

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

VOL 23

SONORA, SUTTON CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY APRIL 5, 1913.

NO. 1189

We Cordially Invite

An Inspection of Our

New Spring Goods

Our Showings this Season Surpass Any

Other in the History of Our Business.

"LET US SHOW YOU"

The Sonora Mercantile Co.

THE STORE OF QUALITY

Devil's River News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.
STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.

Advertising Medium of the
Stockman's Paradise.
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Sonora, Texas. April 5, 1913.

THE FIRST BUTTONS.

Worn Only as Ornaments and Served
No Useful Purpose.

In early times, when man was master, clothes were fastened with strings and brooches. The Norman nobility, who always had an eye to effect, spent considerable sums of money on their brooches, which were chastely wrought and added greatly to the beauty of a costume. When the poorer people indulged in brooches they were content if such accessories to the toilet fulfilled the purpose of holding the clothes together. The earliest buttons were merely adopted as ornaments and fulfilled no useful function. In the earliest paintings one finds buttons without any corresponding buttonholes. Buttons were also sewed on shoes and figured prominently on the sleeves.

This latter fashion is still popular as regards ceremonial garbs and uniforms. The button as an article of use and not merely as an ornament may be said to date from the reign of Edward I. These early buttons were of modest appearance and were manufactured from bone and wood.

It was the usual custom to have two buttons stitched on the coat at the small of the back to enable a man to button back his coat tails so that he could walk or draw his sword the more easily. These two buttons are still retained on modern coats, though any reason for their existence has long since departed.

As wealth increased gold and silver buttons made their appearance. We find Pepys writing, "This morning came home my fine camlet coat, with gold buttons, and a silk suit, which cost me much money, and I pray God to make me able to pay for it." A little later Pepys refers to his jackanapes coat with silver buttons and records the fact that he put on for the first time "my black camlet coat with silver buttons," from which it is evident he had a camlet coat with silver buttons and one with gold. Pepys was only a man of moderate means and at the time when he was making such a display with his gold and silver buttons supposed himself to be worth "about £500 clear

in the world."

But the gold and silver buttons were necessary if he were to keep in the fashion. Those who stood outside the fashionable world flattered their love for display by sporting gilt buttons. At a later date cloth buttons became popular, but when Birmingham began to turn out metal buttons an act was passed in the reign of George I. forbidding the manufacture of cloth buttons in order that the new industry of metal buttons might have a chance to flourish. The metal button industry made the most of the opportunity, for all kinds of buttons now compete on an equal footing for popular favor.—London Globe.

Papyrus.

The papyrus used by the ancient Egyptians was made from the stems of a peculiar water reed growing in all parts of Egypt. The outside layer of the plant was removed, and beneath this there were found a number of layers of a delicate, pithy membrane. These, being separated, were placed in layers. A second layer was laid at right angles to and above the first and sometimes a third over the second. Heavy pressure was then applied, and the layers were firmly cemented into a fair article of paper. No gum other than what was contained in the plant itself was used in the process. The papyrus was very much stronger than the average paper made by the modern machines. The sheets were commonly made from six to twelve inches square.

The Height of Assurance.

A man was charged with stealing a horse, and after a long trial the jury acquitted him. Later in the day the man came back and asked the judge for a warrant against the lawyer who had successfully defended him.

"What's the charge?" inquired the judge.

"Why, your honor," replied the man, "you see, I didn't have the money to pay him his fee, so he took the horse I stole."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Withered.

Caller—You call this garden scene "June," but the leaves are all on the ground instead of on the trees.

D'Auber—They were on the trees, but the picture got such a withering criticism from the committee that they curled up and fell off.—London Tit-Bits.

Cruel.

"Did you see the diamond engagement ring George gave me?"

"Did I see it? I'm the first girl that wore it."—Houston Post.

Dr. King's New Life Pills
The best in the world.

The President Saw Him.

A dear old Irish woman in Chicago is the proud mother of a successful politician, who, no matter how busy he may be, never fails to write to the old lady regularly.

When he was in Washington last year he kept his mother fully advised as to everything that was going on. Finally there came a letter wherein he described his presentation to the president. The old lady read it with eagerness, hardly able to restrain herself until she had told some one what had happened. When at last she got through the letter she hastened to a neighbor's house and announced:

"I have just got a letter from Washington, and, do you know, the president has seen Richard."—Lippincott's.

A Story With a Moral.

Here is a little story with a moral. A young man who was known among his fellow workers as somewhat of a prevaricator, did not appear one day at his desk. He sent a letter, however, to the manager announcing that his absence was caused by one of his children having scarlet fever. He got in reply a note which gave him two weeks' leave of absence without pay, the manager sympathetically explaining that he feared the contagion might spread into the homes of some of the other employees.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Baboons and Oysters.

A liking for oysters is supposed to indicate a somewhat advanced gustatory taste, and yet, according to a book entitled "Monkeyfolk in South Africa," by F. W. Fitzsimons, baboons share this predilection with gormands. Shellfish of all kinds are welcome food to them, and troops of baboons often make excursions to the seaside to get these salty delicacies, opening the shells either with their strong teeth or by striking them on the rocks.

A Long Pedigree.

Sir William Lever, the well known soap manufacturer, once remarked that when he got his baronetcy, the college of heralds had no difficulty about his pedigree.

"All they had to do," he said, "was to take away the 'L' in front of my name and the 'R' at the end, and there it was! Ever!"—London Answers.

So Say We All.

"What kind of music suits your taste?"

"Well, I'm not particular. I like it either rare or well done."—Lippincott's.

Barbarism.

Wille—Pa, what are the cruelties of barbarism? Pa—Having the barber cut you and then charge you a dime for sticking plaster.—Exchange.

Idleness is the refuge of weak minds and the holiday of fools.—Chestertield.

For Sale.

A four roomed house corner lot 50 & 140 near school house. Price \$750. Apply at news office 31st

FALSE ALARM OF FIRE.

A Peril Always to Be Met Promptly on Board Ship.

It was on board the Northern Light, says Captain Osborn in "A Sailor of Fortune," that a false alarm of fire was sounded and disaster prevented only by prompt action. A passenger, looking down through the boiler hatch, saw the red painted boiler fronts and, seeing the flame-like color amid a cloud of steam shouted "Fire!" Immediately the whole vessel was in an uproar, and a dangerous panic was imminent. I was one of the underofficers.

The climax came when the quartermaster saw a minister of the gospel on the rail trying to lower the bow of one of the ship's boats. I ran to him and ordered him to come down on deck. The minister paid no attention, and I seized his coattail to drag him down by force.

Perhaps it was an old coat, for the seams parted, and a second later I had the ministerial coattail in my hands. He came down then. He was angry and was likewise a spectacle to look upon.

He started to call an indignation meeting, but most of the passengers had recovered from their fright by this time and were inclined to be merry at the reverend gentleman's expense.

He went raging to the captain, who summoned me to appear. I came, still carrying the coattail in my hand.

"Mr. Osborn," he said, "what are your orders in case of a false alarm of fire?"

"My orders," I said, "are to stop it by any means necessary. I may knock a man down, throttle him or split him wide open."

The captain turned to the irate minister.

"Those are Mr. Osborn's orders," he said. "You are fortunate that it was only your coat that was split open."

The danger from the false alarm of fire on shipboard is second only to the real thing and is always a peril to be met promptly.

"Home" in Our Language.

In no other language, according to the London Telegraph, is there a word expressing the ideas and associations which are aroused at the sound of the simple yet heart touching word "home." A Frenchman once translated Cardinal Newman's hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," and in his hands the beautiful line "The night is dark, and I am far from home," became "La nuit est sombre, et je suis loin de mon foyer," the translator having been obliged to use for home the French word which describes the green room of a theater. The Italian and Spanish "casa," the German "haus"—their "heim" is too general to have any particular value—and the Russian "doma" all refer to a building of some kind or other and have none of the memories and associations that cluster round the precious English word.

Famous Boys.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their color and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineer gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, easel and stool, and said, "That boy will beat me some day." So he did, for he was Michelangelo.

A German boy was reading a blood and thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here goes!" And he flung the book out into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

Quick Wit.

The late Sir James Allport, then Mr. Allport, when manager of the Midland line, once visited a small station in the north, and, after being assiduously waited upon by the porter on duty on alighting from the train, he offered the attentive official half a crown.

The man promptly pocketed the gratuity, whereupon the manager inquired:

"Do you know who I am, my man?"

"Certainly, sir," was the ready reply, "Mr. Allport, sir, fellow servant of the company, sir. Course, I don't take tips from the general public, sir."—London Answers.

The Sublime Porte.

The phrase "sublime porte," frequently used to denote the government of the Turkish empire or the country itself, is derived from the French and means lofty gate. It had its origin in the gateway of the outer court of the seraglio at Constantinople, from which justice was supposed to be administered.

AN ACUTE ABSCESS.

The Way It Forms and the Way It Should Be Treated.

An abscess is a swelling that contains pus. It may be either acute or chronic, and it may either be deeply seated in the body or it may appear upon the surface. The chronic or "cold abscess" is generally of tuberculous origin, whereas the acute or "hot abscess" is the result of an infection by the pus microbes.

The acute abscess comes on suddenly with all the signs of severe inflammation—heat, redness, swelling and pressure, as the pus forms, a throbbing pain. The sufferer often feels ill and has a slight degree of fever. In three or four days the abscess begins to soften, and the pain diminishes because the surface skin is being destroyed and the tension upon the sore spot is not so great. By and by there is only one layer left, through which the pus can be seen. This thin layer soon ruptures, and the pus escapes. Relief is immediate, and healing soon begins.

