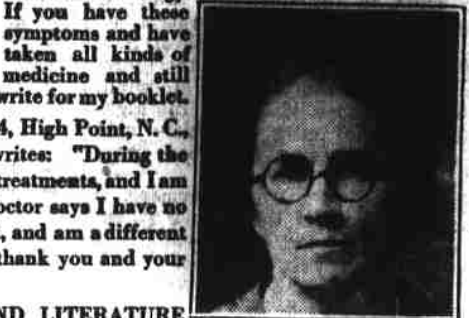




If you have any of the following symptoms I have the remedy no matter what your trouble has been diagnosed: Nervousness, stomach trouble, loss of weight, loss of sleep, sore mouth, pains in the back and shoulders, peculiar swimming in the head frothy like phlegm in throat, passing mucous from the bowels, especially after taking purgative, burning feet, brown, rough or yellow skin, burning or itching skin, rash on the hands, face and arms resembling sunburn, habitual constipation, (sometimes alternating with diarrhoea) copper or metallic taste, skin sensitive to sunbeats, forgetfulness, despondency and thoughts that you might lose your mind, gums a fiery red and falling away from the teeth, general weakness with loss of energy.



W. C. ROUNTREE, M. D.  
 sick, I especially want you to write for my booklet.  
 Mrs. J. D. Collett, Route No. 4, High Point, N. C., whose picture appears here, writes: "During the winter of 1927-28 I took your treatments, and I am glad to say that my family doctor says I have no symptoms now. I look, feel, and am a different person altogether. I cannot thank you and your medicine enough."  
 FOR FREE DIAGNOSIS AND LITERATURE WRITE: W. C. Rountree, M. D., Austin, Texas.

## The Settling of the Sage

By HAL G. EVARTS

Copyright by Hal G. Everts WNU Service

As she neared the edge of the Crazy loop valley the girl dreaded the first glimpse of the pillaged ranch.

They had reached the edge of the valley and she looked down upon the ruins.  
 "Now I'm ready to go," she said. "I'll go and see what Judge Colton wants."  
 "He wanted you to get away before anything like this occurred," Harris said. "I knew that maybe we'd have tough going for a while at some critical time and wanted you to miss all of that—to come back and find the Three Bar booming along without having been through all the grief. So I wrote him to urge you to come."  
 "Well, I'm going now," she said. "I don't need to be urged."  
 Harris pointed as they rode down the slope. The little cabin that old Bill Harris had first erected on the Three Bar, and which had later sheltered the Warrens when they came into possession of the brand, stood solid and unharmed among the blackened ruins which hemmed it in on all sides.

"Look, girl!" he exclaimed triumphantly. "Look at that little house. The Three Bar was started with that! We have as much as our folks started with—and more. They even had to build that. We'll start where our folks did, and grow."

### CHAPTER XII

Harris sat on a baggage truck and regarded the heap of luggage sullenly. Way off to the distance a dark blot of smoke marked the location of the onrushing train which would take the Three Bar girl away.

"Some day you'll be wanting to come back, old partner," he predicted hopefully. The Three Bar isn't hurt



"We're in Better Shape Than Ever Before."

"We're in better shape than ever before and a clear field out in front; for the country is cleaned up and the law is clamped on top."

She honestly tried to rouse a spark of interest deep within her, some ray of enthusiasm for the future of the Three Bar. But there was no response. She assured herself again that the old brand which had meant so much to her meant less than nothing now. That part of her was dead.

The train of smoke was drawing near. Harris leaned and kissed her. "Just once for luck," he said, and slipped from his seat on the truck as the train roared in. Good-by, little fellow. I'll see you next round-up time."

As the train slid away from the station she looked from her window and saw him riding up the single street on the big paint-horse. The train cleared the edge of the little town and passed the cattle chute. Three wagons, each drawn by four big mules, moved toward the cluster

of buildings which comprised the town, the freighters on their way to haul out materials for the rebuilding of the ranch.

The work was going on but she no longer had a share in it. She was looking ahead and planning a future in which the Three Bar played no part.

Deane was with Judge Colton, her father's old friend, to meet her at the station. As they rode toward the Colton home she told the Judge she had come to stay and Deane was content. After the strenuous days she had just passed through she needed a long period of rest, he reflected; but the older man smiled when he suggested this.

