthouse flashes a warning to sailors, so this sends out headaches, bad biliousness, which often result in constipation.

Do not misunderstand or neglect your symptoms and thereby may cause a host of constipation's other ailments: sour stomach, belching, loss of appetite or energy.

Take spicy, all vegetable DRAGHT tonight by directions and clear your system, promptly, thoroughly. This medicinal tonic-laxative helps you to lazy bowels.

Its life and popularity testify to DRAGHT'S merit.

# MOUNTAIN MAN

## CHAPTER XXII

If Breck had not seen the flash, he would have thought the report came from Tillson's pistol. But the flare was from one side. Then he saw Art grip his saddle horn with both hands and slump forward.

"Grab that horse!" Breck leaped, obeying the voice. He drew the animal down. Art was falling. Then it was Sierra Slim's long arms that reached up, supporting him before he struck the ground.

"Mighty close, pardner," the slow voice drawled. "You shouldn't a come out like this."

"Slim! Where . . . ?" "Can't say now. Here, help me pack him."

Louise ran from the shadows. "Take him to Dad's cabin," she cried. "Quick!"

With Art lying unconscious between them, Breck and Sierra turned into the back trail. The gunshot had either gone unheard or was accepted without interest by the dance crowd, for no one had moved from the clearing. But before the party reached Temple's cabin, Cook stepped from a fringe of trees.

"What's up?" he began, then his eyes fell upon the form they carried, and he strode ahead with no further question. As soon as they had Tillson on a bunk, he closed the door, saying, "No need to have anyone find out if we can help it."

His thick brown fingers went with unexpected skill over the boy's body, stripping off his shirt, exposing a gash through his right arm and across his chest. Abruptly he turned to Louise. "Go get Joe Scott. He's a horse doctor, but it's all the same."

The girl ran out. Breck poured a basin of water and gave it to Cook. Behind him, Sierra rolled a cigarette and looked on unperturbed.

"I been following Art since afternoon," he offered. "Found him bustin' around up on the ridge, ridin' like he was loco. He'd come down here, sit lookin' on for awhile, then beat that poor critter of his back up the slope. Drunk, sure. Then about dark I saw him start spottin' you, pardner. Maybe you've got an idea what bit him."

Breck shook his head, but he could reconstruct what had happened. Art getting drunk after Irene threw him down; brooding over it; driven at last to take it out on somebody. Standing here in the cabin, he could still see the distorted face thrust close to his.

Joe Scott came in, a big, dark-faced man. He held a lamp near the wound, probed a little with his pocket knife, then straightened.

"Arm bone's broke, rib shattered some. Good thing the lead went clean through."

"We'll have to get him down," said Cook.

Scott wagged his head. "No; too much danger of that rib puncturin' a lung. I'd say send for a doctor." He bent again over the cowboy, adding, "Ain't goin' to bleed much and he's passed out in a drunk. Get me some rags and I'll fix him up for the time bein'."

Louise went for them. Breck strode from the door, saying to Cook, "I'll tell Lone Tree to send a surgeon."

By this time word had gotten out to the dancers, and he came at once among a knot of men beyond the shanty.

"What happened, Ranger?" "A gun went off," Breck replied. "Nothing serious."

"Who's hurt?" He mumbled a name indistinctly and passed on toward the telephone. There he rang Lone Tree, ordering the clerk to send up a doctor, and to make certain of getting the right man, told how badly Tillson was shot.

When he turned from the phone, Irene was standing at his back. "Gordon!" she gasped. Her face was blanched, eyes wide in a look of comprehension, as if she realized her part in this. "I heard what you said. Tell me . . . tell me what happened. Gordon, did you kill . . . ?"

He put a hand firmly on her shoulder, turning her around. "Go back to your family, Irene. Don't frighten them. I'll come later."

"But tell me . . ."

"For God's sake do as I say!" Back at the cabin he found Joe Scott and Cook finishing the job of binding Tillson's wounds. Louise was not there. Sierra slouched toward him as he entered. "Pardner, show me the barbecue pit, will you? I ain't at since noon."

Outside he added less casually, "I want to talk. Come on."

Fire had burned to coals in the pit, and only strings of beef were left upon the bones hanging there.

Sierra took off a rack of ribs while Breck found cups and poured coffee. They sat together on a log.

Breck drank his first cupful, poured another, suddenly aware of nerves beginning to let down.

"Seen Jud and Hep?" Sierra asked.

"They haven't been here all day." "How do you figure that?" "I don't. Neither does Cook."

Sierra tore two ribs apart and deftly secured the meat between his teeth; that finished, he said gravely, "What do you suppose Art was sash-



"Pardner, show me the barbecue pit, will you."

ayin' around alone for—actin' piumbo loco that way?"

