

BUSINESS BUILDERS

LADIES DON'T MISS OUR MIL-
Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 11th
and 12th. Austin's

FOR SALE—WE HAVE A FEW
small farms in Johnston County.
Write Cheatham Brothers, Youngs-
ville, N. C.

BUY YOUR FURNITURE HERE
We will save you money. Austin's.

NEW LOT OF BIBLES AND TES-
taments just received. The best
line we have ever carried. THE
HERALD Book Store, Smithfield,
N. C.

BUY GASOLINE HERE TUESDAY
Sept. 11th and Wednesday Sept.
12th for 22 1-2 cents per gallon.
Austin's

EXTRA BARGAINS AT AUSTIN'S.
Window shades 50 cents each.
Folding bed springs \$2.40 each.

FLOWERS FOR ALL OCCASIONS.
Mrs. C. V. Johnson, Smithfield, N.
C.

WE SELL SHOES THAT WEAR!
Come to see us before you buy
your fall shoes. Austin's

EXTRA BARGAINS AT AUSTIN'S.
Window shades 50 cents each.
Folding bed springs \$2.40 each.

FOR SALE—50 Duroc Jersey Pigs,
pure bred, 12 weeks old; weigh 50
to 75 pounds each. D. T. Stephen-
son & Son, 'phone 112-J, Smith-
field, N. C.

WE SELL SHOES THAT WEAR.
Come to see us before you buy
your fall shoes. Austin's

WANTED: A JOB TO OVERSEE A
farm for 1924 will begin Nov. 1,
1923, know how to fight weevil and
how to grow all crops, good refer-
ences. H. B. Stephens, Mt. Tabor,
N. C., Box 54.

LADIES—YOU ARE INVITED TO
attend our Millinery and Ready-
to-wear opening Tuesday and Wed-
nesday, Sept. 11th and 12th. Aus-
tin's.

IT COSTS YOU LESS AND THE
quality is guaranteed at Austin's.

BRING YOUR COTTON TO AUS-
tin's. He pays the highest prices.

HORSE FOR SALE—GOOD QUAL-
ities; will work anywhere; weigh
about 1,000 pounds; good traveler
on road. Apply to W. M. Gaskins
at Herald office or to W. A. Price
at the J. M. Beatty farm, near Wil-
son's Mills, N. C.

LADIES—YOU ARE INVITED TO
attend our Millinery and Ready-
to-wear opening Tuesday and Wed-
nesday, Sept. 11th and 12th Aus-
tin's.

FARM FOR SALE—157 1-2 ACRES
—3 horse farm; cleared in best
section of Johnston county, near
Wilson's Mills and Smithfield, both
having high schools, good build-
ings; land adapted to corn, cotton
and tobacco. Terms to suit buyer.
Apply to Mr. W. A. Price, Wilson's
Mills, N. C., or Mrs. W. M. Pett-
way, 82 Versailles Avenue, Nor-
folk, Va.

WE WILL SELL BEST GRANU-
lated sugar Tuesday and Wednes-
day, Sept. 11th and 12th, for 8 1-4
cents per lb by the 100 lbs. Aus-
tin's.

BLUE BELL OVERALLS, HEAVY
weight, full cut, Tuesday and Wed-
nesday, Sept. 11th and 12th, \$1.39
per pair. Austin's.

LADIES DON'T MISS OUR MIL-
inery and Ready-to-wear opening
Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 11th
and 12th. Austin's

BUY GASOLINE HERE TUESDAY
Sept. 11th and Wednesday Sept.
12th for 22 1-2 cents per gallon.
Austin's

\$25 DOLLARS REWARD! I WILL
pay \$25.00 reward for evidence to
convict the one who stole my tur-
keys Sunday night, Sept. 2. About
20 of them are young ones. P. W.
Lassiter, Four Oaks, N. C., Route

MEN NEW FALL SHOWING OF
Knox Hats. Austin's

WE WILL SELL BEST GRANU-
lated sugar Tuesday and Wednes-
day, Sept. 11th and 12th, for 8 1-4
cents per lb by the 100 lbs. Aus-
tin's

BLUE BELL OVERALLS, HEAVY
weight, full cut, Tuesday and Wed-
nesday, Sept. 11th and 12th, \$1.39
per pair. Austin's.

