

INTO THE SUNSET

BY JACKSON GREGORY



THIRD INSTALLMENT

Synopsis
Barry Haveril leaves his Texas home to see the country, meets a man who has just been shot who turns out to be a cousin of his, Jesse Conroy. Barry helps take care of his wounds and Jesse gives Barry his gun, a very unusual one. When they part Barry leaves for home but finds the family is no longer there. When he is leaving he suddenly comes across a dead man who turns out to be his brother Robert. Barry starts searching for the murderer and goes into the mountains to find gold to use for continuing his search. He finds a good spot, gets gold and goes to Tylersville to get money for it. There he meets Judge Blue and his daughter, Lucy, who help him to get \$450 for his gold. Judge Blue also tells him that the gun Jesse gave him is the gun of a murderer known as the Laredo Kid.

He bought as much ammunition for his six-gun as he thought he could carry handily, then a plain cartridge belt which he filled and buckled around him, and then turned to a gun rack that had caught his eye. He took down one after another of half a dozen shoulder, pondering the heft of carbines, fitting them to his them. The one he finally selected went out with him; so too did a second cartridge belt filled with shells for it.

When he came to a point opposite the hardware store, he noted that a crowd of men had gathered there. A big man, powerfully shouldered, with a hoistered gun at each hip, elbowed through the press, saw Barry, and made a purposeful bee line to him. His two big thumbs were hooked into his belt.

"Where do yuh think yuh're goin'?" he asked bluntly.
Barry looked at him. "Who're you that's askin'?"
"I'm Ed Brawley, an' I'm sheriff here, an' I'm askin' where yuh got that gun!"

"It's mine," said Barry.
"Yeah?" said Brawley good humoredly. "Well, s'pose yuh come along with me; we'll squat and chin about things. Come ahead."
Barry nodded and swung into step with him; with the crowd eyeing them they were just turning into a narrow frame building with the sign, Sheriff's Office, painted over it, when Barry saw the buckboard with the two gleaming bays swing around a corner and come speeding down the street.

"Just a minute, Sheriff!" he said. "I've got some business with the Judge."

The Judge saw him and pulled up in such fashion as almost to set his two boys on their haunches. Barry stepped into the road and with one hand on a wheel

looked up into the Judge's steady leaf-brown eyes.

"I forgot to pay you for my lunch today, Judge," he said. "How much?"

The Judge laughed and said, "Shucks," and then, seeing the look in Barry's dark eyes, no less steady than his own, said, "I gave the man a dollar."

Barry, fishing among coins in his pocket, brought forth a silver dollar and proffered it; the judge, whip and reins in one hand, extended the other and accepted the money.

"There's one more thing," Barry added. "I guess you can tell me where I can find my folks. My father's Ben Haveril, and my sister Lucy married Zachary Blount and—"

"Well, well!" exclaimed Judge Blue. He turned toward the sheriff. "Haven't got my young friend here in town, have you, Ed?" he asked blandly.

"Sort of," said Brawley, very blunt. "There's some questions—"
"About that gun of his maybe?" suggested the Judge. Brawley nodded. "Well then!" said the Judge. "There's more guns than one with a fancy butt, Ed."

How about turning this young man over to me? I know all about his people. His father and brother are running my new place for me; his sister Lucy is married to my assistant Zach Blount, and she and my Lucy are like two sisters. I'll be responsible for him, Ed. If you like, you can ramble up to my place and talk things over with him. Say, come up for supper!"

The sheriff looked doubtful. "If it was anybody but you, Judge—"
The Judge laughed. "But it happens to be me, Ed." To Barry he called cheerily: "Hop up, Haveril. There's room up here for the three of us."

Barry looked at the sheriff; Brawley drew back to the sidewalk.

"Go 'head," he said briskly; and to the Judge: "I'll take yuh up on that supper invite, Judge. Got the same cook?"

Never in his life had Barry traveled with such breath-taking speed; he began to think that horses were all right after all. They came to the wide open gate. It didn't miss two inches. Then the big bright house loomed above them; the horses kept on around to the right and, were pulled up again in front of a stable that might have been a hotel.

The Judge threw his reins and sprang down nimbly, arms outstretched to Miss Lucy. She jumped into them with that gay little laugh of hers that was all tinkly music.

But Barry did not hear it. He sat rigid where he was, making no move to get down.

