

HEART'S HERITAGE

@ Joseph McCord WNU Service.

THE STORY

CHAPTER I—The congregation of the id White Church in Locust Hill turns Old White Church in Locust Hill turns out in full force to look over the new preacher. Dr. Jonathan Farwell, and there is much speculation among the communicants as to what sort of man he will be. Absent from the service is Cassius Brady, treasurer of the church who had recommended Dr. Farwell for the post after hearing his baccalaureate sermon at the graduation of Dale Farwell, his son, who is a geologist, Brady's daughter Lenora interests Dale, who lives alone with his father.

CHAPTER II-Dr Farwell meets the CHAPTER II—Dr Farwell meets the members of his congregation personally, accepts their tributes, but refuses to be impressed by the banker's family, the Marblestones, whose daughter Evelyn obviously sets her cap for Dalc. Meanwhile the women of the town are curious about the mystery of the Farwells' womanless housekeeping, and Abbie Brown attempts to get beyond the parlor by bringing the men a pan of home-made doughnuts. In the privacy of his room Dale has enshrined a picture of a beautiful woman, inscribed in childish lettering "Elaine."

ing "Elaine."

CHAPTER III—The Marblestones invite the Farwells to dinner with Cassius Brady. Lenora, known as "Lee," is away at the time with her mother, who is in poor health. At the dinner Evelyn monopolizes Dale, who tells her of his geological ambitions. He also tells her he has only one friend in Locust Hill, and the is Lee Brady. Marblestone bluntly quizzes Ferwell about his womanless menage. Brady attempts to divert the conversation and the minister then admits that the housekeeping arrangements are temporary, to be relieved shortly by the arrival of a hired housekeeper.

CHAPTER IV—Constable Kerney is perturbed by the arrival on the train of a suspicious-looking little man and shadows him. He is further mystified when the stranger goes to the parsonage. There the newcomer is warmly greeded as "Pink" Mulgrew and takes up his duties as housekeeper, adding to the town's speculation. On the return of Mrs. Brady and her daughter to Locus Hill, Dale calls and is won immediately by Mrs. Brady's delicate charm.

CHAPTER

Evelyn Marblestone did not neglect her mother's suggestion of entertaining for the minister's son.

"It will be very informal," she explained to Dale over the telephone. "A few couples that want to meet you. I thought we could dance. Bridge table for the hopeless addicts. Something to eat later. I'm depending on you."

"I'll be there. Thanks."

Dale no sooner had hung up than he wondered if it would be possible for him to call for Lee the night of the party. He would find out before someone else beat him to it.

"I'm sorry, but I can't say yes," Lee told him readily when he dropped in to call and proffer his request. "Evelyn has arranged for my escort. It's a quaint custom we have here. Pliny Morehead is the victim. One of the stand-bys. He's a nice boy. You'll like him." "I don't like his name. And I

shan't like him." Dale wished afterwards that he

had taken advantage of the occasion to inquire what this Pliny person and the other males would wear. Evelyn had called it an informal affair, but he didn't feel, too busy, and if there is any of the sure. He finally elected to wear a dinner jacket. "I was beginning to worry about

you," Evelyn told him when she greeted him in the hall. "You've been very neglectful of me, too, But you do look nice," she added graciously, eyeing his slender figure and well-tailored clothes. "So do you," he replied with a

little bow. "Gorgeous." "Come in and meet the crowd."

There was but one name that impressed itself on Dale's memory. Pliny Morehead. A portly youth with thinning blond hair and pale "And here is an old friend of

yours, Mr. Farwell."

Lee's brown eyes smiling up from the depths of a big chair. Lee in a little russet dress that matched her hair. Russet slippers. She looked

"Of course. How are you, Miss Brady?' "Very well, Mr. Farwell. I'm de-

lighted to meet you again." Later, the rugs were rolled back and the broadcasting stations

searched for dance music. "I didn't know it," Dale remarked

complacently, "but I've been wanting to dance with you all my life." "Go on. That's very pretty."

