

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

VOL 31

SONORA SUTTON CO., TEXAS. SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1921.

NO. 1597

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Ford Reduces Prices Again

EFFECTIVE JUNE 7TH THE FOLLOWING REDUCTIONS BECOME EFFECTIVE

	REDUCTION.	NEW PRICES DELIVERED
Touring	\$25.00	\$586.00
Roadster	\$25.00	\$540.00
Chassis	\$15.00	\$435.00
Sedan	\$35.00	\$873.00
Coupe	\$50.00	\$805.00
Truck	\$50.00	\$589.00
Tractor	None	\$719.00

Even before this reduction we were unable to supply our demand for cars. If you are thinking of buying a Ford any time soon, it will be necessary for you to place your order with us at an early date in order to be sure of delivery.

Sonora Motor Company,

AUTHORIZED DEALERS.

Sonora, Texas.

Experience Makes Us Familiar With Your Grocery Needs. It also teaches us which are the best and Most Satisfactory Brands. Quality is a bigger item than ever before because of freight rates.

It does make a difference where we and you Buy.

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Under Pure Food Laws
Refreshing Drinks
Are Bottled.

ALL KINDS AT

THE HORN PALACE

JACK PIERCE.

MY CIGARS Are Always Prime

The Wreckers

CHAPTER VIII
A Close Call

At the "Y" siding we stopped—with out going on to the gravel track where Gorchner had seen the lost 1016—and Kirgan and I got off with a lantern. This was because, on the way down, I had managed to tell the big master-mechanic about the Cantrell talk, though I hadn't succeeded in making him believe that it accounted for Mr. Norcross' drop-out. Just the same he humored me by having Billy Gorchner stop, and now he was trying to make me take it sort of slow and easy as we stumbled out toward the stem of the "Y." That was Kirgan's way. He was as hard as nails with a gang of men, but he could be as soft-hearted as any woman when a fellow was all in. And he knew I wasn't half "rat myself" yet, physically.

"Don't get too much hope up, Jimmie," he was saying, as we humped along around the rooking track of the "Y." "We ain't goin' to find anything out yonder but a rusty loggin' track and that broken rail connection. You see, we've been here before, and I know."

He was as right as could be. When we reached the end of the "Y" there was the broken connection. Just as he'd said. The old saw-mill track was still there, leading off in the dark up the gulch, but the two switch rails had been taken out and the switch itself was as rusty as if it hadn't been used in years.

"What you heard from Mr. Cantrell may have been all true enough," Kirgan said, while I stood swallowing hard and staring down at the broken rail connection, "only it didn't have anything to do with the big boss. Them things was probably plannin' to wreck the Mill, all right, and they came down here to do it. The Lord only knows why they didn't do it; traps there wasn't time enough, after they'd got the 'Sixteen in on the gravel track."

I only just about half heard what he was saying. He had the lantern, and its light fell squarely upon a cross-tie a foot or two beyond where we were standing. It was the last tie in the empty string from which the two rails had been taken up to break the connection with the lighter saw-mill track steel, and what I was looking at was a fresh spike hole; fresh beyond all question of doubt because there was a clean new splinter of the wood sticking up beside it—a splinter that had been broken out when the spike was pulled.

I took the lantern from Kirgan in my one good hand, and he stood there waiting for me while I walked on out to the chopped-off end of the saw-mill track, examining the loose ties as I went along. There were fresh spike holes in some of the others; just one here and there. But that was enough. After I had knelt to hold the lantern close to the rails of the rusty timber track I knew my hunch was all right.

"Come here, Mart!" I called, and when he came, I showed him the new holes and new wheel-marks on the old rusty rails of the timber track that proved as clear as daylight that an engine or a train had been over there away from this side of the rains and the snows that had rusted them.

Kirgan didn't say a word—not to me. He just took one look at the rubbed rails and then yelled back to Gorchner to run out on the "Y." What followed went like clockwork. There were tools, a spike-puller and a driving-maul, on the light engine's tender, and while the two firemen were throwing them off, Kirgan made a couple of swift measurements with his pocket tape.

"These two, right here, boys," he ordered, indicating a pair of rails in the other leg of the "Y," and in less than no time the two rails were up and re-laid to bridge the gap of the broken connection.

I suppose we poked along into the black heart of the Timber range for as much as five or six miles before the engine headlight showed us the remains of the old saw-mill camp lying in a little pocket-like valley from the sides of which all the mill timber had been cut. The camp had been long deserted. There were perhaps a dozen shacks of all sizes and shapes, and with a single exception they were all dilapidated and dismantled, some with the roofs falling in.

The one exception was the stout log building which had probably served as the mill-gang commissary and store. The ties at this end of the line were so rotten with age that our engine was grinding a good half of them to powder as she edged up, and a little below the switch that had formerly led in to the mill, Kirgan gave Gorchner the stop signal.

After we had piled off, there wasn't any question raised as to what we should do. Kirgan had taken a hammer from Gorchner's tool-box, and he was the one who led the way straight across the little creek and up the hill to the commissary.

When we reached the building we found the windows all boarded up and the door fastened with a strong hasp and a bright new brass padlock—the only new thing in sight. Kirgan swung his hammer just once and the lock went spinning off down the slope and lay with a splash in the creek. Then

he pushed the door open with his foot, and shoved in; and for just one half-second I was afraid to follow—afraid of what we might find in that gloomy-looking log warehouse, with its blinded windows and locked door.

While I was nerving myself and stumbling over the threshold behind Kirgan with the lantern, I heard the boss' voice, and it wasn't the voice of any dead man, not by a long shot! From what he said, and the way he was trimming it up with hot ones, it was evident that he took us for some other crowd that he'd been cussing out before.

The light of the lantern showed us a long room, bare of furnishings, and dark and musty from having been shut up so tight. In the far end there



It Wasn't the Voice of Any Dead Man.

were a couple of bunks built against the log wall. On what had once been the counter of the commissary there was a lot of canned stuff and a box of crackers that had been broken open, and on a bench by the door there was a bucket of water and a tin cup.

The boss was sitting up in one of the bunks, and he was still tearing off language in strips at us when we closed on him. He recognized Kirgan first, and then Gorchner. I guess he couldn't see me very well because I was holding the lantern. When he found out who we were, he stopped sweating and got up out of the bunk to put his hand on Mart Kirgan's shoulder. That was the only break he made to show that he was a man, like the rest of us. The next minute he was the big boss again, snapping out his orders as if he had just pushed his desk button to call us in.

"You've got an engine here, I suppose," he snapped, at Kirgan. "Then we'll get out of this quick. What day of the week is it?"

I told him it was Friday, and by his asking that, I knew he must have been so roughly handled that he had lost count of time. The next order was shot at the two firemen.

"You boys kick that packing-box to pieces and then pull the straw out of that bunk and touch a match to it. We'll make sure that they'll never look anybody else up in this d-d dog-hole."

The two young huskies obeyed the order promptly. In half a minute the dry slab stuff that the bunks were built of was ablaze and the boss herded us to the door, and a minute or so later we were all climbing into the cab of the waiting engine.

We had to run so slowly down the old track to the "Y" that there was plenty of chance for the boss to talk, if he had wanted to. But apparently he didn't want to. He sat on the fireman's seat, with an arm back of me to hold me on, just as Kirgan had sat on the way up, and never opened his head except once to ask me what was the matter with my wrapped-up hand. When I told him, he made no comment, and didn't speak again until we had stopped on the leg of the "Y" to let Kirgan and his three helpers put the borrowed rails back into place.

"You say it's Friday," he began abruptly. "What's been going on since Monday night, Jimmie?"

