

GOLD BULLETS

by Charles G. Booth

CHAPTER I.
The Gold-Mounted Pistol.
There was nothing in Nathan Hyde's note that even remotely suggested a connection with what was to happen that night. If there had been, I should have quailed a little, for I am getting on for that sort of thing. Not that I am old—at 49 one has hardly begun one's declining years. My garden, my books, and my collection of pistols fill my active moments, and Lucy, my niece, gives me such contact with life as I desire.

The note, which was written in Hyde's cramped hand, asked me to drop in and see him about an old pistol he thought might interest me. I don't care a great deal for Hyde—he is as smooth as a mahogany walking-stick—but he has an uncanny faculty of getting his hands on the rarest collectors' barter their souls for. Lucy calls his shop the "Pirate's Cave," and Hyde, she insists, is a reincarnation of Captain Kidd.

It was early afternoon. I had nothing to do, so there was no reason why I should not see Hyde at once. Magnolia avenue is the loveliest thoroughfare of San Felipe, and I drove along it with pride. And yet, 30 years ago the San Felipe valley was a sun-burned waste of sage and cactus. But that was before Andrew Ogden, our first citizen, brought water and accomplished another of those miracles which are the wonder of the southwest.

Andrew is my next door neighbor



Hyde deftly slid a letter over some object on his desk.

and my friend. His wealth has left him unimpeded and we have much in common. In fact, there is between us that fine quality of affection which men achieve so rarely in their friendships. And it, at times, during the nine years we have known each other, I have felt a restraint upon my spirit, had a sense of looking upon a man, instead of the man himself, and in his antecedents are a matter of conjecture, what of it? My feeling was probably nonsense. But if it were not, hadn't he the right to seal what chambers of his memory he chooses?

Jerry Ogden, Andrew's boy, and Lucy have cemented our friendship. Lucy, I see, is wearing a handsome sapphire. I shall be sorry to lose her.

After the brilliant afternoon sunlight the weird gloom of Hyde's shop blinded me and I had to prop my way forward. There seemed to be no one about and then I heard voices in the office at the rear. As I approached the office I saw that Hyde was talking with Roy Hammond, a local lawyer.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen."

"Two rubber heels and I instantly realized that they had not heard me coming. Hyde was sitting at his desk. His hawk-like head went up with a jerk and he deftly slid a letter over some object on the desk. Hammond spun on his heel and muttered an exclamation.

"Excuse me, Hyde," I said withdrawing. "I didn't know you were busy. I'll drop in later."

"Ah, Peebles! Nothing of the sort. Come right in," Hyde protested suavely.

He stood up, "long and lean and lank" as Mr. Coleridge's Ancient Mariner.

"I was just going," Hammond

If you had to make
10
gallons of your good CREAM SAUCE—wouldn't you do it a little at a time?

Of course you would! Then you could keep it smooth—keep it from scorching—keep it under control. Likewise Hills Bros. never roast coffee in bulk. A few pounds at a time by their patented, continuous process. Every berry is roasted evenly and a rich uniform flavor, such as no other coffee has, is assured.



muttered, "I wanted Hyde to bring some junk down from the house."
It was none of my business that Hammond had lied. He is a tall, heavily built man with a manly face which I never saw trust in any expression but one of cultivated affability. In his younger days Hammond prospected through the desert mountains. A lucky strike gave him a small capital and he went in for law. Now he belongs to every luncheon club and fraternal order in town and I believe he has designs on the state legislature. He wouldn't be entrusted with any of my legal affairs.

"Well," I said to Hyde as Hammond departed, "what have you got?"
"It may not interest you," Hyde's sly chuckle irritated me.

But when I saw him reach for his snuff-box, which he keeps in a pocket somewhere in the tail of his morning coat, I knew he had something I wanted and I should have to pay for it. The snuff-box, an elaborate affair of richly chased silver, had belonged to a French Louis, and taking snuff from it is in the nature of a ceremony Hyde always indulges in before and after pocketing a fat profit. After much fumbling he withdrew his hand without it.

"Queer," he mumbled. I concluded he had misjudged the snuff-box. "Never mind, Hyde. I'll turn up."

His head came up with a jerk. "Eh? Oh, yes, to be sure. The

have been the sobriquet he became known by.

"Well, do you want it?" Hyde asked blandly.

"I wasn't going to be caught too easily. "Where did you get it?" Hyde blew his nose. "That," he said delicately, "doesn't matter."

"Oh, yes, it does. If there's a story in it, I shall want that, too." "The story," Hyde said smoothly, "is not included in the price. The price is one thousand dollars."

I laughed, wrote him a check for \$500, and tossed it over. "There isn't more than \$150 worth of gold in the bullets and filigree."

He picked up the check, precisely tore it into fragments. "My dear Peebles," I said \$1000."

