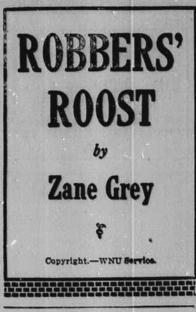
## THE TRANSYLVANIA TIMES, BREVARD, N. C., November 29, 1934



## THE STORY

CHAPTER 1.—Jim Wall, young com-puncher from Wyoming, in the entry days of the cattle industry, see a new field in Utah. He meets i ank Hays, who admits to being a suber, and tells Wall he is working for an Englishman named Herrick, who has located a big ranch in the mountains. Herrick has employed a'smail army of rustlers and gun-fighters and Hays and others are plotting to steal their employer's cattle and money. Hays wants Wall to throw in with the rustlers.

CHAPTER II.-At the little settle-ment of Green River. Hays gets into an argument with a gambler called Stud, over a poker game. Wall saves Hank's life by bluffing the gambler out of shooting. With Hays and two other rustlers, Happy Jack and Lincoln, Jim Wal-starts out for Hereick's ranch. In comp, the first night out, Jim re-grets the step he has taken, but it is too late to turn back.

"Wal, we set in a poker game with him one night. I was lucky. Stud took his losin' to heart, an' he shore tried to pick a fight. First he was goin' to draw on me, then shifted to Jim, An' Jim bluffed him out of throwin' a gun."

"How?"

"Jim just said for Stud not to draw, as there wasn't a man livin' who could set at a table an' beat him to a gun.'

"Most obligin' an' kind of you, Wall." remarked Smoky, with sarcasm, as he looked Jim over with unsatisfied eyes. "If you was so all-fired certain of thet, why'd you tip him off?"

"I never shoot a man just because the chance offers," rejoined Jim coldly. There was a subtle intimation in this, probably not lost upon Slocum. The greatest of gunmen were quiet. soft-spoken, sober individuals who never sought quarrels. Jim knew that his reply would make an enemy, even if Slocum were not instinctively one on sight. Respect could scarcely be felt by men like Slocum. Like a weasel he sniffed around Jim.

"You don't, ch?" he queried. "Wal. you strike me unfavorable." "Thanks for being honest, if not

complimentary," recurned Jim. Hays swore at his lieutenant: "Un-

favorable, huh? Now why do you have to pop up with a dislike for him?" 'i didn't say it was dislike. Just

unfavorable. No offense meant." "Smoky," said Hays, "I won't have

no grudges in this outfit. I've got the biggest deal on I ever worked out. There's got to be harmony among us. But Smoky bobbin' up again my new man-thet's serious. Now let's ky the cards on the table. Jim, do you

Jim lost no time in complying with his first order from the superin tendent of Star ranch. What a monstrous and incredible hoax was being perpetrated upon some foreigner! Evidently there had been ranchers here in this valley before Herrick. Old

log cabins and corrals adjoining the new ones attested to this. Jim passed cowboys with only a

word or a nod. He talked with an old man who said he had owned a homestead across the valley, one of those Herrick had gathered in.

Jim gleaned information from this rancher. Herrick had bought out all



Gleaned Information From Jim This Rancher,

the cattle men in the valley, and on round the foothill line to Limestone Springs, where the big X Bar outfit began. Riders for these small ranches had gone to work for Herrick. He was told that Heeseman, with ten men, was out on the range,

Presently Jim encountered Hays, accompanied by a tall, floridly blond man, garbed as no westerner had ever been. This, of course, must be the Englishman. He was young, hardly over thirty, and handsome in a fleshy way.

"Mr. Herrick, this is my new hand 1 was tellin' you about," announced Hays, glibly. "Jim Wall, late of Wyomin', . . Jim, meet the boss." "How do you do, Mr. Wall," returned Herrick. "I understand you've had wide experience on ranches?" "Yes, sir. I've been riding the range

since I was a boy," replied Jim. "Hays has suggested making you his

foreman."

"That is satisfactory to me." "You are better educated than these other men. It will be part of your duties to keep my books."

"I've tackled that job before." "So I was tellin' the boys," interposed Hays.

