

The FEUD at SINGLE SHOT

By Luke Short

Fifteenth Instalment

"He's wild!" Reilly yelled. "Let go and ride up." Crased with pain, the horse leaped down stiff-legged again, humped its back for another pitch and Dave savagely rubbed the raw flesh. Halfway up in its arc, the horse started a sunfish, and when it landed Dave felt as if he were going to be ripped out of the saddle with the sudden fall.

The horse had gone over the trail edge.

With Dave's weight on its back, the horse started to plummet down the steep slope. Dimly, Dave realized that in the quick descent, Lew, who had held to the rope trying to fight the horse down, had been swept from his saddle by the swift yank on it.

"Steady, boy," he called.

"Steady, steady," he muttered soothingly and part of his calm was communicated to the horse, who stopped, trembling.

He had to be quick. Closing his eyes he pulled savagely at the thongs binding his wrists to the saddle horn. A sickening rip of skin and one hand was free. Soon the other was able to help him as he turned in his saddle, struggled to free his slicker.

The slicker free, Dave unrolled it swiftly and found the gun Hank had given him. Then, reaching down and seizing the bridle as reins, he spurred the horse slowly from behind the rock, looking up at the trail. He listened for the sound of horses in the canyon bed.

They were coming, both cursing savagely, at a gallop. Dave pulled his roan close in to the rock and balanced his gun lightly in his bloody palm his eyes thin, flinty slits in his face.

Lew was the first to charge by, and Dave yelled, Reilly, close on Lew's heels, lunged into sight.

Dave wheeled his horse broadside, in a high arc, slowly, crashed and bucked up. Reilly screamed as he catapulted from his saddle across his horse's neck and to the ground.

"Two," he muttered thickly. Spurring his horse over, he looked down at the two men. Lew was dead, drilled through the head. Reilly was dying, if not dead. He stared at the men dully, sunk in a stupor of pain and fatigue and thirst.

He shook himself. The knots to the ropes were under the horse's belly where he could not reach them; so, loading his gun again, he shoved the muzzle of his Colt against the rope beside his foot and cut it with a shot.

Dismounted, he was so weak his legs gave way under him. "I've got to drink," he thought dazedly, sitting on the ground. Crawling over to Lew's horse, he pulled the canteen from the saddle horn. After the first slow drink he paused, then took a deep draught, which strengthened him. Then he lay down in the shade of the rock, tore the slicker into strips and, after washing his wounds, bound them.

He considered the two dead men. He pulled them over to the opposite side of the canyon. Laying them side by side, he piled a cairn of stones over them.

Then he turned to the horses standing in the sun. Dave mounted Lew's pinto and cut Reilly's horse across the rump with his rope. Dave had no idea where the cabin lay but he knew if given their heads the horses would make for it.

Then he settled down, keeping his eyes and ears alert, riding close to Reilly's horse. His own mount followed wearily behind.

As the time went on, he became more wary and moved closer to the lead horse, watching it. When he heard it whinny and saw it increase its pace, he spurred his horse and headed it off.

Dismounting, he halted the horse to the ground, laying heavy rocks on their reins. He looked around. Ahead of him, the land rose broken and rocky, to the lip of a ridge.

Directly below Dave lay the barn nestled snugly against the rock out of the wind. In the corral adjoining it, he counted six horses, but Marv's was not among them.

Watching the house and seeing no signs of life, he decided that no one was likely to come out and surprise him.

He looped the lariat around a point of rock, tested it, then let himself down hand over hand to the barn roof. Flipping the rope loose, he let himself down to the ground behind the barn.

His eyes roved the barn, settling on a bearskin lying in a far corner. A plan formed slowly in his mind.

Going out into the corral again, he moved toward the gate, which consisted of loose poles. The horses watched him.

In the barn again, Dave picked up the bearskin and went to the stable door.

He heiled the bearskin out into the middle of the corral, then dodged back quietly for the back of the addition.

The horses, smelling the bearskin, milled wildly out the gate in a stampede.

They fled past the south end of the house, heading down a narrow canyon to the east. Dave crawled softly around the north end of the shack. At the corner he stopped, listened.

"Goddamnit, it's them horses scatterin'! Who left that corral gate down?"

Dave did not recognize this voice, but he did the voice that answered. It was Sayres.

