

STORM DAMAGES FALLSTON THURSDAY (Special to The Star.) Fallston, Sept. 11.—Late Thursday afternoon Fallston was visited with the most severe electric storm of its history. The steeple of the M. E. church was struck by lightning and badly damaged also an oak tree was struck in Mr. Claude Stamey's grove. The Fallston electric light and power plant line was damaged so badly it was necessary to cut the power off until it could be repaired. Eleven poles having been torn to pieces. In most of the residences and stores the fuses were blown out. Tempus fugit, and Horace Grigg says nobody realizes it more than the gink who is buying a car on the deferred payment plan.

Victoria's Bathtub Offered for Sale London.—Queen Victoria's marble bath is for sale. Although it cost more than 550 pounds, it can be purchased for 200 pounds. When Sir Robert Peel was prime Minister, he invited Queen Victoria to stay at Drayton Manor, his mansion near Tamworth, and went to enormous expense in making his home fit to receive his Royal guest. His main attention was directed to the bathroom and he engaged Italian craftsmen to construct a bath cut out of solid block of white marble. The bath was made five feet seven inches long, and as Queen Victoria's height was generally accepted as being under five feet, she had ample room for her ablutions. No one else has ever used the bath, which is still in its original setting. Automobiles outnumber the locomotives, but this does not imply that the majority is always right.

