

SLUMBERING GOLD

By Aubrey Boyd

WILKESBORO, N. C.

FIFTH INSTALLMENT

Speed merely nodded when told of the failure of his quest. "What happened at Skagway?" Maitland asked.

It seemed that Frenchy and the Jew had formed a partnership, to start a hauling business down Skagway with a horse and boat for capital.

With a glance at the clouds Speed suggested that it was going to rain, and he would do a "sketch round" for some blankets while his partner was drying out.

For an hour or so after he had gone, Maitland sat pondering over the fire. From this abstraction he was roused by a slight crunching sound in the gravel, and glanced up almost absently at the shape of a horse, hunched in fiery lines against the dark. An upward glow from the fire lighted a woman's face which he seemed to remember. Then a low, musical laugh gave body to the vision.

He stood up, still half-dreaming, as she pulled her horse under the shadow of the wharf. Her dark eyes masked with a vagrant humor some caprice he could not fathom. When she seated herself on a fallen wharf timber, leaving a space beside her in wordless invitation, he obeyed, without knowing that he did so.

"Meet Lady Luck," she said, and to his complete stupefaction, turned his head toward her and kissed him lightly on the mouth. "You have a funny, serious, wondering look I like," she explained. "Of tracing something that keeps drifting away. Luck's been passing you, too, so I've decided to give you a break—if you want it. Do you?" she murmured, with a melting fall in her voice that drained his blood. Her lips hovered close to his; her hair almost brushed his face with a tingling lure that took his breath.

Appalled at what he had almost done, he held her crushed fingers between his hands till he

could win back some degree of sense. "I think it would be safer," he pleaded, "to be unlucky." She looked at him with an oddly shadowed, reflective smile, as if the scruple intrigued her, or he had brushed some chord of memory. "Suppose I were to offer you and your partner an outfit, a job and a big stake in the Yukon, would you trust your luck?"

"Whether I would or not," he said, "my partner wouldn't." "He doesn't know what the stake is," Rose countered. "You're going North to look for gold. I can put it in your way in one throw. There's a fool in camp who's due to lose a gold mine—one that isn't his to lose. I can't tell you any more just now, except that the game is worth the risk. You're running some risks anyway as drifters in a camp where you've made an enemy of the range boss."

He could make little of that, except to wonder if Fallon was involved in the mysterious gold secret she spoke of. And, while their hands were tangled, she drew a ring from one of hers and slipped it mischievously on the tip of his little finger.

At that moment a thud on the wharf above them froze them both. A dark figure loomed with a bulky menace in the dusk. Maitland thought of Fallon, but a flare from the fire revealed an apparition much more disturbing to him just then. Speed's apparent size was due to a roll of blankets on his shoulder.

The outlaw came down the sand and dropped his burden near the fire, still regarding the girl. After a moment he walked over to the horse and held the stirrup for her, with a gesture that was polite but implacable.

She waited before mounting, returning his stare with a look of interest. "Lady," he said, pointing north, "up there is All-Alaska and the Yukon Territory. If that ain't a big enough huntin' range for you and me and my pardner to keep untangled in, it's too damned bad. But when I ask you to get the Hell out of our camp, I mean stay out."

Her laugh was a ripple of spontaneous music. She mounted easily, and looking back at Maitland, touched her fingers to her lips. The horse's hooves ground softly in the sand, and she vanished.

Speed threw a fresh log on the fire, and after kicking it into flame, he drew from his pocket a new bag of Durham, rolled a cigarette and lit it with a brand from the fire.

"Seems like this man Garnet likes to gamble," he observed at last. "What he don't know about callin' a pair of deuces gives us the ponchos and smokes."

Maitland scarcely heard him. He half-opened his hand to look at Rose's ring, and shut it again quickly, as if he were holding a witch's bond.

