

INTO THE SUNSET

BY JACKSON GREGORY



FIRST INSTALLMENT

The Haverils, a widely scattered clan across hundreds of southwestern wilderness miles, were reputed a folk it was just as well not to antagonize. There were the Texas Haverils, big lean men with blue-black beards and challenging eyes. There were the Panhandle Haverils, still farther westward. Then, still farther west were the New Mexico Haverils, the Sundown Haverils as they came to be known.

Of the Sundown Haverils there was one called Barry who in many ways could have been looked on as the embodiment of the outstanding qualities of the whole family.

His father, Ben Haveril, was still a young man, lusty and rugged and violent, generous and kindly enough with his small flock at most times, little short of a devil when in drink. His mother, Lucinda, was one of the Oakwoods of Virginia who still clung tenaciously to their own family traditions and pride.

It was she who had given her youngest his name, which wasn't Barry at all but Baron. She said proudly that there had been a Baron Oakwood long ago, which meant nothing to little Barry himself.

In his latter teens Barry left home. He didn't know why he went away. He didn't think about it. It was the forests pulling him.

During the six or eight weeks before he had any thought of turning back homeward he made many long exploratory trips toward both north and west through the mountains. Only twice did he see human beings.

One day, toward sundown, he sat on a rock in front of his cab-

in looking down into the long sinuous valley below, a sight he seldom tired brooding over. He had named it for himself Sun Creek Valley.

He heard rifle shots muffled with distance in an intervening rack of the woods. He had never heard so many shots so close together and wondered how many men there were and what they could be shooting at. He got his answer almost instantly. There were several men shooting at a single rider who had fled on ahead into the lower end of Barry's Sun Creek Valley.

He saw the flash of reddish-yellow fire when the fugitive, fleeing no longer, fired at his pursuers whom Barry could not see.

If it hadn't been so far he would have drawn to go down and find out about things. Also it was swiftly growing dark; it would be a moonless night and whatever was happening down there would be over in a few minutes or would have to await sun-up.

But before sunup he was on his way to investigate. The dawn was brightening and he had traveled half the distance when a voice called to him from a brush thicket:

"Drop yore gun! Drop it quick or I'll kill yuh!"

The speaker was not ten steps away. Barry let his rifle slide out of his hands and felt a queer prickling chill along his blood as he jerked his head about to stare.

At first he could see nothing but gray buck brush and gray rocks. Then he saw the muzzle of a rifle barrel resting on a flat-topped boulder.

"Step over this way," said the voice. "Step, kid, or I'll shoot yuh daid."

Barry obeyed.

That was how he first met up with Jesse Conroy. This Conroy, on the day Barry first saw him, was about twenty-three years old and, coiled as he was behind the rock, with his bright black eyes glittering and an ugly twist to his white-lipped mouth, he made Barry think of a rattlesnake. He seemed just that full of the menace of sudden death. He was a flashingly handsome young devil and none the less devilish for an almost girlishly fine-featured face. There was enough light for Barry to make out that he was pretty badly hurt.

Conroy was suspicious of him at first, afraid that he might be one of the crowd that had killed his horse under him and shot him down last night. Once that he learned otherwise his manner changed.

"I'm hurt right bad," he said, "but I'll make it yet. Especially if I can have help. Those fellers that rode me down, they'll be comin' back after a while. But they won't hurry; I knocked over anyhow two an' mebbe three, an' I'd of got 'em all if one o' their bullets hadn't of glanced off'n a rock an' drilled me."

"Why'd they want to drill you?" asked Barry.

"They're bandits, that's what," said Conroy. "Killers. Now yuh got to help me clean out afore they come sneakin' back."

"I'll go get me my rifle," said Barry.

"Shore," nodded Conroy. "Then come give me some help. I c'n hardly walk, but if I had both laigs shot off I'd somehow make it."

After they had done what they could do for Conroy's two wounds, one through his left arm, one through his left shoulder, he crawled into Barry's bunk and lay quiet.

