#### WATAUGA DEMOCRAT-EVERY THURSDAY-BOONE, N. C.



#### FOURTH INSTALMENT SYNOPSIS:

Silas Spelle, highhanded, low-principled cattle baron, is out to smash the local bank and force foreclosure on the small ranchers of the Kanab desert country so that he can seize their range lands. He is opposed by Ed. Starbuck, presi-dent of the Cattlemen's Bank, and by San Juan Delevan, prominent rancher who has been crippled by a fall from his horse. Johnny Cle-hoe and his partner, Tex Whipple, are cowpunchers employed by San Juan Delevan to fight the rustlers and protect his interests.

Now Go On With the Story

A week after they had gone on their quest Tex Whipple and Johnny Clehoe rode slowly up out of the gulf of the Kanab Desert, to where the San Juan Plateau loomed dim wind or nothin'. I was sound asleep and purple in the violet dusk. They were gaunt, hollow-eyed and weary Their faces; their rlothes; their horses were gray with dust and the grime of the desert. Their eyes were bloodshot; their lips cracked raw from the bite of alkali dust. In front of them, slow and ponderous, dark as the ace of spades an' every moved the cattle they had regained body was ridin hell-catoot. They from the rustlers. It had been a was men ridin on both sides of me. terrific task to nurse exhausted and "All of a sudden on plain level faitering brutes across the torrid ground my bess turned a somer-wastes but the job was nearly done sault. O' course I hit hard an' my now and the cattle were traveling light went out. When I came to it faster, having smelled the water in the troughs on the slope above.

Johnny turned their charges over to lyin' jest as he fell, with a broken Pink Crosby and Pod Fortune, all neck. They was a canteen tied to that remained of the Pox D punch-the saddle an' as I was dryer'n hell ers, then unsaddled their horses, I drug myself over to him to get a turned them into the pasture and drink. While I was restin' I got to walked with stiff, awkward strides up to the ranchhouse

San Juan Delevan and his daughter Ronny were on the veranda.

"We brought yore cows back, San Juan," said Tex wearly. "Had to bump off two o' yore former ers to get 'em. But they're all here, every dang haid."

"Good boys," rumbled San Juan. "By God, it's a relief to find men yuh can trust. Ronny, yuh go help Chang rustle grub for Tex an' the kid. Set it on this table. Tex, yuh an' Johnny go wash up an' then while yuh eat youh can give me the story

A good wash and plentiful food made new men out of Tex and Johnny. Johnny ste until he nearly fell out of the chair and until even Ronny was moved to remark about

imposible to fill him up'

unabashed. He yawned and grinned and rolled a smoke with 'Ed's one white man, but he cain't run his bank on nothin'." and rolled a smoke

y'betcha. An' yuh know yuh'd icei offended if I didn't eat yore cookhe ended, addres

salivate those gents with the cattle ' 'T'm not," bit out San Juan sav Shore they had it comin agely. the damned double-crossin' coyotes Things trailed out jest as I figgered they would at the Springs. wa'nt no marks of any stampede was there?"

"None whatsoever," answered Tex The sign showed they just cut out that bunch an' headed 'ern northwest.

"I knew it. Ever since I got hurt been figgerin' Wade an' his crowd was crooked. Pink Crosby an' Pod Fortune are good boys but the rest was workin' with Wade, Yuh know Tex, I'll tell yuh somethin' about how I got hurt. I was drivin' a thousand haid of my prime stuff to the railroad at Sawtelle. We when the break came. Fust thing I knew they was a lot of bellerin' an' shoutin' an' when I got outa my tarp I saw the cattie was on the run. I chucked a hull on a bronc an' forked and him an' lit out to try an' turn 'em so they'd take to millin'. It was

was jest breakin' day. My back was hurtin' like hell an' I seemed dead Arriving at the corrais Tex and from the waist down. My brone was

figgerin' it was kinda funny that hoss should have fallen thataway on level ground. I looked him over an jest above the fetlock of the near front laig I found where he'd beer burned with a rope.

"Hell!" burst out Tex. "Yuh don't mean to tell me one of them dang snakes roped youre heas an' throwed ini apurpose

"Tex, that's jest exactly what hap pened. "Then the whole thing was

set-up-stampede an' all? "I figger it was. An' they run off

with eight hundred haid of my stock. I couldn't do nothin'. I was a danged sick man. Wonder yet why I didn't die. Loosin' them cattle jest about broke me. I got a mortgage I was gonna clear up with the sale of that herd. An' it's taken the last of my ready cash to bring in "Goodness Tex, don't you ever feed this child of yours? It seems imposible to fill him up" that last herd what I bought over on the Simon's Guich range across the desert. I shore am travelin' on the ragged aidge right now. An' 'Mias Ronny,' drawled Tex, 'Fill apologize for him. Ordinarily Fid be plumb ashamed of him but I be plumb ashamed of him but i gotta admit he dang near earned the right to eat his fool haid off this over to see me the other day yuh Johnny was quite shameless and know, that was him yuh rode

At this moment there came the "Ain't often I get service like this Gotta make the most of it, Tex was instantly alert. "Hoss

addressing these 'I could do with Through the dim murk a rider ap-proached, coming in along the Caril-

ment. worth?

Ten inpusand could cover it if I wanted to sell ern edge of the Kanab Desert to tap "That's right," nodded Tex. "San Juan, would you consider goin' in station. He was greeted at the ticket pardners?" "Who with??

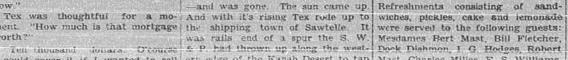
'Me-me an' the kid."

