STITLE PAGE

The Settling of the Sage

HAL G. EVARTS

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THE STORY

CHAPTER 1.—At the Warren ranch, the "Three Bar." on the fringe of the "cow country." a stranger applies for work as a rider. He is engaged by the owner, Williamette Ann Warren-known to all as "Billie." The girl's fa-ther, Cal Warren, had been the original owner of the place. The question whether the territory is to remain "cow country" or be opened to settle-ment is a troublesome one.

CHAPTER II.—Cattle "rustlers" have been troubling the ranch owners, the Three Bar, with a girl boss, hav-ing suffered more than others. The new hand gives his name as Cal Har-ris. By his announcement in favor of "squatters" he incurs the enmity of a rider known as Morrow. The will made by Cal Warren stipulated that half the property should go to the son of his old friend, William Harris, under cer-tain conditions. The new arrival is the man, and he discloses the fact to Bil-lie. The girl is suspicious of her new rider and takes counsel with her friend, the ranch cook, "Waddles." He quiets her fears.

CHAPTER III.-Harris' method of wearing the inevitable "gun" rather excites the girl's derision, though to herself she admits she is impressed by his maner. Slade, a ranchman with an unsavory reputation as a "bad man," visits Billie. He has long wanted to maked, her, but she dislikes and fears Billie, is interrupted by Harris. The men, on the verse of gun play, are quieted by Billie, but mutual enmity is established. Harris' half jesting pro-posal that the girl marry him and so settle the matter of the ranch owner-ship, is indignantly rejected, but the man declares he will remain on the place and restore its prosperity, waning under Billie's rule.

and women; he raised his arms slow ly, deliberately, to see if she would flinch away or stand fast and outgame him. She knew that he was harmless to her-and he knew it. He might perpetrate almost any crime on the calendar and come clear; but in this land where women were few they were honored. One whisper from the his hand against her and, powerful as, he was, the hunt for him would be on, with every man's hand against him.

His arms had half circled her when he whirled, catlike, every faculty cool and alert, as a voice sounded from the door. Both had been too engrossed to notice its noiseless opening. "I've finished cleaning up round the shop and corrals," Harris said. "Is

"And you," she said to Slade, "you'd best be going too. We've been too good neighbors to quarrel-unless you come over again with the same idea you did today." At sunset the girl called to Harris

and he repaired to the house and found her putting a hot meal for two on the end of the long pine table, the first time she had deigned to eat with him.

"There's no use of our going on like this," she said. "We've two years of it to face; so it's best to get on some kind of a neutral footing."

For her own peace of mind she had tried to smother her dislike of him and he was very careful to avoid any topic that would rekindle it. They washed the dishes together, and from that hour their relations, to all outward appearance, were friendly or at least devoid of open hostility. But he knew that she was merely struggling to make the best of a matter that was distasteful, that her opinion of him was unaltered. Her bitterness could not be entirely concealed, and she frequently touched on some fresh point that added to her distrust of his present motives and confirmed her bellef in his double-dealing in the past. There were so many of these points; his refusal to accept her offer to give him his half-interest if he would stay off the place; his weak insinuations that there was some reason why he must spend two years on the Three Bar: his prowling the country for a year spying on the methods she followed in running the outfit, half of which would soon be his; his buying the school section and filing on a quarter of land, the location blocking the lower end of the Three Bar valley. Whenever she mentioned one of these he refused to take issue with her. And one night she touched on still another point.

"What was the reason for your first idea-of coming here under another name?" she demanded.

"I thought maybe others knew I'd been left a part interest," he said, "and it might be embarrassing. The way it is, with only the two of us knowing the inside, I can stay on as a regular hand until the time is up."

"You're so plausible," she said. "You put it as a favor to me. Did it ever strike you that if the truth were known it might also be uncomfortable for you?"

He smiled across at her and once more she frowned as she discovered that he was likable for all his underhandedness.

"Worse than that-suicidal," he admitted, "if you mentioned what you think of me, that I've framed to rob you by law, you wouldn't be bothered Three Bar girl that Slade had raised with me for long." He laughed softly and stretched his feet toward the fire. "Look at it any way you like and I'm in bad shape to deal you any misery," he pointed out. "If you'd drop a hint that I'm an unwelcome addition it would only be a matter of days until I'd fail to show up for meals. If you view it from that angle you can see I'm setting on the powder can."

