# SOUTHERNER

Weekly \_\_\_ Established 1824

Published every afternoon in the year, except Sundays, by THE SOUTHERNER, at Tarboro, North Carolina. Member of The Associated Press

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Telephone \_\_\_\_\_ Entered at the Post Office at Tarboro, N. C., as secondclass matter under the act of Congress of March 8, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES months \_\_\_\_\_ 2.50 3 months \_\_\_\_\_ 1.25 I month \_\_\_\_\_ .60 Foreign Advertising Representative, THE AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION.

New York, N. Y. SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1920.

#### NOTICE TO READERS

The Southerner is alway anxious to improve its reading value and make its columns more valuable, botl to its readers and advertisers, and in view of a rapidly increasing circu. lation, it desires to extend its loca

All subscribers, or readers, who have any personal items that would be of general interest are asked t send them in daily, especially fron the adjoining towns of Pinetops, Mac clesfield, Farmville, Hookerton, Leg getts, Speeds and Whitakers.

It must be remembered The South erner is the county organ, the only means of disseminating the news of the surrounding territory which add greatly in drawing the people to gether and in making the social life more attractive. None can live unto himself alone.

### INDUSTRY LAGS

Fresh news fr m the coal miner tells of the troubles of the operator: and it seems more than likely tha labor troubles will add to the probability of a coal shortage the coming winter. And what is true with re gard to coal also appears to apply to most of the industrial plants of th country which are oversold, and which are vainly trying to speed u production.

The farmers have shown no disposition to curtail their produce, ex cept for the one reason of insufficient help to care for what the soil wil yield in abundance. Of course ther. is the dreaded apprehension of a lack in transportation facilities! and the car shortage has had a tendency to make farmers as well as manufac turers conservative. But while, e verywhere there has been a tenden cy for manufacturers and farmers to slow down, the striking reason has been that there has not bee: enough labor to carry on the ordinary game of life.

At the same time, in the cities as well as in the towns and country there has been a house shortage. In New York it-is not uncommon for a single office room to rent as high as a thousand dollars a year. In Wast ington offices are duble what they were before the war. This condition holds good in most of the large

cities. Apparently there are not enough people to man the industries to take care of farm production, and to build new houses and building structures within the Nation. The United States Census now being taken, shows that the population i increasing, but it does not indicate what has become of the laboring peo ple, who evidently are becoming sea cer and scarcer as the years roll by If America could analyze her true economic condition she would likely find out that the country is several years behind in the affairs of its shops and households.

Whatever the idealists and theorists could figure out from the above facts is uncertain. In any event conditions all show that the people who predict panies are sadly misguided, as there are of necessity, today. continued good times ahead-and ranks of industry after dissipating ago today.

the small fortuntes that they accumulated during war times. Doubtless prices are slowly coming down due to the fact that business profiteers and labor profiteers are being forced to subscribe to saner business conditions demanded by a country at peace with the world.

The railroad problem which holds public attention, and is of constant moment at Washington, woes not stand by itself. It is a part of every detail. Hence it cannot be solved by itself. It is a part of the entire industrial problem of the country and is ties up with it in every detail. Hence it cannot be solved by itself. Any disturbance affecting any industry reacts upon railroad transportation. It may keep cars empty and idle that should be full and running. Then upon the abatement of such a disturbance the demand for products delayed by it becomes abnormally strong for the fifteen, quarrels with his father over joining the army, and from that incident a lifelong friendship begins between the a "rush hour" demand, creating a

temporary need for more than a nor

mal supply of cars.

The coal strike of last fall had long extende deffects. All production in which iron and steel enters simple folk of the Calder home. was complicated by the stell strike. Building has been hampered by nu merous local strikes of craftsmen endered it difficult to get many ma terials. Traffic for export has been complicated by maritime strikes, both of longshoremen and tugmen. Teamsters' and truckmen's strikes have added to these difficulties. Cap tal has faced uncertanties and paricularly has been unable to make stable contracts at known prices. duced nor transported with the fore seeable and dependable regularity of normal times, and this has inter fered with the rormal flow of com

The exigencies of the war period nas resulted-unavoilable, it is true -in deterioration of equipment and facilities which takes time to over ome. The competition for labor has lost to the railroads many skilled men. The lowered efficiency of abor has affected the 'railroads, a curb upon myself. ust as it has other industries. This ogether with the shortened worklay basig, has made it impossible to get the same transportation results with the same number of employees is before the war.

