

County News

Princeton

PRINCETON, July 29.—Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Merritt, of Mullins, S. C., are spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Rains. Miss Elizabeth Charlton, of Goldsboro, is visiting Miss Eleanor Gurley. Mr. and Mrs. Bennie Passleigh, from Charleston, S. C., have been visiting in town the last few days. Miss Thelma McLamb, of Clinton, is the guest of Miss Thelma Toler this week. Mr. and Mrs. Jennings Both, of near Raleigh, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Capps. Mrs. John C. Hood, of Kinston, and Mrs. Pearl Johnson, of Rowland, were guests of Mrs. Ed Holt Tuesday. Mrs. Ray Whitley and daughter, Janice Ray, from Durham, are spending the week with relatives near town. Mrs. D. W. Rowe, of Florence, S. C., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Massey this week. Mrs. Frank M. and B. L. Aycock attended the medical meeting at Benson Thursday. Miss Mary Louise Merritt, of Mullins, S. C., is visiting Miss Helen Rains. Miss Norma Gossett has gone to visit her sister, Miss Lillian Gossett at Weldon. Dr. and Mrs. F. M. Aycock and Mrs. C. L. Harshbarger visited in Raleigh Wednesday. Misses Margaret and Frances Ledbetter, of Duke University, and Durham, are spending the week end at the old home. Mr. and Mrs. Waverly Martin, of Raleigh, are visiting relatives here this week. Mr. M. P. Young has been spending the week in Raleigh. The annual picnic of the Baptist Sunday school was given in the park at Goldsboro Thursday. A large number of relatives and friends went with the children. Rev. W. O. Andrews, of Wake Forest, has been conducting a study course at the Baptist church this week in the interest of an increased Sunday school attendance. Miss Estelle Holt returned Saturday from a forty-day trip to California. There were nearly forty lady teachers in the party, occupying two Carolina Coach busses. They traveled eight thousand two hundred miles and passed through twenty-one states. There were five ladies on the bus from Johnston county. Mrs. Mabel Horne died at her home here Thursday and was buried in the Woodman cemetery on Friday. She had been suffering several weeks. The cause of death was cancer. She had only one nine-year-old boy, and her last request was that her little boy be sent to the orphanage. Sunday night one of the tobacco barns of Mrs. N. B. Hinton was destroyed by fire.

Lower Johnston

DUNN, Route 2, July 29.—A series of baptisms will be held at Calvary Baptist church beginning September 8. A two weeks' meeting is expected. Mrs. Joseph Barefoot is slightly improving at this writing, we are pleased to note. Mrs. Paul B. Barefoot has as her guest her sister, little Miss Maxine Motley of Raleigh. Mr. Tommie Tart, of Upper Sampson, who has been sick for several months, continues seriously ill. Mr. N. D. Tart is slightly improving at this writing. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur M. Hobbs, of Clinton, spent the past Sunday in Lower Johnston at Mrs. Hobbs' old home here and in Dunn with relatives and friends. Mr. George P. Lee recently visited his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Barefoot, of Sampson county. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Taylor, of Fayetteville, were visitors here the past week. Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Lee and children were visitors in Dunn for the week end. Mr. and Mrs. Young and daughter, Miss Grace Lee, of Dunn, were visitors here last Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Ben Schneider and children, of Dunn, spent Sunday with relatives here. Mr. William Allen Johnson made a business trip to Dunn Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Williams spent Sunday in Dunn with relatives and friends. Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Godwin, of Upper Sampson, spent Tuesday afternoon here with friends. Mrs. Thad B. Barefoot, of Upper Sampson, spent Thursday here

with relatives and friends. Mr. and Mrs. Orby Wilks and children spent Wednesday with Mr. Edgar Strickland and Mrs. Mertie and Katie Stockland. Mr. and Mrs. Grady Johnson and children, of Upper Sampson, spent Sunday with Mr. Johnson's mother, Mrs. Margaret Johnson.

