

COVE CREEK NEWS ITEMS

Mrs. J. F. Spainhour of Morganton Mrs. W. G. Hartzog of Boone, and Mrs. N. L. Mast were pleasant visitors at the school on Friday.

Rev. G. W. Sebastian of North Wilkesboro has been assisting Rev. R. C. Eggers in a series of meetings at Silverstone. Nine were added to the church by baptism.

Cove Creek was victorious in the second game played with the seventh grade basketball team of Poplar Grove. The game was played in Boone and the score was 15-4.

The enrollment of the high school for the second month was 120 and the average attendance 117, for the grades the enrollment was 164 with an average attendance of 150.

The school has purchased a new piano. It is hoped that this will be an incentive to other pupils to begin music.

Plans are being made to organize a Parent-Teachers Association in this community. Announcement will be made later of the first meeting.

Uncle George Whittington, respected negro, died last Friday and was buried on Sunday. "Uncle George" as he was familiarly known had many friends among the white people and in former days could be seen at almost all public gatherings, employed by some affinity as cook. With his passing we are reminded that the coming of the automobile and other advantages of travel have almost put an end to the large number of overnight visitors in homes. The possibility is that we do not visit as much as we should and thus fail to really know our neighbors as we did in the old days.

Miss Dunn of the State Board of Health visited the School one day last week and gave the children of the grades a physical examination. She made an interesting talk at chapel on the importance of health. We sincerely hope that all parents whose children were examined will follow the instructions given by Miss Dunn and give their children treatment.

Mrs. J. F. Spainhour, Mr. and Mrs. I. G. Greer, Mrs. P. G. Spainhour and Mrs. J. F. Spainhour, Jr. were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Horton last Tuesday evening.

Arllis Mast and Grady Davis were at home for a few weeks visit from Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. Newton Fletcher has been taken to the hospital at Banner Elk for an operation for appendicitis.

The boys of Cove Creek High School divided into two teams for basketball games. The Watauga Wild Cats and the Cove Creek Tigers. The first game on Wednesday was very exciting and full of thrills. The final count resulted in a victory for the Tigers by a score of 14-4.

CHANGE IN CHIROPRACTIC OFFICES

Because the services of Dr. Jeffcoat the local chiropractor, are in such demand in the Meat Camp section of the county and because the road and weather conditions do not favor travel, Dr. Jeffcoat has moved his office to the home of Mr. R. C. Ragan on Meat Camp Creek. Anyone desiring his services can find him there.

Route 2, Boone, N. C. October 24, 1925

To Whom it May Concern:

In appreciation of what has been done for me, I am submitting this to the public that some poor sufferer may read and be helped as I have been.

I was afflicted with female weakness from the time I was a young girl. The joy was taken from my young life by this terrible affliction later. I was informed by a reliable M. D. that I had T. B. of the bone, and finally my voice failed. It was for six months and three weeks I never spoke above a whisper, and could scarcely whisper. Five M. D.'s gave me up to die and said there was no chance for me. Then I decided to put up the best fight I could for my life. I was cited to a Chiropractic Doctor. After one month of adjustments I received more help than from all the medicine I have ever taken. Now I can enjoy good health and can talk as good as I ever could and sing in church choir. Words cannot express my appreciation to Dr. G. H. Jeffcoat and Chiropractic for the blessings of health I have received. I will gladly verify this statement.

MRS. BERTIE E. RAGAN, R. F. D. 2, Boone, N. C.

10-2942c

As a Pawn of Adventure

By CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT

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WHEN Mandy Merton finished cropping her husband's hair so short that he seemed to be nearly bald she gave him the rest of the afternoon off to go fishing.

"You might as well go," she said. "The Lord knows you ain't much use around the house. An' keen your eye peeled an' you hurry home if you see that cyclone they been predictin' a-comin'."

The afternoon began delightfully for John. He caught an abundant "mess" and when they stopped biting he was glad to undress and wade into the cool water and lay there for awhile. As he did so he heard a far-off boom and turned to look in the direction from which it came.

"Spec somebody's done escaped from the pen. Hope it's Bill," he muttered; then turned back to splash in the waters. Bill was his brother, who was serving ten years for attempted murder. John was fond of Bill when he thought of him—which was seldom and briefly. John did not think much; he just took things as they came.

Perhaps that was why he did not notice a man, dressed in the stripes of a convict who, running from bush to bush along the creek, checked himself at sight of the clothes lying on the bank and peered at the brother through the screen of foliage. Nor did he see him swiftly exchange his outer clothes for those on the ground and speed away.

He did discover it, however, when he came out to dress.

