

INTO THE SUNSET

BY JACKSON GREGORY



THIRTEENTH INSTALLMENT
Timberline went willingly on his errand.

The Laredo Kid, instead of dying, as he undoubtedly should, mended from the first day. In three days, having the lay of the land and feeling master of the situation, he spoke some part of his mind.

"Yuh been good to me, Cousin Barry," he jibed, with so much malice in his eyes that it must have been the overflow of the spleen within him.

"As soon as you can hold a gun steady," said Barry angrily, "I'm going to hand you one—and kill you."

Laredo laughed at him. Two days later he appeared to have a relapse. It turned out to be just a bit of clever acting on his part. Barry was away an hour. When he came back he was wet with sweat and was breathing hard; he brought Sarboe back with him only to discover that the Kid had gone. Gone also were both saddle horses and the bulk of what little provisions the cabin afforded. Laredo, riding away, had neither gone empty handed nor left them a means of overhauling him.

They shouldered their small packs and started on the long walk to Barry's old home. The third day by mid forenoon they came within sight of the old home.

They went on and a moment later Sarboe heard a strange sort of exclamation burst from Barry. Someone had come out onto the rickety old porch; it was a small, slender woman. She called out something and started down the

steps as two men came out of the house behind her.

And then Sarboe was hard beset to keep up with Barry Haveril who went striding along to the house as though he could not get there fast enough. Next the two Lucys came running out of the house, with Ken March close behind.

The slender little woman who had been first to sight the newcomers started running along the path toward them, and Barry bore down on her faster and faster, presently sweeping her clear off the ground and hugging her.

"Home again!" cried Barry, his eyes wet and shining. "All of us!"

All of them except dead Robert who lay buried up in the hills toward Tex Humphrey's place, slaughtered by the Laredo Kid for the sake of a horse and saddle.

They were having supper, when Timberline came riding back to them.

"They got sight of me, the cusses, about fifteen-twenty miles back," he muttered.

Everybody started asking questions again. Timberline, his eyes red-rimmed and bleak and wrathful, turned to Barry. "They've outlawed yuh, pardner, damn 'em; outlawed yuh for stealin' another man's wife. They've made it look like it was all lawful. They're out gunnin' for yuh, Sundown, an' all warranted to shoot on sight."

He had met a man who had left Red Rock the day before, one Cliff Bendiger, an old prospector of Timberline's own breed and a friend. He had said, by way of

greeting: "I hear young Barry Haveril's a pardner of yore'n. Well, if so, yuh better know now if yuh don't already, what the talk is."

They speculated upon the riders he had seen some, "fifteen-twenty mile from here." Ben Haveril, Barry's father, offered thoughtfully:

"If yuh saw them that close, well likely they're headed here. Where else?"

Timberline said: "If a gang swoops in on us, while Barry's here, we got to fight it out with 'em, ain't we? If Sundown'll do a quick sneak, let 'em come."

"That's sense," nodded Ben Haveril. "Barry went have to go fur, but he better step along. He c'n watch the house from the woods, come day, an' c'n come on back if the coast is clear."

"Yuh had better go right away, Barry," said his mother.

"Of course yuh're right," Barry said. "I don't want to run out on you folks, but it's clear as day that my staying here now would only dra' you all into it. Sure, I'll go. But there's something you're all forgetting—"

Lucy sprang to her feet. There were fires in her eyes, too; she stood, quiveringly tense. She could not wait for Barry to finish. She cried out passionately:

"What about me? What am I to do?"

"That's what I was thinking of," muttered Barry.

"Don't you see?" demanded the girl. "It isn't only Barry they want. They're after me, too!"

Lucy's eyes were brighter than ever and her face was aflame again when she made her hurried rejoinder.

"I am not going back to—to anybody, until I know a lot of things! I—" She whirled to Barry. "Take me with you, Barry!"

"We wouldn't let 'em take her, Barry," said his father. "Not unless she wanted."

"But don't you see?" cried Lucy. "It would be the same as if Barry had stayed; they'd turn things upside down to get me—it's the Hamilton money they're after, I know it. Didn't they didn't someone murder for a part of it long ago?"

Barry caught her by the arm. He didn't speak to her but to his brother.

"Get a couple of horses saddled up for us, will you, Lute? We'll be getting ready to go."

