o the ledge there was the oliff, a fissure with pu that offered an asone trail of entry into Dal-I the packs with the rope and m hauled Pete up.

m the cliff summit Rusty d elimbing into a high, wild iry near timber line, with a dainty that confirmed Speed's m, and over a trail that grew and more rugged. The was still free of bootmarks.

sty's climb ended at the of a snow-troughed, rocky Where the gulch broke sy. Rusty stepped to a ledge dly wider than a sled track, went around the cliff face. of the mountain. A rough cabin was perched on this ing rocky platform. From brink of the mountain step, Makhand looked down into a waing chasm. He shivered to dak of the odds that might fa-



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this stronghold.

Though the cabin seemed dee ed her mind and shook her head. sected, Speed motioned them to They did not speak for a They hoisted the dog sure. From the threshold he to wait in. If we wait long sure. nodded to the others.

Not only was the interior unoccupied, but it evidently had The night passed uneventfully, not been in recent ass. The During the next day they found snowshoes and canoe paddles. Opening the stove, Speed found wood laid in it, ready for light- over the table drawings. ing. He touched it with a match.

"Ain't got back from up the touched. river yet," he said. His voice "What had a deliberately casual tone, Speed spoke low to prevent his came out on a widening light of a dark sign. "Anyhow,

Pete removed a gun stock and a half-mended shoeshoe from the table, and had lifted the cover to shake it, when he paused to look more closely at the table top.

split logs with the hewn side snapping in the thaw." up, and leveled off with some care. But this smooth wooden gain. The silence of the shadow surface was discolored, tattooed and smeared with a maze of soot-almost anything, apparentlý.

The drawings were similar in detail. They seemed to repreone end, denoted by the scrawled was posed experimentally at different gulches.

"These all seem to be pictures of the same gulch," Speed said. The gulch where he found the gold . . .

He studied the table until burning pans called him back to the stove. When he served the rashers and hot bread, they sat down to supper with fifty confused pictures of Dalton's gold prospect staring up at them from the table.

"Must have been almighty them. puzzled some time about where hat gulch was," said Speed. "I think he found it once, and

then couldn't track it," Pete said vaguely.

Maitland noticed the veiled question in Speed's look at her. 'Did Bill tell you that?" he ask-

"No." Pete's answer seemed reluctant.

"Maybe the igloos are a symbol of something else." Maitland ventured.

"Then why are they drawed so clear?" Speed said doubtfully. He gave the thought a more mystical turn. "You'd think some jinx was ridin' Dalton. His hiding from ever'one because of the gold, and the gold hidin' from him."

him ask her, "That strange figger you seen, Pete. didn't maybe had vanished. give you a whisper about Dalton's reasons for keepin' his trail so dark?"

Pete was visibly disturbed by

vor a desperate man at bay in the question. , She parted lips as if to answer; then chang-

keep back, while he carefully ap- while, but sat pondering in the proached the door. His knock gloom over empty plates. Rolling echoed in the hollow chasm. The and lighting a cigarette. Speed From the threshold he to wait in. If we wait long look of a fighting animal brought pretty liable to show."

walls were cumbered with tro- a distraction in exploring; the phies and tools; some of rather single approach to the cabin, crade make; traps, dog harness, and examining the traps and tools that lay in open view. Speed spent some time puzzling left the chest by the wall un-

"What did you hear, Bud?" as if he were trying to make voice from carrying to Pete, indoors. It was before dawn of the second morning.

Maitland told him. "Do you reckon we're both hearin' things?" Speed muttered. "It listened to me more like a louder sound way off. An echo The table boards were made of of gunfire. Or else froze trees

Motionless, they listened ed chasm mocked them.

Speed stirred abruptly. marks and drawings that almost stay here. But, and wathe with hid the grain. The drawings Pete I may be gone awhile, but had been made with lead, ink, keep that cliff covered with the spilled coffee, whiskey, lamp- rifle. It'll call you when I come back around it.

