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State Librarian

"BROKEN"

By RUBY M. AYRES

FINAL INSTALMENT

"There is no happiness for me. That's all finished. Don't look so tragic. We must all live our own lives and work out our own salvation—if there is such a thing. I'm glad to have seen you again—it hurts, the way you sent me about my business. . . ."

"I shall never forgive myself, Julie."

"You must; there isn't anything really to forgive. I wasn't too kind to you either, Lawrence—"

"You gave me the only happiness I have ever known, and that is why I want to give you your happiness." She drew back sharply.

"Why—what do you mean?"

"That I want to take you back to Chittenham. He's a fine fellow, Julie, and you mean everything in the world to him. There was a time when I hated him, but lately, now we understand each other—I can see why I never stood a chance when he was concerned."

"What do you mean? How dare you say such things to me?"

"I care anything if it means your happiness."

"My happiness is no concern of yours. . . ." She turned and began to walk away from him. Her heart was beating fast and her eyes burned with the tears which she dared not let fall.

In the evening Schofield called at the little hotel. He brought a large bunch of roses and he kissed her hands as she took the flowers from him.

"Say you forgive me, Julie?"

"Of course I forgive you." But in her heart she knew that if she had cared for him, forgiveness would not have been possible. "Of course I forgive you," she said again with an effort; "but in return you must promise me something, will you, Lawrence?"

"If I can—you know I will."

"Then promise me that you will not tell any one in London where I am."

He hesitated, and she said again sharply: "Most of all you must promise me not to tell Mr. Chittenham."

Schofield looked away from her.

"I have already wired to him. I wired this evening after you left me."

She drew a deep breath, her heart was beating so fiercely that it seemed to choke her.

"You think . . . do you think he will come here?" she asked.

"I am sure he will come."

"Yes . . . yes, I suppose so." She touched his arm: "And you are the good Samaritan who will bring us together again," she said, and he did not hear the mocking note in her voice.

But when he had gone she shed no tears. She went up to her room leaving the roses he had brought lying on the table in the deserted salon. She dragged her few clothes from the drawers in the little painted chest, and hurriedly packed them. . . . Giles Chittenham.

"It's all over, that part of my life—its' finished forever," she told herself over and over again. "I don't want him now—I don't even want to see him. I could never forgive him or believe in him again."

She told the landlady that she was going back to England, but at the station she took a ticket to Lausanne.

"He will never think of looking for me there," she told herself exultantly. "He will think it is the last place I should ever go back to."

She changed her name to Langdon and took a room in a little old-fashioned chalet overlooking the lake and when she found the time beginning to hang impossibly on her hands she advertised for pupils to whom to teach English.

For one thing she needed the money, and for another, she felt that she would go mad if she could not find occupation.

But except at intervals she was not unhappy.

And so the late summer and the autumn passed, and the cold winter came, and the gray days, and the mountains were hidden in veils of mist.

What was Giles doing? One night she dreamed of him so vividly that she was sure he must be somewhere near her, and for two days she was afraid to go out for fear that she might meet him.

"I will go home," she told herself, and tried to believe that it was sheer longing for England that drew her, and that the presence of Chittenham made no difference.

"I will go home for Christmas," she decided, and from that moment her spirits rose, and the people in the house smiled when they saw the change in her.

"She has had good news," they told one another, and we were quite sure that it was an unhappy love affair that had hitherto caused the sadness in Julie's eyes.

And then a week before she was to leave, Julie suddenly felt a great longing to climb the St. Bernard once more.

She made enquiries and was told that she could not go without a guide.

"It is a dangerous time of the year," she was warned.

It was the same day in the list of visitors in the paper who were expected at the Palace Hotel Caux for Christmas that Julie saw Giles Chittenham's name.

She was glancing down the list without much interest, wondering if any one she had known in England might by chance be mentioned there, when suddenly his name seemed to leap out at her in letters of fire.

"Mr. Giles Chittenham and his fiance, Miss Beatrice Neale."

There followed a little chatty paragraph about them—but Julie read no more. She stood with the paper clutched in her hands, cold to the lips. He had forgotten her so soon—he was to be married to another woman.

