

Hurry Call Sent Out for Needed Fishhook

The Alaska halibut industry demands a selective fishhook which, when baited with herring and dropped overboard, will not be taken by a codfish. The idea is ages old, for Eskimos and Alaskan Indians possess ivory and bone fishhooks designed specially for halibut.

The codfish has a mouth which, when extended to seize food, is round. The halibut opens its jaws as in a mischievous grin. The native fishhook was made just for the wide opening and the cod never got hooked.

The modern barbed, shanked steel hook fits either fish's mouth the same. Last summer halibut ships invaded a new fishing bank off Popof Island, near the Aleutians. Great quantities of halibut abounded, but the codfish took the bottom fish and the boats took the baited gear before the halibut had a smell.

What to do that the codfish may reject the bait and the lortly halibut he tempted is the problem.

Old People's Town Is Honor to Copenhagen

Where is there a "town" without an inhabitant under sixty-five years of age? This looks like a catch question, but it isn't, for in Denmark in the Old People's Town of Copenhagen, within a great city exists a little one whose town wall embraces just 23 acres, a church, homes and gardens, an assembly hall and even a motion-picture theater. Commenting upon this "town," the American-Scandinavian Review recently called attention to the fact that its distinctive feature is that it has nothing whatever to do with poor relief. Its citizens live at the expense of the Copenhagen municipality and the only conditions for "citizenship" are that those applying shall have attained a sufficient age and shall never have come under the penalty of the law nor been a pauper. Everything necessary to comfort is provided, even to a weekly allowance for pocket money, and no one loses civil rights or vote by living therein. People of all classes are to be found within its walls, as it is felt that every honorable aged citizen has a right to maintenance without obligation or loss of independence.

Provision Made for Deaf

The Guild theater in New York is trying to make life more pleasant for those who are afflicted with impaired hearing. There is no hardship in connection with poor hearing which is more difficult to bear than the loss of such entertainment as the theater provides. This theater has equipped a dozen choice seats with vacuum amplifiers. Any individual who is partially deaf may apply at the box office for seats in this section. He is provided with a set of small ear receivers which are connected with inconspicuous boxes attached to the rear of the seats just in front. Microphones on the stage pick up every sound, amplify them by means of vacuum tubes under the stage, and transmit them to the earphones.—Pathfinder Magazine.

"Mr. Zero's" Philanthropies

Urban Ledoux, who comes into prominence in New York city every winter as "Mr. Zero," has taken a leaf from the capitalists and is establishing a chain of "tubs"—restaurants where the unemployed are given for a nickel all the soup, bread and coffee they can stow away. Ledoux recently leased two five-story buildings on the Bovey that he intends to turn into 10-cent lodging houses.—The Argonaut.

Less Klondike Gold

In the Klondike district of the Yukon territory, northwestern Canada, gold was discovered in 1896. The new goldfield proved to be one of the richest in the world, and fortunes were obtained from placer mining. During the past ten years production has greatly fallen off, but hydraulic mining is still carried on by mining companies.

Hog Fast Two Months

A prize hog on the Jennings farm in Maryland disappeared during the threshing season and two months later the family dog had made curious and frantic efforts to dig into a straw stack. The hog was found, very thin and weak, but still living. The animal had been covered with straw while rooting around during the threshing operation.

Protection Given to Child "Movie" Actors

The federal children's bureau says recent inquiries of the international labor office show the following facts: France has no special legislation regulating the employment of children in the motion-picture industry, but provisions of the general labor code apply; in Switzerland the cinema industry does not exist; in Germany an amendment to the child-labor law is proposed to cover the taking of public and private moving-picture films, and Berlin already has municipal regulations on this subject; in Great Britain there is no special legislation affecting children in such work, and such employment is not common, but certain provisions of the education act restrict the employment of children under fourteen and give local authorities power to make by-laws prohibiting the employment of children in any specified occupation or regulating their employment generally; in the United States the industry is concentrated chiefly in California and New York, where permits are required for the employment of children at this work.—Washington Star.

Chlorine Gas Is Used to Cure Horses' Colds

There is some dispute, it seems, about the efficacy of the chlorine-gas treatment for colds and other respiratory troubles, such as "flu," in human beings; but it is certainly good for horses. Horses are not less liable to "flu" than people; and epidemics of it at United States cavalry posts have been promptly checked by the use of chlorine gas. It is administered by tethering each afflicted animal in such wise that his head is inclosed in a box, into which the gas is introduced in measured quantities, a rubber cloth being fastened about the horse's neck to prevent escape of the medicinal vapor. A horse suffering from "flu," or bronchial trouble may be entirely cured by this means after three or four treatments of an hour daily.—Fort William (Ont.) Times-Journal.

Chinaman's Odd Profession

There are many ways of making a living in this land of many trades, but a Chinese coolie brought a new one to light at the international mixed court when he told the foreign assessor that he was by profession a morphine injector. He brought one of his patients, an elderly Chinese, to court with him to prove his assertion. The patient testified that he had received nine injections and when he bared his body the court discovered that it was covered with punctures. The professional injector was sentenced to a month in jail and his professional instruments were confiscated.

Snakes to Kill Themselves

Nothing more remarkable has been advanced since prohibition than the plan of Charles Payne, naturalist, to rid Texas of poisonous snakes. He would have millions of porcelain nest eggs scattered over the plains for the snakes to swallow. The snakes, of course, would die of acute indigestion and their bodies rotting would expose the eggs again and again for other snakes to swallow. It is a wonderful scheme—if it will work.—Capper's Weekly.

Mussolini Is Superstitious

Mussolini, "the man who saved Italy," is of a strongly superstitious nature. As a lad he had the friendship of an old woman reputed to be a witch; she taught him some of her magic lore. Even today Mussolini has strange things to say about the moon, the influence of its cold light on men and affairs, and the danger of letting the rays shine on your face when you are sleeping; and he is an adept in interpreting dreams and omens, and in telling fortunes by cards.

Hen Fond of Speed

There are towns that lay claim to four-legged chickens and web-footed chickens, but South Woodstock, Conn., claims the only "speed-demon" hen in existence. Percy is the masculine name of this feminine fowl. She roosts constantly on the fender or hood of an automobile belonging to a resident of the town, and nothing pleases her more than to speed along country roads, wings ruffled, at a forty-mile-an-hour rate.—Boston Globe.

Answer to last week's puzzle.

VIBRATION
VARY T FLAP
CASE JOB DIRT
HIT WOMAN LEO
IN AIL RED YR
N PINT NEAR E
APES SHED ZOLA
T PLOT SHED D
OS EAR AID SO
WHO KINGS FIR
NOAH PIE PING
WRAP LWEAK
STATEMENT

KEEPING WELL
DANGER FROM AUTO.
MOBILE EXHAUST
DR. FREDERICK R. GREEN
Editor of "HEALTH"

In a recent copy of The Journal of the American Medical Association, a doctor tells what happened one morning in his own garage.

