

SLUMBERING GOLD

By AUBREY BOYD

SYNOPSIS: Young Ed Maitland, son of a New England seafaring family, and the hardened gambler, Speed Malone, met on a trip north to the Yukon gold fields in '97, when word of the rich ores there first came down the Pacific coast. Maitland was determined to win back his lost fortune before he returned home. The two men became partners. Speed promising not to get tangled with the law if he could help it, and to clear out from the partnership if he did. Frenchy, the fisherman whose smack took the two men north, Lucky Ross, the beautiful girl who had given a ring to Maitland as a keepsake, Fallon, camp leader, resentful of Ross's attention to Maitland, Steiner, the money lender, young Pete and his drunken partner Bill Owens, Brent, old-time prospector, Garnet, well-to-do traveler who hired Maitland and Speed to take his things over the mountains—these are the principal figures in the story. Malone, Maitland and Garnet hauled part of his stuff from the canvas camp to the camp in the hills called Liarville. Beyond the trail was almost impassable. Speed broke up a shell game and he and Fallon clashed over closing the trail for repairs. Now go on with the story:

SEVENTH INSTALMENT

The shell dealer, whose eyes had never left Speed's face, dived into the crowd. No one else saw the lightning gesture with which the outlaw jerked his gun. There was a glint in both his hands a split fraction of a second before the forty-fives flashed and roared and spoke again. Fallon's weapons had hardly shifted when they were wrenched in their holsters. The third shot knocked the cigar from his mouth, and the fourth went sideways at another mark on the near edge of the gambling table, where a man who had drawn at the same time as Fallon, dropped his gun from nerves, had his wrist streaming blood.

Speed backed away, eyes raking the crowd, guns held close and ready.

"I told you I wasn't patient, and I ain't," he said, in a voice Maitland never had heard. "But being clobbered camp boss on a platform of cussedness, I accept accordin'. Nothin' on legs will cross Porcupine Bridge till the trail from here to there is in shape, and in good shape. The trail is barred for four days work. If anyone doubts about my havin' the guts to make that good, they can sign their views here and now by sayin' 'lar and coyote'."

It was the third evening after the barring of the trail. Maitland found his partner talking alone with Brent near a roughly bridged crossing at the upper end of the road work, which a landslide that day had interrupted. During three days, new steamers had been pouring into Skagway a mob of adventurers—"Sweepings" of the coast towns as well as bona fide prospectors who knew nothing of the cause of the dispute and cared less. Fallon had been packing them in at Liarville to vote the trail open, had chosen a posse of gunmen in advance from among the wildest. Before this gathering threat most of the trail workers had given way.

"They's a short string of us will go the limit, if you want to," Brent

was saying.

Speed shook his head. "It wouldn't be no kind of a break for the boys who made this trail to get hung for it. Tell them—to pick up their tools, leave her open and stand clear."

"I've got an old deer gun back to camp," Brent shifted the quid slowly in his cheek. "She ain't seen no real action since she fit a string of hide thieves from a buffalo waller away back in '71. I'd rather shoot her out than see you called that way."

There was acknowledgement in Speed's smile, but he declined the proposal, and the old-timer gloomily withdrew to carry his decision to the few men who were still waiting for it.

"Better trail with him," Bud, said Speed to his partner, "and look up Garnet. We ain't seen him for two days."

"What are you going to do?" Maitland asked, with a foreboding that Speed had not disclosed his real intention.

"We agreed once," said the outlaw, after a pause, "that I'd warn you and we'd split partners if I ever went up against the Law. Seems like I've reached that junction, Bud. 'I'm into this play neck deep and I can't quit.'"

Maitland gave a sober nod of half-comprehension.

"It's only my hand Fallon's callin'." Speed explained earnestly and with more emphasis. "He'll head through here, first with his shotgun, and either he don't cross this bridge, or I don't live to see it. But he has the backing of the miner's law, or will have by sun-up."

"Mob Law," Maitland amended. "If you don't see your way to quit, Speed, you can't count me out. On principle, I'd"

The Westerner groaned. "You ornery down-East Yankee, with your principles and proverbs—Listen, Bud. Whether I ever reach Dawson or not don't matter a whole lot; with you it's different. It's what you come for, five figured Garnet as your chance of gettin' there."

But there is no law, East or West, and he is as strong as that which binds a man to a partner against fighting odds, and with Maitland the bond had been steel-woven by the memory of a bleak day in the Sound. Speed here found himself opposing something as elemental as his own refusal to yield.

The creek had a glacial canyon, with smooth rock faces in the bed, and a timber growth that started well up on the steep banks. Above a defile connected with the bridge, there was a rocky bluff which commanded a long view of the canyon and of the trail along the rim. Its weakness lay in a broken gulch that fell from it into the creek on the north side, and its possible exposure to gunfire from the hills on the other bank. It would be difficult to take, however, on the side facing the trail.

