SLUMBERING GOLD

by Aubrey Boyd

AUTOCASTER SERV.

THIRD INSTALMENT

SYNOPSIS

On the old side-wheeler "George E. Starr," on it's way to the Yukon gold fields in the first rush of '97, Speed Malone, experienced gold-camp follower and gambler, and young Ed Maitland, on his first trip, trying to recoup his lost family fortune, struck up a strange friendship. Maitland left Speed playing Solo with two other men and wandered forward, to be sharply recalled by the report of a pistol and the news that his partner had been shot and had gone overboard. Ed jumped in after him, without second thought. The cold waters got him and in the end in the end it was Speed who did the rescuing, holding Ed's head above water until they were taken aboard a little boat by a French fisherman from Seattle. The big ship went on without them.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Frenchy raised his eyes, folded his arms, unfolded them and burst into a geyser of language which, if the activity of his arms signified anything, was far from pious.

When the torrent subsided, Speed grinned. He drew from his pocket five double-eagles, and dropped them on the table. "There's a hundred dollars belongin' to me and my pardner. Now what does I up and do but gamble this yer hundred"—he staked the five gold pieces in a neat column—"that you're takin' us north to the camp of Skagway, Alaska."

But the fisherman began another outburst in his native tongue.

With no sign of impatience, the gambler pulled a short-barreled, triggerless .45 Colt, broke it open, clicked it back and set it on the table.

"I don't savvy your lingo, Frenchy," he said equably, "but this baby comprehends ever' knowed dialec' and speaks it fluent. I plays her to copper my bet."

The Frenchman's eyes blazed. Lunging sideways he reached for the knife that was stuck in the cabin wall. But before his fingers touched the haft, the gun roared and the knife clattered to the floor. In a curling haze of smoke the fisherman backed to the companion, while Speed carefully examined the bore of his revolver against the light and blew some smoke from it.

"Bebby you can translate that," he suggested. "Reckon the salt water ain't spoiled her recent none."

Though torn by the struggle and perspiring, Frenchy made a labored refusal. "Too far," he mumbled. "I lose ze feesh."

Speed began to rake in the scattered coins, leaving out three fives. "All right," he said pleasantly. "There's fifteen, if you land us near a man with a boat who aint weak in the head and knees both. We'll take some other fisherman to the Yukon. To the golden river—" And he hummed a song which that phrase recalled to him.

"Gold?" echoed Frenchy.

"Sticky with it." The gambler detached a damp cigarette paper, and became engrossed in the delicate task of rolling a smoke.

"You goin' there?"

"Goin' there!" Speed had a look of having been asked an outlandish question. "Does the cliff live, Frenchy, pannin' an ounce of sense to the ton, who would work out a life term for a stake he could dig up in a week? Not even you, if you knowed the layout. Take this range of yourn——a tough one to ride, I should reckon, with the storms and fog, broken lines, raw fingers and busted bones. And when you cash in, what's the figure? Frenchy's pickled carcass bobbin' up and down the dirty water of some cove, and the Susette a smashed tubful of mud and seaweed on a stack of rocks."

Frenchy nodded sadly.

Speed, who had been watching Frenchy with a speculative eye, gave all the money before him a sudden brusque shove to the center of the table. "It's yourn!" he said.

With an impulsive grab, the fisherman clawed it toward him.

The gambler lit his cigarette and spoke to Maitland through a lazy vapor of smoke.

"Unwind the verdic', Judge. Is it legal?"

Maitland had been considering the proposition as it took shape. The chart in the cabin was sketchy, but he had sailed broken coasts before with less to go by. He liked the feel of the boat. Anything seemed better than turning back. The fisherman was being well paid.

"I can't pay my share," he began.

"Sink me, Bud," protested the Westerner, "if you ain't as unexpected as a parson's mule. The money was won on your stake, and half of it's yourn. Also you're the deep-sea shark. Boats is a branch of knowledge I'm free of, and I don't figure Frenchy for no oceanic scout. So we'll owe you for gettin' us there.

The boy pulled on his clothes and went out to look at the Susette. She proved to be a strong, deep-keeled boat with the remains of a cutter's rigging, and a look of having known better things before Frenchy turned her into a smack.

Having had to overstay several watches, Maitland was glad when he found the open sea at Dixon's Entrance, and was able to shove the tiller into Frenchy's unwilling hands and go below.

