

COY WATERS

by Rex Beach

FINAL INSTALLMENT
When Fisk canceled their second reservation Gloria went to bed. There seemed to be nothing seriously wrong with her and in fact there was nothing the matter—except a broken heart. Racehorses are like that—they will run until their hearts break, until there is not another gallop in them; and Gloria was from thoroughbred stock. The desert had beaten her.

A few days later Fisk wired to the port for the best doctor available, and the latter came up on a special locomotive. What the doctor said drove out of the husband's mind all thoughts of oil, of fishing jobs, of Homestake Number One. A nurse was secured as quickly as possible and meantime the physician stayed on.

Fisk did not return to the well; he hung about the house, a dumb figure of suspense. Gloria no longer knew him and that was terrifying. He was like a frightened child, deserted and alone. Every whisper that issued from her lips was like a knife-thrust. He did not sleep; his eyes grew bloodshot from the tears that came whenever he left the sick room.

The doctor and the nurse watched him covertly and more than once they found him muttering words as senseless as those that fell from the sick wife's lips. He wildly cursed himself and the desert.

Nature finally exacted toll for the way he had cheated her, and although he ached intolerably for sleep, he arrived at a condition where he could not close his eyes; when he lay down his brain began to race and black fancies drove him sighing out of his bed.

One morning when the brazen sun rose over the hills and began again to pour its hatred into the alley, the doctor told him as gently as possible that the end was near and that he must prepare himself. It was merely a question of time now, a question

of hours, when the tired heart would cease to function. Gloria was in no pain; further stimulants were useless, they would merely serve to hasten that inevitable moment when the weight of her lungs would prove too heavy for her feeble breath to lift.

Donald groaned. If only she would revive enough to recognize him, to give him one word, one look! He would know then that she forgave him. But for her to slip away without even a smile, a kiss—God, no!

"It isn't a case where any sort of medicine can do much good," the doctor explained. "I've had other cases like it. Nothing organically wrong, but—understand! It's the country, I guess. The heat or the monotony or—hope deferred, maybe. We have a lot of it down here. If your well had come in, I'm sure she'd have rallied." He said, "sure she'd have rallied."

The husband sat most of that day in a trance waiting for his hideous dream to end. Sometimes he bowed his head in his hands, but the other watchers could not tell whether it was tears or sweat that ran down between his fingers. They fancied it must be the latter, however, for his grief was too abysmal for tears.

Late in the afternoon Fisk heard the little brown Goya children playing in the road. They were laughing! He groaned aloud. Children, Gloria and he had wanted children but there again the desert had thwarted them. This was no country for white women. A man might as well lock his wife in a furnace and expect her to bear children.

So Gloria was dying! And he had killed her! He roared and creaked about the house, wringing his hands. His mental numbness was wearing off now and agony consumed him. His mind was galloping, running away, and he talked incessantly, but with a thick tongue and without finishing his sentences. Yes, he had killed her! He had staked her out on the blistering desert as the Apaches staked out their prisoners, leaving the sun to wreak its torture.

What was that the doctor had said? If Homestake had come in she would have lived? Oh, there were devils in this valley! They were in the air, in the dagger points that armed the cacti and the blood-bushes. Yes, and other demons were in the rocks beneath the hills. These latter were the worst, for they collected in the bottom of oil wells and cut cables; they deflected fishing

tools; they filled threads and sockets with mud and grit. Malignant devils! The Homestake was full of them.

An insane determination took slow hold of Fisk. He went out and cranked up his flivver, mumbling to the nurse that it was necessary for him to go out and look after the job. Company affairs, he told her, wildly, had to proceed, even if girl wives died and their husbands went crazy with grief. Companies were like that—soulless and unfeeling—just like devils—great jokes on company managers, wasn't it? They put in their lives, they sweated their souls white, and got—this. Damn all companies!

The car shot away and went rocking, pitching down the road. McKay and his men were asleep when their employer arrived; he did not awaken them. The desert moon was bright enough to read by, so he flung himself out of the car and picked his way to the shanty where the nitroglycerine was stored. The explosive was just as he had left it three weeks before; he carried it into the long tin container designed for lowering into the well. He worked swiftly and with no more caution than if he were handling so much lubricating oil. The torpedoes, when filled, he carried in upon the derrick floor; then he ran a thin manila line through a block, and the end of this he made fast to the first cartridge.

So! Those little devils would drop his tools, would they? They'd wreck the well, bankrupt the company, and make him lose his boat, eh? Murderers, that's what they were. They had murdered Gloria. By heaven! two could play at that game!

He let the long, shiny torpedo slip quietly into the casing mouth so as not to give them warning of what he had in mind.

