

KATY ED RIVER BRIDGE IS OUT

RIGHTS OF STATE OF TEXAS BEFORE SUPREME COURT

KANSAS TOWNS ARE STILL IN DANGER AS THE ARKANSAS RISES

AUSTIN, June 11.—The attorney general's department received notice today from the supreme court of the United States that the court had granted the request of the department to file a suit attacking the constitutionality of the interstate commerce commission and the railroad labor board of the federal government. The supreme court also said that subpoenas had been issued to the two organizations requiring them to appear before the court and defend their position, which the suit attacks. The suit was filed in the supreme court.

The state of Texas is plaintiff in the suit and is seeking to show that the interstate commerce commission and the railroad labor board are unconstitutional and without force of law and that if any part of the transportation act of 1920 be held unconstitutional, the remaining sections thereof be held invalid and unconstitutional. The members of these boards are to be restrained and enjoined from enforcing these laws, according to the state's suit, that conflict with the regulations and contracts and the constitutional rights of its citizens.

The suit was submitted by the attorney general's department in the supreme court. It is a landmark case, as it is the first time that the state of Texas has taken such a step in the supreme court. It is also the first time that the interstate commerce commission and the railroad labor board have been challenged in the supreme court.

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"With the unprecedented condition of the river now at Great Bend, the situation continues dangerous," he said.

The crest of the flood might send the stream here two or three feet higher, he predicted.

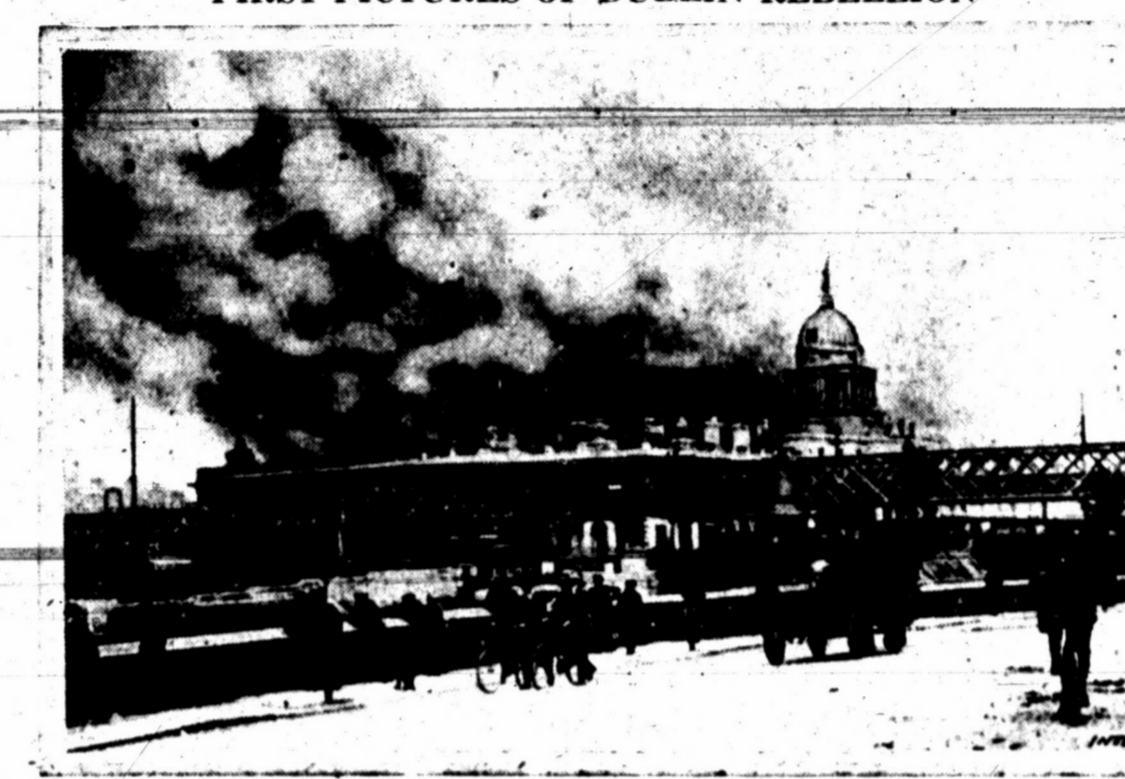
No damage has occurred in Wichita, although it was reported that water had crept up on low farm lands above and below here.

Merchants near the river were moving their goods out of basements today and a few receipts prepared for the work.

Forces were at work around the 12 bridges here keeping drift wood from collecting. Many of the bridges are of weak construction.

The river continued to draw crowds of circus spectators. Every bridge was lined with spectators.

FIRST PICTURES OF DUBLIN REBELLION



A striking view of the great Dublin custom house fire. The building was entirely gutted after Sinn Fein had applied the torch. The bridge in the foreground is the famous, iron bridge spanning the River Liffey. Many persons were killed, and the loss will exceed \$5,000,000, it is said.

ALL STREAMS RISE FOLLOWING RAINS FRIDAY AND FRIDAY NIGHT; BIG WICHITA RISES THREE FEET

More damage by swollen streams was experienced by the railroads Friday night and Saturday morning. The Missouri, Kansas and Texas railway lost the Red river bridge early Saturday morning. The Wichita Southern bridge across a stream near Maples was damaged, and fear is expressed of damage to the Denver bridge across the Big Wichita north of the city and the Denver bridge across Little Wichita near Henrietta.

Local showers Friday and Saturday morning resulted in swollen creeks in all the streams in this city and practically the same amount was recorded at all points between this city and Henrietta.

Train No. 4 which left Wichita Falls over the Katy at 7 o'clock Saturday morning arrived at the Red river bridge to find one bent of the bridge gone and eight more out of alignment. It was reported later that the bridge also was swept away when the river kept rising. Train No. 11 is held on the other side.

Both pile drivers of the local division of the Katy with four crews are at work on the bridge over the Canadian river and efforts were being made to secure a driver from the Dallas division to be started when the river late Saturday before traffic could be resumed over the bridge.

The chief dispatcher at the local Denver office was advised that the Little Wichita near Henrietta had shown a rise of four inches an hour during the night and at 9 o'clock was still rising. The large amount of driftwood in the stream was endangering the safety of the bridge. It was said.

The Big Wichita just north of the city rose three feet during the night. It was reported at 9 o'clock Saturday that the bridge over the river near Henrietta was in danger.

The chief dispatcher at the local Denver office was advised that the crisis had not been reached as extremely heavy rains were reported further up the river and points along the Katy in Oklahoma report heavy showers during the night.

Unless the rushing waters in the stream impair the roadbed of the Denver, this road is now open all the way to Denver. One train was granted them through Pueblo to Denver Friday night. Nos. 1 and 2 will make the complete trip while Nos. 3 and 4 will only go as far as Trinidad.

REPATRIATION OF DESTITUTE MEXICANS TO START SHORTLY

More than 800 destitute Mexicans in Wichita Falls for the purpose of repatriation, they had to Mexico will take longer than at first anticipated and it will probably be eight or ten days before anyone will be started on the return to the old country.

This belief was expressed Saturday morning by members of the special commission representing the Mexican government at Fort Worth who are now in the city in the interests of several hundred suffering Mexicans but it was stated that no deserving Mexican who really desires to leave the country and return to his native land would be left out and that eventually between 400 and 500 would be given free transportation.

At a mass meeting Friday night J. Trinidad Amador and Robert Arco, both representing the Mexican consul at Fort Worth, made addresses and urged that all who were without employment of whose future did not seem assured to accept the offer of the Mexican government and return to their old homes in their own country.

Out of the hundreds present a large percentage signified their intention of repatriating.

Working with Senora Manilla and Arco are W. M. Winfield, district freight and passenger agent of the International and Great Northern railway and J. W. Smith, general agent of the Fort Worth and Denver railway and Jimmy Gonzales, Mexican attaché of the local police force.

ARKANSAS RIVER RISES TWO FEET AT ARKANSAS CITY

ARKANSAS CITY, Kan., June 11.—The Arkansas river rose two feet at this point during the night and now stands seven feet above the low-water mark. There is great danger of the river overflowing its banks here very soon.

ACCIDENTALLY KILLED BY GUARD THROUGH MISTAKE

PUEBLO, Colo., June 11.—E. E. Withers, prominent Pueblo business man who was shot and killed Monday night, was "accidentally killed by a bullet from a rifle in the hands of a guard," according to a verdict returned by a jury at Pueblo today.

Public last night by J. W. Hamrick, chairman of the civilian board which investigated the shooting.

Mr. Johnson said the guard from whose rifle the fatal shot was fired was known to him and was not made public. A military hearing will also be held. Col. Patrick J. Hamrick, adjutant general, said.

According to an explanation of the verdict made by Mr. Johnson, the "bullet which killed Mr. Withers ricocheted after striking a stone-paved street and struck him in the back of the head."

DR. GAMBRELL FUNERAL IS ATTENDED BY MANY PROMINENT CHURCH MEN

DALLAS, June 11.—Prominent Texas church leaders, business and professional men attended the funeral here today of Dr. J. B. Gambrell, well-known educator and editor, and four times president of the Southern Baptist convention. He died yesterday after four months' illness.

