

CAUGHT IN THE WILD

By ROBERT AMES BENNET



CHAPTER I

The Chechahcos.

Garth knelt upon the planks of the small floating wharf to fasten a pitch-smear patch on the bottom of his upturned birchbark canoe.

A plane was coming downriver towards the emergency refueling station at the old abandoned trading post.

Though his thoughts lingered on the approaching plane, his eyes and hands returned to the patching of the canoe.

As he finished the patch the loud drone of the motor swelled into a staccato roar. He turned to watch the white monoplane swoop down and take the water like a spluttering duck.

The pilot started to taxi shoreward. Garth again set about patching the small leak. A sudden silence told that the motor had been stilled.

Garth leisurely twisted around to eye the incoming craft. She was a beautiful medium-sized plane with a cabin behind the semi-enclosed cockpit.

In the North allebodied men are supposed to wait upon themselves. More, the pilot's tone had been that of a master commanding an inferior.

At that the smaller person cried out in a sharp, almost shrill voice: "Quick, you gaping dummy!"

The fact that one of the pair was a woman made a vast difference. Garth caught the end of the mooring line flung by the pilot, and snatched up a long pilepole.

Bent low, Garth put all of his weight and strength into his angling shove with the pole. The momentum of the ingling plane forced him back one step after another.

As he climbed to the front of the old post store, above the base of the wharf, he saw the pilot at last swing down to haul on the line.

"Turn out, Tobin. Visitors." The grizzle-bearded station tender roused up to blink and peer.

Tobin slipped on his moccasins and hobbled into the storeroom. The pilot had moored his plane head and tail to the lower side of the landing stage.

wing to the screened door of the cabin. It opened to the outthrust of a portly man in city clothes.

"Aye, sir," grunted Tobin. Without a word of greeting, he hobbled back a few steps as the pilot and his passengers stepped in over the rough threshold.

The portly man opened a gold-mounted cigar case. The young woman produced a long amber-stemmed cigarette holder.

Out went Garth's hand in a swift clutch that caught the flaming match in his calloused palm.

"You insolent rascal! Clear out of here!" Garth smiled. Tobin did the answering: "Huh, crazy loon—lighting matches in here.

"That's so! You have no cause to be ruffled, Vivian. The fellow seems to have acted on a well-intentioned impulse."

The pilot's hand came out empty from inside the jacket. "Why couldn't the fool have spoken a warning?"

Garth had sized up the man. He expected neither an apology for the abuse nor thanks for saving the visitors from possible annihilation.

A first glance had led him to think her older than the pilot. Under her rouge and powder her face was thin and drawn.

Yet, upon examination, Garth saw she could not be even in the mid-twenties. Traces of girlish freshness still lingered in her painted face.

As she faced away from him, the pilot spoke to Tobin: "Get busy. Truck down sixty gallons of gas and five of oil—and be quick about it.

Down came Tobin's shaggy eyebrows. "Who d'you think you're bossin'?"

The portly visitor took a billfold from his coat and drew out a paper. "Take a look at this order, my man. It authorizes me to requisition any of the Airways' stations for whatever supplies I wish."

Tobin read the order, and thrust it back, with no lessening of his dourness. "So you're Burton Ramill, are you? Looks like a straight order. All the same, you'll sign the book before you'll get a drop."

"There's your receipt," said the pilot. "Now have this dumb helper of yours rush out our gas, and get your pans on the fire. We want service."

"Yuh? Well, you're welcome to want it till doomsday. That company order calls for supplies. Don't say nothin' about cookin' nor service."

Mr. Ramill interposed: "All right, man. I see you're stiff from rheumatism. I will pay this young fellow to refuel the plane."

with sudden keen interest. "What's that? You're from the new gold fields?" "No."

"But your gold sack?" "Gold?" Garth muttered. He drew out his poke again and opened it to shake a few small nodules of metal into his palm.

"Galena. I'm a mining engineer. You're out of luck, not making a gold strike. Never before in history has silver been so low."

Garth looked disappointed. "Too bad, isn't it?" He picked out a nodule that had been rubbed to a rather bright polish.

"Yes," he said. "I always did think gold looked prettier than galena—er, even white gold."



The Girl Drew Her Hand Away as if He Had Smirched It.

gold. You pretend to be a prospector, yet do you know platinum from gold?" "Platinum?" Garth questioned.

"That depends," put in Huxby. "Where's the place?" "Three weeks—paddle and portage," Garth answered.

"Slow travel. But by airplane?" "The bird distance can't interest you. Neither lead nor silver would pay for airplane freighting.

"Perhaps." "Well, a day or so should make no difference to you. Is there a lake or pond near your prospect?"

Huxby repeated his question: "It could be reached how soon by air?" The fish were no longer nibbling; they were hooked.