It was not till they turned in that Speed alluded to the subject that troubled him. "From where I set," the Westerner observed musingly, "which is lookin' at the sky—this man Fallon listens like four good aces to beat, if not five. His havin' traces of catamount and curly wolf in his pedigree, I don't question. But he's got somethin' else that makes a bunch of hard-rock, hard-mouth miners answer his jerk line. A quick hand, a cool head, and enough ornery guts to swing a twenty-four horse span of Nevada mules through the gates of Hell, if him and Satan had a feud. Offhand, I'd reckon that crossin' that man in any game was a kind of hair-line play."

"What's his sequence with the woman I don't just get. Maybe none, you think. But it looks to me like a young buck, say from Boston, would kind of regret havin' his grave dug for him this side of the summit, through no suspectin' when gettin' curious

about a woman means flirtin' with the muzzles of a pair of forty-fours. Which is the bore of the guns that start talkin' when you ramble into Fallon's private game, and make it three-handed."

Maitland wakened shivering in half-darkness. The guilt was smudged in a fine rain that steamed dimly over the riffling sands left bare by the ebb tide. Speed's blankets were rolled up, and a pile of driftwood lay ready for their breakfast fire. Annoyed at himself for having slept while his partner was hunting a job, Ed washed in a tide pool, and went up to look for him.

He learned that Steiner had offered to sell Garnet his pinto. Garnet promptly closed with him at the price of four hundred dollars for the team, and engaged the two partners to haul for him at the wages Speed had first named.

This swift adjustment had all the effect of a miracle to Maitland, but the Westerner accepted it as a simple caprice of the goddess who presides over mining camps. Nor was Steiner visibly troubled by the change in his plans.

"Gold is where you find it, ain't it? If they put it in my hands, I don't need a shovel, do I? Let the saps dig for it." "Reckon that ain't so foolish neither," Speed concurred.

The pack train had been tugging, cursing, halting and sliding for hours in a disjointed snake-line up the graveled river canyon, through a drizzling rain that soaked the lashings and shoulder straps, cut flesh to the raw, changed gravel to mud, and with the churn of hundreds of hooves among the slippery wrack of cotton-woods, made footing almost impossible.

By the order of the trail, prospectors moved their outfits in relays, Indian file, traveling as far uptrail as they could between midnight and one in the afternoon, there to cache their packs and return, during the remaining hours, for other loads.

Garnet's outfit was an odd one, unencumbered by mining tools or instruments, or by any special equipment that might give a clue to his purpose in the North. It was rather like the outfit a rich man might have chosen for a long camping tour, though this was not a journey which anyone would be likely to undertake for pleasure or health. Two game rifles and rods, however, showed that he hoped for some diversion by the way.

At last a ring of axes, pans and voices floated up from a mountain hollow through the rain. The trail dipped down toward a camp, which was pleasantly announced by the aroma of coffee and of wet pine burning.

Tethering the horses under some dripping boughs, where the needles spread a carpet free from mud, Speed unmade the packs. "Belly up to the bar for some close harmony, cow hands," he sang out cheerily. "We've hit the camp of Liarsville."

Garnet stood bowed under his load and asked in a spent voice how far they had come. Speed swallowed his chuckles. The distance was said to be five miles. "Maybe," he added as an encouragement, "they call it 'Liarsville' in mem'ry of whoever said it was five miles."

Garnet showed so little interest in continuing his travels after lunch that they left him in camp to rest, and brought up another load on the night trail from Skagway, for the moral effect of getting the outfit well started.

Garnet was in his blankets when they returned. "I'm going to sleep till noon, boys," he said, next morning. "If you feel so energetic, have a look at the trail above here. I've been hearing some bad rumors about it."

His misgivings did not weigh on their minds at first. They set out on this excursion in the light-hearted mood conferred by a scrubbing, a shave, a good breakfast and morning sunlight.

Avoiding the camp, they crossed a river bridge, and from there, by a steep and broken track which the pack animals of earlier comers had scarred out, clambered into some mountain ravines that began to reek with a mephitic odor of death. The shambles became more ghastly as they climbed.

