

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENT

SHERIFF'S SALE

Friday, April 30th, 1937, ten o'clock A. M. Court Room No. 1 Court House, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., execution from court of Common Pleas of Luzerne County, Pa., real estate of Ida Pollock alias Ida J. Pollock viz.

1. About three hundred fifty feet wide on northerly side of County road in Hunlock Township, between lands of Mrs. D. Pollock and Ben Ford, improved with three frame dwelling houses and a frame garage.

2. About three hundred sixty-six acres mountain land in Hunlock Township bounded by John Wildoner, R. M. Pollock, Luzerne Co. Gas & Electric Co., Central Poor District of Luzerne Co. and John Sorber et al.

Unimproved.  
2. An undivided one-half interest in about ninety-five acres of land in Fairmount Twp. bounded by Hunter, Parks Boston, Long, Creveling et al.

Unimproved.  
Wm. R. THOMAS  
Sheriff  
CLARK, Attorney.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENT

SHERIFF'S SALE

As directed by Fi. Fa. No. 117, May Term, 1937, I will expose to public sale, Friday, April 30, 1937, at 10 o'clock a. m. in Court Room No. 1, Court House, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, the real estate of David E. Roberts and Olwen D. Roberts, his wife, situate in the Village of Shavertown, Township of Dallas, Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, being lot having a frontage of 50 feet on Ferguson Avenue, and a depth of 120 feet; being lot No. 65 on plot of Evans-Kirkendall Co. known as "BUENA VISTA" plot of which is recorded in Luzerne County Recorder's Office in Map Book 2, page 366.

Improved with a two-story frame dwelling house; a frame garage is under construction.

WILLIAM R. THOMAS,  
SHERIFF.  
DONALD O. COUGHLIN, Attorney.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENT

SHERIFF'S SALE

Friday, April 23rd, 1937, ten o'clock A. M., court room No. 1, Court House, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., writ of levavi facias from Court of Common Pleas of Luzerne County, Pa., real estate of Mary Kolembe, Joseph Kolembe, and Joseph Kolembe, Guardian of Agnes Kolembe, a piece of land fifty feet wide on Poplar Street, Township of Plains, Pa., and one hundred feet deep, improved with a two story frame dwelling house.

W. M. R. THOMAS,  
Sheriff.  
T. M. Conniff, Attorney.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENT

SHERIFF'S SALE

FRIDAY, APRIL 23, 1937, AT 10 A. M. By virtue of a writ of Fi Fa No. 60, May Term, 1937, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Luzerne County, to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale by vendue to the highest and best bidders, for cash, in Court Room No. 1, Court House, in the City of Wilkes-Barre, Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, on Friday, the 23rd day of April, 1937, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of the said day, all the right, title and interest of the defendants in and to the following described lot, piece or parcel of land, viz:

ALL that certain lot of land situate in the Borough of Kingston, Luzerne County, Penna., bounded and described as follows, to wit:  
BEGINNING at a point of the North-easterly side of Price Street; thence North 60 degrees 18 minutes East 155 feet to a corner on an alley; thence along the line of said alley South 29 degrees 42 minutes East 27 1/2 feet to a corner; thence South 60 degrees 18 minutes West 155 feet to a corner on Price Street aforesaid; thence along the line of said Price Street North 29 degrees 42 minutes West 27 1/2 feet to the place of beginning. Being 17 1/2 feet of the southeasterly side of Lot No. 11, ten feet of the northwesterly side of Lot No. 10 in Block No. 8 on plot of lots of the Pringle Estate as recorded in Map Book No. 1 at page 278, and improved with a two-story single frame dwelling and garage.

Seized and taken into execution at the suit of Home Owners Loan Corporation vs. Felix Miskel and Bella Miskel, and will be sold by

WILLIAM R. THOMAS,  
Sheriff.  
John T. Mulhall, Atty.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENT

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT Articles of Incorporation will be filed with the Department of State, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, on Wednesday, April 14, 1937, under the "Business Corporation Law," approved May 5, 1933, by the City Produce Co., Inc., an intended corporation to be formed for the purpose of buying, selling, consigning and otherwise dealing in produce, groceries, fruits, vegetables, canned goods, fish, butter, eggs, and similar merchandise and materials of a cognate character; and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights and privileges of said Act of Assembly.

