

The Challenge of the Yukon

created by Geo. W. Trendle

The Poisoner of Chiliwaw

Number 565

Date 10/22

24

Preston and King

Doc Brady.....genial, shrewd, doctor.

Toby Dixon.....old timer who loves his dog

Jake Tabor.....straight.

Martin Garner..banker. straight.

Joe Thorne.....bank clerk.

Bart Weaver....small part.

Old Toby Dixon thought he had a safe hiding place for all the money/<sup>he</sup> had saved, and he thought his dog would give ample warning if a thief came prowling in the night. But the Poisoner of Chiliwaw was too smart for Toby. He was too smart for everyone - for a time. He fought with a sinister weapon that even King could not combat - a weapon that left King helpless and brought him to the brink of death.

Be sure to hear this exciting story on \_\_\_\_\_

The Challenge of the Yukon

by Fran Striker

Number: 565

Date: 10-22-48

(USUAL OPENING)

Anner;           The town of Chiliwaw consisted of a few houses, a dance hall, a couple of cafes, and the Bank which served the prospectors in the surrounding hills. Martin Garner, owner of the Bank, looked out the window just in time to see an old man leaning into the wind with a small dog at his side.

Garner;           Joe, you'd better get out the scales. Look who's coming.

Joe;              Eh? Oh -- old Toby Dixon.

Garner;           I didn't know he'd returned from that stream he's been panning up on the side of White Face.

Joe;              I heard he was back in town. Got back several days ago.

Garner;           There would be precious little profit in the banking business if our customers were all like Toby.

(DOOR OPENS - BURST OF WIND)

Toby;             (BACK) Come on, Blackie. Come on in.

(SMALL DOG YIPS, BACK)

(DOOR CLOSSES, CUT WIND, STEPS APPROACH)

- Toby; (COMING IN) Mornin', Mr. Garner.
- Garner; Hello, Toby.
- Toby; An' Mr. Thorne. Glad to see you, too.
- Joe; Hello, Dixon.
- Garner; Can't that dog of yours stay outside?
- Toby; Blackie? Aw, now Mr. Garner, Blackie don't do no harm. It's powerful cold outside for a little feller like him.
- Garner; I suppose you have a couple of ounces of dust to be weighed?
- Toby; That's right, Mr. Garner, an' - (CHUCKLES) - if you don't mind, I'd like to change it for foldin' money.
- Joe; Folding money. You must like folding money.
- Toby; (CHUCKLES) Yes siree.
- Garner; Dixon, everytime you come back from the hills, you turn in your gold dust and take out paper currency. Why don't you leave your money here in the Bank where it will be safe?
- Toby; Not meanin' no offense, Mr. Garner, but I feel that my cash is safer with me takin' care of it.
- Joe; You must have quite a bit of it by this time.
- Toby; (DEEP BREATH) Well, gents, I'll tell you.  
(IMPRESSIVELY) I've got my pile.
- Garner; What?

Toby; Yes sir. I've panned old White Face stream all these years. I've been fightin' this Yukon weather an' savin' toward the day when I'd have enough cash to go back to the States. And now, by ginger, I've got it. (SLIGHT EFFORT) Here's my poke. Weigh out that dust, Thorne, an' pay me off in foldin' money.

Garner; Go ahead, Joe.

Joe; Yes sir.

(STEPS GOING BACK)

Garner; Sit down, Toby.

Toby; But I --

Garner; My clerk will weigh up your gold and bring your paper money to you. In the meantime I want to talk to you.

Toby; Well - all right sir -

Garner; Sit down there.

(CHAIR SCRAPES)

(CUE) It's none of my business, Toby, but you're taking a big chance keeping so much money in your house. There are some pretty rough characters in Chilikaw, and living alone as you do at the edge of town with no protection --

Toby; (SDUTLY) No protection! Humph! That's a fine way to talk about Blackie!

(DOG WHIMPERING)

Toby; Look at the little critter. You hurt his feelin's when you say he's no protection!

Garner; I'm sorry for the feelings of your dog, but after all —

Toby; 'After all, nothin'! Blackie is the best dad-ratted watch dog that ever drew breath! Maybe he's old an' small, but just let anyone try to get near my house, an' Blackie will make the welkin ring! Yes sir, won't you, Blackie?

