



**A Fond Adieu.**  
We left Azingo with our tow and were soon through the waterway. From here we went to my old friend Efaningo where, after visiting the chief, we slept on the sandbank and so did the chief. The most delightful place to sleep in is the sandbanks of the Ogowe river. It is cooling and refreshing after the heat of the day you have a beautiful swim waiting you in the morning, and a good run around the sandbanks to warm you up. A few ram springs and summersalts thrown in put you fit for a good breakfast and keeps you in the best of health and good humor.

We left Efaningos place after bidding fond goodbyes to the old man and were soon at our chief depot where we delivered the mails and were more than well received by the agent Sinclair.

Being fully satisfied and happy to continue our trip I now provisioned my boat after having a promise from Sinclair that he would establish a trading post under my boy and old servant Renchoro at his

debt of course we knew what to do. **A Royal Time.**  
On landing we found the place very quiet as they had just had a great ceremony, the invoking of Renungo the rain god who had finally after much supplication granted their request for early rain fall. Following the sacred chief one of us came the whole male portion of his attendants. They invited us to make ourselves at home and inquired if we had brought the musical box which they would very much like to hear.  
And Renchoro now appeared with a trayful of rum and old dom about as stupefying a mixture as one could drink, thanks to the advice of my old friend Mr. Shutz (Schiff?) he acted splendidly but of course he had no idea what I wanted the liquor for. All fair in love and war is an old true saying. The musical box was brought in by Renchoro and we were soon having a royal time. The liquor had its effect which was marvelous. The man who wore the big goggle-eyed mask and gen-

erally stood next to the Isoga was soon more than happy, we let them play away to their hearts content. The old Sacred Chief and master of ceremonies now asked when we were going to let him have it as he was sure it contained the music of many friendly spirits. I told him we would leave it till we returned which would be in about twelve days as we were going to Gaboon on business, and he could tell by that time if the spirits inside the box were to his liking. He felt overjoyed at our generosity.

**The Signal Is Given.**  
At this stage of the play Nina entered looking if possible more beautiful than before. I watched her eye the assemblage with a smile, we were all happy and smiling. I gave her the glad eye and then shut one without being noticed, also raised one hand containing a small blue silk handkerchief. She threw me a look I could not mistake and she also touched one eye. She had understood, she was ready any time. I ordered more drinks for the faith-

ful and bade them all a good adieu, telling them I would be sure to call on my return. We now retired leaving the lot merrie as sandboys.  
Once clear of the place I lost no time it was dark only what light the stars gave, and our knowledge of the surroundings guided us as we pulled away without making a single sound, and entering the reeds I jumped ashore. Renchoro took his stand where I had told him accompanied by ten rifle men. Peru remained in the boat with the remainder all ready for action on the call of Renchoro.

I now crept slowly and noiselessly to the place agreed upon by myself and the Goddess. It was so dark I could just see her figure in white sitting on the bank. I threw some mud in the water and waited. I could hear her giving her female attendant orders to fetch something from the meeting house. I heard her maid walk away. Several moments after this the white object hit the water which was deep mak-

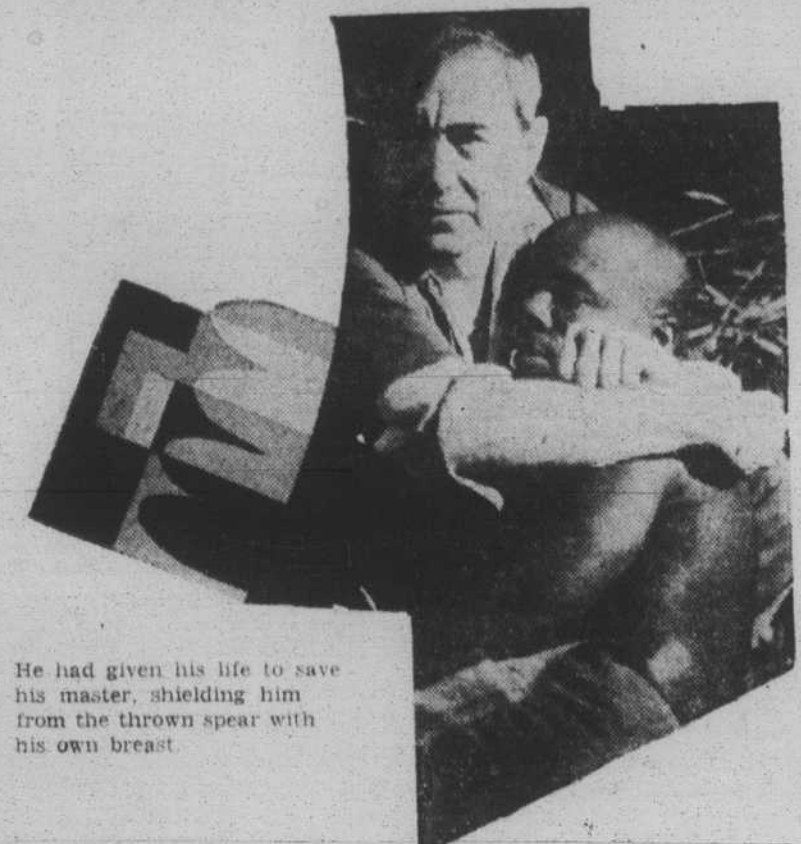
ing a beautiful dive scarcely audible. I waited quite a few seconds but could see no motion of any kind. (To be continued.)

