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It Pays To Advertise

Death and the West Coasters.

The celebrations of their victory I had no control over. Even old Iwolo slipped off I had only one fine-eyed man in the crowd perfectly sober and that was Renchoro. I fell asleep amongst it all and in my dreams I had hundreds of rifles and Encomi warriors, and had even married Nine (silly dream). Also the little blue eyed fairy of the ponds far away popped in on me and actually scraped my face with her ringlets and pinned me a sweet bunch of wild flowers on and when I awoke finding all well and as it should be I felt relieved.

Great things these dreams, when you come to look back and I had often thought as a lad Do they ever come true but that dream did, strange to say and she pinned many a posy right in old Lancashire near the old lily pond where the old stony brook sang its song for us amidst the song birds.

The Man Who Was Shot.

We now dipped padles and went our way rejoicing not forgetting a few loving cups which strengthened us after our celebrations. Passing the point where the cannibals had made such a Stout resistance we saw many black vultures who were evidently having high times on shore and the most ghastly sight of all was the torn body of the man who shot the rifle.

He was still hanging from the tree head down, having been firmly caught by both feet in a fork. I mentioned the advisability of diving under him for the rifle he had let drop in the river but this they would not do as they were afraid of the imburus or spirits of the dead which they declared would forever haunt that spot. Of course there was nothing to be done but to wait for some other chance. And eventually this came. I recovered the rifle without much trouble and it proved to be an old snider which had been stolen from the firm I was representing.

We left the land of ghosts and were soon racing for who should land at Apaques first. As my canoe was always maned by white Encomis supposed to be the best canoe men in the world we were soon flying down stream at a terrific speed. My canoe of course carried the rum which was always a big incentive as the ones following had always to catch us at tot time, and the ones left missed their rum. At times the race was very close and we reached Samquite by sundown and after a short rest made for my Uncles, arriving at midnight.

Funds for the Goddess.

I reached Adimango in due time, my mail was at our new station. The last steamer load of gunpowder and sundries was being put aboard. Mattam came at me with a jump and put my hand on his head saying Wa Ka wa Ball n'gogudema. You defeated the big elephant of the Mpangues you are our chief. I laughed and told him nothing of the sort. Not but he said listen some of our people were there and some are still there, how could this be, was there no fight? I told him the fight was nothing, he looked at me strangely. (The savage was at a loss to understand the conventional false humility of the white man.—Ed.)

Strange people these he was actually proud that I had beaten his paramount chief and that some of his mates, probably his relatives, were laying at death's corner away up in the high Ogowe. The children of wildest Africa are surely difficult to understand.

I told Iwolo to sound all aboard and with a quick pull out we left the nearly deserted place. My cannibal friends and in fact every one fleet and we were soon passing Herr Shiffs and as I was in the van he hailed me. He had two letters in his hand from Little Peru and one of them as per usual contained funds for the stealing of the Goddess. I had to laugh he was still juvenile.

Giants and Gentlemen.

I read the finale after I left Herr Shiff, who was all smiles, as likewise Herr Bohn, who said in English which he was picking up fast You are now a Hero. I said of course why not, it's just as cheap to be that as anything else, when you travel in new worlds with a full ticket you can be anything you wish. Yes that was so, he said. Shiff then asked him to retire kindly as he wished to talk privately and Herr Boom always the same happy soul from Hamburg did so.

Shiff now got serious and in answer to a few questions I opened up. Look here, Herr Shiff, I have one piece of news that might interest you and your company, you remember our agreement. He answered yes. Has it been satisfactory to you so far? He answered saying just so. Well, Herr Shiff, are you willing to shake with me on behalf of my company that we shall not interfere with each other's posts on the Big River. He answered yes and shook on it. Then I said you have a free river as far as you like to go and there is enough trade for five or six more firms. I explained and told him my centre was Isange Island.

It was Little Peru who caressed the girl, but Trader Horn sat contemplating her in the night watches, his eyes misty with love.

I had to go as Mr. Sinclair might think something had happened. But I went away with my private locker full of Hamburg's best and that is what I call fair trade. And it all proved out in after years to be so. For these two firms (Carl Woerman cheered me as I left with my little Hatton and Cookson—Ed.) in spite of wars, etc., are not only strong in their various branches and companies but have opened the trade of Africa and of other lands. Wherever you meet any of the genuine Giants of Commerce you will always find they are run by gentlemen who are even at the present day bound by sound reasons to accept each other's burdens for the sake of commerce which cannot exist without unity.

Troubles on the Wall.