When the inflammation is deeply seated the affair is more serious. In such cases the pus may burrow until it invades some vital structure—the peritoneum or the brain, for instance—and a fatal result is not impossible.

The treatment of abscesses has changed much in late years. Formerly the acute abscess was allowed to form and break without surgical interference unless it threatened life or caused too much distress. Now the physician does not wait for it to pass through the natural stages. As soon as it appears he makes an incision and releases the poison before it has a chance to cause the formation of pus. He cleans the cavity thoroughly and keeps it continually moistened with an antiseptic solution. It must be allowed to drain freely, and moist antiseptic dressings should be applied while the wound is healing.—Youth's Companion.

PUDDELS OF SILVER.

Crude Methods That Are Used at the Mines in Mexico.

It was at Pachuca, Mexico, that the patio system of separating silver had its origin. This system is still followed extensively at the silver mines throughout Mexico. The ore is crushed and worked down to a state of puddle. It is then spread out to a depth of two or three feet over the paved floor of the courtyard, or patio. This mass sulphate of copper is added in powder, about fifteen pounds of sulphate to 3,000 pounds of puddle. This is trodden into the puddle by horses. Several gangs of old, worn out horses or mules, about twelve in a gang, are seen in various parts of the patio, being driven round in circles to tread in the sulphate.

On the next day 6 per cent of common salt is added and in two more days 100 per cent of pure quicksilver or as much as the assay of the ore shows is required. This mass is then trodden up by horses for fifteen days. It is then wheeled to a large tank through which passes a rapid stream of water. This washes away the clay, leaving the silver and quicksilver. The residue is poured into cone shaped canvas bags through which most of the quicksilver runs out, and what remains with the silver is passed off with the vapor by means of heated retorts.

None of the quicksilver is lost, and even the vapor is brought by cold water to its original state and used again and again. The quicksilver soon rots the hoofs of the horses and the mules, but the Mexicans themselves do not seem to be much the worse for it, even though they wade around in the puddle for days at a time.—Harper's Weekly.

A Cinder in the Eye.

Who hasn't had difficulty in dislodging a cinder from the eye? Sometimes one can succeed with a corner of a handkerchief, but frequently the cinder is too deeply imbedded to be got out in that way. It would be hard to find a more sticky substance than chewing gum. The next time you see any one with a cinder in his eye just chew a piece of gum till it becomes soft and pliant, twist it to a fine point and you will find as soon as you touch the cinder with it out the cinder will come.—Leslie's.

Her Request.

"Father," said the fair, timid young girl, "my William is coming to see you this evening, and I beg you will allow me in his case to reverse my usual request to you."

"What is that?" asked the father suspiciously.

"When he comes," she sighed, as a pearly drop rolled down her cheek, "please don't foot this Bill."—Baltimore American.

Very Cautious.

"Mrs. Wetmore is one of the most cautious persons I have ever known."

"Yes, she was telling me the other day that she never kept a striking clock in the kitchen because she thought that if she did so the cook might acquire the habit."—Chicago Record-Herald.

She Could Hardly Believe It.

Hub (with newspaper)—Listen to this, wife: "For every missionary sent abroad last year Christian America sent 1,405 gallons of liquor." Wife—Merciful goodness! Who'd ever think missionaries were such drinkers?—Boston Transcript.

Painless Surgery.

Surgery cannot be said to be entirely painless until the doctor uses an anesthetic when presenting his bill.—Washington Post.

WOOL AND MOHAIR

CHAS. SCHREINER, BANKER.

(UNINCORPORATED)

KERRVILLE, TEXAS.

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Individual responsibility Three Million Dollars.

MONEY TO LEND ON FARMS & RANCHES

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BUILD NOW.

Lumber at San Angelo at San
Angelo prices or at Sonora with
freight added from the wagons.

From the yard in small quantities
the cost of handling is added. Let
me figure on your bill.

B. F. BELLOWS,
Lumber, Sonora, Texas.

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MATTINGLY & MOORE Whiskeys
and the Celebrated WOLDORF CLUB
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NEW SAMPLES JUST RECEIVED. LEAVE YOUR
ORDERS. CLEANING AND REPAIRING.

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Dr. King's New Discovery
KILLS THE COUGH, CURES THE LUNGS.

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The Pecos Valley Southern Is Sold.

Pecos, Texas, March 29.—Public announcement is made of the sale of the Pecos Valley Southern railroad, its ownership having passed from W. L. Carwile, its builder, to W. D. Cowan and associates, of Reeves county, Fort Worth and Denver. The sale included all real estate owned by Mr. Carwile and the railroad, rolling stock, townsite and, in fact, everything connected with the road. The cash consideration named in the instrument of conveyance that was recorded is \$325,000, with "other considerations" stipulated. The road was given a bonding credit, about a year ago of \$400,000, by the state commission, with an allowance for an increase if desired.

As will be seen by the list of directors and officers, most of the vendees are Reeves county people. What is regarded as a significant fact by many is that G. C. Mountcastle, of Fort Worth, and Sol Mayer, of Denver and Toyahvale and formerly of San Angelo and Sonora, are on the road's directorate. Both of these men are fifth owners of the stock of the Mountcastle Irrigation company, holding the Griffin orchard and farm at the southern terminus of the road as well as other property running into the hundreds of thousands of dollars in value.

Thus some have pointed out that it would be difficult to get the road in safer hands, financially speaking short of a sale to one of the national lines, since the millions of Joe Rosenbaum are behind the Mountcastle project in Reeves co. At the same time Reeves county stockholders hold interests heavy enough when combined to guarantee the fact that the Pecos Valley Southern will be a "home road" under its present ownership.

General satisfaction has been expressed among people here at the retention of L. W. Anderson as general manager of the road. With the change Mr. Anderson becomes, too, one of the more heavily interested stockholders.

The new stockholders held a special meeting and elected the following directors: W. D. Cowan, E. W. Johnson, B. R. Stine, J. G. Love, L. W. Anderson, and T. Y. Cassey, all of Pecos; H. Robbins, of Barossa; G. C. Mountcastle, of Fort Worth, and Sol Mayer, of Toyahvale and Denver. Following is the roster of officers: President, W. D. Cowan; vice-president, F. W. Johnson; vice-president and general manager, L. W. Anderson; treasurer, G. C. Mountcastle; auditor, D. S. Floyd; secretary, J. G. Love; assistant secretary, W. W. Hubbard; general counsel, Jas. F. Rosa.

Missed Cattle Deal Blamed on Telegram.

Fort Worth, Texas, March 28.—Alleging the non delivery of an important business message, Chas. Gorman and W. T. Wilson, partners in the cattle business, have brought suit in the district court for \$2,953 damages against the Western Union Telegraph Company.

The petition states that Aug. 2, 1912, the plaintiff sent a message to R. T. Baker at Sonora, offering to purchase several lots of cattle, and that the prices made by Baker were about \$4 per head less than the market price. In the message Gorman and Wilson stated that they would go to the Baker ranch at once and look at the cattle. In reply to this message, the petition states that Baker sent a message to them saying that he would expect them on the day named, but that the message was not delivered.

Notice to Trespassers.

Notice is hereby given that all trespassers on my ranch 21 miles south of Sonora for the purpose of cutting timber, hauling wood, working live stock, hunting hogs or injuring fences, without my permission, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.
D. B. CUSENBARY,
Sonora, Texas.

ELECTRIC BITTERS

REPAID THE LOAN.

At Least That Was What the Old Time Highwayman Called It.

The fourth Earl Stanhope when on his way homeward late one dark night was held up by the most gentlemanly of highwaymen, who preferred his request for money or the nobleman's life in quite the nicest way. It happened that Lord Stanhope had not any money with him and was disinclined to yield the alternative.

"Your watch, then," suggested the gentleman at the opposite end of the pistol. The watch, the earl explained, was dear to him. He valued it at 100 guineas and would not surrender it. "What I will do," he said, "is to bring and deposit in this tree the worth of the watch in money, and you can call and get it tomorrow night."

"Done, m' lord," said the highwayman.
The law knew nothing about this arrangement, and the earl did as he had promised. He placed the 100 guineas where the highwayman might at his leisure collect it. And there, so far as he knew, the matter ended.

Years afterward he attended a great banquet in the city and found himself pleasantly entertained by an extremely well known man whose signature was good for a sum in several figures. Next day came to Lord Stanhope a letter inclosing the sum of 100 guineas. Accompanying it was a note begging his acceptance of a loan granted some years previously to the man who now forwarded it.

That loan, said the letter, had enabled the sender to gain a new start in life, to make a fortune and to renew acquaintance at dinner on the previous night with his lordship. The city magnate and the highwayman of earlier days were one and the same.—London Standard.

A Plant That Coughs.

All have read of carnivorous plants; of laughing plants and of plants that weep, but who has heard of a plant that coughs? There is the authority of a French botanist, however, for the statement that a plant in various tropical regions actually possesses the power to cough in the most approved manner. The fruit of this plant resembles the common broad bean. It appears that the coughing plant is something of a crank, that it easily works itself into a rage and that it has a curious horror of all dust. As soon as a few grains of dust are deposited on its leaves the air chambers that cover their faces and are the respiratory organs of the plant become filled with gas, swell and end by driving out the gas with a slight explosion and a sound that resembles so much the cough of a child suffering from a cold as to carry a most uncanny sensation to the one beholding the phenomenon.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Origin of "Firewater."

