LEGAL NOTICES

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as Administra-Duplin County, Worth Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of the sed to exhibit them to undersigned at Warsew/ North colins, on or before the State day of April, 1946, or this notice will eaded in bar of their recov-

All persons indebted to said es-tate will please make immediate

This the 20th day of April, 1945. H. S. Kornegay, Admr. of Matthew J. Kornegay. E. Waller-Stevens, Attorney.

SUMMONS BY PUBLICATION COUNTY OF DUPLIN Harold T, Woods

Billie Louise Cockran Woods

above named defendant, Louise Cochran Woods, will ltie Louise Cochran Woods, will ke notice, that an action as ove entitled has been commen-d in the Superior Court of Du-in County, State of North Caro-is, by the plaintiff, Harold T. oods, to secure an absolute difrom her on the grounds of y, and the defendant will be take notice that she is refurther take notice that she is required 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 ralled demanded in the said complaint.

This the 9th day of May 1945.

This the 9th day of May, 1945.
R. V. Wells, Clerk
Superior Court.
6-1-4t. LAW

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of H. J. Boney.
deceased, late of Duplin County,
North Carolina, this is to notify
all persons having claims against
the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at
Rose Hill, North Carolina, on or
before the 8th day of May, 1946,
or this notice will be pleaded in
har of their recovery.

All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate

tate will please make immediate This £ h day of May, 1945.

Inex Boney, Administratrix of H. J. Boney, deceased.

6t, ICB NOTICE OF SUMMONS

BY PUBLICATION IN THE SUPERIOR COURT

BUPLIN COUNTY.

NORTH CAROLINA,

ELIJAH EVERETTE ELLA EVERETTE.

The defendant, Ella Everette, will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Du-plin County, North Carolina, by the plaintiff above named against the said defendant for an abso-lute divorce on the grounds of years separation, and which defendant is interested and which cause of action is set forthin the complaint filed in this cause, and that the defendant is a necessary party to this action and



| that the said defendant will for ther take notice that she is required to appear at the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of Duplin County, at the Court House in Kenansville, North Caroline

on the 20th day of June, 1945 and answer or demur to the petition filed in said action, which has been duly filed in said action in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of Duplin County, on or before the 12th day of July, 1945, or the plaintiff will apply to the court for relief demanded in the said complaint,

This the 21st day of May, 1945. R. V. Wells, Clerk, Superior Court.

6-15-4t, NBB NOTICE OF SUMMONS

BY PUBLICATION

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT

Frosty Daink

cream (or lemon lice), fresh strawberries, lime juste, milk and a bottle of sparkling carbonated water. For six servings:

Strawberry Frest % cup crushed strawberries, sweet-

6 tablespoons lime (er lemon) juice 1 pint ice cream (or lemon ice)
1½ cups bottled milk
1 qt. bottle sparkling water

Place two tablespoons straw-berries in each of the tall glasses. Add one tablespoon lime juice, a scoop of ice cream and % cup milk. Fill glasses with sparkling water. Top with fresh strawberry or sprig of mint. Serve at

DUPLIN COUNTY. NORTH CAROLINA,

SARAH KATHERINE BISHOP EDWIN BISHOP

The defendant Edwin Bish titled as above has been commen-ced in the Superior Court of Du-alin County, North Carolina, by the plaintiff above named against said defendant for an absolute dierce on the grounds of two years eparation, and in which the de fendant is interested and which cause of action is set forth in said laint flied in said action, and that the defendant is a necessary 6-15-4t. NBB

arty to this action; and that the netice that she is required to ap-pear 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 June, 1945, and ans-

er or demur to the complain filed in said action, which has been duly filed in said office, or on or before the 12th day of July, 1945, or the plaintiff will apply to the Court for relief demanded in the complaint.

This the 21st day of May, 1945. R. V. Wells, Clerk Superior Court.

M. F. ALLEN JR.

General Insurance KENANSVILLE, N. C. KENANSVILLE'S ONLY ENSURANCE AGENCY

See GLENN W. BOWERS, Representative in Kenansville

QUINN - McGOWEN COMPANY WARSAW, NORTH CAROLINA .