Micro

MICRO, July 25.—Mr. and Mrs. Richard Aycock, of Gastonia, spent the week end here with their mother, Mrs. Jane Aycock. Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Warren, of Dunn, have been visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Batten this week. Mrs. R. C. Wiggs, of Durham, has been visiting relatives and friends here this week. Mrs. Carrie Kannan and children, of Greenville, spent Sunday here with their sister, Mrs. H. J. Corbett. Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Jenkins, of Ayden, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Preston Moxing while returning from a ten-day camping trip at Black Mountain. Miss Clyde Moxing has returned to the Johnston County Hospital at Smithfield to resume her work there after spending two weeks' vacation here and at Black Mountain. Mr. C. B. Hinnant has returned to his home here after attending summer school at Wake Forest. Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Godwin and children, of Kenly, spent Sunday here with Dr. and Mrs. M. Hinnant. Mrs. Chas. W. Ivey, of Rocky Mount, spent Sunday with Mrs. H. Wellons. Miss Ina Mae Pearce is spending this week with her grandmother, Mrs. W. A. Jones, at Mount Olive. Those from here attending the Godwin reunion at D. T. Godwin's at Glendale last Friday were: Mr. and Mrs. Herman Wellons, Mr. and Mrs. Preston Moxing and children, Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Hinnant and children and Dr. and Mrs. M. Hinnant and Mrs. J. L. Jenkins of Ayden who were the week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Moxing. Mr. and Mrs. Joe Gregory and children, of Wilson, are spending this week at the home of Mr. Joe Godwin. We are very sorry that Dr. M. Hinnant and Mr. V. R. Thomas happened to the misfortune of losing their tobacco barns by fire last week. Dr. Hinnant's barn was covered by insurance. New barns are being erected in place of the two that were burned to cinders in next week. Dixie MIDDLESEX, Route 1, July 25.—Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Narron went to Smithfield last Saturday afternoon. Miss Huel Davis returned home last Saturday after spending a week with friends in Dunn. Master A. B. Narron is still improving after being confined to his bed for several days. His broken arms have improved a great deal. Mrs. Annie Parker and children, of near Middlesex, are spending a few days with Mrs. T. C. Davis. We were very sorry to know that Mr. Hubert Godwin's tobacco barn was burned last Friday. He had no insurance on the barn. There were six or seven hundred sticks of tobacco in the barn. Mrs. J. L. Davis and children went to Raleigh Saturday afternoon. We were very sorry to hear that the death angel visited the home of Mr. Cleveland Bailey last Thursday night and take from him his wife, Hattie. She had been sick for about three weeks. She left to mourn three sisters, five brothers, a husband and three children, besides a host of friends. A large crowd attended the funeral. A host of flowers was placed on her grave by friends. Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Staniel, of Durham, visited Mrs. Mamie Staniel Thursday afternoon. WORKS HARD, DANCES, GAINS 3 LBS A WEEK "I work hard, dance and have gained 3 pounds a week since taking Vinol. My nervousness is almost all gone."—Mrs. F. Lank. Vinol is a delicious compound of cod liver pepton, iron, etc. Nervous, easily tired, anemic people are surprised how Vinol gives new pep, sound sleep and a BIG appetite. The very first bottle often adds several pounds weight to thin children or adults. Tastes delicious. Jo-Me's Store, Drugs.



By FRANK R. ADAMS

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" exclaimed the sheriff. "There's a lot of life in that old horse yet. I didn't suppose he could do that." "Is he frightened?" Mrs. Lillielove asked. "No. He's just lonesome. He ain't used to being alone at night and I suppose he was going to look for me." The inference was that either the sheriff slept in the stable with the horse or the horse slept in the house with the sheriff. At any rate I had an explanation of the ghostly sounds which had awakened me from my doze when I started on my ill-fated expedition downstairs which had culminated in the sensational mix-up with the Hemmingways. While the sheriff and some of the others recaptured the horse and tied him to a ring in the stone wall, I went back to the main floor. I wanted to be alone and think. As I came up from the basement to the living room which was now beginning to get light with the first chill dawn of winter morning, I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Hemmingway in eager conversation. Apparently they were approaching some sort of negotiation for peace because they were standing quite close together and once or twice he made as if to take her in his arms. Far be it from me to interrupt any reconciliation between the Hemmingways. There and there only lay my hope of retaining my job and incidentally the respect of the community. I was carefully tiptoeing across the living room to the door which led to the stairway, perfectly willing to have my progress unnoticed, when I was arrested, nay frozen in my tracks, by the piercing voice of Plik Henwether cautiously subdued to a 'longshoreman's' hail. "Hey, Mr. Bilbeck!" he called. "I want to warn you. There's a feller here trying to steal your girl away from you—the pretty blond one that was making eyes at you last night." Mr. and Mrs. Hemmingway, who had reached the sobbing-shoulder stage of their reconciliation, now separated suddenly as if a shell had exploded between them. "So!" the husband shouted, his anger at white heat once more. "My suspicions were true after all! You made such a fool of yourself that everybody noticed it. And to think that you would try to lure me back with soft words! You vampire!" He struck his forehead a sharp blow with the palm of his hand. "My heaven! To think I am married to you!" Mrs. Hemmingway's eyes, usually so placid, blazed in response to his anger. "You needn't be any longer than it takes to get a divorce," she exclaimed, half-hysterical with anger. "If you're going to believe everything you hear we might as well separate and get it over with." Comrade Henwether and I were observing the scene, he with appraising looks seeking to read in their faces what he missed in their speeches, and I with a chill horror at the seriousness of the breach. "I think she likes you best after all," vouchsafed Plik. "He's a mite better looking than you be, but you've got a way with you that goes with the ladies, durned if you ain't." Mrs. Hemmingway shrugged her shoulders helplessly and started from the room. Mr. Hemmingway followed to the door, which she slammed in his face. I quickly gave up my intentions of going upstairs, which involved passing through the living room.

