

# The Settling of the Sage

By HAL G. EVARTS

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## THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—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, William Harris. The Warrens know him as "Billie." The girl's father, Cal Warren, had been the original owner of the place. The question whether the territory is to remain "cow country" or be opened to settlement is a troublesome one.

CHAPTER II.—Cattle "rustlers" have been troubling the ranch owners, the Three Bar, with a girl boss, having suffered more than others. The girl's name is given as Cal Harris. By his announcement in favor of "rustlers" he incurs the enmity of a rider known as Morrow. The girl, Cal Warren stipulated that half the property should go to the son of his old friend, William Harris, under certain conditions. The new arrival in the valley discloses the fact to Billie, who is suspicious of her new rider and takes counsel with her friend, the ranch cook, "Waddles." He quits the bar team.

CHAPTER III.—Harris' method of wearing the inevitable "gun" rather than the girl's derisive, though herself she admits she is impressed by his manner. Slade, a ranchman with an unfavorable reputation as a "bad man," on the verge of gun play, are greeted by Billie, but mutual animosity is established. Harris' half leading proposal that the girl marry him and so settle the matter of the ranch ownership, is indignantly rejected, but the man declares he will remain on the place and restore its prosperity, waning under Billie's rule.

CHAPTER IV.—The regular calf round-up is begun. While the riders are at their evening meal, far out on the range, six outsiders join them. Billie knows them to be "rustlers," who, under the leadership of Slade and a man named Harper, have in the past stolen Three Bar cattle. To test Harris' courage, the girl appoints him temporary foreman, suggesting that he order the visitors to leave. Somewhat to her surprise, he does so. The men depart, making threats. Billie makes Harris permanent foreman. Catching Morrow leaving cattle where they can be stolen, Harris discharges him. Morrow leaves, and Harris realizes he has made a deadly enemy. Also, he knows that Harper, Slade, and the rest of the "rustlers" now will know with whom they have to deal.

"A foreman has a scattering of a dozen or so men to back him up," Morrow observed with a shrug of one shoulder toward the rest of the men. Harris turned to the girl.

"I resign for about sixty seconds," he said and swung back toward Morrow; and again all hands noted his queer quivering stand. "I'm not foreman right at this minute," he said. "So if you had anything in particular to address to me in a personal vein you can start now. Otherwise you'd better be packing your stuff."

Morrow turned his back and headed for the rope corral. When he had saddled one horse and packed his effects on another he turned to Evana.

"You helped frame this on me," he said. "I thought I saw you messing over into my detail a few days back. One day right soon I'll run across you again."

"Then I'll take to riding with my head over my shoulder—surveying my back-track," Lanky promised. "Because we'll most likely meet from behind."

Morrow started to snarl an answer, his usual self-repression deserting him, but Harris waved an impatient hand.

"Drag it!" he snapped. "Get moving. If I had my own way we'd lead your horse out from under you—and we will if I ever hear of your turning up on the Three Bar range again."

## CHAPTER V

Billie Warren rode with Harris on the last lap of the circle. There were but two men remaining with them.

"Moore!" Harris called, and the man turned his horse down the head of a draw that would lead him out into the bottoms a trifle less than a mile above the wagon. Harris heard a shrill whistle behind him and turned sidewise in the saddle to look back, saw that Moore had regained the ridge and was signaling. They turned and rode back to him.

"There's another," Moore said, pointing down the gulch. "It's getting to be a habit."

A dead cow lay on a little flat a hundred yards below. For three consecutive days some rider had found a fresh-killed Three Bar cow. Every animal had been shot.

"I'll look this one over myself," Harris decided. "There's only two more gulches to work. Each one of you boys take one."

The girl followed him as he turned down the first steep ditch. They pulled up their horses and sat looking at the cow. A trickle of blood oozed out of a hole between her eyes. Harris rode in a circle round the spot.

"He downed her from some point above," he said. "Not a sign anywhere close at hand." He surveyed the ridges that flanked either side of the draw and the little saddle-like de-

pression at the head of it from which they had just descended. From beyond this gap came the shrill shriek of a horse, the sound chopped short as if a man had clamped his hand on the animal's nostrils to silence it. Harris turned swiftly to the girl. "It's a plant," he said. "Ride—hard!"

