

# SLUMBERING GOLD

By Aubrey Boyd

## SEVENTH INSTALLMENT

The shell dealer, whose eyes had never left Speed's face, dived into the crowd. No one else saw the lightning gesture with which the outlaw jerked his guns. There was a glint in both his hands a split fraction of a second before the forty-fives flashed and roared and spoke again. Fallon's weapons had hardly shifted when they were wrecked in their holsters. The third shot knocked the cigar from his mouth, and the fourth went sideways at another mark on the near edge of the gaming table, where a man who had drawn at the same time as Fallon, dropped his gun from a nerveless hand, his wrist streaming blood.

Speed backed away, eyes raking the crowd, guns held close and ready.

"I told you I wasn't patient, and I ain't," he said, in a voice Maitland never had heard. "But Maitland elected camp boss on a platform of cussedness, I accept accordin'. Nothin' on legs will cross Porcupine Bridge till the trail from here to there is in shape, and in good shape. The trail is barred for four days work. If anyone doubts about my havin' the guts to make that good, they can signify their views here and now by sayin' 'Har and coyote.'"

It was the third evening after the barring of the trail. Maitland found his partner talking alone

with Brent near a roughly bridged crossing at the upper end of the road work, which a landslide that day had interrupted.

During three days, new steamers had been pouring into Skagway a mob of adventurers—"Sweepings" of the Coast towns as well as bona fide prospectors who knew nothing of the cause of the dispute and cared less. Fallon had been packing them in at Liarville to vote the trail open; had chosen a posse of gunmen in advance from among the wildest. Before this gathering threat, most of the trail workers had given way.

"They's a short string of us will go the limit, if you want to," Brent was saying.

Speed shook his head. "It wouldn't be no kind of a break for the boys who made this trail to get hung for it. Tell them—to pick up their tools, leave her open and stand clear."

"I've got an old deer gun back to camp," Brent shifted the quid slowly in his cheek. "She ain't seed no real action since she fit a string of hide thieves from a buffalo waller away back in '71. I'd ruther shoot her out than see you called that way."

There was acknowledgement in Speed's smile, but he declined the proposal, and the old-timer gloomily withdrew to carry his decision to the few men who were still waiting for it.

"Better trail with him, Bud," Speed said to his partner, "and look up Garnet. We ain't seen him for two days."

"What are you going to do?" Maitland asked, with a foreboding that Speed had not disclosed his real intention.

"We agreed once," said the outlaw, after a pause, "that I'd warn you and we'd split partners if I ever went up against the Law. Seems like I've reached that junction, Bud. I'm into this play neck deep and I can't quit."

Maitland gave a sober nod of half-comprehension.

"It's on'y thy nand Fallon's callin'," Speed explained earnestly and with more emphasis. "He'll head through here, first with his shebang, and either he don't cross this bridge, or I don't live to see it. But he has the backin' of the miners' law, or will have, by sun-up—"

"Mob Law," Maitland amended. "If you don't see your way to quit, Speed, you can't count me out. On principle, I'd—"

The Westerner groaned. "You ornery down-East Yanks, with your principles and proverbs—Listen, Bud. Whether I ever reach Dawson or not don't matter a whole lot; with you it's different. It's what you come for. I've figured Garnet as your chance of gettin' there. . . ."

But there is no law, East or West, and no tie as strong as that which binds a man to a partner against fighting odds, and with Maitland the bond had been steelwoven by the memory of a bleak day in the Sound.

### Cardui Helped Lady For Nervousness and Run-Down Condition

"I have taken Cardui several times for weak, run-down condition and it has helped me," writes Mrs. Walter M. Coulon, of Forsyth, Ga. "I was nervous and suffering from a weak condition. There were days when I had to lie down during the day. I sent for six bottles of Cardui, as it had helped me before. Cardui gave me strength, stopped the nervousness and helped me in every way. . . . Cardui may be just what you need. It can't do you any harm, so why not try it? Thousands of women testify Cardui benefited them. If it does not benefit YOU, consult a physician. 61 a bottle, at drug stores."

Speed here found himself opposing something as elemental as his own refusal to yield.

The creek had a glacial canyon, with smooth rock faces in the bed, and a timber growth that started well up on the steep banks. Above a defile connecting with the bridge, there was a rocky bluff which commanded a long view of the canyon and of the trail along the rim. Its weakness lay in a broken gulch that fell from it into the creek on the north side, and its possible exposure to gunfire from the hills on the other bank. It would be difficult to take, however, on the side facing the trail.