The funeral service was preached by Dr. W. W. French at First Baptist church and interment was to be in Oakland cemetery. Gov. Pat M. Neff was among those named as honorary pall bearers.

Although nearly 80 years old, Dr. Gambrell was apparently in good health until an attack of heart trouble last February, followed by a strenuous speaking campaign in behalf of the Baptist denomination. During his illness he was active in holding conferences and dictating articles for use in church publications until his condition reached a critical stage early this week.

FIND MUTILATED BODY OF SEVEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL; SEARCHING FOR NEGRO

MOORESTOWN, N. J., June 11.—Burlington county authorities announced today the finding of the badly mutilated body of 7-year-old Matilda Russo, who had been missing since last Saturday. Police are searching for Lexie Edwards, a negro, 35 years old, in connection with the killing of the child.

The body was found buried in the cellar of Lively's home, which is within 50 feet of that of the Russo family in East Second street, East Moorestown. The throat had been cut and the abdominal cavity had been opened.

The child was the daughter of Michael Russo, a tailor. Lively's wife and 5-year-old son had been away from home.

The community is aroused and extra precautions have been taken to safeguard Lively when found.

MEETING OF BANKERS IN CHICAGO TO DISCUSS LOANS TO CATTLEMEN

WASHINGTON, June 11.—Secretary Mellon announced today that a number of bankers in the livestock growing sections had been asked to meet in Chicago next Wednesday to discuss the best methods for meeting the livestock loan situation.

It is understood that the Chicago conference will consider the feasibility of forming a bank to extend credit to the cattle industry somewhat along the lines of the cotton pool formed in the south in 1914. Treasury officials said such a plan was considered as an alternative to the recommendations made to congress by the federal reserve board that \$10,000,000 of federal funds be made available to the War Finance Corporation for loans to cattle raisers.

WILL URGE THE SUCCESS OF THREE BOND ISSUES

ELECTRA, June 11.—The Electra chamber of commerce will direct an intensive campaign in this city and community in behalf of three county bond issues to be voted on June 13. The bond issues are: \$100,000 of bonds for erection of branch county hospitals to be located in Electra and Burk Burnett, and \$15,000 of bonds for additions to the county hospital at Wichita Falls. The new issue of road bonds will bear six per cent interest and their sale at par and accrued interest has been contracted for.

ONE PERSON IS SHOT AND FIFTEEN FATALLY WOUNDED

BELFAST, June 11.—One person was shot and others fatally wounded and several citizens were taken to hospitals as the result of a melee on Cupar street last night. A police force was fired upon and returned the fire. Crowds of unionists gathered and cheered excitedly.

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AFFIRM HOWAT CASE AND HOLD INDUSTRIAL COURT LAW IS VALID

TOPICKA, Kan., June 11.—In the federal court today the validity of the Kansas industrial court law was affirmed. The Crawford county district court today affirmed the decision of the state supreme court sentencing Alexander Howat to one year in jail for contempt. The law was held valid on each of the eight issues raised.

The opinion was concurred in by all of the supreme court judges. It emphatically states that production of coal is affected with a public interest and subject to state regulation and control.

Howat, who is president of the Kansas miners' union, was found guilty of contempt of court for violating an injunction which this state previously had obtained against him and his efforts to prevent calling of a strike in the Pittsburg district.

Howat was found guilty and sentenced to a year in jail. His appeal to the state supreme court followed immediately. The case probably will go to the United States supreme court for final determination.

Referring to the industrial court, the decision says forth:

"The act creating the court of industrial relations is a reasonable and valid exercise of the police power of the state over the business of producing coal and does not impair liberty of contract or permit involuntary servitude contrary to the constitution of the United States."

BUNNENBERG MAY BE CANDIDATE IN POLICE ELECTION

TOPICKA, Kan., June 11.—Eva Catherine Kaber, widow of Daniel F. Kaber of Lakewood, Ohio, and her daughter, Miss Marian McArdle, pleaded not guilty to the charge of first degree murder of Kaber when arraigned before Judge Maurice Vernon this morning. The court set their hearing for June 28 and remanded both women to jail without bail.

It is said that Mrs. Kaber may be a candidate for police commissioner in the July 16 election. It was learned Saturday Mr. Bunnenberg has not definitely decided to make the race, but says he has been urged to do so by friends and is seriously considering entering the contest.

Mr. Bunnenberg was formerly proprietor of a hotel here. Recently he has been devoting his time mainly to farming interests near this city.

MRS. KABER AND HER DAUGHTER PLEAD NOT GUILTY TO CHARGES

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MANY NOTABLES AT GALBRAITH FUNERAL

CINCINNATI, June 11.—Not since the funeral of General Joseph J. Hooker in the '70s has there been such a military funeral cortege in this city as that to follow services this afternoon for Colonel Fred W. Galbraith, national commander of the American Legion, who was killed in Indianapolis Thursday morning.

The funeral was given an international phase by the presence of Mitchell Knecht, French high commissioner, to the United States, and other French officials. French veterans will carry the tricolor in the funeral procession.

Assistant Secretary Theodore Roosevelt, Colonel T. M. Miller, alien property custodian, and J. T. Taylor, vice chairman of the legion's executive committee, also came from Washington today.

PARIS, June 11.—Marshall Foch called a message of sympathy today to Mrs. Frederick W. Galbraith Jr. whose husband was killed in an automobile accident at Indianapolis Thursday. He also sent a message to the American Legion.

LEWIS AND CLARK EXHIBIT

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PROTEST JAPANESE INTERFERING IN THE SIBERIAN SITUATION

TOKYO, June 10.—The representative of the Far Eastern Republic, according to the newspapers, has handed notes to the Chinese government and also to the Japanese. American and British ministers reiterating the Far Eastern government's protest against what is termed Japanese interference in Siberia and insisting that the anarchic conditions are due to Japan's support of the former troops of the late Czarist army.

It is said further in the notes that Japan's occupation is an infringement of Russia's sovereignty and the request is made that the allies urge Japan to evacuate Siberia at the earliest possible date.

Harbin dispatches report that the Far Eastern Republic has decided to seek the help of the soviet to fight Japan "should this become necessary" in the anti-reactionary struggle.

MAIL CAR BANDIT ESCAPES FROM THE FEDERAL OFFICERS

PORTLAND, Ore., June 11.—Roy Gardner, mail car bandit on his way to the federal prison at McNeil island, escaped from federal officers at Castle Rock early this morning after holding up the officers at the point of a pistol which he had concealed in his shirt and taking their weapons and \$250 in cash. He was aided by Eggie Bryson, another prisoner, it is said. Gardner jumped out of the car window. A posse is on his trail.

MRS. SOUTHARD IN TWIN FALLS JAIL

WOMAN CHARGED WITH MURDER OF FOURTH HUSBAND IS BROUGHT FROM HONOLULU.

TWIN FALLS, IDAHO, June 11.—Mrs. Lydia Southard, charged with the murder of her fourth husband, Edward Meyer, arrived in Twin Falls today, accompanied by Deputy Sheriff Ormsby to await trial.

Prosecuting Attorney Frank L. Stephan, two deputy sheriffs and three newspapermen were the only persons present when she was taken to the county jail, the authorities here having surrounded her arrival with secrecy.

"Don't let them question me," said Mrs. Southard before she was taken to a cell. "I am not well enough to see them."

The last 120 miles of the journey from Honolulu was made overland by automobile from Wells, Nev. Mrs. Southard is suffering from nervous headaches with indications of a nervous breakdown, said Mr. Ormsby.

W. F. Guthrie, chief counsel retained by Mrs. Southard, said after a few minutes' conversation with the prisoner that "she is entitled to a speedy trial."

REAR ADMIRAL SIMS GETS A RUSH ORDER TO REPORT TO DENBY

WASHINGTON, June 11.—Rear Admiral Sims' leave of absence in England was revoked today by Secretary Denby and he was ordered to report at once to the secretary of the navy.

Mr. Denby's action was taken without waiting for a reply from the officer to the secretary's cablegram asking whether he had been suggested as an attacking ship fleet commander in the United States in a dispatch received in London this week. Admiral Sims had announced that he would sail for home from England on June 13.

TELEGRAPH BRIEFS.

RIGGS, June 10.—Moscow advised that the congress of the United States finally opened its sessions there on Thursday.

HAVANA, June 11.—Cuba's financial condition will be considered at a conference of bankers in New York on June 14. It was learned here last night.

NEW YORK, June 11.—The condition of General John M. Gomez, former president of Cuba, who is ill of pneumonia at his apartment in the Hotel Plaza, was reported favorable today by his physicians.

NEW CONCORD, OHIO, June 11.—A degree of doctor in medicine was granted Monday at Washington college here. It was announced today. The president is a graduate of Ohio Leland University, later combined with Washington.

TOLEDO, June 11.—Illustrations of the life of the late General Sherman, prepared by the United States Army, were shown to the public here today.

PITTSBURGH, June 11.—A resolution prohibiting delegates those persons who use tobacco was defeated by a vote of 10 to 9 at the annual convention of the Presbyterian church of North America in convention here today.