Him had often said bitterly that no man could be faithful and Julie had not believed her. Well, she believed her now—and such a tide of hatred and despair rose in her heart that she was afraid.

Three times Giles had struck at her—three times he had made her suffer beyond all endurance, and now, she would suffer no more. She put on her thick boots and her warmest coat and went out. At the front door she met the woman who kept the house.

"You are going out?" she asked; she glanced up at the sky. "I should not go far. There is more snow to come, much more snow."

"I am not going far," Julie said and hurried on.

The woman closed the door and went back to her warm kitchen. She told her husband who was sitting smoking his pipe by the stove, that it was a good thing Miss Langdon was leaving—not that she wished her to go for she liked her well enough, but because now she could get three times as much money for her room. There was a knock at the front door and she broke off in what she was saying to see who the visitor might be.

A tall man in a big overcoat stood there—he asked for Miss Langdon. He spoke eagerly as if with great excitement.

"She has but a moment gone out—if Monsieur would put himself to the great trouble of coming in to wait."

"I will certainly wait."

It had begun to snow afresh and the shoulders of Chittenham's coat were white as he stepped into the little hallway.

He had been visiting some people in London whose daughter had come home from the Christmas holidays from school in Switzerland. She had been showing amateur photographs of her school friends, and amongst them was one of Julie.

Giles had been bored by her chatter and had pushed the photographs aside when she pressed one more upon his notice.

"That's Miss Langdon, who comes to teach the Swiss girls English. She is a darling. . . ."

And he looked down into Julie's face.

And now he was here—in a few moments he would be with her, and holding her in his arms. He walked over to the window and stood looking out.

How long would she be? Every moment seemed an eternity.

"I will wait here till Miss Langdon comes in," Giles said bostinately.

But at ten o'clock she had still not returned.

Giles went to the front door and looked out, followed by Adolph.

The snow was falling so thickly that one could hardly see a yard ahead; there was a deep menace in the unbroken silence.

Chittenham looked at the man beside him.

"Well?" he said sharply, struck by something in Adolph's eyes.

"It would be good now to look for Mademoiselle," Adolph said. "I have friends—good fellows all. If Monsieur wishes it—"

"Let us start at once," Giles broke in.

He was afraid of the fear in his heart; he was conscious of nothing but despair when an hour later he was stumbling along through the blinding, clogging snow with Adolph and half a dozen other men.

The lanterns they carried shed weird shadows on the whiteness of their feet; the flakes whirled in their faces half choking them. It was as if all the human forces had ranged themselves as enemies against them, he thought, as he bent to ask Adolph in which direction they were going.

His heart seemed to stand still when the answer came.

"It was to the St. Bernard that Mademoiselle wished to go. For days she had talked of nothing else. I told her she must take a guide—she was disappointed but she said she would let me know."

"To the St. Bernard!" Chittenham stifled a groan. He might have known—might have guessed. It seemed now to his despair that he had been a blind fool not to realize from the beginning that she would come to this place, that he had ever needed a chance photograph to guide him.

They tramped on in a silence that Chittenham broke at last to ask curtly:

"Is it ever possible to find any one who gets lost on such a night?"

"They have been found—often."

