

GOLD BULLETS

by Charles G. Booth

SYNOPSIS: Romance and love challenge the cold logic of the law. Lucy, confident that her fiancé, Jerry, did not kill his father as the police charge, organizes a search for the famous Alex Peterson revolver loaded with gold bullets which have become mysteriously connected with the death of Ogden's father. The last message of a murdered man—a echo from the dead of 30 years ago—is discovered in one of the cartridges and the name of "Dillon" flashes into the picture.

Chapter 11

OUT OF TORRIDITY
There was silence for a moment. Lucy's hands fluttered onto my arm and stayed there. MacNair stared at me, a blazing intensity in his eyes.
"No wonder your man wanted the gun," MacNair said harshly. "I nodded. 'I suppose so. And yet—' If this note from the dead was written in 1898, and it hasn't been disturbed since it was put into the cartridge, how could the man have known it was there?"
"Lucy still clung to my arm. 'This Jerry,' Uncle John isn't... it couldn't be..."
"Our Jerry? Hardly! This note was written years ago—probably in 1898. This Alex must be—"
"Peterson himself," MacNair supplied.

"And Jerry?"
"A friend or a relation. Maybe a brother. Ever hear of any one by the name of 'Jerry' being connected with Peterson?"
"No. I wonder who Dillon is—or was."

"The Lord knows! 'Jerry' says he put a bullet into him—a gold bullet, presumably, as one of these shells is empty. And then he scrawled this note and shoved it to the cartridge we found it in." MacNair nodded. "We must find out where Hyde got it. Do you know what became of Alex Peterson?"

"I don't."
"You said he was an inveterate gambler. It seems to me I remember hearing something about a 'poker game that cracked the town.' In connection with Peterson, I mean."

"A poker game that cracked the town," I muttered. "Yes, the phrase is familiar. But I don't know where I heard it. Peterson is supposed to have once played poker for a human life."

MacNair pondered for a moment. "I suppose we may safely assume this gun belonged to Alex Peterson; he was related to a man called 'Jerry'—a man named Dillon shot 'Jerry' and left him dying. 'Jerry' wounded Dillon, presumably with a gold bullet; and 'Jerry,' dying, wrote this note."

"Do you connect this, and the attempt to steal the pistol, with the murder of Andrew Ogden?" I inquired.

"I wouldn't go that far, yet. Of course, the motive for Andrew Ogden's death may be rooted in something that happened 30 years ago. So may the motive for stealing the pistol."

"In that case," said I, triumphantly. "Jerry Ogden couldn't have had a hand in his father's death!"

"Nothing of the sort!" MacNair snapped irritably. "Hubbard heard Ogden shout 'gold bullets' at this man Furie—these bullets are gold—but it doesn't necessarily follow there is a connection. But even if there is, what of it? Jerry's motive for killing his father might have come out of something that happened before he was born. Something to do with that mine, for instance."

A curious idea had come into my head. "What if this man Dillon who killed 'Jerry' should also have killed Andrew Ogden?"

"Why?" MacNair demanded.

I smiled sadly. "Just a vague thought. If Dillon knew of the note in this pistol he would have good reason for trying to get it. And if Ogden also had come into possession of the dangerous information it contained—dangerous to Dillon, I mean—you see my drift?"

MacNair shrugged. "Pure speculation, Peabody. See you later."

I picked up the telephone and called Henry Deacon. There was no word of Jerry and my heart sank. I put the instrument down

and looked into Lucy's tragic eyes. She tried to speak but her lips were trembling. Turning, she fled from the room.

Horribly depressed, I sat at my desk and tried to evaluate properly the little we knew. At length I fished a little red-backed notebook out of my desk. I have used many such notebooks in my time. Opening it at the front page I began to write, carefully numbering each paragraph as I went on. When I had written down what was in my mind I felt I had accomplished something after all.

Deacon arrived just then and we discussed the note and the incident that led to its discovery. His amazement was as great as my own, but, like MacNair, he made it clear that a voice echoing out of the comparative antiquity of 1898 would not modify his theories to any extent. My odd fancy that the man Dillon mentioned in the note might have killed Andrew didn't impress him.

"He left me, then, taking the pistol and the note with him and I went to my room and dressed. 'Coming out, I ran into Mrs. Moffit. She looked ill and I didn't wonder. Mrs. Moffit is never very well and I have suggested domestic help to her at least once a week, but she scents the idea. Her trouble is an internal something or other of mysterious origin and perambulating habits. But she steadfastly refuses to have it removed. She has tried New Thought, Divine Healing, Episcopalianism, Spinal Manipulation, Disciples of the Holy Ring, Physical Culture, Olive Oil, and the New Psychology—everything in fact but simple surgery. Recently she embraced Cosmic Indulgence."

As I entered the Ogden library, Deacon and MacNair were sitting at the desk talking. On the desk were a deck of playing cards, a lead bullet, a piece of gold-bearing quartz, a small black bound notebook and three stacks of red poker chips.

"The chips, the cards, and the notebook were in that safe over there," Deacon said. "The quartz and the bullet," he went on, "were in the desk."

