

INTO THE SUNSET

BY JACKSON GREGORY



TENTH INSTALLMENT

"Timber!" he called sharply.

"Here I be, Barry. Want me to kill the two buzzards after all?"

"Herd them out on the back porch! Then set on your horse; I guess it's these handy, isn't it?"

"Never handier," said Timberline.

"I'm not going to talk all night to this girl. And when you and I go—well, we'll go fast."

"Suits me," said Timberline, and then barked out to the Judge and Tom Haverill: "Yuh heard it? March, yuh two. I reckon what Barry's got to say to the lady can best be said later-tate."

"Lucy," said Barry, "first you've got to believe this: Tom Haverill is the Laredo Kid."

She scoffed at him. Then she said, brightly beautiful, as she, so much smaller than he, gave the impression of looking down on him from some lofty height, "Tom told me all that he knows about you as we drove here tonight."

"He's tried to make you think that I'm Laredo?"

He heard the three men out on the back porch; he heard a door close. A moment later Tim-

berline called out, "Ready to ride when you are, Sundown."

At that Barry suddenly caught Lucy up in his arms and ran with her. She tried to scream; he clamped his hand tight over her mouth. She bit him but he kept her still. He threw her up into the Judge's saddle, held her with one hand while he managed his own horse and mounted, then roared out to Timberline:

"Ride, pardner! Sock your spurs in and ride!"

He started his own horse and the Judge's off at a run, heading back toward the mountains.

It was a mad thing to do, but mad ventures have a way of being won. After them, not knowing what it was all about, yelling like a Comanche, came old Timberline.

"I love you, and you'd better know it," said Barry.

"I am Tom Haverill's wife," she reminded him.

That was a good half hour after they had raced away from Tom Haverill's ranch house.

"Hi, Timber!" he yelled.

"Shove along back to camp. Tell Ken March to have anyhow a dozen men on our payroll to take care of the Judge and Laredo if they come out that way looking for us."

"What about you?" yipped Timberline.

"Don't know. Oh, I'm all right, and I'm taking good care of Lucy here."

Barry stopped to blow the hardridden horses; he had also a thought to Lucy whom he had put through a difficult thirty minutes.

"I'm not afraid of you!" said Lucy.

"I'm glad of that, Lucy," said Barry gently. "Of course there's no reason why you should be afraid of me, but I thought you might be anyhow. I'm glad."

That made her defiance seem a small, unnecessary thing, and so it angered her.

"Let me go!" she cried furiously.

"I say, let me go; do you hear me? I am going back to Tom—to my husband."

"He's not your husband, Lucy. You know that. A preacher just came and said a mouthful of words. Nothing could make you and him man and wife. And if he was your husband, you wouldn't have him long. I'm going to kill him."

"Murderer! Coward and murderer!"

"No, it wouldn't be murder," said Barry calmly. "Not even if I came up on him from behind and killed him before he knew it. It would be what they call execution, Lucy girl."

She rode along with him again, making no attempt to escape.

"Remember that night more than three years ago, down in Tylersville?" said Barry.

"Well?" said Lucy.

"You saw what happened," continued Barry. "You saw the Judge hammer me over the head. You didn't see the man in the barn, but you heard the Judge call him Laredo. That man was Jesse Conroy, my Cousin Jesse; and he is Laredo and he is Tom Haverill."

"I don't believe it!"

"You understood that the Judge took a hand when he did, putting me out, to keep me from the chance of being killed if Laredo and I fought it out as we were bound to. And you know why he cut in, to save my life long enough to find out where I'd got a fistful of gold."

He gave her her chance to speak but she had nothing to say.

"You knew him that day for a liar, for a robber, for a man to run in double harness with the killer, Laredo. You came pretty close that night to running away with me, Lucy, with me, a stranger. You were scared."

She spoke up then, and sharply enough. "What about tonight?"

"You saw him kill a man. And you knew it was murder. And Tom Haverill came along, the good-looking, murdering hound-dog, and you married him! And I tell you, and his voice rang out fierce and strong, 'It wasn't because you were in love with Tom Haverill; it was because you just had to run away from that big white house with its Judge Blue trimmings.'"

