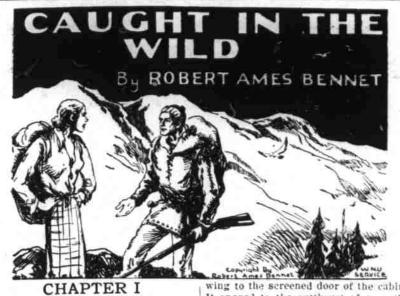
THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1935



The Chechahcos.

Garth knelt upon the planks of the small floating wharf to fasten a pitchsmeared patch on the bottom of his upturned birchbark canoe. In the midst of his work he paused to listen. A faraway drone was just audible above the ting and hum of insects. He turned to peer at the southerly sky above the vast flood of the Mackenzie. The drone became more distinct.

A plane was coming downriver towards the emergency refueling station at the old abandoned trading post. Yet the regular schedule of the line did not call for the northbound Bellanca for several days. In all probabillfly, the Commercial Airways had sent out its emergency plane from Fort McMurray, Alberta.

Though his thoughts lingered on the approaching plane, his eyes and hands returned to the patching of the canoe. The craft must be made ready for the weeks of upriver paddling. There would be none too much time for the thousand-mile trip out before the winter freeze-up.

As he finished the patch the loud drone of the motor swelled into a staccato roar. He turned to watch the white monoplane swoop down and take the water like a squattering duck. The pilot started to taxi shor ward. Garth again set about patching the small leak. A sudden silence told that the motor had been stilled. Across the hush came a curt order:

"Ho, Jack, fend off and snub her." Garth leisurely twisted around to eye the incoming craft. She was a beautiful medium-sized plane with a cabin behind the semi-enclosed cockplt. Between her headway and the river current, she was driving towards the upstream side of the wharf at a speed that promised to smash the pontoons.

Yet neither of the two helmeted persons in the cockpit made a move to climb down in readiness to ward off the shock. Nor did either work the controls to veer the craft clear. Both were hastily putting on headnets and gloves to protect themselves from the outbuzzing swarms of mosquitoes and bulldog flies. They seemed to take for granted that the worker on the wharf would rush to give them service.

In the North ablebodied men are supposed to wait upon themselves. More, the pilot's tone had been that of a master commanding an inferior. Garth stayed motionless, waiting for the crackup with cool curiosity.

wing to the screened door of the cabin. It opened to the outthrust of a portly man in city clothes. Assisted by the pilot, he managed to get down upon the wharf by means of steps lowered from inside the cabin. After hurriedly putting on a headnet and gloves, he started inshore between his two companions. He limped as if slightly crippled. But the lameness might have been due to cramp from long sitting. Garth spoke to the supply tender: "I'm only a stray prospector, Tohin,

Understand?" "Aye, sir," grunted Tobin. Without a word of greeting, he hobbled back a few steps as the pilot and his passengers stepped in over the rough threshold.

The portly man opened a goldmounted elgar case. The young woman produced a long an ber-stemmed cigarette holder. This was promptly filled by the pilot, who paused only to slap a mosquito on his clean-shaven cheek before striking a match.

Out went Garth's hand in a swift clutch that caught the flaming match in his calloused palm. The pilot, who was as tall as Garth and heavier built, turned to stare down at him with cold anger.

"You insolent roughneck! Clear out of here."

Garth smiled. Toben did the answering: "Huh, crazy loon-lighting matches in here. Can't you read the sign? 'No smoking.' Bounce him, lad." The pilot thrust a hand inside his leather jacket. "Try it. I'll drill both of you."

"How frightful," said Garth. "You must imagine this is a Wild West show. Please don't shoot until the lady can get outside. Shots are even more apt than matches to explode all this gasolina."

The portly man snapped shut his cigar case.

"That's so! You have no cause to be ruffled, Vivian. The fellow seems to have acted on a well-intentioned impulse."

The pllot's hand came out empty from inside the jacket. "Why couldn't the fool have spoken a warning?"