He was about to start out on his morning errands and had gone into the garage and started his engine. Seeing his next door neighbor in his back yard, he went out to speak to him. Coming back in a few minutes, he was surprised to find his young daughter lying on the floor of the garage, unconscious. Thinking that she had fallen and struck her head, he started to carry her into the house. Then he saw two other children, his own son and his neighbor's, lying under the car. Realizing that they had been overcome by gas from the car, he stepped the engine and carried the three children out into the fresh air. With prompt treatment by artificial respiration, they all recovered consciousness in a short time. Had the doctor's chat with his neighbor been much longer, he would probably have found all three children dead.

Cases of death from carbon monoxide poisoning are so common that the United States public health service has recently issued a bulletin of warning on the subject. Numerous news items tell of men found dead on the floor of their garages, with the doors closed and the engine running. With the coming on of winter, such reports will probably be more frequent.

Automobile owners and chauffeurs should understand the danger of running a gasoline engine in a small, closed place or any similar any length of time. Gasoline fed into the cylinder burns, but it is not entirely consumed. It gives off a gas through the exhaust which is carbon monoxide, a deadly poison. Careful tests show that even a small 23-horsepower automobile engine will give off one and one-half cubic feet of carbon monoxide gas every minute, enough to be dangerous in about three minutes.

Carbon monoxide is a colorless and almost odorless gas. Even in a closed garage, its presence is not noticeable enough to be a warning of danger. The victim gradually loses consciousness and, even if aware of his danger, is often unable to escape on account of paralysis of his muscles. Before help can come, his lungs are so saturated with the gas that death quickly ensues.

See that the doors and windows of your garage are open before starting your car. Don't start your engine or keep it running in a small closed space. If you have any signs of faintness, get into the open air at once. Your life depends upon your promptness.

Doubt That Continents Are Firmly Anchored

Are America and Europe drifting further apart?

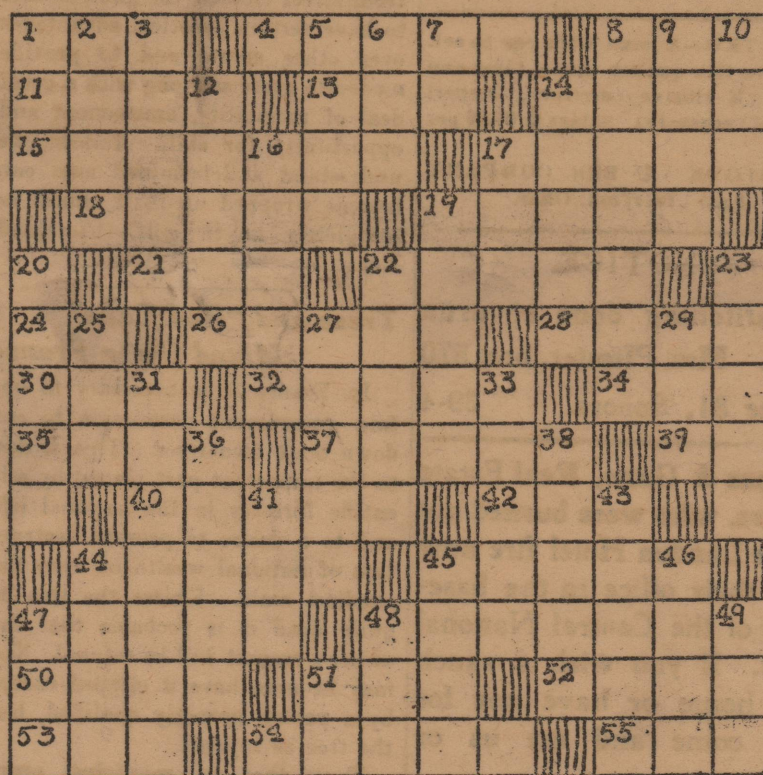
This question, asked in a geological and not in a political sense, was set before the meeting of the British association by Prof. J. W. Gregory, who proposed to answer it by the use of wireless time signals for the determination of variations in longitude. Kept up for a few years, he said, these would afford a conclusive test of the theory recently advanced by Wegener, that the Atlantic ocean was produced by the drifting apart of the Americas on one side and Europe and Africa on the other.

The reality of a drifting motion of whole continents is now seriously accepted by many geologists. Recent investigations have shown that beneath the uppermost sixty miles or so of rocky crust there is a semi-molten layer of magma or lava overlying the earth's solid central core, and on this viscid mass the continental blocks find more or less uncertain footing. The idea of a drift also receives support from the rather suggestive reciprocity of the projections and indentations of the Atlantic shores of America and the Euro-African coast line.

Professor Gregory was not inclined, however, to admit the rapidity of drift postulated by the Wegener theory, and it is to get a critical test of this disputed question that he proposed the use of radio time signals.

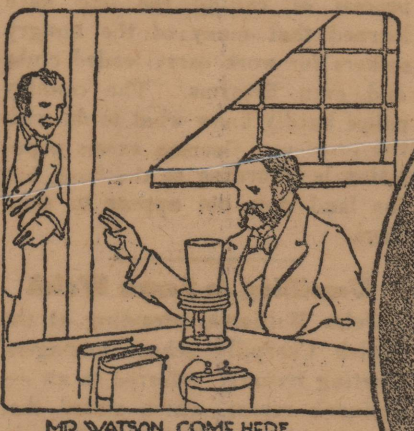
CROSS WORD PUZZLE

HOW TO SOLVE A CROSS-WORD PUZZLE
When the correct letters are placed in the white spaces this puzzle will spell words both vertically and horizontally. The first letter in each word is indicated by a number, which refers to the definition listed below the puzzle. Thus No. 1 under the column headed "horizontal" defines a word which will fill the white spaces up to the first black square to the right, and a number under "vertical" defines a word which will fill the white squares to the next black one below. No letters go in the black spaces. All words used are dictionary words, except proper names. Abbreviations, slang, initials, technical terms and obsolete forms are indicated in the definitions.