"You did, Ed, damn you!"

"But I never," Ed protested.

"Shut up and round 'em up," Sayres ordered "You help him too, Late."

Dave edged his head around the corner of the house in time to see two men file out and head down the canyon foot.

He gave them time to get out of sight, then he edged around the front door on his hands and knees. He heard two men, one of them Sayres.

"Fat'll send word where the posse's headin' for. He'll have some one in the posse, don't you worry. If they crowd us, we better take the gal back to the line camp in the timber, north."

"She's a pretty gal," the second voice said.

"Ain't she, though?" Sayres drawled.

Dave straightened up and swung the door open.

Both men were seated at one end of the table, a bottle before them.

In the least part of a second Dave divined what Sayres was going to do. Seated, the outlaw could not get at his guns. He made a leap to place himself behind the stranger, his hands clawing at his guns. Dave's shot was quick, hasty, hardly allowed.

ing time for his Colts to clear leather. The shot caught Sayres in the side and pitched him into the stranger. The impact sprawled them both on the floor. Then Dave's rage broke, as he emptied his guns into Sayres and the stranger.

A feeling of sickness and weariness and disgust enveloped Dave as he lay his gun on the floor. He sprang over the upset chair, face down. His guns fallen out of his hands, he gripped the stranger's hand peacefully on his back.

He chuckled cartridges into his guns as he strode to the padlocked door.

"Mary!" he called.

There was a sort of muffled cry for an answer and Dave shot the lock off. He knew the two men after the horses would have heard the shots and would probably be running back now.

Once in the dark room, he made out a figure sitting tensely on the cot.

"Dave!" she said.

She was in his arms sobbing before he could recover from his surprise.

"Dorsey, Mary isn't here?"

"No-no. I don't think so."

"Who has the keys to the leg irons?"

"I don't know their names, but it's the boss."

He ran over to Sayres, rolled the body over and fumbled through the pockets. His hands paused and he listened, hearing the pounding of running feet. Slowly, his hand left Sayres and settled to his sun-butt, his eyes narrowing. The running ceased, and a man stepped through the door hesitantly, guns already drawn.

Dave shot just once more and the man pitched forward on his face. Suddenly, a window shattered and Dave laughed.

The second outlaw had chosen wisely. He was fortified behind a rock sixty yards in front of the house.

Dave found the keys on Sayres and returned to Dorsey, who white and trembling, had witnessed through the open door the duel with the outlaw.

"We kill coyotes because they kill our cattle," Dave said softly. "And we have to kill these hombres, or they'll kill us."

"I know."

"No, you don't," Dave said, "but you will when you understand. It's just bloody and cruel."

"Do you feel that way about it too?" Dorsey asked wonderingly.

"More than you," Dave answered.

"More because I'm the one that's got to kill and kill."

"Then this isn't the end," she asked.

Dave shook his head grimly. The outlaw in front of the cabin was still to be accounted for.

"Can we get away?"

Dave nodded. He stepped to the back door of the addition and shot the lock off.

"Step through here and wait for me outside."

"What are you going to do?"

"A dirty job," Dave said slowly. "but a decent one, I reckon, at that. I'm goin' to fire the place."

When she had stepped outside Dave went into the main room and scattered lamp oil on the floor and blankets. Then he touched it off and stepped outside.

"That hombre out front has only got a six-gun," Dave said. "He can't hit us—I don't think he can even see us. Make a run for the barn and I'll follow you."

"Look out! Dave!"

Dave dropped on his face as a shot blazed from the corner of the cabin. He landed on his stomach, rolling on his side, his free arm whipping out his gun. Only the edge of a hatbrim and a gun showed, but Dave emptied his gun at them as he watched the other gun explode. He felt a hot searing pain in his arm and then the shooting ceased.

Flattening himself against the wall, he waited. No more shots came and he made his way cautiously to the corner. He swung out, gun ready, and saw the outlaw kneeling. The man had died like a tired child.

Dave shuddered and looked away.

"I reckon we better hightail it," he said finally, and added slowly. "I'm sorry about that, but there was no other way out."

Dorsey stood up suddenly.

"Take me home, please."

Dave remembered the stinging scorn in her voice when he had seen her in Dr. Fullerton's.

"We'll get the horses."

"Where are they?"

