

TREASURE ISLAND

ADAPTED FROM THE
MILTON GOLDWYN GAVEL PICTURAL
BY LEBBEUS MITCHELL

Chapter IV LONG JOHN SILVER

"Squire Trelawney," said that worthy, bowing, "and this is our cabin boy, Jim Hawkins."

"Jim, matey. Smart as paint, isn't he?"

"Smart enough to see you've only one leg—" began Jim, but the Squire reproved him in so checked a tone that Jim fell silent.

"Squire gazed at Jim through narrowed eyes, suspiciously, then he laughed heartily. "Aye, Jim, you're smart. So was the French gunner that carried that leg aboard."

"Ah!" cried the Squire. "You're a navy man?"

"Aye, sir. Fought under Admiral Hawke off Biscay."

"Squire Trelawney was impressed. "Under the immortal spirits?"

"Aye, sir," sighed peg-leg, "but I must be content with an old sailor's memories—in place of the pension as it were."

"No pension?" The Squire was checked. "You mean you were granted no pension?"

"Oh, they overlooked that, Squire, but what greater reward can a man have than to give his life, if need be, in the service of his country, and of His Majesty, King George, God bless him."

Jim's hostility had by this time turned to sympathy and embarrassment. "Truly, Mr. Silver, I'm sorry for my bluntness—"

"Honor me with your hand, sir," cried Trelawney in a choked voice. "England is where she is today because of such men as you!"

"Of course you realize," said the Squire, "we can take on only able-bodied men who—"

"Bless me, sir, I'm not thinking that me and my timber leg can be of use to you. "I . . . He stopped suddenly, and looked up, hesitatingly. "I wonder now—do you happen to have a cook on board?"

"Why, no, not yet."

"Squire, I run a little seamen's ordinar' up here a ways. I can make salt pork taste like roast mutton!"

Trelawney got the idea, after a moment. "Why, demme, Silver, if you wish the berth you are hereby made ship's cook."

"Why, sir," said Silver, embarrassed, "I didn't expect when I came hobbling down—"

"Not at all, Silver! No pension! Why?"

"And where might we be sailing?" asked Silver, excited and chipper.

"We sail under sealed orders. All I can say is—ah, it's a venture of importance."

"Then I imagine you're being very careful in selecting your crew, sir."

The Squire exploded. "And very unreliable men in this port, Silver! Of the dozen or so I've signed on, eight have never come back—disappeared entirely."

Silver scratched his chin. "Now, ain't that a shame! Wonder what could have happened

to them? . . . How many men would you be needing?"

"I should like a round score of stout fellows in case of natives or buccaneers—"

"Buccaneers? You're worried by pirates, now?"

"One never can tell," said the Squire, trying to cover his blunder.

"Not presuming, Squire, but I know every seaman in Bristol. They all come to my inn—the honest ones I allow in it—old croonies in His Majesty's service—"

"Ha! Do they seek a voyage?"

"Jump at one, sir. . . . Many with families destitute. . . . Why don't I bring down a flock of 'em, sir?"

"Fetch them down!" cried the Squire. "Plink me! We might have Smollett's entire crew for him and be able to sail the sooner!"

Silver turned and made for the gang-plank, stopping to exclaim exuberantly: "With your eye for a seaman, sir? "Aye, aye, sir!"

Jim pleaded to go with Silver, and the latter interposed quickly: "Best not, Matey. There's much to be done—"

"Oh, take the boy along, Silver, and show him the port," said the Squire, winking to Silver. "Start his education."

Long John Silver took the eager boy along the docks and let him gaze his fill at the majestic sailing ships in the harbor and listen to the varied noises of the loading and unloading of ships. They passed a chandler's booth and Long John bought a bosun's whistle for Jim who was immensely pleased with it. At length they approached the Spy-glass Inn which Silver said was his ordinary for sea-faring men. An unseemly noise came from within the hostelry. An accordeon was playing loudly, and the drunken shouts of men emanated from it, while other voices were raised in mauldin singing. Silver glanced uneasily at the boy, and then towards the inn, but Jim was trilling on his pipe and paid no attention to the noise. Silver made a secret gesture to a man who appeared in the door. The latter went inside and the noise suddenly quieted, and the accordeon struck up the introductory notes to "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may." Soon a tenor voice struck into the words of the song. Entering the inn, Silver gestured towards the roomful of tough looking thugs sitting at tables and benches in polite conversation with each other or playing cards.

"Here's my little rest haven, Jim—for old sailors as ain't appreciated. . . . Mates, this is Jim Hawkins, ship's boy of the Hispaniola!"

Jim bowed awkwardly as the bunch of seamen looked curiously at him.

"Now you might like to hear," continued Silver, "I'm signed on as ship's cook."

A murmur of pleasure spread among the evil-looking crew,

"Good for long haul!"