So long for the present Herr Shiff I said and the good old man gave me a great handshake. He had been a daddy to me and knew me better than I knew myself. I soon arrived at our new place and had a great talk with Sinclair. It was a charming trading station, well built and commodious, with large verandas, and was well fitted in every way for what it was intended to be. My canoes he agreed should be dispatched at once, as I was responsible for their cargo I paid good attention to the assortment and this being done, my outfit traders, etc, swung clear of the wharf and I wished them God Speed. I made a trader out of old general Iwolo and dividing my rifles and men the outfit pulled out beautifully and I watched them till they were well away.

I took care to say nothing to the agent Sinclair of the fight although he tried hard to sound me. I knew the cause of my troubles hung against the wall in his sanctorum. He was not a timid man, but this was a fine specimen of an Orkney Island girl, his wife at Kittle Toft of which he often spoke. Poor man, he left the river after I did intending to return to his native home and enjoy his earnings but as was the case with many others, he died after landing at Liverpool. And so did Mr. Carlyle, our Chief Agent at Gaboon, one of the finest samples of a gentleman I ever met. All the West Coasters have passed away that I knew when a lad, and most of them met untimely ends either being killed by natives or succumbed to the Coast fever. Verily this is what it is called the White Man's Grave.

After dispatching my outfit to the interior I journeyed to the coast to meet the new tug Iowatha which had been specially built for both sea and river. I had a good talk with Nina on my way down and also studied the boat with its engineer, old Peter Nolan, who handed over to me at Apgola. She was all one could wish. Was swift and powerful and would tow twenty canoes or more anywhere. Old Peter and I soon became great friends.

(To be continued.)

"There's no unemployment in Soviet Russia"—and neither is there any in the army or the penitentiary. —Detroit Free Press.

Carnival Queen

Here's a case where a full-blooded princess became a queen for a day. Attractive Princess Cecilia Waters (above), of the Nez Perces Indian tribe which annually observes Kau-it rites in connection with the Festival, ruled the fete as queen festival, ruled the fete as queen this year. The princess is 20 years old and lives near Stillwater, Idaho.

Widowed by Duel

Mrs. Joseph T. Loughlin (above), wife of the Brooklyn, N. Y., physician who was mysteriously slain in what appeared to be a duel with Howard Bridgetts, New York broker, on the "field of honor." Bridgetts, with a wound in his arm, gave up to police after he had been the object of a wide search. The survivor of the duel said he shot and killed Dr. Loughlin in self-defense.

Rutherford Needs Early Morn Mail

Rutherford News.

Rutherfordton and Rutherford county is in great need of an early morning east bound outgoing mail. The incoming mail service is good. After 5:30 in the afternoon we have no mail going toward Charlotte and points further east and south until 2 p. m. the next day, under the present plan.

A traveling man stopped at the Isothermal hotel one night last week about dark and asked about early morning mail facilities and when told that we had none he went on towards Charlotte and replied "I must get off some important mail eary in the morning. I plan to write it tonight. I will go east until I can mail a letter to Charlotte early in the morning. He possibly stopped at Shelby, as that is the first point that he could mail a letter for Charlotte early next morning.

The writer believes that the Shelby-Rutherfordton star route could go out of here about 8:30 east bound if connections can be made at Kings Mountain, or Gastonia with the main line of the Southern railway, and return at the same time give better service to the people and cost the government little if any more than under the present arrangements.

An early morning eastbound mail would help business. It would put this county in closer connection with the outside world.

Find Time to Get Rest If You Want Good Health

Sooner or Later the Body Will Rebel Against the Constant Drive of Work and Excesses, Warns Authority—Get the Rest Habit.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.,
United States Senator from New York.
Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

"I HAVE no time to rest," is a common excuse for overwork. If people would only realize that time must be found, there would be less suffering and eventual loss of time from illness.

Dr. Copeland

In this country, at any given time, there are at least two and a quarter million persons requiring medical attention of one kind or another. The actual expenditure of money for this care amounts to over two billions of dollars a year. This does not take into consideration the actual loss of time from work and destruction of the earning ability.

Many of these illnesses could be avoided. Unfortunately, most persons do not realize that rest is essential to good health. They subject their bodies to mental and physical excesses that can result in but one thing—illness.

The body is a mechanism that requires just so much fuel and care. Fuel in the form of food is an important item. However, it is of no value when the care of the body is neglected.

The body requires at least six hours of rest every day. Personally, I must have more. This rest is best acquired by sound and uninterrupted sleep. Restless sleep or interrupted sleep is of no benefit.

Many persons complain of insomnia, loss of sleep, but they rarely attempt to determine its cause. Regular hours of work and rest are imperative for the general welfare of the body. Going to bed at irregular hours soon takes its efect upon the overworked mechanism.

Poor food or food hastily and improperly chewed, is fuel that the body does not tolerate. Lack of fresh air, improper bathing and need of relaxation are factors that must be considered by all. Midnight meals and consumption of indigestible foods prior to bedtime are among the sure means of producing restless sleep.

