

BERING GOLD

By Aubrey Boyd

AUTOCASER 55M

FIRST INTALMENT

Fog veiled the timbers of Yeller's Wharf that July morning in a ghostly sparkle, which quivered to the roar of trucks and freshly shod hoovers and to the skirling invisible flight of gulls around a phantom ship.

The spectre alongside was the ghost of a ship once dead. On the hood of one of her wheels, as it wavered above the string-piece, the faded letters "George E. Starr, Seattle," trickled through an ancient glaze of rust and soot. They identified all that was mortal of a condemned side-wheel ferry-boat, which had been dragged from the boneyard to make a first, and in a way a posthumous, voyage beyond the Sound.

But to the men on the wharf, this derelict was an argosy. Her musty reek of creosote, bilge and old ropes was the aroma of romance. The brawl of the trucks that loaded her was a song of gold.

And there was, in fact, a weaving tilt of music in the roar. It came from a quieter eddy in the fog where a man was playing an accordion, as he leaned against an upturned bale of hay near the ship's side. Ignored by the crowd and ignoring them, he poured into the din a lazing melody that dissolved there as vaguely as the mist—so skillfully pitched that its source was hardly noticeable. His frayed corduroy clothes, the barked leather of his riding boots, his lean, rangy figure and sun-browned skin, did not distinguish him in that weathered company. Clearer light might have defined a certain wary challenge in his good-humored gray eyes, or have drawn attention to an odd scar that cut the corner of his mouth, accenting his look of high temper and daring.

Gun scars were not a special

WATCH YOUR KIDNEYS!

Be Sure They Properly Cleanse the Blood

YOUR kidneys are constantly filtering impurities from the blood stream. But kidneys get functionally disturbed—lag in their work—fail to remove the poisonous body wastes.

Then you may suffer nagging backache, attacks of dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination, getting up at night, swollen feet and ankles, rheumatic pains, feel "all worn out," etc.

Don't delay! For the quicker you get rid of these poisons, the better your chances of good health.

Use **Doan's Pills**. Doan's are for the kidneys only. They tend to promote normal functioning of the kidneys; should help them pass off the irritating poisons. Doan's are recommended by users the country over. Get them from any druggist.

DOAN'S PILLS

WEAK AND SKINNY MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Saved by new Vitamins of Cod Liver Oil in tasteless tablets.

Penicils of firm healthy flesh instead of bare scraggy bones! New vigor, vim and energy instead of tired indifference! Steady, quiet nerves! That is what thousands of people are getting through scientists' latest discovery—the Vitamins of Cod Liver Oil concentrated in little sugar coated tablets without any of its horrid, fishy taste or smell.

McCo's Cod Liver Oil Tablets, they're called! "Cod Liver Oil Tablets," and they simply work wonders. A little boy of 5, seriously sick, got well and gained 10% lbs. in just one month. A girl of thirteen after the same disease, gained 5 lbs. the first week and 2 lbs. each week after. A young mother who could not eat or sleep after baby came out all her health back and gained 10 lbs. in less than a month.

Yes, simply must try McCo's at once. Remember if you don't gain at least 3 lbs. of firm healthy flesh in a month get your money back. Demand and get McCo's the original and genuine Cod Liver Oil Tablets—approved by Food Housekeeping Institute. Refuse all substitutes—insist on the original McCo's—there are none better.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

If you feel sour and rinky and the world looks pink, don't swallow a lot of salts, mineral water, oil, laxative candy or chewing gum and expect them to make you suddenly sweet and buoyant and full of sunshine.

For they can't do it. They only move the bowels and a mere movement doesn't get at the cause. The reason for your down-and-out feeling is your liver. It should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily.

If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You have a sour, thick, bad taste and your breath is foul, which often breaks out in blemishes. Your head aches and you feel down and out. Your whole system is poisoned.

It takes those good, old CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." They contain wonderful, harmless, gentle vegetable extracts, among which is comfrey for liver pills. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Resist a substitution. Beware drug stores. ©1934 C. M. Co.

matter for comment in this crowd. Unlike the varied mob that followed them later, the men who blazed the Yukon trails in the early fall of '97, were almost all hard-living men of the open; miners, cattlemen, rail-rovers and lumberjacks from the Northwest and Southwest; men who knew little of the sea, but every hazard of mountain and desert.