"Thanks. That's another thing I've been wanting to tell you. You look very sweet. It's your dress, I think. You make me think of an autumn leaf."

"In the 'sere and yellow,' you mean. That's very candid but not comforting. Don't you know you should be dancing this with your hostess?"

"She's bridging. I don't play and won't be a kibitzer."

"Then you should be paying more attention to some of these nice girls. Remember I have to go on livinghere. This is the fourth time you've danced with me."

"It's only the fifth. And I still don't like Pliny." "Maybe I do."

Evelyn soon found a substitute for her place in the bridge game and appropriated her guest of honor for the remainder of the evening.

"Stay for a little while and talk," she commanded when the others made ready to leave. "You're supposed to tell me that you've had a pleasant evening, you know."

"Of course I. did. Marvelous, thank you," Dale said policiy. "Are you sure you mean me? Not

Lee? "You."

"I didn't know. After all, you didn't seem able to tear yourself away from her, until I helped. She is sweet. But you needn't have made it quite so obvious, do you think?" Evelyn smiled sweetly. "And how about some golf tomorrow, if it's clear. We haven't been out to the country club for ages, you know. Or had you noticed?"

"I'm not sure that I can. Do you mind if I call you later-" Dale glanced at the distant hall clock-"today?"

"Never mind. Some other time will do . . . After you get caught up with your work."

Dale extinguished his cigarette and rose to his feet. "I must be going." he said shortly.

His sense of irritation persisted as he strode through the dark streets. Perhaps he had devoted himself to Lee rather too conspicuously. But what of it? She had tried to tell him the same thing. In a tactful good-natured way, though. She was like that. Sweet. That word always came to him when he thought of her. Too bad if he had hurt Evelyn's feelings. Funny . . . about women.

When he reached the parsonage, Dale was surprised to catch the faint notes of the piano. His father was playing.

The one lighted lamp brought out Farwell's rugged features in bold relief. His chin was sunk on his breast. The dark eyes were half closed. From the keys came the stately solemn strains of Tschaikowsky's "Andante."

Dale caught his breath sharply. He moved on tiptoe towards the foot of the stairs. "Dale!"

"Yes. Father."

"Where have you been?" "Miss Marblestone had a few peo-

ple in tonight. She asked me over.' "I have not heard you say any thing recently about going back to the university. Have you changed your plans?"

"Well, not exactly. To tell you the truth, Father, I've been thinking about the finances. After the first of the year, I'll be making my expenses there and a little more Then I want to find a real job. In the meantime . . .

"And in the meantime?"

"I can carry on a good deal of my work here by myself. I've been a rather steady drain on you the past few years. And what I have left of my own money will last me longer here. Unless you're thinking of raising my board." He smiled a little at his suggestion.

"Finances need not enter into your decision," his father reminded gravely.

"You mean . . . you think I should go back?"

"You will have to settle the matter in your own way." Farwell rose to his feet. "It is late. Good night."

Lee drove to Dale's house one day, "I thought maybe you would like to ride," she said when he ran out in answer to the honking of her motor norn . . . If you're not country around here you haven't

"Sure, I'd like to! Only-" he glanced down at his jersey. "I'm not dressed exactly."

"Of course you are. Look at me." "I have been." Dale already was opening the car door. "Let's go."

"All right, I'll fool you, I've brushing up on my history so that I could talk intelligently to you when I had the chance. How would you like to cover the retreat of the hostile British nation? Over to Staten I mean."

"Great! Is it very far?" "Not with me at the wheel

There's a small ferry over to the island that runs every so often." Dale entered wholeheartedly into

the excursion. "And will you look at the old houses scattered along was his delighted exclamahere!" tion as they followed the road along Staten Island's northern rim. "They must have been standing at the time of the Revolution. If only the could tell us what they have seen. What

"I suppose they could." Lee admitted. A few moments later, she turned the car about on the summit of a small elevation and shut off the motor. For a little time she settled back in her corner of the seat watching her companion. He was staring dreamily at the scene below apparently lost in his historical reflections.