(BARK)

And then I'll blaze away with this here six-gun. Why with Blackie an' this six-gun protectin' my cash, no one but a muckle-head would try to rob me.

Garner; All right, suit yourself. I didn't mean to excite you. I was simply going to suggest that the Bank is here for you to use.

Toby; I won't be in town much longer anyhow. Like I said, I've got my pile, an' I'm pullin' out as soon as the weather breaks. An' anyway — (LOWER VOICE) I'll tell you smethin', Mr. Garner. I've got to be mighty confidential about this.

Garner; You needn't whisper. There's no one in the Bank.

Toby; Your clerk—

Garner; Joe Thorne would not be working for me unless he could be trusted.

Toby; Well I was just goin' to say that no one can get my cash 'til they find it. An' they'll never find it.

Garner; No?

Toby; Look. Y'see this shirt. It's made double.

Garner; What about it?

Toby; This here shirt is my bank. Everytime I get some foldin' money, I make a little slit in the linin' of this here shirt, an' sew the cash inside. My cash is always with me!

(STEPS APPROACHING AS:)

Joe; (COMING IN) Here's your folding money, Toby.

Toby; Thanks, Mr. Thorne.

(CHAIR SCRAPES)

Now I'll be gettin' on my way. Come on, Blackie.

(DOG YIPS) (STEPS ON FLOOR)

Garner; (GOING BACK) Take care of yourself, Toby.

Toby; Don't you worry about me, Mr. Garner. Not while I got my gun and Blackie. Good day to you, Mr. Thorne.

Joe; (BACK) Good day.

(DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

(WIND UP AND FADE OUT) (STEPS ON ICE)

Annrc; It was early morning about a week later when Sergeant Preston and his great dog King came into Chiliwaw. As they neared a small well-kept house, the door opened and Doc Brady called-

(STEPS IN SNOW)

Brady; (BACK) Hey there! Hi, Sergeant Preston!

Preston; (CALLS) Doc Brady. Hello!

(DOG BARKS)

Brady; (BACK) Stop in a minute, will you?

Preston; Sure will. Come on, King. Let's say hello to our friend.

(KING BARKING)

Brady; (FADE IN) Just happened to see you coming.

(STEPS IN - DOOR CLOSSES)

Preston; Hard walking on that ice!

Brady; Throw off your parka and come over by the fire.

(STEPS CROSSING FLOOR)

Preston; Thanks.

Brady; Plan to be in town long?

Preston; Just passing thru. I'm due in White Horse tomorrow. Have to appear at a trial.

Brady; Um-m. That's too bad. I hoped you would stay for at least a few days.

Preston; Any particular reason?

Brady; There's trouble brewing.

Preston; Trouble?

Brady; You know Toby Dixon, don't you?

Preston; Toby Dixon - Toby Dixon. Let me think.

- Brady; Old sourdough. He's been panning mountain streams for some time. Lives north of here at the edge of town.
- Preston; Oh yes, I remember Toby. He had a small dog -- a little black terrier.
- Brady; That's right. He still has Blackie, and as far as I know, he still has his money. But he may not have it long.
- Preston; What do you mean?
- Brady; When he came back from his last trip about ten days ago, he let it be known all over town that he had all the cash he needed. He said he was going back to the States.
- Preston; He shouldn't talk so freely.
- Brady; He found that out. There have been two attempts to steal his cash.
- Preston; Is that so?
- Brady; The first time someone got into his house while he was in the cafe. The place was ransacked from top to bottom. Even the floor boards were tipped up.
- Preston; What about the second time?
- Brady; That was the night before last. There was a prowler around his house in the middle of the night. His dog started barking and woke the old man up; scared the prowler away.
- Preston; That was the night before last, you said?
- Brady; Yes.



Preston; Did anything happen last night?

Brady; I haven't heard.

Jake; (OUTSIDE APPROACHING EXCITEDLY) Doc! Hey Doc!  
Doc Brady!

(KING BARKS)

(POUNING ON DOOR - FAST STEPS CROSS ROOM)

Preston; Sounds like an emergency.