He suited his action to the words and jumped his horse off down the



"It's a Plant," He Said. "Ride Hard."

bottoms. He waved her over to one side.

"Keep well away from me!" he ordered. "They don't want you."

They hung their spurs into their mounts and the horses plunged down the steeply-pitching bottoms, vaulting sage clumps and bounding along the cow trails that threaded the brush. Two hundred yards below the cow the draw made an elbow bend. The girl rounded it and as Harris followed a jump behind he felt a jarring tug at the cantle of his saddle and the thin, sharp crack of a rifle reached him. The gulch made a reverse bend and as they swept around it Harris swung sidewise in the saddle and looked back. They were entirely sheltered from any point on the divide six hundred yards behind them. He pulled his horse to a swinging trot and they rode down the sloping meadow that led straight to the main valley.

"We didn't get started any too soon," Harris said. "His horse wasn't more than a hundred feet beyond the notch when he blew off and warned us—not time for me to get caught and drop him as he topped the ridge."

The girl's eyes suddenly riveted on a small round hole in the cantle of his saddle where the ball had entered. On the inside and far to the left extremity of the cantle a ragged gash showed where it had passed out. The ball had not missed his left hip to exceed an inch.

She started her horse so suddenly that before he realized her purpose she was well in the lead and going at a dead run toward the mouth of the gulch where it opened out into the main bottoms two hundred yards beyond.

From the opposite slope riders were hasting cows out of their respective draws. The running horse caught every man's eyes as the girl careened out into the center of the valley, rose in her stirrups and waved an arm in a circle above her head. In five seconds riders were whirling in behind her from all directions as she headed for the wagon.

She waved those already on the spot toward the rope corral. "Change horses!" she called, and as each man rode in he caught up a fresh horse.

"Scatter out; some of you below where we came down, some above," she said. "Five hundred to the man that brings Morrow in."

"It's no use, Billie," Harris counseled mildly. "He's plum out of the country by now. It'll be dark in three hours—and it's right choppy country over there."

Waddles interposed and seconded her move.

"Let 'em rip," he said. "There's just a chance."

Bangs was the first to change mounts. The boy's physical qualifications were as sound as his mental ability was limited and it was his pride to have a string of mounts that included the worst horses in the lot. He rode from the corral on Blue, holding the big roan steady, and headed up the ridge a mile below where Harris and the girl had come down. Elie Foster chose the next; five riders were but a few jumps behind. Harris did not change horses but searched hastily in his war bag and slipped the strap of a binocular case across his shoulders and rode off with the girl as she finished cinching her saddle on a fresh horse.

In less than five minutes from the time she had reached the wagon the last Three Bar man had mounted and gone. Harris rode with her up a long ridge that led up to the divide; they followed another into the next bottoms and ascended the second divide. This was sharp and rocky, its crest a mass of ragged pinnacles. He chose the highest of these and dismounted to sweep the range with his glasses. The high point afforded a view of every ridge for miles. After perhaps half an hour Harris caught five horsemen in the field of his glasses. They were riding in a knot.

Miss Liza Norton and brother were at Mrs. Tamrey Chandler's Sunday for dinner.

Mrs. Vesta Chandler was the guest of Miss Liza Norton Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Dorothy Norton and her husband were the guests of Mr. James Chandler Sunday.

Miss Lida Chandler was the guest of Mrs. H. C. Rice Sunday.

W. A. SAMS Physician and Surgeon Office Front Room Over Citizen Bank.

## Quality Service for 26 Years

We have served the public in the examination of the eyes, accurate fitting and adjusting of glasses for a period of 26 years. Satisfactory service at reasonable prices has and is accounting for our success.

We are now established in our new offices and thoroughly equipped for every phase of optometry service.

CHAS. H. HONESS OPTOMETRIST No. 3 Flat Iron Bldg.

## From BELVA

A party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Ervin Gosnell and little niece, Mrs. Edison Cook and children, Mrs. Robert Waldroup and children, Mr. Robert Payne, Mr. Delmos Cook, Mr. Dennis Gentry, Mr. Emmitt Cook, Miss Florence Gosnell, Gertha Payne and Lela Cook went on a picnic to Newport, Tenn., Sunday and it was enjoyed by all.