"He was loco," Breck answered, "over a girl, and that explains a lot. He went out of his head over this girl I brought up. She made a fool of him and he came back at me."

Sierra nodded. "That's about what I might a-knowned."

Breck said nothing. Through the pines he saw figures moving again about the dance fire. Voices were lifted to a higher pitch of excitement. His eyes went to the cabin where a light showed in one window.

Presently Sierra expressed Breck's own thought. "Well anyway," he drawled, "Art won't cause us no trouble for a long time."

Breck nodded. But there were still the other two.

A breeze stirred the coals into a burst of flame. Light added distance to the circle of vision. Breck's gaze moved up the slope behind him, passing slowly through the black tree trunks. It halted upon one spot. He stared, half-rising, then suddenly caught Sierra's arm.

"Slim!" Sierra looked. A figure was coming down toward them, stumbling, one hand groping as if in blindness. Though the face was smudged and partly covered by long strings of hair, Breck recognized the boy from the Potholes.

"It's Jack Weller," he said quietly to Sierra. "Something's wrong. I've seen that look—we mustn't frighten him."

The boy approached with glazed eyes staring at the fire. His jaw hung slack. Bloody scratches showed through torn clothing. One hand outstretched in front of him held what had once been a barn lantern. Now there was left only the wire ball.

Breck stood up slowly when the boy came within a few feet, but he did not speak. The glassy eyes rested upon him, moved off, strayed back. A tight fist lifted the lantern ball as if to cast its glow higher.

Gradually his lips parted to form soundless words. Breck held out his hand, saying, "Hello, Jack. How are you?"

The boy hesitated, took a step nearer, yet no sign of recognition came into his face.

"Let's get him some whiskey," Sierra advised.

"No," said Breck. "Wait a minute." He took the boy's arm and drew him down to the log, then spoke in an even, questioning voice. "Well, Jack, been bear hunting lately? Here, I'll blow out your lantern."

He unclenched the small fist and went through the action of extinguishing a light. "Cold, isn't it? Have some coffee? Bring us a cupful, Slim."

Jack drank in gulps and gasped one long breath when he finished. For a moment Breck looked away, thinking, knowing he must establish some contact in the little fellow's mind. It was plain he had been through a terrible experience, and then had been fighting through the woods—no telling how long.

In moving, Breck's hand touched the Luger. He pulled it out, turning it over in his palm as he looked at Jack.

The boy was staring with the first sign of sane comprehension. He reached for the gun. "That . . . that's a Luger, ain't it?" he stammered.

"Yes," said Breck, "it's a Luger and holds a lot of shells and I've been a soldier, and now, Jack, is your father all right?"

The small hand shook convulsively. Words blurted of their own accord. "Pap's dead! They killed him. They killed my pap! I seen 'em!" He stopped, startled. Contact was made. "Ranger," he cried, "I've been comin' to you. Them Tillsons killed him!"

"Yes, Jack," Breck said quietly, trying to soothe him by putting an arm about his shoulders. "But maybe you can tell me later."

The boy drew back. "No! I've been runnin' to get here, ever since I heard them coyotes a-howlin' for pap."

"All right then. Tell me. What did the Tillsons do?" "Came arguin' about a fire.

Blamed my pap for tellin'. He talked back and they shot him!"

"Where are they now?"

"The nesters run 'em off to Sulphur—and they're goin' to burn 'em out." Jack paused, looking up with puzzled face. "Is this tonight?"

"Yes, this is tonight."

"Then they're doin' it! Burnin' them Tillsons!"

Sierra sprang up. "Say!"

"Easy," Breck warned him. "Get Kern Peak on the phone."

Sierra strode off. The boy in Breck's arms was fast falling into a stupor of exhaustion. He lay with eyes closed, though with the terror of what he had been through stamped indelibly upon his old man's face. As sleep came, his voice trailed off faintly. "They left me watchin' pap. But them coyotes . . . a-howlin' . . . I run . . ."

"Kern Peak line is dead," Sierra announced, returning from the telephone. "Wire's either cut or in a fire."

Breck leaped up. "Take this boy to Louise. Give me your horse and I'll ride to the ridge. Better tell Cook."

He was half an hour in climbing the backbone above Temple Meadow, but when he reached the crest, he halted for only a moment. Far below, the whole Sulphur Flat was afire, though actual flames were hidden by an intermediate canyon wall. The sky was red for miles above the lower part of Sulphur Creek. Breck wheeled and crashed down, letting his swift descent pass the word to those below.

Animals were already being saddled when he burst into camp. Sierra Slim had brought up Kit, while Cook packed a mule nearby. He rode to join them, plunging across the space that a few minutes earlier had held a laughing, dancing throng.

