



THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—As Alan Garth, prospector, is preparing to leave for his mining claim in the Far North, a plane lands at the airways emergency station. In it are Barton Ramill, millionaire mining executive, his daughter, Lilith, and Vivian Huxby, pilot and mining engineer. Believing him to be only an ignorant prospector, the men offer to make an air trip to Garth's claim, although they refer to the platinum-bearing ore as nearly worthless.

CHAPTER II.—Through Garth's guidance the plane soon reaches the claim site. Huxby and Ramill, after making several tests, assure Garth his claim is nearly valueless, but to "encourage" young prospectors they are willing to take a chance in investing a small amount. Sensing the treachery that lies ahead Garth secretly visits the plane and removes a small part from the motor.

CHAPTER III.—Huxby and Lilith taunt Garth with his "gullibility," but their tone soon changes when they try to start the crippled plane. Returning to shore they try to force Garth to give up the mining part. Garth manages to get the monoplane aloft and the current carries it over the falls, where it is wrecked. He points out to the enraged trio that he is their only hope in finding their way out of the wilderness, and to let him would be fatal to all.

He finished the cutting of a moose-skin piece before he replied: "In the first place, I'm too busy performing needed work to act as lady's maid. In the second place, that muffle is not filthy. You'll say it's the most delicious aspic you ever tasted. About the rest, don't you lead in the will. That will give you a combined wash and brazer. If you wish a smoke, there's the fire. For cosmetics, I'll soon be making up a batch of grease and pitch mosquito dope. My final dose of froggie went on too thin to last long."

She looked her disgust. "Grease and pitch! When I have a headache?" "Soon as we start traveling through brush it's a question which will go first, your net or your stockings. Dope doesn't snag on branches, and you'll find it a better cosmetic than rouge and powder."

"Ugh! If I use your nasty dope at all, it will be on my legs." "No go. You'll be scraping against rocks and running upon snags. Won't have any knees left if you try the Highland style. How about those lynx skins for leggings, along with moose moccasins?"

For the first time since they had met, the girl gave him a genuinely friendly smile. "That's decent of you, Alan. How soon can you make them?" "Cut me a steak off that nearest leg of moose. While you're cooking it, I'll see what can be done."

When she returned the knife and started to broil the great slab of meat she had sliced off, he laid out the pair of lynx skins. A few knife strokes cut off the great hair-padded paws and slit the legs into thongs. When the girl brought him his broiled moose steak, he showed her how to wrap a skin around each leg like a high-topped legging, tying it with the crossed thongs.

"There you are, Miss Ramill. It's a pair of leggings such as our ancestors wore when they pirated the high seas in Viking ships and sailed up the Thames with Hengist and Horsa."

Huxby sat up blinking. The thin shake-down of moss and spruce tips had done little to soften the stony ground. He rubbed his stiffened back and hips. "Confound those rocks!"

The engineer looked at the partly eaten steak in Garth's hand. "How about breakfast?"

"Help yourself to all you want. Along with your own, you might broil steaks for Miss Ramill and her father. Miss Ramill is about to take a lesson in sewing. She will soon need a pair of moccasins."

The last remark checked the girl's intended refusal. While Huxby sullenly cut the three steaks and started to cook them, she carried out Garth's suggestion to grease her lynx skins with a chunk of fat.

When Garth finished his meal, he threaded a needle with smoked catgut and showed the girl how to sew the thick moosehide. Holes punched with the awl made the work fairly easy. Within a few minutes she caught the knack of handling the awl and needle. Though her stitches were irregular, they promised to hold. He cut out the mate of the first moccasin, and another pair smaller in size.

Mr. Ramill crawled from the leanto, stiff, hungry and irritable. But sleep and the open air had whetted all appetites. As with the broiled liver, the three chechaecos—millionaire, mining engineer and fastidious heiress—went at the hot meat with fingers and teeth. They were down to bedrock—to the fundamentals of living. All the elegances of civilized eating were absent, even the supposed necessities—forks, plates, seasonings. Yet the essentials remained. They were hungry,

and here was food. It was neither as tender nor as savory as had been the liver. None the less, it was food.

At the end of the meal, Garth said that the first need was to fetch in the forelegs of moose. Miss Ramill rose with her father and Huxby.

