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THE BRICK WAREHOUSE CLARKTON, N. C.

Tom Woods & Co., Props.

"Let Tom Sell It"

The DIVORCE COURT MURDER

by MILTON PROPPER



NINTH INSTALMENT SYNOPSIS

Six persons are in an inner office at the law firm of Dawson, McQuire and Locke at Philadelphia. A master hearing in the divorce case of Rowland vs. Rowland is under way. Mrs. Rowland, represented by her lawyer brother, Mr. Willard; Mr. Rowland, the defendant, and his attorney, Mr. Trumbull; the court clerk and Mr. Dawson, the master, are the six persons. There is a new development in the case. After failing to defend himself against the charge of adultery in earlier hearings, Mr. Rowland digs up evidence and asks the court's permission to produce witnesses and resist the suit. Judge Dawson overrules the heated objections of Mr. Willard, and orders the witness brought in. Rowland's lawyer goes to get the witness but finds her dead—chloroformed. She is Mrs. Barbara Keith, wife of a prominent Philadelphia business man. Detective Johnson is assigned to the case. He is now questioning all of the parties involved in the case.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"How about the glove?" The detective spoke eagerly. "Any clue to who owns them?" "Again I couldn't swear to it," the expert said, "not without trying them on all the men here. But personally, I've little doubt about the only pair of hands here with such a wide palm and short pudgy fingers that could wear a seven and three-quarters comfortably."

The furor Rankin expected the death of Barbara Keith to produce was fully realized in the early editions of Thursday's papers. They made capital of the crime in black screaming headlines; and half of every front page in the city devoted itself as much to the facts behind Mrs. Rowland's suit as to the murder. There were articles about the manufacturer's business success and social position; and it was recalled, with some relish that before her marriage Mrs. Keith was Barbara Webb, an unknown manicurist in a beauty shop in Detroit.

Yet the death of really material information about the dead woman or her life was immediately and significantly apparent. The detective read the accounts at breakfast.

At his desk in the Central Detective Bureau, Captain Thomas greeted Rankin from behind his newspaper.

"Any news, captain?" the latter asked his superior. "Have you any word from Gordon or a message from Mr. Keith from Washington?"

"No, I haven't seen Gordon this morning," Thomas replied, "and Mr. Keith hasn't shown up or got in touch with us."

At that instant, Johnson entered with some papers and addressed Rankin eagerly. "I think I've made a discovery, Tommy!" he declared. "I've just finished comparing the prints I took with those I found. There's one set that doesn't belong to anyone in the

office yesterday and can't be explained in any reasonable way."

"A strange set?" But what good is that, if we can't tell who it belongs to?"

"That's just it, I've been able to trace them."

The expert paused dramatically and Rankin asked, "Who was it?"

"In our hands several times," Johnson announced triumphantly. "Mitch Riley, alias Tony Lynch, alias a half dozen other names."

It was Rankin's turn to become excited.

"Mitch Riley?" Recognition rang in his startled tone. "Thug, second-story man and rumrunner. Are you positive there's no mistake, Johnson?" Johnson extended the paper he had brought. "Here, you can see for yourself the prints are identical."

From personal encounters, the detective was acquainted with Mitch Riley. Originally he came from New York, a hoodlum, ex-pug and jack of many crimes. His criminal career began fifteen years before.

His photographs disclosed a typical felon's features, with a bullet head, low forehead and closely cropped brown hair. He was about thirty-five, he had a flat nose and heavy lips. He was stonily built, broad-shouldered and, according to the record, six feet tall. Even Rankin's inexperienced eye could note the similarity of the finger patterns Johnson was comparing.

"It looks damn suspicious," Rankin commented grimly. "He must be brought in to explain, if we have to turn the whole city inside out to locate him."

Before they could depart, the detective Gordon arrived to present the results of his hunt for Hugh Campbell. Finally he had located him at the exclusive and ornate St. Andrew Hotel, on Broad Street. From the registry, it appeared Campbell had been stopping there for two weeks—ever since Friday, May 26th. The difficulty now was that he had not been seen since he went out yesterday; he had not returned to the hotel last night. At the same time, since his baggage remained in his rooms and he had not checked out, he apparently intended to return.

Instructing Gordon to continue his search, Rankin eventually set out for the Aldwiche Apartments.

The Keith apartment was C12 on the twelfth floor. At the detective's knock, Sergeant Gilmore opened the door.