The first whisky or intoxicant of inferior quality was distilled in England and brought to America in large barrels, but in transporting it overland it was found more convenient to divide it into small kegs. The traders soon became aware of the fact that by diluting the whisky with water more furs could be obtained. This was practiced for some time, but the Indians learned that good whisky poured on a fire would cause it to flame up, whereas the diluted whisky would be quenched. It was by this simple experiment that the term "firewater" became a common word among the Indians. A chief who had experienced the bad effects of whisky among his people said it was most certainly distilled from the hearts of wildcats and the tongues of women from the effects it produced.

Cheeky, Indeed.

"I hear," said Lou to his friend Dick, whom he happened to meet one morning, "that Maude has broken her engagement with you."
"Yes," answered Dick; "it's true."
"Well, I'm sorry, old man. Why did she break it?"
"Why, merely because I stole a kiss," said Dick.
"What!" cried Lou. "Why, she must be crazy to object to having her fiancé steal a kiss from her."
"Well," explained Dick, "the trouble was I didn't steal it from her."—Lippincott's.

Metaphysics.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was a classmate of Dr. Clarke at Harvard, and, according to the reminiscences of the latter, the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table was as witty then as later. One day the two were talking of metaphysics, when the bright tongued little great man exclaimed: "I'll tell you, James, what I think metaphysics is like. It is like a man splitting a log. When it's done he has two more to split!"

Drive Sick Headaches Away

Sick headaches, sour gassy stomachs, indigestion, biliousness disappear quickly after you take Dr. King's New Life Pills. They purify the blood and put new life and vigor in the system. Try them and you will be well satisfied. Every pill helps; every box guaranteed. Price 25 cents. Recommended by Nathan's Pharmacy.

GO TO THE

"OLD RELIABLE"

FOR YOUR MERCHANDISE

DURING NINETEEN-THIRTEEN

E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

Posting Law is Held to be Valid

Austin, Texas, March 20.—The Texas posting law applying to parcels of 2,000 acres or more is held by the court of Criminal Appeals to be valid. This is the first time that this question, which is of great interest to the ranchmen of Southwest and West Texas, has been passed upon by the high court. The opinion written by Associate Judge Harper, was given in the case of W. E. Berry, appeal from Medina County, the decision of the lower court being affirmed. Judge Harper took occasion to say that "excellent briefs were filed in the case by Denman, Franklin & McGowan and Searcy & Brown of San Antonio. They have been of such material aid to us that they will be published in connection with this opinion."

Berry was prosecuted and convicted of a charge of hunting in inclosed lands of another, the inclosure being posted and containing more than 2,000 acres. He admitted that this pasture was inclosed posted and contained more than 2,000 acres of land in the inclosure his whole contention being that no law of this State made it an offense to hunt in such an inclosure.

The opinion of Judge Harper in part follows:

Appellant's first contention is that the act of the Legislature of 1893 repealed article 804 of the Penal Code acts of 1895 and that the act of the Legislature of 1903 repealed the act of 1899. By reference to the acts it will be seen that article 804 of the Code of 1895 did not apply to inclosures of 2,000 acres or more (article 805). The act of 1899 specifically states in section 4 that it does not repeal articles 804 and 805 of the code of 1895 and section 2 of the act of 1903 specifically provides that it does not apply to inclosures containing 2,000 acres or more.

"So the first contention cannot be sustained and we find that the laws of this State in 1913 provided that one shall hunt within the inclosed lands of another, containing less than 2,000 acres, without the consent of the owner, shall be punished by a fine not less than \$10 nor more than \$100 while one who shall hunt within the inclosed lands of another containing more than 2,000 acres, without the consent of the owner, which land has been posted, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding \$200.

"The distinction in the two acts being that in inclosed lands of less than 2,000 acres the land need not be posted, while in inclosures of 2,000 acres or more at each entrance the owner must conspicuously notify the public that it is

posted the punishment varying with the classification and neither act repealed the other.

"The other question raised may be said to be one of more difficulty. In 1909 the Legislature provided for a codification of the laws, but no one we think can contend that the Legislature conferred on this codifying board or commission power or authority to enact or repeal any law, and it did not attempt to do so.

"The only question in this case is whether the Legislature in adopting the report of this codifying board or commission did repeal any law therefore legally adopted by the Legislature. The codifying commission brought forward in the code, arranged by them the act of 1913 and numbered it articles 1254, and entirely omitted from code, so prepared, the act of Legislature of 1909, which repealed the inclosure containing 2,000 acres or more.

"In 1911 the Legislature enacted this code by bill providing Section 1 That the following titles, chapters and articles here after constitute the Penal Code of the State of Texas: Section 4 Nothing in this act shall be construed or held to repeal, or in any wise affect the validity of any law or act passed by this Legislature at its regular session.

"Thus it is seen that the laws passed by the Legislature assembling in January, 1911, were specifically exempted. The act punishing hunting or for fishing on the inclosed lands of another, containing 2,000 acres or more, was passed in 1899 and the code prepared by the codifiers and adopted by the Legislature in 1911 did not in any provisions thereof deal with hunting on inclosed lands of any other of 2,000 acres or more.

"The code or bill as enacted did not specifically repeal this law, but it did provide that the 'titles, chapters and articles shall here after constitute the Penal Code'. Thus it is seen that if the act of 1899 is repealed, it is repealed by implication and by no specific provision of the code or act of the Legislature. No one had the authority to repeal except the legislative body of this State.

"There being in the code of 1911 no express repeal of the act of the Legislature of 1899, and no provision of the code of 1909, we are of the opinion that the act of the Legislature adopting the codification of the laws as prepared by the commission did not repeal the act of 1899 and it is still in full force and effect.

"Had the act of the Legislature in adopting the codification con-

tained an express repealing clause or had the code as thus adopted dealt with the subject of hunting in inclosures of 2,000 acres or more a more difficult question might have been presented. But as the code prepared by the codifiers does not deal with this subject, and there is no express repealing clause contained in the act, we are of the opinion that the act of 1899 punishing persons for hunting in the inclosed lands of another, containing 2,000 acres or more, has not been repealed, and the act of 1899 is in full force and effect and, being of this opinion, the judgement is affirmed."

Golf That is Mostly Ball Hunting.

There are two sorts of golf. One is where you do not hunt for the ball. Those who play the other sort are never found in the championship records. They traverse the links with amateur caddies or with no caddies at all. They sally out in twos, threes or fours and play all against all. They expect to spend most of the time in ball hunting, which they have reduced to a science. They spread out in a line and walk the suspected area, each rallying to the other's need. Only when the ball is found does the game continue, and the players are lucky if they do nine holes, before luncheon.—London Globe.

Deed of Kindness.

The benevolent old gentleman got busy when he saw four boys, eight or nine years of age, attack one boy about the same age.
"You mustn't, you mustn't," he said when he had hauled them off, "attack your little companion this way. What has he done to deserve such harsh treatment?"
The four boys glowered sullenly, while the one boy whimpered as he thought what would happen to him when the benevolent old gentleman went on his way.
"Well," said one of the four at last, "he won't join the band of kindness our teacher wants to get up in our school."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Her Sun Spots.

Sir Robert Ball on one occasion, after delivering a lecture on "Sun Spots and Solar Chemistry," met a young lady who expressed her regret that she had missed hearing him on the previous evening. "Well, you see," he said, "I don't know that it would have interested you particularly, as it was all about sun spots." "Why," she replied, "it would have interested me extremely, for I have been a martyr to freckles all my life."

Youth and Pleasure.

Youth is not the age of pleasure. We then expect too much, and we are therefore exposed to daily disappointments and mortifications. When we are a little older and have brought down our wishes to our experience, then we become calm and begin to enjoy ourselves.—Lord Liverpool.

Pains All Over!

"You are welcome," says Mrs. Nora Guffey, of Broken Arrow, Okla., "to use my letter in any way you want to, if it will induce some suffering woman to try Cardui. I had pains all over, and suffered with an abscess. Three physicians failed to relieve me. Since taking Cardui, I am in better health than ever before, and that means much to me, because I suffered many years with womanly troubles, of different kinds. What other treatments I tried, helped me for a few days only."

TAKE CARDUI The Woman's Tonic

Don't wait, until you are taken down sick, before taking care of yourself. The small aches and pains, and other symptoms of womanly weakness and disease, always mean worse to follow, unless given quick treatment.

You would always keep Cardui handy, if you knew what quick and permanent relief it gives, where weakness and disease of the womanly system makes life seem hard to bear. Cardui has helped over a million women. Try it.

Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent free. 151

Go To THE FAVORITE SALOON

For all kinds of wines, beers, cigars and mineral waters, also all the leading and popular brands of whiskies such as Old Forrester, Hill & Hill, Old Crow, Jersey Cream, Brookwood, Four Star Hennessy, T. B. Ripy, Green River, Faymus, Old Barbee, O'd Hermetage and twenty other different brands to select from.

Your patronage will be appreciated.

Theo. Savell, Proprietor.

BANK SALOON,

Wants some of your trade. Everything new and up to date. We sell such whiskies as the celebrated Edgewood, Waldorf Club, Cuckenhelmer, Green River, Jersey Cream and many other whiskies of Standard brands. We also carry in stock, Paxton Rye Malt, Corn and Scotch Whiskey. Anything in the wine line we can fill your order. Our cigars are good, Flor D Milton and El Palencia are our leaders. Our Schlitz and Texas Pride is always cold. Give us a call and be satisfied.

TRAINER BROS., Props.,

THE Rock Front

J. G. Barton, Proprietor.

Cold Beer and Soft Drinks
Pure Wines and Liquors
Choice Cigars, Etc.

PHONE ORDERS TO 97 WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION. YOUR TRADE COURTEOUSLY APPRECIATED

The DECKER HOTEL,

Mrs. Laura Decker, Proprietress.

