

# The Rider of Golden Bar

By WILLIAM PATTERSON WHITE  
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Continued from Our Last Issue

The district attorney looked over at Rafe. "I suppose we got it."

Rafe came flatly to the point. "How about getting rid of Tip O'Gorman?"

"Leave what Sam Larder and Craft says," the district attorney offered uneasily.

"No, not them, either of 'em," Rafe declared firmly. "They're friends of Tip's."

Rafe brought his open palm down on his knee with a crack like a pistol shot. "I got it," cried Rafe. "I got it! We'll get three of 'em at one lick."

"We'll get Simon and that foreman of his drunk. We'll sack the pair of 'em on Tip, O'Gorman. They'll put the kibosh on Tip, and the word will be passed for the sheriff. He will go to make the arrest and they'll plug him. Being drunk they'll be desperate and won't care what they do."

CHAPTER XII

Spring was in the air, but winter still held sway in the heart of Billy Wingo. He had not been able to make up his difference with Hazel Walton, or rather she had not made up her difference with him.

Came a night of heavy rain and wind. Billy Wingo, a lamp on the table at his elbow, was reading a Denver newspaper. A sudden gust drove a spatter of rain across the windows. There was a soft thump followed by a sliding sound against the outside door. Some one uttered in a woman's voice a muffled wail.

Billy went at once to the door and lifted the latch. There was something lying on the doorstep and still something that moved a little. Billy let the door fly open. The something was apparently a woman in distress. Billy bent down, endeavoring to slip his hands under her shoulders. Billy bent a little lower and—Smash!

"He's coming out of it," a voice was saying. "I saw his eyelids flicker."

Billy kept his eyes shut, although he was now completely conscious. He believed he knew the owners of those three voices. Sam Larder, Felix Craft and Tip O'Gorman. He opened his eyes. Yes, he was right. There they were, the three of them. But it was daylight, and a day of sunshine too. And the last thing he remembered was a night of wind and rain.

"Clad to see you're coming round," said Tip O'Gorman. "How you feel—pretty good?"

"Pretty good—considering," replied Billy. "Where am I and how did I get here?"

"You're in my house," said Sam Larder. "You were—uh—brought here."

"Who was the woman?" inquired Craft demurely.

"That was one on me. But I'm still wondering. You fellows went to a lot of trouble to carry me clear out here. I suppose you fellows think you'll be able to get Dan Slike off by kidnapping me."

"About Dan Slike we don't care three whoops in hell," replied Tip.

"I didn't really think you did," said Billy Frankly. "But knowing how you and Tuckleton—"

"No, no, Bill," interrupted Tip hastily. "don't go fussin' about Rafe. Our business is with you. Here we are. Here's you."

"Bill, you left your office in Golden Bar last night, and took your rifle with you and both your guns," resumed Tip. "You went to the stable and saddled your red-and-white pinto and rode out of town."

"Several people saw you, say you so plainly that they could swear to your identity on the witness stand."

"That's good. Go'n Tippy, old settler. You've got to where me and my gallant steed are a-sulk in the underbrush with half the town watching us like lynxes. What did I do next?"

"This afternoon you'll hold up the Hillsville stage."

"Will I wear a mask?"

"Naturally—and our horse will be seen, your red-and-white pinto that everybody knows. It's something like the trick you worked on Driver and Slike."

"Everybody on the stage will be able to swear to your clothes and your horse and your guns. One of your guns has a brass guard. That gun especially will be remembered."

"Look here, fellow citizens, who is going to take my part in this stage hold-up?" asked Billy.

"I will," said Craft modestly. "I rode your pinto out of town last night, and I think I made a good impression. And I have more than a sneaking idea I can get away with the hold-up."

"Don't doubt it," said Billy. "You've got nerve enough. I know that, and we're about of a size. I—uh—I thought there was some-

thing familiar about that vest you're wearing. And are those my other pants you have on?"

"They are, and your coat and hat are hanging on a hook in the kitchen."

"I see I ain't gonna get a chance for my alley a-tall. Who'll arrest me—my own deputies?" asked Billy.

"No, we'll do that. Here's the story: Your horse gave out and Sam caught you trying to rustle a pony out of his corral. Sam threw down on you, and you up and when we, Sam, Craft and I understand searched you, we found on you a couple of pocket-

books and Jerry Fern's watch. Jerry's driving the stage."

"When am I going to be arrested for rustling one of Sam's horses?"

"Soon after Craft gets back from rolling the stage."

Billy rolled over on his stomach, rammed his head into the pillow and completely relaxed his body, but, although his breathing soon became deceptively regular, he was far from being asleep. He was thinking as purposefully as ever he had in his life. He had to escape. To permit his enemies to do this thing was intolerable. There was a way out. Every strait, no matter how close or awkward it may be, has its way out.

He built many plans while he lay there. But there was a flaw in each and every one of them. Felix Craft returned about the middle of the afternoon.

As the door opened and Craft entered, Billy sat up. "Have a nice time?" he drawled.

"Went through like clock-work," replied Craft, slumping into a chair beside the table.

"Lord Almighty, I'm hungry," Craft said carelessly. "Got any more eggs and ham, Sam?"

