



# UNDER PRESSURE

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By George Agnew Chamberlain

WNU Service

## CHAPTER IX

—10—

Helm Blackadder was already closeted with the ambassador together with the order gets the money.

"Provided the girl has left Mexico."

"Yes, yes; of course. We don't care to have the job of expelling her, but once she's across the border we'll undertake to see she doesn't come back. What about it, Adan? Doesn't it look like easy money?"

"On the face of it," said Arnaldo slowly, "it does—too easy. Where's the catch?"

"For a man like you and with your resources," said the minister, "there's no catch whatever. There can't be. What's your answer? Will you take it on or not?"

Adan stood staring at the paper in his hand without seeing it. "I'll go," he declared finally.

They shook hands and he started out but before he reached the door the telephone rang with such insistency he paused. A moment later the minister was holding up his hand, ordering him to wait.

The conversation began with "Yes, Excellency," and ended with the same phrase. He relinquished the apparatus and sat back.

"Well, Adan, you have a rival. The ambassador is sending his own emissary, a compatriot with the strange name of Blackadder."

"Good," said Adan. "Blackadder—I it sounds like a snake. Then that let's me out."

"On the contrary; it doubles the importance of your mission. My thinking of you was a stroke of genius, because the more gringos get mixed in this business the worse it is for us. Besides, I feel the ambassador's choice hasn't a chance of success."

"By the way," Arnaldo said suddenly, "what do I get out of it?"

"I told you!" gasped the minister. "Isn't fifty thousand enough?"

"That's for the girl," said Arnaldo coolly. "If I lick Onelia, save your neck, attend to Dorado and keep a couple of countries out of war it's going to cost you fifty thousand more. Is it agreed?"

"I suppose so," said the minister after a long pause. "Do you want me to put it in writing?"

"Why should you?" asked Arnaldo with a thin gleam of shining teeth. "Once I've heard it you and I know your word is as good as your bond—once I've heard it."

He departed.

Arnaldo knew when to rush to a job and when to take it easy. He got away around seven in the morning, curled up in the back seat and disposed himself for slumber. Juanito, his dazed driver, knew little of speed under 90 miles an hour, consequently Adan's nap ended violently a little after eight o'clock. For a moment he thought it was an earthquake, then realized it was merely the difference between the road before and after Toluca. He climbed into the front seat and presently was drifting from the over-head struts as Juanito had done.

As they rounded a low butte the white blot of La Barranca view, yet neither of them saw it. Instinctively Juanito stopped before Adan could utter a word. Directly before them a troop of men, a troop of men, a troop of men, were swirling in a circle around a man who was shouting and waving his arms.

"Back!"

"and h—"

against Juanito.

They were three kinds of men, towering and swarthy, with their faces, having salt, had salt, had salt, had salt.

"You notice the simple wording? Whoever brings in the quitclaim together with this order gets the money."

"Provided the girl has left Mexico."

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"I See," Said Blackadder, Frowning Thoughtfully.

stepped out of its tonneau and walked directly toward them. Scarcely had he left the car than its driver raced it backward into a Y turn, reversed his gears and presently was shooting at top speed across the plain with his recent employer in a direct line between him and the bandits.

"For once a coward saves his master's life," murmured Arnaldo. "I don't get it," said Juanito.

"The man you see down yonder is a gringo named Blackadder. Dorado and his men would have filled him full of holes if his louse of a driver hadn't created a diversion."

"Dorado!" breathed Juanito in an awed whisper.

Blackadder was scarcely conscious of his driver's treachery, so absorbed was his attention by the gaping muzzles of two double-action forty-fives and the man who held them. Experience in many tough spots of the world, notably mining camps and the diamond fields of Lencoes, had taught him a gun at the level of the hip invariably means business. Besides, Dorado's pear-shaped face presented such a vivid incarnation of brutality as to arouse doubt as to whether the six-shooters might not in the long run turn out to be angels of mercy. Instinctively Helm raised both hands and kept them high. Without appearing to move a muscle Dorado sent a searing bullet between the spread fingers of one of them.