The wanly lighted windows behind them were blotted out in the dark. The black limbs of trees like monstrous arms spread above them.

A sigh escaped the girl. That was when, after a few minutes of riding, she experienced a sensation of relief or escape. At the same instant Barry spoke.

Barry said, "You know I love you, Lucy."

And Lucy, her voice hushed like the breath of night air through the pines, answered him with the question, "Do you, Barry?"

"And you, Lucy—down in your heart—"

"Don't, Barry!"

Presently she said: "Barry, life is terrible, isn't it? It isn't fair! It doesn't give us a chance. If one only knew—"

"Why didn't I take you away with me that time from Tylersville?" he exclaimed bitterly.

She didn't answer, but in her heart she whispered despairingly: "Oh, why didn't you, Barry?"

"Tonight I'm going to take you to Tex Humphrey's ranch," said Barry. "It's not far; we'll be there in an hour or an hour and a half."

"Sh!" whispered Lucy, and reached out to catch his sleeve. "I hear someone coming!"

He, too, heard horses' hoofs on a bit of rocky trail in the distance, and a moment later there were faint, faraway voices.

They had scarcely drawn aside from the trail when a dozen men went riding by. Two of those men were Judge Blue and Tom Haveril.

The riders passed on. When they drew near Tex Humphrey's cabin in his clearing among the pines, Barry said, "Wait here a minute; I'll go ahead and make sure it's all right," and swung down and left her holding his horse.

A slim little figure started up before him, materializing out of the blackest of the shadows.

"Jesse! So you did come back to me!" said a soft voice murmurously.

"Molly!" exclaimed Barry. "It's you, isn't it, Molly?"

She drew back, poised for flight. "You—Who are you?" She sounded frightened.

"I am Barry. Don't you remember Barry Haveril, Robert's brother?"

"Oh!" She gasped out the one syllable and drew still farther back from him.

"You thought I was Jesse," he said. "What Jesse? Who is the Jesse you looked for?"

Molly was trying to bite his hand but suddenly froze still.

"It's Jesse Conroy, isn't it?" Barry persisted, still gripping her arm. "You're waiting here for him. And he is the man who murdered Robert!"

"You did love Robert, didn't you, Molly?" he said gently. She nodded miserably. She said faintly: "Robert, gone now. His ghost walks at night."

"And then Jesse Conroy came!"

"It was so sad," she said. "And Jesse—He looked like Robert, just a little. And—"

"And so you loved him, too, Molly?"

She grew fierce, stamping passionately. "No! You tell me he killed Robert? That is true! I know. One time Jesse asks me about Robert—and when I cry he laughs. And he says something then I can't understand until now! He says, 'If I hadn't come, your Robert wouldn't be gone, huh?' And he laughs some more, like a bad joke."

Then she sped away, running off into the forest.

Barry went on slowly toward the dark cabin. When he rapped lightly there was no answer.

He stepped into the house. The empty house afforded no answer. Puzzled, he went back for Lucy.

The fire on Tex Humphrey's long cold hearth, built up afresh by Barry, blazed cheerily. Lucy crouched close to it, warming her hands.

"You are the best, the finest man I ever knew, Barry."

"Lucy!"

He demanded, sounding stern, not at all loverlike, "Do you love me, Lucy?"

"I—I think I do, Barry."

There came a soft scratching sound at a window which made them start erect.

"It's all right," said Barry. "It was Molly. She said: 'I want to talk with her, Barry. The girl, You, Girl, come out here.'"

"I'm going!" said Lucy, drawn by Molly's voice.

Barry went with her to the door, lifting down the bar. At the last minute he slipped his belt gun into her hand.

Barry returned to his task of preparing beds for the night on Tex Humphrey's sitting room floor. Outside he heard the girls talking.

He was just straightening up when he heard a voice speaking drawlingly close behind him.

"You woman-stealer!" said the voice. Barry pivoted to face Tom Haveril. "I'm going to kill you this time, Sundown Haveril, just as sure as you're a foot high."

Barry did not for a second expect anything but sudden death. He had given Lucy his gun.

"Kill and be damned to you," he said, and sounded merely disgusted.

"So you're going to face it like a little man, taking it standing up, are you?" jeered Tom Haveril. "You can't run away and you can't grab a gun, so like any cornered coyote you'll look it in the face, will you?"