Garth had sized up the man. He expected neither an apology for the abuse nor thanks for saving the visitors from possible annihilation. With an indifferent smile, he shifted the gaze of his gray eyes to examine the woman member of the party.

A first glance had led him to think her older than the pilot. Under her rouge and powder her face was thin and drawn. Its lines might have belonged to a woman in the mid-thirties. Her blue eves looked more than bored and cynical. Their tiredness matched the lined face. Her body was thin almost to boniness.

THE WAYNESVILLE MOUNTAINEER

with sudden keen interest. "What's that? You're from the new gold "But your gold sack?" "Gold?" Garth muttered.

He drew out his poke again and opened it to shake a few small nodules of metal into his palm. Both Huxby and Mr. Ramill stepped close to peer at the grayish silvery bits. The older man looked puzzled. The younge: took a nodule into his own palm, eyed it a moment, and handed it back in an indifferent manner.

fields?"

"No."

"Galena, I'm a mining engineer. You're out of luck, not making a gold strike. Never before in history has silver been so low."

Garth looked disappointed. "Too bad, Isn't It?"

He picked out a nodule that had been rubbed to a rather bright polish. The girl was leaning with her left hand on one of the lower piles of gasoline cases. A ring with a large blue diamond banded the "engagement" finger. Garth thrust the nodule up close beside the ring.

"Yes," he said, "I always did think gold looked prettier than galena-erea white gold."

The girl drew her hand away as If he had smirched it. "My ring is not



The Girl Drew Her Hand Away as if He Had Smirched It.

gold. You pretend to be a prospector yet do you know platinum from gold!" "Platinum?" Garth questioned. "But your friend here calls it galena."

Mr. Ramill Interposed : "Permit me, Lilith .- Young man, I am largely interested in metalliferous mines. If you have located a lode of galena, the lead might pay for development of the prospect."

"That depends," put in Huxby. Where's the place?" "Three weeks-paddle and portage,"

Garth answered. "Slow travel. But by airplane?"

"The bird distance can't Interest you. Neither lead nor silver would pay for airplane freighting. Nor would packing. I lost ten pounds of thisgalena. Canoe upset, running one of the rapids."

and oatmeal porridge. Garth crowded past them and Tobin to the end of the little shelf table. The girl stopped in the entrance to peer around the cubbyhole kitchen, her scarlet-smeared-lips curled with disgust. Though soap-clean, everything in the place looked crude. The air

was choky from the smell of cheap bacon. Huxby sprang up to place the chair at the near end of the table. He lifted the holling teanot trom the stove and started to fill a tin cup with the black brew. "Pardon our not waiting, Lilith," he

apologized. "I did not wish to waken

"Quite thoughtful of you, darling, But you need not think I'll drink this lye or eat any of these beastly messes. Not for me. You can have your steerage garbage. I'll keep to cabin fare." She faced about and went back through the passage. Huxby stood hesitating. Mr. Ramill motioned him to sit down

"You stocked the cabin with enough wines and delicatessen to last several days. Finish your meal."

The mining engineer shot a glance at Garth. "I've had enough outs to founder a Scotch cow. May as well see to the refueling."

Tobin rose stiffly and followed Huxby into the storeroom, Mr. Ramill took a last sip of the boiled tea, favored Garth with a patronizing smile, and opened his gold mounted cigar case to offer one of the choice Hayanas. Garth declined. "I never smoke. It

deadens the nose." "Deadens-What's that?"

"Though man has the sense of smell, compared with dogs he lacks the ability to scent. Yet even a trace of it may be of use in the bush."

The investor's portly body quivered to his chuckle. "I've heard of nosing out prospects? First time, though, it's been done to my knowledge." He caught himself up, "At least, Mr. Huxby considers it possible your discovery may be worth an examination. That leaves only the question of terms,

in case we find the mine promising enough for me to make an offer." Garth spared an inquiring glance. The portly gentleman gave him a

bland smile. "I believe in encouraging prospectors, They find new districts. With that in

view, I buy numbers of undeveloped prospects, taking the risk of heavy losses. Though I drop thousands on some mines, I have made a fortune from others. But the average prospector, like yourself, stakes his all.

