

BENNETT ABSTRACT COMPANY Prompt and Accurate Work.

THE DAILY LEDGER.

Insurance placed with us is safe—we write it right BALLINGER INSURANCE AGENCY.

CARLOAD MOON BROS. BUGGIES, PHEATONS AND SURRIES just placed on exhibition at our store

Van Pelt, Kirk & Mack

VILLAWILL SOON BE FACTOR IN MEXICAN SITUATION

WASHINGTON, Nov. 20.—Washington officials are confident that General Villa will shortly dominate the Mexican situation. He has claimed the dictatorship of the republic. Men who have followed the standard of General Carranza are now turning towards General Villa, looking towards that chieftain as their only means of saving the country. This was the statement brought here in a message from George Carothers of the state department who has been acting as an agent with Villa. Mexico City is today celebrating the fourth anniversary revolution started by Madero in 1910. General Obregon will leave the city within the next twenty-four hours to engage General Villa.

QUARTERMASTER OF GERMANS IS DEAD

BERLIN, Nov. 20.—General Von Veights Rhetz, quartermaster general of the German army, died today from heart failure.

QUARANTINE IS LIFTED PARTIALLY

WASHINGTON, Nov. 20.—The foot and mouth disease quarantine against Canada has been lifted by the officials, handling the situation. The disease, it is stated, is gradually coming under the control of the officers everywhere.

Germans Lose Many Heavy Guns, the French Claim

PARIS, Nov. 20.—In the floods of Flanders, the Germans have lost many heavy guns. Because of this fact, the artillery fire from the coast to the Lys has slackened considerably. It is snowing again on the battlefield of Flanders and a hardship has been worked upon the two immense armies thrust against each other. The Germans have re-occupied Chauvancourt. Armistices has been partly deserted because of the German bombardment, which has caused numerous houses in the city to be set on fire. Between Ypres and La Basse, tremendous pressure is being exerted on the allied line. However, despite the resistance of the Germans, the British and French are able to hold fairly well their positions. The British troops located north of Artois have launched a vigorous offensive against the tremendous lines of the enemy and are making a desperate attempt to drive the Germans back. At the brink of the allied trenches, the Germans were repulsed at one time by the allied forces with their vigorous counter offensive move.

Belgians Say Germans Killed 2,350 Civilians

RUSSIANS CLAIMING VICTORIES

PETROGRAD, Nov. 20.—It was declared by the war office today that only minor operations are going on in Caucasus. It was officially stated that several minor victories over the Turks have taken place. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Moore left Friday morning for Coleman where he goes to look after cotton business.

Claim That 1,250,000 Is Casualty

COPENHAGEN, Nov. 20.—Berlin estimates received here declare that the German losses in the war up to date have been 1,250,000 killed, wounded and missing. This does not include a half million men who are sick. The official casualty list issued at Berlin admits that there has been 980,000 men killed, wounded and missing.

Miss Lillian and Gertrude Moore, of Cisco, who had been in the city to attend the marriage of their brother, Mr. Fred Moore and Miss Jessie Routh Nash returned to their home Thursday afternoon.

WILL DISCUSS DISTRIBUTION OF HARVEST LABORERS

CHICAGO, Nov. 20.—How to distribute harvest hands in the best manner in the west will be the Interstate Conference to be held at Kansas City in December, on the 7th. The conference will be held under the auspices of the Federal Commission of Industrial Relations.

OFFICIALS DOUBLE THEIR EFFORTS TO TOUCH TENNESSEE

WASHINGTON, Nov. 20.—Without having received further word concerning the Cruiser Tennessee incident, Washington officials today redoubled their efforts to get in touch with the cruiser or Ambassador Morgenthau.

Wether Forecast. Tonight fair, frost; Saturday fair.

LONDON, Nov. 20.—Further charges of atrocities by the Germans in Belgium, including the allegation that a total of at least 2,350 civilians were executed at Tamines, Diant and Belgian Luxemburg, were made today by the Belgian commission in an additional report.

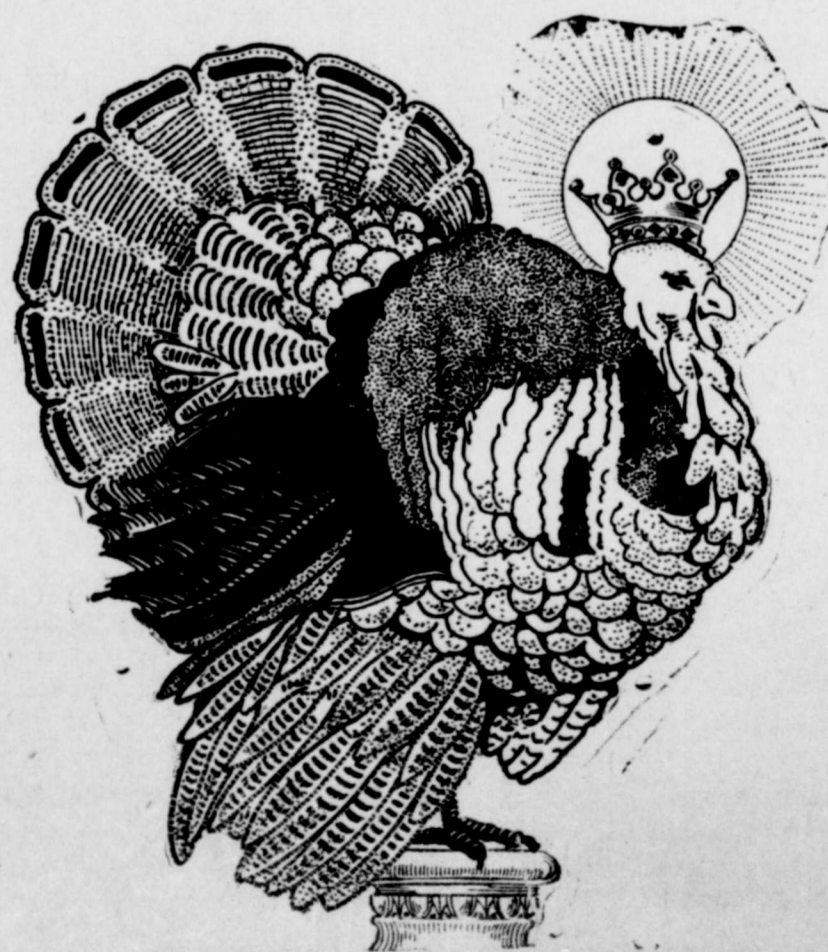
Big Storm Forces the Allies to Lift Their Blocade

ANCONA, Nov. 20.—A terrific storm in the Adriatic Sea has compelled the fleet of the allied powers to lift their blockade of Austrian ports, to avoid being driven ashore by the immense waves beating against the sides of the vessels. The storm has worked havoc along the coast.

Turkeys are Plentiful and Cheap for Thanksgiving Dinner in Ballinger

That the Thanksgiving dinner this year will be cheaper than the regular Sunday dinner, is the statement made today by some of the produce men of Ballinger. Turkeys are now selling at 10 cents per pound while beef is ranging from fifteen to twenty cents for an equal amount. However, it is also declared by the same produce men that as the time draws near for Thanksgiving Day, the prices for the gobblers will soar. It is expected that on next Thursday the amount required to purchase a pound of turkey flesh will exceed the 13-cent mark. The cause of the low prices at the present time is not known here. The supply is not extra large this year, the number of gobblers and hens being about the same as in previous years. Some farmers who are raising large numbers of the gallinaceous fowls declare that the supply ought to be smaller this year than last, because of the fact that the large force of cotton pickers in the county have consumed hundreds of the birds during their sojourn in Runnels.

Many boarding houses in Ballinger are using turkey meat almost entirely, beef and pork having been replaced on the dining table by the tender flesh of the gobbler and hen. The cause is the low price of the turkey. At Winters a turkey dressing industry has been established, the object of which is to supply the residents of both the city and other sections with the turkey ready for the oven. The price for the dressed turkey is 15 cents. One local produce man said that there is a possibility of establishing such a plant here prior to the Christmas holidays. An unusually large number of turkeys are expected to arrive in the city Saturday, the last big day of the week previous to the Thanksgiving Day. Many Ballinger residents have already made their purchases for the Thanksgiving dinner, thereby taking advantage of the low prices. Some have gone so far as to purchase sufficient fowls to last during the Christmas holidays.



"At Tamines," the report declared, "450 men were collected in front of a church and shot down by machine guns of the Germans. Many of the number were women and children. Many have been burned in the three towns in their homes. The worse excesses have been committed in Belgian Luxemburg. Rape is a common occurrence there."

GERMAN STEAMERS ESCAPE

SANTIAGO, Nov. 20.—Two German steamers escaped from Chilean ports within a single day. Both of the vessels carried provisions to the Pacific squadron operating off the South America coast. The Chilean government has protested to the German government about allowing her vessels to provision at Chilean ports, and besides this, the government has prohibited provisions of German steamers in the harbors.

Another Defeat is Expected

BERLIN, Nov. 20.—Germany expects to administer another to the Russians around Warsaw. Fighting is today taking place within sixty miles of that city by the great armies of the two opposing sides. The first invasion of the Germans into Russia a few weeks ago was with great success. Thousands of Russians were cut to pieces in a lake and swamp region about fifty miles from Warsaw, and this defeat will be repeated, if the plans of the German army in the east materializes. Another drive of the Germans in East Prussia to throw the Russians back into the same lake and swamp region where they were cut to pieces on the first invasion, is not being instituted.

WEALTHY WOMAN DIES FROM WOUNDS

AURORA, Nov. 20.—Miss Jennie Miller, the wealthiest woman of this city, who was found nearly dead in the yard of the First Methodist church yesterday morning died today without having gained consciousness.

ANNUAL BAZAAR. On Dec. 3, the First Baptist Church Ladies will give their annual bazaar. Will have for sale all kinds of candy, cakes, fruits, jellies, preserves, chow chow, as well as many useful and practical Christmas gifts. 20-11d Penn Co.

RESCUE AND ORPHANAGE WORK DISCUSSED TODAY

METHODISTS WILL RAISE BIG AMOUNT FOR WAR SUFFERERS

DALLAS, Nov. 20.—The Methodist Episcopal Church in America will attempt to raise \$250,000 for the relief of the war sufferers, announced Bishop William Shepard of Kansas City here today.

ENGLISH WOMAN IS SHOT BY GERMANS AS BRITISH SPY

AMSTERDAM, Nov. 20.—An English woman dressed as a priest, is reported to have been captured by the Germans at Courtrai, and shot as a British spy. HORSE WANTED—Heavy or windbroken horse. Bring him to me, and I will cure him. Dr. E. R. McKinney, V. S. 1tdwpd

CARRANZA FOLLOWERS ARE FLEEING

WASHINGTON, Nov. 20.—The followers of General Carranza are fleeing from Mexico City, John Silman, the representative of the state department today telegraphed. He said that Mexico City is in a state of unrest and very disquieting rumors are afloat. Sillman declared in his message that the Carranzaista element is evacuating the capital hastily but apparently no officials of any other faction are taking their places.

