

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE OF RESALE OF LAND

Under and by virtue of an order of the Superior Court of Duplin County, North Carolina, made and entered the 3rd day of March, 1945, directing the readvertisement and resale of the Vander B. Burnett farm, I, Vance E. Swift, Trustee in that deed of trust dated the 2nd day of May, 1940 and recorded the 2nd day of May, 1940 in Book 412 page 133 in the Office of the Register of Deeds of Duplin County, North Carolina, offer for resale and for cash to the last and highest bidder, at public auction on the 6th day of April, 1945, at 12:00 o'clock noon, at the Courthouse door, in Kenansville, Duplin County, North Carolina, the following described property situate, lying and being in Duplin County, North Carolina, and more particularly described as follows:

Beginning at a stake in the center of the road which leaves the Warsaw-Clinton Highway just East of the Warsaw Colored Highschool and runs thence to and with the center of a ditch and beyond the ditch to Middleton's corner - North 80 Degrees 36 Minutes West 224.15 feet to a stake in the center of a ditch, the Hine's line; thence with the center of said ditch and Hine's line South 12 Degrees 17 Minutes West 77.2 feet to a stake in the ditch, Carroll's corner; thence, along the ditch and with Carroll's line South 73 Degrees 12 Minutes East 908.5 feet to a stake in the center of a ditch, corner of said ditch South 13 Degrees 56 Minutes West 163.5 feet to its head; thence South 49 Degrees 19 Minutes East 282.5 feet to a stake; thence South 82 Degrees 12 Minutes East 392 feet to a stake on a branch; thence up the branch North 9 Degrees 36 Minutes West 185.3 feet to the head of a ditch; thence up said ditch North 59 Degrees 56 Minutes East 358.3 feet to a stake; thence South 21 Degrees 35 Minutes East 102.7 feet and South 21 Degrees 49 Minutes East 348.1 feet to a stake in the center of a road; thence, with the center of the road North 22 Degrees 40 Minutes East 334.3 feet to a stake, Carroll's corner; thence with Carroll's line South 67 Degrees 20 Minutes East 189.7 feet to a stake in the old Bell line; thence with the old Bell line North 25 Degrees 20 Minutes West 1165 feet to a stake; thence North 55 Degrees West 446.4 feet to a stake; thence North 4 Degrees West 247.5 feet to a stake in a farm road, John Best's; thence with his line North 28 Degrees 45 Minutes West 495 feet to a stake in the center of the road; thence with the center of the road South 22 Degrees 40 Minutes West 611.5 feet to the beginning, containing 74.194 acres, more or less.

I, N. Henderson, Commissioner. 3-30-45

NOTICE OF SALE

By Judgment of the Superior Court, Duplin County, in civil action of Duplin County against J. W. Rhue and wife, Harriett Rhue and others, the undersigned will sell to the highest bidder for cash at the courthouse door in Duplin County, on the 2nd day of April, 1945, at 12 o'clock noon, the following tract of land in Duplin County, North Carolina, described in the judgment in said action, as follows:

I, N. Henderson, Commissioner. 3-31-45

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION

Having this day qualified as executor of the last will and testament of Anna Phillips deceased, late of Duplin County, this is to notify all persons having claims against the said estate to present them to the undersigned executor on or before the 1st day of March 1946, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

All persons indebted to the estate will please make immediate payment. This February 22, 1945. Abb Phillips, Executor Anna Phillips estate. 4-6-6t. VEG

NOTICE OF SALE

By Judgment of the Superior Court, Duplin County, in civil action of Duplin County against J. W. Rhue and wife, Harriett Rhue and others, the undersigned will sell to the highest bidder for cash at the courthouse door in Duplin County, on the 2nd day of April, 1945, at 12 o'clock noon, the following tract of land in Duplin County, North Carolina, described in the judgment in said action, as follows:

I, N. Henderson, Commissioner. 3-30-45

NOTICE OF EXECUTRIX

Having this day qualified as executrix of the estate of Stokes Williams Newkirk, of Duplin County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having any claims against said estate to present them to the undersigned, duly verified, on or before one year from date of last publication of this notice, or this notice shall be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

I, N. Henderson, Commissioner. 3-30-45

Carolina, for the years hereinafter set out containing 44-58 1/100 acres. This 27th day of February, 1945.