Ninety-nine times in a hundred, he is cleaned out by total failure. If your lode looks at all possible, I'll pay you up to a thousand dollars cash for it." "I'm not selling," Garth said. "I like to play a game through to the end, win or lose."

The investor's eyes hardened, "What's your idea?" "One year's lease, and sixty per

cent of the gross returns to me." Mr. Ramill blinked. "Sixty per cent

of gross! You're crazy !" "Like a fox. Same kind of nose." It was Garth's turn to smile. "Not so keen, though, for galena. Better for

scenting out alloys of gold, Iridium and-platinum." The last word knocked the benevolent encourager of prospectors speech-

NORTH CAROLINA, HAYWOOD COUNTY. IN THE SUPERIOR COURT. Eva McCracken,

Vs. M. J. McCracken, R. T. Messer, and M. M. Noland.

Court of Haywood County in the above entitled action, I will, on Monday, the 2nd day of December, 1935 at 11, o lock, A. M., at the Court House door of said County, sell to the you with the refueling. Planned to do nimest budder for cash to satisfy said execution, all the right, title and interest which the said M. J. McCrack en, has in the first Ten tra.ts of land hereinafter described; and all the right, title and interest which the defendant, R. T. Messer has in three tracts as described below belonging to R. T. Messer; and all the right, title and interest that the defendant, M. M. Noland, has in the Six tracts as described below belonging to the defendant, M. M. Noland; said tracts of land described as follows: to-wit: M. J. Mc-Cracken's interest in the following

described tracts: Ten tracts of land lying and being C. Grannan & Co. in Crabtree Township and Iron Duff Sixth Tract. B Township, two tracts being in Crabbeing described in a certain deed of trust as recorded in Book 32, page 59, Record of Deeds of Trust for Haypage reference is hereby made for a full and complete description of said land; and reference is also made to the Books and pages as set forth in said deed of trust as recorded in Book 32, page 59 for a more complete description of the land, The ten tracts above described will be sold first and the proceeds from said sale will be applied on said execution first the sale of the said ten tracts of land

will be sold subject to the deed of trust as recorded in Book 32, page 59 record of deeds of trust of Haywood County, N. C.

R. T. Messr's interest in the follow ing described tracts:

Three tracts lying and being in Waynesville, Haywood County: First Tract: Beginning at a stake on the Northwest side of Smathers Street, 50 feet North 65-30 East from First Street and runs with the line of Lot No. 1, North 24-30 West 150 feet; thence N. 65-30 E. 50 feet; thence S 24-30 E. 150 feet; thence S. 30-50 W. 150 feet to the beginning, Being Lot No. 3, in Block 3 of the W. R. Harbeck Fair Ground addition, as per survey and map, Oct., 1920, Recorded in Map Book "B," Index "H."

ner of Lots Nos, 43 and 44, and runs thence with the line between said Lots S. 59-15 E. 302 feet to a stake; thence S. 23-40 W. 150 feet to a stake; thence N. 58-58 W. 310 feet to Love Lane; thence with the Eastern Margin of Love Lane 150.4 feet to the beginning, being Lots 44,45, 46, Map "B," Index

Third Tract: Beginning at a stake on the East margin of Love Lane on O. T. McCracken's corner, the same being a corner of Lots Nos, 4 and 5 on said map and runs S. 65 E. with the dividing line between Lots 4 and 5, 144 feet to a stake; thence S. 70 W. 96 feet to a stake, Southeast corner of Lot No. 9; thence N. 65 W. 150 feet W. 25.32 poles to the BEGINNING. to the East side of Love Lane; thence with the East margin of Love Lane Also conveying such rights-of-ways 100 feet to the beginning. Being Lots water rights as contained in the deed

NOTICE OF SALE UNDER EXE-bought from Thos. Stringfield. Book S8, page 1.