SWEARS SIEGEL GOT A \$100,000 LOAN

NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—James Alexander, president of the National Bank of Commerce, today swore on the stand that Henry Siegel received a loan of a \$100,000 on alleged false representations of the condition of his stores, protracting them as being money maker when in reality they were losing money.

TAFT WANTS LARGER ARMY AND NAVY

CHICAGO, Nov. 20.—William H. Taft, formerly president of the United States, is an advocate of a larger army and navy and a greater attendance at West Point. There were the statements he advocated in an address before the Congregational Club last night in this city.

W. C. Penn, the big fat jovial cotton buyer, returned home Thursday afternoon from points west, where he had been on cotton business and will ship out today 900 bales of cotton to the foreign markets for his firm the Ray-Penn Co.

The most interesting session of the Assembly of the Nazarene church since the assembly opened was the afternoon session Friday, when the assembly took up the subject of "Rescue and Orphanage Anniversary." Especially was this service made interesting by the presence of three orphan girls, who are here from the Pilot Point home and who are taking an active part in the devotional services of the assembly. These children are an example of the splendid work being done by the Nazarene people. The singing by these girls are a great feature of the evening services. The assembly was disappointed in the announcement made that on account of illness, Mrs. Eaton, a returned missionary, could not be present, and bring the little India child widow, as had been announced. The rescue and orphanage work was taken up at two o'clock, and for more than two hours the assembly had under discussion this department of the church work. The rescue and orphanage work was taken up at two o'clock, and for more than two hours the assembly had under discussion this department of the church work. Tonight at 7 o'clock there will be a devotional service, and preaching by Rev. J. E. L. Moore, president of the Central Nazarene University, of Hamlin, Texas. An (Continued on last page)

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Modern warfare means brutal death for the soldiers.

Some time when you hear a man referred to as a good natured fellow, it means that he is a lazy loafer.

Ball and Ferguson are now on speaking terms. May be the gentlemen have repented of the ugly things said about each other during the late unpleasantness.

An ammunition factory in Illinois has just received orders for four million dollars worth of cartridges. Wonder how many soldiers that much shooting stuff will kill?

We hope Uncle Sam will not demand a salute from Turkey and then be forced to back down like he did at Vera Cruz. The old man should begin now and get use to insults.

The fighters in Europe have nothing on our next door neighbors when it comes to real down fabrication. Carranza and Villa issue a statement one day that they are ready to make peace, and the next day they are fighting.

The price of cotton tumbled with the opening of the cotton exchange and so did the hopes of some of the farmers who were waiting for the exchange to take their cotton off their hands at a big price.

The nearer the holiday season approaches the greater will be the demand for ready cash, and we see no hopes for a better market before after Christmas. The man that can get along without the cash is unwise to sell now. If you have your debts paid you should experiment a little in cotton speculation.

2000 bales of cotton burned in Washington County, and press reports said that little of it was insured. Just another instance where the farmer used poor judgment. Your cotton may not be worth much, but if you have gone to the expense and work of putting it in bale shape it is certainly worth taking care of.

SUDDEN DEATH IN A SILO. A recent fatal accident in Ohio calls attention to a danger to farmers which can not be too widely circulated. Since 1875, when the first American silo was built by Dr. Manley Miles, this method of preserving forage for live-stock has been generally adopted. Although the Department of Agriculture has frequently called attention to the danger of carbon dioxide gas accumulating in silos

GO TO-- Security Title Company for your abstract work. SEE-- Chas. S. Miller for eight per cent money choice land loans.

It Makes a Difference Who Does Your Work. A good shave, a neat hair cut, adds a great deal to a mans feeling and appearance. We give you satisfaction along this line. The City Barber Shop. H. O. Rhodes, Proprietor.

under certain conditions, no fatalities have been reported heretofore. On the morning of September 19, four workmen on the farm of the Athens (Ohio) State Hospital, ascended the ladder on outside of a silo to an open door about twelve feet from the top and jumped down one after another onto the silage, the top of which was about six feet below the door. About five minutes after two other workmen following them found them unconscious. Although a large force of workmen were immediately summoned and the bodies of the four men removed at once through a lower door, the physicians of the hospital who were at once on the ground were unable to resuscitate any of the four men. Evidently the carbon dioxide gas had accumulated during the night, filling the silo up to the level of the door and forming a layer of carbon dioxide gas six feet deep. Such accidents, says The Journal of the American Medical Association might easily be repeated on any modern farm. Agriculture journals should call the attention of the farmers to this danger and should urge that silos be carefully ventilated before being entered.

Declare War on Colds. A crusade of education which aims "that common colds may become uncommon within the next generation" has been begun by prominent New York physicians. Here is a list of the "don'ts" which the doctors say will prevent the annual visitation of the cold: "Don't sit in a draughty car." "Don't sleep in hot rooms." "Don't avoid the fresh air." "Don't stuff yourself at meal time. Overeating reduces your resistance." To which we would add--when you take cold get rid of it as quickly as possible. To accomplish that you will find Chamberlain's Cough Remedy most excellent. Sold by all dealers.

PULLMAN OFFICIALS PUT ON GRILL. San Francisco, Nov. 20.—Officials of the Pullman Car Company appeared before the California Railroad Commission today to show cause why their rates for Pullman service should not be revised. The hearing probably will continue several days.

Irregular bowel movements lead to chronic constipation and a constipated habit fills the system with impurities. Herbine is a great bowel regulator. It purifies the system, vitalizes the blood and puts the digestive organs in fine vigorous condition. Price 50c. Sold by the Walker Drug Co.

Cause of Insomnia. The most common cause of insomnia is disorders of the stomach and constipation. Chamberlain's Tablets correct the disorders and enable you to sleep. For sale by all dealers.

COTTON PICKERS RETURNING HOME

With the greatest cotton crop Rummels county has ever raised almost gathered, many pickers who flocked to this section of the state a few weeks ago to help gather the white staple, are now returning, leaving the partially white to the help which will remain here the year round. Almost every out-going train carries a few of the pickers, while on Saturdays the crowd is unusually large. That Rummels county will gather 60,000 bales of cotton this year is now almost an assured fact, according to many men of this city who have been making a study of the situation for the past several weeks. The last ginner's report gave the county slightly over 32,000 bales and this amount was ginned prior to November 5. Another report is now being arranged by the government reporter on the number of bales produced, and it is expected that the number will be past the 40,000 bale mark.

It is pointed out that had it not been for the influx of laborers in Rummels County at the opportune time, the farmers would have suffered untold damage. Cotton would have been left in the fields for the want of people to gather it, and prices for pickers would have soared beyond the reach of the producers or the amount justified by the prevailing prices for the white staple when placed on the market. Over half of the 1914 crop has been gathered by outside help and in many cases is still being gathered by this class of people. There are some farmers of the county who have yet large quantities of the staple in their fields to be picked. They calculate that with the home force, the remnant of the crop can be gathered. School children will be worked in the fields after study hours and on Saturdays along with the help necessarily carried the year round.

Expressions heard by many of the pickers on the streets are to the effect that never before in their lives have they worked in such a pleasant environment as in Rummels County. They are pleased with the reception which has been given them in the county by all people, and they intend, doubtless, to leave and spread the glad news among their friends of other sections of the state.

In damp chilly weather there is always a large demand for Ballard's Snow Liniment because many people who know by experience its great relieving power in rheumatic aches and pains, prefer to apply it at the first twinge. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by the Walker Drug Co.

W. A. Bridwell is in Abilene this week attending the Baptist convention.

THE PERILS OF PAULINE ON AT THE PRINCESS TONIGHT

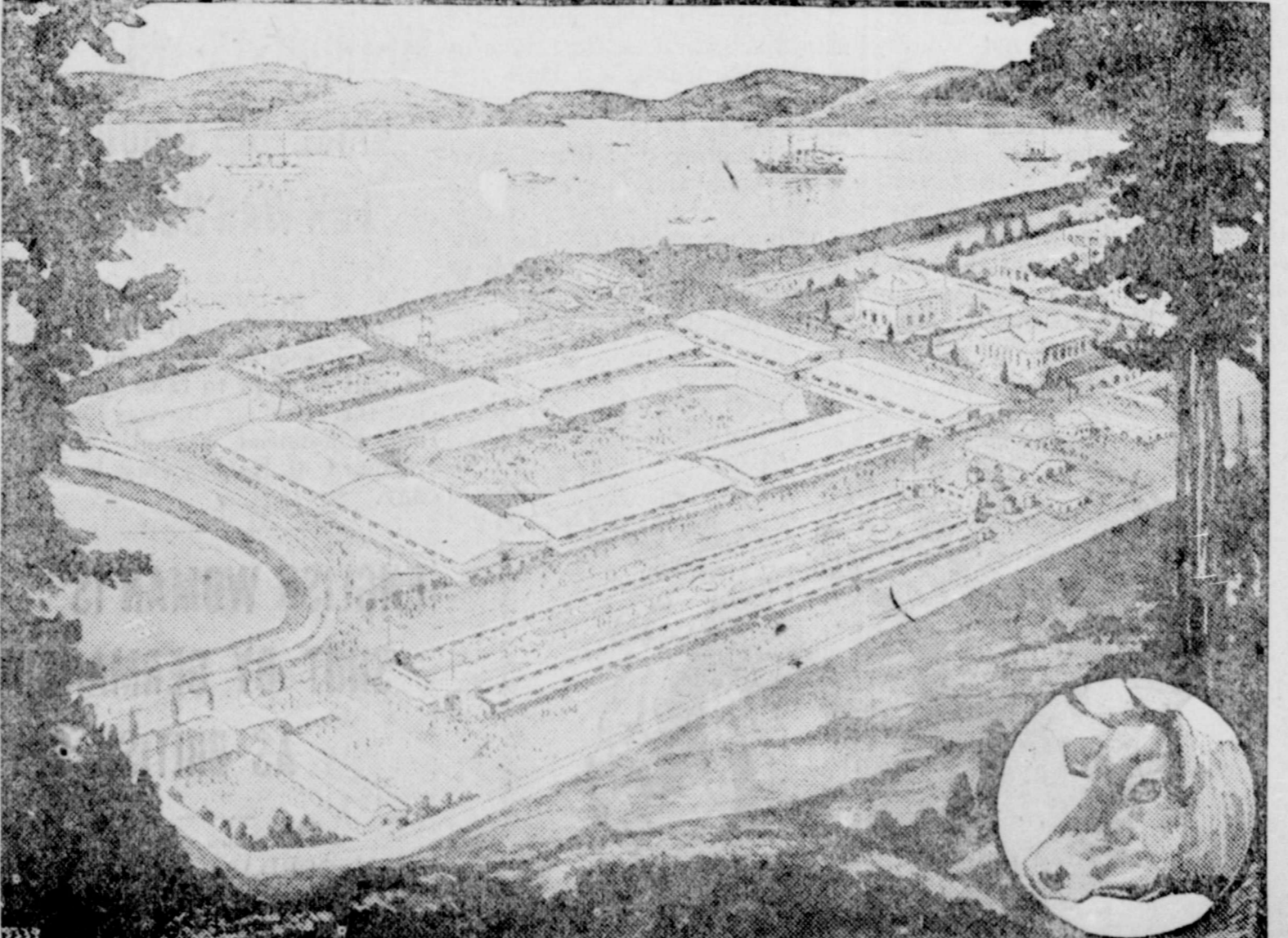
Tonight ushers in the fifth installment of the "Perils of Pauline." This picture has proved a bonus for the exhibitors using it, and increases in popularity as the story proceeds. Peerless photography and excellent scenery are some of the mechanical attainments of this film that are beyond compare. Pathe has always been noted for handling big subjects in a big way and this big serial is no variation. Pearl White the leading lady plays the role of the heiress with an ease and charm of an artist, and she is ably supported by Crane Wilbur as the hero who thwarts the villainous schemes of Owen, the secretary, known in life as Paul Panzer. The "Perils" are sufficiently perilous tonight for anyone and too you will have the opportunity of seeing the 32nd installment of "Our Mutual Girl" wherein Margaret meets more eminent and a few imminently great personages, "The Harlow Handicap" a two part Thanouser uses for a basis one of the best organizations of actors ever selected to play roles of principals, with a big support of supers.