Not far from him, however, stood a younger man, solitary like himself, whose serious eyes traced the fog maze curiously, and seemed to find less novelty in the ship than in his fellow-voyagers. Some dunnage bags, tied in sailor fashion, lay on the wharf at the feet of the young observer. A faded reefer jacket fitted his broad shoulders with the snug effect that sailors call "sea-going," and the same stamp of the sea showed in his salt-stained boots, his firm poise, and that unconscious gallantry of bearing which lends grace to old clothes.

As the fog did not hide the two men from each other's view it had the effect of bringing them nearer, while sharpening the contrast between them. They were strongly built in different ways; as oak and steel are different. The younger man looked sturdier; the man with the accordion concealed under his idle posture the quick resilience of tempered metal. Both were sun-tanned—if the ruddy brown of sea-sun can be compared to the dry bronze of the desert and the range. The boy's hair was dark and curly; the other's of a sun-rudded color, and cut close, like a trooper's. Both had steady eyes, but where the boy's blue eyes reflected a sober discipline and the positive clarity of youth, the other's held a shade of half-mocking tolerance, as if he took the world as he found it, and had found it mixed.

Some sense of this, perhaps, drew the musician's eyes for a curious instant on his listener. Looking away again into the veiled shimmer beyond the wharf, he began playing the tune of an old sea ballad.

"In eighteen hundred and seventy-six I found myself in a hell of a fix . . ."

At the quick light of recognition in the boy's face, he masked a gleam of amused interest.

"Is that a Boston song?" he asked.

The boy smiled. "My people used to sail ships out of Boston. I've heard the song since I was a nipper."

"Figured it was a line shot you come from that coast," said the accordion player.

"I'd take you to be from the Northwest," he ventured, uncertainly.

"Your eye's good, Bud," replied the musician with a twinkle, as he improvised a series of chords. "But I been up and down a few. Ever hear this . . .?" and he began, after a deep intake of the accordion, the chesty ballad of Jack Donahue the Highwayman. Then it drifted into music unfamiliar to him: half-barbaric and half-devotional melodies of the Western ranges, such as "Bill Roy" and "Montana Kid."

In the midst of this repertory the piping cry of a newsboy who came down the wharf shouting: "Extra!! Buck Solo Makes His Last Stand!! Posse Surrounds Bandit in Mountain Pass!! Extra!!"

The accordion player lifted his head but did not pause in his playing, though the newsy's cry echoed a story which had been as keenly argued in the West that month as the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight. An unidentified gunman on a buckskin horse had ridden into a Nevada mining camp at night, trailing a man whom he seemed to have mistaken for some enemy. The mistake had caused a blazing gun battle in the dark street, from which he escaped. Not long afterwards the buckskin reappeared on the Deer's Lodge trail in Montana, where its rider had stopped a stage to search the passengers. Strange to say, no money had been taken, but an express messenger, trying to catch him off guard, had been shot. Dodging a posse of marshals and heading

west, he had earned the sobriquet of "Solo" in a camp on the Montana border, having halted there long enough to show a gifted group of Solo players some unexpected phases of that game. When the posse rode in, an hour behind him, the gamblers he had entertained were sketchy in their description. As he had changed horses the marshals had little to guide them, but they suspected him of being a wide-ranging gambler and outlaw known in the northwest as "Buck Tracy." His trail, lost at Clark's Fork, had been picked up again crossing the Coeur D'Alenes through Idaho, and the interest excited by the long and desperate chase began to close a net around him.

The boy bought a paper and read the news bulletin. "They've got him cornered in the Okanagan country," he said to the man with the accordion. "He won't escape now."

"Kind of hope he don't?" asked the other, without looking up from his playing.

"I hope he gets the full penalty of the law," was the boy's uncompromising answer. "He deserves it."

The Westerner glanced at him quaintly. "Full penalty of the law, Bud, would leave ye kind of short of lawyers, if you rammed it home. Not that this maverick is worth a cuss. But neither is the outfit that's doggin' him, and neither was the express rider he'd downed. I ain't so dead set on seein' him hanged. Hope he dies shootin'."

