

Slumbering Gold

By AUBREY BOYD

THIRTEENTH INSTALLMENT

Sensing a death fight, the crowd pressed in. They forgot the table scaffold and the man who stood there with a noose about his neck. Only Lefty had a glimpse of the bound boot ankles wrenching fiercely against the rope.

The errand spectators saw that Fallon had sunk his fingers in the youngster's throat. The crowd grunted and turned rigid as Maitland suddenly sagged, falling backward with Fallon's weight clamping his neck to the floor, and the man's great fist smacking his face and head. The boy's destruction looked certain for one desperate minute. His hands caught his assailant in a gripping hold at the waist and with a lift and a heave of one knee he twisted free.

Streaming blood, Maitland reeled to his feet. He swung with a mortal concentration, one smash after another, back and still back to the flimsy side wall of boarded canvas, which gave with a terrific crash as their combined weight struck the wood. Some of his men started across the floor to his aid, while the crowd still hovered, mute and still, with its eyes on that seemingly lifeless form of Maitland.

Out of that silence, a sudden, hissing voice cut the air like a whip crack.

"Back away from him, you scoundrels, and stay clear of my track! I'm a-headin' through this pack and I sure come loaded!"

Every eye froze in gaping, paralyzed consternation at the man on the gibbet table. The noose was gone from his neck; his feet were free; a six-shooter gleamed in each hand and under one arm something burned with a sizzling baleful sputter. Dynamite!

"Crash!"—roared a gun, and one of Soapy's hanging lamps fell in splinters.

Speed shifted the stick with the burning fuse to his mouth, and gripped it between his teeth as a second and third gun blast at the lamps plunging the room in half-darkness. Then with his face lit by the flare of the short-circuiting fuse he leaped to the floor.

The crowd jumped as if dynamite itself had lifted them.

They smashed their own exits through the side-walls in a frenzied rush for the outer air.

Maitland lay alone by the break in the wall. Fallon had dragged himself away. Returning one gun to his belt, Speed pulled Maitland's body across the smooth floor to the front entrance. He emerged on the empty landing, a step above the lighted street, which was the scene of a wildly scattering stampede. There he paused, framing his next move.

It was now his turn to see a miracle, or what he would have called a "natural." A rider with two frightened pinto horses in tow, came clear of the mob. Pete, riding the black mare with a soaming rein, was shouldering and backing the broncos into the platform. It was a superb feat of horsemanship. Speed took the "break" as readily as if he had expected it. He dropped his partner across its back, and fastened him there. In another instant he detached the halter line of the second bronco. Mounting, he curbed its plunging close to Pete's stirrup, while he held the dynamite stick away from the mare's head. The fuse was burning close.

"Up the river canyon, Pete," he said, "and don't pull in till I hail ye."

A quiet hit the broncos' flanks; its flying start matched the mare's leap as Pete leaned close to the black neck, holding the pinto's head and riding both horses as one. They flashed through the chequered street fights and vanished in a drumming of hooves.

Speed checked his own rearing mount, wheeled it sidelong on its hind legs, to block any threat of pursuit. Then, with a measured glance at the crowd, he tossed the sputtering explosive down the center of the street into trampled vacant snow.

Almost as it struck, the camp was rocked by a thundering detonation. The bronco gave a bound like a stag's and tore after its team mate, stung to a soaring gallop by the rocketing blasts, of Speed's gun on either side.

Rusty was shifting nervously. His nose, searching the inshore shadows, had a more constant direction. It kept pointing downstream. Rusty was watching and scenting along the bank for some remembered place which old habit had printed deep into his dog memory.

"By the Great Dog Star!" Maitland exclaimed. "The dog's your map."

"It's what I'm banking on," Speed said. "Dogs get attached to

places. The pull of a hangout they're used to lasts longer than their fear of a man they don't like. Specially Siwash dogs. We could maybe have landed anywhere around the Stewart and followed Rusty to Dalton's camp by his own route."

Pete had fallen asleep with her head on the meal sack. She had seemed to feel a peculiar uneasiness about the outcome of their journey, which deepened and darkened Maitland's sense of Dalton's mystery.

The mouth of the creek which the dog led them to choose was so screened with brush that in the dark they might easily have passed it unnoticed.

Speed hitched a line from the prow of the boat to the malamute and allowed it to run along the shore. Delighted to be afloat again, Rusty started upstream, drawing the boat with him. All they had to do was use an oar occasionally to clear a rock or shoal.