"Put 'em down," he ordered in guttural English, then murmured instructions to two of his followers.

They dismounted, frisked Blackadder for arms, seized him by feet and wrists, swung him into the saddle of one of their horses and trussed his ankles beneath its barrel so tightly he winced at the pain. He started to protest in Spanish but caught his tongue in time. Both men mounted the remaining riderless horse and the cavalcade was off. Dorado rode at its head at a mile-eating hand gallop and the rest followed, closely bunched around the prisoner.

The barranca was narrowing steadily. Three abandoned drifts gaped in the walls of the chasm, two on the southern, one on the northern side, and along the stream for a distance of a hundred yards men could be seen busily shoving wooden bateas for placer gold. With a muttered order Dorado dismounted and passed into the recesses of the largest of the cave-like openings. In a moment every rider had un saddled and the freed horses were driven helter-skelter upstream into a cliff-locked corral.

The nearest man to Blackadder drew his sheath knife and slashed the taut thong connecting his ankles. Either by accident or on purpose the knife severed the girth and gashed the pony's hide as well. The horse leaped in air, hurling rider and saddle to the ground. There was a roar of laughter. Finding himself unable to rise Blackadder started to crawl on hands and knees to the brook, intending to bathe his lacerated and half-paralyzed legs in the cooling water.

At each splash of the icy water his fury rose, restoring his courage and determination to more than their normal level. Leaving far over he extracted passport and wallet from his breast pocket and managed to thrust them under a flat stone. Presently Dorado called to him—loudly, but the funnel of the drift acted like a megaphone.

"Come here, cabron."

Blackadder found he could barely walk. He approached, entered and at a gesture from Dorado sank on a truss of hay with his back against the wall. Instantly his long training as a miner set his senses alert. He deduced the fact that there must be a shaft, small or large, some-

where in the rear of the cave. Blackadder's nostrils informed him such was the case, not by reason of any odor but because of an indescribable thinness in the air. Dorado straddled a camp stool.

"You spik Castellano?" he asked.

"No," lied Blackadder.

"What is your name?"

"Henry Giffalcon."

"Henrique, hein? You gringo—Americano?"

"No, I'm British," said Blackadder, but instantly regretted the falsehood, for at the sudden hardening of Dorado's luminous eyes he realized it had not gone over.

"I think perhaps you lie," said Dorado softly. "When I know you lie I send a finger to the American ambassador—one finger each week. How much money you got?"

"I did lie," said Blackadder, "and I'm sorry. I'm an American, but all my money—everything I had in the world—was in my dispatch case in that car."

"No money, eh? Perhaps pretty soon somebody want to buy you for 25,000 pesos. Better write letter while you have enough fingers. You write letter any time you like; I read it. You say send money to General Dorado, Mexico City."

"I see," said Blackadder, frowning thoughtfully.

Something was stirring in his brain—a seed, an acorn that developed in a flash to the size of a full-grown oak. Roughly it could be framed in a single question. Why not substitute La Barranca for the ransom of 25,000 pesos and thus kill four birds with one stone?

In spite of exhaustion he could not sleep, tortured by the aching of his swollen ankles, but toward dawn fell into a doze. It proved a misfortune, since by the time he was roused Dorado and his riders had already departed on their daily foray, but the guards remained. The day proved unlucky for Dorado as well. At nightfall, wafted along within a blue cloud of blasphemy, he was carried in on an improvised litter and laid on his cot; the bullet that had pierced his thigh had killed his horse.

## CHAPTER X

## Three Little Words



NEXT time you or yours want "something nice to wear," remember me and my three little words: Sew-Your-Own! Yes, Milady, sew-your-own because it pays big dividends. It's good for you! Instead of worrying about clothes you can't have, you'll be humming about all the pretty things you can have—and all because you sew, sew, Sew-Your-Own! Won't you join us today or very soon?

