

Classified Advertising

Advertisements inserted for 1c per word each insertion. Cash in advance.

HOG FOUND—Mr. B. C. Horn had a fine hog to go astray. One little ad in this column found his porker. Mrs. Elliott, of near Bostic, telephoned in as soon as she got her copy of The Courier containing the ad. The ad only cost a few cents. If you have anything lost or stolen, for sale or rent, want to rent a farm, sell produce or old furniture—try an ad in this column. The cost is only one cent a word.

LOST—Auto license plate, No. 135623. Return to A. H. Grose, R-2, Forest City. 15-1t.

LOST—Small rat terrier, black with white spots. Collar with small lock. Reward. Return to R. C. Dayton, Bostic. 15-2t.

EGGS—Barred Rock, trap nest, pedigree stock. Eggs, \$2 per 15. P. M. Flack, Box 201, Forest City. 15-4t.

FOR SALE—25 Rhode Island Red pullets, 7 months old and now laying. \$1.50 each. 3 Rhode Island Red Cockerels, one year old \$2.50. Box 160, Old Fort, N. C. 15-3t.

MORTGAGE BLANKS—For sale at this office, or sent by mail. 1c each. No mail order for less than 10.

Woolsey's heavy body paint is the best. Get it from the Farmers Hardware Co.

MASONIC NOTICE—Forest City Lodge, No. 381, A. F. & A. M., meets every second and fourth Tuesday nights at 8 o'clock. Visitors welcome. J. S. Wood, Secretary, B. M. Price, W. M. 30-1t.

Woolsey's heavy body paint is the best. Get it from the Farmers Hardware Co.

EASTERN STAR—Meets first and third Tuesday nights at 8 o'clock. Visitors welcome.

Woolsey's heavy body paint is the best. Get it from the Farmers Hardware Co.

WE BUY OR SELL—All kinds of real estate. We can get what you want or sell what you need at the right price. Sales conducted. A general real estate business. See us before you buy or sell. **CYCLONE AUCTION CO.**, Forest City, N. C. 52-1t.

Woolsey's heavy body paint is the best. Get it from the Farmers Hardware Co.

NOTICE—Dr. D. M. Morrison, optometrist-eye specialist will be in Forest City on every Thursday. Hours 8 to 9 a. m. and 2 p. m. to 3 p. m. Office back of Dr. Duncan. 52-1t.

LOST—Big black and tan fox hound. Lost near Hollis on night of December 26. Has collar with name "Shay Wall, R-2, Mooresboro." Notify Mr. Wall and receive reward. 13-4t.

M. L. Edwards Stover P. Dunnagan EDWARDS & DUNNAGAN LAWYERS
Rutherfordton, N. C.
General Practice in State and Federal Courts.

DR. C. S. McCALL
Dentist
313 National Bank Building
New X-Ray Lady Assistant

DR. FRANK WILKINS
DENTIST
National Bank Bldg.,
FOREST CITY, N. C.

Dr. RALPH R. HOWES
Dentist
Telephone 156
New Poole Building

"MONUMENTS"
To mark the resting place of your loved one.
L. T. GREENE
Ellenboro, N. C.

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF LAND

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in that certain deed of trust dated November 18, 1922, made and executed by Silas Davis and wife, Charity Davis to F. E. Webb, trustee and appearing of record in the office of the Register of Deeds of Rutherford County, in Book W-12 of Deeds on Page 282, default having been made in the payment of the indebtedness secured thereby and the holders of the same having requested the trustee named therein to sell the said property in accordance with the provisions of the said deed of trust, the undersigned will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash at the courthouse door in Rutherfordton, N. C., on

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1928 at about the hour of 12 o'clock M. the following described real estate: Lying and being in Cool Springs Township, Rutherford County, North Carolina, and more particularly described as follows:

Adjoining land of J. M. Hughey and others and bounded as follows: Beginning on a P. O. or stone pile, thence with J. M. Hughey's line North 56 West 6 chains to a stone in said line, thence North 35 East 13-10-100 chains to a stone near the branch, thence South 56 E. 9 28-100 chains to a stone, thence South 49 West 13 65-100 chains to the beginning containing 10 acres more or less. This the 11th day of January, 1928. (Signed)

F. E. WEBB, Trustee
RIDINGS & JONES Attys. 14-4t

NOTICE OF SALE OF CITY HALL BONDS

Notice is hereby given that sealed bids, addressed to J. E. Caldwell, Town Clerk, Forest City, N. C., will be received until 2 o'clock P. M., Tuesday, January 31st, 1928, by the mayor and board of commissioners of the town of Forest City, N. C., for the purchase of \$25,000.00 city hall bonds of said town. Said bonds will be dated January 1, 1928, and maturing annually as follows: \$1,000.00 per year for the year 1930 to 1954 inclusive.