Presbyterlan Church Service Sunday, August 1, 1920 Sunday-school: 9:45 A. M. Morning Service: 11 A. M. Subject: "Not Disobedient." Christian Endeavor: 7:30 P. M. Topic: "Self-improvement." Evening Service: 8:15 P. M. Subject: "The Christian Farmer" The pastor will preach at both norning and evening services, cordial invitation is extended to

### Calvary Church

Holy Communion at 7:30 A. M. Hely communion and sermon at 11 4. M. Sermon Subject, "The Presence of

Christ."

Sunday school at 9:45. Men's Bible Class at 10:00. Evening Prayer and Sermon at

Sermon subject, 'The Prayers of Jesus."

### NOTICE OF SALE OF PERSONAL

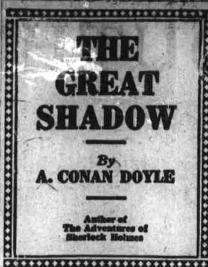
PROPERTY Under and by virtue of a laborr's and material furnisher's lien for abor done one, and for material fur pished in the repairs of One Ford Car, 1915 model, Motor No 43882, in he total sum of \$96.00 said propery owned by Thomas J. Dupree, I. he undersigned, M. McLaurin, proprietor of the City Garage, in the City of Rocky Mount, Edgecombe County, North Carolina, will sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, at the First National Bank Corner, in the City of Rocky Mount said County and State, on the 14th lay of August, 1920, at 12 o'clock M the hereinbefore described personal property, to satisfy the said lien, and the expenses and cost of keep-

ng and selling such property. This the 29th day of July, 1920. M. McLaurin

### TODAY'S BIRTHDAYS

Maj. Gen. William A. Mann, who took the Rainbow Division to France, born in Pennsylvania, 66 years ago

Edward N. Hurley, former chairthese likely will improve as more man of the Federal Shipping board people are compelled to turn to the born at Galesburg, Illinois, 56 years



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#### SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.-Writing long after the events described, Jack Calder, Scottish farmer, tells how, in his childhood, the fear of invasion by Napoleon, at that time complete master of Europe, had gripped the British nation. Following a false alarm that the French had landed. Jim Horscroft, the doctor's son, youth of

CHAPTER II.—When Jack is eighteen his father's brother dies and his daughter. Edle, seventeen years old, comes to ntensely romantic, and seemingly feeling little sorrow for her father's death, the

CHAPTER III.-Edle makes a plaything of Jack's affections, and though al-ways somewhat in awe of her, a feeling of deep love for his cousin develops in the boy's heart. Edle reproaches him for and the longshoremen's strikes have staying at home in idleness while his country is at war. Stung by her words, he declares his intention of joining the

CHAPTER IV .- Jim Horscroft returns from Edinburgh, where he is studying medicine. Jack tells his chum of his engagement to Edie, believing the girl is sincere. Some days later he witnesses an unmistakable display of affection between Jim tells him Edie has promised to marry Commodities have neither been pro- and she declares only fondness for Jack gave a lurch, and would have fallen

#### CHAPTER V.

The Man From the Sea.

Well, I was never one to sit groan-I had an aching heart; indeed, it is suddenly pitching forward upon his and a happy marriage, when I think into a little brown heap. of it. But I kept a brave face on me. brother to her, and no more, though

For the most part she and Jim were happy enough. It was all over the scarce shake a feather. countryside that they were to be married when he had passed his degree, and he would come up to West Inch There's not a drop or a crumb in the folk were pleased enough about it, bag." He sprang in and brought out and I tried to be pleased too.

gether, Jim and I, and it is about one the boat. It was locked, but Jim had of those that I now want to tell you, it open in an instant. We had passed over Bramston heath full of gold pieces. and round the clump of firs which from the sea wind. It was spring, There must have been hundreds of that the trees were well leaved by the ereigns. Indeed, so taken up were we surprised when we saw a huge fire back of him. His lips were bluer than it, and the dames were spouting up of white, wolfish teeth. as high as the bedroom windows. Jim and I stood staring; but we stared the "Here, run to the burn, Jock, for a more when out came the major, with hatful of water. Quick, man, or he's a great quart pot in his hand, and at his heels his old sister, who kept house for him, and two of the maids, and all four began capering about the fire. He was a douce, quiet man, as all the country knew; and here he was, like Old Nick at the carlins' dance, hobbling round and waving his drink above his head. We both set off running, and he waved the more when he saw us coming.

