



HILLS OF DESTINY

BY AGNES LOUISE PROVOST

CHAPTER V

Synopsis
Lee Hollister, returning unexpectedly from a trip abroad to the Circle V ranch, his home from childhood, is troubled by signs of neglect. Joey, an old prospector friend of Matt Blair, Lee's foster father and owner of the ranch, tells Lee that Matt has killed himself, probably discouraged by hard times. The ranch is going to ruin under Lawler, manager appointed by Matt's daughter, Virginia, who is staying in New York with her aunt and uncle, the Archers. Lee is worried when he sees Slanty Gano, a trouble maker, now manager of the old Ceballos place, hanging around the Circle V. He hurries East and urges Virginia to go home. Canceling an engagement with young Stanley Bradish, she hurries west.

"The boss" was back at the Circle V. The word was passed along on the part of the old hands, at least, with reviving pride and affectionate grins. This might not be a boss with a very practical knowledge of the business of raising beef cattle, but behind her, unobtrusive, without a shadow of authority yet always on hand, was a young man who knew a great deal about ranches and still more about this one, and who had a fist like a steam hammer, a habit of turning up in unexpected places, and a calm but inquisitive black eye.

Virginia, feeling her bewildered and half resentful way along new paths, nevertheless knew moments when something stirred her unexpectedly. The sudden

glimpse of a vista through a notch in the hills, the sight of wide lands that were hers in spite of their burdens, of cattle bearing their own brand. Then the thrill would vanish before some discouraging detail, evidences of neglect or carelessness, such as a line of fence out of repair, or an untouched clearing which should have produced several crops of alfalfa.

"There's no excuse for such things. You want to jump him hard."

"You always want me to jump people hard," she protested impatiently. "It isn't a crime, Lee. Just a few strands of wire overlooked for a day or two, and a field that used to have something planted in it before he came. How was he to know?"

"It's his business to know." He had dismounted and was critically inspecting posts and sagging wires.

"In work like this," Lee went on, frowning, "the man who fails to meet such things on the jump is either asleep on the job or—" "Or what?" she demanded as he paused.

"Or he has an interest in letting things run down," he finished crisply.

"That's ridiculous!" she retorted indignantly. "What possible interest could Lawler have in doing that? He couldn't get the ranch himself, and who would make it worth his while? Uncle Ellis, perhaps, who engaged him for me and who has made a home for me for years and years! Or Mr. Bradish, who has millions, and could have his choice of any number of ranches!"

"That was where the clash inevitably came. They were not always arguing. There were long rides together when there was no intrusion of cattle and fences.

They stood one afternoon on the crest of a ridge from which a wide panorama spread out. Lee was unusually quiet that day. When they had dismounted he pointed out dots of color that looked like paint splashes.

"Circle V cattle. They're all over these hillsides and out on that flat, all with your brand on them, waiting to help feed the world. That's worth something, isn't it?"

"Yes, I suppose so." There was no answering lift of enthusiasm

in her voice. "Oh, it's no use, Lee. Can't you see that? It isn't in my blood the way it is in yours."

"There's nothing I wouldn't do to help, Virginia, if that's any use to you."

"But you'll never make a ranch woman of me. Never. Rather give me up as a bad lot, Lee."

"I'll never give you up!" She caught the quick blaze in his eyes, felt herself swept to him in a grip at once rough and tender, his face against hers, warm and compelling. Pulses stopped, and raced exultantly on again.

"Never!" he whispered against her lips. "Honey..."

The first impulse to yield brought a blazing reaction. She pulled herself free.

"You take too much for granted," she said coldly. "I hate being pawed."

The warmth went out of Lee's face like something wiped from a slate; his hands dropped; he stood looking down at her, tight-lipped.

"Oh, certainly, if that's the way you look at it."

The ride home was a silent one. Lawler met them as they came into the Valley of the Sun. He was grinning.

"Been lookin' all over for ye, Miss Blair. Some company's come, yore aunt and a young gentleman. They've been here three hours."

Stanley Bradish had already found a mount and was riding toward them.

"Thanks, Lawler," Virginia turned coolly to Lee. "It won't be necessary for you to come so far out of your way. I'll ride back with Mr. Bradish."

"It isn't out of my way," he said laconically. "I'm spending the night with Joey."

He rode on with her to meet Stanley Bradish, whose father wanted the Circle V and who himself probably wanted something worth still more to Lee Hollister. Each man recognized the other, and neither gave the faintest indication of it. Once more, and this time consciously, the glance that passed between them was a measuring of power.

