

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

FOR JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT

I am a candidate for Judge of the Superior Court, 20th Judicial District subject to the wishes of the Democratic voters, in the primary to be held June 2, and will appreciate your support and influence.
Grover C. Davis.

FOR JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT

I announce my candidacy for the nomination to succeed myself as Judge of the Superior Court of the Twentieth Judicial District. I refer my friends to my forty years of service to the Democratic Party, and my record of fifteen months on the Bench all of which I submit to the judgment of the people of the District.
Felix E. Alley.

FOR CLERK SUPERIOR COURT

I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of Clerk Superior Court of Jackson county, subject to the action of the Democratic primary.
Ed Hooper.

FOR FINANCE COMMISSIONER

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Finance Commissioner and Chairman of the Board of Commissioners of Jackson County, subject to the action of the Democratic primary.
J. D. Cowan.

FOR BOARD OF EDUCATION

I wish to announce my candidacy for County Board of Education subject to will of the Democratic Party.
J. H. LONG

FOR SHERIFF

I have announced my candidacy for the office of Sheriff of Jackson County, subject to the action of the Democratic primary.
C. C. MASON

FOR COMMISSIONER

I hereby announce my candidacy to succeed myself as a member of the board of county commissioners, subject to the Democratic primary.
W. C. Norton
FOR REGISTER OF DEEDS
Subject to the Democratic primary I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of Register of Deeds for Jackson county. I will appreciate the support of all Democrats in the primary.
Margaret Sherrill

FOR REGISTER OF DEEDS

I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of Register of Deeds for Jackson county, subject to the action of the Democratic primary.
Frank D. Bryson.

FOR SHERIFF

I hereby announce my candidacy for Sheriff of Jackson County, subject to the Democratic primary.
E. J. Wilcox.

FOR FINANCE COMMISSIONER

I wish to announce my candidacy for Finance Commissioner, subject to the Democratic primary. I should be defeated, by opposing me, have no more enthusiastic support than myself.
W. H. OLIVER

UNAKA LODGE NO. 268 A.F.&M.

Meets 2nd and 4th Monday nights
R. F. Sutton, W. M.
Raymond Glenn, Secretary
Visiting Brethren Always Welcome

The Dollar Bride

by Mary Inlay Taylor
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Nineteenth Installment
THE STORY SO FAR

Nancy Gordon, loving Page Roemer, sells herself in marriage to Dr. Richard Morgan for fifteen thousand dollars, the amount her brother Roddy stole to give to a woman, Helena Haddon, sophisticated married woman, in love with Richard, does her best to make trouble for Nancy, although she knows nothing of the secret marriage. Mr. Gordon sells his home to repay Richard. Nancy permits Page to continue making love to her, but when she finds that he wants her to run away with him she recoils from him in horror. Taking shelter in the hotel of a poor woman whose baby is dying, Nancy realizes that Richard is the best man after all, and sends for him. Although he saves the baby's life, he repudiates the help of his wife, Helena, finding that they have spent the night together in the miserable hotel, the night of the scandal about town. Angie Fuller, Roddy's childhood sweetheart, and niece of Major Lomax, tries to stop the scandal. Just then Roddy returns home drunk. His mother believes him crazy and sends for Dr. Morgan, who takes Roddy home with him. Nancy goes to Richard's to see her brother. "Rod," she says, "have you been doing it again—stealing?"

over his face, then he let it fall heavily on his daughter's shoulder.
"My poor girl! You ruined your life for that—that young scoundrel!"



"Roddy, we thought you would try to make good."

She did not trust herself to look up.
"Nancy Virginia," her father said at last, slowly, "I won't have this secret kept any longer—you've got to get a divorce. I'll—make that fellow give it to you!"
Nancy rose slowly to her feet. "He says I can have it," she told him, moving away from him. "He doesn't want me, that's all," she added with a little gasp.
She ran upstairs and shut herself in her own room. Dropping on the edge of the bed, she stared out of the window with unseeing eyes. In her pocket was a letter from Page Roemer; in it he sued for forgiveness—

shoulder, "Better take it, Rod, unless you want to jockey for Polestar."
Roddy said nothing.
"Won't you sit down, Rod?"
He swung around and found her, sitting in her corner, just as she used to sit.
"Angie, I'm not fit to lace your boots!" he cried impetuously.
She was startled. "I'm so sorry uncle was rude—," she faltered, "please don't mind it, Roddy. He—he means to be kind."
"No one could be dreadful enough to me," said Roddy flinging himself on a low stool at her feet.
She was shocked, but her heart began to beat in her throat. He was always impetuous. He had come back to tell her—he was sorry then!
"I've done awful things," he went on, in a passion of self-abnegation, "do you remember—when I was here last? I didn't come to see you."
"Yes, I know. I saw you go by—I thought you'd forgotten."
"I had," said Roddy. "I was ashamed to remember. I'm a rotter, Angie. I'd been stealing to help a good woman out of trouble."
The girl shrank back into her corner. It was a long while before she could speak. "I—can't believe it, Roddy, you're—why, you're a Gordon!"
He turned crimson. She had touched the tenderest spot about him.
"I stole fifteen thousand dollars from the trust company, Angie. I ought to be in jail," he went on, pouring it all out in a molten stream of passionate regret and repentance. "My sister helped me. Nancy borrowed the money and kept me out of jail! A girl, Angie! I'm a lout—I let her do

