

"BLACK ORCHIDS" by F. V. W. MASON

SYNOPSIS

First Secretary to the Minister to Austria and Leonard Holt, are sitting in a room in the Hotel Duna when the conversation of the fascinating Countess Waldeck. Several brookings are attributed to Lolita, one of the officers, fatal duel was fought on. Leonard cannot stand and comes to defense. Ian wonders at the interest for Leonard is to Ilya Zichonyi, charming of a Hungarian min-

CHAPTER II

later Count Exler arose his tall officer's cap, with that punctiliousness survive in Spain and

wiederseh'n! Until tomorrow. Have a good time. His teeth glimmered between small black mustache in smile. Gott sei Dank. I am simple army officer and do to play the stuffed shirt as a week.

"me," invited Ian, "what is one of this devastating little I am intrigued—"

Hungarian's slightly oblique winked at their corners and his lips parted in a smile of understanding.

"he murmured, and tucked his glass into place with an flourish. "So the (what is it?) rock-ribbed Puritan all the rest? Want to play eh?"

"grinned the American, broad tweed-clad shoulders over the slighter figure of the man. "Yes, I think it is interesting to meet you." He let it go at that, saying he was worried about Leonard would only regard on his guard.

lady's name," Count Exler said in his sotto voce, "is Lolita. And a word of warning: friendly friend; remember in spite of her heart-break the Countess von Waldeck is a person of considerable importance. If you doubt it you have note that not one of these affairs of hers ever got papers." The hussar chuckled and hitched his sword in his bent left arm. "Gott, die of laughing if you would love with her yourself."

"That case, my friend," promised gayly, "I'm afraid we'll be shot by some beautiful jealous husband. Good-bye, at cocktail time tomorrow. I'll be to the ever-charmingka Gouin and don't raid my favorite weakness is headed Rumanians, you

chuckle and a wave of a gloved hand Major Count scattered off among the

ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE

qualified as administratrix of the estate of T. W. Ferguson, late of Haywood County, North Carolina, this is to all persons having claims against the estate of the deceased to file them to the undersigned at Waynesville, North Carolina, on or before the 23rd day of October, 1941, after which time this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

persons indebted to said estate please make immediate payment.

the 23rd day of October,

MRS. T. W. FERGUSON,
Administratrix of T. W. Ferguson.

1125—Oct. 23-30-Nov. 6-13

SERVING SUMMONS BY PUBLICATION

CAROLINA, HAYWOOD COUNTY. THE SUPERIOR COURT. LUCILE ROBINSON,

ROBINSON.

defendant, Ed Robinson, will notice that an action entitled has been commenced in Superior Court of Haywood County, N. C., to secure an absolution from said defendant and two years separation; the said defendant will furnish notice that he is required to appear at the office of the Superior Court of Haywood County and State in the Court at Waynesville, N. C., within (20) days after the 23rd November, 1941, and answer to the complaint filed in the Court for the relief in said complaint.

October 21, 1941.

C. H. LEATHERWOOD,
Superior Court of Haywood County, N. C.

R. FRANCIS,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

1124—Oct. 23-30-Nov. 6-13

GOLDS
Take 666
LUBRICANTS, OILS, WAX, SOAP

tables that sprouted like futuristic toadstools from the gravelled terrace, and his trim, cavalryman's figure bent now to one table and now to another. When Ian Gray came back he pulled a note from his billfold and tossed it on to the table before Major Harris.

"Be a good lad, Evan," he said, "and pay my shot. Come along, Leonard, cabs at this time are scarcer than virtue in a Turk; besides, we've got to hurry to get ready for that infernal dinner."

The shorter American arose and, still preoccupied, ground out his cigarette stub, then nodded farewell to the two remaining officers.

"Dieu, it is after six!" remarked d'Armonot, grimacing. "I must be running too." With characteristic nervous energy he also tossed a five pengos to the long limber Englishman, snatched up his scarlet kepi and hurried off.

