



WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE:
Frank Beeson, from Albany, N. Y., reaches Benton, Wyoming, then—1868—western terminus of the Pacific Railroad. He had been ordered by physicians to seek a climate "high and dry." He is robbed of most of his money in his hotel and loses his last twenty dollars at a monte in "The Big Tent," a dance hall and gambling resort in the "roaring" town of Benton.

Edna Montoyo, companion of a gambler, is believed by Frank to have cajoled him purposely into the game. Broke, disconsolate over his discovery that "the lady of the blue eyes," as he calls her, is what she is, and finally humiliated over his glaring "greenness," Frank repulses Edna when she begs him to go away with her, sobbingly telling him that she had bade a mistake in letting him lose his money. He goes to take a job with George Jenks, a teamster in a wagon train about to leave for Salt Lake City.

Capt. Adams, a Mormon, is in charge of the wagon train.

Rachael Adams, an attractive young woman, one of his wives, is in the train, as is

Daniel Adams, his loutish son, when Edna, who has shot, but not killed the gambler, Montoyo, comes fugitive in "britches" to join the train. Daniel tells his father that he is seeking Jenks and Beeson. Capt. Adams shouts, "No hussy in men's garments shall go with the train."

Daniel, by a spectacular gun play foils Montoyo's attempt to take Edna back with him.

Daniel stood by, with arms akimbo, and beside stood My Lady. He towered over her in a maddening atmosphere of proprietorship.

She smiled at me—at all of us; at me, swiftly; at the rest, frankly. And I knew that she was afraid! Daniel laughed boisterously, his mouth widely open.

"Set me up a can! That thar one wouldn't jump to a bullet."

A can was produced.

"How fur?"

"Fur as yu like."

It was tossed contemptuously out; and watching it I heard Daniel gleefully yelp, "Out o' my way, yu-all!"—half saw his hand dart down and up again, felt the jar of a shot, witnessed the can jump like a live thing; and away it went, with spasm after spasm, to explosion after explosion, tortured by him into fruitless capers until with the final ball peace came to it, and it lay dead, afar across the twilight sand.

Verily, by his cries and utter savagery and malevolence of his bombardment, one would have thought that he took actual lust in fancied cruelty.

"I 'low thar's not another man

"Not of him, madam." "And of me?" "I think I'm more afraid for you," I confessed. "That clown is getting insufferable. He sets out to bully you."

"I'm afraid, too," she breathed. "I never have been afraid before. I didn't fear Montoyo. I've always been able to take care of myself."

"You have your revolver?" I suggested.

"No, I haven't. It's disappeared. Mormon women don't carry revolvers."

"But you're not a Mormon woman."

"Not yet." She caught quick breath. "But you know," she queried with sudden glance, "that Daniel means to marry me?"

"But you're not free; you have a husband!"

"Oh!" she cried, "why don't you learn to shoot? Won't you? Let me have your pistol, please."

"You must grasp the handle firmly; cover it with your whole palm, but don't squeeze it to death; just grip it evenly—tuck it away. And keep your elbow down; and crook your wrist, in a drop, until



CHAPTER IX

I Don't Want to Kill Him

One night after we had gone on some time, the sound of revolver shots burst flatly from a mess behind us, but the shots were accompanied by laughter.

"They're only tryin' to spile a can," Jenks reassured. "By kolly we'll go over an d l'arn 'e ma lesson." He glanced at me. "Time you loosened up that weepin' o' yourn, anyhow. Purty soon it'll stick fast."

I went with him, glad of diversion.

The men were banging, by turn, a sardine can set up on the sand about twenty paces out. The heavy falls sent the loose soil flying but amidst the furrows the tin can sat untouched.

"What you thinkin' to do," Jenks smiled. "Hit that can or plant a lead mine?"

"Give him room! He's made his brag," they cried. "And if he don't plug it that pilgrim sure will."

Mr. Jenks drew and took his stand; banged with small preparation and missed by six inches—a fact that brought him up wide awake.

"Gimme another try, boys," he growled, but they shoved him aside.

"No, no. Pilgrim's turn!"

Willy-nilly I had to demonstrate my greenness so I drew, and stood, and cocked, and aimed. The Colt's exploded with prodigious blast and wrench—jinking, in fact, almost above my head and where the bullet went I did not see, nor, I judged, did anybody else.

"He missed the 'arth!' they murmured.

"No; I reckon he hit Montany about the middle. That's whar he scored center!"

"Hold down on it, hold down," Jenks urged. "To hit him in the heart aim at his feet! Here! Like this!" and taking my revolver he threw it forward, fired. The can plinked somersaulted, dashed into action.