The fog had lightened a little, and a gangplank now lumbered down from the steamer's boat deck. As the boy was assembling his dunnage bags, he found himself under the scrutiny of an official-looking person who had appeared abruptly out of the mist, and stood framed in it, a few yards away. The officer's eyes grew less sharp on meeting him, and turned in a more casual way on his companion, who had closed the accordion case and was leaning over to fasten it.

"You two together?"

The boy nodded. It seemed unnecessary to explain that he and the accordion player were only chance acquaintances. Some official for the shipping company, he thought, was making a check-up of passengers.

With another glance at the man with the accordion, the officer passed on.

The Westerner threw a roll of blankets over his arm, put his accordion under it, and lifting one of the boy's packs with his free hand, wedged through the crowd that was swarming up the gangway. They found the cabin and covered parts of the deck already claimed, but there was a sheltered space under a lifeboat aft of the main cabin, where the boy stowed his burden. Noticing that his companion still kept the blankets on his shoulder, he pushed his stuff aside to make more room. The other considered him soberly.

"You listen to me like a good gun. Bud, in spite of them stern ideas about the law," he said, "Ever hit a boggy crossin' I'll stand by ye. My name's Speed Malone." And he held out his hand.

"Mine's Ed Maitland," the boy answered, somewhat puzzled at his earnestness.

Dropping his light pack in the cleared space, the man rolled a cigarette, and while crimping the edge of the paper, took a roving look along the deck. Then he made a back-rest of the blankets, and stretched himself comfortably, relaxing as from a long physical strain while he smoked and watched the crowd through half-closed eyes—still somehow as observant as ever of each approach.

A deep shudder ran through the ship, as the gates rattled shut. Hawsers, thrown from the bits, splashed into the gloomy chasm between ship and wharf, and the sidewheeler cast off in a ponderous churning of white water, dropping a veil between herself and the pier with a swiftness that owed less to her pick-up than to the opacity of the fog.

As if the uncertainties of the venture where not high enough, she was no sooner in the channel than the click of dice, chips and coins began to rattle a careless measure above the voices of the mist. Embarked for the realm of gold, the miners were "shootin'" their money with an easy mind.

The Westerner shifted his attention from the rattled stay lines of the lifeboat, and sat up to roll a fresh cigarette. Maitland noticed that two men, a little to their right, had turned a tarpaulined bale into a card table. One of them looked his way, with an invitation to join the game. When he declined, the man called over to Speed, "Play a hand of cards,



BOSTON.—Miss Christine Stewart (above), of Brookline, went to the rescue of a drowning girl at Bar Harbor, Me., last year and for almost an hour kept the girl afloat until help came. Two life saving medals and cash awards have just been given Miss Stewart for "the bravest act of the year."

neighbor?" Those oddly broadened vowels were as clear as a state boundary, Utah.

"What kind of cards?" asked Speed, with mild interest.

"We figure they's only one kind. If you kin play Solo, the tune is whur you want to set it."

A faint reserve which had shown in Speed's face at mention of the game, vanished in a smile. "I on'y play that game by ear," he said.

"Didn't aim to scare ye none," was the condescending answer.

"Which you gets me wrong," amended Speed, in the present tense of polite discourse. "What I shring from is exposin' your gifted Mormon durt to the cold air without its pants, coat and vest."

"Stim'lated a heap," rejoined the man from Utah, "we stoifes ever' scoopole and stawrts the play. Stack 'em up, Bill. Gent allows he's a Solo player."

On the point of rising, Speed said to Maitland in an undertone, "Stake me ten dollars, Bud."

Ten dollars happened to be half the boy's cash, and the idea that the man called Speed had started north with neither outfit nor money was almost incredible. But the request was made so candidly that after a moment's hesitation he shook a gold piece from his limp purse.

With a curious pause before accepting it, the Westerner asked, "You figure these shorthorns can outplay me?"

"I was only thinking," Maitland said, "that gambling is a loser's game."

His companion grinned. "If you wasn't a natural-born gambler, Bud, you wouldn't be on this ship. Watch us lose."