Speed's reconnaisance him over a wider range than he subject but greatly varied in had expected. When he paused, halfway down a lofty slope, it sent a guich with a stream run- was to survey a long and unobning through it, and with the structed view of white headruins of an Indian settlement at lands, shining in the dawn. In the center of one of the ravines, words, "Siwash igloos," or "Si- about two miles away, a pair of wash ruin." A figure like a pick dark moving specks came into view. They were men; one of them carried what might be rifle.

> Very slowly, so as not to be tray himself by a quick movement, he sank in the snow. The advantage of view was in his favor, since he looked down on them from above.

They were too far to be recognized as anything but men, but the image of Fallon had somehow leaped into his mind's eye at the first dim glimpse

He lay along the base of a boulder, raising his head just high enough to bring the figures into view. He fired the gun once, at random in their direction, and immediately covered it to prevent even a wisp of smoke from showing.

They kept moving for an ininterval before the sound reached their ears. They stopped, as tion, they turned to stare the other way.

Yet, in spite of the advantage the Mounted Police. this gave him for observation, some vague and nameless instinct made him sink back out of ed, but they are neither immortdid not leave him; but after ly- range. of superstition, Maitland was not ing hidden some thirty seconds, altogether astonished to hear he looked over the rim again. holster and kicked the gun be- attention to that quarter. In Strange to say, the two figures hind him into the snow.

Slowly he rose into clear view by the boulder, to tempt them to declare themselves with a bul- surrender to arrest.'

utter and confounding surprise, with an extra twist to make it The roar of it burst in his ears worse. After evading the suspiboulder right next to his arm, in of Dalton himself?" the same flash of time as the gun's roar. This marksman was not more than a hundred yards

Nothing showed behind him, muzzle to show: for some tremor, however slight, in the snow bove. Why didn't the fellow shoot? His ear, close to the lief. snow, detected the crunch of running feet, receding from him.

He jumped up and ran to the near-by point from which the shot had seemed to come. There he found a hollow in the snow where the sniper had lain concealed, and the marks of his feet leading up from below to this depression, and running away from it. The fugitive was headed for the cabin and had left a moccasin track!

There was a spreading dark pink stain in the snow where he had hidden, and a blood trail all along his course!

A wild scramble along canyon brinks and ledges brought him to the head of the jackpine gulch, and the absence of a blood trace in it assured him that he had arrived in time.

Maitland stood waiting with vestigations will clear us of what the carbine and with Pete close they suspect." by. He motioned them to back in close to the cliff, in silence, the law, Bud. I can't argue with They had caught the alarm of you. I ain't got no words but a the shots, but had no notion of low-down gambler's lings, and it

what was about to happen. spoke abruptly from around the and I'm askin' you now, if ever

roped its way, twisted with gony. Maitian recognized at a glance the man who had held knows I'll never have a truer

enough, somethin' or other is to hay, to an expression of wild life; it's a needless crime. We'd the law unafraid. astonishment.

"Pete!" he murmured, almost under his breath, "How did they

"They found your lead dog on the lakes," said Pete. "It brought us here."

The deepening wonder in his face was a thing to see. "The dog!" he muttered huskily. There was a choking in his throat like a chuckle-it became a desperate, blood-chilling, mortally ex- the law a case." hausted laugh: "We've won now, kid!" he chortled in a hard elation. "Beat the game with—a damn—Siwash!"

When they would have caught him, he waved them off again. and I can be just as damned or-'Get this-Pete," he mumbled nery." thickly. "Somethin' else - I've But-give me time-but firsttongue and his brain to answer his will. "The gold--!"

With an agonized, astonished held rigid an instant against the wall, and then with a slow, lurching slide, sank down.

Speed, who had taken a step rels. and leaned over the still body. "He told the truth about his

last shell," Speed mused aloud. He was tryin' to reach the cabin and his shells for a last stand. But he saw our marks in the gulch. Who did he think I was at first? And where did he get that wound?"

"The two men in the gulch he spoke of-" said Maitland. "It's what I was wonderin'

dodged 'em. But they'll pick up his blood trail. In half an hour from now, they'll--' Here Speed unaccountably

broke off short, spun about with a gun drawn, and (in a flash had leaped round the narrow cliff ledge out of Maitland's sight.

murder of a Siwash on Lake Lebarge, of or about the twentieth of last November. The native's

"Hands up!" he shouted, "or blast you into the canyon. Throw that gun down!"