"I am still here," Lee suggested hopefully.

"Oh! I'm sorry. Lady Lee." "But I can't very well help it. And why that name?"

"I meant I was sorry if I seemed to be wool gathering. And I think the name suits you."

"Do you know you're funny, Dale? I've never known anyone just like you. It's almost as if you'd forgotten to quite grow up. It makes me wish I had known you when you were a small boy."

"I'm not so sure what I was like. But I know that everything would

have been altogether different if we | speed as the road and traffic percould have had . . Elaine.'

"Elaine?" she repeated hesitatingly. "My mother. You see, I can't

quite remember her. I wish I could." "So do I, Dale. Will you tell me

something about her, Dale? Unless you'd rather not." In answer he fumbled a worn wal-

let from his pocket. Out came a small leather case. In the case was a photograph.

"That was Elaine." "Dale! How very lovely!" Lee exclaimed softly, studying the picture. Then she murmured, as if to herself: "Lily Maid of Astolat."

Dale caught his breath sharply. "You thought of it, too! She has always been that to me," Dale "Ever since I was old reflected. enough for my father to tell me about her. I have wondered sometime_ that he didn't object to my calling her Elaine instead of mother. But he never did. He was the one who sent me to Arthur's court in the first place."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you see, father looked after most of my early education. And he used to read to me by the hour. I became a disciple of old Malory when I was pretty small. Rather a rabid one, as I think about it now."

"You mean you liked stories of knights? Chivalry? I understand

"Perhaps. I think most boys get the fever at one time or another. I went to extremes. I always had the house littered up trying to make armor out of pasteboard and tin cans. I was forever playing at being a knight. It was a good thing. in one way. I developed a regular mania for physical culture." Dale smiled to himself. "I know I used my desire for deeds of prowess to get into scraps with the other kids."

"Young Galahad." "That was the general idea. By way of squaring myself, I would stand in front of Elaine's picture and tell her how I had ridden out with her scarf on my lance—that

sort of thing." "I thought it was something like that." Lee nodded wisely. "It explains you. But it makes me want to ask you about other things."

"Such as?" "Well. your father. I feel it every time I look at him. It's something in his eyes, I think. I can't explain it very well, but . . . He was very devoted to your mother.

"Yes." "I was sure. He carries her scarf, too. Perhaps I shouldn't say that."

"Why not? It's true. Since I have become older I think I'm beginning to understand what she must have meant to him. What it meant when he lost her. I can talk about it to you. I've never tried to tell anybody before. Never spoke of it to Pink even. And I know him better than anybody. But I never found anyone who I thought would understand. Until now. I think it's because of your mother," he decided. "Would you mind if I tried to tell you something?"

"Of course not, Dale." "It's a queer thing-" he frowned thoughtfully, staring away again into the distance-"I doubt if a boy



ever grew up with more beautiful ideals of a mother he couldn't remember. Father did it all. I'm not sure I can make this clear. But it must have been almost a passion with him. To be sure that I loved my mother. He wanted me to believe that she was beautiful and perfect. It wasn't difficult to make me understand that she was beautiful. I have two pictures of her. But the beauty of her character was built for me by father. It grew into something very near idolatry. Can you understand at all what I'm trying to express?"

"Yes." "That's the way it was all the time I was growing up. I don't mind telling you I'm glad now. Unconsciously, I think, I tried to be what Elaine would have expected. Please don't get the idea that I've been morally perfect. But I'd rather like to have you know I've never done anything I'm particularly ashamed of. I can thank father for

that—and plenty of other things." Almost no words were spoken on the homeward trip. Dale sat wrapped in thought. Lee devoted herself to driving, making as much

Later. Dale called attention to the soaring arch of the Bayonne Bridge with its twinkling lamps spanning

the purple murk. "Looks like a rainbow going home late." he observed.