I, N. Henderson, Commissioner. 3-30-45

NOTICE OF SALE

By Judgment of the Superior Court, Duplin County, in civil action of Duplin County against Seven Springs Supply Company and others, the undersigned will sell to the highest bidder for cash at the courthouse door in Duplin County, on the 2nd day of April, 1945, at 12 o'clock noon, the following tract of land in Duplin County, North Carolina, described in the judgment in said action, as follows:

Known as the Chantry Outlaw Land - Albertson Twp, Duplin County, N. C., containing 50 acres - excepting therefrom the lands of Cline A. Koushan and being the same land listed for taxation therein in the years hereinafter set out by Chantry Outlaw, and or James Outlaw and now listed for taxation by Seven Springs Supply Co. This 27th day of February, 1945. I, N. Henderson, Commissioner. 3-30-45

NOTICE OF SALE

By Judgment of the Superior Court, Duplin County, in civil action of Duplin County against Jessie James Smith et al, W. M. Bowden and others, the undersigned will sell to the highest bidder for cash at the courthouse door in Duplin County, on the 2nd day of April, 1945, at 12 o'clock noon, the following tract of land in Duplin County, Warsaw Township, North Carolina, described in the judgment in said action, as follows:

A certain lot of land in Warsaw, N. C., South of Walls Garage building, Block 2, Lot 12 on map of Town of Warsaw map Book 216 page 173 Duplin County Registry, to which reference is had. This 27th day of February, 1945. I, N. Henderson, Commissioner. 3-30-45

NOTICE OF SALE

By Judgment of the Superior Court, Duplin County, in civil action of Duplin County against Wright Bryan (W) and others, the undersigned will sell to the highest bidder for cash at the courthouse door in Duplin County, on the 2nd day of April, 1945, at 12 o'clock noon, the following tract of land in Duplin County, Limestone Township, North Carolina, described in the judgment in said action, as follows:

And being lot No. 3 in the division of the lands of Hopkins Williams as recorded in Book 45 at page 5, Public Registry of Duplin County, reference to which is hereby had and being the same lands listed for taxes by Miss Dora Britton for the years herein mentioned. I, N. Henderson, Commissioner. This 27th day of February, 1945. 3-30-45

NOTICE OF SALE

By Judgment of the Superior Court, Duplin County, in civil action of Duplin County against J. W. Rhue and wife, Harriett Rhue and others, the undersigned will sell to the highest bidder for cash at the courthouse door in Duplin County, on the 2nd day of April, 1945, at 12 o'clock noon, the following tract of land in Duplin County, North Carolina, described in the judgment in said action, as follows:

I, N. Henderson, Commissioner. 3-30-45

Faison News

Mrs. A. R. Hicks, Jr. Entertains

Alice Hicks entertained a number of friends Friday night. A wicker roast was enjoyed and a birthday cake was cut after which a number of games were played.

Sesame Club Meets

The Sesame Club met Wednesday afternoon in the Community Building with Messdames W. L. Thompson, W. M. McCullen and Lafay McCullen as hostesses. Mrs. A. H. Witherington, president, presided.

Entertains At Bridge

Mrs. A. R. Hicks, Jr., entertained her Bridge Club Thursday night. At the conclusion of the play, Mrs. H. L. Hoye was awarded a crystal bowl for scoring high and Mrs. J. B. Maness received deuce prize, towels. The hostess served a frozen fruit salad with tea.

PERSONALS

Miss Louise Herring of Clinton was a visitor here Sunday. Mrs. Ruth Hollowell of Rose Hill spent the week-end with her mother, Mrs. Eva Edgerton.

Mrs. Clifford Entertains

Mrs. William Clifford entertained Mrs. J. H. Highsmith and the officers of the Sesame Club at a supper Tuesday night. Mrs. Highsmith was the guest of Mrs. Clifford while in Faison.

Afternoon Circle

The Afternoon Circle of the Presbyterian Auxiliary met Monday afternoon in the home of Mrs. I. H. Hines, who also presided. Mrs. W. I. Hines presented the program on Spiritual Enrichment.

Evening Circle

The Evening Circle held a supper meeting Monday evening at the home of Mrs. Z. A. Gibson. After supper, the meeting was in charge of Mrs. A. R. Hicks, Jr.

PTA Meets

The PTA met Wednesday afternoon at the school with the president, Mrs. A. F. Cates presiding. The 9th Grade presented the program.

All persons indebted to the estate will please make immediate settlement.

This the 28th day of February, 1945.