"Peace!" he roared. "Huzza, boys!

Pence!" And at that we both fell to dancing and shouting too, for it had been such a weary war, as far back as we could remember, and the shadow had lain so long over us that it was wondrous to feel that it was lifted. Indeed it was too much to believe, but the major laughed our doubts to scorn.

"Aye, aye, it is true," he cried, stop ping, with his hand to his side. "The allies have got Paris, Boney has thrown up the sponge, and his people are all swearing allegiance to Louis XVIII."

"And the emperor?" I asked: "will

they spare him?" "There's some talk of sending him to Elba, where he'll be out of mischief's way. But his officers-there are some of them who will not get off 30 lightly. Some deeds have been done these last twenty years that have not been forgotten. There are a few old scores to be settled. But it's peace, peace!" and away he went once more with his great tankard, hopping round

his bonfire. Well, we stayed some time with the major, and then away we went down to the beach, Jfm and I, talking about this great news and all that would come of it. How little did Jim know at that moment, as he strode along by my side so full of health and of spir its, that he had reached the extreme summit of life, and that from that

downward slope There was a little baze out to sen for it had been very misty in the early ming, though the sun had thinned It.- As we looked senward we sud-

denly saw the sail of a small boat break out through the fog and come bobbing along toward the land. A single man was seated in the sheets, and she yawed about as she ran, as though he were of two minds whether to beach her or no. At last, determined, it may be, by our presence, he made straight for us, and her keel grated upon the shingle at our very feet. He dropped his sail, climbed out, and pulled her bows up onto the beach, "Great Britain, I believe?" said he,

turning round and facing us. He was a man somewhat above middle height, but exceedingly thin, well dressed in a suit of brown with brass buttons, and he wore high boots, which were all roughened and dulled by the sea water. His face and hands were so dark that he might have been a Spanlard, but as he raised his ha to us we saw that the upper part of his brow was quite white, and that it was from without that he had his swarthiness. He looked from one to the other of us, and his gray eyes had something in them which I had never seen before. You could read the question, but there seemed to be a menace at the back of it, as if the answer were a right and not a favor. "Great Britain?" he asked again. with a quick tap of his foot on the

shingle. "Yes," said I, while Jim burst out laughing.

"England? Scotland?" "Scotland. But it's England past

wonder trees." "Bon! I know where I am now, I've been in a fog without a compass for nearly three days, and I didn't thought I was ever to see land again." He spoke English glibly enough, but with some strange turn of speech from time to time

"Where did you come from, then?" asked Jim. "I was in a ship that was wrecked,"

said he shortly. "What is the town down yonder?" "It is Berwick."

"Ah, well, I must get stronger before I can go further." He turned toward the boat, and as he did so he had he not caught the prow. On this he seated himself, and looked round him with a face that was flushed and two eyes that blazed like a wild beast's

"Voltigeurs de la Garde!" he roared ing over a cracked pot; if it cannot in a voice like a trumpet call, and be mended, then it is the part of a then again, "Voltigeurs de la Garde!" man to say no more of it. For weeks He waved his hat above his head, and a little sore now, after all these years face on the sand, he lay all huddled

Jim Horscroft and I stood and and above all I did as I had promised stared at each other. The coming of that day on the hillside. I was a the man had been so strange, and his questions, and now this sudden turn. there were times when I had to put We took him by a shoulder each and turned him upon his back. His lips were bloodless, and his breath would

"He's dying, Jim." I cried. "Aye, for want of food and water, four nights a week to sit with us. My boat. Maybe there's something in the a black leather bag, which, with a might find a lodging?" We used to take long rambles to large blue coat, was the only thing in