Miss Ethel Capps was the dinner guest of Miss Ruby Payne Sunday. The guests of Mr. and Mrs. Shelt Norton Sunday afternoon were Mrs. Alec Payne, Mrs. Edison Cook, Mr. Harrison Payne, Mr. Carl Kuykendall, Miss Ruby Payne, Lela and Juanita Cook, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Colwell and friends of Marshall.

We are glad to have Mrs. Robert Wardrop and children of Maggie, N. C. back with us again.

Miss Gertha Payne was the guest of Lela Cook Sunday.

Mr. W. W. Williams is on the sick list now.

Mr. Carl Kuykendall and Miss Florence Gosnell took in the show at Marshall Saturday.

Miss Lela Cook and Gertha Payne called on Miss Mable Shelton Sunday.

Mr. W. C. Cook was at Erwin, Tenn., Saturday on business.

Mr. George Gentry got his arm badly cut last Friday evening while cutting wood.

Mr. Dennis Gentry is doing some plowing for Wm. C. Cook.

Little Bertha Shelton spent Sunday afternoon with Lella Juanita and Gwendolyn Cook.

Mr. Robert and J. V. Robards were here Sunday evening.

Mr. Oliver Norton called at Mr. Wm. C. Cook's Sunday evening.

Mr. Eugene Franklin passed thru here Sunday.



DON'T suffer headaches, or any of those pains that Bayer Aspirin can end in a hurry! Physicians prescribe it, and approve its free use, for it does not affect the heart. Every drug-gist has it, but don't fail to ask the druggist for Bayer. And don't take any but the box that says Bayer, with the word genuine printed in red:



## From RICE COVE

Miss Liza Norton and brother were at Mrs. Tamrey Chandler's Sunday for dinner.

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## From BIG LAUREL

Rev. N. H. Griffin delivered a splendid sermon Saturday and also Rev. Henry Rice, Sunday afternoon. There was a large crowd present on Sunday evening.

Mr. N. H. Wilds is not any better at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Rice visited homefolks Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Ernest Capps was the guest of Miss Thelma Rice Sunday evening.

Miss Leoda Holland took dinner with Miss Jimmy and Hattie Crowe Sunday.

Mr. Tuba and Audie Norton were the guests of Misses Carrie and Katy Lewis Sunday.

Prayer meeting is getting along fine. Several attend but there could be more come out and take an interest in the work.

Mr. Rhea Bishop was the guest of Miss Linnie Wilds Sunday.

Mr. Barnum Lewis spent Saturday night with Mr. Hubert Roberts.

Maecole Holland was the guest of Miss Jimmie Crowe Sunday.

Miss Frances Crafton, Home Demonstration Agent, will not meet her clubs the week of April 22nd, as it will be necessary to be with Mrs. Sarah Porter Ellis, District Home Demonstration Agent, who will be in the County scoring the yards for the Yard Improvement Campaign, but these clubs will be met at their next regular meeting.

TAXI SERVICE Open and closed cars. Better service. Prices are right. Phone, write or telegraph

S. B. FERGUSON Phone 58.

## From ALEXANDER

We are having a good S. S. at French Broad now. The attendance is increasing. It is the largest now that it has been for some time.

Everyone is cordially invited and we hope you will come. The singing school is still going on and is making a great improvement in the choir.

Mr. Charley Haney is teaching the singing school. We are also glad to have Miss Ethel Johnson with us in the singing school and choir.

We are sorry to hear of the illness of our leader, Mr. Claude Parris.

Mr. Will Parris motored to Marshall Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Marion Buckner, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Silvers and Mr. McClure White were visiting in the home of Mrs. Nanny Johnson Sunday night. They enjoyed the quartet music on the new Victrola.

Mr. Coleman Johnson has purchased a new Ford coupe. He and Miss Lillian King motored to Alexander last week.

Mrs. Hattie Edwards had as her guest Sunday Mrs. Bessie Edwards and family, and Mary Johnson.

Mr. Oscar Henry got his car stolen in Asheville last week. As yet the sheriffs have not found it.

Miss Lela Johnson spent the night with Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Haney Saturday night.

Misses Nannie and Kitty Brown from Idaho are visiting in the community. We are glad to see them. They are planning to visit Spring Creek soon.

Mrs. Etta Buckner visited Mrs. Delia Parris one day last week.