**BEAUTIFUL WEDDING Announcements and Invitations.** The famous Reliefgraf at a liberal discount from list prices. Looks like copper plate engraving, but considerably cheaper. We keep secrets of weddings to be. The Star. Phone 11. tf14p

**Grover Section Events Of Week**  
(Special to The Star.)  
Grover, June 3.—Miss Betty Beam little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Beam celebrated her ninth birthday last Thursday afternoon from four to six o'clock with a delightful party. Fifteen girls and boys were present. The children enjoyed many pleasant games after which Mrs. Beam, assisted by Mrs. Robert Rollins, served delicious ice cream and cake. Betty received lots of pretty gifts.  
Miss Neely Keeter spent the past week-end in Shelby with Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Keeter.  
Miss Addie Moss returned home Sunday from the Rutherfordton hospital. Her many friends are happy to know she is improving nicely.  
Mr. and Mrs. Baxton Smart, of

Ellenboro and Miss Euzelia Smart of High Point, visited friends here on Sunday evening.  
Mrs. C. N. Ferree and little daughter Margaret Jeanne, returned home Tuesday after spending awhile with Mrs. Ferree's sister, Mrs. Dan Powell and Mr. Powell of York, S. C.  
The senior B. Y. U. of the Grover Baptist church enjoyed a pleasant outing and picnic lunch Wednesday night.  
Miss Margaret Hamrick who has been a student at Mars Hill college returned home last Friday. Miss Hamrick graduates at Mars Hill college this year.  
We are glad to welcome Misses Ed dis Byers, Marie Herndon and Mary Hambright students of N. C. C. W. of Greensboro, home for the vacation time.  
Mr. A. G. Dillingham Jr., has returned home from Raleigh to spend the summer with his mother Mrs. A. G. Dillingham.  
Miss Ada Mae Moss is visiting relatives in Gastonia.

Try Star Want Ads.



He had given his life to save his master, shielding him from the thrown spear with his own breast.

cannot help showing it in some little way.  
**Death or Freedom?**  
He laughed but did not venture any further. I then remarked as regards the Goddess I plainly saw she was temporarily smitten when she first saw you and so were you old boy, so much so I had to give you a touch which brought you to your senses. Here he laughed heartily. Hunting has made you quick witted he said, but it was simply being popped face to face with such beauty I could not help it for the moment.  
**"Are You Game?"**  
Without more ado I continued you remember, Peru, that if we had any problems to settle in our younger days we always settled them by the toss of a coin. Lets leave it to dame fortune to decide who takes her. That is, of course, if she is agreeable to do so, if not let the lady decide whom she likes best. He sprang to his feet with a loud laugh saying don't joke, this is you probably know the most important epoch of our lives, and yet you would gamble on an issue of this description.  
I interrupted him here sit down man and be calm. He obeyed me lighting a cigar and eyeing me intently. I had excited the Inka blood in him. He was thinking, but Indian like he kept mum. I took a nip of brandy and also lit a cigar and kept mum and also pretended to have dropped the conversation.  
This continuing for some time I again broke the monotony by saying, are you game (this was our old school challenge). He put out his hand without speaking. Lane-shire Brokers style, I took it saying, It's a deal and for my part I think it a fair and square one.  
**The Island of Reeds.**  
Peru and I had a drink on the success of our venture and telling Renchoro to give the boys a livener we pulled down the river. I told them the time I expected to reach Ninas place and we were soon gliding down stream. The Ngombi or native harp was kept going to drive dull care away and we were about the happiest gang of thieves, I said to Peru, as imagination could picture, considering our intent.  
We halted at the inlet of Azingo before sundown, where we dined and rested as we would surely have little or no chance of sleep between Ninas and the sea once we had the Goddess on board.  
It was about 8 p. m. when we resumed our journey and we all felt fit for anything. I pulled up at the small island of reeds and landing with Renchoro I showed him the path and likewise where he could hide himself and see and not be seen. I had all these things studied out. the distance to the sacred spring was about half a mile or a little more from the main river. I ordered him to keep the boys from landing and let them know nothing of our intent till they found it all out for themselves, in case of acci-

# Good - they've got to be good!



**DAY and NIGHT**  
**133,000 POLICE MEN**  
[IN THE U. S. A.]  
**stand between you and trouble!**

Good? Of course they're good. If they weren't — well, ship them all off to Greenland and see what would happen back home. Yes, these big boys are long on courage — and resourcefulness, too. Give them a "hand," everybody! They're always ready to lend you one.



It's what's "under the jacket" that counts—

Shiny silver buttons don't make a good officer. Or glittering promises a good cigarette.

Under CHESTERFIELD'S white jacket of pure French cigarette paper is a milder, better-tasting smoke—and it's what's "under the jacket" that counts.

CHESTERFIELDS are milder—smoke as many as you like. CHESTERFIELDS taste better—you know that the minute you light up!

More men and women are changing every day from other cigarettes to CHESTERFIELDS.

# Chesterfield

SMOKED BY MORE MEN AND WOMEN EVERY DAY

**T. W. Ebeltoft**  
**Grocer and Book Seller**  
Phone — 82

**Have Your Eyes Examined Regularly**  
**DRS. H. D. & R. L. WILSON**  
OPTOMETRISTS  
Office Over Paul Webb & Son's Drug Store.

**FOR THAT WEEK END TRIP**  
Round Trip Tickets  
**FARE and ONE FIFTH**  
Between all Stations.  
On Sale: **FRIDAY, SATURDAY and SUNDAY Morning.**  
Return Limit: **TUESDAY Midnight.**  
Take a train ride and visit your Friends.  
**"SAFER THAN STAYING AT HOME"**  
Ask The Ticket Agent.  
**Southern Railway System**