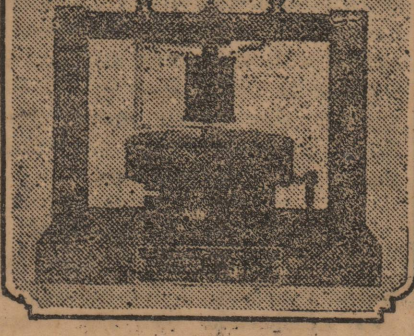


- Horizontal.
- 1—Wagon track
 - 2—Mild expletive
 - 3—Common metal
 - 4—Writing implement
 - 5—A color
 - 6—The greatest amount
 - 7—To obliterate
 - 8—Measure of volume in metric system
 - 9—To occupy, as a ghost
 - 10—Meshed material
 - 11—Had the courage to
 - 12—Preposition
 - 13—Period of religious fasting
 - 14—Part of mouth
 - 15—Auditory organ
 - 16—God of love
 - 17—Proceed
 - 18—To begin
 - 19—Large tub
 - 20—Rocky
 - 21—Heated condition of body
 - 22—Citrus fruit
 - 23—Nevada city
 - 24—Number under 11
 - 25—Boy's name
 - 26—Pig pen
- Vertical.
- 1—Circumference of a wheel
 - 2—European mountains
 - 3—Any poisonous ptomaine
 - 4—To goad on
 - 5—Edge of a handkerchief
 - 6—Half an em
 - 7—Spanish nobleman
 - 8—The Orient
 - 9—Visual organ
 - 10—Salt-peter
 - 11—Thin kind of porridge
 - 12—Automatic measuring instrument
 - 13—Auditory organ
 - 14—Conscious charms
 - 15—A danger
 - 16—To hone a razor
 - 17—Evergreen tree
 - 18—To espouse
 - 19—Broken down horse
 - 20—Mail carrier
 - 21—Number under eight
 - 22—Three-legged chair
 - 23—Scent
 - 24—Girl's name
 - 25—Heads (French)
 - 26—Dry
 - 27—A tear
 - 28—Piece of ground
 - 29—Lair
 - 30—Kind of Chinese bean
 - 31—The (French)
 - 32—A danger
 - 33—Evergreen tree
 - 34—To espouse
 - 35—Broken down horse
 - 36—Mail carrier
 - 37—Number under eight
 - 38—Three-legged chair
 - 39—Scent
 - 40—Girl's name
 - 41—Heads (French)
 - 42—Dry
 - 43—A tear
 - 44—Piece of ground
 - 45—Lair
 - 46—Kind of Chinese bean
 - 47—The (French)

Telephone's 50th Birthday Celebrated March 10th



MR. WATSON, COME HERE, I WANT YOU!



Left: The first telephone. Above: Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone.

March 10th, 1926, marks the fiftieth anniversary of an important event. On March 10th, 1876, in a small garret workshop in Boston, Alexander Graham Bell uttered the first words ever transmitted over telephone wires. Using a small crude transmitter and a wire but a few yards in length, he said, "Mr. Watson, come here, I want you." His assistant, Thomas A. Watson, sitting at a receiver in another room, heard these words distinctly and hurried into the room to tell Bell that their tireless research had been rewarded.

Now the telephone is a national necessity, but at first it was considered a mere scientific toy and most people were inclined to scoff at it.

It remained for Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, to place the first stamp of public approval upon the telephone in June of 1876. Bell had taken his crude little invention to the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia and had set up his exhibit in one of the booths. Late afternoon of the day when the judges were making a tour of inspection of the booths Dom Pedro entered the booth containing the telephone, just as the judges were about to pass it with a glance of incredulity. Dom Pedro recognized Bell, whom he had previously met in Boston, and agreed to test the telephone.

As the incredulous judges looked on, their interest now aroused, Dom Pedro took his place at the receiver while Bell went to the transmitter. Suddenly Dom Pedro threw back his head, and with an amazed look on his face exclaimed, "My God, it talks!" The judges then took their turns at the re-

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KERRVILLE, TEXAS.
Makes Liberal Advances on Sheep, Goats, Wool and Mohair.
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THE HOLLAND AUTO CO.,

R. S. (Bob) Holland, Phone 754.
19, 21 West Twobig Ave., San Angelo, Texas.
STORAGE
Car Washing and Greasing.
Truck Tires, Mobile Oils.
Your Car and Contents are Safe in my Place.

GROWTHER SUPPLY CO.

18 E. Concho Ave, San Angelo,
Carries a full line of John Deere Implements.
Peerless Fencing and Wire. Aermotor
Windmills, Pipe, Cylinders and Rods,
John Deere Wagons.

The McDonald Hotel,

Mrs. Josie McDonald, Owner.
Rates \$3.25 Per Day. Good Table and Service.
Comfortable, Convenient, Homelike

ROY E. ALDWELL L. W. ELLIOTT

ALDWELL-ELLIOTT CO.
Ranch Loans. Insurance. Auditing
Income Tax Reports.
why pay more than 6 per cent on ranch loans?
Sonora, Texas.

O.S.T. STAGES.

Double Daily Round Trip Service.
Rates: To Eldorado \$1.00; Christoval \$2.00;
San Angelo \$3.00; Del Rio \$5.00
Leave San Angelo 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. On return
leave Del Rio at 9:30 and San Angelo at 11 a.m. and 2 p.m.
Headquarters Sonora, McDonald Hotel.
Headquarters Del Rio, St. Charles Hotel.
Headquarters San Angelo, St. Angelus Hotel.
Your Patronage Appreciated.
J. B. LEE, Proprietor.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF SONORA,
 Capital, Surplus and Undivided
 Profits \$225,000.00.
 Our 24 years of faithful service
 Speaks for itself.

**MAKE OUR GARAGE YOUR
 HEADQUARTERS.**

We handle only quality goods, and prompt
 service and courteous treatment is
 our motto.
 We handle Fairbanks-Morse Engines.
 We do Acetylene Welding.

CITY GARAGE,

SONORA, TEXAS.

SONORA THEATER.

Week of April 5 to 10.

Mon and Tues. Lord Jim. Paramount

Wed. Thunder Mountain. Circus Drama

Thurs. & Fri. The Maniquin All Star Cast

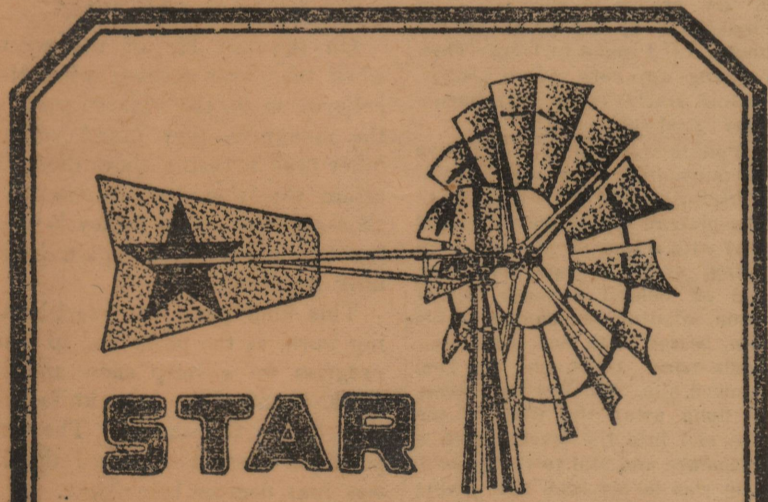
Saturday. Reginald Denny in Where Was I.

Fox News and Comedies twice-a-week

Better Than Homemade Bread.

Our Bread, scientifically com-
 pounded from the purest ma-
 terials, baked in a sanitary
 bakery in an oven just the right
 temperature is more wholesome
 and nourishing than homemade
 Bread. Now is a good time to
 try it.

WARE BAKERY,
 Sonora, Texas.



Running-in-oil

You will find in the new running-in-oil STAR the
 many features you have always wanted in a windmill
 —one oiling a year—your choice of Timken Tapered
 Roller Bearings or "NO-OIL-EM" Bearings—two
 gears, two pinions and two pitmans—direct center
 lift to pump rod—crosshead, guides and pitmans
 bearings flooded with oil—a scientifically designed
 wheel with angle steel arms and braces and ball-
 bearing turn table.

The fans of this new Star are curved to give great
 efficiency in an 8 to 10 mile an hour wind. Plunger
 pump in crank case floods crosshead, guides and
 pitman bearings with oil, and tight cover keeps out
 dirt, rain or snow.