Major Evan Harris thoughtfully watched the two Americans descend the steps of the terrace and disappear in search of a cab.

"Good old Ian," he muttered. "Lucky for that young ass Leonard he's got a room-mate with sense enough for two.

The worthy Major would have been surer of his opinion had he been in the little red cab which, at breakfast speed, was whirling the two Americans out along the busy Andrassy Ut towards that sombre residential district which borders on Budapest's magnificent park system. They had ridden in deep silence for some distance when Leonard Holt turned to face the big figure at his side and said with an unconvincing carelessness:

"I need a bit of money, Ian. Er—could you spare me a thousand?"

Ian Gray's eyes widened. A thousand dollars! Good heavens! What was the boy thinking of?

"That's a lot of money, Len," said he guardedly. "Why the sudden need for so much?"

"Never mind—I need it," explained the other with a touch of sullenness. "You'll help me out, won't you?"

"Of course, Len—you know that, I can manage it, somehow. But a thousand's a lot and you know you're not exactly overburdened with income. Besides, there's your marriage next month. You'll need a lot then."

"Glancing sidewise, Ian was not greatly surprised to see his companions smooth cheek flush scarlett.

"You don't have to remind me of that," he laughed nervously. "But—and I'm awfully low right now, and—and I need some cash in a hurry. Will you, or won't you, lend it to me?"

The tone was an unfamiliar one, Len realized. In all the years since the war, Leonard Holt had never spoken thus. After a moment's hesitation he said:

"Well, if you have to have it, I'm the last man to turn you down. I'll give you a cheque when we get to the apartment."

Leonard's palely handsome features lit and he shot Ian such a look of immense gratitude that the latter felt ashamed of his hesitancy.

"Thanks a lot, Soldat, I—I'll never forget it, I—oh, hell! You're the best friend a poor mutt like me ever had."

The relief and gratitude in the

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Having qualified as the executor of the Estate of Minnie S. Ray, 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, on or before the 18th day of September, 1942, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate please make immediate payment.

This the 18th day of September, 1941.

KATHERINE RAY ATKINS,
J. W. RAY,
Executors of the Estate of Minnie S. Ray.

No. 1112—Sept 18-25-Oct. 2-9-16-23

NOTICE OF SUMMONS STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF HAYWOOD.

JUANITA SUMMER,
vs.
RICHARD SUMMER.

The Defendant above named will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Haywood County, North Carolina, by the Plaintiff against the Defendant on statutory grounds and the Defendant will take further notice that he is required to appear before the Clerk of the Superior Court of Haywood County, in Waynesville, North Carolina, on or before 30 days from November 18th, 1941, and answer or demur to the complaint herein filed.

You will take further notice that if you fail to answer or demur to the complaint within the time required by law, the Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, namely, an absolute divorce.

Given under my hand and seal of the Court, this the 20th day of October, 1941.

C. H. LEATHERWOOD,
Clerk of the Superior Court of Haywood County, North Carolina.

No. 1122—Oct. 23-30-Nov. 6-13

younger man's voice was so impulsive and heartfelt that Ian was prompted to speculate further on why the devil Leonard needed money so badly. It was queer he had said nothing—usually he unfolded his least worry with touching eagerness.

"Look here, Len," he said quietly, "you're not in a jam of some kind are you? I can help you a lot more if I know what it's all about."

Leonard Holt deliberately fixed his eyes on the ridge of red fat that appeared above the chauffeur's greasy black coat collar and manufactured a smile that would not have deceived a child.

"Lord, no!" he laughed. "I'm in no jam. Honestly, I'm not."

"Now what the devil is Leonard up to?" Ian asked himself when the chauffeur with a magnificent flourish on his horn, drew up before an apartment house of unpretentious appearance. I've never known him to lie to me before."

While the two bathed, shaved and otherwise prepared for dinner, Leonard Holt kept up a febrile, nervous conversation, that was utterly uncharacteristic, pocketed Ian's cheque and presently betook himself off, declaring that he would stop for a cocktail with his fiancée on his way to the Austrian ministry.

