CHAPTER X

Midweek

Hal was heavily sick—lying in a bed—and heavily sad. His mouth was dry as cloth, and his lips stuck.

There was an impression of having dreamed a lot o fhings, crowded close around him and very tiring because of their constant demand for effort. But he couldn't remember anything of what they were and it didn't matter.

There was Barry to think of. Her image appeared quietly in his mind, walking toward him with that straight-legged, inquiring, unself-conscious grace. Soon he would see her lovely face, her eyes lighted, smiling. It was good to see her walk because last time he'd thought of her—last time, she'd been sitting on the edge of a bed. knees clasped hard in her arms, her head bowed, her eyes—strange, sullen, dark with

. .

Suddenly, before he knew what it was, Hal yelled her name and struggled against the tight-tucked sheet acos shis chest and a dreadful avalanche tumbled memory and terror upon his beguilement. He had an arm free before the nurse could get to him. He was breaking the nurse's hold when a young man, in white up to the neck, appeared on the other side and forced him back to the pillow.

"Listen," said Hal, commanding the attention of the man's blue eyes: "I'm not delirious; I'm not crazy; you've got to let me up—right away. I'll come back afterward, but you've got to let me up. It's a matter of murder—murder—and I've got to stop it. I swear to you I know what I'm saying. Look in my eyes. I'm sane—sane as h—l. You've got to believe it."

The young man said in law assurance, "I believe you ,but—"

"Then in G—d's name"—Hal struggled heedlessly against the sharp, thorough pain that held his other arm: "minutes, minutes count. Let me up. I've got to—d—n you, let me up or I'll—"

"Mr. Ireland" the young man said sharply. "Listen to me." Then, slowly and significantly. "You've been here for twenty-four hours."

Hal knew it was significant even as he wondered why it was said so significantly. Then most terribly he saw; his shoulders fell away from resistance and all his breath went out in a broken cry of anguish and despair. On a swift shadow of hope he said: "But Kerrigan—where's Kerrigan? The man who was with me in the car. Please, you've got to find out. You will find out—quickly, quickly, and let me know. And another thing." What was the other thing? Good G—d, he had to hold on till he thought of it—something terrible. Yes! "Another thing," he said, exhaustion consuming the breath he needed to talk with: " a newspaper—one of the morning after my accident. I've got to see it. I'll go crazy—crazy—unless I know."

"Yes, all right," said the interne.

After a word to the nurse at the door, he was gone and Hal rolled his head miserably, but in a minute a white packet came between him and the wall, and a newspaper rustled. They held it over him while he searched the mess of the front page: headlines about Japan divorce revelations. a single column head reading, "Man Slain in S. M'ca Blvd. Hotel Room—Seek Woman Companion of Martin Crack. Promoter—Clutched Golf Ball Clew?" —Wheels of light spinning against blackness closed over the page, and their soft buzzing faded behind Kthick, deaf cushions at his ears.

* * * * * * *

Spears, a vice president of the Old Man's correspondent bank in Los Angeles, gave Hal attention and incurious understanding. He came on unsolicited orders from New York, when Hal was finished with the delirious phanton of routed hope.

Hal held out his hand and forced the sadness and fatigue out of his own smile. "Thanks a lot, Spears,"

"Very glad of the chance to help," said Spears, as though he was "And what about your father? Shall I tell him anything—except that you're coming along well and will drop him a line any day now?"

"Oh, yes," said Hal, and tried to think plainly about that too. "Tell him the guy who telegraphed him about me was a nut, that he had nothing on me, that the whole thing's put to bed. Tell him I'm writing him everything and there's absolutely nothing to worry about. Remind him that I never said that before."

Then Spears was gone, and the nurse came in to see that Hal was comfortable. He told her he was Am too, he said to himself except for shock, slight concussion, compound fracture of arm, cut head, contusions of hip, d—n smell of ether, and —Dear God, what were they to the bitter steady, excruciating, and just punishment of his soul?

The events of his anguish had occurred; they seemed sometimes unreal because his fancy couldn't compass a scene of vicious melodrama between the figure of beauty he knew and loved and the figure of evil he knew and hated. In the black, burning chaos of his delirum he had seen Barry standing in a room like the one in Saint George; a black automatic pistol, level in her hand, gogged to its own sharp spitting; and Crack stood before her with his bemused smile, nodding sly approval as each invisible bullet punched into him but never even made him drop his indolent golf ball. That was unreal, fantastic even in delirium. And yet now, with the delirium behind—marking off his new loneliness from his old folly—Hal knew something like that had happened.

