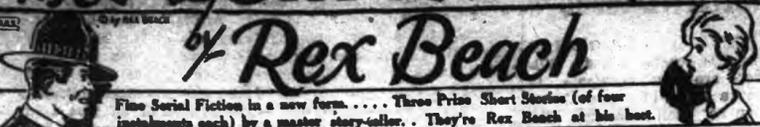


The MICHIGAN KID.



FIRST INSTALMENT

Rose Morris was at once the richest and the prettiest girl in Dover, Michigan. She drove a sleek, fat little pony hitched to a marvelous wicker dogcart, the envy of every child in town, and to Jimmy Rowan she represented all that was both desirable and unattainable.

By the time he was fifteen he was hopelessly in love with her and he carved hearts and arrows on all the trees in his yard and initiated them with interlocking R's and J's. He wrote her passionate misspelled love notes and in words of fire he told her of his wondrous devotion. He never sent the notes, of course, and his declarations were only whispered to the empty air, for he still remained "the Rowan kid"; his people were desperately poor and he was cursed with a sensitive pride.

Jim was surprised one day to hear that Mr. Hiram Morris had "gone out of business" and was leaving for the West. What that meant the boy did not know, but he understood that the Morris fortune was not what it had been. Rose and her mother remained in Dover. They lived on much as usual and they referred vaguely to those large interests which kept Mr. Morris away from home. But the pony and dogcart were gone and so were the high-stepping ways. It was while Jim was working his way through college that they quietly moved away. The Morris house sold for barely

enough to pay the mortgage. Some people endure poverty cheerfully, others with a grim stoicism; the majority of people who are born poor accept it with a fatalistic resignation and never look forward to anything else.

Jim Rowan was unlike any of these. He loathed poverty; it was unendurable. It had kept him from knowing Rose Morris. He swore he would make himself rich for her sake. In time this became a fixed idea with him and he quit college and went to work, savagely. It took him quite a while, however, to realize that riches are not come by in a hurry and that he was getting nowhere.

He had lost track of the Morris completely—there was no use of keeping in touch with them—but he still had his day-dreams, he still thought of himself as Rose's prince who sooner or later would search her out and seat her upon a throne. Depression seized him occasionally when he saw how hopeless was the task he had set for himself.

At such times he grew desperate and he told himself that no price was too great to pay for success; he longed for some opportunity of becoming suddenly rich and vowed that he would sell his soul for such a chance.

The chance came finally, or it seemed to come, with the news of the Klondike discovery. Jim joined the first rush to the Yukon and he arrived in Dawson City with the firm determination to make a fortune somehow, anyhow. Here

again however, he learned that money was not to be had for the asking.

Placer mining was a hazardous undertaking, with the odds a thousand to one against success. Education counted for little in a country where men were judged on a pick-and-shovel basis and paid for the actual work they did. Jim saw that here was not the place in which to earn a fortune; here was nothing but speculation, chance, a gamble either with men or with nature.

In order to beat the game one had to risk all, then double his winnings and risk them again and again. To gamble here was not a sin, it was the daily practice of everybody. Men gambled with death when they hit the trail; they gambled again when they staked their labor and their time against Nature's bedrock secrets, only they took longer chances than when they heaped their chips on the roulette table or dropped their "pokes" on the high card. There was this difference, too; Nature seldom played fairly, whereas there were many square gambling houses in Dawson.

Jim Rowan fitted himself to his new surroundings and adapted himself to a new code of morals. He played as other men played, except in one respect; he never played for the excitement or for the fun of it, he played only to win. He played for Rose Morris. He tried speculating in claims, but he was unlucky; his only winnings came from the manipulating of Dawson City real estate or at cards, and the time when he found himself the owner of a huge front street saloon and gambling house, together with a nickname of the Alaskan flavor.

Perhaps a score of people knew him as James Rowan, but to the thousands that went in and out of his place he was "The Michigan Kid." That was the way he even signed his checks, for the name had brought him luck, and superstitiously he clung to it.

