



CHAPTER XII
SYNOPSIS:—Will MacLeod unjustly accused of murder fled to White Rock with his sister, Dick Byrne on way to deliver a message to Nipeogosis was severely wounded by Kinoceti. He was found and taken to their cottage by Bill and Marion. Soon after Bill left to hide in the cave the Mounty arrived. Shortly afterwards Kinoceti and his three friends attacked the cottage Dick went after Bill. When they returned Bill said he had proof that Kinoceti had killed Regnier Kinoceti and his friends made another attempt to rush the cottage.

"I left here for Stony River Caves when I knew you were coming. I got there, crossed the river, unhitched, and was taking the dogs up to the cave with the hot spring to keep them warm and to wash their feet in the hot water after the bad going. My lead dog—she is a smart animal, and she doesn't fool with rabbits—spots something back of a clump of low evergreens.

"I've got my rifle in the case against frost, but I had my automatic. I stirred up an Indian, Full-blood. Name of Suni. The dog kept snarling at him, and I called her off and marched Suni up to the cave.

"He wouldn't talk. It was plain he was spotted there to watch me. I talk Indian well enough, and I knew enough about 'em to know that while they use the caves, even use the water, you wouldn't catch one of 'em alive in it after dark. They think spirits live there.

"Suni got uneasy around dusk. He wanted to bolt. There was my automatic and there was Aurora my lead dog. She was worth a battery right then. She watched him all the time.

"I had cold grub, and I didn't light a fire. I gave Suni some food, but he wouldn't eat. I couldn't blame him. I want to tell you that the noises that spring makes are a bit blood-curdling even when you know what causes them. But with the moon rising and shining in on those stalactites and stalagmites it's a great stage effect. One of the overheads fell and Suni leaped like a rocket.

"That finished him. He'd been mulling things over all the time, of course. He came clean, Kinoceti had left him to watch me, so he could claim the reward for giving me away to you—to the post. You were on the way. And Kinoceti was sore at Marion for something she had said to him once—(how?) of course that was just a blind—and he was going to get even with her.

"Well, that settled it. I went after him hard for a few minutes.

Aurora helped — a lot. He said that Kinoceti had stolen my knife and killed Regnier. The tribe knew it, but they would not give him away to a white man.

"Go on, MacLeod," said O'Rourke. "I want to get to the finish of this."

"There's not much more. I got my things together. The dogs were a bit tired and hard to handle, but I harnessed them. I tied up Suni, and then Byrne showed. We left Suni for my ace in the hole. I don't think he'll go back on the confession. You know the rest."

"My hand's out to you, MacLeod," said O'Rourke. "You didn't know how I'd take this tale of Suni's. You'd have come anyway to help your sister." He peered out the window. "Say, I wonder if those devils—Come on!" He jumped toward the door. "I've an idea Nipeogosis may be needing us!"

They heard groans when they got to the Conjurer's house. Kinoceti was the right. He knew wizards. He and his men had crept in on the shaman unawares. Three of them: Kinoceti, another and a third breed, whose leg was bound up and who was none the more merciful for it. Kinoceti, too, was blood-stained.

Nipeogosis had no time to use his tricks, to beat his drums, to go into a trance and throw his voice, using hidden knowledge.

He was only an old man in the rude hands of maruders and murderers. But he was Nipeogosis! And he mocked them, even as they heated his iron skillet and threatened him. He mocked them when it seared his flesh, not deeply at first, by Kinoceti's orders. He cursed them, also, and almost made them give up their purpose. Only the "caribou" in them kept them to it, and Kinoceti's gibes.

Even he had qualms that were part of his being, handed down to him from ancestors who believed in ghosts.

That superstition the need to get away from White Rock, where the cursed sergeant of the Mounties had won out, where things had happened not at all according to his calculations, tied up with his mounting rage; made Kinoceti give an order.

"Set the pan on his belly! Burn the stomach out of him! He is only a man who claims he is a wizard. If you won't I will."

He seized the red-hot skillet from the top of the stove and lowered it. Nipeogosis's will held firm. He would not tell about the gold, but he shrank from the glowing metal. He was very old—and he mbaned while he strove to check those involuntary sounds weak, and it was hard to control

from shame. But he was old and both mind and body.

"You won't talk? You won't?" shouted Kinoceti in a frenzy. "Then I'll broil you alive."

The door was thrust open. A sudden gun barked. Kinoceti dropped the cherry red pan, whirled about, spinning like a run-down top, fell with a bullet in his brain.

