

MISS ALADDIN

By Christine Whiting Parmenter

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THE days that followed etched new lines in Columbine Nelson's face, for only a few hours after her second telegram to Massachusetts Jack took an unexpected turn for the worse.

"Shall I send for his people?" she questioned, when after a time that seemed endless a grave-eyed doctor "I should wait," he answered. "If Jack were my own son, Miss Nelson, and I so far away, I should say the same. You see, if the end comes, it will be soon; and since his parents could not reach here in time to see him, isn't it kinder, and wiser too, not to harrow them with the knowledge of how dark the prospect looks just now? If he lives through the night the boy will probably recover. I don't say that his condition isn't desperate; but somehow I've the conviction that he'll make the grade."

Miss Columbine did not leave the hospital that night; nor did she close her eyes till early morning when a nurse appeared to say that Jack seemed to have turned the corner and his physician felt the worst was over. Not until then did the old lady cry a little, and the doctor ordered a powder that brought sleep. It was almost noon when she heard a rap upon her door, and Matthew Adam entered the room.

"Did I wake you, Miss Columbine?"

"No; I was only snoozing. How's everything now, Matt?"

The young man sat down on the bed and grinned at her.

"Jack's sleeping—naturally. Nancy isn't suffering this morning; and it looks as if the kids were coming through without a single amputation. That Osgood boy's been telling me what happened. I tell you, Miss Columbine, I take off my hat to Jack and Nancy—and to some of those brave youngsters, too."

"I guess the papers didn't exaggerate this time," she observed.

"You're right. But just the same. I miss my guess if it's not some shock to those young relatives of yours when they read the story! How do you suppose it feels, Miss Columbine, to have the country regard you as heroic?"

"Well, it won't hurt either of 'em," responded the old lady. "They've got the Nelson common sense. It's I who's likely to be puffed up, Matthew. Think of the courage it must have taken for a boy to start out in the teeth of such a storm, especially when the driver had disappeared. And Nancy! A girl brought up as she's been—everything soft and easy so far—to do what she did— Well, all I can say is that my pioneer mother would have been proud of her!"

Matt noted with pleasure that Miss Columbine spoke with her accustomed briskness.

"You must go home today, Matthew," she said later. "It's been a comfort knowing you were here; but your father needs you, and I'll not be babled any longer."

The young man smiled.

"I've had orders per telephone to stay on duty a day longer. Mark's on his way in from Prairie ranch right now. Mother's coming down in the truck to take him home and, incidentally, pick out a new car! That's one good thing came out of this blizzard, Miss Columbine, we're practically forced to buy a decent automobile. The old one's done for; and even Dad can't rake up an excuse to put us off. The Adam clan is thrilled at the prospect."

Miss Columbine laughed and said: "Your mother deserves a modern car if anybody does. Is Mark all right again?"

"He'd come whether he was or not. All that kept Mark from joining that rescue party, Miss Columbine, was the fact that Aunt Em hid his clothes and locked the closet where Uncle Tom keeps his. I must run now and get a bite before I meet the family."

After this things went more smoothly, and the messages to Edgemere contained only the best of news. Thus there came a day some two weeks later when Nance found herself in the big black walnut bed again, with General Grant looking



"Perusing Your Fan Mail?"

down disapprovingly, she thought, on her Chinese coat; and Mark Adam looking quite the opposite, as he stood in the doorway.

"Perusing your fan mail?" he questioned soberly.

Nancy laughed. Her bed was strewn with newspapers and letters, not to mention various telegrams from her admirers.

"Come on in and be seated. No, not on the bed, Mark! My feet don't seem to belong to me yet, and I've

got the feeling that if anybody sits on 'em they'll break off! Where's Matt? I want him to read some of these foolish letters. Can—can you beat that?"

She tossed him a missive; but before Mark had time to look at it, Aurora Tubbs puffed up the stairs.

"What'll you have for dinner, Nancy? There's a steak, and some creamed potatoes, and some hot-house tomatoes that come by express this mornin' from 'a sincere admirer' in Fort Collins, whoever he is. Would you like apple pie, or a good baked custard? Miss Columbine says to order anything you want. My stars! Your bed's a perfect sight. I hope this praise you're getting won't turn your head."