Mrs. Willie Newkirk Gaus, Executrix Stokes Williams Newkirk estate. C/O L. W. Newkirk, Magnolia, North Carolina. 4-6-6t. Mrs. WNG

USELESS COWBOY

By Alan LaMay

CHAPTER IV

Nothing happened to stop their ride out of Payneville; George Fury, who had decided he had to die there, felt as if he had slipped a stirrup, which is about the same as missing the top step in the dark; but in half an hour Payneville was a peculiar memory, lost behind the lazy roll of the plain.

Riding at the hub of the buckboard, Melody kept sliding sidelong glances at the profile of the girl as she drove the team. Her mouth was drawn down a little at the corners, and her eyes were hidden by her hat brim. She was watching the badly broken mustangs, which were slashing about in the harness as they loped.

He let his pony drift sideways until he was stirrup to stirrup with George Fury. "Loco weed never drove no critter that crazy. That girl knows you, and knows you good—too good to be fooled. Looky here, Melody—you mind last year when you was kicked in the head at Cheyenne? You was missing four days. You sure you didn't marry nobody, or nothing, while you was out of your head?"

"I wasn't any more out of my head than you," Melody said coolly. "Anyway," he added with less confidence, "I think of that. She says she's never been in Cheyenne."

George Fury looked hard at Melody. He shrugged his gaunt shoulders, and looked grim. Now the girl beckoned to Melody to ride closer; she pulled the team to a slogging trot.

"Do you want to do one thing for me?" she asked him. "Mam?" "Take off your hat." "He looked at her in bewilderment. "I want to see something," she explained.

Melody slowly took off his floppy sombrero, and she looked at him closely, with such concentration that he reddened. "I want you to keep your hair clawed down over your left eye," she told him. "Just like it is now."

"Mam?" he said; and she repeated it. "Slowly he put his hat back on. "Why?" he asked at last. "As a favor to me. A personal favor. Is it a big thing to ask?"

"Hey look," he shouted over the trundle of the wheels. "Hey—" She shot him an inquiring smile, but as she turned her head, she let the driving lines slack, and the mustangs plunged into a run. The buckboard careened and bounded into the snaky ruts.

"What?" "Nothing!" It was hard for Melody to believe that this was what a girl looked like who was fixing to get a stranger feller into trouble. But as he swung off to ride beside George Fury again, he was looking so thoughtful that George wondered if he was sun-touched.

Absent-mindedly Melody dragged a folded piece of paper out of his hip pocket. He straightened it out and read it slowly. George watched him, burnt to a crisp with curiosity. "Don't mind me," George said bitterly. "But if I have to drag along and look out for you like a uncle—"

"Speaking of uncles," Melody said, "I fetched this here off a post down in the town." He gave George the bit of paper. "For murder, robbery, and disorderly conduct— MONTE JARRAD 5 foot 10, 140 pound, straw color hair, fear over left eye. May be travelling with half-wit uncle name of Roscoe something. Last seen going over Syke Mt. on a bald-tail horse. \$1000 REWARD DEAD OR ALIVE whichever way he packt beft."

"What the heck is a horse?" Melody said. He swiveled in his saddle to study his pony's tail with melancholy. "I reckon they mean Harry Henshaw. But Harry ain't really baldtail. It's just wore off in that one place, from being shet in a stable that time."

George was turning purple. "Half-wit uncle," he said between set teeth. "It was all coming clear to him now. Half-wit uncle name of Roscoe. I be damned if any man could stand fer this!"

"That's what done it," Melody said sadly. "There ain't no other resemblance hardly, except I got the same initials burnt on my saddle, two-three places."

"Half-wit uncle," George said again, his voice shaking. "George," Melody said, "I tried to get you over that foolish look!" "Name of Roscoe," George whimpered.

"I been thinkin'," Melody said. "I suppose," George consoled himself, "to be your uncle a fuller would have to be a half-wit." "Of course, George, you know," Melody said, "it ain't as if I asked to get into this."

"The name even had to be Roscoe," George hung on to it. "I'm going to fill somebody so full of holes you can button him like a vest!" "I didn't force my way into this here," Melody said mildly, "but if these people aim to drag me in by the slack of my pants, and git me in trouble, and force themselves on me, so I can't hardly keep from catching up with him—"

"You know, George," Melody said slowly, "in all my life I ain't ever been so low in my mind as I been in this last half hour, here."