Many persons can continue on such a schedule for a long time. Sooner or later, however, there will be a danger signal. If this warning is unheeded, grave and often very serious disorders result.

It should be the aim of all to preserve strength and health. If you do not respect your body, you will be deprived of the joys of right living. Many things can be purchased but never health. It is your gift and should be cherished and guarded carefully.

Answers to Health Queries

H. S. J. Q.—What can be done for a numb, sleeping feeling in the hands? The left hand is worse than the right, the numbness extending to the elbow. It also affects my left foot when I stand or walk? I am a woman of 41 and very active otherwise.

A.—This is probably due to a circulatory disturbance. Application of heat and general massage should give relief. For full particulars send a self addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

F. A. B. Q.—Is an operation necessary to correct a rupture?

A.—Yes, in most instances.

* * *

Q.—What causes head noises?

A.—This is often due to nasal catarrh which has extended to the middle ear.

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Honor Student

Recently voted the Chi Omega Prize for having attained nearest the ideal in intellect, spirituality and wholesome influence, Nori Shimomura (above), American-born girl of Japanese parentage, is to be graduated from the Oregon State College in June with the highest scholastic average of the entire class.

Says Women Best As Bridge Players

Chicago.—Take the word of Ely Culbertson, recent winner of the Harold Vanderbilt bridge championship trophy, for the statement that women are better bridge players than men.

"The average man," said Culbertson, "thinks he's perfect. He thinks he has nothing to learn. Women players know more and study more. I believe one reason women take to bridge is because it gives them an opportunity to settle the intellectual score with their husbands at the card table."

Not only this, but Culbertson is positive that the black eye bridge has been getting in divorce courts lately is entirely underserved.

When couples fight at bridge, he says, it's generally because of something else happened before they got to the party. Not only this, he adds, but fighting it out this way prevents more serious difficulties, and therefore prevents more divorces than it causes.

SALE OF VALUABLE FARM PROPERTY.

Under and by virtue of the authority conferred upon us in a deed of trust executed by R. G. Mauney and wife, Marie Mauney on the 4th day of August, 1926, and recorded in book 141, page 131, we will on Saturday the

20th day of June, 1931

at 12 o'clock noon at the courthouse door in Cleveland county, Shelby, N. C., sell at public auction for cash to the highest bidder the following land to-wit:

Being lot No. 3 of the Marcus M. Mauney lands, and being that tract of land conveyed to R. Grady Mauney by deed of D. H. Spangler and wife, et als, dated April 20th, 1925, which deed is registered in the office of the register of deeds for Cleveland county, North Carolina, in book of deeds No. P, page 367. Said land being joined on the N. by Chevis Spangler and M. B. Mauney, on the east by S. J. Green lands, on the south by Z. C. Mauney, on the west by Brushy Creek and the lands of Tom Green and Chevis Spangler, and being described by metes and bounds as follows: Beginning at a stake and pointers on west bank of Brushy Creek, old corner and corner of Chevis Spangler, and runs thence with line of Chevis Spangler, N. 60¼ E. 9.73 chains to a stone; thence N. 15 W. 10 chains to a stone on east bank of Small Branch, M. B. Mauney's corner; thence with line of M. B. Mauey, N. 73½ E. 29.03 chains to a stone in line of S. J. Green's land; thence with said line S. 21½ E. 13.50 chains crossing a branch to a stone and pointers, corner of Z. C. Mauney's land; thence with line of said Z. C. Mauney, S. 57½ W. crossing road 12 chains to a stone; thence S. 40½ W. 34.09 chains crossing Brushy Creek to a stone on old run, corner of Tom Green's land; thence with old creek run as it was in 1845, N. 14½ W. 3.40 chains to a stake on W. bank of present creek cannel; thence N. 12 W. 6.68 chains to a stake on west bank; thence N. 3½ W. 4.50 chains to a stake on west bank; thence N. 13½ W. 3.06 chains to a stake on west bank; thence N. 32½ W. 6.00 chains to the place of beginning, containing 78 acres. Together with a right of way from the lands above described to the public road leading from the Shelby-Poikville road to the Shelby-Lattimore road, said right of way lying across the lands of W. T. Weathers and wife, Ossie Weathers, and the lands of Z. C. Mauney and wife, Gladys Mauney, and being described in a certain deed from said parties to R. Grady Mauney, dated April 17th, 1925, and recorded in the office of the register of deeds for Cleveland county, N. C., in book 3-p, page 367.

This sale is made by reason of the failure of R. G. Mauney and wife, Marie Mauney to pay off and discharge the indebtedness secured by said deed of trust.

