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FOR RENT—SIX ROOM HOUSE ON College St. (extended) known as Revis place.  
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STRAYED OR STOLEN—FEMALE English Setter from my premises on Burwell Ave. Sunday afternoon, Dec. 16th. Color. Orange and White Spotted, weight about 38 lbs., age 2 1-2 years, barb wire cut on left front leg almost healed. Had on leather collar printed on name plate: "Lady Victory" W. P. Gholson, Henderson, N. C. Finder will please notify me at Phone 15 or 242 and receive reward. **W. P. GHOLSON, Henderson, N. C.**  
12-18-4tc

STRAYED OR STOLEN—WHITE and brown spotted pointer dog. Brown ears, few brown specks. Hob tail, good size. Any information will be rewarded. **E. G. HOBGOOD, Oxford Route 4.**  
12-18-2tx

LOTS FOR SALE ON COLEMAN Ave., any size, out of town, with water, light, sewer, easy terms.  
12-18-1tx **L. S. GARMAN.**

FOR SALE. MILL ON FISHING Creek. Good condition, good land also wood. 27 acres, more or less—known as Tippet Mill. Apply **MRS. S. E. PEACE, Adm., Oxford, route 2, Box 71, or J. W. Bester, Attorney.**  
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DOG LOST—WHITE DOG WITH brown spots; leather collar on neck, answers to name "Mack." Reward if returned to me. **C. W. PARKROTT, Berea, N. C.**  
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FOR RENT—NICELY FURNISHED room in delightful neighborhood. Phone 347.

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FOR RENT—7 ROOM HOUSE WITH sewage, water and lights. Apply to **J. C. DAVIS.**  
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LOST—REWARD FOR GREY squirrel neckpiece; lost on Front street near Raleigh road Dec. 19. Phone 347.

**PIGS AND SHOATS**  
If you buy them I want to send you my price list, and the copies of a few letters from "Satisfied Customers."  
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"Satisfied Customers our Best Advertising."  
(12-7-2tx.)

**THE NOVELETTE**  
ONE MAN'S WAY  
(By Dorothy Douglas)  
"Nan," Sir John Dyke proposed gently so as not to startle the lovely young girl sitting so confidently close to him in his big car, "am I far too old for you to consider as a husband? I want you to marry me very, very much."  
A bright flush sprang into Nan's cheeks, and she turned her trustful blue eyes straight toward his own. "Oh, Sir John," she smiled softly, "you are offering me a great honor. I—I hardly know what to say. Your friendship for me, the hundred and the lovely little thing you do for me, your constant care and thoughtfulness have been the sweetest attentions I have ever had." She gazed affectionately at him. "I hardly think any younger man could have a tenth of the understanding that you have, and that means so much in happy marriages."  
"I feel sure I can make you far happier than some young, thoughtless cub who might continually be stabbing your so sensitive spirit. I don't want your development retarded by a marriage with one of these young cubs with whom you are thrown in contact. You are far too big and fine and noble to imprison yourself in a three-room flat in Brooklyn. I want you to spread your wings and grow big. I can help you wonderfully, Nan."  
"It is only a reflection of your own bigness that you see in me," said Nan. "I was just a piece of clay stuck to a downtown office chair until you pulled me out of it and breathed real life and real thinking into my brain." When Sir John Dyke would have contradicted her she stopped him with a hand laid softly over his. "I will marry you," she said, "and try to become exactly what you want me to be. Marriage should be just a finer wedding of our friendship, and I love you enough to want to spend my life beside you."  
Sir John, confused for a fleeting second by her swift consideration and answer, stooped swiftly and pressed his lips to each of Nan's pink palms. The contact sent an unexpected stab at his heart. Nan's eyes opened wide, her lips parted with a swift intake of breath.  
A moment of tense silence followed, broken then by Sir John. His voice was not altogether steady. "You will not regret, my dear?" he questioned, and when she shook her head slowly, not trusting her voice, he added: "And you will promise to tell me if any one captures the dominant type of love from you—before—well, before it is too late?"  
"I promise to let you know," said Nan with serious eyes, "if any other love capable of jeopardizing your happiness comes into my life. And I also want you to know that my answer to you now would be the same were you as poor as—as I am."  
Sir John laughed. "Splendidly said, Nan. But had I not known that already I should not have risked your happiness by asking you to blend your future with mine. Now," he added more lightly, "shall we lunch, then drive down and have a ring fitted? I don't want a long engagement. May I send the announcement to the papers tonight?"  
"Your speed," laughed Nan, "is hardly British. I am afraid America is affecting you."  
Later, when they stepped into the great jeweler's on Fifth avenue, a dozen clerks would have gone forward to attend Sir John, but it was his nephew, learning the business from the counter, up who had the privilege.  
"I have long wanted you to meet

this nephew of mine, Nan," said Sir John, performing the introduction, and then watched the meeting of his fiancée and his handsome nephew.