I holed it down for him into just a few words as possible; about the letter he had left for Mr. Van Britt, how everybody thought he had resigned, how Mrs. Sheila and the major were two of the few who weren't willing to believe it, how Mr. Chadwick had been out of reach, how the railroad outfit was flopping around like a chicken with its head chopped off, how President Dunton had appointed a new general manager who was expected now on any train, how Gorchner had discovered the lost 1016 on the old deserted gravel-pit track a mile below us, and, to wind up with, I slipped him Mr. Chadwick's telegram which had come just as I was finishing my supper in the Bullard grill-room, and those two others that had come on the knock-out night, and which had been in my pocket ever since.

WOOL AND MOHAIR

CHARLES SCHREINER, BANKER.

(UNINCORPORATED)

KERRVILLE, TEXAS.

Makes Liberal Advances on Sheep, Goats, Wool and Mohair

Established 1869.

MORTGAGE LOANS

On Improved Farms and Ranches.

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WOOL AND MOHAIR

Each Clip sold on its MERITS.

Del Rio Wool & Mohair Co.

(Incorporated.)

MARKET NOTICE.

We desire to notify our customers and the public generally that we cannot extend the monthly pay plan to those who do not settle their obligations before the 10th of each month. It should not be necessary to specify any reason for the observance of this requirement. Please arrange to pay before the 10th of each month if you desire the monthly pay system.

COOPER & SIMS.

THE DEW DROP INN

SELLS THE RENOWNED

COLUMBIA RECORDS.

NEEDLES FOR ALL MAKES OF PHONOGRAPHS

CALL AND TRY OUR DELICIOUS

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THE TAILOR

Makes Suits. Cleans Clothes, Both Ladies and Gentlemen.

Makes Alterations and Remodels Suits And Tailored Dresses. Coats and Garments Relined. Ladies White Kid Gloves Cleaned.

Don't send away your Clothes to be Cleaned or Pressed Before Giving Me a Trial.

HAVE YOUR WORK DONE HERE.

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Scientifically Prepared by Parke, Davis & Co. will help prevent losses among your cattle.

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Call or Write for Free Booklet on The Prevention of Blackleg.

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SONORA DRUG STORE.

Continued on page 4.

Devil's River News

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Sonora, Texas - June 18, 1921.

TEXAS BANNER CATTLE STATE.

Washington, June 9.—A statement of the Bureau of Census issued today shows that on Jan. 1, 1920, there was 66,810,836 head of cattle of all kinds in the United States. Of this number 35,424,458 were beef cattle and 31,386,378 were dairy cattle. Of the beef cattle \$631,631 were calves under 1 year of age, while calves under one year of age among the dairy cattle were 6,904,008.

In the South central states the total number of cattle in Kentucky was 1,092,453; Tennessee 1,161,216; Alabama, 1,044,908.

In the West South Central states there were 1,072,966 head of cattle in Arkansas; 804,241 in Louisiana; 2,887,049 in Oklahoma; and 6,249,433 in Texas.

The largest number of cattle in any state is reported from Texas. The banner state had 4,767,572 head of cattle, of which 905,738 were calves under one year of age; 409,737 heifers 1 year old and under two years; 2,198,525 cows and heifers two years old and over; 444,326 steers one year old and under two; 892,764 steers 2 years old and over; 122,476 bulls one year old and over. Of the 1,481,871 head of dairy cattle, 439,456 were calves under 1 year of age; 169,028 were heifers one year old and under two; 842,545 cows and heifers two years old and over; 28,342 bulls 1 year old and over.

The total number of cattle in the State on April 15th, 1910 was 6,934,586, showing a decrease of cattle in Texas for the past ten years.

Was Live Stock Judging Contest

The Texas Aggie is the new publication of the A & M College and in one of the first issues to reach the News office we find that J. V. Drisdale of Juro was high man in the Eighth Annual Freshman Live Stock Judging Contest. Fifty-two men were in the contest which included the judging of beef cattle, dairy cattle, sheep and horses. J. V. Drisdale, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Drisdale of the Beaver Lake country made an average of 92 per cent, or 692 points out of a total of 750.

J. A. Leach was here from Sonora photographing some of the new babies. Mrs. Leach will be with him on his next trip—Ozona Kicker.

Bob Murchison came over from Sonora in a brand new spiffy Ford and took home his wife and baby who have been visiting Mrs. Bob's mother Mrs. Mary Berner.—Ozona Stockman.

Miss Alice Gilbert left last Friday to visit her relatives, the Hills at their ranch in Sutton county. Her aunt and cousins came over in their car to take her home with them.—Ozona Stockman.

Will C. Easterling is expected to take charge of the Ozona post office on or about June 30th, having been appointed by the postmaster general in conformity with the Act approved April 24, 1920. Presidential postoffice appointments are made by the postmaster general, then the President, nominates and the Senate confirms. Judge Graham has made a good postmaster, but has long wanted to be released, and his resignation has been in a long time.—Ozona Stockman.

B & C Laxative Aspirin cures by Removing the cause 30 cents

FOR SALE BY THE Sonora Drug Store

PROGRAM OF THE SHEEP AND GOAT RAISERS' ASSOCIATION.

It is announced at the headquarters of the Sheep & Goat Raisers' Association in Del Rio that a number of the prominent men of the country in the live stock industry will be here on June 21, 22 and 23, to participate in the discussion of important questions before the convention.

Not only will the meeting be one of the most important ever held from a business standpoint, but there are to be entertainment features that will insure all a good time who come. The committee in charge of this part of the program have assured us that nothing will be left undone to provide something attractive. There will be music and dancing in the evening and a royal city reception.

The official program for the convention is as follows:

Tuesday, June 21st. Convention will be called to order at 9:30 a.m. in the District Court room.

Invocation by Rev. C. M. Italy, pastor of M. E. church, Del Rio.

Singing, "America" by the entire Convention, led by Mrs. A. N. Henry. Address of Welcome, Mayor C. A. Constant.

Address of Welcome on behalf of Del Rio Chamber of Commerce, by W. R. Abbey.

Response to Address of Welcome, Judge J. M. Corbett of Sonora. 10:30 a.m.

President's Annual Address, Pres. H. H. Martin. 10:45 a.m.

Annual Report of Secty. Treas. Geo. M. Thurmond. 11:15 a.m.

Announcement of Committee Apportionment. Afternoon will be devoted to sale and amusement features. Address of the Convention will be held in the afternoon.

Wednesday, June 22nd. Convention called to order at nine o'clock a.m.

Invocation, Rev. J. M. Jones, Pastor of the Baptist church. Reports of committees. 9:40 a.m.

Address, "Wool Industry and its Importance," Prof. J. M. Jones, Chief Division of Animal Industry, Col. Station. 9:40 a.m.

Address, "Why Southern Industries should favor a Protective Tar Policy," Hon. John H. Kirby, Pres. Southern Tariff Association, followed by general discussion of tariff legislation. 11 a.m.

Address, "The Tariff and how it affects the American Producer of Wool and Hides," Hon. Frank J. Hogan of Salt Lake City, Utah, Pres. National Wool Growers' Assn. Thursday, June 23rd. Convention called to order at nine o'clock a.m.

Invocation, Rev. Philip King, pastor of First Christian church. 9:05 a.m.

Discussion and final action on proposed changes in by-laws. 9:30 a.m.

Address, Reminiscences of a Western Neuterman, Hon. James Callan of McHard. 10 a.m.

Address, "Truth in Fabric Legislation," Hon. A. C. Walker of New York, President of the National Sheep and Wool Bureau of Am. Rica. 10:30 a.m.

Report of Committee on Resolutions. 11 a.m.

Election of officers. 11:30 a.m.

Selection of place for holding next Annual Convention. 12 n.

Announcement of New Executive Committee Members. 12 n.

Adjournment.