"Sorry," Garth told her. "Your father needs all the walking he can get. Someone must stay to mind the fire. I might mention there's a shallow rock pool a little way along the bank, beyond those alders. You'd find the water pleasantly warm for a dip."

"Really? That's not so bad." "Yes. Only be sure to keep the fire going. It will hold off the wolves and wolverines."

Huxby took Ramill's arm and started off with him after Garth. They kept in the rear all the way to the musk swamp.

This time, instead of lynx mates in family of wolves were feasting on the moose meat. As sight of the men, the whole family bristled and growled but started a slow retreat.

"Shoot, Garth!" urged Mr. Ramill. "They're making off." "Quite all right," Garth replied. "Good thing they're going. I might have had to waste cartridges to get rid of them. What I'd like to know is why they chose this solid meat, instead of the other."

As if in answer to the question, a snarling growl far deeper than that of the wolves came from the border of the musk swamp where Garth had killed the bull moose. From out of the thicket roared a huge gray head. Massive forelegs stroked apart the willow stems with chisel-like claws eight inches or more long.

It was a grizzly—a full-grown ursus horribilis. Garth believed the beast to be as large as those monsters of the same breed that ruled over the southern Rockies and the Sierras in the early days when Indians still wore armed only with bows, and the few white hunters carried only muzzle-loading flintlocks.

The ears of the great she-bear were flattened back. Her little pig eyes glared red. The monstrous jaws gaped to let out a roar of defiance that shook the solid ground.

"Good G—!" Mr. Ramill gasped. "A—bear?"

Huxby gripped Garth's shoulder. "Shoot, d—n you! Shoot, or give me that rifle!"

"Shut up," Garth ordered him. "That roar is only a warning. She'll not charge if you mind our own affairs. You and Mr. Ramill take hold of that nearest unorn leg and start off quietly. Don't hurry and don't run."

The holy certainty of Garth's tone compelled belief and obedience even from Huxby. Mr. Ramill was already reaching up for one of the two moose legs that had not been pulled down by the wolves. The engineer hastily turned to help him. As they started off, Garth took the other unorn leg on his shoulder and sauntered after them.

The grizzly mother had not repeated her roar. Had they run or given any sign of hostility, she would have charged. As it was, she stood, an enormous quivering mass of curiosity, watching their quiet retreat. Her jaws had closed their ferocious yaw, and her ears were no longer flattened back.

Garth's gray eyes twinkled as he glanced back over his shoulder at the



"That Roar Is Only a Warning."

huge beast. He could not have asked for a better bugaboo to make his companions behave. Safe out of her sight, he told the two to halt and get the moose leg on a tote-pole. Huxby at once started to curse him for not shooting.

"Go try it yourself," Garth replied, and when Huxby drew away from the offered rifle, he nodded approval. "You

are wise not to attack a she-grizzly with cubs."

Spurred on no doubt by the knowledge of that gray monster behind him, Mr. Ramill managed to hold up his end of the tote-pole all the way to camp. There he sank down, purple-faced, wincing that the exertion had killed him.

His daughter sat by the fire brooding. Though refreshed by her bath in the warm pool, she had begun to feel the craving for drink and tobacco. She had done little stitching on the moccasins. But she listened to horrified alertness when Huxby told about the grizzly.

Garth forestalled an outburst of hysterics. "Keep cool. The old lady will let us alone if we keep clear of her cubs. Keep up the fire, and she will shy clear of you. She doesn't fancy fire. Burnt her paws trying to rob me of a roasting porcupine."

A look at the gold pan showed Garth that the moose muffle had begun to dissolve. He cooled some of the gelatinous broth in the small pot. Mr. Ramill not only gulped down the drink. He smacked his lips and asked for more. At that, both Huxby and the girl were stirred to try the rich drink.

Garth was glad to have all three take their fill of the savory, highly nourishing dish. He knew what was coming. He asked only that the pan be refilled to dissolve more of the muffle.

The three were accustomed to the free drinking of their kind. They had already begun to feel the lack of the usual cocktails, martini wines and between-meals whisky. This was aggravated by the lack of tobacco. To ease them as much as possible, he broiled lynx meat on a grating of willow stems, broasting it with moose fat. The tender meat kept them occupied until the muffle broth soothed their jangled nerves.