Here, within a rock corral, some goods lay stacked; provisions, a water canteen, several boxes of shells and a forty-four Winchester carbine. The outlaw had evidently foreseen what was coming.

During supper he was broodingly quiet. A blood-red moon was rising through the timber. It lighted the mountain headlands, and left vesty deep shadows, made more tenebrous by the occasional howl of a timber wolf, a lynx's shrill bark, or the hoot of an owl. He picked up the carbine, his eyes on something invisible to Maitland, far up the trail. But presently he set the gun down. "That's Pete's mare," he said.

A burred shape moved in the distant timber shadows. When it crossed a lane of moonlight, Maitland recognized the mare and the boy. Guided by a sight as keen as Speed's, Peter came toward them as they descended the bluff. There was something gallant and fine, Maitland thought, about that slight, boyish figure.

On meeting them, Pete gave him a reserved nod; glanced from the bluff to the hills across the canyon, and spoke to Speed. "Need an exter gun hand?"

"I got one too many now," Speed muttered.

"Then, will you let me go through? I could ford the creek," Pete pleaded simply. "That wouldn't be 'crossin' it on legs." Speed's eyes rested on the mare's light saddle pack, and then on the boy's face, which looked pale in the half-darkness. "Headin' for Bennett alone?" he asked.

Pete nodded. "My partner—Bill's dead."

The words gave Maitland a peculiar shock. "How?" Speed asked softly.

"He was in a game—in Skagway—with some of Fallon's men. Lost his outfit. He'd been drinkin'. They found him on the beach,—afterwards—drowned."

Speed did not speak for a moment. Then he said, "How do you aim to make out, kid?"

"There's a man in the Yukon Bill was to meet on the lakes," Pete said hesitantly. "I'm goin' up to find him. If I don't see you boys again—" the formal tone broke slightly—"I'm wishin' you luck. . . ."

He was in the saddle and away. The mare shot down the defile at a headlong gallop, took the full span of the bridge in a beautiful leap, and flashed up the hill on the other side into timber.

A half mile to the south the trail came in view over a timbered mountain shoulder. In the rising sun, the trees cast long shadows across it, and it was a flickering in the rosy aisles between them that gave the signal.

A team of gray mules topped the rise, shielding the men behind. Other pack animals followed, and their drivers gathered on the vantage ground, peering down the long vista toward the creek crossing. There was a puff of smoke; a bullet screamed over the bluff through the morning silence; then came the sharp rifle crack. Out of the blue canyon mist, a great-winged golden eagle rose and soared away.

"We're jake so long as they keep in the creek," said Speed. "She flattens out short of the bridge. . . . Unless they can dig past under the near bank. Watch that gully, Bud." He drew the six-shooters from his belt and inspected them; then raised his head carefully above the rim of the rock corral to get a steeper view.

His eye raked the canyon below for a glimpse of Fallon. Suddenly a bullet went "span" over the rampart, and he slid back with a grunt, shaking away the blood that oozed from a raw seam above his temple. Smoke was swirling out of some brush a few yards below the point where the trail reached the creek bottom.

"Nobody lied," said Speed, as he tore a handkerchief and tied it round the wound, "when they said this man Fallon could shoot. But I got him placed now." Changing his position, he edged

## NOTES FROM THE "HIRED MAN'S SCRAP BOOK"

By J. B. WILLIAMS

### THE TOWN OF YAWN

My friend, have you heard of the town of Yawn,  
On the banks of the River Slow,  
Where blooms the Waitwhile flower fair,  
And the Sontimerorother scents the air,  
And the soft Goeasys grow?

It lies on the valley of Whatatheuse,  
In the province of Letitilside,  
That tired feeling is native there  
Its the home of the listless I-don't-care,  
Where the Putitoffs abide.

The Clock of life is wound but once  
And no man has the power  
To tell just when the hands will stop,  
At late or early hour.

Now is the only time you own,  
Live, Love, Toil, with a will;  
Place no faith in "Tomorrow,"  
for  
The Clock may then be still.

See a man down and boost him up,  
Peace will overflow your cup.  
See a man down and let him stay  
Is certainly not a man's way.

ROOM AT THE TOP  
There is plenty of room at the top, a time-worn but truthful expression. The bottom of every business ladder is crowded with a seething, restless and discontented mass, each man envying the comparatively few at the top, yet doing nothing to reach there. Why is this? Why don't more men get ahead?