"We'll git out of this all right," George said. "No, George; no... ain't that. But, you know, back there in Payneville, when we rode in—it seemed at first like the whole world was changed. Nothin' like it ever happened to me before. I taken and walked down the street, and people stood back to leave me pass. I taken and went up to a bar, and people give me room. All of a sudden, it seemed like, everyone think I was somebody. I guess it fooled me, George. For a little while there, I guess I think I was somebody myself."

"I can't never be Monte Jarrad," Melody said. "But—I can be the feller that caught up with him!"

Around sundown they climbed a quarter-mile of ragged side-trail, the wheels of the buckboard tilting chancely over the rock ledges; and came out on a mountain crag where hung a weathered ranch house, a sagging barn, and some sketchy corals. Within the erratic fences an unnecessary number of ten-dollar mustangs climbed about the rocks and steeps. The smallest bear cub Melody had ever seen was chained beside the back door. The place appeared unprosperous, and shiftless; but the fact that the girl seemed to live here gave it imaginary possibilities. In the red sunset light it looked okay to Melody, even attractive, in a go-to-hell sort of way.

George Fury spoke to Melody through a buttonhole in his gaunt



"Howdy, boy, howdy," cheek, screened by his mustache. "What's the idee stoppin' here?" "Maybe it's her home."

"Well, it ain't my home! Let's hear you name just one thing it could get us to off-saddle here?" "A meal," Melody said.

"Goodbye," said George savagely, making as if to turn his horse. Melody ignored the threat. "I been thinkin'," he said, "George, you know something? I'm bait."

"What?" "I figured out the reason she drug us all the way out here. I see now why she run up to me and made out like I was Monte. I see it just as plain. It's so's the posse would take out after me, and chase me."

"It took you all the way out here to figure out that?" "Well, it's some forwarder than I was when I started."

"This is wonderful," George said. "This is the best thing happened yet. So now you and her have got it fixed that a posse takes out and runs us to hell and gone!"

"I don't see how they kin," Melody said. "Why can't they?" "Because I don't aim to go no place. You can git them to chase you, if you want to, George."

Melody's restless eyes were at work, but differently now. For this one time, as he rode into the little lay-out, he forgot to be Unsmiling Jones. George Fury was looking at Melody with pity, but was still at his stirrup as they pulled up near the house.

Now a rangy, gangling figure came out of the ranch house, letting the broken screen door slam to with a bang that lifted the bear cub a foot. The man who came toward Melody with enormous looping strides was of exceptional height, of the high-pockets design—spidery of limb, narrow-chested, with a small head. The gun that slatted against his bony thigh looked out of place, as if hung upon a tree.

"Howdy, boy, howdy," he bawled nasally. His long slit of a mouth was bracketed by a mustache so narrow and drooping it was almost Chinese. "It's good to see you. It's been a long time!" As he drew closer and got to windward, Melody noticed the smell of forty-rod. He looked the tall man over coolly from the saddle, but as the stranger came to his stirrup he could not refuse the offered hand. It felt like a fistful of dry mesquite. "Cherry sent Avery out with word you was here. Come out here. Avery says he's split the grub," he explained to Melody.

So her name's Cherry, Melody thought. He looked at her to see how the name fitted. She had stepped down, and was unfastening the buckboard team.

George Fury had been watching Melody to catch any sign of recognition in Melody's face. George was looking very grim.

"I crave to ask just a couple o' things," George said, carefully polite; then hesitated. Since this afternoon he had a sensitivity about certain questions. "What ranch is this," he got it out, "and who are you?"

"The girl called Cherry spoke to a quick mumble from behind her horse. "You've heard speak of Roscoe Symes, Paw. I guess you never ran into him—but that's him. Remember?"

"George could not see, but Melody saw, as she tapped her forehead. Her lips formed the word, "Different."

"Shore, I remember," the tall man said. "Monte's uncle, eh?" He slid off into the patronizing smile that George Fury had seen before, and spoke as if to a child. "I'm Fever Crick-de Longpre," he told George. "Reckon you heard Monte speak of me. You know—Cherry's paw?"

"Cherry de Longpre—Melody thought—that's right pretty; and this long mix of chills and snake-oil is her old man. Well, you never know."

"This here little lay-out," Fever Crick de Longpre was saying, "we call the Busted Nose, on account of our brand. We started to have it the Flying W, but Avery tripped and fell, and bent our branding iron on a rock, while it was hot. It won't burn a 'W' any more. But it looks as much like a busted snoot as a man could ask."