Life flowed at a furious pace in those early days. Reputations were made in a night; in six months they had become legendary. There were many celebrities in the Yukon country the mere mention of whom evoked tales of sensational exploits on the trail, at the mines, or at the gambling tables; the one perhaps best known of all was "The Michigan Kid." He it was who best typified the composure, the steady nerve, the recklessness of his profession.

A hundred stories were told about the Michigan Kid and some were not pleasant, for it required a ruthless man to hold down the job that Jim had taken, but most of them had to do with his luck. That luck became a byword, finally; men blessed with some extraordinary and unexpected good fortune were apt to boast that they had "Michigan's luck." "Michigan's luck" became an Alaskan phrase.

More than once Rowan took stock of his winnings and realized that he had nearly attained the goal he had set for himself, but invariably Fate intervened to prevent him from quite reaching the quitting point. Time crept along. The cycle of life for placer camps is brief.

Dawson grew, flourished, began to die; representatives of big companies appeared and bought up tracts of property; they talked of huge dredging and hydraulic projects.

Some of these newcomers were possessed of the gambling fever and they tried their luck against The Michigan Kid's. Rumors spread of big games in the back rooms of the Kid's place, games where the sky was the limit. One man in particular scoffed at "Michigan's luck" and prophesied that he would "get" the Kid—send him out of the country broke. This was a Colonel Johnson, a great engineer and mining promoter who represented a London syndicate. He and Rowan met, finally, much as famous duellists meet, and behind locked doors they played for twenty hours.

What the stakes were nobody knew, but they must have been enormous, and luck must have run the Kid's way, as usual, for Colonel Johnson rose finally, stepped out into the hall, and killed himself.

That at least was the story which was made public and which the authorities accepted. Certain spiteful-minded persons whispered knowingly that this story was all a fabrication; that "Michigan's" luck had finally deserted him and that the shot had been fired inside, not outside, the room.

Ugly rumors such as these flew through the streets, but whether they reach the ears of the Kid nobody ever knew. Perhaps they did. Perhaps that was why he sold his place two weeks later and without

so much as saying good by to anybody he caught the next down-river boat.

When Jim Rowan closed the door of his steamer stateroom behind him, he closed it, as he thought, upon The Michigan Kid and everything that had to do with that notorious character.

When the first bend of the river had hidden Dawson City from view he drew from his pocket a wallet, and from this he carefully extracted a blurry, time-yellowed picture of Rose Morris. It was a picture he had clipped from a Dover newspaper on the day Rose graduated from the local high school and it showed her as a girl in white with a floppy hat and a sash of ribbon about her waist. It was perhaps the one and only personal possession that he had never risked losing at some time or other. He gazed at it now for quite a while.

He wondered if Rose were still alive. If so, she must have grown into a beautiful woman, yes, and a good woman—here the gambler was speaking. No doubt she was married. He pondered this thought deliberately and it awakened a feeling of regret too indefinite to be called a pang, for long ago he had realized that it was not the flesh-and-blood Rose Morris that he worshipped, but an idea and an ideal. Of course he proposed to find her—that was the one thing he had in mind—but what would happen when he had found her was another matter.

When he boarded the steamship at St. Michael he saw no familiar faces, and, inasmuch as his name meant nothing to his fellow passengers, he felt a great relief. Already he had begun to realize, as he had not realized in Dawson, that whatever The Michigan Kid may have stood for on the upper river, back home that name would stand for something altogether different.

Back home! The words possess a peculiar significance for men who have not been "outside" in more than five years. Nobody but the homeward-bound Alaskan could in the least appreciate them.

At Nome the ship hove to for twenty-four hours, and Rowan went ashore to see what the place looked like. Here again he passed unnoticed, and he was greatly cheered by that fact. If he could walk the streets of an Alaskan gold camp without being recognized, it argued that he would have no difficulty whatever in the big world outside.