Angie's quick gasp escaped him. He was too much wrapped up in himself to perceive that he had given a key to a mystery. Richard had money—could Nancy have gone to jail?
"I—I'm so glad you didn't go to jail!" she gasped, and then: "Rod, you ought to have gone. We ought to pay for what we do—ourselves."
He caught her hand and held it feverishly; he had forgotten his hatred of the sex.
"You don't despise me—for it?" he asked huskily.
She shook her head. Then, suddenly, without warning, she burst into tears. Her tears melted Roddy; he felt a rush of self pity as great as her pity for him.
"Oh, Roddy!" sighed the girl meltingly, and before she knew it her soft fingers touched his brown hair with shy fondness. "Oh, Rod, there was a woman, you said—"
"I hate her!" he vowed. "I was a fool, Angie. She fooled me. She begged for help for her old father—oh, a touching story—and she said she'd return it, I—I thought I could myself. Then I found out she was married," he blazed.
Angie dried her tears angrily. "She ought to have gone to jail!"

pleading his love.
"Forgive me, trust me, I only want to serve you."
Nancy tore it in little pieces, just as Page Roemer had torn her love for him in little pieces and trampled it in the mire—when he asked her to run away with him.
Roddy, tramping in the wet meadow grass, had gotten to the bottom of his misery. "Pretty white to treat a poor devil like me so well!" he mused bitterly, with that rush of friendship for Richard that comes to a man at the end of his tether. No one had told him that he owed his freedom to Richard.
Roddy, in the rush of his friendship and gratitude to Richard, did not know how much he owed. He was tramping up and down the river meadow in the dusk when he came suddenly upon old Major Lomax.
"Eh, there!" he shouted.
Roddy stumbled. He knew the voice and it brought a rush of memory.
"It's only Rod Gordon, Major," he said in a choked voice.
The old man set down his lantern and held out his hand.
"Come and shake hands then, sir," he said sharply, "drat it, I thought I'd caught my chicken thief!"
Red in the face, Roddy came up and shook hands. The old man swung the lantern in his face.
"Been drinking?" he asked grimly.
"You look fishy, but come in—Angie hears your voice."
Roddy wanted to escape. Then he looked up and saw the girl in the lighted doorway. Before he knew it, he was holding her soft cool hands in his.
"Come in, come in," said the major testily. "I'm playing chess tonight with Haddon, but you and Angie can talk if you've a mind to."
The major, hanging his lantern on a hook by the door, surveyed him. "Beaver says you've given up," he remarked sharply, "going to turn into a foot-pad, young man, or a toe-dancer— which?"
"Uncle Robert!" gasped Angie.
Roddy swallowed hard. "I'm going to work here," he answered thickly, "I'm looking for a job near home this time—I'm done with New York."
"New York's done with you," corrected the major grimly. "I'll give you a job," he said flatly, "got one in the insurance office now—twenty dollars a week to start—and no fooling. Take it, Rod?"
Roddy gasped. "I'd—I'd like to think about it, sir."
The major laughed shortly. Then he heard their maid-of-all-work admitting a visitor.
"There's Haddon! Did you set out the chess table, Angie? All right, then, you take this young firebrand in hand and talk sense to him." He started down the hall to meet Haddon, but threw a word back over his



"New York's done with you" corrected the Major grimly.

"That's what Nancy thinks," he admitted a little sheepishly, then, abruptly, he kissed Angie's hand.
"Roddy, you're going to work here? You'll—," she hesitated—"you'll take Uncle Robert's offer?"
He rose slowly and began to walk up and down, with the same picturesque melancholy. "I think I'll ask Richard, you see Richard took me in—drunk—and took care of me," Roddy's voice choked, "pretty white, wasn't it? I'm grateful to Richard."
"Grateful?" Angie sprang up, her face crimson, "you've no reason to be grateful to Richard Morgan!" she cried impetuously, "no reason in the world!"
Roddy caught the change in her tone, and he saw the anger in her face. He stood still, with a shock of surprise.
"What do you mean, Angie?"
"Don't be grateful to that man!" she answered furiously, "that's all—I can't tell you why, but—let him alone, Rod!"
"Richard Morgan? Why? I don't understand—tell me, Angie."
She drew back at that, she saw the look on his face and suddenly remembered. If she told Nancy's brother the story that was going the rounds, the story that linked Nancy's name with Morgan's, Roddy would go to Richard and demand satisfaction. He would have to go—and it would mean death! The girl began to tremble; she had been a fool, what could she say?

