

# GOLD

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Copyright, 1913, by Doubleday, Page & Co.

## CHAPTER XVIII. The Robbery.

WE cooked ourselves a meal and built ourselves a fire. About midnight we heard the sounds of horses rapidly approaching. Immediately we leaped from our bunks and seized our rifles, peering anxiously into the darkness. A moment later, however, we were reassured by a shrill whistle peculiar to Buck Barry, and a moment later he and Don Gaspar rode into camp.

We assailed them with a storm of questions—why had they returned? What had happened? Where was Yank? Had there been an accident? Don Gaspar, who appeared very weary and depressed, shook his head sadly. Barry looked at us savagely from beneath his brows.

"The gold is gone, and that's an end of it," he growled. At these words a careful, dead silence fell on us all. The situation had suddenly become too serious for hasty treatment. We felt instinctively that a wrong word might do irreparable damage. But in our hearts suspicion and anger and dull hatred leaped to life full grown. We tightened our belts, as it were, and clamped our elbows to our sides and became wary, watching with unfriendly eyes. Johnny alone opened his lips.

"Lost? I don't believe it!" he cried. Barry cast an ugly look at him, but said nothing. We all saw that look. "Where's Yank?" I asked.

"Dead by now, I suppose," dung back Barry. "Good God!" I cried, and under my breath, "Then you've murdered him!"

I don't know whether Barry heard me or not, and at the time I did not much care. His sullen eye was resting on one after the other of us as we stood there in the firelight. Every face was angry and suspicious. Barry dung himself from his horse, tore the pad from its back, snatched it on the flank and turned away, reckless of where it went. He cut himself a steak and set to cooking his food, an uncompromising shoulder turned in our direction. Nor did he open his mouth to utter another word until the general discussion later in the evening. Don Gaspar, who owned the only riding saddle, unharassed his horse, led it to water, knee lathered it and turned it loose to graze. While he was gone no one spoke, but we glanced at each other darkly. He turned, sat down by the fire, rolled himself a cigarette and volunteered his story.

"My steen," said he, with a directness and succinctness utterly foreign to his everyday speech, "you want to know what happen? Ver' well, it was like this. We told us that after we had left them they hurried on as fast as possible in order to reach the settled country. Owing to the excellence of his animal he was generally some distance in advance. At one point, stopping on a slight elevation to allow them to catch up, he looked back in time to see two men on horseback emerge from the chaparral just behind his companion. Don Gaspar shouted and leaped from his saddle, but before the warning had reached the others a rifle from the hand of one of the men had fallen with deadly accuracy around Yank's arms and body, jerking him violently from the saddle. The thrower whirled like horse to drag his victim, Don Gaspar fired and by great good luck shot the animal through the brain. It fell in a heap, pinning its rider beneath it. In the meantime Barry had leaped to the ground and from behind the shelter of his horse had shot the first robber through the body. Our two companions now drew together and took refuge behind some large rocks, preparing to receive the charge of a band of half dozen who now appeared. The situation looked desperate. Don Gaspar fired and missed. He was never anything of a marksman, and his first shot must have been a great piece of luck. Barry held his fire. The robbers each discharged his rifle, but harmlessly. Then just as they seemed about to charge in they whirled their horses and made off into the brush.

"We could not tell the why," observed Don Gaspar. The two men did not speculate, but ran out to where Yank lay, apparently dead, his arms still bound close to his body by the noise of the rifle. Barry cut the rope with his bowie knife, and they rolled him over. They found he still breathed, but that, beside the shock of his violent fall, he had been badly trampled by the horses. After a moment he came to consciousness, but when they attempted to lift him upright they found that his leg was broken.