His attention was attracted by a poster which advertised an informal rally of all the citizens of Nome who hailed from Michigan. The meeting was to be held that night for the purpose of general good-fellowship and acquaintanceship and with the ultimate view of organizing a Wolverine Society. Jim decided to go.

It turned out to be a pleasant gathering. A glad-hand committee was at the door to introduce strangers around; there was a program of entertainment, with refreshments promised afterward.

Jim Rowan grinned. Here was old home stuff. He wondered what these pleasant-faced men and women would think if they knew that he, the unobtrusive visitor, was The Michigan Kid, the most notorious "sporting man" in all the north.

He heard his name mentioned during the evening—when a judge from Lansing delivered a speech eulogizing the home state and referred to the Kid as "that unsavory character of the upper Yukon who has brought odium upon the fair name of our birthplace." Again Jim grinned. Well, he had the money anyhow. One has to pay something for success.

Nowhere did he hear a name or see a face that he knew, with perhaps one exception—the face of an old man who sat in a quiet corner. It was a bearded face and the man was poorly dressed. He wore rubber boots and overalls and a faded threadbare mackinaw that hung loosely from his stooping shoulders. His hair was thin and gray and he coughed a good deal.

Jim studied the old fellow's profile and decided that he had probably seen the man across the gambling table or the bar—a river of derelicts like this one had flowed in and out of his place during these recent years. He had about put him out of his mind when the man rose to leave. Then Rowan started, leaned forward; his eyes fixed themselves upon the stranger's bearded cheek.

(Continued next week)

QUESTION AND ANSWER
Question: How long does it take to cure sweet potatoes and what should be the average temperature of the house?

Answer: It usually takes about two weeks for proper curing with the temperature maintained at 80 to 85 degrees. Plenty of ventilation, however, must be given during the curing in order to drive off all moisture. Watch the potatoes carefully and when the buds show a tendency to sprout and the skin feels "velvety" the curing is completed. After curing, allow the temperature to drop to about 50 degrees F. and keep it as close to that mark as possible while the potatoes are kept in storage.

News From Ronda

Route 2 Section

RONDA, Route 2, Oct. 33.—Mr. Carl Hampton, of Stratford, butchered a sheep last Tuesday and brought Messrs. Warrick Harris and Worth Sale some fine mutton.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Boyd and little son, J. W., and Mrs. John Sparks and Miss Bessie Sparks were the guests of Mr. R. S. Walker and Mrs. Vetril Boyd last Sunday.

Mr. W. K. Sturdivant was a business visitor at the home of Misses Mattie and Armissa Sale a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. James Ireland, of Center community, were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Pardue, last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Mathis, of Macon, Ga., are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Berry Mathis and Mr. and Mrs. Granville Green, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Worth Sale spent last Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. George Smith, at Plum Ridge.

Mr. and Mrs. David Lee Kelley and little son, David Lee, Jr., with Mr. and Mrs. Joe Williams, of Yadkinville, called on Misses Mattie and Armissa Sale and Mr. Worth Sale's family last Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Williams is a sister of Mr. D. L. Kelley. She is teaching a commercial course in Reynolds high school, Winston-Salem. Mr. Kelly returned last Saturday from Washington, D. C. He gave an interesting account of a fishing trip on the coast. He caught a large sea-bass that weighed twenty-four pounds. He brought this home on ice to make steak.

Mr. Underwood, of Newland, has been looking after boxwood in Wilkes. He purchased one from Mrs. W. A. Hendrix for twenty dollars.

Recently Mrs. Elizabeth Ray and Mr. Atwell Chamlin motored to Ronda to visit her mother, Mrs. W. A. Bentley and her brother, O. D. Bentley's family. While she was there her sister, Mrs. Vic Hubbard and her two daughters, with their husbands, of Richmond, Va., came for a visit. It was cheering to their bed-ridden mother. Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Bentley accompanied Mrs. Ray to Taylorsville when her visit was ended.

