KENANSVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA

NOTICE OF SUMMONS BY PUBLICATION

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT DUPLIN COUNTY. NORTH CAROLINA. ELIJAH EVERETTE

Superior Court.

NOTICE OF SUMMONS

BY PUBLICATION

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT

DUPLIN COUNTY.

NORTH CABOLINA,

SARAH KATHERINE BISHOP

VS

EDWIN BISHOP

The defendant, Ella Everette, I in the payment of the in-techness thereby secured, and i deed of trust being by the ins thereof subject to forecio-e, the undersigned trustee will r for sale at public auction to highest bidder for cash, at the r for sale at public auction to highest bidder for cash, at the r for sale at public auction to highest bidder for cash, at the r for sale at public auction to highest bidder for cash, at the r for sale at public auction to highest bidder for cash, at the r for sale at public auction to highest bidder for cash, at the r for sale at public auction to highest bidder for cash, at the r for sale at public auction to highest bidder for cash, at the r for sale at public auction to highest bidder for cash, at the r for sale at public auction to highest bidder for cash, at the r for sale at public auction to highest bidder for cash, at the r for sale at public auction to highest bidder for cash at the r for sale at public auction to highest bidder for cash at the r for sale at public auction to highest bidder for cash at the r for sale at public auction to highest bidder for cash at the r for sale at public auction to highest bidder for cash at the r for sale at oor for for the same g and being in the county of highest bidder for cash at the stake corner of Jerry Smith' Jamms Henry Wolf and runn how with Jerry Smith's line S D, E. MA6 poles to an irou s, thence S, 38-45, W, 6 pole 1.30, E. 14.6 poles to an iron the said defendant will fur-ther take notice that she is requir-ed to appear at the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of Duplin County, at the Court House in Kenansville, North Carolina, on the 20th day of the 100

6-15-4t. NBB

DND TRACT: Beginning at answer or demur to the petition and runs S. L. W. 200 reet to alte on the county road, thence a said county road, thence filed in said action, which has been duly filed in said action in a said county road, thence feet to a stake in the center perior Court of Duplin County, on a ditch, thence with the duch 30 1-2 W. 261 feet to the be-the containing 1-3 of one tree, more or less. This the 26th day of April, in the said complaint.

NOTICE OF SALE

UPLIN CABOLINA

d by virtue of the pow-contained in a certain int executed by Handy and wife Dome Wolt, November 1943, and Book 430 at page 1/2, be of the Register of Dealis (contained)

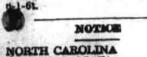
P. G. CRUMPLER, Trustee H. T Ray, Attoiney

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having gualified as Administrator of the estate of MATTHEW J. KORNEGAY, DECEASED, late of Duplin County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of the said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at Warsaw, North larolina, on or before the 26th day of April, 1946, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

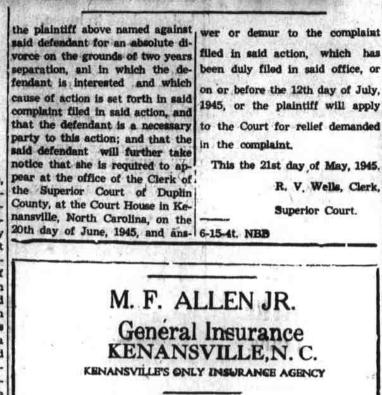
All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment. This the 20th day of April, 1945.

H. S. Kornegay, Admr. of Matthew J. Kornegay. E. Walker stevens, Actorney.



NORTH CAROLINA DUPLIN COUNTY

Having qualified as administra or of the estate of Alton Gaylor cossed, late of Duplin County forth Carolina, this is to notily in persons having claims, agains he estate of sold deceased to ex-



OTICES

See GLENN W. BOWERS, Representative in Renansville

QUINN - McGOWEN COMPANY WARSAW, NORTH CAROLINA

DAY PHONE 8-4-4-1 NESS 2-6-6-1

Funeral Directors & Embalmers

Ambulance Service



USELESS COWBOY By Alan LeMay CHAPTER XII

THE DUPLIN TIMES

"It's a funny thing." Luke Packer said. "It's easy to tell when a man is lying; but it plumb fails you to say when he's telling the truth. But that ain't any excuse. A thousand things otter told me you was only a stalking horse No such damn fool could be the real Monte Jarrad. But I never caught on. Until the real Monte fired from the slope."