Neither Mr. Ramill nor Huxby looked like a crook. They had the appearance of reputable business men.

"Two to three hours," Garth replied. "I don't know the speed of your plane."

"Fastest type of cabin cruiser. Call it six hours to go and return, and the same to inspect your prospect. It's possible there may be a trace of gold in your ore. I'll test it while you get your sleep."

The girl spoke to Mr. Ramill: "I shall take a nap myself, Dad. Ten hours of flying, with no chance to dance off the Scotch, is enough to kill a horse."

In the act of handing a nodule to Huxby, Garth paused to stare at the girl. So that was the answer—liquor, tobacco, paint, and all the rest of the flapper-jazz rot.

A tug at his shoulder roused Garth from his six-hour sleep. Tobin's hoarse voice croaked in his ear: "Roll out, sir. Sun's up. The pair of 'em are keen to be a-wing. Looks like their test of your nugget livened 'em up. Grub's on."

and oatmeal porridge. Garth crowded past them and Tobin to the end of the little shelf table.

The girl stopped in the entrance to peer around the cubbyhole kitchen, her scarlet-smeared lips curled with disgust. The place looked crude.

"Pardon our not waiting, Lilith," he apologized. "I did not wish to waken you with the refueling. Planned to do it while you breakfasted."

Tobin rose stiffly and followed Huxby into the storeroom. Mr. Ramill took a last sip of the boiled tea.

"Deadens—what's that?" "Though man has the sense of smell, compared with dogs he lacks the ability to scent. Yet even a trace of it may be of use in the lusk."

The investor's portly body quivered to his chuckle. "I've heard of nosing out prospects! First time, though, it's been done to my knowledge."

"I believe in encouraging prospectors. They find new districts. With that in view, I buy numbers of undeveloped prospects, taking the risk of heavy losses. Though I drop thousands on some mines, I have made a fortune from others."

"One year's lease, and sixty per cent of the gross returns to me." Mr. Ramill blinked. "Sixty per cent of gross! You're crazy!"

"Like a fox. Same kind of nose." It was Garth's turn to smile. "Not so keen, though, for galena. Better for scenting out alloys of gold, iridium and—platinum."

"Daft!" he muttered. "That must be it. These prospectors, alone in the wilds for months at a time!"

"Yes—too bad, sir. Now I'll have to go outside. I may even have to wait until the ice goes out next year before I can dip a gull into taking that lease."

Mr. Ramill left the kitchen without seeming to heed this point. When Garth followed him into the storeroom, he was quieting some dispute between Huxby and Tobin.

Garth went into the bunkroom. Before long Tobin came to open the door a handbreadth. He chuckled.

"Ch—lad, you got your hook in their gills. Pilot's tinkering with the motor. Changed the oil, but no move to refuel. Ain't rushin' to flop off."

Down on the wharf Mr. Ramill puffed cigar smoke through his headset while he watched Huxby's examination of the motor and propeller.

"Right-o, Tobin," said Garth. "Shaming it is. When that bus came down, you never heard a sweeter motor—every cylinder hitting true. Wish I felt as sure of that southbound Belanca."

"Don't fash yourself, Mr. Garth. She'll make Fort Smith on schedule." "Then here goes for my next play."

He went down the slope to lay his pack and rifle a little way out from the base of the wharf.

"Don't fash yourself, Mr. Garth. She'll make Fort Smith on schedule." "Then here goes for my next play."

NOTICE OF SALE UNDER EXECUTION

NORTH CAROLINA, HAYWOOD COUNTY. IN THE SUPERIOR COURT.

Eva McCracken, vs. M. J. McCracken, R. T. Messer, and M. M. Noland.

By virtue of an execution directed to the undersigned from the Superior Court of Haywood County in the above entitled action, I will, on Monday, the 2nd day of December, 1935, at 11 o'clock, A. M., at the Court House door of said County, sell to the highest bidder for cash to satisfy said execution, all the right, title and interest which the said M. J. McCracken, has in the first ten tracts of land hereinafter described; and all the right, title and interest which the defendant, R. T. Messer has in three tracts as described below belonging to R. T. Messer; and all the right, title and interest that the defendant, M. M. Noland, has in the six tracts as described below belonging to the defendant, M. M. Noland; said tracts of land described as follows: to-wit: M. J. McCracken's interest in the following described tracts:

Ten tracts of land lying and being in Crabtree Township and Iron Duff Township, two tracts being in Crabtree Township and eight tracts being in Iron Duff Township, said property being described in a certain deed of trust as recorded in Book 32, page 59, Record of Deeds of Trust for Haywood County, N. C., to said book and page reference is hereby made for a full and complete description of said land; and reference is also made to the Books and pages as set forth in said deed of trust as recorded in Book 32, page 59 for a more complete description of the land. The ten tracts above described will be sold first and the proceeds from said sale will be applied on said execution first, the sale of the said ten tracts of land will be sold subject to the deed of trust as recorded in Book 32, page 59, record of deeds of trust of Haywood County, N. C.