"About a mile from here. Can you walk it?"

"Yes. I—" Dorsey at last lifted her eyes to his set white face.

(Continued next week)

Of the Past Week

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Isenhour, of Bridgeport, Conn., spent Saturday night and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Isenhour were enroute to Asheville.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Bob Martin, Thursday morning, a daughter.

Mr. John Driver, of Winston-Salem, spent Saturday night with Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Edwards. Mr. Driver was accompanied to Lenoir Sunday by Mr. Earl Edwards, where he will visit relatives. Mr. Driver is cousin of Messrs. Edwards.

Miss Kathleen Martin, of Forest Hill, Md., spent the week-end with Miss Rhea Martin.

Mr. Ben Martin, while returning from North Wilkesboro Saturday morning, had the misfortune to lose his pocketbook containing \$16.00 and a deed which he had carried to Wilkesboro to be recorded. The deed was found but the pocketbook has not been returned. Mr. Martin's name and address was in the pocketbook, and he would appreciate if person or persons finding same would return it. As it was once said, Abraham Lincoln walked five miles before breakfast to pay three cents (3c) he owed, can't find be honest enough to send or take this to young Mr. Martin, as they have no excuse not knowing whose it is. Be honest and receive, be dishonest and lose.

Miss Willie McBride and Messrs. Vance McBride, Charles Edwards, of Bel Air, Md., visited Miss Bertha McBride in Boone, Sunday. Miss Bertha McBride is attending summer school at A. S. T. C.

Miss Grace Burchette, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Dan Butts, of Washington, left Saturday for the latter's home. Miss Burchette, while in Washington, will receive examinations and treatment from Dr. Jimmie Grier, noted eye specialist at Emergency Hospital there. Miss Burchette has practically lost sight of her left eye, her many friends will regret to learn.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Davis announce birth of a baby boy, born Thursday at Baptist Hospital, in Winston-Salem. Both mother and baby are doing fine. Mrs. Davis is daughter of Mrs. W. A. Hendrix.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. McBride, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Martin, Mrs. B. A. Edwards attended services at Roaring Gap church Sunday, where they were former members. Miss Chlo Delle Byrd was hostess to members of the Epworth League at her home Friday night. At conclusion of games the hostess was assisted by her mother, Mrs. John Byrd, in serving refreshments.

Mr. J. T. Martin spent Sunday in Winston-Salem with relatives.

Rev. J. W. Hoyle, presiding elder, Statesville, had charge of the church Sunday night. Rev. Hoyle delivered a very inspiring sermon enjoyed by all present.

Mesdames Victoria Hubbard, of Richmond, Va., and Josephine Carson, of Greensboro, have been visiting their brother, Mr. O. D. Bentley and Mrs. Bentley.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Soots, Saturday morning, a girl.

Ladies of the Ronda Methodist church will entertain the Kiwanians and wives at a picnic on the church lawn Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Edwards and family, of Bel Air, Md., visited relatives here during the week-end.

Miss Rebecca Parlier, of Winston-Salem, and Mr. Alfred Schild of Knoxville, Tenn., visited Miss Parlier's aunt, Mrs. N. A. Henderson, Sunday.

Rev. R. R. Crater is in Washington, D. C., this week attending the rural letter carrier's convention. Mr. Crater is rural carrier for Ronda route 2.

Mr. and Mrs. Mance Somers and Mr. and Mrs. Arnie Myers, of Knights Town, Indiana, visited in the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Jones for a few days last week.

COTTON BAGGING
The Agricultural Adjustment Administration has accepted a contract for the manufacture of one million "patterns" of cotton bagging to be used as a covering for cotton bales under a diversion program launched July 27.

One particular summer most of our food had been cooked. Black ants, however, had wrought havoc among our sugar and other store-bought food. Still there were not many mouths to feed. Beside myself, mother, daddy and twin sister, there were only occasionally two sisters who would come from a distance. These latter, with great sacrifice to themselves, and expenditure of labor, would from time to time procure a little bread and meat for us from a distant village.

And so five minutes of today at my table are worth as much to me as five minutes in the next millennium. Let us be poised and wise, and our own, today. Let us provide food for thought and treat men and women well. We live in fancy, like drunkards whose stomachs are hardened and hands too soft and tremulous for successful labor. It is a tempest of fancies, and the only ballast I know is a respect for the dinner hour.

