

GUNLOCK RANCH

by FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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WNU Service

CHAPTER VI—Continued

—14—

Afterward he sat down beside Jane on the bench outside the door.

"So," said he, "you're playing good Samaritan. How are you holding out over at Gunlock?"

"All right; the danger is all from this way. If we can hold the fire over here, it's not likely to bother us. Oh, doctor," exclaimed Jane, springing to her feet, "what does that mean?"

Riding out of the woods south of the ranch house, she saw a party of men slowly advancing.

Riding between two men, supporting him on his pony, a third man riding behind the trio, Carpy saw the injured man, hatless and coatless, and heard him suppress an occasional groan. Carpy walked forward to greet the party. "Well, boys," he asked, "who is it this time?"

Jim Laramie answered. "Why, Doc, it's Jake Spotts. There's been a bad accident. Jake and Panama got cut off up by the pass. Stayed too long. I'm glad you're here. Doc; he's hurt pretty bad."

"No!" screamed Spotts, so blackened and burned as to be unrecognizable, and writhing in pain, "it ain't me, Doc; it's Panama!"



Afterward He Sat Down Beside Jane on the Bench Outside the Door.

Damn it—go back, boys, and get Panama. I tell you, go back!"

"Denison has gone to get him," Doc explained Laramie. "Keep quiet, Jake, you only make your leg worse. It's his leg, Doc."

Carpy motioned. "Bring him in to the cabin."

The unfortunate barber, eased, with many groans, off the pony, was laid on the dinner table, asking for water and half deliciously calling for Panama. Carpy examined Spotts. He found to his relief that the man was not seriously burned.

"It's his left leg," explained Carpy a little later to the group; "broke down near the ankle."

Keeping up a rapid fire of talk, Carpy opened his bag, set out his needed appliances and his bottle of chloroform, gradually subdued the man, got him, with Jane's help, under the anesthetic, and working in his shirt sleeves and in the intense heat at a breath-taking speed, finished the operation, sat down, drew a cigar from his waistcoat pocket and lighted it.

"Jane," he said, "I suppose this is your first surgical case?"

"Yes, Doctor."

"You'd make a good nurse, girl."

London

Mrs. W. L. Townsend.

A family dinner was given Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Abeene in honor of the birthday anniversaries of Mrs. Abeene and their twin children, Marcelle and Marcell, which were on Saturday and also for a son-in-law, Henry Hess, whose birthday was Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Allen Fletcher of Seaside and Mrs. Gurney Fletcher and children of Salem, Mr. and Mrs. Claris Abeene and daughter of Drain, Harold Abeene and daughter of Drain; Harold Abeene and daughter Lucile, the Julian Small, Claude Abeene and Henry Hess families were guests.

The Friendly Neighbors club met Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. George Sutherland. Needlework, music and readings furnished entertainment for the afternoon. Miss Marjorie Small was a special guest in honor of her birthday anniversary. Miss Small received a gift from the club and also gifts from several members. The next meeting will be October 28 with Mrs. John Sutherland.

"Doctor, what do you suppose he meant calling so for Panama?" Carpy explained. "Today," he continued, "Panama was his partner on the line; the men work in pairs generally."

"I hope they'll find him all right," "I hope," observed Carpy thoughtfully, "he'll be all right when they do find him."

"There come some of the boys. Denison is with them," Carpy said suddenly, pointing to the edge of the woods. "They're halting. They've got something slung across the back of a pony. I'll walk over."

CHAPTER VII

DR. CARPY walked hurriedly to the edge of the woods where the men gathered closely around him.

"Best thing to do is to take off that old bunkhouse door, Bill," said Carpy, when he saw whom they were carrying. "We can lay him on that and carry him over here to the shed."

They had brought Panama out of the burned timber where Denison and Bull Page had found him. They had taken in a pony, bareback, to where he lay, slung the big fellow across it, and thus carried him through the woods.

Panama was lifted from the pony and laid on the door. A colored neckerchief was laid over his face, and with stumbling steps he was carried back of the bunkhouse. Two sawhorses had been set to support the door, and on it Panama lay at rest. His companions made ready to start back for the fire lines.