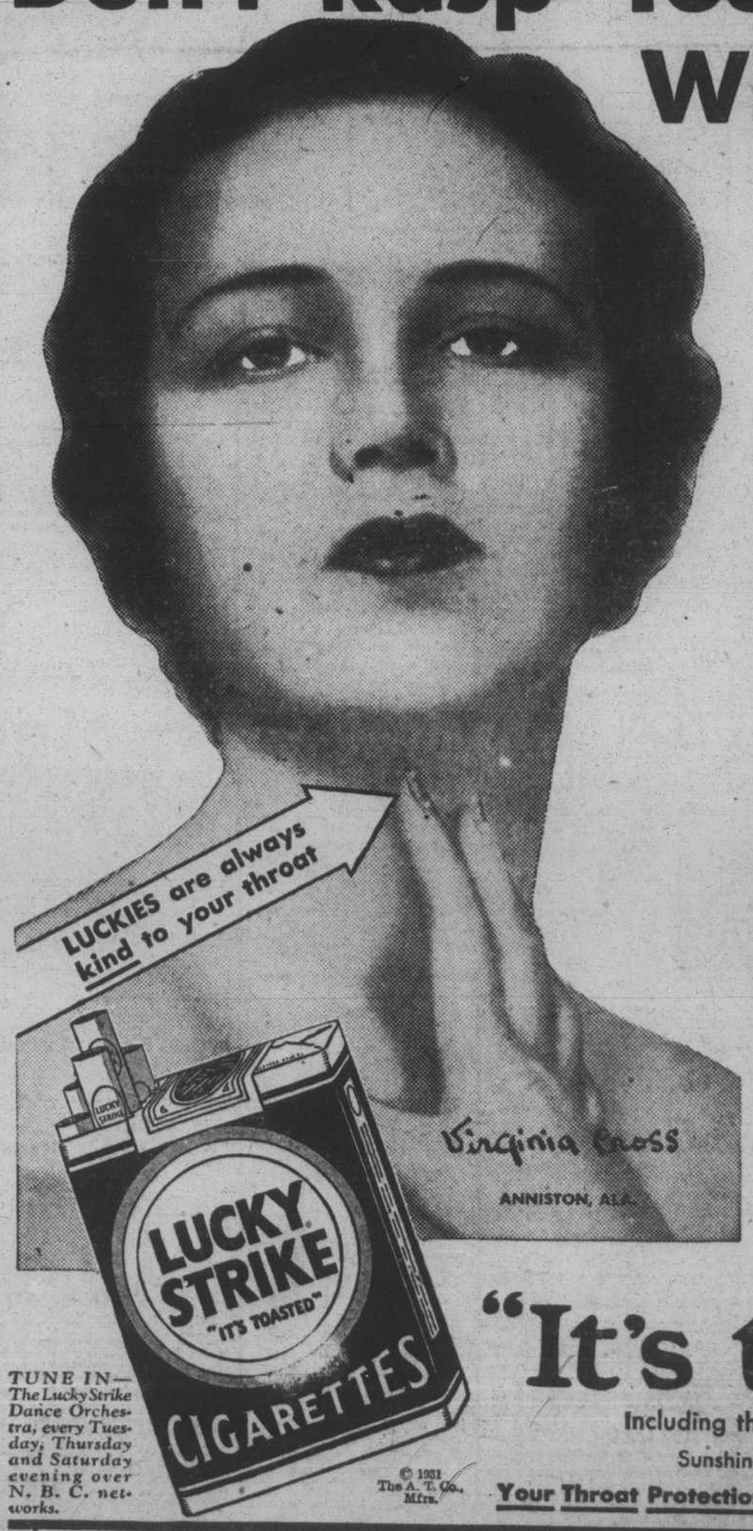
A deposit of 10 percent will be required from the purchaser at the sale.

This the 20th day of May, 1931.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF DURHAM, Trustee, Durham, N. C.
Chas. A. Burrus, Atty. 4t May 25d

*Consider your Adam's Apple!!**

Don't Rasp Your Throat With Harsh Irritants



"Reach for a LUCKY instead"

Now! Please!—Actually put your finger on your Adam's Apple. Touch it—your Adam's Apple—Do you know you are actually touching your larynx?—This is your voice box—it contains your vocal chords. When you consider your Adam's Apple, you are considering your throat—your vocal chords. Don't rasp your throat with harsh irritants—Reach for a LUCKY instead—Remember, LUCKY STRIKE is the only cigarette in America that through its exclusive "TOASTING" process expels certain harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos. These expelled irritants are sold to manufacturers of chemical compounds. They are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE, and so we say "Consider your Adam's Apple."

TUNE IN—The Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening over N. B. C. networks.

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