"As I understand ranching," went on Herrick, "a foreman handles the riders. Now, as this ranching game is strange to me I'm glad to have a foreman of experience. My idea was to hire some gunmen along with the cowboys. Hays' name was given me at Grand Junction as the hardest nut in eastern Utah. It got noised about, I presume, for other men with reputations calculated to intimidate thieves applied to me. I took on Heeseman and his friends." "But you really did not need go to the expense-and risk. I might add-of hiring Heeseman's outfit." "Expense is no object. Risk, how-

a pow-wow on hand. Clear the table. Fetch another lamp. We'll lay out the cards an' some coin, so we can pretend to be settin' in a little game if anybody happens along. But the game we're really settin' in is the biggest ever dealt in Utah.

"Talk low, everybody," instructed Hays, "An' one of you step out on the porch now an' then. Heeseman might be slick enough to send a scout over here. 'Cause we're goin' to do thet little thing to him. . . . Happy, dig up thet box of cigars I've been savin'."

"Hank, trot out some champagne," jeered Brad Lincoln.

"Nothin' to drink, fellers," returned Hays. "We're a robber outfit. No arguin' or fightin'. . . . Any of you who doesn't like thet can walk out now." They were impressed by his cool

force. "All right. Wal an' good. We're set," he went on. "Today I changed my mind about goin' slow with this job."

Jim Wall had a flash of divination as to this sudden right-about-face.

"Herrick reckons there are upwards of ten thousand head of stock on the range. Some of these ranchers he bought out sold without a count. I bought half a dozen herds for Herrick. An' I underestimated say, rough calculatin', around two thousand head. So there's twelve thousand good. Thet's a herd, fellers. Air there any of you who wouldn't care to play a game for twelve thousand head of cattle at forty dollars per?" There did not appear to be a single

one.

"Ahun. Wal, thet's okay. Now, can we drive such a big herd?"

"Boss, listen to this idee," spoke up Smoky. "Most of these Star cattle range down the valley twenty miles helow here. 'How'd it do for, say, five of us to quit Herrick an' hide below somewhere? Meanwhile you go to Grand Junction an' arrange to have your buyers expect a bunch of cattle every week. A thousand to two thousand head. We'd make the drives an' keep it up as long as it worked. You're boss, an' Wall here is foreman. You could keep the cowboys close to the ranch."

"Smoky, it's shore a big idee," de-clared Hays, enthusiastically. "But what about Heeseman?"

"Let's clean out his bunch."

Hays shook his head.

"Fellers, if we pick a fight with that outfit some of us will get killed an' others crippled. Then we couldn't pull the deal. A better idee is for one of us to kill Heeseman."

"Reckon it would be. Thet'd bust the outfit." "Who'd you pick on to do thet,

Hank?" Jeff Bridges boomed out: "Why,

Smoky, of course, or Brad."

"Nope," said Hays, shaking his head. "With all thet's due Smoky an' Brad 1 wouldn't choose either. Jim, here, is the man for thet job." "Mebbe we could drive off six or eight thousand head of stock before Heeseman ever found out," put in

Smoky. "What's the sense of fightin' it out till we have to?" The suggestion found instant favor

on all sides. "But we don't want Heeseman trailus," expostulated Hays.

"You mean after we pull the deal?" queried Brad, Incredulously.

"Shore I mean after." "Wal, what in thunderation do we

## Actions for Foreclosure of Taxes

## Actions Instituted October 1, 1934 Third Advertisement

In each and every of the actions hereinafter set forth and referred to and duly filed in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of Transylvania County, wherein the plaintiff is Transylvania County, by and through its Board of Commissioners, and in each, every and all of said actions the delin-quent taxes forming the subject matter thereof are delinquent for the years 1928, 1929, 1930 and 1931, as same appears of record: Now therefore:-

Any and all person or persons, firm or firms, corporation or corporations interested therein will take notice that there is posted at the Court House door of Transylvania County, in the Town of Brevard, said County and State, and also duly filed in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of said County, a notice, summons, and complaint relating to each of said actions, describing the cause, nature and subject matter thereof and requiring all person or persons, firm or firms, corporation or corporations claiming any interest in said subject matter to set up their claim or claims within the legal period as set forth by the several Acts of the Legislature, from the date of the final appearance of this general advertisement, or at any time before the order to make said deed or deeds, judgment by default or other papers as made, which date of final appearance as set out, as is prescribed by law and any and all Acts of the Legislature applying to same.

