

RALPH HICKS, FIGHTER

By OPIE READ.

At the time when the Dispatch fell to the ownership of Miss Lelane Graham, the outlook for the paper was not good. Even with all the advertising in a town of twelve thousand, city printing and political patronage. But where the had outlook came in was with the city editor, which meant the entire local staff. Within nine months our city editors had been killed in the street, and we wonder that a seatemporary said that the paper was rightly named the Dispatch.



In the part of the country where the Dispatch was printed silence could discount truth as a virtue. It made no difference what a man might know—it was what he said that got him into trouble. But how was it possible to print the news without saying something, and was it likely that one could keep on saying something without treading upon the corns of an occasional truth? So, upon taking charge of the paper she could not help but feel a certain responsibility not to say anything. She could not herself stop around in all sorts of weather and get the news. Of course she could edit the paper—any one could do that, as nine-tenths of the politicians in the district were ready to swear; but any one would set out to gather the news. While sitting at her desk, the first morning after taking active control she heard a cough, and looking up saw standing near her a thing that looked like a yellow ghost. She stared at it, not over frightened, having taken a whirl at the medical course at school and asked what was wanted. The man—it was a man—bowed and said that he had come to offer his services as city editor. And the idea that it would be well to employ him occurred to her. No one could have the heart to murder that skeleton. So, she hired him.

Miss Lelane opened an envelope and took out a communication. It told of a desperate fight that had just occurred in the hills. A young man named Ralph Hicks had killed, in a fair fight, six ruffians who had provoked a quarrel with him. The deed was full of valor that it was a good thing to print and she printed it. A few days later she received another communication from a fellow named Holt Smith, giving another account of the valiant Ralph Hicks. This time a desperado known as the Swamp Angel had met him at a country store, in a neighborhood where the Angel was owner of all he surveyed, and he was a pretty active surveyor. Hicks was amiable and inclined to be conciliatory, but the Angel said that he wasn't feeling very well, having just got up from a shake down of chills and fever, and he thought that a little fresh blood was about what he needed. Hicks asked him if a doctor had given him that sort of a prescription, and the Angel "lowed" that he had, and Hicks shot the Angel between the eyes and the coroner declared that it was a good shot. This was also printed.

The skeleton would, once in a while, bring in a piece of news. No one thought of killing him, yet they made it inconvenient. One man hit him with a mallet and dislocated his hip, and laid him up for a day or two, and another fellow knocked him down, just to hear him rattle, but otherwise no damage was done. Still his position was often embarrassing. So he said that he believed he would resign. Lelane urged him to remain a day or two longer, till she could find another skeleton, or some other physical unfortunate, immuned against attack. He said that he was willing. Two days later the skeleton came in, limping, and said that his other hip had been dislocated and that it was now time for him to go. She paid him off and he went out. At this moment there entered a tall, handsome fellow with black, rippling hair. She smiled and asked him to be seated. "Was it possible that so fine a man had come to look for death. He smiled at her. "I understand your situation," said he, "and I am determined to help you. I have had considerable experience in this sort of work. My name is Ralph Hicks."

She seized his hand. He was the one man who could dare to print the news. And she engaged him. The people were astonished to read that Ralph Hicks had taken the news end of the Dispatch. He printed a card in which he said: "I want it understood that I am going to print the news." And he did. There were mutterings and scowlings, but nothing serious happened. Lelane was happy in her work, for her paper was prosperous. One night they were sitting alone in the editorial room. Ralph had ceased to write and was musing. Suddenly he got up, walked over to Lelane's desk, and without embarrassing preliminaries, said, "I love you and beg of you to be my wife."

"Oh," was all she answered at that time, but a sweet understanding came to them.

Mr. B. F. Campbell, manager of the Knox 5 & 10c store in Lenoir, had the misfortune to run a nail in his foot last Friday which caused him considerable trouble and necessitated his coming to this home in this city. Saturday, Mr. P. V. Dotson of the Hickory store went to Lenoir and looked after the store during Mr. Campbell's absence.