I capitulated and wrote him a check. "Now give me the story," I growled.

He gave me his secret smile instead. "The story is not included in the price." Nor is it for sale. Here is your receipt."

And talk as I would I could not get him to change his mind.

Hyde wrapped my treasure up while I speculated about the tale I hadn't got. My eye fell on the letter which concealed the article beneath it and I wondered if there was a connection between Peterson's revolver and the subject of Hyde's conversation with Hammond. I left the shop as happy as a boy with the newest thing in mechanical toys. But if I could have suddenly known the significance of what Hyde had refused to tell me, I should have plunged back into his cavernous shop, taken him by the throat, and shaken him until the story dripped word by word from between his teeth. I might then have been able to avert the tragedy that was to blast the lives of those dearest to me. (Copyright, 1929, William Morrow Co.)

What is the mystery back of the gold bullets? Hyde's secret? Continue this story tomorrow.

"Careful, Peebles. It's loaded." The revolver was a long-barreled Colt's .45 of a type in general use 20 years ago. On the butt was a mounting of filigree gold of crude workmanship. It was this unusual feature that had set my elderly heart thumping like a mill-race.

Hyde was watching me with his secret smile. I broke the gun. Six shots, one of them exploded, fell into my hand. I caught my breath. My hands began to tremble. Sweat dimpled my forehead. I bent forward over the pistol to hide my agitation.

"Well?" Hyde asked blandly. "Do you suppose it is authentic?" I parried casually.

He gave his sly chuckle. "You see the mounting. And the bullets—are they not gold?"

His smile broadened. "Peterson's initials are on the butt."

As a matter of fact, I was sure the gun was Peterson's, although I could not prove it was, any more than he could. A thrill of pleasure ran through me. Ever since I began collecting pistols I have wanted to get hold of one of Peterson's gold-mounted revolvers. I had commissioned several dealers to be on the lookout for me, but I never had quite expected to realize my ambition. And yet here I was with one of the famous guns in my hand.

Peterson's fame was mainly local, but I was interested in him because he was typical of a phase of the west. I supposed he was dead, but he wouldn't be an old man if he were alive; no older than I, in fact. He had had his day in the '60s, but he was a young man at the time. Probably more legend than fact clung to his name, but this deepened my interest in him. I don't know that he ever did anything particularly remarkable, although his rise above Skull Valley's lurid horizon must have been as spectacular (and probably as short-lived) as that of the town of Terradilly itself. At least, he lived bravely, extravagantly, recklessly, recklessly enough, indeed, to have stamped the imprint of his personality upon the gold-mad town and kept green its memory long after it had become one of that abandoned company of ghost cities which haunt the desolate places of the west.

Peterson, it seems, was an ex-veterate gambler. He would take a chance on anything and he would back his judgment with his last dollar. There is a story to the effect that once he played poker for a human life. He came to Terradilly with nothing but his guns, grew wealthy, and lost everything he had at poker; or so the story goes. "Ten-to-One" appears to

be the name of a territory in the west.

Afternoon game. R. H. E. Sacramento 7 10 2 Oakland 5 15 0

Rachae, Bryan and Koehler; Daglia, Jeffcoat and Lombardi.

Morning game. R. H. E. Los Angeles 5 7 4 Missions 2 8 0

Afternoon game. R. H. E. Los Angeles 3 9 1 Missions 10 13 0

Roberts, Peters, Childs and Sanborn; Warren, Nevess and Hoffmann.

Wesley Barry at Isis Tonight

Wesley Barry abandoned his customary role of a funny "kid" for one of extreme pathos in "Sky-Scraper," showing at the Isis tonight.

Barry plays a prominent part in a tragedy on the dizzy heights of a partially completed skyscraper, which provides a spectacular setting for much of the action of the picture.

Astoria. — Market road No. 2, known as Cannon Beach road, will be improved.

Playing at the Rialto



NORMA TALMADGE IN 'THE WOMAN DISPUTED'

Norma Talmadge plays the most daring role of her career in "The Woman Disputed," at the Rialto theater today.

Miss Talmadge's vehicle has its locale on the Austrian-Russian border before and during the World war. She is loved by two men, former friends, whom she

war-makes enemies as well as rivals.

The supporting cast is headed by Gilbert Roland who plays a dashing Austrian army officer.

Others in the cast are Arnold Kent, Gustav Von Seyffertitz, Michael Visitch, Boris de Pas and Gladys Brockwell.

Smart, versatile tennis carried Al Stohr and Jimmy Edmiston into the finals of the Medford High annual tennis tournament to determine the school champion when they eliminated their opponents in the semi-final round Sunday morning.

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PLAY BASEBALL IN EAST SECTOR DESPITE RAINS

Reds Hand Cubs Unexpected Blow — Second Game at Polo Grounds Washed Out — Jackson Garners Pair of Circuit Clouts.