The next few years will be marked by important and historical changes in the life of the United States deeply interesting to every citizen. The Three-a-Week World which is the greatest example of tabloid journalism in America will give you all the news of it. It will keep you as thoroughly informed as a daily at five or six times the price. Besides, the news from Europe for a long time to come will be of overwhelming interest, and we are deeply and vitally concerned in it. The Three-a-Week World will furnish you an accurate and comprehensive report of everything that happens. The Three-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only \$1.00 per year, and this pays for 156 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the Devil's River News together for one year for \$2.50. The regular price of the two papers is \$3.00.

BOY WITH SENSE OF HUMOR

Possibility That This Indiana Youth Will Develop into a "Great American Jokesmith."

James Tilley, superintendent of the Terre Haute schools, has just returned from the superintendents' convention at Atlantic City. One of the city's principals happened to meet him and told some of her older children about the meeting. At recess her primary teacher came to her. "Why on earth did you tell your children that Mr. Tilley brought some paddles home?" she asked.

The principal was surprised. She protested that she had said nothing of the sort. But the primary teacher persisted, for one of her tiny children had told her so. An investigation was begun and it was discovered that one of the older pupils had spread the news. And straightway he was brought on the green carpet. "I don't see why you told that, James," she scolded. "You know I did not say it."

"Well, you said something like it, Miss," he insisted, with a twinkle in his eye. "You told us he brought some souvenirs from the board walk."—Indianapolis News.

MORE THAN SAVED SITUATION

Quick-Thinking Lawyer Turned Unfortunate Remark into a Rather Pretty Compliment.

Two lawyers took a young business woman in the early thirties to lunch the other day. During the conversation one of them began to tell about an interesting discussion he had had with a librarian about children's books. The librarian had insisted that books for children should be attractively bound. "For," he quoted her exact words, "ugly books, like ugly women, stay longest upon the shelves."

The young business woman immediately colored and so did the speaker, as soon as he had realized what he had said. But the other was quick to the rescue. "Oh, I know something about libraries myself, too," he said carelessly. "I've studied books and I've noticed that they put the most interesting and valuable ones up on the highest shelves, quite above the reach of us ordinary mortals."

And the day was saved.—Indianapolis News.

ELECTRIC DOLL

Who ever heard of an electric doll?

The idea has been patented by David Zaiden of East Orange, N. J., and, with the help of an armature in the head of the doll and a little battery to energize it, he gives to the manikin lifelike movements of the arms.

The arms are connected by a spiral spring, which passes through a tube that is hung on a rod carried by the armature of an electric magnet.

When the electric magnet is energized the arms are agitated with movements simulating life, the effect being increased by the resiliency of the spring.

FACES DON'T BETRAY CASTE.

Generally there is not the marked difference between upper and lower classes in Great Britain that is found in some countries, according to an anthropologist. Among dockers, for instance, features of a type such as you find in the house of lords are common. Class differences in features do not reveal themselves so much in England as in some other countries, because privation is comparatively little known in England. Factory girls, for instance, differ very little from girls of the leisure class.—From the Continental Edition of the London Mail.

DEAD GIVE-AWAY.

"Miss Passe is no chicken, even if she does doll up and patronize beauty parlors."

"How do you arrive at that conclusion? She doesn't look so old to me."

"Well, my old man says he remembers when she used to play croquet."—Florida Times-Union.

BRUTAL.

Lady in extreme décolleté gown to a physician present—Doctor, what shall I do? I have such a dreadful cold!

Doctor—Madam, you had better go home, dress yourself, and go to bed.

HARMONY.

"No political party can hope to succeed without harmony."

"True," replied Senator Sorghum. "In politics, as in music, when everybody is encouraged to consider himself a soloist, all you get is a promiscuous jazz effect which, though sometimes amusing, is always inartistic."

BLACKBERRY OF GIANT SIZE

Recent Discovery in Colombia Will Be of Interest to All American Fruit Growers.

In the wilds of Colombia at an elevation of nearly two miles above the sea has been discovered a giant blackberry, which is expected to prove most valuable to plant breeders in the United States. The fruits are two and one-half inches long by an inch and one-half in thickness and the plant can be crossed to advantage with some of our best cultivated varieties.

The region in which it grows has until recently been unexplored, horticulturally speaking, being remote from routes of travel. A number of strong young shoots, together with a quantity of seed, has been forwarded to Washington by Wilson Popenoe, one of our agricultural explorers.

This giant blackberry does not form compact bushes, but sends up scattered shoots from underground stems, attaining a height of ten feet. Its fruits ripen in its native habitat practically throughout the year. In Colombia they are commonly stewed in sirup, to make a sort of sweetmeat which is served as a dessert.

MAY MEAN MUCH TO WORLD

Diver Claims Invention That Will Enable Him to Work Far Under Ocean's Surface.

A Canadian diver claims that in a diving suit of his own invention, he can work at a depth of 500 feet under water. He has already, according to the dispatches, established a world record for length, 396 feet.

If this be true, the invention has an enormous financial value. Few diving operations go below 120 feet, though of late, it is claimed, men have worked successfully at a depth of some 300 feet. Not out in ten of the ships sunk by submarines lie deeper than 300 to 500 feet. A device which enables men to work at this depth would mean the recovery of much of the material lost with these vessels, and in some cases, might mean the raising of them. There is said to be already a well-defined plan for raising the Lusitania.

"SUPER-RARITIES" IN BOOKS.

Of Shakespeare as originally printed there are not enough volumes to make a fair-sized library.

There are in existence two copies of "Hamlet," one lacking the title page, in the British museum, and the other lacking the leaf, in the United States.

Of "Venus and Adonis" there are thirteen known copies of the first eight editions, while of "Titus Andronicus" there is but a single copy.

These "super-rarities" are called "quarto" volumes, and command tremendous prices.

The "folio" editions, which came later, are very rare, too, though not as rare as the quartos.

MEN FREE FROM TYPHOID.

Achard comments, in the Bulletin de l'Academie de Medicine, Paris, on the remarkable fact that only the women are having typhoid now, as all the men were vaccinated against the disease during their military service. In twenty-five cases in his service in the last fifteen months all were women except a few youths or elderly men, and one man of twenty-eight who had been vaccinated against typhoid early in the war and recently developed a mild paratyphoid. Two other men had been fully vaccinated and they developed typhoid in a very mild form, typhoidetic as he calls it.

BETTER BOTH JUMP AT ONCE.

Professor (lecturing to sleepy class in astronomy)—Because of the fact that the gravity force on the moon is only one-fourth as strong as that on the earth any person can jump four times as high there as here.

Pretty Co-ed (dreamily)—Professor, do they dance the toddle on the moon?—Judge.

CONSERVATION OF ENERGY.

"Hiram," said Mrs. Cornstossel, "I'm afraid the ballot for women is not working out in this settlement the way it ought to."

"Why not?"

"Well, a lot of us feel that it 'ud be less trouble to send some of the men folks to town to do the votin' along with the rest of the errands."

METHODIST CHURCH.

Sunday school at 9:45 a.m. Preaching by the Pastor at 11. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening. You are most cordially invited to all the services of this church. Preaching Sunday evening. O. E. Moreland, Pastor.

FINE PIECE OF ENGRAVING

Bank Note Made in America for Czecho-Slovakian Government Real Work of Art.

A new Czecho-Slovak 100-crown note is just off the press of the American Bank Note company and is said by American critics to be the most artistic piece of work ever done by the company for any foreign government. The face of the note contains at the left a conventional design with the figures "100" on either side of the heraldic Bohemian lion rampant. At the right is a symbolic female figure representative of the western Slavs, with a decorative background made up of hound leaves together with typical peasant ornaments of the Czechs and Slovaks.