THE VISION OF VICTOR HUGO

"A day will come when the only battle field will be the market open to commerce and the mind opening to new ideas. A day will come when bullets and bomb shells will be replaced by votes and by the venerable arbitration of a great sovereign senate. A day will come when a cannon will be exhibited in public museums just as an instrument of torture is now, and people will be astonished how such a thing could have been. A day will come when these two immense groups, the United States of America and the United States of Europe shall be seen placed in the presence of each other, extending the hand of fellowship across the ocean."

Are You a Woman? Take Gardui The Woman's Tonic FOR SALE AT ALL DRUGGISTS. We give free tickets in the Dunlap Pony Contest for your favorite child. Jas. E. Brewer, jeweler and optometrist, 3-4 tw tsd

GREATEST LIVE STOCK SHOW IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION, SAN FRANCISCO, 1915



Copyright, 1914, by Panama Pacific International Exposition Company. The greatest and most comprehensive live stock show in the history of the world will be staged at the vast Panama-Pacific International Exposition. Entries of valuable and rare breeds of live stock will be shown from every country in the world, including France, England, Belgium and other countries in the European war zone. More than one-half million dollars is offered in prizes and purses for winning live stock. This photograph shows the vast live stock barns, covering more than forty acres, with the great judging amphitheater in the center. The live stock show will last throughout the period of the exposition, from February 20 to December 4, 1915.

Guarantee A Saving of 1/2 in Fuel With Soft Coal, Slack or Lignite. YOU GET YOUR MONEY BACK

You get back the original cost of your stove in the fuel money saved each winter. Could you ask for more? Here is the Guarantee on

Cole's Original Hot Blast Heater

Backed Up in Every Particular by the Makers:

- 1-A saving of one-third in fuel over any lower draft stove of the same size, with soft coal, slack or lignite. 2-That Cole's Hot Blast will use less hard coal for heating a given space than any base burner made with the same size fire pot. 3-That the rooms can be heated from one to two hours each morning with the soft coal or hard coal put in the stove the evening before. 4-That the stove will hold fire with soft coal from Saturday night until Monday morning. 5-A uniform heat day and night, with soft coal, hard coal or lignite. 6-That every stove will remain absolutely air-tight as long as used. 7-That the feed-door is and will remain smoke and dust-proof. 8-That the Anti-Puffing Draft will prevent puffing. 9-That we ask is that the stove shall be operated according to directions and connected with a good flue. (Signed) COLE MANUFACTURING CO., Not Inc.



(Makers of the Original Patented Hot Blast Stove.) This Guarantee can not be made on any other heating stove.

If you want economy and real home comfort, come in and let us sell you one of these stoves. See the name "Cole's" on feed door of each stove. None genuine without it



Higginbotham-Currie-Williams Company

SOUTHERN WOMEN STAGE A BENEFIT TO HELP COTTON

NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—In order to buy cotton for the Red Cross in Europe and at the same time help the South, Southern women now in this city will hold a benefit performance this afternoon at a local theatre. Three professional women's clubs, the Gamut Club, Professional Woman's League and the Twelfth Night Club will each present a one act play. Villa Holt Wakefield planned the affair.

Regulate the bowels when they fail to move properly. Herbine is an admirable bowel regulator. It helps the liver and stomach and restores a fine feeling of strength and buoyancy. Price 50c. Sold by the Walker Drug Co.

GERMANS 50 MILES IN LAND OF CZAR

PETROGRAD, Nov. 20.—The Germans are again fifty miles within the Russian border. Desperate fighting has marked the retreat of the Russian from Thorn, in the face of the fierce fire of the Germans. Thorn is in East Prussia. It was declared here today that the Russians have advanced four miles beyond Angerburg.

Stops Rheumatic Pain Right Now. It is astonishing how quickly Hunt's Lightning Oil relieves pain. Rub tion and the hurting fades away almost instantly. That's why many people keep it in their and the like there is nothing better. For Neuralgia, headache, etc. Sold by all Drugists in 25c and 50c bottles.

For Sale. Seed wheat, oats and barley go to Missouri Milling Co., Ballinger.

Tonight. Tonight, if you feel dull or stupid, or bilious and constipated, take a dose of Chamberlain's Tablets and you will feel all right tomorrow. For Sale by all dealers

Most People Who Eat-- Are Particular What They Eat. We cater to such people—we buy to please them, and we DO please them. We have a store full of the most eatable of eats, and every purchase you make impels you to make another, and still others. L. B. Stubbs Phones 94 & 363 The Home of GOOD Eats.

HOT DRINKS

Artistically served over our fountain in the winter time by men who know how. Try us—

E. F. ELDER and SON

New Meat Market
--At the Globber Old Stand--

We have just renovated and put in first class shape the old Globber Market and now open for business. The very best meats the market affords. Call and see us. Your patronage will be appreciated. Will be known as "THE CASH MARKET"

Phone 126 **Frank Chapman** Phone 126
Hutchings Ave. Manager Ballinger, Texas

MANY A SQUARE MEAL IS SPOILED IN THE MAKING.

Inferior flour, poor potatoes, any kind of foodstuffs that are a little "off" may spoil an otherwise perfect repast. Some grocers make it a point of honor to never sell an article that is "off." They build up a reputation from which they are inseparable. It is an invaluable asset in business.

We Are Of That Class
You know it. Others ought to, for their own sakes.

MILLER MERCANTILE CO.
TWO PHONES 66 AND 77

THE JACKSON DAIRY
WILL JACKSON, Proprietor.

Will deliver milk to any part of the city
Good Milk, Good Service, Prompt Deliveries.
A Share of Your Patronage Solicited.

Will Jackson
Telephone-Rural 5903

Big Crops Demand More Room.

Figure with us for building material to enlarge and improve your home or your barn. There is a difference in lumber as well as in price. Come to our yard and let us show you.

BALLINGER LUMBER CO.

W. B. WOOD AND SON
Will Buy Your
COTTON SEED
and pay the best prices.
Before selling see them in the city.

American railways run their passenger equipment from 60 to 100 miles with periodical stops for lubrication. They expend annually large sums for expert mechanics to do nothing but make inspection and recommendation. Can the inexperienced afford to undertake what the high salaried ones are doing? Drive in and receive a thorough inspection at a nominal cost and derive the full pleasure of motoring.

LEACH AUTO WORKS
All Work Directly Under the Manager.

DON'T FORGET
H. L. WENDORF, the Saddle and Harness Man.
Wants your business however large or small. All kinds of repairing done neatly and promptly. Shoe shop in connection
Hutchings Ave., Ballinger, Texas.

If You're Crooked, You are In Style; If Not--Well, You're Out There

By United Press
BY MARGARET MASON
"Is my hat on straight, dear?"
You never more hear
For it's proper angle
Is now on one ear:
"Does my skirt hang straight,
love?"
Is also old stuff,
If chic now it can't be
Quite crooked enough.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—You've simply got to be a bit crooked if you are going to be fashionable. The very newest skirt models are either short to the shoe tops in front and back with a fall to the insteps on either side or they are up to the calf on each side and to the tops at front and back. Some are cut in jagged points around the bottom and others are finished in seelops while one daring model advocates that erstwhile sloppy effect whereby the front barely touches the boottops and the back just grazes the heels. Along these lines is a skirt whose long tunic edged with fur hangs to the heels in back and just below the knees, in front. Under it, only visible in the front, is an underskirt to the shoe tops. Another skirt shown at the recent New York Fashion Fete was so long that the length of the front was on a line with the steps of the band of fur edging in back. The effect of a front view when was that of two rows of fur with a pair of tootsies thrust between rows for the back band of fur was set on the whole width of the fur band longer behind.

The ripple skirts are also very good and invariably fur finished. They are usually cut circular but some are shown shirred on a hip yoke or even at the waist line. Never has fur been used so extensively as a dress trimming and the lovely new shades of putty and sand are exquisite in combination with the rich brown of sable skunk and the less expensive dyed squirrel. Sand and putty are the exact shades their names signify and the former shade especially should prove extremely popular aside from its beauty for it certainly does take sand these days to wear some of the styles.

Black tulle overskirts and sleeves in black velvet gowns continue to be a favorite combination for smart afternoon costumes gleaming here and there with ropes or buttons of jet. Where a relief from such somberness is desired the sand and putty shades are combined with the black with charming results. This color scheme has at last ousted from supreme favor the black and white combinations so long and so dearly beloved. Black tulle over velvet or satin and heavily bedecked with jet continues the queen of evening gowns also. Black lace has made a wild effort to surplant the tulle but as a smart fashion authority boldly announced that the lace is not to be worn by any woman under twenty-eight its chances for favor can be seen with half an eye are very slight.

As an inevitable outcome of the sleeveless fashion for evening has come the wristless of fur with a fluff of tulle attached to fall over the hand. This dainty little conceit will undoubtedly play the good Samaritan to many an ungainly hand and ill turned turned wrist this winter.

There is an exciting new shoe or boot rather which comes in white, wrey or beige buckskin and laces up the inner side of the shoe instead of the front. It is chastely plain and tight fitting save for a saucy little pointed tip of black patent kid stuck on the toe with an effect of piquancy for all the world like that of a beauty spot against the damask of milady's cheek.

WAR REVENUE TAXES.

AUSTIN, Tex., Nov. 20.—Collector of Internal Revenue A. S. Walker today called attention to the requirements of the recently enacted Emergency Revenue Law commonly called the War Revenue Act.

