

TEXAS GUNS

By L. P. Holmes

NINTH INSTALMENT

Johnny jumped from his blankets and scratched a match, and a moment later the smoky lamp of the big bunkhouse table threw out pale gleams of yellow light. Pink Crosby, one side of his cherubic face streaked with dried blood sighed with relief as he lowered the big, limp body of Pod Fortune on a bunk. Then he wobbled and would have fallen himself if Johnny had not leaped forward and steadied him. There was a partially emptied bottle of whiskey on a shelf and Johnny caught it down and gave Pink a long drink.

"What the hell happened?" he demanded.

Pink, steadied by the liquor, sank into a chair and stared at Johnny apathetically. "Spelle's crowd," he answered tonelessly. "Tried all afternoon in town to start something with me an' Pod. We wanted to keep out their way. They outnumbered us an' besides we didn't want no trouble. Pod an' me ain't gunfighters. Then come dark we started back to the ranch. Damned if the dirty skunks didn't dry-gulch us. We was ridin' along quiet an' easy an' all of a sudden from a heap o' sage came a streak o' fire an' the whang of a gun. Ole Pod grunted an' dropped. God! I heard the slug hit him. I went for my own hawg-lain, but before I could turn it loose somethin' larruped me alongside the haid an' down I went.

"I wasn't out, but somehow I couldn't seem to move. Right away four or five hombies came ridin' out o' the brush an' scraed our broncs off. They was laughin' an' jokin'. One o' them says 'That paws fer Fair an' Donnelly, but we gotta get one more o' that damned gang to square it up fer Durbin.' Sounded to me like Montana Wade's voice. Then somebody else chimed in sayin' that the old man, meanin' Spelle I reckon, was figgerin' on rushin' the Box D an' cleanin' out on the whole caboodle.

"I was kinda driftin' off about that time an' I couldn't make much sense of the rest I heard. I did hear somebody mention Miss Ronny's name an' then they all laughed kinda nasty like. After that they haided back toward town. I musta laid there for an hour before I could get up. I went over to Pod an' found he was still alive. Then I had one hell of a time ketchin' our broncs, which had run off quite a ways. I got 'em finally an' managed to pile pore old Pod across his hull. Then I come on in. Thaa's all—'ceptin' pore Pod. How bad is he hurt, Johnny?"

Johnny bent over Pod Fortune and unbuttoned his blood drenched shirt. There was a nasty wound, high up on the left breast. Johnny studied it closely for a moment. "Hard tellin'," he muttered. "Looks like a lung wound to me. Which ain't so good. Give him a little o' this liquor, Pink. I'll go get the Chink up and have him heat some water. Then you an' him do what yuh can fer Pod. I'm haidin' fer town after Doc McMurdo."

Johnny jerked on his boots and

buckled his gun belt around his hips. Then he went up to the rear where Chang slept and pounded on the door.

"Hey Chang," he called softly. "It's me—Johnny Clehoe."

Presently Chang opened the door and blinked sleepily at Johnny.

"Wassa malla?" he creaked. Johnny told him about Pod and what he was to do, then when Chang scurried quickly for the kitchen, Johnny went to the corral on the run and saddled up. A moment later he was pounding away through the darkness along the trail to Carillion.

While McMurdo dressed, Johnny related the paramount incidents of the night and the old Scotchman's frown deepened as he listened.

"'Tis a sneakin', crafty mon he is, that Spelle. And a pity that the law is but a farce."

"We've got law," was Johnny's pregnant answer, patting the gun at his hip.

"Ay, lad—tr-rue ye are. But 'tis a law of violence."

"Mebbe," said Johnny briefly. "But it's the only law Spelle's kind can understand. All set, Doc?"

"Aye—ye'll be r-ridin' with me, lad?"

Johnny shook his head. "I'm hangin' around fer an hour or so. See yuh later, Doc."

When McMurdo rode away Johnny went down to the hash-house and had breakfast. Then, just as the sun peeped over the horizon he sauntered up to Jake Butterfield's store, to find that worthy opening up.

"Out kinda early, ain't yuh?" Jake gave his orthodox greeting. "Uh-huh. I want to get some smokin', Jake."