At this moment they heard the sound of voices and, looking up, saw coming from the other direction a band of a dozen men, half of whom were on horseback and all of whom were armed. This looked serious. "We got behind the rock," said Don

Gaspar, "but we think to ourselves our goose is cooked." The newcomers, however, proved to be miners who had heard the shots and who now came hurrying up. Evidently the robbers had caught sight or sound of their approach. They were much interested in the state of affairs, examined the horse Don Gaspar had killed, searched for and found the body of the robber Barry had shot. It proved to be a Mexican well known to them all and suspected to be a member of Andreas Aljo's celebrated band. They inquired for the dead horse's rider.

"And then, for the first time," said Don Gaspar, "we think of him. He went down with his horse. But now he was gone and also the horse of Senator Yank. But I think he crawl off in the chaparral and that the horse of Senator Yank run away with the other horse of the dead man."

We saw the futility of our first instinctive flare of suspicion. It was obvious that if Don Gaspar and Buck Barry had intended treachery they would never have returned to us. I think that, curiously enough, we were unreasonably a little sorry for this. It would have been satisfactory to have



Yank Lay, Apparently Dead, His Arms Still Bound.

had something definite to antagonize. As it was, we sat humped around our fire until morning.

With daylight we began to get a grip on ourselves a little. I felt strongly that I should see to Yank and so announced. Johnny at once offered to accompany me. While we were talking over the future prospects McNally came over to us, saying:

"The boys are pretty well agreed that we ought to divide up what gold is left and let each man take care of his own share. Are you agreeable?"

We instantly assented. The scales were brought out, and the division began. It consumed most of the morning and was productive of much squabbling, in which, however, we took no part. Our share, including Yank's, with which we were intrusted, came to about thirty-one pounds, a value of about \$7,000.

By noon we had packed our goods, and by night we had broken the back of our return journey.

We found a full grown town where we had left a few tents and miners' cabins. Its main street ran either side the deep dust of the immigrant trail and consisted of the usual shanties, canvas shacks and log structures, with rather more than the customary allowance of tin cans, old clothes, worn-out boots and empty barrels kicking around. The diggings were in the gulch below the road, but the streets of the town, and especially the shady sides of the buildings, were numerous furnished with lounging men.

Don Gaspar led the way for a short distance along the wagon road. On the outskirts of the settlement he turned aside to a small log cabin supplemented by a brush lean-to. A long string of bright red peppers hung down the face of it. "To our knock came a very fat, rather dirty but exceedingly pleasant faced woman with glossy black hair, parted smoothly, and soft black eyes. She opened the door only the fraction of an inch at first, but instantly recognized Don Gaspar and threw it wide.

To our great relief, we found Yank very much alive. He greeted us rather feebly, but with satisfaction. We found that he had been kindly cared for and that the surface wounds and bruises from the horses' hoofs had been treated with some skill.

"But I reckon I'm hurt some inside," he whispered with difficulty, "for I can't breathe easy, and I can't eat nothin' but soup."

The broken leg too had been bound up after a fashion, but it was badly swollen above and below the bandages. "He ought to have a doctor," said I positively. "There's no doubt of that. There must be some among the miners. There generally is. I'm going to see if I can find one."

I returned to town and hunted up the beefy, red faced hotel keeper, who had impressed me as being an honest man.

"Yes, there's a doctor," said he, "a mighty good one. He went by here a little while ago. Name's Dr. Rankin. I'll rustle him out for you. Oh, you Pete!" he shouted into the interior of the building.

A moment's shuffling about preceded the appearance of a negro boy of twelve or fourteen.

"Yes, sah," "Go find Dr. Rankin and bring him here right away. Tell him a gentleman wants him."

Shortly the negro boy reappeared, closely followed by a man with a blue coat and white beaver hat, whom I had taken for an eccentric gambler. This man walked slowly up to face me.

"Well, sir?" he demanded. "I am told I can be of service. In what way?"

His piercing black eye held mine with a certain high arrogance. "Professionally, doctor," I replied. "A friend of mine is lying badly hurt in a nearby hut."

For a barely appreciable instant his eye held mine after I had ceased speaking, as though he was appraising me. Then he bowed with old-fashioned courtesy.

"At your service, sir," said he. "Pete, you black rascal, get my bag, and get it quick."