The reverse side is symmetrically balanced, the center being a splendid engraving of the famous Charles bridge of Prague, with the thousand-year-old castle of Hradcany and the carved spires of the Cathedral of St. Guy looming in the far perspective. At either side is a typical Czech or Slovak peasant girl in the folk costume.

The paintings used for the engraving are the work of Alphonse Mucha, Czecho-Slovakia's most renowned living artist, whose huge canvases, representing the growth and development of the Slav nations have been exhibited in America.

GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

Unquestionable Benefit Is to Be Derived From Digging One's Own Roots and Herbs.

One of the most noted physicians in the country, when asked whether he believed there was any virtue in spring greens and spring roots and herbs, as tonics, replied that it depended, in the main, on how they were obtained. He explained that their value was problematical, if they were bought in stores or on the markets, but they unquestionably helped many who went out into the woods and fields and dug them for their own use.

This is such good common sense that the most careless lay reader can hardly miss the point. The benefits derived from getting out into the open, breathing deeply in the fresh, clean air of the forests and the meadows, and enjoying the complete change of interests and environment for a few hours, are certain and often important. Exchange.

CONTINUATION SCHOOLS.

Day continuation schools which were opened in London on January 10 enrolled 12,000 pupils, or 82 per cent of the first age group officially registered for such instruction. At the Whitechapel day continuation school 99 per cent of those registered were in attendance. For several weeks preceding the date of opening the principals of the schools surveyed the industrial condition and the large enrollment is largely due to that preliminary effort and to the active co-operation of the head teachers of the elementary schools.

OCCULTISM IN GERMANY.

An unprecedented wave of occultism is sweeping over Germany. Berlin and other large cities are filled with card readers, astrologers, clairvoyants and mediums. There are hundreds of societies organized for the study of spiritualism, theosophy, occultism and astrology and not a few of them have long lists of members. Large sums are asked for investigation work by these organizations and in many cases the money is quickly forthcoming.

COLD WAVE FEARED.

"Would you like to have a pitcher of ice water on the platform?" asked a member of the committee on arrangements.

"Never mind the ice," replied the speaker. "If the audience is as cold as the last one I addressed here, the water will probably freeze."—Boston Transcript.

EXPENSES.

"The problems of meeting railroad expenses are very difficult," said the man who works in the interstate commerce commission.

"I'll say they are," rejoined Mr. Crosslots. "And I'm not in the railroad business, either. I'm just a commuter."

Baptist Church, Next Sunday.

Sunday school at 9:45 a.m. Preaching by Pastor at 11 a.m. and 8 p.m. W. E. Hathorn, Pastor.

HEWSTITCHING—Expert operator. Mail orders given special attention. Send us your work. Singer Sewing Machine Co., San Angelo, Texas.

FOOLING NEW GUINEA BOYS

Wise Old Folks Had Shrewd Scheme for Securing More Than Their Share of Delicacy.

That human nature is pretty much the same everywhere is evidenced by the following: In certain parts of New Guinea, wallabies, a species of kangaroo, are very plentiful, and wallaby steaks are relished by tourists.

On one occasion a Britisher had been ashore in one of the sparsely populated regions of the coast and secured four wallabies, an ample supply for his whole party, native guides and servants included. But he found that although wallaby is regarded as such a delicacy that no trouble is considered too great to obtain it, none of the native boys could be induced to touch it.

This was a mystery until one of them explained that they had been trained in childhood in the belief that if they ate wallaby before reaching a certain age it would stop their growth.

These boys all belonged to the part of the country where wallabies are scarce, and one can imagine the crafty old folks seated round the festive pot and winking at one another as the young people declined the succulent dainty.

EPIDEMIC WIPING OUT CATS

English Veterinary Surgeons Puzzled Over Deadly Sickness Which They Cannot Understand.

A mysterious disease from which hundreds of cats have died appeared in North Essex, England. Only in isolated cases, where veterinary surgeons have treated them in the early stages, have the cats been known to recover. The epidemic appears to have begun in the most thickly populated part of Saffron Walden and now extends to a number of surrounding villages, covering an area of about ten miles. When attacked with the disease the cats are seized with sickness, lie in a sleeping condition for a few hours, and then die. Investigations are being made by the ministry of health and the board of agriculture with a view to ascertaining whether there is any connection between the disease and human sleeping sickness. At the moment the ministry of health does not think this is the case. An outbreak of a similar nature in Sussex recently was thought to be due to cats taking poison intended for rats.

TO PUT DEAD SEA TO USE

The Dead sea region is to be made to blossom like a rose, if the scheme of a Norwegian engineer works successfully. A corporation is being organized to carry out the remarkable project of an engineer to build and operate a hydro-electric plant of 75,000 horse power on the Dead sea. It is not proposed to utilize the potential waterpower of the Jordan river, but to drive a tunnel of nearly forty-four miles through the mountains and to draw water from the Mediterranean to the Dead sea. Electric current not needed to pump water to the soil to be irrigated may be sold to factories and domestic consumers. It is expected that industries will spring up when the present desert stretches of land are taken under cultivation.

SCOTLAND YARD FLIES.

Scotland Yard has bought four airplanes and seven police officers who are detailed for special flying work will be on duty in relays, day and night, at Hounslow, where the machines will be stationed. The airplanes are to be fitted with dark rooms, according to the London Evening Standard, in which photographic plates can be developed. "This is the latest move to checkmate the up-to-date criminal who appreciates the value of the petrol engine to procure his speedy escape, whether by road or air."

WARSAW BEGGARS TO WORK.

Beggars are to be put to work by the Warsaw city council. An old military hospital is to be converted into a workshop, where they will be employed.

Neggers have been unusually numerous this winter, and the authorities of the Polish capital have determined to rid the streets of this class of people, which includes many children and women with babies in their arms. Profits of the workshop are to be used for a home to care for beggars who, because of physical disabilities, are unable to be employed in the plant.

CHURCH OPERATES A GARAGE.

A church in New York city has solved its financial problem in a measure by the operation of a garage which is made use of by its members. The congregation consists of persons who come from a distance generally and during the service the street in front of the edifice was blocked with cars. Now they are stored in the garage at a nominal rate and the money collected in this manner and that received from repairs and accessories helps very materially in meeting the expenses of the church.

D. J. W. YANCEY.

DENTIST. Offices Sonora, Eldorado and Ozona. Latest Equipment and Methods Employed. NEW AT 22 1/2.

CAVALRY CLINGS TO SABER

Practically Only Form of Sword Which Is of Real Value in Modern Warfare.

Justly famed in the old days of warfare were the glaive, the claymore, the bilbo and the hanger. Tales of adventure dwell much on the murderous cutlass, which pirates carried in their teeth when they boarded ships, which was what they were given to doing in those good old days, instead of serving on shipping boards.

There was the rapier, that polite weapon for single combat; the scimitar, which the Saracens wielded so scientifically as to take off a head with one blow, and many other sorts of swords. Their day is past.

The sword surviving today is the saber, which the hussars derived on the model of the scimitar. As the arm of the cavalry it has had a glorious history. When the Light brigade charged, "flashed all their sabers bare," cutting down the Russian gunners at their posts. In the World War, conditions on the western front ruled out the cavalry and their sabers, but the hot sun which shone on the eastern front glistened on that weapon, drawn in dashing fashion. In such service, the saber may well remain.—Chicago Daily News.

IT OUGHT TO BE



Miss Johnson—Is that a gold watch you wear, Mr. Simpson? Mr. Simpson—Well, my brother got two years fo' gettin' it.

METRIC SYSTEM IN JAPAN.