Brady; It's Jake Tabor.

(DOOR OPENS - WIND)

Jake; Hey, Doc, you better come quick.

Brady; Where?

Jake; Oh! A Mountie.

Brady; It's Sergeant Preston.

(KING GROWLS)

Jake; Hey, that dog! Don't let him near me!

Preston; (BACK) King won't hurt you. Quiet King, quiet down.

(KING SUBSIDES)

Brady; Who's hurt, Jake?

Jake; Old Toby Dixon sent me to get you, Doc.

Brady; My bag's right there. Take it, Jake, while I  
get into my coat.

Jake; I was just passin' by when he stuck his head out the  
door an' yelled at me. He told me to come on the run  
and get you.

Brady; I'm ready.

Preston; I'll go with you! Come on, King!

(DOOR CLOSES)

(BARKING / FADE OUT)

Annex; It took but a few minutes to reach the small one-room cabin where Toby Dixon lived with his dog, Blackie.

(DOOR OPENS)

Doc Brady opened the door with Sergeant Preston and Jake Tabor and King close behind. Old Toby knelt beside his small dog who lay motionless on the bunk.

Brady; What is it, Toby? What's the matter?

(STEPS ASIDE)

Toby; (FADING IN) Oh Doc, it's Blackie. Take a look at the poor little critter.

Preston; Your dog?

Toby; Yes.

(KING WHINING)

Preston; Steady, King.

Toby; It's Sergeant Preston! Sakes alive, Sergeant, I'm glad you're here.

Brady; Toby, this looks like a knife wound.

Toby; That's what it is, Doc. When I found Blackie he was lyin' in the snow. The knife was stickin' into him. I carried him in here an' put him on the bunk. Doc - he hasn't moved.

Brady; Toby, I'm sorry. Your dog is dead.

Toby; I -- I thought as much. But Doc, who'd do it?  
Who's ornery enough to -- to do a thing like this?  
Why it's murder! Sergeant Preston, you've got  
to find the killer!

Preston; Have you the knife?

Toby; Yeah, it's right there on the floor.

Preston; (FADING BACK) I see it.

(COUPLE OF STEPS)

Jake; Doggone, Toby, I'm sorry about that. I know what  
that dog meant to you.

Toby; He was my pal, that's what he was. He's been with me  
for nine years. (SNIFFLE) The poor little critter.  
He always hated the cold an' snow up here, an' I  
kept a-tellin' him the day would come when I'd take  
him back to the States where he'd see lots of green  
grass to run on, an' lots of sunshine.

Jake; Have you any idea who did this, Toby.

Toby; No. I got up this mornin', same as usual, an' opened  
the door so's Blackie could take a run. I got the  
fire built up an' put the coffee on for breakfast, an'  
then I opened the door an' Blackie didn't come back  
like he geherally does. I called to him, an' still he  
didn't come. Then I went out lookin' for him.

Preston; (COMING IN) Where did you find him, Toby?

Toby; Out front, lyin' on the ice.

- Preston; That ice won't show footprints. Do you know who owns this knife?
- Toby; No, I never saw it before.
- Jake; That looks like Bart Weaver's knife.
- Preston; I don't know Bart Weaver.
- Brady; He's new in town. He works in the cafe.
- Jake; This is his knife or one just like it.
- Preston; Was Blackie friendly with Bart Weaver?
- Toby; Blackie was friendly with everyone. Bart Weaver-- Jake here -- he was friends with everyone. (SNIFFLE) Anyone could've knifed him while he was sayin' good mornin'.
- Preston; But he barked at the prowler who was here the night before last.
- Toby; Prowler? Oh, you know about that?
- Brady; I told him, Toby.
- Toby; He'd bark at anyone who came sneakin' up durin' the night, just the same as he'd be friends with anyone who came up to pat him durin' the day.
- Preston; Toby, I think your dog was killed by the man or men who are trying to steal your money.