Too many fine young people de-

Take Part in Nation-Wide Sales Event

Local shoppers who have recently passed by the windows of Rhodes-Day Furniture Co., have been heard to comment that this aggressive dealer is surely jumping the gun in selling heaters during the hottest month of the year.

Jumping the gun is right, for Rhodes-Day is now promoting its Annual Free Coal campaign. This nation-wide sales event is sponsored by The Estate Stove Company, manufacturers of the well-known genuine Estate Heatrola. During the period between August 13 and September 3, a generous supply of coal is being offered to those thrifty, foresighted persons who place their orders for 1938 model Estate Heatrolas.

In commenting on the campaign Mr. C. G. Day says, "When you think of the cost of coal, the hottest heating offer ever made and keep in mind that the Estate Heatrola is the finest heater on the market. Any way you look at it, it's a winner. We have conducted a Free Coal campaign for several years and I do not know of any appliance we sell that has brought more comfort into North Wilkesboro and surrounding territory homes and made more warm friends for our store than the Heatrola."

Ads. get attention—and results!

Altoona, Kan., Aug. 28.—A Missouri Pacific passenger train struck a farm coupe at a grade crossing today, killing six occupants.

The dead were Mrs. James Kopley, 19, wife of a WPA worker, her two children, Barbara Lee, 2, and Harold Wilbert, six months; a brother, Billy Ware, and two sisters, Isabel and Ethel. The automobile was dragged five blocks through this town by the train. The body of the infant was found on the locomotive.

The Caswell county farm agent reports one of the best crops of lespedeza ever grown in the county. Other piedmont Extension workers report the same good news.

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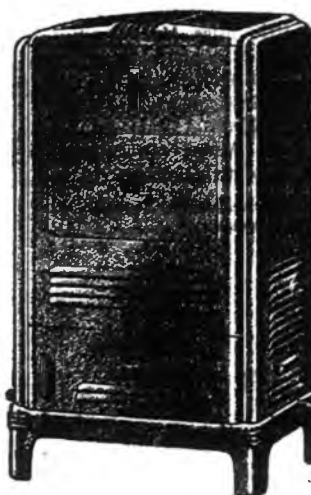


ACT FAST IF YOU WANT THIS FREE GIFT

SENSATIONAL OFFER . . . AUGUST 13th to SEPTEMBER 3rd ONLY!

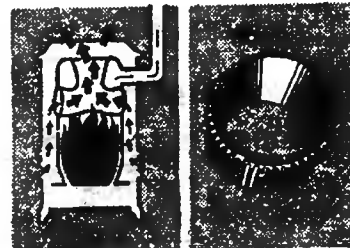
HURRY! Take advantage of this sensational annual offer—get 500 to 2000 pounds* of Free Coal for ordering your Estate Heatrola before September 3rd.

It's the once-a-year opportunity that thousands jump at every summer. For they know, as you do, that Heatrola is the most widely sold home heater in the world. Beautiful, modern, with exclusive features that bring more comfort, more convenience, for fewer fuel dollars. Don't delay. Order your Estate Heatrola now—and get Free Coal.



- ### HERE'S HOW TO GET FREE COAL
- 1 Come in, or telephone. Order your Estate Heatrola between Aug. 13th and Sept. 3rd.
 - 2 Make only a small deposit—pay nothing more until Fall, then begin easy monthly payments.
 - 3 Get 500 to 2000 lbs.* of FREE COAL when your Estate Heatrola is installed this Fall.
- *Depending on the model you choose

ESTATE HEATROLA



(Left) EXCLUSIVE INTENSIFIRE AIR DUCT blocks the upward-rushing heat, sends it into the rooms instead of letting it escape up the flue. Turns waste into warmth.



(Right) NEW ESTALLOY FIRE POT made of nickel chromium alloy, more than doubles the life of this vital part, saves money on upkeep expense.

Free Coal with the Estate Heatrola Range, Too!
Now—bring your kitchen up to date with this beautiful range for coal and wood. "Double" construction throughout. Estalloy fire-box side lining. Ped-a-Lifter Key Plate. The broiling facilities. The only range bearing the famous Heatrola name. Get a generous supply of Free Coal for ordering yours now.

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