"No!" said Lucy. "It wasn't that—"

"Don't lie to me, girl!"

"You've got to let me go, Barry Haverill!"

"I'm going to let you go—set you free—turn you loose," said Barry, and she detected the deep tenderness in his voice. "Not from me, Lucy girl. Free from the horror of the whole thing. I'm going to make you happy with just

three or four little words. Ready, Lucy?"

"Have you gone crazy?" demanded Lucy.

Barry said simply: "Judge Blue isn't your father. That's true, dear. You're not Lucy Blue at all."

"Barry!"

"That's a part of what I've got to tell you," he went on. "I didn't know until that night Tom Haverill and I shot each other. He knew. He had proof of all this hid out at that cabin where we were. I got away with what he'd hid. As soon as he could, he tried to make sure of you, marrying you—"

"He love me!" said Lucy, trying to sound defensive, but her voice faint.

"That's natural," conceded Barry. "Any man would."

"But tell me—"

"You're going to ride with me. I'm going to show you."

They rode, Lucy for a while in the most profound meditation of her life. Not Lucy Blue at all—not the Judge's daughter.

"Barry! Tell me everything!"

"I'll not tell you everything because I'm going to show you what Tom Haverill had hid at the cabin in the mountains; and you'll know as much as I do."

"I've another place, where I've been hid out, getting over the attack of hot lead I caught from Tom Haverill. I left the things there that I want to show you. Sarboe's there, too."

After a long, long while of treading devious ways through wilderness intricacies, Barry lifted his arm to point; she saw a flicker of light across an inky hollow, on the far side under cliffs.

"There's Sarboe," he called cheerily.

Before Barry had the vaguest inkling that anything was wrong, the men sprang up all about him; rocks and bushes of a moment ago seemed to turn into men. He saw here and there the faint glint of starlight upon their weapons.

"Stand up, high, Barry Haverill!" shouted an exultant voice. That was Jake Goodby, Tom Haverill's foreman, a slack-jawed, slope-browed killer.

Barry obeyed, saying nothing, his eyes darting everywhere at once, seeking to make out how many there were, looking for some avenue of escape.

Lucy felt a gun barrel driven into her side. A man called sharply to her, "Get your paws up too!"

"I'm Lucy Blue. I am Mrs. Tom Haverill. Tom Haverill's wife. We were married just tonight."

Lucy ran on excitedly: "You've got Sarboe? You're not to hurt him, you know."

"Sure I know! Tom wants him to talk first. I'm wonderin' if Sarboe'll ever talk again! He's so scared he can't say a word. This here is Barry Haverill, ain't it?"

"Yes," answered Lucy hurriedly. "And you're not to hurt him either, Jake. Tom wants him to talk, too."

"Say! You're all right!" laughed Jake Goodby. "Mrs. Tom now, huh? Say, that's fine."

Disarmed, Barry came down out of the saddle and stood still as a rope was double-hitched about his wrists and his hands were tied at his back. Six or eight of Tom Haverill's young hellions dragged him off to join Sarboe where the latter, bound like himself, was propped up against a big rock.

He jammed his shoulder against Sarboe's by way of companionable greeting and spoke for the first time.

"They got us all right, Sarboe," he said disgustedly. "Like a fool, I rode with my eyes shut."

Sarboe, writing in his bonds, could only grunt.

Barry could hear Lucy's voice, and it seemed to him that she had never been so gay. After a while he heard her say: "Jake, I want to talk with you."

Barry saw Lucy and Jake Goodby move somewhat apart, toward the farther rim of the uncertain circle of flickering firelight, to sit on a log and talk together.

Jake had Barry's gun, dangling it by its heavy belt.

"Let me see it," said Lucy.

"How would I look, wearing a gun like that?"

Jake admiring, let her buckle the weapon about her slim waist so that it banked low down on her thigh. "Say, why didn't you never ever gang up afore now?" he said playfully.

"You mustn't forget that I'm married now," laughed Lucy.