One filling of crank case with oil each year will save
 many trips up the tower. May be fitted on any
 tower.

The new STAR is the last word in
 Windmill construction. Come in
 and let us show you this mill. You
 will want to know about it whether
 you are needing a new mill right
 now, and we want you to know
 what a really fine windmill we have
 in this new Star.

FOR SALE BY
West Texas Lumber Co.,
 SONORA, TEXAS.

We Guarantee Every Can of
All Gold Coffee
 "Distinctly Different"

E. F. Vander Stucken-Trainer Company,
 Sonora, Texas.

Devils River News.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
 STOVE MURPHY, Publisher.

Not run at the Postoffice at Sonora
 as second-class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION \$2 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

SONORA, TEXAS. - April 3, 1926.

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

METHODIST CHURCH.

The Methodist Church cord-
 ally invites you to the following
 services.

Preaching at 11 a.m. and 7:30
 p.m.

Sunday school at 9:45 a.m.

Intermediate League at 3 p.m.

Senior League at 6:30 p.m.

Prayer meeting Wednesday at
 7:30.

A hearty welcome
 R. W. Fisher, Pastor.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

Read Matthew 6:5-14.

"If you forgive men their tres-
 passes, your heavenly Father will
 also forgive you."

Men trespass against us. Some
 times it is unintentional. Some
 times it occurs at an unguarded
 moment. Sometimes it is de-
 signed, malicious. What are we to
 do?

Forgiveness is the only proper
 attitude. Hate only adds fuel to
 the flame. Revenge proves a
 boomerang. Even justice is not
 altogether restorative. A for-
 giving spirit alone opens the way
 for reconciliation, reclamation
 and restoration. Not that we
 are to forgive the impenitent any
 more than God does; but like
 Him, we must have always the
 spirit of forgiveness. But how
 can we forgive?

Forgiveness is on the program
 of prayer. Our Lord and Master
 put it there. It drew from Him
 the only comment He had to
 make on any one of the several
 petitions. We must pray if we
 pray, and we need help in order
 to pray it sincerely. Yet can we
 look up into the face of God,
 against whom we have sinned so
 grievously, and continue unfor-
 giving toward those who have
 trespassed against us?

Remember that God forgives
 the forgiving. He does not solely
 because they forgive, but because
 through grace they have caught
 and shown the forgiving spirit of
 Christ.

Regular preach services morn-
 ing and evening.
 Sunday School 10 a.m. Woody Mar-
 tin Supt.

Preaching each Lord's day at 11 a.m.
 and 8 p.m.

Prayer Meeting Wednesday 7:45.

We will study the Sunday school
 lesson.

Junior B.Y.P.U. at 2 p.m.

Y.P.C.A. at 7:30 p.m.

All are earnestly asked to come to
 all these services.

The young people are cordially in-
 vited to attend the Senior Union.

J. A. Stephen, Pastor.

Sonora Chautauquus April 20
 21, 22, 23.

Sonora will have a rodeo and
 races June 24, 25 and 26th.

The Sun-bine Inn will serve a
 chicken Easter Sunday

Mrs. Edith Bond and son, Tom
 Bond were in from the ranch a
 few days this week visiting.

Gen. Aldwell of Sonora, was
 registered at the Gunter, in San
 Antonio, last week.

D. J. Wyatt and sister, Mrs.
 E. F. Vander Stucken, arrived
 home Tuesday from a visit to
 friends and relatives at Roswell,
 New Mexico.

**PUBLIC NOTICE OF
 DISSOLUTION.**

Notice is hereby given that the
 partnership lately subsisting between
 H. P. Allison and C. S. Keene of
 Sonora, Sutton County, in the State
 of Texas, under the firm name of the
 City Garage, was dissolved by mutual
 consent on the 11th day of January A.D.,
 1926. All debts owing to the said
 partnership are to be received by the
 said C. S. Keene, and all demands on
 the said partnership are to be present-
 ed to him for payment.
 H. P. Allison,
 C. S. Keene.

Sonora, Texas, January 1st, A.D. 1926.

TURNER-EVANS.

A very interesting wedding was
 solemnized at the Evans ranch 20
 miles west of Rocksprings, Tues-
 day, this week at 11 a. m., when
 Miss Elma Evans was united in
 marriage to Wat Turner of Junc-
 tion, Rev. E. W. Lindsey of
 Rocksprings Baptist church per-
 formed the ceremony. Only a
 few relatives and friends were
 present.

The bride is connected with one
 of Edwards county's most promi-
 nent ranch families, being the
 charming young daughter of Mr.
 and Mrs. J. I. Evans, and a very
 popular young lady.

The groom is a young ranch
 man of near junction. A most
 excellent report is given of him
 as being a young man of sterling
 worth. He is a brother of Bob
 Turner who ranches over east of
 Rocksprings.

The happy young pair left im-
 mediately on a short wedding
 trip to Del Rio and Eagle Pass.
 It is not learned where they will
 make their home, but it is pre-
 sumed near Junction.—Leader.

BRIDGE PARTY.

Mrs. Frank Bond entertained
 the Girl's Bridge Club Saturday
 March 27th, at the Bond home
 in town. Bridge was enjoyed all
 afternoon, after which a delicious
 salad course was served. Mrs.
 Louise Stuart won the high club
 prize, Mrs. John Fields won the
 consolation and Mrs. Reasonover
 received the high guest prize.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bond were
 in from the ranch the later part
 of last week.

Sterling Baker was up from
 his ranch on the Llano Tuesday
 visiting his family.

W. L. Aldwell president of the
 First National Bank of Sonora,
 is visiting in San Antonio this
 week.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Martin
 and daughter, were in from their
 ranch in Edwards county, a few
 days this week.

Arch Wright publisher of the
 Eldorado Success, was a business
 visitor here Friday of last week.

Arch wants to sell out his news
 paper business and go into the
 mercantile business.

BASE BALL SCHEDULE.

The following is the list of the
 baseball candidates and the sched-
 ule as it has been arranged to
 April 17:

The candidates for the several
 positions are as follows:

Catchers R. Glascock and G.
 McDonald; pitchers, E. E. Taylor,
 F. Ridley, and G. Smith; first
 base, F. Ridley and J. Trainer;
 second base, B. Caldwell and A.
 Holmg; short stop, H. Turney
 and G. Smith; third base, Lum
 Trainer, H. Graves, A. Logan and
 G. McDonald; left field, O. Rook
 horn and J. Striegler; center
 field, H. Pierce and C. Purcell;
 right field, E. McClelland and A.
 Logan.

The schedule is as follows:

Saturday April 3, Sonora vs
 Mason here.

Saturday April 10, Sonora vs
 Eldorado there.

Come and watch us go.

NOTICE.

Mr. Raachman:—I have a good
 saw rig outfit to cut your wood
 by cord or wagon load, any size
 from 6 inch to twenty four inch.
 Cut it this summer and be dry for
 the winter. Phone 91 or see me.
 Marcello Peres
 P. O. B. x 612 Sonora, Texas.

WOOD FOR SALE.

If you want Liveoak
 or Shinoak wood any
 size, by the cord or load
 phone 4 rings on 88.

