

# Local Happenings

## GIVE PARTY FOR BRIDE

Mrs. Katie Lee Justice and Mrs. Gilbert Bess were joint hostesses at a party, given at the home of Mrs. Bess, last Saturday afternoon, complimenting Mrs. O. K. Richardson, a recent bride. Two tables of bridge were made up for play, and the prize for high score was awarded to Mrs. Ernest Keener. Mrs. Richardson received the prize for low score, and was also presented a lovely guest prize. Those playing were Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. Keener, Mrs. Dan Tompkins, Mrs. Bess, Mrs. George Croust, Mrs. Avery Cunningham, of Franklin, Miss Edna Padgett of Hayesville, and Miss Beulah Padgett. During the afternoon the hostesses served a salad course and a sweet course.

## EMBROIDERY CLUB MEETS

Mrs. P. W. Kincaid and Mrs. Myrtle Osborne were joint hostesses to the Sylva Embroidery Club at the home of Mrs. Kincaid, last Wednesday afternoon, September 23.

The house was beautifully decorated with autumn flowers, the predominating color being yellow.

A short-business meeting was held and the afternoon was enjoyed by embroidering and friendly conversation after which a delicious salad course was served.

A surprise shower was given Mrs. Robert Fisher, a recent bride, by the members of the club. She received a number of lovely gifts.

Those enjoying the affair were Misses Agnes Brown, Bonnie Rogers, and Mesdames J. A. Parris, W. M. Brown, I. H. Powell, S. H. Monteith, Hugh Monteith, B. O. Painter, Ed. Grindstaff, Olin Williams, S. W. Bryson, D. J. Hooper, J. W. Keener, Robert Fisher, Geo. Clemmer, Campbell, Charles Ensley, W. C. Reed, J. F. Moore, Myrtle Osborne, and P. W. Kincaid.

## MISSIONARY SOCIETY TO HAVE PROGRAM SUNDAY

The Baptist Women's Missionary society will present a program Sunday evening at the church here, in memory of Miss Fannie E. S. Heck, the first state president of the W. M. U. of North Carolina and afterwards the president of the W. M. U. of the Southern Baptist Convention. The program which follows has been arranged for the evening: Devotional, Mrs. W. C. Reed Talk, "Remembering Miss Heck" Mrs. Etta Morton. Duets, "Mrs. J. B. Ensley, Miss Sadie Luck. Talk, "Our Immediate Task", Miss Agnes Brown. Solo, Mrs. John B. James Talk, "Lead on O Light Eternal," Mrs. J. G. Murray. Offering. Hymn Closing prayer.

## BEYSON REUNION SATURDAY

The annual reunion of the Bryson family will be held at Beta on Saturday of this week, October 3, beginning at 10 o'clock in the morning. This is one of the pioneer families of Jackson county and Western North Carolina, and has produced some of our most prominent and useful citizens. A large crowd of the family connection and friends is expected to be present on Saturday for the program and picnic dinner at Scott's Creek church.

The program that has been arranged is: 10:30 Devotional, Rev. T. F. Deitz 10:45 Male Quartette, Reading, Mrs. W. K. Chapman 11:00 Reading of minutes of previous meeting; Report of committees; Business; Congregational singing. 11:20, Address, Rev. Geo. Clemmer. 11:45, Special music. 11:55 Recognition of visitors and talks 12:30, Address, Rev. W. C. Reed 1:00 Dinner.

## TUCKASEEGEE W. M. U. HAS MEETING AT SPEEDWELL

The Woman's Missionary Union of the Tuckaseege Baptist Association, meeting in its regular session, at Speedwell, last Saturday, besides the talks on "Loyalty" by members of the several societies represented at the meeting, and by Miss Alva Lawrence, State leader of the young people of the W. M. U., heard a sermon on "Loyalty to Christ's World Program" at eleven o'clock, by Rev. I. K. Stafford, pastor of the Baptist church at Cullowhee launched plans for a "Stewardship Memory Contest" and for a school of missions, to be held in the association in July of next year. The contest will be held first in the different churches of the association, and will include contests between the children of Sunbeam age, of junior and intermediate and young people. The winners in each group of ages in the churches will compete in an associational contest; the winner in the association will meet winners

in other associations in the Asheville division and the winner in the division will compete in a statewide contest some time in March.

