

Riff's Department Store

We Are Showing One of the Biggest Line of

**Ladies' and Misses' Spring
Suits, Coats, Dresses
and Hats.**

YOUR INSPECTION IS INVITED

digging at once. The roots were large, therefore, it was difficult to dig between them but nothing could stop us. Imagine the scene, two 15-year-old girls on a high sand dune digging eagerly beneath an old half-dead palmetto tree. Once when we were about to stop, my pick struck something hard (for I was digging) I stopped immediately and after only a glance at each other, we began digging together with our hands. Soon we disclosed a small iron bound trunk. After much labor the lid was prized open and we sat right down in the sand by what it contained, 12 bags with uneven outer surfaces and each tied by a leather string. Having bit and pulled for a while we succeeded in opening one. That which met our eyes made us both turn pale and gasp for the contents consisted of oyster shells rounded like coins. We found that the other bags contained the same, but in the bottom of the box was a large envelope addressed in the same ink and hand-

writing. Eagerly we opened it and found the contents read:

Have the coins turned to stone? No use to go treasure-hunting in this fast age.

No one even knew of our trip until a few years later when we met the ones who planned the trick.

A DREAM.

(Grace Pickler.)

It was the night before my birthday and I fell asleep early hoping to dream about the presents I was to receive the next day.

I soon found that I was a water baby swimming around in the cool, clear stream with all kinds of fish and other animals of the water around me. I swam down stream a while, and then becoming tired I stopped on a little sandy beach to rest. While there I became sleepy and decided to take a nap before going further down stream. I soon fell fast asleep. A few moments

later I thought a turtle came up on the same isle I happened to be on. He stared at me a while, and then all at once he had hold of my nose. I thought to myself, "That turtle is mistaken if he thinks he has hold of my nose," so I began to pull and pull but the turtle wouldn't turn loose. At last I awoke and found that my sister had put a candle holder, the kind used on Christmas trees, to my nose as a birthday joke. On, yes, it was a joke, but I had a sore nose for several weeks afterward.

John Boyett is business manager and Boyd Hatley circulation manager for the Sylva Collegiate Institute paper. Both were former students at A. H. S.

Old Gent: "Little boy, I'm sorry to see you smoking a cigarette.

Little Boy: "I ain't smoking it. I'm keeping it alight for another fellow what's gone across the street.

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