WATAUGA DEMOCRAT-EVERY THURSDAY-BOONE, N. C.

APRIL 18, 1935

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By AUBREY BOYD

SYNOPSIS-Strange friends they ere-young Ed Maitland, whose fathers had followed the sea from New England, but who had started north to make his fortune when the first news of the Yukon gold find in '97 found him stranded on the Pacific coast; and Speed Malone, who told little enough of his past but admitted to a knowledge of all the gold camps. With ten dollars-half of Maitland's total wealth-Speed gets into a game of Solo, and eems to be winning.

PAGE SIX

SECOND INSTALLMENT

ing. The fingers that moved so supplely over the keys of an accordion,

dling of low cards. The sweet singers took a firmer grip on their cigars and settled into the game.

Speed's face and hands. The gambler remained calin and composed as a deacon, playing good hands and bad "Off Port Townsend," the man said, with equal devoutness or rather ma-king bad ones good, for the cards were running hard against him.

Were fulfning hard against him. "Wouldnt' surprise me a whole lot to hear you'd played this game afore." the man declared, as he lit a eigar before picking up a new hand. Speed was been area and that gray essence of things un-tor hear you'd played this game afore." the was not conscious of a sector fore picking up a new hand. He was not conscious of a contra-Speed was busy arranging his cards diction in his advice to the Western

CONTRACTOR CONTRACTOR CONTRACTOR



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and did not answer. When he raised his eyes it was in a preoccupied way in Maitland's direction, but they rested instead on someone else in the crowd. One of his eyelids flickered slightly, as if to evade a wreath of signify as it to evale a wreath of cigarette smoke. From the fold he had collected, he transferred two handfuls to his peekets. The remain-der of the pile he pushed out to the center

This stack says I don't take a trick," he observed. "I'm goin' 'misere.'

Had Maitland been watching close he would have noticed a slight

Maitland knew nothing of the game shifting on the part of the red-faced but was fascinated by the movement man among the spectators. He might of his companion's hands while deal-have remembered that skill in this man among the spectators. He might game was one of the few identifying traits of the bandit, Buck Solo -- if he seemed to lure music of another kind had not believed the bandit to be a from the smooth cards, as he riffled captive in the Okanagans. He might and snapped them into place and shot have noticed, too, that in a lazy upthem out with clean precision, drop-ping the last of the round and the nizance of nothing, this fact had been three cards of the widow almost in caught and registered by the man un-He won the next bid with a heart solo. This time his opponents did not conceal their conviction that the

game was unsound. But before they He elbowed his way out of the circle had recovered from that certainty, he to ramble over the ship.

er about gambling, although it ran deeper than his mere presence on the

George E. Starr. Men of his name and bloed had raced for cargoes in the days of the clipper ships, and later plunged the winnings into deepbottomed carriers to lose them fi-nally in wilder games of chance with the sea. His father had gone down in a storm with two of their ships. This tragedy had caused his mother's death when he was born. The rem-unt of the original stakes left in play ad been involved by a defect in the aderwriting of the lost cargoes. His earliest memory was of a small nconer which his grandfather had

nanaged to salvage out of the gen-ral wreck. From the old man be had earned, along with a knowledge of dips and water. After his grandfather's death, he had found employ ment with a firm of underwriters agents, reporting on wrecks and salof admirally law-a vocation his sea-going father would not have ad-

ANNAN ANNA He was sent west to investigate a wreck off the Farrallones, near San Francisco-his first important commission But he had found the own-rs in a position rather like that of his own people when they crashed. His sympathy and the rights of the case were with the stranded adven-turers as against the bankers. He

cused him of being bought by the wners. In a gust of anger he had esigned, though the whole structure f his plans went foundering on that eef. He was unwilling to return home ill he had regained his footing, but is career was not an easy wreck 'c alvage. Johless, and with his small capital

dwindling, he had been roving the wharves of that misty western port of adventure when the news of the gold strike on Bonanza Creek burst on the world like a rocket-promising him a means of recovering more than he had lost.

"If you wasnt' a gambler, But Something the Westerner had said re curred to him now. He had been care ful in buying his outfit, weighing the value of every purchase against his resources. His having drawn a passage on this derelict side-wheeler was a queer mischance, but he believed the old tub was a little staunches than she looked Whether it was wild gamble depended rather, he be ieved, on himself

The pistol shot that cut the thread of his revery came from the region of the ship where he had left his pack. As he turned, he obtained a sheer liew of the ships' side, sharply outlined in the fog, the figure of a burly, red-faced man who was peering over the rail with a smoking evolver in his hand.

Someone touched his elbow. "Man shot your pardner," a voice

aid. "He's overboard." He picked up the words on the wing and shredded them for sense A hand-ful of cards held by one of the watchs at the rail gave him the inkling an answer. A gamblers' quarrel-He had often seen men take that plunge for much less, but this man-? Heads were craned back toward the hank smare the chart of the content of the second sec blank space the ship was leaving. Wounded? Probably not much of a court to wrench himself free. Wounded? Probably not much of a swimmer, if he came from inland. The struggled to speak the arm only boats would be slow

Maitland's leap from the rail was so swift that the engines were not reversed for a minute after ac dived. When he came to the surfces, hardly knowing in that gray murk whether he was breathing fog or sea, the steamer was out of sight.