"That's luck!" "Hurrah for Silver!" and such like.

"They wouldn't be needing any more hands would they, John?" asked one of the men in a soft voice. The dandy in frayed clothing stopped playing the accordeon at the question.

"Any that's worthy, George Merry," said Silver, a huge smile on his face. "I been yarning with the owner—and maybe I can convince him of your high qualities—them as has 'em."

He was interrupted by shouts of joy and renewed back-slapping. The men glanced curiously at Jim and began murmuring and whispering among themselves.

"I guess they haven't worked in a long time," said Jim.

"Sad, Jim. Most of 'em has forgotten what real honest work is like." He led Jim forward. "Meet them personal, matey."

He introduced them all—Dandy Dawson who had been playing the accordeon; William O'Brien, a man minus his left ear and wearing a red nightcap; Israel Hands, a fat, oily, piratical appearing man. And then as Silver was introducing him to still another, a man hurried in from the street. It was none other than Black Dog! Without a word he turned on his heel and skurried out.

"Stop him!" cried Jim. "It's Black Dog! Stop him!"

"Who?" cried Silver, thinking fast. "Stop him you say, matey? Who is he? Black who?"

"Black Dog! He was one of the buccaneers who . . . I mean . . . well . . . "A buccaneer you say? What's he done? Not one of the pirates Squire Trelawney was telling—"

"Oh, yes! Yes! He ought to be caught!"

"A buccaneer in my inn!" cried Silver, turning to the group of men. "Now did any of you ever see the likes of him before! He's no friend of anyone in here, he he? Because, shiver my timbers—"

They all denied vigorously that they had ever seen the man before.

"And that's good for you all, say I. A scurvy pirate in my inn—what I've worked so hard for as a genteel place for honest seamen . . . I'll get my sea-bag, matey, and report this to the Squire. All of you as wants this voyage now down to the Hispaniola at Wolf's wharf. . . . A pirate swab in my place!"

When Long John Silver came out with his bag, a green parrot was perched on his shoulder. Jim admired it hugely and wanted to know if it was a boy or a girl parrot.

"Oh, a girl parrot, and well-mannered little wench she is."

"Wench! Wench!" shrieked the parrot. "Break out the rum and lead in the wenches! If you can't find a bunk there's always the benches! Break out the—Awk!"

The parrot broke off suddenly as Silver fingers stroked its throat—tightly.

"Upon my word she's a good talker!" cried Jim. "What's her name?"

"I calls her Captain Flint. She was Flint's bird. I bought her

want to hold her, matey! Here, on your arm. See! She's friends with you."

As they were nearing Wolf's wharf, Silver nodded his head thoughtfully.

"You know, I've been thinking . . . I don't think we ought to tell the Squire about Black Dog. He's gone, ain't he? And we didn't catch him, did we? And what the Squire don't know won't hurt him. He's on an adventure of importance—what ever it is—carrying the weight of everything on his shoulders. You're smart as paint, Jim, like me. And smart men don't go unadvisedly probing others who are doing the important thinking, do we?"

"That's true," said Jim, after a pause.

(Continued next Thursday)

Mathis Community Saddened By Plane Tragedy on Sunday

Church Services and Other News of Dellaplane Community Are Reported

ROARING RIVER Route 2, Sept. 11.—This community, like others, was deeply shocked and saddened by the tragic loss of lives resulting from Sunday's catastrophe. Practically all the deceased men were known and esteemed in this locality, and Mr. Myrth Mathis had lived for a long time in the Cranberry settlement on this route. Whatever faults Mr. Mathis may, or may not, have had, he enjoyed a reputation for truth and honesty, and, like his brother-in-law, Mr. Otho Mathis, who was killed last November, few people have ever lived who were more popular, kind, generous and hospitable. Even if, possibly, neither the almost universal liking people had for him, nor the universal grief that is being felt, could warrant his old friends' pointing out his life and influence as exemplary; it has been said, "He was the best neighbor anybody ever had"; and there were probably few individuals in Antioch township who were not indebted to him for countless favors and assistance. Mr. Mathis' many relatives have the sympathy of the community, because their mourning is reflected, in less degree, all over this countryside, where he will be so greatly missed.

Services were held Sunday at Oak Forest church, at the Roaring River Baptist church, and at Cranberry church, on the hard-surface road. The pastor, Rev. W. G. Mitchell, of Union Grove, preached at Cranberry from Luke 8:24. "Strive to enter in at the strait gate." Several white people also attended the colored people's baptizing at Mountain Valley, where 17 were immersed.

Rev. and Mrs. N. T. Jarvis and son, Mr. Noah Jarvis, Jr., visited their daughter, Miss Minnie Sue Jarvis, Sunday at Davis hospital, Statesville, where she is a student nurse.