Continued Next Week

Now go on with the story.

Her lips were dry. "Stealing?"
"No!" he snapped, then his hand clenched on the edge of the bed and he choked back a sob. "She took that money—the money I stole to save her old father from jail—and bought a trousseau—and got married—and went to Europe!" He staggered to his feet, shaking his fist at space. "Went to Europe!" he shouted, "he old father was all a blooming lie—she went to Europe with the man she'd been engaged to for two years!"
Nancy, sitting alone on the edge of the bed now, gasped with relief. "I'm—so glad," she cried, "so glad!"
Roddy stopped in his furious outburst to glare at her.
"Money! She wanted money!" he raved, "a woman who uses a man's love for her—to get money—she stopped, choking, "there's nothing back enough for a woman like that!" he cried, "nothing!"
"I've got nothing to live for," Roddy went on, "the world's rotten—I'm twenty-three and I've drained life to the dregs! I've thrown up my job,

st. I couldn't face it any longer—I'd lied enough for her. I resigned."
"Rod, you didn't—you didn't owe anything, did you?"
"No! Not a dam' cent—what do I want with money? The whole world's like a rotten apple, the inside's ready to come out! I went on a spree, Nancy, the biggest spree I ever had in my life. I drank up all I had. I—I sank down in a chair on a sofa and rested my head on his clenched fists—"I'm a darned loafer. I ought to be shot. I've disgraced you all. I've stolen. I'm out of work. Why don't you shoot me, Nancy?"
His sister did not answer him; she was choked with her own misery. It had been no use, no use in the world; she had not saved Roddy, she had only made him worse!
"Oh, Roddy!" she gasped, "oh, Roddy, I wish I were dead!"
Roddy stared at her, his jaw dropping; suddenly the selfishness of his own anguish was penetrated. Nancy's forlorn cry went to his heart.
"Nancy, I'm a rotter!" he groaned, "I'm no good on earth!"
"Neither am I!" Nancy's voice was smothered, "I'm—I'm just as bad! It's my fault—I—I've made everything worse—I—it's all gone for nothing!" she cried.

"It hasn't—listen!" he came over and seized her by the shoulder, almost shaking her, "it hasn't gone for nothing—if you mean that confounded money? I paid it all in—they never said a word about it; I've thought, sometimes, that old Beaver knew—but he's only watched me, that's all. And now—well, they don't need to worry about me any more—I quit."
"Roddy, we thought you'd try to make good!"
He crimsoned with shame. It seemed to take the high tragedy out of it. Nancy, watching him, saw how he felt. She got up slowly from her seat on his bed and went to him. "Come home soon, Roddy," she whispered, "please come home—we all love you—all of us! Don't hurt us any more!"
Nancy shut the door softly and went downstairs.

Richard was standing with his back to his own door when she came down.
"Thank you for Roddy," she said with stiff lips, "please send him home."
"Nancy," said Richard hoarsely, "you're unhappy, I see it. I won't hold you against your will. You can get a divorce. I—you want it, don't you?"
She turned her face away, refusing to look at him.
"The sooner the better!" she cried, and ran past him out of the house.
The task of telling Mr. Gordon about Roddy fell to Nancy; her mother would not face it.
Mr. Gordon's face worked.
"Give him another chance, Papa! Poor Rod!"
Mr. Gordon passed his other hand

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

North Carolina, County of Jackson.
Under and by virtue of the power and authority contained in that certain deed of trust, executed by T. W. McLaughlin and wife, Minnie M. McLaughlin, and C. A. Bird and wife, B. E. Bird, to The Raleigh Savings Bank and Trust Company, trustee, which said deed of trust is dated

February 1, 1927, and recorded in Book 102, Page 181, of the Jackson County Registry, default having been made in the payment of the indebtedness thereby secured and in the conditions therein secured, the undersigned substituted trustee by instrument recorded in Book 115, Page 168, Jackson County Registry, will on Monday, May 14, 1934, at or about twelve o'clock noon, at the courthouse door at Sylva, North Carolina, offer for sale and sell to the

highest bidder for cash the following described property:
All those certain pieces, parcels or tracts of land, being three separate tracts or deeds and adjoining each other, containing in the aggregate seventy nine (79) acres, more or less, situate, lying and being within 300 yards of the Shoal Creek Highway, about two (2) miles North of the Town of Whittier, Qualla Township, Jackson County, North Carolina, having such shapes, metes, courses and