And there, she thought, both frightened and exhilarated, she had set her hand to the plow. She even said to herself, "I am making myself as cheap as a dis-

by rag doll."

"Aw," said Jake, "yuh ain't scarcely married yet. Jus' married tonight, an' already Tom lets you fly loose! Me, if I was Tom, I wouldn't of."

Lucy looked at the knot of men huddled beyond the fire.

"There's no need for them to stay any longer," said Lucy.

"With those two men dead up there, there's no danger from them."

"Might as well all of us be ridin'," said Jake, and added comfortingly, "but there ain't no hurry. They'll be a moon later."

"No; we're to keep the two men here until Tom comes. They have something hidden here that he wants. Better tell the boys, Jake, to scatter as they head back, so they'll be sure not to miss Tom."

"How about you?" asked Jake.

"You'll stay here, waitin' for Tom."

There were many ways in which she might have said yes. Still thinking of the rag doll, she answered, "If you want me to, Jake."

His hand crawled along the log like a crab and fastened on hers. For just a single loathsome second she let it rest there; then she slipped hers out from under it. At that moment one of the men beyond the fire called through a yawn: "Hey, Jake! Come alive, will yuh? What're we doin' squattin' here all night?"

And he spoke in a low tone. What he said Lucy could not catch. They laughed and one of them slapped Jake on the back, and off they went, dragging their spurs clankingly.

Then she noticed that as Jake came slouching back and the others went to their horses and rode off with a whoop and a ruck, one man had remained behind; and this man went straight to the two prisoners.

(Continued next week)

Advices Students To Be Helpful

Detroit, July 14.—The best advice I can give you is to try and be helpful to those around you.

This counsel is the highlight of the message which M. E. Coyle, general manager of Chevrolet, delivered to the 32 students of the Post-Graduate School of Modern Merchandising and Management at its luncheon in the Revere Club here this week. The school is nearing completion of the sixth session held since its organization by W. E. Holler, general sales manager of Chevrolet, in 1938.

"You will graduate and eventually become the heads of your places of business as dealers," said Mr. Coyle. "I do not like the word 'boss' for those who head any establishment or department. I have worked for many people, and many people have been under my jurisdiction, and the ones I remember best are those who were helpful to me."

"That is the best advice I can give you—try to be helpful to those around you. Do this unselfishly. Be sincere."

"Have courage, and confidence in your job. The world isn't finished yet, and it is filled with opportunity for everyone who has these qualities. From this school, you have received not only the background of the industry, but also the broader view which comes of contact with others from different parts of the country. Develop this broader view in your minds. Learn to evaluate and weigh, to form your own opinions and decide your own course of action."

"You will learn that you must do your own work. Nobody will, or can, do it for you. Those who have created in the past, and those who have carried on, have had to learn that early. Those who have been leaders, these past 40 years of rapid change, built on that foundation. It will be the same in the future."

COWS LIKE IT

E. C. Sprull of Windsor opened his silo containing about 70 tons of molasses silage recently and found it in a good state of preservation. He also found that his cows like this stored feed.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed executed by J. S. Bauguess and wife Verner Bauguess on the 10th day of February, 1931, to D. B. Swaringen, the same being to secure the payment of a note, and the same being recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Wilkes county in book 161 at page 40 and default having been made in the payment of same, I will therefore on the 7th day of August at the hour of 12:00 noon at the Court House door in Wilkesboro, North Carolina, offer for sale for cash to the highest bidder, the following described lands, to-wit:

Lying and being in Traphill Township, Wilkes County, and bounded as follows:

Beginning at the forks of the branch, thence running up and through the branch to Hort Bauguess corner, thence East with the said Bauguess line 33 4-5 poles to a chestnut oak Bauguess corner, thence North 3 degrees East 49 1-5 poles to Hort Bauguess corner, thence East 5 poles to a maple, thence North 55 1-3 poles to a sourwood at the branch, thence down and with the branch to the point of beginning. Containing forty acres more or less.

This the 8th day of July, 1939.