There was something purposeful in this act and a vague apprehension superseded the rush of gladness she had experienced with the first unpeeped view of the Three Bar crew. Men who stood on the board sidewalks turned hastily inside the open doors as they glimpsed the riders spreading the news that the Three Bar had come to town. The driver pulled up in front of the one hotel.  
 "I'll come off right now," he said.  
 "Slade's in town."  
 "Sure," the guard replied. "Why else would Harris ride in at night like this unless in answer to Slade's threat to shoot him down on sight? Get the girl inside."

The reason for the scattering was now clear to her. Slade, on his release, had announced that he would kill Harris on sight whenever he appeared in town. Slade had many friends. The Three Bar men were scattered the length of the street to enforce fair play.

The guard opened the door and motioned her out but she shook her head.

"I'm going to stay here," she asserted.

Her answer informed him of the fact that she was no casual visitor but one who knew the signs and would insist on seeing it through. He nodded and shut the door.

Harris had dismounted at the far end of the block and was strolling slowly down the board sidewalk on the opposite side. Groups of men packed the doorways, each one striving to appear unconcerned, as if his presence there was an accident instead of being occasioned by knowledge that something of interest would soon transpire. A man she knew for a Slade rider moved out to the edge of the sidewalk across the street from Harris. She saw the lumbering form of Waddles edging up beside him. Other Three Bar boys were watching every man who showed a disposition to detach himself from the groups in the doors. The glare of the piano and all sounds of revelry had hushed.

The girl felt the clutch of stark fear at her heart. She had come too late. Harris was to meet Slade. It seemed that she must die with him if he should pass out before she could speak to him again and tell him she was back. She had a wild desire to run to him, at least to lean from the window and call out to him to mount Calico and ride away. But she knew he would not. She was frontier bred. Even the knowledge that she was in town might unsteady him now. She sat without a move and the driver and guard outside supposed her merely a curious on-looker interested in the scene.

"A hundred on Harris," the driver offered.

The guard granted a refusal.

"I'd bet that way myself," he said. From this she knew that the two men were hoping Harris would be the one to survive; but the fact that their proffered bets backed their sentiments was no proof that they felt the conviction of their desire. She knew the men of their breed. No matter how small the chance, their money would inevitably be laid on the side of their wishes, never against them, as if the wagering of a long shot was proof of their confidence and might in some way exercise a favorable influence on the outcome. No man had ever stood against Slade. She noted Harris' gun. He carried it with the same awkward sling as of old, on the left side in front with the butt to the right.

"Fifty on Slade," a voice offered from the doorway of the hotel. The guard started for the spot but the bet was snapped up by another. Wild fighting rage swept through her at the thought that to all these men it was but a sporting event.

Her eyes never once left Harris as he came down the street. When almost abreast of the stage Slade stepped from the doorway twenty feet in before him and stopped in his tracks. Harris turned on one heel and stood with his left side quartering toward Slade, the old pose she remembered so well. There was a tense quiet the length of the street.

"Those you hire do poor work from behind," Harris said. "Maybe you sometimes take a chance yourself and work from in front." His thumb was hooked in the opening of his shirt just above the butt of his gun.

Slade held a cigarette in his right hand and raised it slowly to his lips. He removed it and flicked the ash from the end, then inspected the results and snapped it again—and the downward move of his wrist was carried through in a smooth sweep for his gun. It flashed into his hand but his knees sagged under him as a forty-five slug struck him an inch above the buckle of his belt. Even as he toppled forward he fired, and Harris' gun barked again. Then the Three Bar men were vaulting to their saddles. Evans careened down the street, leading the paint-horse, and within thirty seconds after Slade's first move for his gun a dozen riders were turning the corner on the run. Before the spectators had time to realize that it was over, the Three Bar men were gone. Slade had many friends in town.

The girl had seen Harris' draw merely a single pull from left to right and by his quartering pose the gun had been trained on Slade at the instant it cleared the holster; not one superfluous move, even to the straightening of his wrist. The driver's voice reached her.

"Faster draw in the world for the law that can use it," he said.

The guard opened the door. The girl was strong with her head bowed in her hands.