One would think that with so much dissatisfaction there would be more effort to progress. But no, this army of fortune hunters

ed along the boulders till he touched the outer rim. A bullet hissed between his neck and the rock, with a glancing spark. Speed wheeled out and fired in the same instant.

"Nicked him gun arm," he said, as he whipped back into shelter. "Fallon shoots best left-handed. Watch your gulch, Bud."

Wisps of smoke eddied out from various points high in the timber. The men who had started the ascent, paused irresolutely. These shots from above came as a surprise, throwing a new and disturbing factor into their plan. They suspected that Speed had planted a guard on the hill to protect the bluff, and they had no way of guessing its strength. Finally they dropped back into the canyon, to consult, it seemed, with their leader.

"You haven't any men up on that hill?" Maitland asked Speed. Speed's grin was mysterious. "Ain't I, though. I got one, and he's as good as a gang. The little devil had it all figured when he crossed the bridge."

"Pete!" Maitland exclaimed. But their attention was now summoned back to the posse. They caught a glimpse of Fallon with his arm in a bandage, giving orders.

Until now Speed had contented himself mainly with making the trail impassable. Now he shot with a searching intent to kill, hoping the while that Pete would vacate his position. But the gun kept speaking on the hill; the boy was standing his ground. After the first few yards of ascent, the timber on the near bank offered the attackers a helpful screen. Speed's eye came back to the boulders on the other side of the creek. If he could reach these, he could sweep a wider arc of hill, with no impending trees.

He was gathering up the ammunition to make this desperate move when a sudden din from below stopped him. Maitland, from his lookout, shouted above the roar, "Look!"

The deep voice of a heavy-calibered gun was booming and reverberating through the canyon. It had halted the men on the hill, who now answered it by pouring a hot fire into the creek. Bullets were splashing like rain around a wiry, gray-headed figure who was fording the creek through a blue smoke haze, toward the boulders Speed had had in view. Coolly muncing a large tobacco wad, he returned the broadside as he went, without haste, but with terrible effect.

"By Ginger!" cried Speed. "It's Brent's deer gun. And ain't she a talkin'!"

At this point there was a weaving in the rear of the crowd. A hum ran electrically down the pack train, and Fallon summoned back his men with an exultant shout. The crowd spread out to give way to a cavalcade coming down the trail.

"Soldiers?" Maitland asked in wonder.

(Continued next week)

just plods along, day in and day out, WISHING for success, HOPING that in some way it will come, but never actually PLANNING and WORKING for it. The average man never does any real constructive work.

A man can think himself in the direction he wants to go. But he must THINK HARD—hard enough to make him enthusiastic, courageous and determined—hard enough to make him glad to work towards a definite goal. Then he is headed toward success, the only direction any of us could possibly want to go.

Putting it in a few solid words, your success IS UP TO YOU. If you keep going, going under, going over, going around all obstacles, as occasion requires, you will finish at the head of the heap.

Be optimistic and strong willed. Say to yourself, "If Smith makes so many thousand a year in my business, I can, too, and I will!"

There is plenty of room at the top, and it's so much more pleasant there. Being jostled around at the bottom with the crowd is no fun.

Friend reader—remember, that today the sun shines—it's your day—make the most of it—tomorrow it might be raining.

### Marrying Champion

Frances Harrington, 34, has just been married for the seventh time to the man who was also her first and third companion at the altar, so now she's Mrs. Frances Carter McGill Carter Smith Walhen Smith Carter, of Browning, Mo. All her former husbands are living. Her mother was married four times, her father three.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE  
Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Charlie Cothren, deceased, this is to notify all persons having claims against said estate to present them to the undersigned administrator at Lomax, N. C. on or before the 16th day of February, 1935, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery against the estate, all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment to the undersigned administrator.

This 16th day of Feb., 1935.  
BURLIE BAUGUESS,  
Administrator Estate of Charlie Cothren, Dec'd. 3-25-61-(J)

### RESOLUTION CALLING FOR PRIMARY AND ELECTION FOR THE TOWN OF NORTH WILKESBORO.

At a meeting duly called of the Board of Elections for Wilkes County, on motion duly seconded and carried, it is hereby ordered that the primary for the Town of North Wilkesboro to nominate Mayor, Members of the Town Board of Commissioners and School Trustees for said Town be held on Monday, April 22, 1935, and that the election shall be held on Tuesday, May 7th, 1935; upon motion duly seconded and carried Keller Eller is hereby appointed registrar and that Glenn Cox and Jeter Blackburn are hereby appointed judges to hold said municipal election and primary for the town of North Wilkesboro, and that said primary and election shall be conducted and carried on under and pursuant with the laws now in force governing town primaries and elections for the town of North Wilkesboro.