ADRIAN H. JONES,  
Attorney.

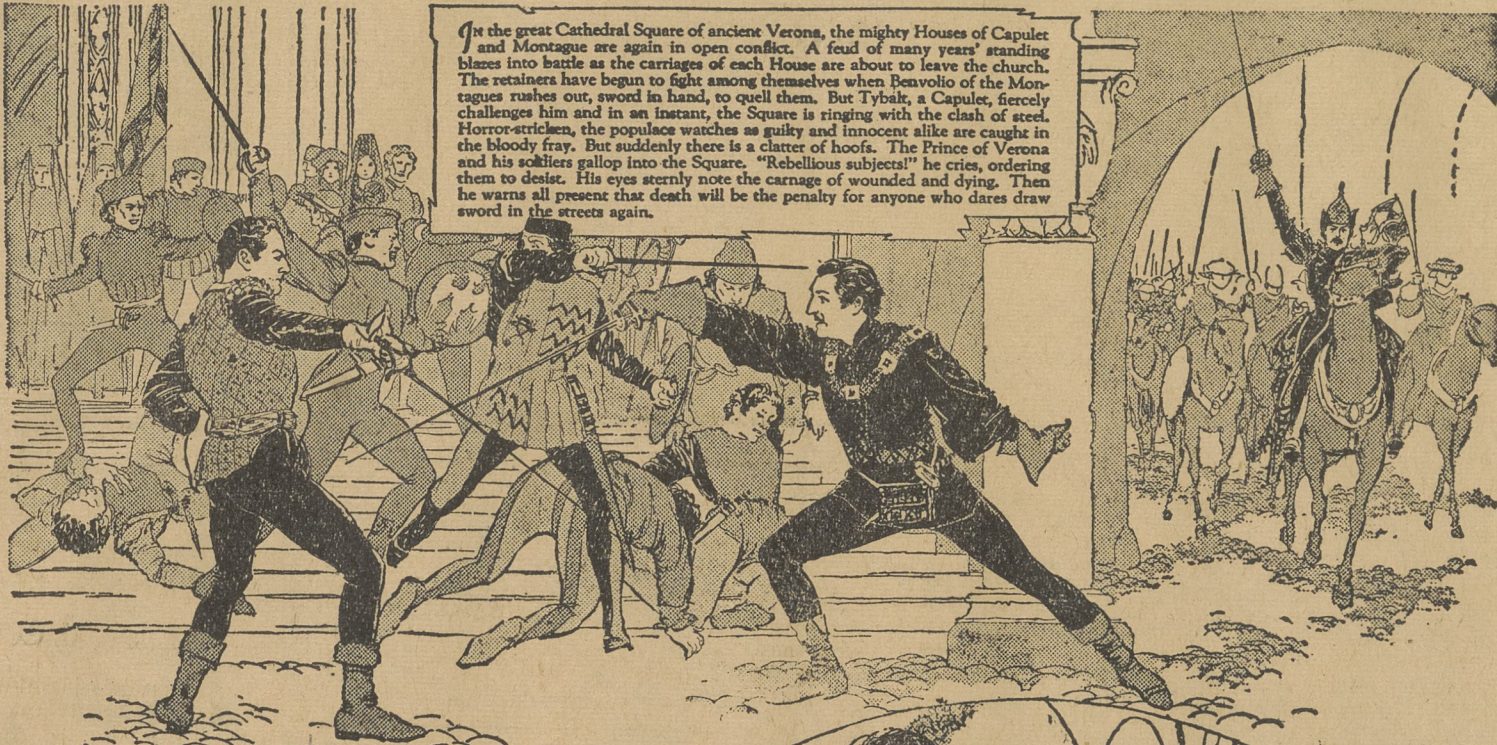
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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S  
**ROMEO and JULIET**

Sketched from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture by the celebrated artist, MICHELSON.