In the dips of the so-called "trail," a series of quagmires had been enlarged to small mud lakes by the wear of successive hooves around the rim. The swollen carcasses of dead horses lay floating or half-bedded in muskegs and sloughs. On sheer mountain sides the trail dwindled in places to a cattle track, and its hazards to burdened horses and men were grimly proved by the relics that lay scattered in the canyon troughs.

Some travelers who appeared to have lost their horses, were struggling to hand-haul their packs through a wallow not more than a mile above Liarsville. It

was all the progress they had been able to make since morning. Others, incredibly plastered with mud, and bearing the wan stamp of defeat in their faces, were backtrailing toward camp. These were trail veterans who took ordinary hardship with a smile.

Plainly, one look at it would be enough for Garnet.

As they stood considering the dismal prospect, they were joined by a man whom they recognized through disguising mud smeared as the old-time prospector, Brent.

"Pretty, ain't it," Brent commented, spitting tobacco juice into the slough.

"It would look a heap better," said Speed, thoughtfully, "if the camp got together and graded a trail. A few days' work would corduroy these muskegs."

"Just what I told 'em," Brent nodded.

"Who's against it?" "Fallon's outfit. He claims we can't reach Bennett before the freeze-up if we stop to make a trail. It's tough on the boys who're short of horses. The way he sees it, it's their hard luck. A stampede is a stampede, says the trail boss."

"Fallon's got guts but I don't seem to like 'em, someway," said Speed.

(Continued next week)

Los Angeles, March 7.—An earthquake, apparently centering in Compton, about 18 miles south of Los Angeles, today was of sufficient strength to break windows and shake dishes from shelves.

NUDISM PLAYED BY POPE PIUS

Vatican City, March 5.—The modern age is far more consciously wicked and shocking than the pagan days of old Rome, Pope Pius declared today in an address to Lenten preachers in which he outlined the sins he wishes condemned in their sermons.

"The worst evil," he said, "is that represented by the intense pleasure-seeking of the present day. Nudity existed only in the art of ancient Greece and Rome, whereas today it is the object of worship."

"Today's shamelessness," he said, "is worst than that of the pagan age. It is defined with horrible blasphemy as 'the use and worship of nudity.' Not even the old pagans led the pleasure-seeking life of the pagans of today."

"Another pagan tendency is represented by the unconsciousness with which virtue is mocked and endangered."

ANNOUNCING

Improved Bus Service

Effective February 1, three buses daily will operate on a new schedule through North Wilkesboro to Winston-Salem and Bristol, Va. Buses will leave North Wilkesboro for Winston-Salem and all points east at 9:45 a. m., 2:55 p. m. and 9:45 p. m. Leave North Wilkesboro for Bristol at 9:10 a. m., 2:30 p. m. and 7:00 p. m.

At Winston-Salem direct connections are made with Greensboro, Raleigh, Richmond, Norfolk, Danville and all points north. At Bristol connections are made for all points west.

Leave North Wilkesboro 9:45 a. m. and 2:45 p. m. for Lenoir, Morganton, Marion and Asheville. Leave 9:45 a. m., 2:55 p. m. and 9:45 p. m. for Statesville, Charlotte and points south.

For Further Information Call Local Agent

GREYHOUND BUS LINES



How Can You JUDGE a Roof?

Roofs look alike, but they don't wear alike. The best way to judge roofing value is by the record of the merchant who sells it and the name of the manufacturer who makes it.

We sell Carey Roofings and Shingles—products bearing a name which has signified quality for over 60 years. And our prices on these extra quality roofs are as low as ordinary roofs cost elsewhere.

Wilkesboro Mfg. Co.



Read This Testimonial About Chiropractic From a Doctor's Wife

Under Chiropractic Adjustments Mastoiditis and High Blood Pressure Are Annihilated.