McKay and his crew were awakened by a peculiar sensation; it was as if their beds had been lifted a few inches by the upward thrust of a thickly padded piston and then dropped.

"Hey! Who kicked my bunk?" inquired the driller as he sat up. A startled voice answered him. "That's funny! Me too. Did you fellows hear anything?"

One man had, another had not. Somebody suggested an earthquake—anything was likely to happen in this accursed country. They were arguing stupidly in the dark when McKay spoke with all trace of sleepiness gone from his voice:

"Hark! . . . My God, listen!" An instant, then he was out upon the floor and the others had followed him. They stood strained, alert. At first the hush of the desert was as complete as that of a tomb; then from somewhere came a long, singing exhalation, not unlike breath issuing from the lungs of a wounded giant. It was an ery, penetrating sound, close yet far away; it came from nowhere, from everywhere, and it raised the hair upon the necks of the listeners. Together they tumbled out of the shanty.

There was nothing in sight except the Homestake derrick, a gaunt skeleton silvered by the moon, nevertheless that sight grew, second by second, and as it continued, it changed into a whistling moan, indescribably blood-curdling. The men realized finally that it came from the well. And yet that was impossible! The soil beneath their feet was trembling now; from the casing mouth issued a vibrating rumble, a rasping, gasping, surging roar.

Then before their staring eyes an amazing thing took place. Homestake Number One vomited into the night a geyser of black mud and water and broken stone. The burden came with a great retching, as if coughed out from the very vitals of the earth, but oddly enough, instead of diminishing, the jet mounted higher, moment by moment, along with the pitch of the second that came with it. It sprayed up, up, climbing the eighty-foot derrick section by section, until the crown block was hidden. It stood there finally, a tremendous fountain belching its rage up towards the empty sky. There was the rush of many waters; the desert was drowned beneath a deluge; there came a raw, penetrating odor of gas and petroleum.

Headlights, then in the open doorway there appeared the figure of a man in dripping, oil-soaked garments which the dust of the road had rendered indescribably foul. His hair was matted, his face was smeared, his shoes were sodden, and when he stepped they oozed a sticky liquid the color of tar. He had, it seemed, been plunging into a lake of oil, then rolled in dirt, for he reeked with the smell of crude petroleum.

It was Donald Fisk. He stood rocking upon the threshold; the whites of his eyes glared idly as he fixed his gaze upon the bedroom door; he tried to voice a question, but the dust was thick in his throat and he failed.

The doctor approached him, laid a hand upon his greasy sleeve, and spoke in a low tone: "She is—asleep!"

Fisk flung off the grasp, lifted his arms on high and uttered a cry of despair. "Gloria! Gloria!" He clenched his grimy fists and shook them, he began to curse in a hoarse, horrible, croaking voice.

"Hush!" The doctor seized him again, struggled with him. "Man! You don't understand. She's asleep! She's better!" Fisk comprehended nothing at first except the sharp admonition for silence; that was all his brain could compass.

"The change came an hour ago. She has a chance. Heaven only knows what happened—" There was a breathless pause while Donald Fisk slowly groped his way up out of utter blackness. In the silence could be heard that same faint monotone. It sounded like the distress signal of some distant liner, the whistle rope of which had been tied down.

"It was a miracle, Mr. Fisk!" the nurse piously asserted. "Strength came to her out of nowhere. She began to breathe more easily, her heart grew stronger—"

"It was the well! She was waiting—waiting. It came in an hour ago! Don't you hear it?"

"Quiet! Not so loud." But the husband was deaf to caution. "Her soul was waiting, hovering—she wouldn't leave me as long as there was hope—" A convulsion racked the oil-soaked figure. "Homestake came in like a lion, like a thousand lions, roaring, belching—" His voice broke, he choked. "It's the biggest well in the country. Twenty thousand barrels a day or more. My head's splitting from the noise. It drowned me—defeated me! When I saw it was oil—I cursed God!"