The dog had come to a bend in the creek. The canyon was narrowing, and it was plain that they were reaching the limit of the boat's draught.

They now looked around for a covered mooring place.

With strange providence, it was Rusty again who found the place to cache the boat. He halted at the foot of a mountain ravine, down which a thick growth of brush fell into the creek. Between the outer fringe of vegetation and the bank, a concealed tunnel flowed under the brush. The space would have been large enough for two canoes, and it neatly harbored their boat when they had unmasted it.

This discovery did not look like accident. The place appeared to have been used before. It was possible that they were picking up a hidden trail, which others had searched for and puzzled over through a whole winter. Their interest in what they were about to do was taking on a tense precision.

"I've said the magic was simple," observed Speed. "Now we're goin' to see whether it's true."

The dog scrambled up the cleft of the ravine under tangled brush. Their range of view was painfully restricted, and they knew how invisible Dalton's trail could be.

At the head of the ravine they emerged on a blind, steep-walled gulch.

Here Rusty stopped and looked at them expectantly as if it were now their move.

"Doggone," Speed muttered, and frowned at the blasted pine which Rusty seemed to have regarded with a little more intention than the stone. The dead tree spread its limbs close to the cliff; one of the high branches almost touched the rock face.

Uncoiling a rope from his belt, Speed made a careful throw at the pine limb—and tightening the rope on it securely, hauled himself up the trunk. He climbed till he reached the limb that touched the wall, crawled out on it to the end, and dropped to a ledge. There he gave a shout of discovery.

His partner swung up the rope he had left dangling, stepped out along the high limb, and joined him.

(Continued Next Week)

Adult Class Group Meeting At Millers Creek May 10, 7:30

An entertainment program to be given at Millers Creek school on May 10 by an adult class group will be at 7:30 in the evening instead of 1:30 in the afternoon as previously announced. The public is cordially invited to be present.

ADULT TEACHERS IN MEETING ON FRIDAY

C. C. Sorrels, of Rutherfordton, district supervisor of emergency relief education, met with the adult teachers of Wilkes county in a meeting held in Wilkesboro Friday. Twenty-four were present and a number of matters pertaining to the adult schools were discussed.

Try CARDUI For Functional Monthly Pains

Women from the 'teen age to the change of life have found Cardui genuinely helpful for the relief of functional monthly pains due to lack of just the right strength from the food they eat. Mrs. Crit Haynes, of Essex, Mo., writes: "I used Cardui when a girl for cramps and found it very beneficial. I have recently taken Cardui during the change of life. I was very nervous, had head and back pains and was in a generally run-down condition. Cardui has helped me greatly."

Thousands of women testify Cardui benefited them. If it does not benefit YOU, consult a physician.

JOIN Our Crusade to End Kitchen Drudgery!

The Famous, Nationally Advertised SELLERS KITCHEN CABINETS

Lead the way with these amazing inducements to modernize your kitchen now...

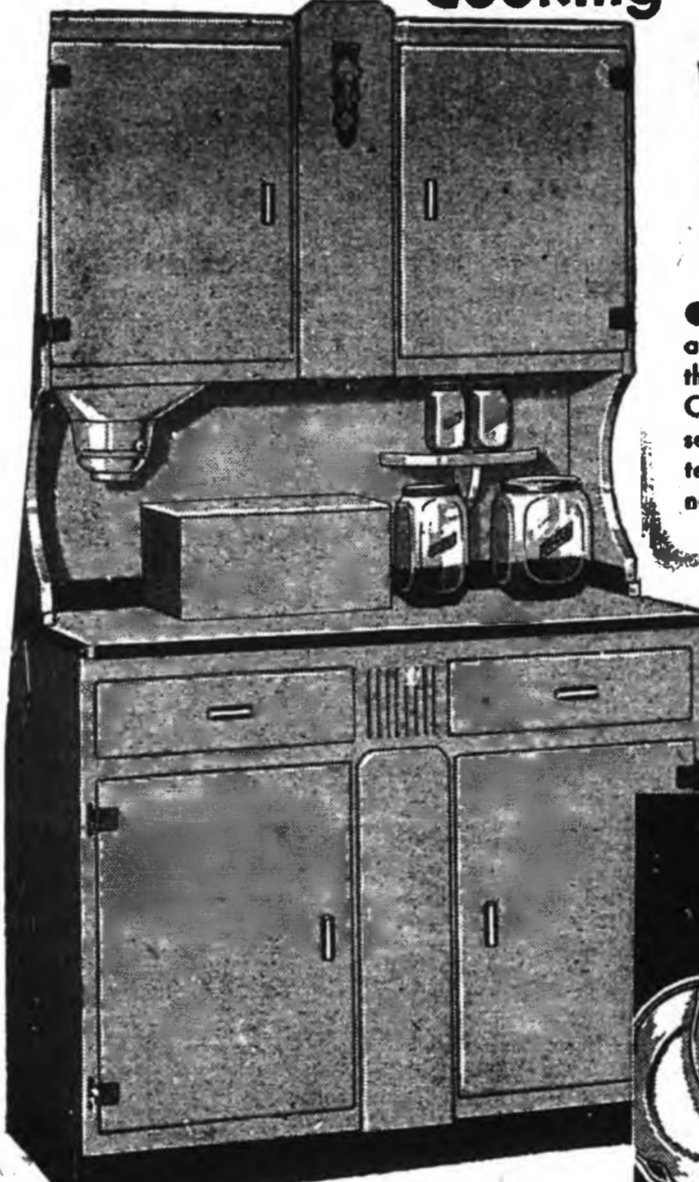
SPECIAL PRICES!