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distances as will more fully by reference to a plat, thereof, made by H. R. Queen, Surveyor, on the 12th day of January, 1927, and attached to the abstract now on file with the Atlantic Joint Stock Land Bank of Raleigh, the same being bounded on the North by the lands of C. A. Bird, and W. E. Bird, on the East by the lands of Andy Martin, K. Howell, on the South by the lands of C. A. Bird, W. E. Bird and Andy Martin, on the West by the lands of C. A. Bird and W. E. Bird, and being the identical tracts of land conveyed by C. A. Bird and wife to T. W. McLaughlin and wife, by deed dated August 23, 1919, and recorded in book No. 79 at page 310 and by deed from W. E. Bird and wife to T. W. McLaughlin and wife, dated March 29, 1926, and recorded in Book 99, at Page 277, and by deed from C. M. Hughes and wife and others to T. W. McLaughlin and wife, dated September 25, 1916, and recorded in Book No. 71, Page 545, all in the Office of Register of Deeds for Jackson County, North Carolina, to which reference is made for more complete description of said lands.

Terms of sale cash and trustee will require deposit of 10 per cent of the amount of the bid as evidence of good faith.
This the 13th day of April, 1934.
JOSEPH L. COCKERHAM,
Substituted Trustee.
Robert Weinstein and Victor W. Thompson, Attorneys,
Raleigh, N. C.
4 12 4ts

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in that certain Deed of Trust executed by J. C. Cannon and wife, Rosa Cannon, to Commercial National Bank, High Point, N. C., Trustee, under date of February 15, 1928, securing the indebtedness therein described, said Deed of Trust being recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Jackson County in Book 102, at Page 540, default having been made in the payment of said indebtedness and at the request of the holder or holders thereof, the undersigned Trustee will, on the 11th day of June, 1934, at 12 o'clock noon, at the Courthouse door in Jackson County, North Carolina, offer for sale, for cash, to the highest bidder the following described premises, to-wit:

A certain lot or parcel of land in or near the city or town of Dillsboro County of Jackson, Township Dillsboro, and more particularly described as follows:
BEGINNING on a stake at the South margin of Haywood Street and State Highway No. 10 and runs with said margin N. 80 E. 70 feet to a stake; corner of the M. E. South Church lot; thence with the line of said lot and the Baptist Church lot S. 10 E. 115 feet to a stake in B. S. Marsh's lot; thence with said line S. 80 W. 38.75 feet to a stake and Marsh's corner; thence still with Marsh's line S. 10 E. 13 feet to a stake; thence S. 80 W. 31.25 feet to stake corner of the W. A. Dillsbeirs lot; thence with the line of said lot N. 10 W. 128 feet to the beginning, same being known as the Sallie Messer lot.

This the 7th day of May, 1934.
COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK,
HIGH POINT, N. C.
TRUSTEE
By JOHN D. BIGGS, RECEIVER
By JOHNSON, ROLLINS & UZZELL
ATTORNEYS

NOTICE OF SALE OF LAND

North Carolina, Jackson County.
Under and by virtue of the authority conferred by deed of trust executed by A. M. Henson and wife, Nellie Henson, dated August 1, 1932, and recorded in Book 116, at Page 46, in the office of the Register of Deeds for Jackson County, Dan K. Moore, Trustee, will, at twelve o'clock, noon, Monday, May the 14th 1934, at the Court House door of Jackson county, in Sylva North Carolina, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, the following property, to-wit:
Beginning at a stake at the intersection of the A. M. Henson Road and the North side of No. 10 Highway, and runs North 100 feet to a stake; thence West 125 feet to a stake, thence South 100 feet to Highway No. 10; thence with Highway No. 10, East, 125 ft. to the beginning, running so as to include new filling station property, now operated by A. M. Henson.
This sale is made on account of default in the payment of the indebtedness secured by said deed of trust.
This the 11th day of April, 1934.
DAN K. MOORE, Trustee
4 12 4ts DKM

WARNING to EXPECTANT MOTHERS

If you have ever been a patient in any hospital, you are probably familiar with the advantages of a liquid laxative.

Doctors know the value of the laxative whose dose can be measured, and whose action can thus be controlled to suit your individual need.

The public, too, is fast returning to the use of liquid laxatives. People have now learned that a properly prepared liquid laxative brings a perfect movement without discomfort at the time, or after. Dr. Caldwell's long experience with mothers and babies, and his remarkable record of nearly three thousand births without the loss of one mother or child, should give anybody complete confidence in any prescription which he wrote.

But most important of all, a gentle liquid laxative does not cause bowel strain to the most delicate system, and this is of the utmost importance to expectant mothers and to every child.

Expectant mothers are urged to try gentle regulation of bowels with Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It is a delightful tasting laxative of delightful action, made of fresh herbs, pure pepsin and active soda. Not a single mineral drug; nothing to cause strain or irritate the kidneys.

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