Much tobacco has been marketed from this route during the past week.

It is reported that Miss Hallie Blackburn's life has been despaired of. She is suffering from a spinal trouble. Her many friends about Brier Creek regret to hear this. She is with her parents near Winston-Salem where they have resided since they left the Harrill farm near here.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Johnson and sons, Messrs. Charles and Claude, of Hamptonville, and Bob of Greensboro, with his girl baby, Lois, attended services last Saturday at Brier Creek. They stopped with Misses Mattie and Armissa Sale for lunch. These in the old church, and devoted to people are very much interested in the pastor.

Rev. N. T. Jarvis, preached one of the broadest, deepest and most inspirational sermons Saturday at eleven o'clock that the audience has had the pleasure of listening recently. His text was: "Ye are the salt of the earth." His sermons are always good. This was just thrilling.

Mr. and Mrs. Worth Sale, their foster son and Mr. Martin Pardue were in North Wilkesboro shopping Saturday evening.

Last week Miss T. Armissa Sale had her large "hen house" converted into a cow stall and feed room.

Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Bentley, and Mr. and Mrs. George Harvey Sale went to Winston-Salem last Thursday on business and shopping.

The many friends of Miss Cora Brown, who lived with her mother or the old Colonel Martin place a few years ago, will regret to learn that she has passed on. Mrs. Ina Key Stanley, of Rockford, informed this correspondent of this sad fact a few days ago.

Uncle Richard Walker visited his relatives at Maple Springs the past week-end.

Mrs. Julius Pardue is able to be up part of the time now we are glad to learn.

Uncle Chap Pardue had the biggest corn pile in this part of the county that we have heard of this year.

Mr. Walter Walker is shucking corn today.

The congregation at Brier Creek yesterday was larger than it often is.

The two thirty o'clock sermon Sunday afternoon was fine indeed.

Miss Polly Pardue, who house-keeps for Mrs. Fred Vestal near Swan Creek, spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Pardue.

Miss Wadie Walters and Mr. Kelly Brown, of Ronda, route 1, and Roaring River, route 1, were happily wedded a few days ago. Here's to them our heartiest congratulations.

Mr. and Mrs. Thorne Moore

and Mr. and Mrs. George Harvey motored to Laurel Springs, Whit, Head, Sparta and Roaring Gap, yesterday.

Mr. Louis Ferlasso, of Winston-Salem, was in the community last week looking for antiquities. He, Messrs. Eugene Jones, Philip Maldin, Wayne Stroud, Fred Meton, Elmer Morrison and Seamon Dobbin called at Mr. Worth Sale's. Mr. Sale accompanied them to Mr. Dick Walker's to inspect and appraise a corner cupboard. This is the largest, best piece of old furniture in this part of the county. The material is good, the finish is fine, a valuable piece of furniture. Some one will buy this and get good money for their purchase.

SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

By virtue of authority contained in a certain deed of trust executed on the 3rd day of August, 1929, by G. W. StJohn and wife, Sylvia StJohn, and recorded in Book 157, Page 8, Register of Deeds office to the undersigned trustee to secure a certain indebtedness stipulated therein and default having been made in the payment of same and at the request of the holders thereof I will on Saturday, November 23, 1935, offer for sale, for cash, at the court house door at 12 o'clock noon the following described real estate, being bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at a point 250 feet Eastwardly from the intersection of Fourth and E streets on the north side of E street and running eastwardly along the north side of E street fifty feet to an alley; thence northwardly parallel with Third street 140 feet to an alley; thence westwardly along the South side of said alley fifty feet to a stake; thence Southwardly parallel with Fourth Street 140 feet to E street to the point of the beginning. Said land being lots 9 and 11 in Block 62 shown on Trogon's map of the town of North Wilkesboro, N. C. This the 25th day of October, 1935.

A. F. KILBY, Trustee.
11-11-4t.
By J. H. Whicker, Atty.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE

SALE OF LAND

State of North Carolina, County of Wilkes.