Mr. Press Glass was very ill Sunday. Rev. W. G. Mitchell visited him in the afternoon.

Apparently, most of the citizens of this neighborhood—with the notable exception of ye Dellaplane correspondent—are about to move, with one accord, to Thurmond. Those who have been prospecting there are delighted with the soil and situation. Thurmond is reputed, however, to be considerably infested with rattlesnakes.

It was Mr. Roosevelt Love who informed this correspondent that Miss Ina Sparks went to the World's fair, Chicago, Saturday, Sept. 1, and we received no other intelligence upon the subject. Mr. Love also stated he expected to view the Century of Progress exposition in the near future.

Mrs. Laura Martin Linney attended services Sunday at the Roaring River Baptist church. In the absence of the pastor, Rev. Avery M. Church, of Wilkesboro, Prof. T. E. Story, also of Wilkesboro, made a splendid talk from Micah 6:7. "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" A large number of delegates to the approaching association at that church and an entertainment committee were also appointed.

If the difficulties about school buses continue, the students may have to learn to walk. About fifty years ago Julius C. Martin, now a member of the department of justice, once walked from this community to Mouth of Wilson, Grayson county, Va., where he and his cousin, Phlete A. Mastin, now and for a long time judge of the 89th district court in Texas, went to school and paid their board at a Mr. Young's by doing farm work and chores. In 1917, he scribe used to walk at least four miles to the Byrd-Jarvis-Cranberry school and at least three miles to the Roaring River school. Any kind of progress is greatly to be sought, when it is improvement instead of aloth; but it would do most people inestimable good to walk lots. It makes you feel good and independent to be able to get out and walk 15 or 20 miles any day.

Miss Elizabeth Duncan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Duncan, left Wednesday to resume her studies at Peace Junior College in Raleigh.

Rev. C. E. Roselle, pastor of the First Methodist Church of Lenoir, will address the North Wilkesboro Kiwanis Club at tomorrow noon's luncheon.

The program will be in charge of Dr. W. A. Jenkins. Rev. Mr. Roselle is an inspiring and entertaining speaker. All Kiwanians are expected to be present.

Kiwanis program on September 21 will be in charge of J. E. Finley and on September 28 A. A. Finley.

Masonic Notice

Regular meeting of the local chapter of the Masonic Lodge will be held Friday night at 8 o'clock. All members are asked to attend.

T. C. CAUDILL, Master,
J. C. WALLACE, Secretary.

Appointment at Piney Ridge Baptist church the second Saturday and Sunday.

The Sunday school at Piney Ridge is progressing nicely, also the prayer meeting every Wednesday night.

We are having some nice weather while everybody seems to be very busy in their fields the past few days.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Woodie and family visited in the home of their sister, Mrs. Minda Marsh, of Obids, last Sunday and enjoyed a watermelon feast.

Miss Glyn Huffman visited in the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Woodie Saturday night.

The people living near the "Jumping Off Place" were pleased to read in the last week's paper the good news about the road. We hope it won't be so long until they can begin work on that road, which is needed very much.

Marriage License

During the past few days one marriage license was issued from the office of Register of Deeds T. H. Settle, that being to Floyd Perry and Florence Royal, both of McGrady.

Madagascar exported 15,000 tons of coffee in 1933, as compared with 13,000 tons in 1932.

J. R. Madd, resident of Hamptonville, community, passed away Monday afternoon at 2:30. He was 46 years of age, a son of Miles Ladd.

He leaves his father, wife, Mrs. Effie Gregory Ladd, and six children; Stella, Claude, Marie, Mable, Junior and Kermit; also surviving are one brother, Clint Ladd, and one sister, Mrs. Minnie Hardin.

Funeral services were held at Sweet Home Church yesterday, in charge of Rev. E. K. Wooten.



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BURN ALL NIGHT!"**

1c —that's all it costs the average customer to burn a 25-watt lamp for 12½ hours. So suppose you DID forget the hall light?

That penny saved the possibility of stubbed toes, barked shins, and maybe a nasty tumble over Junior's unparked toys. And did you ever hear of a night prowler that failed to give a lighted home a wide berth?

One cent! It may not buy much in other ways. You need several of them for a newspaper or to post an out-of-town letter or for a package of chewing gum.

But—because electricity is so cheap—ONE CENT SPENT ELECTRICALLY BUYS HOURS OF SERVICE! One cent, for instance, will—

furnish reading light with a 75-watt bulb more than four hours . . . or . . . spot-light your face with a 25-watt bulb for more than a month of shaves . . . or . . . brighten the card table with an indirect lamp for several rubbers of bridge.

1c Keeps A 25-Watt Lamp Lighted From Dusk To Dawn (12½ Hours)

WE CORDIALLY INVITE THE PUBLIC TO SEE OUR EXHIBIT AT THE FAIR NEXT WEEK

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