Notice to Trespassers.

Notice is hereby given that no hunt-
 ing, driving stock, wood hauling or
 trapping will be allowed on our ranch
 seven miles south of Sonora, without
 our permission.
 Shurley Brothers,
 Sonora, Texas.

Max Luckie Killed.

The remains of Max Luckie
 who was shot and killed near
 Dryden Tuesday, were brought
 to Sonora Thursday, and were
 buried in the Sonora Cemetery
 Friday morning.

The deceased who was about
 44 years of age, leaves to mourn
 his loss, his widow and four
 children, his parents, Mr. and
 Mrs. W. F. Luckie, a brother, J.
 H. Luckie of San Angelo, four
 sisters, Mrs. Marvin Alley of
 Louisville, Mrs. W. J. Ford of
 Austin, Mrs. Frank Russell of
 Eden and Miss Eva Luckie of
 Sonora.

Further particulars next week.

NOTICE.

To School Land Owners:

Under the present law, your
 school land interest should be
 paid up to the 1st day of Nov.,
 of each year, and you are running
 a risk of having your lands for-
 feited without notice if you fail
 to keep your interest paid up.
 The Attorney General has held
 that school lands become auto-
 matically forfeited on failure to
 pay the interest on or before
 November 1st. However, the
 statutes provide that same shall
 be forfeited by the Land Com-
 missioner by writing on the re-
 cords "land forfeited" dating
 same. Don't take a chance on
 your land being forfeited.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Reiley of
 the Owensville country, were here
 Thursday visiting friends and re-
 latives.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmo Johnson of
 San Antonio, are visiting Mrs.
 Johnson's parents Mr. and Mrs.
 G. W. Morris here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Hunt were
 in from the ranch in Edwards
 county, Wednesday, visiting Mr.
 and Mrs. Theo. Savelle parents of
 Mrs. Hunt.

John Allison, vice president of
 the Wool Growers Central Stor-
 age Company, San Angelo, was
 here Thursday visiting relatives
 and looking over the wool situa-
 tion.

W. B. and Quince Adams of
 the North Llano, Mat Adams of
 Crockett county, T. B. Adams of
 San Angelo, were here several
 days this week visiting their
 mother, Mrs. Serena Adams who
 is in very poor health.

BUCKS TO AFRICA.

Two Angora bucks will leave
 the United States soon for South
 Africa, according to an announce-
 ment by B. M. Halbert of Sonora
 Wednesday morning. "Model
 Gage," a three year old buck,
 raised by Mr. Halbert, is to be
 sent to Cape Town, Africa, as
 soon as the quarantine can be
 gotten by, and for a price of \$500
 delivered. This animal was the
 object of a good deal of interest
 to the Africian breeders who
 were here last summer and they
 asked Mr Halbert to price him.
 He refused, as he planned to use
 him in the fall. On Saturday he
 received a cable offering him
 \$500 delivered for the animal.
 He accepted, and going to Fort
 Worth Wednesday will call on Leo
 Callan, of the State Sanitary Live
 Stock Commission relative to
 quarantine regulations.

Bob Davis of Rio Frio will also
 send his Angora buck, "American
 Gentleman," a two year old, to
 the same place in exchange for a
 South African buck—San Angelo
 Standard.

Joe Blakeney of San Angelo,
 was here a few days this week
 and bought about 250,000 pounds
 of spring wool at 40c a pound.

Kerrville, March 31st.—Four
 hundred thousand pounds of
 mohair of the 1925 spring pro-
 duction, sold here Tuesday by
 Charles Schreiner, brought 57c
 or 58c for grown mohair and
 around 70c for kid clips. J. M.
 Lee of San Angelo was the pur-
 chaser for Draper & Company,
 Boston. The previous high price
 for the season by contract were
 55c for grown hair and 65c for
 kid clips.

SUL ROSS STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE,

Alpine, Texas.

(Elevation; 4500 Feet)

IDEAL CLIMATE for Recreation and Study. Mountain Climbing
 and weekly picnics to nearby Canyons. An outdoor Natatorium.

BEAUTIFUL SCENERY. Pure water, bracing air, cool nights,
 free transportation for scenic drive over the Davis Mountains,
 big barbecue.

SUMMER TOURISTS' RATES of one and one-third fare from
 all points in Texas over the Southern Pacific and Orient lines.

ADVANCED COURSES leading to degrees in the department of
 Biology, English, Education, History, Mathematics, Spanish.

SUB-COLLEGE COURSES in Art, Commerce, Home Economics
 Manual Training Music.

ALL COURSES lead to Certificates, Diplomas, and Degrees.
 CREDITS ACCEPTED at face value by the best Colleges and
 Universities.

WELL-EQUIPPED Library, Laboratories; a Faculty of Trained
 Experts holding, for the most part, at least M.A. Degrees.

GIRLS' DORMITORY under Faculty Supervision. Board and
 Room, \$30.00 a month.

INTIMATE CONTACT between Faculty and Students. The
 individual is not lost in the masses. Ninety five per cent of
 teaching done by heads of departments.

DENTAL NOTICE

ALL WORK PAINLESS
 Pyorrhea Treated Written Guarantee
 All instruments sterilized in boiling water.
 German, Spanish and English Spoken.

THE SANITARY DENTISTS

BY DR. P. L. GUFFIN
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J. O. HIGHTOWER,

GENERAL MERCHANDISE
 LET US FURNISH YOUR SUPPLIES.

We carry an unusual good stock of dependable
 General Merchandise at reasonable prices.

Talk It Over With Us. Phone 3

J. O. HIGHTOWER,

"The House That Saves You Money."
SONORA, TEXAS.

Devil's River News \$2.00 a year

Clean Up Week.

The week beginning March 28,
 has been set by the State Board
 of Health as the annual clean up
 time. The City Officials have
 been asked to cooperate with the
 State and they have decided to
 hold a contest among the school
 children, with a committee from
 the Home Makers Club as judges.

All trash placed in sacks or
 boxes and placed in a convenient
 place will be hauled off by the
 City, free of charge. Special
 mention is made by the Board of
 Health, that all outside privies
 are cleaned and placed in as sani-
 tary condition as possible.
 It is earnestly hoped that all
 the citizens will take an interest
 in this movement, each and every
 one doing his or her part in mak-
 ing Sonora a clean and sanitary
 town.

FOR SALE

I have purchased a pen of 30
 hens and two pedigree cocks,
 and have setting eggs for
 sale at \$1.50, also range eggs
 at \$1.00 a setting. Cocks out
 of the Breezland special pens.
 Mrs. Alvis Johnson,
 Sonora, Texas.

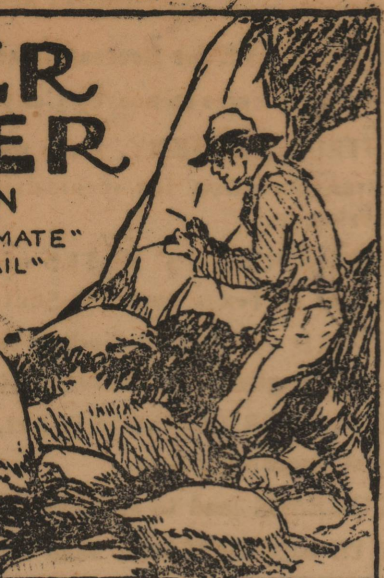
DOG LOST.