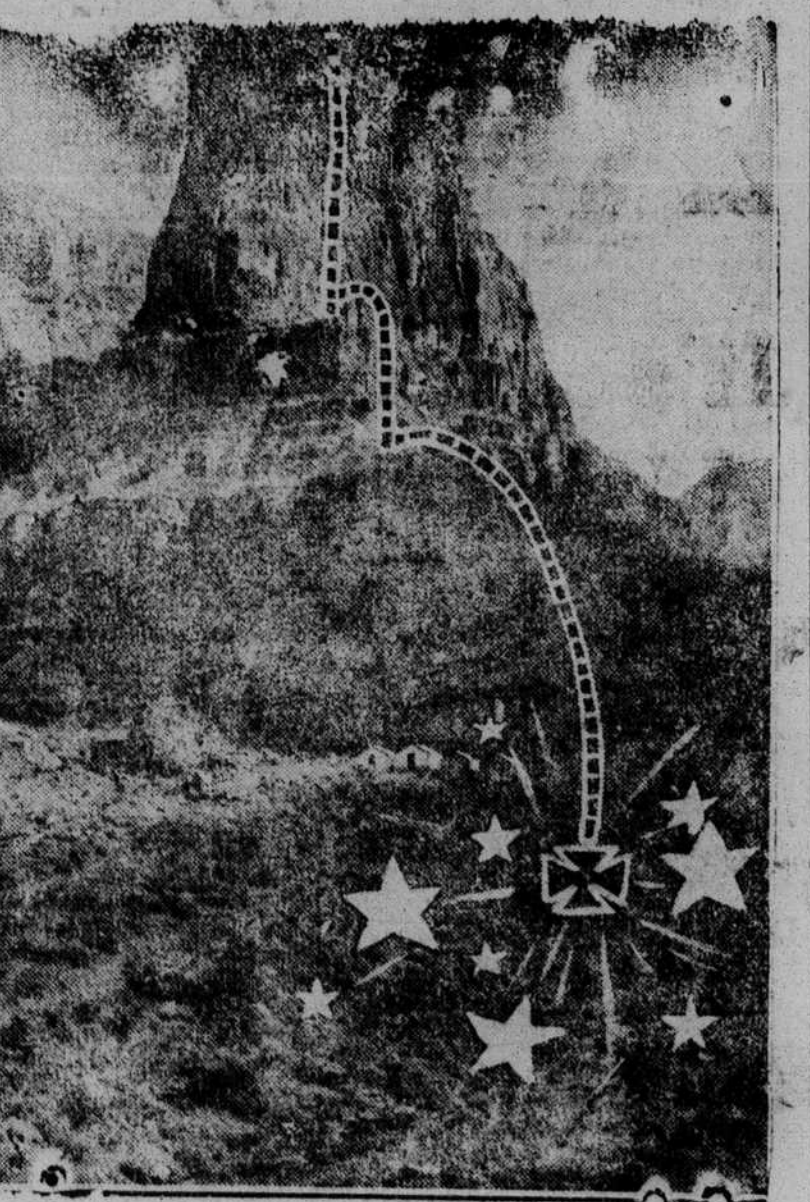
THEY NEVER KNEW by TOM SIMS 1926 NEA SERVICE START HERE TODAY (Thank You) "Who killed Bill Splutterus?" That was the question which was upon the tip of every tongue. The sheriff polished his badge, but still the mystery remained unsolved. The sheriff bought a new badge. He bought two new badges. He bought nine new badges, one of them gold. The mystery was unsolved. One day a little woman entered the office. "I did it," said she. The sheriff was about to arrest her. But he saw it was the murdered man's wife. This, however, has nothing to do with the present story. In "They Never Knew," a young couple are on their honeymoon. The husband is JIMPSON WEED. His wife formerly was PEARL HANDLE. Pearl's FATHER objects to the match. He hires two detectives to break it up, MR. and MRS. GUMSHOE. But to no avail. The story's complicated. Perhaps you'll understand it. NOW PROCEED CHAPTER XIX As the last installment of this great serial ended, Jim and Pearl were standing upon the brink of the Grand Canyon. Detective Gumshoe as you may remember, was upon his knees making love to Pearl. Perhaps, also, you'll recall the fact that Mrs. Gum had her arms around our Jim's neck, loving him. Would it be too much to ask you to remember that Pearl's father had his pistol in hand and was about to shoot at Jim? "Base creature," growled Pearl, kicking Detective Gum in the eye. "How dare you make love to a married woman in public," sobbed Jim. "I couldn't get you alone," sobbed Pearl. "I see them." Pearl laughed and laughed, and laughed. While she knew he had mistaken her husband for one of his donkeys, she wasn't offended. She often made the same mistake herself. His error was soon explained to him and he joined Pearl in his mirth. "I thought sure your husband was one of my animals," said he, chuckling as he departed. Their private airplane had been circling around overhead, so Jim signalled the chauffeur. The machine landed nearby. "Where shall we go?" asked the young husband. "I've got to go back to Chicago," replied his beautiful wife. "I left my powder puff in the hotel there." "Hang the powder puff," exclaimed Jim, who had three million dollars in his hip pocket. "Have you ever been to the north pole?" "No, I haven't," said the girl. "And I owe it a visit. You know it came and spent last winter with us in Ohio." "Then let's go," said Jim, opening the door to the airplane. "Jim! Do you realize we haven't sent any post cards back to the folks in Omeomy, Ohio?" "That's right. I forgot it. And I doubt if we can get any at the north pole. It might be night when we arrive there. Then all the drug stores would be closed. And their nights are six months long." "Huh! We better drop by Yellowstone Park and get some," asked the darling wife. "Yellowstone Park," said Jim to the chauffeur as he threw his wife into the plane. "Yes, sir! Yellowstone Park, sir," replied the aviator, stepping on the gas. The plane started with a jerk. Jim and Pearl were thrown into their seats. Jim looked at Pearl. Pearl looked at Jim. Both had pained expressions on their faces. They squirmed uneasily. As the plane rose into the air, Pearl burst into tears. "Jim," she cried, "I can't sit any longer. That donkey was the first horse I have been on in years." "Same here," sobbed Jim. "But we can't get up. The wind would knock us out of the plane." "Even that would be better than sitting," wept the darling girl in great distress. She stood up. The plane was 2000 feet in the air. The wind caught our Pearl and she fell over the side. (To be continued.)

DR. DAVID M. MORRISON Optometrist, EYE SPECIALIST Telephone 585 Eyes examined, glasses fitted, lenses made and duplicated.

A VITAL ASSET There was a time when we looked upon our Used Car Department as a necessary evil. Now we realize that it is a tremendous asset. We sell only GOOD Used Cars and thus make friends who come back to us for new cars. CHAS. E. LAMBETH MOTOR COMPANY SHELBY BRANCH — SHELBY, N. C. A USED CAR IS ONLY AS DEPENDABLE AS THE DEALER WHO SELLS IT