† † †

He ate a mulligan Speed had compiled from the "tailin's" of the previous meal, and tumbled into the bunk for a sleep. Awakened hours later by a thud of running seas, he had just caught a drowsy glimpse of his dorymate playing solitaire with Frenchy's cards under the swinging cabin lamp, when a sudden lurch sent chair and player sprawling.

"Pitching cayuses!" the gambler mumbled ruefully. "Am I going to ride this critter before we hit Shagway?"

Mention of Shagway reminded Maitland of a question he had wondered about. "Why do you choose that camp instead of Dyea?" he asked.

The other rearranged his cards with some care. "They's no call for a covered play between you and me, Bud. It don't suit my hand to meet the George E. Starr or her passengers till they have time to forget where they seen me last. There's no wires to beat in the North, and gettin' up for drowned is a good alibi."

That Speed had had a serious tangle with the Law before boarding the ship Maitland already suspected. He now saw that the security of the strange alibi lay in his own hands. Little as the fact appealed to him, he appreciated the other's confidence that he would not betray it. "I was wondering," he said, "whether the White Pass from Skagway is a better trail."

"It's a horse trail. Where there's horses the pay is better. My special reason for choosin' it—" the Westerner's face hardened a little—— "is that a man I'm lookin' for is liable to choose that route. . . . What's your plan in makin' for Dyea?"

"I thought I might get a longshore job of some kind till I earned an outfit."

"You can do better. If you tied in with a horse outfit on the White Pass, they might pay for help and throw in the grub."

"But tools," Maitland objected.

The gambler's mouth twisted humorously, as he studied a card. "If you mean picks and shovels, Bud, the hist'ry of perspecting learns us they's a mighty little satisfaction in a shovel and none at all in a pick. You can pick them up anywhere off the landscape."

† † †

From the chart in the cabin Maitland discovered that they were north of the fifty-fifth latitude and actually in Alaska, though the map did not mark the lower boundary of that long strip of Coastal islands called the "Penhandle."

Through one of these channels Maitland turned a course west of Zarembo Island into a long sea gorge, which proved to be easily navigable, but slow for sailing. When fish had followed fish as an unvaried menu for days, the idea of fish became by degrees more sinister than hunger, even to Frenchy.

The cliff shadows had melted into the glamour and mist of a wider channel when they heard the faint whine of a steamer's siren, passing southward by another course. It sounded queerly, in that solitude, a far echo of the world with which they had lost contact.

Speed wound in his line. "How'd you come to choose this route, Bud?" he asked.

"It isn't a course the steamers would take," Maitland answered after a pause. "I thought, if the George E. Starr were to pass us in the narrows, going back, someone might get the idea you weren't drowned."

The reflection of a wave to which they were rising illumined the others face but left his eyes obscured. "That's a long way to go for a stranger," he said.

Maitland shook his head. The word "stranger" hardly applies to a man with whom one has been drowned and brought alive again. "I was thinking as we came up the gulf," he said, rather hesitantly, "of how we started this trip together. It's a fresh start for both of us, in a way. Why couldn't we see it through as partners?"

The gambler twisted the line in his hands. "It says a whole lot to me, Bud I've always wanted to square you for that lost outfit, and I could steer you some in the gold camps. But as for pardners—you don't know who I am."

"Forget about the outfit. And the other trouble too. It's a new deal, isn't it?"

"Meaning?"

"If you'll agree to respect the Law while we're partners, your word's good with me."

The flaw in his proposition appeared to Maitland during the silence that followed. While Speed might have left his record behind him, he had come north with a purpose he wasn't likely to forget. The Westerner's reply, however, took an unexpected form.

"Suppose I coppered against a forced law by sayin' I'd pull out and leave you clear if I had to tangle with the law. Would that go?"

He looked up with a misty question in his eyes, and two brown hands locked on the bargain.

† † †

From the outer waters of the Lynn Canal, a great marine corridor contracted toward their destination. Vast walls of rock loomed on either side to heights of a thousand feet or more, sheer out of the sea, casting a half-mile shadow into the guly. On ledges of these canyon faces, spruce and jackpines perched like window shrubs. Above them, in the upper air, snow-crowned peaks glistened with a molten splendor, and in the deep, brooding shadows at their base, gigantic boulders lay sprawling in the seaweed that wavered and streamed with the ground swell.

When the Susette traversed the shadow of these ramparts, late one afternoon in August, sunlight was falling in shafts into the fjord, pearling the mists that hung like webs between the canyon heards, and dazzling the smoky fall of mountain streams which cascaded into the gloom and rose again as rainbowed spray.