WANTED—A NO. 1 Cook FOR
County home; good salary; all
year-round job. J. O. Stephenson,
Supt., Smithfield, N. C., Route 1.

VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE;
587 acres (may subdivide) front-
ing on Smithfield-Goldsboro road
in Sanders Chapel community; near
churches and new high school. L.
C. Powell, atty., Smithfield, N. C.

CAME TO MY HOUSE ABOUT
September 7th, one male hog; mark
split in point of right ear and split
in under left. Owner can get him
by paying expenses. E. D. Pilkinton,
Smithfield, N. C., Route 2.

FOUR TOBACCO FARMS FOR
sale cheap. I have just sold about
1,000 acres in one tract as pretty a
farm as Harnett county affords. I
am in the house sick and have been
here for over five weeks. I find
from what my doctor tells me that
I must lessen my cares, and I am
going to offer ten nice farms for a
mere song. I am bent on selling
Cotton and tobacco bring good
prices and farming pays where you
can look after it. I have not been
out in going on two months and
mean to sell. These farms are lo-
cated near Buie's Creek, Lillington,
Clinton, and Roseboro. Write a
card and see J. G. Layton, Dunn,
N. C.

APPLES \$1.50 AND \$2.00 BUSHEL
— F. Putnam, 202 Cox Avenue,
Raleigh, N. C.

**The
Strength
of the Pines**

By Edison Marshall

Author of
"The Voice of the Pack"

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

CHAPTER XXI

"If Simon Turner isn't a coward,"
Bruce said slowly to the clan, "he will
give me a chance to fight him now."
The room was wholly silent, and the
clan turned expectant eyes to their
leader. Simon scowled, but he knew
he had to make answer. His eyes
crept over Bruce's powerful body.
"There is no obligation on my part to
answer any challenges by you," he
said. "You are a prisoner. But if you
think you can sleep better in the
pasture because of it, I'll let you have
your chance. Take off his ropes."

A knife slashed at his bonds. Simon
stood up, and Bruce sprang from his



Simon Stood Up and Bruce Sprang
From His Chair Like a Wildcat.

chair like a wildcat, aiming his hard-
ened knuckles straight for the leering
lips. He made the attack with aston-
ishing swiftness and power, and his
intention was to deliver at least one
terrific blow before Simon could get
his arms up to defend himself. He
had given the huge clan leader credit
for tremendous physical strength, but
he didn't think that the heavy body
could move with real agility. But the
great muscles seemed to snap into
tension, the head ducked to one side,
and his own huge fists struck out.

If Bruce's blow had gone straight
home where it had been aimed, Simon
would have had nothing more to say
for a few moments at least. The leap
had been powerful and swift yet wholly
inaccurate. And the reason was
just that his wrists and ankles had
been numbed by the tight thongs by
which they had been confined. Simon
met the leap with a short, powerful
blow into Bruce's face; and he reeled
backward. The arms of the clansmen
alone kept him from falling.

The blow seemed to daze Bruce; and
at first his only realization was that
the room suddenly rang with harsh
and grating laughter. Then Simon's
words broke through it. "Put back

the things," he ordered, "and go get
your horses."

Bruce was dimly aware of the fall-
ing of a silence, and then the arms of
strong men half carrying him to the
door. But he couldn't see plainly at
first. He knew that the clan had
brought their horses and were waiting
for Simon's command. They loosened
the ropes from about his ankles, and
two of the clansmen swung him on to
the back of a horse. Then they passed
a rope under the horse's belly and tied
his ankles anew.

Simon gave a command, and the
strange file started. The night air
dispelled the mists in Bruce's brain, and
full realization of all things came to
him again.

One of the men—he recognized him
as Young Bill—led the horse on which
he rode. Two of the clansmen rode in
front, grim, silent, incredibly tall fig-
ures in the moonlight. The remainder
rode immediately behind. Simon him-
self, bowed in his saddle, kept a little
to one side. Their shadows were long
and grotesque on the soft grass of the
meadows, and the only sound was the
soft footfall of their mounts.