**White House or Cottage.**

Even if your home were the White House, Milady, you would need a little frock like today's 1413 to see you through your housekeeping chores. It has that style usually reserved for expensive frocks and its simplicity will fascinate you. A young collar tops its shirtwaist styling, while the trim short sleeves and shirred yoke are features to be appreciated every time you put it on. It will make you smart in crisp ningham, and it's more than chic in silk crepe. Try it both ways—you'll like them!

**So Simple, So Sweet.**

Little Miss Two-to-Eight will use her very nicest three-syllable words to exclaim over this frock (above center) designed especially for her by Sew-Your-Own! It is one of those so-simple, so-sweet little affairs that every mother and every daughter has a weakness for. The new prints or criss-cross gingham will look more than appealing on your little "forty pounds of charm," especially if the trimming is of gay red ribbon to match the bows in her hair.

**That Poured-in Look.**

"Something nice to wear," in the full sense of the phrase, is the brand new frock at the right. Your teas and bridge will be dates to look forward to with this smart model in black satin or velvet, awaiting your call. Fashion says: "that poured-in look," and Sew-Your-Own said "when" just in the nick to make this your most figure-flattering frock. It is equally effective for the sub-deb and young executive. It belongs in every well-groomed lady's wardrobe. Why not in yours?

**The Patterns.**

Pattern 1413 is designed for sizes 34 to 50. Size 36 requires 4 1/2 yards of 35 or 39-inch material.

Pattern 1852 is designed for sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Size 4 requires 2 1/2 yards of 39-inch material plus 6 yards of ribbon for trimming, and 1 yard for belt.

Pattern 1383 is designed for sizes 14 to 20. Size 16 requires 2 3/4 yards of 54-inch material.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

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## "Ah showed yo' mammy with JEWEL, too, honey"



For generations, fine cooks throughout the South have preferred Jewel Shortening. A Special Blend of choice vegetable fats and other bland cooking fats, Jewel actually creams faster, makes more tender baked foods, than the costliest types of shortening. You get better results every time. Look for the red carton.

**Swift's Jewel Shortening**

FAVORITE OF THE SOUTH

## Calm Tempers

The moderation of fortunate people comes from the calm which good fortune gives to their tempers.—Rochefoucauld.

## SO PURE EXCEEDS THE HIGH REQUIREMENTS OF THE U.S. PHARMACOPOEIA

**St. Joseph**

GENUINE PURE ASPIRIN

## When a cold strikes . . . don't take needless risks

## Treat Colds This PROVED Way

WHY experiment? Vicks VapoRub has been doubly proved for you . . . proved by everyday use in more homes than any other medication of its kind; further proved by the largest clinical tests ever made on colds. (See full details on each VapoRub package.) Only Vicks give you such proof.

VapoRub is the direct external treatment. No "dosing"—no risk of stomach upsets. Simply rub it on the throat, chest, and forehead almost at once. You feel warm and comfortable.

able as VapoRub starts working direct through the skin like a poultice. At the same time, its medicated vapors—released by the warmth of the body—are carried direct to the irritated air-passages with every breath.

This double action loosens phlegm—relieves irritation and coughing—helps break local congestion.

Repeat treatment at bedtime. After restful sleep comes VapoRub keeps right on working, hour after hour. Often, by morning the worst of the cold is over.

**VICKS VAPORUB**

## South Africans Taught U. S. New Game Called "Rabbits"; Twelve Men in Team

Some years ago a number of South African boys came to this country to stage a play representing the English-Boer war, notes a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. They were taught a new game called "Rabbits" by twelve men in a team.

passes safely through the field, the rabbits get one point.

If a rabbit passes beyond the sidelines, he is counted dead. Likewise if a hunter has both feet off the lines when he taps a rabbit, he is out for the rest of the play.

At the end of three or five minutes a whistle is blown and the first play ends. Then the hunters change their places with the rabbits and the game begins again.

If there are too many hunters,



# THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Clean Comics That Will Amuse Both Old and Young

## THE FEATHERHEADS By Osborne



S'MATTER POP— Well, Sir, the Parachute Jumper Landed Right in the Cornfield!

By C. M. PAYNE



## MESCAL IKE By S. L. HUNTLEY

And How Would They Know the Difference?