Johnny consumed a full hour over this meagre purchase, most of the time being spent as acting the interested listener to Butterfield's ponderous garrulousness.

"Some gents," stated Jake, "Shore want to hawg everthin'. Take Si Spelle fer instance. Why he even tried to buy me out yestidday. He

as Montana Wade. The other was a stranger.

Jake moved forward diffidently. "What'll it be gents?" he asked. "Spelle wants all the .30-30 shells yuh got in stock, Butterfield."

snapped Wade. "Trot 'em out here quick. My partner an' me got work to do. An' say—who in hell was yuh talkin' to jest now?"

"Me!" Johnny's answer snapped out like the crack of a whiplash. He stepped forward. "What yuh gonna do about it, yuh damned, yellow dry-gulcher?"

For a moment Wade stood as one stunned. He teetered on his toes like an animal about to spring, peering at Johnny, the fingers of his right hand uncoiling like flexing claws. Hate flamed in his eyes. "Spike," he snarled suddenly. "Here's one scalp Spelle wants—bad. He's one o' the two what did fer Fair an' Donnelly an' Durbin. Get him!"

With the words Wade dropped to his knees, snatching at his gun. He died in that position, slumping forward on his face. Johnny had been waiting for that movement and had gone into flaming action.

"Stay there," snapped Johnny. "Nother move an' yuh get it where Wade did. Jake—I'll take them .30-30 shells. Put 'em in a sack an' pile on five or six boxes o' .45's Pronto now."

Jake Butterfield, stunned, awed, shivering; his loosely hung tongue cleaving to the roof of his mouth in terror, moved automatically to obey.

"Here 'tis," he croaked shakily, shoving a weighty sack across the counter. "Thirteen boxes o' .30-30s an' six o' .45s. That cleans me. W-won't have no more in 'till the end o' the week. Sh-hall I charge 'em?"

Johnny grinned in spite of himself, but his cold eyes never wavered from the wounded man at the door.

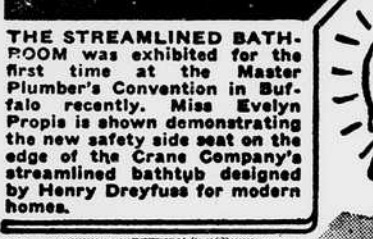
"Yeah, charge 'em—to Jim Delevan." Then, lugging the weighty sack in his left hand, Johnny advanced to the door and drove Masters into the street ahead of him.

"Fork yore bronc an' git," snapped Johnny, "Yuh can tell

CAMERAGRAPHS



ELEANOR STEWART, right, former Northwestern University co-ed now starring with MGM pictures, admits she sometimes gets homesick for Illinois and that she enjoys the radio programs from the Windy City. Here she is shown with Mary Carlisle, another MGM star, and E. H. Scott, Chicago radio designer, in Hollywood inspecting a "Quaranta," the new 40-tube radio which is the world's largest and which was built by Mr. Scott in Chicago.



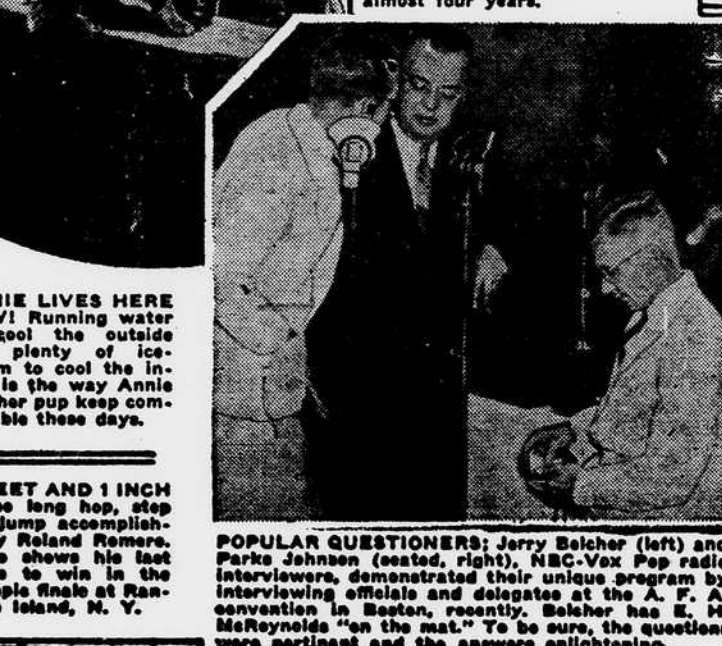
THE STREAMLINED BATH-ROOM was exhibited for the first time at the Master Plumber's Convention in Buffalo recently. Miss Evelyn Propis is shown demonstrating the new safety seat on the edge of the Crane Company's streamlined bathtub designed by Henry Dreyfuss for modern homes.



