

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB

By GERALD MONTAGUE

(© by W. G. Chapman.)

"YOU will find no woman willing to stand for a life in a shepherd's hut," his friends told Larry Owen, when he announced his intention of getting married and retaining his job.

Larry smiled, and when his friends saw his bride they changed their opinion. Dorothy was a mite of a thing, just like a little gray mouse—Welsh, like Larry, and a girl whom he had been engaged to before he went to Montana to work on the sheep ranges.

Larry did not intend to keep Dorothy in seclusion upon the hills forever. Just as the seaman has thoughts of a quiet farm where he can spend the latter years of his life, so Larry had always dreamed of a snug little country place with an orchard, bees, and chickens, and no sign of a sheep within a hundred miles. He was an expert farmer, besides being a shepherd, and he had twelve hundred dollars stored snugly away—almost enough to start the farm.

There was a certain orange farm in a California county on which he had his eye for some months. How Dorothy would love the life there, the warm companionship of the westerner beyond the ranges, the sun, the ease. He had paid a flying trip there six months before. But he said nothing of this to Dorothy.

A man should take his wife into his confidence. As a rule the surprise element does not work out satisfactorily. Rather it is the man who gets the surprises.

This case was no exception. Dorothy soon began to weary of the eternal hills. They had been married six months when Larry discovered that she was running a bill at the nearest town for clothes, far in excess of what he had planned for her.

"Well, I'm just sick of the monotony here," she said defiantly. "I can't live here forever, seeing nothing but the sheep. Won't you get another job?"

The Welsh girl was homesick for the old friendly society. She longed for the faces she had known; she felt that she had stepped into a vast, perpetual prison.

It has been said a man and woman cannot live in utter seclusion and retain their love for each other. In spite of their love of a dozen years, dating back to boy and girl times, they began to drift apart.

Where there are sheep the wolf comes. It was no exception here. Jim Collins was six feet one, flashy

and "taking" with women. He had a sinister reputation among the folks of the district. But he was the man for whom Larry was working. He had not often paid a visit to the range, preferring to gamble away his money in the city, where he had a string of racers and two or three automobiles. He had the patronage of the county, too. Many women had given their love to Collins. They had lived to regret it—but Dorothy only saw in him a big, good-natured man, longing for sympathy and to be understood.

Once Larry, returning from the range sooner than had been expected, found Collins in the hut, bending over Dorothy as she made tea. He looked up brazenly and laughed. Larry said nothing then. Later he taxed his wife with caring for Collins. That was a mistake. A man should hold his peace until the time comes to strike. But all Larry's wounded soul, all the suffering he had endured during those days of estrangement came to his lips in a flood of bitterness.

Next morning he went to work without a word having been spoken. When he was gone Dorothy slipped out of the hut. An hour later she stepped into an automobile that was waiting for her below the hill.

When Larry came home that night, his heart overflowing with contrition, he found the hut empty. A little note was pinned to the dresser.

"I don't love Jim Collins," it read, "but he can give me something better than sheep. We leave for California on the night train and you will never see me again. But you won't want to, as long as you have your sheep."

Larry stood staring at the note for a long time, and into his mind came the picture of Dorothy as he had seen her in Wales, the innocent girl in the big sunbonnet whom he had loved. What had he done? How had this thing come between them?

He saddled his horse and rode five miles to his nearest neighbor.

"Keep charge of my sheep a day or two," he said. "I'm going to the city."

"Something wrong with the wife?" asked the neighbor sympathetically.

"Yes," answered Larry, riding away. However, he had no intention of going to the city. He knew that the night train stopped to take on water at a siding a few miles down the valley. He could catch her if he rode hard. And, once aboard—well, Larry had a revolver in his coat.

Yet his object was less to be revenged upon Collins than to preserve Dorothy's good name, to save her from herself.

He rode hard. The moon came up and lit the mountain way. Time and again, he thought he heard the train snorting up the incline in the distance, but always the sound proved imaginary. And now he was nearing the railroad track, which ran, a narrow edged ribbon, beneath him. He spurred his horse down the mountain way.

At last he dismounted and, turning the beast adrift to graze, waited be-

side the rails. Terrible thoughts assailed him as he waited there. What if, instead of killing Collins, he were to place one of the huge fallen firs across the rails, dislodging the engine from the metals as it came swinging round the curve? He could destroy Collins and a hundred others, sending them to their death among the bowlders far below the grade, and escape unknown in the confusion.

Was Dorothy worth the sacrifice of his own life in retribution?

The temptation grew stronger, until the man shook with the agony that assailed him. At last he went toward the tallest of the firs, a giant tree as hard as ebony, which lay with its trunk projecting only a few inches from the rails. With the exercise of all his strength he could shift it a few inches down the incline. He knew that just where it lay the curve was the most dangerous. He stopped.

Then, in the distance, he heard the puffing of the engine as she forced her way up to the summit before descending on the grade that led to the siding. There was just time.

But the sight of the fiery eyes of the monster above him paralyzed his mind, and he could not turn his muscles to the accomplishment of the task. And now the engine was descending the grade, lumbering and screaming as she made her way toward the siding. Larry stood still. It was too late now. But it was not too late to carry out his original purpose.

Suddenly the moving mass seemed to stand still. She swerved, reared, and then, with a scream of escaping steam, the engine left the metals and toppled upon its side, followed by half the cars, yet clinging almost miraculously to the mountain side.

Flames burst out among the wreckage. The screams of the injured reached Larry's ears plainly. Entirely forgetful of his purpose, the man ran at full speed toward the scene of the accident. Men and women lay half buried beneath the wreckage. Larry ran along the side of the overturned cars, searching for Dorothy.