Here within a rock corral, some goods lay stacked, provisions, a water canteen, several boxes of shells and a forty-four Winchester carbine. The outlaw had evidently foreseen what was coming.

During supper he was broodingly quiet. A blood-red moon was rising through the timber. It lighted the mountain headlands, and left vasty deep shadows, made more tenebrous by the occasional howl of a timber wolf, a lynx's shrill bark, or the hoot of an owl. He picked up the carbine,

his eyes on something invisible to Maitland, far up the trail. But presently he set the gun down. "That's Pete's mare," he said.

A blurred shape moved in the distant timber shadows. When it crossed a lane of moonlight, Maitland recognized the mare and the boy. Guided by a sight as keen as Speed's, Pete came toward them as they descended the bluff. There was something gallant and fine, Maitland thought, about that slight, boyish figure.

On meeting them, Pete gave him a reserved nod, glanced from the bluff to the hills across the canyon, and spoke to Speed. "Need an extra gun hand?"

"I got one too many now," Speed muttered.

"Then, will you let me go through? I could ford the creek," Pete pleaded simply. "That wouldn't be 'crossin' it on legs?"

Speed's eyes rested on the mare's light saddle pack and then on the boy's face, which looked pale in the half-darkness. "Headin' for Bennett town?" he asked.

Pete nodded. "My partner—Bill's dead."

The words gave Maitland a peculiar shock. "How?" Speed asked softly.

"He was in a game—in Skagway—with some of Fallon's men. Lost his outfit. He'd been drinkin'. They found him on the beach—afterwards—drowned."

Speed did not speak for a moment. Then he said, "How do you aim to make out, kid?"

"There's a man in the Yukon Bill was to meet on the lakes," Pete said hesitantly. "I'm gun' up to find him. If I don't see you boys again—" the formal tone broke slightly. "I'm wishin' you luck."

He was in the saddle and away. The mare shot down the defile at a headlong gallop, took the full span of the bridge in a beautiful leap, and flashed up the hill on the other side into timber.

A half-mile to the south the trail came in view over a timbered mountain shoulder. In the rising sun, the trees cast long shadows across it, and it was a flickering in the rosy aisles between them that gave the signal.

A team of gray mules topped the rise, shielding the men behind. Other pack animals followed, and their drivers gathered on the vantage ground, peering down the long vista toward the creek crossing. There was a puff of smoke, a bullet screamed over the bluff through the morning silence, then came the sharp rifle crack. Out of the blue canyon mist, a great-winged golden eagle rose and soared away.

"We're jake so long as they keep in the creek," said Speed. "She flattens out short of the bridge. Unless they can dig past under the near bank. Watch that gully, Bud." He drew the six-shooters from his belt and inspected them, then raised his head carefully above the rim of the rock corral to get a steeper view.

His eye raked the canyon below for a glimpse of Fallon. Suddenly a bullet went "spang" over the ram-

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

NORTH CAROLINA, County of Watauga. Under and by virtue of the power and authority contained in that certain deed of trust executed by Elmer Miller and wife Ruth Miller to The Raleigh Savings Bank and Trust Company, trustee, which said deed of trust is dated April 23, 1928, and recorded in Book 10, page 11, of the Watauga County Registry, default having been made in the payment of the indebtedness thereby secured and in the conditions therein secured, the undersigned substituted trustee by instrument recorded in Book 44, page 197, Watauga County Registry, will on Monday, June 17, 1935, at or about twelve o'clock noon, at the courthouse door at Boone, North Carolina, offer for sale and sell to the highest bidder for cash the following described property:

All that certain piece, parcel or tract of land containing one hundred and ten (110) acres, more or less, situate, lying and being on road leading from Boone and Blowing Rock road to the Aho road, about seven (7) miles southeast from the town of Boone, in Blue Ridge Township, County of Watauga, State of North Carolina, having such shape, metes, courses and distances as will more fully appear by reference to a plat there-of made by L. M. Trivett, Surveyor, on the 17th day of December, 1927, and attached to the abstract now on file with the Atlantic Joint Stock Land Bank of Raleigh, the same being bounded on the North by the lands of Hardy Greene and L. P. Henkel; on the East by the Ford Heirs land; on the South by the lands of Mary Ashley and Jesse Hodges; on the west by the lands of L. P. Henkel and G. L. Storie, and being the identical tract of land conveyed by deed from J. C. Miller and wife, Sue Miller, to Elmer Miller, of date December 21, 1927, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Watauga County, in Book 235, at page 456, to which reference is made for more complete description of the same.

Terms of sale cash and trustee will require deposit of 10% of the amount of the bid as evidence of good faith. This the 17th day of May, 1935.

H. E. STACY, Substituted Trustee, Robert Weinstein, Attorney, Raleigh, N. C.

GEORGE PEEVED

Amelia's Husband Disgusted Over New York Welcome.