WILL BE EIGHT OR TEN DAYS BEFORE ANY ARE SENT HOME

MEETING FRIDAY NIGHT SHOWS MANY IN FAVOR

Some Delay Necessary But Eventually All Who Desire It Will Be Returned.

The work of registering destitute Mexicans in Wichita Falls for the purpose of transporting them back to Mexico will take longer than at first anticipated and it will probably be eight or ten days before anyone will be started on the return to the old country.

This belief was expressed Saturday morning by members of the special commission representing the Mexican government at Fort Worth who are now in the city in the interests of several hundred suffering Mexicans but it was stated that no deserving Mexican who really desires to leave the country and return to his native land would be left out and that eventually between 400 and 500 would be given free transportation.

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ELECTRA PLANS TO HAVE A CELEBRATION JULY 4

ELECTRA, June 11.—The board of directors of the chamber of commerce here announced plans for a fourth of July celebration in Electra and the program will include a free barbecue, baseball game, horse races, music by band and good speeches.

ELECTRA, June 11.—The board of directors of the chamber of commerce adopted a resolution Tuesday, urging amendment of truck bill 161 enacted by the legislature in its last session. The business interests of this city are united in their opposition to the truck bill in its present form. Although there is no opposition here, a reasonable and just tax on commercial trucks.

GERMANS TO TAX HEAVILY TO MEET ALLIED DEMANDS

BERLIN, June 10.—Minister of Economics Schmidt today informed the imperial council of Reichstag that in order to meet the demands of the allied reparations commission the German government would be compelled to impose a turnover tax, increase the coal tax and create new monopolies. Even this, the minister added, would not suffice and the government contemplated taking measures for its participation in the profits of private concerns.

FIFTY STUDENTS ENROLL IN CLARENDON SUMMER SCHOOL

CLARENDON, TEXAS, June 11.—The summer school is moving along in full swing. Over 50 high school and college students have enrolled for regular work. Dean Condon is director, assisted by Miss Mamie McLean, Miss Mena Lane and Miss Ruth McLean. New students are being accepted daily and it will be the most successful summer school ever held in the county.

NEW CAMP GROUNDS AT CLARENDON IS POPULAR

CLARENDON, TEXAS, June 11.—The new camp grounds in this city is proving a success. Every night since it has been completed cars are parked from different parts of the state, and all have said a good word for the new grounds. Water, wood, cooking and other accommodations are provided. Everyone is welcome. It is on the main Colorado to Gulf highway.

JAPANESE FARMER CALLED TO HIS DOOR IS SHOT AND KILLED

GALVESTON, June 11.—I. Onishi, a Japanese farmer of Lamarque, 12 miles from this city, was called to his door last night and shot. He died a few hours later in a local hospital.

The shooting was witnessed by Onishi's twelve-year-old son, who is unable to give an accurate description of the assailant. No arrests have been made and the officers are without a definite clue.

BURONIC PLAGUE IN TAMPICO

HAVANA, CUBA, June 11.—Thirty-seven deaths from bubonic plague occurred in Tampico during May, according to the health department. The disease was first reported there on May 25 and has since spread to other parts of the state.

DETROIT HEALTH BOARD IS SUED FOR A MILLION

DETROIT, June 11.—Suits for \$1,000,000 damaged has been filed in federal court here against the board of health by the Curtis corporation of California, which alleges that the corporation's business was damaged to that extent through seizure in October, 1919, of a quantity of its products, following the death of five persons. The board of health declared, to botulinus poisoning.

LARAMIE HOLDS THE RANGE & FRANK H. SPEARMAN

THE STORY.

KATE DOUBLEDAY has journeyed to the far west to visit her father.

BARB DOUBLEDAY, who deserted her mother years before and about whom the girl knows little or nothing. This strange father she finds engaged in certain dubious enterprises which he does not see fit to explain, but he offers his daughter a home at his ranch, and here she quickly adapts herself to her surroundings with the aid and friendship of BELLE STOCKLEY, a woman of the neighborhood who runs a saloon house in Sleepy Cat Junction, the nearby town. Kate quickly learns that a bitter war is under way, ostensibly between cattle thieves and the big ranch owners of the country, and that her father is looked upon as leader of one of the factions.

TOM STONE, foreman at the Doubleday ranch, and HARRY VAN HORN, a dashing cattleman who prescribes himself into a permanent suitor for Kate's hand. From these and others Kate hears much talk of one

JIM LARAMIE, whose position in the feud is at first a matter of some doubt. Kate is inclined to be hostile when she meets him, but Laramie falls in love with the girl, and in spite of herself she is interested. Then Laramie bluntly refuses an invitation to line up with Doubleday and his men in the cattle fight and war is declared. Doubleday and Van Horn organize a raid on the Falling Wall country, where Laramie lives, directing their operations chiefly against

ABE HAWK, known as a cattle rustler and "bad man." Hawk's crew before saved Laramie's life, and when the outlaw escapes, wounded, from the raiders, Laramie comes upon Van Horn, Stone and JOHN LEFVEVER, the marshal, he covers Hawk's retreat to an inaccessible hiding place under an old bridge abundant in the foothills, thus incurring the open enmity of the Doubleday outfit and a bitter denunciation from Kate, who charges him with harboring cattle thieves. Shortly afterward Kate, who has lost her way in a blinding storm, unexpectedly meets Hawk's crew, and she is taken to a hospital. She sets out with the two men on their desperate ride through the storm and at a swollen creek Hawk saves her from drowning at the cost of his own life. When an elaborate funeral is arranged for the dead outlaw by

HARRY TENISON, keeper of the hotel at Sleepy Cat, and other outlaws, Kate defies public opinion and rides behind the coffin. It angers her father, and he orders her to "pack up and get out." On her way to town with an old rancher named Bradley she comes upon Van Horn, Stone and several other men, and a moment later Laramie appears down the road. Jim's horse has just been burned down and his cattle driven away by Doubleday's men and he is fighting mad. Taking the riders unawares, he starts them with Bradley's help, sends a defiant message to Doubleday, demanding the return of his cattle and takes Van Horn and Stone to town, where they are locked up in jail but soon released. Kate has unwittingly revealed the location of the hiding place at the old bridge, and now Laramie is cornered by Doubleday's men, who manage to wound him badly as he escapes down a canyon. Kate hears that he has made his way to the town, but she is unable to find a safe place of medical attention. She goes to the barn, finds a man named McAlpin there, and persuades him to take her to where Laramie is hidden.

my horse; leastways I bumped my head. I'll be all right tomorrow."

"Belle told me there had been a fight up at the canyon bridge," Kate stammered, already at a loss to begin.

A sickly yellow smile pointed the silence. "I wouldn't call it exactly a fight," he said, dwelling somewhat on the last word. "Far from it," he repeated, with a touch of grimness. "There was some shooting. And some running." She could see how he paused between sentences. "But if the other fellows ran it must have been after me. I didn't pay much attention to who was behind. I had to make a tolerably steep ladder to get down the Falling Wall. I was on horseback, and didn't have much leisure to pick my way."

"And they shooting at you from the rim?"

"Well, they must have been shooting at something in my general direction. I guess they hit me once. I didn't mind getting hit myself, but I didn't want them to hit my



He had become so absorbed in his recital that the entrance into the barroom from the barber shop of a booted and spurred man escaped him. The man, advancing deliberately, heard the last of McAlpin's words. He got fairly close to the unsuspecting barn boss unobserved. A few in the listening circle, noting the approach of the new arrival, stepped back a little for all men that might be expected, after McAlpin's dark intimations, to appear, then and there, alive and aggressive, was Tom Stone.

Freshly barbered, head forward, keen eyes peering from under staring, sandy brows; thumbs stuck in his belt and his face framed a confident leer, Stone sauntering forward, listened to McAlpin. So intent was McAlpin on impressing his hearers that the foreman allowed his way, before McAlpin saw him, directly to the front.

McAlpin caught his breath. The wily Scotchman was not a coward, but he knew the merciless cruelty of Stone. Aggravated, McAlpin would have been no man to affront his deadly skill; he now faced him unarmed.

Stone, leaning his right hand hooked by the thumb in his belt, rested his left elbow on the bar. The bartender, Luke, just back of him, leaning forward, mopped the bar more slowly, and listening, moved a little farther down the bar until his fingers rested on an electric button underneath connected with Tenison's office in the hotel.

"Name the two men, McAlpin," said Stone, ominously, "while you're able to talk."

McAlpin exhausted his ingenuity in his efforts to evade his danger, but Stone drew his nose about him tighter and tighter. He played the unlucky man with all the malice of an executioner. He baited him and toyed with him. McAlpin, white, stood his ground. His fighting blood was all there, and he broke at length into a torrent of abuse of the man that he realized was bent on murdering him.

Made eloquent by desperation, McAlpin never rose to greater heights of profane caustic. It was as if he were making his last will and testament of hatred and contempt for his murderer, and when he had showered on his enemy every epithet stored in a retentive memory he struck his empty glass on the bar and shouted: "Now, you hell cat, shoot!"