88, page 1. Fourth Tract: Being Lots No. 92 and 93 in Block D in Brookmont, as per map by J. C. Grannan and Co., Aug, 1928, described as follows: ginning at a stake East side of Sum-mit Road, M. M. Noland's corner and corner of Lot 91 and 92, and runs with M. M. Noland's line and with and M. M. Noland. By virtue of an execution directed to the undersigned from the Superior Court of Haywood County in the 147 2 feet with O. L. Yates line to a stake, Summit Road and corner of Lots 54 and 93; then with Summit Road N. 55-85 E. 60 feet to the beginming.

Fifth Tract: Beginning at a stake in the Southern margin of Summit Road said stake being 120 feet from the Southwest intersection of Highland and Summit Roads; thence running with the Southern margin of Summit Road S, 71.50 W. 30 feet to a stake; thence continuing with the margin of Summit Road S. 79-50 W. 30 feet to a stake in the Southern margin of Summit; Road; thence S 32 E. 153.8 feet to a stake; thence S. 51-45 E. 53 feet to a stake; thence N. 22-35 W. 235 feet to the beginning. Same being described as Lots Nos. 90 and 92, in Block D, in Brook-mont as surveyed and platted by J.

Sixth Tract: Being in Fines Creek Township: Adjoining the lands of W. tree Township and eight tracts being in Iron Duff Township, said property B. Noland and Riley Green and oth-ers. Beginning at a stake on the ers: Beginning at a stake on the West side of the Public Road, thence up the Public Road on the West side of said Public Road to a stake near wood County, N. C., to said book and Harrison Rogers' road; thence with Harrison Rogers' road to Fines Creek; thence down Fines Creek to a small branch, W. B. Noland's corner, known as the branch that separates W. B. Noland's land, from Harrison Rogers' land; thence up said branch to the beginning. Containing 6 acres, more r less.

This the 1st day of November, 1935 J. C. WELCH, Sheriff of Haywood County, N. C. No. 405-Nov. 7:14:21:28.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE SALE

NORTH CAROLINA, HAYWOOD COUNTY

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain deed of trust executed by T. H. DeBord and Nola DeBord, to Geo. W. Sutton, Trustee, dated 29 March 1930, and recorded in the Haywood County Public Registry in Book 29, at page 10, default having been made in the payment of the notes thereby secured, and the holder thereof having directed that the deed of trust be foreclosed, the undersigned, Mrs. Geo. W. Sutton, Admrx. of Geo. W. Sutton, deceased, Trustee, will offer for sale Second Tract: Beginning at a stake and sell at the Court House door in on the East side of Love Lane, cor- the Town of Waynesville, Haywood County, N. C., at twelve o'clock noon on Saturday, 30 November, 1935, at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, a certain lot or parcel of land situated in the Town of Canton, Haywood County, N. C., described as follows

BEGINNING on a stake, Owensby's corner in old Moore, (now J. H. Gossett line,) and runs with said line N. 2 E. 14.84 poles to Robinson's house lot thence with said house lot two calls as follows, S. 87 E. 16 poles to a stake; thence N. 3 E. 10.48 poles to a stake in road; thence with said road S. 87 E. 9.32 poles to a stake; thence S. 3 W. 35.32 poles to a stake; thence Containing Three acres, more or less.

At that the smaller person cried out in a sharp, almost shrill voice: "Quick, you gawping dummy!" The fact that one of the pair was

a woman made a vast difference. Garth caught the end of the mooring line flung by the pilot, and snatched up a long pikepole. Its outthrust point met the tip of the nearer pontoon.

Bent low, Garth put all of his weight and strength into his angling shove with the pole. The momentum of the ingliding plane forced him back one step after another. Then his moccasins found a holding grip against the upturned edge of a plank.

Instead of driving in against the wharf at the blunt angle with which It | brows. had approached, the head of the plane began to swing off. With another output of strength, Garth swung it parallel with the upstream side of the wharf.

Alded by a slight swerve in the current, he was able to walk the plane to the outer end of the wharf before the nearer pontoon could hit the float logs. As the alreraft glided clear, he made the line fast to a ringbolt and returned to his canoe.