Unable to see through the blur of ed like a cry from the other; then he spray and tog, he paused to listen for a cry. Relaxing was an effort, the cold brine had teeth of fire. Soon be caught a splashing sound not far ahead. Swiftly as he went, the sound ber was sitting at a table with a ahead. Swiftly as he went, the sound bler was sitting at a table with a receded. He stopped again Hearing a steaming cup in one hand and a cig-

on, losing count of the space he was autting between himself and the steaputting between himsen and the steal slightly and at first he did hot allow whether he was dizzy or at sea. Before he had time to observe more the gambler was banding him a cup-ful of hot wine with the cheerful sugor might have lost his bearings in the fog it seemed more probable that he had drowned.

He halted to tread the water in the cy swell and shouled. The cry rasped a his throat. This time he seemed to car an answer, but in the same in stant his body was pierced by a sear and then light again with an illusory stant his body was pierced by a sear-ing stab. The muscles of his back twisted in a paralyzing knot that stopped his breath. Though the cramp was unbreakable, he fought it with every reserve of will, as it dragged him down, impotent, into shadowed, him down, impotent, his jungs in close to the ballout backs when the fog stopped him. He pulled swirling, freezing depths. His lungs heaved; drums roared in his ears; his heart seemed to wedge in his throat.

porting him, choked and mimb, on the body for a while' summit of a swaying world of wa-ters, and he heard a voice saying be-that fell into the ween breaths.

"Well, I'll be doggoned. So it's you og.

Col. John Buchan To Rule Canada

Commoner Named Governor By King George.

PAS

LONDON — Col. John Buchan (above) has been named Governor General of Canada by King George, to succeed Lord Bessborough, who is retiring. Col. Buchan is the first commoner ever named to the post.

this was exactly what Maitland heard him do a few moments later, but there was no answer

Maitland knew too well the disadvantage of a buoy as a refuge for drowning men in a fog. Passing ships give it as wide a berth as possible. With this thought he realized the fall irony of what had happened. His attempted rescue was worse than use

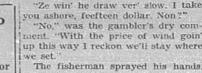
gripped him tighter. Then everything was drenched in a fantastic ether, through which floated images of boy-hood things long forgotten, and he sank into a billowing haze of dark

He was recalled to semi-conscious-ness for the last time by what soundound once more, he shouted. There was no answer, and he kept he was a dim enclosure The floor rolled slightly and at first he did not know

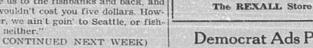
> 'Hoist yourself round this.' The drink helped clear his head. "Wheres' the steamer?" he asked. "Hell and gone by now," said Ma-

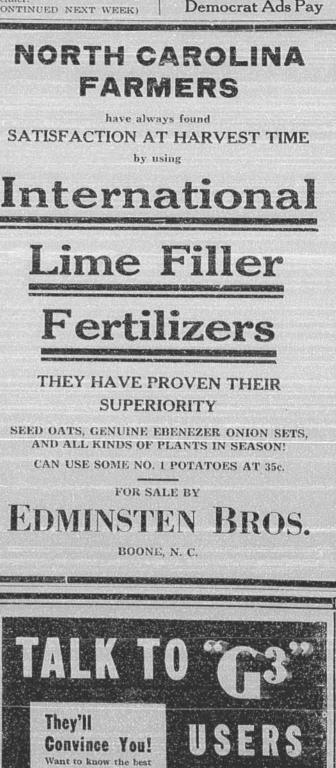
in close to the buoy to be clear of the shippin' track. Now he says he'll take us ashore when he gets a wind. Shadows dissolved around him into Den't reckon he'll get one for a piece nisty daylight. Something was sup- but it won't hurt ye none to thaw the

A dark wavering in a shaft of light and he heard a voice saying be-en breaths. Well, I'll be doggoned. So it's you you ornery young son of a sea Last dive most got me . . . wind-. . Reckoned you was the depturers as against the bankers. He bank it. The return wire had virtually ac-The ret



"C'est la blague, quoi ? I mek ze feesheen' one, two, zree day, B'en," he added in a quieter tone. "I tek you back to Seattle, feefty dollar." "Go on, you horse thief," Speed answered good-humoredly. "You've got chuck enough in this wagon to ride us to the fishbanks and back, and it wouldn't cost you five dollars. How ever, we ain't goin' to Seattle, or fish in' neither.'





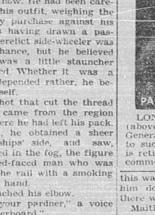


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WATAUGA COUNTY OONE. N.C. B

Deposits Insured up to \$5,000 by the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE **PEOPLES INDUSTRIAL BANK**

At Boone, North Carolina, to the Commissioner of Banks, At the Close of Business on the 4th day of March, 1935:

RESOURCES	AMOUNT
Due from Approved Depository Banks. Cash Items (Held Over 24 Hours) Other Stocks and Bonds Loans and Discounts Furniture, Fixtures and Equipment. Other Real Estate Accounts and Notes Receivable of Insurance Other Assets	
TOTAL RESOURCES	317.95
LIABILITIES AND CAPITAL	\$81,319.72 AMOUNT
Fully Paid Investment Certificates Bills Payable Capital Stock—Common Undivided Profits	\$ 5.000.00 14,456.39 25.000.00
TOTAL LIABILITIES AND CAPITAL	\$81,319,72

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, County of Watauga, ss.

G. D. Brinkley, Cashier, Wade E. Brown, Director, and R. H. Vannoy, Director of the Peoples Industrial Bank, each personally appeared before me this day, and, being duly sworn, each for himself, says that the foregoing report is true to the best of his knowledge and belief.

G. D. BRINKLEY, Cashier WADE E. BROWN, Director R. H. VANNOY, Director.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this the 16th day of April, 1935. (SEAL) A. E. SOUTH, Clerk Superior Court.