Their glances met and clung and their hands drew apart with a swiftness of movement that sent a sharp pain through the heart of Sir John. Then Nan turned her startled, baffled glance upon him and he responded to the silent appeal.

"We have come for a ring," said John. "Miss Davis has honored me with her hand, and I want this finger fitted with the purest and whitest stone you have." He followed his nephew into a private office, and Nan, with a curious sense of unexpected chaos in her emotions, walked silently beside him.

Events piled up rather quickly after that first meeting. Sir John managed, first with the selection of many wonderful bits of jewelry for Nan to bring the two young people together. Then there were cozy dinners at his own glorious home on Park avenue. And through these intimate hours John watched something growing between Nan and his nephew. Their glances seldom met now, and Nan never permitted a moment alone with the younger man. There was a frightened attitude about her that sent a sadness over Sir John and a half savage defiance over the nephew.

All three tried in true blue-blooded fashion to assume a calm exterior, while inwardly a bomb seemed ever ready to burst. The inevitable drawing together of flaming youth seemed imminent.

It was a scant two months since the engagement had been made public that Sir John, unable to stand the strain of suspense, withdrew from the drawing room after dinner and left the two together. He felt that it was only fair that they should be alone in order to come to a definite understanding. He took his pipe and his thoughts out into the small space which he called his garden, and there in the quiet herded his emotions well into control that little Nan might not know of the ache that he already heralding the loss of her.

He had scarcely drawn the first draft of smoke from his pipe when he jumped up to encircle the slim, trembling girl who had flung herself into his arms.

"John, dear," she panted breathlessly, "please, please don't leave me so much with Jeff. He is beginning to think himself in love with me, and I am trying to ward it off. I love you so dearly that I can't bear to have any one else suffer—"

"But, Nan—Nan—surely you—" It was Sir John who now trembled. He had not supposed the world capable of offering so great a moment. And as the strong, protecting arms held her close and ever closed, Nan realized the full grandeur of an understanding of love.

**MANY SPECIMENS OF MONEY ARE SHOWN**

Berbe Has Spent Forty Years In Completing His Collection.  
(Chicago Tribune)

A Babylonian promissory note on a clay tablet, \$4 United States Gold pieces, original checks of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, Russian coins of platinum, Indian wampum, the "blood money" paid to the Hessians for fighting for King George against the American Revolutionists, porcelain money of Siam and Germany, leather money of Mexico and Austria, \$11 and \$12 United States bills, wooden money of the Arctic regions, bullet money of Siam, amber money of Lithuania, the first United States dollar, dated 1776, the tobacco money of Virginia and the South Seas, the "Mississippi bubble" money issued by John Law, Cleopatra's portrait coins, a check for one-half cent, the smallest known and another for \$40,000,000, the largest known, are among the collection of Farran Berbe, well-known numismatist, who exhibited at a bank here recently.

Berbe's collection of money, at the various times was negotiable, had an aggregate purchasing power of fifty million dollars. He probably couldn't buy a ham sandwich with it in a one-armed restaurant now, however.

The largest piece of money known a Swedish copper coin weighing ten and one-half pounds, and worth about \$4 at exchange rates when issued, and the smallest, an Indian gold coin, worth 4 cents, are included in the collection.

Berbe has spent about 40 years in completing his collection and now spends his time traveling about exhibiting it.

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**D. G. BRUMMITT**  
Attorney at Law  
Hillsboro Street  
Oxford, N. C.

Game Called 'count of Darkness?' (Indianapolis News)  
The American Debt Commission held a session, but took no action except to vote approval of its annual report to Congress. No runs No hits. No errors.

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Every First and Third Monday Nights. Visiting Brethren cordially invited.

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I. O. O. F.  
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The new Ford cars are now ready for your inspection, introducing changes that improve the appearance of the various body types and increase their comfort and utility.  
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