Mr. Marion Buckner killed two snakes in Mrs. Johnson's yard last week. He shot both of them with one fire.

Miss Virgie White went to Alexander Monday.

Mrs. Delia Parris has purchased a new sewing machine.

Misses Mae Johnson and Lillian Parris are planting flower gardens.

Mr. Coleman Johnson motored to Marshall Sunday.

We are sorry to hear that Mrs. Doris Edwards is very ill. We hope her speedy recovery.

(By Another Writer) Mrs. Delia Parris is on the sick list now. Hope she will soon recover.

Miss Lucy Davis visited Miss Ethel Johnson Saturday night.

Miss Mae Johnson and Miss Lillian Parris were visiting Mrs. Etta Buckner Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Mae Sams spent Saturday night with Mrs. Hattie Edwards.

Mr. Claude Parris went to Dr. Ervin Parris' Monday.

Mr. Wilbur Allman made a business trip to Alexander Monday.

Miss Katie Carter spent Thursday night with Miss Lillian Parris.

Miss Lela Johnson was visiting Mrs. Alice Buckner Monday afternoon.

Mr. Claud Foster motored to Asheville Monday A. M.

Mr. Guy West made a business trip to Alexander Monday.

Miss Mae Johnson was shopping Monday.

Mr. Will Parris has a fine dairy of cows at this writing.

IN MEMORY OF

Mrs. Jane Fowler, our dear grandmother who died March 30, 1929. Grandmother is gone and we will miss her. She has crossed death's chilling tide, She has gone to meet her loved ones, And with Jesus to abide. But some day, we'll go and see her, There will clasp glad hands once more When our work on earth is over, We will meet on heaven's bright shore Oh, 'tis sad to part with grandmother, But our loss is heaven's gain, Let us be prepared to meet grandmother In a land that's free from pain, We are waiting for the summons, That will call us to that shore, Where we'll meet with dear grandmother, And we'll never part any more. Written by her granddaughter, Geneva Brown.

From LONG BRANCH

The farmers of this place are very busy getting ready to plant corn. Miss Agnes Bishop was visiting

## Misses Florence and Roxie Buckner Saturday evening.

Miss Florence Buckner and Agnes Bishop are at home now after spending nearly two weeks on Big Laurel.

Mr. Collis Rice was visiting Mr. G. W. Buckner one day last week.

Mr. Tilson Hunter, Ollie Sams, Joe Sams, Walter and Oscar Buckner were visiting Miss Ellen Keys Thursday night and enjoyed some music.

Miss Edna Sams was visiting Miss Agnes Bishop Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. Hatten Sams spent the night Thursday with Mr. Doyle Bishop.

Mr. Walter Buckner, Miss Jessie Lee Keys and Misses Cora Briggs, Robena Freeman took a hike to the mouth of Ivy Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hunter were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wiley Hunter Sunday.

Miss Florence Buckner and little sister Ollie took dinner with Miss Agnes Bishop Sunday.

Miss Lesta Tweed spent Sunday afternoon with Miss Roxie Buckner.

Miss Agnes Bishop spent the night with Miss Florence Buckner Sunday. Come on folks with the news from Rice Cove and Revere. We like to hear from you all.

## THE RIGHT WAY TO TRAVEL is by train. The safest. Most comfortable. Most reliable. Costs less. Inquire of Ticket Agents regarding greatly reduced fares for short trips. SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

When a woman goes visiting nothing hurts her so much as her inability to impress upon her hostess the idea that she is used to something better at home.

## From MOUNT ZION

We are having a good Sunday School at Mt. Zion, and are thankful that it got started again, and we invite all good preachers who preach the Bible and work in Sunday School to visit Mt. Zion church. We need more good preaching at our church.

Everybody that belongs to our church and sister in Christ Jesus, and everybody pray for one another that our work may be stronger in the last while to come than it has in time past.

That we might be a light to this world and helping somebody to get ready for the next world, for the Lord is going to call us all away sooner or later. We are thankful for the word that God left for His children to go by, for every word that He left is true. I know this world has changed from the way it once was but God's word has not changed, nor the heaven has not changed, nor the way we have to go to God is not changed but if we are not careful we will not get hold of the way for we will let these poisons run away with us and that isn't pleasing to God.

