

LETITIA NEWS

Rev. C. F. Conley filled his regular appointment at Oak Grove Church Saturday and Sunday and preached two powerful sermons which everyone seemed to enjoy.

Our Sunday School is still alive and much interest is manifested by the community.

Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Payne made a business trip to Murphy one day last week.

Mrs. B. H. Clonts has returned from Gastonia and reports her father T. J. Taylor, in a very critical condition from heart trouble and other ailments.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Walker, Jr. spent last weekend with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Taylor.

Mr. J. W. Foster has purchased the T. J. Taylor place and has moved there. The price paid was \$800.00.

Mr. Hiram Givens is on the sick list at this writing.

W. W. Barton has torn down his old grist mill and contemplates installing a new grist mill, crusher and sawmill.



How To Quickly Stop Bad Coughs

It is often surprising how quickly the heaviest cough disappears when treated by a remarkable new method.

Here is the method, based on the famous Dr. King's New Discovery for Coughs: You simply take one teaspoonful and hold it in your throat for 15 or 20 seconds before swallowing it. The prescription has a double action. It not only soothes and heals irritation, but also loosens and removes the phlegm and congestion which are the real cause of the coughing. So the severest cough soon disappears completely.

Dr. King's New Discovery is for coughs, chest colds, bronchitis, spasmodic croup, etc. Fine for children, too—no harmful drugs. Very economical, as the dose is only one teaspoonful. At all good druggists. Ask for



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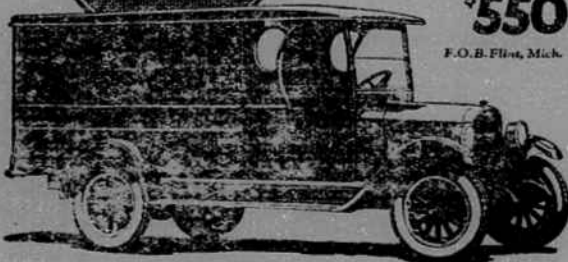
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QUALITY AT LOW COST

Mr. Ralph Taylor of Unaka spent the weekend with homefolks.

Our mail carrier is trying to invent a red-hot road-roller and baker to eliminate so much mud on the new graded road. We hope he may be successful.

BOILING SPRINGS

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Davis announce the birth of a daughter on Saturday February 6th, 1926.

The death angel visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Odell Thursday morning, February 4th and took away their only daughter, Miss Millie Odell. Miss Odell had been in ill health for sometime. We extend our deepest sympathy to the bereaved family and relatives.

Our school closed Friday after a term of six months.

Miss Helen Hamilton returned to her home in Andrews Friday.

Mr. Bob McDonald made a business trip to Andrews and Marble Saturday.

Miss Lenna Hamilton and Miss Alice Bryson of Andrews were Boiling Springs visitors Thursday and Friday.

Our Sunday is not progressing very much now, but we hope to begin soon for summer is coming.

Folks, you better get busy and plant your garden for winter is almost over.

FACTORYTOWN NEWS

Mrs. E. D. Howell left Sunday for Englewood, Tenn. to spend several weeks.

Mrs. Frank Graves and children of Grape Creek were guests Sunday of her father, Mr. Bud, Morrow.

Mrs. Jim Dockery is on the sick list.

Mr. Henry Dodson will move his family to Culberson one day this week.

Mr. Wade Harper and Mrs. Allen Roberts motored to Andrews Sunday.

FOR SALE

76 acres land, 35 in cultivation
175 acres land, 80 in cultivation
235 acres land, 100 in cultivation
50 acres land, 22 in cultivation
84 acres land, 15 in cultivation
Flour and corn mill a paying proposition

W. A. Bryson REAL ESTATE

Lore for Dog-Owners

By Albert Payson Terhune

HERO-DOGS OF TODAY



He Crashed Against the Pane of Glass and He Crashed Through It.

