

# ENKA SEEKS GIRLS AND Young Women Ages 16 to 35

For further information See our representative **MRS. J. HUBERT DAVIS** Clerk of Court Office at Courthouse Marshall, N. C.

## From BIG LAUREL

We had a splendid S. S. Sunday. We also had singing Sunday P. M. Our class is invited to Laurel Seminary to sing next Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Buckner were on Laurel Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Roy Faulkner and son, Roscoe, of Bristol Va., spent last week on Laurel with parents Mr. and Mrs. Fred Rice. Mr. Reo Bishop was the guest of Miss Lennie Wild Sunday. Mr. Marion Hunter of Mars Hill was on Big Laurel Saturday. Mrs. Collis Chandler was the guest of Mrs. Geo. Buckner last week. Mr. Solola Ramsey of Walnut Creek was the guest of Jeff Rice for the week-end. Mr. and Mrs. Buster Shelton were out visiting Sunday afternoon. Mr. Bailey Rice was the guest of Mr. Jack Rice Sunday P. M. Mr. and Mrs. Zade Rice spent part of last week on Walnut Creek and near Mars Hill. Our school starts here July 16th. We will have two teachers again this year. Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Davis of Asheville were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Davis last week. Mr. Otto Massey of Asheville was on Laurel Sunday. Mr. Chapel Riddle passed through Big Laurel Sunday.

## From ASHEVILLE ROUTE 4

The revival meeting at New Bridge Missionary church will be continued on through this week. Rev. J. Pipes and Rev. C. W. Hilemon are holding the services, and there has been a large attendance and quite a lot of interest shown. Mr. William Pate left for Boiling Springs, S. C., where he has accepted a position. There are a great many cases of whooping cough in our community at this time. The many friends of Mrs. Eliza Ramsey of New Bridge will be glad to know that she is able to be out without her crutches. Mrs. Ramsey suffered a broken leg from a fall several months ago. Work is being completed fast on the new water line here. This will be quite an improvement and appre-

## The Settling of the Sage

By HAL G. EVARTS

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The sheriff dropped in for one of his infrequent visits to Brill's. He waved all hands to a drink.

"I've just been out to the Three Bar to see Harris," he announced. "And ask him about this news that's been floating about. He came right out flat and says he's not offering a reward. That's all a mistake."

Every man in the room grinned at this statement. There was no other possible reply that Harris could make.

"Of course," the sheriff said reflectively. "Of course there's just a chance that Cal lied to me."

"He lied all right," Carp prophesied. "I'd bet my shirt he'll stand to pay the price for every man that's cited on that list."

"Pshaw," the sheriff deprecated. "That's dead against the law, that is."

"He will do it," Carson predicted. "If I was on that list I'd be moving for somehwere a long ways remote from here."

"Then you'd better be starting," Alden counseled mildly. "For Harris was just telling me that your name had got mixed up with it. Morrow's name has sprung up, too. Cal seemed mystified as to how it had come about, for he says you and Morrow never rode with the others on the list. He couldn't figure how this thing come to start."

"Figure!" Carp snapped. "He figured it out himself, who else? Are you going to stand for his putting a price on every man he happens to dislike?"

"But he says he don't know anything about it," the sheriff expostulated. "So how can I prove he does? I'd like to know for sure. If I thought he was actually set to pay those rewards I'd have to ride over and remonstrate with Cal."

One of two who had been drinking with Carp moved over to speak with others and failed to return. He was left standing alone at the bar. He shrugged his shoulders and went out. "Folks are considerable like sheep," Brill observed. "It occurred to him that in every saloon and in every bunk house within a hundred miles the topic of conversation was the same."

He lowered one lid as he looked at the sheriff and jerked his head toward Carson.

"He's broke—and reformed," he said. "Absolutely."

The sheriff drew Carson aside. "If you're wanting a job I'll stake you to an outfit and feed you through till spring. Forty a month from then on. I'll need a parcel of deputies, likely, after that."

"You've got one," Carson stated. "I'll sign now."

The storekeeper, the sheriff and the new deputy stood at one end of the bar.

"It's queer that folks don't see the real object of this rumor," Brill observed.

"It's object is to clean out the hardest citizens in the country," Carson said. "That's why they're named. Why else?"

"The object is to clean up the rest of the country first," Brill said.