There was a limit, however, to eating, and once its effect began to pass their craving returned more intense than before. First Miss Ramill then Huxby, and last of all Mr. Ramill began to make ironical remarks aimed at Garth. He ignored them for some time. The remarks became more of a sensitive wit and sarcasm. He dropped the moose-skin upon which he had been sewing, and picked up his rifle.

"I've had enough bitters and sour berries, thank you all. Feed them to yourselves for a while. I'll go get the sleep I missed last night while acting as guardian angel of your sweet slumbers."

CHAPTER V

Mate Woman.

Far up the tundra slope, above the trough of his platinum placer, Garth found a dry moss-bedded nook on the sunny side of a boulder. He lay down, pulled his hatbrim over his eyes, and let himself fall asleep.

A full eight hours later the sun swung around its wide circle until the shadow of the rock fell upon Garth. Roused by the passing of the warm rays, he pushed back his hat and sat up. He came down to the camp. Mr. Ramill sat beside the fire between his daughter and Huxby. Two of three pouches that Garth had hidden under the moss in the leanto lay open before the men.

Miss Ramill was emptying the last contents of the sugar pouch into a pot of thick tea. She was first to see Garth's needless approach.

"Halt to the chief," she mocked. "My dear Mr. Garth, you are most fashionably late to dinner. Will you not join us in a cup of tea?"

Her father turned to eye the uninvited guest with a shade of uneasiness. "You see we found what you were holding out on us, Garth. It's the only trick you failed to put over."

Huxby said nothing. He tensed ready to spring up and fight.

Garth laid down his rifle and came forward. He ignored the wary hostile look of the mining engineer, nodded to Mr. Ramill, and took off his battered hat to bend low before Miss Ramill in a polite bow.

"You are too kind, my dear lady. I could not deprive any of you of your



"You Are Too Kind, My Dear Lady. I Could Not Deprive Any of You of Your Sweets."

sweets. 'Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow—' You may recall the rest of the quotation."

Mr. Ramill went red. What if Lilith did happen to find these things you were hogging for private use? We

need them as much as you."

"Far more so," Garth amended the statement. "I don't need them at all. Go right ahead and waste what's left. You of course are certain there'll be no emergencies on the way out—no occasions when a pinch of tea or sugar may make the difference between life and death for you."

"How frightful," said Huxby. "Quite so. While you're about it, you may as well make a clean sweep. Here," Garth tossed the gold-mounted cigar case to its owner.

"Oh, so that's how Dad lost his smokes," exclaimed Miss Ramill. "Who's the real sneak around here? Steal all those cigars, and the gold case, too. Then come whining because we've kept you from cheating us out of our share of these things you hid. Hand over the cigars, Dad. My throat's still rasped from the vile smoke of that wallow bark Vivian dried for our cigarettes."

Ramill handed the case back to Garth.

"Wa-wait!" cried his daughter. He waved her away. "No. The joke is on us. He knows what is ahead. We do not. We've emptied the sugarbowl and half the teabag. Tie up that bag and the salt, Vivian, and hand them to him."

Garth shook his head, and bowed to the angry-eyed girl.

"Thank you, no. Miss Ramill has taken charge. As I recall my Anglo-Saxon, 'lady' originally meant bread-cutter. She was the one who rationed out the food. I figure upon at least five weeks before we reach the Mackenzie. Miss Ramill will keep charge of the salt and tea—do with them whatever she thinks best."

She flared. "I will not! I'll do no such thing."

"As you please. It's a matter of utter indifference to me. More than once I've gone for two months on meat alone. You're quite welcome to throw these pouches into the fire."

He glanced around, taking stock of the camp.

"Everything in keeping, I see. No sewing done on the moccasins, muffle all eaten, woodpile neatly used up. You'd better cook and eat the meat you can before the rest of the wood is burnt. When the fire goes out, we'll have plenty of four-footed visitors to relieve us of those moose legs—wolves, foxes, wolverines. Even mamma Grizzly and her children may turn up."

There followed a silence, broken at last by Miss Ramill. She repeated her first question, but in a very different tone. "Mr. Garth, may I pour you a cup of the tea?"