It might have been thought Stone would check such a public castigation. He did not. Impervious to abuse, because master of the situation, he seemed to enjoy his victim's fury. "I'm finishing up with your gang around here, McAlpin," he snarled, never losing his grin. "You've run a rustler's barn in Sleepy Cat long enough. I've warned you and I've warned Kitchens. It didn't do no good. Fill up your glass, McAlpin."

"I Stone, I'd never fill up a glass with you if I was in hell 'n' you could pull me out."

Stone's grin deepened. "Fill up your glass, McAlpin."

Onlookers, knowing what a refusal would mean, held their breaths. But McAlpin, white and stubborn, with another oath, again refused.

"Fill it, McAlpin," urged a quiet voice behind the bar. Looking quickly, like a hunted animal, around, McAlpin saw Harry Tenison, white faced and cold, pushing the bottle in friendly fashion toward him. Every man save one, watching, hoped he would humor at least that much his expectant murderer. But the barn boss had reached a state of fear and anger that inflamed every stubborn drop in his blood. He swore he would not fill his glass.

Tenison spoke grimly: "Will you drink it if I fill it, you mule?" he demanded, picking up the bottle and pouring into both glasses in front of him.

In the dead silence McAlpin's brain was in a storm. He collected a few of his wildly flying thoughts. Perhaps he remembered the wife and Loretta and the babies; at all events he stared at the liquor, gulped to see whether he could swallow, and, reaching forward, picked up the glass. Stone lifted his own. The two men, their glasses poised, eyed each other.

Stone barred a taunt for his victim. "Goin' to drink, air you?" he sneered, wrenching his eyes in leering wrinkles.

"No," said a man, unnoticed until then by any except Tenison and Luke, and speaking as he pushed forward through the crowd to face both Stone and McAlpin. "He's not going to drink."

Stone's glass was half way up to his lips; he looked across it and saw himself face to face with Jim Laramie. Laramie, who, unseen, had heard enough of the quarrel, stood with his coat slung over his right shoulder; one arm he carried in a sling, but as far as this concerned Stone, it was the wrong arm. Daring neither to raise the whisky to his lips nor to set the glass down, lest Laramie, suspecting he meant to draw, should shoot, Stone stood rooted. "McAlpin's not going to drink, Stone," repeated Laramie. "What are you going to do about it?"

The mere sight of Laramie would have been a vastly unpleasant surprise. But to find himself faced by him in fighting trim after what had taken place in the morning was an upset.

"What am I going to do about it?" echoed Stone, lifting his eyebrows and grinning astew. "What are you going to do about it, Jim?" he demanded. "You and me used to bunk together, didn't we?"

"I bunked with a rattlesnake once. I didn't know it," responded Laramie, dryly. "Next morning the rattlesnake didn't know it."

"Jim, I'll drink with you just once for old times,"

"I wouldn't drink with you, Stone. No

man would drink with you if he wasn't afraid of you. And after tonight nobody's going to be afraid of you. You're a thief among thieves. Tom Stone; a bully, a coward, a skulker. You shoot from cover. When Barb made you foreman you and Van Horn stole his cattle and Dutch Henry sold 'em for you and divided with you. Then, for fear Barb would get wise, you and Van Horn got up the raid and killed Dutch Henry, so he couldn't talk.

"Now you're going to quit this stuff. No more thieving, no more man-killing, no bully-ragging, no nothing. Tenison will clear this room. Hold your glass right where it is till the last man gets out. When he gets out set down your glass; you'll have time enough allowed you. After that, draw where you stand. You're not entitled to a chance. God, Stone, I'd rather bunk with a rattlesnake than with you. I'd rather kill one than kill a thing like you. Your head ought to be pounded with a rock. You're entitled to nothing. But you can have your chance. Get the boys out of here, Harry."

Not for one instant did he take his eye off Stone's eye or raise his lone above a speaking voice, and Laramie's voice was naturally low. To catch his syllables, listeners crowded in and craned their necks. Few men withdrew, but every one courteously and sedulously got out of the prospective line of fire.

What it cost Laramie even to stand on his feet and talk Tenison could most shrewdly estimate. From behind the bar he coldly regarded the wounded man. He knew that Laramie must have escaped Carpy and Belle to look for the men that had tried that morning to kill him. Having found Stone he meant then and there to fight.

Tenison likewise realized that he was in no condition to do it, and promptly intervened: "Don't look at me, Jim," he said. "But I'm talking. There's no man in Sleepy Cat can clear this room now. Most of this crowd are your friends. They want to see this hellbound cleaned up. But you know what it means to some of 'em if two guns cut loose."

Stone saw the gate open. He welcomed a speaking voice, and Laramie, he swallowed his drink, set his glass on the bar with a voice dried and cracked he cried: "Keep your hands off, Tenison. I'll give Jim Laramie all the fight he wants, here or anywhere."

Tenison was willing to bridge the crisis with abuse. "Shut up, you coyote," he remarked, with complete indifference.

"You'll throw a man down no matter how much of your whisky he drinks, won't you, Tenison?" cried Stone.

Tenison, both hands judicially spread of the bar, seemed to fawn to hear. "McAlpin," he said contemptuously, "walk around behind Laramie and lift Stone's gun."

Stone started violently. "Look out, Tenison! I lift my gun when there's men to stand by and see fair play!"

A roar of laughter went up. "I don't lift it for no frumpus," he shouted, turning an angry toward the unsympathetic crowd. "Get out!" cried one voice far enough back to be safe. "Send for Barb," shouted a second. "Page Van Horn," piped a barber. Stone moved toward the door.

The baited foreman turned only for a parting shot at Laramie. "I'll see 'ow later."

"If I was your friend," retorted Laramie unmoved, "I'd advise you not to. If you ride my trail don't expect anything more from me. And I make this town," he hampered home the point with his right forefinger indicating the door, "and the Falling Wall, range my trail."

"Stone ought to have tried it tonight," observed Tenison at the cash register. He was speaking to his bartender long after Stone had disappeared, Laramie had been put to bed again, and the billiard hall had been deserted. "He'll never get a chance again at Laramie half shot to pieces."

Laramie, held for a week in bed, learned from the doctor of Belle's outburst at Kate and, acting through him and with him, arranged peace.

Complaining of a cold, with her other troubles, Belle took to bed when Laramie was moved to the hotel and Kate turned in to nurse her.

"You won't starve while she stays, Belle," declared Carpy, leaving Kate in possession of the cottage, "and while I think of it," he added, turning to Kate, "Laramie says he wants to see you. You call him up on the telephone, will you?"

"What for, doctor?"

"To oblige me, girl. I want to hold that fellow in his room a few days more and keep his arm in a sling. He's no easier to handle than a wildcat."

Kate looked perplexed. "What shall I say to him?"

Carpy stood at the door with his hand on the knob. "Jolly him along—you know how he says he's coming down here for dinner tonight. Tell him Belle's sick."

Belle listened. The more Kate considered the mandate the more confusing it seemed. But she rang up the hotel, called for Laramie, and heard presently a man's voice in answer.

"Is this Mr. Laramie?" she asked.

"It is not," was the answer.

"Isn't he there?"

"No."

"Can you tell me when he will be in?"

"He won't be in."

She sighed with impatience. "I want to speak to him, and I think this is he speaking. You know very well who I am," she persisted.

"I do."

"And I know very well who you are."

FOURTEENTH INSTALLMENT.

Laramie Tells a Lie.

KATE, pacing McAlpin's rapid step breathlessly, hung on his half-muttered words. "He's bleedin' to death," continued McAlpin, "that's the short of it, and that blamed doctor down at Medicine Bend. I don't think much of that man. Can't none of us stop it. Where's this 'goin' to end?"

He led her by roundabout passages, up one alley and down another, and at last opened the door of an old harness room, waited for Kate to follow him inside and, closing the door behind her, spoke: "I didn't want you to have to climb a barn ladder," he said, explaining, "There's the stairs." He pointed in the semi-darkness and led her toward the flight along the opposite wall. At the top of this flight light fell from a square opening in the hay mow.

"Walk up them stairs—I lifted the trap door for ye. He's right up there at the head of the steps. When ye come down, open this door at the foot, here. It's a blind door, don't show on the other side. See, it's bolted. It takes you right into the office. We keep it bolted from the inside, so no trouble can't come, see?" He unbolted and opened the door a crack to show her, closed and rebolted it. Then starting her up the stairs, McAlpin jerked the crazy visor on his forehead into a fashion once more simulating childlike frankness and disappeared by the way he had come.

To be summarily left alone and in such a place was disconcerting. Kate, in the semi-darkness and silence, put her foot on the first tread of the steps and, placing her hand against the wall, looked upward. Not a sound above her a partial light through a trap door and a wounded man. She stood completely unnerved. The thought of Laramie wounded, perhaps dying, the man that had rescued her, protected her, in truth saved her life on that fearful night—this man, now lying above her stricken, perhaps murdered, by her own father's friends! How could she face him? Only the thought that he should not lie wounded and die, without knowing at least that she was not ungrateful, that she had not wittingly betrayed him, gave her strength to start up the narrow steps.