DAY PHONE 3-4-4-1

NETE 2-6-4-1

Funeral Directors & Embalmers

Ambulance-Service

Auction Sale Every Thursday

Wallace Livestock Yards Wallace

SEVEN SPRINGS SUPPLY COMPANY

Will Close Each Thursday Afternoon Effective May 31st.

> Instead Of Wednesdays

We are making this change in closing days to accommodate 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

SEVEN SPRINGS,

NORTH CAROLINA

H. C. DALE, Manager

READ USELESS COMBOX

> By Alan LeMay CHAPTER KILL

"Do you swear to mat?" "I sweer it on my sacred honor aid Sheriff Thingan piously. "The express box is right over-

Melody began.

Melody stopped there, with all the wind suddenly gone out of him, as if he had been kicked in the stomach. By a horse. He had caught George Fury's eye, and had seen there such unloy terror as George Fury had never shown before. For only a fraction of an instant he failed to understand what this

Then he knew what was the matter. He knew why Luke Packer's body was no longer on the bunk. And he knew where it must be now. George Fury had put the body of Lake Packer on top of the express

bex in the cache. "If ever I git out of this darn ountry," Melody said, "I ain't nev-

er coming back!"
"What?" Sheriff Thingan demand "What? What's that got to do

"Well-nothing, I suppose," Melo dy admitted. "Den't you try balking on me!"

Thingan snapped. His eyes seemed to have drawn closer together, and his whole face had darkened as the man changed. The dandyish white mustache remained foolish looking. like something stuck there with paste. "Come on, come on, come on-have I got all night?"

"Come on?" Melody repeated in blank desperation, "Come on how?" Thingan instantly looked as if he would blow up. "Don't you fool with me!" he shouted. The close, taunting opportunity had him crazy. "I'll tear up a man that'll fool with me! Where is that express box?"

Melody's words came weakly. "Well-I'll tell.you-" Thingan came close to him, and

thrust nastily burning eyes within a few inches of Melody's own. His voice dropped low, and seemed to loaf, as it conveyed all the threat that he knew how to conceive. "You said you knew where i

was," Thingan said. "Deny that, and I swear, I'll kill you where you stand. You don't deny it, do you?" "No," Melody admitted. "
couldn't hardly go to deny some thing whut I just new spoke."

The big gap-toothed grin came back to Royal Boone's crude-built face. Because he was a big iron boned man, sure of his guns, and with no imagination, he was able to take time to taunt Mormon Stocker "Still want to turn the pore jigger

"Nump," said Mormon Stocker. "This punk knows somethin'." "Yump.

"Okay, then, we got to bang it out of him, that's all!" "I was thinking more of heating

up a brander," Boone answered. "If you want to burn somebody with a brander," Cherry de Longpre fared at him like a spit-cat, "you can try it on me, and see what it gets youl You three are the nearest thing to no men at all that I ever

"Shut up!" Thingan bellowed, turning on them all. "You jackasses mean to stand and blab until the Cottons ride up and take over?" He spun on Melody. "Once and for all do you aim to cough up, or do we have to git it out o' you?"

"I—I—I ain't got no sujestions."
"Git holt of him!" Thingan ordered his deputies. He had holstered is Colt, but now he ripped it out min. It came into his hand fast and suddenly, not in a smooth draw, but in a violent one. "Git holt of him! Pin him! Pin him and hog-tie 'm!"

Mormon Stocker moved sidelong in a allding lurch, to get between Melody and the door. His gun also as in his hand now, thumb joint ged hard down across the ham-

who's got a piggin' string?"

Royal Boone said, "Don't need it." He came fast around the table. ds were empty, but they were in front of him a little, big competent hooks, too heavy to tie a mot without fumbling, but good for throwing a steer. His face was daid usly now, but his eyes had a imppy blaze.