The sweet singers preluded their harmony with a considerate warning. "Removin' gold mines from gamblers is our daily routine, stranger. We'll set a quarter point, unless you feel banker's ruin for in a bigger way."

"Quarter suits me," said Speed modestly, and made a precarious club bid which they passed with becoming gravity. On the completion of the final trick, however, their attention became more exact.

(Continued next week)

Heroine Rewarded

Washington, Feb. 5.—President Roosevelt hurried to the aid of harrassed party leaders in a determined effort to quell the rebellion now raging in the Senate appropriations committee over the administration's \$4,880,000,000 works bill, it was disclosed today.

With whole sections of the measure virtually scrapped and other unwelcome restrictions imposed over the objections of party leaders, Mr. Roosevelt last night telephoned Chairman Carter Glass (D), Virginia, in a desire to restore harmony and facilitate action on the bill.

The slight, acid-tongued Virginian is not in sympathy with the general features of the pending measure and is outspoken in his opposition to various new deal fiscal reforms. In addition, he is bitter because Mr. Roosevelt did not consult with him but discussed the jobs with Senator James Byrnes (D), South Carolina, another member of the committee, before the measure was placed before the appropriations group.

Glass admitted today that the President had telephoned him last night but he declined to discuss what transpired in their conversation. He said he would give this information to the committee Monday when the administration will make an attempt to defeat on reconsideration an amendment by Senator Pat McCarran (D), Nevada, which would force the government to pay the prevailing hourly wage under the forth-coming construction program.

This is one of the most important changes made in the bill. It was sponsored by the American Federation of Labor, which took the position that the federal plan of paying an average monthly wage of \$50 would destroy the entire wage structure of the nation.

Objections also were made by the administration to another McCarran amendment adopted yesterday. This would compel the government to let out all contracts to private bidders which called for the employment of 10 per cent or more of skilled labor.

According to history, the first mule was bred on George Washington's farm at Mount Vernon after the revolution.

ROOSEVELT HURRIES TO AID OF HIS WORK BILL

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He Got A Job



WASHINGTON.—Walter W. Walters (above), 1923 Bonus Army Chief, has been put to work in the War Department, upon recommendation of Gen. Douglas MacArthur whose soldiers drove the veterans from their Washington camp two years ago.

SKULL INJURY FATAL TO CHESTER BOWERS

Hickory, Feb. 7.—An alleged argument over a hat resulted in the death at a local hospital today of Chester E. Bowers, about 44, who died from head injuries said to have been inflicted by Harlan Lockman, of Conover.

The altercation took place at the Conover furniture plant just after 7 o'clock this morning.

Lockman, who works in the machine room of the plant, is said to have struck Bowers, also a workman in the machine room, over the head with a wooden standard.

Edenton owes its name to Charles Eden, governor of North Carolina in 1714-1722.

Foresters To Ask Fire Control Fund

Raleigh, Feb. 7.—The North Carolina Forestry association, closing its annual convention here today, resolved to ask the general assembly to appropriate \$59,040 for forest fire control during each of the next two years.

666 CHECKS AND FEVER First Day

Liquid Tablets, Salve, Nose Drops in 30 minutes

Headaches

Williams Auto & Radiator Shop

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Radiator Repairing, Body Building, Motor Blocks Reborn, Extensions Welded in Truck Frames, General Repair Work a Specialty.

T. H. WILLIAMS, Owner.

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We handle good horses and mules at all times of the year. We have a good line of horses and mules on hand now. Just the kind you want. Come in and see for yourself.

Minton & Irvin
Horse and Mule Dealers
NORTH WILKESBORO, N. C.

ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE

Having qualified as administratrix of the estate of Pinkney M. Parker, deceased of Wilkes county, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at Hunting Creek, North Carolina, on or before the 4th day of February, 1935, or this notice will be plead in bar of recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate settlement.

This 4th day of Feb., 1935.

MRS. MARY EMILY PARKER, Admrx. Estate of Pinkney M. Parker, Deceased. 3-11-6t.