A full mile distant across the lush
fields the cavalcade halted about a
grotesque shadow in the grass. Bruce
didn't have to look at it twice to know
what it was; the half-devoured body
of the yearling calf that had been the
Killer's prey the night before. From
thence on, their operations became as
outlandish occurrences in a dream.
They seemed to know just what to do.
They took him from the saddle and
bound his feet again, then laid him in
the fragrant grass. They searched his
pockets, taking the forged note that
had led to his downfall. "It saves me
a trip," Simon commented. He saw
two of them lift the torn body of the
animal on to the back of one of the
horses, and he watched dully as the
horse plunged and wheeled under the
unfamiliar weight.

Simon spoke in the silence, but his
words seemed to come from far away.
"Quiet that horse or kill him," he
said softly. "You can't drag the car-
cass with your rope—the Killer would
trace it if you did and maybe spoil the
evening for Bruce."

Strong arms sawed at the bits, and
the horse quailed, trembling. For a
moment Bruce saw their white moon-
lit faces as they stared down at him.
"What about a gag?" one of the
men asked.

"No. Let him shout if he likes. There
is no one to hear him here."
Then the tall men swung on their
horses and headed back across the
fields. Bruce watched them dully.
Their forms grew constantly more dim,
the sense of utter isolation increased.
Then he saw the file pause, and it
seemed to him that words, too faint
for him to understand, reached him
across the moonlit spaces. Then one
of the party turned off toward the
ridge.

He guessed that it was Simon. He
thought the man was riding toward
Linda's home.
He watched until the shadows had
hidden them all. Then, straining up-
ward, he tested his bonds. He tugged
with the full strength of his arms, but
there was not the play of an inch be-
tween his wrists. The Turners had
done their work well. Not the slight-
est chance of escape lay in this quar-
ter.

He wrenched himself to one side,
then looked about him. The fields
stretched even and distant on one side,
but he saw that the dark forest was
but fifty yards away on the other. He
listened; and the little night sounds
reached him clearly. They had been
sounds to rejoice in before—impulses
to delightful fancies of a fawn steal-
ing through the thickets, or some of
the Little People in their scurried,
tremulous business of the night hours.
But lying helpless at the edge of the
forest, they were nothing to rejoice
in now. He tried to shut his ears to
them.

He rolled again to his back and
tried to find peace for his spirit in the
stars. There were millions of them.
They were larger and more bright
than any time he had ever seen them.
They stood in their high places, wholly
indifferent and impassive to all the
strife and confusion of the world be-
low them; and Bruce wished that he
could partake of their spirit: it enough so
that he could rise above the fear and
bitterness that had begun to oppress
him. But only the pines could talk to
them. Only the tall trees, stretching
upward toward them, could reach into
their mysterious calm.

His eyes discerned a thin filament
of cloud that had swept up from be-
hind the ridges, and the sight recalled
him to his own position with added
force. The moonlight, soft as it was,
had been a tremendous relief to him.
At least, it would have enabled him
to keep watch, and now he dreaded the
fall of utter darkness more than he
had ever dreaded anything in his life.
It was an ancient instinct, coming
straight from the young days of the
world when nightfall brought the hunt-
ing creatures to the mouth of the cave,
but he had never really experienced it
before.

He watched with growing horror the
slow extension of the clouds. Finally
the moon swept under them.

The shadow fell around Bruce. For
the first time he knew the age-old ter-
ror of the darkness. He no longer
knew himself as one of a dominant
breed, master of all the wild things in
the world. He was simply a living
creature in a grim and unconquered
world, alone and helpless in the terror
of the darkness.

The moonlight alternately grew and
died as the moon passed in and out
of the heavier cloud patches. Winds
must have been blowing in the high
lanes of the air, but there was no
breath of them where Bruce lay. The

forests were silent, and the little rust-
lings and stirrings that reached him
from time to time only seemed to ac-
centuate the quiet.