## NOTICE OF SALE

Under and by virtue of the power of sale conferred upon me in a certain Deed of Trust, executed by Miles Mull and wife, Lesora Mull, dated the 2nd day of April, 1928, to H. B. Wood, and recorded in Book 106,

at page 27 in the office of the Register of Deeds for Jackson County, North Carolina, I shall on the 26th day of October, 1931, at 12:00 o'clock, noon, at the Court House door in Sylva, Jackson County, North Carolina, offer for sale and sell at public auction to the highest bidder, for cash, the following described land. Beginning at an old locust and chestnut oak corner of grant No. 273, and runs N. 4. E. 11 poles to a stake at

the road; thence with the road 573 degrees 30' E. 9.4 poles, N. 73 degrees 30' E. 4 poles, S. 65 deg. 15' E. 18.6 poles, S. 12 E. 9.8 poles, S. 85 deg 30' W. 6 poles S. 45 W. 11.3 poles, S. 33 deg. 30' W. 5.8 poles, S. 63 deg. 30' E. 11.6 poles; thence leaving the road N. 60 deg. 30' West 75 poles to a stake in Neddy's Creek, in line of grant No. 273; thence with said line, S. 86 E. 47.6 poles to the beginning, containing ten acres.

# ROWENA RIDES THE RUMBLE

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by ETHEL HUESTON

## FINAL INSTALMENT

"I have thought it over. I've been thinking it over since that night in Cheyenne—the first time we had to show the certificate. We won't have as free as the birds and the flowers." "Rack and Ruff will expect us in tonight. They won't like it." "They're not expecting us. I wired them two days ago that we wouldn't be home until Monday." "Are—we going to stay here—until Monday?" "We are," said Peter firmly. "Peter, Peter," said Rowena, "be careful, oh be careful! If—you do this it—it will give me a grand chance to be mean to you—if I want to. I can make it hard for you to get a divorce—I can get alimony—" "It'll be worth it," said Peter grimly. "Besides," he added smiling, "even when you are Mrs. Peter Blande in fact, at heart you will still be just Rowena Rostand. You are immortal."

Rowena did a strange thing. She clasped both her hands tightly over Peter's arm and looked up into his face—deep, deep into his eyes—searchingly, for a long time and did not speak. Peter's fell at last before the intensity of her silent gaze but there was no diminution of purpose in his manner.

"And you ought to know by this time that when I make up my mind, it's made," he said doggedly. "So you needn't try to talk me out of it." "I'm not going to try," said Rowena faintly.

He helped her out of the rumble and cautioned her to be careful of the rocky path up the hill. "It's easy to get a twisted ankle here," he said.

He even asked her to help carry his bundles up from the car and filed her arms with them. At the foot of the steps that led to the wide unroofed piazza, he kicked over a stone and produced a big brass key that lay beneath.

"Look at this," he said. "The cabin's a sort of open house for everybody and his friend, and the key bears the household motto. 'Come easy—go easy—see?'" "Appropriate to week-end honeymooners, like us," she said quietly.

"You would say that," said Peter. "I assure you, that was not the idea back of it."

The cottage, which consisted of but one immense room and a huge screened bath, with miniature kitchenette, was roughly finished with heavy oaken beams. There was a great fireplace of natural stone, and tanning end to end away from it on both sides were studio couches against the wall, comprising three full sides of the cottage.

Water was supplied by a windmill among the rocks higher up the hill, and Peter invited Rowena up with him to witness the ceremony of chaining the wind.

"It's our one servant up here," he said. "Loosing the windmill is one of the real events of coming up. When there is a crowd they do it with a great processional, with incense and incantations. But our minds are on other things tonight so we won't bother."

Rowena followed him down the steep rocky path to the cabin again. "Been here often?" she asked casually. "Yes," Peter was laying a fire in the grate. "Were you here with crowds—or just—alone?" "Both."

Rowena walked about the cabin rubbing her bronze-bright hair with both hands. She looked at the pictures—the autographs—the candlesticks—the incense burners. "Belongs to a woman, doesn't it, Peter?" "Yes."

Peter was opening up his bundles and putting the food supplies in their proper compartments. "Do you think she'll like your bringing another woman—here?" "I don't care whether she does or not."

Rowena threw off her air of quiet moodiness. She rolled up the sleeves of her blouse and asked for a job. "You can put the rolls in the oven." "Yes. And you may as well get as much sun out of things as you can. There's no use to try to get away. You can't."

that the smallest crumb would catch in her throat. Peter measured four tablespoons of coffee into the pot and poured boiling water over it to drip. Then he set the table with silverware of sorts and paper plates—"We never wash anything but silver and pans up here," he explained, "and toss a coin to see who has to do it." He laid out slices of cold roast beef, and liverwurst, potato salad, crackers and cheese. Then he opened a can of soup—adding an equal portion of water according to directions on the can.

"You see, when I think of providing for you as a good husband should," he said, "I can't get away



"This place is my mother's," said Peter, gently.

from soup and crackers and cheese. The cheese trust ought to give you a discount. I wonder you haven't got a band of mice following you about. What a Pied Piper you'd be for Hamelin!"

Rowena laughed tolerantly. "Cheese is very good for one," she said. Peter opened up a bottle of horse radish, put salt and pepper on the table, and sugar, cursing softly because he had forgotten cream for the coffee. Then he filled a great bowl with fresh fruit for a centerpiece with candlesticks around it.

"Here you are, Mrs. Blande," he said jauntily and held a chair for her. Rowena sank down, a little breathless, rather pale.