Lee smiled and made no reply Nothing more was said until the car neared the parsonage. going to let you out here," Lee explained. Then, when Dale alighted and turned to speak, she checked him.

"I know what you're going to say Please let me thank you instead. Good night."

CHAPTER VI

Jonathan Farwell sat at his study table. Under his right hand lay a pile of loose sheets. His stub pen was traversing one after the other in relentless fashion, like a plough moving at high speed across white fields. As each page was finished, it was thrust aside and the pen con tinued its drive. So were the clergyman's sermons drafted. To the final word.

There was a sudden pause as th worker lifted his head at the sound of a step on the stair.

"Is that you, Dale? Please come here." The pen hung suspended above the paper. Farwell looked up into his son's face. "I meant to tell you before, Dale, and it slipped my mind. We are having guests for dinner Thursday."

"You don't mean . . . Not tomorrow!"

"Yes. Tomorrow. I hope you have no other engagement." The minister's eyes wandered back to his unfinished page.

"But I have! I'm your guests, Father?" "Mr. Marblestone and his family

are dining here with us." A slight emphasis on the last word. "Oh!"

"I wished to pay that one obligation while I was sure you would be in town." The pen crossed out an undesired word.

"That does put me in a jam!" Dale exclaimed in frank dismay. "It's rather late to . . ."

"Yes," his father agreed. "Quite too late to recall our invitation. Your place of course, is at our ta ble. Please be good enough to ar-

range it that way." Farwell was writing again. The

incident appeared to be closed. Dale turned on his heel without a word and sought his own room. With the door closed behind him, he stood staring out the window in helpless wrath.

Thursday. Lee's twentieth birthday. She was having a dinner party. He had been counting the days almost. And now . . . Lee had been as excited as a little

kid when she told him about the party. "It's going to be ever so informal Dale. Just some of the crowd I

grew up with. And you." "It's mighty nice of you to include me," had been als grateful reply, 'Wild horses couldn't keep me away. You know, something tells me it's going to be the nicest party

I ever went to." "Nonsense! You're getting your expectations raised too high."

"Aren't you going to have ice cream?"

"Maybe." "And you're going to be there. So t will be the nicest."

"I wonder . . ." Lee had flashed him a little smile and left that sentence unfinished. he last minute he wasn the wonderful party? Hanged if he

would! It wasn't fair. Dale turned with a clenched fist and scowled at the punching bag hanging near by. That would help.

Too childish. And noisy. Instead, he stalked downstairs and into the kitchen where his spirits were not lightened at the sight of Pink polishing the best silver.

"Look here. What's all this about company for dinner tomorrow night?"

"You mean that . . . Quarry out-6t?"

"Marblestones." "I never can remember that moniker. They're comin'. That's all I know. Except the dominie told me to try and dish up somethin' spe-

cial swell. Don't tell me you wasn't in on it." "I wasn't," Dale snapped. "It's no joke. I've accepted an invitation to the Bradys' for dinner tomorrow night. It's Lee's birthday."

Pink emitted a low whistle. "Say! That does sort of put you on a spot. Well, it's what you get for two-timing. I'm sorry. No kidding. The dominie's lookin' for you

to be here. I take it." "He just told me so. But I can'tnow," Dale answered.

"Wait a minute, kid. You can't go and let him down like that. It's the first party he's throwed here. Don't walk out on him. That Brady gal seems like a nice little sport. Go tell her what you're up against.

She'll see it your way." Dale strolled into the lower hall and paused irresolutely near the telephone. Pink was right, he concluded moodily. After all, it would be best to tell her. Dale rather hoped she would refuse to accept such an eleventh-hour excuse. Then be could submit the matter to his

father again. Reluctantly be dialed the Brady number. A familiar voice answered.