There was little time now for Virginia to let her thoughts dwell on Lee. She had two unannounced guests to entertain, both

city dwellers of luxurious tastes. Mrs. Archer had retired exhausted to her room. Virginia excused herself to Stanley and found her.

"Darling, this is lovely! But why didn't you send word, and let me meet you?"

"I wanted to surprise you, dear. It was a silly notion, of course." Mrs. Archer returned the warm young kiss and smiled wanly. "I hope you don't mind my bringing Stanley this way, but I couldn't very well object when he wanted to come."

"Oh, no, of course not." Virginia smiled brightly. She paused, and the rest came jerkily.

"Father was going to build a new ranch house as soon as I came back. And I never came. The plans are in his desk, still."

Mrs. Archer looked frightened. She had not heard that hard sound in Virginia's voice since the first days after Matt Blair's death.

"Oh, but you were practically on the way home," she said soothingly. "And I'm sure we shall be very comfortable here. Stanley has had one of his cars shipped out. Really, if you weren't going to sell, I should insist on your getting a new one."

Virginia did not answer immediately.

"Oh, yes, I suppose I shall sell," she said slowly. "It would be foolish not to. But I'd rather not talk about it, if you don't mind."

Mrs. Archer flashed an alarmed glance at her niece's face.

"Of course," she said hurriedly, "it's your property and I don't want to seem insistent, but if you delay too long, you may lose the opportunity. Mr. Bradish is a very generous man, but he is also very—er—peculiar. He may get impatient and withdraw the offer."

Mrs. T. Ellison Archer's ears might have warmed unpleasantly if she had known that at that particular moment the young man called Lee Hollister, whom she both disliked and feared, and the little dried up prospector whom she considered a very vulgar and obnoxious old man, were discussing her affairs with considerable freedom.

"Reckon Mis' Archer's aimin' to take Honey back east?" said Joey.

"I'm bettin' she won't, Joey." The old man peered at him shrewdly.

"Looks kinda serious, that young Bradish feller comin' along, like it was a family party. It's queer how life keeps turnin' folks around. There was Mill Bradish, back in the late nineties, busted and glad to eat the grub Matt gave him, an' now Mill's a millionaire and Matt's the one that's down, an' Mill's boy is out here hangin' around Matt's girl. Funny, ain't it?"

"Very." The voice sounded grim.

"Never did have any use for them Archers," Joey grumbled. "Too plumb full of foolishness to live. All they think of is money and how many yachts and butlers their friends has. It must have 'most killed 'em when Honey's ma married into the shirt sleeve set, but I took notice that when Matt was makin' a lot of money they corresponded with him pretty frequent. Can't tell me!"

The dark head turned slightly. "They're born grubliners, Joey, if I know the breed. I'd like to see the stubs of Matt's check books for the last six years."

Joey nodded thoughtfully. Silence fell between them again.

"You're not sore with me for trailing along this way, are you?"

"Don't be silly." Virginia laughed and half shrugged as Stanley came out to where she stood on the veranda in starlight, looking across the shadowy valley.

"Well, I just wondered. You've been so quiet. Rather withdrawn, you know."

He bent a flushed face toward her. "You ran away from me, Vee. Don't you know that I'd follow you—anywhere?"

His voice had dropped to a whisper.

In another second he would be kissing her. Lee this afternoon, Stanley this evening. . . . She couldn't stand it.

"That's sweet of you, Stan." She moved a little, just out of reach. "But don't let's talk about it tonight, will you?"

For Lee, and for Joey also, the serpent had entered the garden. There were no more long rides, nor quiet evenings by Joey's fire. Virginia rode with Stanley Bradish now, showing him over the range, taking him deep into the hills by trails that Lee had shown her. On the third day after his arrival he and Virginia went down to Saunders and came back with a long, rakish car, smoke-grey, with his monogram in scarlet on the doors. After that they were seldom home.

At the end of the third week more guests arrived, friends who had stopped off on a coast-to-coast trip, and lights shone and music came from the ranch house until far into the night. A newer, gayer life had come to the Circle V, and with one notable exception, Lee Hollister had no part in it.

The exception was the dance while the week-end guests were there. He wore the blue serge suit and was on of the few men there not in evening clothes, but he swung Virginia into a foxtrot as easily as if he had been born to it, and later danced twice with Peggy Watrous, Peggy specializing in new men.

"I'm crazy about your handsome cowboy, Vee. I'd cut you out if I could. He is part Indian, isn't he?"