Beginning with the month of November, special taxes are imposed on the following occupations: Dealers in tobacco, cigars, cigarettes, snuff, etc. (when annual sales exceed \$200), bankers, brokers, of all kinds, commission merchants, theatre proprietors, circus proprietors, and proprietors of bowling alleys, pool and billiard rooms.

To avoid 50 per cent penalty, these taxes must be paid to the Collector of Internal Revenue before the close of business on November 30th. The first tax period is that from Nov. 1st, 1914 to June 30th, 1915, and the tax to be paid at this time is two-thirds of the tax for a full year. The tax to be paid by dealers in tobacco, cigars, etc., is \$3.20 for the remaining eight months of the fiscal year.

All persons liable to the above special taxes should immediately write the collector at Austin for blank application, Form 11a, and after this form has been received it should be properly executed and forwarded to the Collector by return mail, accompanied by Austin exchange or postal money order for the amount of the tax. If application blank is not received promptly, remittance to cover the tax should be mailed to reach the Collector before the close of business on November 30th. The 50 per cent penalty will apply to all remittances received after that date.

Banker's returns will be made in duplicate on Form 457. The tax should be remitted at the time of filing report, which must be rendered during November.

All perfumes, cosmetics, etc., and chewing gum sold at retail after November 30th must have the proper revenue stamp attached. A stamp tax is also imposed on notes, deeds, bonds, insurance policies (not including life insurance), powers of attorney, and other documents on and after December 1st.

Supplies of stamps to be attached to documents and articles may be obtained from the Collector at Austin or from the deputy collectors at El Paso and Dallas. Orders for documentary stamps should be made on Form 427, and on Form 427-A for perfumery, cosmetics, chewing gum, etc.

A copy of the law giving schedule of documents and articles

taxed will be furnished on request.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured.

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give one hundred dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Send for circulars free.

Take Hall's Family Pills for
Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Wigham, of the Valley creek country, were among the shoppers in Ballinger Thursday.

A Night of Terror

Few nights are more terrible than that of a mother looking on her child choking and gasping for breath during an attack of croup, and nothing in the house to relieve it. Many mothers have passed nights of terror in this situation. A little forethought will enable you to avoid this. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a certain cure for croup and has never been known to fail. Keep it at hand. For sale by all dealers.

H. N. Davis, of Brownwood, the recently elected sheriff of that county, came in Thursday afternoon to look after business affairs in our county a few days.

The Wonderful Magic Washing Stick

The Magic Washing Stick, the greatest helper woman ever had with her washing and I have been singing its praise to my neighbor, writes Mrs. Mollie Martin, Route 3, Apache, Okla. It is truly a wonderful article, saving all the washboard labor on washday. Three Magic Washing Sticks for 25c. Enough for fifteen big washings. Makes clothes white as snow. A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Sherman, Texas.

For Sale.
Seed wheat, oats and barley go to Missouri Milling Co., Ballinger.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
Dr. J. C. Altman
of
In Use For Over
Thirty Years
CASTORIA

900 DROPS
ALCOHOL 3 PER CENT
A Vegetable Preparation for Assuaging the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of
INFANTS & CHILDREN
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic.
NOT NARCOTIC.
Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.
Facsimile Signature of
Dr. J. C. Altman
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK.
16 months old
35 Doses—35 CENTS
Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act of 1906.
Exact Copy of Wrapper.

R. L. Stokes, of the Dry Ridge neighborhood was transacting business in Ballinger Thursday afternoon and says he is nearly through picking cotton for this season.

A TEXAS WONDER

The Texas Wonder cures kidney and bladder troubles, dissolves gravel, cures diabetes, weak and lame backs, rheumatism, and bladder in both men and women. Regulates bladder troubles in children. If not sold by your druggist, will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1.00. One small bottle is two month's treatment, and seldom fails to perfect a cure. Texas testimonials with each bottle. Dr. E. W. Hall, 2926 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo. Sold by druggists. 312d

Mrs. Bryant and baby passed through Ballinger Thursday afternoon from Belton en route to the Winters county to join Mr. Bryant where they will make their future home.

Guarantee The Magic Washing Stick

The Magic Washing Stick is guaranteed to save all washboard labor on washday, and to make clothes white as snow. Contains no acid, alkali lye or poison of any character and can be used with perfect safety on the most delicate fabric. Lifts the burden of work from the womenfolks. Price 25c per box containing three Magic Washing Sticks, enough for fifteen big snowy washings. Ask grocer or druggist. A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Sherman, Texas.

Miss Bonnie Mae Lawrence, of San Angelo, came in Thursday afternoon to visit relatives and Ballinger friends a few days.

For SORE or WEAK EYES, use Dickey's Old Reliable Eye Water. Don't hurt. Feels Good. 16-14-6m

Neil McIntosh, of Brownwood, passed through Ballinger Thursday afternoon for the Tennyson Country where he goes to look after farm interests a few days.

CANCELS DATES AND RETURNS HOME.

Hon. Joseph Tweedy, who in company with Ed Boler and Geo. P. McLeland, were making a tour of Rannels county, and organizing cotton clubs and preaching diversification, and cotton storage warehouses, came in Thursday night after a very successful trip of one day. They talked to many farmers and did a good work.

Mr. Tweedy received a phone message from his home at San Angelo informing him of the tragic death of an old time friend W. A. Guthrie, who was drowned in the Concho River, and he was asked to come home. For this reason the speaking dates for Friday were called in, and Mr. Tweedy returned home on the midnight train.

The Magic Washing Stick

I am perfectly delighted with the Magic Washing Stick. It makes the clothes so pretty and white and it saves time and labor. I would give it for nothing I have ever used. I can recommend it highly as a labor saver as you don't have to rub the clothes at all," writes Mrs. M. A. Graham, Dustin, Okla. Guaranteed to contain no lye, alkali or any injurious ingredient. A truly home for one never knows when they will need this excellent linewasher article. Three Magic Washing Sticks for 25c. Sold by grocers and druggists or sent by mail. A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Sherman, Texas.

E. M. Burrow, of the Hatchel country, was in Ballinger Thursday to accompany his mother, Mrs. Eatman to the train, who was en route home at San Antonio from a visit of a few weeks to her son.

Rub a sore throat with BAL-LARD'S Snow Liment. One or two applications will cure it completely. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by the Walker Drug Co.

FOR SALE—Empty 50 gallon barrels. \$1.00 per barrel. N. Pasur. 11-dtf

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Roadster \$479.00
Touring Cars \$529.00
F. O. B. Ballinger

When the Ford needs repairing, Bring it to the Ford home, and talk to our expert Ford mechanics

Harwell Motor Co. Ballinger, Texas

The Trey O'Hearts

By
Louis Joseph Vance.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Stranded.

Mr. Thomas Barcus picked himself up from the bottom of the lifeboat, where he had been violently precipitated by the impact of grounding, blinked and wiped tears of pain from his eyes, solicitously tested his nose and seemed to derive little if any comfort from the discovery that it was not broken, opened his mouth . . . and remembered the presence of a lady.

"Poor Mr. Barcus!" she said gently. "I'm so sorry. Do forget I'm here—and say it out loud!"

Mr. Barcus dropped his hands and dropped his head at the same time.

"It can't be did," he complained in embittered resignation; "the words have never been invented . . ."

In the bows Mr. Law (who had barely saved himself a headlong plunge overboard when the shoal took fast hold of the keel) felt tenderly of his excoriated shins, then, rising, compassed the sea, sky and shore with an anxious gaze.

In the offing there was nothing but the flat, limitless expanse of the night-bound tide, near at hand vaguely silvered with the moonlight, in the distances blending into shadows; never a light or shadowy, stealing sail in that quarter to indicate pursuit.

"Where are we?" he wondered aloud.

"Ask me an easy one," Barcus replied; "somebody on the south shore of the cape—unless somebody's been tampering with the lay of this land. That's a lighthouse over yonder."

Alan took soundings from the bows. "Barely two feet," he announced, withdrawing the car from the water, "and eel-grass no end."

"Oh!" Barcus ejaculated with the accent of enlightenment; and leaving the motor, turned to the stern, over which he draped himself in highly undecorative fashion while groping under water for the propeller.

"That's the answer," he repeated; "there's a young bête of the said eel-grass wrapped round the wheel. Which, I suppose, means I've got to go overboard and clear it away."

Like Mr. Law, he wore neither shoes nor other garments that could be more damaged by salt water than they had been—but only shirt, trousers and a belt.

"If you've nothing better to do, my critical friend," he observed as he stooped to hack and tear at the mass of weed embarrassing the propeller, "you might step out and give us a trial shove. Don't strain yourself—just see if you can move her."

The boat budged not an inch—but Mr. Law's feet did, slipping on the treacherous mud bottom with the upshot of his downfall; with a mighty splash he disappeared momentarily beneath the surface—and left his temper behind him when he emerged.

As for Mr. Barcus, he suffered like loss within five minutes; when, with much pains and patience having freed the wheel, he climbed aboard and sought to restart the motor. After a few affecting coughs it relapsed into stubborn silence.

Studious examination at length brought out the fact that the gasoline tank was empty.

"Not so much as a smell left," Barcus reported.

"It's no use," he conceded at length. "We're here for keeps."

"Why not make ashore?" Rose Trine suggested. "I'd like to see the place she had taken in the stern in order to lighten the bows. 'It isn't far—and what's one more wading?'"

"That's the only sensible remark that's been uttered by any party to this lunatic enterprise since you have within earshot of me, Mr. Law," said Mr. Barcus. "Respectfully submitted."

"The verdict of the lower court stands approved," Alan responded gravely.

"But there's no sense in Miss Trine wading," Barcus suggested. "We're web-footed as it is, and she's too tired."

"Well, what then?"

"We can carry her, can't we?"

CHAPTER XIX.

"Gee!" he granted frankly, when after a toilsome progress from the boat, Rose at length slipped from the seat formed by the clasped hands of the two men. "And it was me who suggested this!"

The girl responded with a quiet laugh of the most natural effect imaginable—until it ended in a sigh, and without the least warning she crumpled upon herself, and would have fallen heavily, in a dead faint, but for Alan's quickness.

"The girl responded with a quiet laugh of the most natural effect imaginable—until it ended in a sigh, and without the least warning she crumpled upon herself, and would have fallen heavily, in a dead faint, but for Alan's quickness."

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"The girl responded with a quiet laugh of the most natural effect imaginable—until it ended in a sigh, and without the least warning she crumpled upon herself, and would have fallen heavily, in a dead faint, but for Alan's quickness."

"Good Lord!" Barcus exclaimed, as Alan gently lowered the inert body of the girl to the sands. "And to think I didn't understand she was so nearly all in—chaffing her like that! I'd like to kick myself!"

"Don't be impatient," Alan advised grimly; "I'm busy just at present, but meantime, you might fetch some water to revive her."