Neither of us had ever seen so much screens the house of Major Elliott before-no, nor a tenth part of it. and the year was a forward one, so them, all bright new British sovend of April. It was as warm as a that we had forgotten all about their summer day, and we were the more owner, until a groan took our thoughts roaring upon the grass plat before the ever, and his jaw had dropped. I can major's door. There was a fir tree in see his open mouth now, with its row

"My God! he's off," cried Jim. gone! I'll loosen his things the

while. Away I tore, and was back in a minute with as much water as would stay in my Glengarry. Jim had pulled open the man's coat and shirt, and we doused the water over him, and forced some between his lins. It had a good effect, for after a gasp or two he sat up, and rubbed his eyes slowly, like a man who is waking from a deep sleep. But neither Jim nor I were looking at his face now, for our eyes were fixed

on his uncovered chest. There were two deep red puckers in it, one just below the collar bone, and the other about halfway down on the right side. The skin of his body was extremely white up to the brown line of his neck, and the angry crinkled spots looked the more vivid against it. From above I could see there was a corresponding pucker in the back at one place but not at the other. Inexperienced as I was, I could tell what that meant. Two bullets had plerced his chest-one had passed through it, and the other had remained inside. But suddenly he staggered up to his

feet, and pulled his shirt to, with a quick, suspicious glance at us. "What have I been doing?" he asked. "I've been off my head. Take no notice of anything I may have said Have I been shouting?"

"You shouted just before you fell." "What did I shout?" I told him, though it bore little meaning to my mind. He looked sharply at us, and then he shrugged his

shoulders. "Well, the question is, what am I to do now? I didn't thought I was so Where did you get the waweak.

I pointed towards the burn, and he staggered off to the bank. There he hour all would in truth be upon the lay down upon his face, and he drank

until I thought he would never have one. At last he got up, with a long sigh, and wiped his mustache with his

"That's better," said he. "Have you any food?"

I had crammed two bits of oatcake into my pocket when I left home, and these he crushed into his mouth and swallowed. Then he squared his shoulders, puffed out his chest, and patted his ribs with the flat of his hands.

"I am sure that I owe you exceedingly well," said he. "You have been very kind to a stranger. But I see that you have had occasion to open "We hoped that we might find wine

or brandy there when you fainted." "Oh, I have nothing there but just my little-how do you say it?-my savings. They are not much, but I must live quietly upon them until ! find something to do. Now, one could live very quietly here, I should say. I could not have come upon a more peaceful place, without, perhaps, so much as a gendarme nearer than that

"You haven't told us yet who you are, where you come from, nor what you have been," said Jim bluntly,

The stranger looked him up and down with a critical eye. "My word! but you would make a grenadler for a flank company," said he. "As to what you ask, I might take offense at it from other lips, but you have a right to know, since you have received me with so great courtesy. My name is Bonaventure de Lapp. I am a soldies and a wanderer by trede, and I have come from Dunkirk, as you may see printed upon the boat."

"I thought that you had been shipwrecked?" said L But he looked at me with straight gaze of an honest man,

"That is right," said he. "But the ship went from Dunkirk, and this is one of her boats. The crew got away in the long boat, and she went down so quickly that I had no time to put anything into her. That was on Mon-

"And today's Thursday. You have been three days without bite or sup." "It is too long," said he, "Twice hefore I have been for two days, but never quite so long as this. Well, I shall leave my boat here, and see whether I can get lodgings in any of these little gray houses up on the hillsides. Why is that great fire burning over yonder?"

"It is one of our neighbors who has served against the French. He is rejoicing because peace has been de-

"Oh! you have a neighbor who has served, then? I am glad, for I, too, have seen a little soldiering here and there." He did not look glad, but he drew his brows down over his keen

"You are French, are you not?" asked, as we all walked up the hill together, he with his black bag in his hand, and his long blue cloak slung over his shoulder.

"Well, I am of Alsace," said he "And you know they are more German than French. For myself, I have been in so many lands that I feel at home in all. I have been a great trayeler. And where do you think that I

I can scarcely tell now, on looking thirty years between what impression this singular man had made upon me. Jim Horscroft was a fine man, and Maj. Elliott was a brave one, but they both lacked something that this wanderer had. It was the quick, alert look, the flash of the eye, the nameless distinction which is so hard to fix. And then, we had saved him when he lay gasping on the shingle, and one's heart always softens to

ward what one has once helped. "If you will come with me," said I. "I have little doubt that I can find you a bed for a night or two, and by that time you will be better able to make your own arrangements."