At a bend in the narrowing sea gorge a sudden echo among the shore rocks set the traveler's ears tingling and shortly afterwards they emerged on a dazzling vista of bright water in which a cargo steamer lay at anchor, some two hundred yards from shore.

The landing beach shone gold in the sunlight, shelving steeply down from graveled flats, where a river canyon opened its broad delta on the gulf. Gray tents, scattered along the flats, and the snowy crest of a bald peak, which glittered high above the canyon, marked it as the outlet of the Shagway river and the base camp of the White Pass.

"Landing horses," Speed said. The heads of the swimming animals bobbed at several points between the ship and the suff.

As they drew nearer, a gaudy pinto flashed into the air and took water in a smother of diamonds.

The broncho swam off—not toward shore, however, but in blind panic down the gulf.

"Might buy us a feed if we round up this cayuse," suggested Speed. "See if you can turn him, Bud."

Cutting across the runaway's course, Maitland skilfully matched the frightened zigzags with it tried to evade the approaching sail, till they could see its opal-blue eye, flaming with terror As the boat came close, a rope sang from the Westerner's hand, neatly ringing the pinto's head. To avoid dragging its nose under water, Speed played out his line. The Susette luffed but was a little heavy for such delicate handling, and a few inches late in bringing to. Rather than release the line, Speed jumped in after it.

(Continued Next Week)

WATCH AND JEWELRY
REPAIRING - ENGRAVING
Diamonds - Watches - Jewelry
J. J. CAVENAUGH
Wallace, N. C.

New Kidneys
If you could trade your neglected, tired and Kidneys for new ones, you would auto-matically get rid of Night Rising, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Rheumatism, Burning, Itching and Scanty Flow. To correct functional Kidney disorders, get unsolicited Doctor's special prescription CYSTEX (Sis-tex). Must fix you up 2 days or money back. At all druggists.

FOR HIGH GRADE
Fertilizers
Nitrate Soda - Lime
Landplaster - Also
Hog Vaccinations
——see——
S. NICHOLSON
Richlands, N. C.
CASH OR TERMS

Our New Author

J. Aubrey Boyd (above), is a newspaper man and a college professor in serious moments. He was born in Seattle, Wash., and is a graduate of the University of California and University of Glasgow, Scotland. When away he cannot get back to "his west" fast enough. So what was more natural than he should write a prize winning novel of the West and the Northwest, "Slumbering Gold", the new serial which this newspaper now presents to its readers.

MAGNOLIA NEWS

By MISS MACY COX

Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Meachum and son, C. T., Jr., of Fort Bragg spent the week-end with her mother, Mrs. Mary Haste.

Horace Groves of Leaksville is visiting his mother, Mrs. Rossie Groves.

Week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Clifton Matthis were their daughter, Mrs. Dallas Bordeaux and their son and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Kermit Matthis, all of Wilmington.

Miss Ella Hall has returned from several weeks visit to her sister, Mrs. Mary Boone and friends in Concord Community.

Mrs. Herbert Horne of Goldsboro is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Southall. Mrs. Southall has been on the sick list several days.

Jack Rouse, Hubert Tucker, and Ned Poller of CCC camp, Polkton and Bob Everett of Southport spent the week-end with their parents.

Week-end guests of Mrs. Clara Gavin were her son Alsa of Pineland College, Miss Pauline Scott and brother, Raymond of Rose Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Went Tucker of Durham spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Tucker.

Mr. Curtis Harrell of Fort Bragg joined his wife here on Saturday and they left Saturday night for Harrells Store where they will make their home.

Miss Mary Susan Wilkins visited Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Wilkins last week.

Mrs. Tom Wilson of Turkey spent Saturday night with Miss Louie Barden.

Mrs. C. P. Gaylor and family spent Sunday in Raleigh with her daughted, Mrs. J. O. Andrews.

Petitionery letters were voted on and forwarded from every church in town Sunday to the Judiciary committee in the General Assembly appealing to cast solid vote against the Hill Liquor Bill. Duplin County wants to have at least one hundred of our "Drys" to attend the meeting Wednesday and fight the bill.

The children at School had almost as much fun and excitement Thursday over Valentines Day as they do at Christmas, and their teachers helped to make it a great day for them.

Sunday night at the Free Will Baptist church Rev. K. D. Brown specially invites the people to be present to hear the messages on Temperance by Miss Margaret Gaylor, Lawson Matthis and Stacy Evans, and his sermon on "God's Prohibition Laws". Certainly this is an opportune time for such service and should be largely attended.