"Oh!" Melody said. The man who came out of the ranch house now was of unplaceable age—he might have been years older than Melody, or he might have been eighteen. I can't tell, Melody thought, without I taken a look at his teeth. Even before he appeared, Melody had sensed him lurking behind the ill-matched boards of the kitchen, watching Melody Jones and George Fury, estimating them both. And when he left the ramshackle house he left it empty; somehow Melody knew that, too. His strung-up senses were telling him things he could not have decided with his head.

He watched Avery de Longpre's face. He didn't much like the flat-muscled cheek bones, nor the hard line of the jaw, bulged faintly by a meager chew of tobacco. But especially he didn't like the small pale eyes, expressionless as gooseberries, and the same color. There was a weight of immovable sullenness behind Avery de Longpre's unfetching pan.

"Hello, Monte," Avery said. He made a vague gesture of salute, but without coming near enough to have to shake hands; and the green eyes dropped away from Melody's flat stare.

"Chuck's up," Avery said. His speech was dull and thick; he hardly opened his jaws for it. "Light and we'll eat."

Within the kitchen, with his knees under the plank table, George Fury stoked himself doggedly and methodically with the de Longpre's salt pork and pan bread, but only to keep up his strength. His mouth was dry, and he swallowed with difficulty. Darkness set in; and while smokes found their way into the hurricane lamps and the chucks—fire-widows were sitting outside, George Fury was straining his ears for the approach of trouble, and watching the two de Longpre men.

Melody Jones paid less attention to the men and more to Cherry de Longpre; she met his eyes seldom, and her face was still. She busied herself waiting on them, and the poor light from the hurricane lamps helped her face to be undecisive.

She had got a clean red-checked cloth on to the plank-and-trestle table, and the cooking stuff on the wall—copper, brass, and iron—shone very clean. This streak of good order suggested that these things were Cherry's, though the ranch itself, with its shabby tilt and dilapidation, was the men's responsibility. She was prettier than he had thought, much prettier, and he was sorry to see this. If a girl had to set out to do him wrong, he wished it could have been a homely girl, with one of these here hay-bag figures and a hostile look.

Fever Crick, who was talking continuously, in an obvious effort to make a good impression on Melody, kept apologizing for the wretched lay-out, and trying to explain it. It needed all the apology it could get. It was less a house than a shack, and, except for a broad gallery on two sides, would never have been mistaken for even a wandering cowboy for anything else. Fever Crick said it was "previous to the summer," whatever that meant, and obviously necessary for horse ranching. But Melody could feel the girl's disdain, whenever her father spoke.

Melody caught Cherry looking at him; he winked at her, and tapped his forehead. He saw astonishment cross her face, and knew that he had her for a minute, there. She dropped her eyes, and was expressionless again.

But now he perceived, unexpectedly, that he had the girl in an even more puzzling position than that in which he found himself. She had set him up to be Monte Jarrad, her purposes of her own, without even knowing his name. But probably she hadn't figured on his just casually insisting on being the exact person she had made him out to be.

TO BE CONTINUED

Just Received NEW SHIPMENT LADIES READY TO WEAR DRESSES - SLIPS - PANTIES A LIMITED QUANTITY SHEER HOSE Faison Dept. Store Faison, N. C.

WARSAW FISH MARKET (Next Door to A-5-F) CREATORS AND MAINTAINERS OF LOWER PRICES ON QUALITY SEA FOODS Both Wholesale and Retail Know Your Fish or Know Your Fish Man Wills Bartlett Phone 330-1 WARSAW, N. C. FREE DELIVERY

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Complete Tire Service New Steam Cure System Reinforcement Retining Vulcanizing — Recapping Valve Replacement & Tube Repairing Whitmans Tire Shop WALLACE, N. C.

Warsaw Army Store WARSAW, NORTH CAROLINA

SHIPMENT NEW RATIONED SHOES MEN'S WORK & DRESS SHOES WOMENS DRESS SHOES CHILDRENS BLACK, WHITE, TAN SHOES

POULTRY AND EGGS

WFA is urging poultry producers to increase chicken meat production to meet increased military requirements and to supplement meat supplies in summer and early fall. Poultry meat is

needed in greatly increased quantities this year, particularly for military hospitals. At the present time the military forces are buying practically all broilers in the four great broiler producing areas of the country.