A man with his arms raised came around the cliff ledge by he had expected. But instead of which Dalton had approached so looking up in his general direc- short a time before. Maitland was too confounded to utter a sound. He wore the uniform of

There are no braver men than the Canadian Northwest Mount- lice." sight between the boulder and al nor impervious to the menace Speed mumbled to the hollow snew trough. This wary sense of two .45 six-shooters at blank chasm with a note of doom.

Speed emptied the mounty's in the jackpine gulch swung their

you," said the officer. "I de- a slinking wolfish head nosed mand that you and your partner round the cliff and cowered back

Here was just the vicious turn The shot that did come was an of fate that Speed had feared, from directly behind him! He cion of Cathcart, who had misdropped back instantly into his taken Dalton for a Siwash, were shelter. The bullet had flattened they now, by a climax of irony, against the inner side of the to be charged with the murder

"This looks compromisin', I'll concede," he said. "But you boys describes. She writes: "My Lealth is on the wrong track. While you're stalkin' us, the real game ing. My pain would be so intense it is likely beatin' to cover. There's either. He waited for a gun two more men in these mountains, and they're worth trailin'.'

"Where did you see them?" the officer asked, without be-

Speed pointed his gun. "Four miles that way."

"You saw me and an officer who trailed with me, perhaps, though we didn't come from that direction. You've got our distance and bearings twisted. If you have a hope of setting us on a false trail, you can drop it. The game's up for both of you. Should you refuse to return our guns and have heard the warrant, you will be hunted down to a finish."

Speed picked up the police revolvers, emptied them and threw them into the chasm. "It's a difference of opinion that makes gamblin'," he said. "Get me two lengths of rawhide, Bud."

The request brought Maitland out of a trance, "Don't do it, Speed," he said quickly. "Let the law straighten this out. In-

"You've got delusions about don't just fit with what I'm try-After a still wait, a voice in to show. But I've got a hunch

them up at their winter camp.

He held a revolver in his charge were made against you breakfast while the officers director. All persons individually the property of the prop be giving them the real case against us that they haven't got. That isn't all. We couldn't take Pete over that route, and I can't leave her to face this alone.

Pete would have spoken, but Speed's brooding look at her checked the words. "How do you figure it?"

"I don't know," said Pete, unhappily. "I feel that Bud's right though when he says you'd give

"You're an ornery young pair of cubs," Speed muttered "Reckon you can't help it, comin' from where you do. Now it's the same function, turned backwards

He pressed back the gun ham got to tell ye, kid. And I will. mers, tensely watched by the police officer who had followed his get this. The gold is-" He lost argument with a fateful interest. his voice and found it by sheer Speed's eyes , however, strayed force of will-"I saw it-just to a long pendent spruce cone on now. Two men-in the gulch. In a tree next the ledge. Without bright snow-" His voice ebbed aiming, he fired. The cone fell, from bim. His discolored and clipped from the branch, and beracked the turned gray with a fore it reached the snow, four deathly pallor of weakness and quick bullets had broken it to stupefaction at the failure of his fragments. The remaining shells blazed at these pieces as they spun down the slope.

The outlaw waited, listening, curse at his defeat, he slumped, till the last echo died out of the canyon. Slowly then, he looked at the guns, and rubbed a spot from one of the clean blue bar-They were still smoking to break his fall, caught him, when he handed them to the police officer.

"Well, go ahead and read your warrant about our supposed shootin' of this man," said Speed, indicating Dalton's body.

"We have a warrant for your arrest," said the mounty, not for killing that man. Since you've surrendered, I want you to understand that we don't railroad men, or even arrest them, on merely presumptive charges saw them, too. About four miles We had a brush with this fugioff, from here. He must have tive-" nodding toward Dalton, "down the creek. It's more than possible he was wounded by one of our guns. The inquest will show. My warrant is to arrest you and your partner for the body was disposed of through a hole in the ice, and has been recovered since the thaw.'

Speed's eyes sought those his partner and Pete, who looked dumbfounded.

"Your own warrant?" he demanded.