It was an order by no means easy to fill; Barcus had only his cupped hands for a vessel, and little water remained in them by the time he had dashed from the shallows back to the spot where Rose lay unconscious, while the few drops he did manage to sprinkle into her face availed nothing toward rousing her from the trance-like slumbers of exhaustion into which she passed from her fainting fit.

In the end Alan gave up the effort. "She's all right," he reported, releasing the wrist whose pulse he had been timing. "She fainted, right enough, but now she's just asleep—and needs it. God knows! It would be kinder to let her rest, at least until I see what sort of a reception that lighthouse is inclined to offer us."

"You'll go, then?" Barcus inquired. "I'd just as lief, myself . . ."

"No; let me," Alan insisted. "It's not far—not more than a quarter of a mile. And she'll be safe enough here, in your care, the little time I'm gone."

Barcus nodded. His face was drawn and gray in the moon-glow. "Thank God!" he breathed brokenly, "you're able. I'm not."

He sat down suddenly and rested his head on his knees. "Don't be longer than you can help," he muttered thickly.

He had come to the headland of the lighthouse itself before the ground began to shelve more gently to the beach; and was on the point of addressing himself to the dark and silent cottage of the lightkeeper when he paused, struck by sight of what till then had been hidden from him.

The promontory, he found, formed the eastern extremity of a wide-armed if shallow harbor where rode at moorings a considerable number of small craft—pleasure vessels assorted about equally with fishing boats. And barely an eighth of a mile on, long-legged wharves stood knee-deep in the water, like tentacles flung out from the sleepy little fishing village that dotted the rising ground—a community of perhaps two hundred dwellings.

Nor was this all—even as Alan hove in view of the village he heard a series of staccato snorts, the harsh tolling of a brazen bell, the rumble of a train pulling out from a station. And then he saw its jewel-string of lights flash athwart the landscape and vanish as its noise died away dimly.

Where one train ran another must. He need only now secure something to revive Rose, help her somehow up the beach, and in another hour or two, of a certainty, they would be speeding northwards, up the cape, toward Boston and the land of law and order.

Such thoughts as these, at least, made up the texture of his hopes; the outcome proved them somewhat too presumptuous. He jogged down a quiet village street and into the railroad station just as the agent was closing up for the night.

A surly citizen, this agent, ill-pleased to have his plans disordered by chance-flying strangers. He greeted Alan's breathless query with a grunt of ingrained churlishness.

"Nah," he averred, "they ain't no more trains till mornin'. Can't y' see I'm shuttin' up?"

"But surely there must be a telegraph station—"

"You bet your life they is—right here in this depot. An' I'm shuttin' it up, too."

"Has the operator gone for the night?"

"He's going. I'm the oprator. No business transacted after office hours. Call round at eight o'clock tomorrow mornin'. Now if y'll just step out of that door, I'll say g'd-night to you."

"But I must send a telegram," Alan protested. "I tell you, I must. It's a matter of life and death."

"Sure, young feller. It always is—after business hours."

"Won't you open up again?"

"I tell you, no!"

In desperation Alan rammed a hand into his trousers pocket. "Will a dollar influence your better judgment?" he suggested shrewdly.

"Let's see your dollar," the other returned with no less craft—open incredulity informing his countenance.

And, surely enough, Alan brought forth an empty hand.

"Make a light," he said sharply. "My money's in a belt round my waist. Open your office. You'll get your dollar, all right."

"All right," he grumbled, reopening the door of the telegraph booth and making a second light inside. "There's blanks and a pencil. Write your message. It ain't often I do this—but I'll make an exception for you."

Alan delayed long enough only to make a few inquiries, drawing out the information that, for one who had not patience to wait the morning train northbound, the quickest way to any city of importance was by boat across Buzzard's bay to New Bedford. Boats, it was implied, were plentiful, readily to be chartered.

A time-table supplied all other needed advice. Alan wrote his message swiftly.

Addressed to Digby, his man of business in New York, it required that gentleman to arrange for a motor-car to be held in waiting on the waterfront of New Bedford from 3:00 a. m. until called for in the name of Mr. Law, as well as for a special train at Providence, on similar provisions.

But now, though he was all unconscious of the fact, he went no more alone.

His shadow in the moonlight kept him company upon the sands; and above, on the edge of the bluffs, another shadow moved on parallel course and at a pace sedulously patterned after his.

He found his sweetheart and his friend much as he had left them, with this difference—that Mr. Barcus now lay flat on his back and snoring lustily.

He was awakened quickly enough, however, by Alan's news.

But when it was the turn of Rose—they faltered. She lay so still, betrayed her exhaustion so patently in every line of her unconscious posture, as well as in the sharp pallor of her face upturned to the moon, that it seemed scarcely less than downright inhumanity to disturb her.

None the less, it had to be done. Alan hardened his heart with the reminder of their urgent necessity and



Two Men Shadowed Him.

eventually brought her to with the aid of a few drops of brandy.

Between them, they helped her up the beach, past the point, and at length to the door of the hotel, where—reanimated by the mere promise of food—Rose disengaged their arms and entered without more assistance; while Barcus was deterred from treading her heels in his own famished eagerness, by the hand of Alan falling heavily upon his arm.

"Wait!" the latter admonished in a half-whisper. "Look there!"

Barcus followed the direction of his gesture—and was transfixed by the sight of a rocket spearing into the night-draped sky from a point invisible beyond the headland of the lighthouse.

The two consulted one another with startled and fearful eyes.

As with one voice they murmured one word: "Judith!" To this Alan added gravely: "Or some spy of hers!"

Then rousing, Alan released his friend, with a smart shove urging him across the threshold of the hotel.

"Go on," he insisted, "Join Rose and get your supper. I'll be with you as soon as I can arrange for a boat. Tell her nothing more than that—that I thought it unwise to wait until everybody was abed before looking round."

He turned to find his landlord approaching from the direction of the hotel barroom. And for the time it seemed that the wind of their luck must have veered to a favoring quarter; for the question was barely uttered before the landlord lifted a smiling voice and hailed a fellow townsman idling nearby.

"Hey, Jake—come here!"

Introduced as Mr. Breed, Jake pleaded guilty to ownership of the fastest and stanchest power-cruiser in the adjacent waters, which he was avariciously keen to charter.

They observed haste religiously; within ten minutes they stood upon a float at the foot of a flight of wooden steps down the side of the town wharf, while the promised rowboat of Mr. Breed drew in, at most leisurely pace, to meet them.

Aboard and away from the wharf, the burden of Alan's solicitude seemed to grow lighter with every squeal of the greasless oarlocks, with every dip and splash of the blades which, wielded by a crew of villainous countenance, brought them nearer the handsome motorboat which Mr. Breed designated as his own. It was not until Alan looked up suddenly to find Mr. Breed covering him with a revolver of most vicious character that he had the least apprehension of any danger nearer than the offing, where Judith's schooner might be lurking, waiting for its prey to come out and be devoured.

"I'll take that money-belt of yours, young feller," Mr. Breed announced, "and be quick about it—not forgetting what's in your trousers pocket!"

In the passion of his indignation Alan neglected entirely to play the game by the rules. The indifference he displayed toward the weapon was positively unprofessional—for he knocked it aside as if it had been nothing more dangerous than a straw.

And in the same flutter of an eyelash he launched himself like a wildcat at the throat of Mr. Breed.

Before that one knew what was hap-

pening he had gone over the stern and had involuntarily disarmed himself as well.

The other two men made a sad business of attempting to overpower Mr. Barcus. In less than a minute they were both overboard.

"And just for this," Alan said before getting out of earshot—"I'm going to treat my party to a joy-ride in your pretty powerboat."

He concluded this speech abruptly as Barcus brought them up under the quarter of the power cruiser.

Within two minutes the motor was spinning contentedly, the mooring had been slipped, and the motorboat was heading out of the harbor.

Within five minutes she had left it well astern and was shooting rapidly westward, making nothing of the buffets of a very tolerable sea kicked up by the freshening southwesterly wind.

"My friend," observed Alan, "as our acquaintance ripens I am more and more impressed that neither of us was born to die a natural death,

whether abed or at the hands of those who dislike us; but rather to be fanged as common pirates."

"You have the courage of ignorance," Barcus replied coolly; "if you'll take the trouble to glance astern, I promise you a sight that will move you to suspend judgment for the time being."

At this Alan sat up with a start.

Back against the loom of the Elizabeth Islands through which they had navigated while he nodded, shone the milk-white sails of an able schooner.

Sheets all taut and every inch of canvas fat with the beam wind, she footed it merrily in their wake—a silver jet spouting from her cutwater.

CHAPTER XX.

Hell-Fire.

But by this stage in his history Mr. Law had arrived at a state of mind immune to surprise at the discovery that he had once more failed to elude the vigilance and pertinacity of the woman who sought his life.

He viewed the schooner with no more display of emotion than resided in narrowing eyelids and a tightening of the muscles about his mouth.

"Much farther to go?" he inquired presently, in a colorless voice.

"At our present pace—say, two hours."

"And will that enable us to hold our own?"

"Just about," Barcus allowed, squinting critically at the chase; "she's some footer, that schooner; and this is just the wind she likes best."

"How much lead have we got?"

"A mile or so—none too much."

"Anything to be done to mend matters?"

"Nothing—but pray, if you remember how."

In the end they made it by a narrow margin. The face of Judith Trine was distinctly revealed by the chill gray light of early dawn to those aboard the power cruiser as she swept up through the reaches of New Bedford harbor and aimed for the first wharf that promised a fair landing on the main waterfront of the city.

There was neither a policeman nor a watchman of any sort in sight.

Nor was there, for all his hopes and prayers, based on the telegram to Digby, a sign of a motor car.

Still, not much of the street was revealed. The docks on either hand were walled and roofed, cutting off the view.

If they ran for it, they must surely be overhauled. Something must be done to hinder the crew of the schooner from landing.

"Here!" he cried sharply to Barcus. "You take Rose and hurry to the street and find that motor-car. I know she's there. Digby never failed me yet!"

"But you—"

"Don't waste time worrying about me. I'll be with you in three shakes. I'm only going to put a spoke in Judith's wheel. I've got a scheme!"

As for his scheme—he had none other than to give them battle, to sacrifice himself if need be, to make sure the escape of Rose.

Sheer luck smiled on him to this extent, that in turning his eye lighted on a four-foot length of stout, three-inch scantling, an excellently formidable club.

But soon, disarmed, his case was desperate—and there were two already safe upon the dock and others madly scrambling up to reinforce them.

Wildly he cast about for some substitute weapon, he leaped toward a small pyramid of little but heavy kegs, and seizing one, swung it overhead and cast it full force into the midriff of his nearest enemy; so that this one doubled up convulsively, with a sickish grunt, and vanished in turn over the end of the wharf.

His fellow followed with less injury. But Alan had no time to wonder whether the man had tripped and thrown himself in his effort to escape a second hurtling keg, or had turned toward and fled. It was enough that he had returned, precipitately and heavily, to the schooner.

The keg, meeting with no resistance, pursued him even to the deck, where the force of its impact split its seams.

