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GOLD BULLETS
by Charles G. Booth

SYNOPSIS: Lucy locks Henry Deacon, chief of police, into a closet, takes his auto and starts for the desert to find Jerry Ogden, her fiancé, accused of murdering his father. Lucy is waging a game fight against serious odds to prove Jerry innocent and is anxious to warn him of the charge before he is arrested. Her uncle, John Peebles, follows her to Torridity, ghost town in Skull Valley. Harassed by the blistering heat, Peebles searches the town for the pair but fails to find a trace of them.

CHAPTER 15.
In the Desert Tomb.
It was close on four o'clock. Lucy, I reasoned, had got here about noon. She had found Jerry and they had left together at once along the main road, and by this time were probably approaching Shinbone Canyon on the west. Another couple of hours should see them back in San Felipe.

I had a plan. I was going to remain overnight in Torridity and improve my opportunity by nosing around Andrew's old haunts. Evidence of some sort was in my mind, but of what nature and how I was to find it, I hadn't the slightest idea. If I had known I wouldn't have planned so casually!

The sun was waning, but the street was still as hot as a boiler pit, and I looked about for a temporary garage. The wide-open doors of a livery stable hinted of cooler regions beyond and I drove through them into the building. Stopping the engine, I tackled a pile of sandwiches and a bag of fruit. Refreshed, I went out again. I had gone some 50 yards or so

C. E. SOCIETY HAS SPECIAL SERVICE AT EAGLE POINT

EAGLE POINT, Ore., May 16.—(Special)—The Christian Endeavor society met as usual at the church Sunday evening at 8 o'clock and (fittingly) observed Mother's day. Miss Elva Caster, president of the Crater Lake union, which consists of Jackson, Josephine and Klamath counties, was present and led the meeting.

All mothers of the community were invited to come and eight attended. After a good lively song service, scripture reading and prayer, the following recitations were given: "Let My Life Shine," orothy Wilhite; "We'll Wear the Rose on Mother's Day," Sylvia Hankins; "The Mother," Dorothy Schaefer; "Somebody's Mother," Robert Philbrook. Three of the girls gave sketches of the lives of the mothers of prominent Bible characters, which were: "Life of Ruth," Katherine Philbrook; "Eunice," orothy Coy; "Mary, Mother of Jesus," Sybil Saster; piano solo, "Star of the East," Kathryn Philbrook.

The meeting was dismissed with songs and benediction. After dismissal all mothers were presented with a bouquet of flowers and home-made candy was passed around.

John Robertson is irrigating for H. E. Campbell of the First State bank, who planted 12 acres of alfalfa on his 80-acre farm near Eagle Point; 48 acres are watered from the Little Butte irrigation district and the rest of the land is seeded to pasture grass and is under the Eagle Point irrigation ditch.

Mr. and Mrs. Snyder of Bandon, Ore., were business callers in Eagle Point Thursday.

Theo Forey and Mr. Williams of Medford were attending to business and calling on friends Friday.

Lola Hildreth has gone to Los Angeles to visit her sister. She was accompanied by Merritt Tungate, who is attending aviation school in San Diego.

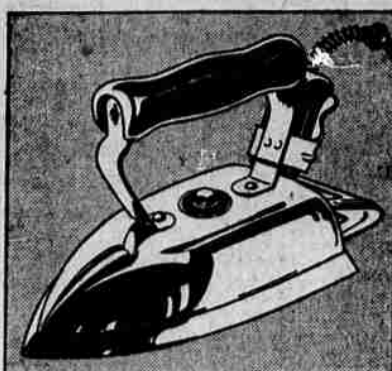
Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Grissom and William Almy of Lake Creek were attending to business in own Friday.

William Crandall and Miss Cora Crandall went to Bend on business last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Al Hildreth of Butte Falls spent Thursday evening in Eagle Point visiting with friends.



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Lucy and Jerry—heads together—racing toward the open desert!

when I began to wonder if I were as completely alone as I had supposed. The old feeling grew upon me and I wished I had brought a revolver.

Stopping in front of a sort of dance hall, saloon and hotel, I concluded that it was a good place to begin my investigations. Most of the name on the building was obliterated. It consisted of three words and the last word seemed to be "Place." I also made out a "J." and "D." and a "D." The rest of it suddenly flashed upon me. "Joe Lundy's Place"—that was it.

"Joe Lundy's Place," I shouted. "Joe Lundy—that woman in black—the woman Andrew gave the check to!"

It couldn't be coincidence, of course. The woman in black was or had been the wife of a man who had kept this resort 30 years ago! And Andrew Ogden had given her a check for \$1,000! But why? And why had the swashbuckling Alex Peterson become the staid and respectable Andrew Ogden? And why had Dillon blackmailed him?

Sick of mystery and bewildered, I entered the resort, prepared for anything now. It must have been a pretentious place in its day. A dance floor occupied the middle of the building. At the upper end was a small stage. Along one side ran a bar. A stair led to a wide gallery which ran around the hall. Doors and booths flanked the gallery.

Broken bottles littered the sandy floor; tables and chairs lay in confusion. I thought of the holier-than-thou mob that once had roiled through the place. I heard the whirr of the roulette wheel, the click of poker chips, the rattle of dice, the clink of glasses, the shrill glee of the women, the swish of milling bodies. And I thought of Alex Peterson swaggering, no, stalking among a pay-night crowd, his gold-mounted guns on his hips.

In the dining room, cheap cutlery and heavy cutes stood in their racks and lay athwart the poolroom tables. In the card room the roulette wheel waited. I spun it. Poker chips . . . cards. Upstairs in the bedrooms were pillows and blankets. A flimsy red dress hung in a closet . . . and slippers to match. Names were scrawled on the walls. And so it had stood for 30 years. And yet, this wholesale abandonment to the contrary, I hadn't been able to rid myself of the feeling that I was not as completely alone as I seemed. Coming behind the bar where I had not yet been, I tripped over a bundle of soft stuff lying in the shadowy passage between the bar and the wall, and almost went headlong.

I picked up the bundle and found myself staring at Jerry's white flannels!

My amazement turned to dismay. Belief in Jerry's innocence was as firmly fixed in my mind as was my certainty of Dillon's guilt. But I also knew what conclusion Deacon's tenacious mind would have drawn if he instead of I had found the bundle! Undeniably they were Jerry's. His initials, worked by Lucy, were inside the collar of the sweater. A pocket contained a packet of his favorite cigarettes.

for harboring the thought that Jerry and Lucy had seen me after all. But I didn't harbor that hat. I knew my Lucy better than that. And Jerry was a fine manly young fellow with the instincts of a gentleman and a deep affection for me. No, they had neither seen nor heard me just now, or, incredible as it seemed, when I first had come into the town. But where had they been that the hearing of my car horn had not reached them? The Two Brothers Mine? Likely enough. And where were they off to now? San Felipe! On Lucy's account Jerry had insisted on the longer route across the valley instead of the shorter but more dangerous one by way of Pitchfork Canyon. They would be in San Felipe before midnight. Yes, I knew my Lucy!

But not so well as I thought, it was to turn out!

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