SCHEDULES Inter-Carolina Motor Bus Company Shelby to Charlotte—7, 9, 11, 1, 3, 5, 7:30—Charlotte to Shelby—8, 10, 12, 2, 4, 6. Kings Mountain to Charlotte—7:30, 9:30, 11:30, 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 8:30. Direct connection made in Kings Mountain for Spartanburg and Greenville in the morning—One hour lay-over in the afternoons. Bessemer City to Charlotte—7:45, 11:45, 1:45, 3:45, 5:45, 8:45. Gastonia to Charlotte, leaves every hour on the hour, from 7 a. m. to 8 p. m. Connection made there for Rock Hill, S. C.; Spartanburg, Greenville, Cranston, Lincolnton and Cherryville, York and Clover S. C. Gastonia to Shelby—On the odd hours, making connections for Rutherfordton, Hendersonville, Asheville and Statesville. Gastonia to Cherryville—8:30, 12:10, 4:10, 8:10. Cherryville to Gastonia—7:15, 10, 2, 6 p. m. Charlotte to Rock Hill—8, 10:30, 4:15. Bus leaves Spartanburg 6:15 p. m. Connection at Kings Mountain, Charlotte. Telephones: Charlotte 2671; Gastonia 1051; Shelby 450; Shelby to Rutherfordton—8 a. m. and 1 p. m. Rutherfordton to Shelby—9:40 a. m. and 2:15 p. m. Shelby to Asheville—10:00 a. m., 12, 2, 4, 3 p. m. Asheville to Shelby—8, 9 and 11 a. m. and 2, 4 p. m. Shelby—7:20 a. m.; 10:00 a. m.; 1 p. m.; 4:30 p. m. Lincolnton—8:30 a. m.; 11 a. m.; 3:00 p. m.; 6:30 p. m. Schedules Subject to Change.

167 STUDENTS AT BOILING SPRINGS Musical Program is Rendered. Football Boys Practicing Working in the Sewing Room. (Special to The Star.) Boiling Springs, Sept. 11.—The enrollment has grown till it now number one hundred and sixty-seven. Other are to register later. On Saturday, Sept. 4th, the members of the High school were given a pleasant surprise at the Chapel hour. Joe D. Hamrick, a graduate of Boiling Springs high school and now a senior of Wake Forest college, and Miss Lela Morris, a former teacher of this school and one well known and loved by both students and faculty, rendered a delightful musical program. The cornet solos by Joe D. Hamrick, accompanied by Miss Morris at the piano, were greeted by hearty applause. The familiar song, "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes" was given by request as an encore, and thoroughly enjoyed. The prospects are bright for a wide-awake Glee club of 24 members, with Miss Lois Lawrence, director of music and Miss Ethel Elmore assistant. The football boys are organized and practicing daily. Members of the school are looking forward with enthusiasm, to the first game of the season to be played at Boiling Springs with Kings Mountain. Plans are being speedily carried out for work to begin in the sewing room. There are four or five girls who are making dresses, shirts, etc., to make it possible for them to be in school. Special favors have been shown these girls by the Cliffside and Spindale mills. Miss Ethel Elmore, voice teacher, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Laney, of Boiling Springs. Mr. L. R. Harrill, a former student of the high school now State Boy's club leader, was a welcome visitor Saturday. Evelyn Jolley, one of the brightest and most loved of former students of Boiling Springs high school, was a visitor Sunday afternoon. She is to leave for her sophomore work at Meredith college soon. Arnold Kincaid and Fletcher McGinnis were welcome visitors Sunday. Rev. J. R. Cantrell, a loyal and worthy ertswile student of the high school, was with us Thursday morning and conducted chapel. His words of appreciation for what the school has meant for him and advice to the student body were enjoyed. Mrs. Cantrell's solo were enjoyed. They left Letha, their oldest daughter to be in school this year.



