

# Slumbering Gold

(continued from page 3)

## FINAL INSTALLMENT

"There was a light-fingered person on the ship," Rose said, "who had come North to dip for gold in miners' pockets. I suggested that her try Owens', and so I obtained Dalton's own letter."

"Where is the letter now? The Judge asked, when the hum caused by this strange admission subsided.

"I still have it."

Judge Dugas tugged meditatively at the white linen neckpiece under his chin.

Rose continued carefully. She had resolved to outplay Fallon for the gold. If Owens had been dependable, she might have told him the truth about Fallon and planned the counter-move with him. As it was, she laid her own plans.

She knew—as Owens did—that while Fallon could threaten the rancher with exposure of the Nevada crime, he couldn't carry the bluff through without exposing himself as Reeves.

When Speed and his partner arrived at Skagway, she chose them on sight as the kind of men she needed, and made them a blind proposition to do a trailing job for her—persisting in the intention after they refused.

Her account of what followed explained several questions that had puzzled them. She ascribed Owens' death to fear. The drunken rancher had crumpled he knew, and then between fear of judgment and more drink to drown his fear, had drowned himself.

With Owens gone, Fallon had tried to hold Pete, believing she might know more than he had learned from Owens, and realizing that she herself was a very desirable, unclaimed prize. These points Rose conveyed by suggestion rather than direct statement, but they were none the less clear. She described the peculiar turn that had thrown Speed and Maitland into a clash of their own with Fallon on the trail, allowing Pete to win free over the pass. The first idea she drew from this was that Pete had taken them into her confidence, but—as she now reminded Wade and the court—if they had been interested in the gold at that time, they could have killed Fallon without incurring blame, and with a big saying of trouble to themselves.

On their return to Skagway for their horses and outfit, she had been all the more determined to use them because of their feud with Fallon, and had tried to interest them in the gold. Her warning about the shell-dealer was due to a tip she received from Lefty, who had shadowed the man for her. Remembering how the stranger had been

killed in Carson, she suspected Fallon of having prompted this ambush.

It was only two weeks ago," she explained, "that I heard of their being held here for the murder of a Siwash on Lake Lebarge last November. I knew they were innocent; knew it, among other reasons, because I had Dalton's letter to Owens, and a readable proof of who was guilty. There was a joker in the game."

Wade stirred in his chair. The crowd murmured, fearing another objection.

"Part of Dalton's letter read," Rose quoted evenly, "You would not recognize me on sight. I've been living native style, to keep the prospect and so on covered. Wait at the head of Lake Lebarge till the trail's clear after the freeze-up. If we miss connections on the lakes, camp there till spring, and if you don't hear from me before then, float the outfit down to the creek the drawing shows."

"That's how I know the accused men are innocent. My motive in explaining this is to turn the Law's vengeance where it belongs, on a man who has taken human life, the man who shot the U. S. Marshall in the train hold-up. I mean Fallon. My motive is to see him ride into his own deadfall and laugh in his face!"

Her eyes flashed at Fallon's clenched hand. "If it takes proof to open—" the low, vibrant tone of the words seemed to fill the room—"it's in his hand. The lucky, cloverleaf nugget. He was afraid of Malone's interest in that piece of gold. It disappeared from the marshall's safe when he left Skagway. A telltale bit of evidence he couldn't leave at large. But a fascinating keepsake he wouldn't destroy. He's trying to shift it now! The luck piece—the proof that outplays and hangs him! Do I win?" Her voice lifted with an indescribable taunting challenge.

Fallon was on his feet—savage, hate-maddened, yet somehow still commanding himself and the mute attention of the Court. "You'll hear my answer now!" he said, in a hoarse, rasping shout. "If I hang, I don't swing alone. That man—" he pointed at Speed in the dock—"was the partner of the stranger who rode the bay. I've figured his trail. He's thought to be drowned, off the George E. Starr. He calls himself 'Speed Malone.' Since we're talkin' of right names, that man is Buck Tracy, sometimes known as Buck Solo—the most notorious desperado and gunman that ever come out of the Northwest!"

While his hearers stiffened under the shock of the announcement he flung at them, he wheeled on Rose

## Reports Asthma Cure



NEW HAVEN . . . Dr. Stephen J. Maher (above), Chairman of the Connecticut Tuberculosis Commission, reports to a New England Medical Conference that he has succeeded in curing a number of asthma cases by an oral application where "all kinds of injections failed."

with a movement as swift as light. "As for you, you b— —!" he yelled — —

Only one pair of eyes caught the lightning gleam of the drawn gun. There was a stunning double report. Fallon's gun went out of his hand as if he had thrown it away. With a blankly staring look he sagged in a crumpling fall, dropped by a bullet in the brain from a gun which Speed had jerked from the holster of the belated police guard.

It seemed that his body was still falling when Speed jumped the courtroom floor and leaped for the open window.

The fractional margin of another instant or of one wild shot might have carried him through. Then, with the river before him and a long shore-line of wharves and docked barges, there is no telling what the Mounted Police might have had to write on their flawless man-getting record.

But the odds were too steep. A gun crashed as his boot touched the sill, and Speed fell backward into the courtroom.

For an instant the court stood dazed in the swirling smoke.

The bar of the prisoner's dock broke in splinters; Maitland was struggling in the hold of two police guards, to reach his partner.

Yet even in that frozen moment the wheel of Justice turned. Judge Dugas looked down on the fallen outlaw with a curious stillness, and then at Wade, whose response, though no one heard it, was translated to the police guards.

"Release the prisoner." Half-lifting Speed out of a widening pool of blood, Maitland had a blurred awareness of Pete on his other side. The outlaw leaned against their supporting arms, deeply breathing the cool breeze from snowy peaks that came through

the open window.