When Conroy got out of bed to move restlessly about he began asking questions. He wanted to know how it was that Barry lived here all alone, where he had come from—and why.

Why had he come? Well, he didn't rightly know. He'd just left one place and gone another. Conroy watched him narrowly, plainly believing that he was being told a meager part of the truth. Then he asked, still eyeing Barry with bright suspicion as though watching for sign of another lie, what his name was.

"Barry. Me, I'm Barry Haveril."

Conroy started laughing.

"Say, that's funny," he said. "I'm a Haveril, too, one o' the Texas Haverils; but my name's Jesse Conroy. Ever heard that name, Barry?"

"No," said Barry. "I never. But if you're a Haveril how's your name Conroy?"

"Shucks," said Jesse. "It's my o' lady that's the Haveril, an' she married a man name of Conroy."

Barry pondered. "I'd reckon that makes you anyhow a half Haveril," he said.

Thereafter they called each other Cousin Jesse and Cousin Barry, until Jesse took to calling Barry just plain Sundown.

"I'd like to hear about the bandits that chased you up here, Cousin Jesse," said Barry one day.

"I ain't finished with them hontres Sundown," Jesse said angrily. "Shore, I'll tell you about 'em."

He told his tale forcefully and clearly, and Barry Haveril believed every word of it. There were six of them, said Jesse. They were Bud Walters, a cowboy; Bill and Tom Bedloe, ranchers near Tylersville; Sam Johnson, teamster and deputy sheriff and all around crook; Jeff Cody, the gambler; and Dan Hardy. Most

Instantly he realized that his cousin was as deadly with his Colt as he himself was with his rifle.

Jesse said, "Here's some ca't-ridges," and poured them into Barry's eager palm. And then he said laughing: "Yuh c'n have it, Sundown. I'm givin' it to yuh."

Barry just stood there, shells in one hand, gun in the other, and gawked at him. He knew that he had heard the words correctly; it must be that they meant something else.

Jesse laughed again, his hands some dark eyes flashing.

"Shore," he said. "I'm givin' yuh my gun, Cousin Barry. It's yore'n right this minute."

Barry looked at him with shining eyes. But that look was only a fleeting one since in a flash his eyes returned to the red-butted revolver and lingered there like a lover's gaze. Then his feet began shuffling in the dead pine needles. He couldn't think of anything to say.

As the days passed, young Conroy grew steady on his legs again and his wounds healed and the healthy tan came back into his face. Barry could see the restlessness surge up higher and higher in him every day.

One morning in a still dim bluish dawn Jesse Conroy slung his buckskin bag to his belt, shouldered his carbine and left.

"So long, Cousin Barry," he said.

"So long, Cousin Jesse," said Barry.

Barry watched him out of sight, only vaguely wondering where he was going. Then he returned to his cabin and sat on

the step and unholstered his treasure.

He began thinking of his folk, especially of his sister, little Lucy. He wondered too about Zachary Blount; had the teacher-lawyer now in long-tailed coat and high hat—carried her off?

He rolled his pack, closed his door, shouldered his rifle, and with the comfortable feel of a heavy long barrel bumping at his hip, turned back toward his father's place. He came within sight of the clearing and the rock-and-log cabin toward the end of the second day; the sun was below the tops of the pines so that already it was twilight all about the house, and he heard the call and saw the flickering wing-dip of a first night hawk.

Otherwise all was very still. He experienced a queer, disturbing feeling, a swift consciousness of desertion. The track down to the lower meadow and the narrow crooked path to the spring house weed-grown.

Then he found his mother's letter. Over the fireplace, a wan square in the dimness, was a sheet of paper on a nail. Barry took it down and read it sitting on the stoop.

The first words were, "To Robert or Baron, whichever comes home first." Robert was Barry's brother, the oldest of the three sons. The rest of a hastily written letter answered all Barry's questions for him. First of all, Lucy had married Zachary Blount and the two were living in Tylersville; Zachary was practicing law and was associated with a great man, Judge Parker Blue. Through Zachary, Judge Blue had sent an offer to Barry's father to go into the cattle busi-

ness with him; on shares it was. So all the family were moving down into the cow country, onto one of the Judge's several spreads. There was a postscript: "Which-ever of you boys reads this first, let him leave it here for the other."