"What the devil !" snapped the pilot. "Come back, you fool. Take in the slack-moor us."

Garth swung his canoe into the water and stepped aboard to test the last patch. The airplane, having drifted downstream to the end of the line, swung around and lay nosing the current. Neither the man or the woman made a movement until Garth drove his cance ashore and lifted it atop the stony bank.

As he climbed to the front of the old post store, above the base of the wharf, he saw the pilot at last swing down to haul on the line. Inside the big log cabin he crossed to one of the rear rooms and put a light hand on the forehead of the snoring man in the nearest bunk.

"Turn out, Tobin. Visitors." The grizzle-bearded station tender roused up to blink and peer.

"Vis'tors? You're not stringin' me, Mr., Garth?"

"No. Rover plane."

Tobin slipped on his moccasins and hobbled out into the storeroom. The pilot had moored his plane head and tall to the lower side of the landing stage. He was handing his woman companion down from the cockpit. Both had replaced their leathor flying helmets with hats and mosquito nets. They went in under the overhanging

Yet, upon examination, Garth saw she could not be even in the midtwenties. Traces of girlish freshness still lingered in her painted face, under the blemishes of dissipation and disillusionment.

As she faced away from him, the pllot spoke to Tobin:

"Get busy. Truck down sixty gallons of gas and five of oil-and be quick about it. While your helper is refueling the plane, you'll cook us the best meal you can throw together."

Down came Tobin's shaggy eye-"Who d'you think you're bossin'? Shove along to a tradin' post for yer grub an' gas. This here cache is the comp'ny's emergency deepo."

The portly visitor took a billfold from his coat and drew out a paper. "Take a look at this order, my man. It authorizes me to requisition any of the Airways' stations for whatever supplies I wish." '

Tobin read the order, and thrust It back, with no lessening of his dourness. "So you're Burton Ramill, are you? Looks like a straight order. All the same, you'll sign the book before

you'll get a drop." He turned about to open an oily account book on one of the stacks of

gasoline cases. Mr. Ramill drew a fountain pen from his vest pocket with plump white fingers, and limped forward to write.

"There's your receipt," said the pilot. "Now have this dumb helper of yours rush out our gas, and get your pans on

the fire. We want service." "Yuh? Well, you're welcome want it till doomsday. That comp'ny order calls for supplies. Don't say nothin' about cookin' nor service."

Mr. Ramill interposed: "All right, man. I see you're stiff from rheumatism. I will pay this young fellow to refuel the plane."

Garth turned his cool gaze upon the pllot. "Why not give this bird of yours the chance to earn a little more pay?"

"Because Mr. Huxby has flown my plane all the way from Chicago, with only short stop-overs. Also, he is my partner, not a mechanic."

"Well, he's not the only party present who's not a kiwi." Garth pulled a small poke from inside his buckskin shirt, hefted it as if considering, and put it back. "Nor do I need your pay." Huxby's supercilious eyes glistened

As Garth spoke he put up a hand to cover a yawn. "If you don't mind, Tobin, I'll roll in. It's a long travois to Great Slave."

The portly investor in mines caught the eye of his engineer partner. He spoke to Garth: "You are going outside?"

"Perhaps."

"Well, a day or so should make no difference to you. Is there a lake or pond near your prospect?" "One about four miles long; half as

wide." Huxby repeated his question: "It

could be reached how soon by air?" The fish were no longer nibbling; they were booked. Garth had only to haul in on his line. But he took his time about it. He paused to consider. Not all fish prove to be desirable catches.

Neither Mr. Ramill not Huxby looked like a crook. They had the appearance of reputable business men. On the other hand, neither looked easy, Huxby broke in cn Garth's weighing of the chances: "Well, Jack, let's have It."

"Two to three hours," Garth replied. "I don't know the speed of your plane."

"Fastest type of cabin cruiser. Call It six hours to go and return, and the same to inspect your prospect. It's possible there may be a trace of gold in your ore. I'll test it while you get your sleep."