SPECIAL TERMS!

SPECIAL TRADE-IN ALLOWANCE

And 47 Pieces of Dishes and Cooking Ware Included

AT NO EXTRA COST



Only \$34.50
OTHER SELLERS AT \$39.50, \$44.50, \$52.50, \$59.50
Including All Extras
Sellers Breakfast Suites
\$28.75 \$34.75 \$36.50
Includes 32-Piece Dinner Set

Keep Young with a SELLERS

The Only Cabinet Offering These Labor-Saving Features:

- 1. Automatic Base Shelf.
- 2. Anti-Proof Casters.
- 3. NON-Jamming Drawers.
- 4. Genuine Stainless Porcelain Top.
- 5. Bakelite Pulls.
- 6. "Baked-On" Finishes.
- 7. Rust-Resisting Hardware.
- 8. All-Metal Flour Bin.
- 9. Clear-Front Curtain.
- 10. Large Bread Box with Cutting Board Cover.
- 11. Mouse and Dust-Proof.
- 12. NON-Warping Doors.
- 13. Food Chopper Block.
- 14. Racks and Trays on Doors.
- 15. Hardwood Throughout.

Every Sellers Model Regardless of Price Carries Sellers Guarantee

Sellers is the cabinet that spells "freedom" from kitchen drudgery. You know what SELLERS means in convenience, work-saving equipment and thoroughly fine construction. It's a big, roomy, full-size cabinet with amazing storage space and the 15 Famous Features that have made SELLERS famous. Make your selection from any of the beautiful SELLERS in our stock of the newest colors and styles.

SALE NOW ON--LIBERAL DISCOUNT FOR CASH

Rhodes-Day Furniture Co.

Ninth Street

North Wilkesboro, N. C.



Drudgery Kitchens Mean Tired, Drawn Faces

SELLERS Kitchens Preserve Your Youth and Beauty

A Rare Opportunity ... If You Act NOW!

The dishes and cooking ware do not cost you a penny extra. Every home needs and can use these extras that are yours with each SELLERS Cabinet during this Sale. The dishes—a complete service for six persons—are just the prettiest pattern you can imagine, and high quality, too—not seconds.

Every piece of this fine blued-steel cooking ware is a helpful kitchen utensil. The 15 pieces consist of a chicken fryer with self-basting cover, grille skillet with wire grille, oven-shaped roaster and cover, two layer cake pans, two pie pans, two large biscuit bakers, egg skillet and casserole with cover.

If you are spending needless hours and wasting precious energy doing useless "extra" work in an old-fashioned, unhandy kitchen which steals away your strength and happiness, here is the opportunity you have long wished for—a chance to MODERNIZE your kitchen with a new SELLERS work and time-saving Kitchen Cabinet... No other kitchen equipment saves so much unnecessary work or helps to speed along those countless kitchen chores that use up your time and energy.

Decide now to stop wearing away your life with useless kitchen drudgery. You don't have to spend the best hours of every day doing needless kitchen work that leaves you tired and worn out when you should be fresh and happy to spend the evening hours with your family or friends. A SELLERS Cabinet makes it all so unnecessary. Talk it over with the family and decide to get your SELLERS NOW while you can not only get it at a special price, but when you can also get the EXTRAS included—the beautiful set of dishes and helpful new cooking utensils. The offer is for a limited time only. DECIDE TODAY.