Rev. F. L. Goodman and J. O. Bowman, Jr., of Kenansville were in town Saturday afternoon.

Junior-Senior Banquet

Friday night will be long remembered by the Juniors and Seniors of the Magnolia High School. The Juniors gave a lovely Banquet in honor of the Seniors and faculty. The dining Hall wa sdecorated to celebrate St. Valentine's Day. A delicious dinner was served at 7:30. A chicken salad course with potato chips, pickles, sandwiches, crackers and Russian Tea were served, after which ice cream and cake were served.

The following program was given: Toastmaster, Paul Tucker; Welcome to Seniors, Addie Mae Pope; Response, Lawson Matthis; Welcome to faculty, Bob King; Response, Prof. Grubbs; To Hearts, Stacy Evans; To Cupid, Martha Dail; To Arrows, Fulton Bradshaw; To Candlelight, Adell Peterson; To waitresses, Elizabeth Brooks; Surprise, Margaret Gaylor; To the movies, Elizabeth Henry; Till we meet again, Audry Merritt.

After the program, all the guests attended the Duplin Theatre at Warsaw to see "Cillege Rhythm."

THROUGH CAPITAL KEYHONES

(Continued from Page 2)

They think he would look well in a Senatorial toga.

* * *

LOBBYISTS ——

Raleigh was a bit shy on lobbyists before the introduction of the McDonald-Lumpkin plan as a substitute for the sales tax. But the number of gentle persuaders picked up immediately thereafter. And the boys are settling down with their own opinion that tax matters will not be settled until the gavels fall on sine die adjournment of the 1935 Legislature.

* * *

SPITE ——

The charge has been made that proposed amendments to the 1933 law regulating the operation of beauty shops is no more than spite at the examiners appointed by Governor Ehringhaus. But the Governor isn't worried. If the present three examiners are abolished it will not be his fault and he will have the opportunity to appoint three new ones. What public official objects to the privilege of handing out jobs?

NOTICE OF SALE

By virtue of power of sale contained in a Deed of Trust from R. H. McClung to L. R. Lanier dated October 15, 1930 recorded in book 337, page 12, Registry of Duplin County, default having been made in the payment of the debt secured thereby, the undersigned will sell to the highest bidder for cash at the courthouse door in Kenansville, North Carolina on MONDAY, MARCH 11, 1935 at one o'clock, P. M., four tracts of land situated in Rockfish Township, Duplin County, North Carolina, described as follows:

1st tract: Adjoining the late Myer's Deed, bounded as follows: beginning at a stake on the Mill Road 36 poles N. 40 E. from the bridge at the Alex Branch, runs thence N. 50 W. 14 poles to a stake in the Myer's line, thence that line 40 E. 66 two-thirds poles to a stake thence S. 50 E. 15 poles to a stake, in the said road, thence S. 40 West 66 two-thirds poles to the beginning, containing six acres more or less.

2nd tract: Beginning at a stake R. H. McClung corner on the Mill Road and runs thence S. 50 E. 27 poles to a stake at Rooty Branch ditch, thence down said ditch, 39 two-thirds poles to C. W. Williams corner, thence his line N. 50 W. 28 poles to a stake corner Alex Garden on Mill Road, thence with said road N. 30 E. 29 two-thirds poles to the beginning, containing five acres more or less.

3rd tract: Beginning at a stake in Thankful Turner's line (now E. L. Futrells) in the Wallace to Taylors Bridge, public road crosses highway 41 old J. H. Moore's corner running thence Turners line about N. 1 West 55 poles to a stake T. Q. Halls corner, thence Halls line S. 61 E. 56 poles to a stake John J. Wells corner, thence Wells line S. 7 E. 30 poles to a stake in the said public road, thence along said public road with said J. H. Moores line about N. 85 1-2 W. 20 poles and N. 89 1-2 West 31 poles to the beginning, containing 12 acres.

4th tract: Beginning at a stake in the West edge of the county highway leading from Wallace to Rose Hill, J. J. Wells corner of a six acre tract deeded to him by T. Q. Hall and running thence as Jake J. Wells line S. 57 degrees 50 minutes W. 245 feet to an iron stake in a ditch, R. N. McClung corner; thence as his line N. 60 degrees 30' W. 924 feet to a stake in E. L. Futrells line thence as his line N. 0"-30 minutes W. 245 feet to a stake, Futrells corner; thence N. 38-30 E. 776 feet to the county highway from Wallace to Rose Hill; thence as road or highway S. 19 E. 325 feet to the corner of the colored church lot; thence as church lot S. 71 W. 211 feet; thence as church lot S. 19 E. 211 feet; thence as church lot N. 71 E. 211 feet to the said highway; thence as said highway S. 27 degrees 30 minutes E. 758 feet to the beginning, containing 13 1-4 acres more or less.