She did see it, but had not so clearly realized it till he pointed it out, and for the first time she wavered in her conviction that he had come simply to deprive her of her rights. But the thought that her father would not easily have willed away the home place to another without being unduly influenced served to reinstate her distrust along with a vague resentment for his having shaken it by throwing himself so openly on her mercy. "You probably thought to overcome that by reaching the point the whole thing so patently aims for," she said. "And you calculated well-arriving at a time when we'd be alone for a week. The whole scheme was based on that idea and I've been patiently wondering why you don't rush matters and invite me to marry you." He rose and flicked the ash from his

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being unwelcome here will clear the

road for you, like I mentioned a few

corral he saw her standing in the

door of the cooking watching the

oncoming drove. Riders flanked the

bunch well out to each side to stead:

it. There was a roar of hoofs and

stiding cloud of dust as three hundre

hulf-wild horses cluttered past and

crowded through the gates, scattering

swiftly across the pasture lot back or

the corral. A dozen sweat-streaked

riders swung from their sadules

There was no chance to distinguist

color or kind among them through

the dust caked in the week-old growth

One man remained on his mount

and followed the horses into the pus-

ture lot, cutting out fifty or more and

heading them back into the coral;

over with the rest of the men.

He's clear gentle-broke, Blue is."

row had not been near the house to

receive instructions from the girl. The

lie had been so apparent as to con

stitute a direct challenge to the other

Harris stood looking at him, then

the fifty or so others. At least once

every round of the corral he laid back

his ears and squealed as he scored

some other horse with his teeth, then

"I reckon that'll be Blue?" Harris

shrugged his shoulders.

me," he returned evenly.

lashed out with wicked heels,

before the start.

man.

head.

of beard that covered every face.

minutes back."

door closed behind him.

FROM MARS HILL on the Three Bar had turned out to be any other than you. Now I'm going to see it through. The Three Bar Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bryan and fam-is going under-the brand both our ily, former residents of Mars Hill, folks helped to found-unless some have moved to Beaver Dam in Buning to see it through. The Three Bar

one pulls it out of the hole. Belleve combe county. me if you can and if you can't-why. Mrs. P. D. Landers and Mrs. C. W. Hensley motored to Asheville last Friday to see Miss Bertha Landers you know that one remark about my who is the hospital.

Miss Lois Davis gave a birthday party Saturday night. Nearly all the He turned away without touching town people were invited. Games were her and she had not moved when the played and enjoyed by a great number of young people. Miss Davis received many useful and delightful gifts. Re-An hour past noon on the following day a drove of horses appeared at the freshments were served and many lower extremity of the valley and wishes and congratualations were given the hostess. swept on toward the rauch. As Har ris threw open the gates of the big

Mr. Robert Harris called on Miss Clara Hensley Thursday night. The A-3 and A-4 English classes of

Mars Hill College gave a 'Mock Trial' against 'Bad English', Friday morning at the High School, Miss Gregg

night with Miss Clara Hensley. Misses Evelyn Frester and Nettie Hunter who attended Miss Lois Davis' party Saturday night spent the night

with her. Miss Bertha Landers who was operated on for appendicitis, has returned to Hot Springs where she was teaching. She is now Mrs. Evans, her hus band being Mr. Alfred Evans of Hot

visiting Mrs. Grover Gentry last Fri-

Landers were in Asheville last Monday.

son Arnold and Miss Enis Chandler were out riding Sunday afternoon. Mr. Theron Peek of East Fork

er Gentry visited Mrs. C. W. Hensley Sunday afternoon. Mr. William H. Perdergraph, a

last week end at his home in Kinston, N.C. Mr. and Mrs. Durward Barrett of

California Creek were visiting Miss Kate Briggs, Sunday. Messrs Theodore Robinson and Homer Hawkins of Mars Hill Route 2, were in Mars Hill Sunday afternoon visiting their girl friends. Master Albert Wall is well again

"Whatever the boss says goes with after having a severe case of fever. A rangy blue roan swept past with

Mr. Culles Rice motored to Sandy Mush Sunday.

Mr. Elisha Rice took dinner with

ded. The men scattered round the corral and each watched his chance to visiting Mr. and Mrs. Harley Rice nut his rope on some chosen horse. Sunday.

at last he passed Harris with but one Mrs. Lory Reece, Mrs. Nellie Crow horse between. Harris flipped his Mrs. Ora Wild were visiting Mrs. M.

his sister Mrs. Ollie Rice Sunday.

he led the horse out to saddle him. Harley Rice Sunday.

