

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S
TREASURE ISLAND
 ADAPTED FROM THE
 METRO GOLDWYN PICTURE
 BY **LEBBEUS MITCHELL**

Chapter III
STARBUCK-BOUND
 Luckily for Jim and his mother, the man who sought the Captain's life confined their attention to breaking down the front door of the Admiral Benbow, and they escaped by the rear door. They heard the crash of wood under a battering ram, the rush of the rascals' feet as they darted into the house, and their cries of rage and disappointment as they found the body of the Captain and the ransacked sea-chest.

"They've been here before us! Someone's turned the chest out and aloft!" cried a voice. "There's some money—"

"No money, ye squid! Flint's got Flint's fist!" shouted the blind Pew, banging with his stick.

"Jim! I'm going to faint!" cried Mrs. Hawkins from their stage in the yard.

"Here, mother! No! We must get farther away!" He took her arm and drew her along until they came to a culvert under the roadway, big enough to conceal them. Jim dragged his mother into its shelter as a dreadful boat scudded from the inn. It was blind Pew, raging with anger.

"It's that boy and the woman! That whining, sneaking brat! He could have torn his arm off and found his eyes out!"

"And find 'em! Roust 'em out. They can't have tackled so far. Find 'em and board 'em!"

The men evidently scattered to follow out Pew's command for Jim could hear them running out of the house, trampling among

ceed with the utmost caution."
 "Exactly, sir! Sphinxes all!" exclaimed the Squire.
 "There is just one man I am afraid of—" began Livesey, dryly, when the Squire interrupted.
 "Who, sir? Name the dog!"
 "You, sir! For you cannot hold your tongue—"
 "Why, ah, hum . . ." spluttered the Squire. "Livesey, you are always in the right of it. I shall be as silent as the grave!"
 Thus began that great adventure after buried treasure which took young Jim Hawkins, Dr. Livesey and Squire Trelawney far from their native land, to the very pirate-infested seas of the West Indies. The next chapter of that adventure took place in Bristol, whither Squire Trelawney, true to his word, betook himself the next day to engage a ship and a crew.

Two weeks later the Squire met Jim Hawkins as he alighted from the coach and took him down to the docks which, with their multitude of shipping—sails, masts, church spires, great buildings, enormous numbers of people in fine clothes, fine coaches drawn by beautiful horses—kept the boy from the Admiral Benbow in a maze of wonder and delight. But back of it all was his desire to see the ship on which he was so soon to embark.

"There she lies! The good ship Hispaniola!" cried the Squire. "And a tighter craft never sailed the seven seas!" Longshoremen were busy carrying provisions on board. As Jim and the Squire went up the gangplank, they were met by Gray and another sailor.

"Any word from those men I signed yesterday?" asked Trelawney.

"No, sir, and Tom here has scoured the port—every grog shop and not a sign of 'em!"

"Strange. This is the second instance of this idiocy!"

Jim flew about the deck, examining everything that came his way, but came to a halt at the screech of a port gun. His boyishness came to the fore and he imagined himself in a battle.

"Give 'em another broadside!" he shrieked. "All together now! One, two—" His voice suddenly died away, for there on the dock against a pile of lumber, he saw a one-legged man! He gulped and peered over the rail.

"Well, sonny, was you aimin' to blow the other leg off?" asked the peg-leg with a gentle, disarming laugh. "You the captain of that ship?"

"I . . . I don't think it's loaded," gulped Jim, and turned with relief as the Squire came up. The one-legged man picked up his crutch and arose, touching his forelock, at sight of the Squire.

"He . . . he wanted to know if I was the Captain," said Jim.

"The Captain is on his way from Dover," said Trelawney. "Anything I can do?"

"Not presuming, sir," said the man on the dock in sudden thought, "but as a favor from one seaman to another, so an old tar can feel a sweet deck below him again, might I come aboard a spell?"

"He!" cried the radiant Squire. "You're welcome, of course!"

"But, Squire—" said Jim, remembering the Captain's fear of a one-legged man, but Trelawney hurried on: "This way, my friend! Any assistance?" He watched with astonishment the agility with which the man swung up the gang-plank. In a moment he was before them, touching his forelock.

"Silver's the name, sir. Long John Silver, they calls me. At your service, sir."

(Continued next Thursday)



"The chart to Flint's treasure!" cried Trelawney, triumphantly.

the bushes and on the very road . . . which, in the culvert, he and his mother lay hidden.

Then above the hubbub of their shouts and curses, Jim heard a welcome sound—the trotting of horses' feet. The cutthroats heard it, too, for one of them shouted: "We'll have to judge, mates!"

"Budge, you skulk!" screamed Pew. "You have your hands on thousands you squids, and you hang a leg! You'd be as rich as kings if you find it, and you stand skulking!"

Then Jim heard the voice of Dr. Livesey crying to his coach-

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oil-skin which he had carried with him in his flight.

Dr. Livesey quickly unwrapped the parcel, reading something that looked like a map to Jim by the light of his carriage-lamp. When he spoke, looking up strangely at Jim, there was excitement in his voice:

"Jim . . . Jim, you may be a very lucky boy. Flint's list, they said . . . There's only one Flint I know."

"Why, it's nothing but a map!" cried Jim, looking at the paper in Dr. Livesey's hand! "What are those funny red crosses?"