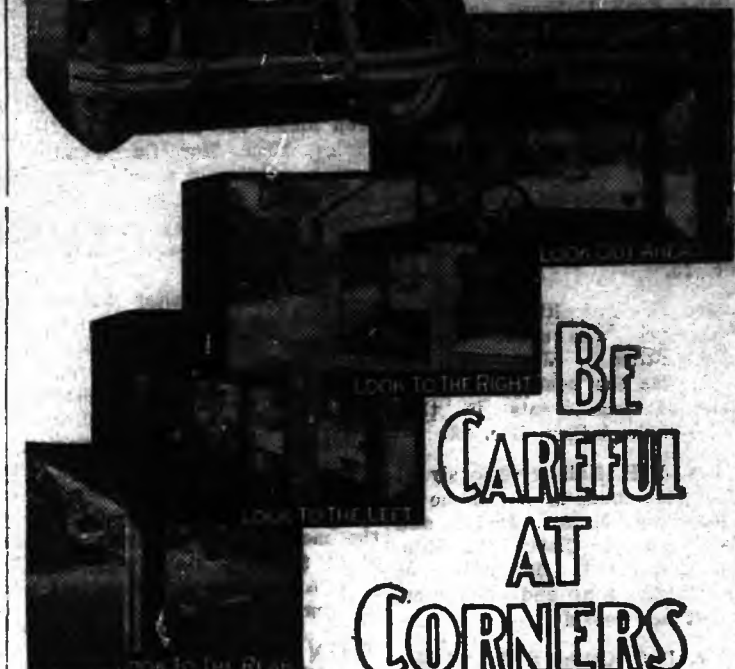
The speaker turned, lurched blindly to the wall, and, resting his head in his hands, began to sob like a little boy. "I stood there with my face to the sky and cursed God!" Towards morning Gloria stirred, opened her eyes, listened, then smiled contentedly at her husband. He had to bow his head close to catch her whispered words: "Our boat! I was so tired! I thought I couldn't wait any longer. Then—I heard it coming in—our ship!"

"Yes, dear." He pressed his hungry lips to her cheek. "You waited, and our ship came in." THE END.

Twelve Duplin county farmers recently co-operated to order 225 fruit and nut trees to be planted about their homes.

TODAY'S Safe Driving Message

LEFT TURNS ARE DANGEROUS!



BE CAREFUL AT CORNERS

More than 60,000 of the motor vehicle accidents which are killing and injuring nearly a million people each year in the United States result from the efforts of one of the cars involved to make a left turn at a street intersection.

Safety in the execution of a left turn requires vigilance and care upon the part of the driver.

Federal Agency Meeting To Be Held Dec. 18

There will be a Coordination Meeting of the heads of the various Federal Agencies, including both the permanent and the emergency agencies, held next Wednesday, December 18, in the Sir Walter Hotel, Raleigh, North Carolina, beginning at nine o'clock in the morning and lasting through the greater part of the day.

Invitations have been extended to the United States Senators and Members of Congress, as well as to the Governor and other prominent State officials to attend this meeting. A representative from the National Emergency Council in Washington will also be present.

The heads of the various Federal agencies will submit reports outlining the accomplishments and indicating in what manner they have been and may be of service to the citizens of North Carolina.

Landon In Race?

Columbus, Ohio, Dec. 13.—The Alf M. Landon for president forces cast a friendly glance today at the 52 delegates Ohio will send to the Republican national convention next year. Friends of the Kansas governor requested Secretary of State George S. Myers to forward to Landon information regarding the requirements for entering Ohio's presidential preference primary next May.

1. Move to the center of traffic lane well before reaching the corner and signal your intentions to other drivers.
2. Look out ahead, to the right, left and rear for approaching traffic.
3. Allow all other traffic to clear safely before attempting to proceed.
4. Make the turn wide of the center of the intersecting streets.

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666 Checks **COLDS** and **FEVER** first day **HEADACHES** in 30 minutes

Liquid-Tablets Salve-Nose Drops

I SAY, YOU'RE LOOKING MIGHTY WELL SIR. I KEEP THAT WAY WITH ALKA-SELTZER

It's more sensible to keep well than to wait until you are ill and then try to get well.

ALKA-SELTZER helps to keep your body healthily alkaline.

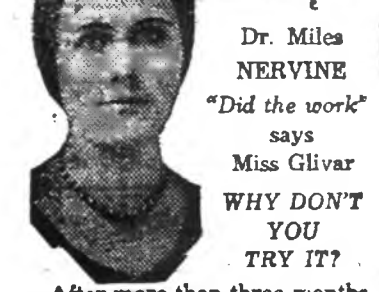
If you are suffering from Gas on Stomach, Headache, Sour Stomach, Colds, Fatigue, Muscular, Rheumatic, or Sciatic Pains, try Alka-Seltzer.

Alka-Seltzer is not laxative, not habit-forming, and not a heart depressant.

Ask your druggist.

BE WISE-ALKALIZE!

Nerves **NERVES** **Nerves**



Dr. Miles NERVINE "Did the work" says Miss Glivar **WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT?**

After more than three months of suffering from a nervous ailment, Miss Glivar used Dr. Miles Nerveine which gave her such splendid results that she wrote us an enthusiastic letter.

If you suffer from "Nerves," if you lie awake nights, start at sudden noises, tire easily, are cranky, blue and fidgety, your nerves are probably out of order.