None of the combatants, however, Alan least of all, noticed that the powder that filtered out was black and coarse. Alan, indeed, had only the haziest notion that they were powder-kegs he used as ammunition. That they were heavy and hurt when they collided with human flesh and bone was all that interested him.

In the same breath he heard a friendly voice shout warning far up the dock, and knew that Barcus was coming to his aid.

A glance over-shoulder, too, discovered the cause of the warning; two men who had thus far escaped his attentions were maneuvering to fall upon him from behind. The bound required to evade them brought him face to face with Judith as she landed on the dock.

"Oh," she cried, "I hate you, I hate you—"

"So you've said, my dear, but—"

His final words were not audible even to himself. In his confidence (now that Barcus was taking care of the others) and his impatience with the woman, and in his perhaps unworthy wish to demonstrate conclusively how cheap he held her, Alan had tossed the pistol over the end of the wharf.

It was an old-fashioned weapon, and the force with which it struck the deck released the hammer.

Instantly the .44 cartridge blazed into the open head of a broken powder keg.

And with a roar like the trump of doom and a mighty gust of flame and smoke the decks of the schooner were riven and shattered; her masts tottered and fell . . .

CHAPTER XXI.

Anticlimax.

Alan came to himself supported by Barcus—his senses still reeling from the concussion of that thunderbolt which he had so unwittingly loosed—the cloud of sulphurous smoke and yet dissipated by the wind.

Judith lay at his feet, stunned; and round about other figures of men insensible, if not, for all he could say, dead.

And then Barcus was hustling him unceremoniously down the wharf.

"Come! Come!" he rallied Alan. "Pull yourself together and keep a stiff upper lip. Rose is waiting in the car, and if you don't want to be arrested you'll stir your stumps, my son! That explosion is going to bring the worthy burghers of New Bedford buzzing round our ears like a swarm of hornets!"

His prediction was justified even before it was made; already the near-by dwellings were vomiting half-clothed humanity; already a score of people were galloping down toward the head of the wharf; and in their number a policeman appeared as if by magic.

And while the man hesitated Alan grabbed him by the shoulder, threw him bodily from the car, dropped into his seat, cried a warning to Rose, and threw in the clutch. The machine responded without a jar; they were a hundred feet distant from the scene of the accident before Alan was fairly settled in his place.

As he grew more and more calm, he congratulated himself on having drawn an excellent car in the lottery of chance. It was light, but the motor ran famously, and if not capable of a racing pace it would serve his ends as speedily as was consistent with reasonable care for the life of the woman he loved.

Yet his congratulations were premature; they were not ten minutes out of the environs of the city when Rose left her seat and knelt behind him, to communicate the intelligence that they were already being pursued.

A heavy touring car, she said it was, driven by a man, a woman in the seat by his side—Judith the latter, the man an old employe of her father's by the name of Marrophat.

Marrophat!

Alan remembered that one. He could only trust in his skill as a driver, and skill is the lesser factor in such a race.

They could overtake the fugitives practically when they would.

But for some weird, incomprehensible reason they chose to hang a certain distance in the rear, a distance that could readily be bridged by two minutes of furious driving.

Why?

In the succeeding quarter-hour the calmness of fatalism became Alan's. They were biding their time for some secret and fatal purpose. The blow was predestined to fall, but cruelly deferred.

For his own part, he drove like an exceptionally cunning madman. . . .

And then, quite clearly, he recognized the time and the place and the

character of the road that lay before him, as the car sped like a dragon-fly down a slight grade.

From the bottom of the grade it swung away in a wide, graceful curve, bordered for some distance by railroad tracks on a slightly lower level.

He had guessed the fiendish plan of the other driver only too truly.

As they approached at express speed the stretch where the road paralleled the tracks Alan sought to hug the left-hand side of the road, but in vain.

Roaring, with its muffler cut out, the pursuing car swept up and baffled him bringing its right forward wheel to beside the left rear wheel of his car, then more slowly forging up until, with its weight, bulk and superior power, it forced him inch by inch to the right, toward the tracks, until his right-hand wheels left the road and ran on uneven turf, until the left-hand wheels as well lost grip on the road metal, until the car began to dip on the slope to the tracks.

He heard the far hoot-toot of a freight locomotive . . .

There followed a maniac moment, when the world was upside down. Alan's car slipped and skidded, swung sideways with frightful momentum toward the railroad tracks, caught its wheels against the ties, and . . .

The sun swung in the heavens like a ball on a string. There was a crash, a roar . . . There was nothing—oblivion.

The car had turned turtle, pinning Rose and Alan beneath it.

"Alan!" she gasped. "You are not killed?"

"No—not even much hurt, I fancy," he replied. "And you?"

"Not much—"

The deep-throated roar of the locomotive bellowing danger silenced him. He closed his eyes.

Then abruptly the weight was lifted from his chest. He saw a man dragging Rose from under the machine, and saw that the man was Marrophat. And almost immediately someone lifted his head and shoulders, caught him with two hands beneath his arm pits and drew him clear of the machine.

And the face of his rescuer was the face of Judith Trine.

The crash he had expected, of the car being crumpled up by the oncoming locomotive, did not follow.

As he scrambled to his feet, his first glance was up the track, and discovered the train slowing to a halt.

His next was one of wonder for the countenance of Judith Trine as she stood, at a little distance, regarding him; her look almost illegible, a curious compound of passions coloring it—relief, regret, hatred, love . . .

His third glance desecrated beyond her the figures of Marrophat carrying Rose in his arms, straggling as he ran toward his car on the highroad.

He moved precipitately to pursue, but found his way barred by Judith.

"No!" she cried violently. "No, you shall not—!"

Her hand sought the grip of a revolver that protruded from her pocket. With a short, hysterical gasp, he began to laugh.

"What!" he taunted her—"again?"

"Think what you like!" she cried in a frenzy. "You saved me once—now I spare you. We're quits. But next time—"

"O—rot!" he interjected. "You will

never have the courage to pull that trigger when I'm helpless in your hands!"

The hot blood mantled her exquisite face like red fire. She caught her breath with a sob, then flung wildly at him:

"Well, if you must know—it's true, I can't bring myself to kill you. I would to God I could. But I can't. For all that, you shall die—I could not save you if I would! And this I promise you—you shall never see Rose again before you die!"

And while he stood gaping, she swung from him and ran, quickly covering the little distance between him and the car.

As she jumped into this and dropped down upon the seat beside her half-conscious sister, Marrophat swung the car away.

It vanished in a dust-cloud as a throng of railroad employes surrounded and assailed him with clamorous questions.

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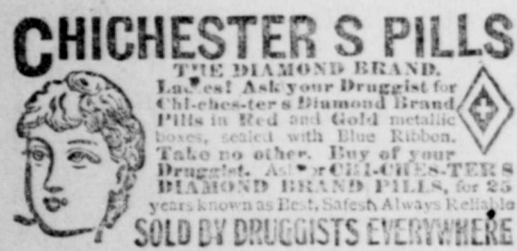
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Wm. Cameron Lumber Co.



DR. CARVER
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A man whose life has been missed by demagogues, whose heart has been stung by fanatics and whose back has felt the rod of prejudice. The people's friend, the politician's foe and the investor's hope. Whatever may be his will or ambition, fears or hopes, joys or sorrows, he is to wield the scepter of power and will soon be your Governor and mine.

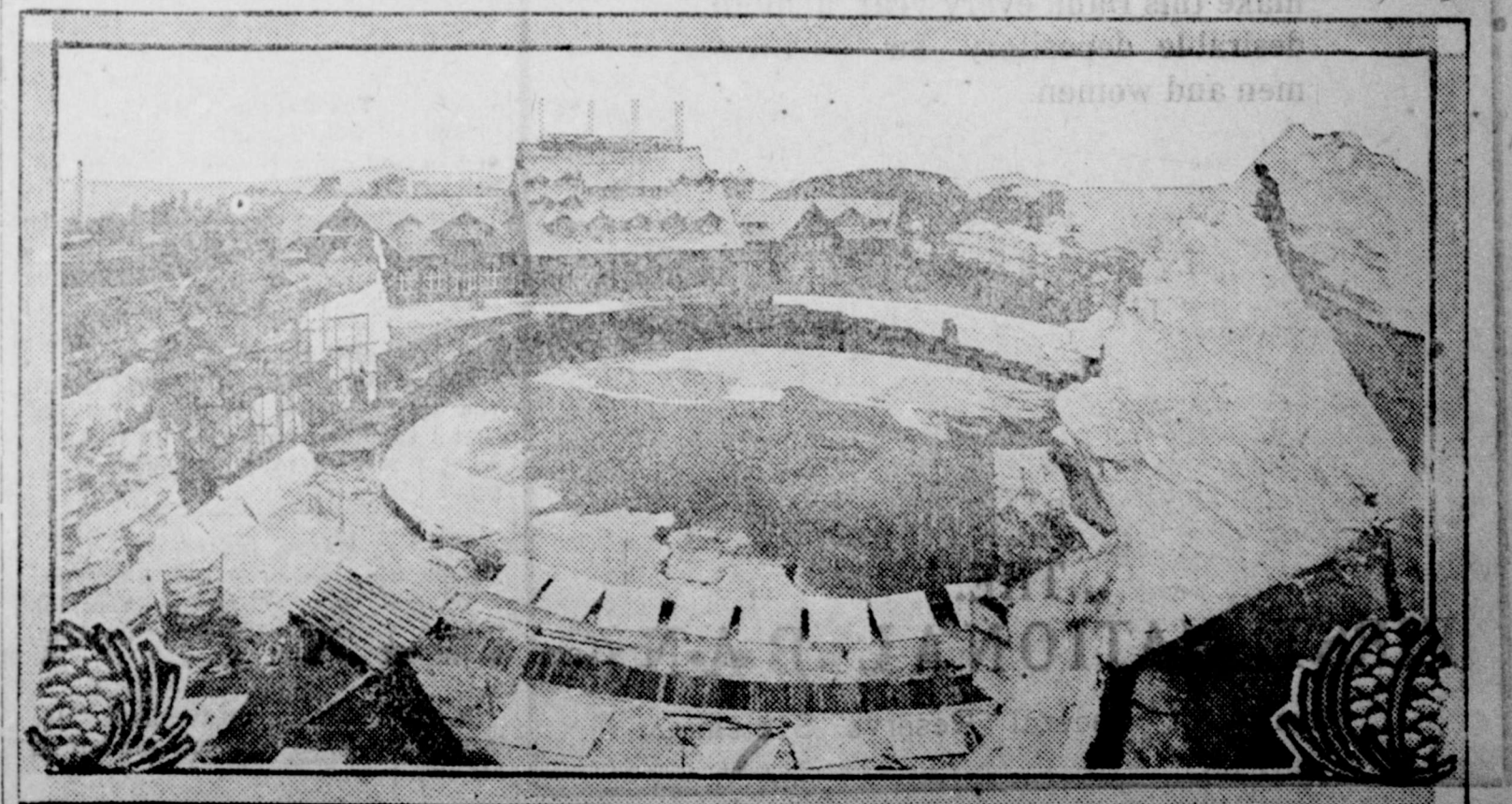
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Nations Prepare for War in Time of Peace.