"By George," he proclaimed, "when I move like it had a gun in its first, I can snap it! But when I think on it as a can, I lack guts!"

Now somebody else shot, and somebody else, and another, and the can gyrated, spurring us to haste as it constantly changed the range. Presently it was merely a twist of ragged tin.

Then, in the little silence, as we listened, a voice spoke irritably.

"I 'low yu fellers ain't no great shucks at throwin' lead."

hyar kin do that," he vaunted.

There was not, judging by the silence again ensuing. Only—

"A can's different from a man," Jenks coolly remarked. "A can don't shoot back."

"I don't 'laow any man's goin' to, neither." Daniel faced me in turning away. "That's somethin' for yu to l'arn, young feller," he vouchsafed. His gaze shifted.

"Come along, Edna," he bade. "We'll be goin' back."

Devil—or was it he himself?—twittered me, incited me, and in a moment, with a gush of assertion, there I was, saying to her, my hat doffed:

"I'll walk over with you."

"Do," she responded readily.

"We're to have singing."

The men started. Daniel whirled. "I 'laow you ain't been invited, Mister."

"If Mrs. Montoyo consents, that's enough," I informed. "I'm not walking with you, sir; I am walking with her. The only ground you control is just in front of your own wagon."

He snarled. "And whilst yu're l'arnin' to shoot yu'd better be l'arnin' manners. Yu comin' with me, Edna?"

"As fast as I can, and with Mr. Beeson also, if he chooses," said she. "I have my manners in mind, too."

"By gosh, I don't walk with ye," he jawed. And he flounced about, vengefully striding on as though punishing her for a misdemeanor.

She dropped the men a little curtsy.

"The entertainment is concluded, gentlemen. I wish you good-night!"

Yet underneath her raillery there lay an appeal, the stronger because subtle and unvoiced. It seemed to me every man must appreciate that, as a woman, she invoked protection by him against an impending something, of which she had given him a glimpse.

So we left them somewhat subdued, gazing after us, their rugged faces sobered reflectively.

Daniel was angrily shouldering for the Mormon wagons, his indignant figure black against the western glow. She laughed lightly.

"You're not afraid, after all, I see."

your trigger knuckle is pointing very low—at a man's feet if you're aiming for his heart!"

"At his feet, for his heart?" I stammered. The words had an ugly sound.

"Certainly. We are speaking of shooting now, and not at a tin can! You have to allow for the jump of the muzzle. Unless you hold it down with your wrist, you over shoot; and it's the first shot that counts. Of course, there's a feel, a knack. But don't aim with your eyes. You won't have time. Men file off the front sight—it sometimes catches, in the draw. And it's useless, anyway. They fire as they point with the finger, by the feel. You see, they know. Some men are born to shoot straight; some have to practice a long, long while. I wonder which you are!"

"If there is pressing need in my case," said I, "I shall have to rely upon my friends."

"Those gentlemen of yours are Gentiles with goods for Salt Lake Mormons," she retorted. "Are they going to throw all business to the winds?"

"You yourself may appeal to his father, and to the women, for protection if that lout annoys you, I ventured.

"To them?" she scoffed. "To Hyrum Adams' outfit? Why, they're good Mormons, and why should I not be made over? I'm under their teachings; it's time Daniel had a wife—or two, for replenishing Utah."

She paused. Then resumed.

"But now if I may lend you a little something to keep you from being shot like a dog, I'll feel as though I had wiped out your score against me. Take your gun." I took it. "There he is. Cover him!"

"Where?" I asked. "Who?"

"There, before you! Oh, anybody! Think of his heart and cover him."

"See that little rock? Hit it!"

I fired. The sand obscured the rock. She clapped her hands, delighted.

"You would have killed him. No—he would have killed you. Quick! Give it to me!"

And snatching the revolver she cocked, leveled and fired instantly. The rock split into fragments.

"I would have killed him," she murmured, gazing tense, seeing I knew not what. Wrenching from the vision she handed back the revolver to me. "I think you are going to do, Sir. Only, you must learn to draw. I mustn't stay longer. Shall we go to the fire now? I am cold."

We walked almost without speaking, to the Hyrum Adams fire. Daniel lifted his upper lip at me as we entered; his eyes never wandered from my face I was distinctly unwelcome. Accordingly, I said a civil "Good-evening" to Hyrum and raising my hat to My Lady left for my own bailiwick.

Friend Jenks joined me.

"We were keepin' cases on you, and so was he. He saw that practice—damn, how he did crane! She wan givin' you pointers, eh?"

"Yes; she wanted amusement."