O'Rourke, with his still smoking gun, Byrne, and Will MacLeod covered the other two. There was a sickening smell of scorching flesh. O'Rourke lifted Kinoceti's head from the skillet with his foot. The two breeds covered. Nipeogosis shuddered and sat up. He could not stand yet. This had out his last remaining tenure of life in half. Yet he was thankful.

"We'll send Marion over to him," suggested MacLeod. "Take these two birds along."

"Wait," said Nipeogosis hoarsely. "Wait! They should be killed. I hope the white man's justice sees them killed since mine is no longer powerful. But—now that Kinoceti lies dead—I will say what I have wished to say before, only the ways of my tribe forbade it. It was he who killed Jacques Regnier. I, Nipeogosis, say this, and can prove it at the white man's tribunal.

"I say more. These dogs came to me, seeking to find the secret of the white rock that carries gold

and which the white men have lost. I gave it once to a kinsman, who is dead, I will give it again to those who have aided me. To the maid who is your sister, Makliodo, to you, and to this soldier of the white man's king."

"Not to me" said O'Rourke. "Regulations all against it. I'm turning my share over to Dick Byrne."

"Dick Byrne? Why to him? Not that he's not a swell chap; but I did not think you knew him," said Will MacLeod.

"Why? Because he's a good man," said O'Rourke convincingly. "Because I don't need it. Because it'll all stay in the family, where it belongs. Your sister is going to marry him. And more power to all of you! Walk out, ahead of me you coyotes," he said to the breeds. "I haven't got handcuffs to go around, but we'll hogtie you. I'll take that half-breed carcass out of here in a little while, Nipeogosis," he added as he swanked out.

"More power to them — and more to you Tim O'Rourke," he told himself. "You should be proud this day. You'll take back the man who killed Regnier. Dead, but delivered. You've got the glamour of a pair of blue eyes—bluer they are than ever Shannon flowed—out of your brain! There's an innocent man set free. A dower handed over. Dick Byrne will make her a fine husband. She'll set him where he belongs. Some day I'll be dandling their children, if the saints give me grace!"

"I'll stop off on the way back and have that drink with the MacLeod I had to refuse on the way up. And, unless I'm badly mistaken, we'll not be quarreling over the toast." THE END

Obituary

Captola Reeves

Captola Reeves, daughter of Elmore and Tilda Maines, was born March 12, 1912, and departed this life, Sunday morning, August 24, 1947, about eight o'clock, making her stay on earth, 35 years, 5 month and 12 days.

On June 12, 1928, she was happily married to Willard H. Reeves. To this union were born 5 daughters, Irene, Edith, Reva, Sylvia Jane and Frances.

She professed faith in Christ early in life. She united with the Primitive Baptist church in 1942.

She leaves to mourn her passing her devoted husband, five daughters, her father and the following brothers and sisters: Mrs. Bertha Montgomery, Mrs. Myrtle Moxley, Mrs. Edith Hamm, Owen Maines, Sam Maines, Arno Maines and Talmadge Maines, all of Sparta, also a host of relatives and friends.

It has been my privilege to visit in her home many times, during the past 20 years, especially during the past 2 years, during which time she had been confined to her room, bed or hospital almost continuously. It was a great inspiration to listen to the good advice, she gave to her family and friends, and also to hear her talk of the Great Beyond, and many times was heard to say that she was not afraid to die. The only regret she seemed to have of departing this life, was that of leaving her family and friends.

She was a consecrated Christian, a devoted companion, a wonderful mother and a friend to all.

The fine character and traits

of her five daughters, speak more for her life, than could possibly be written. It is doubtful if a family of children could be found, who honored father and mother more than these. She bore her long afflictions, almost without a murmur or complaint.

All that human hands could do to make life more pleasant for her, during her illness, was done by her devoted husband and children.

Let us weep not at her passing, but rather let us rejoice in the memory of the life she lived, and her wonderful testimony of that Heavenly Home beyond this veil

of tears. We do not understand why she was taken so early in life, but the Bible teaches that all things work together, for good, to those who love the Lord.

Written by a friend.