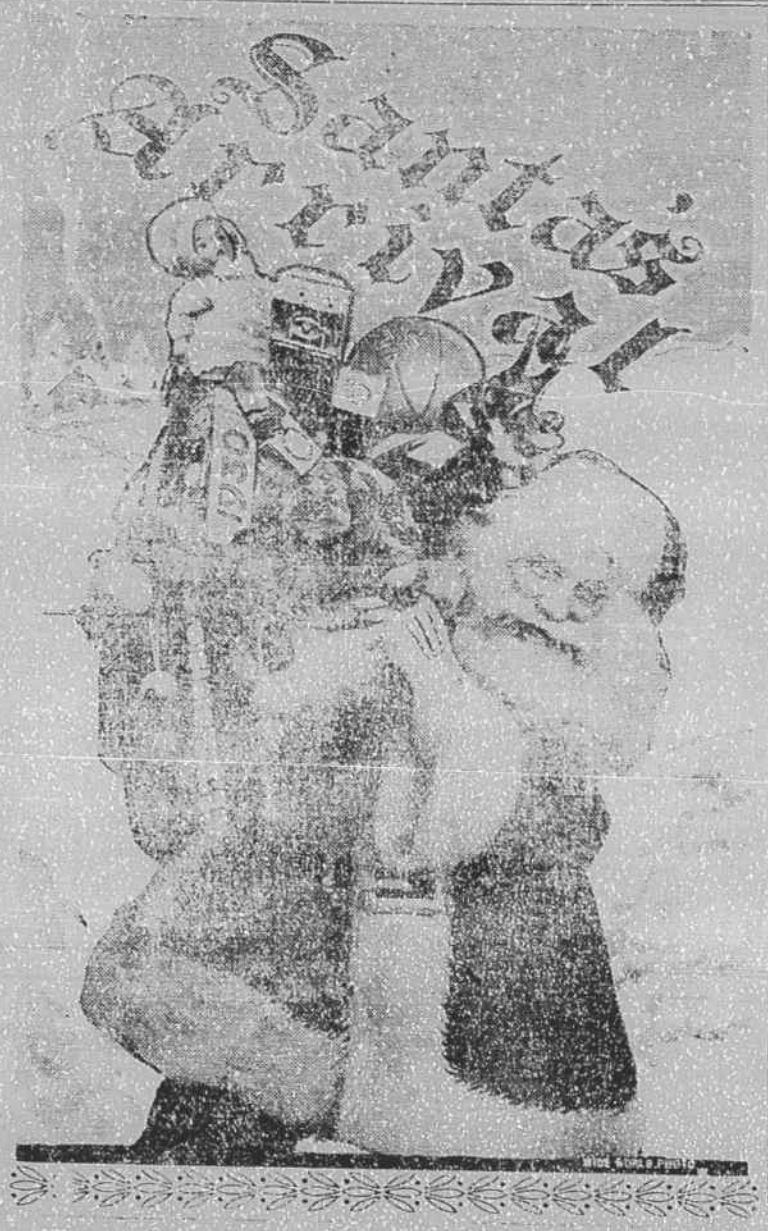
"Alive?"

Adolph did not answer this, and Giles dared not press the question.

It was not until early morning that the snow ceased falling. It was getting light then—the faint outline of the mountains began to stand out against the darkness as if drawn by a ghostly hand.

Chittenham was nearly worn out, but he refused to go back, or to rest

(Continued on Page 2)



Perfect Attendance Roll At Cove Creek School

Perfect attendance record for the first four months of school term at Cove Creek:

First Grade—Iva Dee Mast, Ernest Lewis, Albert Moody.

Second Grade—Billie Brown, Billie Harmon, Hattie Perry, Allen Henson.

Third Grade—Ruby Bingham, Rachel Henson, Elizabeth Bingham, Margaret Mast, Marcella Coleman, Frances Gragg, Martha Harris, Robert Banner, Fred Perry, Gray Presnell.

Fourth Grade—Dwight Edmisten, Jr., John Mast Jr., Ralph Fletcher, Clayton Cole, Jack Grogan, Dwight Stout, Hal Johnson, Hoy Isaacs, and Shelton Dugger.

Fifth Grade—Blanche Fletcher, Ruby Presnell, Brady Campbell, Dean Grogan, Lynn Isaacs, Morris, Henson, Robert Lewis, Lee McGuire, Don Johnson.

Sixth Grade—Reba Adams, Fay Coles, Edna Harmon, Ruby Mast, Lester Deal, Brawnie Hagaman, Fred Hayes, Laurie Presnell, Roger Stokes, Tommy Ward.

Seventh Grade—Joe Bingham, Bob White Bingham, Ruby Glenn, Elizabeth C. Harmon, Clyde Cole, Dottie Glenn, Margaret Adams, Loy D. Brown, Margaret L. Davis, Ruby J. Johnson, Rhoda E. Johnson, Pauline Mast, Loy Presnell, Alma Smith.

Eighth Grade—Mattie Lou Harmon, Josephine Mast (not missed a day in six years), Mildred Mast, Cio Michael, Nell Norris, Esther Fox, Marvin Deal, Jessie Eggers, Allen Fletcher, Jack Henson, Blan Norris.