Barry wasn't listening. The greatest rage of Barry's entire life flamed up within him then. Yet somehow he must warn Lucy.

"What's that?" he demanded. "What did you say?"

Tom Haveril laughed at him, thinking him gripped by terror. "You yellow dog," he said, "you're scared; that's what's the matter with you."

"So you're going to murder me, are you? No killing for you in fair fight—"

"Shut up! Where's Lucy?"

"She isn't here," said Barry. Tom Haveril mocked him.

"Well, as my wife she won't last long, but as Colonel Hamilton's heiress, that's different!"

Just then Barry heard a quiet footfall and Lucy's voice at the same instant.

(Continued Next Week)

BRANON

Mr. Judson A. Cattet, of Westport, Conn., is expected to arrive Tuesday for a few days visit with Dick Cummings.

Mrs. Pearl Campbell and children and Mrs. Polly Patton of Coolemeem, and Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Cummings of Booneville, were the Sunday afternoon guests of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Cummings.

Miss Blondine Ireland of Danville, Va., was the week-end guest of relatives at Branon.

Mr. Forrest Doss spent Sunday afternoon at North Wilkesboro.

Bill Steelman of near Yadkinville, was the week-end guest of Carl Steelman.

Glen Cummings has returned home from Salisbury, where he has been employed for some time.

Miss Jessie Ruth Brown of near Jonesville, spent Tuesday night with Miss Mildred Garner.

Mr. J. W. Doss recently had the misfortune to lose a tobacco barn, containing a well cured barn of tobacco, by fire.

Mrs. John Wood underwent a tonsil operation at the Yadkinville Clinic last week.

Miss Ruby Shore of Jonesville, and Mrs. Glen Mastin and sons,

WINDSOR FAMILY TO HOLD ANNUAL REUNION

The annual reunion of the Windsor family will be held Sunday, September 17, at Windsor's Cross Roads.

Prof. Z. H. Dixon, of this city, will make the principal address of the day. A quartette from Pleasant Hill Baptist church will also take a prominent part in the musical program.

All friends and relatives of the Windsor family are invited to attend and bring well filled baskets for the picnic dinner which will be served at 12:30.

J. R. Windsor, of this city, is president of the Windsor clan and Mrs. R. W. Thomasson, of Winston-Salem, is secretary.

NOTICE

Having qualified as Administrators on the estate of J. B. Hudson, all persons holding claims against said estate will hereby take notice that they are required to present the same to the undersigned within twelve months from this date or this notice will be pleaded in bar of recovery. Also all persons owing said estate will please make settlement. This the 29th day of August 1939.

J. D. HUDSON,
B. E. WELBORN,
Administrators.

NOTICE OF SALE OF LAND

WHEREAS, on the 6th day of September, 1934, J. W. Mounce and wife, Daisy Z. Mounce executed and delivered unto W. O. McGibony, Trustee for Land Bank Commissioner, a certain deed of trust which is recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Surry County, North Carolina, in Book 128 at Page 216; and

WHEREAS, default has been made in the payment of the indebtedness thereby secured as therein provided, and the trustee has been requested by the owner and holder thereof to exercise the power of sale therein contained;

NOW, THEREFORE, under and by virtue of the authority conferred by the said deed of trust the undersigned Trustee will on the 22nd day of Sept., 1939, at the court house door of Surry County, North Carolina, at twelve o'clock noon offer sale to the highest bidder for cash, the following real estate:

All that certain tract of land containing Sixty-Four and Three-Tenths (64.3) acres, more or less, known as the J. W. Mounce Home Place, lying and being in Bryan Township, Surry County, North Carolina, located on the Elkin and Zephyr Road, nine miles West of Dobson, North Carolina, bounded on the North by lands of T. A. Stanley and Mrs. N. E. Hughes, East by lands of Mrs. N. E. Hughes and E. J. Collins, South by lands of Pearl Cockerham, and West by lands of T. J. Steele heirs. The property is more fully described by metes and bounds in the deed of trust above mentioned, to which reference is made.

This the 12th day of Aug., 1939.

W. O. MCGIBONY,
Trustee.

ROBERT A. FREEMAN,
Agent and Attorney for Trustee.

9-14

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