Jenks rocked to and fro, as we sat by the fire. "Hell! Wall, if you got to kill him you got to kill him and do it proper. For if you don't kill him he'll kill you; snuff you out like a—wall, you say that can travel."

"I don't want to kill him," I pleaded. "Why should I?"

Jenks sat silent and sitting silent I forswore that kill Daniel I must. I was being sucked into it, irrevocably willed by him, by her, by them all. If I did not kill him in defense of myself I should kill him in defense of her.

Could this really be I? Frank Beeson, not a fortnight ago still living at a jog-trot in dear Albany, New York State? It was puzzling how detached and how strong I felt.

(Continued next week.)

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NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

Under and by virtue of the authority and power upon him conferred by a certain deed of trust executed by O. A. Palmer and his wife, Mattie C. Palmer, to Daniel L. Bell, trustee, bearing date of April 9th, 1926, and registered in the office of the register of deeds for Chatham county in book "GR" at page 19, default having been made in the payment of the indebtedness thereby secured, and the holder of the bond thereby secured having requested a sale of the lands therein conveyed, the undersigned, trustee as aforesaid, will on

MONDAY, MAY 23RD, 1927,

at twelve o'clock noon, at the court house door of Chatham county in Pittsboro, N. C., sell, at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, those two certain tracts of land in Gulf township, Chatham county, North Carolina, which are bounded and described as follows:

First tract.—Beginning on the Bank of Deep River on the mouth of a branch, corner of S. S. Lakey land, and running up said branch 20 poles to a white oak; thence north 26 degrees west 224 poles to a pine and hickory; thence north Pomona Terra Cotta Co., line to a red oak, corner of old Wm. Malone, 50 acres tract; thence with his line to the Dowd line; thence south with the same to a post oak and maple on the bank of McLeod Creek; thence down the said Creek to Deep River; thence down said river its various courses to the beginning; containing by estimation 283 acres, more or less. This tract of land being deeded to said O. A. Palmer as per deed recorded in office of register of deeds of Chatham county in book "EJ", page \$70, Nov. 21st 1917.

Second tract:—Beginning at a white oak on the Stinson road, running north 14 west 74 poles to G. A. Murchison corner, ash and oak pointers; thence west 114 poles to a stone corner in the field, Murchison corner; thence north four degrees east 61 poles to a stone in a bottom just below two persimmon trees; thence west 100 poles to an ash on the bank of McLeod creek; thence down said creek as it meanders to a pine stump and the Stinson road at the ford of said creek; thence eastwardly with the Stinson road 195 poles to the first station; containing 117 1-8 acres, more or less. This land was deeded to O. A. Palmer by a deed registered in book "FL" at page 147.

These two tracts of land will be sold subject to a prior mortgage, or deed of trust, executed to Atlantic Joint Stock Land Bank, of Raleigh, N. C., securing an indebtedness of \$5,500.00.

Place of sale—Court house door, Pittsboro, N. C.

Time of sale—Monday, May 23rd, 1927, twelve o'clock, noon.

This April 15th., 1927.

DANIEL BELL, Trustee.

April 21st, 5tc

PITTSBORO REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

Pursuant to a decree of the Superior Court of Chatham county, North Carolina, entered on Monday, November 1, 1926, in the case of Greensboro Bank and Trust Company, trustee, vs. Chapel Hill Insurance and Realty Company, the undersigned, as commissioner, so appointed by said decree, will sell by public auction to the last and highest bidder for cash in front of Chatham county court house door at eleven o'clock noon, on Wednesday, May 25, 1927, certain real estate located in Pittsboro, Chatham county, North Carolina, more particularly described and bounded as follows:

Those four certain lots of land lying and being within the town of Pittsboro, Chatham county, N. C., designated by map and survey of the J. M. Harper sub-division, made by W. N. Crawford and recorded in the office of the register of deeds of Chatham county, N. C., in book E N. page 660, as lots No. 1, 2, 7, and 8 and described as follows:

First: Beginning at the Blair Hotel corner in the court house square and running with the said court house square 42 feet to lot No. 3; thence with the line of lot No. 3, 73 feet to the corner with the line of lot No. 3, 73 feet to the corner of lot No. 3, in line of lot No. 5; thence with lot No. 5, 42 feet to the Blair Hotel lot; thence with the Blair hotel lot 73 feet to the beginning and being lots No. 1 and 2 as shown by said map.