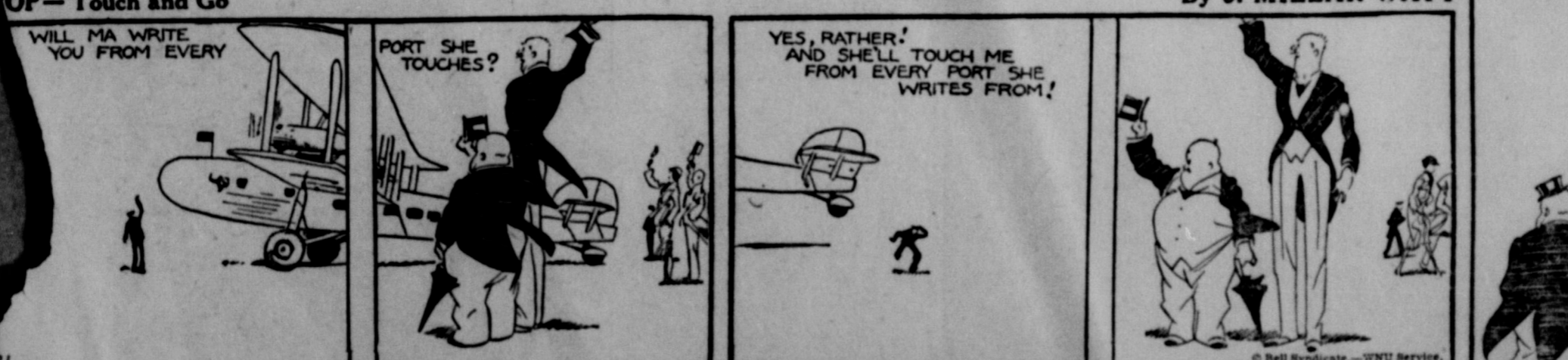
## NEY OF THE FORCE By Ted O'Loughlin

Rescue Miscue



## OP— Touch and Go

By J. MILLAR WATT



## Along the Concrete



**Explained**  
 Judge—What is the meaning of this expression "Sez you?"  
 Counsel—M'lud, it would appear that it is a slang phrase of American origin which has gained regrettable currency in the language of our people through the insidious agency of the cinema, and is, I am given to understand, employed to indicate a state of dubiety in the mind of the speaker as to the veracity of a statement made to him.  
 The judge—Oh, yeah.—Montreal Star.

**Not So Careless**  
 The Scotsman couldn't find his ticket. On the conductor's second round it was still missing. "What's that in your mouth?" the conductor asked.  
 Sure enough, there was a ticket. The conductor found it and went his way. "Ah, weel."

## WIG-WAG

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



## All-Purpose Gloves Crocheted Lengthwise

Nimble fingers are busily crocheting these lovely woolly gloves that so closely follows the vogue. They're quick to do—two flat identical pieces whipped together—with a gusset for that wrist flare. Use either yarn or string for endless durability. Just wait till you



Pattern 5676.

see how easy they are to do! In pattern 5676 you will find directions for making these gloves; an illustration of them and of all stitches used; material requirements.

To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle, Household Arts Dept., 259 W. 14th Street, New York, N. Y.

**Keep a Go in'**  
 A man we knew had rounded out more than ninety years when a little bit of a windfall came to him. The first thing he did after counting the money was to say, "Now I'll set out another orchard!" He did not flinch in the face of his years. He was ready to start right in where he started 50 years before. Time ought never to down any of our folks. Let's not be downed by the old scamp.—Trotty Veck Messenger.