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POLLY'S PINK PARASOL

By A. M. CRAWFORD.

Think of a girl's fate depending on such a trivial thing as the color of her parasol! Polly Moore had an engagement with young Phil Fuller and when he rode up in his big touring car to take her to his home she was surprised to learn that she was too ill to go. Yet as he turned away, he distinctly saw a pink parasol over the shoulder of a white frock move slowly across the lawn beside a blue serge suit of unmistakably good cut.

"Want to take a ride?" In bitterness of soul Phil hailed pretty Kathryn Stevens just as he turned out of Moore's driveway. "Delighted!" laughed the girl and climbed beside him. She had always cherished a secret fondness for Phil.

"How about the Country club?" he asked briefly. "Just the place," she agreed. Her real name was Kathryn, but she was frequently dubbed "Kat" by unappreciative ones to whom her social methods were not pleasant. "I'm just crazy about motoring. I am simply too happy for words," she said.

Phil hoped that she was telling the truth, that she was too happy for words, for he wanted to meditate. He was already beginning to wonder if he had allowed his suspicion of the reality of Polly's illness to show when he talked to her mother on the porch. Inside his pocket and seeming to press hard on his heart was a flashing tablet that he had expected, and perhaps not without reason, to slip on Polly's left hand that very afternoon. He gripped the wheel and steered the car so violently to one side that he nearly precipitated his passenger in a ditch by the road.

"For mercy's sake, Phil, what are you trying to do? You fairly took my breath away."

"Don't worry," he retorted, savagely. "Nothing could do that. You have enough in reserve to last a month." He repeated instantly after taking a hasty glance at the girl and seeing her flushed face. "Forget it!" Didn't mean a thing. Honest to goodness, girl!

So she smiled and as they drove up before the club house, she was laughing merrily, almost too merrily, over one of Phil's jokes.

It seemed to Phil that everybody many times as they made their way to a little table on the gallery overlooking the river. For the first time in his life, people irritated him. While he ordered everything on the menu as a sort of apology for his previous lack of courtesy, Kathryn took out her gold vanity case and holding a diminutive mirror before her, proceeded to put on as much complexion as the wind had blown off on the way to the club. Phil frowned. Polly never did those distressingly vulgar things that pretty girls seem to think they are privileged to do everywhere in the world—even at prayer.

"Why don't you eat something? Aren't you hungry? If you don't take some of these delicious things you have ordered, I'll think that you are grieving over Polly Moore," announced his merciless guest.

"Why—why should I be grieving over her?" he stammered. "She was desperately ill this morning. They had two doctors with her. Appendix I think they said."

"I have an appointment at six," he said, opening his watch. "Are you ready to go back to town?"

On the way out to the machine, he heard people everywhere asking about Polly. She was so utterly dear! He exceeded the speed limit and hurried Kathryn home. Then he went in search of the nearest florist shop. The little old German who sold flowers there thought that his customer must be crazy.

"I want pink roses, dozens and dozens of them," he ordered, "and I want them as quickly as you can get them together, please."

His heart throbbed violently at sight of a closed pink parasol by the side of a swing on the Moore's lawn. There was the same inhabited blue serge suit beside a white frock, but to his relief he saw that the girl was not Polly. Then he remembered about an expected visitor.

Save His Foot

H. D. Ely, of Bantam, O., suffered from horrible ulcer on his foot for four years. Doctor advised amputation, but he refused and reluctantly tried Bucklen's Arnica Salve as a last resort. He then wrote: "I use your salve and my foot was soon completely cured!" Best remedy for burns, cuts, bruises and eczema. Get a box to-day Only 25c. All druggists or by mail H. E. Bucklen & Co., Philadelphia or St. Louis, adv.