READ

"I suppose I've done more mean things in my life than one man can remember." Luke Packer said. He was speaking with great difficulty now. "But the mean things you do are brushed over and forgot. The one thing nobody ever forgets . . and nobody ever forgives ... is a baldheaded jack ss of a blunder. . Not even God'll forgive that.

Him least of all." Those were the last words Luke Packer ever said. He died with a strange aboriginal stoicism, without bitterness and without faith. Seemingly he literally believed, as he had said, that the death penalty was a suitable one for a man of his occupation to pay, for the crime of mistaking one man for another.

Melody Jones shook out a saddle blanket, and laid it over Packer's body; then immediately forgot the whole thing, for now the outer door was pushed open from outside, and flung wide. Melody thought he glimpsed the hand that swung the door; but nobody stood in the opening that gaped blackly into the night. Melody snatched his gun out in what was intended to be a lightning draw. George Fury stepped through the door, and flattened himself against the wall inside, allowing the least possible silhouette of himself in the door-frame until the door was shut. George Fury's eyebrows jumped now as he saw the form of Luke Packer under its blanket. He looked at it for a long time, and his face was very grim. "So now they got a corpus delicti," he said at last, hollowly.

"A whut?" "A dead man," George Fury amplified. "It ain't legal to hang you on account of a dead man unless they can come up with one. Corpus delicti is some foreign way of saying that soon's they got the corpus you're de-licked." "Oh."

"This here is rock - bottom." George Fury said, completely without hope. "Up until now we was in bad shape, but all right. Even if they hung you for Monte Jarrad, we could of proved the mistake. But what good will it do to prove who you ain't, now that you come fitted up with a corpus delicti of your own?'

Melody put away his gun. "Sometimes," he said, "it don't seem to me like we get the breaks."

"I suppose you realize," George Fury said saltily, "there's a posse pretty near on top of us right now?" "George," said Cherry de Longpre with deep gravity, "you shouldn't have done this."

'Who, me? What? Done which?" "You shouldn't have shot him." "I shouldn't of what? Shot who?" "The man under that blanket is

ry watched him.

"Can you hear the posse?" she whispered.

George shock his head. "Some-thing else is tooken place," he said with a new bleak awe. "So that was it! I'm sorry, Melody. It wasn't you shot Packer. I should of knowed you wasn't up to nothing so practical as that."

"I don't foller this," Melody said. George pleaded with him, "Don't try to git it through your head. We ain't got time for no such complicated projick as that! If you want out of this, will you please, please do like I say, jest for the next few minutes?'

"Go catch your ponies," George Fury ordered Melody. All the deads level urgency he could put into his low tones was there. "Saddle 'em both, yours and Cherry's. Then git mine. He's about forty rods down the crick, in a little meadow. You can't miss catching him because he's close hobbled, and he's also short picketed "

Out in the fresh dark Melody realized that the cabin he had left had become an unwholesome place. There within the adobe walls was everything needful to put an end to him. His doings were wandering and purposeless, but he valued them; and the living air in his lungs became increasingly precious as his time supply ran short. It was a considerable relief to find their ponies about where he had left them; he was already aware that they might easily have been gone.

After that he found George Fury's pony, after walking past in the dark



the cabin and kicked it in.

without seeing it only once; and settled himself to wait for George and Cherry.

Melody stood and waited, so sure that Cherry and George were on his heels that at first he was glad to have got the saddling done before they caught up and found him un-

the three men said, "T'm Sheriff Thingan-the big end of the law in Payneville. Stick your fingers in your mouth," he ordered surprisinglv.

"Whut?"

"Stick your fingers in your mouth. Both hands." "Whut for?"

"Because I tell you to," Sheriff Thingan said, angering. "And be pert, before I let fly!'

Melody looked with bewilderment at George Fury, who was staring at him ironically. "I never seed so many crazy people," Melody said; but he obeyed Sheriff Thingan and put his fingers in his mouth. all the fingers of both hands. He rolled an eye at Cherry to see if she was laughing. She was not.

Sheriff Thingan now stepped for-ward, approaching Melody from one side. He pulled Melody into the room by a shoulder, and spun him around, then disarmed Melody from behind. After that he shut the door. "You can collapse now," Thingan

told Melody. "Turn around, and take your feet out of your mouth, and start to talk."