His father had told him he needed to learn about life. He had learned something: he had learned that if you were a vain fool, life in one gesture could give you its lesson and snatch away your most happy chance to apply it, could mutilate you for good in teaching you to avoid mutilation. Did his father know that? Did Sister Aanastasia know that? Did Kerrigan know that? Tad Kerrigan—O G—d, if Kerrigan were dead!

* * * * * * *

Then there was another long, haunted night maturing its crop of torment to roll Hal's head on the hot pillow, and snatch him from fitful sleep. And finally another morning came, with a new solidity of hopeless conclusion. The one slim sliver of recurrent hope, sharp and so very fragile, was still that Kerrigan might be with Barry. And yet if Kerrigan was well and free, he wuold have come here to Hal, or written, or something.

Later Hal was dozing when he heard the nurse saying something that sounded like, "It's your sister to see you." And the name Anastasia leaped into his mind like a cool jet of water. He turned his head so quickly that pain ran deep in his arm. "Show her in right away."

"She's waiting downstairs," said the nurse. "She'll be up in a moment."

She knew something about Barry. Hal fought that hope for his fear of disappointment.

And suppose Barry were trying to find her in Santa Barbara now? Anastasia must go back there quickly, hire a fast car—and stay, stay close until Barry came to the one place in which she could count on asylum.

The door opened softly, and there was an instant's whispering behind the screen before it closed again. Then, tense for the first look of Anastasia's white-framed face, Hal felt his blood's business stop, time stop, the day stop over the world outside. Even as he whispered her name in the hush of the room, he knew it couldn't be Barry. Yet the clear blue-clad vision moved toward him, the clear eyes authentic in their solemn questioning of his look

She Came Nearer, Looked Down at His Mouth and Into His Eyes Again.

of awe. She came nearer, looked down at his mouth and into his eyes again, a hopeful tenderness waking in her solemnity. Then he caught her wrist. She bent swiftly down to him. His other wretchde, useless arm wouldn't stir, but the good against him, his hand moving on one was strong enough to bring her rough real cloth over the firmness of her back. If it were a dream, the pain he felt going through his tight-strapped arm must wake him. And it didn't. She stayed there, her skin smooth and cool, her breathing against him slow and grateful, as if in fearless sleep after long wearliness.

until their lips came together in the gentle beginning of belief; and then the soft, near shadow of her husky whisper said, "Poor, dear darling—they haven't even let you"—she paused for the shadow of her soft chuckle too—"let you shave."

Hal let her precious body free then, long enough to take away the hat that kept her hair from shining over this improbable return of all hope.

"Kind heaven!" he whispered "My own dearest, don't you care what I've done? Are you taking me back ou tof the rotten empty death I made for myself? Barry, you—"

"You've done nothing to me," she said against his speaking, her head nodding in a gentle negative: "except be all the things I want you to be-except make me love you." And her soft lips come back more closely.

He said carefully. unanxiously, "Barry, who knows where you are?"

Her head moved a little, and she said, "No one, my darling."

"You can stay hidden then—a little while—till I can get my discharge or sneak out of this d—n place, and we can get a boat for Japan, Australia, anywhere far away."

"You should," she said in marveling softness. "You'd do that for me." There was reverence, an awed humility in her slow kiss. Then she raised her head again to watch his eyes, and she said, "I didn't kill him. I didn't have to."

"Kerrigan!" said Hal with swift conviction, swift remorse at having forgotten him till now. "They haven't caught him," he stated slowly.

"No," she said. "And they won't. He's gone somewhere: he wouldn't tell me. I said good-by to him last night. I've got a letter for you from him."

He moved his fingers over her smooth brows, down the sure modeling of her cheek to the full, honorable lips. And all the time her tender eyes watched him as if he were the thing so difficult to believe in all this.

Inside Kerrigan's long fat envelope were his letter, four or five telegrams, and a folded document Hal went first to the letter:

"Sport,

"Besides my ambition to kill a man in the cool of the blood (which is satisfied and cured, let me tell you), I've wanted to play god to people I loved. It isn't going to be so very godlike unless I get away with it. It was tough standing you in the corner so long. But the thing was no soap unless it embodied the latest aerodynamic principles. There wasn't much time to read up on those during our slight buggy ride of the other night; and I had a h—l of a time getting your girl's unconditional promise to go straight to you—before the fireworks.