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an edge on the mountain air that meant frost in the morning.

eyed robber had evil intentions toward Herrick's sister? Jim scouted the sus-

"Hang the girl part of it, anyhow," ne muttered, flinging his half-smoked cigar out into the noisy brook. Why did a woman have to come along to upset the best-laid plans of men?

The next morning brought somber faces and action. Five of Hays' outfit rede away with six of the pack horses and most of the supplies. Hays watched them until they disappeared

among the cedars. "Wal, now I'll brace the boss," he Love, Jess et ux. Mahaffey, S. W. et ux. Minters, Mrs. W. D. Morris, J. N. et ux. Mosley, W. A. Est. McCall, Mrs. J. Frank & Roland McCall, J. Frank et ux. McGaha, R. L. et ux. Nichols, Mrs. Zero. Nichoson, it. L. et ux. Orr, O. H. Trustee. Owen, C. W. et ux. Pexton, Emest et ux. Rhtt, J. L. et ux. I ewell, L. E. et ux. Reace, Mrs. W. I. Rosman Imp. Co. Rosman Realty Co. Silversteen, J. S. et ux. Sisk, A. M. et ux. Southern, Eugene et ux. Stamey, J. C. et ux. Staten, L. R. et ux. Summey, George et'ux. Teabell, G. J. & Vernon, W. K. et,

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Was it possible that this lanternpicion.

want to declare yourself? "I'm willing to answer questionsunless they get nasty," replied Jim, frankly.

"You got run out of Wyomin'?" "No. But if I'd stayed on I'd probably stretched hemp."

"Hold up a stage or somebody?" "No. Once I helped hold up a bank. That was years ago."

"Bank robber! You're out of our class, Jim."

"Hardly that. It was my first and only crack at a bank. Two of us got away. Then we held up a train-blew open the safe in the express car.

"Smoky, I call it square of Wall." spoke up Hays. "He shore didn't need to come clean as thet."

"It's all right," agreed Slocum, as if forced to fair judgment.

Hays plumped off the porch rail. "Now, fellers, we can get to work. Herrick puts a lot of things up to me, an' I ain't no cattleman. Jim. do you know the cattle game?"

"From A to Z," smiled Wall. "Say, but I'm in luck. We'll run the

ranch now." "What'll I do, Hank?" asked Jim. "Wai, you look the whole diggin's over."

Christians compose about 26.9 per cent of the world's population, the largest of all religious groups.

The robin is the most common bird in the United States. Next comes the sparrow.



ever-what do you mean by risk?" "Between ourselves, I strongly sus-

pect that Heeseman is a "ustler." "By Jove! You don't say? This is ripping. Heeseman said the identical thing about Hays."

"Wal, Mr. Herrick, don't you worry none," Interposed Hays, suavely, "Shore I don't take kind to what Heeseman called me to your face, but I can overlook it for the present. You see, if Heeseman is workin' for you he can't rustle as many cattle as if he wasn't. Anythin' come of that deal you had on with the Grand Junction outfit?"

"Yes. I received their reply the other day," rejoined Herrick. "By Jove, that reminds me. I had word from my sister, Helen. It came from St. Louis. She is coming through Denver and will arrive at Grand Junction about the fifteenth."

"Young girl-If I may ask?" added Jim.

"Young woman. Helen is twentytwo."

"Comin' for a little visit?" asked Hays.

"By Jove, it bids fair to be a lifelong one," declared Herrick, as if pleased. "She wants to make Star ranch her home. We are devoted to each other. If she can stick it out in this bush I'll be jolly glad. Can you drive from Grand Junction in one day?"

"Shore. Easy with a buckboard an' a good team," replied Hays.

Herrick resumed his walk with Hays, leaving Jim to his own devices. Jim strolled around the corrals, the sheds, down the lane between the pastures, out to the open range.