This House has just been Remodeled and Refurnished, and we are prepared to do a first class Hotel business. Nice clean rooms and first-class fare. Sample Room. Bath room, etc.

Sam Merck,

Blacksmith and Machinist.

ALL KINDS OF IRON AND WOOD WORK, BOILERS REFLUED, GASOLINE ENGINE, WINDMILL REPAIRS DONE ON SHORT NOTICE. GOOD WORK REASONABLE CHARGES.

Horseshoeing a Specialty. Try Us.

Sonora, Eldorado & San Angelo Mail, Express and Passenger Line.

L. L. Craddock, Proprietor.

AUTOMOBILE OR STAGE SERVICE

AUTOMOBILE—Leaves Sonora daily, except Sunday, at 7 o'clock a. m., arrives at San Angelo the same evening. Leaves San Angelo at 7 o'clock a. m. and arrives in Sonora in the evening.

Automobile Fare \$6 one way. Round Trip \$10.

STAGE leaves Sonora Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7 o'clock a. m. arriving in San Angelo that night.

Leaves San Angelo Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7 o'clock a. m. arriving in Sonora that night.

STAGE FARE, \$4.00. ROUND TRIP \$7.00.

OFFICE AT NATHAN'S DRUG STORE, NEXT TO BANK.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF SONORA, TEXAS.

CAPITAL STOCK \$100,000.00

SURPLUS - - 38,500.00

The Oldest Bank in the Devil's River Country.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:
W. L. ALDWELL, President; E. F. VANDER STUCKEN, Vice Pres; C. S. Allison, Will Whitehead, E. E. Sawyer, D. J. Wyatt.
ROY E. ALDWELL, Assistant Cashier.
We pay 4 per cent on saving deposits.

No Substitutes-- YOU GET WHAT YOU CALL FOR at the
CORNER DRUG STORE

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Ralph H. Harris, Vice President.
A. B. Sherwood, Cashier.
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Capital, Surplus and Profits \$225,000.

We Solicit Your Business.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL,...

Mrs. J. C. McDonald, Proprietress.
Rates \$1.50 Per Day.
Best accommodations, Rates Reasonable.
HEADQUARTERS FOR COMMERCIAL MEN.
Drummer's Sample Rooms.
SONORA, TEXAS.

THE SONORA BAKERY is now
Ready to supply all demands
For BREAD and PASTRY.
BUD HURST, PRO.

JOHN HURST,

EXPERIENCED WELL DRILLER
Quick, Reliable and Satisfactory
Contracts to go down 1000 feet or less.

Postoffice Address SONORA, TEXAS.

Devil's River News.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.
STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.

Advertising Medium of the
Stockman's Paradise.
SUBSCRIPTION \$2 A YEAR IN ADVANCE
Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora
second-class matter.

SONORA, TEXAS, April 5, 1913.

List of letters remaining on
hand at the Post Office at Sonora,
Texas for the week ending March
29th, 1913

Domestic Letters
Mrs. Jack Daugherty,
John Dailey,
E. A. Lee, M. D.,
W. H. Lee,
W. L. Jones

Foreign Letters,
Cruz Torres
Fortunate Valdez
Antonio Fojo

When calling for the above, please
say advertised.
H. Thiers, P.M.

Mrs. J. G. Walker of San Angelo
was the guest of Mrs. Laura Decker
for several days this and last week.

The New Sonora Independent
school district covers 700 sections
and all must get busy and take
advantage of the opportunity at an
early time.

The Joe Chaney killed at Shef-
field Tuesday was not the Joe
Chaney who several years ago was
drilling wells in the Sonora Coun-
try.

Mrs. J. T. Evans Sr., left for
Houston last week to attend her
grandson who was seriously ill.
The young man, however died
before Mrs. Evans reached Hous-
ton.

H. H. Sparks the Orient Live
Stock Agent is in Sonora this week
from Alpine. He says Alpine is a
daddy town and the committee
there authorized him to invite
every person in Sutton County to
attend their celebration of the
Orient's arrival on April 24, when
they will keep open house for all.

DISTRICT COURT.

The Honorable District Court of
Sutton County, was convened in
regular session Monday, March 31
with J. W. Timmins, Judge of the
51st Judicial District, presiding;
J. D. L. Wren, Clerk, T. B. Adams
Sheriff in attendance.

The grand jury as follows was
impaneled:

J. P. Reiley, Max Vander Stucken,
S. H. Stokes, J. L. Davis, R. H.
Marlin, Geo. Hamilton, W. A. Glas-
cock, W. T. O. Holman, James
Hagerland, W. H. Kellie, Wm.
Mittel, W. A. Ogle.

The Court appointed W. T. O.
Holman foreman.
The Court appointed Brown F.
Lee of San Angelo acting District
Attorney, and Fred Williams the
court stenographer was also pre-
sent.

The following were selected
jurors to the Grand Jury: J. M.
Green, W. H. Perry, J. C. Moore,
E. P. Finney.

The Jury Commission was J. L.
Davis, J. A. Sykes, D. J. Wyatt.

The Petit Jury was discharged
for the term Tuesday afternoon
without having to try any cases.
The Grand Jury adjourned Wed-
nesday evening after having re-
turned 14 bills of indictment; two
felony and twelve misdemeanors.

Judge Timmins and party re-
turned to San Angelo Wednesday
night.

The following is a synopsis of
the proceedings:

J. D. Fields & Co., vs G. S.
Allison et al. By agreement the
boundary line will be surveyed by
the Surveyor of Tom Green county
A. S. Smith vs. T. D. Word
continued for service.

Mrs. Luella McIwaine vs L.
L. Farr, administrator, continued
by agreement.

Frank Douglass vs. R. W. Davis,
dismissed, each party paying half
costs. (This case was compromise
out of court. Douglass receiv-
ing about \$800.)

W. L. Wheaton vs. Mrs. Frank
Sparks, continued by agreement.
State vs. Ed Retter, alias copias
and continued.

D. K. McMullan vs. John Kizie
Court ruled in favor of defendant
State vs. Louis de la Cruz carry-
ing pistol. Plea of guilty and fine
of \$100 assessed.

Subscriptions taken at the News
office for all magazines or papers.

Bunch of Keys.

Lost on Thursday between Main
street and race track a bunch of
keys. Finder will please return
them to News office.

Austin, March 31—The Govern-
or has appointed C. C. Beicher of
Del Rio judge of the Sixty third
judicial District to fill the vacancy
caused by the resignation of Judge
M. Thurmon.

For Sale.
Lot 50x200, three roomed new
house, front gallery, all painted
and papered, close in. Price \$350
Mrs. D. B. Woodruff.
R. D. 9, Box 20a, Dallas, Texas.
Advertisement

CORNELL & WARDLAW

Attorneys-at-Law,
SONORA, - TEXAS.

Will practice in all the State Courts.

H. R. WARDLAW, M. D.

Practice of Medicine and Surgery,
[formerly Louse physician, John Sealy
Hospital] Galveston, Texas.

OFFICE CORNER DRUG STORE,
Night Commercial Hotel,
Sonora Texas.

DR. W. T. CHAPMAN

DENTIST

Hours 9 to 12 a.m., 3 to 6 p.m.
Office in B. F. Meckel's residence.
Phone 79.

Sonora, - Texas.

1126 West Houston
REX HOTEL
San Antonio, Texas.

One block from I & C. N.
Depot.
T. A. KOON, Prop.

The RED FRONT
STABLE

Robert Anderson, Prop.,
HAY AND GRAIN.

Your Patronage Solicited.
Will buy hides.

H. A. McDONELL,
PAINTER, PAPERHANGER
SIGN WRITER.

SONORA - TEXAS.

FRED BERGER,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.
CHARGES REASONABLE.

Sonora, Texas.

For Sale or Trade for Coats.

Five roomed house and bath,
well improved, lot 200 by 200.

For further particulars,
65 ft Apply at News office.

Money to loan on real estate
Vendors lien notes purchased or
extended. Write us for particulars
and application blanks
R. Wilbur Brown & Co.,
61 ft San Angelo, Texas.

W. McCOMB
WINDMILL
DOCTOR

Phone No. 2
SONORA TEXAS

Residence For Sale
Four roomed house and bath.
Two galleries. Lot 100 x 100 near
school house.

Apply to
G. G. Stephenson,
Sonora, Texas.

Figure out your plan of improv-
ing, enlarging and expanding the
Sonora School.

Taylor & Cox were in Sonora
Friday to receive the Roy Hud-
epeth cattle.

Miss Susie Murray who has been
visiting relatives in Arizona and
New Mexico arrived home Monday
on a visit to her mother Mrs. Mary
Adams.

Hull Bros. brought in another
good well of water for G. W. Step-
henson on his place back of the
Episcopal church at the depth of
184 feet.

Judge and Mrs. James Cornell
returned Sunday from Austin and
report that the New Sonora In-
dependent School District bill is
now a law.

Fred Taylor, Lester Cox, Pink
Hines, W. D. Pratt, Henry Long,
Louis Pratt all from there in or
about Stacey were in Sonora Fri-
day to receive cattle.

**For Burns, Bruises and
sores**

The quickest and surest cure for
burns, bruises, boils, sores, inflam-
mation and all skin diseases is
Bucklen's Arnica Salve. In four
days it cured L. H. Hedlin, of
Iredell, Tex. of a sore on his
ankle which pained him so he
could hardly walk. Should be in
every house. Only 25 cents. Rec-
ommended by Nathan's Pharmacy.

In Memory of Our Friend John

Dear John has gone to rest,
God called him home He knows
what's best.

We miss him each hour of the day
This is one debt, all have to pay.
Six years we went to school with him
Whether in sunshine or in rain,
That's where we always saw him,
And he was just the same.