Just the barest fraction of a lifted Peter hesitated. Then he lifted her face with a very determined forefinger—and touched his lips to hers, faintly, almost timidly at first and then with stubbornly rising courage crushed them roughly. It was with quite an air of bold bravado that he went to his own chair opposite, but his face was flushed and his eyes did not meet hers.

Rowena threw off her nervousness in forced laughter. "Oh, Pumpkin Eater," she said gaily, though her voice was that of one who has too little breath for a torrent of tumbling words. "fancy all this furor after three solid months of marriage."

"You won't be laughing about it three days from now," he said grimly. "Oh, maybe I will," she answered cheerfully. "I'm one of the grandest little laughers you ever saw in your life."

He smiled at her suddenly. "Yes, you are, I'll say that for you. You are just great about—things like that."

Deftly he served a portion of salad and meat on a paper plate for her, and poured the coffee. "Sorry to have nothing better than canned cow for your wedding-night," he said.

"Oh, I adore canned cow. I always ask for it at all my weddings." She was glad to have the coffee and drank it steaming hot although it scorched her throat. But she could not eat.

"Why don't you eat, Rowena?" he demanded. "I'm not hungry." "You're not nervous, I hope—not frightened, or anything." "Not in the least. I'm just not hungry."

"Why aren't you hungry? You haven't had anything to eat for hours," he persisted stubbornly. "I never have much appetite, Peter. You know I never eat much." "But you haven't eaten anything. You usually eat something. You didn't even eat your adored soup. You're not sick, are you?" "No." She smiled at him, the friendly warm smile that was genuinely Rowena. "I think maybe it's because I feel so sorry for you, Peter."

"You don't know anything yet," she assured him. "Oh, well, I'm taking the chance." When they had finished supper he cleared away the dishes quickly and showed the table into its corner. Then he drew the big, high-backed divan before the smoldering fire and heaped it with cushions, and turned out all the lights but left two candles glimmering on the mantel.

She did not hesitate but went over at once and sank down among the cushions in the corner of the big divan. Peter sat beside her and drew her into his arms, and Constantine crouched at their feet. Rowena made no resistance. For some time they sat there, motionless and silent.

Suddenly Peter lifted his hand and drew her face toward him until her lips lay against his throat. His hand caressed her shining, bronze-gold hair.

"Close your eyes," he said. "It's quite dark here and I will not talk. Maybe you can forget it's only Peter and think it's some one you like."

Rowena lay very still, scarcely breathing, against him. He could feel her lips upon his throat quivering ever so little.

"Peter," she said. "Mmmmm," he murmured indistinctly.

"Who—whose cabin is it?" He laughed softly. "Do—do you care?"

Unconsciously she stiffened a little in his arms, her quivering lips grew firm. But she pressed more closely into the curve of his arm.

"No," she said firmly. "It's my mother's," he said. "She likes this sort of thing."

Rowena relaxed and laughed a little, tremulously. And the throbbing silence enfolded them warmly.

After a long while—"Peter," she said again. "Mmmmmmm."

"It's the third and last warning. You'd better take me to town—take me right away quick—as fast as ever you can—"

"It's too late now."

"Too late is better than—never," she said. "Unconsciously their voices had fallen to whispers. 'It's never really too late—until it really is—too late,' she added enigmatically. 'Peter—believe me—you'd better—'"

Again he laughed softly. "Why, Rowena, why?—You are my wife—"

"Because, if you don't—I warn you, Peter—I'll never let you go again—never—as long as you live—and it will be too late for ever."

Even against the straining of her arms about him she wondered breathlessly if he would rise up at that and go away. But of course he didn't. He laughed again, an odd pleased laugh, and pressed his lips to her fragrant hair.

And Constantine murmured quiet contentment at their feet.

THE END

This sale is made after default in payment of the indebtedness secured by the above deed of trust, whereby the power of sale contained therein has become operative. This 21st day of September, 1931. H. B. Wood, By C. B. Wood, Administrator of H. B. Wood, deceased. 9 24 4ts DKM

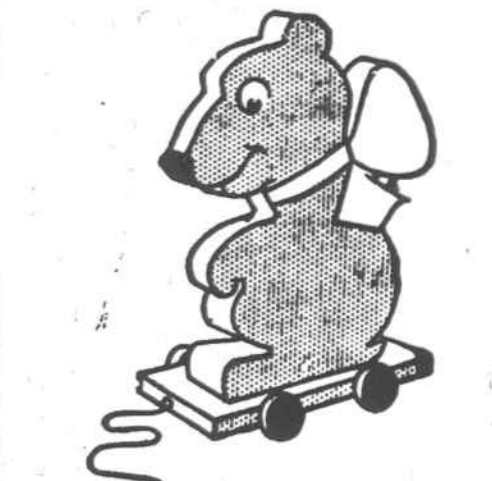


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