Said bonds will be in denominations of \$1,000.00 each, and bear interest at the rate of 5 1-2 per cent per annum, payable semi-annually; said bonds will be issued under the provisions of the Municipal Finance Act of North Carolina.

Bidders are required to deposit with their bids certified check for \$500.00. The right is reserved to reject any and all bids.

This January 11th, 1928.
J. E. CALDWELL,
Clerk Town of Forest City, N. C.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE

State of North Carolina, Department of State.

To All to Whom These Presents May Come—Greeting:

Whereas, it appears to my satisfaction, by duly authenticated record of the proceedings for the voluntary dissolution thereof by the unanimous consent of all the stockholders, deposited in my office, that the Harrelson-Fanning Company, a corporation of the State, whose principal office is situated at South Main Street, in the Town of Rutherfordton, County of Rutherford, State of North Carolina (A. G. Harrelson being the agent therein and in charge thereof, upon whom process may be 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, J. Bryan Grimes, Secretary of State of the State of North Carolina, do hereby certify that the said corporation did, on the 7th day of January, 1928, file in my office a duly executed and attested consent 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 hereto set my hand and affixed my official seal at Raleigh, this 7th day of January, A. D., 1928.

W. N. EVERETT,
Secretary of State.

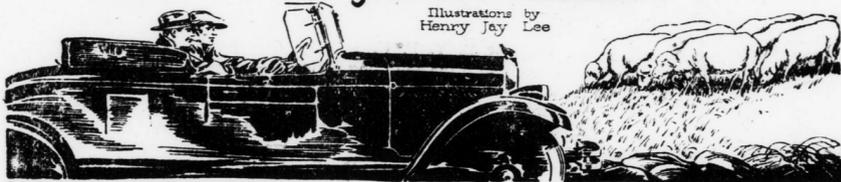
Worms are causing about as much damage to hogs in North Carolina as is the dreaded cholera, say experts.

Forest City Lodge, No. 1689, Loyal Order of Moose.
Meets every Tuesday night, Pythian Hall. Visiting brothers welcomed.

BLACKSHEEP!

By Meredith Nicholson

Illustrations by Henry Jay Lee



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Congdon drew out his watch, said that he had been sleeping badly and hated to go to bed. He sat erect and tried to reach his coat pocket. His face twitched with the pain of the effort.

"I had a bottle of dope I'm supposed to take to help me sleep; must have left it in my bag. Will you poke the button, please?"

"Can't I get it for you?" Archie asked.

"You are very kind. It's the small satchel—a bottle about as long as your hand."

Opening the bag in Congdon's berth Archie's hand fell upon a photograph that lay on top. The face swam before his eyes and he pitched forward in his agitation, bumping his head viciously against the window. It was a photograph of Isabel Perry. He groped for the bottle and crept back to the smoking compartment.

Congdon, the custodian of a photograph of Isabel Perry, demanded a more careful inspection, and Archie studied him with renewed interest. Isabel was hardly a girl to bestow her photograph upon a married man. Congdon had no business with the photograph and Archie bitterly resented its presence in the man's luggage. He jumped when Congdon announced that he was ready to turn in, followed him to the berth, and helped him to undress.

"Whistle if you need anything in the night," said Archie, and allowed the porter to push him into the upper berth—the first he had ever occupied.

When they were aroused by the porter he helped Congdon into his clothes, chose a clean shirt for him and laughingly offered to shave him.

"You're a mighty good fellow! It's about time I was introducing myself. My name is Congdon. I live in New York; just taking a

ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that I have qualified as Administratrix of the estate of A. W. Falvey, deceased, late of Rutherford County, N. C., and all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment to the undersigned. All persons having claims against said estate will present them to me properly proven for payment on or before December 8th, 1928, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

This December 8th, 1927.
DORCAS M. FALVEY,
Administratrix of A. W. Falvey, Deceased. 16-4t.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

State of North Carolina—County of Rutherford.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership lately subsisting between us, the undersigned J. C. Powell and S. Moss, carrying on business as Automobile Dealers at Forest City, North Carolina, under the style and firm of Powell & Moss, was on the 4th day of January, 1928 dissolved by mutual consent, and that the business in the future will be carried on by the said S. Moss who will pay and discharge all debts and liabilities, and receive all money payable to the said late firm.