"Of course not. Lee is—"

She hesitated, half angry but

suddenly brought up against a blank wall. After all who—or what—was Lee? A bit of human flotsam that Matt Blair had salvaged and made into a man.

"Who's an Indian? Hollister?" The voice was Stanley's breaking in just in time to save her from a lame reply. "Oh, yes, there's mixed blood there, Vee. Didn't your father pick him up on one of the reservations? Or was it south of the border?"

This time Virginia showed her annoyance. "I don't know," she said coldly. "You'd better ask Lee."

(Continued Next Week)

NOTICE OF SALE OF LAND

Under and by virtue of the order of sale made by the Clerk of Superior Court of Surry County, North Carolina, on the 11th day of December 1939, and supplementary order made January 15th, 1940, in the Special Proceeding entitled "Emma C. Thompson, Adm'x. of B. H. Thompson, deceased against Hort Thompson et al heirs at law," the undersigned commissioner will offer for cash to the highest bidder at public auction at the old home place of the said B. H. Thompson, in Mountain Park, N. C., on Thursday, the 15th day of February 1940, at 2 o'clock P. M., the following described real estate:

First tract: lying and being in Bryan Township, Surry County, N. C. bounded on the North by the lands of W. H. Turner, on the East by the lands of Arthur Wright, on the South by the lands of Albert Bunker, and on the west by the lands of Cleve Roberts, containing 33 acres, more or less.

Second tract: certain lots on the West side of Main Street in the Town of Mountain Park, N. C., and being described on the map of said Town as lots 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, and 73.

This the 15th day of January, 1940.

ROBERT A. FREEMAN, Commissioner.

2-29

We Proudly Announce

A MIRACLE!

We can dye and clean any color of ladies' suede shoes. Will not scuff or smut off. The work is done by a new dyeing process. Also any leather shoes for men, women and children.

ROGERS ELECTRIC SHOE SHOP

ELKIN, N. C.

Salisbury-Mount Airy Coach Company

SALISBURY, N. C.



Schedule Effective Jan. 31, 1940

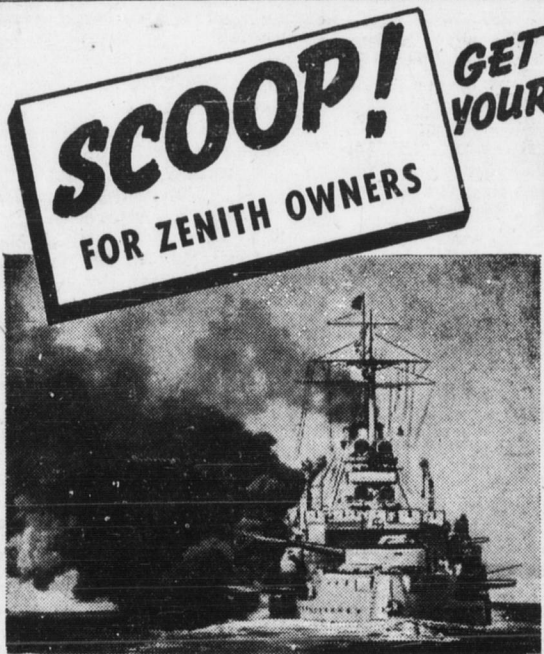
BETWEEN
SALISBURY COOLEEMEE
MOCKSVILLE ELKIN
MOUNT AIRY

Read Down			Read Up			
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	
8:00	1:45	7:25	Lv. Salisbury, N. C. Ar.	7:20	1:00	6:50
8:05	1:50	7:30	Lv. Catawba College Lv.	7:15	12:55	6:45
			Lv. Jct. 601 & 801 Lv.			
8:23	2:08	7:48	Lv. Cooleemee Lv.	6:57	12:38	6:27
8:35	2:20	8:05	Ar. Mocksville Lv.	6:45	12:27	6:15
			Lv. Mocksville Ar.		12:27	6:10
			Lv. Davis Ser. Sta. Lv.			
			Lv. Roberts Ser. Sta. Lv.			
			Lv. Courtney Jct. Lv.			
			Lv. Yadkinville Lv.	11:57	5:40	
			Lv. Boonville Lv.	11:45	5:32	
			Ar. Elkin Lv.	11:30	5:20	
			Lv. Elkin Ar.	11:25	5:20	
			Lv. Burch Lv.			
			Lv. Twin Oak Ser Sta Lv.			
			Lv. Jct. 268 & 601 Lv.			
			Lv. Dobson Lv.	10:55	4:50	
			Lv. White Plains Lv.			
			Ar. Mount Airy, N.C. Lv.	10:35	4:30	
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.		A.M.	A.M.	P.M.