"Mine would be sufficient. This one happens to be signed by Cathcart of the Mounted Po-

"Well, I'm a son of a-

At the same moment, a clatter "This only makes it worse for completely forgotten Rusty. Now

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ong to get things in shape for the trip down to headquarters.

(Continued next week)

BRAME'S RHEUMA-LAX FOR RIJEUMATISM R. M. BRAME & SON North Wilkesbore, N. C.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of J. H. 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 Kings Creek, North Carolina, on or before the 15th day of April, 1936, or this notice will be plead in bar of recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate settlement.

This 15th day of April, 1935. O. M. JONES. Administrator Estate of J. Jones, Dec'd. 5-20-6t

NOTICE OF SALE

North Carolina, Wilkes County. Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain deed of trust executed the 21st day of October, 1933, by and between Odell Wyatt and wife, Nettie Wyatt, to the undersigned trustee, said deed being to secure the payment of a certain note which is past due, and defaul having been made in the payment thereof, the undersigned trustee will offer for sale, at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, on the 4th day of June, 1935, at 12 o'clock noon, at the courthouse door in Wilcounty, North kesboro, Wilkes Carolina, the following cribed land, to-wit: des-

certain tract of land lying more particularly described follows: Beginning on a stake in line (170.69 Nora Ellis' from her northeast corner), and running north 20 degrees 36 feet to a stake fence; north 69 street 50 feet to a stake; thence south 181.72 feet to a stake; thence south 74 degrees 56 feet west with Nora Ellis' line 50.23 feet to the point of beginning. containing 9,000 square more or less, being Lot No. 11 in R. E. Shepherd's plot.

This the 3rd day of May, 1935. R. G. CALL.

on or before the 15th April, 1936, or this no he plead in bar of the recover. All persons in

dec'd.

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of J. F. Holomb, late of Wilkes county, is to advise all persons who indebted to said estate to make immediate payment to the undersigned administrator, and all persons who have claims articles said estate will present same the undersigned administration or before the 22nd day on or before the 22nd day April, 1936, or this notice be plead in bar of recovery,

This 23nd day of April, 13 LINVILLE HOLCOMB dministrator J. P. Holcomb Administrator J. P.

NOTICE OF SALE OF LAND By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain deed of trust executed on the 7th day of November, 1929, to the undersigned trustee, said deed of trust being recorded in Book No. 157, Page No. 81, in the office of the Register of Deeds for Wilkes County, said deed of trust being given to secure the payment of a certain note, and said note and deed of trust having been assigned by Com Miller to C. E. Shepherd and default having been made in the payment of the note, the undersigned trustee will on the 30th day of May, 1935, offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder for cash at the Court House door in Wilkesboro, North Carolina, the following ed lands lying and being in Wilkes County, described as follows, to wit:

Adjoining the lands of H. R. Taylor, R. J. Taylor and N. M. Handy, and being situated in Mulberry Township, Wilkes County, and bounded as follows: Beginning on a Hickory and run-ning an east course with H. R. Taylor's line to a sourwood in A. M. Handy's line; thence with his and being in Wilkes county, and line to the Big Road; thence with R. J. Taylor's line stake; thence to the beginning to be on same degree of H. Taylor's line from the E Black Taylor's line from Gum Corner and containing 20 acres, more or less. This being degrees 24 feet east with Ridge the same tract of land that was conveyed to A. J. Ballard by U. C. Owens and wife under date of April 8th, 1920, and being re-/ corded in Book 114, Page in the Register of Deeds Office for Wilkes County.

This 29th day of April, 1935. EUGENE TRIVETTE, Trustee for Com Miller. C. E. SHEPHERD, Assignee.

Travel By Bus

Three buses daily are now operating on a schedule through North Wilkesboro to Winston-Salem and Bristol, Va. Buses leave North Wilkesboro for Winston-Salem and points east at

9:45 a. m., 3:30 p. m. and 7:20 p. m. Leave North Wilkesboro for Bristol 8:30 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 9:00 a. m., 2:30 p. m. and 7:30 p. m., for Lenoir, Morganton, Marion and Asheville.

East bound buses make direct connection for Statesville, Charlotte and points south.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CALL LOCAL AGENT

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