- Toby; You're goggoned right. He found out he couldn't do it with Blackie on guard, so he's killed Blackie. But he won't get away with it, no siree. You'll get the killer, won't you, Sergeant Preston? You and King will get on his trail and - and stay until you get him.
- Preston; The ice doesn't show any trail, Toby. And a lot of people have walked over the street so King couldn't follow a scent.
- Toby; But that won't stop you, Sergeant -- (GREAT CONCERN) w-will it?
- Preston; Toby, I've got to leave Chiliwaw in less than an hour. I've got to be in White Horse tomorrow.
- Toby; No!
- Preston; I've got to be there to appear at a trial, but I'll come back here as soon as I can. Then we'll see what we can do to bring the man who killed your dog to justice.
- Toby; I'll give a reward, Sergeant Preston. Look - I've got all my savin's right here in paper money. It's sewed inside my shirt.
- Preston; Inside your shirt!
- Toby; I'll give every dollar of it as a reward.
- Preston; Toby, don't tell people where your money's hidden.
- Toby; Aw-w, I can trust you and Doc and Jake here.

Preston; Well don't tell anyone else. Now listen, Toby, there might be another attempt to steal your money, so I'm going to leave King with you.

Toby; You - you're goin' to leave your dog?

Preston; Yes. Keep him with you every minute of the day and night until I get back. Then we'll see what we can do. And before I leave, we'll talk to Bart Weaver and see what he has to say about this knife.

(BREAK)

Anncr; Doc returned to his office and Jake remained to bury Blackie while Sergeant Preston, accompanied by Toby and King called on Bart Weaver in the cafe.

(CAFE ROOM NOISES)

Bart looked at the knife.

Bart; That's my knife. I lost it a couple of weeks ago. Where'd you get it, Sergeant?

Toby; I found it. It was used to kill my dog!

Bart; No, you don't say so. Say, Toby, I'm sorry to hear that. (FADE OUT) I'm mighty sorry. I know how much you thought of Blackie. Why you and him were pals!

Anncr; (OVERLAP) Bart stuck to his story of having lost his knife some time previously and in the limited time at his command, Sergeant Preston could go no further in the investigation. He and King returned to Toby's house.

Preston; I give you my word, Toby, I'll return from White Horse as soon as possible.

Toby; All right, Sergeant.

Preston; Now remember what I told you about King. And you, King---

(BARK)

-- you're to take care of Toby. Understand, boy?

(TWO BARKS)

Give King a good meal at suppertime, Toby.

Toby; I'll take care of him, Sergeant, you can bet on that. I've got a section of caribou hangin' out back. He'll eat all right.

Preston; You two should become great friends while I'm away, and you needn't worry about anyone getting close to your house.

Toby; I won't worry. I reckon King is just as good a watchdog as Blackie was.

Preston; Good-bye, Toby.

Toby; 'Bye, Sergeant.

Preston; Good-bye, King. Now behave yourself, old fellow.

(KING WHIMPERING)

I'll see you soon.

(BREAK)

Annex; That night at supper time, Toby cut off a good size slab of the caribou meat that hung behind his house, and gave King a hearty meal. As for himself, the old man had no appetite. He turned in earlier than usual and tossed restlessly for sometime before he finally fell asleep. It was the middle of the night when a figure crept stealthily to the cabin door, opened it and went inside.

(CREAKING DOOR)

(CREAKING FOOTSTEPS)

There was no alarm from King, who lay motionless near the foot of Toby's bunk. The great dog was at that very moment more nearly dead than alive — a victim of poison the intruder had put on the caribou meat that hung behind the cabin. Then Toby awakened—

Toby; I What's goin' on — I hear someone — (STARTLED) Who are you? (EXCITED) What're you doin' in here?

Annex; The man's hand holding a pistol rose and fell—

Toby; (CRY OUT)

(THUD OF BLOW)

(GASP AND GO LIMP)

Annex; — the weapon's barrel thudded against poor Toby's head with stunning force. The old man went limp.

MUSIC: BURST

Annex; We'll continue our story in just a moment.