IN SOCIAL CIRCLES

Miss Isabella Morton entertained the Smart Six Club at her home November 4 with five members present. After an enjoyable hour spent with dainty fancy work, delicious refreshments were served by the hostess. The next meeting will be with Miss Katherine Shuford November 14.

Miss Maude Abernethy entertained two of the Lenoir College teachers and a number of the college students with a few other friends of town on Halloween. Delicious refreshments were served.

The Round Dozen Book Club met with Mrs. J. F. Allen Oct. 29th. Every member present except Mrs. F. B. Ingold who was out of town. The hostess read an interesting sketch of Ellen Glasgow, author of her book, "Virginia," also a story both of which were much enjoyed. Discussion of current events concluded the program and the club adjourned to meet next with Mrs. W. H. Ramsay. A salad course followed by cake and icecream was served by Miss Katherine Allen.

The Embroidery Club was entertained Oct. 30th by Mrs. A. A. White. Thirteen members present, and Mrs. Mitchell guest of honor. During the work hour Mrs. L. E. White read a humorous story, "The Simple Life." Dainty refreshments were served by Misses Miriam and Marjorie Whitener. The next meeting will be with Mrs. E. E. Hensley.

October 30, the Travellers' Club enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. E. B. Cline. Mrs. Wezen was a guest. Quotations were from S. T. Coleridge, "one of the greatest monuments of human genius," the "Divine Comedy" of Dante, "The father of Italian literature." Mrs. C. M. Shuford in a fine article began the journey through the nine circles of "the Inferno" with Dante and his guide, Virgil. Mrs. Chaswick kept on the way through the seven stages of "Purgatory" with Dante and Virgil. Mrs. F. A. Abernethy, with poetic appreciation accompanied Dante with Beatrice through the heavens of "Paradise." Keen pleasure with profit was gained by the outline of this "great super-natural world cathedral" built over six hundred years ago. After current events appetizing refreshments were served by Misses Frank Martin and Greta Wezen.

October 29, Miss Geltner entertained the Hickory Book Club. After the usual discussion of books read since last meeting the hostess commented on her book and its author "My Childhood and Youth," John Muir. The autobiography of the famous naturalist was of unusual interest. The recital of this proceeding in Nature School is surprising; also his inventive genius. Several years ago this club enjoyed his book "Our National Parks" accompanied with an autograph letter. After current events a table artistic with candle light, with chrysanthemums and smilax, hornet with witty puzzles on their cards gave out the places. After guessing, he riddles everyone's fortune was told before leaving the festive board. The next meeting will be November 12 with Mrs. H. D. Abernethy.

One of the most delightful events of the season was the Halloween party given by Misses Maude and Lucie Allen Friday night. The house was artistically decorated in autumn leaves, potted plants and chrysanthemums. As the guests arrived in their ghost-like attire, they were presented to the receiving line consisting of Misses Maude Allen, Jessie Joy, Essie Hostley and Miss Mittie Shrum of Lincolnport. They were then ushered into the ghost chamber, bearing many black cats, witches and pumpkin jack-o-lanterns on the dining room table. It was made of antique coverlets. In it was Miss Pearl Boyd as "Fortune Teller in Gypsy costume who delighted the guests by telling them their happy future. The young folks lingered toward the dining room to learn their fate by looking into the well and bobbing for apples. The evening was greatly enjoyed by all who partook of the Misses Allen's hospitality.

Methodist Church Notes

On last Sunday, five members were received by certificate, and two on profession of faith. Mention was made that during the present pastorate even one hundred members had been received, and that the net gain in membership this year had been larger than for the past five years combined.

The duet rendered by Misses Bowles and Shultz was greatly enjoyed by the large congregation. The work of the choir under the training of Miss Shultz is giving satisfaction to all, and is a delight to all lovers of good church music.