bed Detective Gum. Pearl knew Jim was listening. So she kicked Gum into the Grand Canyon. "Please remove your arms from around my neck just a moment," whispered Jim to Mrs. Gum. "I won't," cried the old she-devil. "I love you." "I know," said Jim. "That's all right. But my wife is looking. And besides, my collar button is pinching." By this time Pearl had rushed over. So she kicked Mrs. Gum into the Grand Canyon. Pearl's father confronted the lovers. "You kicked my two best detectives into the Grand Canyon," said he. And as he said it he pointed an accusing pistol at Jim. "Your daughter did it," admitted Jim. "Then, I'll shoot her husband. That's make her sorry she was so hasty," cried the old man, the blooming scoundrel. But before he could shoot, Jim was upon him. So Jim kicked him into the Grand Canyon. Leaning over the side, Pearl and Jim watched their victims fall. Down, down, down they went. "It'll be quite some time before they hit the bottom," said Jim. "Yes," said Pearl, who felt downright sorry for her falling old man. She was so grieved she picked a few wild flowers and threw into the canyon after him. Jim was a careful husband. He noticed all the little details. He had lived with Pearl so long he sensed she was worried. "Don't worry," said he, taking his lovely bride in his arms. "I wouldn't worry about your father's time to see father hit the bottom of the canyon," Pearl called over her shoulder to Jim. "I'll remember," answered the young husband. And kicking his beast in the ribs, he forced the animal to overtake the slender young reed who was his wife. "I'll race you," said he to her. "That's a go," cried Pearl. And away they went. But it wasn't quite fair. Pearl's donkey was on stilts and won easily. Jim turned a curve in the road and found her waiting for him. The lovely girl was sweating profusely. "We'd better go back now," suggested the husbands. "Your father and the two detectives should be hitting the bottom of the canyon soon. It's been about an hour since we kicked them over the brink." Hurrying back to the spot where the fight had been, they looked into the canyon. They were just in time to see the three falling figures hit the bottom and get up and walk away. "They're safe," smiled Pearl. "All three are safe. I knew father would have sense enough to land upon his head, but I didn't know about Detective and Mrs. Gumshoe." "Anyway, they won't bother us for a while," laughed her husband. "It'll take them a long time to get out of the canyon." "Here's my three donkeys," said the fellow from whom Jim and Pearl had rented the animals, sauntering up. "Your three donkeys?" exclaimed Pearl, clearly puzzled. "We have only two of your donkeys." "You have three," said the fel-

low. "I see them." Pearl laughed and laughed, and laughed. While she knew he had mistaken her husband for one of his donkeys, she wasn't offended. She often made the same mistake herself. His error was soon explained to him and he joined Pearl in his mirth. "I thought sure your husband was one of my animals," said he, chuckling as he departed. Their private airplane had been circling around overhead, so Jim signalled the chauffeur. The machine landed nearby. "Where shall we go?" asked the young husband. "I've got to go back to Chicago," replied his beautiful wife. "I left my powder puff in the hotel there." "Hang the powder puff," exclaimed Jim, who had three million dollars in his hip pocket. "Have you ever been to the north pole?" "No, I haven't," said the girl. "And I owe it a visit. You know it came and spent last winter with us in Ohio." "Then let's go," said Jim, opening the door to the airplane. "Jim! Do you realize we haven't sent any post cards back to the folks in Omeomy, Ohio?" "That's right. I forgot it. And I doubt if we can get any at the north pole. It might be night when we arrive there. Then all the drug stores would be closed. And their nights are six months long." "Huh! We better drop by Yellowstone Park and get some," asked the darling wife. "Yellowstone Park," said Jim to the chauffeur as he threw his wife into the plane. "Yes, sir! Yellowstone Park, sir," replied the aviator, stepping on the gas. The plane started with a jerk. Jim and Pearl were thrown into their seats. Jim looked at Pearl. Pearl looked at Jim. Both had pained expressions on their faces. They squirmed uneasily. As the plane rose into the air, Pearl burst into tears. "Jim," she cried, "I can't sit any longer. That donkey was the first horse I have been on in years." "Same here," sobbed Jim. "But we can't get up. The wind would knock us out of the plane." "Even that would be better than sitting," wept the darling girl in great distress. She stood up. The plane was 2000 feet in the air. The wind caught our Pearl and she fell over the side. (To be continued.)

REMEMBER THE TIME AND PLACE, viz: at the Court House Door in Shelby, North Carolina, at 1 O'Clock, P. M., on MONDAY, OCTOBER 4th, 1926. Please inform your neighbors and friends of these sales, and do not fail to attend them even if you do not now think that you want to buy any of these lands. We fear they will not bring their real value. You may miss a real bargain if you do not attend these sales. September 1st., 1926. 66