This the 18th day of January, 1928.
Signed: S. MOSS, Continuing Partner.

J. C. POWELL, Retiring Partner.
T. J. MOSS, Attorney. 15-4t.

ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE

Having qualified as administratrix of the estate of C. A. Wilkie, deceased, late of Rutherford County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of the said deceased, to exhibit them to the undersigned at Forest City, N. C., on or before January 10, 1929, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to the said estate will please make immediate payment.

This the 10th day of January, 1928.
MRS. DORA F. WILKIE,
Administratrix.
Ridings & Jones, Attys. 14-4t

little trip for my health. Going that point with serenity and contemplate the stars with a tranquil spirit."

"Comly's my name. No particular plans myself. Just knocking about a bit."

By the time Archie had made his toilet they were running into the Chicago station.

"Suppose we have breakfast in the station restaurant? And see here, old man; I don't want to force myself on you, but if a poor neurasthenic won't bore you too much I wish you'd let me tag you till my train leaves tonight. I hate to be alone."

They not only breakfasted together, but after motoring through the parks they spent an hour at an art institute and then Archie acted as host to luncheon. By this time Archie was fully committed to the further journey into Michigan. On a bench in Grant Park Congdon swung himself into a confidential attitude.

"Life's the devil's own business," he said with a sigh. "I've got to a place where I don't care what happens—everything black anywhere I look. I was happily married; two beautiful children; none finer, but I'll shorten up the story so you can see what a monkey fate has made of me. My father's a crank, a genius in his way, but decidedly eccentric. My mother died when I was a youngster, and father tried all sorts of schemes of educating me, whimsical notions, one after another. The result was I've never got a look in anywhere; unfitted for everything. After I married he still tried to hold the rein on me, wanted to put me into business I hated and kept meddling with my domestic affairs. All this made me weak and irresolute."

"Well, sir, I was about to offer myself as exhibit A on a slab in the nearest morgue," Congdon continued, "when I met a young woman who seemed to understand me, and right there's where I made the greatest mistake of my life. She made a fool of me—that's the short of it. I took her into dinner at the house of some friends right here in Chicago—and she diagnosed my case with marvelous penetration. She said I faced life with the soul of a coward, and suggested that I go armed and shoot anyone who stepped on my toes. She recited a piece of verse to the effect that a man fears his fate too much if he won't put his life to the test."

"I was fool enough to believe it. I tried to follow her advice. It ended in my having a row with my father that beat all the other rows I ever had with him and he turned against my wife—said she was trying to estrange us. And when I ran away to escape from the nasty mess he sent her telegrams in my name threatening to kidnap the children and he did in fact kidnap my little daughter. Snatched her away from her mother and carried her out to one of his farms in Ohio. But my wife played a clever trick on the old gentleman and got the child back again and I'm damned glad of it. I got a message that the little girl is up in Michigan, so that's really where I'm headed for."

Archie had suffered a blow but he was meeting it bravely. Having believed that Isabel had given him this same advice quite spontaneously, it was with a shock that he realized that she had offered it in similar terms to Congdon. There was no question as to the identity of the girl—who had bidden Congdon plant his back to the wall and defy the world; no one but Isabel would ever have done that.

"About your child, up there in Michigan," said Archie, "it's wholly possible that your wife sent you the wire as an 'approach to a reconciliation.'"

"Oh, Lord, no! You don't know my wife, Comly. You see I got answers to the telegrams father sent her in my name and she hit right back at me! Don't think she's coaxing me to come back to her. And here's the message I got out there in Ohio that caused me to jump for the train."

He produced from his pocket a crumpled telegram which read: "Your daughter is in safe hands at Huddleston, Michigan. Proceed to

that point with serenity and contemplate the stars with a tranquil spirit."

This was so clearly the Governor's work that Archie found it difficult to refrain from laughing. "You may think it queer that I set off," Congdon remarked, "on the strength of a message like that. But ever since that girl told me I oughtn't to hesitate when I heard the bugle I can't resist the temptation to act on the spur of the moment. I'm a fool, I suppose. Tell me I'm a fool, Comly."

"I shall do nothing of the kind. There's always the chance that the girl had sized you up right and gave you sound advice. Don't answer if you don't want to, but have you really done anything you wouldn't have done if that girl hadn't told you to step on the world a little harder?"

Congdon's free hand worked convulsively; he bent closer to Archie and whispered:

"I've killed a man!"

"You murdered a man!" Archie gasped.