It is further ordered that said primary and election be held in City Hall (North Wilkesboro, N. C.) only voting place for the town election located on B Street; it is further ordered that the registration books be kept open for new qualified registrants at the Town Hall Saturday, March 30, 1935, Saturday, April 6, 1935, and Saturday, April 13, 1935, and that Saturday, April 20, 1935, is hereby designated challenge day; and the registrar herein appointed shall be in the Town Hall on the Saturdays hereinbefore mentioned and discharge his duties as said registrar in accordance with the laws governing registration and challenging of voters.

That all qualified electors desiring to vote in the municipal primary and election for the town of North Wilkesboro, unless already registered for town elections, shall register at the place above designated on or before Saturday, April 13, 1935.

It is further ordered that all candidates for nomination for town offices and school trustees file their notice of candidacy at least five days before primary herein called, accompanied by a fee of two dollars, with the Chairman of Board of Elections for Wilkes County in accordance with the provisions of laws now governing primaries and elections for the Town of North Wilkesboro.

It is further ordered that a copy of this resolution be posted on the door of the Town Hall for the town of North Wilkesboro and that a copy be published in one of the local newspapers for the town of North Wilkesboro. (The Journal - Patriot).

Done by order of Board of Elections of County of Wilkes, North Carolina, this 18th day of March, 1935.  
R. M. BRAME, Jr.,  
Chairman Wilkes County Board of Elections,  
JOE M. PRARSON,  
J. C. GRAYSON, Secy.

4-15-5t

### Kills Man In Defense of Daughter's Honor

Panagoula, Miss., March 31—A vacation to the seashore for two families of Ohio neighbors ran into stark tragedy today when Rev. J. J. Payne, Baptist minister, and his wife were jailed on murder charges for the killing of William Ewing, 52, whom Mrs. Payne said she found in "a compromising position" with her 18-year-old daughter.

The wife, Mrs. Vivian Lucile Payne, 42, admitted the shooting. She said she trailed her daughter, Gladys, a pretty blond, from a tent where she was supposed to be asleep, to an automobile parked on the beach and found her lying with Ewing beneath a blanket.

### SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

By virtue of the power contained in a certain Mortgage Deed executed on the 31st day of December, 1929, by H. E. Holbrook and wife, Lola Holbrook, to the undersigned mortgagee, which Mortgage Deed is duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Wilkes county in Book of Mortgages 166, at page 104, and the stipulations in said Mortgage Deed not having been complied with, and payment of the note secured by said Mortgage Deed having been demanded and payment refused, the undersigned mortgagee will on the 13th day of April, 1935, at 12 o'clock, noon, at the Court House Door in Wilkesboro, N. C. offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash the following described real estate:

Adjoining the lands of J. M. Turner heirs and heirs of W. A. Hutchison and others and bounded as follows:

Beginning on John A. Brewer's stake corner in the bottom south of the house, running west 50 1-2 poles to a persimmon; thence with his line 3 poles to a stake in the public road; thence south 55 degrees east with said road 11 poles to a stake; thence south 52 degrees east with said road 13 poles to a stake; thence south with said road 14 poles to a stake; thence south 48 degrees east with said road crossing the bottom to a stake; thence northeast with wire fence on south bank of bottom to J. A. Brewer's line; thence north 33 degrees west 8 poles to the beginning, containing five acres more or less, excepting one-fourth of an acre conveyed to Union Grove M. E. church.

This 9th day of March, 1935.  
M. R. WADDELL,  
Attorney for Mortgagee.

4-1-t.

### ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified an administrator of the estate of E. C. Moore, deceased of Wilkes county, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at Wilkesboro, North Carolina, on or before the 23rd day of February, 1935, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate settlement.

This 23rd day of Feb., 1935.  
MRS. E. C. MOORE,  
Admr. Estate of E. C. Moore,  
Deceased. 4-1-5t

## WEAK AND SKINNY MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Saved by new Vitaminic Cod Liver Oil in tasterless tablets.