In the great Cathedral Square of ancient Verona, the mighty Houses of Capulet and Montague are again in open conflict. A feud of many years' standing blazes into battle as the carriages of each House are about to leave the church. The retainers have begun to fight among themselves when Benvolio of the Montagues rushes out, sword in hand, to quell them. But Tybalt, a Capulet, fiercely challenges him and in an instant, the Square is ringing with the clash of steel. Horror-stricken, the populace watches as guilty and innocent alike are caught in the bloody fray. But suddenly there is a clatter of hoofs. The Prince of Verona and his soldiers gallop into the Square. "Rebellious subjects!" he cries, ordering them to desist. His eyes sternly note the carnage of wounded and dying. Then he warns all present that death will be the penalty for anyone who dares draw sword in the streets again.



Benvolio now hurries to his cousin Romeo who is in a sycamore grove nearby, composing sonnets to his lady love, Rosaline. Benvolio gives him news of the fight, but Romeo is absorbed only in his thoughts of Rosaline. Suddenly, they collide with a Capulet servingman who is having difficulty reading a list of guests invited to the Capulets' masked ball that evening. Noticing Rosaline's name, Romeo, on a prankish impulse, decides to go to the ball. It is a dangerous venture, but he will not be dissuaded.

The great house of Capulet is ablaze with flaming torches as Romeo enters. He looks eagerly about the huge ballroom for Rosaline. But startlingly, his eye lights on a lovely girl. And all thoughts of Rosaline vanish. Quickly, he approaches and leads the unknown beauty into the dance. Then, when it is over, they unmask and face each other in fascinated wonder. Neither knows the other but already, their hearts proclaim that they have fallen in love at first sight. But from the doorway, Tybalt glares at them, for it is his cousin Juliet with whom Romeo is talking. What dangers has Romeo incurred? Will Tybalt attack him with his ready sword? See the next thrilling episode.

A serial story by SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS  
of the FRANK LLOYD PRODUCTION  
**MAID OF SALEM**  
starring CLAUDETTE COLBERT · FRED MACMURRAY  
a Paramount Picture

SYNOPSIS  
Barbara Clark, belle of Puritan Salem village, falls in love with Roger Coverman, dark, handsome Virginian who is a fugitive with a price on his head. To get away from the law, Roger leaves for Boston to charter a ship. Returning to Salem he is kidnapped by the ship's captain for the price on his head. Meanwhile, Tituba, a Negro slave, is accused of witchcraft by the superstitious villagers. Under duress, she names four accomplices including Barbara. At the trial, Barbara is convicted and sentenced to be hanged. Roger escapes his jailers and discovers Barbara's plight from some Virginian cronies in Boston. He forms a daring plan to save Barbara from the hangman.

CHAPTER IX  
Blood-red, the sun was dipping to the crest of Gibbet Hill. Along the roadway streamed a motley procession, escorting the ox-cart in which Barbara Clarke rode. Six soldiers with pikes flanked it. In front, Judge Sewall, designated to represent the court, gloomed in his saddle. He had discomforting doubts of the witchcraft theory and little taste for persecution.

Close on the right of the tumbrel marched John Harding, ghostly but bravely smiling his promised encouragement to the doomed prisoner, and next to him Jeremiah Adams, openly weeping. On the left strode Elder Morse, his spine a hickory ramrod, his countenance a granite mask. Further out milled the rabble, exultant in their blood-lust, shouting execrations.  
"Witch!"  
"Sorceress!"  
"Dancing wanton! Where's your dark partner now?"  
"She'll be dancing on air soon enough."  
"See; she gawks about her as if expecting him."  
"Satan's second coming to aid his leman," guffawed a dwarfish cowerd. Clods flew. One struck the girl on the shoulder. Startled, she cried out. John Sewall whirled his horse.  
"Press them back," he bade the