Dr. Livesey was reading from the map, his voice getting more and more excited: "Bulk of treasure—! Why, bless—Quickly! Into the coach both of you! We're going to Squire Trelawney's. Jim, my boy, you may have stumbled on the secret of the century!"

Mystified and still frightened, Jim and his mother remained quiet on that gallop to Squire Trelawney's. Dr. Livesey was closeted with the Squire. After several minutes they heard Trelawney exclaim in evident excitement: "It's it! Sounds if it is it!" Then he and Dr. Livesey came into the room where Jim waited with Mrs. Hawkins.

"You're sure?" asked Dr. Livesey.

"The chart to Flint's treasure!" cried Trelawney, triumphantly. "The very island it's buried on—latitude and longitude . . . Why, see, here's the very block-house and stockade where the infamous pirate held off the attack and—"

"Squire, you get so confoundedly overheated!" laughed Dr. Livesey in an excitement as keen as that of the Squire. "What do you propose to do?"

"Do? Do? Why, bless me for a fat mole! We'll dig it up, won't we, young Hawkins?"

"But Squire," said Dr. Livesey, mastering somewhat his own excitement. "A moment now—we need a ship, a crew—"

"Tomorrow, sir, I leave for Bristol," interrupted Trelawney. "In two weeks I'll have the best ship and choicest crew in England! Then off for millions in gold! Money to roll in! To play duck and drake with!"

"I'm with you, sir, but stay a bit," broke in the Doctor. "This isn't a holiday. Those cutthroats who attacked tonight will stop at nothing to get this chart. Others, too, perhaps. We must pro-

Six Die In Crash

Whitestone, Va., Sept. 3.—Six negroes were killed and 20 others injured, three critically, when a Lancaster county school bus they had chartered for a Labor day outing crashed in a head-on collision with a produce truck at Palmer's swamp, route three, near Farnham as they were returning here tonight.

Killed in the crash were: Sarah Diggs, Harry Clark, Flossie Blackwell, Terry Dudley, Virginia Bee and John Wiggins, all of Whitestone. All available physicians in the vicinity were called and worked several hours treating the injured. No charges will be made against either William Braxton, driver of the bus, or Leonard Sisson, Hayesville, at the wheel of the truck, state police said.

GIRL 'CHUTE JUMPER IS DASHED TO DEATH

Galax, Va., Sept. 2.—Miss Margaret Kelly, 19, of Cape Charles, Va., making her first parachute jump, fell 1,500 feet to her death before several hundred horror-stricken spectators at an air show here today when her 'chute failed to open.

Couldn't Blame Him

First Kid: "Gee, Jimmy, when I went by your house this morning I heard somebody swearin' something awful!"

Second Kid: "Aw, that was my dad. He was late for church and couldn't find his hymn book."

Hoover Denounces 'New Deal'; Says Americans Are Losing Their Liberty

Philadelphia, Sept. 3.—Former President Herbert Hoover, in his first public statement since leaving the White House, tonight denounced fundamental concepts of President Franklin D. Roosevelt's "new deal" program and warned Americans they gradually are being stripped of personal liberty.

In a copyrighted article, "The Challenge to Liberty," in the Saturday Evening Post, Mr. Hoover forecast a "vast casualty to liberty" if the administration's program of regimentation is carried to a logical conclusion. He refused to agree that "man is a pawn of the state" and saw in the trend of present American politics "a usurpation of the primary liberties of many by government. It is a vast shift from the American concept of human rights, which even the government may not infringe, to those social philosophies where men are wholly subjective to the state."

The Republican leader warned Americans against following will-o'-wisps "which lead either to the swamps of primitive greed

or to political tyranny."
 "For the first time in two generations," Mr. Hoover asserted, "the American people are faced with the primary issue of humanity and all government—the issue of human liberty."
 Throughout his article, without mentioning it by name, Mr. Hoover stressed the tendency of the administration to follow the example of European dictatorships.

"When the boundaries of liberty are overstepped," Mr. Hoover continued, "America will cease to be American . . . It is now claimed that liberty has failed; that emergency encroachments upon its principles should be made permanent."
 Mr. Hoover saw this as creating two issues:

1. "Whether we must submit to some other system by which the fundamentals of liberty are sacrificed.
2. "Whether, even if we make these sacrifices, we shall not defeat the hope and progress of humanity."

The former president viewed liberty as "an endowment from

the creator to every individual man and woman upon which no power, whether economic or political, can encroach."

160,000 Trout Are Put In Western Carolina Waters

Raleigh, Sept. 2.—Mountain streams of western North Carolina contain 160,000 more prospective victims for trout fishermen than they did a few days ago.

John D. Chalk, state game and inland fisheries commissioner, announced today that a special allotment of that number of fingerling rainbow and brown trout has been distributed in waters of western streams.

Read Journal-Patriot Ads.

No Wonder
 Rabe: "How is Walker?"
 Holt: "Flat on his back."
 Rabe: "Why I saw him dancing with a dissy blonde last night."
 Holt: "So did his wife."

NOTICE

North Carolina, Wilkes County.

Notice is hereby given that Wilson Gryder, who was convicted at the March term of the Superior Court, 1934, for assault with a deadly weapon and other offenses, will apply to the Governor of North Carolina for a parole.

This 3rd day of Sept., 1934.
 W. S. GRYDER,
 North Wilkesboro, N. C.
 9-13-21-(T)

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