The girl spoke to Mr. Ramill: "I shall take a nap myself, Dad. Ten hours of flying, with no chance to dance off the Scotch, is enough to kill a horse."

In the act of handing a nodule to Huxby, Garth paused to stare at the girl. So that was the answer-liquor, tobacco, paint, and all the rest of the flapper-jazz rot.

She stiffened and stared back at him haughtily. He dropped the nodule into Huxby's cupped palm and crossed into the rear room to stretch out on one of the bunks.

. A tug at his shoulder roused Garth

from his six-hour sleep. Tobin's hoarse voice croaked in his ear: "Roll out, sir. Sun's up. The pair of 'em are keen to be a-wing. Looks

like their test of your nugget livened 'em up. Grub's on." Garth pulled on his buckskins and

moccasins and stepped into the storeroom. Miss Ramill was coming in at the front door. She paused to remove her headnet. Huxby and Mr. Ramill were already putting down a hearty breakfast of bacon, sourdough bread

less. Yet, after a moment of blank look. "Daft!" he muttered. "That mus:

be it. These prospectors, alone in the wilds for months at a time!" He raised his voice. "Too bad, young man. If you'd make it gold and silver, I might have been able to swallow the bait. But platinum! That's a bit too thick. Platinum is found in quantity only in Russia. Very little anywhere

else. Only a minute quantity in North America." He rose as if to go. Garth gave him

a regretful look. "Yes-too bad, sir. Now I'll have

to go outside. I may even have to wait until the lee goes out next year before I can dupe a gull into taking that lease."

Mr. Ramill left the kitchen without seeming to heed this plaint. When Garth followed him into the storeroom, he was quieting some dispute between Huxby and Tobin. The visitors put on their headnets and walked down to the wharf,

Garth went into the bunkroom. Be fore long Tobin came to open the door a handbreadth. He chuckled. "Uh-lad, you got your hook in their

gills. Pilot's tinkering with the motor. Changed the oil, but no move to refuel. Ain't rushin' to flop off."

Garth kept on lathering his beard. When he came out, his cartridge belt was buckled about his waist. It held his sheath-knife and belt-ax. In one hand he carried his rifle, in the other the rest of his small outfit, strapped

on his pack board. Down on the wharf Mr. Ramill puffed cigar smoke through his headnet while he watched Huxby's examination of the motor and propeller. Miss Ramill was not in sight.

"Right-o, Tobin," said Garth. "Shamming it is. When that bus came down, you never heard a sweeter motorevery cylinder hitting true. Wish I felt as sure of that southbound Bellanca."

swung it down into the shallow water

within close reach of the pack. Mr. Ramill came shoreward rather hurriedly for so dignified a gentleman. "One moment, Garth. I've consulted

(To Be Continued Next Week.)"

5, 6, 7 and 8 of the Map and Plat restaring, he managed a half-pitying ferred to in the deed registered in Book 60, page 220.

M. M. Noland's interest at the time said judgment was taken and his interest before he attempted to sell same in the following six described tracts of land, to-wit:

First Tract: Lying and being in the Town of Waynesville, on the West side of Walnut Street: Beginning at a stake on a New Street running from W. T. Lee's to Wm. Rhinehart's and James Atkins residences and runs S. 5-15 E. 142 feet to a stake in the West margin of Walnut Street; thence . 16.55 E, with the West margin of

Walnut Street 85 feet to a stake; thence N. 85.15 W. 136 feet to a stake in said New Street; thence with said New Street 85 feet to the beginning. Containing 1.3 of an acre, more er part al

Second Tract: Beginning at a take in the Northeast margin of Highland Road, said stake being 773.9 feet from the Northeast margin of to a stake in the Northern margin of Highland Road; thence continuing with the curve of the Northern margin of Highland Road with the following calls: N. 50.30 W. 27 feet, N. 42-30 W. 27 feet, N. 24-30 W. 60 feet, N. 2-30 W. 40.4 feet; then N. 38-30