Extra large red dog, large neck,
 cross between red bone and blood
 hound. Two front feet white.
 P. S. Stevenson, Sonora, name
 on collar when lost. Will pay
 \$10 reward. Phone.
 Alfred Schwiening,
 Sonora, Texas.

The WATER BEARER

By J. ALAN DUNN
AUTHOR OF "A MAN TO HIS MATE"
"RIMROCK TRAIL"

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W. N. U. SERVICE



One of those Englishmen with an ingrained love of adventure, an Oxford graduate and a student of tales, J. Alan Dunn has written a story of the greater portion of the globe in the style of life in the western part of the United States and ever since has made that section his home, writing novels and short stories of the plains, the mountains, the coast and the waters that touch that coast both in the West and the Northwest as far as the Bering sea.

Mr. Dunn loves to write stories of adventure and life in the development of new regions. His books have covered the stirring sides of cowboy life, mining life, railroad building and the development of young cities and communities. And now, in "The Water Bearer," he turns his talents to another romantic side of existence in the West, the life of a water bearer. This might be called a romance of water, but more properly it is a romance of engineering, of a gigantic project in the brain of one man and fought to an issue largely by the cooperation of a great western city that was in danger of being passed by its competitors for the lack of a supply of the precious fluid that was the life blood of the community.

CHAPTER I

The Canyon

Caleb Warner conscientiously fished every foot of the likeliest-looking hole he had seen on Hermanos creek, but there came no rise, no eager tug, no submerged gleam of a rainbow's shimmering flank.

He waded ashore, put up rod and tackle, climbed through the thick, tall ferns and brambly undergrowth to the narrow trail and turned upstream. All the day was his, the noon and strength, but he fancied the fishing would be better higher up. Caleb walked with his coat tucked between the flaps of his vest, his shirt open at the throat; lean, long, well-shoudered and slender-franked, tanned of skin, springs of action, generally good to look at. By the canons of moving pictures and magazine illustrations he was not handsome. New England ancestry had made him too aquiline of feature, but he had youth and strength, his gray eyes were clear, his forehead high to his straight, close-cropped hair, his lips clean-cut and his chin well forward, not too narrow. His general make-up was typically American, Yankee-American, unmarred by inbreeding.

Below him Hermanos creek sang, half hidden by the undergrowth. His economic, New England brain saw potentially going to waste. In Massachusetts Hermanos creek would long ago have been harnessed. Mills and factories would have sprung up along its banks. Here was water for steam, for turbines, for commercial and domestic use, for irrigation; all unused, its energy seemingly doomed, for there was a peculiar thing about the creek that Caleb, as an engineer, had noted. Contrary to the habit of most well-managed watercourses, its volume diminished as it flowed.

He was twenty-seven, six years out of the college chrysalis that he had spun at Columbia. He had served in the war, hard, practical service in tasks that were low-grade but necessary, the crude, swift work of building and repairing war-roads and bridges, and in it Caleb Warner had, to large measure, found himself. He had acquired initiative, resource, command of men, if nothing else. And he had come out unscathed, unscathed, unscathed, reduced to an acme of coordination, sane mind and sound body. He had been granted wider horizons. So he had come west to find his oyster—and to open it.

Swiftly the woody cave of the canyon below a tunnel, the creek now far below him in a water-chiseled gorge. The tunnel became a gut. A suspension bridge, a shivery thing of wire rope and steel plants, anchored with wire cables to high walls of rock, crossed the gorge. It shook under his tread and hung trembling as he stopped midway to look at the gush of compressed water surging through the gap, twenty feet down. There were signs on the rock that at times the creek rose close to the flooring.

Before him, to the south, lay Hermanos valley, a green bowl flipped by

her hair without embarrassment, Caleb started down through the oak. He loved dogs. He did not know so much about girls. But this one seemed different. And he had left the conventions behind in Massachusetts.

She smiled at him again as he came out on the level, half waded, half jumped the creek and went toward her. The workhounds looked at him with their dark brown eyes, sniffed, accepted his pats and turned their heads away, pointedly aloof. The girl laughed at his evident chagrin.

"They are disdainful beasts, my horzels," she said. "You must excuse them."

"They are marvelous runners. I did not suppose anything could overhual a coyote. But it hardly seemed fair up there on the hill. Two to one, I mean."

She looked at him quizzically. She was frankly surveying him. He noted that she was about six inches shorter than he was—which made her five feet six—that she was at once slim and rounded, that she had a short straight nose and a mouth that was neither small nor large, neither full-lipped nor narrow, a round chin, a dimple in one cheek, and that her eyes were the exact color of the lupines. Also that there was no hint of a nose here. A part of Caleb's curriculum, a majority of his experience, had consisted in the training of his powers of observation. In the brief glances he had permitted himself he had done very well.

"There are not very many coyotes where you come from," she queried.

"How do you know?" She laughed and he added that and her teeth to the catalogue. Both were, to his taste, perfect.

"How do I know? I am sure now. Does anyone but a Yank reply to a question with another one?"

"Yank! Are you a southerner?"

"There you go again. Wait. I must answer your charge against my dogs. If you think it was not sporting to set Saratof and Silva against one coyote, how about my helpless calf that was butchered last night? And half a dozen others this summer. And a colt! There are probably fifty coyotes who make this valley their lair. Gosh! I have seen scores of them. And these two have accounted for nine of them. It is sheer justice, administered mercifully. The coyote always has the start. It is killed instantly, not worried, not touched afterward. My horzels don't eat car-lion."

"Acquitted," answered Caleb. "I beg their pardons. I am a Yankee from Massachusetts. I am a civil engineer come west to seek my fortune. My name is Caleb Warner. I live in Golden and I was recommended to Hermanos creek for trout fishing."

She had a trick of looking through long lashes that was a bit unfair, Caleb thought. But they did not hide a twinkle that lurked behind them.

"Did you catch any trout, Mr. Warner?" she asked. He showed her his basket.

"We have trout in New England," he said. "I was hoping to do better later in the afternoon. Did you say you were from the South?"

"I am a Californian." He was certain that she knew he had hoped she would give him her name in return.

"The best fishing is in the canyon back of the waterfall at the head of our valley," she said. "You can easily climb the cliff."

"You own it? The valley?" She opened her eyes a bit in acknowledgment of his persistence and speed to take the opening.

"My father does. His name is Clinton. She had evaded it cleverly, Miss Clinton. That was as far as she would go. Caleb bowed to his defeat.

"Well, then, Miss Clinton, do you think your father would have any objection to my fishing through his meadows, later, after I have been above the fall?"

"I am quite sure he would not. Perhaps you would like to meet him? The house is not very far from here." Caleb laughed and side with him.

"I should be delighted," he said.

"And I am very glad to have met you, Miss Clinton." She took his hand and shook it as a boy might have shaken it. More strongly, with fingers that were firm and cool. There was nothing of coquetry about her. Her suggestion that Caleb meet her father held, he felt, no hint of flirtation. It showed that she liked him, a little, sufficiently to dispense a measure of hospitality that he had come to recognize as a western attribute.