The little negro, who had stood by obviously worshipping, broke into a grin and darted into the hotel, almost instantly reappearing with a regulation professional satchel.

"At your service, sir," repeated Dr. Rankin. Arrived at the hut of the Moranos, for that it seemed was the name of our host and hostess, Dr. Rankin laid aside his furry beaver hat, walked directly to the side of the bunk on which Yank lay and began his examination without vouchsafing anything or anybody else the slightest glance. At the end of ten minutes he threw the blanket over our friend's form and stood erect, carefully dusting the ends of his fingers against one another.

"Broken leg, badly set," said he; "two broken ribs, severe surface bruises and possibility of internal bruises in the region of the spleen. Neglected too long. Why wasn't I sent for before?"

We assisted at the rather dreadful process of resetting a broken leg three days old. At the end of the operation we were all pretty limp.

"How long?" gasped Yank, opening his eyes.

"Three months; not a day less if you want that leg to be as good as ever," stated Dr. Rankin uncompromisingly. Yank closed his eyes and groaned.

The doctor resumed his coat and picked up his beaver hat. "What treatment?" I ventured to ask.

"I will inform the woman," replied the doctor. "These Californians are the best nurses in the world, once things are on a proper footing."

"Your fee, sir?" asked Johnny very formally, for the doctor's brusque manner had rubbed.

"One ounce," stated Dr. Rankin. "I shall direct the woman, and I shall return one week from today unless conditions change. In that case summon me."

He pouched the gold dust that Johnny shook into the palm of his hand at a guess, bowed formally to each of us in turn, picked up his bag and departed rigidly erect, the fine red dust crawling and eddying at his feet.

Then we held a council of war, all of us. Don Gaspar announced his intention of returning to his rancho in the south.

"I have found the gold, and I have made fren's, and I have now enough," said he.

Bagsby, too, said he thought he would just ride down as far as Sutter's Fort, there to lay in a supply of powder and ball for a trip in the mountains.

"I kind of want to get up another bar fight," said he. "If I thought there was a ghost of a show to get them robbers for you boys I'd stay and help you scout for them, but there ain't a show in the world. They've had a good three days' start."

After shaking hands with us again and again and obtaining promises that we should all surely meet in San Francisco or Monterey they mounted and took their departure in order to get well clear of the settlement before nightfall.

When they had gone Yank opened his eyes from the apparent sleep into which he had fallen.

"You fellows don't hang around here with me. I can tell you that," he started. "I'm fixed all right. I want you to make arrangements with these people yere to keep me. Tuck my gold under my pillow, stack old Betsey up yere in the corner by me and go about your business. You come out yere to dig gold, not to take keer of cripples."

"All right, Yank, we'll fix it some how," I agreed. "Now, if you're all right, Johnny and I will just go and straighten out our camp things a little."

(Continued next Tuesday.)

### BIRTHS

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Kaufman of the lower Fredericktown road Thursday morning.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Flecknoe of Gambier Friday morning.

A son was born Thursday to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Buxton of North Sandusky street.

### ARTERY

SEVERED BY BECK WHILE CUTTING WOOD WITH KNIFE—ACCIDENT AT SHOE STORE.

While cutting a piece of wood with a knife to use as a shelf, George P. Beck of East Burgess street severed an artery in his right leg Friday morning.

Beck was making a stroke with the knife when it slipped and wounded him. Beck is employed as a clerk at the Guarantee Shoe store where the accident occurred. He was removed to his home immediately where a physician was called to dress the wound.

## SOLOMON IS A DEFENDANT IN \$13,000 ACTION

### Failed To Pay Indebtedness Of Wallowing Bank

Amos J. Solomon, former Mt. Vernon man who promoted the defunct Farmers and Merchants' bank here and who also, in connection with others, operated the Wallowing Bank Co., which likewise went under, is one of the defendants in a suit in Coshocton county common pleas which will be up for hearing on October 9.