He speculated on how many hours
had passed. He wondered if he could
dare to hope that midnight had al-
ready gone by and, through some di-
vergence from wilderness customs, the
grizzly had failed to return to his
feast. It seemed endless hours since
he had re-entered the empty rooms of
Linda's home. A wave of hope crept
through the whole hydraulic system of
his veins. And then, as a sudden sound
reached him from the forests at one
side, that bright wave of hope turned
black, receded and left only despair.

He heard the sound but dimly. In
fact, except for his straining with every
nerve alert, he might not have
heard it at all. Nevertheless, distance
alone had dimmed it; it had been a
large sound to start with. So far had
it come that only a scratch on the
eardrums was left of it; but there was
no chance to misunderstand it. It
cracked out to him through the unfath-
omable silence, and all the elements by
which he might recognize it were dis-
tinct. It was the noise of a heavy
thicket being broken down and parted
before an enormous body.

He listened, straining. Then he
heard the sound again. Whoever came
toward him had passed the heavy
brush by now. The sounds that
reached him were just faint and inter-
mittent whispers—first of a twig
cracking beneath a heavy foot, then
the rattle of two pebbles knocked to-
gether. Long moments of utter silence
would ensue between, in which he
could hear the steady drum of his
heart in his breast, and the long roll
of his blood in his veins.

The limbs of a young fir tree rustled
and whispered as something brushed
against them. Leaves flicked together,
and once a heavy limb popped like a
distant small-calibered rifle as a great
weight broke it in two. Then, as if
the gods of the wilderness were using
all their ingenuity to torture him, the
silence closed down deeper than ever
before.

It lasted so long that he began to
hope again. Perhaps the sounds had
been made by a deer stealing on its
way to feed in the pastures. Yet he
knew the step had been too heavy for
anything but the largest deer, and
their way was to encircle a thicket
rather than crash through it. It might
have been the step of one of the small,
black bears—a harmless and friendly
wilderness dweller. Yet the impres-
sion lingered and strengthened that
only some great hunter, a beast who
feared neither other beasts nor men,
had been steadily coming toward him
through the forest.

At that instant the moon slipped
under a particularly heavy fragment
of cloud, and deep darkness settled
over him. Even his white face was no
longer discernible in the dusk. He lay
scarcely breathing, trying to fight
down his growing terror.

This silence could mean but one of
two things. One of them was that the
creature who had made the sounds had
turned off on one of the many inter-
secting game trails that wind through
the forest. This was his hope. The al-
ternative was one of despair. It was
simply that the creature had detected
his presence and was stalking him in
silence through the shadows.

He thought that the light would never
come. He strained again at the
ropes. The dark cloud swept on; and
the moonlight, silver and bright, broke
over the scene.

The forest stood once more in sharp
silhouette against the sky. He studied
with straining eyes the dark fringe of
shadows one hundred feet distant.

Then he detected a strange variation
in the dark border of shadows. It held
his gaze, and its outlines slowly
strengthened. So still it stood, so
seemingly a natural shadow that some
irregularly shaped tree had cast, that
his eyes refused to recognize it. But
in an instant more he knew the truth.
The shadow was that of a great
beast that had stalked him clear to the
border of the moonlight. The Killer
had come for his dead.

CHAPTER XXII

When Linda returned home the
events of the night partook even of a
greater mystery. The front door was
open, and she found plenty of evidence
that Bruce had returned from his
journey. In the center of the room lay
his pack, a rifle slanting across it.

At first she did not notice the gun in
particular. She supposed it was
Bruce's weapon and that he had come
in, dropped his luggage, and was at
present somewhere in the house. It
was true that one chair was upset, but
except for an instant's start she gave
no thought to it. She thought that he
would probably go to the kitchen first
for a bit to eat. He was not in this
room, however, nor had the lamp been
lighted.

Her next idea was that Bruce, tired
out, had gone to bed. She went back
softly to the front room, intending not
to disturb him. Once more she noticed
the upset chair. The longer she re-
garded it, the more of a puzzle it be-
came. She moved over toward the
pack and looked casually at the rifle.
In an instant more it was in her hands.
She saw at once that it was not
Bruce's gun. The action, make and
caliber were different. Besides, it had
certain peculiar notches on the stock
that the gun Elмира had furnished
Bruce did not have.