"The police get my confession today, as near a perfect example of the confessor's art as an old legal friend can make it. You're left out of everything entirely. They'll have to see Barry, I guess, but she knows her story (you'd be surprised how tough it is sometimes to whip the truth into plausibility.) The thing may not be watertight, so I'll be watching in the bushes till it's over; and if anything blows up, I'll take care of it. You stay out of it. For Barry's sake, your father's, mine, anybody's. Do me that one holy favor, Hal. Don't go chivalrous on us. It would wreck the works.

"Enclosed please find documents, which hide under some lonely cobblestone till everything's in the bag, then burn. Here are telegrams about who you are and aren't, and that incrimination the late Martin Crack got from Barry's father.

"Do this for me, too, sport, will you? The first three days of the next month after it's all over, run a Personal in the Chicago Tribune, addressed 'Colonel,' saying you're married, what town you're living in, and whether your father's N. Y. bank is a good place to write you congratulations.

"Some day we'll hoist a couple more, and I'll tell the kids about Wyoming, Hasta la vista; and good luck, you lucky guy but always be sure there's one old railroad man who believes you rate it. K."

Hal looked up at Barry when he had finished. And quietly she explained: "He killed him, Hal, and then he went down to the street and stood there for an hour—to keep m from going in. It had taken me so long to—to find my courage."

Her head was up, the grace of its carriage unoppressed by anything that had happened or nearly happened. invulnerable to shame and fear and remorse because the bravery behind her eyes could not invite those things. Whether it was more painfully beautiful to believe in the possession of her or to believe her a dream, Hal couldn't tell. He knew he would risk nothing of that beauty again—ever, in the smallest way. It might still be the boat for Australia. And in the meantime, in case the police—

"Barry," Hal said in the crispness of immediate necessity, "the first thing you've got to do—"

Her cool hand came against his mouth. "The first thing—" she said, her quiet eyes untouched by his concern: "More important than any old unshaven thought of years—" She bent over in quick, supple grace and whispered at his ear, "Hal, do you love me?"

(THE END.)

Here, There and Everywhere

Odd and Interesting Things Found in The News, Condensed For The Readers of The Independent

By ELIZABETH SAUNDERS

A Kansas law, still on the books, reads: "When two trains approach each other at a crossing, they shall both come to a full stop, and neither shall start up until the other has gone.

:—:—:

Ben Jones, of Paris, Ark., spends much of his time playing checkers by correspondence with people all over the world. He has had as many as 400 games in progress at once.

:—:—:

In 24 hours the Humane Society in St. Louis, responded to 147 heat prostration calls. Eleven were horses, two were canaries, one was a sparrow. Several white rats and rabbits also were curled up. The rest were dogs.

:—:—:

The oldest triplets in the United States, Abraham Linclon Moore, George Washington Moore and Henry Clay Moore, recently celebrated their 80th birthday together.

:—:—:

The stork deals in pairs to Mr. and Mrs. Dan Rader of Franklin Square, Ohio. He has just presented them with their third set of twins.

:—:—:

A South Carolina law requires every law-abiding man to take his gun to church on Sunday. And he is not obliged to "park his gat" outside, either.

:—:—:

Bernard Zufall, of New York City, has committed the Manhattan telephone directory, 1,117 pages, to memory.

:—:—:

Electrically-heated vegetable beds have been successful in boosting garden production in Erfurt, Germany. Wires 11 feet under the soil speeded growth of radishes, lettuce, and tomatoes.

:—:—:

A woman instructor in a Colorado college says the sons of the pioneers have lost the art of profanity. They swear "too weakly." From other sources it is plain that in the great open spaces quality of language has been replaced by quantity.

:—:—:

Once a week the prisoners in jail in Kulpmont, Pa., are justified in shouting, "Let me outfl in the name of the law." An old ordinance commands that nobody can be kept in jail on Sunday

:—:—:

In Streator, Ill, Duchess, a French bulldog owned by Mrs Fred Scheffler, has mothered a forlorn duckling found in a field Mrs Scheffler said when the two were separated they were inconsolable

:—:—:

In Washington, D. C., the Central High School has more floors below the street level than it has above the street.