When her head rose above the trap opening the light in the large loft seemed less than it had promised from below. There were no windows, but through a gable door, partly ajar, shot a narrow slit of daylight from the afterglow of the sunset. Kate caught glimpses of a mass of rafters, struts and beams and under them huge piles of loose hay. Reaching the top step she paused, trying to look about in the dim light, when Laramie, close at hand, startled her.

"McAlpin told me you wanted to see me," he said.

Kate could distinguish nothing for a moment, but the low words reassured her.

"I'm lying on the hay," he continued, in the same tone. "If you'll open the door a little more you can see better."

Picking her way carefully over to it, Kate pushed the door open somewhat wider and turned toward Laramie.

He lay not far from the stairs. The yellow light of the evening glow falling on his face reflected a greenish pallor. Kate caught her breath, for it seemed as if she were looking into the face of death until she perceived, as she turned his head, the unusual brightness of his eyes.

In her confusion what she had meant to say fled. "Are you very much hurt?" she faltered.

"Far from it," he spoke slowly. "If it cost him an effort none was discernible. "Coming into the barn tonight," he went on, very haltingly, "I had a kind of dizzy spell. He paused again. "I've been dizzy so much lately, anyway. They say—I fell off

horse. I was heading for the bottom as fast as the law would allow. If they'd hit the horse, I wouldn't have had much more than one jump from the rim to the river. Can't ask you to sit down," he added, "unless you'll sit here on the hay."

Without the least hesitation, Kate placed herself beside him. Without giving her a chance to speak and in the same monotone, he added: "Who told you I was a gambler?"

Less than so blunt and unexpected a question would have sufficed to take her aback. And she was conscious in the fading light of his strangely bright eyes fixed steadily on her. "I don't remember anybody ever did."

"Somebody did. You told Belle once."

"It must have been long ago."

"Is that the reason you never acted natural with me?"

She flushed with impatience. But if she tried to get away he brought her back to the subject. Cornered, she grew resentful. "I can't tell you told me," she pleaded, after ineffectual sparring. "I've forgotten. Are you a gambler?" she demanded, turning inquisitive herself.

He did not move, and it was an instant before he replied: "What do you mean?" he asked, "by gambler?"

Kate's tone was hard. "Just what anybody means."

"If you mean a man that makes his living by gambling—or hangs around a gambling house all the time, or plays regularly—then I couldn't fairly and squarely be called a gambler. If you mean a man that plays cards sometimes, or has once in a while bet on a game in a gambling house, then, I suppose—he was so evidently squirming that Kate meanly enjoyed his discomfort—"you might call me that. It would all depend on whether the one telling it liked me or didn't like me. I haven't been in Tenison's rooms for months, nor played but one game of poker."

"I despise gambling."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Why should I?"

"In one sense everybody's a gambler. Everybody I know of is playing for something. Take your father and me: He's playing for my life, I'm playing for you. He's playing for a small stake, I'm playing for a big one."

She could not protest quick enough: "You talk wildly."

"No," he persisted evenly, "I only look at it just as it is."

"Don't ask me to believe all the cruel things said of my father any more than you want me to believe the things said of you. I am terribly sorry to see you wounded. And now—her words caught in her throat—"Belle blames me even for that."

"How on earth does she blame you for that?"

Despite her efforts to control herself, Kate, as she approached the unpleasant subject, began to tremble inwardly with the fear that it must after all be as Belle had rudely asserted—that her father was behind these efforts against Laramie's life. For nothing had shaken her tottering faith in her father more than the blunt words Laramie himself had just now indifferently spoken.

"If I am in any way to blame, it is innocently," she hurried on. "I will tell you everything; you shall judge. My father was bitterly angry when he learned I had been seen at Abe Hawk's funeral. I told him about my getting lost, about falling into the place at the bridge—how you did everything you could, and how Abe Hawk had done all he could. He was so angry he would listen to nothing—I, she stopped, collected herself, tried to go on, could not.

"O, I hate this country!" she exclaimed.

"I hate the people and everything in it. And I'm going away from it—as far as I can get. But I wouldn't go," she said determinedly, "without seeing you and telling you this much."

Laramie spoke quietly, but with confidence: "You are not going away from this country."

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Listening to her effort to speak the words, he was not sorry for what he had said. "If you're going to lie," Hawk had once said to him, cynically, "don't stumble, don't beat about the bush—do a job!" The moment Kate told her story, Laramie knew exactly how he had been trapped. But why blame her? "It's the first time I ever lied to her," he thought ruefully to himself. "It's the first time she ever believed me!"

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"Who says I'm going to die?"

"They were afraid you might."

"Well, I don't like to disappoint anybody, but dying is a thing a man is entitled to take his time about."

"Can't I do something till the doctor comes?"

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"I don't care what you do—do something," he said. "Your hands feel awful good."

"I've nothing here to work with."

"All right, we'll go to the drug store and get something." After stubborn efforts he got on his feet and insisted on going down the stairs. Nothing that Kate could say would dissuade him. "I've been here long enough, anyway," was his decision. "I'm feeling better every minute, only awfully thirsty."

Kate attended him down the dark stairs, fearful he might fall over her as she went ahead. Secrecy of movement seemed to have no significance for him. If his friends were disturbed, Laramie was not. He evidently knew the harness room, for he opened the blind door with hardly any hesitation and stepped into the office. The office was empty, but the street door of the stable was open. McAlpin stood in the gangway talking to some man who evidently caught a glimpse of Laramie, for he said rudely and loud enough for Kate to hear: "Hell, McAlpin! There comes your dead man now!"

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"What would I be doing anywhere?" retorted Laramie.

"Go back to your den. This man says you're dyin'."

"Well, I'm not getting much encouragement at it—I've been waiting for you three hours to help things along. I'm done with the hay."

"Looking for a feather bed to die in? Some men are blamed particular." As he spoke Carpy caught his first glimpse of Kate. "Hello! There's the pretty little girl from the great big ranch. No wonder the man's up and coming—what did you send for me for, McAlpin? Who's your heading, Jim?"

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In the circumstances, McAlpin's fancy had full play, and distrustful of his imagination unaided, he repaired early to the Mountain House bar to stimulate it. Thus it gradually transpired along the bar, either from the stimulant or its reaction, or from McAlpin's excitement, that a big fight had taken place that morning in the Falling Wall from which only Laramie had returned alive. It was known that he had come back and inference as to who the dead men might be could center only on his two active enemies, Tom Stone and Harry Van-Horn. The pawky barn boss, who possessed perfectly the art of tantalizing innuendo, thus stirred the bar-room pool to the depths.

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Carpy found he must again intervene. He dispatched McAlpin as a diplomatic envoy, over to his own house whether he had taken Kate as his guest when she declined to return to Belle's.

However others may have felt that night about Laramie's affairs, one man, McAlpin, was proud of his ride, desperately wounded, all the way to town. Laramie had made a confidant of no one but Kate. His experience in being trapped was not so pleasant that he liked to talk about it and neither McAlpin's shrewd questioning nor Carpy's restrained curiosity was gratified that night.

In the circumstances, McAlpin's fancy had full play, and distrustful of his imagination unaided, he repaired early to the Mountain House bar to stimulate it. Thus it gradually transpired along the bar, either from the stimulant or its reaction, or from McAlpin's excitement, that a big fight had taken place that morning in the Falling Wall from which only Laramie had returned alive. It was known that he had come back and inference as to who the dead men might be could center only on his two active enemies, Tom Stone and Harry Van-Horn. The pawky barn boss, who possessed perfectly the art of tantalizing innuendo, thus stirred the bar-room pool to the depths.

McAlpin chose the rustler's end of the bar, as Abe Hawk's old stand was called—and held the interest of the room against all comers.

man would drink with you if he wasn't afraid of you. And after tonight nobody's going to be afraid of you. You're a thief among thieves. Tom Stone; a bully, a coward, a skulker. You shoot from cover. When Barb made you foreman you and Van Horn stole his cattle and Dutch Henry sold 'em for you and divided with you. Then, for fear Barb would get wise, you and Van Horn got up the raid and killed Dutch Henry, so he couldn't talk.

"Now you're going to quit this stuff. No more thieving, no more man-killing, no bully-ragging, no nothing. Tenison will clear this room. Hold your glass right where it is till the last man gets out. When he gets out set down your glass; you'll have time enough allowed you. After that, draw where you stand. You're not entitled to a chance. God, Stone, I'd rather bunk with a rattlesnake than with you. I'd rather kill one than kill a thing like you. Your head ought to be pounded with a rock. You're entitled to nothing. But you can have your chance. Get the boys out of here, Harry."

Not for one instant did he take his eye off Stone's eye or raise his lone above a speaking voice, and Laramie's voice was naturally low. To catch his syllables, listeners crowded in and craned their necks. Few men withdrew, but every one courteously and sedulously got out of the prospective line of fire.

What it cost Laramie even to stand on his feet and talk Tenison could most shrewdly estimate. From behind the bar he coldly regarded the wounded man. He knew that Laramie must have escaped Carpy and Belle to look for the men that had tried that morning to kill him. Having found Stone he meant then and there to fight.