"A doctor—" Maitland tried to say, but his heart strangled the words in his throat, and tears rained on his partner's reddened shirt.

Speed looked up at him mistily and shook his head. "I don't ask for no better—run of luck than this, Bud. Always figured I'd fall in some mountain pass alone—and here—" He paused at something beyond his power to say. "We both got what we looked for—and more—only not where we was lookin'." His eyes rested on the sun-burned gold of Pete's har, and strayed back to his partner with a ghost of his old-time ruminating smile. "Gold is where you find it, like—Steiner said."

The strength seemed to ebb from him; he looked dimly at the wavering pools of light and shadow on the wall, and then in wonder at a bright glory of cloud floating across the far azure glimpse that showed through the window opening. It was as if a mirage had crossed his eyes in their last gleam of life.

But something of that same tenacity of will which had held Dalton against the cliff brought him back for a moment, and Maitland heard him say, as he drifted out on that last trail, "Give Rose a hand, Bud—she run a great bluff for ye. Tell her—I was plumb wrong—about women. Tell her—how much—I liked the singin'."

THE END

## June Suggestions For Orchards & Gardens

Orchardists and vegetable growers consider June an important period in the cultivation and care of garden and fruit crops.

If a good yield is to be obtained, free from rots and other injuries, insects and disease must be controlled, says M. E. Gardner, head of the horticultural department at State College.

Spraying and dusting are parti-

cularly important at this time of year, Gardner points out, since it is essential to control insects and diseases before they have time to develop.

The spraying or dusting should be done at the right time and with the proper materials. Apply them thoroughly to all parts of the plant.

Calendars showing the recommended spray mixtures for apple and peach trees, and the time to use them, may be obtained without cost from the agricultural editor at State College, Raleigh.

Frequent cultivation of the soil will keep down grass and weeds, which rob the soil of moisture and food that should be available for the crops. But do not cultivate too deeply, Gardner warns, so deep cultivation often injures the plant roots.

In June, he adds, succession planting may be made of sweet corn, snap beans, and cowpeas. Tomato seed may be planted for a late crop.

Pleasing the housewife is a big factor in the sale of fruits and vegetables, he says. A clean, well prepared product of standard grade will do much to solve the marketing problem.

—Buy in Salisbury—

## Refreshing Relief When You Need a Laxative

Because of the refreshing relief it has brought them, thousands of men and women, who could afford much more expensive laxatives, use Black-Draught when needed. It is very economical, purely vegetable, highly effective. . . Mr. J. Lester Roberson, well known hardware dealer at Martinsville, Va., writes:

"I certainly can recommend Black-Draught as a splendid medicine. I have taken it for constipation and the dull feelings that follow, and have found it very satisfactory."

**BLACK-DRAUGHT**

## CRESS GRANGE

Cress Grange held regular weekly meeting last Friday night with a very good attendance. After the usual business was attended to the Juvenile Grange rendered a literary program for us that was very good and enjoyed very much. All members present were asked to go to Patterson on Saturday if possible. About 20 of our members visited with Patterson Saturday night, June 1st, and tried to give them a literary program consisting of readings, songs and jokes which we

hope they enjoyed as much as we enjoyed their hospitality in welcoming us and serving us with ice cream and cake.

The farmers are signing up for their cotton ginning tickets this week.

We had a good rain on Tuesday afternoon which will do a lot of good.

Harvesting wheat and oats will soon be on us.

Frank Heilig has bought a new threshing machine.

J. B. Speck has bought a Farmall tractor and I. Ross Cress a mowing machine and hay rake.



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# Economy Week

## FINEST FOODS

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Ritter's Large 20-oz. TOMATO JUICE	10 <sup>c</sup>	Fancy RICE, pound	5 <sup>c</sup>	MACKEREL	25 <sup>c</sup>
				3 cans for	
Dromedary Grapefruit JUICE, No. 2 can	10 <sup>c</sup>	Certo for perfect canning, bot.	29 <sup>c</sup>		
Large 12-oz. Jar MUSTARD, Happy Time	10 <sup>c</sup>	Macaroni, 7-oz. package	5 <sup>c</sup>		
JEL-SERT Gelatine Dessert, package	5 <sup>c</sup>	MAYONNAISE or RELISH	5 <sup>c</sup>		
White House APPLE SAUCE, 21-oz. can	10 <sup>c</sup>	Coffee, 2 pounds	25 <sup>c</sup>		

**FLOUR** 24 lbs. Best **95c** 24 lbs. Red Rose **89c**

TOMATOES Fresh Picked. Ripe	2 lbs. 15 <sup>c</sup>	Fresh Corn and Beans	
SALAD Mustard-Rape, pound	5 <sup>c</sup>	Lemons, Fancy Large Dozen	15 <sup>c</sup>

**CABBAGE, 5 POUNDS 10c**

**MALT** Blue Ribbon 63<sup>c</sup> 3 pound can just a few Un-labelled cans **Ballantine 39<sup>c</sup>**

Swift's Jewel Shortening 8-lb. Carton	\$1. <sup>12</sup>	SWIFT'S GOLDEN JUBILEE MEAT SALE		PORK LIVER, Pound	15 <sup>c</sup>
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Swift's Smoked Link SAUSAGE, lb.	23 <sup>c</sup>	CHEESE Tasty pound	20 <sup>c</sup>	GROUND BEEF, lb.	15 <sup>c</sup>
Brookfield BUTTER, lb.	33 <sup>c</sup>			FRESH RIBS, lb.	15 <sup>c</sup>
				Country Cured HAMS	

**FRESH FROM THE SEA CROAKERS, pound 5c**

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