So preoccupied and disturbed was the usually debonair and untroubled Ian Gray, that for the first time in many years he aroused himself to discover that he had actually arrived early for the dinner. As he crossed the sidewalk he had the unpleasant impression that inside the great brilliantly-lit building, servants were hurrying to complete preparations for the dinner.

Yet there was nothing to bear out this presentiment in the manner of the correct and unruffled footman in plum and gold who flung open the ponderous door of plate glass and beautifully wrought iron and begged the premature guest to enter.

After surrendering his opera cloak and hat to the footman, Ian uncomfortably followed a cadaverous-looking butler into a glittering drawing room that seemed as limitless and deserted as the steppes of Russia.

"His Excellency will be down directly," the majordomo informed him with a sympathetic air. "Will Monsieur have the goodness to wait?"

Cursing himself for his absent-mindedness, Ian nodded, pulled out his cigarette case and commenced to wander around the great empty room like a lost soul and feeling utterly asinine. A rather fine Rubens on the wall opposite attracted his attention, and he stood for some moments critically inspecting the ample proportions of a decidedly Dutch Venus; then, drawing irritably upon a cigarette, he wandered towards the open door of a conservatory, the fragrance and seclusion of which appealed strongly.

He felt a little less foolish as he wandered at random along aisles set with various species of palms and flowering shrubs. Evidently the Austrian ministry was an elaborate affair—relic perhaps of the brighter and more opulent days when Franz-Joseph directed the destinies of the Dual Empire. Here and there he discovered a number of delightfully arranged bowers. One of these particularly attracted him and he stood watching a pretty little fountain which, for once, did not boast a fat stupidly-grinning child that, for no good reason, clutched a fish or some other marine creature; instead, a beautifully executed little satyr blew watery notes from his reed pipe and squinted up at the moody American with such a gay, mocking expression, that Ian took to him immediately. Heaving a long sigh, he flipped aside the tails of his dress suit, and dropped onto a comfortable rattan chaise longue. There he settled back, listening to tinkling play of water while watching the lazy gray spiral of smoke raise from the gem-like tip of his cigarette.

Presently, on hearing the distant front door open and shut again, he

heaved a sigh of relief.

"Thank heavens here's somebody else. Hope it's Harris." It was queer how much he liked that quiet, dryly humorous Welshman who served the British Minister as military attache. His hope was dashed, however, when there came ringing through the empty rooms the sound of a woman's voice. Instantly he was struck with the singular softness and mellowness of its quality. There was in it the ringing vitality of an old wine goblet that is lightly struck. Mingled with it were the deeper tones of a man.

He started to rise, then sank back. Why the devil begin the inevitable round of insane small talk sooner than was absolutely necessary?

His thoughts reverted uncomfortably to Leonard. A thousand dollars! Good Lord! That was a lot of money, but if Leonard needed it, well—that was all there was to it. Then with that sturdy loyalty which he had won him his host of friends, he dismissed the matter from his mind.

Who would be at the dinner? Undoubtedly a better than average percentage of women that conceded intelligence to charm and beauty, for Baron Hugo von Satzmar was an ex-imperial guardsmen, a bachelor and, though some sixty-odd years along, did not yet require spectacles to appreciate a well-turned ankle.

(To be Continued)



NAVY DAY

OCTOBER 27

In the air, on the surface, and under the sea, the Navy maintains the traditions on which it was founded. It will ever be Our First Line of Defense.

Balsam News

By Gertrude Ruskin

Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Lloyd, Miami, Fla., have opened their cabin and will spend several weeks here.

A baptismal service was held Sunday afternoon by the Balsam Baptist church with the Rev. Nando Stephens officiating. Eight people were baptized in the creek just below Rufus Jones' home.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Coburn, Daytona Beach, Fla., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Harry Thompson in their summer home. The Thompsons have made many improvements on their property. They plan to span the brook in back of the cabin with a swinging bridge and stock a pool with mountain trout. They are trying to get a telephone to be installed on the mountain. In fact, there are only two telephones at Balsam, one at George Knight's store and the other at the Cross Roads Filling Station.