NEW YORK—Maybe it was the strain of having his famous flying wife, Amelia Earhart, start for fifteen hours in a 2,100 mile hop from Mexico City. Anxious, George Falgout Putnam (above), Amelia's husband, said "he never saw such disgraceful scenes," when thousands of house police lines here to greet her.

part, and he slid back with a grunt, shaking away the blood that oozed from a raw seam above his temple. Smoke was swirling out of some brush a few yards below the point where the trail reached the creek bottom.

"Nobody lied," said Speed, as he tore a handkerchief and tied it round the wound, "when they said this man Fallon could shoot. But I got him placed now."

Changing his position, he edged along the boulders till he touched the outer rim. A bullet hissed between his neck and the rock, with a sizzling spunk Speed wheeled out and fired in the same instant.

"Noked his gun arm," he said, as he snipped back into shelter. "Fallon shoots best left-handed. Watch your gully, Bud."

Wispes of smoke eddied out from various points high in the timber. The

men who had started the ascent, raised irresolutely. These shots from above came as a surprise, throwing a new and disturbing factor into their plan. They suspected that Speed had planted a guard on the hill to protect the bluff, and they had no way of guessing its strength. Finally they dropped back into the canyon, to consult, it seemed, with their leader.

"You haven't any men up on that hill?" Maitland asked Speed.

Speed's grin was mysterious. "Ain't I, though I got one, and he's as good as a gang. The little devil had it all figured when he crossed the bridge."

"Pete!" Maitland exclaimed.

But their attention was now summoned back to the posse. They caught a glimpse of Fallon with his arm in a bandage, giving orders.

But now Speed had contented himself mainly with making the trail impassable. Now he shot with a searching intent to test, hoping the while that Pete would vacate his position. But the gun kept speaking on the hill, the boy was standing his ground. After the first few yards of ascent, the timber on the near bank offered the attackers a helpful screen. Speed's eye came back to the boulders on the other side of the creek. If he could reach these, he could sweep a wider arc of the hill, with no trailing trees.

He was gathering up the ammunition to make this desperate move when a sudden din from below stopped him. Maitland, from his lookout, shouted above the roar, "Look!"

The deep voice of a heavy-calibered gun was booming and reverberating through the canyon. It had halted the men on the hill, who now answered it by pouring a hot fire into the creek. Bullets were splashing like rain around a wiry, gray-headed figure who was fording the creek through a blue smoke haze, toward the boulders Speed had had in view. Coolly munching a large tobacco wad, he returned the broadside as he went, without haste, but with terrible effect.

"By ginger," cried Speed, "it's Brent's deer gun. And ain't she a talkin'!"

At this point there was a wavering in the rear of the crowd. A hum ran electrically down the pack train, and Fallon summoned back his men with an exultant shout. The crowd spread out to give way to a cavalcade coming down the trail.

"Soldiers?" Maitland asked in wonder.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

WHAT IS THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD?

What is the light of the world? Is it the sunshine that sends all its rays—

To brighten and gladden this earth From regions so far away.

What is the light of the world? Is it the stars that shine by night? To guide and direct the traveler To regions splendid and bright.

What is the light of the world? Is it the moonlight that gleams all the way? And disappears like ghosts in shadows And is gone at the break of day.

What is the light of the world? Is it the smile of the cherished mother? As she looks on her new-born babe And thinks there is no other.

What is the light of the world? Is it the flash of the golden stream? As it winds among rocks and rills With all its beauty agieam.

Nay! None of these is the light of the world.

These things of the earth and sod; But this is the light of the world— Christ Jesus, the Son of God!

By PAULINE HICKS, Sugar Grove, N. C.

With a healthy, normal body and normal digestive system, your complexion aided by simple home treatment should be fresh and attractive.

Use some sort of a mask once a week and be sure of it—one made by a reliable firm or the good old-fashioned egg mask. And use a mild astringent or tonic twice a day.

MAN-HUNTER TRAILS G-3

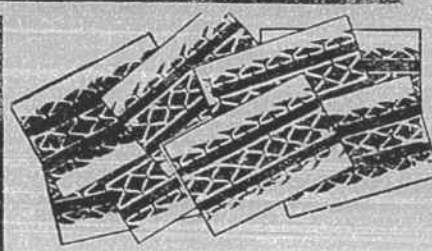
Famous Sleuth Tracks Down Evidence on How Goodyear's Greatest Tire Stands Up on Cars of "G-3" Users!



INSPECTOR FAUROT of New York Police

NOTE Read the complete thrilling story in the Saturday Evening Post, Collier's, Liberty.

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N-O-W-O-R-R-Y

FOR THE MAN WITH A RESERVE

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In a critical period a reserve means money, food, clothing and vitality. There is no friend that comes so quickly, so surely, as a reserve.

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