Two years ago in nineteen hundred
eleven,
Commencement exercises were
held, for we seven
Six girls and one boy made up the
jolly class

We were all so happy when we
heard that we would pass.
It seems we hear him say, "Come
Girls get the books, let us learn
our lessons well."

Mr. Thomas always gave us such
looks, when the words we could
not spell.

We hope to meet him some sweet day
in that Heavenly home above
Where griefs and sorrows never
come and all is filled with love.

We realize well the days are o'er,
When this dear boy to see
Has gone up to those heavenly shores
And never here will be.

He left the girl he loved so well
His eyes no more she'll see,
We hear him calling "Come on Nell
How happy we will be."

We mourn for him at this sad hour
A fate that befalls us all
Of which God only has the power
To take us at His call.

His classmate and friend,
Maggie Plester.

John Kizie of Devol, Okla.,
was in Sonora this week courting
Mr. and Mrs. Tom Nelson of Ozona
were visitors in Sonora this week.

G. S. Allison, Theo Savell and
J. G. Barton attended court at
Menard this week.

Les Whaley of Waco, was in
Sonora several days this week
visiting his brother Bert.

Sam Oglesby and Bob Campbell
of Merion, were in Sonora several
days this week buying sheep.

J. P. Reiley of the Owensville
country was serving on the Grand
Jury this week.

Judge C. E. Dubois, J. O. Hen-
derson, Jim Brown and Clyde
Kirby of San Angelo were in So-
nora Friday on business.

Virgo Frown and niece Miss
"Billie" Brown of Rocksprings,
were the guests of Mrs. J. N. Ross
Monday.

Chas. E. Davidson, the man who
made Crockett county famous,
was in Sonora for a few hours
Thursday. He was accompanied
by Roger Dudley.

Mr. and Mrs. Appelt passed thr-
ough Sonora Tuesday on their way
home from a visit to Menard. Mr.
Appelt received his Brahams cattle
he recently bought from the Ward
Cattle Co. of Blessing, Texas.

Mrs. J. T. Peck left last week
on a visit to relatives at Abilene.
The Doctor who is attending to his
outlet as principal of the Sonora
High School is conducting himself
becomingly during the absence of
Mrs. Peck.

The lawyers in attendance on
the District Court were James
Cornell, L. J. Wardlaw of Sonora,
W. A. Wright, W. A. Anderson,
B. F. Lee of San Angelo, W. B.
Silliman of E. dorado, and W. T.
Bartholomew of Fort Worth.

Daniel Beach who some years
ago ranched on the North Llano
and was the grandfather of the T.
B. Adams children died last Thurs-
day, (March 27) aged 72 years at
his home at Roswell, New Mexico.
Mr. Beach had been failing for the
past few years and his death
though expected was a shock to his
relatives to whom the News
extends its sympathy.

C. U. West of E. dorado and
Harvey Hensel who has been do-
ing a stunt down East while there
was nothing to do but court the
girls, were in Sonora Wednesday
enroute to the rancho recently pur-
chased by Harvey Hensel and
Carson West. The place Will
Hays recuperated on for a few
months.

Pains in the Stomach

If you continually complain of
pains in the stomach, your liver
or your kidneys are out of order.
Neglect may lead to dropsy, kid-
ney trouble, diabetes or Bright's
disease. Thousands recommend
Electric Bitters as the very best
stomach and kidney medicine
made. H. T. Aston, of Raleigh,
N. C. who suffered with pain in
the stomach and back, writes:
"My kidneys were deranged and
my liver did not work right. I
suffered much, but Electric Bitters
was recommended and I improved
from the first dose. I now feel like
a new man." It will improve you,
too. Only 50 cents and \$1.00.
Recommended by Nathan's Phar-
macy.

Goat And Sheepmen Organize

Tuesday afternoon the goat and
sheepmen of Sutton county formed
an organization the purpose of
which is to prevent theft and for
mutual benefits. The title of the
organization is "The Stockman's
Protective Association of Sutton
County."

The permanent officers of the
association are R. E. Taylor,
president; G. W. Stephenson, vice
president and B. M. Halbert sec-
retary treasurer.

The Membership fee is \$5 and
the last call for charter members
is open until April 15th.

The recommendations as to organi-
zation and the by-laws as present-
ed by the committee were approv-
ed and many resolutions offered.
The organization will be perfected
on April 15 at which time all ar-
rangements as to assessments, etc.
will be ready for consideration.
The stockmen of the county parti-
cularly those engaged in the sheep
and goat business are invited to
be present.

STOCK NEWS.

Sam Oglesby of Merion, bou h
sheep from the following parties
at p. t. D. B. Cusenbary 1300; Don
Cooper 425; Wm. Mittle 320; B.
M. Halbert 200

Sparks Bros., of Sonora sold to
G. L. Aldwell 840 two year old
mutton goats at p. t. Sam McKee
sold to the same party a bunch of
goats at p. t.

Russell & Martin of Sonora bot
3000 yearling steers from W. E.
Vasbinder of Corpus Christi at p. t.
They are all in one mark and
brand.

A. G. McIntire the well known
representative of the Evans Sailer
Buel Co., was in Sonora this week
looking over the mutton situa-
tion.

Wool is not a necessity. Mohair
is not a necessity but a tariff
is a necessity to keep the Ameri-
can sheep and goat men in a pro-
fitable business.

Wool or mohair are not neces-
sary to the life of the users of the
products of these farm products.
Cotton goods in the raw are good
enough for the producers of the
wool or mohair. The cost of pro-
duction of wool has encouraged
cotton factors to patent machinery
that makes cotton press as good
or better than wool.

Fort Davis, Tex., March 28.—
Thyril and Kenneth Smith sold all
their cattle to W. T. Jones at \$40
around for cows and \$30 for calves
for immediate delivery.

For Sale Dirt Cheap.

One 4 cylinder Cadillac automo-
bile, good as new, first cost \$2250.
With \$75.00 Gabriel horn. Com-
plete \$1000.00, if bought at once.
Noah Smith,
69 San Angelo, Texas.

D. K. McMullan was up from
his ranch near Juco, Monday, on
his way to San Angelo on business.

Mrs. Parkerson and J. A. Cope
returned Friday from El Paso and
places in New Mexico. They are
satisfied that Bud Ridgeway is al-
right although they could not find
him.

Dr. John D. Fields of Austin
was in Sonora on a visit to his son
W. J. Fields this week. The
Doctor appears to be in fine health
and is always glad to see the So-
nora people.

Advice For the Minister.

In preaching the minister had
been rather long winded when the
young bride remembered that she
had left the dinner in the gas range
without regulating the flame. She
hastily wrote a note and slipped it
to her husband, who was an usher.
He, thinking it was intended for
the minister, calmly walked up and
laid it on the pulpit.

The minister paused in the midst
of his sermon and took the note
with a smile which changed into a
terrific frown as he read:
"Please hurry home and shut off
the gas."

About the Way.

A young man about to get mar-
ried asked his father how he got on
so well with his wife. The old man
considered for a moment or two,
and then he said:
"It's like this, John. If your
wife is a good woman let her have
her own way, and if she's a bad one
she'll take it."—London Telegraph.

One Way.

"Will you have the kindness to
take my overcoat to town in your
automobile?" inquired Mr. Dalton
of his more prosperous suburban
neighbor one cool morning.

"Certainly," was the response,
"but how will you get it again?"
"Very easily; I shall remain in it."

Johnston Robertson Speaks.

Johnston Robertson a goat raiser
of Edwards and Va Verde county,
by invitation addressed the goat
raisers particularly and the public
in general at the Court House
in Sonora Monday night.

There was a large and most at-
tentive audience to listen to the
gentleman who has made a study,
by invitation addressed the goat
raisers particularly and the public
in general at the Court House
in Sonora Monday night.

There was a large and most at-
tentive audience to listen to the
gentleman who has made a study,
by invitation addressed the goat
raisers particularly and the public
in general at the Court House
in Sonora Monday night.

His presentation of the reason
why, from a democratic standpoint,
the duty of 12 cents on Mohair
should be retained was not only
to preserve the industry in the
United States but to prevent a
monopoly of the Angola Goat and
Mohair Industry by Turkey and
South Africa. He showed that the
amount of Mohair produced in
the United States was about 6,000,
000 pounds while the raw Mohair
imported from Turkey and South
Africa was between 7 and 8 million
pounds.

He called attention to the fact
that Turkey and South Africa
desiring to monopolize the Mohair
production had prohibited the ex-
portation at any price of the bucks
or ewes from those countries.

He contended that without the
duty of 12 cents per pound the
Mohair raisers of Turkey and
South Africa would have a Mono-
poly of the business because it
was evident that if the American
Importers were able to pay a duty
of 12 cents on the importation of
more by 2,000,000 pounds in ex-
cess of the American production,
that the Turks and South Africans
could produce the Mohair at a cost
much less.

Mr. Robertson also urged for a
separation of Mohair from wool in
schedule K and showed the com-
mittee of Ways and Means the
reason therefore.

The difference in shrinkage,
wool from 20 to 75 per cent and
mohair almost universally about
12 per cent.

After Mr. Robertson had a hear-
ing before the Ways and Means
committee he was followed by Mr.
Kipp, manufacturer of goods
made from Mohair who endorsed
Mr. Robertson's statement that the
Angora Goat Industry in the
United States was in danger.

Mr. Kipp it seems is a European
manufacturer as well as one of the
largest weavers of mohair in Amer-
ica. He took Mr. Robertson to
the factories in the East and show-
ed him mohair from Texas made
into cloths in imitation of many
kinds of furs and accorded Mr.
Robertson every hospitality. Mr.
Robertson gave an account of his
stewardship, told of many other
things he had experienced and
was accorded an ovation.