The cards and the chips astonished me. "Henry," I said, "do you happen to recall Andrew's attitude towards cards?"

"Of course I do. He detested them. He would not have them in the house."

MacNair grinned ironically. "Know anything about gold quartz?" he asked suddenly.

"No," I said. I picked up the specimen. "It looks rich."

"Rich," MacNair grinned. "It's rotten with gold. That bit'll run ten, twenty, thirty thousand to the ton."

I whistled. "Sounds like a big strike."

He nodded. "But here's the

queerest thing of the lot." MacNair slid the black notebook towards me. (Copyright, 1929, W. Morrow Co.)

Ogden's black notebook! What new mystery will it bring into the situation? The answer is in tomorrow's installment.

COVE DINNER WILL BE HELD ON SATURDAY

By MRS. A. G. CONKLIN

(Observer Correspondent)

COVE, Ore. (Special)—An interesting program has been arranged for the community dinner at the L. O. O. F. hall Saturday evening. Music will be furnished by the Lay string orchestra and a vocal solo by Mrs. E. H. Bell. The Neighborhood club of La Grande will furnish one number and Miss Mabel Doty, city librarian will furnish two numbers.

Waller M. Pierce will speak on "Man the Miracle Maker." A chicken dinner will be served at 6:30. A committee consisting of Mrs. R. S. Constock, Mrs. C. Bertsch, and Mrs. L. M. Laird has charge of the dinner, but there is an army of workers who are helping. The dinner is sponsored by St. Fanny grange but it is a community affair.

Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Constock, Mr. and Mrs. Arch McNeill, Mr. and Mrs. C. Bertsch, Mrs. Helena Lincola and Ray Duncanson were among those who are attending the picnic at Payette, Idaho, sponsored by the cooperative creamery association.

E. B. Conklin, of Ontario, was a guest at the home of Mrs. A. G. Conklin Thursday. Mr. Conklin was principal of the Cove school thirty-five years ago and he still has many friends in Cove. He is now connected with an insurance company.

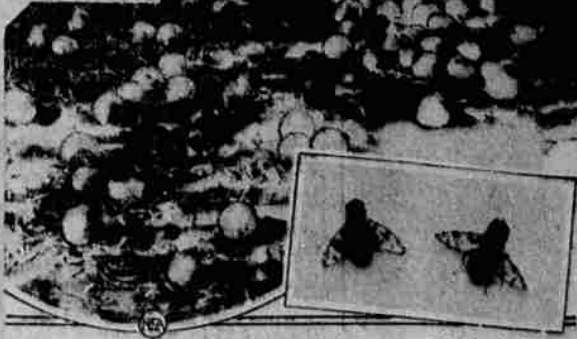
The Rev. and Mrs. P. F. Sturges and Mrs. J. H. Price motored to Wallawa lake Wednesday. It is the first glimpse the Sturges' have had of the lake and they pronounce it truly beautiful.

The monthly meeting of the Daughters of the King was held at the Rectory Wednesday evening.

Mrs. James Houston, Jr., has been elected as a delegate to the Baptist state convention at Roseburg. She left Thursday morning, taking her little daughter, Evelyn with her. While there she will visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Broughton.

The revolution in Mexico has petered out. Now would be a good time for the railroads of the United States to start improving the roadbeds.

Fly Pest Perils U. S. Fruit



Recent discovery of the Mediterranean fruit fly near Orlando, in Orange county, Fla., gives fruit farmers of the United States cause for worry. The pest, discovered by J. C. Goodwin (upper inset) of the State Plant Board of Florida, attacks nearly all kinds of fruit. The picture of the grapefruit orchard graphically illustrates destruction the fly causes. Two of the pests are pictured in the lower inset.

MOSCOW (AP)—The Soviet government has decided to take part in the international conference on methods of combating counterfeit, called by the League of Nations for Geneva.

Congresswoman Ruth Hanna McCormick says the real artistic impulse of the nation came from the "hick" towns. Now, would she please name a few hick towns in her district?

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Radio Commission Is Made Up of Lawyers and Engineers at Present

WASHINGTON (AP)—The selection of William D. L. Starbuck, mechanical engineer and patent attorney of New York, as member of the federal radio commission from the first zone completes the personnel of the board, which has been functioning without two members since early in the year.

Mr. Starbuck, a democrat, succeeds O. H. Caldwell, who resigned in February to resume radio editorial work in New York. Maj. Gen. Charles Saltzman, former chief of the signal corps, takes the place of Sam Pickard as member from the fifth zone, comprised of middle western states.

Mr. Starbuck has had the combined experience of law and engineering, the two professions regarded as "providing the best training for the technical-judicial duties of the board."

He began the practice of mechanical engineering in New York in 1904, continuing that work in the middle west until the beginning of the world war, when he became a lieutenant in the ordnance department of the army.

He was admitted to the bar in 1925 and engaged in patent work, specializing in the radio field. He is a member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers and the Royal Society of Mechanical Engineers, London.

Now that scientists have taught the mechanical man how to talk, don't be surprised if he demands a five-day week.

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