D. B. SWARINGEN, Mortgagee.

T. R. BRYAN, Attorney.

7-31-4t (m)



Over-indulgence in food, drink, or tobacco frequently brings on an over-acid condition in the stomach, Gas on Stomach, Headache, Sour Stomach, Colds, Fatigue, Muscular, Rheumatic or Sciatic Pains.

To get rid of the discomfort and correct the acid condition, take **ALKA-SELTZER**

Alka-Seltzer contains Acetylsalicylic Acid (an analgesic) in combination with vegetable and mineral alkalis.

At your drug store, at the soda fountain, and in 30 and 60 packages, have us.

BE WISE - ALKALIZE

Ads. get attention—and results.

NOTICE

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Elvira Pierce, deceased, late of Wilkes County, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate to present them to the undersigned administrator on or before July 8, 1940, or this notice will be placed in bar of their right to recover. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate settlement.

This July 8, 1939.

R. M. PIERCE, Administrator of estate of Elvira Pierce, dec'd.

8-16-6t (m)

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

North Carolina, Wilkes County.

Under and by virtue of a judgment of the Superior Court of Wilkes County in a Special Proceedings entitled W. O. Watkins et al. ex parte, the same being No. 100 on the special proceeding docket of said court.

The undersigned commissioner will on the 7th day of August at 12:00 noon at the court house door in Wilkesboro, North Carolina, offer for sale for cash to the highest bidder the following described land, to-wit: Lying and being in North Wilkesboro Township, Wilkes County, adjoining the lands of Will Watkins and others and bounded as follows:

Beginning at the South West corner of lot No. 2 and running South 3 degrees West with the Highway 150 feet to a stake, then South 89 1-2 degrees East 236 feet to a stake, then North 2 1-2 degrees East 150 feet to a stake, then North 89 1-2 degrees West 238 feet to the point of beginning. Being lot No. 3 as shown in the division recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Wilkes County in Book 185 at page 447. This the 8th day of July, 1939.

T. R. BRYAN, Commissioner

7-31-4t. (m)

ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE

North Carolina, Wilkes County.

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Mrs. Phoebe Byrd, deceased, late 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 2423 Patria Street, Winston-Salem, N. C. on or before the 17th day of July, 1940, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This the 17th day of July, 1939.

MRS. MARY B. WISHON, Administratrix of Phoebe Byrd, Eledge & Wells, P. O. Box 1157, Winston-Salem, N. C. Attorneys for Administratrix

8-21-6t (m)

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

North Carolina, Wilkes County.

Under and by virtue of a judgment of the Superior Court of Wilkes County in a Special Proceedings entitled, Mrs. Lizzie Minton vs. Roby Minton et al. the same being No. 100 on the special proceedings docket of said court.

The undersigned Commissioner will, on the 7th day of August at 12:00 noon offer for sale for cash to the highest bidder at the court house door in Wilkesboro the following described lands, to-wit:

Beginning on the Summerlin old road at a spanish oak, J. T. Nichols corner, then running a south east course with Nichols line 23 poles to a black oak, then a North East course 58 poles to a North East course with the said road to the point of beginning. Containing 12 acres more or less.

This the 6th day of July, 1939.

T. R. BRYAN, Commissioner.

7-31-4t (m)

SWINE SANITATION

M. E. Porter, a young Columbus county farmer, has just marketed eight pigs that were raised under the sanitary method, clearing \$3.80 per 100 pounds of live pork.

VARIETY TEST

J. W. Hudson, Youngsville, Franklin county, reports N. C. Experiment Station 400 is the variety showing the most promise in a tobacco variety test being conducted on his farm.

GOOD PROFIT

Thomas A. Korngay, Kinston, Route 4, has just completed a successful broiler project, from which he made a profit of \$91.51 after subtracting all expenses connected with growing his 284 birds.

FRESH

An enterprising middle western grocer sells a "fresh fruit salad" packed in a 3-pound cellophane bag, each bag containing one orange, one banana, a bunch of grapes and a pear, enough for a salad for four people.