The Federal Land Bank of Columbia, Plaintiff, vs. J. L. Hemphill and wife, Kate M. Hemphill and C. G. Gilreath, Trustee, Defendants.

Pursuant to a judgment entered in above entitled civil action on the 7th day of October, 1935, in the Superior Court of said County by Hon. F. Don Phillips, Judge presiding, I will on the eleventh day of November, 1935, at 12 o'clock M., at the County Courthouse door in said County sell at public auction to the highest bidder therefor the following described lands, situated in said county and state in Edwards Township, comprising 322 acres, more or less, and bounded and described as follows:

"All that certain piece, parcel or tract of land containing 323 acres, more or less, situate, lying and being on the Yadkin River near Roaring River station in Edwards Township, Wilkes County, State of North Carolina, and having such shape, metes, courses and distances as will more fully appear by reference to a plat thereof made by reference to a plat thereof made by W. F. Alexander, Surveyor, on Sept. 15, 1919, and being bounded on the north by lands of C. L. Parks, on the east by the lands of C. L. Parks and J. Q. A. Sparks, on south by the Yadkin River and lands of Dave Morrison, and on the west by lands of Dave Morrison, and C. L. Parks. This being the land conveyed to the said J. R. Boldin by S. J. Greenwood and wife, Bessie Greenwood, by deed dated Oct. 28, 1913, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Wilkes County in book 111, page —"

The said lands will be first offered for sale in three separate tracts, numbered 1, 2 and 3, as per plats thereof, which plats will be open for inspection on the day of sale, and if the said tracts so sold should fail to bring an amount sufficient to pay the total indebtedness, with interest to date of sale, and costs of court, including commissioner's five per cent fee, (taxes, if any,) then the entire tract of 323 acres, will be put up and sold as a whole, to the highest bidder therefor.

The terms of sale are as follows: Cash, on confirmation of sale by the Clerk of the Superior Court of Wilkes County.

All bids will be received subject to confirmation by the Clerk of said Superior Court and no bid will be accepted or reported unless its maker shall deposit with said Clerk at the close of the bidding the sum of Ten (10) per cent of the amount bid therefor, as a forfeit and guaranty of compliance with his bid, the same to be credited on his bid when accepted.

Notice is now given that said lands will be resold at the same place and upon the same terms at 2 o'clock P. M. of the same day unless said deposit is sooner made.

Every deposit not forfeited or accepted will be promptly returned to the maker.

This the 8th day of October, 1935.

FRANK D. HACKETT, Commissioner.
11-7-4t

A fine year's hay crop, one of the best reported in recent years, is being harvested in Brunswick county, says farm agent J. E. Dodson.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Having qualified as Administrator of the Estate of Philo Emerson, deceased, late of Wilkes County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons holding claims against the said estate to present them to the undersigned for payment, duly verified, on or before 17th day of October, 1936, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of recovery.

All persons indebted to said estate will make immediate settlement.

LARRY EMERSON, Administrator of the Estate of Philo Emerson, deceased.
F. J. McDuffie, Attorney. 11-25-4t

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION

Having qualified as administratrix of the estate of John Hunt, deceased, late of Wilkes County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons holding claims against said estate to present them to the undersigned for payment, duly verified, on or before the 7th day of October, 1936, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will make immediate settlement.

This the 7th day of October, 1935.

CORA HUNT, Administratrix of the Estate of John Hunt, deceased. 11-11-4t

R. F. D., Ronda, N. C.

A. H. Casey, Attorney.



Don't let HEADACHE, Acid Indigestion, Neuralgia, Muscular, Rheumatic, Sciatic Pains, rob you of healthful recreation.

Take Alka-Seltzer. Find out for yourself how quickly it will relieve your every-day ailments.

Alka-Seltzer relieves pain because it contains an analgesic, (acetylsalicylate). Alka-Seltzer's vegetable and mineral alkalis neutralize excess acid.