In that instant the light went out.

formor Stocker's gun spoke with serrific concussion just as the ta-crashed. Instantly other guns ollowed, exploding with red stabs of lame as long as a man's arms. A udden hell of yells, collisions, and amashing blows mixed in with the gumfre; nobody there could have youghed for who was near him or

Somebody got the door open. The faint light of the rising moon blinked in the doorway as headlong figures jammed in the frame and fought

their way out.

Then sudden stillness, heavy with the gun-smoke, closed down inside as suddenly as the riot had begun. Gutside, for a space of some min-ten sounded hammering boots, ran-om expletives, shots, a few shouted nominands; and at last, through a is third pony fore away crashing ough the brush, apleshing through creek; and hoofs rang on stone. a more-gun spoke, three times, feet as its nammer could cramp

in her knees; they threatened to bend both ways. She drew a deep, quivering breath of let-down. The blackness behind her van-

ished with a snap and a flare as a match was struck. Immediately the yellow candle-light welled up softly. Cherry's chin jerked around, her

eyes astonished.

The first thing she saw was Royal Boone, sitting against the wall. He wasn't looking happy. A trickle of

from a broken eyebrow, and he was fuzzily trying to rub it clear with one straw-haired wrist. His gun hand rested on one propped-up knee, the forty-five trailing idly. Cherry turned furious, for no logi-

cal reason. "So, you brush ape," she prodded him, "they walked over you, did they? Did you think a sorry passel of fakes like you could stop any healthy man and boy She saw surprise, and a pleasant

unbelief, come across Royal Boone's rough-cut face. His dangling sixgun straightened up and leveled rock-steady at the point. Cherry turned and looked at the room. Melody Jones was there. He had

found some of the overturned candles, and was methodically lighting them, one by one.

Cherry looked at him, while slow



Sheriff Roddy Thingan looked at Cherry de Longpre with all kinds of

are you doing here?" she asked him without expression, almost without "Lighting this here candle," Mel-

ody said. "Why-why didn't you slope?" Melody blew out his match and looked at her sorrowfully. "I tried to git holt of you," he told her. felt all around in the dark. But I couldn't find you. What could I do? I couldn't hardly leave you here,

in this here mess. Cherry's voice broke, full of hysterical tears. "You fool-you foolyou flea-brain! What could they do

Melody looked her up and down blankly. "Plenty," he decided. Boots sounded outside; Sheriff Rodry Thingan appeared in the door behind her, unexpected. Beyond, she

"They stomp-peded our hosses," he said bitterly. He was almost whimpering. "They stomp-peded every last hoss, and got plumb clear

could hear Mormon Stocker in the

He stopped short as he saw Melo dy. "Oh," he said faintly.

"I got the one we need worst," Boone said. George Fury was doing somewhat better. Once outside the cabin and

into the timber, he was delayed by no false notion that Melody Jones would be able to join him. Two men escaping separately, without any prearranged plan, could hardly hope to join forces in the storm of flight and running battle in the dark. Not even if one of them were not Melody Jones. He now set about the plan which

was already full-formed in his mind. It was a conception of the utmost bold desperation, only fit for rockbottom necessity; but he probably didn't look at it in this way. He probably thought of it as the only thing left to do. He set about it methodically, wasting no moment by useless hurry.

He first found an open promon tory, from which he could study the throw of the moonlit land. He could not see the cabin from here, but he could closely judge its position. Carefully he calculated the probable trajectory of the bullet which had killed Luke Packer.

When he had placed the likely position of the rifle within a furlong or so, he studied the country a long time. He was thinking in terms of poker now, judging percentages of chance with the same eareful accuracy he had used a thousand times when he had staked his wages on the sequence of the cards. He was comparing probabilities of place with the little time he had left, trying to give himself the best studpoker chances to come out, if it was possible to come out. were possible to come out.

After a long time he jogged off

through the shrub, riding with one stirrup lest his bootless foot slip through the bow, and get him dragged. But the route he chose, yielding and twisting to conform to the land, was as certain as if he rode a traveled trail.

But down below in the cabin George now left behind, Melody Jones was making no new friends.