Tenison likewise realized that he was in no condition to do it, and promptly intervened: "Don't look at me, Jim," he said. "But I'm talking. There's no man in Sleepy Cat can clear this room now. Most of this crowd are your friends. They want to see this hellbound cleaned up. But you know what it means to some of 'em if two guns cut loose."

Stone saw the gate open. He welcomed a speaking voice, and Laramie, he swallowed his drink, set his glass on the bar with a voice dried and cracked he cried: "Keep your hands off, Tenison. I'll give Jim Laramie all the fight he wants, here or anywhere."

Tenison was willing to bridge the crisis with abuse. "Shut up, you coyote," he remarked, with complete indifference.

"You'll throw a man down no matter how much of your whisky he drinks, won't you, Tenison?" cried Stone.

Tenison, both hands judicially spread of the bar, seemed to fawn to hear. "McAlpin," he said contemptuously, "walk around behind Laramie and lift Stone's gun."

Stone started violently. "Look out, Tenison! I lift my gun when there's men to stand by and see fair play!"

A roar of laughter went up. "I don't lift it for no frumpus," he shouted, turning an angry toward the unsympathetic crowd. "Get out!" cried one voice far enough back to be safe. "Send for Barb," shouted a second. "Page Van Horn," piped a barber. Stone moved toward the door.

The baited foreman turned only for a parting shot at Laramie. "I'll see 'ow later."

"If I was your friend," retorted Laramie unmoved, "I'd advise you not to. If you ride my trail don't expect anything more from me. And I make this town," he hampered home the point with his right forefinger indicating the door, "and the Falling Wall, range my trail."

"Stone ought to have tried it tonight," observed Tenison at the cash register. He was speaking to his bartender long after Stone had disappeared, Laramie had been put to bed again, and the billiard hall had been deserted. "He'll never get a chance again at Laramie half shot to pieces."

Laramie, held for a week in bed, learned from the doctor of Belle's outburst at Kate and, acting through him and with him, arranged peace.

Complaining of a cold, with her other troubles, Belle took to bed when Laramie was moved to the hotel and Kate turned in to nurse her.

"You won't starve while she stays, Belle," declared Carpy, leaving Kate in possession of the cottage, "and while I think of it," he added, turning to Kate, "Laramie says he wants to see you. You call him up on the telephone, will you?"

"What for, doctor?"

"To oblige me, girl. I want to hold that fellow in his

LARAMIE HOLDS THE REINAGE BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN

(Continued from preceding page.)

"In that you may be mistaken."

"Surely I'm not mistaken in believing Mr. Laramie a gentleman."

"But you are mistaken in believing any person by that name here."

"There is a person there who loves to persecute me, isn't there?"

"Is there one there that likes to have his own way?"

"No more than you like to have your own way."

"Is there a man named Jim there?"

"Speaking, Kate."

"Live a message from Belle?"

"What is the message?"

"She is in bed with a cold and fever and wants you not to come tonight. As soon as she is up she will let you know."

Belle held her peace till Kate left the telephone. "I can't make Dr. Carpy out," she grumbled. "If he didn't want Jim Laramie to come down here, what did he ask you to call him up for? If he doesn't know any more than that about doctoring," she added, contemptuously, "I'd hate to take his medicine."

She waited for Kate's comment, but Kate possessed the great art of saying nothing. "I guess," continued Belle at length, "it's time to take that pill he left, but I guess I won't take it. What do you think about it?" she asked referring again to Carpy.

Kate was not to be drawn out. "I found out a long time ago that Dr. Carpy doesn't tell all he knows," she observed, dryly. "I do know he wants Mr. Laramie to stay in his room. He says his shoulder will never heal if he doesn't keep still."

To this Belle made no response, but when Laramie knocked at the door in the evening she knew who it was. Kate received him. Talking in leisurely fashion to her, he walked to the door of Belle's room, looked in, wanted to know whom she had been fighting with, and asked if she would get up and get supper for him.

He carried his right arm at his side with the thumb hooked into his belt. "Where's your sling?" demanded Belle, tartly. Laramie pulled it out of his pocket. "I put it on when Carpy comes around," he explained.

"You keep fooling around the streets this way and they'll get you sometime," said Belle, tartly.

He turned the remark. "That idea doesn't seem to worry me as much as it used to. Have I got to cook my own supper?"

This venture after discussion was assumed by Kate. She put on her hat to go across the street to get a steak. Laramie insisted on going with her. She asked him to take her coat.

"Why not?" he asked.

Kate, who was kept up with apprehension. "Why take chances all the time?" she asked in turn. "Some one might shoot from the dark."

Belle answered for him. "Nobody in this country would shoot a man when a woman's with him," she said. "Go along."

The butcher, stumping in from the back room to wait on them, showed no surprise at the two from hostile camps asking for one steak, but he tried so hard to watch the pair and to hear what they were saying that he nearly ruined one quarter of beef before he got what Kate wanted. What he finally cut off and trimmed looked more like a roast than a steak, but neither customer seemed disturbed by this.

Laramie paid, over indignant protests, and placing the package in the loop of his left arm, opened the shop door for his companion. He passed out behind her in excellent spirits. The butcher, looking after them, took his surreptitious pipe from his pocket, watched the shop door close, shook his head, and ramming the burnt tobacco down hard with the finger that lacked the first joint, stumped back to his lonely stove.

The kitchen was farthest removed from Belle's room. Laramie started the fire with kerosene. When he lighted it there was a flare back that alarmed Belle in her bed.

but she could hear nothing of what was going on in the kitchen. While the supper was being cooked, Laramie stood on the other side of the stove from his enemy's daughter, watching every move. If Kate walked over to the cupboard, his eyes followed her step—she walked with such decision and planted her heels so far and firm. If she turned from the stove to the table his eyes devoured her slenderness in amazement that one so delicately proportioned could so crowd everything else out of his head.

As the supper progressed, Laramie watched almost in awe the short arm jobs she gave the meat on the broiler. The cuffs of her shirt, white, hair tapers to her elbows, revealed white arms tapering to wrists bowed like the ankles, and hands that his eyes fed on as a miser's feed on gold. The blazing coals flushed her cheeks, and when she looked up at him to answer some foolish question her own eyes, flushed and softened by the heat, took on an expression that stole all the strength he had left. When she asked him how he liked it, he exclaimed, "Fine," and Kate had to ask him whether he liked the steak well done or rare.

"Any way you like it," he stammered.

As he watched her laugh at his efforts to help her by picking up the hot platter, a sense of his own clumsiness and size and general roughness overcame him. She was too far removed, he told himself, from his kind to make it possible for her ever to like him.

The closer he got to her daintiness and spirit and laughter, the more hopeless his wild dreams seemed. Whenever she asked if the steak were cooked enough, he suggested—to prolong the pleasure of watching her hands—that she give it one more turn. Every moment he saw something new to admire. While she was attending to the meat he could look at her hair and see where the sun had browned her pink throat and neck. As the broiling drew near an end, almost panic gripped Laramie. The happiest moments of his life had been spent there at

the stove. They were slipping away. She was lifting the steak the last time from the fire. He asked her to turn it once more.

"Why, look at it!" she exclaimed. "It's burned up now, hold the platter closer."

It brought him closer in spirit than he had ever been to heaven, to feel her elbow brush against his own, as she deftly, landed the smoking steak on the platter while Laramie held it.

A great melancholy overcame him. "What do you want me to do?" she asked suddenly.

Kate's eyebrows rose. She looked at him. "Why, set it on the table," she laughed.

"No, I mean what do you want me to do myself?"

She looked at him in a troubled sort of way. "Why, no—not very," she ventured, half laughing.

"You were never half as much afraid of me as I was of you," he murmured.

His eyes across the table were glowing very importantly. She could not realize how flushed and soft and tantalizing her own eyes were, framed by the warm color high in her cheeks. She rose with a hurried exclamation and looked dismayed at him, her hands tilted on the table, her brows high, and her burning eyes still laughing. "We've left the light on by the stove all this time," she whispered. "Helle will be furious!"

She slipped hurriedly out into the kitchen and turned on the light. Her face was hot. She was thirsty, and stepping to the water faucet she picked up a glass. The mountain water tasted so cold and good, in some way it made her think of great peaks and the crisp, clear air of his home far up among them. She had not realized how heated she was. "Do you want a drink?" she called back to the dining room.

He was standing directly behind her. She turned, only to stumble against him, and before she knew what had happened he was raining kisses on her resisting cheeks. Then his lips found her, and faint with the moment, she resisted no more.

After a long time she got one hand around his neck and laid the other across his mouth. "Don't make so much noise," she whispered wildly. "Helle will hear us!"

The hush that followed the brain storm in the kitchen put Belle, quite unsuspecting, to sleep. Laramie, with a tread creditable to a cat—and a stealth natural to most carnivorous animals—closed the door without breaking her heavy breathing. The shades, always drawn at nightfall, called for no attention. In the living room there were preliminary tiptoeing and there were futile efforts on Kate's part to cool her rebellious cheeks by applying her own hands to them—when she could get possession of either one to do so. The small couch which served as a sofa was drawn out of range of even the

protected windows, and the floodgates were opened to the first unrestrained confidences together.

