

# SPORTSMAN FLIES HIGH

by Lawrence A. Keating

FINAL INSTALMENT  
"You get the snow. I want the girl—alive. But there's to be no killing of Graber, understand? Not unless it's self defense."

Worriedly, Dan watched the repetition of farms. He berated himself for bungling back there in his office. Over-confidence had ruined the whole game. A swelled head! Otto had certainly been swept off his feet by the news that Irita, known to him as Helen Fane, and Colwell, were Customs Special Agency operatives! It naturally had never occurred to Graber that a Graber-Vael Agency sleuth might also be a representative of Uncle Sam.

Admiration rose in Colwell's blue-grey eyes. Irita had taken chances, insinuating herself with those fellows! It was like walking a tightrope over Niagara Falls. By estute means known only to her clever, resourceful self, she had prevented the rascals quarreling over her. Yet she had won and maintained their confidence.

That hectic ride lasted five minutes less than an hour. But Ewing, Pennsylvania, a country town of perhaps a thousand souls, was not their goal. As they careened down the main street Dan turned to Lefty.

"Now which way? It's up to you to find the camp!"  
Quillen nodded. "Straight ahead, buddy," he told the driver. "The second road outside town, turn left. Hit it up!"

Another thirty minutes dragged past. Despite his efforts at calm, Colwell's tension heightened. They turned off the main road, went two miles down a muddy country lane, and halted when Quillen ordered the driver to do so.

The two men piled out. "Guess you earned the ten-spot." Dan paid the fare and handed it to him. "Suppose you roll back in three hours?"

They waited until the ratty cab was gone. "Come on," Quillen snapped, and led the way into the towering forest. It was rapidly

growing dark; in fifteen minutes it would be like night. But the killer of McDonold and Catterby seemed to know the way.

Another mile they traversed a-foot before Lefty stopped and touched Dan's arm. It's up there. See that cabin?"  
Colwell could not at first make it out. Going nearer, they found it dark. The two men exchanged questioning looks at this. Dan felt his heartbeat slow, then go faster. Suppose their guess was wrong? Suppose Graber still was back in the city?

Cautiously they approached the square log structure with the slanting roof extended over a front porch. There was no light in it, no car nearby no sign of habitation. Quillen seemed concerned. He walked to a side window and peered in. Then both men went to the front door which they found locked. Again they peered at each other—it was dark now—and again were in wordless agreement. They put their shoulders to the door and after several efforts of their combined power, burst the cheap hinge lock.

Dan struck a match. "We won't light that lamp—we don't need it. Just want to see if their things are gone."

Several matches flickered and died before they convinced themselves that the hunting party had not abandoned the shack for good. Two deer rifles were there, one of them identified as Graber's. A supply of canned food, coffee, and bacon, was found.

"They're coming back," Colwell stated.

He walked to the door and stared at the black sky. Suddenly, almost a mile of the countryside flared alight, and at the same time he became conscious of the whine of a motor. "Lefty! There's a plane!"

Quillen followed at his heels onto the porch. It was a flare the ship had dropped, used when a pilot seeks an emergency landing field. The motor roared loudly now and in the slow-burning three hundred candle power magnesium they found the ship itself circling. It was quite low. A cabin job of the Monogram make with a powerful Whirlwind motor.

By mutual consent when the flare died at the end of its appointed three minutes, Quillen and Colwell rushed to the fringe of woods. They judged that Graber—if it was he—intended landing somewhere to the south. Both men ran fast as they could over hard, uneven ground. Until two minutes later, they burst suddenly from the copse of trees onto a wide, flat clearing.

"Sure! I remember this. But I never thought Otto could use it for landin'," Lefty panted.

Colwell determined the direction of the wind and knew which way Graber must face to land. As the ship banked, coming lower, he started at a dead run for the spot it was due to touch. But he had forgotten Graber's second flare.

It burst alive suddenly, illuminating the two men who raced across the cleared space. "Down!" Colwell yelled, and hurled himself flat. With a searing curse Quillen followed suit.

But they had been seen. . . The motor, which had been cut out, picked up with a roar. The ship's nose lifted as Graber put her into a climb. Dan's heart stuttered and seemed leaden in his breast. They had given themselves away!

Vingefully Quillen raised his automatic. He, too, could utilize the still burning flare that swung lower on its small parachute. He fired, twice, three times. Foolish, of course. It seemed useless.