OLD MAN NEGLEY was listening to the Marcy children telling of a wonderful motion picture they had seen the night before. He was doing some early spring cleaning in the Marcy garden on Vine street, his little black-and-tan lying in a sunlit corner of the windy garden and watching his master intently.

"There was the grandest dog in that picture-play. Mr. Negley!" Little Blanche Marcy was exclaiming. "A baby had been kidnapped in its carriage. The dog knocked over the kidnappers. Then he caught the handle of the baby carriage in his teeth and he pushed the carriage back to the baby's home, a mile or two, and he dodged it in and out among the street traffic and—"

"Pooh!" scoffed Harris Marcy, with all the skepticism of a big brother, twelve years old. "That was just a fake. In real life a dog couldn't do any stunts like that. They faked it!"

"Maybe so," assented Old Man Negley, observing little Blanche's crest-fallen air, "or maybe not. But I have known real-life dogs to do things much braver and more exciting than that. For instance:

"A few months ago all the papers told the story of a dog that did a real motion-picture stunt to save his master. I took the trouble to write to a friend of mine in the city where it happened and he swore it was all true. He knows the man it happened to. Another friend of mine in the same city knows him and he vouches for it, too.

"A storekeeper was closing up his shop for the night. He went back into his living quarters behind the shop where he and his pet bull terrier lived together. Between the shop and the sitting room was a door. The top half of that door was made of thick plate glass. It was more like a window than a door.

"The man remembered something he had left in the shop. He went back in there after it. As he went he shut this door behind him. The dog was asleep in the sitting room.

"The man found three burglars in the shop. They had gotten in so quietly he had not heard them through that door. They were at work on his till. There was \$400 in the till. As the shopkeeper came in the men were just nabbing that \$400.

"They saw him and they made a jump for him. He defended himself as well as he could. But he was not a big man and he was no match for three. One of them got behind him and knocked him over the head with a gun butt or some other weapon.

"Down he fell, half unconscious and too weak and dizzy to get to his feet. The three thieves made for the till again to scoop up the \$400 they had been taking out of it. The storekeeper tried to call out for help. He could only moan.

"But that moan did the business. It reached the keen ears of the bull terrier in the sitting room behind the shop. The sound of scuffling had already waked the dog from his nap. Now when he heard his master moan he galloped to the door. But it was shut. The glass half was too high for him to see through.

"The dog jumped on a table. From there he could see into the shop. One glance told him all he needed to know. He went into action without stopping to think.

"He launched himself through the air, with all his might, straight at the thick pane of glass that filled the upper half of the door. He crashed against it, and he crashed through it.

"The splintered glass cut him horribly. As he landed sprawling on the floor of the shop he was one mass of blood and cuts. But he didn't stop for that. Men were robbing his master. Men had attacked his master. That was not on the free list. He went for the robbers.

"They didn't wait long. At the crashing of glass and at sight of the charging and bloody monster, they turned and ran for their lives. They got away but they left the \$400 and

all the rest of the shop's valuables. They didn't get a thing, thanks to the heroism of one dog. Are there many better stunts in the movies than that true adventure?

"Then, out West, near Coalinga, Cal., last winter a small collie was guarding a herd of calves when an enormous mountain lion sprang from a ledge and seized the nearest calf. The collie landed on the lion like a furry whirlwind and attacked him so fiercely he made the lion drop the calf and fight for his own life.

"A man on horseback, half a mile away, saw the whole thing and galloped to the rescue at full speed. But before he got there the gallant little collie had done what he set out to do. He had driven away the giant mountain lion and had saved the bunch of calves that had been attacked.

"A collie is no fool. That little dog must have known what price he was due to pay for attacking a monster four times as big and as murderous as himself. Yet he had not hesitated. By the time the horseman got there the lion was running away for dear life and the gallant little collie was lying dead in front of the flock he had given his life to save. Anything finer than that in the movies?