Ronda, N. C., Jan. 15, 1935.

For a number of years I have been very nervous and suffered very much with a severe headache. My husband is a medical practitioner and could give me only temporary relief. He called in other doctors and they diagnosed my case as Mastoiditis and High Blood Pressure. They found my blood pressure was 195, and they only gave me temporary relief.



MRS. H. M. BROOKS Ronda, N. C.

I saw an advertisement in the paper of Dr. E. S. Cooper, Chiropractor, and my husband advised me to try him. So I called at his office and after a thorough examination, Dr. Cooper said he thought he could remove the cause of my troubles. After a course of adjustments my blood pressure is normal and my nervousness and headache have vanished and I now enjoy good health.

I will be glad to answer any questions that may be asked me. MRS. H. M. BROOKS.

This is to state that I wish to support the above testimony of my wife as to her recovery while under the care of Dr. Cooper. When I was attending lectures in Chicago, I learned Chiropractic to be a valuable science.

From now on when I have a patient that fails to yield to medicine as I think it should I am going to advise them to see Dr. Cooper or some other Chiropractor.

DR. H. M. BROOKS.

Practically any of the following diseases will respond as did Mrs. Brooks' case:

Stomach Trouble, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Paralysis, Neuritis, Diabetes, Female Trouble, Colds and Catarrh, Heart Trouble, Nervous Diseases, Liver Trouble, Kidney Trouble, Bright's Disease, Low Blood Pressure, Appendicitis, Constipation, Dizziness, Asthma, Gastric Ulcer, Anemia, Arthritis.