Unhesitatingly John pulled on the striped clothes and set out for home. He did not realize that his cropped hair and his family resemblance to his brother Bill, taken with his convict uniform, might give him trouble.

However, scarcely had he stepped from the bushes into the open meadow when a bullet whistled by his ear and the pop of a rifle quickly followed. "Them fellers is mighty careless with their shootin'," he pondered. "They might 'a hit me."

The men, who wore a sort of uniform, came panting up. One of them grabbed him by the arms and the other searched him.

"Nothin' on him, Jim," reported the latter.

"Never mind, Tom," interpolated the other man. "That mob's heading this way, crazy mad at his killing Forbes, and we don't want to have any trouble with them." He turned to John. "If you don't want to be hanged you come along quick," he ordered, grimly.

The course that they took led along a wood road through scattered trees to the crest of a low ridge. From the top John saw the gray stone walls of the state prison. He also saw perhaps half a hundred men hurrying up the road toward him and his captors.

Grabbing John, they rushed him back over the road for a hundred feet or so and halted him beneath an ancient oak.

"See that hole above the second branch, 132?" one of his captors demanded. "It's a lot bigger than it looks. You skin up there quick and get inside it."

"Pull your head in, you d---n fool," Jim ordered. "And keep it in till I call you. Quick!" Jim hurried away.

John drew his head in. Then, abruptly, he felt himself shooting downward. The bottom of the cavity, on which he stood, was a mere shell and had given way under his weight. Down he went, ripping clothes and skin, until he landed with a jolt.

"Wonder if them fellers did this a-purpose," he asked himself perplexedly, when he had caught his breath. "Say, Mister." He raised his voice in a shout. "Please lemme out, sub."

Nobody answered. Nobody heard. The predicted cyclone, whose coming up had passed unnoticed in the excitement, had broken, and the roar of the wind and the crash of falling trees drowned all lesser sounds.

John, bottled in the trees, heard little of the tumult. An instant later, however, a giant hand grasped the old oak and began to thrash it from side to side. John heard the trunk groan and crack, until, abruptly, its whole upper part tore away, letting in the storm.

Instinctively John covered down on the bottom of his prison, which had now somehow become larger. Instantly, however, he discovered that he was sitting on a sharp edge. Feeling showed that it belonged to a small wooden box.

Up to his feet he sprang and buried himself against what seemed to be the weakest part of his prison. It gave, and he tumbled into the outer world.

The wind had passed, but rain was pouring down in torrents. John's thought flew homeward and a moment later his legs were following them.

Mandy was waiting for him anxiously. "Where you been, John?" she demanded. "What's come of your clothes? For the land's sake, what you been a-doin'?"

John shook his head doubtfully. "Nothin' much," he muttered. "Caught a mess of fish, but lost 'em in the storm. Stumbled on this here box in the roots of a tree that the storm blew down across the old wood road. Darned what's in it, huh?"

But Mandy was away at the heart. In a moment she had the hatchet in her hand and in another moment the box was kindling wood. But among its fragments lay the hidden treasure of the high-jackers.

AN APPRECIATED PRESENT

Mr. W. L. Bryan received on Monday an express package from his son Mr. James H. Bryan of Edmonton, Canada. The bundle was rather massive and when opened was found to contain three large Canadian bear skins, in fact, they compare favorably in size with the hides taken from two year old Watauga steers. The Democrat man was called in and took a peep and the 'Squire rather elaborated on the dressing of the beautiful pelts, etc. He was almost envious of his rich possession. The next day we were called in again and a letter from the generous donor was read, which in substance, was as follows: "Dear Pat—I am shipping three bear skins. You take choice, and give one to Bob Rivers and the other to Crack Conncill.—Jim" Just how much the handsome present is appreciated we will not attempt to say. However, we prize it so highly that there is certainly one big beautiful black bear skin off the market for good. Mr. Bryan is one of the big northern fur dealers, being a hard competitor of the famed Hudson Bay Company, and has headquarters at Edmonton. His business in this line alone runs as high as \$100,000 per year.

AT THE PASTIME THEATRE

"The Place of Good Shows" FRIDAY & SATURDAY Oct 30-31 BUCK JONES IN "THE ARIZONA ROMEO" MONDAY NOV. 2nd "THE WHITE FANG" A Thrilling Story of the Frozen North From the Novel by Jack London TUES. AND WED. NOV. 3-4 HOOT GIBSON IN "LET 'ER BUCK" Featuring the Great Pendleton Round-up THURSDAY 5th BUDDY ROOSEVELT, JR. IN "WALLOPING WALLACE"

Isn't there, perhaps, a bit of petty tyranny in most of us? Don't we sometimes take a mean delight in dominating a situation, in lording it over another person, in exercising our small rights till they become veritable acts of despotism?