"Well, young Haveril," called the Judge. "Light down and make yourself at home." Still Barry sat, as in a daze. The Judge looked at him in perplex-

ed fashion as did Lucy and the two men. "Well, Haveril?" said the Judge again. "What's up? You look like—"

"Oh!" said Barry, and climbed down over the wheel then.

"Anything wrong?" demanded Judge Blue.

"No, sir," said Barry. "I just sort of got to thinking, that's all."

And he still was thinking as he followed the Judge and Lucy into the cool, imposing white palace trimmed in its bright bluebird blue. He knew that queer things did happen now and then, but he had never known a queerer than this: Here in Judge Parker Blue's stable was Tex Humphreys' fancy saddle from which his brother Robert had been shot. The saddle looked at home here, too, with a man shining it up.

"You youngsters amuse yourselves for a while without me," said the Judge. "I'll be with you shortly."

"When are we going out to the ranch where my folks are?" asked Barry.
"Right after supper, son. Meantime, you can see your sister; I'll send a man with word that you're here."

"Do you want me to show you around the place? The flower garden and the vegetable patch and the corrals and barns—"

"Yes," said Barry, and added, "I liked your stable."
So first of all she carried him away to the stable. Barry led the way inside, staking straight to the harness room where the man who had been doing something with a saddle was back at his work.

"That's a pretty fine saddle," said Barry.
Lucy, noting it for the first time, said, "Why, it's the loveliest saddle I've ever saw! Whose is it, Andrew?"

"Belongs to a stranger," said Andrew. "The Judge mebbe knows him. He come in late las' night, changed saddle account the cinch o' this one bein' ready to bust; rode on. Said he'd be back tonight."
"A man ought to have a pretty fine horse to match up that saddle," suggested Barry.

"Let's go see it," invited Lucy. "Is it in the corral, Andrew?"
"It must be that one," said Lucy, pointing. "That high-headed black with the white saddle marks. It's not one of ours I'm sure."

Barry didn't say anything. Lucy was right. That was Tex Humphreys' pride among his saddle horses. That was the horse which, only a few days ago, had carried Robert Haveril to his death.

The Judge had a scrap of paper in his hand. He waved it toward Barry, saying as he came on: "I'm sorry you won't be able to see your sister today, young Haveril. There was a note on my study table, sent over by Zachary Blount; he went to Pride's Valley this morning on a bit of business

for me, something that looked funny about the deed to a new ranch I just bought. He took his wife along. But they'll be back tomorrow or next day."

Barry was looking at the horse again.
"You're looking at some high-class horse flesh there, Haveril," said the Judge.

Barry nodded. He wanted to ask about that high-headed black, but hesitated. Blind instinct, subtle intuition—he didn't know what—made him move as cautiously as all his true kindred, forest wild things moved.

Lucy asked "Who's the stranger, Daddy, that owns that one? He's got the most gorgeous saddle I ever saw."

The Judge looked the horses over. "That black?" he said. "Oh, yes. It belongs to a young cowboy who rode in late last night. He had to go on and asked to leave his horse here until he came back. Where'd you see his saddle?" he asked.

"Andrew was fixing the cinch. It's a fancy Mexican saddle, and Andrew gave all the silver work a polish; it hurts your eyes to look at it."

"Let's go to the house," said the Judge. "It's most supper time."

But it was not supper time, and they loafed comfortably on the

shady front porch looking down over Tylersville.

"How far is it out to the ranch where my folks are?" Barry asked without withdrawing his expressionless gaze from the melting distances.

"It's inside thirty miles," said the Judge. "That little span of mine will do it in less than three hours. We start right after supper."

But they didn't go right after supper, nor did they go at all. The three were dining at a long table that would have seated a score when a man rode up from Tylersville for word with Judge Blue. The Judge went out to him, and returned almost immediately. "I've got to see a man in town," he said. "Go ahead with supper; I'll finish when I get back. I ought to be with you in half an hour."

After an hour of waiting Barry was more the sniffing bear than ever. Lucy conducted him to a pleasant room where there were books and a piano and sofa and easychairs, and at first had chattered like a magpie. She had sung for him a little, too, and at first he had listened enrapt and had looked at her admiringly, thinking her the daintiest and sweetest and cleverest little thing in the world.

When the Judge's voice said,

"Sorry I'm so late," both of them jumped for they had not heard him come in. He tossed his hat to the piano top and looked at his watch. "We'll go first thing in the morning. All right, young Haveril?"