Or was it? The monoplane was only two hundred feet up. Suddenly the motor stuttered. It died and the plane rode without a sound. The white magnesium still made the field almost bright enough to read a newspaper. The motor picked and Graber increased his revs anxiously. It sputtered, choked—went completely dead.

"He's got to come down!"  
The words were scarcely out of Colwell's mouth before he and Quillen rose full height with a jerk. Lefty gave an ejaculation. Dan's jaw sagged; he was speechless. His eyes like agates followed the sharp swoop of the aircraft, nose foremost but side-slipping badly.

There was a splintering crash. That mass the undercarriage and

the wing tip. Yet the monoplane like a wounded bird bumped and floundered along with diminishing speed, pushed by her momentum. Another yell from Quillen—trees looming up close before the ship—and a louder rending of metal and wood and fabric.

Quicker of wit, Colwell was dashing for the ship before that final catastrophe. It was a hundred yards that seemed never-ending. His great fear was of a sheet of flame that would burn them all to a crisp and prevent any interference, any saving of life.

It did not come. In the dying light of the flare which had struck ground somewhere, Colwell saw a form crawl out. "Stick 'em up!" he shouted.

The man did—but with a gun in his hand. It lanced fire. Colwell's hat left his head as though wiped off by some invisible hand. The next instant he realized that this chap was not the first to alight. The first fellow was hidden behind the crumpled wing and had opened fire.

Lefty Quillen's forty-four roared. He was closing in as fast as he could. As he struck ground Dan realized that Irita Doran was on the floor of the partially demolished cabin of the monoplane—helpless though she squirmed and battled her bonds.

Dan groped on his knees, shooting. The second man to alight gave a yell and toppled. Dan saw Quillen locked with the other chap; Vael. He rushed for his own quarry. The fellow lay still . . . but when Colwell got within ten feet, his figure dim in the half-covered ship's ground lights still burning.

Graber! They struck. Both heavy, the terrific impact merely jarred them. Neither gave way. Graber's square face was contorted into hate and rage that Dan never had seen there before. Perhaps also there was desperation at knowing they had out-guessed him to arrive here first and that now he battled the last time, to win or lose.

His stubble of hair felt hard as the bristles of a brush to Dan's hand. They mauled and punched and grappled for the guns. Colwell's twirled from his grasp. It hit wing fabric with a ping. Otto Graber got in a murderous left hook that grazed Dan's jaw. Had it landed all would have been over.

But it didn't land, and Colwell put new savagery into his attack. Graber's gun exploded upward—and again. In the darkness they could scarcely see each other; there was only feeble light from the wing lamps. They stumbled back against the metal stirrup at the open cabin door. Dan's lucky right flattened Graber's big German nose. Blood spurted from it as water from a fire hydrant.

Otto howled. Colwell tried to wrap both arms around him to bend him back out of control on the floor of the cabin. Graber sidestepped, and his terrific blow to the temple stunned Dan. He was aware of shots a distance off and Lefty Quillen's scream. And that he himself was weakening, that Graber was more powerful than he ever had estimated.

He punched again with both fists and suddenly grabbed for the gun as it swung nearer a line with his face. Their hands struck; the weapon slipped; it was gone. Graber, panting, jammed Colwell back. His head hit an iron support just inside the cabin. Things got foggy. . .

Something cold came into his hand. "Dan! Dan!"  
It was a scream uttered close to his ear. Venomously he swung that cold thing, swung it at Graber's skull. And it landed with a low, hollow sound that thrilled one clear to the pit of the stomach.

Otto crumpled. He twisted and wriggled on the ground while Colwell slowly collected himself and stood swaying groggily, forced to cling to the open cabin door or fall. Graber's writhing hand paused on the dark ground. He raised his arm suddenly—  
"Look out!"

Graber grasped it just as Lefty Quillen limped up. Dan reached out and with a kick at Graber's arm tried to dislodge the gun. And the first shot did go wild. But the second took effect.

Lefty Quillen, knife of two men Dan knew about, gave way at the knees. A dot blackened his

## Grape Juice Finds Year Round Favor As Beverage and in Tasty Recipes



A Delicious Dish—Grape Juice Chiffon Dessert

HAVE you ever stopped to realize just what an important part habit plays in the selection and use of some of our every day foods and beverages? If we become accustomed, for example, to serving tomato juice or orange juice at breakfast it is seldom that we find a place for it in any of the other meals of the day, or in any other form.

Grape juice falls in this group. Everyone is familiar with the healthful and delicious qualities of this bottled fruit juice, yet its use in the average American home is usually confined to serving as an appetizer, as a thirst quencher during the summer months, or as a healthful, energizing drink for convalescents, children and adults.