Second: Beginning at the corner of lot No. 6 in Hillsboro street and running with Hillsboro street 20 feet to the Chapin corner; thence with the Chapin lot (1) 33 feet (2) 16 feet (3) 33 feet to Hillsboro street; thence with Hillsboro street 16 feet to lot No. 9; thence with lot No. 9, 127 1-2 feet to L. N. Womble's line; thence with L. N. Womble's line 84 feet to Blair hotel lot; thence with hotel lot 67 1-2 feet to line of lot No. 6; thence to the corner of lot No. 6; thence with lot No. 6, 106 feet to the beginning and being lots No. 7 and 8 as shown by said map and survey.

This the 19th day of April, 1927.

GREENSBORO BANK & TRUST COMPANY, Commissioner.

King, Sapp & King, Attorneys, Greensboro, N. C.

SALE OF REAL ESTATE

Under and by virtue of a certain mortgage deed executed by L. L. Smith and wife, Mary P. Smith to W. L. Goldston, mortgagee, dated March 10, 1925, and recorded in book F X page 546 in the office of the register of deeds of Chatham county, default having been made in the payment of the mortgage indebtedness thereby secured and at the request of the holder and owner of the said indebtedness, the undersigned mortgagee will on Monday, May 30, 1927 at twelve noon, offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder for cash at the

court house door in Pittsboro, N. C., the tract of land described as follows, to-wit:

A tract of land in Gulf Township, Chatham county, North Carolina bounded on the north by lands of W. C. Caudle; on the east by lands of Williams heirs; on the south by lands of Mrs. O. D. Gains, and on the west by lands of J. L. Cook and containing by estimation forty-eight (48) acres more or less. The same being a part and parcel of the L. H. Elikens deceased lands.

This April 30th, 1927.

W. L. GOLDSTON, Mortgagee.

V. R. Johnson, Attorney.

With Cash in Hand

Them as has gets.

The man with money in hand, is the man in position to meet opportunity half way—and usually he is the man who puts things across—because he is ready.

You make no mistakes when you resolve to adjust your affairs so that income is greater than outgo. You will be surprised how quickly you have cash in hand to make investments—which in turn will bring you more cash in hand.

Once you become acquainted with the many manners in which we can serve you, you will thank the day when you needed friendly suggestion and started to build for the future.

WE INVITE YOUR PATRONAGE

THE FARMERS BANK

Pittsboro, N. C.

PROGRAM

Monday Evening, May 16th

8:30. Feature Band Concert.

8:40. Introduction, W. L. Brinkley, president Merchants Association.

1. Presentation of Associates:

(b). Durham's Welcome: Hon. J. M. Manning, Mayor.

(c). Introduction of Visiting Mayor—M. E. Newsum.

(d). Reply to Durham's Welcome—Visiting Mayor.

(e). Introduction of Attending Mayors—Walter P. Budd.

1. Each Mayor will in turn introduce the Beauty Contestant from his town.

(f). Introduction of Speaker—J. Elmer Long, Lt. Governor.

(g). Address—Hon. O. Max Gardner.

8:10. Music—Band.

8:30. Feature Act No. 1.—The Famous Capitol Saxophone Trio, Nationally known radio and theatre artists.

8:35 Music—Orchestra.

8:45 Beauty Parade—and Fashion Show—Tilley's Stories.

9:15 Music—Orchestra.

9:25 Feature Act No. 2—Sensational Knife Throwing Exhibition.

9:40 Music—Orchestra.

9:50 Feature Act No. 3.—Miss Delman, Nationally famous soprano.

10:05 Music—Orchestra.

10:15 Feature Act No. 4.—Josh & Tildy, America's Foremost Rube Comedians.

10:30 Music—Orchestra.

10:40 Dancing Sextette—A Gorgeous Girl Review.

11:00 An Hour of Dancing with Leftwich's Blue Devils.

Don't Miss It

VARIETY!

Every night a DIFFERENT program—something doing every minute that is unusual, brilliant, entertaining, thrilling. Don't miss any of this marvelous show, the biggest event of its kind ever attempted in this section.

NEXT WEEK

MAY 16TH - 21ST

INCLUSIVE.

Six vivid nights, crammed full of thrilling feature acts, hilarious comedy, and unlimited variety. Six nights of enchanting musical selections rendered by Nationally famous singers and musicians. ONE SOLID WEEK into which is crowded an almost unlimited variety of HIGH CLASS ENTERTAINMENT.

Noted Speakers, Artists, Actors, Dancers, and Comedians will unquestionably make the Durham exposition by far the greatest event of its kind ever held in North Carolina.

See Monday Night's Program to the Left—Every Other Night is Just as Interesting.

Meet me at the

Durham EXPOSITION, N.C.

A Hundred Thousand Dollar Show ~ May 16 to 21 Inclusive ~