The action was brought two years ago by Joseph L. McDowell and Warner Hay, receivers of the Wallowing Bank Co. In addition to Solomon, two others, H. A. Taylor and J. N. Bradstreet, are named as defendants.

According to the petition of plaintiffs, the defendants agreed to pay off the indebtedness of the company within six months from June 11, 1910. The suit was brought to recover the sum of \$13,577.44.

The depositors were to be paid in cash and other creditors on such terms as could be agreed upon. The case has been dragging along with numerous attempts at settlement.

Wants Expenses Approved—Harry T. Hall, superintendent of banks, has directed a petition to the common pleas court of Knox county, asking that certain items of expense incurred in the liquidation of the defunct Gambler bank be approved.

The aggregate of all the items is \$1,096.90. Hall asks that the court approve the account.

Appointed Guardian—Samuel Clark has been appointed guardian of Amos B. Clark, minor, giving bond in the sum of \$1,400 with Clarence R. Clark and Catherine Atherton as sureties.

Administrator Appointed—Sinclair P. Smith has been appointed administrator d. b. n. w. a. of Charles G. Smith. Oliver H. Smith and David F. Ewing have signed his bond of \$100.

Deed Filed—P. A. Hall to George E. Jackson, 50 acres in Milford, \$1.

## ASHBROOK

### Receives Pension Application Mt. Vernon Woman

Ellen Tathwell Born in Ireland, is 94 Years Old—Congressman Finally Leaves Washington For Short Rest

Washington, Sept. 29—After remaining here since adjournment of congress to look after the filing of applications under the new widows' pension law, of which he is the author, Representative Ashbrook left last evening for his home at Johnstown, where he will rest for a week or two and then enter the campaign.

He left a well-organized office force of five persons here to look after other applications that may come in.

Yesterday he received an application from Ellen Tathwell of Mt. Vernon who was born in Ireland 94 years ago. She was married to her soldier husband, James Tathwell, at Philadelphia in 1857.

Another application received yesterday was from Elizabeth F. Showers of Philo, Muskingum county, the widow of Lieutenant Thomas Showers of Company E, 62nd Ohio Volunteers. This widow is 92 years old.

Mrs. H. A. Matheson returned to her home in this city Friday after spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Dolby of Columbus.

Mrs. O. O. Young returned to her home in Carey Friday after visiting Mr. and Mrs. Scott Smith of Fredericktown.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

## COX GAINS IN FREDERICKTOWN

### Straw Vote Indicates Anti-Willis Sentiment

## WILSON IS FAVORED

Democratic Presidential Candidate Holding Own And Annexing Three Republican Votes—Some Very Significant Figures

Tremendous gains for James M. Cox are shown in a poll taken recently in Fredericktown, Knox county, by the Columbus Dispatch, gains to which unusual significance maybe attached on account of the exchange of votes which is greatly in favor of the Democratic candidate for governor.

The poll, as taken by the Dispatch, endeavors to sound out the real sentiment of people in regard to the state and national tickets. In Fredericktown, 16 people who voted for Cox two years ago will cast their ballot for him in November. Nine who voted for Willis will line up with the Democratic candidate, who also gains three votes given to Garfield, the Progressive nominee in 1914. Eight people, not previously voting, will express their preference for Cox.

For Willis, 22 who voted for him in 1914 will again give him the benefit of their ballot. And then, there comes a very significant thing. Not a man who voted for Cox two years ago will cast his ballot for Willis, while Willis also fails to annex any Progressive votes and receives eight, a stand-off, of those not previously voting.

In other words, Cox gains twelve votes in the exchange. This is a mighty good percentage of gain. Whereas Willis received 31 votes in 1914 and Cox 16, he will this year receive only 22 and Cox 25, a gain for Cox of 18 votes or a percentage of nearly 40.

On the national ticket, Wilson gains three Hughes votes and loses none. Fifteen votes not cast before go to Wilson, while only five of this kind go to Hughes. Wilson annexes two Progressive votes, while eight go to Hughes. The total vote on the national ticket is: Wilson 42, Hughes 27.