Mr. Halbert who was chairman
of the meeting called for order
and Judge Wardlaw endorsed the
proposition of the organization of
a Stockman's Protective association
but wanted to start at home by
catching the thief. The sentiment
was endorsed and B. M. Halbert
was elected temporary chairman
and L. J. Wardlaw temporary
secretary.

A committee of three consisting
of R. E. Taylor, L. J. Wardlaw
and J. S. Allison was thereupon
selected to prepare by laws and
resolutions and report same at the
meeting to be held Tuesday at
one o'clock.

Cough And Consumption.

Coughs and colds, when neglect-
ed always lead to serious trouble
of the lungs. The wisest thing to
do when you have a cold that
routles you is to get a bottle of
Dr. King's New Discovery. You
will get relief from the first dose,
and finally the cough will disap-
pear. O. H. Brown, of Mex-
caine, A. a., writes: "My wife was
down in bed with an obstinate
cough and I honestly believe had
it not been for Dr. King's New Dis-
covery, she would not have been
living to day." Known for forty-
three years as the best remedy for
coughs and colds. Price 50 cents
and \$1.00. Recommended by Nat-
hans Pharmacy.

DR. KING'S NEW LIFE PILLS
The Pills That Do Cure.

ADVENTURE

By
JACK LONDON

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Company

"She has quite a way with her," he said. "I tried to knock out of bringing the horses over. Said I couldn't charge freight, that the Apostle was under a yacht lease, that I was going around by Savo and the upper end of Guadalupera. But it was no use. Better the charge," said she. "You take the horses like a good man, and when I take the Martha I'll return the service some day."

"And 'bother your orders," said she to me, "Olson cried. 'I'm your boss now,' said she, 'and you take your orders from me.' Look at the load of ivory units, I said. 'Bother them,' said she. 'I'm paying for something bigger than ivory units. We'll dump them over-side as soon as we get under way. What I want to know is the your partner or ain't she? That's what I want to know.'"

"She is," Sheldon assured him.

"Well, would he believe it! I've seen a few unlikely things in the Solomons—rats two feet long, butterflies the commissioner hunts with a shotgun, and a woman who would shame the devil and head hunting devils that make the devil look like an angel. I've seen them and got used to them, but this young woman of yours—"

"Miss Lackland is my partner and part owner of Berande," Sheldon interrupted.

"So she said," the frate skipper dashed on. "But she had no papers to show for it. How was I to know? And then she's hired them drunken loafers, three of the worst scoundrels I ever disgraced the Solomons—15 quid a month each—what d'ye think of that? And sailed away with them too! I wish you might give me a drink. The missionary won't mind. I've been on his teetotal hooker four days now, and I'm pining."

Dr. Weismann nodded in reply to Sheldon's look of inquiry and Viaburi was dispatched for the whisky and si- phons.

"It is evident, Captain Olson," Sheldon remarked to that refreshed man- ner, "that Miss Lackland has run away with your boat. Now please give a plain statement of what occurred."

"Right O. Here goes. I'd just come in on the Philberty. She was on board before I dropped the hook in that whaleboat of hers with her gang of Tahiti heathens, that big Adam Adam and the rest. 'Don't drop the anchor, Captain Olson,' she sang out. 'I want you to get under way for Pooonga Pooonga.' I says, 'Excuse me, Miss Lackland, and tells for 'let go!'"

"And then we had it out. I didn't believe her. I didn't think you'd be- lieve her. I told her I'd be her as much as wanted proof. She got rich and mighty, and I told her I was old enough to be her grandfather and that I wouldn't take gammon from a child like her. And then I ordered her of the Philberty. 'Captain Olson,' she says, 'sweet as you please. I've a few minutes to spare on you, and I've got some good whisky over on the Emily. Come on along. Besides, I want your advice about the wrecking business. Everybody says you're a crackerjack sailorman—that's what she said—'crackerjack.' And I went in her whaleboat, Adam Adam steering and looking as solemn as a funeral."

"On the way she told me about the Martha and how she'd bought her and was going to float her. She said she'd chartered the Emily and was sailing as soon as I could get the Philberty under way. I was to sail direct for Pooonga-Pooonga and if I couldn't take her word that she was your partner she'd get along without me and the Philberty. And right there's where she fooled me."

"Down in the Emily's cabin was them three soaks—you know them—Fowler and Curtis and that Brahms chap. 'Have a drink,' says she. 'I thought they looked surprised when she unlocked the whisky locker and sent a nigger for the glasses and water monkey. But she must have tipped them off unbeknownst to me, and they knew just what to do. 'Excuse me,' she says; 'I'm going on deck a minute.' Now, that minute was half an hour. I hadn't had a drink in ten days."

"Well, anyway, at the end of the half hour down she came again and took a good squint at me. 'That'll do nicely,' I remembered her saying, and with that she took the whisky bottles and hove them over-side through the companionway. 'That's the last,' she said to the three soaks; 'til the Martha floats and you're back in Guvutu. It'll be a long time between drinks. And then she laughed."

"She looked at me and said—not to me, mind you, but to the soaks: 'It's time this worthy man went ashore—me! Worthy man! Fowler, she said, 'just tell Adam Adam to man the whaleboat, and while he's taking Cap- tain Olson ashore have your boat put me on the Philberty. The three of you sail with me, so pack your dunnage. All hands got me over the side, and it seems to me I went to sleep sitting in the stern sheets and watching that Adam steer. Then I saw the Philberty's mastsail hoisting and heard the clank of her chain coming in, and I woke up. Here, put me on the Philberty,' I said to Adam. 'I put you on the beach,' said he. 'Miss Lackland says beach plenty good for you.' And now I've come to find out whether I'm skipper of the Philberty or that chit of yours with her pirating, heathen boat's crew."

"Never mind, skipper. You can take a vacation on pay," Sheldon spoke with more assurance than he felt. "If Miss Lackland, who is my partner, has seen fit to take charge of the Philberty, why, it is all right. As you will agree, there was no time to be lost if the Martha was to be got off. It is a bad reef, and any considerable sea would knock her bottom out. I'm

down here, skipper, and rest up and get the fever out of your bones. When the Philberty Gibbet comes back you'll take charge again, of course."

CHAPTER XVII.
"PLEASE DON'T BE ANGRY WITH ME."

FTER Dr. Weismann and the Apostle departed and Captain Olson had turned in for a sleep in a veranda hammock Sheldon opened John's letter:

Dear Mr. Sheldon—Please forgive me for stealing the Philberty Gibbet. I simply had to. The Martha means everything to us. Think of it, only 250 for her, 250 if I don't save her, I know I shall be able to pay all expenses out of her near which the natives will not have carried off. And if I do save her it is the next of a fire-time. And if I don't save her I'll fill the Emily and the Philberty Gibbet with re- cruits. Recruits are needed right now on Berande more than anything else.

And please, please don't be angry with me. I don't want to go on the Philberty, and I won't. I'll go on the Emily.

I bought two cows this afternoon. That trader at Nogi did it for me and I bought them from his partner—Sam Willis his name—who agrees to deliver them, most likely by the Minsora next time she is down that way. Her trade has been too good enough on this side.

And Dr. Weismann has agreed to get me some orange and lime trees from the mission station at Ulava. He will deliver them the next trip of the Apostle. If the Sydney steamer arrives before I get back please tell him to get me some orange trees between the young trees on the high bank of the Balosina. The current is eating it against that bank, and you should do something to save it.

I have ordered some big trees and to quats, too, from Sydney. Dr. Weismann has ordered some mangoes. The mango trees are big and require plenty of room. The Martha is registered in Ulava. She is the biggest schooner in the Solomons and she has a crew of 150 men. I'll guess the rest. She will sail for Ulava, if she hasn't filled with water and engine oil with all right. The vessel she went ashore with because it was working. The engine had broken down, the fuel pipes to the boiler had broken down, and the boiler had broken down.

Plant all the trees in the compound if you have to clear out the palms in it. And don't plant the sweet corn in it. Let a few ducks escape before you do. DON'T LET ANY NIGGERS. He ordered the letter, mentioning it and scrutinizing the writing in a way that was not his wont. He characterized, was his thought, as he studied the boyish scrawl clear to read, painfully clear, but none the less boyish.

He looked long at the name, John Lackland just an assemblage of letters, of commonplace letters, but an assemblage that generated a subtle heady sympathy. It went into his head and twined and twisted his mental processes until all that constituted him at that moment went out in love to that scrawled signature, John Lackland. Each time he looked at it there arose visions of her in a myriad moods and guises, coming in out of the flying smother of the gale that had wrecked her schooner, lurching a whaleboat to go a fishing, rumping dripping from the sea, with her hair and other things flying to the fresh water shower, or, frightening four-score cannibals with an empty chloroform bottle, juvenily rattling on about romance and venture, bright eyed, her face flushed and eager with enthusiasm.

John Lackland. He missed over the cryptic wonder of it till the secrets of love were made clear and he felt a keen sympathy for lovers who carried their names on trees or wrote them on the beach sands of the sea.

Then he came back to reality, and his face hardened. Even then she was on the wild coast of Malaita and at Pooonga Pooonga, of all villainous and dangerous portions the worst, peopled with a teeming population of hunters, robbers and murderers. For the instant he recalled the risk of thought of calling his boat's crew and starting immediately in a whaleboat for Pooonga Pooonga. But the next instant the idea was dismissed. What could he do if he did go? First she would resent it. Next she would laugh at him and call him a silly.