"There have been no developments here, Tommy," he greeted his colleague. "So far, no word from Mrs. Keith; and except for the distress of the servants, it's been quiet. They last saw Mrs. Keith when she left here two o'clock yesterday afternoon—except for the chauffeur, who deposited her and Rowland at the Wolf Building."

"Yes, I know about that Dan"

Rankin returned. In the meantime, there's another job I want you to take charge of. A man hunt. I want a little chat with Mitch Riley. You're as familiar with him as I—and with his friends and hangouts. Also get in touch with the New York authorities."

The sergeant asked curiously, "What has Mitch done to connect him with murder?"

"Just left his calling card on the table beside Mrs. Keith's body," Rankin informed him.

"All right, Tommy, it's a tall order you've given me," he said, "but I guess we can manage to round up Riley within a day or two, at the most."

He went out, to return to Headquarters, and Rankin stalked through the apartment. It was a spacious twelve-room establishment, simply but opulently furnished.

The detective selected the boudoir as the most probable place for the dead woman's personal effects. In a dresser against the right wall Rankin found in profusion the usual evidences of woman's vanity—cosmetics, toilet articles, hair appliances—and a work basket.

At first glance, the esquire promised as little as the dresser. Mrs. Keith's only letters came from chatty acquaintances, she had absolutely no correspondence of a personal nature or from her family. He did, however, find checkbooks and canceled checks, returned from her bank. They revealed that she had made special payments, marked only "personal," in amounts of two or three thousand dollars each time. They started as far back as June, two years before and continued regularly every two months since.

The only other discovery Rankin made seemed trifling enough. In the dead woman's private medicine cabinet he saw, among other preparations, several bottles labeled "Pyramidon." This he recognized as a medicine in tablet form for headaches. According to their tags, most of the bottles were purchased from local druggists. But the faded and yellow label of one empty bottle bore the words, "State Hospital for Women," Allerton, Indiana.

Rankin had just turned away from the cabinet when the furious pealing of the doorbell sent him hastening into the hall. The butler preceded him to the door.

A man Rankin recognized as Mortimer Keith pushed breathlessly past, coat and hat in hand. Even in that moment, when on the verge of a breakdown—the man whose likeness the papers carried revealed his aristocratic breeding.

He looked so exhausted that Rankin motioned him to a chair.

"Sit down, Mr. Keith, and take it easy." The detective spoke sympathetically. "My name is Rankin—from Head-

quarters. I regret it's my task to investigate your wife's unfortunate death.

Mortimer Keith raised his head wearily. "It's utterly incredible," he declared hoarsely. "When I first read the news this morning I could only pray some mistake had been made. And I hurried back home as quickly as possible."

"You've only returned from Washington, Mr. Keith?"

"By plane, Mr. Rankin," the other replied with a visible effort to control his emotions. "I bought a paper while I breakfasted at my hotel . . . and the instant I grasped the terrible . . . thing, I hired a special plane."

"At what hotel did you put up for the night?" Rankin queried, pointedly.

"The Portman of G Street," Mr. Keith returned.

"And when did you leave for Washington, Mr. Keith? By which train?"

Mr. Keith hesitated perceptibly. "I went at noon, Mr. Rankin," he answered presently.

"First, at eleven-thirty, I visited my offices. My chauffeur drove me there and then took me to West Philadelphia in time to catch the through train at twelve-twenty-five. I reached the capital at three-twenty."

"You caught the train in plenty of time?" Rankin pressed for details.

"With about ten minutes to spare," the other spoke with more certainty and composure.

"Where did you go in Washington? I presume this was a business trip?"

"Yes, I had a conference with Mr. Leonard Kramer, president of the New Ray Silk Company."

Rankin wrote the name of the company officer in his notebook and said:

"Thank you. And now, Mr. Keith, painful though the subject is, I must ask you to bear with a few questions about your wife. . . Your cooperation and the information you supply might go far to help us solve her death."

He could not tell why he sensed that Mr. Keith was relieved, as though he relaxed after being on guard.

The husband shook his head sadly. "Of course, I'm anxious to clear up this terrible thing. What do you want to know?"

"First, something about Mrs. Keith's background—who she was when you met her?" the detective said.

Promptly by his shrewd probing, Mr. Keith related in some detail how he met his future wife in Detroit, four summers ago. Vacationing nearby in Canada, he had stopped there on business, at the Hotel Michigan where Barbara Webb was employed as a manicurist in the beauty salon. What attracted him at first sight was her loveliness, unostentatious but pleasing, and her sensibility; she appeared to have genuine depth of character and intelligence.