When they could talk of more serious things, Kate could not possibly see how she could marry him; but this, in the circumstances, seemed to cause Laramie no alarm. She admitted she had tried not to like him and confessed how she had failed. "Every time I met you," she murmured, "you seemed to understand me so well—you knew how a woman would like to be treated—that's what I kept thinking about."

"You used to talk and laugh with Van Horn," he complained, jealously. "When I came around I couldn't drag a smile out of you with a bit."

"You're getting a smile now that he isn't getting, aren't you?"

"Somehow you never acted natural with me."

"Jim!" It was the word he most wanted to hear, even if the reproach implied the quaintness of stupidity. "Don't you understand, I wasn't afraid of him, and I was of you!"

"And I only trying to get a chance to eat out of your hand?"

"How could I tell after all I used to hear—but that you begin by eating out of my hand and finish by eating me?"

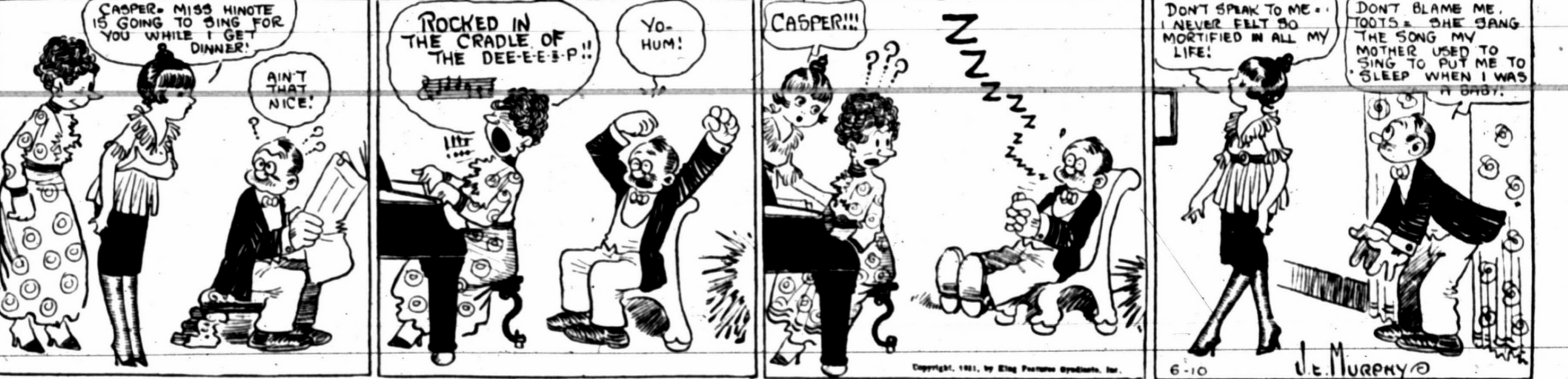
He had to be told every word of her troubles at home, but her uneasiness turned to the dangers threatening him. These she protested, he belittled too much. Ever since he had come in wounded he had been the prey of fears for him. "It's a mystery how you escape," he had to tell every detail of his flight down the canyon. "By rights," he said in conclusion, "they ought to have got me. No man should have got out of that scrape as well as I did. Van Horn didn't get into action quick enough. And it seemed to me as if Stone himself was a little slow." The way he spoke the things strengthened her confidence. And his arm held her so close.

(To be continued.)

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—BY J. E. MURPHY

TOOTS AND CASPER



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MAN ARRESTED AT HASKELL WANTED AT CAMP TRAVIS

HASKELL, TEXAS, June 11.—Joe F. Kelso, who was arrested here several weeks ago charged with passing alleged bad checks on local merchants, was also wanted at Camp Travis, allegedly to be a deserter from the United States army. He was placed on the 7-10 southbound Valley train Friday evening in charge of Deputy J. F. Kennedy to be returned to the army camp for trial.

SECOND COMING OF CHRIST SUBJECT OF REV. FURNISS

Rev. T. J. Furniss preached to a big congregation at the Lamar Street Baptist church Friday evening. His subject was "The Second Coming of Christ," and there were a number of conversions and several additions to the church.

On Sunday morning, Rev. Furniss will preach a sermon especially for men but to which both men and women are invited. Sunday morning his subject will be "The Home of the Future." Friday evening in charge of Rev. J. F. Kennedy to be returned to the army camp for trial.

MARKETS

COTTON MARKET.

NEW YORK, June 11.—There was a moderate volume of business in the cotton market during today's trading, but most of it was attributed to further July liquidation and the evening up of the market. The cotton market closed very steady.

Month	High	Low	Close
July	12.37	12.22	12.21
Oct.	12.14	12.04	12.13
Dec.	11.86	11.72	11.72
Jan.	11.75	11.65	11.65
Mar.	11.60	11.50	11.50

NEW ORLEANS COTTON.

NEW ORLEANS, June 11.—Week-end evening up occupied the attention of traders in the cotton market in the early trading today, both sides presenting desirous of lightening commitments over the week-end. From net advances of 2 to 4 points there was a fall to net declines of 4 to 6 points. July rose to 1908 and fell to 118. Continued rains in central and western divisions of the belt gave the market a steady tone in which were recorded continued rains in connection with the coming of the boll weevils.

Selling of July increased and liquidation became general in the trading months. More or less selling developed because of weak news in the stock market and because of further talk of large tenders against July contracts. Toward the close the active months were 13 to 16 points under the last quotations of yesterday, July sinking to

GRAIN AND PRODUCE.

CHICAGO, June 11.—Wheat prices were easier at the opening today. July started 1 to 2 cents lower at \$1.14 to \$1.15. September opened similarly down at \$1.17 to \$1.18. Buying developed after the market had a point or 2 cents off yesterday's close and it continued on rumors of black rust in Nebraska and some indications of a possible wet harvest in other sections. A sharp upturn at the end of the first hour wiped out the initial losses. July touched \$1.21, but at that point the market showed a tendency to sag.

Rust reports persisted and the sentiment turned bullish, the close being near the top for the season. July wound up at \$1.21 to \$1.22 and September at \$1.23 to \$1.24.

July corn started 1/2 cent lower at 61 1/2 to 62 and September opened 1/2 cent lower at 62 to 62 1/2.

The corn market turned strong with wheat. July and September moved in unison. Both options closed at 61 1/2 to 62.

July oats opened at 21 1/2 to 21 3/4. Provisions were quiet.

NEW YORK STOCKS.

NEW YORK, June 11.—Low receding for a year or more were made by leading issues in the course of today's short but moderately active dealings on the stock exchange. Further depression seemed to result largely from the more aggressive operation of shorts, but signs of additional liquidation were not lacking. Oil, including Standard oil of New Jersey and Mex-

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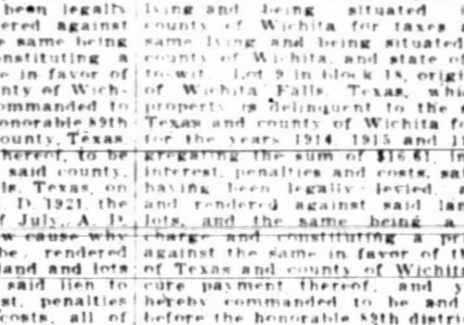
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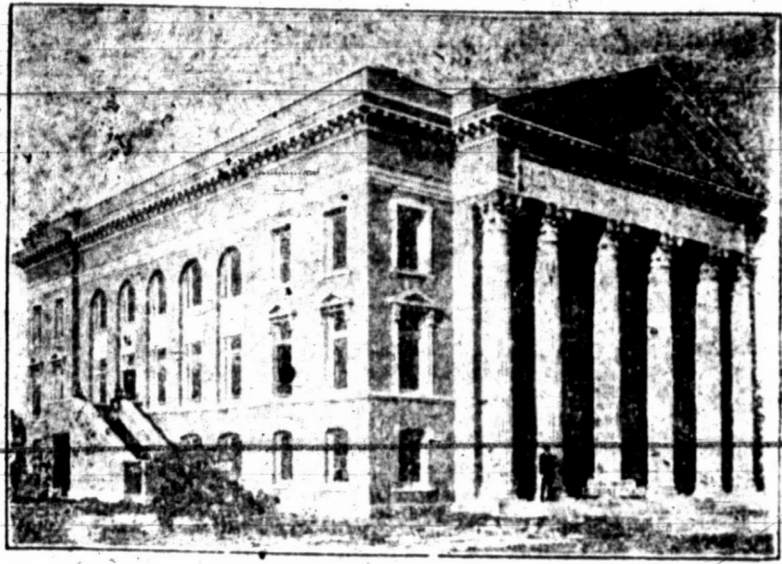
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LIQUIDATION IN DEQUENT TAX SUITS

The State of Texas and County of Wichita, To A. F. Kerr, Clerk, District Court, Wichita, Texas, who are hereby commanded to be and appear before the honorable 38th district court of Wichita, Texas, on the 4th day of July, A. D. 1921, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, to answer to the petition filed in said court on the 4th day of June, 1921, and to show cause why judgment should not be rendered against you and the said land and lots owned by you and the said land and lots situated in the county of Wichita, Texas, which said property is delinquent to the state of Texas and county of Wichita for taxes for the years 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, aggregating the sum of \$402.22, including interest, penalties and costs, and to show cause why judgment should not be rendered against you and the said land and lots owned by you and the said land and lots situated in the county of Wichita, Texas, which said property is delinquent to the state of Texas and county of Wichita for taxes for the years 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, aggregating the sum of \$402.22, including interest, penalties and costs, and to show cause why 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Floral Heights Methodist Church
Tenth and Polk Streets
W. L. TITTLE, Pastor
Morning Service at 10:50; Evening Service, 8:00 o'clock

**WANTED—1,000 Men at Olympic Theatre,
Sunday, June 12th, 9:30 a. m. to Hear**

Burke Culpepper— Great Evangelist

HE'S AN ORATORICAL WIZARD
This Regins Great Series of Revival Services

HE SPEAKS TO EVERYBODY

11:00 a. m., Sunday at First Methodist Church, South, Tenth and Lamar

Every week day he speaks from 12:20 sharp to 12:50 sharp, at Strand Theatre

Every night he speaks at the great "al fresco" tabernacle, corner Scott and Eleventh streets. Cool breezes and tidal waves of music.