(COMMERCIAL)

(SNEAK IN STEPS ON ICE)

Annrcr; And now to continue. It was late afternoon when Sergeant Preston moved with swinging strides over the icy trail on his return from White Horse. The trip had been a lonely one. The Mountie missed the companionship of his great dog King. Throughout that trip he had frequently thought of Toby Dixon. What if someone killed King as old Toby's dog had been killed? He could fully understand the old man's heartsickness and his eagerness to find and punish the one who had been responsible. In a few minutes now, Sergeant Preston would reach old Toby's cabin. He would rejoin King. Suddenly at the edge of town, the Mountie heard a shout.

Bart; (BACK) Hey Sergeant! Sergeant Preston!

(STEPS STOP) (OTHER STEPS APPROACHING  
ON THE RUN)

Annrcr; It was Bart Weaver, owner of the knife that had killed Blackie.

Bart; (APPROACHING) Sergeant Preston!

Preston; Yes, Weaver?

(STEPS COMING IN AND STOPPING AS:)

Bart; (COME IN BREATHELESS) I've got somethin' to tell you.

Preston; Please be as brief as possible. I'm in a hurry.

Bart; They told me you'd be in White Horse today.

Preston; I was there early this morning. My appearance in court was a brief one, and I started back immediately.

Bart; Well listen, Sergeant, you suspected me of killin' Dixon's dog, an' I can't prove an alibi for yesterday mornin' when the dog was killed, but I've got an alibi for last night.

Preston; (SHARPLY) What about last night?

Bart; Someone knocked old Toby out and made off with all his money. It was sewed inside his shirt.

Preston; (CUTS IN) But I left King to guard old Toby!

Bart; The dog was poisoned. Doc Brady's still at Toby's house. He's been there since—

Preston; See you later!

(RUMBLING STEPS ON SNOW & ICE SUSTAIN)

Annor; Preston didn't wait to hear the rest. He set out on the run covering the remaining distance to Toby Dixon's house in the shortest possible time.

(DOOR OPENS)

Doc; (BACK) Sergeant Preston!

(STEPS IN - DOOR CLOSSES) (AS:)

Preston; Doc! I heard about King!

(DOG - LOW WHIMPER)

Preston; (CUE) King; What have they done to you? Look at him. He's as weak as a kitten.

- Doc; He's past the crisis and out of danger. You can thank Toby for saving his life.
- Preston; Toby! Forgive me! I was so concerned about King-- I forgot that you'd suffered a great loss -
- Toby; Aw-w that's all right-
- Preston; What happened last night?
- Toby; I can't tell much. I fed King some of the Caribou that I had hangin' out back. I didn't have none my own self- I - I wasn't hungry. We turned in, an' some time durin' the night I woke up. I heard the floor creakin' from someone movin' inside the house.
- Preston; Could you see who it was?
- Toby; Nope. It was too dark. Then somethin' hit me on the head. I - I reckon the man must've got accustomed to the dark to see my head - but anyhow, I was knocked out. I come to, an' struck a light. Then I saw King stretched on the floor, his legs as stiff as ramrods, an' he was shakin' like with the ague-
- Preston; What did you do for him?
- Toby; I knew it was poison. I'd seen it work before. I melted down some tallow an' forced it down the dog's throat. He got rid of some of the poison. Then I gave him more hot tallow- an' kept it up till daybreak -
- Doc; I just happened to drop in this morning. I've been here ever since.
- Preston; King, you've been thru the hardest fight of your

Preston; King, you've been thru a hard fight. Doc, are you sure he'll be all right?

Doc; Yes. After a few days rest, he'll be as good as new.

Preston; Toby, I can't begin to thank you for what you've done. But I give you my word, I'll not rest until I get back your money and find the man who killed your dog.

(BREAK)

Anner; King was carefully moved to Brady's home where Sergeant Preston was to stay for the next few days. Then, during those days while the dog regained his strength, the Mountie put forth every effort to find evidence against the man who had ransacked Dixon's home — stabbed his dog — poisoned King, and stolen old Toby's money. But his efforts led nowhere. It was evening when he sat with the doctor in front of the fireplace. King lay on the floor nearby.

Preston; King seemed quite lively when we went for a walk tonight, Doc.

Doc; He's nearly back to his normal strength.

Preston; Perhaps he can accompany me tomorrow.

Doc; Yes. I think he can.

Preston; Good. You hear that, King?