"Thank you, I do not need it. The rest of you will. I suggest keeping it for breakfast. You'll have no other taste of sweets for over a month, unless we find a bumblebee nest."

(Continued Next Week)

Lady's Painful Trouble Helped by Cardui

Why do so many women take Cardui for the relief of functional pains at monthly times? The answer is that they want results such as Mrs. Herbert W. Hunt, of Hulsville, Texas, describes. She writes: "My health wasn't good. I suffered from cramping. My pain would be so intense it would nauseate me. I would just draw a long, so sluggish and do-less. My mother decided to give me Cardui. I began to mend. That tired, sluggish feeling was gone and my pains disappeared. I can't praise Cardui too highly because I know it helped me. If Cardui does not help YOU, consult a physician."

ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE

Having qualified as administratrix of the estate of W. M. Hargrove, deceased, late of the County of Haywood, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of the undersigned at her home at Canton, N. C., R. F. D. 2, on or before the 29th day of November, 1935, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment to the undersigned.

MRS. W. M. HARGROVE, Administratrix of the estate of W. M. Hargrove, deceased. No. 422—Dec. 12-19-26-Jan. 2-9-15.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE SALE OF LAND

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF HAYWOOD. The Federal Land Bank of Columbia, Plaintiff. Vs. J. A. Francis, W. T. Denton, M. A. Leatherwood, C. N. Allen, Executor of J. M. Mock, Deceased, E. J. Hyatt, W. A. Hyatt, and W. T. Shelton, Trading and Doing Business as Hyatt & Company, Partnership, Defendants.

Pursuant to a judgment entered in above entitled civil action on the 9th day of December, 1935, in the Superior Court of said County by the Clerk, I will on the 13th day of January, 1936, at 12 o'clock M., at the County Courthouse door in said County sell at public auction to the highest bidder therefor the following described lands, situated in said county and state in Waynesville Township, comprising 78 acres, more or less, and bounded and described as follows:

All that certain piece, parcel or tract of land containing 78 acres, more or less, situate, lying and being in Waynesville Township, Haywood County, North Carolina, about three miles from Waynesville, and having such shapes, metes, courses and distances as well more fully appear by reference to a plat thereof, made by O. O. Sanford, C. E., dated 1920, and copied by W. R. Francis, Atty., and on file with the Federal Land Bank of Columbia, and bounded on the North by the lands of W. D. Snyder and Oscar Rhodamer, on the East by the lands of J. A. Francis and C. C. Francis, on the

South by the lands of Elmer Bryson and W. H. Limer, on the West by the lands of J. A. Francis and J. N. Francis.

The terms of sale are as follows: CASH.

All bids will be received subject to rejection or confirmation by the Clerk of said Superior Court and no bid will be accepted or reported unless its maker shall deposit with said Clerk at the close of the bidding the sum of One Hundred (\$100.00) Dollars as a forfeit and guaranty of compliance with his bid, the same to be credited on his bid when accepted.

Notice is now given that said lands will be resold at the same place and upon the same terms at 2 o'clock P. M. of the same day unless said deposit is sooner made.

Every deposit not forfeited or accepted will be promptly returned to the maker.

This the 9th day of December, 1935. M. G. STAMEY, Commissioner. No. 421—Dec. 12-19-26-Jan. 2.

NOTICE OF COMMISSIONER'S SALE

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF HAYWOOD.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT

Mrs. W. P. Leatherwood, Administratrix of the Estate of W. P. Leatherwood, Deceased. Vs. Eva Leatherwood, Clara Starnes, and husband, Fulton Starnes, Rufus Leatherwood, and Louise Leatherwood, by her Guardian Ad Item, W. T. Crawford, Heirs at Law of W. P. Leatherwood, Deceased.