She stood a moment in thought. The
problem offered no ray of light. She
considered what Bruce's first action
would have been, on returning to the
house to find her absent. Possibly he
had gone in search of her. She turned
and went to the door of his bedroom

She knocked on it softly. "Are you
there, Bruce?" she called.

No answer returned to her. The
rooms, in fact, were deeply silent. She
tried the door and found it unlocked.
The room had not been occupied.

Thoroughly alarmed, she went back
into the front room and tried to de-
cipher the mystery of the strange
weapon. She couldn't conceive of any
possibility whereby Bruce would ex-
change his father's trusted gun for
this. Possibly it was an extra weapon
that he had procured on his journey.
And since no possible gain would come
of her going out into the forests to
seek him, she sat down to wait for his
return.

The moments dragged by and her
apprehension grew. She took the rifle
in her hands and, slipping the lever
part way back, looked to see if there
were a cartridge in the barrel. She
saw a glimmer of brass, and it gave her
a measure of assurance. She had a
pistol in her own room—a weapon that
Elмира had procured, years before,
from a passing sportsman—and for a
moment she considered getting it also.
She understood its action better and
would probably be more efficient with
it if the need arose, but for certain
never-to-be-forgotten reasons she
wished to keep this weapon until the
moment of utmost need.

Her whole stock of pistol cartridges
consisted of six—completely filling the
magazine of the pistol. Closely
watched by the Turners, she had been
unable to procure more. Many a
dreadful night these six little cylinders
of brass had been a tremendous con-
solation to her. They had been her
sole defense, and she knew that in the
final emergency she could use them to
deadly effect.

Linda was a girl who had always
looked her situations in the face. She
was not one to flinch from the truth
and with false optimism disbelieve it.
She knew these mountain realms; bet-
ter still she understood the dark pas-
sions of Simon and his followers, and
this little half-pound of steel and
wood with its brass shells might mean,
in the dreadful last moment of despair,
deliverance from them. It might mean
escape for herself when all other ways
were cut off. In this wild land, far
from the reaches of law and without
allies except for a decrepit old wo-
man, the pistol and its deadly loads
had been her greatest solace.

The hours passed, and the clouds
were starting up from the horizon
when she thought she saw Bruce re-
turning. A tall form came swinging
toward her, over the little trail that
led between the tree trunks. She
peered intently. And in an instant
more she knew that the approaching
figure was not Bruce, but the man she
most feared of anyone on earth, Simon
Turner.

Her thoughts came clear and true.
It was obvious that his was no mis-
sion of stealth. He was coming boldly,
freely, not furtively; and he must have
known that he presented a perfect
rifle target from the windows. Never-
theless, it is well to be prepared for
emergencies. If life in the mountains
teaches anything, it teaches that. She
took the rifle and laid it behind a little
desk, out of sight. Then she went to
the door.

"I want to come in, Linda," Simon
told her.

"I told you long ago you couldn't
come to this house," Linda answered



"I Told You Long Ago You Couldn't
Come to This House," Linda An-
swered Through the Panels.

through the panels. "I want you to go
away."
Simon laughed softly. "You'd bet-
ter let me in. I've brought word of
the child you took to raise. You know
who I mean."

Yes, Linda knew. "Do you mean
Bruce?" she asked. "I let Dave in
tonight on the same pretext. Don't
expect me to be caught twice by the
same lie."

"Dave? Where is Dave?" The fact
was that the whereabouts of his broth-
er had suddenly become considerable
of a mystery to Simon. He had
thought about him and Linda out in
the darkness together, and his heart
had seemed to smolder and burn with
jealousy in his breast. It had been a
great relief to him to find her in the
house.

"I wonder—where he is by now,"
Linda answered in a strange voice
"No one in this world can answer that
question, Simon. Tell me what you
want."

She opened the door. She couldn't
bear to show fear of this man. And

(Continued on page 3)

FOUR OAKS NEWS

Four Oaks, Sept. 9.—Misses Mary
Hollowell and Luna Lewis, Mrs. W. J.
Lewis, Mrs. R. C. Cannaday,
Messrs Richard Lewis and David
Sanders visited friends in Smithfield
Monday afternoon.