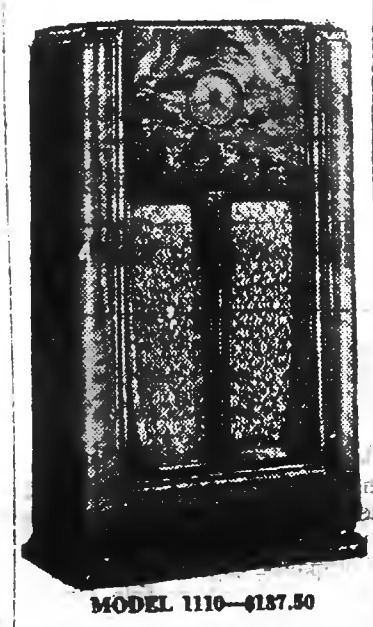
Quiet and relax them with the same medicine that "did the work" for this Colorado girl.

Whether your "Nerves" have troubled you for hours or for years, you'll find this time-tested remedy effective.

At Drug Stores 25c and \$1.00.

A World of Entertainment

The thrill of getting foreign stations—England, France, Germany, Spain, as well as music from the leading orchestras in this country, will all be yours by simply turning your dial. . . . Seven DeLoe Radio models from which to choose. Available in both table and console styles.



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Because I do So Much Work for So Little Pay!"

Reddy Kilowatt is a tried and proven servant who "gobbles up" the work for only a few pennies a day. Magician-like, he has turned the old wash tub into a rapid efficient Electric Washer—the sad iron into a smoothly gliding, thermostatically-controlled Electric Iron—the smoking lamps into incandescent Mazda lamps—the old stove into an accurate and automatically controlled Electric range—the window box, the spring house, and cellar-cold room into a modern, Electric Refrigerator—the broom and feather duster into an electric Vacuum Cleaner. . . and he is ready for any and every household duty twenty-four hours of the day—and his pay is only a few pennies a day.

Station WBT—"Reddy Kilowatt and the Duke Melodians"—11:45 a. m. Mon.-Wed.-Fri.
Station WBOC—"Comedy Captains"—8:30 p. m. Tuesday.

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Card of Thanks
I wish to thank all my relatives and friends who did so much for me during my illness and death. My wife, A. G. ANDERSON.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

Under and by virtue of an Order of the Superior Court Wilkes County, made in the special proceeding entitled Frank Hackett Administrator of J. McEwen, deceased vs Mrs. Bett McEwen and others, heirs at law of J. E. McEwen, deceased, the same being Number 144 on the Special Proceeding Docket No. of said Court, the undersigned Commissioner will, on Thursday, the 17th day of December 1935, at 10 o'clock a. m. offer for sale at the Courthouse door in Wilkesboro, North Carolina, to the highest bidder for cash, the certain tract of land lying and being in Wilkesboro Township, Wilkes County, adjoining the lands of Earl Anderson and wife H. L. Greene heirs and others, on the public road from Wilkesboro, N. C. to Ferguson, N. C., and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a stake near a rock on the west side of the Three mile branch, where the bridge crosses said branch, and running up and with the branch, a southeasterly course, 40 poles to a stake on the bank of said branch, thence south 120 poles to a maple, now a stake in the John Brown old line; thence east with said line 58 poles to a maple on the top of Owens Knob, the corner of the old John Brown line, thence north with said John Brown line 140 poles to a gum corner in said line, at a branch, thence northwesterly with the branch as it meanders, to a birch at the mouth of the branch, where it empties into the Yadkin River, formerly a Walnut, called for in the Grant of October 23, 1782, from the State of North Carolina to John Brown, thence south 30 poles to a stake on the south side of the Wilkesboro-Ferguson road; thence with the said road south 69 degrees west 58 poles to the beginning, estimated to contain 59 1-2 acres more or less.

This 16th day of November, 1935.

FRANK D. HACKETT, Commissioner.

Miserable with backache?

WHEN kidneys function badly and you suffer a nagging backache, with dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination and getting up at night, when you feel tired, nervous, all upset. . . use Doan's Pills.

Doan's are especially for poorly working kidneys. Millions of backs are used every year. They are recommended the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

Reddy Kilowatt Gift Suggestions

Kelvinators Electric Ranges Electric Water Heaters Vacuum Cleaners Electric Churns Oven Cookers Electric Mixers Toasters Corn Poppers Automatic Bottle Warmers Floor Lamps Table Lamps Pin-It-Up Lamps Ironers Automatic Toasters with Hostess Tray Electric Water Kettle Hot Plates Heating Pads Reflector Heaters Waffle Irons Percolators Electric Irons Smokemasters Soldering Irons Coffee Makers Sunlamps Sewing Machine Motors

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