Carson granted his disbelief. "If Harris only wanted to wipe out those on the list he wouldn't go to all this fuss," Brill explained. "He'd just put on an extra bunch of hands and raid the Breaks himself. Swear he caught them running off a bunch of Three Bar cows. Simpler and considerable less expense."

"Then what's the object of this bounty?" Carson insisted.

"That's aimed at the doubtful folks," Brill stated. "Folks that was on the fence—like you. This death list makes them spooky and they turn into good little citizens in one round of the clock. It leaves the worst ones outside without a friend. Every one lined up solid behind the law. Public sentiment will start running strong against those outside. Then it'll be easy for the sheriff and a bunch of deputies—like you—to clean the country up from end to end, with the whole community backing your play."

Carson considered this for some time.

"Well, I can furnish the deputies," he said at last. "Boys that are strong for law and order from first to last."

"I've got about all I need," the sheriff said. "A dozen or so. Mostly old friends of yours. I've picked 'em up on and off in the last two weeks. They're strong for upholding the last letter of the law—just like you said."

"A dozen?" Carson asked. "How'll you raise the money to pay that many at once?"

"I'm not expecting maybe the Three Bar will make up the deficit," Alden said. "It's cheaper than paying rewards. That's another reason I don't think Cal had a hand in this blacklist report."

The storekeeper grinned. "Surely not, surely not. I'd sure suspect him of that," he said. "But all the same it's working just as well as if he really had."

The first warm days of spring had drawn the frost from the ground. Billie rode beside Harris down the lane to the lower field. A tiny cabin stood



It's Cheaper Than Paying Rewards

completed on every filing. Two men were digging post holes across the valley below the edge of the last fall's plowing and the mule teams were steadily breaking out another strip.

"Almost a year," she said, referring to the commencement of the new work.

"Just a year today," Harris corrected, and he was thinking of the day he had first met the Three Bar girl. "This is our anniversary, sort of."

She nodded as she caught his meaning.

"The anniversary of our partnership," he said. "You told me there were millions of miles of sage just outside. And millions of cows—and girls."

"Later I told you something else," he said. "And I've been meaning it ever since. The road to the outside is closed. If I was to start now I'd lose the way."

She pointed down the valley as a drove of horses moved toward them under the guidance of a dozen men. The bands would start breaking out the remuda the following day. The spring work was on.

"Off to a running start on another year," he said. "And sure to hold our lead. From today on out, you and I'll be a busy pair," he prophesied.

His prediction proved true. The Three Bar was a beehive of activity and it seemed that the hours had been dawn and dark were all too short for the amount of work Harris wished to crowd into them.

The cowhands were breaking out the horses in the corrals while the acreage of plowed land in the lower fields steadily increased.

The day that Evans led the men out on the calf round-up, the mule teams made their first trip across the plowed land with the drill.

The fields were being seeded to alfalfa and oats so that the faster growing grain might shade and protect the tender shoots of hay. Before the grain ripened it would be cut green for hay, cured and stacked.

Early rains had moistened the fields and they were faintly green with tiny shoots of oats. These thickened into a rank velvety carpet while the homesteaders were hauling a hundred loads of rocks to form a crude dam across the stream below the take-out. The water was gradually raised till it ran almost flush with the top of the head gate. The gates were lifted and the diverted waters sped smoothly down the new channel to carry life to a portion of the sagebrush desert.

As the tangible results of the work became more apparent Harris' vigilance increased. There was now more than plowed ground to work on; crops to be trampled at a time when they would not lift again to permit of mowing; fences to be wrecked so that range stock might have free access to the fields. A single night could upset the work of many months. But as he stood with Billie at the mouth of the lane he allowed none of his thoughts to be reflected in his speech.

Billie Warren half-closed her eyes and viewed the broad expanse of rippling green in the bottoms. How many times she had stood here in the past with old Cal Warren while he visioned this very picture which now unrolled before her eyes in reality; the transformation of the Three Bar flat from a desert waste to a scene of abundant fertility under the reclaiming touch of water.

It was a quiet picture of farm life if one looked only upon the blooming fields and took no account of the raw, barren foothills that flanked them—the gaunt, towering range behind. She found it difficult to link the scene before her with the deviltry of a few months past. The killing of Bangs and Rile Foster's consequent grim retaliation; the raid on Three Bar bulls and the tampering of her trail herd; all those reamed part of some life so

long in the past as to form no part of her present.