Three tracts lying and being in Waynesville, Haywood County: First Tract: Beginning at a stake on the Northwest side of Smathers Street, 50 feet North 65-30 East from First Street and runs with the line of Lot No. 1, North 24-30 West 150 feet; thence N. 65-30 E. 50 feet; thence S. 24-30 E. 150 feet; thence S. 30-50 W. 150 feet to the beginning, Being Lot No. 3, in Block 3 of the W. R. Harbeck Fair Ground addition, as per survey and map, Oct., 1920, Recorded in Map Book "B," Index "H."

Second Tract: Beginning at a stake on the East side of Love Lane, corner of Lots Nos. 43 and 44, and runs thence with the line between said Lots S. 59-15 E. 302 feet to a stake; thence S. 23-40 W. 150 feet to a stake; thence N. 58-58 W. 310 feet to Love Lane; thence with the Eastern Margin of Love Lane 150.4 feet to the beginning, being Lots 44.45, 46, Map "B," Index "A."

Third Tract: Beginning at a stake on the East margin of Love Lane on O. T. McCracken's corner, the same being a corner of Lots Nos. 4 and 5 on said map and runs S. 65 E. with the dividing line between Lots 4 and 5, 144 feet to a stake; thence S. 70 W. 96 feet to a stake, Southeast corner of Lot No. 9; thence N. 65 W. 150 feet to the East side of Love Lane; thence with the East margin of Love Lane 100 feet to the beginning. Being Lots 5, 6, 7 and 8 of the Map and Plat referred to in the deed registered in Book 60, page 220.

M. M. Noland's interest at the time said judgment was taken and his interest before he attempted to sell same in the following six described tracts of land, to-wit:

First Tract: Lying and being in the Town of Waynesville, on the West side of Walnut Street; Beginning at a stake on a New Street running from W. T. Lee's to Wm. Rhinehart's and James Atkins residences and runs S. 85-15 E. 142 feet to a stake in the West margin of Walnut Street; thence S. 16-55 E. with the West margin of Walnut Street 85 feet to a stake; thence N. 85-15 W. 136 feet to a stake in said New Street; thence with said New Street 85 feet to the beginning, containing 1.3 of an acre, more or less.

Second Tract: Beginning at a stake in the Northeast margin of Highland Road, said stake being 773.9 feet from the Northeast margin of Highland road N. 59-30 W. 200.36 feet to a stake in the Northern margin of Highland Road; thence continuing with the curve of the Northern margin of Highland Road with the following calls: N. 50-30 W. 27 feet, N. 42-30 W. 27 feet, N. 24-30 W. 60 feet, N. 2-30 W. 40.4 feet; then N. 38-30 E. 45.6 feet to a stake where the Western margin of Highland Road intersects with the Southern margin of Summit Road; thence running with the Southern margin of Broadview Road; thence running with the Southern margin of Broadview Road S. 62 E. 325 feet to a stake in the South margin of Broadview Road; thence S. 29 W. 150 feet; thence N. 62 W. 50 feet; thence S. 29 W. 125.5 feet to the point of beginning. Being Lots Nos. 40 and 72 inclusive in Block "E" in Brookmont as surveyed and platted by J. C. Grannon and Co., August, 1928, Map Book "D," page 6, Register of Deeds of Haywood County. In the last described tract of land only a 1-5 undivided interest will be sold.

Third Tract: In Waynesville Township, adjoining the lands of J. R. Boyd and others: Beginning on a stake in the branch, where it crosses J. R. Boyd's and in J. R. Boyd's line and runs with J. R. Boyd's line S. 230 E. 544 feet to center of Richland Creek; thence down said Creek 6 calls as follows: S. 77 E. 185 feet N. 59-30 E. 208, N. 20 E. 160 feet, N. 47 E. 280 feet, N. 11-30 E. 155 feet, N. 23 E. 221 feet to a stake at the mouth of a branch where it empties into the Creek; thence with the branch S. 65 W. 250 feet; S. 73-30 W. 240 feet; S. 85 W. 298 feet to the beginning. Containing 7 1/2 acres, more or less. Being the same land that M. M. Noland

bought from Thos. Stringfield. Book 88, page 1.

Fourth Tract: Being Lots No. 92 and 93 in Block D in Brookmont, as per map by J. C. Grannon and Co., Aug. 1928, described as follows: Beginning at a stake East side of Summit Road, M. M. Noland's corner and corner of Lot 91 and 92, and runs with M. M. Noland's line and with the line of 91 and 92, S. 32 E. 153.8 feet to a stake; then N. 51-45 W. 147.2 feet with O. L. Yates line to a stake, Summit Road and corner of Lots 94 and 93; then with Summit Road N. 55-85 E. 60 feet to the beginning.