The boys and girls met with the pastor on last Friday night, taking a study in church doctrines and history, after which, they pulled candy to their heart's content. Fifty were present. On account of an entertainment at the school this week, on Friday, the boys and girls will meet this week on Saturday night at 7 o'clock. A good time is promised.

The pastor announced on last Sunday that of the \$822 necessary to pay the salary of a missionary, and meet the Home Mission assessment as well, \$570 had been secured, leaving only \$252 yet to be secured, with probably half financial strength of the congregation yet unsecured. That the whole amount will easily be raised, seems certain.

On next Sunday, the Sunday School meets at 9:45—classes for men, women and children. Preaching by the pastor at 11

HOUSE "OVER THE WAY"

By UNA COUSINS.

There was quite a stir in our quiet village when it became known that the house "over the way" had been rented. We prided ourselves on having quite an aristocratic little neighborhood, and as there were only one or two rented houses, we always felt anxious about a new arrival.

The new tenants were to arrive on Monday, and when we young folks gathered at our usual choir practice, the matter was fully discussed. Philip Ring, the rising M. D., gave as his opinion that they would be two old maids, with a number of birds and cats. Gertie Black, with a merry twinkle in her roguish eyes, said: "Don't you wish, Nell, it may be a rich widow with two or three handsome sons? What an addition they would be to our circle!"

"I! What need I care if it were so—hadn't I Philip? Perhaps I looked this, for they all laughed, although I had not spoken a word in reply.

On Monday the furniture arrived, and toward evening a carriage containing two ladies. The house was speedily put in order, and in a week's time the excitement had somewhat subsided, although no one had as yet seen the new tenants. On Saturday a strange lady sat in the minister's pew—she had come from the crown of her head to the tips of her dainty boots." You needed only to glance at her to see this. How beautiful she was! I, a woman, was ready to acknowledge it at first sight. Her name was Mrs. Lee, the minister's daughter informed us—just the name which suited this lovely widow. About forty, I should judge.

I had just arrived at this conclusion as the benediction was pronounced, and awoke from a delicious dream. What was this lovely widow to me, that I should make a study of her?

Mamma and I called, and learned during our visit that Mrs. Lee had sought our quiet village for change of air. We were introduced to her aunt, an elderly lady, who took charge of the little household, leaving her niece to perfect quiet and rest, as prescribed.

Mrs. Lee inquired the name of our physician, and was told Dr. Philip Ring—my Philip, as they all called him. Why did I wish he had not been named.

At parting, she pressed me to call frequently. She loved young folks, she said; and how often did I find myself running over during the summer that followed.

A few days after my first call I was surprised to see Philip open the little gate that led to the cottage, and, after ringing the doorbell, he instantly admitted. Later in the day he told me Mrs. Lee was very ill, not dangerously so, but with one of her old attacks.

"Is she not lovely?" I asked. "More than lovely," he answered. "She has engaged me professionally during her stay in the village."

Need I tell you what followed—of Philip's love for this beautiful woman ten years older than himself; of his mad worship, his utter neglect of old friends? From this time he was her constant companion in drives and walks, which were frequent. All his hopes in life seemed centered in the new tenant; and yet I could not blame him, for I soon learned to love her, too. I saw that people watched, and saw they pitied me; yet I was strangely indifferent. What I felt in secret none should ever know.

And so the summer passed, and September approached. She would leave us in November. What had the summer brought to me? A nameless pain—a joy and sorrow blended.

Tonight, however, I had promised to take tea at the cottage. During the evening she played, and we sang a few duets. What a rich, clear voice she had; how well our voices blended—my own being a fine contralto.

"Now for a cozy chat," she said, rising from the piano. She told me of the two lovely boys laid away in the churchyard, of her beloved husband, loved so dearly, mourned so deeply, laid to rest by their side five years ago, of the disease which might at any moment call her to join them in the spiritland, of the happy summer just passed, which my friendship had gladdened. I felt at this moment I would have been willing to make any sacrifice to have kept her with us. Philip came in during the evening. At his parting I arose to say good night.

