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(Continued from first page)

Just simply wasn't there, that's all. Carter decided that that was the way to make, although he fully well knew that he would be criticized by everyone from The Press to the fans. Still it would be profitable, and still it might win the big Hendale game as well as the College Championship for him, and then when that had been accomplished The Press and the fans would see that Carter was right.

No game would be played 'til three days later. But that game was the big annual Hendale game. For that day was "Cooperston Day," and every year Cooperston played Hendale, and Hendale was considered as the strongest team in the East, well deserving the name of "The strongest of the strong." For the past three years Hendale had beaten the Cooperston nine, but this year at the beginning of the season, with the Cooperston team, all the fans had hoped to defeat the Hendalers. However, Cooperston had made such a poor showing to date even The Press was doubtful of victory.

It was a day after the Wilburn game when Captain Carter met the brilliant heady catcher Hendrix on the campus:

"Jim," he said, "I have decided to make a great change in my line-up for 'Cooperston Day.'"

"What is said change?" answered the catcher, carelessly.

"The said change is simply that I am going to remove you to the outfield and put 'Kid' Wilson behind the bat," Carter spoke firmly, yet kindly.

"What you say? Quit yer kiddin'." Hendrix smiled.

"I meant exactly what you heard me say, and I am going to make proposed changes for the simple reason that the team will profit by it, and the team will profit by it for the simple reason that Wilson is a better header catcher than you are."

Hendrix now looked up. His face was a little red.

"So you really mean it, do you? I don't see how you get that kid being a better catcher than myself; however, he may be, I don't know."

"He is. You simply haven't got this up here and he has," Carter placed his hand on his head.

"But what will The Press and the fans say?"

"Hang The Press and everybody. I am running this ball team, and I am going to have a winning team if it costs me all my friends. I am doing it for the good of the team. And what's more, we are going to win Thursday if you all will work—get me?"

"I do. It matters little to me, but I don't get on to that 'head' ball you handed me."

He left Carter standing on the campus, near the "Tennis Maple." Thursday came. Hendale came. "Cooperston Day" was a big day in that neighborhood. All the students had been let off for the day, and everybody was having a big time. It was an end as a Fourth of July celebration. However, at about

one o'clock about twelve boys strode into the ball diamond. They had striped uniforms on, and some had sweaters thrown around them. On the sweaters were big "C's" while across the shirts of the striped uniforms a big letter "H" glittered in the sunlight. Presently a few more uniformed boys arrived, but they were the captured boys wearing their old uniforms. Hendale boys had taken the place of the Cooperston boys.

Crowds began to build up, in the big stands, and soon the grandstand was filled with ardent admirers. "Kid" Wilson, the best trapper in the country, was standing near the "C" bench. On the field Hendale was getting her infield practice. They were called in and "Bob" Jones rushed up to the stands.

"Gather for Cooperston—Hendale and Wilburn for Hendale University and Horton."

The first hit and the game was on.

For eleven innings the two teams battled and Carter watched four center field, where he played, the hard-voiced "twain" behind the bat. He knew that "Kid" Wilson was partly responsible for the good showing made by Cooperston pitcher, but he said nothing.

Wilson was catching a beautiful game, and he was there with the bases. He looked every batter over and he came to the plate. He saw how he held his bat, how he stepped up to the plate and everything. He was a wise kid, catcher, Carter was satisfied with his change.

In the beginning of the twelfth, with a man on first, the Hendale batter, Jim, was to the bat. Wilson expected him to bust and sacrifice the runner on first, but to the surprise of all, the first ball pitched was connected with. A crashing line drive that kept riding. It looked good for over the center field walk, but back of the other walk, but the stands saw William Henry Carter desperately reaching for it. Hendale pitcher Jim, was right behind him and when Carter got to the walk, threw back his hand and sprang the ball Hendrix was right at his heels.

As there was only one man down the runner on first could step up and bat for himself. Carter knew it. From the flat of his back, out of which he threw the ball to Hendrix, Hendrix had an aim on him that "Kid" couldn't be equalled.

"There it is!" cried Carter. Hendrix threw back his arm and sent the ball toward the third base. Just before it reached third it bounced and went directly into the third baseman's hands. It was a perfect throw, a sensational catch, a wonderful home-throw. The runner had passed third baseman behind the ball by a hair's breadth. It was a perfect fielding play. The ball home. "Kid" Wilson toward the runner as he slid under him and the crowds roared.

"OUT," cried "Bob" Jones.

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**The First National Bank**

Dunn, North Carolina.

Notice of Sale. Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed executed by H. C. McKay and wife to J. W. Talton and later transferred by the said J. W. Talton to P. F. Pope for value, which mortgage deed bears date of December 5th, 1912 and is recorded in the Harriet county registry in book No. 108 at page number ninety-five, under date of January 4th, 1913, the transfer from J. W. Talton to P. F. Pope being also registered in book No. 6 at page No. 35 of the registry for Harriet county, the said P. F. Pope offers for sale to the highest and best bidder for cash, default having been made in the payment of promissory notes secured by the said mortgage deed, at public auction at the court house door at Lillington, N. C., on the 30th day of April, A. D. 1917 at 12 o'clock M. a certain tract or parcel of land situated in said mortgage deed as follows: Beginning at a stake, William Barnes' corner, in Lemon street, and runs as said street East 50 feet to a corner of lot No. 3; thence as line of said lot South 150 feet to a corner of lot No. 4; thence as line of said lot North 150 feet to the beginning. It being lot No. 3 in block "K" in the land of the town of Coats, North Carolina.

This the 23rd day of March, A. D. 1917.

B. T. Barnes Jr., Mortgagee.  
C. F. Neighbors, Transferee of Mortgagee.

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**MARRIAGE IN SMITHFIELD**

On Sunday afternoon, April 15th, Mr. William Clyde Pearce and Miss Dora Virginia Johnson were married at the home of Mrs. Ella Baker, where Miss Johnson was boarding. The ceremony was performed by Rev. H. F. Brinson. The young couple have gone on a bridal trip. After April 24th they will make their future home at Micro, N. C., where Mr. Pearce is conducting a successful mercantile business. Mr. Pearce is a son of Mr. J. D. Pearce, who lives near Micro and a brother of Mr. Luther Pearce, of Smithfield. Miss Johnson is a daughter of Mr. Willis Johnson whose home is near Benson.—Smithfield Herald.

Mr. Emmett Thompson, of Durham visited friends here Sunday.