OUR WANT ADS ARE SMALL but they get NOTICED



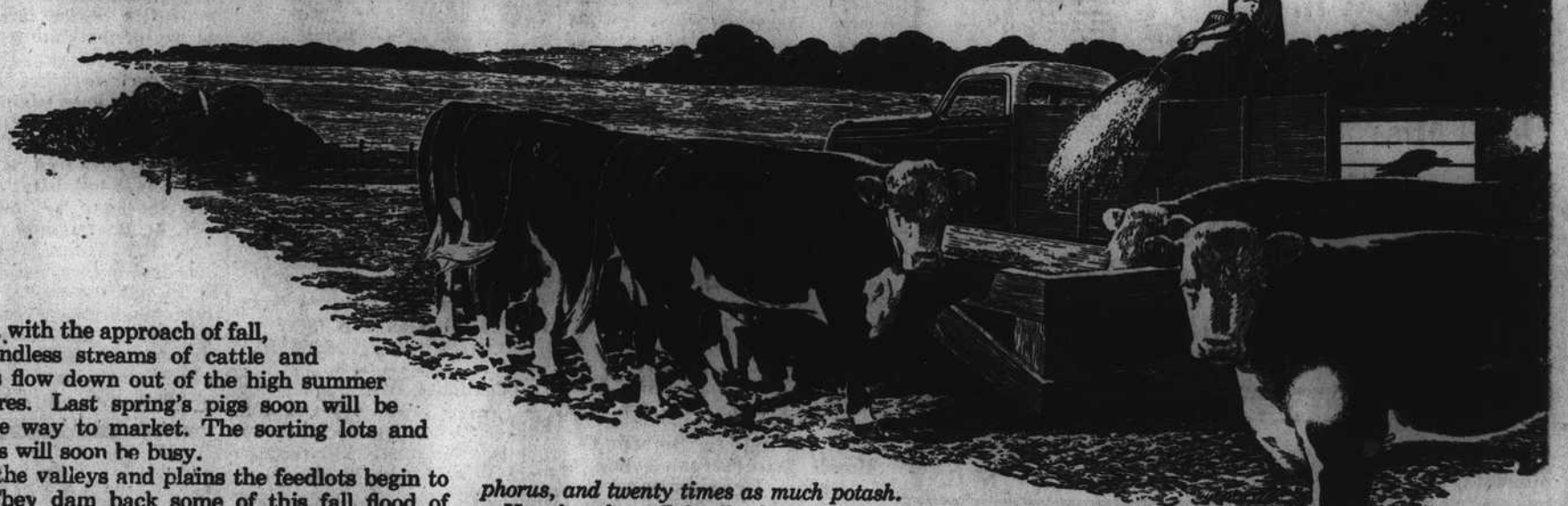
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Feedlots Are Food Factories



Now, with the approach of fall, the endless streams of cattle and lambs flow down out of the high summer pastures. Last spring's pigs soon will be on the way to market. The sorting lots and corrals will soon be busy.

In the valleys and plains the feedlots begin to fill. They dam back some of this fall flood of animals... You who feed livestock know well how important this is. You realize that it helps avoid periods of glut and scarcity, by stretching out, over months, the time of marketing. You know, too, how such year-round marketing serves to lessen big "feast-or-famine" price fluctuations. And who should understand better than you how the feedlots of America add millions of pounds to the nation's meat supply?

Feedlots save for the land much of the fertility which the selling of grain crops and hay would take out of the land. For example, you sell a steer that has gained 500 pounds in your feedlot. You are selling off your land only about 12½ pounds of nitrogen, 3 pounds of phosphorus, 1 pound of potash, which his body has absorbed out of your feeds. But suppose you were to sell as cash crops the grain and hay which you put into that steer. Then you would deplete your soil of about seven times as much nitrogen, four times as much phosphorus, and twenty times as much potash.

Keeping the soil fertile through use of manure from livestock is only one factor in judging whether "feeding" is likely to be a profitable venture. There are many others which are being constantly studied by individuals, colleges, and experiment stations. In every feeding area they are trying out new rations, watching costs, plugging "leaks," developing more efficient feeding techniques. So if you are feeding livestock, or are considering it, it may be worth your while to consult your county agent, vocational agriculture teacher, or state agricultural college. Ask them what they have that's new in up-to-the-minute feeding information... maybe you'll find some new wrinkle that will lower your costs, increase your profit possibilities.

OUR CITY COUSIN

Asks little cousin, city-born, "Do Indians use wigwams of corn?"

How many Meat Packers?

Here's an interesting thing to note. There is, on an average, more than 1,000 miles between the point where livestock is raised and the point where the meat products are eaten. Largely because of this 1,000-mile gap, national meat packers came into being. The small meat packers buy livestock locally, slaughter and sell meat in the territory surrounding their plants. In addition to this service, nationwide organizations are equipped to do another big job—and do it economically. They perform the service of moving dressed meat the long distances from areas of production to large consuming areas where relatively little livestock is produced. These areas of great meat consumption and small meat production depend upon nationwide meat packers. Like Swift & Company, for a large part of their meat products. Livestock-producing areas also depend on the large meat packers, as an outlet for the livestock their immediate market cannot consume.