:—:—:

A huge clock, 30 feet in diameter, is being countersunk into the ground at the Johannesburg's (Africa) Airport. Aviators will be able to tell the time from the clouds when they look at this new clock, whose works will be contained in a subterranean chamber.

:—:—:

After a month's search, Morris H. Clarke, of Durham, N. C., found two diamond rings which he had lost, in the toe of his shoe.

:—:—:

Traffic Officer Barry Clarfk always does his duty. When he saw his daughter, Faye, driving a car on a street in Lewiston, Idaho, without the proper license, he took her into court. She was fined.

:—:—:

In Rochester, N. Y., his best girl told Lifeguard Derwood Brough that he would have to do something about his sunburned nose, or else . . . So Brough startled bathers at one of Rochester's beaches on Lake Ontario by wearing a nose awning, like a miniature horse's blinder. Now other guards and bathers are taking up the idea.

:—:—:

It's a crime to make ugly faces at a fellow citizen in Zion City, Ill., as it is everywhere else. But Zion City has an ordinance prohibiting such conduct.

:—:—:

Sometime ago Otto Jacbson hired himself out to work on Herbert Benike's farm near Rochester, Min., for a year at $30 a month. The other day Jacobson received an offer for $35 a month. but his boss wouldnt let him go. Never giving up, Otto cut the tails off 20 of Benike's cows. Benike fired him and sued for $100.

:—:—:

The last one of the prayer wheels of Christianity, a relic of the Middle Ages, hangs today in the church in the village of Comfort, France. When set rotating, like a wheel of fortune, it is said to foretell the answer to a prayer.

:—:—:

In Chicago, John Smith, 49, was electrocuted when he hung a pair of wet trousers on what he thought was a clothesline. The line was a "live" high-tension wire.

:—:—:

A "cheerfulness" tax is collected from workers in Portugal. It goes into a national fund for the promotion of cheerfulness.

:—:—:

The doctor ordered absolute quiet for Mrs. S. G. Mason, seriously ill at her home in Kirksville. Mo. Local police heard about it and established a detour to re-route traffic on a federal highway, which passes the Mason home.

:—:—:

Of the 7,000-odd varieties of roses, not more than thirty are fragrant and only three contain enough oil to warrant their use in the making of attar of roses, a perfume that has, at times, been worth its weight in gold.

:—:—:

There were no entries when the announcer called a "fat women's race" at the outing of the Jefferson Club, of Somerville, Mass. "The next event" he continued, "will be the pleasiongly-plump ladies race." Six 200-pounders went to the post for the race.

:—:—:

Fifteen towns and cities in the United States are named "Nashville." The largest is in Tennessee.

YU'AN HEE SEE LAUGHS

by SAX ROHMER

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A Great Story by a Great Writer . . .
Read it as it appears serially in this paper.

Beginning Next Week in THE INDEPENDENT

EDUCATING THAT CHILD OF YOURS

"The Child's First School is the Family"—Froebel

Issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th Street, New York City. These articles are appearing weekly in our Columns.

A FRIEND IN NEED

MRS. M. M. STURGIS

"Just can't like that Jenny Rand," said my friend to me one day as we passed the child on the street.

"Why, Kate Lorton!" I answered, "She appears to be such a nice little girl. I live too far away to see much of her, but I have thought her just as nice as May, your other little neighbor, to the left, but I have noticed you are much more cordial to May when you see her than to Jenny. May I ask why uou are so partial?"

After a moment's thought, she replied, "I am sure I don't know, unless it is because Jenny comes into my house without knocking. May never does that. She raps politely at the door, no matter how often she may come during the day. It gives me a chance to receive her pleasantly, and I am always more friendly to her in consequence. My reason seems trivial, doesn't it?"

I murmured something of little consequence.

My friend continued, "I have an indefinite feeling that my sense of privacy is being violated when I look up and see Jenny eyeing me at my work, when I have had no idea that she was there. Silly, I know. At other times she comes bouncing in, always without even calling out to me first, and a little feeling of resentment arises in me; it is hard to conquer it and receive her civilly. I try to be as nice to her as I am to May, for her mother is a very dear friend, but in spite of that, I cannot help liking May just a little better." And then my friend sighed and added, "I guess I am old-fashioned, that's all."

"I said, 'No, Kate, you are right in your feeling that Jenny should be more courteous; I agree with you on that point most heartily. But I think you should do something to teach her not to come in like that."