Under and by virtue of an order of the Superior Court of Haywood County, North Carolina, dated December 9th, 1935, made in the Special Proceeding entitled, Mrs. W. P. Leatherwood, Administratrix of the Estate of W. P. Leatherwood, Deceased, vs. Eva Leatherwood, Clara Starnes and husband, Fulton Starnes, Rufus Leatherwood and Louise Leatherwood, by her guardian ad item, W. T. Crawford, Heirs at Law of W. P. Leatherwood, Deceased, the undersigned, Commissioner of the Court, will on the 13th day of January, 1936, at 12:00 o'clock M., at the courthouse door in Waynesville, Haywood County, North Carolina, offer for sale to the highest bidder the following described lands and premises, to-wit:

FIRST TRACT: Lying and being in Haywood County, North Carolina, and bounded as follows: BEGINNING on a chestnut on the West side of Mountain, Leatherwood and Queen's corner and runs thence N. 89° W. 56 1/2 poles to a stake in a field, A. Howell's corner; thence with Howell's line N. 1° E. 103 poles to a stake, Kinsland's corner; thence with Kinsland's line N. 88° E. 40 poles to a chestnut on a ridge; thence up the ridge N. 45° 30' E. 27 poles to a stake in Jno. M. Queen's line, Kinsland's corner; thence with Queen's line S. 1° 30' W. 127 poles to the Beginning. Containing 39 acres, as per survey and plat of Guy Messer, made December 5, 1935, and BEING on True Love Mountain and known as a part of the W. H. Curry Tract. Being part of the tract of land conveyed to W. P. Leatherwood by Geo. H. Smathers, and wife by deed dated June 1, 1909, recorded in Book 28, page 175.

SECOND TRACT: In Haywood County, North Carolina, and being Lots Nos. 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145 and 146 of the Limer-Coman Subdivision at Lake Junaluska, as per survey and plat of J. W. Seaver, made January and February, 1924, and duly recorded in Map Book "B," Index "1," office of the Register of Deeds, of Haywood County. Being lots conveyed to W. P. Leatherwood by deeds recorded as follows: Book 71, page 236; Book 63, page 97, Book 63, page 270.

THIRD TRACT: In Waynesville Township, Haywood County, N. C. Being a part of the Moore and John Morrow lands, and beginning at a hickory and runs N. 60° W. 1 chain and 71 links to a stake; thence N. 23° 5' W. 6 chains and 80 links to a stake; thence S. 87° 30' E. 4 chains and 63 links to a stake; thence S. 2° 30' W. 6 chains and 89 links to a hickory, the beginning, containing 1.94-100 acres, more or less, and being the first tract in the deed from James Reed and wife to W. P. Leatherwood, dated April 10, 1919, recorded in Book 53, page 156.

The terms of the sale are as follows: The first tract herein above described will be sold for one-half of the bid in cash and the balance payable in two equal annual installments secured by a purchase money deed of trust on the same. The second tracts consisting of lots will be sold for cash. A purchaser may have any of said lots sold separately. The third tract will be sold for cash.

This the 9th day of December, 1935. MRS. W. P. LEATHERWOOD, Commissioner of the Court and Administratrix of W. P. Leatherwood, Deceased. No. 423—Dec. 19-26-Jan. 2-12.

NOTICE OF RECEIVER'S SALE

On Monday, January 6th, 1936, at eleven o'clock, A. M. at the court house door in Waynesville, the undersigned will offer for sale at public outcry, to the highest bidder, on the terms of one-third cash and the remainder in two equal annual installments bearing interest and secured by deed of trust, the following described lands and premises in the town of Waynesville, and adjoining the corporate limits of the town of Waynesville, known as the Haywood Furniture Manufacturing Corporation property, and more particularly bounded and described as follows:

BEGINNING on a stake in the center of the Southern Railway track and Southwest corner of the H. W. Westcott lot, and runs thence S. 34° E. 251 feet with Westcott's line to a stake in a ditch; thence S. 23° 30' W. 100 feet with the ditch to a stake; thence S. 51° 30' W. 204 feet to a stake in line of Factory Street; thence S. 41° 30' E. 268 feet to a stake in Northern

line of street; thence S. 49° 30' W. 176 feet passing Mrs. De Neergard's corner at 20 feet in South side line of said street and with the line of her line to a stake on the N. side line of said highway, Mrs. De Neergard's Southwest corner; thence S. 88° 30' W. 109 feet with said line of said highway to a stake; thence S. 72° W. 100 feet with side line of said highway to a stake; thence S. 78° W. 209 feet with side line of State Highway to a stake; thence N. 88° W. 300 feet with said side line of said highway to a stake; thence W. 160 feet with side line of said highway to a stake; thence N. 69 feet to a stake in center of Southern Railroad track; thence N. 52° E. 1230 feet up the center of track to the Beginning, containing 10.71 acres, more or less, subject to the rights and easements of the Southern Railway.