NOTICE

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Cordelia Wadkins, deceased, this is to notify all persons having claims against said estate to present them to the undersigned administrator on or before the 5th day of January, 1935, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery against the estate, all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment to the undersigned administrator.

This 5th day of Jan., 1935.

NOAH REYNOLDS, Administrator Estate of Cordelia Wadkins, Dec'd. 2-11-6t.

NOTICE OF SUMMONS AND WARRANT OF ATTACHMENT

North Carolina, Wilkes County; In the Superior Court. J. O. Pennell vs. C. E. Jenkins, Jenkins Hardware Company and I. B. Foster Company.

The L. B. Foster Company, one of the defendants above named, will take notice that a summons in the above entitled action was issued against said defendant on the 31st day of January, 1935, by the undersigned clerk of the superior court of Wilkes county, and duly verified for publication of summons and attachment this day filed in which the plaintiff seeks judgment for \$3,820.12, due the plaintiff for value of rails and damage for trespass upon his land in Wilkes county, which summons and warrant of attachment are returnable to the superior court of Wilkes county. The defendant will also take notice that warrant of attachment has been issued against this property and that the same is especially returnable on February 18th, 1935.

The defendant, L. B. Foster Company, will further take notice that it is required to appear and answer or demur to the complaint within 30 days after the last publication of this notice to both the complaint and affidavit for attachment or the relief demanded will be granted.

This 7th day of February, 1935.

C. C. HAYES, Clerk Superior Court of Wilkes County. 3-4-4t.

Wage Scale In Jobs Bill Put Higher By Senate

Washington, Feb. 7.—Organized labor tonight carried out its threat to strike at the administration through congress when an amendment forcing the government to pay prevailing hourly wages under the \$4,880,000,000 jobs bill was adopted by the senate appropriations committee.

The blow was struck by Senator Pat McCarran, of Nevada, whose amendment had the full support of the American Federation of Labor. It was offered after publication of two letters from President Roosevelt to Federation officials implying that the new deal was not initiated for the sole purpose of aiding trade unionists.

Two other amendments by McCarran also were approved. One specified that all construction work to be undertaken under the proposed bill which calls for the employment of 10 per cent or more skilled labor shall be awarded to the lowest qualified bidder. The second amendment provides that wherever practicable full advantage shall be taken of facilities of private enterprise in the forthcoming building program.

Newspaper Space Best Way To Get Public's Attention

Washington, Feb. 6.—Newspaper advertising was recommended today to federal savings and loan associations as the best means of laying their plans before the public.

The Home Loan Bank board's recommendation was accompanied by a series of advertisements prepared by expert advertising writers to aid associations which are not equipped to write and prepare advertisements.

Read Journal-Patriot ads.

Pratts Feeds

WE CARRY A COMPLETE LINE OF PRATTS FEEDS FOR PRATT FOOD CO., AND CAN GIVE YOU MILL PRICES.

S. V. Tomlinson

ANNOUNCING

Improved Bus Service

Effective February 1, three buses daily will operate on a new schedule through North Wilkesboro to Winston-Salem and Bristol, Va. Buses will leave North Wilkesboro for Winston-Salem and all points east at 9:45 a. m., 2:55 p. m. and 9:45 p. m. Leave North Wilkesboro for Bristol at 9:10 a. m., 2:30 p. m. and 7:00 p. m.

At Winston-Salem direct connections are made with Greensboro, Raleigh, Richmond, Norfolk, Danville and all points north. At Bristol connections are made for all points west.

Leave North Wilkesboro 9:45 a. m. and 2:55 p. m. for Lenoir, Morganton, Marion and Asheville. Leave 9:45 a. m., 2:55 p. m. and 9:45 p. m. for Statesville, Charlotte and points south.

For Further Information Call Local Agent

GREYHOUND BUS LINES

TOUGHER!

CAREY SOLKA ROOFING

Here is one of the latest achievements of science — Carey Solka Roofing. You have to see this roof to realize how far it is ahead of ordinary roofings. Longer life — greater flexibility — and greater strength than you ever thought possible.

Let us give you a sample, and quote our low prices.

Wilkesboro Mfg. Co.

Carey SOLKA ROOFING

TRY TO TEAR IT!