In consequence of the ever-increasing magnitude of Japan's economic relationship with foreign nations it has been found that the Japanese system of weights and measures, which is a relic of the feudal regime, gives rise to considerable difficulty and inconvenience in trade because of the total difference from any accepted system of the world measurements. Accordingly, the question of radical reformation of the existing system has long been questioned. It is now reported that after a careful consideration of the subject by a commission, which was established in the department of agriculture and commerce for that purpose, the authorities concerned have reached a decision that the French metric system should be universally adopted. It is expected that a bill for the adoption of this system will be introduced into the forthcoming session of the diet by the commission. The public expects a speedy passage of the same.—East and West News.

MONEY TO LOAN.

On Ranch Land. Will buy first vendor lien notes. \$8.1 T. L. BENSON.



FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF SONORA, TEXAS.
CAPITAL & SURPLUS \$206,256.10
RESOURCES OVER \$800,000.00



Nothing More Interesting

than a bank book showing regular deposits in this bank for savings. Every line is of interest, because it is a promise. It is a promise and an assurance that in days to come, misfortune will not find the bank book owner unprepared. Everyone intends to commence saving for a rainy day sometime. That time should be now. Start today with what you have. You cannot begin good work too soon.



W. L. Aldwell, President; E. E. Vander Stucken, Vice President; George H. Neill, Assistant Cashier; H. B. Sawyer, D. J. Wyatt, Geo. S. Allison, Will F. Whitehead, E. F. Vander Stucken, W. L. Aldwell, Directors.



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All Resolutions of Respect, Cards of Thanks, Notices of Entertainments where an admission fee is charged, Etc., will be charged for at our regular advertising rates.

Miss Bertha Eaton returned Wednesday from a visit to San Angelo.

Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Halbert returned from San Angelo Sunday where they went to meet their daughter, Miss Della Rose Halbert who has been attending the West moreland College in San Antonio.

That the country is back to normalcy is evidenced by 200 people attending a dance and supper at the Henry Bridge ranch, near Vinegaroon, Wednesday night. The merriment lasted from sundown to sunup and the crowd was made up of people from the neighborhood and Sonora and Del Rio.

The Attorney General's Department has held that the new Motor Truck Law can not become effective until January 1st. In the mean time let us hope that people living away from the railroads may be regarded as having some rights by the makers of laws they so thoughtlessly elect to office.

DIED.

James Bevans of Menard, aged 40 years, after a lingering illness died in San Antonio June 12th and interment was had in the family cemetery at Menard on Tuesday. He was the eldest son of William Bevans, the pioneer banker and cattleman of Menard, and was most popular with the Western stockmen of his age. He is survived by his widow, a son and two daughters. Chas. F. Adams of Sonora attended the burial.

MARTIN'S SCREW WORM KILLER Kills worms in one application. Keeps off flies and keeps wounds. Money back if not absolutely satisfied. Guaranteed by all Dealers. 88-26

Frank Turner who has his goats on the Aldwell ranch about 20 miles south of Sonora was here Thursday visiting his family. He intends moving his goats to the Bob Martin ranch near Juno, he having heard there was a still in that neighborhood. A short time ago Frank got up early one morning to get a drink and got hold of a glass that one of the boys had been using to mix blue stone in, and Frank not knowing about it filled it up with water and drank some of it, finding it had a queer taste thought that it must have been some bootleg whiskey that Mexicans sometime use for screw worm medicine. After a while Frank found out what it was and had the "blues" for a while but did not change his color.

O.E.S. MEETING.

On May 31st a meeting of the Order of the Eastern Star was called for the purpose of installing the newly elected officers for the year May 31st to 1922. The following took the oath of office and were duly installed: Miss Sybil Eaton, Worthy Patron; Roy E. Aldwell, Worthy Patron; Miss Estelle McDonald, Asso. Patron; Miss Ray Davis, Secretary; Mrs. Forah Mae Long, Treasurer; Mrs. Alida Aldwell, Conductress; Miss Violet Stanley, A.D.H.; Mrs. Ellen Lowrey, Ruin; Mrs. Lillie Allison, Esther; Mrs. Bertha Eaton, Martha; Mrs. Nannie Wight, Warner; E. S. Long, Sentinel; J. B. Lowrey, Marshal; Mrs. Sallie Leach, Organist.

Three of our newly appointed officers being absent, could not assume their duties.

The Worthy Patron gave a short talk on the on look of the Order, giving advice on the work which is worthy of consideration.

We are looking forward to this year's work. Ray Davis, secretary.

Frank Murphy who ranches in the Middle Valley country, was trading in Sonora Wednesday.

Miss Gertrude McClaskey and Miss Wilma Binyon of San Angelo are here the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Rouche.

Henan Caruthers of Eden and son Bob Caruthers of San Angelo were here Wednesday hunting sheep range.

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Ordered that the U.S. Liberty and Victory Bonds belonging to the Permanent School Fund of Sutton county aggregating \$32,900 be sold and that the proceeds with \$3,000 cash now in this fund be invested in County Special Road Bonds and the same transferred to the Special Available Road fund.

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Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wilson of San Antonio, who are spending the summer here with their son, J. Will Wilson and family, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding Monday.

Clarence Gosch of San Saba, former popular owner of the Sonora "Corner Drug Store" a here this week mingling with old friends. Mr. Gosch escorted to the Bob King ranch on Middle Valley, Misses Willie Bell Harris and Dorothy Woods of San Saba and Vivian White of Brady where they are the guests of Miss Georgia King.

BUYING AT HOME HELPS.

6-18-21

NATIONAL BANK

SONORA, TEXAS.
RESOURCES OVER \$800,000.00

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All Resolutions of Respect, Cards of Thanks, Notices of Entailments where an admission fee is charged, Etc., will be charged for at our regular advertising rates.

Miss Bertha Eaton returned Wednesday from a visit to San Angelo.

Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Halbert returned from San Angelo Sunday where they went to meet their daughter, Miss Della Rose Halbert who has been attending the West moreland College in San Antonio.

That the country is back to normalcy is evidenced by 200 people attending a dance and supper at the Henry Bridge ranch, near Vinegaroon, Wednesday night. The merriment lasted from sundown to sunup and the crowd was made up of people from the neighborhood and Sonora and Del Rio.

The Attorney General's department has been notified that Truck License Law No. 100, which went into effect five months ago, is not being properly enforced. It is thought that some bootleg whiskey that means time in prison for screw living medicine. After a while found out what it was and "blues" for a while but change his color.

DIED.

James Bevans of Menard, aged 40 years, after a lingering illness died in San Antonio June 12th and interment was had in the family cemetery at Menard on Tuesday. He was the eldest son of William Bevans, the pioneer banker and cattleman of Menard, and was most popular with the Western stockmen of his age. He is survived by his widow, a son and two daughters. Chas. F. Adams of Sonora attended the burial.

MARTIN'S SCREW WORM KILLER Kills worms in one application. Keeps off flies and heals wounds. Money back if not absolutely satisfied. Guaranteed by all Dealers. 88-2b

Frank Turney who has his goats on the Aldwell ranch about 20 miles south of Sonora was here Thursday visiting his family. He intends moving his goats to the Bob Martin ranch near Juno, he having heard there was a still in that neighborhood. A short time ago Frank got up early one morning to get a drink and got hold of a glass that one of the boys had been using to mix blue stone in. Frank not knowing about it drank it up with water and drank of it, finding it had a queer taste. He thought that it must have been some bootleg whiskey that means time in prison for screw living medicine. After a while found out what it was and "blues" for a while but change his color.

O.E.S. MEETING.

On May 31st a meeting of the Order of the Eastern Star was held for the purpose of installing the newly elected officers for the year May 31st 1921 to May 31st 1922. The following took the oath of office and were duly installed: Miss Sybil Eaton, Worthy Matron; Roy E. Aldwell, Worthy Patron; Miss Estelle McDonald, Asso. Matron; Mrs. Torah Mack Long, Treasurer; Mrs. Aliah Aldwell, Conductress; Miss Violet Stanley, Ad. H.; Mrs. Ellen Lowrey, Ruth; Mrs. Lillie Aldison, Esther; Miss Bertha Eaton, Martha; Mrs. Nanette Wheat, Warder; E. S. Long, Sentinel; J. D. Lowrey, Marshal; Mrs. Sallie Leach, Organist. Three of our newly appointed officers being absent, could not assume their duties.