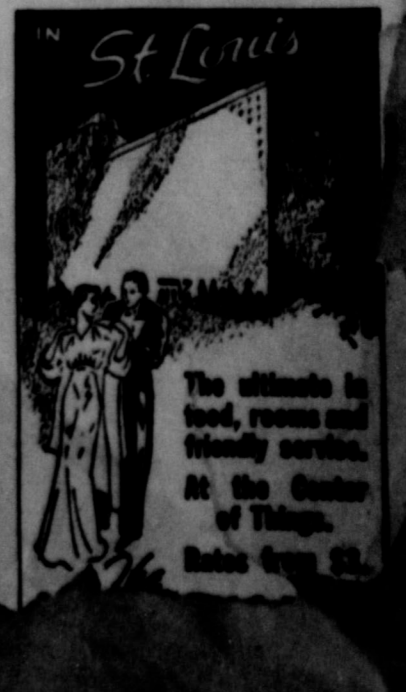
## Beware Coughs from common cold That Hang

No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, cold, or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with any remedy less potent than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble and aids nature to soothe and heal the inflamed mucous membranes and to loosen and expel the germ-laden phlegm. Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, try Creomulsion. Your druggist is authorized to refund your money if you are not thoroughly satisfied with the benefits obtained from the very first bottle. Creomulsion is one word—not two, and it has no hyphen in it. Ask for it plainly, see that the name on the bottle is Creomulsion, and you'll get the genuine product and the relief you want. (Adv.)

## Watch Your Kidneys!

**Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste**  
 Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities that, retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery. Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength. Other signs of kidney or bladder error may be burning, scanty or frequent urination. There should be no doubt that proper treatment is wiser than neglect. Doan's Pills, Doan's have been used by new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people in every country over. Ask your neighbor!

## DOAN'S PILLS







FISHER-BOGAN NUPTIALS ON NEW YEAR'S EVE

(Courtesy the Canadian Record) A charming New Year's Eve wedding was solemnized at 8 o'clock Friday, in the First Methodist Church when Miss Margaret Earle Fisher, beautiful daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Fisher, became the bride of Mr. Charles Oulbertson Bogan, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Bogan of McLean, in a service read by Rev. A. C. Haynes of Goodwell, Okla., before a throng of guests.

Local and Personal

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Andrews and daughter, Myrtle, visited relatives in Marian, La., and Huttig, Ark., last week. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Weatherby of Shamrock.

News from Liberty

Sunday school at 10:30; preaching each Sunday night. Mr. and Mrs. Bernie Morgan left Friday for their home in Zimmerman after spending the holidays with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Morgan.

PASTOR WRITES

Rev. David H. Brynoff, pastor of the Benkleman Baptist Church of Max, Neb., who resigned the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of McLean some eight years ago to accept the call of the Nebraska church, writes The News for a classified advertisement offering city lots for sale.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

RATES.—One insertion, 2c per word. Two insertions, 3c per word, or 1c per word each week after first insertion.

MERCHANTS SALES

LOST AND FOUND.—LADY'S RUSTLING BRIGHT ORNAMENTS. Left in field's lap. If a woman does housework \$10 a week, that's domestic. If she does it for nothing, that's matrimony.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Ware and children have returned to Clovis, N. M., after a visit with relatives here.

Miss Jewel Glass returned to Amarillo Sunday after a visit with her mother, Mrs. Anna Glass.

NELSON REAGAN PREACHING.—Nelson Reagan of St. Louis, who was born in McLean while his father, Rev. John F. Reagan, was pastor of the First Baptist Church, has entered the ministry in St. Louis.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

The News is authorized to carry the following as candidates, subject to the action of the Democratic primary in July: For Commissioner, Precinct 4: E. C. CREWS, D. A. DAVIS, C. M. CARPENTER.

You Can't Sell 'Em if You Don't Tell 'Em

After all, one cannot expect the ever-busy housewife to spend an entire afternoon in one store just finding out what's different.

She looks and asks and takes particular note of new merchandise, of timely tips and economical short cuts. She cannot, however, devote a great amount of time in each store.

Each week she reads the community bulletin board for items about her friends, the party held down the street... and for suggestions on running the home. For on her shoulders falls the important task of managing a small business. It is the woman who buys 85% of the country's retail items, and she has a voice in the balance.

If you want to tell her what's for sale, tell her when she is in a receptive mood to listen... when reading The McLean News, the paper that goes directly into her home.

Then she'll come into your store.

The