Mrs. Clifford Freeman spent Satur- Dear Editor: ockie Payne Saturday Joe Wilson last Sunday.

this writing. The farmers are getting ready for

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Wild were viaiting Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Blankenship Sunday afternoon.

Geter Baker and Woodall Worley are planning to leave for Detroit. Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Massey spent

Saturday night with Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Buckner.

end with her aunt, Mrs. Flora Randall who is very sick.

Mr. Clem Buckner is hoping to vist Mr. Zeb Davis Sunday.

leaving for school soon. Miss Lillie Worley took dinner with

PRESENTS HER IDEAS

his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Mrs. J. B. Morgan and children

Messrs Lida Davis, Richard and

Mrs. Nan Buckner spent the week

Miss Ruby Buckner is planning on

Miss Geraldine Baker Sunday. Miss Bernice Davis spent Wednes-

Marshall, N. C., Mar. 15, 1929



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not been paid for, please send in your renewal at once,

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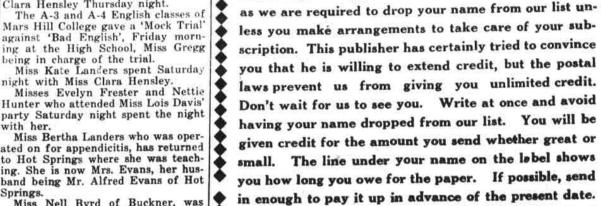
Marshall, N. C.

If you appreciate the fact that you have been fur-

THOSE NOT WORTH ONE DOLLAR.

without waiting for another notice.

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Springs. Miss Nell Byrd of Buckner, was

day. Misses Clara Hensley and Kinte for Waddles had decreed that they could have the rest of the afternoon off for a jaunt to Brill's store and

they waited only to change mounts Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Thomas and Callco stood drooping sleepily in one of the smaller corrals and Harris was in Mars Hill Sunday.

moved toward him, intending to rid. Mrs. James Roberts and Mrs. Gro-"The boss said for you to ride Blue," Morrow stated as Harris passed

the group at the gates of the corral student in Mars Hill Collegge, spent The men looked up in surprise. Mor-

From HECK CREEK

Mr. Wiley Reece was visiting Mr. Harley Rice Sunday.

asked of Evans and the lanky one nod Mr. Marion Wallin Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Dolson Wallin were

The roan kept others always between 1. Mrs. Allie Rice was visiting Mrs. himself and any man with a rope but Dock Wallin Sunday afternoon.

noose across the back of the interven. A. Rice Sunday. ing horse and over the blue roan's

"You've been busted and rope burnt "You've been busted and rope burnt a time or two,". Harris remarked, and Mr. Ell Wallin was visiting Mr.

The big blue leaned back, crouching , Culles and Lloyd Rice were visit-

on his haunches as the man put on ing the home of Mr. Marion Wallin the hackamore. His eyes rolled wick- Saturday night.

edly as Harris smoothed the saddle | Miss Flora Wallin was visiting Mrs. blanket and he flinched away with a James Wild Saturday.

whistling snort of fear, his nostrils |. Mr. Eugene Rice was visiting his

Sams Sunday. Mr. Blane Sams of Marshall was on rape Vine Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Lewis is plan ning on moving to their new home Tuesday. Best wishes to the Office Kat.

Sprinkle.

From PAW PAW

We hear that Mrs. Annie Brown is ery sick at her home on Bear Creek. Mrs. Ollie Messer of Sandy Mush and Miss Cumi Worley gave the two

on, Fred, spent Monday night with

little Office Kittens a call Monday for dinner. Mr. R. A. Lunsford left Friday for Detroit. We hope he will have great

success while he is away but hope he will not stay long. -By Another Writer-

Mrs. Lockie Payne has been on the ck list for some time. Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Payne were in Walnut. sick list for some time.

Barnard Saturday. Mr. Bura Buckner and Hugh Payn

were guests of Mr. Harry Johnson last Tuesday.

day night with Mrs. Z. B. Freeman. Mrs. Garland Farmer visited Mrs. a little corner to put in a few words Mr. James Lunsford visited Mr.

motored to Walnut Saturday night. Miss Grace Wild and Mr. Clyde Davis were horseback riding Satur-Mrs. J. B. Morgan and Children H. day. took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Little Ruth Payne is improving at

Mr. Herbert Wild and Wayne Davis

their crops.