The Worthy Patron gave a short talk on the outlook of the Order, giving advice on the work, which is worthy of consideration. We are looking forward to this year's work. Ray Davis, Secretary.

Frank Murphy who ranches in the Middle Valley country, was trading in Sonora Wednesday.

Miss Gertrude McClaskey and Miss Wilda Binyon of San Angelo are here the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Roueche.

Henan Caruthers of Eden and son Bob Caruthers of San Angelo were here Wednesday hunting sheep range.

Elam Dudley cashier of the First National bank, Clark Barton oil man, J. B. Blakeney stockman and John Barton were over from Ozona Saturday on business.

Continued from page 1.

Number Eighteen and get orders here. Move lively, Lilly, mine's precious."

We made Banta at a record clip. While he was in the Banta with office, getting orders for Portal City, Mr. Norcross took the timecard out of its case in the cab and fell to studying by the light of the gauge lamp. Norcross came back pretty soon with his clearance, which gave him the right to run to Arroyo as first section Number Fifteen.

The boss blew up like a Roman candle when he saw that train order. It meant that we were to take the siding at Arroyo with the freight that was just behind us, and wait there for the westbound "Flyer," the "Flyer" being due in Portal City from the east at 9:15, and due to leave there, coming west, at 9:20. I didn't realize at the moment why the boss was so sizzling anxious to cut out the delay which would be imposed on us by the wait at Arroyo, but the anxiety was there, all right.

"Lilly, it's eighteen miles to Portal, and you've got twenty minutes to make it against the 'Flyer's' leaving time." "Can you do it?"

Gorcher said he could, if he didn't have to lose any more time getting his order changed.

"Let her go!" snapped the boss. "I'm taking all the responsibility."

That was enough for Gorcher, and the way we hustled out of the Banta yard was a caution. In exactly eight minutes out of Banta we were over the switches at Arroyo. That left us ten miles to go, and twelve minutes in which to make them. It was easy. A yardman let us in on the spur at the end of the headquarters building.

The boss was off in half a jiffy, along with me, Jimmie, he was snatched quickly, and I couldn't see why he was in such a tearing hurry. Pushing through the platform crowd, made up of people who were getting off the "Flyer" and those who were waiting to get on, he led the way straight upstairs to his office.

Of course, there was nobody there at that time of night, and the place was all dark until we switched the lights on. There was a little lavatory off the third room of the suite, and Mr. Norcross went in and washed his face and hands. In a minute or so he came out, put on his office coat, opened up his desk, lighted a cigarette and sat down at the desk as if he had just come in from a conference at the club. And still he was guessing.

I guess didn't have to wait long. When I was making a bluff at uncovering my typewriter and getting ready for business there was a heavy step in the hall, and a red-faced, portly gentleman with fat eyes and little closed-cropped English side-whiskers came bustling in. He had a light top coat on his arm, and his tan gloves were an exact match for his spats.

"Good evening," he said, nodding sort of brusquely at the boss. "I'm looking for the general manager's office."

"You've found it," said the boss, cryptically. The long-fingered gentleman looked first at me and then at Mr. Norcross. "You are the chief clerk, perhaps?" he suggested, pitching the query in the general direction of the big desk. "Hardly," was the curt rejoinder. "My name is Norcross. What can I do for you?"

If I didn't hate slang so bad, I should say that the portly man looked as if he were going to throw a fit. "Not—no—Graham Norcross?" he stammered.

"Well, yes; I am 'Graham'—to my friends. Anything else?" The portly gentleman subsided into a chair.

"There is some misunderstanding about this," he said, his voice thickening a little with anger. I thought, "My name is Dismuke, and I am the general manager of this railroad."

"I wouldn't dispute the name, but your title is away off," said Mr. Norcross.

cross, as cool as a handful of dry snow. "Who appointed you, if I may ask?"

"President Dunton and the board of directors, of course."

"The same authority appointed me something like three months ago," was the calm reply. "So far as I know, I am still at the head of the company's staff in Portal City."

The gentleman who had named himself Dismuke puffed out his cheeks and

looked as if he were about to explode. "This is a devil of a mess!" he rapped out. "I understood—we all understood in New York—that you had resigned."

"Well, I haven't," retorted the boss shortly. And then he stuck the knife in good and deep and twisted it around. "There is a commercial telegraph wire in the Hotel Bullard, where I suppose you will put up, Mr. Dismuke, and I'm sure you will find it entirely at your service. If you have anything further to say to me I hope it will keep until after this office opens in the morning. I am very busy, just now."

I mightily gaped. This Dismuke was the new general manager, appointed, doubtless in all good faith, by the president and sent out to take charge of things. And here was the boss practically ordering him out of the office—telling him that his room was better than his company!

The portly man got out of his chair, puffing like a steam-engine. "Well, see about this!" he threatened. "You've been here three months and you haven't done anything but muddle things until the stock of the company isn't worth much more than the paper it's printed on. If I can get a clear wire to New York, you'll have word from President Dunton tomorrow morning telling you where you get off."

To this Mr. Norcross made no reply whatever, and the heavy-footed gentleman stumped out, saying things to himself that wouldn't look very well in print. When the hall door below gave a big slam to let us know that he was still going, the boss looked across at me with a sour grin wrinkling around his eyes.

"Now you know why I made Gorcher break all the rules of the service getting here, Jimmie," he said. "Possession is nine points of the law, and in this case it was rather important that Mr. Dismuke shouldn't find the outfit without a head and these offices of ours unoccupied." He rose, stretched his arms over his head like a tired boy, and reached for the golf cap he kept to wear when he went out to knock around in the shops and yard.

"Let's go up to the hotel and see if we can break into the cafe, Jimmie," he finished up. "Later on, we'll wire Mr. Chadwick; but that can wait. I haven't had a square meal in four days."

With everybody supposing he had resigned and left the country, I guess there were all kinds of a nine-minutes' wonder in Portal City, and all along the short line, when the word went out that Mr. Norcross was back on the job and running it pretty much the same as if nothing had happened.

After supper, on the night of his return from the hide-out, he had sent a long code message to Mr. Chadwick, and a short one to President Dunton; and though I didn't see the reply to either, I guess Mr. Chadwick's answer, at least, was the right kind, because our track renewing campaign went into commission again with a slam, and all the reform policies took a sure-enough fresh start and began to bump themselves with Jimmie and working the newspapers to a finish.

We heard nothing further from Mr. Dismuke, the portly gentleman in the tan spats, though he still stayed on at the Bullard. We saw him occasionally at meal times, and twice he was eating at the same table with Hatch and Henckel. That placed him all right for us, though I guess he didn't need much placing.

I wondered a little at first that Mr. Norcross didn't take the clue that Brambley, the Mountaineer reporter, had given us and tear loose on the gang that had trapped him. He didn't; or didn't seem to. From the first hour of the first day he was up to his neck pushing things for the new company formed for the purpose of putting Red Tower out of business, and he wouldn't take a minute's time for anything else.

Of course, it says itself that Hatch never made any more proposals about selling the Red Tower plants to the Citizens' Storage & Warehouse people after the boss got back. That move went into the discard in a hurry, and the Consolidation outfit was busy getting into its fighting clothes, and trying to check the wheels of the C. S. & W. with all sorts of legal obstacles.