Nancy smiled and replied: "I'll choose the pie, Aurora. And could we open a can of your wonderful string beans?"

"Sure we could. Why don't you ask right out to stay to dinner, Mark Adam? You might as well as sit there lookin' hungry?"

Mark shook his head, endeavoring to appear grieved.

"You wrong me, Aurora. I'm headed for Colorado Springs soon as my elder brother arrives from home in the new car. We're to swap vehicles; and I dare say Matt would appreciate that grudging invitation, though if you ask me, he's already enjoyed more than his share of our nation's heroine."

"I think he's gettin' awful sweet on her," observed the woman, so soberly that Nance suppressed a smile.

"So'm I," said Mark, and grinned at Nancy.

Aurora moved forward, her brow

Continued next week)

DEED OF TRUST

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain deed of trust, dated the 3rd day of June 1930 from Ianna L. Ford and Husband W. W. Ford, to Lottie E. Lewis, Trustee, recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Wake County in Book 591 page 188, default having been made in the payment of the indebtedness secured by said deed of trust and the owner and holder of said indebtedness having duly requested said trustee to institute foreclosure proceedings according to the provisions of said deed of trust, the undersigned Trustee will upon Monday the 22nd day of July 1935, at 12 o'clock M. offer

for sale and sell to the highest bidder for cash at the Court House Door in Raleigh, N. C., the following real estate lying and being in Cary Township, Wake County, N. C. and more particularly described as follows:

Beginning at a stake in the center of road leading from Cary to Stephens store and runs thence with said road south 67 degrees 15 minutes East 325 feet to a stake in the center of said road; thence South 45 degrees 20 minutes West 3025 feet to a stake in the Templeton-Lawrence line; thence North 4 degrees 10 minutes East 490 feet to a stake and pointers; thence North 33 degrees 0 minutes East 2380 feet to the beginning containing 36.6 acres more or less, and being part of the land conveyed to Vernon Lawrence and W. W. Ford by J. M. Templeton, Jr. and others by deed dated Nov. 14th, 1918, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Wake County, North Carolina in Book 332, at page 4800.

This the 19th day of June, 1935
LOTTIE E. LEWIS
Trustee.

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE OF LAND UNDER POWER IN DEED OF TRUST

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain deed of trust, dated the 10th day of February 1927 from N. H. Stephenson and wife Bartelle N. Stephenson, Mary A. Stephenson, widow to Lottie E. Lewis, Trustee, recorded in the Office of the Register of Deeds

for Wake County in Book 491 page 238, default having been made in the payment of the indebtedness secured by said deed of trust and the owner and holder of said indebtedness having duly requested said trustee to institute foreclosure proceedings according to the provisions of said deed of trust, the undersigned Trustee will upon Monday the 22nd day of July, 1935 at 12 o'clock M. offer for sale and sell to the highest bidder for cash at the Court House Door in Raleigh, N. C. the following real estate lying and being in Swift Creek Township, Wake County, N. C. and more particularly described as follows:

Beginning at an iron stake in the Avert Ferry Road, D. I. Stephenson's and Mrs. Mamie L. Gulley's corner, running thence north 11 degrees east as said road .87 chains to an iron stake, Joe H. Stephen-

son's corner; thence north 85 3-4 west as said Joe H. Stephenson's line 34.37 chains to an iron pipe and pointers, said Joe H. Stephenson's corner; thence down the various courses of Speight's branch to a stone and pointers, S. D. Stephenson's corner; thence South 85 3-4 degrees east 33 chains to an iron pipe on the south side of Avents Ferry Road, D. I. Stephenson's line; thence north 18 degrees east 6.12 chains to the beginning containing 23 acres more or less.

This the 19th day of June 1935,
LOTTIE E. LEWIS,
Trustee.

A Berlin (Germany) violin manufacturer is the maker and owner of a violin which is only 1 inch in length and weighs less than 1 ounce. It is said to be the world's smallest playable violin.

NOTICE - MERCHANTS

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