"Fire's in the Sulphur country," he told Dad Cook. "I guess the boy knew what he was talking about. Nesters have lighted the whole bottom."

Cook nodded, throwing his lash rope over the mule. Breck caught it, made the loop, and passed one end back under the animal's belly. A plan had been seething in his mind ever since he had left the ridge; suddenly now it became clear.

"Cook," he asked, "is there any way the Tillsons can climb out of their hole to the north?"

"No; Kern Peak blocks them." "That means with the fire driving them up, they've got to come out somewhere to the south and east of Sulphur Creek?"

Cook came from his side of the mule. "All right, son, what's on your mind?"

"I've got the Tillsons' back door spotted," Breck declared. "They can't climb to it before daylight—too rough—and by that time Slim and I can be there if we go ahead."

"Then go," Cook ordered. "I'll make up a crew here and meet you at Indian Rock. Slim knows where that is."

Sierra had vanished in the crowd, leaving Kit tied to a stump. Breck exchanged horses and was swinging into his saddle when Senator Sutherland rushed to him.

"Here, my boy, here," he cried, puffing with excitement. "A fire is it? Great stuff! Everyone going? Never saw a mountain blaze first-hand. You wait now till I get my horse!" He dashed on.

"Oh, Gordon!" Again Breck turned from mounting. Irene was running toward him. "Gordon, you'll saddle for me? Is it a real fire? I don't know where my horse is."

He lowered his foot to the ground. "You won't need your horse. You're not going."

"Absurd! Why am I not?" Breck waved a gloved hand toward Temple's cabin. "Because a man is in there badly hurt. You made a drunken maniac out of Tillson. Now how big are you? Someone has got to keep him up till the doctor gets here tomorrow. He'll get over the gunshot, but he's the sort that goes straight to the devil when a woman takes his pride. Talk to him, Irene, lie to him, anything to explain yourself. For God's sake that's one thing you can do!"

He swung to his saddle before she could reply, and hoped some bit of comprehension would move her to a decent act. Art might be his enemy, yet he had come to have something of Louise Temple's sympathetic understanding of him.

He found Sierra roping up a fresh horse and gave his plan. The mountaineer listened, said nothing, and in a few minutes they rode together out past the clearing, where in the light of fresh logs more than twenty men were getting tools for the fire-line. Among them Breck saw Louise.

"Are you going?" he asked, halting at her side.

"Why not? You'll need all of us." A swift admiration filled him. He was proud of her. Little thoroughbred! Love welled in his heart. Then fear. But he knew she would scorn his thought of danger. Tom Temple hobbled over with a shovel and ax. "Be right with you, Ranger!"

Breck saluted and loped on to overtake Sierra. His veins tingled. There was something military about this night move—like shock troops breaking into action.

He led, knowing the route to the spot where he had once seen Jud and Hep vanish down Sulphur Creek. He pushed Kit at a run. It would be almost daylight anyway by the time he and Slim could cover the range from Temple's camp to the broken country.

They left the blazed government

trail at the spur where Breck had come down before, climbed it, and came at last to the brim that dropped a thousand feet into cliffs and falls and unmapped gorges. Firelight flooded the lower level. Roar of the blaze rose faintly.

Breck halted. "You see we've come to sort of a blind trail, Slim. It dips over the ridge and crosses the head of Sulphur Canyon. That's where we go down. I don't know how far."

Sierra kicked his foot out of one stirrup. "I'd say we leave the cayuses here and walk."

Breck agreed, pulled from the trail and tied his horse. Then together they walked on. The canyon was not far. It plunged away steeply, with the stream cutting a sharp-banked gorge through the rock. Their path skirted the brink for two hundred yards, then curved around a brush clump. In another turn it ended against a blank wall.

To the left was the mountain face; on the right a sheer drop to the stream. Breck looked down at white water dashing through boulders.

"What do you make of it?" he asked.

Sierra did not answer. His head was tilted sidewise, attention centered above and behind them. "Hear that?"

Breck listened, yet heard only the waterfall and roar of fire further on.

"Nothing, Slim." "Maybe not. How about your trail?"

"We've slipped up somewhere." "I thought so. It turns to the right back here."

Breck faced about dubiously. To the right meant a straight drop into the gorge. Sierra took a few steps and halted. Suddenly he motioned with his hand. Before them a narrow rock bridge spanned the chasm from rim to rim.

Sierra stepped back behind a boulder and put his pistol on its flat top. "Pardner," he said softly, "this looks like our place."

Breck stood with his gaze sweeping up the granite barricade of Kern Peak. No chance of escape up there. He was satisfied. For Jud and Hep it was this way out or none. His hands tightened. A name flashed through his thoughts. Jim Cotter.