Since the season for ripe grapes is comparatively short, it is interesting to learn of new and delicious uses for grape juice, so that we may enjoy the flavor of fresh grapes the year 'round. It will undoubtedly be news to many housewives to learn that grape juice has a definite place in many types of puddings, custards, sauces, sherbets and frozen desserts.

Grape juice in addition to its taste appeal also has a very definite eye appeal, because of its rich natural purple color. This is true not only when it is served as a beverage, but also when it is used in some of the appetizing dishes mentioned above.

The next time you order a bottle

of your favorite brand of grape juice, just remember that it will win equal acclaim from your family if you also use it in any of the grape juice recipes listed below.

### Grape Juice Chiffon Dessert

- 1 tablespoon gelatin
  - 1/2 cup cold water
  - 2 tablespoons lemon juice
  - 1/2 cup sugar
  - 3 eggs
  - 1/4 teaspoon salt
  - 1/2 cup grape juice
  - 1/2 cup whipping cream
- Beat egg yolks slightly and add lemon juice, sugar and salt. Cook in double boiler stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Remove from fire, and add the gelatin that has been soaked in the 1/2 cup of cold water. Stir until dissolved. Add the grape juice and cool. When the mixture starts to stiffen, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into greased molds or pile in parfait glasses. Chill again and serve, topped with whipped cream and maraschino cherries. Serves six to eight.

The following recipe will make a most delicious appetizer to put the palate in the proper state of receptiveness for any meal.

- ### Spiced Pineapple and Grape Juice
- 1 pint unsweetened pineapple juice
  - 1 pint grape juice
  - 1 1/2 teaspoons whole cloves
  - 3 nutmegs
  - 2 sticks cinnamon, each about 2 inches long
  - 1/2 of an orange rind
- Break the nutmeg into pieces with a hammer and cut the white inner skin from the orange rind. Combine ingredients and cook slowly for 30 minutes. Strain and serve cold. Serves six.

Break the nutmeg into pieces with a hammer and cut the white inner skin from the orange rind. Combine ingredients and cook slowly for 30 minutes. Strain and serve cold. Serves six.

NORTH CAROLINA, ROWAN COUNTY.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT

NOTICE ORDER OF PUBLICATION Mary Lynch Taylor, Plaintiff vs. Terrell Taylor, Defendant

It appearing from the affidavit of Mary Lynch Taylor in this action, that Terrell Taylor, the defendant therein, is not to be found in Rowan County, and can not after due diligence be found in the State of North Carolina, and it further appearing that a cause of action exist against the defendant as follows, to wit: An action for an absolute divorce on the grounds of two years separation, and that this is one of the cases in which service of summons may be made by publication, to wit: An action for an absolute divorce.

It is therefore ordered that summons be served on said Terrell Taylor by publication, and to that end that notice of this action be published once a week for four weeks in The Carolina Watchman, a newspaper published in Rowan County, setting forth the title of the action, the purpose of the same, and requiring the defendant to appear at the office of the clerk of the superior court of Rowan County, in the Courthouse in Salisbury, N. C., on the 29th day of January, 1937, and answer or demur to the complaint of the plaintiff.

B. D. McCUBBINS, C.S.C. By W. T. BURKE Dep. Clerk of the Superior Court Dated this 6th day of January, 1937. Jan. 8—29.

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**Know Your Language**  
By C. L. Bushnell  
School of English,  
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SOME writers have a tendency to make too frequent use of the comma, but how important the comma can be is illustrated by a document discovered a few years ago in Spain, which seemed to show that Sir Walter Raleigh was not, as is generally supposed, the first to introduce tobacco to Europe. The document was a will drawn in the year 1523, more than half a century before Sir Walter smoked his first pipe. The testator named as one of his heirs a man seemingly described as "Antonio, tobacco merchant of Lisbon." Closer examination of the will, however, convinced scholars that the proper reading was "Antonio Tobasso, merchant of Lisbon." Thus the placing of a comma threatened to deprive Raleigh of his fame as the patron saint of tobacco.

DIFFERENCE  
Amos: Did you find much difference between the city and the country, Hiram?  
Hiram: They hain't much difference. In the country you go to bed feeling all in and you get up feeling fine. In the city you go to bed feeling fine and you get up feeling all in.

Yadkin county farmers report receiving \$8,750.18 in soil conservation checks to date for having cooperated in the soil conservation program in 1936.

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