

OUTLAWS of EDEN

By PETER B. KYNE

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Tichenor knew the ghost of old Rance Kershaw was coming between him and his desire.

"I understand, Lorry," he said finally. "Well, I'm good at waiting, but I certainly do crave the job of taking care of you."

She smiled up at him. "Well, I have resented your visit," she admitted freely. "What does a valet know about taking care of a man?"

He dismounted, squatted on his heels in the shadow of the corral and motioned her to sit beside him.

"Tell me anything except how much money you have," she suggested presently. "I'm not interested in that."

"Lorry, I'm the proprietor of a big dream. As a half-owner in a bond and brokerage house in New York I have made enough money to retire on now. But I'm too young to just cut, so I'm going to put over one big deal before I quit. Lorry, I'm the Mountain Valley Power Company."

She stood up, gazing down at him reproachfully. "So you were the Santa Claus that gave me twice what my land was worth, were you?" Her tone was cold. "That was your nice little method of conferring charity, was it?"

"Well, it was a good trick, Lorry, but the land was worth that to me. Had anybody but you owned it I'd have haggled and made a couple of hundred thousand dollars. But it wasn't charity. I wasn't in love with you when we closed that deal. That's happened since and I don't know why, but I only know I'm glad it happened, even if nothing should ever come of it. Sit down please. You can't pick a fight with me merely because I decided to take advantage of your ignorance of the value of what you hold, plus your acute financial embarrassment."

She sat down.

You and I were not popular in our little world," he went on. "I don't know how you feel about it, but that knowledge has always hurt me. My heart is here, where my people are. I've wanted to do something big and constructive, accumulate a bit of money and employ it wisely in this country. I—I want neighbors. I want to be thought well of."

He waved his hand toward the east. "I don't belong in that country and I don't like it. I want to live here and you ought as well know it now."

"So on, I'm listening, Nate."

"You're going to marry me, sooner or later, and I want to know if you'd have any objection to living here six months of the year?"

"A little bit shorter than I care to consider, but I can stand it."

"Lorry, you're a darling. Well, I've found a way to popularize both clans. When the Mountain Valley Power Company's dam is in, I'm going to sell water cheap to Edon Valley. They're irrigating from deep wells over there."

"Those people are a miserable lot, Nate. I was blackballed out of the women's club in Valley Center."

"So was my mother."

"I've never been invited to a party or a picnic or a dance or a barbecue, even by the people who come up here to picnic and fish and hunt on our ranch. I want no credit from those people, Nate."

A break in her voice caused him to glance sharply at her. Tears were rolling silently down her cheeks.

He gazed moodily down Edon Valley and watched the last rays of the sun gilding the crowns of the scattered pines. Yes, the people of Edon Valley had always been free to use Edon Valley for a playground.

"They can't come to Edon Valley any more," he declared aloud. "I'll put a sign up on the gate that leads from the open country to the Bar H. The mountaineer was speaking now. 'I wouldn't have truck with your enemies, Lorry.'"

She leaned over, put her arm round his neck, drew his face down and kissed him. "I do love you, Nate. And we're sufficient unto ourselves, aren't we?"

He held her so close to him she could hear his heart thumping with the fierce joy that possessed him. He was happy at last; the thought came to him that never again would he be lonely. Nevertheless, he had dreamed a big dream and he recoiled from the prospect of abandoning it.

"We needn't be friendly with them, darling," he resumed, "but we can sell them water, make a lot of money out of them and save them a lot of money. And it's not altogether their fault that we've been ostracized. You have got to admit we weren't a very wholesome crew."

"We'll ruin them," she cried, passionately, "and when they've been ruined we'll run cattle over their farms, Nate."

She was still recalcitrant, for she had been wounded deeply, and women do not forget their wounds as readily as men do. "I'm not interested, Nate. I am not my brother's

Junior Golf Champ



SUNSET RIDGE, Ill. — Shirley Ann Johnson (above), is the new junior U. S. Women's Western golf champion for 1934. She defeated Hilda Livergood in a desperately fought final round.

And then, for the last time, he discussed his plan for the organization of the Forlorn Valley Irrigation district.