He pulled off his hat, and bowed

with all the grace imaginable. But Jim Horscroft pulled me by the sleeve and led me aside. " You're mad, Jock," he whispered. "The fellow's a common adventurer.

What do you want to get mixed up with him for?" But I was always as obstinate a man as ever laced his boots, and if you jerked me back it was the finest way of sending me to the front,

"He's a stranger, and it's our part to look after him," said I. "You'll be sorry for it," said he. "Maybe so."

"If you don't think of yourself you might think of your cousin." "Edie can take very good care

"Well, then, the devil take you, and you may do what you like," he cried, in one of his sudden flushes of anger. Without a word of farewell to either of us he turned off upon-the track that led up toward his father's house.

Bonaventure de Lapp smiled at me

as we walked on together, "I didn't thought he liked me very much," said he. "I can see very well that he has made a quarrel with you because you are taking me to your What does he think of me then? Does he think, perhaps, that I have stole the gold in my bag, or wha is it that be fears?"

## **CALL PHONE 272** "It's the words of a song," said he. For All Kinds of Tailoring Cleaning and Dyeing

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door without a crust and a bed." With my head cocked, and feeling as if I was doing something very fine, instead of being the most egregious fool south of Edinburgh, I marched on down the path, with my new quaintance at my elbow.

CHAPTER VI

A Wandering Eagle.

My father seemed to be much of Jim Horscroft's opinion, for he was not over warm to this new guest, and looked him up and down with a very questioning eye. He set a dish of vinegared herrings before him, however, and I noticed that he looked more askance than ever when my companion ate nine of them, for two were always our portion. When at last he had finished, Bonaventure de Lapp's lids were drooping over his eyes, for I doubt not that he had been sleepless as well as foodless for these three days. It was but a poor room, to which I led him, but he threw himself down upon the couch, wrapped his big blue cloak around him, and was asleep in an instant. He was a very high and strong snorer, and, as my room was next to his, I had reason to remember that we had a stranger

within our gates. When I came down in the morning I found that he had been beforehand with me, for he was seated opposite my father at the window table in the kitchen, their beads almost touching, and a little roll of gold pieces between them. As I came in my father looked up at me, and I saw a light of greed in his eyes such as I had never seen before. He caught up the money with an eager clutch, and swept it into his

pocket. "Very good, mister," said he. The room's yours, and you pay always on

the third of the month." "Ah, and here is my first friend." cried De Lapp, holding out his hand to me with a smile which was kindly enough, and yet had that touch of patronage which a man uses when he smiles to his dog. "I am myself again now, thanks to my excellent supper. and good night's rest. Ah, it is hunger that takes the courage from a man. That most, and cold next."

"Aye, that's right," said my father 'I've been out on the moors in a snow drift for six-and-thirty hours, and I ken what it is like."

"I once saw three thousand men starve to death," remarked De Lapp putting out his hands to the fire. "Day by day they got thinner and more like apes, and they did come down to the edge of the pontoons where we did keep them, and they howled with rage and path. The first few days their howls went over the whole city, but after a week our sentries on the bank could not hear them, so weak they had

"And they died?" I exclaimed. "They held out a very long time. Austrian grenadiers they were, of the corps of Starowitz, fine, stout men, as big as your friend of yesterday, but when the town fell there were but four hundred alive, and a man could lift them three at a time, as if they were little monkeys. It was a pity. Ah, my friend, you will do me the honors with madame and with mademoiselle."

It was my mother and Edie, who come into the kitchen. He had not seen them the night before; but now it was all I could do to keep my face as I watched him, for, instead of our homely Scottish nod, he bent up his back like a louping trout, and slid his foot, and clapped his hand over his heart in the queerest way. My mother stared, for she thought he was making fun of her, but Cousin Edie fell into it in an instant, as though it had been a game, and away she west in a great courtesy, until 1 thought she would have had to give it up, and sit down right there in the middle of the kitchen floor. But no, she was up again as light as a piece of fluff, and we all drew up our stools and started on the scones and milk

and porridge. He had a wonderful way with women, that man. Now, if I were to do it, or Jim Horscroft, it would look as if we were playing the fool, and the girls would have laughed at us; but with him it seemed to go with his style of face and fashion of speech, so that one came at last to look for it. For when he spoke to my mother br to Cousin Edie-and he was never backward in speaking-it would always be with a bow and a look as if it would hardly be worth their while to listen to what he had to say; and when they answered he would put on a face as though every word they said was to be treasured up and remembered forever. Edie did not say much, but she kept shooting little glances at our visitor, and once or twice he looked very hard at her.