mentally clothed. The only one of our party who spoke to me was Jim Cooper. Mrs. Lillielove looked as if she were going to, but suddenly she blushed and lowered her eyes to her plate without saying anything. "Good morning," Jim assured me cheerfully. "Isn't this a fine day?" He rubbed his hands gleefully, as if he had done it himself and expected to be complimented for his skill. "Yes," I mumbled, hurt and puzzled to find myself an outcast in my own circle. Later I discovered that Comrade Henwether had been doing a travellogue on my prowess as a lady-killer, which had been interrupted by my arrival. Mrs. Hemmingway's eyes were red from weeping. Poor woman, she had not had any sleep at all, I judged. Her husband sat moodily staring at his plate, but ate very little. Maryella and Mrs. Lillielove conversed with painful animation about crochet stitches and new fashions. After breakfast Jim Cooper got me one side. "Are you really in love with Mrs. Hemmingway?" he demanded, fixing my eye with a look that demanded an honest reply. "Are your intentions honorable?" "Of course I'm not in love with her!" I replied with bitter emphasis. "And I haven't any intentions." "It's all for the best, then, you and I must reconcile them." I started away hastily. "Not on your life. I haven't any skin on my shins now just because I mixed in trying to help Mrs. Hemmingway. You do the reconciling. You fix it up and get all the credit!" "I will," he declared confidently. "I can do it. And all I ask is a little thanks." That's the way with Jim. He's one of the best little fixers I know. He is always eager to make some one happy. Whatever happens he likes to feel that he is the man who mended the main-spring. And he likes to be thanked, too. Half a dozen thanks and Jim will go without his breakfast any day. It's a vice with him. He has to be thanked for something about every so often, or he gets terribly depressed and thinks that he is not much use to the world. In an Anglo-Saxon community a confirmed thankomania is continually getting hurt. Since I have learned of his habit I always thank him every time I see him, even if I can't think of anything he has done. It saves lots of trouble. So Jim agreed to fix up between the Hemmingways. With elaborate formality he invited them into a small room off from the living room which served as an office for Colonel Stewart. They followed him wondering, and he closed the door. Jim was back again even sooner than I expected. What chance had a lad of his slender build against an exasperated man as large as Hemmingway? He picked himself up from the rug where he had landed and removed the cane chair seat which was around his neck. "I suppose it's all for the best," he observed. "What?" I asked without enthusiasm. "Well, I had to agree that you would marry Mrs. Hemmingway," he explained painstakingly. "I tried to make him see differently, but he insisted. You ought to be glad, Tom. She's a very sweet woman and will make a fine wife." "YOU agree that I would marry her?" I demanded. "What in the name of Mike have YOU got to say about it?" "Well," he explained, "I let him think that you had sent me to patch it up. Maybe I did wrong, but I thought it was all for the best." "Oh, I see." What difference did it make, after all? One tangle more did not make it much worse. "People don't seem to appreciate it when a man goes out of his way to do them a favor," he observed with martyrlike resignation. "Pardon me," I said mechanically. "Didn't I thank you? I certainly am much obliged for your good intentions." "It was nothing at all, Tom. I'd do it again for you any day. Whenever you get in trouble or a tight hole send for me. I'm always willing to help. A little thanks is all the pay I want." Immensely cheered, he left me. It was all for the best—I had located a paper weight to throw at him if he offered to do anything more for me. I picked up an old magazine and tried to read. The story I started proved to be a serial. I asked Comrade Dreyenfurth, who happened through, if he had a copy of the number containing the next installment. "No," he replied with aggravated bitterness. "We get all our magazines from people who send 'em to us after they get through reading 'em. And nobody ever sent us a complete set yet. I gave up trying to read the serials five years ago." "I can tell you what happens in the November number," offered Mrs. Lillielove, who had seated herself near and had overheard the conversation. "I read nearly all the magazines that come out. It's terribly exciting when you get six or seven heroines in tight places all at once." Continued next issue.