She flushed and answered, "Oh, I just couldn't do anything to hurt her feelings. You see, she really is a dear child, only thoughtless."

I turned the matter over in my mind, and the next time I met Jenny I engaged her in conversation. She proved to be a very bright and responsive child. We walked along together and after a while I mentioned May, saying that my friend Mrs. Lorton was very fond of her partly on account of her courteous manners, and I said that Mrs. Lorton had once told me how polite May was with regard to rapping at the door before entering. "She always remembers to do that, Mrs. Lorton said," I added. I could see that Jenny was impressed, but I did not know the outcome until a few weeks later.

Then, happening to meet Kate at a tea, I asked her how she was getting along with her little neighbor, Jenny.

"Oh, Jane!" she answered beamingly, "I don't know what has come over that child, but she has been the nicest little thing lately. She always raps politely before entering the house, now, and really I have begun to like the child amazingly. Absurd to have such a little thing effect one so seriously, isn't it?"

I smiled and said how pleased I was to hear of the happy way in which things had adjusted themselves, and then I turned to speak to my hostess, leaving Kate none the wiser as to my part in the little drama.

SHEEP-STEALING

The days of horse thieves and cattle-rustlers are virtually gone, but sheep-stealing still seems to be in vogue. Raymond Price and Langford White, both colored, are being held in Currituck County for the theft of five blooded sheep, valued at from $50 to $60 each, from T. B. Elliott, county school superintendent. Price also is involved in the theft of a calf.

A $1,000,000,000 FIRE THAT HAS BURNED 50 YEARS

Relating that the Government has been asked to put out the strange underground conflagration spreading like a cencer through one of the nation's coal fields, menacing lives mines and countryside. One of the many interesting stories in the August 18 issue of The American Weekly, the big magazine which comes every week with the BALTIMORE SUNDAY AMERICAN.. On sale by all newsdealers.—adv. 1t.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In The United States District Court, For The Eastern District of North Carolina Elizabeth City Division In Bankruptcy No. 263

In the Matter of Claude Louis Ziegler, Bankrupt.

The petition of Claude Louis Ziegler, of Elizabeth City, North Carolina, for a full discharge in Bankruptcy, having been filed in said Court, it is ordered by the Court that a hearing be had on September 2nd 1935, before Hon. I. M. Meekins, Judge of said Court, at Washington, North Carolina, at 12 o'clock M., and that all known creditors and other interested persons may appear at said time and place and show just cause, if any they have why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Fayetteville, N. C., this August 1st, 1935.

R. W. HERRING,
U. S. Referee in Bankruptcy.

cAg9-RWH-2t.

PASQUOTANK DRAINAGE DISTRICT NO. 1 ORDER AND NOTICE OF ELECTION

North Carolina In The Superior Court.
Pasquotank County. Before The Clerk.

It is ordered that an election be held at the Barney Jackson Store, the same being within said Drainage District, on Monday, August 12, 1935, from 7:30 A. M. to 6:30 P. M. to vote for one member of the Board of Drainage Commissioners for Pasquotank Drainage District No. 1, to succeed J. E. Temple whose term expires September 30, 1935.

Each land owner within said District will be qualified to vote at this election and each land owner shall be entitled to cast a number of votes equalling the number of acres owned by him and benefitted, as appears by the final report of the Board of Viewers in the formation of said Drainage District No. 1.

The Court hereby appoints Mullen Stallings, J. C. Harris and D. C. Temple as poll holders for said election.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be posted at the Court House door in Pasquotank County and at five conspicious places within said District, and shall be published once a week for two consecutive weeks preceding said election in The Independent, a newspaper of general circulation in said County.

Dated and posted this 20th day of July, 1935.

N. E. AYDLETT,
Clerk Superior Court.

cPDDNo.1-A2-2t

NOTICE OF RESALE OF LOT

By virtue of an order of the Superior Court of Pasquotank County, in the Foreclosure of that certain deed of trust executed to the undersigned by H. G. Godfrey and wife, bearing date of Nov. 25th, 1930, ordering a re-advertisement and resale of the property described in said deed of trust, the undersigned will after due advertisement, as provided by law, on the 12th day of August, 1935, at 12 o'clock M. at the courthouse door offer for sale, for cash to the highest bidder the following lots:

FIRST: Located on the south side of Cypress St. and beginning on said street at a point 80 feet, west from Etheridge St., 110 feet, thence at right angles to the line of Mrs. Fred Davis, thence north and along said Davis line and the Wesson line, far enough to make a straight line 40 feet, from first line, thence south following said line to Cypress St., thence easterly along Cypress St. 40 feet to the beginning.