"Don't take it that way, woman."

he counseled. "He was a hard one—Slade."  
 But he had misread his signs. She felt no regret for Slade, only a wave of thankfulness, so powerful as almost to unnerve her, over Harris' escape, untouched. She accused herself of callousness but the spring of her sympathy, usually so ready, seemed dry as dust when she would have wasted a few drops on Slade.

The next day, in the late afternoon, Harris looked up and saw a chap clad rider on the edge of the valley. She had ridden over unannounced on a horse she had borrowed from Brill. She answered the wave of his hat and urged the horse down the slope.



He Met Her at the Mouth of the Lane.

He met her at the mouth of the lane and together they walked back to the new buildings of the ranch. The man breaking horses in the new corrals were the same old hands. The same old Waddles presided over the new cook shack. Her old things, rescued from the fire, were arranged in the living room of the new house. A row of new storerooms and the shop stood on the site of the old. And in the midst of all the improvements the old cabin first erected on the Three Bar stood protected by a picket fence on which a few vines were already beginning to climb.

After the men had quit work to greet the returning Three Bar boss she went over every detail of the new house. The big living room and fireplace were modeled closely along the lines of her old quarters; heads and furs were on the walls, pelts and Indian rugs on the floors. Running water had been piped down from a sidehill spring. The new house was modernized. Then Harris saddled Calico and Papoose and they rode down to the fields.

As they turned into the lane they heard the twang of Waddles' guitar from the cook shack, the booming voice raised in song in mid-afternoon, a thing heretofore unheard of in the annals of Three Bar life.

"There'll be one real feast tonight," Harris prophesied. "Waddles will spread himself."

They rode past the meadow, covered with a knee-deep stand of alfalfa hay.

"It was only trampled down," he said. "She came up in fine shape this spring. We'll put up a thousand tons of hay."

He held straight on past the meadow, turned off below the lower fence and angled southwest across the range. The calves and yearlings along their route gave proof that the grading-up of the Three Bar herds was already having its effect. Ninety per cent were straight red stock with only a few throwbacks to off-color strains. The two spoke but little and near sunset they rode out and dismounted on the ridge from which, almost a year before, they had viewed the first move of organized law in the Coldriver strip.

A white-topped wagon came toward them up the valley along the same route followed by the file of dusty riders on that other day. A woman held the reins over the team and a curly-haired youngster jostled about on the seat by her side. A man wrangled a nondescript drove of horses and cows in the rear.

"That's the way we both came into this country first, you and I," Harris said. "Just like that little shaver on the seat."

"Will they find a place to settle?" she asked, with a sudden hope that the newcomers would find a suitable site for a home.

Maybe not close around here," he said. "Most of the good sites you can get water on are picked up. But they'll find a place either here or somewhere else a little further on."

He slipped an arm about her shoulders.

"It's been right lonesome planning without a little partner to talk it all over with at night," he said. "Have you come back for keeps to help me make the Three Bar the best outfit in three states? I can't hold down that job alone."

She nodded and leaned against him.

"That's what they wanted—old Bill and Cal," she said. "But it's nice that we want it too. I've come for keeps; and the road to the outside is closed."

They stood and watched the sun pitch over the far edge of the world; and down in the valley below them the beautiful mountains were looking for a place to grow.

### From FOSTER

### MR. ELLIS B. SAMS DEAD

Rev. Jesse Watts filled his regular appointments Saturday and Sunday at Fosters church.  
 Mrs. Ollie St. aton and baby of Hendersonville are spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Hyde.  
 Mr. G. A. Peek spent Saturday night with Mr. and Mrs. George Wild of Grape Vine.  
 We were glad to see Mrs. Vance Crain at Sunday School Sunday, after having a serious case of fever.  
 Miss Thelma and Wendell Rice, Willis Davis of Big Laurel, and Miss Floy Lewis of this section were visiting friends and relatives of Bull Creek Sunday.  
 Mr. Frank and Otis Fender of Jupiter spent the week-end with friends and relatives of this place.  
 Mr. Bud Norton called on Miss Leatha Cody Sunday.  
 Mrs. G. A. Peek and children spent Thursday night with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Lewis.  
 Rev. Jesse Watts spent Saturday night with Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Farmer.  
 Misses Pauline and Kate Lewis of Big Laurel passed through this section Saturday.  
 There will be singing at the Laurelton Chapel Saturday night. Everyone is invited to come.  
 Mrs. Duskey Shelton spent Sunday night with Mrs. Carrie Shelton.