"The house is there," she said, pointing. "Back of those eucalyptus. Father planted them for a wind-break."

The girl had left the pinto pony standing with its reins banging straight from bit to soil, an effective halting. Now she placed them about its neck; her back to the saddle-horn and, as she and Caleb walked along the stream toward the house the pony followed as closely and sedately as the workhounds.

CHAPTER II

El Nido and Padilla

The Rancho El Nido, which means "The Nest," was well named. Behind the lee of the tall eucalyptus, planted in two rows at right angles, nestled the building of the ranch-house, built in old Californian fashion of adobe brick, red tiled, in the shape of a hollow square including a patio-garden. It was on a rising ground above the stream that ran between trees heavily mantled with wild grapes. Above the house, and its barns and sheds and corrals, grew orchard trees, peach and apricot, almond, cherry, walnut. There were some orange and

lemon trees and a few figs. There was a vineyard and the patio was a riot of flowers. A spring bubbled up in the exact center of the court and had been confined within a stone basin with one outlet out of which the overflow rippled and ran under an archway in the foundation of the house.

The place was above all a home, long-settled, deep-rooted. If a nest, built on the ground, as some nests are, may be fancied to have taken root. The place was well styled El Nido.

Back to it, in the twilight, at the urgent suggestion of the girl's father, a suggestion that was half command, holding such spontaneous invitation that it could not be refused without a touch of churlishness, came Caleb, returning from the stream above the waterfall, packing a well-filled crock.

The girl rose from an outer porch as he came up from the stream and met him at the steps. She was transformed. A soft gown of white had wrought magic and she received the homage of Caleb's surprised and frankly admiring gaze demurely. He opened the lid of the crock for her inspection.

"You know how to cast a fly in Massachusetts," she said. "They are beautiful. We shall have them for supper tonight."

A fat and genial Chinaman, immaculate in white, appeared at the far end of the gallery, came forward and took the fish with a chuckle of approval.

"Supper ready twenty minutes, Miss Betty," he said as he waddled off.

"Betty—Betty Clinton?" He had her name at last and thought it suited her.

"You'll want to wash up. Maria will show you to your room."

"My room?"

"You are to stay here tonight. Father would not hear of you going. There is no moon. It is three miles down the canyon to the station at Hayward. Seven by the road. And there are no trains that you could catch conveniently."

She led the way in and delivered him to Maria, fatter than Wang, ample of breast, triple of chin, Spanish of look and accent.

"Maria," said the girl, "is the actual ruler of El Nido. You must pass inspection by Maria to be welcome here. You have fifteen minutes. We shall be in the big room at the north end. You can come in through the patio."

It was altogether a little astounding, Caleb reflected, as he made what valley he could. He had come to the valley unheralded, without mutual acquaintance, without introduction, and here he was, pressed as a guest, almost as a friend. In Massachusetts—he laughed at himself in the mirror as he fussed with his tie. This was California, a country to itself, with very pleasant customs. And he was aware that the welcome would be as his behavior. But it was all very pleasant, very Western.

The big room ran the full length of one side of the house. At either end a quarter was raised by two steps, arched off, one part a library and study, the walls covered with books, the other and more distinctly feminine with a piano, flowers, inviting chairs of wicker and good rugs, some pictures on the walls. The intermediate space was common to the dining room and living room combined. The place was lit with oil lamps in wrought-iron brackets and with candles in bracing holders for the table. The meal, with the rustling, bestarched Maria, in black gown and white apron, superintending Wang, who served as well as he had cooked, was perfection.

The girl presided over the main dishes. Her father, tall, erect, gray-haired, frayed of close-clipped mustache and goatee, had one sleeve tucked in the side pocket of his coat.

"I shall put the formal interrogation, sir," he said to Caleb. "How do you find the West?"

"I find it eager. And I like it. We bustle in the East but our ways and means are settled."

"Eager? I like your term. And I am glad you like the West. We shall hope to see more of you."

"You have lived here long?" asked Caleb.

"My grandfather settled here in eighteen-forty. He was one of Fremont's cavalry legion. He helped to take California from Mexico. He was on the shores of Monterey bay when the British landed from their frigates and found they were too late. My father held then ten years old. I was one when he went back to Virginia and fought in the War of the Secession. For the South. I beg your pardon, sir."

Caleb caught Betty Clinton smiling at him.

"Not at all, sir," he answered. "My own grandfather fought for the North. But that was two generations ago. Now I know," he added with an answering smile. "Why you, Miss Clinton, called me 'Yank' with suchunction."

"My grandfather used to say," said Clinton. "That he was always cautious when he fought the Yanks but that he downright feared them when it came to business. But you are right, sir. That is all past. I fought in the Spanish war side by side with many gallant gentlemen from New England. One of them was major in my company. If it had not been for him I might have lost more than this." He touched his empty sleeve.

"You held rank, sir?"

"I was a captain. I was a volunteer rank. I do not use it now. My sword is a plowshare. I have sufficient contentment."

Caleb thought he detected a little bitterness in the reference to the missing limb.

Caleb noticed that Clinton refrained from any query as to his guest's status in the war. Now did he mention it himself. He was tired of talking about it.

The stratos were full of men who had done as much as he had.

"What are you going to do in California?" asked the girl. "The term civil engineer is a wide one. What does it mean to you? Bridges? Railroads?"

"It was predestined," said Caleb. He struck a match and showed her a seal at the end of his watch chain. On the green stone two parallel zigzags were drawn.

"The Zodiac sign of Aquarius, the Water Bearer. It is the eleventh sign and the sun enters it about the twenty-first of January, the day that I was born. So I am a water bearer, both by choice and by predestination."

She gave a little cry as she bent forward to look at the seal. The light of the swift-burning match brought her face out of the darkness like a cameo.

"Isn't that altogether curious and delightful," she said. "I wonder."

"I don't know what will offer," Caleb said. "I cannot wait too long. I have neither the means nor the inclination to stay here. I have not had very much practical experience—as such things go—but I should rather tie up with a new enterprise than work with a completed project. Of course, I should like above everything to be able to inaugurate some scheme, plan it, develop it. I must look for my opportunity."

"That is what I should prefer. If I were a man," said the girl, and Caleb sensed a growing approval of him in her tone and warmed to it. "To create something, to be a Water Bearer, to the thirsty earth or to thirsty people. To make a city grow where none has been, or render dry lands fertile."

"Do you expect to settle out West?" asked Clinton. "To make your home here?"

"I hadn't gone quite as far as that," answered Caleb with a smile. "It depends upon whether I get the chance to settle. I mean that if I work upon you. I like the West. I should like to make a home here, I think. I have none elsewhere," he added simply. "I have relatives in the East, and I even own a house out there—but it isn't a home any longer, since both my father and mother are dead."