SECOND: Beginning at the S. E. intersection of Cypress and Etheridge Streets, thence southerly to the old Wesley Williams line 125 feet, thence westerly along Wesley Williams line 50 feet, thence northerly, parallel with Etheridge St. 125 feet to Cypress St., thence easterly along Cypress St., 50 feet to the place of beginning.

Dated and posted July 27th, 1935.

J. R. LEIGH,
Trustee.

eA22t.

NOTICE OF SALE

By virtue of the authority contained in the certain deed of trust executed on the 26th day of October 1931, by Auto & Gas Engine Works, to Graham W. Bell, Trustee, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Pasquotank County, in Book 80, at Page 89, default having been made in the conditions of said deed of trust the undersigned Trustee will, on the 19 day of August, 1935, at 12:00 o'clock noon, at the Court House door of Pasquotank County, N. C., offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, the following described property.

All that certain property situated in Elizabeth City Township, Pasquotank County, N. C., and more particularly described as follows:

1ST TRACT: Situate on the North side of Park Street in Elizabeth City and commencing 245 feet from the Northeast corner of Park Street and Butler's Lane; thence Eastwardly along Park Street 49 feet to a stake; thence Northwardly 105 feet to J. B. Fearing's land; thence Westwardly along said Fearing line 45 feet; thence Southwardly along a line parallel with Butler Lane to the place of beginning; same being the property conveyed to the Grantor by Mary S. Parker by deed recorded in Book 60, Page 243.

2ND TRACT: Those certain lands situated in Elizabeth City, N. C., being the certain lot lying on the North side of Parsonage Street, and beginning at a point on the Northward side of Parsonage Street 50 feet Westwardly from Poplar Street; and being known and designated as lot No. 2 on the plat of C. W. and Noah Stevens as recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Pasquotank County, N. C., in Book 21, Page 6, said lot being bounded on the East by Lot No. 1; on the South by Parsonage Street; on the West by Lot No. 3, and on North by Lots Nos. 4 and 5; and being the same lot conveyed to the said H. M. Seeley by W. A. Worth, Trustee, by Deed dated March 13th, 1922, and recorded in the Office of the Register of Deeds for Pasquotank County, N. C.

A deposit of five per cent of the amount bid will be required of the successful bidder at the hour of sale.

This notice dated and posted this 26th day of July, 1935.

GRAHAM W. BELL,
Trustee.

e-Jy26-4t.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION

NORTH CAROLINA, In the Superior Court.
CAMDEN COUNTY.
MARY LIZZIE TURNER, Plaintiff
vs.
FRANK LEE TURNER, Defendant.

It appearing from the affidavit of Mary Lizzie Turner, in this action, that Frank Lee Turner, the defendant therein, is not to be found in Camden County, and cannot, after due deligence be found in the state of North Carolina, and it further appearing that a cause of action exists against the defendant as follows, to-wit:

For divorce a Vinculo Matrimonie on the grounds of abandonment and desertion by the defendant from the plaintiff for more than two years, and that this is one of the cases in which service of summons may be made by publication.

IT IS THEREFORE, ordered that summons be served on said Frank Lee Turner, by publication and to that and that notice of this action be published once a week for four weeks in The Independent, a newspaper published in Pasquotank County, setting forth the title of the action and purpose of the same, and requiring the defendant to appear at the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of Camden County, in the Court House in said County, on the 21st day of September, 1935, and answer or demur to the complaint of the plaintiff.

This the 19th day of July, 1935.

L. S. LEARY,
Clerk of the Superior Court.

cRCD-Jy26-4t.

NOTICE

NORTH CAROLINA, In The Superior Court.
CAMDEN COUNTY.
MARY SAWYER, Plaintiff
vs.
WOODFIN SIMMER, Defendant.

The defendant above named will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Camden County, North Carolina, to annul an attempted marriage between the plaintiff and defendant; and the said defendant will further take notice that he is required to appear at the 10th day of August, 1935, at the Court House of said County in Camden, North Carolina and answer or demur to the complaint in said action or the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

This July 8, 1935.

L. S. LEARY,
Clerk Superior Court.

cRCD-Jy19-4t.

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