Mr. Ellis B. Sams, who was sick for some time, he is sorry to say departed this life on June 26th, 1929. The death of Mr. Sams was very surprising to many of his friends and loved ones, as he seemed to be improving up until twenty-four hours of his death. Those who witnessed his death outside of Mr. Sams' family were Messrs. Marvin and E. M. Lunsford, Messrs. G. M. and Wesley Lewis, Mr. A. C. Bishop; also Messrs. Spurgeon and Loyd Rice and Mrs. Sadie Swicegood, of Hopewell, Va., who was his intended wife. Funeral services were held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Sams, conducted by Rev. Mr. Carter, pastor of the Baptist church of Crewe, Va. His body was laid to rest in the small cemetery near his home.

Mr. Sams was born on Big Laurel, N. C., Feb. 13, 1902. He joined the Baptist church at Walnut Creek N. C. in the year of the Lord 1916, and after a space of time moved his membership to the Baptist church of Crewe, Va., and was an active member there at his death. Mr. Sams was widely known in Northway County, Va., and made friends wherever he went. He was prosperous in all his work and was loved by all who met him, and was an exceptional young man in his community and country in which he lived. He was planning for a prosperous man in his future, leaving at his death a farm of 100 acres, \$2,000 insurance—\$1,000 with the lodge of the Woodmen of the World, and \$1,000 with the Relief and Pension Department of the N. & W. Railway Co. for which he had worked for six years. He was estimated to be worth about \$7,000 at his death. He was a straightforward business man in all his business.

He leaves to mourn their loss his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Sams; two brothers, Messrs. Oscar and Walter Sams; two sisters, Misses Annie Mae and Cora Sams; also his intended loving wife, Miss Sadie Swicegood, and many, many friends and loved ones. We wish to extend our heartfelt sympathy to the griefed father and mother, brothers and sisters and broken-hearted sweet-heart, Miss Sadie Swicegood.

### DEATH OF ELLIS SAMS

On the night of June the 26th, 1929, at 20 minutes of 1 o'clock, the Death Angel entered the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Sams and took their son, Ellis. He had been sick for some time with tumor of the brain. He had lost all the strength in his right side. Everything that could be done for him was done, but doctors and all failed, and God took him to be with Him in a better world. He was born in Madison County, N. C., on February 13, 1902, and joined the Walnut Creek Baptist church in 1917. His family moved to Crewe, Va. in 1918, and he moved his membership to the Crewe Baptist church. He always lived a clean, industrious life and was loved by all who knew him.

The funeral services were conducted by his pastor, Rev. W. H. Carter, at his home. He is laid to rest in a little graveyard close to his home. He has a father and mother, two brothers and two sisters and a host of friends and relatives left to mourn the loss. It is hard to give him up but we have to say, God's will be done. Oh, we miss you, dearest brother, miss you more than tongue can tell; but when our work on earth is ended, we will meet where all is well.

Written by his sister, ANNIE MAE SAMS.

### CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank the many friends around Marshall and in Detroit for their hospitality and kindness shown through the death of our son and brother E. W. Roberts, and the beautiful flowers.

MR. AND MRS. G. B. ROBERTS and family.

### PAINFUL INDIGESTION

"I suffered a good while before I found something that would help me," writes Mr. E. W. Berry, of Neosho, Mo. "My trouble was indigestion, pains in my chest and a tight, bloated feeling that would make me feel smothered."

Speaking of this to a friend of mine, he told me that Black-Draught was good for this trouble. I went over and bought a package. It certainly did help me, so I continued to use it.

"I am in the transfer business, and sometimes when I would be hungry and ready to eat, I would have a call and would have to eat later. Then I would eat too much or too hurriedly. This would cause indigestion. After I started using Black-Draught, I found it did me a world of good. It is splendid for biliousness and stomach troubles."

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The new remedy in liquid form called PARA-ZIDE penetrates the skin going into every crevice and wrinkling thereby destroys the tick mite. It used as directed PARA-ZIDE kills the tick. In 45 minutes and one application is usually sufficient. Get a bottle today from Moore's Pharmacy, or sent prepaid to you for 50 cents per bottle.

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