Black figures denote P.M. Time, all others A.M.

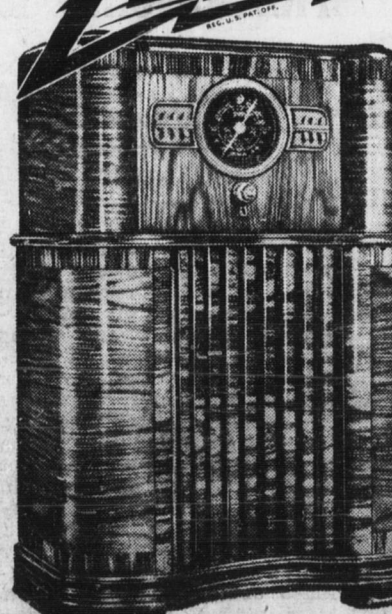
f—Indicates flag stop.

Connections are made at Salisbury for Concord and Kannapolis; Lexington and Thomasville; Albemarle and Wadesboro; and intermediate points to each and all points beyond.



With a Zenith short wave receiver you can listen from behind the battle lines to the greatest drama on earth. It's a new thrill in radio listening.

ZENITH



OWNERS GET NEWS FIRST-DIRECT FROM ITS SOURCE BY SHORT WAVE

News...propaganda...truth or fiction...call it what you may...you can hear it first—DIRECT—on a powerful short wave Zenith.

SHORT WAVE RECEPTION GUARANTEED

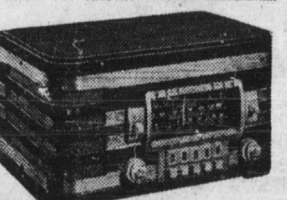
EVERY DAY OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Model 8-5-463—We want you to listen to this powerful short wave Zenith right in your own home. . . . 8 powerful tubes including electric tuning eye and heater cathode rectifier tube. . . . beautiful cabinet. . . . built-in short wave aerial. . . . wonderful tone. . . . \$99.95

Model 6-5-439—Seldom have we offered a bigger radio buy. . . . six powerful tubes including heater cathode rectifier tube. . . . full three-band reception. . . . built-in short wave aerial. . . . you can hear "Europe direct." . . . \$39.95

ZENITH PIONEERS IN ROUND THE WORLD SHORT WAVE BROADCAST

In 1923 Zenith flashed the first short wave message from Greenland to Tasmania with an im-promptu Ekimo choir for talent.



FREE! ZENITH'S NEW WAR MAP INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE

HINSHAW CASH HARDWARE COMPANY

PHONE 158

ELKIN, N. C.

ASK FOR GENUINE ZENITH TUBES IN THE TAMPER PROOF CARTON

VISIT ELK PHARMACY

FOR THESE SPECIAL

MONEY-SAVING VALUES!

MAKE A LIST OF THE ITEMS YOU NEED, THEN HURRY TO US! IT WILL PAY YOU!

Mennen Shaving Cream and Skin Bracer, 75c Value for Only **49c**

Zonite and Castile Shampoo \$1.10 Value for 57c	Dr. West Toothbrush and Calox Tooth Powder 65c Value for only 39c	Prophylactic Toothbrush and Powder 90c Value for 49c
--	---	--

2 Tek Toothbrushes for **43c** | 75c Noxzema for **49c**

Mentho-Mulsion 69c	Phillip's Toothpaste with Free "Hostess" Serving Dish 25c
Creomulsion \$1.19	
60c Syrup Pepsin 50c	
\$1.20 Syrup Pepsin \$1.00	\$1.00 Wampole's Preparation 89c
\$1.00 Cardui 79c	50 Vita-Min (ABDG) capsules 89c
\$1.25 Bottle SSS \$1.19	100 Nyal Concentrated capsules containing vitamins ABDG \$2.25
\$2.00 Bottle SSS \$1.89	25c Black Draught 19c
30c Lysol 24c	1-inch x 10 yards adhesive 35c
35c Vick's VapoRub 30c	50c Jergen's Lotion and 25c Cream for only 49c
\$1.25 Hot Water Bottle 89c	75c Fitch's Shampoo with 12 Hollywood Try-On hair styles 69c
\$1.25 Fountain Syringe 89c	2 Pints Maxam Almond Lotion for 50c

ELK PHARMACY, Inc.

Elkin's Cut-Rate Drug Store - Phone 310 - Elkin, N. C.