"Here's the copy for a two-page ad," he finished. "It's a call for a mass meeting of the citizens, to be held next Saturday afternoon in the park, for the purpose of discussing the water situation and the appointment of a committee to investigate the possibilities of leading surface irrigation into the valley. I'll plant the idea good and strong in their minds at that mass meeting, but in the meantime you get out a good rousing editorial that will give them something to think about. Warn 'em that this Mountain Valley Power Company is about to grab the water for power purposes. Tell 'em Nate Tichenor's the Mountain Valley Power Company. Give Tichenor a— in a quiet way, but be firm. If we threaten his source of water supply, the chances are we can induce his company out of a contract to sell water to Forlorn Valley. Get the idea? He told me his company wouldn't consider selling us water and why? We threaten his source of water supply, chances are he'll change his mind and do business with us. And that's what we're after."

Brainard, remembering his recent experience with Tichenor, needed no urging to enlist in Babson's cause. Within two hours he was back in Babson's office with a copy of his editorial. "That's certainly a rousing editorial," Babson complimented him, "but there's a lot more punch to it if you tie into Nate Tichenor more vigorously."

"Why Tichenor hasn't done anything out of the way, has he?"

"He's swindled our water, hasn't he? He's lying to wipe it?"

"He's perfectly within his rights, Mr. Babson. How did he know we wanted the water?"

"The rights of the people are paramount to those of the individual, but whether they are or not, it suits me to have you tie into this fellow. Attack him in more things to him. Run a history of his family and the Kershaws, as mentioned from week to week."

"I want to incite the community against him. This is a war we're about to engage in, Joe, and in a war you've got to make people hate or they won't fight well. We'll have to fight for the Edon Valley water, but we can win, although to do so we may have to buy both the Circle K and the Bar H in order to acquire their water rights. But if we decide the owners now—hold them up to obloquy and ridicule and public hate, they just can't live in this country, understand, and they'll be glad to sell and get out."

Brainard replied: "Mr. 'Babson, it's a job I don't like—for two reasons. One—business; the other—ethical."

"Bear in mind, Joe, that the continued prosperity of Forlorn Valley

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CHAPTER IX

Joe Brainard, editor of the Valley Center Register, had been summoned to the Bank of Valley Center. Babson led him into his private office.

is a matter of profound interest to you and me.

"I'm on the horns of a dilemma, Mr. Babson. If I attack Tichenor in the manner you suggest he will start an opposition newspaper in this town and ruin me."

"How can he? He can't get any local advertising. I'll see to that, even if the local people were foolish enough to support their natural enemy by giving him advertising."

"But he promised me he'd do it, Mr. Babson."

"A mere bluff."

"I think you've got that man a bit wrong. I sized him up as one who will go through. I understand none of his people have ever made a promise they didn't keep. Bad as they were and bad as the Kershaws were, both of 'em had the courage of wounded gazelles. I'm afraid of him."

Babson smiled patiently. "The Kershaws and Kershaws never had their courages tested outside Edon Valley. The late Tichenor once projecting around Forlorn Valley and he'll find it hard to call his bluff."

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

AUSTRIAN WINTER PEAS SUGGESTED FOR FALL

Though all three of the winter-growing legumes commonly planted in North Carolina each fall are nearly equal in value for forage and soil improvement, it appears that this is the year to plant heavily of Austrian winter peas.

My reason for making this suggestion is that the seed of the Austrian pea is comparatively low in price as compared with crimson clover and vetch," says Enos C. Blair, extension agronomist at the State College. "Field demonstrations show that when other things are equal, crimson clover, vetch and Austrian winter peas make about the same yield of hay. They also give about the same increase in soil fertility when turned under, but, for the same reason, crimson clover seed and vetch seed are high in price this season and if the winter peas may be purchased at a less price there is no good reason why they may not be substituted for vetch and clover."

Mr. Blair says the price of crimson clover seed is nearly three times and the price of vetch is over twice as much. Assuming that 20 pounds of either being asked for Austrian winter peas, the price of 20 pounds of Austrian peas is the right amount to sow on one acre of land, the cost of seeding the vetch is 50 per cent more than for the peas and the cost of seeding crimson clover is about 200 per cent more.

He suggests that all growers planning to sow a winter cover crop this fall, investigate the possibility of using the Austrian peas.

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