(BARK)

Doc; (CHUCKLE;) Guess he'll be glad to be back in harness. But tell me, Preston, have you any ideas as to the poisoner's identify?

Preston; Yes I have.

Doc; (SURPRISED) You have?

Preston; I'm pretty sure I know who he is. But that doesn't mean a thing. Besides, King's reaction doesn't back up my suspicion.

Doc; Um. I don't understand--

Preston; Doc, remember the first attempt to get Toby's money?

Doc; Yes. Someone ransacked his house while he was out.

Preston; Ransacked the house - even to the extent of tearing up a couple of floorboards. Then a prowler went to the house the next night. Toby's dog sounded the alarm.

Doc; Yes I know, but--

Preston; The thief didn't know where the cash was hidden.

Doc; No. If he had, he wouldn't have searched the house while Toby was out.

Preston; But the night King was poisoned - the thief knew just where to go for the cash. He slugged Toby and stripped off his shirt. At that time, not many people knew where Toby kept his cash.

Doc; The banker knew it, and so did his clerk. Toby told both of them.

- Preston; Yes, but they knew about it before the house was ransacked. If either Garner or Joe Thorne had turned thief, they'd have known where to go for the cash.
- Doc; That's good logic.
- Preston; They wouldn't have searched thru the house while Toby was out. Now - when the thief actually got the cash, he knew where to look for it. He slugged Toby and stripped off his shirt. That means that the thief is a man who learned about the shirt on the day of the robbery!
- Doc; That narrows it down-
- Preston; To one man! Jake Tabor was with us when Toby told about his shirt.
- Doc; Jake Tabor! And he's just the type! Preston, I think he's your man.
- Preston; I can't find a shred of evidence to back that suspicion. Furthermore, King doesn't bristle when he sees Jake.
- Doc; That's true. King was almost friendly when Tabor called here to inquire about him.
- Preston; King was stiff, partially paralyzed by the poison when the money was stolen. He couldn't warn Toby, but, Doc, I think he'd remember that scent! And he'd hate it!
- Doc; He might not. Maybe he was more nearly unconscious than you think.

Preston; In any event, I've been trying to think of a way to trap Jake Tabor and make him show his hand. I think I have a way - but I'll need your help.

Doc; Count on it!

Preston; Now here's my plan. You've got to call on Toby tonight. Tell him he's to become ill. Very ill. Then go to the cafe and tell Bart Weaver and a few others that you're very concerned -- you will hint that Toby might be coming down with a very serious fever. (FADING) Something that is most contagious---

(FADE IN CAFE ROOM NOISES)

Annor; It was one hour later when Doc Brady visited the cafe--

Doc; (FADING IN) Yes indeed, Bart, I just came from Toby's place, and frankly, I'm very, very worried.

Bart; Poor old Toby. His luck is sure runnin' muddy, eh?

Jake; (COMING IN) Doc, what's that about old Toby?

Doc; Oh hello, Jake.

Jake; Toby got more trouble?

Doc; He's sick, Jake, and I'm afraid it might be very bad. I'll know better in the morning.

Jake; What's the matter with him?

Doc; Looks like the Fever. A very, very dangerous fever, as bad as small pox.

AD LIB: (STIR)

- Joe; (COMING IN) Say there, did I hear some mention of small pox?
- Doc; Yes, you did, Thorne.
- Jake; Doc was just sayin' that Toby's got a fever that's worse than small pox!
- Doc; No no, I'm not sure, mind you! I'll see what develops in the morning.
- Bart; Worse than small pox! Gosh! Doc, is it catchin'?
- Doc; If Toby has the fever I'm thinking of, we'll have to put a guard at his house to be sure no one gets close to him.
- Jake; I -- I suppose you can cure Toby--
- Doc; I'll do my best. I'll hurry over to White Horse and get a special medicine... the only thing that will prevent or cure such a disease.
- Jake; Prevent it, yuh say?
- Doc; Um. It would immunize a man who had been exposed to it.
- Bart; Can't you get enough of that medicine to supply the folks here in town -- just so's none of us catch it?
- Doc; Oh no, Bart. That would be out of the question. As a matter of fact, I'll have to do a lot of persuading to get the White Horse Doctor to give me enough for Toby. There's very little of that medicine in the Yukon Territory. No where near enough to supply people who are not ill. (FADING)  
We'll hope for the best.