Ninth Grade—Grady Eller, Raymond Farthing, Wade Fletcher, Burle Henson, Howard Love, Edward Love, Ferd Michael, Roy Rominger, Kermit Reece, Glenn Sherwood, Robert Thomas, Velma Brown, Carrie Harmon, Byrle Hayworth, Louise Johnson, Bess Lewis, Mary Emma Phillips, Ella Reece, Ruth Sherwood, Geneva Thomas, Ruby Thomas, Ola Winebarger.

Tenth Grade—Thomas Presnell, Paul Trivette, Earl Ward, Marshall Ward, Mary Elizabeth Banner, Erin Billings, Nina Church, Gladys Mast, Myrtle Palmer, Made Williams, Muriel Harmon, Robert Dunn, Lon Harmon, Albert Michael.

Eleventh Grade—Mildred Thomas, Cecil Glenn.

Honor Roll, First Four Months

Second Grade—Ruby Greene, Billie Harmon, Dick Henson, Henry Johnson, Harold Mast, Junior Proffitt.

Third Grade—Pauline Hicks, Ruth Banner, Marcella Coleman, Martha Harris, Rachel Henson, Margaret Mast, Thomas Mast.

Fourth Grade—Gordon Spainhour, John Mast Jr., Dwight Stout, Chloe Palmer, Hal Johnson, Shelton Dugger.

Fifth Grade—Mamie Isaacs, Lenwood Blair, Dean Grogan.

Sixth Grade—Edna Harmon, James Reese.

Seventh Grade—Clyde Cole, Dottie Glenn, Stanley A. Harris, Stanford Brown, Margaret Adams, Helen Bingham, Elizabeth C. Harmon, Ruby Johnson.

Tenth Grade—Thomas Presnell, Earle Ward, James McBride, Muriel Harmon, Marshall Ward, Susie Banner, Robert Dunn.

Eleventh Grade—Laura Farthing, Madge Castle, Clint Adams.

Farmers Hardware Will Carry International Line

The Farmers Hardware and Supply Company, Inc., announce that they have recently signed a contract with the International Harvester Co. of America, Inc., for the year 1931. The local concern has, during the past six years, built up a very good business on farm implements and they state that they anticipate an even better business with the franchise for this territory on the well-known McCormick-Deering implements.

A complete stock of drag and disc harrows, cultivators, mowers, rakes, seeders, fertilizer distributors, Chattanooga wagons, McCormick-Deering plows and repairs will be carried. Any item in the enormous McCormick-Deering line can be secured by the local company on short notice, including grain binders, sweep rakes, hay stackers, potato planters and diggers, hay presses, tractor plows, ensilage cutters, lime sowers, cane mills, tractors, trucks, etc.

WILL CELEBRATE GOLDEN WEDDINGS AT VALLE CRUCIS

Cards have been issued announcing the celebration of the golden wedding anniversaries of Mr. and Mrs. Finley Mast and Mr. and Mrs. John Smith, at Valle Crucis on December 30th. The event honors two couples well known not only in Watauga County but over this and other states and a long list of invited guests is expected to be present on the happy occasion. All will join together in the wish that the good people may enjoy many, many happy returns of their nuptial anniversaries.

SPECIAL HOLIDAY SHOWS

The management of Pastime Theatre announces a special arrangement of holiday shows for the next ten days and during this period patrons of the house will be treated to double bills and special features galore. On Chrismas Eve, John Gilbert will be seen in a new role, "The Way of a Sailor"; Christmas Day, a comedy thriller, "The Dude Wrangler," a Laurel and Hardy Comedy, and Ray and His Bunch, Radio Artists Extraordinary, presenting songs and specialties, will delight Boone audiences at regular admission prices. Other feature bills will be shown during the intervening days, and on New Years Eve, "Men of the North," featuring Gilbert Roland and Barbara Leonard, will be presented as a midnight matinee. This show will begin at midnight, Wednesday, December 31st, and runs on New Years Day, January 1st.

FORMER WATAUGAN CAN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT HOME PAPER

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Beach, 4233 Thackary Place, Seattle, Wash., well known in Watauga, where Mr. Beach was reared, have the following kind words to say concerning Watauga's newspaper in a letter just received containing their renewal.