This February 8, 1935.

L. R. Lanier,
Trustee.

Geo. R. Ward, Attorney.
Feb. 14-21-28 Mar 7 —707

NOTICE OF SALE OF LAND

Under and by virtue of the authority conferred by Deed of Trust executed by Alice M. Williams (widow), dated the 15th day of November, 1928, and recorded in Book 276, Page 27, in the office of the Register of Deeds for Duplin County, Jefferson E. Owens, Substituted Trustee, will, at twelve o'clock noon on THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21st, 1935 at the Courthouse door of Duplin County in Kenansville, North Carolina, sell at public auction for cash to the highest bidder, the following land, to-wit:

Situated in Duplin County, Wallace, N. C., and,

Beginning at a stake at the intersection of the Northern edge of Main Street with the Eastern edge of College Street 545 feet East from the center of the A. C. L. Right-of-way and running thence northward the the East edge of College Street North 14 degrees 30 minutes West 210 feet to a stake; thence Easterly direction North 75 degrees 30 minutes East 105 feet parallel with Main Street to a stake; thence South 14 degrees 30 minutes East 210 feet to R. T. Sheffield's corner at Northern edge of Main Street; thence northern edge of Main Street South 75 degrees 30 minutes West 105 feet to the beginning, containing one-half acre more or less.

This sale is made on account of default in payment of the indebtedness secured by said Deed of Trust.

A five percent (5%) cash deposit will be required of the highest bidder at the sale.

This the 16th day of January, 1935.

JEFFERSON E. OWENS,
Substituted Trustee.

Loan No. 2256
Jan. 24-31 Feb. 7-14 —704

A CHILD'S LAXATIVE SHOULD BE LIQUID

(Ask any doctor)

For your own comfort, and for your children's *safety* and future welfare, you should read this:

The bowels cannot be helped to regularity by *any* laxative that can't be regulated as to dose. That is why doctors use *liquid* laxatives.

A liquid laxative can always be taken in the right amount. You can gradually reduce the dose. *Reduced dosage is the secret of real and safe relief from constipation.*

The right liquid laxative dose gives the right amount of help. When repeated, instead of more each time, you take *less*. Until bowels are moving regularly and thoroughly without any help at all.

The liquid laxative generally used is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It contains senna and cascara, *natural* laxatives that form no habit — even in children. Its action is gentle, but sure. It will clear up a condition of biliousness or sluggishness without upset. Every druggist has it.

Dr. Caldwell's SYRUP PEPSIN

Seed to Salad in 2 to 3 weeks
WOOD'S Tendergreen MUSTARD SPINACH
Plant during mild weather in February
WRITE for a Free copy of Wood's Catalog offering New Varieties, Old Favorites, Planting Table, etc. T. W. Wood & Sons, Richmond, Va.
WOOD'S SEEDS SOLD BY
WALLACE, N. C.
Finley Carr
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Scientists Find Fast Way to Relieve a Cold
Ache and Discomfort Eased Almost Instantly Now

1. Take 2 BAYER Aspirin Tablets. Make sure you get the BAYER Tablets you ask for.

2. Drink a full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 3 hours.

3. If throat is sore, crush and stir 3 BAYER Aspirin Tablets in a third of a glass of water. Gargle twice. This eases throat soreness almost instantly.

NOTE "DIRECTIONS PICTURES"

The simple method pictured here is the way many doctors now treat colds and the aches and pains colds bring with them!

It is recognized as a safe, sure, QUICK way. For it will relieve an ordinary cold almost as fast as you caught it.

Ask your doctor about this. And when you buy, be sure that you get the real BAYER Aspirin Tablets. They dissolve (disintegrate) almost instantly. And thus work almost instantly when you take them. And for a gargle, Genuine Bayer Aspirin Tablets disintegrate with speed and completeness, leaving no irritating particles or grittiness.

BAYER Aspirin prices have been decisively reduced on all sizes, so there's no point now in accepting other than the real Bayer article you want.

NOW 15¢

PRICES on Genuine Bayer Aspirin Radically Reduced on All Sizes