Mrs. Callie Kent, who has a summer home here, received word that her brother, Jim Rickards died

Monday afternoon in Canton. He was superintendent of the water works at Canton. Rickards, at one time, lived at Balsam with his father, the late Tom Rickards, who had a home here and who built several houses at Balsam. He leaves a wife and five children.

Miss Christine Ridley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Ridley, Sylva, was married to Robert Painter, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Painter, of Sylva, Sunday afternoon, at the Balsam Baptist church. The Rev. Oscar J. Beck performed the ceremony. Those present were: Mae Higdon, Carl Jamison, Alvin Ridley and other friends from Sylva.

Mrs. Effie Picklesimer, White-side Cove, and her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Bryson, Cullowhee, were Sunday visitors to Miss Clara Wentz, who has a cottage here. Mrs. Picklesimer is a sister to Judge Felix E. Elley, whose book, "Random Thoughts and the Musings of a Mountaineer," has just come off the press.

Dellwood News

Mrs. Ned Moody was elected president of the newly organized P. T. A. at the Dellwood school, with Mrs. R. S. Kuykendall as secretary and treasurer. Plans were made for the year and the group hopes to raise enough money to buy equipment for the lunch room, making it grade A.

The women of the Baptist church met with Mrs. H. G. Hammett as leader to organize a W. M. U. The following were elected as officers: president, Mrs. J. A. Singletton; secretary, Martha Platt; treasurer, Lizzie McClure; and personal service, Isabelle Moody. Mission study, Estelle S. Allison; chairman of the program committee, Viola Galloway. The group will meet next Sunday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Callie Mae Moody. An interesting program will be given.

day afternoon at the home of Mrs. Callie Mae Moody. An interesting program will be given.

The Society of Christian Service of the Methodist church will meet Thursday afternoon at 2:30 at the church. Every member is urged to attend as this is the general check-up meeting and all business must be arranged before conference.

Betty and Bobby Setzer, twins of Mrs. Estelle Setzer Allison, celebrated their ninth birthday at their home October 20th. Many of their friends met after school and enjoyed games and refreshments.

Miss Edith Ferguson accompanied friends to Concord last Sunday where she will visit for a week.

FOR DEFENSE

BUY A SHARE IN AMERICA

The new United States Defense Savings Bonds and Stamps give all of us a way to take a direct part in building the defenses of our country.

This is the American way to provide the billions needed so urgently for National Defense.

☆ United States ☆
DEFENSE SAVINGS BONDS and STAMPS

THIS MESSAGE IS PUBLISHED BY US IN THE INTEREST OF NATIONAL DEFENSE

The First National Bank

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation
(\$5,000 Maximum Insurance For Each Depositor)
Organized 1902

Announcing--

Change In Speed Laws

In

WAYNESVILLE

And

HAZELWOOD

Not To Exceed

25 Miles Per Hour

Officers are now cruising in both towns and all offenders will be prosecuted. This new regulation will be rigidly enforced, and ALL VIOLATORS arrested. This new speed limit applies to both the towns of Waynesville and Hazelwood.

J. L. Stringfield
Chief Of Police
Waynesville

Jerry Rogers
Chief Of Police
Hazelwood

SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK By R. J. SCOTT

STORM WAVES ARE SO BIG AT TILLAMOOK ROCK LIGHTHOUSE, TILLAMOOK HEAD, OREGON, THAT GLASS OF THE LIGHT, 155 FEET ABOVE THE SURFACE OF SEA, HAS FREQUENTLY BEEN BROKEN

THE ELEPHES, A DESTRUCTIVE WHEAT BEETLE, STANDS ON ITS HEAD WHEN DISTURBED

THE WORLDS LARGEST POSTAGE STAMP IS A CHINESE SPECIAL DELIVERY SCRAP THAT MEASURES 4 X 5 INCHES.