soldiers. The townspeople drew away, growling.  
Seizing the opportunity, Elder Morse made his final appeal to Barbara. "You can still save yourself," he muttered eagerly. "Recant. Recant. I will still take you to wife."  
She seemed not to have heard him. Her head was tilted as if listening for far-away music. From her other side rose Dr. John's hoarse plea.  
"Barbara! Barbara! It isn't too late. Swear to them that I was the man with you."  
She made the slow sign of denial with no change in her rapt attention. Jeremiah whispered in his companion's ear: "One might think she yet felt hope."  
"No hope," groaned the young physician, "except confession at the gallows-foot. And that she will never do."  
The slow, patient oxen plodded on. They halted at the foot of the slope, in sight of the beam and noose which had already exacted the last penalty from so many innocents. The time was come for the final process of the law. Chains were struck from the prisoner's limbs. She rose, gripping

the cart-rail. Heavy of heart, Judge Sewall did his office.  
"Barbara Clark, will you now before man and God confess the crimes of which you stand duly convicted?"  
"For your soul's salvation," urged the Rev. Parris, advancing with Bible in uplifted hand.  
"For the sake of your own kin who still love you," pleaded Elder Goode.  
"Confess," boomed Morse.  
Her reply came clear, strong, inspired by the desperate steadfastness of martyrdom. "The God I have loved, feared, and served shall judge whether I have sinned."  
"Then may He have mercy on your soul," intoned the Judge, and turned away.  
The tight circle of murderous faces bulged and gave way at the point where the black woman, Tituba, was pressing through with little Ann Goode clutching at her skirts to withhold her. With the strength of fanatic remorse, she sent a soldier reeling, and threw herself before the wheel of the cart.  
"Take me," she shrielled, "Hang me. I've de one. I lied, lied, lied, an' now I cain' lie no mo'."

Turmoil and confusion followed. "Gibbet the black wench, too," rose the cry.  
Hands clutched her to drag her away. She clung to the heavy wheel with incredible strength, but was finally forced loose. Unobserved in the distraction, an agile figure cloaked black crossed the open space and leapt into the cart.  
"Roger! Roger!" sobbed Barbara, and threw convulsive arms about him. He freed himself, as the pikes of the soldiery converged toward him. The stern voice of authority intervened.  
"Down, points! Who are you that dare intrude upon this lawful occasion?" demanded Judge Sewall.  
"Roger Coverman, at the Honorable Court's service."  
"A rebel, with a reward upon his head," shouted Morse. "Take him!"  
"Across this?" retorted the soldier lightly. The bright steel flashed, and the Elder shrank away with a shriek at the prick of its light touch upon his neck.  
"What do you here, sir?" questioned the Judge, frowning.  
"I appeal to the law. New evidence for the Court."  
"State it."  
"It was I your witnesses saw with Barbara Clark. She would not betray me because of the price on my head. She is no more of a witch than I am the devil."  
"Don't believe her," bellowed Morse, recovering himself. "How do we know that it is not Satan's self, taking man's form to save his wanton?"  
The blood-snarl of the human pack responded. "Satan! Satan!"



They halted at the foot of the slope, in sight of the beam and noose which had already exacted the last penalty from so many innocents. The time had come for the final process of the law.

they roared, swift to accept the Elder's suggestion. "Hang them both." They surged forward. The little squad, bewildered, gave but half-hearted resistance.  
"Drop to the floor," muttered Roger to Barbara. He threw a swift glance of calculation toward the wood where, he hoped, his colleagues lay: too far for a strategic sally. He had intervened too soon. Now he must play for time. "If I can hold them—"  
He whirled as a figure vaulted the rail. "I will guard this side," said the newcomer.  
"John! John!" Cried Barbara in agonized protest.  
"Who are you, brave fool?"  
"A friend to her."  
Roger pressed a dagger into his hand. "Don't use it until you must," he whispered.  
At sight of her beloved physician, the rabid crowd hesitated. An object hurtled through the air; not a clod this time, but a heavy rock thrown with terrible force, though poor aim. It missed Roger, for whom it was meant, and struck John Harding with deadly impact. He toppled headlong, and the startled oxen, moving forward, crushed his head beneath the wheel.  
An agonized shriek in a woman's voice rang out above the uproar as Martha Harding threw herself upon the body. There followed an awed stillness, in which only Barbara's pitiful weeping was heard.  
(To Be Continued)

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