"We are very sorry to have allowed our subscription to become delinquent. We have been very careless. The possibility of being deprived of your paper is just impossible. We could not run our household properly without the stimulating influence of The Democrat at least once a week."

WE GREET YOU!

The Democrat comes to its readers today in greatly abbreviated form. This is done in order that those who have labored long and faithfully throughout the year in its publication may have the opportunity of a brief rest during the week, and to enjoy a bit of the fellowship of the Yuletide period.

As the old year draws to a close amid the good cheer and fellowship of Christmastide, the publishers desire to express anew their gratitude for manifold courtesies extended, for the cordial relations which have been enjoyed, for the new friends made and the old friendships more closely cemented, and to wish for one and all a very merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year.

Mrs. Thursie Hodges Succumbs Thursday

Mrs. Thursie Michael Hodges, 88 years old, well-known resident of the Poplar Grove section for many years, passed away at the home of her son, Dr. J. M. Hodges, in Boone last Thursday evening after a brief illness, due largely to the natural infirmities of her advanced age. Funeral services were conducted by the Rev. P. A. Hicks, pastor of the Boone Baptist Church, from the Dr. Hodges residence, and interment was in the Gragg graveyard, one mile from Boone, on Saturday afternoon.

Surviving are two sons, Dr. J. M. Hodges and James Smith, and one brother, Larkin Michael, of the Beech Mountain section.

Mrs. Hodges was a native of Watauga County and was twice married, first to James Smith and then to Rev. Larkin Hodges. She joined the Stony Fork Baptist Church at the age of 15 and was active in church work during her long life, being at the time of her death a member of the Poplar Grove Church. "Aunt Thursie," as she was familiarly known, was one of the most loved ladies of this section, and acquired a host of friends during her earthly pilgrimage.

She possessed a sunny disposition and her ready smile and helping hand endeared her to the hearts of all those with whom she became associated. Her death is the occasion for genuine sorrow throughout this section.

TO COVER NORTH CAROLINA WITH FARM MESSAGE IN 1931

A program of farm meetings for the purpose of carrying facts about the agricultural outlook and the need of food and feedstuffs production in North Carolina next season has been arranged by the agricultural extension service of State College to cover every county in North Carolina during January and February.

Five teams of extension specialists will go to work during the week beginning January 5 and starting in the coastal counties will work eastward toward the Tennessee line. Five meetings a day will be held. At these meetings, the speakers will present facts about the present production of food and feed supplies, will show how far the county is from being self supporting, and will outline the program embodied in the accepted slogan, "Farm to Make a Living in 1931."

Dean I. O. Schaub says the campaign will be in charge of the district agents in their respective groups of counties. The local home and farm agents will arrange the meetings and give them local notice. Leading key farmers, bankers and business men of all kinds will be invited.

There will be no guess work in the facts to be given, says Mr. Schaub. Already the economists are working out the need of a family or a livestock unit for feed and food for one year. The home demonstration people are also at work on facts about more complete diets which may be prepared from feedstuffs produced at home.

Mr. Schaub says it is not enough next year to reduce the acreage to cotton and tobacco. The crops that may be raised in place of these two must receive attention. The need of local markets must be studied and above all else, if there is a lack of home-grown supplies, this must be remedied.

Sossamon's Sayings

By LEROY SOSSAMON

REGRET

I would not have you know
The burning in mine heart
When I realize
That I have left behind me
Somewhere
A bit of life:—
Uncharted,
Unfathomed,
And unexplored.

But ah,
The sorrow that I feel
Would be to me more great
Should I know
That before me
Somewhere
I would
Miss other bits of life—
More precious,
More great
Than those I've left behind.

Mrs. Charles Younce and her three small children left Tuesday morning for Reedy Branch, Wilkes County, where they will spend the holidays at Mrs. Younce's childhood home. The husband and father will join them on their visit next Sunday.