And he found her. She was uninjured, and, on her knees, she crouched beside a man with a ghastly wound across his breast. Larry knew Collins, though the face had been battered almost out of recognition. He must have been killed instantly.

He touched Dorothy upon the arm. "There is nothing to do," he said. "It is too late."

"Yes," she answered, rising to her feet in a mechanical manner and moving away. She seemed stunned by the catastrophe. She hardly realized where she was.

Larry devoted hour after hour to aiding the injured, until the hospital train that was rushed out from the next station came up. Then he found Dorothy again. She was standing near the body of her companion, looking uncertainly about her.

"What are you going to do?" asked Larry.

"I don't know," she answered calm-

ly. She seemed to have lost all power of feeling. "Go on to California, I suppose. You see, I have my ticket."

"But what will you do there?"

"What does that matter to you—anything?"

"Dorothy, you said you did not love that man," said Larry.

"Well?" she returned. "Dorothy, in the old days I used to love a little girl in Wales. She was highstrung and willful sometimes, but she was never bad. Nobody could have said that of her. And one day, after a quarrel—she didn't know I took it, but I took a vow. It was that I would always protect her, against herself even. And though that was long ago, and she is married now, do you suppose that makes any difference? Dorothy, I am never going back. I am going to California, too. Is it to be together?"

And suddenly she was weeping upon his neck in an agony of shame.

Old English Statutes Still Actually Laws

Every English woman is a lawbreaker unless she wears flannel, because the ancient laws regulating dress in that country have not been repealed. Numerous other English laws are broken by practically every one in the country. An act of Edward VI forbade the consumption of meat on Wednesday. Every person engaging in any commercial pursuit on Sunday is a lawbreaker and even the eating of sweets that day is an offense. Wives who disobey their husbands may be whipped under a statute of Henry VIII. Witchcraft, an illegal practice, includes pretending to tell fortunes and pretending to discover stolen or hidden goods by crafty science, says London Tit-Bits. Actors and actresses are still "rogues and vagabonds" and a "common informer" who imparts information upon entering a parish is entitled to a reward of \$10.

SALE OF LANDS

Under and by virtue of an order in a special proceeding entitled "A. L. Blake et al Ex Parte" pending before the Clerk of the Superior Court of Chatham County, N. C., the undersigned Commissioner will sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash on the premises in Baldwin Township, Chatham County, N. C., and just off the Pittsboro-Chapel Hill Highway the following described tract of land:

Being the lands allotted as dower to Mrs. Minerva Blake out of the lands of her husband the late J. C. Blake and bounded on the North by W. C. Cole, on the East by W. E. Oldham; on the South by J. C. Blake, Jr., and on the West by J. M. Pearson the same containing 36 acres more or less and being just off the Chapel Hill Pittsboro Highway about 5 miles South from Chapel Hill, N. C.

Place of Sale: Premises in Baldwin Township, Chatham County, N. C. Terms of Sale: Cash.

Time of Sale: Monday October 25, 1926 at 12 o'clock noon.
This September 22nd, 1926.
V. R. JOHNSON,
Commissioner.

A. C. RAY
Attorney-at-Law
PITTSBORO, N. C.

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Landau	\$ 765
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1-Ton Truck Chassis Only	\$ 495

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For Men

- Men's Good Heavy Union Suits, 98 cents each;
 - Men's Heavy 220 Overalls, \$1.35 a pair;
 - Men's Heavy 240 Overalls, \$1.00 a pair;
 - Boy's Union Suits, 50 and 75 cents each;
 - Boy's Worsted Pants, \$1.00 to \$1.95 a pair;
 - Men's Dress Pants, - - \$3.50 a pair;
- Sweaters of all kinds for any member of the family very reasonably priced;
- The latest Drop-Tip Hat in the Etchison Line for Young or Old;
- Men's Suits \$15.00 to \$25.00
 - Men's Good Half-Hose in all colors 10 cts. a pr.
 - Men's Good Silk half-hose in all colors 40 cts. a pair;

For Ladies.

- La-Silk Hose in all colors and at prices ranging 50 cts. to \$2.25 a pr;
- Good Grade Outing, all colors, 15 cts a yd.;
- Spool Thread 4 cents a spool;
- Dress Gingham, fast colors, 15 to 25 cts. a yd.
- Apron Gingham 10 cts. a yd.
- Fast-Color Dress Prints only 25 cts a yd.

WOOLENS

- We have the La-Porte line in all Tweeds and Colors of all qualities;
- Shirtings, Domestic, Denims, and White Cloths of all kinds;
- Oil Cloth only 25 cents a yard.

Groceries.

- Tomatoes 10 cents a can;
- Octagon Soap 4 1-6 cts. a cake;
- Ivory Soap 8 1-3 cts. a cake;
- Palm Olive Soap 5 cts. a cake;
- Arbuckle's Coffee, 35 cts. a lb; 2 lbs. \$1.00;
- Brown Mule Tobacco, 15 cents a plug;
- Apple, Sun Cured and Beam Willis, 17 1-2 cts a lb.
- Snuff, 10-ct. Bals., 8 1-3 cts. in lots of three;
- Snuff, 30-cent bals., 25 cents;
- All 5-cent packages, 6 for 25 cents;
- All 10-cent packages, 8 1-3 cts. in lots of six;
- SUGAR 7 CENTS A POUND.

MILLINERY.

Our Millinery Department has just received 72 hats for Ladies, Misses and Children, and, to your surprise we suspect, there is not a hat which we have priced as high as \$5.00, though you would have to pay as high as \$7.00 or \$8.00 for some of them elsewhere.

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SHOES

SHOES

SHOES

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We invite you to come to see us and be convinced as to Style, Quality, and Prices.

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