The Blue Moon

A Tale of the Flatwoods

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CHAPTER VII.

The Face in the Draft.

The banker brought back the plank case and set it down on the table. The Jew took out his check book and began to write.

The Feartbuster never could remember the thoughts that came over Him at that high moment of his life. For all he could recall, there was no clear thoughts at all—just a loosening of the throat; a queer sensation in the stomach, as if he had dropped a load heavier than he had been straining. He didn't know it, but the old banker was watching him. The old banker's running question—what name to write in the check—dwindled to a dull buzz of the base. He noticed that the Jew's hand trembled as he wrote; that he was an odd trifle, to notice, but it was the one thing he would afterward clearly recall.

The check, made out to "Feartbuster," was in his fingers. Five thousand dollars—five times five—big black figures! It was the first check he had ever owned—the first one he had ever seen. He was still reading it, puzzling over it, when the banker grasped his hand. The banker shaking hands with him! This was his day!

"May I have the money on this?"

"Why, my dear boy!" the banker answered, laughing, and slapping him on the shoulder, "have you left the bank cash in the bank."

That was a new one on the Feartbuster. He had supposedly bank had in its vaults unlimited banks of money.

"What will I do?"

"You can draw part of it, and deposit the rest to your credit."

All of which was a foreign language to the Feartbuster.

"I didn't want to use any of the money," he finally managed to say. "I don't expect to spend a cent of it for—you know—small matters. I expect to leave it right here till I can spend it for something—well—big. I just wanted to show it to—a friend."

"You rather show your—friend the check." The banker stole a glance at Solomon, gloating openly over the pen now that the deal was closed. "So," he continued, "there's a better—safer, he was about to say, but didn't—way than this. You can deposit the check and take out a draft?"

"Draft? What's that?"

The old banker reached his fingers up through his hair and rocked the man before him. Sitting down at his desk, he wrote rapidly for a minute.

"This is a draft," he said, handing over the slip he had been writing on and taking the check in exchange. "It is as good as money. You can get it back, any time. Show it to your friend, and tell him what you have and what you want to do with it. Then bring it back to the bank and deposit it. I will have the check book and show you how to use it."

The Feartbuster read the paper over with serious interest, but if in the big, formidable envelope the banker gave him the check. What chance a new draft paper burner got out of a thousand?

"Thanks!" he groaned, turning toward the door. "That chance a new draft paper burner got out of a thousand?"

"I got my picks."

"Under the stairs" is what