There are elements that create an atmosphere more sympathetic than the best choice of phrase. Caleb found himself talking in the greatest extension than he would have considered possible to chance met, recent acquaintances. He had, he told them, a little money, he had a chance to sell his Massachusetts house that held open indefinitely. This, with his training, and his youth, constituted his capital. At the end of the evening, in his room, the windows open, admitting the fragrance of the patio garden, the subdued music of the organ from the spring basin, he realized that he had done little but talk about himself and his own affairs.

He wondered whether he had not been a bit of a prig, even a bore. He had shown no appreciation of the girl's femininity, had surely been lacking in even conventional gallantry. Girls, Caleb believed, liked that sort of thing—expected it. Yet, talking to her in the dusk of the veranda had been a good deal like talking to another man. Her intelligence was keen, her interest had not seemed feigned.

Meanwhile, in her own chamber, Betty Clinton came to a favorable conclusion in the same matter.

"For a Yank," she told herself, as she arranged her hair for the night in two great sliding braids. "He is quite agreeable—so far. I think I am going to like Caleb Warner."

Caleb decided not to outstay his welcome. He announced his intention at breakfast.

"We shall have to see you again," said Clinton and Betty backed his intention.

She seemed a little older this morning, appearing the well-poised hostess in her housegown. To Caleb, still new to western ways, it was hard to recall the this housewife person presiding over the silver coffee urn with the rider on the pinto, galloping hard after her bounds to the kill. Yet there was no real discrepancy, no loss of dignity, of sex. And she made the girls that Caleb had grown up with seem suddenly constricted in his recollection.

"You are not to walk down to the train," she told him. "I am sorry that I cannot drive you but I have a lot to do. You shall ride the Don. Padilla will go with you and bring him back. And we are to see you again. Soon."

Caleb was not at all certain of his progress in the saddle. To his relief the horse turned out to be a natural single-footer, packing along with a smooth motion that left him almost motionless in the saddle. The selection was, he felt, another indication of kindly tact.

Padilla, swarthy, bow-legged, agile, bore signs of battle that had come close to mauling him. The left side of his face was marked with a pockered scar, purple against his brown skin. It ran from eye to chin, a raking wound that showed where the flesh must have been laid open by a bright-fal blow. He wore no coat and his sleeves were rolled high. His left forearm was scored with scratches. His left side seemed shrunken between hip and shoulder. Caleb was conscious that all down the canyon, Padilla subjected him to a close scrutiny. When directly in front of him he could almost feel Padilla's black eyes boring between his shoulder blades. Despite the unwelcome recommendation of the Mexican held from his employment at El Nido, Caleb fancied him a better companion for high noon than a dark night.

The trail dipped down towards water level, fording the stream. Caleb reined in to let the Don drink the bristling water and Padilla followed example. As they sat side by side the Mexican spoke for the first time.

"Et was here, senor," he said, "that I got those."

He touched his cheek, his left ribs, and tapped his left forearm with a swift gesture.

"Et was a puma, senor. A cougar, a lion of the mountains. Carrajol! Almost eet keel me, Luis Padilla. Knife against claws an' teeth, senor. And the knife ween. Thees knife."

With the same swift deftness he half drew a shining blade from a sheath that was tucked inside the belt of his trousers, then replaced it. The speedy excitement of the Latin convinced him.

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She seemed a little older this morning, appearing the well-poised hostess in her housegown. To Caleb, still new to western ways, it was hard to recall the this housewife person presiding over the silver coffee urn with the rider on the pinto, galloping hard after her bounds to the kill. Yet there was no real discrepancy, no loss of dignity, of sex. And she made the girls that Caleb had grown up with seem suddenly constricted in his recollection.

"You are not to walk down to the train," she told him. "I am sorry that I cannot drive you but I have a lot to do. You shall ride the Don. Padilla will go with you and bring him back. And we are to see you again. Soon."

Caleb was not at all certain of his progress in the saddle. To his relief the horse turned out to be a natural single-footer, packing along with a smooth motion that left him almost motionless in the saddle. The selection was, he felt, another indication of kindly tact.

Padilla, swarthy, bow-legged, agile, bore signs of battle that had come close to mauling him. The left side of his face was marked with a pockered scar, purple against his brown skin. It ran from eye to chin, a raking wound that showed where the flesh must have been laid open by a bright-fal blow. He wore no coat and his sleeves were rolled high. His left forearm was scored with scratches. His left side seemed shrunken between hip and shoulder. Caleb was conscious that all down the canyon, Padilla subjected him to a close scrutiny. When directly in front of him he could almost feel Padilla's black eyes boring between his shoulder blades. Despite the unwelcome recommendation of the Mexican held from his employment at El Nido, Caleb fancied him a better companion for high noon than a dark night.

The trail dipped down towards water level, fording the stream. Caleb reined in to let the Don drink the bristling water and Padilla followed example. As they sat side by side the Mexican spoke for the first time.

"Et was here, senor," he said, "that I got those."

He touched his cheek, his left ribs, and tapped his left forearm with a swift gesture.

"Et was a puma, senor. A cougar, a lion of the mountains. Carrajol! Almost eet keel me, Luis Padilla. Knife against claws an' teeth, senor. And the knife ween. Thees knife."

With the same swift deftness he half drew a shining blade from a sheath that was tucked inside the belt of his trousers, then replaced it. The speedy excitement of the Latin convinced him.

"I don't know what will offer," Caleb said. "I cannot wait too long. I have neither the means nor the inclination to stay here. I have not had very much practical experience—as such things go—but I should rather tie up with a new enterprise than work with a completed project. Of course, I should like above everything to be able to inaugurate some scheme, plan it, develop it. I must look for my opportunity."

"That is what I should prefer. If I were a man," said the girl, and Caleb sensed a growing approval of him in her tone and warmed to it. "To create something, to be a Water Bearer, to the thirsty earth or to thirsty people. To make a city grow where none has been, or render dry lands fertile."

"Do you expect to settle out West?" asked Clinton. "To make your home here?"

"I hadn't gone quite as far as that," answered Caleb with a smile. "It depends upon whether I get the chance to settle. I mean that if I work upon you. I like the West. I should like to make a home here, I think. I have none elsewhere," he added simply. "I have relatives in the East, and I even own a house out there—but it isn't a home any longer, since both my father and mother are dead."

There are elements that create an atmosphere more sympathetic than the best choice of phrase. Caleb found himself talking in the greatest extension than he would have considered possible to chance met, recent acquaintances. He had, he told them, a little money, he had a chance to sell his Massachusetts house that held open indefinitely. This, with his training, and his youth, constituted his capital. At the end of the evening, in his room, the windows open, admitting the fragrance of the patio garden, the subdued music of the organ from the spring basin, he realized that he had done little but talk about himself and his own affairs.

He wondered whether he had not been a bit of a prig, even a bore. He had shown no appreciation of the girl's femininity, had surely been lacking in even conventional gallantry. Girls, Caleb believed, liked that sort of thing—expected it. Yet, talking to her in the dusk of the veranda had been a good deal like talking to another man. Her intelligence was keen, her interest had not seemed feigned.

Meanwhile, in her own chamber, Betty Clinton came to a favorable conclusion in the same matter.

"For a Yank," she told herself, as she arranged her hair for the night in two great sliding braids. "He is quite agreeable—so far. I think I am going to like Caleb Warner."

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