Franchise contracts with the railroad were flashed up, and injunctions were prayed for. Ripley waded in, and what little sleep he got for a week or two was in Pullman cars, snatched while he was rushing around and trying to keep his new clients, the C. S. & W. folks, out of jail for contempt of court. He did it. Little and quiet and smooth-spoken, he could put the legal teeth into the biggest bullies the other side could hire. Luckily, we were an interstate corporation, and when the local courts proved crooked, Ripley would find some way to jerk the case out of them and put it up to some Federal judge.

Around home in Portal City things were just simmering. Between two days, as you might say, and right soon after Mr. Norcross got back, we acquired a new chum on the headquarters force. He was a young fellow named Tarbell, who looked and talked and acted like a cow-punch just in from riding line. He was carried on Mr. Van Britt's payroll as an "extra" or "relief" telegraph operator; though we never heard of his being sent out to relieve anybody.

I sized this new young man up, right away, for a "special" of some sort, and the proof that I was right came one afternoon when Ripley dropped in and fell into a chair to fan himself with his straw hat like a man who had just put down a load that he had been carrying about a mile and a half farther than he had bargained to.

"Thank the Lord, the last of these injunction suits is off the docket," he said, drawing a long breath and wiggling his neat little head at the boss. "I'll say one thing for the Hatch people, Norcross; they're stubborn fighters."

"Well, he's not," predicted the boss. "They've got to let go. How about our C. S. & W. friends? are they still game?"

"Fine," asserted the lawyer. "The stock is over-subscribed everywhere, now, and C. S. & W. is a going concern. The building boom is on. I venture to say there are over two thousand mechanics at work at the different centers, rushing up the buildings for the new plants, at this moment. You ought to have a monument, Norcross. It's the most original scheme for breaking a monopoly that was ever devised."

The boss was looking out of the window sort of absent, chewing on his cigar, which had gone out. "Ripley, I wonder what you'd say if I should tell you that the idea is not mine?" he said, after a little pause.

"Not yours?"

"No; it, or at least the germ of it, was given to me by a woman; a woman who knows no more about business details than you do about driving white elephants."

"I'd like to be made acquainted with the lady," said Ripley, with a tired little smile. "Such gems are too valuable to be wasted on mere lumber yards and fruit packeries and grain elevators and the like."

"You'll meet her some day," laughed the boss, with a sort of happy hit in his voice that fairly made me sick—knowing what I did; and knowing that he didn't know it. Then he switched the subject abruptly. "About the other matter, Ripley: I know you've been pretty busy, but you've had Tarbell nearly a week. What have you found out?"

Ripley briefed the general situation as it stood on the night of the engine theft in a few terse sentences. Aside from the fight on Red Tower Consolidated, the new railroad policies were threatening to upset all the time-honored political traditions of the machine-governed state. An election was approaching, and the railroad vote and influence must be whipped into line. As the grafters viewed it, the threatened revolution was a one-man government, and if that man could be removed the danger would vanish.

The execution details had been turned over to Clannahan, the political boss of Portal City.

The plot itself was simple. At a certain hour of a given night an anonymous letter was to be sent to Mr. Norcross, telling him that a gang of noted train robbers was stealing an engine from the Portal City yard for the purpose of running down the line and wrecking the Fast Mail, which often carried a billion express-car. If the boss should fall for it—as he did, when the time came—and go in person to stop the raid, he was to be overpowered and spirited away, a forged letter purporting to be a notice of his resignation was to be left for Mr. Van Britt, and a fake telegram, making the same announcement, was to be sent to President Dunton in New York. Nothing was left indefinite but the choosing of the night.

"I suppose Hatch was to give the word," said the boss, who had been listening soberly while the lawyer talked.

"That is the inference. Hatch probably gave the word after his talk with you, but the time was made even more propitious by the arrival of the two telegrams; the one from Mr. Chadwick, and the one from Mr. Dunton, both of which they doubtless intercepted by means of the tapped wires."

Mr. Norcross looked up quickly. "Ripley, did Dunton know what was going to be done to me?"

"Oh, I think not. It wasn't at all necessary that he should be taken in on it. He has been opposing your policies all along, and had just sent you a pretty savage call-down. He didn't want you in the first place, and he has been anxious to get rid of you ever since. The plotters knew very well what they would do if he should get a wire which purporting to be your resignation. He would appoint another man, quick, and all they would have to do would be to make sure that you were well off stage, and would stay off until the other man could take hold."

"It worked out like a charm," admitted the boss, with a wry smile. "I haven't been talking much about the details, partly because I wanted to find out if this young fellow, Tarbell, was as good as the major's recommendation of him, and partly because I'm honestly ashamed, Ripley. Any man of my age and experience who would swallow bait, hook and line as I did that night deserves to get all that is coming to him."

"You can tell me now, can't you?" queried the attorney.

"Oh, yes; you have it all—practically all. I fell for the anonymous letter about the Mail hold-up, and while I don't rattle very easily, ordinarily, that was one time when I lost my head, just for the moment. The obvious thing to do—if any attention whatever was to be paid to the anonymous warning—was to telephone the police and the round-house. I did neither because I thought it might be too slow."

"So you made a straight shoot for the scene of action?"

"I did; down the back streets and across the lower end of the plaza. As it appeared—or rather as it was made to appear—I was barely in time. There were men at the engine, and when I sprinted across the yard they were

ready to move it out to the main line. I yelled at them and ran in. Three of them tackled me the moment I came within reach. I got one of the three on the point of the jaw, and they had to leave him behind; but there were enough more of them. Before I fairly realized what was happening, they had me trussed up like a Christmas tur-



"They Had Me Trussed Up Like a Christmas Turkey."

key, and landed into the cab of the engine. From that on, it was all plain sailing."

"Then they took you to the old lumber camp?"

"As fast as the engine could be made to turn her wheels, Arroyo has no night operator, and when we sneaked through the Banta yard and past the station, the operator there was asleep. I saw him, with his head in the crook of his arm, at the telegraph table in the bay window as we passed."

"We ran out to the Timber Mountain 'Y' and found that on up the old saw-mill line. The rail connections were all in place, and I knew from this that preparations had been made beforehand. They wouldn't tell me anything except that I was to be locked up for a few days."

"You knew what that meant?"

"Perfectly. My drop-out would be made to look as if I had jumped the job and Dunton would appoint a new man. After that, I could come back, if I wanted to. Whatever I might do or try to do would cut no figure, and no explanation I could make would be believed. I had most obligingly dug my own official grave, and there could be no resurrection."

"What then?" pressed Ripley, keenly interested, as anybody could see.

"When they took the clothes-line from my arms there was another scrap. It didn't do any good. They got the door shut on me and got it locked. After that, for four solid days, Ripley, I was made to realize how little it takes to hold a man. I had my pocket-knife, but I couldn't whistle my way out. The floor panicles were spiked down, and I couldn't dig out. They had taken all my matches, and I couldn't burn the place. I tried the stick-rubbing, and all those things you read about; they're false; I couldn't get even the smell of smoke."

"The chimney?"

"There wasn't any. They had heated the place, when it was a commissary, with a stove, and the pipe hole through the ceiling had a piece of sheet iron nailed over it. And I couldn't get to the roof at all. They had me."

Ripley nodded and said, snappy-like: "Well, we've got them now—any time you give the word, Tarbell has a pinch on one of the Clannahan men and he will turn state's evidence. We can railroad every one of those fellows who carried you off."

"And the men higher up?" queried the boss.

"No; not yet."

"Then we'll drop it right where it is. I don't want the hired tools; no one of them, unless you can get the devil that crippled Jimmie Doolis, here."

They went on talking about my lump-sum. Listening in, I learned for the first time just how it had been done. Tarbell, through his hold upon the webbing Clannahan squire, had got the details at second-hand. A lead had been taken from a power wire at the corner of the street and hooked over the outer door-knob. And inside I had been given a sheet of copper to stand on for a good "ground," the copper itself being wired to a water pipe running up through the hall. Tarbell had afterward proved up on all this, it seemed, finding the insulated wire and the copper sheet with its connections hidden in a small rubbish closet under the hall stair, just where a fellow in a hurry might chuck them.