Your druggist sells Alka-Seltzer by the package and over his soda fountain.

BE WISE—ALKALIZE

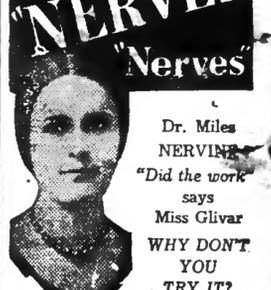
IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

When we eat too much, our food decays in our bowels. Our friends smell this decay coming out of our mouth and call it bad breath. We feel the poison of this decay all over our body. It makes us gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

What makes the food decay in the bowels? Well, when we eat too much, our bile juice can't digest it. What is the bile juice? It is the most vital digestive juice in our body. Unless 2 pints of it are flowing from our liver into our bowels every day, our movements get hard and constipated and 2% of our food decays in our 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over our body every six minutes.

When our friends smell our bad breath (but we don't) and we feel like a whipped tomcat, don't use a mouthwash or take a laxative. Get at the cause. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills which gently start the flow of your bile juice. But if "something better" is offered you, don't buy it, for it may be a calomel (mercury) pill, which loosens teeth, gripes and acids the rectum in many people. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for—25c. ©1934, C.M.Co.

Nerves "NERVES" Nerves



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After more than three months of suffering from a nervous ailment, Miss Glivar used Dr. Miles Nerveine which gave her such splendid results that she wrote us an enthusiastic letter.

If you suffer from "Nerves," if you lie awake nights, start at sudden noises, tire easily, are cranky, blue and fidgety, your nerves are probably out of order.

Quiet and relax them with the same medicine "that did the work" for this Colorado girl.

Whether your "Nerves" have troubled you for hours, or for years, you'll find it this time-tested remedy effective.

At Drug Stores 25c and \$1.00.

DR. MILES NERVINE

How Calotabs Help Nature To Throw Off a Bad Cold

Millions have found in Calotabs a most valuable aid in the treatment of colds. They take one or two tablets the first night and repeat the third or fifth night if needed.

How do Calotabs help Nature throw off a cold? First, Calotabs is one of the most thorough and dependable of all intestinal eliminators. Thus cleansing the intestinal tract of the germ-laden mucus and toxins.

Second, Calotabs are diuretic to the kidneys, promoting the elimination of cold poisons from the system. Thus Calotabs serve the double purpose of a purgative and diuretic, both of which are needed in the treatment of colds.

Calotabs are quite economical; only twenty-five cents for the family package, and cents for the trial package. (Adv.)

MESSAGE OF HOPE

If you want to be well, but are discouraged because health is denied you—if you have tried everything else, then here is a MESSAGE OF HOPE. Nearly every kind of disease is being permanently corrected through the new drugless science of Chiropractic.

I will print below a partial list of the most common ailments in which Chiropractic is effective: Headaches, Stomach Trouble, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Paralysis, Neuritis, Diabetes, Female Trouble, Colds and Catarrh, Heart Trouble, Nervous Diseases, Liver Trouble, Kidney Trouble, Bright's Disease, High Blood Pressure, Appendicitis, Constipation, Dizziness, Asthma, Gastric Ulcer, Anemia, Arthritis.



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OFFICE HOURS—10-12; 2-5; 6-30-7-30
Telephone 205-R Office Second Floor Gilreath's Shoe Shop



Now's the time to RE-ROOF!

Take advantage of present low prices and have the old roof covered with Careystone—the asbestos-cement shingles which cannot burn, rust or rot. These beautifully colored roofs, as fireproof and lasting as stone, are a splendid investment—they require no painting or other renewal treatment at any time.

Free Roof Inspection

If you think your present roof may need attention, we will inspect it free of charge. If it is in good condition, you will be so advised; if repairs or replacements are necessary, an estimate of the cost will be submitted. This service is yours for the asking—just call, phone or write.

Wilkesboro Manufacturing Co.

NORTH WILKESBORO, N. C.

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