Most livestock producers market their livestock at only one market. So they come in contact with only a few livestock buyers. Dealing with such a small number of meat packers, farmers and ranchers, naturally enough, they think that there is only a small number of meat packers in the United States. Actually, according to the latest figures available, there are approximately 4,000 meat packers and about 22,500 other commercial slaughterers of livestock. Some slaughter millions of head per year. Others kill thousands of head annually, and still others, only hundreds.

F.M. Simpson, Agricultural Research Department

New "Slant" Saves Pigs

Farrowing pens with sloping floors are the answer to clumsy sows that step or lie on baby pigs. The slant of the floor takes advantage of the natural tendency of sows to lie with their backs uphill, while the tiny baby pigs tumble downhill safely out of her way. Used extensively in Kentucky, sloping floors have cut baby pig losses to only one out of thirty, according to W. P. Garrigus of the University of Kentucky. He writes:

"Crushing or crippling by brood sows is the chief cause of pig losses. Normally, one out of every five new-born pigs is doomed to be mashed or severely crippled by clumsy, awkward brood sows the first day or so after farrowing. This loss to the swine industry adds up to a staggering total. According to the United States Department of Agriculture, each pig killed at farrowing represents a loss of 140 pounds of the feed consumed by the sow during the gestation and suckling periods. Figuring two pigs killed to the litter, this loss in one year alone, 1944, cost hog men 75 million dollars.

"Very little of this tremendous loss needs to be tolerated. Three years of experimentation and observation of herd tests in Kentucky show that sows farrowing on sloping floors raised from one to four pigs more than when they farrowed on level floors. On 49 Kentucky farms where records have been kept, with 385 litters, an average of only one pig out of 30 farrowed has been crushed on sloping floors."

The College of Agriculture, University of Kentucky, Lexington, Ky., has detailed information on sloping floors for farrowing pens, instructions for building, etc.

Soda Bill Sez: ... it doesn't take much of a horse to pull a load downhill.

Track Down the Facts

If you ever see tracks like this in the snow, dust, or mud, you'll know there's been a white-tailed deer around. An experienced hunter can tell from the tracks how long since they were made, the approximate size of the deer, and whether it was in full flight or quietly going about its business.

Deer tracking is considerably out of our line here at Swift & Company. But we do have a special trained fact hunters. Their job is to track down the facts which control our business operations. They study the U. S. Department of Agriculture's facts on livestock supplies. They "track down" the demand for meat... what weights and grades consumers everywhere are asking for... what cuts they prefer.

Our "fact trackers" know full well that the price of livestock is determined by what the meat packer can get for the meat and by-products.

Walking Running

BEER—The Beverage of Moderation

Let's Take A Look at the Brewers Foundation

Question: What is the chief function of the North Carolina Committee of the Foundation?

Answer: To see to it that beer and ale are retained under conditions in keeping with the strict demands of public opinion and the high standards of the brewing industry itself.

Question: How are the Committee's aims accomplished?

Answer: Field men visit beer outlets regularly. If undesirable conditions are found, dealers are advised. Most dealers want to cooperate and welcome suggested improvements.

Question: Suppose these suggestions are not carried out?

Answer: The retailer is reported to the licensing authority having jurisdiction, with a request that his license be revoked or suspended.

If you drink beer, please patronize only reputable places.

NORTH CAROLINA COMMITTEE UNITED STATES BREWERS FOUNDATION
 545 So. 2nd Street, Raleigh, North Carolina

WINTER FEEDING AFFECTS SUMMER GAINS

Summer gains made by yearling steers on grass vary with the amount of gain made during the previous winter, according to new data reported by the Oklahoma Agricultural Experiment Station.

The experiments conducted by the Department of Animal Husbandry there were designed to find an answer to this question: "How much should calves gain during the winter months in order to make the best use of grass the following summer?"

Six lots of choice calves were used in the test. They were fed to gain at three different rates—high (1.3 pounds per head daily); medium (about 1 pound per head daily); and low (about ½ to ¾ of a pound per head daily).

The report of the experiments indicates: (1) that steer calves which gained at the medium to low rates made the most economical use of grass during the early part of the grazing season; (2) that combined profits from wintering and early-season grazing were in favor of the lots wintered at medium and low rates of gain; (3) that, of four lots of steers which were continued on grass during late summer and early fall, the ones which had been fed at the lowest rate of winter gain (.60 pounds per head daily) continued to make the greatest gain on grass; (4) that there is definite evidence that calves wintered on grass and fed to gain ½ to ¾ of a pound a day will produce desirable feeder yearlings at a greater profit than those which gain from 1 to 1½ pounds per day in winter.

The interesting experiment is reported in detail in Oklahoma A. & M. College (Stillwater), Miscellaneous Publication No. MP-11.

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