There's the husband who habitually places his wife in the position of a menial by requiring her to ask for money. There's the nagging, fussy wife whose "nerves" keep the entire family in subjugation. There's the bully brother who makes life for his small sisters utterly miserable.

And outside the family there are others who turn their functions in society into realms of absolute power. There's the bad-tempered boss, and the overreacting teacher, the snappy petty official.

But whether our tyranny is an innate one that lies in our character or an acquired one that has come through chance position in life, most of us have it in some form or other. There's no need of adding, we'd be better people and the world happier, too, without it.—The Designer Magazine.

Beauty and Health



MRS. BEULAH WALL Gastonia, N. C.—"Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best tonic and nerve that I have ever taken and I would never hesitate to recommend it to any woman who is ailing or nervous. I was weak and nervous after my first baby came, would have dizzy spells and backaches. I also had functional disturbances but after I started taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription my system became regulated and then my pains and aches disappeared. I took several bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and was just as well and strong as a woman could wish to be."—Mrs. Beulah Wall, 103 S. Ransom St. Regain your health and improve your looks by obtaining this famous "Prescription" now, in tablets or liquid, from your druggist, or write Dr. Pierce, President Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for free advice.

The Skylark

The skylark is to me the most wonderful bird in the world, because there is no sense but just rare beauty to his way of singing. Like some mad spirit, some blithe bird soul, he flies in ever widening circles, towards the heavens, singing as he climbs higher and higher, until you swear his very throat would burst. Then when he is only a flashing speck away up almost out of sight, he dives like a graceful monoplane, trilling his pure joy, wild with life, and with abandon in the exotic nonsense of his feat. Suddenly he checks his fantastic drop and then, as softly as a leaf floating downward in a gentle breeze, he glides to earth—and his song is ended.—Frazier Hunt, in Hearst's International Cosmopolitan.

Modern Ideals Make Cave Men Seem Tame

Another ideal of the flapper has been shattered. Her vision of the cave man is all wrong. He did not catch them young and treat them rough, nor did he a-wool go with a big club and prove his devotion to his sweetie by dragging her around by her unhobbed tresses. A professor of Beloit college has been looking up the records of the gay Lotharios of sixty years back and cannot find a thing to show they were the tough bunch we had always supposed them to be.

The fact is they were a mollycoddle, nanby-nabby set of young fellows, who would have made a sorry showing with the present day maids. Instead of welding clubs they found great thrill in stringing beads and begging the hands of their loved ones so their beaded knees.

That Beloit professor has done the men of the present age a great service by showing up the cave man in his true character. The young men of today do not pack clubs and stone hammers and may not be rough enough to come up to specifications, but we cannot accuse them of putting in their time stringing beads. There is an opportunity now for some favorable comparisons. The girls will have to admit that the men have improved in the last sixty thousand years.

FARM FOR SALE

I have for sale 100 acres of land on the Elizabethton pike just 1-2 mile from the Bemberg Rayon Plant and one mile west of Elizabethton. This land is in fine state of cultivation, located in the Happy Valley near the growing town of Elizabethton, a country noted for fine water, pure air and everything that it takes to make an ideal home. Parties desiring a nice location may call and look over this land. It has grown a crop of corn this season. D. J. Smith, R. F. D. Elizabethton, Tenn. 10-22-

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA DEPARTMENT OF STATE Certificate of Dissolution

To All To Whom These Presents May Come GREETINGS:

Whereas it appears to my satisfaction, by duly authenticated record of the proceedings for the voluntary dissolution thereof by unanimous consent of all the stockholders, deposited in my office, that the E. W. Thomson Power Co., a corporation of this state, whose principal office is in Shulls Mills, Watauga County North Carolina, E. W. Thomson being the agent therein and in charge thereof, upon whom process has been served has complied with the requirements of Chapter 22, Consolidated Statutes entitled Corporations, preliminary to the issuing of this Certificate of Dissolution. Now, therefore, I W. N.

Everett, Secretary of State of North Carolina, do hereby certify that this said corporation did on the 23rd day of October 1925 file in my office a duly executed and attested document in writing to the dissolution of said corporation, executed by all the stockholders thereof, which said consent and the record of the proceedings aforesaid are now on file in my said office as provided by law. In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal at Raleigh this 23rd day of October 1925.

W. N. EVERETT, Secretary of State. 10-29-4c

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Your Birthday Is it this week? November 1 to 7... A MAN OF FEW WORDS NEVER WON A CROSS-WORD PUZZLE CONTEST... The Judge's Josh