"Say, Lee I'm up against it." He blurted it out with no pre-"Father has just told me amble. he is entertaining company for dinner tomorrow night. He expects me to be on hand, of course, and . . ."

"But you must, Dale. If your faed.

"That's sweet of you. I wanted to tell you

"I understand. It's quite all

right." Lee said it very quietly. "It isn't!" Dale exclaimed miserably. "I may be a little 👆 te. but . . ."

"I understand," Lee repeated. "Good-by." She hung up.

Dale slowly replaced the receiver as he heard the click at the other end of the line. He said one word under his breath. Pink Mulgrew outdid himself to

make that first formal dinner at the parsonage "something special "I got an idea," he said affably

to Dale, "these swells wouldn't mind showin' me up if I give 'em a chance. You said you ate at their shack once. Who waited on table?' "A maid passed the things."

"I hoped you'd s v that, I learned to deal 'em off the arm a long time ago. But when I was in Chi last time I went and bought me a book on how to buttle. Gives the whole works. I've been wantin' to try it out.

Pink's white coat was starched to such a degree that it creaked pleasantly when its wearer received the Marblestones at the front dcor and relieved them of their

wraps. Pink's dignified mien left nothing to be desired, albeit he narrowly repressed a whistle of admiration when he assisted the younger woman out of her long coat and found himself staring at a generous display of white spinal column.

Sarah Marblestone rustled in ebony silk and jet, as if a Sunday service were in prospect. Even Henry had entered into the spirit of formality and bad donned a tail coat after his day in the bank.

His first move, when he led his family into the parlor, was to make for the fireplace where a wood blaze crackled cheerily. He spread his feet well apart, thrust his hands under the skirt of his coat and beamed upon his host.

"This is what I call real comfort, Doctor! Radiators may be all right, but I like to soak heat into my back. Always did."

Evelyn dropped into a chair and engaged Doctor Farwell in a direct conversation that gave him scant opportunity to devote attention to her parents. Dale's entrance and quiet greeting to the guests furnished the first diversion. "I was beginning to be afraid you

weren't here," Evelyn suggested to him, under cover of the general talk. "I didn't like to ask." "Of course I was here. It took me longer to dress than I expected

tered a smile as he said it. Pink aided the situation by appearing at the moment to announce

Wanted to look my best." He mus-

in a sepulchral voice: "Dinner is served, Doctor Farwell."

Despite his own low spirits. Dale found himself suddenly sharing the butler's anxiety that everything be accomplished in due form and hastened to post himself behind Mrs. Marblestone's chair. Doctor Farwell said grace to Mar-

blestone's very evident relief. In the intense silence the followed, Pink commenced serving the bouillon. All the guests seemed to fall How could he tell her at almost under the spell of the butler, as if elty. Evelyn was the first to re cover. "Your table is lovely, Doctor,"

she said to her host. "Those flowers are gorgeous. Someone here has wonderful taste, Don't you think so, Mother?" Evelyn was regarding Dale with a smile as she asked the question. Mrs. Marblestone was preoccupied with a study of the silver that flanked her place impressively. She offered no comment.

The first course succeeded in loosening the banker's tongue. The Yorkshire pudding had its particular appeal. "I don't remember ever eating anything just like that, Doctor," he

insisted happily over a second portion. "Do you mean to tell me that your man cooked this dinner? Where did you pick him up?" "Mulgrew was injured serving overseas. He has been with me al-

most from the time he recovered." "That reminds me." Marblestone looked curiously at his host, "Someone was telling me the other day that you were in the army yourself. Funny I hadn't heard it before. Is that correct?"

"I was, for a time. Mrs. Marblestone, may I help you to something?"

The dinner proved a distinct ordeal to Dale. In spite of his resolves, he found his thoughts straying continually to that other table where he should have been a guest at the moment. Lee's eager little face and laughing dark eyes haunted him. She ind said it was all right. But was it? Would it be? He must see her as soon as possible. Try to make her understand this wasn't his fault.