"I don't know why I'm not through with men," Cherry said bitterly. "I have a mighty poor opinion of wom-But if they don't have more sense than the smartest man that ever walked, this race is in a hell of a

"Well, shucks, now," Melody said. "Shut up!" Sheriff Thingan snapped at him. "How the devil," he turned blankly to Roy Boone, "does it come he's still here, anywav?'

Royal Boone was getting to his feet, concealing a certain grogginess by movements of great deliberation. He made it, and stood on spread heels, his back against the wall.

"He's here," he said heavily, "because I kept him here." The disgruntled bad temper of an impactheadache put a saw edge on his voice. "While you fellers was flying out of here, and leaving that old wild cat raise hell like he felt like, and shooting in the dark, and letting off your guns, and losing our horses-it was me hung onto the guy you really need."

"Tell 'em how you held onto him," Cherry said to Royal Boone.

He shoot her a glance of sheepish hostility. "Well, I-I held onto him," he said truculently. "He's here ain't he? He shore is!"

"He shore is," Cherry admitted, looking at Melody with a disgust that was near to hatred.

A brisk heated argument now went briefly round and round, like a bear with a grip on its own tail, as the peace officers sought to determine who was standing where when the

lights went out. The voice of Royal Boone had lifted to a measured roar. He had shifted so that he had the door braced shut with his back. "-and it ain't me that put us afoot!" he

bellowed. "Then why," Mormon Stocker gritted at him, "did you give the old moss-horn his gun back? You had it. Because you took it off him. Where is it?"

Roy Boone's left hand made a sneak check-up of his waistband. His lips drew back from his horseteeth, but not is a grin; and he said nothing.

"Shut up, you both!" Sheriff Thingan snapped, coming back to the world of immediate necessity. He had noticed Cherry and Melody talking with quick intensity; and now he shouldered toward them.

Mormon Stocker and Royal Boone still scowled at each other, full of black gripe.

"We got a chance of the biggest law-and-order scoop they's ever been in this country," Roddy Thingan pleaded. "We all but got my hands on the express box-that's what we gotta get! What the hell does it matter about who stood where? Are you guys crazy?"

Sheriff Roddy Thingan came close to Melody. He lowered his voice to a soft simulation of double menace. What was really menacing in it was not what he thought. It was that they now knew this man to be as irresponsible of a prisoner's life as a seven-year-old child in possession

"You was speaking of the express box," he said, his held-down words coming breathily, as if he were panting. "You was saying you knew

"Oh?" "You spoke of you could lay hands on it within the space of a minute. All right, boy. A minute is what you got.

"I cain't use it," said Melody. "You right sure," Thingan said with an even more ostentatious softness, "you want to tangle with me?" "Ain't sayin' that," Melody answered, mournfully. "But I ain't going to help you git it; and that's a

"Work on him, Roy." Royal Boone stepped toward Melody, businesslike and unhurried. He blew once upon the knuckles of his half-closed hand; then smashed Melody on the mouth with his fist.

Melody spilled back against the wall, hard. A last-instant turn of his head had saved his teeth. He did not entirely go down. He came off the wall with his hands in front of him, charging instinctively. Instantly Mormon Stocker was on Melody's back, pinning his arms with a hay-hook grip upon each of Melody's elbows. Melody was not entirely pinned, but he was impeded enough to make a sucker of him. He relaxed and stood up in Stocker's gr p. his eyes on Roddy Thingan.

Cherry de Longpre turned white, but she didn't say anything, A quick trickle of blood ran from the cor ner of Melody's mouth. By ducking his head he wiped this off on his shoulder, but it instantly reappeared.

"Where is it?" Thingan asked Melody.

Jones said nothing.

Royal Boone stepped in again. He made a quick feint with his left hand, and as Melody ducked, brought up a crushing right upper-cut. It looked as if it nearly tore off Melody's head; but Mormon Stocker's hold upon him kept him from falling. A purpling split ap-peared on Melody's cheek bone, and began to bleed.

Cherry's words emed to choke her, but her voice was low. She said, "You'll never get anywhere

TO BE CONTINUED

Alterations and Buttonholes - done in home.

Mrs. Lillian R. Quinn