She Knew That He Was Harmless to Her.

there any rubbish round the house you'd like to have throwed out and piled in a dry gulch somewheres out of sight?"

He stood in the door, half facing them, his left side quartering toward Slade. To the girl it appeared that the strange pose was for the purpose of enabling him to take a quick step. to the right and spring outside if Slade should make a move and she felt a tinge of scorn at his precaution even though she knew that it would avail him nothing if Slade's deadly temper were roused by the insult. Slade, who had killed many, would add Harris to his list before he could move. - - •

Slade's understanding of the quartering position and the odd sling of Harris' gun was entirely different and as he shifted his feet until he faced the man in the door, his movements were slow and deliberate, nothing that could be misconstrued.

"Who summoned you in here?" he demanded.

Harris did not reply but stood walting for some word from the girl. She had a sudden sick dread that Slade would kill him and was surprised at the sentiment, for no longer than an hour before she had wished him dead. made belated auswer to his orignal question.

mention. " she suid. "Go on out, ples d his back on Slat

cigarette into the fireplace. "I do invite you-right now," he said, and in her surprise she left her

chair and stood facing him. "I'd like real well to have you, Billie."

"That's the final proof," she said. "I'm surprised that you didn't tell me the first day."

"So am I," he said.

She found no answer for this but stood silent, knowing that she had suddenly become afraid of him.

"And that's the living truth," he affirmed. "Other men have loved you the first day. You know men well enough to be certain that I wouldn't be tied to one woman for the sake of owning a few head of cows-not if I didn't want her for herself." He waved an arm toward the door "There's millions of miles of sage just outside," he said. "And millions of cows-and girls."

He moved across to her and stood almost touching her, looking down into her face. When Slade had stood so a few days past she had been coldly indifferent except for a shiver of distaste at the thought of his touching her. Before Harris she felt a weakening, a need of support, and she leaned back from him and placed one hand behind her on the table.

"You judge for yourself whether a man wouldn't be right foolish-with all those things I mentioned being right outside to call him-to marry a woman he didn't want for herself, be cause she had a few hundred head of cows." He smiled down at her, "Don't puil back from me, Billie; I won't lay a finger on you. But now do you think It's you I want-or the little old Three Bar?"

"You can prove it," she said at last. "Prove it by going away for six months-or three."

He shook his hend.

"Not that," he said. "Twe told you I was sewed up in a right peculiar way mynelf-which wouldn't matter

flaring, as the heavy

Harris tightened the front cinch and the blue horse braced himself and Mr. Otto Reece, Miss Agnes drew in a long, deep breath.

thrown on his back.

"I'll have to squeeze it out of you." He fastened the hind cinch loosely, Saturday. then returned to the front and hauled on the latigo until the pressure forced Rice spent the afternoon with Miss the horse to release the indrawn Lois Wild Sunday. breath and it leaked out of him with ' Mr. Cullis Rice was a pleasant guest in the home of Mr. Marion Wallin a groaning sigh.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

DIZZY

"I BEGAN to suffer with

headache and bilious-

Malone, of Buena Vista, Ohio. "I had a hurting

through the middle part of my body which seem-ed to come from indiges-

tion. I would get con-stipated, and then feel

all out of sorts. I would

get up in the morning

feeling diszy, and everything I ate would disagree with me. "Someone asked me why I

did not try Black-Draught. I

found it to be just the medicine I needed. When I feel a spell

I needed. When I lead a spen coming on, I begin by taking a dose of Black-Draught, dry, at night. I continue to take it for several days, and in a short while I am feeling fins. It is all the medicine I need."

Costs only 1 cent a dose.

THEDFORD'S

sss," says Mr. John C.

Got Up in The

3

Morning Feeling

M. A. Rice Mr. Ell Wallin and son were visit-

ing Mr. Marion Wallin Sunday. Mr. David Wild, Miss Lula Reece, Wild drew in a long, deep breath. "That's right, Blue, you swell up i) Mr. Steve Wallin was visiting Mr. and inflate yourself," Harris said. Jimmie Wild Saturday.

Mr. Dock Wallin went to Marshall

Miss Edna Rice and Miss Leona

in the home of Mr. Marion Wallin Sunday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Maco Wallin were

visiting friends and relatives on Foster Sunday. Miss Flora Wallin was visiting Mrs.