Said land will be subdivided into parcels and a map exhibited at said sale, and the property will be offered for sale in parcels and then as a whole, to the highest bidder.

Sale made pursuant to an order of the Judge of the Superior Court, made at February Term, 1935, of the Superior Court of Haywood County in an action entitled, "Citizens Bank and Trust Co. et al, vs. Haywood Furniture Manufacturing Co., et al." and the sale will be subject to the approval of the Court.

This the 30th day of November, 1935.

J. H. HOWELL, Receiver of Haywood Furniture Mfg. Co. No. 419—Dec. 12-19-26-Jan. 2.

ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE

Having qualified as administratrix of the estate of Dec Clark, deceased, late of Haywood County. This is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at her home on Cove Creek, N. C., on or before the 15th day of December, 1935, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment to the undersigned.

This the 4th day of December, 1935. MRS. NELLIE CLARK, Administratrix of the estate of Dec Clark, deceased. Dec. 5-12-19-26-Jan. 2-9.

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, HAYWOOD COUNTY.

By virtue of the power vested in the undersigned Trustee, I will on Saturday, the 18th day of January, 1936, at 12 o'clock, M., at the Courthouse door in the Town of Waynesville, Haywood County, North Carolina, sell at public outcry to the highest bidder for cash the following lands and premises: Lying and being in Haywood County, North Carolina, and particularly described as follows: FIRST TRACT: Being in Ivy Hill Township, and being part of the Howell-Moody farm, BEGINNING in the center of the road leading to Jonathan's Creek, Queen's corner, and runs with the center of said road South 81° 15' East 100 feet; then South 88° 30' East 58 poles to a stake, corner; thence South 24° 15' West 323 feet to a stake; thence South 42° 45' West 233 feet to a stake, Queen's corner; thence with said Queen's line North 15° East 496 feet to the BEGINNING, containing 1.13 acres, more or less, being the same tract of land described in a deed from James W. Reed and wife to John M. Queen, dated the 23rd day of August, 1922, as recorded in Book No. 59, page 195, et seq. Record of Deeds of Haywood County, North Carolina. SECOND TRACT: Adjoining the above tract, and adjoining the lands of Taylor McAbee and the Garrett lands, and being part of the Howell-Moody farm, BEGINNING at a stake in Dellwood Road, and runs South 15° West 7 chains and 45 links to a stake; thence South 45° 30' West 10 chains and 32 links to a stake near base of a large pine; then N. 49° W. 6 chains and .06 to old stump; thence North 38° E. 5 chains and 90 links to a locust; North 5° 30' East 2 chains and 21 links to a stake; N. 79° 30' East 4 chains and 83 links to a stake; North 43° 15' East 2 chains and 12 links to a stake; North 22° East 2 chains and 18 links to stake in Dellwood Road; thence along said road South 64° 45' East 1 chain and 56 links to a stake in said road; thence South 71° 20' East 1 chain and 65 links to the BEGINNING, containing 9.72 acres, more or less. Sale made pursuant to the power of said contained in a certain deed of trust executed by Harry Lee Limer and wife, Henrietta Limer, dated the 20th day of August, 1925, as registered in Book No. 16, on page 57, et seq., Deeds in Trust of Haywood County, North Carolina. This the 17th day of December, 1935. S. L. QUEEN, Trustee. No. 426—Dec. 19-26-Jan. 2-9-16.

NOTICE OF EXECUTOR

Having qualified as executor of the estate of J. R. Henry, deceased, late of the County of Haywood, State of North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of the said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at Waynesville, N. C., on or before the 14th day of December, 1935, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This the 14th day of December, 1935. HOMER HENRY, Executor of the Estate of J. R. Henry. No. 427—Dec. 19-26-Jan. 2-9-16-25.

NOTICE

The partnership heretofore existing between J. M. Long and W. A. Bradley (Long and Bradley, General Merchandise, Hazewood, N. C.) has been dissolved as of this date. This the 12th of December, 1935. J. M. LONG, No. 425—Dec. 19-26-Jan. 2-9.