(FADE OUT CAFE B.G.)



Annex; After Doc had left the cafe, the news spread rapidly. By the following morning, the whole town was buzzing with talk about old Toby's mysterious ailment. When a guard was placed At Toby's door, the worst fears were confirmed—

AD LIB: Toby's in a bad way.  
The poor old critter. I'm sorry for him.  
Did you hear what Doc said last night about a special medicine?  
Toby's had a lot of tough luck/ (ETC.)

Annex; Standing in front of Doc Brady's house, Sergeant Preston heard snatches of conversation from the passers-by. Then the doctor came out of the house dressed for travel.

Preston; Are you ready, Doc?

Doc; Yes. How's our plan working?

Preston; First-rate so far. Sorry you have to take a trip to White Horse.

Doc; I don't mind. It will do me good. Now let me see. I should be there by noon, and back here some time in the late afternoon.

Preston; And while you're there, you'll pick up a bottle of medicine with Doctor Jackson's name on it.

Doc; Leave that to me.

Preston; I'll keep an eye on Jake. If he's as guilty as I think he is, he'll be very worried about the shirt in his possession. I've dropped a few remarks hinting that Toby's stolen shirt might carry the

Preston; I'll keep an eye on Jake. If he's as guilty as I think he is, he'll be very worried about the shirt in his possession. I've dropped a few remarks hinting that Toby's stolen shirt might carry the fever germs. He'll make an attempt to waylay you on the back trail and take the medicine away from you.

Doc; And if he comes out to meet me, you'll be following, eh?

Preston; Yes. King and I will follow him and I hope we'll finish this day with a confession.

(BREAK)

Annrc; As the day passed, Jake went about his normal pursuits with Sergeant Preston watching unobtrusively. Mid-afternoon found Jake still in town engaged in a poker game in the cafe. Sergeant Preston and King were waiting outside.

Preston; King, if Jake intends to intercept the doctor, it's time for him to leave town.

(KING, SOFT WHIMPER)

Annrc; The minutes dragged into an hour. It was time for Doctor Brady to be back, and Jake still lingered at the card game. King sensed his master's restlessness. He saw Sergeant Preston glancing at his watch with increasing frequency as another hour dragged by. Then Jake came out of the cafe.

Jake; (CALL BACK) I'll be back tonight and give you boys a chance to get back your losses. (LAUGHS) Oh, hello, Sergeant. Howdy, King.

(BARK OF GREETING)

Preston; How did you make out, Jake?

Jake; Won a tidy sum from the boys. They're all skittish about the chances of catchin' Toby's fever. Their minds ain't on their game.

Preston; I see.

Jake; I won enough to buy me some new clothes, and I'm on my way to spend it before I get into another card game. (FADES) See you again.

Preston; (PAUSE) King, he certainly doesn't act like the guilty man.

(LOW WHIMPER)

Anncr; Once more the Mountie looked at his watch.

Preston; King, Doctor Brady should have been back here an hour ago! ( ) I wonder - - - (SUDDEN DECISION)  
We're going to go out and meet him!

(SHARP BARK)

Come on, King!

(STEPS AND BARKS, FADING)

Anncr; King thrilled to the summons. It was good to be back on the trail, totting at his master's side. Sergeant Preston had traveled less than one mile after leaving the town when he saw Doc Brady.

(FOOTSTEPS)

(KING BARKING)

Preston; (CALLS) Doc!

Annex; : There was something wrong. Doc's hat was gone, and he walked with dragging steps, weaving from side to side.

(STEPS STOP)

Doc; Preston--

Preston; Doc! What's the matter with you? What has happened?

Doc; You said you'd watch.

Preston; Here - take my arm.

Doc; No, I - I'll be all right in a few minutes. How - how did Jake get away from you?

Preston; He didn't. He's in town right now.

Doc; Someone slugged me from behind. I - I don't know who. I was unconscious. When I came to, the bottle of medicine was gone. I - I was pretty unsteady on my feet for a time but I'm better now. Don't worry about me. I'll be all right.