Ten minutes later Barry was alone in his room. He extinguished his lamp and went to his window; he stood there a long while looking out at the dim bulk of the mountain under the stars.

Something was wrong and he knew it. It was no longer a mere uneasy suspicion but a positive certainty. "I reckon no one will hear me now," decided Barry, and crawled out through the window, dropping noiselessly to the ground.

He stepped softly through the dark, making a guarded circle of the house to assure himself that the rooms were all dark. He reached the stable. Near the big double doors was a bench under a tree. He sat down and waited. He slid his hand down to the butt of the new six-gun; he dozed, started wide awake and dozed again a dozen times before the soft beat of shod hoofs stiffened him into alertness.

He saw the dark form of man and horse coming on from beyond the stable, a single silhouette dim against the mountain flank.

The rider came down with a subdued jingle of spurs at the stable door; he was whistling softly and didn't turn Barry's way. When he got the door open and led the horse inside, Barry rose quietly and followed.

When the lantern at the harness room door was lighted and swung up on a nail Barry saw that it was Jesse Conroy. "Hello, Cousin Jesse," he said in a quiet voice.

(Continued Next Week)

Old Lady: "What's the matter, are you lost?"
Little Boy: "No, I'm here. Mother is lost and can't find me."

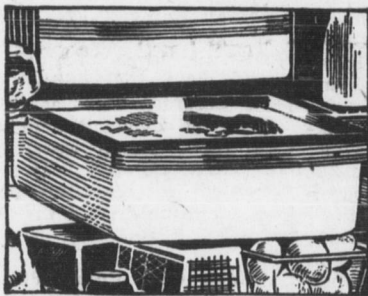
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to attend their Sunday School class every Sunday morning at 9:45 at the First Baptist church
WHERE
a warm welcome awaits you

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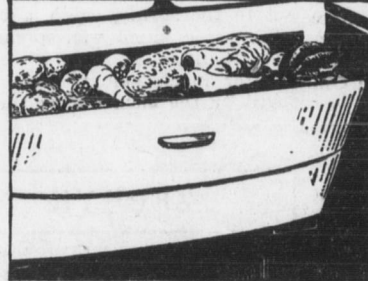
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Every One of these New Features Means Money Savings

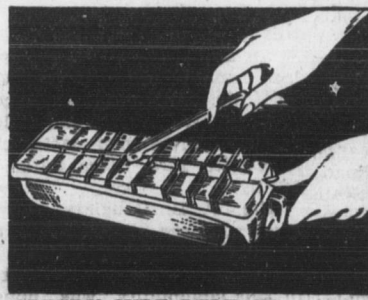
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- ★ DOUBLE DOME LIGHTS
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- ★ SPEEDY CUBE RELEASE
- ★ CONDITIONED GOLD



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SAFE, DRY STORAGE BIN for fruits and vegetables that don't need cold—located beneath the cabinet. Saves you closet and pantry space.



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FORGET all you've ever heard about electric "refrigerator economy". For when you see the new 1939 Silver Jubilee Kelvinator, you're going to find a new way to make a dollar buy more refrigerator... cheaper cold-making power... better food protection with features like the sensational Polarsphere, the new, cost-cutting unit that uses current only 20% of the time, yet has enough reserve pow-

er to keep five refrigerators cold. With cold "conditioned" four ways—to keep vegetables garden-fresh. The big "Cold Chest" for meats! Space for the new "frozen foods". A new "family planned" interior. Yes—your old refrigerator will certainly seem out-of-date when you see the new Silver Jubilee Kelvinator. And it's so easy to own—just a few cents on your daily budget. Come in today—see it!

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The above reward is offered by the undersigned automobile dealers of Surry county in an educational effort to stop

AUTO FIRE LOSSES

in this community. They will pay the above amount for information leading to the arrest and final conviction of any person wilfully burning an automobile to collect insurance in this community.

The lack of public sentiment against this practice contributes to a great number of these cases. Every automobile owner should be vitally interested.

WHY?

Insurance rates are based on the experience of insurance companies in our community and YOU ARE PAYING THE BILL in increased premiums.

F-W Chevrolet Company CHEVROLET	Hennis Motor Company CHRYSLER-PLYMOUTH
Greenwood Auto Company PONTIAC	Surry Sales Company CHEVROLET
Yadkin Auto Sales DODGE-PLYMOUTH	Granite City Motor Co. FORD-MERCURY-LINCOLN ZEPHYR
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