"Not a question about it, my dear fellow! It was up at my house on the Main Shore. After father had driven my wife away I went there to look at the ruins of my home. I was mooning through the house when I ran into a burglar. The scoundrel had gone to bed in the guest room. I was scared to death when I opened the door and spotted him but I thought of that girl's advice and pulled my gun and shot him. As I ran down the stairway he took a shot at me; that's what's the matter with my shoulder."

"Well, I'd say you're out of it easy. Of course you didn't kill him or he wouldn't have been able to wound you."

"But you see he didn't die immediately, but crawled off and breathed his life out in some lonely place. It's horrible! The thing will hang over me till I die! If you say I ought to go to Maine and surrender myself I'll do it."

"Most certainly not!" cried Archie with mournful recollection of his own speculations on the same point in the hours when he believed that he himself was responsible for Hoky's death.

Congdon rose and suggested a walk to freshen them up before train time.

"I thank God I fell in with you," he said with feeling. "Just talking to you has helped me a whole lot."

CHAPTER VIII

They breathed deep of the tonic air of the North as they left the train at Huddleston.

As they approached the hotel a man emerged and crossed the street. Archie identified him at once as Red Leary, to whom the Governor had delivered the stolen money at Walker's farm. Leary made no sign of ever having seen Archie before but picked up the luggage and led the way to the hotel.

"We jes' opened the house last week. One other gent's registered." He placed his finger on "Reginald Heber Saulsbury."

"By the way," Congdon asked Leary, "you haven't seen anything of a little girl about here, have you—a child of eleven?"

"Not one of 'em but a whole passel," replied Leary. "There's a camp o' city girls across the bay."

"Well, I suppose that's the trick," said Congdon as Leary started upstairs with their bags. "Edith has been put in a camp. Not a bad idea.

All I want to be sure of is that the child's in good hands."

"Dinner will be at twelve," said Leary.

At mealtime, Mrs. Leary entered the dining-room briskly. "Jes' help yourselves, gents."

"Ah!" ejaculated the Governor, pausing dramatically in the door and eyeing the newly arrived guests as though their presence filled him with astonishment. In a moment more he had introduced himself to Archie and Congdon.

"Rather odd my being here," he rippled on; "and I need hardly say that it's a pleasure to meet on this bleak shore two gentlemen of your caliber. I told a friend of mine that I was enormously fed up with cities and the general human pressure and wanted to go to the most God-forsaken spot in America. He answered without a moment's hesitation that Huddleston, Michigan, would satisfy my loftiest ideal of god forsakenness. He's probably laughing himself to death right now thinking how miserable I am. But I refuse to be bored."

When Congdon pleaded weariness, after dinner, Archie put him to bed and then sauntered away, following a dirt road that wound through the timber. In a little while he came upon the Governor lying with his back against a tree.

"Well, you landed him here!" he remarked, seating himself on a log and producing his pipe. "Or did he bring you? One would think you were old chums to see you together. Not a bad fellow, I should say."

"He's really a good sort," said Archie; "but I'll tell you the whole story."

The Governor listened placidly, interrupting only when Archie repeated what Congdon had said of Isabel.

"A wonderful girl!" he ejaculated. "Makes it her business to tease the world along. But now to get down to brass tacks. What you learned of old Eliphalet Congdon's meddlesomeness jibes exactly with what I know of his character. Let me show you something, Archie."

He walked out upon the gravelly shore and pointed through the wind-flung arms of the bay.

"Do you see a little blur of smoke out yonder in the open lake? That's the Arthur B. Grover. I took up my option and the bloomin' thing is mine. It's got a crew of the smartest crooks in all America. And Perky's on board with old Eliphalet Congdon! But, my dear Archie—"

(To be continued next week)

**Dull
Headache
and
Sluggish Feeling**

"We are a healthy family and haven't had to use much medicine," says Mr. J. H. Adams, of Bishop, Ga. "But I have found it necessary to take some medicine."

"I had headaches. My head felt dull, and like I couldn't hold it up."

"I had a bad taste in my mouth; felt sluggish and tired."

"I brought home some Black-Draught and took a few doses, and I got good results. I felt so much better. My head cleared up. I was hungry and wanted to get out and work."

"Black-Draught has proved satisfactory and we have used it ever since."

Thousands of other families have had equally satisfactory experiences.

Sold everywhere in 25 cent and \$1 packages.

**Thedford's
BLACK-DRAUGHT
Purely Vegetable**

GET YOUR BABY CHICKS

from

Ellenboro School Hatchery

Chicks for sale at a little above cost from vigorous and healthy Rhode Island, Barred Rock and White Leghorn flocks.

CUSTOM HATCHING DONE AT STANDARD PRICES