"Ever hear of the glorious St. Bernard dog, Harry? He lived in a monastery in the Alps. In storms he was sent out to rescue lost travelers. He rescued dozens of them, saving life after life. One day in a storm a traveler fell into a drift and hadn't the strength to get out. Before he could freeze to death Harry came to his rescue.

"The traveler was so scared and so confused that he mistook the heroic dog for a wolf and killed him. But Harry kept alive long enough to drag to safety the fool who had murdered him. Perhaps there's a better dog in the movies than Harry?

"Yes, the world is full of dogs that are finer heroes than any motion picture man can put on the screen. Thousands of them have laid down their lives, eagerly, for the humans they loved or for the live stock they guarded."

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Ancients Hatched Eggs by Artificial Means

Although hot-air and hot-water incubators were not known in Europe until the last decades of the Eighteenth century, the Chinese and Egyptians practiced artificial incubation of fowls' eggs thousands of years ago. The ancient Egyptians built enormous ovens of semi-dried bricks, often covering an area of as much as 6,000 square feet. Similar egg ovens are in use in Egypt today, the craft having been handed down through the centuries, from father to son. Through the center of the egg oven runs a passage which opens up on each side to circular vaults, in which the actual hatching is done. Fires are kept alight in each vault, and all surplus heat and smoke escape from a large hole in the roof. During incubation the porous egg shell admits a slight amount of oxygen and allows the escape of other gases. Every day the shell grows more brittle, so that when the time comes for the live chick to break forth it has no difficulty in doing so.

In Her Father's Footsteps

Clair Stinnes, favorite daughter of the late German industrial magnate, has inherited her father's mercantile instincts. Although only twenty-six years of age, she has established and is conducting in Berlin's West end a store where she sells automobiles and industrial machinery. She declares that she is happiest when with motor cars and machinery, and that while she is now operating on a small capital she hopes to build up her business until it ranks with the largest of its sort in the German capital. As a mere girl she was sent by her father to South America to represent him in oil negotiations there. She attributes her habits of self-reliance to her father's training.

POSTELL

Mrs. R. L. Peeples and little daughters, Bobbie, Margaret, and Irene, from Ducktown are visiting Mrs. Peeples parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Y. Allen at Postell.

Miss Ida Swanson visited Miss Hattie Stiles Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Mary Allen is on the sick list this week. Miss Minnie Ferguson returned to her home at Peachtree Saturday.

Mr. A. T. Ledford, from Athens, Tenn., was a visitor on Shoal Creek last week.

Mrs. Thresa Taylor from Suit visited her Parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Y. Allen Friday.

Mrs. Jane Mason visited her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Jessie Mason, in Upper Shoal Creek, Sunday.

Mrs. R. L. Peeples and children and Miss Eliza Allen spent Saturday afternoon with Mrs. Mary Allen. School closed at Shoal creek Friday after a successful term taught

by Miss Minnie Ferguson of peach-tree and Mr. R. L. Keenum of Suit.

Mrs. R. P. Allen visited Rev and Mrs. Tom Crowder on upper Shoal Creek, Saturday.

Mrs. Isabell Allen is on the sick list this week.

Mr. John Stiles from Persimmon Creek is visiting his son, S. A. Stiles, at Postell.

Misses Exis and Hazel Pope and Glenn Taylor from Suit Spent Thursday night with Miss Tempa Jones an Upper Shoal Creek.

Mr. S. Y. Allen and daughter were Ducktown visitors Tuesday of last week.

Messrs. Clifford McNabb, Ben Beaver, Burt Beaver, and Henry May, from Suit, were visitors at Shoal Creek school Thursday.

Messrs Walter and Henry Elrod from Ducktown visited their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Mason, Monday.

Mr. Jim Woods from Suit took dinner with Mr. S. Y. Allen and family Monday.



Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER! Fletcher's Castoria is a harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of

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- Flatulency
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Aids in the assimilation of Food, promoting Cheerfulness, Rest, and Natural Sleep without Opiates

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