(To Be Continued)

"A bath in unheated water is a brain stimulant," declares a physician. Maybe so, but we've never seen a fish with a high brow.

# ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE

Having qualified as administratrix of the estate of Walter Massey, 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 Waynesville, Route 2, North Carolina, on or before the 1st day of May, 1940, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This the 1st day of May, 1939. MRS. WALTER MASSEY, Administratrix of the Estate of Walter Massey, deceased.

No. 867—May 4-11-18-25-June 1-8.

# NORTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF HAYWOOD.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT. J. H. Franklin, Jerry R. Franklin, and wife, Inez Franklin, George P. Franklin and wife, Rosa Franklin, J. R. Franklin and wife, Mary Franklin, Rosa Lee Blake and Leo Blake.

The defendants, J. R. Franklin, Mary Franklin, Rosa Lee Blake and Leo Blake will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Haywood County to sell the land of said defendants for the taxes due the plaintiff on said land; and the said defendants herein named will further take notice that they are required to appear on the 10th day of June, 1939, at the Court House in said County in Waynesville, N. C., and answer or demur to the complaint in said action, or the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint. This the 10th day of May, 1939.

KATE WILLIAMSON, Asst. Clerk of Superior Court, Haywood County.

No. 870—May 18-25-June 1-8.

# NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE

NORTH CAROLINA, HAYWOOD COUNTY. On Tuesday, June 13th, 1939, at 11 o'clock A. M. at the Court House door in the Town of Waynesville, I will offer for sale at public outcry and sell to the highest bidder for cash, the following parcel or tract of land, lying and being in Haywood County and described as follows: Being known as the Dykers lot in the Town of Waynesville: Beginning at a stake in the center of the Southern Railway tracks and running with the center of said Railway tracks toward the Depot, North 48 East 597 feet to a stake in the center of the Railway tracks; thence North 60 West to a stake in the center of Richard Creek with it's winds 614 feet to a stake in the center of said Creek; thence South 43 East 174 feet to the beginning. Containing one and 66-100 acres. Said conveyance being subject to all rights-of-way now outstanding in the Southern Railway

lands conveyed by Kate H. L. Dykers Company. This also being the same to W. A. Hyatt, et als, by deed dated April 8th, 1922, and recorded in Book of Deeds No. 59, page 167, office of Register of Deeds for Haywood County, N. C.

Sale made pursuant to powers conferred upon me by that certain deed of trust dated Jan. 1st, 1931, from W. C. Phillips and wife, Myrtle Phillips and D. V. Phillips and wife, J. N. Phillips to Jno. M. Queen, Trustee, which deed of trust is recorded in Book 29, page 48, record of deeds of trust for Haywood County, and to which reference is hereby made for all the terms and conditions thereof, the undersigned having been requested by the holder of the indebtedness thereby secured to sell said land on account of the default in the payments as set forth in said deed of trust.

This the 12th day of May, 1939. JNO. M. QUEEN, Trustee.

No. 872—May 18-24-June 1-8.

# NOTICE OF SALE

On Monday, June 5th, 1939, at 11 o'clock a. m., at the Court House door in the town of Waynesville, I will offer for sale at public outcry to the highest bidder for cash, the following parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in Beaverdam Township, Haywood County, North Carolina, to-wit:

Being lot No. 61 of the J. F. Jackson property in the town of Canton, N. C., as per survey and map made by Chas. N. Neal, Engineer, on Oct. 25th, 1923 and which map is registered in the office of the register of deeds of Haywood County, N. C., in book B, page J. Further reference book 66, page 227 of Haywood County records.

Sale made pursuant to the powers conferred upon me by that certain deed of trust dated July 1st, 1925, from G. F. Kiefer and wife, Flora Kiefer, to J. Bat Smathers, Trustee, which deed of trust is recorded in Book 13, page 226, Haywood County Registry, and to which reference is hereby made for all the terms and conditions thereof.

This April 28th, 1939. J. BAT SMATHERS, A. T. Ward, Atty. Trustee.

No. 868—May 11-18-25-June 1.

# NOTICE STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, HAYWOOD COUNTY.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT. MORA TAYLOR VS. WILLIE TAYLOR.

The defendant above named will take notice that action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Haywood County, North Carolina, for a divorce absolute on the grounds of two years separation, and the said defendant will further take notice that he is required to appear before the Clerk of the Court of said County within 60 days from the date of this notice, and as required by statute, and answer or demur to the complaint in said action, or the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint.

This the 10th day of May, 1939. KATE WILLIAMSON, Asst. Clerk Superior Court. No. 871—May 11-18-25-June 1.

# Repairs On Appliances Of VACUUM CLEANERS and ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

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- Atlanta . . . . . 3.85
- Birmingham . . . . . 5.80