"Now, boys, watch out," said Denison gravely. "We can't afford any more mistakes like this. If Jake and Panama had listened to me they wouldn't have got cut off. Bull," he added, speaking to Page, "get up a pair of ponies, if you can find 'em, and hitch 'em to the light wagon. Carpy wants Panama taken right in town."

The injured barber was coming to. He had been carried to the bunkhouse and was propped up on a bench outside the doorway. He looked at Carpy wistfully. "Tell me, Doc," he begged, "have they found Panama yet?"

"They have, Jake. And he was hurt. I did what little I could do for him here. But I've not got what's needed here for treatment. Panama's got to go to town. They're hitching up the wagon."

Spotts started up, on fire. "Then I've got to see him before he goes. Don't let 'em start till I see him. Doc. Where is he?"

Carpy tried in vain to quiet his patient. "You mustn't have any excitement tonight. I've done my best for you. Now, damn it, dry up; I tell you you can't see him."

A dreadful light dawned on the barber. His gaunt jaw dropped, his hollow eyes flamed. "Doc!" he cried out. "Panama's dead!"

The word rang in Carpy's ears for many a day. "Jake," he said brusquely, "I've tried to soften things for you—doesn't seem to be no use. They pulled him out of the woods after the fire passed a grove back of Gunlock Knob."

"That's where we got caught—right there," cried the barber. "We got back to the ponies and had to cut across a piece of burned timber to get out. A dead limb from one of the trees fell on me. I went down with the pony. When I kicked loose, the pony bolted, and when I tried to get up, my leg was broke."

"There we was, Doc. Panama's pony couldn't carry double. The fire was creepin' up on two sides of us. It was terrible, Doc—that's all a man can say. Just terrible. We couldn't hardly hear us talk. Panama picked me up to set me on his pony. 'No!' I yelled. 'It won't do, Panama, an' you know it. I'm done.'"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A large number from here attended the wedding at the Christian church in Creswell Sunday afternoon of Miss Ivy Cooley and Louis Tipton. Both young people have many friends here.

Mrs. Minnie Bills of Vancouver, Wash. spent last week at the home of her grandmother, Mrs. Susan Walker.

The Willard McKay family have moved back to their former home in the Black Butte neighborhood.

Miss Daisy Warwick and Dallas Brown of Portland spent the week end with Mrs. A. Lyons.

Mr. and Mrs. Murry Newton and daughter and Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Shortridge spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. John Small at the Eugene hospital.

Glover, Gail and Twila Fern Shipp of Cottage Grove spent the week end with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Banton.

Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Roberts, Mrs. Mary Henderer, Mrs. Earl Ockland and two children of Anlauf were luncheon guests Sunday at the George Bailes home.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Phillips gave a family dinner Sunday. The Carl King family of Cottage Grove were present and also Mr. and Mrs. Harold Phillips, who are returning Tuesday to Carrville, Cal.

Panama. Save yourself. You ain't got a minute to lose. Get back on your horse and run for it."

"Shut up, Jake," Panama yelled. "Get up on that pony!" I tried to fight it out with him—but I was crazy with pain 'n' couldn't handle myself, neither. He lifted me on his pony, stuck the lines in my hands. 'Beat it,' he yelled. 'What'll you do?' says I. 'I've got good legs, I'll run,' he says."

A melancholy procession took the desert road that night for Sleepy Cat. In the wagon lay Panama; beside him lay his injured friend, Spotts—Jake would have it no other way.

In town, next day, the boys tried vainly to figure out some sort of a decent burial service for Panama. "I've got it," exclaimed Jeff Sollers, who was sitting near Carpy. He slapped the doctor's knee. "We'll have the old Doc himself make a few remarks over Panama."

"No."

"Yes."

"Hell, no! I won't do it," growled Carpy.

"But why won't you?"