He quietly married the girl, he continued, in Windsor, Canada, on August 26, 1929. Afterward, he admitted in a self-condemnatory mood, their martial life had not been very harmonious or satisfactory. Mrs. Keith seldom spoke of her past.

At the same time, he made conscientious efforts to bring her happiness. In the begin-

ning, they had taken a fine residence on the main line; then, unreasonably enough, in the fall of 1931 she expressed an urgent desire to move into the Aldwiche Apartments in Chestnut Hill. He had consented. That winter he wanted to send her to Europe, though he could not accompany her; instead she insisted on spending the cold month alone at Palm Beach.

(Continued Next Week)

What is Right

"Those who have hobbies rarely go crazy," asserts a psychiatrist. Yeah, but what about those who have to live with those who have hobbies? —Mobile Register.

Unlikely

Income tax figures indicate there were several persons within comes over a million dollars apiece in 1933, unless they were so jittery that they just added the figures wrong. —New York Sun.

NOTICE OF SALE

By virtue of the power of sale contained in Deed of Trust from J. J. Tew and wife Sidie Frances, to T. A. Barden, Trustee, dated Jan. 19, 1931, recorded in book 335, page 511, default having been made in the payment of debt secured thereby, the undersigned will sell at the courthouse door in Kenansville, N. C., on MONDAY, AUG. 5, 1935, at one o'clock, P. M., to the highest bidder for cash, a one-half undivided interest in a tract of land situated in Island Creek Township, Duplin County, North Carolina, described as follows:

The tract of land situated at Charity Cross Roads, adjoining State Highway, No. 41, Charity Church lot, and the road leading from Rose Hill by Charity Cross Roads to Jerry Teachey's store, and being more particularly described in Deed of Trust above referred to.

Don't Prolong The Agony!

Next time you suffer from Gas on Stomach, Headache, Sour Stomach, a Cold, Muscular, Rheumatic, Sciatic or Periodic Pains; That Tired Feeling, That "Morning After" Feeling. Get a glass of water and drop in one or two tablets of

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The New Pain-Relieving, Alkalizing, Effervescent Tablet

Watch it bubble up, then drink it. You will be amazed at the almost instant relief.

It is called Alka-Seltzer because it makes a sparkling alkaline drink, and as it contains an analgesic (Acetyl-Salicylate) it first relieves the pain of everyday ailments and then by restoring the alkaline balance corrects the cause when due to excess acid.

After trying many brands of medicines—so-called relief for gas, and all of them a failure I gave up hopes. By chance I tried Alka-Seltzer—I am more than satisfied. Geo. Bennett, New York, N. Y.

Get a glass at your drug store soda fountain. Take home a 30 cent or 60 cent package.



This July 1st, 1935. T. A. BARDEN, Trustee. Geo. R. Ward, Atty. July 11-18-25 Aug 1 —731

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain deed of trust dated October 27th, 1927, recorded in Deed Book 313, page 126, of Duplin County Registry, and made by J. F. Faison to the undersigned trustee, default having been made in the payment of the indebtedness therein secured and the holder of the note having demanded that the trustee exercise the power of sale conferred on him, the said trustee will offer for sale at the court house door in Kenansville, Duplin County, North Carolina, on SATURDAY, AUGUST 10th, at 12 o'clock, noon, to the highest bidder for cash, the lands referred to in said deed of trust and described as follows:

Situate in Duplin County, North Carolina, on the South side of the Clinton and War-

saw Branch of the A. C. L. Railroad, adjoining the lands of Sarah Best, W. H. Williams, and others, and beginning at a stake, Sarah Best's corner, on the right of way of said Clinton and Warsaw Railroad, and runs due South 90 poles to a stake in a proposed new road; thence with said new road due East 54 poles to a stake in said new road; thence due North 90 poles to a stake in the edge of the A. C. L. Railroad, thence with said A. C. L. Railroad to the beginning, containing 30 acres, more or less. It is the intention of the above description to cover three 10 acre lots, as described in three certain deeds, all dated October 22, 1896, and made by W. H. Williams and wife, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Duplin County in Deed Book 67, at the following pages: Deed to Emma Faison, Page 445; deed to Sudie C. Faison, now Sudie F. Batts, page 444; deed to Eliza Morisey, now Eliza F. Clement, page 425.

This July 9th, 1935. W. J. MIDDLETON, Trustee July 18-25 Aug 1-8 —734

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