Mrs. W. C. Oliver and Miss Annie
Ford were in Raleigh Thursday
shopping.

Mrs. R. C. Cannaday was in Dunn
Thursday shopping.

Miss Ailene Blalock, of Ports-
mouth, Va., and Mrs. J. T. Cole
visited relatives in Smithfield Tues-
day.

Mrs. J. W. Hollowell and daugh-
ter, Mary, returned to their home
in Rocky Mount Wednesday after
an extended visit to Mrs. C. H.
Wellons and Mrs. Sophie Adams.

Mr. Carl Lewis, of Washington,
spent Sunday afternoon with his
mother, Mrs. W. J. Lewis.

Messrs Milton and Willard Mas-
sengill were in Raleigh Thursday
on business.

Mr. William Manning, of Wil-
liamston, spent a few days last
week near here with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Jordan, of
Smithfield, spent the week end here
with Mrs. Bettie Adams.

Among the many out-of-town
friends and relatives of Mr. and
Mrs. D. W. Lambe, who attended the
funeral of their child were Mrs.
Ed Shaw, of Broadway, Mr. and
Mrs. G. H. Brew, of Bondlee, Mrs.
A. A. Lambe, of Siler City, Miss
Annie Lambe, Siler City, Mrs. W.
A. Beard, Mr. Henry Beard, from
Beard.

Mrs. H. L. Johnson and Miss
Bertha Strickland spent Wednesday
in Coats with their sister, Mrs. W.
M. Keene.

Mr. and Mrs. Wade S. Boyette and
children and Mr. George Boyette,
of Wilson, spent Sunday here with
Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Boyette.

Mr. D. W. Lambe spent Sunday
with his wife who is in the Sana-
torium.

Mrs. W. E. Strickland spent a
few days recently with her daugh-
ter, Mrs. W. M. Keene in Coats.

Mr. J. W. Langdon spent Friday
afternoon in Fayetteville on busi-
ness.

Miss Annie Ford left Friday for
Fairmont, where she will teach
History and Latin in the high school.

Miss Valentine Privett is spending
a few days with Miss Luna Lewis.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Baucum, from
Wilson, spent the week end here
with Mrs. W. C. Oliver.

Mr. W. J. Lewis returned recently
from Richmond, Va., and Baltimore,
Md., where he bought his fall and
winter goods.

Miss Beatrice Honeycutt, of Lin-
den, is visiting Miss Oma Adams
who lives near here.

Mrs. Mary Rounge, who is matron
and nurse at Elon College this year,
attended the funeral of her sister,
Mrs. M. Durham.

Cotton is selling for 28 cents here
today.

Colored Minister Admonishes
Friends.

Dear Editor: Please allow me
space in THE HERALD to say a
few words.

Now my dear Christian friends, I
will endeavor to say that every
preacher of the gospel ought to try
to save somebody by the help of the
Almighty God. John 15:5. "For
without me ye can do nothing." And
not only the preacher, but I will say
that every converted soul that has
been born of God ought to try to
save somebody. Romans 10:13, "For
whosoever shall call upon the name
of the Lord shall be saved." You
may read the fourteenth and fifteenth
verses also, and Psalm 84:11, "For
the Lord God is a shield; the Lord
will give grace and glory; no good
thing will he withhold from them
that walk uprightly." Therefore, I
will say if you will keep the temple
clean, the Holy Spirit will come in
and where the Holy Spirit goes,
whosoever feels it certainly knows
and the Holy Spirit makes us love
one another. I John 4:7, "Beloved let
us love one another for love is of
God," and "every one that loveth is
born of God and knoweth God for
God is love." Proverbs 3:6, "In all
thy ways acknowledge him, and he
shall direct thy paths." It is a
mighty good thing to acknowledge
him who saved our souls from eternal
destruction. Rom. 14:12, "So then
every one of us shall give account of
himself to God." Matt. 24:44,
"Therefore be ye also ready for in
such an hour as ye think not in the
Son of man cometh."

REV. A. A. MITCHNER,
Smithfield, N. C.
September 10, 1923.