No man in the field ever strayed far from the rifle which was part of his equipment. But even this was an evidence of vigilance which had met her eye every day for months and had ceased to press.

They walked to the near edge of the field and Harris dropped a hand on her shoulder and stood looking

down at her. "Billie, don't you think it's about time you were finding out what Judge Colton wants?" he asked. "He's been right insistent on your going back to confer with him."

The girl shook her head positively. Two months before Judge Colton had written that he must advise with her on matters of importance and suggested that she come on at once. Harris had urged her to go and almost daily referred to it.

"I can't go now," she said. "Not till I've seen one whole season through. When the first Three Bar crop is cut and in stack I'll go. All other business must wait till then. You two can't drive me away till after I see that first crop in the stack."

"If you'd go now you'd likely get back before we're through cutting," he urged. "And the Judge has written twice in the last two weeks."

Before she could answer this a horseman appeared on the valley road. The furthest irrigator, merely a speck in the distance, exchanged shovel for rifle and crossed to the fence. The rider, as if expecting some such move, pulled up his horse and approached at a walk.

Harris saw the two confer. The horseman handed some object to the other and urged his horse on toward the house. He was one of the sheriff's deputies. He grinned as he tapped his empty holster.

"One of your watchdogs lifted my gun," he said. He handed Harris a note.

After reading it Harris looked at his watch and snapped it shut, glanced at the sinking sun and turned to the girl.

"I have to make a little jaunt," he explained. "Alden wants to see me. I'll take Waddles along. As we go down I'll send Russ or Tiny up to cook for the rest."

The deputy turned his horse into the corral and five minutes later Harris and Waddles rode away. Waddles was mounted on Creamer, the big buckskin.

"We'll have to step right along," Harris said. "It's forty miles."

They held the horses to a stiff swinging trot that devoured the miles without seeming to tire their mounts. For four hours they headed south and a little east, never slackening their pace except to breathe the horses on some steep ascent. The buckskin and the paint-horse had lost the first snap of their trot and it was evident that they would soon begin to lag. Another hour and they had slowed down perceptibly.

The two men dismounted and tied the horses to the brush in a sheltered coulee, then started across a broad flat on foot. Out in the center a spot showed darker than the rest—the old cabin where Carpenter had elected to start up for himself after being discharged from the Three Bar.

When within a hundred yards of the cabin a horse, tied to a hitch post in front, neighed shrilly and Harris laid a restraining hand on Waddles' arm. They knelt in the brush as the door opened and a man stood silhouetted against the light. After a space of two minutes Carp's voice reached them.

"Not a sound anywheres," he said. "Likely some horses drifting past." He went inside and closed the door. The two men circled the cabin and came up from the rear. A window stood open some eight inches from the bottom. Through the holes in the rugged floor sack that served as a curtain Harris secured a view of the inside. Carp and Slade sat facing across a little table in the center of the room.

"I want to clean up and go," Carp was saying. "This d—n Harris put me on the blacklist."

"You've been on it for three months," Slade said. "Nothing has happened yet. But don't let me keep you from pulling out any time you like."

"But I've got a settlement to make," Carp insisted. "Let's get that fixed up."

"Settlement?" Slade asked. "Settlement with who?"

Carpenter leaned across the table and tapped it to emphasize his remarks.

"Listen, Morrow gave me a bill of sale from you calling for a hundred head of Three Bar she-stock, rebranded Triangle on the hip."

Slade nodded shortly.

"I gave Morrow that for two years' back pay when he quit. He could sell out to you if he liked."

"And now I want to sell out," Carp said. "And he gone from here."

"How many head have you got?" Slade asked.

"Three hundred head," Carp stated. "You've increased right fast," Slade remarked. "I'd think you'd want to stay where you was doing so well. How much do you want?"

"Five dollars straight through," Carp said.

"Cheap enough," Slade answered. "If only a man was in the market." He looked straight at Carp and the man's eyes slipped away from Slade's steady gaze. "But I'm not buying. Likely Morrow will buy you out."

"Morrow ought to be here now," Carp stated. "He's coming tonight."

"Then I'd better go," Slade said. "I don't like Morrow's ways."

The thud of horse's hoofs sounded from close at hand. The two men outside lay flat in the shadow of the house. A shrill whistle, twice repeated, called Carp to his feet and he crossed to the door to answer it. Morrow dismounted and came to the door. He nodded briefly to Slade, hesitating on the sill as if surprised to find him there. Carp lost no time in stating his proposition. He spoke jerkily. "I want to get out," he said. "I'll sell for five dollars a head."