L. M. Perkins Claimed By Death Last Thursday

Mr. Lander N. Perkins, 86 years of age, prosperous farmer, veteran of the Civil War, and prominent citizen of Watauga, passed away at his home near the city, Thursday, after an illness which made itself apparent several weeks ago. Funeral services were conducted from the home Saturday morning by Rev. P. A. Hicks, pastor of the Baptist church here, and interment followed in the Shearer Graveyard nearby. Professor I. G. Greer talked briefly on the life of deceased. Surviving is the widow, Mrs. G. Vincent, of Lenoir, Mrs. J. G. Pulliam of California and Robert Pulliam of Washington were among those who attended the funeral from other points, the two latter having arrived a few days previous to the death.

Mr. Perkins was a native of Moore of Wilson, Va., and was married to Miss Mary F. Shearer in 1889, since which time he had been a resident of Boone. When the Civil War clouds gathered young Perkins tried to enlist in the cause of the Confederacy in his home State, but was rejected on account of his tender age. He proceeded to Kentucky, however, and was received into the Kentucky Cavalry, Company A, at the age of seventeen years, and served throughout the war with distinction.

Mr. Perkins was one of the leading members of the Three Forks Baptist congregation until a few years ago, when his membership was moved to Boone. He was an ideal churchman and for a long time was song leader, teacher and Sunday School superintendent. He was a member of Watauga Lodge No. 273, A. F. and A. M., and was known as a brilliant Mason.

In the death of Mr. Perkins, the family, the church, the community and the county at large have suffered a distinct loss. No better or more charitable citizen lived within the borders of Watauga County than he, and the people mourn.

Box Supper for Chest Fund Decided Success

A good crowd attended the box supper given at the courthouse last Thursday afternoon for the benefit of the Community Chest fund. The ladies of the community had prepared many elegant boxes of food which were auctioned to the high bidder and approximately $100 was realized for the aid of the needy at Christmas time. This amount, coupled with a sum which is said to have remained from the fund of last year, is expected to meet the most pressing demands, and provide Christmas cheer for those unable to provide for themselves.

However, if it is seen that some kiddies are being "left in the cold" or grown-ups as for that, the opportunity still remains for us to make good—and we will. There will be a Merry Christmas from the toy to the bottom of the social ladder, in the opinion of the committee.

MR. AND MRS. COY MOODY HONORED AT BRIDGE PARTY

(Deferred from last week)

Mr. and Mrs. James Harton delightfully entertained at three tables of bridge on Friday evening, December 12th, honoring their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Coy Moody, of Cleveland, Ohio, who are spending the holidays with relatives in Watauga. Following several progressions scores were tabulated, and Mrs. Moody, high score for the ladies, and Mr. Moody, who led the gentlemen, were each awarded attractive gifts for their skill. The hostess was assisted by Mrs. Joe Crawford in serving a dainty party plate with hot coffee.

Those enjoying the Hortons' gracious hospitality were: Mrs. Suing Hardin, Mrs. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Saxon, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Rivers, Mr. J. G. Page, Miss Louise Critcher, and the honor guests, Mr. and Mrs. Moody.

MATNEY NEWS

The quarterly conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, North, was held at the local church here Saturday and Sunday last. Rev. Mr. White, presiding elder of the district, was present and delivered two splendid sermons. Rev. White has been a minister for over twelve years and came to the State from Tennessee, but now says he things of this State as that of his choice. His services as presiding elder have met with unanimous approval with the local people.

Mrs. Denard Presnell, of Hampton, Tenn., has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Smith.

Mr. Dennis Baird, a former Wataugan, recently returned from Saskatchewan, Canada, where he has made his home for several years.

Miss Fay Cannon of Bristol, Va., is spending the winter with Mrs. P. M. McGinnis in order that she may attend the Cove Creek High School, to which a bus runs from this section.

Friends of Mr. J. C. Hubbard are glad to know that he is improving from his recent illness and is able to be up and going.

Rev. F. C. Watts, of Purlear, filled his regular appointment at the Baptist Church last Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. W. C. Smith and others have been supplying the cabbage market with many thousands of pounds of cabbage the past week. Buyers were well pleased with the quality of cabbage raised in this community.

Rev. Woods, who seems to be both farmer and preacher, made a trip to Montezuma a few days ago and returned with a fine pair of horses. He has already started plowing for the coming year.