This Englishman's sister-this Helen Herrick--she would be coming to a remote, wild and beautiful valley. What would the girl be like? Twenty-two years old, strong, a horsewoman, and handsome-very likely blond, as was her brother! And Jim made a mental calculation of the ruffians in Herrick's employ. Eighteen!

After supper Hays leaned back and surveyed the company. "Fellers, we've

care for him, when we've got the coin | said. an' are on our way to thet roost we're due to find?"

"I don't just like the idee, fellers," replied Hays, evasively.

Jim Wall, studying the robber leader closely, imagined that Hays was not exposing all the details of his plot. "Let's put my idee to a vote," snid

Smoky. When this suggestion was solemnly complied with, making use of the deck

of cards, it was found that Slocum had won.

"So far, so good," said Hays, as if relieved. "Now let's see. . . . Smolth tomorrow you take your gang, includin' Brad, an' quit. Pack a slew of grub an' grain, an' hide out below. Cache what you don't need. I'll go to Grand Junction for new hands. See? But all I'll come back with will be instructions for you to follow. Then you can go drivin'."

"Good. An' how about the cash?" "Wal, them buyers won't pay me in advance, you can gamble on thet. But they'll pay you. Just divide with your outfit an' save our share."

"Short an' sweet. I like it more all the time," declared Smoky.

"We'll want to know where your camp is," went on Hays. "Reckon I'd better ride out with you tomorrow." "No. You rustle for Grand Junction. We'll see thet Happy an' Jim know where to find our camp.'

Jim thought of something: "Men, has it occurred to you that you can't drive cattle up this road and through the ranch?"

"Shore. No need. It'd be a seventy-mile drive if we came this way. But we'll drive round by Limestone, an' up the other valley road. About the same distance to Grand."

The conference ended. Hays turned to the open fire, and seeking a seat in the shadow by the chimney he pondered. It was Jim's opinion that the chief had vastly more on his mind than he had divulged. Lincoln gave him a suspicious stare. The others seemed eminently pleased with the outlook, though no more was said in Jim's hearing. They joked and smoked.

Jim bade them good night and went out. His last glimpse of Hays was thought-provoking. Lighting another cigar, Jim strolled up and down the porch, revolving in mind the confernce

It was a spring night, starry, with

"What excuse will you give him?" asked Jim.

"Anythin' would do to tell Herrick. But Heeseman will see through me, I'm afeared."

"Very well. You tell Herrick that your outfit split over me."

"Over you? Dog-gone! Thet ain't so poor. But why?"

"Both Slocum and Lincoln are sort of touchy about gun-throwing, aren't they? Well, tell him how queer that brand of gunman is-how he instinctively hates the real gunman. And that Slocum and Lincoln made you choose between them and me."

"Ahuh. Sort of so the idea will get to Heeseman's ears that in a pinch with guns I'd rather have you backin' me than them?"

"Exactly." Not long afterward Hays returned to the cabin jubilant. "You'd never guess, Jim. That Englisher laughed like the very devil. An' he ordered me to ride off after some desperadoes who're not afraid of Jim Wall."

"Ha! Ha! But Heeseman won't get a laugh out of it."

"Shoot the lights out of him," said Hays, fiercely. "Wal, I'm off for Grand. Happy, pack me a snack of grub."

"How long will it take you to ride over?"

"Eight hours, I reckon. An' I'll be back tomorrow night." "Certainly these buyers will know

you're selling stolen cattle?" "Oh. shore."

After Hays had gone Jim set,"ed himself to pass the hours away. "Mebbe it won't be so tedious," ob-

served Happy Jack, dryly. "We've got three rifles an' a sack of shells right handy. So let 'em come."

Jim half expected a visit from Herrick, but the morning dragged by without any sign of anyone. About midafternoon, however, six riders appeared coming down the lane along the bench. The sight made Jim start. How often had he seen the like-a compact little company of riders, dark-garbed, riding dark horses! It was tremendously suggestive to a man of his experience. He reached inside the door and, drawing out his rifle, advanced to the front of the porch.

> (TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)