Preston; Can you take me back to that spot on the trail?

Doc; Yes - but - but the ground's frozen too hard to show footprints.

Preston; We don't need footprints. King's back on the job. He'll get the scent.

Annex; It was only a couple of hundred yards to the place where Doc had fallen and there the great dog King reacted violently.

(KING BARKING AND SNARLING)

He found and recognized a scent he hated. He associated it with a prowler in the night -- a man who had hurt old Toby at a time when he, King, lay helpless. He looked up at his master. ~~He~~

(MORE BARKING)

He wanted desperately to follow that trail.

Preston; All right, King, take the lead, old boy. On, King!

(BARKING SUSTAINS)

King streaked across the ice and hard-packed snow, angling off the trail. Then he cut back in the direction of town and went directly to a small house. He snarled and barked and clawed at the door until his master caught up.

(SNARLING AND BARKING)

Preston; All right, King, we're going in!

(RAP HARD ON DOOR)

Open up. I want to talk to you!

Annex; The door was opened by Joe Thorne, clerk in Garner's Bank.

(DOOR OPENS - KING IS BESIDE HIMSELF)

Joe; (FEAR) That dog, get down - get down, you!

Preston; Down, King!

(KING SUBSIDES)

Joe; Wha - what's the matter with him?

Preston; He hates crooks, Thorne.

Joe; Cr- crooks -

Preston; You knocked Doctor Brady down.

Joe; No no -

Preston; Don't lie about it. King has the scent. He followed you. I think a search of this house will reveal the bottle of medicine you took from Doc Brady! Doc Brady himself is on the way here - and he will identify it. And a search might reveal Toby Dixon's shirt.

(KING FADES BACK WHIMPERING)

Joe; Get that dog out of here.

Preston; He's on the track of something.

Joe; (PANICKY) Get out of there, you mutt. Get away from that bed.

(KING, SUDDEN REACTION) (BARKING, SNARLING)

(FRANTIC) Get away!

Preston; He's found something!

Joe; I'll kill -

Preston; (EFFORT) No you don't, Thorne!

(SHARP SLAP)

Preston; I'll take that gun.

Joe; You - you - you -

Preston; Now stand over there. We'll see what King's trying to pull out from beneath that mattress.

(COUPLE OF QUICK STEPS)

Doc; (BACK) Preston! Preston, this is Thorne's house!

Preston; Yes, and come here, Doc. Look what King has found. It's Toby Dixon's shirt.

Doc; Then Thorne is the one!

Joe; That dog! That confounded dog!

(KING SNARLS)

Preston; The dog you tried to poison.

Joe; I - I admit it, Preston. I - I guess you win.

Preston; You tried to frame Bart Weaver for the stabbing of Blackie.

Joe; I -- I found his knife. I meant to return it to him, but I didn't get around to it. Then when I learned that old Toby had money -- well, you know the answers.

Preston; All but one. I can't understand why you ransacked the house on the first night you tried to steal the money.

Joe; It wasn't me the first night, Preston. (BITTER)  
(LAUGHS) It was my boss.

Preston; The banker?

Joe; Yes. Garner himself. He was afraid someone would rob Toby, so he went to the house and messed things up a little hoping to frighten the old man into puttin' his money in the bank.

Doc; Well I'll be doggoned.

Joe; He was sure someone would get the cash that's inside that shirt and so was I. Then I thought I might as well be the lucky one. ( ) I'm tellin' you all this because I -- well I'm done for. I've been handling that germ-laden shirt so much I'm sure to catch the fever. In fact I feel the beginning of it already.

Doc; What about that medicine you took from me?

Joe; I was just going to take it when that dog came barking at the door.

Doc; (CHUCKLES) It won't matter, Torne, because you see, there is no fever. Old Toby's just as well as I am. And that medicine is nothing by ordinary bitters

Joe; (LAUGH BITTERLY) Tricked! Outguessed all the way! ( ) And all because of a dog.

(~~CHUCKLES~~) (BARKS)

Preston; Yes, King, thanks to the way you outfought poison and followed this man's trail, the case is closed!

MUSIC: Theme