When he had gone to his room, after breakfast, my father pulled out eight golden pounds, and laid them on the

"What think ye of that, Martha?" said he "You've sold the two black tups after all?" "No, but it's a month's pay for

and as much to come every four weeks." But my mother shook her head whe she heard it. "Two pounds a week is overmuch," said she. "And it is not when the poor gentleman is in

board and lodging from Jock's friend

price on his bit of food," "Why, woman, he's turned your head wi' his foreign trick of speech," cried my father.

"Aye, and it would be a good thing if Scottish men had a little more of that kindly way," she said, and that was the first time in all my life that I

asked me to come out with him. When we were in the sunshine he held out a little cross made of red stones,

one of the bonniest things that ever I had set eyes upon. "These are rubles," said he, wand I got it at Tudela, in Spain. I pray that you will-take this as a memory of your exceeding kindness to me yesterday. It will fashion into a pin for your

cravat." I could but thank him for the present, which was of more value than

anything I had ever owned in my life. "I am off to the upper muir to count the lambs," said I, "Maybe you would care to come up with me and see something of the country?"

He hesitated for a moment, and then he shook his head. "I have some letters," he said "which I ought to write as soon as possible. I think that I will stay at quiet this morning and get them writ-

All forenoon I was wandering over the links, and when I got back be looked as though he had been born and bred in the steading. He sat in the blg wooden-armed single chair - with the black cat on his knee. His arms were out, and he held a skein of worsted from hand to hand, which my mother was busily rolling into a ball. Cousin Edle was sitting near, and I could see by her eyes that she had been crying.

"Hullo! Edle," said I; "what's the trouble?

"Ah! mademolselle, like all good and true women, has a soft heart," said he; "I didn't thought it would have moved her, or I should have been silent. I have been talking of the suffering of some troops of which I knew something, when they were crossing the Guadarama mountains in the winter of 1808. Ah, yes, it was very bad, for they were fine men and fine horses. It is strange to see men blown by the wind over the precipices, but the ground was so slippy, and there was nothing to which they could hold. So companies -all linked arms, and they did better in that fashion; but one artilleryman's hand came off as I held it, for he had had the frost bite for three days."

I stood staring, with my mouth open. 'And the old grenadiers, too, who were not so active as they used to be, they could not keep up; and yet if they Ungered the peasants would catch them and crucify them to the barn doors with their feet up and a fire under their heads, which was a pity for these fine old soldiers. So when they could go no farther it was interesting to see what they would do. For they would sit down and say their prayers, sitting on an old saddle, or their knapsacks, maybe, and then take off their boot and stocking, and lean their chia on the barrel of their musket. Then they would put their toe on the trigger, and pouf! it was all over, and there was no more marching for those fine old grenadiers. Oh! it was very rough work up there on

the Guadarama mountains.' "And what army was this?" I asked "Oh! I have served in so many armies that I mix them up sometimes. Yes, I have seen much of war. But there is a man out yonder. Maybe he is the one who your father said would carry my letters to the post."

"Yes, he is farmer Whitehead's man

Shall I give them to him?" "Well, he would be more careful of them if he had them from your hand." He took them from his pocket, and gave them over to me. I hurried out with them, and as I did so my eyes fell upon the address of the topmost one. It was written very large and clear.

> "A.S.Majeste "Le Roi du Suede "Stockholm."

I did not know very much French, but I had enough to make that out. What sort of eagle was this which had flown into our humble nest? (Continued next Saturday.)

\* \* \* \* \* \* DR. E. G. HORNBECK desires to announce the opening of a branch office for the practice of OSTEOPATHY -IN-THE MASONIC BLDG -ON-Monday, Wednesday and Friday From 2-6 P. M.

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