"Do you play?" asked Evelyn of Dale after dinner. "No indeed." "Then your father's the musician.

Dale hesitated. This situation fitted exactly into the intolerable eve-

ning. He had done his best to con- worlds. And we had another surceal any display of resentment, but | prise. Doctor Farwell played the he was aware of the displeasure piano for us after dinner. He's noththat would be roused if he answered in the affirmative.

"Doesn't he play?" Evelyn insist-

"Why-sometimes." It was out host. "There now, Doctor! I was

sure. Please play for me." "I am a very indifferent performer, Miss Marblestone." Farwell's voice was low. "I should much pre-

fer listening to you. Allow me . 'Oh, I wouldn't dream of it! Mamma will tell you I haven't touched our plane in ages. Please, Doctor."

Without another word Farwell seated himself at the instrument and ran a few contemplative chords. Then he commenced a selection, a classical theme whose notes filled the room under the firm touch of the long white fingers. At its conclusion, Farwell's hands dropped from the keys to his lap.

"It was wonderful . . ." Evelyn

breathed. "I adore Liszt." It was almost eleven when Mar blestone peered from the front win-



"It was wonderful," Evelyn breathed.

dow and announced that the car was

waiting. Dale's only conversation with Evelyn came when he assisted her into her coat.

"Was it such a hardship?" she

inquired in a voice too low for the others to hear. "I don't know what you mean." "Nothing, really. I wasn't quite sure you were here this evening."

Evelyn stood with her back to him fingering the fastenings of her coat. "But of course I was! So glad you could come."

plan of action following the departure of the Marblestones, his father called him into the parlor. Farwell

Before Dale could formulate any

stood beside the piano. "Did you have a pleasant eve-

"I wonder . ."

ning?" "Yes, Father." "Hereafter, if you can avoid it, please do not make it necessary for me to use the plane. I should not have to remind you of my reasons,

I think. Good-night Dale." Dale waited where he was until he heard his father moving about overhead. Then he walked into the

slipped into his overcoat and let himself cut the front door. His mind was filled with misgivings as he neared his destination. A fool's errand. like as not. If he' could have a few words with Lee alone. What would her guests think if he came barging in at this late ate settlement; and those holding hour? Perhaps they would have

gone. No.

ed on the lower floor. Dale approached uncertainly. There was but one car parked in the street. He scanned it closely as he passed. We walked on rapidly. There was a familiar look about

that machine Pliny getting the break.

CHAPTER VII

"Lee, darling; I wasn't sure you'd be up yet, but I did want to see you for a minute."

"Of course I'm up," Lee laughed as she ushered Evelyn Marblestone into the Bradys' living room. "It's almost noon. You'd better get out of that leather coat. It's rather warm here." "Well. Just for a second. You

don't know how sorry I was not to pleaded in bar of their recovery. be able to come to your dinner last night. You see, I was invited out for dinner with father and mother. And I must tell you where we went We dined at Doctor Farwell's. Imag "Really?"

"Nothing different. You know

was almost devoured with curiosity

You must have seen that weird

. . To see what it would be like.

creature that runs the house for Dale and his father." "Mr. Mulgrew? I've met him. He is funny . . . And nice."

"Maybe. He isn't so easy to look at, though. But I will hand it to him when it comes to serving a dinner. And r v dear! I wish you could see the linen and silver. The table was simply beautiful! The dinner was delicious. I mean it. And that dreadful looking little man cooked it. Everything!"

"It must have been interesting." "I wouldn't have missed it for

ing less than an artist. He doesn't like to play for his friends. But I teased him into it after Dale let the cat out of the bag. I could see that the Doctor didn't like it at all. He tried not to show it. But Evelyn turned in triumph to her you know those eyes of his. Dale's so funny, isn't he?"