"If you want anything to eat, you can cook it yourself," said Sam.

When Felix Craft brought the eggs, he drew up at one side of the table and Billy at the other. The p latter of eggs was between them. Tip looked on from his seat near the fireplace. Sam lounged comfortably in his chair.

Billy looked with a disinterested air upon the eggs. "Ain't there any bread, Felix? A little butter on the bread wouldn't hurt neither."

So Felix made another trip to the kitchen. When he returned with the bread and butter, Billy

discovered that the pepper had been overlooked.

"For Gawd's sake use salt on 'em!" implored Felix.

Billy pushed right back from the table and refused to be comforted. "I want some pepper! Sam, you lazy lump of slungulion, get me some pepper will you!"

"No, I won't. I'm too comfortable and you're too flincky."

Billy glaced across at Tip. "You going to refuse me too, Tip, old citizen?"

"No," said Tip with a weary air. "I suppose not."

He arose, and betook himself to the kitchen. Returning with a large old-fashioned tin pepper pot he thumped it down upon the table in front of the captive. "There 're. Now, stop your squalling."

"Thank you, Tippy, I will. Yeah."

Billy scraped up to the table as Tip turned away. "What's the matter with this pepper hot, anyway?"

Tip turned to look. Billy picked up the pepper pot slowly and started hard at it. Felix Craft craned his neck.

"I don't see anything the matter with it," said Craft.

"Don't you?" murmured Billy, his fingers busy with the removable top. "Look here."

Sam Larder did not move, but both Tip and Craft obeyed. In fact, they obeyed with such good will that the handful of pepper that Billy instantly swept into their faces dusted up their nostrils as well as into their eyes.

In throwing the pepper Billy had employed his left hand. This left hand had not completed the motion before Billy was reaching for the platter of eggs with his right hand.

It was unfortunate for Sam Larder that he was a slow-going gentleman. The platter struck him edgewise over the eye when his sixshooter had barely cleared the holster. The six-shooter thudded to the floor. Sam and his chair went over backward and lay together in a tangle amid the fragments of broken platter and the remains of several eggs. He was unconscious.

Billy, arriving in Sam's immediate neighborhood a split second after Sam struck the floor, scooped up the fallen six-shooter and wheeled back to face his other two enemies. But they were too occupied to be an immediate menace. Felix Craft was sitting on the floor, clawing at his eyes and swearing continuously. Tip, coughing and sneezing, was not swearing. Perhaps he had not

sufficient breath. At any rate, he was on his feet, arms spread wide, feeling his way along toward the door spring into the hall.

Billy cat-footed up behind Tip and snatched away his sixshooter. Tip spun around at the touch, but Billy dodged away from the clutching hand.

Bang! a revolver bullet cut a button from his vest and tumbled into the wall at his elbow. Billy's sudden movement had saved his life. He leaped back another two yards to get out of the smoke and crouched, balancing his tense body on the balls of his feet.

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### HOULT

Suffers Convulsions  
Miss Anahes McElfresh is suffering, at home here with an attack of convulsions. She is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles McElfresh and has been staying with a family in Fairmont, but returned home last week because of sickness. Friday night about 10 o'clock she had the first convulsion, which was followed rapidly by others and it was necessary for several persons to hold her in bed. In spite of frantic efforts it was nearly twenty-four hours before a physician could be procured, on account of the great amount of sickness and the disinclination of the Fairmont doctors to come out into the country as the roads are so bad it is impractical to travel on them with a car. The doctor, who was procured about

### GEORGETOWN

The Rev. C. D. Johnson will leave in a few days for Baltimore where he will enter John Hopkins Hospital for treatment.  
Rev. L. E. Harrison is holding revival services at the Union church.  
Ocie Wilson was visiting at the home of Fay Johnson recently.  
The Rev. C. D. Johnson attended services at the Union Church and visited Mr. and Mrs. Jock Fisher at Lowesville recently.  
C. Carpenter and Dewey Miller were business visitors at Hildebrand recently.  
Miss Sarah and Ocie Clark were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Lafayette Ralphsnyder recently.  
Ira Clark of Rowlesburg was visiting Miss Sarah and Ocie Clark recently.  
The Rev. C. D. Johnson was a guest at dinner last Tuesday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Morgan.  
Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Satterfield of Brady were visiting Mr. and Mrs. James Arnett recently.  
Harry Brock and family and Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Gabbard have moved to a farm near Fletcherville.

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On Golden Corner Fairmont

daughter Bettie Lee of Fairmont were guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Sperling Sunday.  
Mr. Oliver Cummings, district president of the Sunday school association, was visiting the schools at Montana Sunday.  
The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Pennington is very sick. Emery McElfresh started to Ohio last night to attend the funeral of his brother-in-law, Clark McElfresh.  
Miss Jean Hudson, unofficially a sergeant major, now stationed at the presidio, San Francisco, is the only woman field clerk in the United States Army.  
The Rev. F. E. Wiles went to Almira Sunday to hold regular services. He also expects to begin his revival services there, to last probably two weeks. It was postponed last week on account of sickness and another revival in a neighboring church.  
Persons  
Miss Edna Hoult was visiting relatives at Fairmont, Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Bert McOlvin and

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