There was much in her willful conduct that caused him to wince in the heart of him. He was appalled by the thought of her shoulder to shoulder with the drunken rabble of traders and beach combers at Guvutu. It was bad enough for a clean, fastidious man, but for a young woman, a girl at that, it was awful. The theft of the Philberty Gibbet was merely amusing, though the means by which the theft had been effected gave him hurt. Yet he found consolation in the fact that the task of making Olson drunk and sent a nigger for the glasses and water monkey. And next and swiftly came the vision of her, alone with those same three scoundrels, on the Emily, sailing out to sea from Guvutu in the twilight with darkness coming on. Then came visions of Adam Adam and Noa Noa and all her brawny Tahitian following, and his anxiety faded away, being replaced by irritation that she should have been capable of such willful conduct. And the irritation was still on him as he got up and went inside to stare at the hook on the wall and to wish that her Stetson hat and revolver belt were hanging from it.

Several quiet weeks slipped by. The steamer from Sydney, the Kam- mamba, broke the quietude of Ber- ande for an hour while landing milk, supplies and the trees and seeds John had ordered. The Minsora, bound for Cape Marsh, brought the two cows from Nogi. And the Apostle, hurrying back to Tulagi to connect with the Sydney steamer, sent a boat ashore with the orange and lime trees from Ulava. And these several weeks marked a period of perfect weather.

Then came the long expected north- wester. For eight days it raged, lull- ing at intervals to short durations of calm, then shifting point or two and ending with renewed violence.

It was in the good weather that fol- lowed one of the house boys ran him

down with the news that the Martha, the Philberty Gibbet and the Emily were heading in for the anchorage. Coming into the compound from the rear, Sheldon saw everything at once. First, a glimpse at the sea, where the Martha floated huge alongside the outer and the ketch which had rescued her; and next, the ground in front of the veranda steps, where a great crowd of fresh caught cannibals stood at attention. From the fact that each was affixed in a new, snow white lava, Sheldon knew that they were recruits. Part way up the steps one of them was just holding down into the crowd, while another, called out by name, was coming up. It was John's voice that had called him, and Shel- don reined in his horse and watched. She sat at the head of the steps, be- hind a table, between Munster and his white mate, the three of them check- ing long lists, John asking the ques- tions and writing the answers in the big, red covered, Berande labor jour- nal.

"What name?" she demanded of the black man on the steps.

"Tagari," came the answer, accom- panied by a grin and a rolling of curl on his head.

"My, I can't tell you how good it is to be home again!"

"And Burnett said, 'Well, I'll be damned! I beg your pardon, Miss Lack- land, but you have wantonly broken the recruiting laws and you know it.' Captain Munster narrated as they sat over their whisky, waiting for John to come back. "And says she to him, 'Mr. Burnett, can you show me the way against taking the passengers of a vessel that's on a reef?' What could Burnett do? He passed the whole hundred and fifty, though the Emily was only licensed for forty and the Philberty Gibbet for thirty-five."

"But I don't understand," Sheldon said.

"This is the way she worked it. When the Martha was floated we had to beach her right away at the head of the bay, and whilst repairs were going on, a new recruit being made, he got recovered from the niggers, and so forth, Miss Lackland borrows Sparrowhawk to run the Philberty along with Curtis, lends me the Brahms to take Sparrowhawk's place and starts both craft off recruiting. My word, the niggers came easy. It was virgin ground. Since the Scot- tish Chiefs no recruiter had ever even tried to work the coast. When we filled up we came back to see how the Martha was progressing."

"And thinking we was going home with our recruits," Sparrowhawk slip- ped in. "Lord numme, that Miss Lack- land ain't never satisfied. 'I'll take 'em on the Martha,' says she, 'and you can go back and fill up again.'"

"But I told her it couldn't be done," Munster went on. "I told her the Martha hadn't a license for recruiting. 'Oh,' she said, 'it can't be done, eh?' and she stood and thought a few min- utes."

"And I'd seen her think before," cried Sparrowhawk, "and I knew at a glance that the thing was as good as done."

Munster lit his cigarette and re- mused:

"You see that spit," she says to me, 'with the little ripple breaking around it. There's a current sets right across it and on it, and it will set you nicely against. Then I'll rescue your re- cruits and sail away—simple, ain't it?' says she, 'Munster—simple, ain't it?' You hang up one tide," says she; 'the next is the big high water. Then you hedge

"Hello," John called out. "What do you mean by fighting all my boys? Come on up."

"What do you think of them?" she asked when they had shaken hands. "And what do you think of her?" with a wave of the hand toward the Mar- tha. "I thought you'd deserted the plantation and that I might as well go ahead and get the men into barracks. Aren't they beauties? Do you see that one with the split nose? He's the only man who doesn't hail from the Pooonga-Pooonga coast, and they said the Pooonga-Pooonga natives wouldn't recruit. Just look at them and con- gratulate me. They're men, every last one of them. I have such a long sto- ry I won't begin anyway till we're through with this and until you have told me that you are not angry with me."

"Ora, what place belong you?" she went on with her enticement.

But Ora was a bushman, lacking knowledge of the almost universal beche de mer English, and half a dozen of his fellows wrangled to ex- plain.

"There are only two or three more," John said to Sheldon, "and then we're done. But you haven't told me that you are not angry."

Sheldon looked into her clear eyes as she favored him with a direct, un- troubled gaze that threatened, he knew from experience, to turn teasingly de- fiant on an instant's notice. And as he looked at her, it came to him that he had never half anticipated the glad- ness her return would bring to him.

"I was angry," he said deliberately. "I am still angry, very angry," he noted the glint of defiance in her eyes and thrilled—"but I forgive, and I now forgive all over again. Though I still insist—"

"That I should have a guardian," she interrupted. "But that day will never come. Thank goodness, I'm of legal age and able to transact busi- ness in my own right. And speaking of business, how do you like my forc- ible American methods?"

"Mr. Rafi, from what I hear, doesn't take kindly to them," he temporized, "and you've certainly set the dry bones rattling for many a day. But what I want to know is, if other American women are as successful in business ventures?"

"Luck, most all luck," she disclaim- ed modestly, though her eyes glittered with sudden pleasure, and he knew her boy's vanity had been touched by his tripe of tempered praise.

"Luck be blowed!" roared out the

long nose, Sparrowhawk, his face shining with admiration. "It was hard work, that's what it was. We earned our pay. She worked as till we drop- ped, and we were down with fever half the time. So was she, for that matter, only she wouldn't stay down, and she wouldn't let us stay down. My word, she's a slave driver. As the Lord numme, the way she made love to old Kina-Kina!"

"He was older than Telepass and dirtier," she assured Sheldon, "and I am sure much wickeder. Now I must run and wash up. Did the Sydney or- ders arrive?"

"Yours are in your quarters," Shel- don said. "Hurry for breakfast in waiting. Let me have your hat and belt. Do, please, allow me. There's only one book for them, and I know where it is."

She gave him a quick scrutiny that was almost womanlike, then sighed with relief as she unbuttoned the heavy belt and passed it to him.

"I don't if I ever want to see an other revolver," she complained. "That one has worn a hole in me, I'm sure. I never dreamed I could get so weary of one."

Sheldon watched her to the foot of the steps, where she turned and called back:

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"And Burnett said, 'Well, I'll be damned! I beg your pardon, Miss Lack- land, but you have wantonly broken the recruiting laws and you know it.' Captain Munster narrated as they sat over their whisky, waiting for John to come back. "And says she to him, 'Mr. Burnett, can you show me the way against taking the passengers of a vessel that's on a reef?' What could Burnett do? He passed the whole hundred and fifty, though the Emily was only licensed for forty and the Philberty Gibbet for thirty-five."

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CHAPTER XVIII.
AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE.

UT where was she during the no- wester? Sheldon asked.

"At Lauga-Lauga. Ran up there as it was coming on and laid there the whole week and traded for grub with the niggers. When we got to Tulagi the first was waiting for us and she was waiting with Burnett. I tell you, Mr. Sheldon, she's a wonder, that girl, a perfect won- der."

Munster refilled his glass, and while Sheldon glanced across at John's house, anxious for her coming, Spar- rowhawk took up the tale.

"Gritty! She's the grittiest thing, man or woman, that ever blew into the Solomons. You should have seen Pooonga-Pooonga the morning we ar- rived—Sulders popping on the beach and in the mangroves, war drums booming in the bush and signal smokes raising everywhere. 'It's all up,' says Cap- tain Munster. 'Up your grannies,' she says to him. Sparrowhawk went on. 'Why, we haven't arrived yet, much less got started. Wait till the au- thor's down before you get afraid.'"

"That's what she said to me," Mun- ster proclaimed. "And of course it made me mad, so that I didn't care what happened. We tried to send a boat ashore for a powwow, but it was fired upon. 'What we want,' says Miss Lackland, 'is a hostage. I'm go- ing ashore tonight to fetch Kina-Kina himself on board, and I'm not asking who's game to go with me. If I've got any man's name I'll drag for for him. I'm taking my sailors with me and one white man.' Of course I'm that white man," I said, for by that time I was mad. 'Of course you're not,' says she. 'You'll have charge of the covering boat. Curtis stands by the landing boat. Fowler goes with me. Brahms takes charge of the Philberty and Sparrowhawk of the Emily. And we start at 1 o'clock.'"

"My word, it was a tough job bring- ing them in the covering boat. I never thought doing nothing could be such hard work. We stopped about fifty fathoms off and watched the other boat go in."