Individuals should safeguard against NEED in time of LARGE HARVESTS.

Save the fruits of your labor, by storing your unsaleable products under shelter.

Deposit Your Surplus Cash in the Bank Which is Your Best Friend in Times of Need

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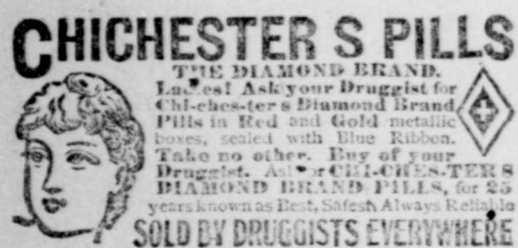
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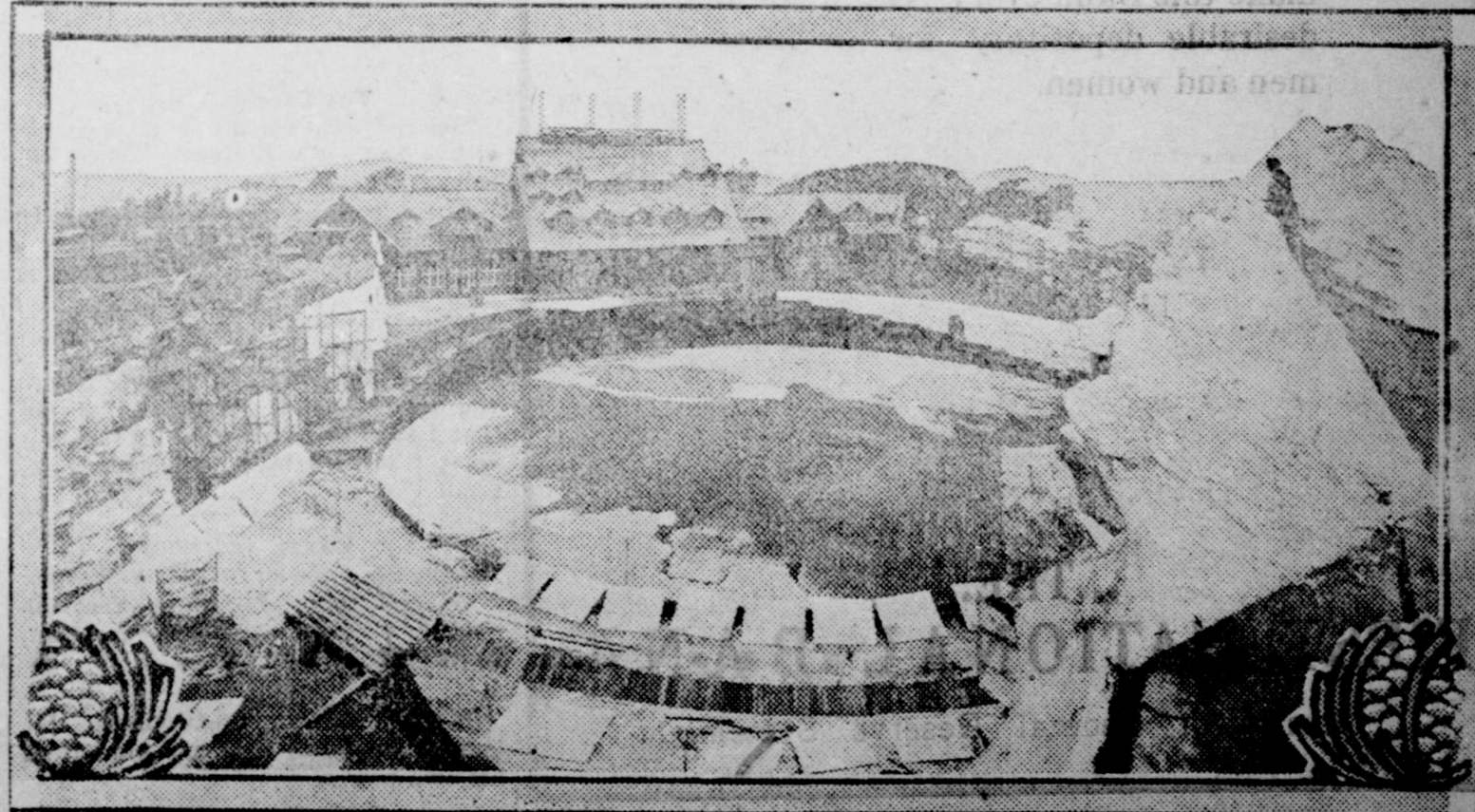
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EVERY-NOW-AND-THEN

We remind you that the time to do it is NOW! We want to jog up the frail memory that remembers but present things! You said some time ago you were going to start your account here. You put it off. Several times you made the same resolution. You put it off. You can never accomplish what you do not begin. Do it NOW!

Delay has wrecked more lives and caused more human misery than all the Wars the world has ever known.

THE FARMERS AND MERCHANTS STATE BANK

"FATHERS AND MOTHERS BANK"
The Bank That HELPS YOU Do Things.

Rescue and Orphanage Work Discussed Today

(Continued from first page)

Other feature of the evening services is the singing of Master Gerne Roberts, of Pilot Point. He will sing tonight and you should hear him.

Saturday the assembly will again open with devotional service at 8:30, followed by business session and at 3 o'clock tomorrow afternoon Dr. H. F. Reynolds, secretary of the general missionary board, and Rev. S. D. Athens, district superintendent of the Northern district of Mexico, will discuss missionary work, and Evangelistic services will be held again at seven o'clock Saturday night.

The Thursday's session closed with a splendid sermon by Dr. W. W. Benson, of Peniel, Texas. The house was crowded with people Thursday night, and the services was a very successful one.

On account of some of the delegates failing to register we are not able to give a complete list of those here attending the assembly, but the following is a partial list of the names of those here:

Rev. H. F. Reynolds, general superintendent, Kansas City, Mo., Rev. Wm. E. Fisher, district superintendent, San Antonio; E. H. Sloan, wife and four children, Pearl, L. W. French, Mullin, J. O. West and wife, Glen Cove, Rev. Mrs. Bessie Williams, Lockhart, Rev. T. L. and Etta Mulanax, Brownwood, Mrs. S. B. Riggs, Brownwood, Miss Elva Henderson, Brooksmith, Mrs. Myrtle Marcus, Glen Cove, Mrs. E. M. George Brooksmith, Rev. W. W. Sutton, McGregor, Rev. L. D. Wright, Brooksmith, J. E. Terrell and wife, Coleman, Ida Staley, Belton, Mrs. Lula Hayes, Temple, Mrs. R. T. Jones, Bee House, Rev. S. D. Athens, El Paso, missionary to Mexico, Rev. M. E. Rogers and wife, Waco, Rev. Oscar Hudson, Rev.

Mrs. Nettie Hudson, Rev. John Roberts, Rev. Mrs. Grace Roberts, of Pilot Point, Sadie, Nora and Ola, orphan girls from Pilot Point Orphan Home; Rev. Wm. E. Fisher, San Antonio, Rev. Chas. A. McConnell, Kansas City, Johnnie Haywood Placid, Walter Dodge, Austin, Mrs. Stella Kay, Santa Anna, J. G. Hudson, Phoenix, Ariz. Rev. W. F. Jerreagan, Peniel, Rev. John N. Cooper, Hillsboro, Rev. P. M. Cox, Meridian, H. E. Thurston, Bangs, W. B. Sprouse, Driftwood, Rev. J. T. Page, Rogers, Paul Peterson, Meridian, Rev. M. D. Robertson, San Saba, W. H. Buckmeyer, Waco, Rev. W. O. Self, San Antonio, N. A. Harper, Flat, E. L. Barnard and wife, Grove, J. H. Jones, Grove, Miss Myrtle Harper, Flat, S. H. Shakelford, Magdalena, N. M., Rev. W. F. Rutherford, Arlington, Rev. L. Jennings, Santa Anna, Rev. P. C. Nelson, Tairy, T. L. Tarver, Whitney, Rev. T. J. Carpenter, Pearl, Mrs. T. J. Carpenter, Pearl, Rev. I. W. McDonald, Coleman, Miss Emma Harrison, Goldthwaite, Mrs. Laura Ervin, Goldthwaite, T. H. Humphries, Goldthwaite, Rev. W. F. Gilmore, Pilot Point, C. A. Davis, Pearl, W. A. Davis, Pearl, Rev. Thomas D. Dunn, Waco Jim Price and wife, Eden, Rev. J. W. Bost, Meridian, Rev. G. W. Sawyer, Norman, Ok., L. M. May, Jarrel, Rev. Dr. Penson, Peniel, Rev. M. W. Burgess, Tyler.

TRAINS LATE; MAIL DELAYED

The A. & S. was late again today, which has been the common complaint for more than a month. The service on this road is "rotten," and the patience of the public is being imposed upon. On account of the T. & P. being late the A. & S. only brought a little batch of local mail today. The Santa Fe is also building a reputation for failing to stay within the schedule, and pulled in four hours late today.

MIND AND BODY.

Human Emotions Have a Potent Effect Upon the Physical Being.

A man is handed a telegram. He is eating and enjoying his dinner. He reads the contents of the message. Almost immediately afterward his body is a-tremble, his face either reddens or grows "ashy white," his appetite is gone, such is the effect of the mind upon the stomach that it literally refuses the food; if forced upon it it may reject it entirely.

A message is delivered to a lady. She is in a genial, happy mood. Her face whitens, she trembles and her body falls to the ground in a faint, temporarily helpless, apparently lifeless. Such are the intimate relations between the mind and the body.

Great stress or anxiety or fear may in two weeks' or even in two days' time so work its ravages that the person looks ten years or even twenty years older. A person has been long given to worry or perhaps to worry in extreme form, though not so long; a well defined case of indigestion and general stomach trouble, with a generally lowered and sluggish vitality has become pronounced and fixed.

Any type of thought that prevails in our mental lives will in time produce its correspondence in our physical lives. As we understand better these laws of correspondences we will be more careful as to the types of thoughts and emotions we consciously or unwittingly entertain and live with. The great bulk of all diseases are generated in the body through certain states and conditions of mind.—Ralph Waldo Trine in Woman's Home Companion.

PANGGANGS OF MALAY.

Ruled by an Old Witch, They Are the Queerest People Known.

Ruled by a great enchantress and having no form of money, the Panggangs, a tribe in a mountainous jungle in the northern part of the Malay peninsula, is one of the queerest known to white men. The tribesmen are of a negroid type, whose social organization is that of a simple form of commonwealth and who are nomadic, wandering about from place to place in their dense jungles and forests.