"Well, I'll tell you. I'm just another bum, like poor Panama—that's all. You needn't yell—I know. The way I look at it is this: Nothing in Panama's life became him like the leaving of it. Surely no man could die a nobler death than Panama's. Now I want to see a man who lives a life like Panama's death say a few words over Panama, and I'm going to try to get him to do it. Who? The old padre over on the Reservation."

"But he won't do it. Panama didn't belong to his church."

"That doesn't make a damned bit of difference, boys. The padre knew Panama. He knows me. He will do it—if we're lucky enough to catch him."

Dr. Carpy called up the padre and was lucky. At least the padre was at home. As to his coming—that was something else again. Carpy held him long on the wire; he pleaded earnestly. At last he agreed to come.

At eight o'clock, the welcome splutter of the dilapidated engine was heard outside. The padre, a Gunlock buck chauffeur, and a little Indian boy of ten or twelve disembarked, and the reception committee welcomed the guest of honor to the hotel office—long well filled. And headed by the clergyman and the little fellow, the growing crowd straggled down the street to Harry Tenison's, where poor Panama lay in state.

Padre Cataldo, laying aside his hat and his overcoat of many patches, made the sign of the cross, knelt a moment in silent prayer, and, standing behind the pool table on which Panama lay in his coffin spoke clearly and simply.

"Boys," said the old priest, "this looks like a queer place for a padre; perhaps a queer job. But I've known Bill Hayes a good many years. I knew him in his wildest days. And I've known him for the last three years, since he turned over a new leaf."

"Bill used to visit me and talk with me. It was something I said to him once, so he told me, that started him thinking. 'What's all this about—this greedy, rotten old world?' he asked himself."

"Bill was not a follower of my faith—you know that. But he believed Jesus Christ to be the Son of God, and for three years he has tried the best he could to keep his commandments."

"Naturally, I never heard Bill preach. But I have been told what eloquent and sincere sermons he did preach. But out there in those forgotten hills, facing—no, not facing but embracing—a dreadful death, Bill preached a deathless sermon, for he took his text from the lips of God himself. And wherever you bury him, boys, let the words of that text be graven on his tomb:

"Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



His face and hands are his baton. Serge Jaroff, dynamic leader of the Don Cossack Russian male chorus, directs his band of 36 singing horsemen with military precision just by using his hands. The group will open the University of Oregon concert series in Eugene, Sunday afternoon, October 25.

The best buy in town—a 25c Sentinel Wanted.

Evangelists to Speak



"Charlie and Jack," as they are commonly known, arrived the fore part of the week for their third gospel campaign in this city. Evangelistic services started Tuesday evening at Calvary Tabernacle and will continue each evening except Monday. Mr. Charles Salkeld left a very successful musical career 29 years ago to launch a gospel campaign. With this consecration God has given him a very outstanding ministry.

Box Letter Files Sentinel.
Rubber Stamps. The Sentinel.
Mimeograph stencils. Sentinel.

"Peeping Tom"

Peeping Tom was a tailor of Coventry, said to be the only person in the town who peeped at Lady Godiva as she rode, naked, through the streets to relieve the people from oppression.

Rings Left in Hotels

Diamond rings, gold pencils and spectacles are among the articles most frequently left by hotel guests, according to the inventory of a leading London hotel at its annual lost property sale.



The State Power Bill DOES Mean \$18,000,000 in Bonds!

Don't be misled by statements, however sincere, that the proposed State Power Bill doesn't mean more bonds on Oregon property.

The State Power Bill is the first step in issuing \$18,000,000 of NEW bonds—possibly \$54,000,000 of bonds, if the legislature says so.

The State Power Bill will be useless without bond money to build a gigantic experiment. A vote for the

State Power Bill is thrown away unless Oregon taxpayers approve \$18,000,000 of bonds at a later election.

Don't Be Misled! Uncle Sam won't let Bonneville power lie idle. He hasn't asked Oregon to bond itself. Is there any reason to believe that he won't handle Bonneville power, as he has marketed power elsewhere? Uncle Sam is still on this job.

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Against the State Power Bill

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