"Of course there was a row. I had to come, and I knew it, but it started me just the same. I never heard such screaming and yelling in my life. The niggers must have just dived for the bush without looking to see what was up, while her Tahitians let loose, shoot- ing in the air and yelling to hurry 'em on. And then I heard them coming through the mangroves and an out- strike on a gunwale and Miss Lack- land laugh, and I knew everything was all right. We pulled on board without a shot being fired. And there was old Kina-Kina himself, looking out over the rail, shivering and chattering like an ape. The rest was easy. Kina-Kina's word was law, and he was scared to death. And we kept him on board issuing proclama- tions all the time we were in Pooonga."

"It was a good move, too, in other ways. She made Kina-Kina order his people to return all the gear they'd stripped from the Martha. She here she comes now."

It was with a shock of surprise that Sheldon greeted her appearance. The ready-made clothes from Sydney had transformed her. A simple skirt and shirt waist of some sort of wash goods set off her trim figure with a hint of elegant womanhood that was new to him. Brown slippers peeped out as she crossed the compound, and she cast a glance to the mile of brown openwork stockings. Some- how she had been made many times the woman by these mere extraneous trappings.

"I've opened up a new field," she said as she began pouring the coffee. "Old Kina-Kina will never forget me. I'm sure, and I can recruit there when- ever I want. I saw Morgan at Guvutu He's willing to contract for a thousand boys at 40 shillings per head. Did I tell you that I'd taken out a recruiting license for the Martha? I did, and the Martha can sign eighty boys every trip."

Sheldon smiled a trifle bitterly to himself. The wonderful woman who had tripped across the compound in her Sydney clothes was gone, and he was listening to the boy come back again.

"Well," John said, with a sigh, "I've shown you hustling American meth- ods that succeed and get some- where. You are beginning your mud- dling again."

John stood beside Sheldon and slyly as she watched the Martha beating out to sea, old Kinnross, brought over from Savo, in command.

"My, but she is a witch! Look at her eating up the water, and there's no wind to speak of. Honestly, if I'd dreamed of the chance waiting for me at Guvutu when I bought her for less than \$300 I'd never have gone part- ners with you. And in that case I'd be sailing her right now."

The justice of her contention came abruptly home to Sheldon.

"You make me feel like a big man who has robbed a small child of a lot," he said, with sudden contrition.

"And the small child is crying for it!" She looked at him, and he noted that her lip was slightly trembling and that her eyes were moist.

"But the small child won't cry any more for it," she was saying. "This is the last sob. But some day I'm go- ing to sail the Martha again. I know it. I know it."

In reply, and quite without premeditation, his hand went out to hers, covering it as it lay on the railing. But he knew beyond the shadow of a doubt that it was the boy that returned the pressure he gave, the boy sor- rowing over the lost toy. The thought chilled him.

"Never mind," he said. "You can

go sailing on the Martha any time you please—recruiting on Malaita if you want to."

"It was a great concession he was making, and he felt that he did it against his better judgment. Her re- ception of it was a surprise to him.

"With old Kinnross in command?" she queried. "No, thank you. I'd drive me to suicide. I couldn't stand his handling of her. I'll never step on the Martha again unless it is to take charge of her. I'm a sailor, like my father, and he could never bear to see a vessel mishandled."

An hour later, just as they were riding out of the compound, Sheldon glanced at her sharply and noted her face mortified, even as he looked, and turning orange and green.

"It's the fever," she said. "I'll have to turn back."

By the time they were in the com- pound she was shivering and shaking and he had to help her from her horse. "Funny, isn't it?" she said, with chattering teeth. "Like seasickness— not serious, but horribly miserable while it lasts. I'm going to bed. Send Noa Noah and Viaburi to me. Tell Orauri to make hot water. I'll be out of my head in fifteen minutes. But I'll be all right by evening. Short and sharp is the way it takes me."

Sheldon obeyed her instructions, rushed hot water bottles along to her and then sat on the veranda gazing across the compound to the grass house. Yes, he decided, the contention of every white man in the islands was fight—the Solomons was no place for a woman.

He clapped his hands and Lalaperu came running.

"Here, you," he ordered; "go along barracks, bring in black fella Mary, plenty to catch, altogether."

A few minutes later the dozen black women of Berande were ranged before him. He looked them over critically, finally selecting one that was young, comely as such creatures went, and whose body bore no signs of skin dis- ease.

"What name, you?" he demanded.

"Sanzul,"

"Me Malua," was the answer.

"All right, you fella Malua. You finish cook along boys. You stop along white Mary. All the time you stop along, you say 'ave'?"

"Me sarve," she granted and obeyed his gesture to go to the grass house immediately.

"What name?" he asked, Viaburi, who had just come out of the grass house.

"Big fella stek," was the answer.

"White fella Mary talk to you much all the time. All the time talk in big fella schooner."

Sheldon nodded. He understood. It was the loss of the Martha that had brought on the fever. He lighted a cigarette, and in the curling smoke of it caught visions of his English moth- er and wondered if she would under- stand how her son could love a wo- man who cried because she could not be skipper of a schooner in the can- nibal isles.

The most patient man in the world is prone to impatience in love, and Shel- don was no exception. He di- vined the fanciful love of freedom in her, the deep seated antipathy for re- straint of any sort. No man could ever put his arm around her and win her. She would flutter away like a frightened bird. Approach by contact—that, he realized, was the one thing he must never do. His hand clasp must be what it had always been—the hand clasp of hearty friendship, and nothing more. And then, one morning, quite fortuitously the opportunity came.

"My dearest wish is the success of Berande," John had just said apropos of a discussion about the cheapening of freights on copra to market.

"Do you mind if I tell you the de- ar est wish of my heart?" he promptly returned. "I long for it. I dream about it. It is my dearest desire. It is for you some day when you are ready to be my wife."

She started back from him as if she had been stung. Her face went white on the instant, not from suddenly em- barrassment, but from the anger which he could see flaming in her eyes.

"This taking for granted! This when I am ready!" she cried passion- ately. "Listen to me, Mr. Sheldon. I like you very well, though you are slow and a muddler, but I want you to understand once and for all that I did not come to the Solomons to get mar- ried. Getting married is not making my way in the world. It may do for some women, but not for me, thank you. When I sit down to talk over the freight on copra I don't care to have proposals of marriage sandwiched in. Besides—besides—"

Her voice broke for the moment, and when she went on there was a note of appeal in it that we'll richly convicted him to himself of being a brute.

"Don't you see? It spoils everything. It makes the whole situation impos- sible—and—and I so loved our partner ship—and was proud of it. Don't you see? I can't go on being your partner if you make love to me. And I was so happy!"

Tears of disappointment were in her eyes, and she caught a swift sob in her throat.

"I warned you," he said gravely.

"Such unusual situations between men and women cannot endure. I told you so at the beginning."

"Oh, yes; it is quite clear to me what you did. You took good care to warn me against every other man in the Solomons except yourself."

It was a blow in the face to Sheldon. He snarled with the truth of it, and at the same time he snarled with what he was convinced was the injus- tice of it. A gleam of triumph that

flashed in her eye because of the bit she had made of him.

"It is not so one-sided as you seem to think it is," he began. "I was doing very nicely on Berande before you came. I did not want you to stay. I want to love with you then. I want- ed you to go to Sydney, to go back to Hawaii. But you insisted on staying. You virtually—"

He paused for a softer word than the one that had risen to his lips, and she took it away from him.

"Forced myself on you—that's what you meant to say," she cried, the flags of battle planting her cheeks. "Do ahead. Don't mind my feelings."

"All right, I won't," he said decid- edly, realizing that the discussion was in danger of becoming a vituperative, schoolboy argument. "You have in- sisted on being considered as a man. Helplessness would demand that you talk like a man and like a man listen to man talk. And listen you shall. It is not your fault that this unpleas- antness has arisen. I do not blame you for anything—remember that—and for the same reason you should not blame me for anything."

"You can't help being yourself. You can't help being a very desirable creature so far as I am concerned. You have made me want you. You didn't intend to; you didn't try to. You were so made, that is all. And I was so made that I was ripe to want you. But I can't help being myself. I can't by an effort of will cease from want- ing you any more than you by an ef- fort of will can make yourself unde- sirable to me."

"Oh, this desire, this want, want, want," she broke in rebelliously. "I am not quite a fool. I understand some things. I really think it would be a good idea for me to marry Noa Noah or Adam Adam or Lalaperu there if any black boy. Then I could give him orders and keep him from ever coming near me and then like you would leave me alone and not talk marriage and I want, I want."

Sheldon laughed in spite of himself and far from any genuine impulse to laugh.

"You are positively soulless," he said savagely.

"Because I've a soul that doesn't yearn for a man for master?" she took up the gauge. "Very well, then, I am soulless, and what are you going to do about it?"

"I am going to ask you why you look like a woman? Why you have the form of a woman, the lips of a woman, the wonderful hair of a woman? As for me, I didn't dream that danger lay in that quarter. So I failed to protect you from myself. I failed to protect you at all. You went your own wild way just as though I didn't exist—wrecking schooners, recruiting on Malaita and sailing schooners, one lone, unprotected girl in the company of some of the worst scoundrels in the Solomons. I love you for that too. I love you for all of you, just as you are!"

She made a none of distant and raised a hand protesting.

"Don't," he said. "You have no right to recoil from the mention of my love for you. Remember, this is a man talk. From the point of view of the talk, you are a man. The woman in you is only incidental, accidental and irrelevant. You've got to listen to the bald statement of fact, strange though it is, that I love you. You are better off and safer on Berande, in spite of the fact that I love you, than any- where else in the Solomons. But I want you, as a final item of man talk, to remember from time to time that I love you and that it will be the de-arest day of my life when you consent to marry me. I want you to think of it sometimes. And