By William J. Chipman, Associated Press Sports Writer.

In between cloudburst and showers through the eastern theater of major league war, pennant contenders, real and accused, stepped to the plate yesterday, and won a moral victory over the weather and swam for their lives. One game was delayed, another was cut short, and the second portion of a scheduled double-header at the Polo grounds was washed away, but the rain-checks were rendered null and void in every park.

Fighting in the western section saw the St. Louis Browns continue their mad pace as two National league favorites fell before so-called under-dogs. The Cincinnati Reds, conceded to be as far under as it is possible for dogs to get, left the Cubs reeling under a 17 to 12 blow at Redland field, but found themselves severely bruised by Bruin bats before it was called a day. The Reds led at one time by 12 to 2, only to see the Cubs pull up to within one of a tie by scoring once in the fourth and eight times in the fifth.

Joe Peety pitched his first winning game of the year on turning back the Cardinals, 6 to 2, with only four safe hits. The Pirates themselves had their troubles with old Pete Alexander, and made the game safe only by a three-run assault against Sylvester Johnson in the ninth, after Alex had given way to a pinch batsman.

About 42,000 fans were enticed to the Polo grounds by word that the Giants would trample the Phillies twice in the same afternoon. After Fred Fitzsimmons had toyed with the Shotton troops to win the opener, 8 to 2, rain fell in such a business-like way that Giant officials were forced to send their customers home short-changed. Travis Jackson picked up too home runs in the single melee, as did Chick Wilson in the game at Cincinnati. Hack, incidentally, batted home five runs, a record for the season to date.

Robins Follow Mode. The rain which drenched Flatbush and environs gave the Robins a chance to prove themselves as adept at losing in six innings as they were known to be in nine. The Braves accepted this decision by 5 to 2, and remained at the top of the peculiar standing of the National league clubs. Rube Rohrer got three hits, including a homer.

Dabe Ruth's second home-run and Waite Hoyt's effective pitching pulled the Yankees through by 7 to 2 at Washington, after the rain held up. The contest was delayed for more than an hour. Hoyt took his third victory of the young season, with a defeat yet to be experienced.

Boston fans, to the number of 25,000, finally had a chance yesterday to see a major league championship contest on the Sabbath, but the Athletics, entirely out of sympathy with the gala spirit of the occasion, romped back to Philadelphia with an edge of 7 to 3. The Red Sox led by 2 to 1 going into the sixth, but a well-timed assault upon Charlie Ruffing in that round solved Connie Mack's problem.

Bing Miller and Jimmy Dykes contributed homers to the Macklin cause, and Dykes in addition crashed out two doubles. Eddie Rommel attended to the defense by serving the knuckle ball in his best style.

The 6 to 3 victory of the Browns

at Detroit, coupled with the success of the Athletics, left these two contenders in a tie for top honors in the younger major circuit, each with a mark of .667.

The White Sox shaded the Indians by 2 to 1 at Chicago in the remaining American league skirmish.

Judging it by the number of competitors — the most accurate way of determining a sport's popularity — bowling is ahead of all, including golf," said Abe Langtry of Milwaukee, secretary of the congress.

"In every town there are leagues of bankers, merchants, mechanics and boys. Most of this growth has come in the past ten years."

The 1929 A. B. C. tournament attracted 2,523 five-man teams, 4,917 two-man and 9,888 in the singles. Many of these bowlers rolled in all three classes. The prize money was cut into 3,666 slices. Cleveland was given the 1930 tournament.

Capitol theater of Bend installed taking equipment.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING GETS RESULTS

DESIGNATES BOWLING MOST POPULAR SPORT

CHICAGO, April 29.—(AP)—Pointing to the recent American Bowling congress tournament as an example, bowlers now contend that their game is the most popular sport in America.

The tournament, which continued five weeks, attracted more than 13,000 star leggers from every state. Prize money, too, set a new high record for American sports, except boxing, with a distribution of \$107,700.

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The Pick of the Big Silent Pictures



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STARTS TODAY

Norma Talmadge



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The WOMAN DISPUTED

AND YOU WILL SEE THIS GREAT PICTURE AT THESE SAME LITTLE PRICES

MATINEE 15 Also OUR GANG in FAST FREIGHT Latest News ROTHERMEL at the Organ Presenting Special Score EVENINGS 25 Kiddies 10c Any Time

ASPIRIN NEVER wait to see if a headache will "wear off." Why suffer when there's Bayer Aspirin? The millions of men and women who use it in increasing quantities every year prove that it does relieve such pain. The medical profession pronounces it without effect on the heart, so use it as often as it can spare you any pain. Every drugist always has genuine Bayer Aspirin for the prompt relief of a headache, cold, neuralgia, lumbago, etc. Familiarize yourself with the proven directions in every package.