Morrow held up a hand to silence

him. "I never talk business in a saloon." He crossed the room and sat with his back to the window. "There's plenty of time."

"I take it you're crossing the side remark," Morrow said. "I'll step out."

Morrow stiffened suddenly. In his chair as a cold ring was pressed against the back of his head through the crack of the window. At the same instant Carp had tilted back and raised one knee. The gun that had on his leg was peeping over the table at Slade.

"Steady!" he ordered. "Hold tight!" The window was thrown up to its full height, by Waddles and the curtain snatched away from the gun which Harris held against Morrow's neck. Carp flipped back his vest and revealed a marshal's badge.

"I'd as soon take you along foot flat as any way," he said. "So if you feel like acting up you can start any time now."

Slade's eyes came back from the two men at the window and rested on the badge.

"So that's it," he said with evident relief. "A real arrest—when I figured it was an old-fashioned murder you had planned. What do you want with me?"

Waddles had reached down and removed Morrow's gun.

"A number of things," Carpenter said. "Obstructing the homestead laws for one."

Slade shook his head and stalled. "You've got the wrong party," he said. "You can't prove anything on me."

"I don't count on that," Carp said. "You've covered up right well. We know you work for Morrow but can't prove a word. We've got enough to home him; but I expect maybe you'll get off."

There was a scrape of feet outside the door and the sheriff entered and took possession of Slade's gun as Harris and Waddles moved round from the window and went inside.

"I'm a few minutes late," Alden said. "I wasn't right sure how close I was to the house so I left my horse too far back."

"Here's your prisoners," Carp said. "Captured and delivered as agreed. I haven't anything on Slade myself but if you want him he's yours."

"What do you want with me?" Slade demanded a second time.

"I'm picking you up on complaint made by the Three Bar," Alden said. "I'll have to take you along."

Slade turned on Harris. "What charge?" he asked.

"Killing twelve Three Bar bulls on the last day of August," Harris stated. "I was out with the rancier," Slade said. "Back in the hills. You know that yourself. That charge won't stick."

"Then maybe it was the second of May," Harris returned. "I sort of forget."

Slade suddenly grasped the significance of this arrest.

"How many of you fellows are pussy-footing round out here?" he inquired of Carp.

"I don't mind confessing that several of the boys are riding for you," Carp informed. "But while we've cinched Morrow we haven't been able to trace it back to you. I even got put on the blacklist, thinking you might do business with me direct after that—knowing my word wouldn't stand against yours. But not you! You've covered your tracks."

Carp spoke softly, as if to himself, detailing his failure to gather conclusive evidence against Slade.

"I even run your rebrand on fifty or so Three Bar cows. You knew there wasn't a dollar changed hands when Morrow gave me that paper which licensed me to rustle my own she stock. The idea in my starting up was to run your rebrand on any number of Three Bar cows. Later Morrow would buy me out—acting for you; can't be proved. Oh, you're in the clear, all right."

Slade broke in upon the monologue. This recitation of his probable immunity from conviction on every count, far from reassuring him, served to confirm his original suspicion as to the reason for this arrest without witnesses. If the sheriff had wanted him he had but to send word for Slade to come in. He threw out one last line and the answer convinced him beyond all doubt.

"Then a lawyer will have me out in an hour," he predicted.

"A lawyer could," Alden said. "If you saw one. But we've decided not to let you have access to legal advice for the first few days."

Slade turned on Carpenter. "This sort of thing is against the law," he said. "You're a United States marshal. How can you go in on a kidnaping deal?"

"I'm not in on it," Carp shrugged. "The sheriff asked me to arrest you at the first opportunity. I've turned you over to him. The rest is his affair. Besides, like I was mentioning, they can't prove a thing on you. As soon as they're convinced of that they'll turn you loose."

The sheriff nodded gravely.

"The very day I'm satisfied Harris can't prove his charges I'll throw open the doors. You'll be a free man that minute."

A vision of the near future swept across Slade's mind. If he should be locked up for three months and discharged for lack of evidence it would

be continued next week

### TRAVEL BY TRAIN

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

THE MOST RELIABLE THE SAFEST THE MOST COMFORTABLE

## 666

is a Prescription for Colds, Grippe, Flu, Dengue, Bilious Fever and Malaria. It is the most speedy remedy known.