BACK BEHIND THE WHEEL of the famous Maxwell House Show Boat is Captain Henry who has been away on a little business trip. And with him, as always, is his sister, Maria, one of the most beloved characters in radio romance. Heard on an NBC-Red network every Thursday evening at 9 o'clock (E.D.S.T.) the Show Boat has been going strong for almost four years.



ANNIE LIVES HERE NOW! Running water to cool the outside and plenty of ice cream to cool the inside is the way Annie and her pup keep comfortable these days.



POPULAR QUESTIONERS: Jerry Belcher (left) and Parks Johnson (center, right), NBC-Vox pop radio interviewers, demonstrated their unique program by interviewing officials and delegates at the A. F. A. convention in Boston, recently. Belcher has E. H. McReynolds "on the mat." To be sure, the questions were pertinent and the answers enlightening.

Franklin News

Mr. and Mrs. John Miller and Mrs. Cecil Simpson, of Toledo, O., are visiting relatives and friends here. They have many friends here that will be happy to see them.

Miss Elizabeth Walker has returned home after spending two months at Mint Hill with her uncle, Mr. Lawrence Wilson. Her many friends are glad to see her.

Mrs. Charles Parker and little son, Jerry, of Salisbury, were welcome visitors at the home of Miss Lillian Click Monday.

Master W. A. Kesler, Jr., spent last week in Spencer with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Will Kesler.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Walker, of Charlotte, and Mr. Lawrence Wilson, of Mint Hill, were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Walker.

We are sorry to say that Mr. Charles Shoaf isn't much better. He has been in bed thirteen weeks. His many friends wish him well soon.

Mrs. Mary Howard is home after spending two weeks in Mooresville with friends.

Wilson Norris of Watauga County purchased a pure bred Hampshire ram from a sheep breeder in Greenville, Tennessee, last week.

"I knew he would," answered Johnny complacently. "Pod's too doggoned onery an' tough to die, huh Pink?"

Pink Crosby, his rosy cheeks rather pale, grinned back in answer from beneath the shroud of a white bandage which circled his head. "Y'betcha," he nodded. "Ole Pod's one tough bronc."

"How about you?" broke in Delevan impatiently. "Suppose yuh give an account o' yoreself, young feller. What'cha been doin' an' what'cha got in that sack? Looks purty damn heavy to me."

"Just a few supplies" was Johnny's off-hand reply. "Say Ronny—how's chances for a little grub? I ain't et since breakfast an' it's crowdin' two o'clock now. I'm all gaunted up."

Ronny smiled and scurried away kitchenward.

"Humph," grunted Delevan. "Yuh shore got a way with yuh, yuh danged young hellion. She never would hop that fast fer me. But yuh got somethin' to tell us. What's weighin' down yore mind?"

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

Cleveland, Rt. 2, News

The Rowan Pomona Grange met with C. S. I. Grange last Wednesday with a very good attendance.

The singing held annually at Providence Lutheran church will be held August 1. Every one is invited.

Mr. and Mrs. Robin Wooten are leaving for Cleveland county Friday, where they will teach school next year.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Guffy, Misses Rosa Yarborough, Emma Baily Jones, and Mr. Robert Harris of Roxboro, were dinner guests Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Guffy.

Miss Lois Davis spent the weekend with Misses Marie and Mary Neil Lazenby.

Mr. and Mrs. Lacy Brown, of Virginia, have been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jay Moore.

The community was saddened by the death of Mrs. C. F. Barringer on Tuesday evening. The funeral was held at St. Matthews on Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Guffy and Mrs. Jennie Campbell spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Campbell.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Campbell and family are at home from Washington, D. C.