DOWN

Farmers' cash income from marketing in June of this year was 3 1/2 cent smaller than the \$514,000,000 reported for June, 1938, says the U. S. Bureau of Agricultural Economics.

SAFE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

By virtue of authority contained in a certain deed of trust executed on the 15th day of November, 1938, by C. J. Duncan and wife, Ruby Duncan, to the undersigned trustee to secure an indebtedness of sixty-five dollars, and the stipulations in said deed of trust not having been complied with, and at the request of the holder of the note secured by said deed of trust, the undersigned trustee will on August 8, 1939, at twelve o'clock noon, offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, the following described real estate, at the courthouse door in Wilkesboro, N. C., to-wit:

All that certain piece, parcel or tract or land containing 22 and 108-160 acres, more or less, lying and being in Wilkes county adjoining the lands of J. H. Johnson and others: Beginning on a stone in O. M. Johnson's line, known as J. H. Johnson's, deceased, line at one in plot the S. W. Corner of lot No. 5 and running North with said line crossing the road 79 3-4 poles to the corner of a stone, in the line of said lot 5 at No. 2; thence West crossing a small branch 42 poles to a stone or a ridge at No. 3; thence South 47 poles to a stone on the North bank of a public road at No. 4; thence South 73 degrees West with the meanders of said road 4 poles; thence South 64 deg. West with the same 2 poles; thence South 63 1-2, West with same 5 1-2 poles; thence South 62 deg. West with same, 5 poles; thence South 68 deg. West with same 5 1-2 poles to a stake at the bend in the said road at No. 5; Thence South 31 1-2 deg. West with same, 3 poles to a stone on the North bank of same Beu's Moore's corner at No. 6; thence South her line crossing said road 12 poles to her corner a stone in O. M. Johnson's line at No. 7; thence South 87 deg. East crossing a small branch with his line 64 poles to the beginning, said deed of trust being recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Wilkes County in Book 189, page 20.

This the 8th day of July, 1939.

EUGENE TRIVETTE, Trustee.

INGERSOLL \$1.25

Ingersoll

POCKET AND WRIST WATCHES \$1.00 to \$3.95

ALARM CLOCKS \$1.00 to \$2.95

LOOK FOR *Ingersoll* ON THE DIAL

WILKESBORO'S COMMERCE BUREAU

BUREAU OF MERCHANTS WHOLESALERS MANUFACTURERS CREDIT-COLLECTION BETTER BUSINESS ADVERTISING

MEMBER'S EMBLEM

Protect Your Credit Rating!

By Paying Your Obligations Promptly When Due

You make your own credit rating by the way you pay your obligations. If you pay your bills when due, you are building up a good credit rating. If you are slow in paying your bills, you're destroying your credit rating, because no firm wants to extend credit to people who are slow in paying their bills. So meet your obligations when they are due or go to your creditor and make satisfactory arrangements as to when he may expect his money. Your creditor is fair and will always co-operate where consideration is due.

This Bureau was created to act as a credit clearing house for all members who conduct a credit business; their credit customers are listed with us so we can keep our credit data in our files right up-to-date as to how credit customers are paying their bills. We require monthly reports from all members as to how each credit customer is paying his or her obligations, so each debtor can be systematically rated in the class he or she belongs.

The members of this Bureau hold monthly meetings to compare their lists and discuss credit problems. If one or more members have a list of credit customers who are behind in their payments, they discuss these customers among themselves, as to what legal steps they shall take to collect their slow paying accounts.

This Bureau has organized a Collection Department to work in conjunction with the Credit Department. This department will take legal steps in collecting all accounts that are referred to it by the members. When legal steps are taken by this department to collect accounts, the debtor will be subject to costs provided by law. Pay your bills when due and save yourself embarrassment.

A Good Rating Is Like Having Money In The Bank

"Pay Others As You Would Like To Be Paid"

North Wilkesboro's Credit-Collection Bureau

Division Of The

NORTH WILKESBORO'S COMMERCE BUREAU, Inc.

Northwestern Bank Bld'g.—North Wilkesboro, N. C.