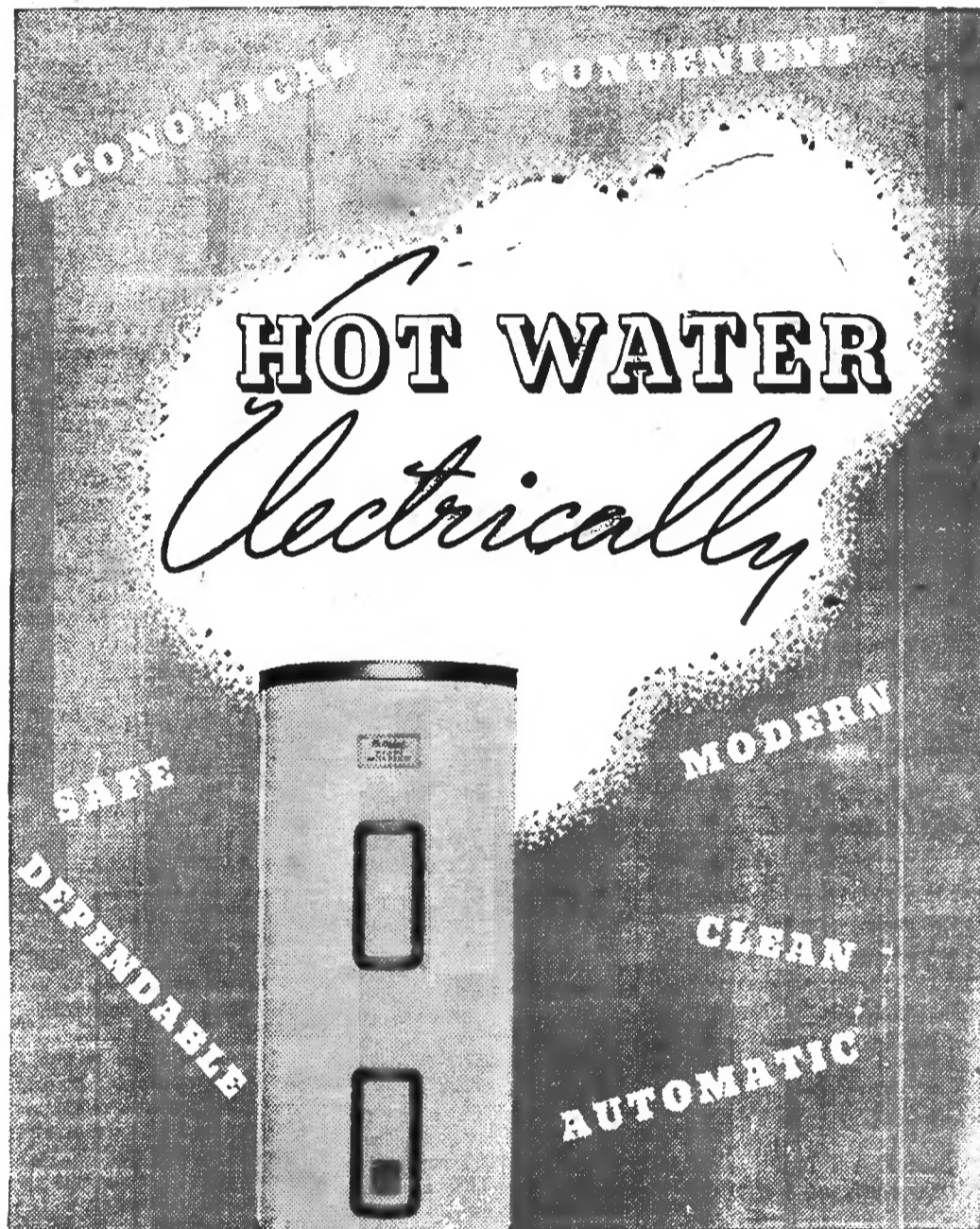
DR. E. S. COOPER

CHIROPRACTOR—NERVE SPECIALIST
OFFICE HOURS—10-12; 2-5; 6:30-7:30
Telephone 295-R Office Second Floor Gilreath's Shoe Shop

WEAK AND SKINNY MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Saved by new Vitamins of Cod Liver Oil in tasteless tablets.

Pounds of firm healthy flesh instead of bare scraggy bones! New vigor, vim and energy instead of tired listlessness! Steady, quiet nerves! That is what thousands of people are getting through scientific latest discovery—the Vitamins of Cod Liver Oil concentrated in little sugar coated tablets without any of its horrid, fishy taste or smell. McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Tablets, they're called! "Cod Liver Oil in Tablets", and they simply work wonders. A little boy of 3, seriously sick, got well and gained 10 1/2 lbs. in just one month. A girl of thirteen after the same disease, gained 3 lbs. the first week and 2 lbs. each week after. A young mother who could not eat or sleep after baby came got all her health back and gained 10 lbs. in less than a month. You simply must try McCoy's at once. Remember if you don't gain at least 5 lbs. of firm healthy flesh in a month get your money back. Demand and get McCoy's—the original and genuine Cod Liver Oil Tablets—approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Refuse all substitutes—insist on the original McCoy's—there are none better.



A BETTER HOT WATER SERVICE AT ... LOWER COST

Think of how convenient it would be to have all the hot water you need—always on tap—day or night—without waiting—without building a fire or trudging down the stairs to turn the heater on. Never a bit of bother or worry—and the monthly cost of operation is so low that you really can't afford to get along without it.

Thousands of families now enjoy this better hot water service. To these people, hot water is just as certain and as easily available as electric light. Phone or call at our office and we will gladly give you all the facts.

INVESTIGATE TODAY THE CONVENIENCE AND CHEAPNESS OF THIS WONDERFUL NEW WATER HEATER

DOWN PAYMENT ONLY \$5.00 TERMS ON BALANCE, 24 MONTHS With Your Electric Service Bill—\$10.00 Allowance For Your Old Water Heater.

Tune in—WSOC 7:45 P. M. Tues.—WBT 9:45 A. M. Mon.-Wed.-Fri

Southern Public Utilities Company

"ELECTRICITY IS CHEAP—USE IT FREELY"

PHONE 420 NORTH WILKESBORO, N. C.