

# The FEUD at SINGLE SHOT

By Luke Short

Sixteenth installment

"You're hit," she cried. "Are you?"

"I forgot," Dave answered. The last shot of the outlaw had seared his arm. Dorsey bandaged it expertly.

"How did you get here?" he asked. "I heard 'em talk about a girl and I thought it was Mary."

"I went home a little after dark. I put Pancho in the stable and went in the house. In the kitchen a man grabbed me and told me not to make a noise. There were two of them and one asked the other if they'd left the

note. Then they put a sack over my head and tied me on my horse and we rode all night, it seemed. They treated me all right." She looked at Dave, her eyes puzzled. "What's this all about?"

"I dunno," Dave answered. "I was forced to sign over my half of our ranch to Crowell."

"Crowell? The man you and dad are looking for? The one behind the dynamiting?"

"Yeah," Dave nodded. "I thought he was behind it but there's someone else. Some one they all call boss. He's payin' Crowell for gettin' the ranch an' mine. Sayres and his gang for the dynamitin'." A wave of anger swept over Dave. "I'm goin' to get out of here an' track him down like—"

"Yes, that's your way, isn't it?" Dave swung around to face her. "Why, what else should I do? What would any man—" he caught himself. "Here's the horses," he said quietly.

It was close to dusk when Dave and Dorsey neared the pass. Dave had been scanning the rocky ridge ahead of them that barred their way to the valley.

"It's a prison," he pronounced. "What will we do," Dorsey asked.

"A little more butcherin'." "Do you have to?" "We've got to get by the guard at the pass," Dave said, "and he'll shoot."

They pulled in at a small draw

and dismounted. Dave took the carbine from the saddle-boot. Dorsey came close to him and laid a hand on his sleeve.

"Isn't there any other way besides blood?" she asked quietly.

He shook his head somberly. "It's us or them. It's gone too far to settle with words—or with law."

"I didn't make this war. When I got out of prison, I swore it would take plenty to rawhide me into goin' for my gun." His eyes narrowed and he looked off to the far horizon. "But that's not the way the world gives a man what he belongs to. I reckon. It's fight or die. I died for eight years I'm goin' to live now for a little while."

Dorsey caught her breath. "Then it is true," she said slowly. "You are hard. You're cruel and ruthless. You're a—murderer!"

Dave flinched as if struck with a whip.

"Dorsey," his voice was pleading. "can't you see?"

"Please go," she said quietly.

Dave's lips were a grim line as he turned on his heel and strode off into the gathering dusk.

Dave paused to remove his boots. In the stillness they seemed to make the noise of an army on the march. Paused, he suddenly jerked erect and listened. Behind him, farther down the ridge he could hear the crunching of bootsoles on rock.

"Some ranny saw me and is followin'," he thought savagely. He raised his head above the edge of the rock and waited.

Slowly the man was making his way forward against the skyline. Dave saw him raise up and listen. Dave drew a bead on him, then let his Colt slack. A shot would alarm the guard for sure and give him away. The man was close now. He could hear the quiet breathing of the man as he paused by the rock, apparently listening. Strangely, then, the man seated himself on the rock behind which Dave was hidden.

With noiseless effort, Dave hoisted himself out of the crevice, got a toe-hold on the rock and lunged at the sitting figure. The force of his spring took them

both sprawling on the ground. Dave's hand was on the stranger's throat, but the force of the man's great strength was not easy to beat.

Suddenly, the man ceased struggling and Dave eased off his hands.

Then: "Dave Turner, jug-headed, murderin' fool!"

"Rosy! My God—I thought you'd be dead."

"I near am," Rosy muttered. "How'd you know it was me?"

Dave asked.

"When you lowered your head, I hit that place where the bush-whacker slammed you, but you was hanging on to me like a burr. I aimed to play dead so's you'd take your hand off my throat."

"Did the guard see you?"

"I don't think so."

"And he's on this rock?"

Rosy said he was. They sat a moment listening to see if they had alarmed the guard, but the night was soundless.

"Dorsey Hammond's here," Dave said tensely. "They kidnaped her."

"Dorsey Hammond?" Rosy asked incredulously. "Why—I never heard about it. Are you sure? He checked himself. 'Let's get on. We got some work ahead of us. Near as I can make out, this here rock he's on 's cup shaped, and a little higher than the rest of the hill.'"

They decided that Dave was to go down the slope, circle around, hide himself and open fire. Rosy was to approach the rampart from the ridge.

"Then let's go," Rosy said.

Dave disappeared down the side of the scarp and Rosy continued ahead. Working his way forward for nearly twenty minutes, pausing to listen occasionally, he finally achieved a round knob of rock which he had noted from below as being close to the rampart.

He could smell cigarette smoke, hear the slight movement of the man on top in the cup. A veering of the wind carried the smell of cedar smoke to him and he guessed the man had built a small fire.

He smiled. "Fool," he thought. "If he looks out into the night from that fire he couldn't see a cavalry troop."

A shot from below electrified him and he knew Dave was caged cozily behind a rock, shooting at random. Rosy heard the loud hiss of water on coals as the guard extinguished his fire. The answering shot was loud and close.

Rosy hoisted himself up. With a stifled curse he heard his gun

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Answer: In this case, probably most of the birds had coccidiosis to a greater or less extent. The pullets should be caged rigidly before going into the laying house. All birds underdeveloped and those showing an excessive bleaching of the face parts should be removed from the flock. This should be followed by the prompt elimination of the subnormal birds as they appear in the laying flock. Undoubtedly some carriers of the disease are present among these birds.

With the close of the tobacco season and the slackening of other work, Johnston county 4-H Club boys are giving more time to all club projects, says Assistant Farm Agent S. C. Winchester.

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