"Tarbell is a striking success," Mr. Norcross put in, along at the end of things. "We'll keep him on with us, Ripley."

bers, and our numbers are precisely one; one man—holding up a single finger. "As before, the pyramid is standing on its head—and you are the head. For God's sake, be careful!"

It was late in the afternoon when Ripley made his visit, and pretty soon after he went away the boss and I closed up our end of the shop and left May peering away at his typewriter on a lot of routine stuff. I don't know what made me do it, but as I was passing Fred's desk on the way out, stringing along behind the boss, I stopped and jerked open one of the drawers. I knew beforehand what was in the drawer, and pointed to it—a new '38 automatic. Fred nodded, and I slipped the gun into my left-hand pocket, wondering as I did it, if I could make out to hit the broad side of a barn, shooting with that hand, if I had to.

A half-minute later I had caught up with Mr. Norcross, and together we left the building and went up to the Bullard for dinner.

NOTICE TO VOTERS

A few of the tax paying voters of the Sonora Independent School district seem to have the impression that the Trustees of said District intend to and will levy the maximum rate of \$1 on the \$100 taxable property should a majority of the voters vote in favor of the maintenance tax at the election to be held in Sonora, June 25th.

Therefore, that all voters might be correctly informed as to the true intentions of the Board of Trustees and the object of said election, we, the undersigned Trustees of said district take this method of pledging ourselves, individually and collectively that we will not now, and it is our honest opinion that it will never be necessary to levy over 50 cents on the \$100 taxable property.

The election order fixing a maximum amount of \$1 on the \$100 valuation is in conformity to the Constitutional amendment which the voters of Texas adopted at the General election last November. The object of this amendment was to give to smaller districts in the more densely populated sections of the State, whose valuations were small, legal power to levy a tax sufficient to maintain their schools—and a number of small districts will have to levy the maximum or a greater portion thereof. But such is not now and never will be the case in a district as large as ours, whose valuations are two to five times greater than many districts whose scholastic population is two to five times greater than ours.

In conclusion, we further pledge ourselves to operate the school just as economically as efficiency will permit.

Geo. J. Trainer, Mrs. H. P. Allison, Mrs. Geo. B. Hamilton, Mrs. W. C. Bryson, W. A. Miers, W. E. Gisscock, W. E. Caldwell.

NOTICE OF SALE

The State of Texas, County of Sutton. Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an order of sale issued out of the Honorable District Court of Sutton County, Texas, by the clerk of said court, on the 10th day of June, A.D. 1921, in the case of B. W. Hureberson vs. B. Blaine Jordan, No. 483, on the docket of said court, on a judgment rendered in said court on the 3rd day of March, A.D. 1921, in favor of the said B. W. Hureberson and against the said B. Blaine Jordan for the sum of Five Hundred, Twenty and 86-100 Dollars, with interest thereon from the 3rd day of March, A.D. 1921, at the rate of ten per centum per annum and costs of suit, by a foreclosure of an attachment lien on the following described real estate, to-wit: Lots Eleven [11] and Twelve [12], in Block Nineteen [19], in the town of Sonora, in Sutton County, Texas, as shown by the map or plat of said town on file in the office of the Clerk of said County, as said attachment lien existed on the 3rd day of January, A.D. 1921, and levied upon as the property of B. Blaine Jordan, and that on the 6th day of July, 1921, the same being the 5th day of said month at the courthouse door of Sutton County, Texas, in the town of Sonora, between the hours of 10 o'clock A.M. and 4 o'clock P.M. I will offer for sale and sell at public auction, for cash, to the highest bidder, all the right, title and interest of the said B. Blaine Jordan in and to said above described real estate.

Witness my hand, this 10th day of June, A.D. 1921.

R. A. STEEN, Constable, Precinct 20, Sutton County, Texas.

Notice to Trespassers.

Notice is hereby given that all trespassers on my ranch east of Sonora for the purpose of cutting timber, hauling wood or hunting dogs without my permission, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

W. J. FIELDS, Sonora, Texas.

WHEN YOU COME TO SAN ANGELO STOP AT THE BIG GARAGE ON THE HIGHWAY Tires, Tubes STORAGE Gasoline, Accessories, and Oils. (The Right Kind for Your Car) We do a General Repairing, including a Re-building of Automobiles, Trucks and Tractors. All Work done by Skilled Mechanics. We Make It Right.

Nabers Auto Parts Co., Successors to Scarborough Auto Co. Jack Nabers, Manager. 309 South Chadbourne Across the street From the Landon Hotel

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REGISTERED HEREFORD BULLS 7 Two and Three Year Olds 12 Yearlings for sale. All Good Individual's \$150 to \$200. Cash or Terms to Suit Purchaser. John F. Allison, Menard, Tx

THE "OLD RELIABLE" THEDFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT White Haired Alabama Lady Says She Has Seen Medicines Come and Go But The "Old Reliable" Theford's Black-Draught Came and Stayed. Dutton, Ala.—In recommending Theford's Black-Draught to her friends and neighbors here, Mrs. T. F. Parks, a well-known Jackson County lady, said: "I am getting up in years; my head is pretty white. I have seen medicines and remedies come and go but the old reliable came and stayed. I am talking of Black-Draught, a liver medicine we have used for years—one that can be depended upon and one that will do the work. "Black-Draught will relieve indigestion and constipation if taken right, and I know for I tried it. It is the best thing I have ever found for the full, uncomfortable feeling after meals. Sour stomach and sick headache can be relieved by taking Black-Draught. It aids digestion, assists the liver in throwing off impurities. I am glad to recommend Black-Draught, and do, to my friends and neighbors." Theford's Black-Draught is a standard household remedy with a record of over seventy years of successful use. Every one occasionally needs something to help cleanse the system of impurities. Try Black-Draught. Insist upon Theford's, the genuine. At all druggists.

DEVIL'S RIVER OIL & GAS COMPANY. (UNINCORPORATED) SITUATED IN EL WARDOS COUNTY, TEXAS. DOES THINGS DIFFERENT. STUDY OUR PLAN. A careful study of the Devil's River Oil & Gas Company's plan will convince the close student of investments that we are offering the BEST inducement in the OIL fields. Oil production in Texas fades the total gold production of Alaska in its best days into insignificance. Alaska's best production of gold was only \$15,000,000.00, while Texas is producing about \$150,000,000.00 worth of oil. The production is increasing so rapidly that it is conservatively estimated that the output will be close to \$300,000,000.00 in 1920. NO is the time to get in the oil business in order to reap the early harvest. With 600 acres of oil lands to draw from, we anticipate making big profits on our most liberal plan. PROFITS that will make fast friends for our company in future enterprises which we have in mind when The Company's present plans are in operation. DO NOT DELAY your subscriptions. There is nothing to gain and MUCH to lose by deferring until some future date. NOW is the time to INVEST, and OUR company is the ONE to be in, for it gives you the biggest run for your money in the race for MILLIONS. Fill in the subscription blanks NOW and sail in the good ship PROSPERITY. See our Agent, GEO. J. TRAINER.

W. McCOMB WINDMILL DOCTOR. Phone No. 144 SONORA TEXAS

WARDLAW & ELLIOTT. Attorneys-at-law. SONORA TEX. Will practice in all the State and Federal Courts.

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ENLARGED KODAK PICTURES FREE Send us a Trial Order For Best Kodak Finishing You Ever Saw PRINTS FROM ONE CENT UP The MAYO STUDIOS BROWNWOOD, TEX BUYING AT HOME HELPS.