She followed us to the door. Turning impulsively, I threw my arms around her, and kissed her. I had never done so before. What prompted me to do so now? She returned my embrace, exclaiming warmly: "God bless you, darling!"

Turning abruptly to Philip, she said: "Take good care of Nellie; she is a treasure. Good night!"

I was surprised next morning by an early visit from Philip. He told me that Mrs. Lee was dead; he had been sent for toward morning, to find her dying.

We stood together, and gazed on the beloved dead—lovelier even in death than in life. A perfect white fall-blown rose nestled in her bosom. My own floral gift I placed within her perfect hand.

On her dressing table lay a note directed to me; when opened it contained a draft for \$5,000, with her best love. They laid her to rest by the side of her loved ones, and long before the first of November the cottage was without a tenant.

BIG Specials!

Saturday and Monday

November 8th and 10th.

Music Saturday Eve and Night

We have made contract with Two Little Wonders. Their age is not over 13 years but they are natural violinists giving you nothing but the highest class music, something that thrills everyone. To miss this you miss a real high class concert. EVERYONE INVITED.

Will mention only a few of the many specials for Saturday and Monday.

One Case best grade paint	5c
" " " " 8c Apron Gingham	5c
" " " " 10c Dress Gingham	8c
" " " " 10c Bleached Domestic	8c
" " " " 10c Storm Flannel	8c
" " " " 12 1-2 Canton Flannel	10c
" " " " \$1.50 Sweaters	\$1.00
" " " " 35c Ladies Shirts and Pants	25c
" " " " 50c Mens' Underwear	39c

Ladies, Misses and Childrens coats and sweaters all underpriced. Great values all through china, crockery and enamel ware department.

Grocery Specials

GRANULATED SUGAR, 5c. GOOD GRADE RICE, 5c. OCTAGON SOAP, 4c.

Arbuckle Coffee for Saturday and Monday only 20c. 10 doz. 25c Brooms for Saturday and Monday, 18c.

Make it a point to be here on days mentioned as many of this line will be closed.

We have installed a cash and package carrier system which will enable us to handle the crowds rapidly and satisfactorily.

Remember the days Saturday and Monday Nov. 8-10. The concerts alone will be well worth your time. Tell your friends to come in and enjoy it.

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VEAL CALVES WANTED—I am still buying calves and pay highest market price all the time. J. L. Miller, Hickory, N. C. Phone 122L.

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TWO cottages and lot on 8th street, lot 100x300 feet. Cottage on each end of this lot. Will sell cheap to quick buyer. Call at the Democrat Office and get particulars.

WANTED—Harness and collar makers. Apply to one of C. B. Ray Harness Co., Raleigh, N. C. 4t.

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REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF
Hickory Banking & Trust Co
—AT—
Hickory, in the State of North Carolina, at the close of business October 21, 1913.

RESOURCES	
Loans and discounts	\$147,162.67
Overdrafts secured and unsecured	310.28
All other stocks, bonds and mortgages	4,330.66
Banking houses, \$6,000; Furniture and Fixtures \$2,521.83	8,521.83
Due from Banks and Bankers	15,631.34
Cash Items	2,226.19
Gold coin	767.50
Silver coin, including all minor coin currency	1,786.14
National bank notes and other U. S. notes	4,475.00
Total	\$187,211.90

LIABILITIES
Capital stock paid in 35,000.00
Undivided profits, less current expenses and taxes paid 5,206.04
Deposits subject to check 92,142.08
Demand Certificates of Deposit 53,154.29
Cashier's Checks outstanding 1,708.59
Total \$187,211.90

State of North Carolina, County of Catawba, ss:
I, W. X. Reid, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 31st day of October, 1913.
C. A. Moser, Notary Public.
My com. expires June 14, 1915.
Correct—Attest:
S. E. Killian,
M. H. Yount,
H. E. McComb,
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