Mrs. E. W. Meyers of this city went to Columbus Friday to spend a week with relatives in that city.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayes Wilson of this city went to Newark Friday to attend the Licking county fair.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and for years it was supposed to be incurable. Doctors prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is a constitutional remedy, is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. One Hundred Dollars reward is offered for any case that Hall's Catarrh Cure fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of The Democratic Banner published semi-weekly at Mt. Vernon, Ohio, for October 1914. State of Ohio, County of Knox, ss:

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared C. F. Allerding, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor, Publisher, Editor, City Editor, and Business Manager of the above captioned publication, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, city editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, The Banner Publishing Co., Mt. Vernon, Ohio. Editor, Frank Harper, Mt. Vernon, Ohio. City Editor, Donald H. Harper, Mt. Vernon, Ohio. Business Manager, C. F. Allerding, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock) Frank Harper, Donald H. Harper, B. H. Harper, C. F. Allerding, Lake Banning.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, if given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

C. F. ALLERDING. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of Sept. 1914. Donald H. Harper, Notary Public, Knox County, Ohio. (My commission expires April 15, 1915.)

## Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA  
Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years The Kind You Have Always Bought THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

You'll do better at Stauffer's Kirschbaum Clothes \$15 \$18 \$20 Stauffer's On the Square Both Ways

FARMS THE HIGH COST OF LIVING IS SOLVED AND YOUR MONEY IS SAFE IN A GOOD FARM. WHEN YOU OWN A FARM YOU ARE "IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR." IT'S THE BEST LIFE INSURANCE POLICY for young manhood. 80 acres one-half mile from Mt. Vernon, on main road—Level, good land, eight acres of good oak timber. No buildings but an ideal place for a home. Only \$5,500, good terms. 02 acres in Green Valley, 3 miles to Fredericktown and 5 miles to Mt. Vernon. Lays fine, strong soil, about fifteen acres of timber, strong on clover and bluegrass. Watered by spring and drilled well. House, barn, wagonshed and cribs, fruit orchard, etc. A bargain at \$80 per acre. Possession November 1st. Good terms. 121 acres with good improvements and well tiled. In a nice state of cultivation, gently rolling, 8-rm dwelling, bank barn 36 by 70 with sheds, cribs, hoghouse, henhouse, good fruit orchard and well fenced. Springs and running water. 3 miles to railroad station. Only \$75 per acre on good terms. 162-acre sheep and stock farm, one mile from station, five miles from Mt. Vernon at \$70 per acre. This is a splendid upland farm, lays good, has been well covered. Has one of the best bank barns in the county, seven room dwelling, outbuildings, fruit orchard, etc. Good terms. If you want one of the very best farms in the county from every standpoint, here it is: 96 acres south on the Newark road about one-half mile from the outskirts of the city. Level dark and chocolate soil, very productive. Nice 8-room dwelling with hall, gas, etc. Splendid large barn, slate roof, sheds and outbuildings of all kinds. \$20,000 buys it on good terms. There is no better time to buy your farm than now. W. C. ROCKWELL FARM-LAND COMPANY Mt. Vernon, Ohio

SEWAGE MUST BE DISPOSED OF PROPERLY OR PROSECUTION WILL FOLLOW, BOARD OF HEALTH DECIDES. The regular meeting of the board of health took place Thursday evening, Sept. 28. The main issue before the board was that of the lack of proper sewage disposal from houses that are situated on streets provided with sewers. The matter was investigated and it was found that a number of houses in different sections of the city were in this unsanitary condition. Consequently, a resolution was passed to the effect that all persons who allowed their property to remain in such a condition would be prosecuted. The second issue was that of the typhoid fever epidemic. This epidemic, it was stated, had subsided. However, Sanitary Officer Norrick is taking every precaution and is going to inspect the remainder of the dairy farms so that a pure milk supply at least will be warranted.