Well, his mother and father and his brother Lute were on a cattle ranch now. And Robert was somewhere or other.

In the morning he decided to go out of his way a bit in making his return journey. That was because it dawned on Barry that he alone of his family might guess what Robert was up to.

"Anyhow I'll go past Tex Humphreys' place," Barry decided.

Barry happened to know that Robert was crazy about one of the Humphreys girls.

So now, turning his back on

the old log home, he headed toward the Humphreys' horse ranch. He meant just to drop in and say "Howdy," and ask casually, "Seen any o' my folks lately, Tex?" But there was to be no such casual talk that day.

At the foot of Black Mountain in a peaceful and quiet little whispering glen shut in by quivering aspens, he came suddenly, all without warning, upon the stark horror of a thing which only a short time before, surely not more than a day before, had been Robert Haveril.

(Continued Next Week)

The noted painting "Washington Crossing the Delaware" was painted by a German, with Germans as his models, and the Rhine river for the Delaware.

VACATION

Spend less on the trip—
Spend the saving when you get there!

You can have the time of your life on your vacation with the money you save going by Greyhound Super-Couch!

Sample Round-Trip Fares

Wytheville	\$3.60	Charleston, S. C.	\$7.50
Huntington	\$12.80	Cincinnati	\$14.70
Pittsburgh	\$14.40	Winston-Salem	\$1.55
Greensboro	\$2.35	Columbia	\$4.95

GREYHOUND TERMINAL
Corner Bridge and Market Phone 170

by GREYHOUND

MEN

The Walker Bible Class
INVITES YOU
to attend their Sunday
School class every Sunday
morning at 9:45 at the
First Baptist church

WHERE

a warm welcome awaits you

BE MODERN LIVE COLORFULLY WITH ROGERS PAINTS

Color plays an important part in life. Just think of the things that are signified by colors—love, happiness, warmth—to name three. Why not make your home colorful and thereby more beautiful and happier?

Wall Paint \$1.90
Porch Paint \$2.85
Shingle Stain \$1.50
House Paint \$2.85

IMPERIAL WALLPAPER

FOR
Bedrooms
Bathrooms
Living Rooms
Dining Rooms
16¢ A ROLL
Upwards

FOR HARDWARE
NEEDS CONSULT
WITH
JENKINS
Hardware Co.

N. Wilkesboro
Phone 74 We Deliver

Sale!

OF THESE FIVE FAMOUS PRODUCTS

Rinso

Gives over 25% more suds than the old

Regular Size
3 for 25¢

Large
2 for 22¢

LUX TOILET SOAP

The beauty care of the screen stars

3 for 19¢

LUX

Cuts down stocking runs

Regular Size
2 for 19¢

Large
2 for 23¢

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Stops "B. O."—protects health

3 for 19¢

BASKETERIA

PHONES 220-213
Elkin, N. C.

CASH & CARRY STORES

NO. 1 AND 2
No. 1 Phone 230 — No. 2 Phone 225
Elkin, N. C.

EAST ELKIN GROCERY

PHONE 293
Elkin, N. C.

BASKETERIA

NUMBER 2
Phone 105
Jonesville, N. C.

MODERN FOOD STORE

PHONES 89-309
Elkin, N. C.

J. D. BRENDLE GROCERY

HIGHWAY NO. 21
Elkin, N. C.

CASH & CARRY STORES

PHONE 107
Jonesville, N. C.

R. C. PARDUE

HIGHWAY 26
Phone 186-R
Arlington, N. C.

Spry

PURE VEGETABLE SHORTENING

FOR ALL FRYING
CAKES PASTRY
BISCUITS
PIES

SPRY—

purer,
all-vegetable
shortening,
triple-creamed