Tex-I'd jump at the chance. It'd manded Tex. e the best thing whatever happened o me. Bein' tied to this damn chair the way I nm I cain't get around an' take care of my spread like I should. With yuh an' the kid in with me we could make things hum-but, wait a minute. We're fergettin' Spelle an' that damn mortgage

"Not a leetle bit, we ain't," snapped Tex. "I been lookin' for a chance like this. Johnny's old enough now adjured. to start settlin' down an' gettin' his spurs hooked into somethin' perma-"Sure." ent. I got a pretty stake saved up fer the kid an' I know where I can get more. Together it'll be plenty to squelch Mister Silas Spelle. An' we'll make the kid foreman, San Juan. He needs some responsibility now, some thin' to make him ferget his kid stuff an' turn man. Yuh got a sweet range here-the kind I been lookin' fer a long time. Is it a go?

"Tex-it shore is. Yore talk puts othy Norris. some strength in this damned, worth-less ole carcass of mine. Shake!" Daylight the following morning found Tex far out on the Kanab Desert, pounding along at a steady lope. He had three horses changing from one to the other every two hours. In this way he did not have to halt to rest them. All through the scorching day he rode steadily. At evening he halted for half an hour at a brackish, scummed water-hole. While the horses were drinking and resting Tex wolfed down a couple of powlery sandwiches, took a long drink at his canteen, rolled a smoke, then

resumed his steady ride. The pale moon rose, arched and descended. The black heart of the dawn took form, hovered-lightened



off all my stock. But without stock, the cattle ranges of the district and what good would the range do me?" sporadic outbursts of activity. Tex went direct to the railroad

> window by a yawning, heavy-eyed agent "When's the next train out ?" de

Nine fifteen. Ticket? Where to? "Sevier."

board, pounded dates slipped it through the wicket. "Twelve dollars and forty-two cents."

it away and tossed a golden double eagle on the counter.

out.'

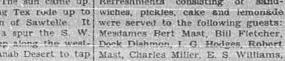
BRIDAL SHOWER Misses Madge and Maude Williams intertained a number of friends at their home last Tuesday afternoon with a bridal shower honoring Mrs. Tom Smathers, the former Miss Dor-

winners being Misses Mary Alice Baird and Clarcia White, Mrs. Smathers received many useful gifts.



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Oliver, Clarcia White, Mary Alice Baird, Edith Thomas, Mae Reece, of August. The county 3,865 work Jewell Miller, Louise, Witte Ruth Hodges.

The agent selected a strip of paste

Tex folded up the ticket and stowed

"Keep the change a minute," he "Can I send some telegrams

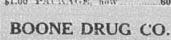
"Sure, Here's the pad. Write 'en

To Be Continued.

Contests were enjoyed by all, the

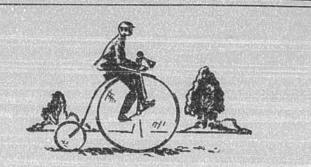


60c



Members of the newly organized 4-H calf club in Cabarrus County have been selecting good calves and plan to raise a fine group of animals this year, the county agent reports

Jewell Miller, Louise Williams and reported distribution of 2,496 cotton adjustment checks totaling \$88,180



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words to Ronny. that kind of cookin' the rest of my life, I'll tell a man."

"Haw! Haw" rumbled San Juan as Ronny blushed and fled. "Kinda sudden, that kid, eh, Tex?"

"He's purty danged fresh if yuh ask me," chuckled Tex "I'n he don't mind his manners I'll work him over with a quirt."

"Huh," snorted Johnny. "Jest try it, yuh frazzled out ole tie string. Now to show yuh I'm a gentleman I'm goin' in an' help Chang wash the dishes."

"Heh-heh," sniffed Tex scorn-fully. "Gettin' mighty considerate of that Chink seems to me. Wonder if yuh think yuh're foolin' anybody. I hope the little lady smacks youre face with a dish rag.'

When Johnny had gone the levity slipped immediately from Tex's face He turned to San Juan.

"Sorry the kid an' me had to

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tion trail. There was the sound of a stumble and then a volley of curses in a harsh, Scottish brogue.

Delevan grinned and leaned back. "Okeh Ter," he chuckled. "That's Doc McMurdo. Tough ole Scotchman but pure gold underneath. Com-in' out to take a look at this damned back of mine I suppose.

The rider dismounted before the veranda with another rumble of profanity.

"Light down Doc. light down. called San Juan. "Yuh seem to be havin' yore troubles."

"'Tis the dommed trail, mon,' rasped McMurdo. "And this crazy, drunken baste I've been r-r-riding Twice he na'threw me. How's the back, Delevan?"

"About the same Doc, no better no worse.

"Lucky ye ar'r-e to be alive. Delevan-Fve bad news for ye. The bark's been r-r-obbed. Starbuck, Stinson and Bur-r-ney are dead, poor-r devils."

"What?" exploded Delevan. "The bank robbed-Starbuck daid-an' the rest? I-hell-when did it happen Mc ?"

"Thursday afternoon. The dom thieves got clear away. The sheerif has come and gone wi'out doing a thing. 'Tis a wor-rthless mon he is An e-ex-aminer is on hand and declares the bank insolvent. 'Tis r-rumored has it that that scheming gr-rasping Silas Spelle is taking over all the bank's paper and mortgages." Delevan laughed harshly, hope-lessly. "That means I'm finished. Spelle will foreclose on me the first damn thing he does. He's been want in' my range for a long time. Tex, I reckon yore job won't last long



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