Among them dwells a woman whose strange characteristics are strongly reminiscent of Hazzard's famous "She." The woman is supposed to be a great enchantress. She is held in dread by the Panggangs. She lives alone in a bamboo hut, shaded by the leaves of the sacred ulang tree. Food is brought her daily by the oldest man or woman of the tribe.

The Panggangs are said to be a peaceful and honest people, and do not, among themselves, either fight or steal. They literally have no use for money for trading purposes, but if by chance they get money they bury it, so that they may use it in trading after death. After getting a supply of food, they do no work whatever until the supply is ended. They eat any wild creature.

These people do not seem to have any religion, but they have a queer belief in the transmigration of souls. In their country tigers are numerous, and they believe that sometimes their relatives, when they die, become changed into tigers.—Argonaut.

The Bodleian Library.

In size and importance the Bodleian library at Oxford is the greatest university library in the world, and the greatest library not directly aided by the state. About seven rank above it in the world, but among English-speaking peoples only the British museum. It contains 2,750,000 printed literary pieces in perhaps 800,000 volumes. There are also about 40,000 manuscripts, not counting separate charters and deeds, which number about 18,500. The staff consists of sixty-eight persons. The number of readers averages more than 250 a day.—London Standard.

Obliging Conductor.

The fussy lady had noticed that the rude man sitting beside her on the street car had expectorated on the floor. The fussy lady immediately signaled the conductor, and that official came in to see what was wanted.

"Do you allow spitting in this car?" demanded the fussy lady.

"Well, no," replied the conductor. "But you can come out on the platform if you want to, lady."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Knew His Limitations.

"I don't want to brag about myself. I've done many foolish things in my time, but I've been wise in one way."

"What's that?"

"I never had an idea that I could paper a bedroom myself."—Detroit Free Press.

The Careful Wife.

"Wife, I wish you'd buy me a couple of five cent collar buttons. I need 'em badly."

"All right; just as soon as somebody has a sale."—Kansas City Journal.

Just Had to Talk.

Madge—Why don't you think before you speak, dear? Marjorie—If I did that I shouldn't have time to say half what I wanted to say.—London Telegraph.

Happy, Indeed.

Romantic Reader—Did your last novel end happily? Author—Yes; the publishers paid me \$2,000 the day I finished it.—New York Times.

Self control is a great virtue. He is most powerful who has himself in his own power.

STATE BAPTIST MEET AT ABILENE

By Rev. T. C. Jester.

ABILENE, Nov. 20.—Thursday was a great day for the State Baptist Association in session in this city. After a short devotional service the convention was organized. Over nine hundred messengers were enrolled up to 9:30, which is about one-third the number expected to arrive.

Dr. S. P. Brooks, of Waco, was elected president to replace Dr. R. C. Buckner, who had been president of the association for over twenty years. It was a very impressive moment when Dr. Buckner was yielding the chair and leaving including Simmons College, of one.

The convention sermon was preached at eleven by Bro. Jenkins, of Amarillo, from a text found in Matt. 3:6. It was a great sermon.

In the afternoon the Judson Centennial movement was first discussed, followed by the report of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, discussed by Dr. Gardner, of the Louisville Seminary.

Dr. B. D. Gray, of Atlanta, Ga., discussed Home Missions.

Thursday night was devoted to Buckner's Orphan home work. Dr. Buckner read a fine report of the convention, giving a report of the condition of the home, its plant, etc. A collection was taken for the home and over \$12,000 raised.

The Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary at Fort Worth consumed the first hour this morning, and the remainder of the forenoon will be devoted to educational board and our different schools, seminaries and colleges, including Simmons College, of Abilene, Baylor College of Belton, and Baylor University of Waco.

REV. W. H. DOSS AT HOME

W. H. Doss returned from Hillsboro Thursday night, where he had been for a week attending the Central Texas conference of the Methodist Church.

Rev. Doss will remain here as pastor for the M. E. church for another year, as was our pleasure to announce several days ago.

HERSHEY'S HOT CHOCOLATE With Whipped Cream

A beverage that makes you feel optimistically inclined and benefited to a degree that is most refreshing in these days of harassing social and business requirements. Our Hot Liquid Lunches Touch the Spot. THE WALKER DRUG COMPANY. Phones 12 and 13. 17-5td

Has Something That Will Stop Headache

If headache develops while shopping or at business just step in any good drug store and ask at the fountain for Hick's Capidine, which is so successful in relieving headache because it removes the cause, whether from cold, heat, nervousness or grippe. It is liquid and pleasant to take. Don't ever suffer with headache when this remedy stops it so easily. Take a bottle home. The druggist has it in 10c, 25c and 50c sizes.

When Tired And Thirsty

Drop in at my store and get an ice cold soda. Candies, cakes, nuts and all kinds of confections.

N. Passur

FIRE INSURANCE

The Best Companies

PROMPT SERVICE

Your business solicited.

Miss Maggie Sharp.

Upstairs in old Fidelity

Credit Co.'s Office. Phone 215. See Me.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

GEORGIA BLOODHOUNDS.

Keen Scent Enables Them to Perform Almost Incredible Feats.

What the Georgia bloodhound can do seems almost incredible. A convict sleeping in one bunk of a hundred, shod and clad precisely as the hundred convicts about him, may slip his chain and flee. Ten miles away he may meet his fellow prisoners again, may run to and fro among them or walk with them a mile and leave them.

Six hours after these hounds, put on his track where he slipped the camp, will follow him to where he met his gang, will tread his track in and about with hundreds of tracks, take it up where he leaves them and run him down though he cross convict gangs every mile he runs.

This escaping convict, clad in stripes cut from the same bolt with a hundred others, may run through the woods, touching weeds and bushes as he runs. Fifty other convicts may run through the same woods in every direction. The dogs will hold his scent, running full tilt, breast high. If he makes a curve of forty-five degrees the dogs will not run the line, but will catch his scent thirty yards away and across the angle, though it were filled with the convicts who had eaten and slept with the fugitive.

Often a dog will carry a scent in a gallop, running parallel thirty yards to the windward. An uncanny and terrible little beast is the red bone hound, trained for the hunting of man.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

SAVED BY A WAGER.

Doomed by the Surgeons, Hay Got He Would Live, and He Did.

When Colonel Hay, notorious for his love of gambling and betting, was severely wounded in the Peninsular war two brother officers came across his apparently lifeless body.

"Poor Hay! He's gone at last," said one named Winsor.

A faint voice came from the ground. "I'll lay you a hundred he's not." His death seemed only a question of minutes, but he continued, "Enter the bet, and you, Marston"—addressing the other officer—"be witness."

He then fainted. When he was taken to the hospital the surgeon told him the bullet could only be removed by sawing through two ribs and introducing a child's hand to extract it, as forceps could not touch it. "The chances are," he added, "that you will die under the operation."

"If Winsor will make his bet double or quits I'll consent," said the colonel. Winsor agreed.

"Now saw away," said Hay. "I won't die." And he did not. "But for that bet," he said afterward, "I should be a dead man. It was my determination to win it that kept me alive."—Pearson's Weekly.

Information.

It was a very fashionable concert and the artists very well known ones, but the two young things were too busy with picking out their peculiarities to hear the music.

In the midst of a beautiful selection the pianist suddenly lifted his hands from the keys and one of the young things was heard to say clearly:

"I wonder if that hair is his own?"

The old man who sat beside her was slightly deaf, but he turned with a benevolent smile.

"No, miss," he imparted pleasantly; "that is Schubert's."—Philadelphia Press.

Old Forts of Antwerp.

As long ago as 1641 an English traveler to Antwerp was impressed by the extensive character of its fortifications. "The grafs, ramparts and platforms are stupendous," writes John Evelyn in his diary. "But there was nothing about this city which more ravished me than those delicious shades and walks of stately trees which render the fortified works of the town one of the sweetest places in Europe; nor did I ever observe a more quiet, clean, elegantly built and civil place than this magnificent and famous city of Antwerp."

Compensation.

If it is true, as our business philosophers tell us, that "those who never get paid for more than they do," then it is quite clear that if you want to get paid for more than you do you must do more than you get paid for. Even a philosopher ought to see how impossible that is, but, of course, the true philosopher cannot be expected to hesitate over a mere impossibility.—Life.

Where Procedure is Slow.

"What's your excuse for speeding?" asked the judge.

"Oh, we live in rapid times, your honor," answered the motorist flippantly. "Everything has to speed up a bit these days."

"Not at all," said the judge. "And you will observe the contrary if you will sit down and spend the day in this courtroom. Ten dollars."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Chicken Cheese.

Boil two chickens until tender; then take out all the bones and chop the meat fine. Season to taste with salt, pepper and butter, pour in enough of the liquid to make it moist; then put into a mold. When cold turn out and cut in slices.

Mode of the Muse.

Bertie—Pa, what is an anomaly? Pa—An anomaly, my son, is a poet with a collar that is too small for his neck.—London Telegraph.

That man is learned who reduces his learning to practice.—Hitopadesa.

PRINCESS THEATRE

...Tonight...

Picture Program

"Our Mutual Girl"

"The Perils of Pauline"
5th Episode

The Perils of Pauline—episode No. 5. "The Avenger."

Our Mutual Girl No. 32—Reliance.

The Harlow Handicap—2 reel Thanhouser.

Admission . . . 10c

PROMINENT DIVINE

HERE NEXT SUNDAY

The tabernacle of the Ninth Street Baptist church is about completed, and the members of that church are looking forward with a great deal of pleasant anticipation for the services to be held Sunday at 11 o'clock at which time the new building will be opened for service.

This tabernacle cost in the neighborhood of \$2500, and is constructed with a design to afford a splendid place for services through the summer months, and for revival services, being so constructed that it can be almost converted into an open air tabernacle in short notice. A portion of the building is especially fitted up for an assembly hall for the Boys Brigade.

The money for this building has been raised and the building constructed within a brief period of time, and now that the work has been accomplished, the Ninth Street Baptist people will observe the occasion with appropriate services next Sunday.

Rev. Chas. Pierce, the first pastor of the Ninth Street Baptist Church, and who is most favorably known in Ballinger, will be here to preach upon this occasion. Rev. Pierce is now pastor of the University Baptist church at Austin.

Special music will be provided for this occasion, and the day promises to be a great one for the Ninth Street Baptist Church.

QUEEN THEATRE

TONIGHT

TODAY'S PROGRAM

(Eclair) A western drama in two parts "Till the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold." Featuring Carol Holloway and Robt. Frazer.

(Jokes) "The New Butler" Featuring Earnst Shields, Betty Schade, Eddie Boland, Phil Dunham. This is a good strong company. The photography is good; the plot a complicated one and the situation prove very laughable. Come and Keep Warm

We Open at 2 P. M. Every Saturday

Admission
10 CENTS

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are keeping abreast of the times without deviating from sound Banking principles, are constantly adding to the value of the service they render to their customers.

It is a matter of pride with us to make this Bank every year a more desirable depository for business men and women.

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