E. 45.6 feet to a stake where the Western margin of Highland Road intersects with the Southern margin

of Summit Road; thence running with the Southern margin of Summit Road; N. 70-50 E. 203 feet to a stake in the Southern margin of Broadview Road; thence running with the Southern margin of Broadview Road S. 62 E 325 feet to a stake in the South mar-

gin of Broadview Road; thence S. 29 W. 150 feet; thence N. 62 W. 50 feet thence S. 29 W. 125.5 feet to the point of beginning. Being Lots Nos. 40 and 72 inclusive in Block "E" in Brookmont as surveyed and platted by J. C. Grannon and Co., August, 1928, Map Book "D," page 6, Register of Deeds of Haywood County. In the last de-scribed tract of land only a 1-5 undi-Hyatt corner; thence with Buci B. Hyatt line to a stake on the West side vided interst will be sold.

"Don't fash yourself, Mr. Garth. be'll make Fort Smith on schedule." stake in the branch mission on a Sale made by request of the baller She'll make Fort Smith on schedule." stake in the branch, where it crosses "Then here goes for my next play." J. R. Boyd's and in J. R. Boyd's line He went down the slope to lay his and runs with J. R. Boyd's line S. 2.30 pack and rifle a little way out from the E. 544 feet to center of Richland base of the wharf. After that he Creek; thence down said Creek 6 calls fetched his canoe from the bank. He as follows: S. 77 E. 185 feet N. 59-30 E. 208, N. 20 E. 160 feet, N. 47 E. 280 feet, N. 11-30 E. 155 feet, N. 23 E. 221 feet to a stake at the mouth of a branch where it empties into the Creek; thence with the branch S. 65 W. 250 feet; S. 73-30 W. 240 feet; S. with my engineer partner. He still 85 W. 298 feet to the beginning. Conthinks it may be worth our while to taining 7½ acres, more or less. Be investigate your prospect." ing the same land that M. M. Noland

from W. Sam Robinson to T. H. De-Bord, dated Oct. 19, 1925, said deed being recorded in Haywood County, N. C., in Book No. 66, at page 528 EXCEPTING AND RESERVING from the operation of this conveyance one acre heretofore sold to J. R. and Lola Duckett.

This 22nd day of October, 1935. MRS. GEO. W. SUTTON.

Admrx. of Geo. W. Sutton, Deceasd. Trustee.

No. 402-Nov. 7-14-21-28.

NOTICE

To whom it may concern: Take notice that the undersigned, Grady Kinsland, who was convicted of an assault at July Term, 1935, of the Superior Court of Haywood County, and sentenced to serve a period of

twelve months in prison has made application to the Governor and Commissioner of Paroles for a parol or pardon. Anyone opposing said parole or pardon should communi-Highland road N. 59-30 W. 300.36 feet cate that fact to the Governor or Commissioner.

This the 12th day of November, 1935.

GRADY KINSLAND. No. 411-Nov. 14-21.

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE

On Monday, December 9th, 1935, at eleven o'clock, A. M. at the court house door in the town of Waynesville, Haywood County, North Carolina, I will offer for sale at public outcry to the highest bidder for cash, a certain lot lying and being on Main Street in the town of Waynesville, Haywood County, North Carolina, bounded as follows:

BEGINNING at a take on the West side of Main Street, J. R. Hyatt and T. N. Massie corner, and runs N. 18° W. 16 poles to a stake in Montgomery Avenue; thence in a Southerly ery Avenue, 33 feet to the Buel B. Hyatt corner; thence with Buci B. Hyatt line to a stake on the West side of Main Street; thence in a North-

sale in a deed of trust executed by J. R. Hyatt to T. N. Massie, dated December 3rd, 1931, and recorded in Book 30, page 283, Record of Deeds of Trust of Haywood County.

This November 1st, 1935. T. G. MASSIE, Administrator of T. N. Massie, deeased, Trustee, No. 409-Nov. 14-21-28-Dec. 5.

Read The Ads