"I'm not sure I've noticed,"

"I mean about his father. When you get Dale by himself he loosens up and talks. But when his father's around, he's altogethe. different. He acts almost as if he were afraid. I don't blame him much. Doctor Farwell is perfectly adorable. But there is something sort of grand and gloomy about him. Dale's all right, anyway. He can't help his father. Did you know he was going away very soon?"

"You mean Dole?"

"Yes. He was telling father something of the sort after dinner. Said he had decided to go back to school and do some work. Those two got to be regular cronies last night. Father thinks it's a pity he isn't going into a business where he can. make money. Thinks he has so much personality and all that sort of thing. I wouldn't wonder if he'd desomething for Dale, if he'd stay here in Locust Hill."

"That would be nice."

"I don't blame him much for wanting to get away from here. But I will miss him. Dale promised me he would take up contract if E would give him some lessons. And I must gol" "Don't hurry away."

"Sorry. I've heaps of things to

I'm just beginning to think of Christmas shopping." Evelyn was getting into her coat. ages since we had a good visit. Call me up and we'll have a whole afternoon of gossip. 'By." Pink Mulgrew unwittingly contributed to his culinary fame by neglecting to lower the shades of the dining

room windows while serving dinner for the "Quarry outfit." Miss Abbie Brown chanced to see the unusual illumination in passing the parsonage. She paused. Dale Farwell was plainly visible at his end of the table. On his right sat a woman who looked amazingly like Sarah Marblestone. And

(Continued next week) Early Corn Harvester Patent In 1834 and 1836 Henry Blair was granted patents on a corn harvester; he was the first negro to zeceive a patent on an invention.

Could Buy Out of Army

there were Henry-and Evelyng

Well!

During the Civil war, conscientions objectors could buy their way out of the army for \$300. FERRY SCHEDULE ROANOKE FERRY COMPANY Roanske Island, Manns Harbor,

Effective May 1, to July 1, 1938 Leaving Roanoke Island: 7 a. m.; 8:30 a. m.; 10 a. m.; 11:30 a. m. 12 noon; 1:30 p. m.; 2:30 p. m.; 4:00 p. m. 6:00 p. m. Leaving Manns Harbor: 7:30 a. m.;

Fort Landing, East Lake

9:00 a. m.: 10:30 a. m.; 12 noon; 1:30 p. m.; 3:00 p. m. 4:30 p. m.; 6:30 p. m. Leaving East Lake: 8:30 a. m.; 2:00 p. m. 5:30 p. m.;

Leaving Fort Landing: 7:30 a. m.; 12 noon; 4:30 p. m. T. A. Baum, Mgr. Manteo, N. C.

NOTICE OF ADVINISTRATION Having this day duly qualified as administrator of the estate of L. J. Wool, deceased, of Nags Head, Dare County, North Carolina. I hereby persons indebted to his estate to come forward and make immediclaims against the same will preone. No.

The house was still brightly light. TWELVE MONTHS from the date of this notice or it will be pleaded

in bar of their recovery. This 6th day of June, 1938. W. A. EVERETT. Administrator, Edenton, North Carolina

(19 -01 eung)

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION Having this day duly qualified as Administratrix of the estate of Lanis L. Midgett, deceased, of Wanchese, Dare County, North Carolina, I hereby give notice to all persons indebted to his estate to come forward and make immediate settlement; and those holding claims against the said estate will present them for payment within TWELVE MONTHS from the date of this notice or it will be

Mrs. Lucye Midgette, Administratrix Wanchese, North Carolina.

This 11th day of May, 1938.

(May 13-June 17-6t) NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION

Having this day duly qualified as Adn. 'trator' (with will anas Adn nexed) or the estate of Joseph Midgett, deceased, of Rodanthe, Dare County, North Carolina, I hereby give notice to all persons indebted to his estate to come forward and make immediate settlement: and those holding claims against tho said estate will present them forpayments within TWELVE MONTHS from the date of this notice or it will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.
This 12th day of May, 1938.

DAVID B. MIDGETT, Administrator, Rodanthe, North Carolina

May 20 6t