We must stay unspotted from the world and walk after our Saviour. We cannot serve two masters. We will either hate one and love the other. If we love Him keep His commandments. We know that all is ready, will go when Jesus comes. We know that it is a clean life to go to Jesus. Except we serve Him in this world, we will be cast off in darkness. He meant for His children to be a help to get the world saved. He did not mean to have us here forever. He meant to gather us all up again. All read the Bible and love the word and love one another, and love Jesus our Saviour. It will be so good to get to go to heaven when we leave this old world. Our friends that are gone, if we don't meet them all, we will meet our Saviour, and meet Him face to face. Be careful, all you wicked people, if you don't make a change it will be a dark road to travel after you leave this world.

Mrs. Jane A. Baldwin.

Mr. and Mrs. Kelly Rice and children of Burnsville Hill were visiting Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Rice Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Reese and children of New Bridge, were visiting Mr. Reese's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Reese Sunday afternoon.

Miss Lillian Connor has returned home after spending several days with Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Deal of Walnut Creek. She reported a delightful time.

Mr. Jonah Rice is visiting his brothers, Messrs. Kelly and Curtis Rice, of Burnsville Hill.

Mr. Ezra Burnett left recently for Detroit, Mich. He is greatly missed in this community. We wish him a delightful trip.

Mr. Winston McGalliard was out horseback riding Sunday afternoon.

IN LOVING MEMORY

Of our dear brother, Little James Smith who departed this life June 11, 1929.

Our dear brother he is dead and gone, He has crossed that blissful shore, He's gone to dwell with loved ones gone on before, His vacant chair is empty no one can fill his place, We no more hear the patter of his little feet or see his smiling face, But I hope to meet dear brother in heaven, Once more see his smiling face, The angel came, and brother, you have earned a stary crown, Brother has gone and left us, he lived with us 7 years 6 days, No one can tell how we do miss little brother, But he is on that bright shore beckoning us to come, To that happy land where I hope some day to be, Friends may think we have forgotten Dear brother, when at times they see us smile, No one knows the heartache that our smiles hide all the while, Dear brother, I am coming, Where you are I soon shall be, When the Saviour says 'tis finished, And death shall set us free.

He has a dear father, mother, two brothers, seven sisters to mourn their loss; but I feel that our loss is heaven's gain, but 'tis sweet to think we will all meet up yonder after a little while. I hope to meet you dear brother with a loving glorious smile.

But oh, how sad it is to give up dear brother, no one can ever tell the dear Saviour just loaned him to us for just a little while. He lived with us just seven years and 6 days. No one knows how he suffered for 15 days but he has gone to dwell with Jesus where there will be no more suffering, no more heartaches, no more pain. He is waiting up yonder for us all. I want to be ready when death comes to say welcome death, I am ready to meet thee.

Written by his sister, Bettie Smith, Paint Rock, N. C.

Are You Ready

When your Children Cry for It

Baby has little troubles of its own. All your care cannot prevent them. But you can be prepared. Then you can do what your experienced nurse would do—keep your baby comfortable and happy with a few drops of Baby's Own. No power does than Baby's Own; relief is just a matter of moments. You have used your child without use of a single harmful drug; Castoria is vegetable. It's safe to use as often as an infant has a few drops of Baby's Own. And it's always ready for the cruel rages of colic, or constipation, or diarrhea; effective, too, for older children. Twenty-five million bottles were bought last year.

CASTORIA

From GRAND VIEW

We were greatly shocked to receive the news this morning that Mr. Grant Ward of Long Branch was instantly killed Sunday afternoon. He has many friends in this community. We extend our sympathy to the bereaved ones.

Those that attended the baptizing in West Asheville Sunday afternoon from this place were Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Reese, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Burnette, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Reese, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Allman, Mr. J. H. Ensley, Misses Grace Reese, Lillian Connor, Stella Rice and Bonnie Ensley.

Miss Lucy Reese took dinner with Misses Clara and Blanche McDaris Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Rice and children were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Jess Bishop Sunday.

Miss Lillian Connor was the dinner guest of Miss Stella Rice Sunday.

Miss Grace Reese had as her dinner guest Sunday Miss Genell McDaris.

Mr. Dave Deal and daughter, Mayoma, of Long Branch, took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. W. G. McDaris Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Kelly Rice and children of Burnsville Hill were visiting Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Rice Sunday.

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