An Unusual OPPORTUNITY To buy at your own prices one or more valuable farms in a fine agricultural and industrial section of progressive Cleveland County which is distinguished for its successful agriculture, splendid schools, good roads and general progress in all lines of industry. The misfortune of others furnish to you wonderful chances to make big profits by purchasing these lands which must be sold even if they do not bring their real value. The estate must be settled without delay. By virtue of that certain Deed of Assignment for the benefit of his creditors executed and delivered to the undersigned by S. S. Mauney and his wife, dated July 22nd, 1926, and registered in the office of the Register of Deeds of Cleveland County, North Carolina, in Book TTT at page 78 et sequitur, we will sell to the highest bidder at public auction, at the front door of the COURT HOUSE IN SHELBY, NORTH CAROLINA, at 1 o'clock, P. M., on MONDAY, OCTOBER 4th, 1926 all those certain tracts or parcels of land situate in Township Number 5 in Cleveland County N. C. and bounded and described as follows: First Tract: Known as the "PLONK FARM" situate about four miles from the Town of Cherryville, and bounded as follows: Beginning at a stone (formerly a pine) near the road in James Balloy's line and runs thence South 43 East 33.50 chains to a stone; thence North 47 East 47 chains to a stone; thence North 43 West 33.50 chains to a stone; thence South 47 West 47 chains to the beginning corner, containing 153 3-4 acres, more or less. Among the improvements on this farm are a five room residence, barn and granary. Second Tract: Known as the "MAUNEY HOME," situate 3 1-2 miles southwest of the Town of Cherryville, and bounded as follows: Beginning at a Blackoak, James Neill's corner, near his house, and runs thence with his line South 57 1-2 West 36 poles to a stake, his corner; thence with another of his lines South 3 West 36 1-2 poles to a stake, his corner; thence with another of his lines South 87 East 64 1-2 poles to a stake, another of his corners; thence with Warlick's line South 44 West 77 1-2 poles to a Pine stump, S. S. Mauney's own corner; thence South 42 1-2 East 90 poles to a stake; thence South 45 West 16 poles to a stake, Warlick's corner; thence North 45 West 109 poles to a stake, Plonk's corner; thence the same course 133 1-2 poles to a rock, his other corner; thence a new line North 3 West 51 poles to a stake at the Creek; thence South 88 East 36 1-2 poles to a Whiteoak near the Creek on the south side; thence up the Creek North 57 East 21 1-2 poles to a Birch on the bank of the Creek; thence South 77 East 75 poles to a rock on the old line; thence with it South 35 East 28 1-2 poles to the beginning, containing 105 acres, more or less, save and except six (6) acres which has been sold and conveyed to James Beatty. Among the improvements on this farm are a seven room residence, barn, cow-barn, two granaries and a wagon shed. Third Tract: Known as the "SELLERS PLACE," adjoining the tract next above described, and bounded as follows: Beginning at a Pine Stump, David Mauney's corner, and runs thence with P. H. Warlick's line S. 89 1-2 E. 47 1-4 poles to two Post-oaks in the field; thence a new line S. 17 W. 41 poles to a stake on David Mauney's line; thence with his line N. 43 W. 55 poles to the beginning, containing five and seven eighths (5 7-8) acres, more or less. Fourth Tract: Known as the "David Mauney Place," situate two miles from the Town of Cherryville and bounded as follows: Beginning at a Birch, S. S. Mauney and J. S. Mauney's corner, and runs thence S. 57 W. 21 1-2 poles to a Whiteoak; thence N. 88 W. 57 poles to a stone; thence S. 3 E. 52 poles to a stone; thence S. 43 W. 28 poles to a stone, W. A. Mauney's corner on Plonk's line; thence N. 21 W. 31 poles to a stone pile; thence N. 12 W. 50 poles to a Birch; thence N. 35 E. 16 poles to a rock; thence N. 32 E. 15 poles to a rock; thence N. 4 W. 54 poles to a Blackoak; thence West 20 poles to stones in road; thence N. 27 W. 51 1-2 poles to a W. oak; thence N. 24 W. 58 poles to a rock-pile; thence N. 11 W. 55 1-2 poles to stones; thence N. 88 E. 82 poles to a Pine stump; thence S. 3 E. 51 1-2 poles to stones; thence S. 87 E. 56 poles to stones; thence S. 8 W. 163 poles to the beginning, containing 153 acres, more or less. Among the improvements on this farm are a three room residence, barn and granary. These sales will be made as nearly as possible according to the rules governing judicial sales of land and the bids will be reported to the Clerk of the Superior Court of Cleveland and Gaston Counties and will stand open twenty days for better bids. Terms of Sale: One fourth of the purchase price to be paid in cash on date of sale (or otherwise secured to the satisfaction of the Assignees) and the balance in two equal installments on a credit of six and twelve months, deferred payments to bear interest till paid, with the privilege to the purchasers to pay all cash at any time, title reserved until the entire price is paid but possession will be given to the purchasers at the end of the current crop year, or possibly at an earlier date.

W. T. Love and J. White Ware ASSIGNEES OF S. S. Mauney