Formed of firm healthy looking, energetic, bright-eyed, and energetic instead of tired, listless, nervous, quiet nerves! That is what thousands of people are getting through scientific means—the Vitaminic Cod Liver Oil concentrated in little sugar coated tablets without any of the horrid, baby taste or smell of the old-fashioned cod liver oil. They're called "Little Liver Oil Tablets," and they simply work wonders. A little boy of 6 months' age, got well and gained 10 1/2 lbs. in just one month. A girl of thirteen after the same disease, gained 8 lbs. the first week and 3 lbs. each week after. A young mother who could not eat or sleep after baby came got all her health's 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, they're approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Refuse all substitutes—insist on the original McCoy's—there are none better.

## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE— WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rin' to Go

If you feel sour and sick and the world looks gray, don't swallow a lot of salts, mineral water, oil, laxative candy or chewing gum and expect them to make you suddenly sweet and buoyant and full of confidence.

For they can't do it. They only move the bowels and a mere movement doesn't get at the cause. The reason for your down-and-out feeling is your liver. It should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily.

If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas builds up your stomach. You have a thick, acid taste and your breath is foul. Your skin often breaks out in blemishes. Your head aches and you feel down and out. Your whole system is poisoned.

It takes these good, old CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." They contain wonderful, natural, gentle vegetable extracts, amazing when it comes to making the bile flow freely.

But don't ask for liver pills. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Demand a substitute. \$5 a dozen drug stores. ©1931 C. M. Co.

## 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**

## Protect Your Property with PROVEN Roofs

When you buy roofing for new or old property, get your money's worth. Be sure that the roof you pay for will deliver the service you desire.

We handle Carey Roofings and Shingles— products of a manufacturer with over 60 years of successful experience. These Proven Roofs cost no more than ordinary materials—get our prices.

**Wilkesboro Mfg. Co.**  
ROOFINGS & SHINGLES  
STANDARD FOR OVER 60 YEARS

**666** checks COLDS and FEVER first day  
Liquid, Tablets, Headaches, Salve, Nose Drops in 30 minutes

**HAVEN'T HAD A COLD IN FIVE YEARS**  
The old days I used to dread the coming of winter. I was always fighting—feeling about half alive—trying to work with my body aching and every nerve on edge.  
Then a friend told me about McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Tablets with their marvellous vitamins A and D. I started to take them the year ago and I haven't had a cold since that time.  
McCoy's tablets put new life in folks; build up resistance so anyone can laugh at cold germs. They make weak, skinny people strong, steady-nerved and vigorous. They're "real!"  
Get the genuine McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Tablets from your druggist today. Don't waste money on imitations. Ask for McCoy's.

**GET THE JUMP ON "COLDS" THIS YEAR**  
Does winter find you "run-down"—a victim of the first cold that comes along? If so, there's an easy way to combat this treacherous ailment. Build up your resistance now—with MCKESSON'S VITAMIN CONCENTRATE TABLETS.  
These tempting chocolate-coated tablets bring you an abundance of vitamins A and D. A helps you resist infection. D furnishes the extra "sunshine" your body craves in winter.  
Each tablet brings you all the vitamins in one teaspoonful of U.S.P.X. (revised 1934) Cod Liver Oil. In addition it provides the needed minerals, calcium and phosphorus. Take six tablets daily and get the jump on colds this year. At all good drug stores. One dollar per bottle of 100 tablets. Begin fighting colds the vitamin way today with MCKESSON'S VITAMIN CONCENTRATE TABLETS.  
Sold and Recommended by HORTON DRUG STORE North Wilkesboro, N. C.

**IT'S SMART TO BE THRIFTY THAT'S WHY SO MANY PEOPLE ARE TURNING TO Westinghouse Electric Refrigerators**  
Actual government tests proved that WESTINGHOUSE operates on 25 to 57 per cent less current than used by seven other leading electrical refrigerators.  
Come in and see the 1935 Models Now On Display.  
**Wilkes Electric Co.**  
Phone 328 North Wilkesboro, N. C.

**IT'S SMART TO BE THRIFTY THAT'S WHY SO MANY PEOPLE ARE TURNING TO Westinghouse Electric Refrigerators**  
Actual government tests proved that WESTINGHOUSE operates on 25 to 57 per cent less current than used by seven other leading electrical refrigerators.  
Come in and see the 1935 Models Now On Display.  
**Wilkes Electric Co.**  
Phone 328 North Wilkesboro, N. C.