Brogden

SMITHFIELD, Route 2, July 29.—Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Rose and family, of Wilson, visited relatives in this section Sunday. Mr. J. H. Nobles and Miss Mary Royall, of Greenville, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Royall Sunday. Mr. James Capps made a business trip to Raleigh Wednesday. Miss Pauline Royall has returned to her home after spending some time with her mother in Richmond, Va. Miss Ozell Rose spent the week end with Miss Lillie Lawhon, of Plainfield. Messrs. J. H. and J. T. Overbe made a trip to Pine Level Friday. Mr. and Mrs. Joe Creech and Mr. and Mrs. Fate Barnes spent Sunday in Rocky Mount with relatives. Dr. and Mrs. A. G. Woodard, of Goldsboro, and Mr. and Mrs. Buck Joyner, of Princeton, were in this section a short while Sunday afternoon. Mrs. L. V. Thompson and child, of Lucama, spent Thursday with Mrs. J. N. Royall. Mr. Weslie Thompson is at home from the Navy visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Thompson. Rev. and Mrs. Elijah Pearce, of Princeton, and Mr. C. O. Langley attended the association at Durham last Saturday and Sunday.

HERALD GETS HALF BUSHEL OF APPLES

Mr. Needham Stevens of the Sanders Chapel section, would have won the good will of the Herald office, for he had not already had it, when he presented us Saturday with a half bushel of apples. They are a good variety and we have been enjoying them. Many thanks to Mr. Stevens, who knows how to have everything good on his farm.

Look! Look! Look! When you need your Watch, Clock or Shoes repaired, Come to me. I am doing the work at very reasonable prices. All work guaranteed to please. Terms—CASH to everybody. J. W. JOHNSON. Next door to Hotel. Four Oaks, N. C.



W. C. ROUNTREE, M. D. If you have any of the following symptoms I have the remedy no matter what your trouble has been diagnosed: Nervousness, stomach trouble, loss of weight, loss of sleep, sore mouth, pains in the back and shoulders, peculiar swimming in the head frothy like phlegm in throat, passing mucus from the bowels, especially after taking purgative, burning feet, brown, rough or yellow skin, burning or itching skin, rash on the hands, face and arms resembling sunburn, habitual constipation, (sometimes alternating with diarrhoea) copper or metallic taste, skin sensitive to sunlight, forgetfulness, despondency and thoughts that you might lose your mind, gums a fiery red and falling away from the teeth, general weakness with loss of energy. If you have these symptoms and have taken all kinds of medicine and still sick, I especially want you to write for my booklet. Mrs. J. D. Collett, Route No. 4, High Point, N. C., whose picture appears here, writes: "During the winter of 1927-28 I took your treatments, and I am glad to say that my family doctor says I have no symptoms now. I look, feel, and am a different person altogether. I cannot thank you and your medicine enough." FOR FREE DIAGNOSIS AND LITERATURE WRITE: W. C. Rountree, M. D., Austin, Texas. MRS. J. D. COLLETT

RUTABAGA AND TURNIP SEED HOOD BROTHERS DRUGGISTS On the Corner Smithfield, N. C.

STEPHENSON Dry Cleaning Co. Otha Stephenson, Prop. Dry Cleaning, Pressing and Altering Phone 67 Next to Western Union

a spanish brick layer Demolishing an old house, found recently \$8,400 worth of 200-year old gold coins. Much money has been hidden and never recovered. Today, with strong banks convenient to almost everyone, some people risk their money's safety and lose its earning power by hiding it around their homes. This is a good place to keep savings safe and busy and also for a Safe Deposit Box to keep safe your valuable papers, securities, etc. Branch Bank & Trust Company THE SAFE EXECUTOR Four Per Cent on Savings Deposits



DR. J. C. MANN The Well Known Eyesight Specialist and Optician will be at his office in the Post Office building, Smithfield, N. C., every second Friday in each month from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Headache relieved when caused by eyestrain. Over 20 years daily experience in examining eyes. When he fits you with glasses you have the satisfaction of knowing they are correct. Remember the date and see him if your eyes are weak. Children with weak eyes should have them examined before school opens. His next visit will be FRIDAY, AUGUST 9

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