Messrs. Ralph Jacks and B. M. Madison have returned from Duke University where they attended summer school.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Steele and Miss Lucile Merrell, of Statesville, visited Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Steele Sunday.

Mrs. Pink Rogers, Misses Josephine, Ruth and Biddy Sue Rogers of Rembert and Bishopville, S. C., were recent visitors of Mrs. F. E. Steward.

Mrs. J. H. Steele who has been in the H. F. Long hospital for the past three weeks, returned home Sunday and is improving we are glad to know.

Apple Output Seen Smallest Since '21

The Agricultural department has estimated domestic apple production this year would be the smallest since the crop of 1921. The estimates, based on conditions as of July 1, indicated a production of 193,214,000 bushels, or 38 per cent less than the 1935 crop of 167,283,000 bushels, and 36 per cent below the five-year (1928-32) average of 161,333,000 bushels.

Many Fail To Get Drivers' License

Raleigh.—Arthur Fulk, director of the State highway safety division, said recently approximately 12 per cent of all applicants for automobile driving permits since March 16 have been turned down or required to try a second time after a 30-day study period.

Since the middle of March every applicant for a license has had to pass a test given by a member of the highway patrol.

There are now more than 706,000 licensed drivers, but more than 600,000 got licenses before the tests were started.

Say "I Saw It In The Watchman."

Legal Notices

NORTH CAROLINA, ROWAN COUNTY IN THE SUPERIOR COURT Ethel M. Foulkes, vs James Leonard Foulkes

NOTICE

The defendant, James Leonard Foulkes, will take notice that the plaintiff has commenced the above entitled action against him for the purpose of obtaining an absolute divorce upon the grounds of statutory period of separation, and that he is required to appear before the Clerk of Superior Court at his office in Salisbury, Rowan County, North Carolina, on the 25th day of July, 1936, or within thirty days thereafter and answer or demur to the complaint filed by the plaintiff, or the relief therein prayed for will be granted.

Dated this the 24th day of July, 1936.

B. D. McCUBBINS, Clerk Superior Court. T. K. Carlton, Attorney. July 31—August 7, 14, 21.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA COUNTY OF ROWAN. IN THE SUPERIOR COURT NOTICE

R. L. Christopher, Plaintiff. vs Ethel Christopher, Defendant.

The defendant, Ethel Christopher, will take notice that the plaintiff has commenced the above entitled action against her for the purpose of obtaining an absolute divorce upon the grounds of statutory period of separation, and that she is required to appear before the Clerk of the Superior Court of Rowan County at his office in Salisbury, N. C., on the 28th day of August, 1936, or within thirty days thereafter and answer or demur to the complaint filed by the plaintiff, or the relief therein prayed for will be granted.

Dated this the 27th day of July, 1936.

B. D. McCUBBINS, Clerk Superior Court. John L. Rendleman, Jr., Attorney. July 31—August 7, 14, 21.



"Stay there," snapped Johnny.

How Cardui Helps Women To Build Up

Cardui stimulates the appetite and improves digestion, helping women to get more strength from the food they eat. As nourishment is improved, strength is built up, certain functional pains go away and women praise Cardui for helping them back to good health. . . . Mrs. O. E. Ratliff, of Hinton, W. Va., writes: "After the birth of my last baby, I did not seem to get my strength back. I took Cardui again and was soon sound and well. I have given it to my daughters and recommend it to other ladies." . . . Thousands of women testify Cardui benefited them. If it does not benefit YOU, consult a physician.

WHERE to go and WHAT to do when

your radiator boils or leaks. We flush, clean, repair, and re-bore all makes of radiators. We sell or trade new and second hand radiators. We are most reliable—see us before you buy.

EAST SPENCER MOTOR CO. Phone 1198-J N. Long St. EAST SPENCER

HERRINGTON'S

Located in the trading center of Rowan County—always offering values beyond comparison—goes farther than offering the lowest prices to make more satisfied customers.

HERRINGTON'S supplies you with products whose name and packages familiar to all households and whose quality is assured. The freshest and most complete line of government inspected meats and garden fresh vegetables—

Plus FREE Delivery Service

HERRINGTON'S