Fifth Tract: Beginning at a stake in the Southern margin of Summit Road said stake being 120 feet from the Southwest intersection of Highland and Summit Roads; thence running with the Southern margin of Summit Road S. 71-50 W. 30 feet to a stake; thence continuing with the margin of Summit Road S. 79-50 W. 30 feet to a stake in the Southern margin of Summit Road; thence S. 32 E. 153.8 feet to a stake; thence S. 51-45 E. 53 feet to a stake; thence N. 22-35 W. 235 feet to the beginning. Same being described as Lots Nos. 90 and 92, in Block D, in Brookmont as surveyed and platted by J. C. Grannon & Co.

Sixth Tract: Being in Fines Creek Township, Adjoining the lands of W. B. Noland and Riley Green and others: Beginning at a stake on the West side of the Public Road, thence up the Public Road to a stake near Harrison Rogers' road; thence with Harrison Rogers' road to Fines Creek; thence down Fines Creek to a small branch, W. B. Noland's corner, known as the branch that separates W. B. Noland's land, from Harrison Rogers' land; thence up said branch to the beginning. Containing 6 acres, more or less.

This the 1st day of November, 1935 J. C. WELCH, Sheriff of Haywood County, N. C. No. 405—Nov. 7-14-21-28.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE SALE

NORTH CAROLINA, HAYWOOD COUNTY.

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain deed of trust executed by T. H. DeBord and Nola DeBord, to Geo. W. Sutton, Trustee, dated 29 March 1930, and recorded in the Haywood County Public Registry in Book 29, at page 10, default having been made in the payment of the notes thereby secured, and the holder thereof having directed that the deed of trust be foreclosed, the undersigned, Mrs. Geo. W. Sutton, Admrx. of Geo. W. Sutton, deceased, Trustee, will offer for sale and sell at the Court House door in the Town of Waynesville, Haywood County, N. C., at twelve o'clock noon on Saturday, 30 November, 1935, at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, a certain lot or parcel of land situated in the Town of Canton, Haywood County, N. C., described as follows:

BEGINNING on a stake, Owensby's corner in old Moore, (now J. H. Gossett line) and runs with said line N. 3 E. 148.4 poles to Robinson's two lot thence with said house lot two calls as follows: S. 87 E. 16 poles to a stake; thence N. 3 E. 10.48 poles to a stake in road; thence with said road S. 87 E. 9.32 poles to a stake; thence S. 3 W. 35.32 poles to a stake; thence E. 67 W. 25.32 poles to the BEGINNING. Containing Three acres, more or less. Also conveying such rights-of-ways water rights as contained in the deed from W. Sam Robinson to T. H. DeBord, dated Oct. 19, 1925, said deed being recorded in Haywood County, N. C., in Book No. 66, at page 528 EXCEPTING AND RESERVING from the operation of this conveyance one acre heretofore sold to J. R. and Lola Duckett.

This 22nd day of October, 1935. MRS. GEO. W. SUTTON, Admrx. of Geo. W. Sutton, deceased, Trustee. No. 402—Nov. 7-14-21-28.

NOTICE

To whom it may concern: Take notice that the undersigned, Grady Kinsland, who was convicted of an assault at July Term, 1935, of the Superior Court of Haywood County, and sentenced to serve a period of twelve months in prison has made application to the Governor and Commissioner of Paroles for a parole or pardon. Anyone opposing said parole or pardon should communicate that fact to the Governor or Commissioner.

This the 12th day of November, 1935. GRADY KINSLAND. No. 411—Nov. 14-21.

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE

On Monday, December 2nd, 1935, at eleven o'clock, A. M. at the court house door in the town of Waynesville, Haywood County, North Carolina, I will offer for sale at public outcry to the highest bidder for cash, a certain lot lying and being on Main Street in the town of Waynesville, Haywood County, North Carolina, bounded as follows:

BEGINNING at a stake on the West side of Main Street, J. R. Hyatt and T. N. Massie corner, and runs N. 18 W. 16 poles to a stake in Montgomery Avenue; thence in a Southerly direction with the edge of Montgomery Avenue, 33 feet to the Buel B. Hyatt corner; thence with Buel B. Hyatt line to a stake on the West side of Main Street; thence in a North-easterly direction 33 feet to the BEGINNING.

Sale made by request of the holder of the debt pursuant to the power of sale in a deed of trust executed by J. R. Hyatt to T. N. Massie, dated December 3rd, 1931, and recorded in Book 30, page 283, Record of Deeds of Trust of Haywood County. This November 1st, 1935. T. G. MASSIE, Administrator of T. N. Massie, deceased, Trustee. No. 409—Nov. 14-21-28-Dec. 5.

Read The Ads