Dock Wallin Monday afternoon. Mr. Culles Rice from Laurel was on Heck Creek Sunday.

Miss Flora Wallin was visiting Mrs. Harley Rice Saturday . Little Shuford Wild is improving

nicely at present.

Be kind to that Office Kat and give him three large fish and a cup of sweet milk five times a day and fifteen hours sleep and he will feel more like writing his Kolum.

FROM GRAPE VINE

Mr. J. B. Morgan who has been working at Waynesville spent the week with his family.

Mrs. John Ramsey and Mrs. J. Edd Ramsey of East Fork spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Glyner Ramsey at this place.

Mr. Wm. Cody spent Saturday night with his son, Mr. W. R. Cody at Black Mountain.

Miss Irene Gosnell took dinner with Miss Zula Wilde Sunday.

Miss Portia Coats and Mr. James Davis were out car riding Sunday. Mr. Ernest Peek and Miss Irene Mr. Ernest Feek and Miss Frene Gosnell, Miss Zula Wilde, Miss Effie Gosnell, Mr. Ervin Lewis and Mr. Truman Wilde enjoyed the Victrola at Mr. George Coates Sunday night. Mr. E. S. Morgan was a caller of Mr. D. Lewis Sunday. Mr. C. A. Wallin of Marshall was

the pleasant caller of Miss Lola Sprinkle Thursday night. Mr. Clarence West and Miss Eula

Dill of East Fork were of Grape Vine

Sunday. Mr. E. S. Morgan is very busy with his farming. He is one of our best

farmers. Rev. Tom Estmon took dinner with Mr. D. Lewis Sunday. Mrs. E. S. Morgan was visiting her son on East Fork, Mr. Frank Morgan. Mrs. Wm. Cody and little grand

Mrs. Z. B. Freeman, Mrs. Clifford Freeman, Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt Payne.

We are proud that the two little kittens had had their Bay Rum but I do hope that all poor people will be careful this wind will blow you get their eyes open before they blunboth away.

From BIG PINE

We had a real good S. S. Sunday. There were several there but we hope there will be more next Sunday. Mr. Hardy Roberts is very sick this writing.



declared there's nothing quite like Bayer Aspirin for all sorts of aches and pains, but he sure it is genuine Bayer; that name must be on the package, and on every tablet. Bayer is genuine, and the word genuine-in red-is on every box. You can't go wrong if you will just look at the box:



for me. All I can hear is county h pital, county hospital. You know the Bible tells us that God knows what we Joe Wilson last Sunday. Those visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Lunsford Sunday were Mr. M. C. Cody of Barnard, Mr. C. G. Payne, We have to live hard. Well, if they we have to live hard. Well, if they put his tax up a few more dollars to help on the county hospital, will it

make it any lighter on us, or will it be just that much harder on us? So

der into a ditch where they never can be pulled out. If it was a free thing to benefit the poor people I would be right there, Johnny on the spot, but it will finish taking what the poor people have got and leave them sitting there with nothing they have got. Now all good readers, listen to me, if you get down sick and it is not your time, God will help you to get well just as quick here in your little smoked up hut as He would if you were in a gold house, or if you are ready to die, God will go into a poor home as well as a rich home, so am sure proud I can say God loves the poor the same as the rich, for if He didn't I would be lost, for I am poor and will have to remain that way so I am glad that you don't have to be in a fine house in town and a fine silk dress on before God will have mercy on you. If we would only put our hearts and thoughts more on heavenly things and not worry and grieve so much over earthly things God would be so much better pleased 4 with us. If we see some one with a new dress or a new coat or hat we will say, "Oh, I am going to have me one like that," but if we see some one down on his knees praying to God we never think about saying, Oh, I am going to pray too. So I am afraid that in our last hours we will have to cry with a loud voice, Lord, Lord, I have put it off too late. God has been a true friend to me and never will I turn away from Him. He helps me in my troubles. He helps me in need. Never will I forsake my blessed Saviour, no, no, never indeed. MRS. M. T. WYATT, Rearing Fork, N. C.

Skijold-Why do London pedestrians eat so many onions during the formy season? , Bjorn-So they won't walk into

each other. -The Pathfinder.

Snob-I never associate with my Girl-I don't know. I never met ay of your inferior -The Pathfinder.

CONST PATION