Melody Jones took a slow look at his capters. Sheriff Thingan was somewhat apple-cheeked, but with deep grin lines, amounting to dimples. He affected a neat white mustache, more cleanly trimmed than the old conventional buffalo-horn model. and curled only slightly, after the manner of the better class of Mexican border desperadoes. His hat-not ten gallon, but perhaps two -he wore raked at a sporty angle. Sheriff Thingan had the name of being a profoundly wise, infallibly cagey old man. What Melody saw now was that this was a profoundly silly, infallibly eccentric old man.

"Lucky you be," Sheriff Thingan said to Melody, "that it was me caught up with you." "Why?"

Sheriff Thingan directed a genial question to his deputies. "Ain't this the little punk that's been making out to be Monte Jarrad?"

Thingan's number one deputy now spoke. He was big and coarse featured, his face crudely and strongly made. He had big aggressive ears, a big craggy nose and jaw; his sparse hair had once been red, but now was grayed to a sandy roan. His rough-cut grin had the expression of a pumpkin face, and it showed yellow teeth as big as an elk's, with gaps between. And his eyes, which were a muddy blue, had about the same expression as holes blown in a roof.

This man's name :as Royal Boone.

"I shore don't know what you fellows want," he grinned. "If he ain't Monte, he'll sure do in Monte's place."

"You're just rope-handy," Thingan said, his words bumped by a chuckle

"Well, he's virtually volunteered to get hung, ain't he? Why quarrel with the guy?"

The second deputy, Mormon Stocker, was a swarthy, beery little man with a broken nose. He had a habit of carrying his chin on his chest which set his mouth in a line of disgust, and gave a peculiar look to his eyes, which were buttony, and had circular lines about them above and below, like the eyes of an owl.

He switched these owl eyes upon Melody through a moment of dark depression. "Nump." he said.

"I suppose," Royal Boone said with sarcasm that killed himself, you aim to fight it out with t Cotton boys to see that they don't hang him." "I do like hell," said Sheriff Thingan. Cherry de Longpre began to speak rapidly, in a low monotone. "Why don't you let him go? What kind of murderers are you? Give him a chance to run for his life!" She looked gray faced and desperately tired, but to Melody she had never looked prettier in her life. "This fool kid has nothing to do with anything. Let the Cottons catch him for themselves!" Mormon Stocker said with deep dejection, "Let the kid slope." Royal Boone looked at him blank-"Have you gone out of your head?" Sheriff Roddy Thingan looked at Cherry de Longpre with all kinds of benevolence. "Crime doesn't pay," he told her. "How come you got your foot stuck through the fence like this? I swear, I'm goin' to stop this corrupting American womanhood around here if I have to hang fellers right and left!" "Listen you old fool," said George Fury. "don't it never occur to you that you won't never find out where the loot went to, if you let this punk git hung?"

Soldsboro, N. C., on or be-a 19th day of May, 1946, or ce will be pl

ir recovery. persons indebted to said as will please make immediate

Chas. P Gaylor Admini of Altern Gaylor, De. 5-25-6t CPG

SUMMONS BY PUBLICATION IN THE SUPERIOR COURT STATE OF NOETH CABOLINA COUNTY OF DUPLIN Harold T. Woeds VS Billie Louise Cochran Woods

The above named defendant, Billie Louise Cochras Woods, will ake notice, that an action as howe entitled has been commen-ed in the Superior Court of Du-lin County, State of North Caro-ins, by the plaintiff, Harold T. Woods, to secure an absolute di-vorce from her on the grounds of dulity, and the defendant will writher take notice that she is re-nuired to appear in the office of further take notice that she is re-quired to appear in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of Duplin County in Kenansville, North Carolina on or before the 12th day of June, 1945, or twenty days thereafter and answer or demur to the complaint which has been duly filed therein, or the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the said complaint. This the 9th day of May, 1945. R. V. Wells, Clerk Superior Court. 6-1-4t, LAW

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE TO OREDITORS

Having qualified as Administra-tor of the estate of H. J. Boney. Sceased, late of Duplin County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to ex-indit them to the undersigned at Rose Hill, North Carolina, on or before the Sth day of May, 1946, or this notise will be pleaded in our of their recovery. All persons indebted to said es-tate will please make immediate

Will Close Each Thursday Afternoon Effective May 31st.

Instead Of Wednesdays

We are making this change in closing days to accomodate our customers who may find during the Summer months that they need supplies on Wednesday afternoon. Most merchants in this section close on Wednesdays. On the other hand, if they need supplies on Thursday while we are closed, other merchants who can supply them will be open.

Seven Springs Supply Company

H. C. DALE, Manager

NORTH CAROLINA

SEVEN SPRINGS,

-was an express company detec tive. His name was Luke Packer. He was one of the most feared peace officers in the West; everybody knows his name. There isn't a single man in the whole territory who wouldn't have been a better choice for you to kill than this man." "Yes, but-but-"

"There's going to be such a man-hunting hullabaloo as the West has never seen before. I wouldn't give two cents for the chances of either one of you!"

George Fury looked from the girl to his partner, and back again, slowly, with the dreary disillusion of a man who witnesses an all time low.

"So now," he drawled, "you can't neither of you think of no better out than to blame the whole damn calamity on me."

"It sin't any question of blaming nobody, George," Melody said sadly.

George Coddened. "Why yew befewzled numpus-" "I guess," Melody told Cherry,

"we got him on our hands. That's how come he shot Packer."

Cherry just stood there looking bleak, and stunned-a little glassy-eyed. The full complication of their isaster was still soaking its way into her mind.

"It wasn't the real George done this," Melody said. "It was a bottle of liquor shot Packer, just the same as if it capered in here and popped him with its cork. When George drinks, he ain't nothing but a bottle with laigs."

"I heard you fire the shot that dropped him." George was pitying them now, in a weary, embittered way. "I was right outside. And when I come in, you was under the table, your six-gun smoking in your damn hand."

"You mean, I shot him?"

"You finally got it, son." "Why is a hole in the window and glass on the floor, if I shot aim?" Melody demanded. "You him?" hink I run outside, and shot, and dden run back?"

"I don't know nothing about that." "Why is they blood on the floor by the window, where he fell?" Mel-ody insisted. "And how does the corpus get from there up on the bunk, if I'm under the table when I ot him daid? You think the corpus hauls off and leaps up units ming in?"

This gave George pause. He grew idenly very still as something else that was going a h. beyond the range of their argument, beyond the cabin clearing, became plain to him. Cher-

ready. By and by he sat down, his back against a boulder and one ankle on a cocked-up knee. His bulletnick was hurting very interestingly now; he idly picked pine needles out of his bloody ear, and wondered if he would lose the whole shebang. Melody Jones now got stiffly up

onto his heels, and mounted Harry Henshaw. Riding Harry and leading the other ponies, he turned back toward the adobe, on no better theory than that he had waited long enough. He approached the cabin with some caution, riding with his led ponies in places where the ani-

mals' unshod hoofs were least likely to clop upon stone. The three ponies moved like ghosts as he rode into the little meadow.

And now a burst of outrage lifted him in his stirrup bows. The adobe was well illuminated now, as if every candle in the place had been lighted.

"Lit up like a new saloon," he breathed aloud. "Couldn't wait until I was out of sight hardly, before they relax completely!"

He made one concession to cau tion. With the elaborate patience of exasperation, he picketed his ponies and made a careful scout-circuit of the cabin. With some difficulty he made his way to a place from which he had a line upon the interior

through the shattered pane. One figure was included in the segment of his vision. It was that of George Fury.

George stood at ease against the wall; and he was engaged, exactly as Melody might have expected, in

making what appeared to be a lengthy speech.

Patience left Melody Jones Throwing aside all pretense of caution, he went slashing up to the door of the cabin and kicked it in.

"Now you lookey here," he shout ed, stepping into the full light.

He stopped then and looked around him. Cherry de Longpre and George Fury were not alone. Three interlopers made the cabin seem packed. Their guns were in their hands; and they had so placed themselves that they could keep an eye on George Fury while their guns con-verged upon Melody at the door. The body of Luke Packer, however, was no longer in the bunk.

"All right, m'boy," the oldest o



"How's that again?"

"Who do you think is going to tell you where that strongbox is," George Fury asked him, "once this punk is dead? Monte Jarrad? You don't even know Monte Jarrad is alive!"

"Do you," Sheriff Thingan asked Melody cynically, "know what Monte done with that express box?" "Yes," Melody said.

"I want you to get it through your haid," Melody said, "that I ain't Monte Jarrad. If I show you where the money is. I want you should turn me free. And my gal with me,

It was only later that Melody found that George Fury's knees had sagged under him, just here.

Sheriff Roddy Thingan was ready to deal, and deal quickly. "I know you ain't Monte Jarrad." he said. "It's only the Cottons that get excited, as a general thing The first minute I get my hands on that express box, you're free to himb will in all the directions you work