First Baptist Church
Ninth and Burnett Streets
O. L. POWERS, Pastor
Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7:45 p. m.



St. Paul's Lutheran Church
Eleventh and Holliday
C. M. BEYLER, Pastor
Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7:45 p. m.

Saturday Sermonette

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CLOTHES

By RICHARD LLOYD JONES

It takes a very brave or very foolish person to be indifferent to clothes. They have been scorned by ascetics and by the indolent of all ages, but a thoughtful person cannot help but be deeply impressed by the profound and significant role they have played in all stages of the world's history.

The Old Testament from Joseph's coat of many colors lays due emphasis upon raiment, culminating perhaps in the wardrobe of the queen of Sheba.

Turn back through the pages of history. How symbolic of gallantry to our minds are the black armor of the Crown Prince of Calais and the white plume of Henry of Navarre! How pregnant with meaning is Hamlet's inky suit!

In modern times, Eugenie of France has been famed for the extravagance and magnificence of her wardrobe; yet the lack of one garment may have been responsible for the downfall of her husband's empire. When word of the surrender at Sedan reached Paris there was great excitement, and free talk of a revolution. Trusted counsellors advised Eugenie to appear on horseback before her people and proclaim her own assumption of the regency for the benefit of her son and the appointment of M. Thiers as prime minister. Good advice. But, alas, in all those well stocked wardrobes no riding habit was to be found. Hunting costumes there were a plenty, of vivid coloring and heavy with gold and silver embroidery—just the garments to further inflame a mob that was already athirst for democracy. So the plan was given up and an empire fell—perchance for the lack of a riding habit.

In his dramas Shakespeare gives us many evidences of his consciousness of the importance of clothes. His advice as to dressing as voiced in Polonius' parting injunction to Laertes is

deathless—and as true today as when he wrote it:

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy
But not expressed in fancy, rich not gaudy,
For the apparel oft proclaims the man."

Carlyle, perhaps the deepest thinker of modern times, has given us the monumental work, "Sartor Resartus"—all on the significance of clothes. "What is man without covering," says he, "but a forked radish?" True, as his theme develops, his conception of clothes broadens far from mere wearing apparel; but in that subject alone, the destruction it engenders, and caste feeling it avokes, he finds rich materials for his philosophy.

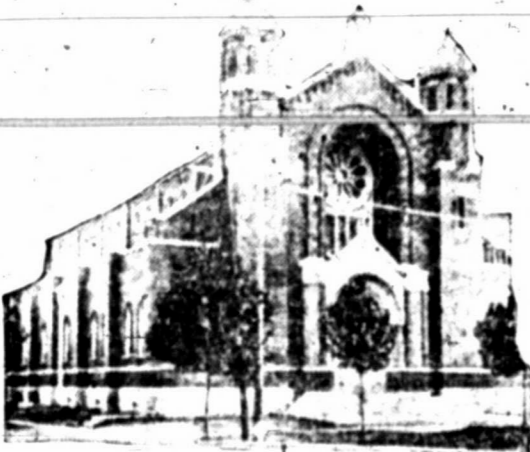
Clothes are a great exponent of character. The colorless, unimaginative persons follows blindly by dictates of fashion, but independent people trust their own ideas as to clothing. Take our American statesmen who have adopted the free and easy sombrero of the west, and note how becoming such headgear is to their characters. They revel in the consummate joy of self-expression.

Louisa M. Alcott knew human nature when she said that to know her dress set well in the back gave more spiritual comfort to a woman than the finest sermon. That our modern story writers are not oblivious of the fact is shown wherever on the stage or in modern fiction, a neglected wife is to emerge from obscurity or a forlorn maiden aunt to burst her chrysalis and blossom forth as a heroine. Then we have always minute description of a shopping trip and the spiritual and physical regeneration that comes with new clothes.

The ease of manner, the love of your fellow-man, the joy of living generally, that you experience when becomingly attired, is a condition that repays thought.



Temple Israel
DAVID GOLDBERG, Rabbi
Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7:45 p. m.



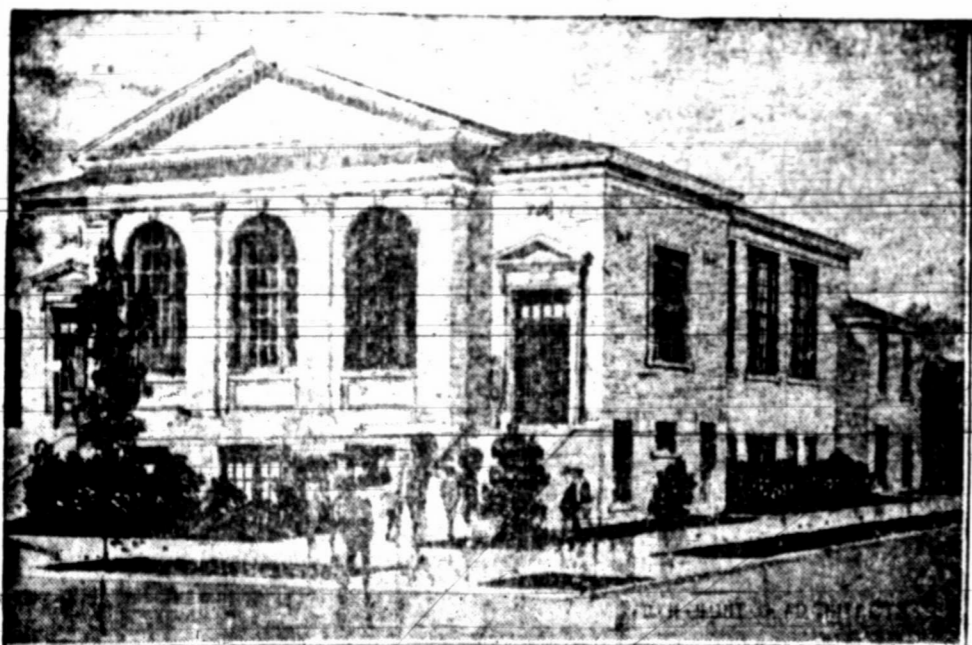
Sacred Heart Church
P. BONIFACE, Pastor
Services at 8:00 a. m., 10:00 a. m. and 8:00 p. m.



Central Presbyterian Church
GUY DAVIS, Pastor
Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7:45 p. m.



First M. E. Church
T. S. PITTENGER, Pastor
Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7:45 p. m.



Lamar Avenue Baptist Church
Fourth and Lamar Streets
A. J. HOLT, Pastor
Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7:45 p. m.



EPISCOPAL CHURCH
(Tenth and Burnett)
Morning Services, 11 a. m.



First Presbyterian Church
Tenth and Bluff Streets
N. F. GRAFTON, Pastor
Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7:45 p. m.

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G. C. Wood
N. O. Monroe Estate

L. C. Heydrick
Excelsior Motor Co.
Wichita Mill & Elevator Co.
Security National Bank
City National Bank of Commerce

Wichita State Bank & Trust Co.
First National Bank
J. A. Kemp
R. O. Harvey
Cline Oil Co.

R. M. Waggoner
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T. P. Adams
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Wichita Falls, Texas
Rates for Classified Advertising
Wichita Falls, Texas
One cent per word for each insertion.

LODGE DIRECTORY
KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS
Meet Tuesday nights at 8:30 o'clock, 603 Scott Ave. Visitors welcome.

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ROOMS FOR RENT
NICE cool rooms adjoining bath, all modern conveniences. Phone 2047.

DESIRED bedrooms for summer, close to bath and garage. Call 1473 Lamar.

FOR RENT - Nicely furnished bedroom in private home. Call 1006 7th St.

FOR RENT - Front bedroom, 1006 7th St. Call 1006 7th St.

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DWELLINGS FOR RENT
FOR RENT - Garage building for repair shop. 24 by 60 feet. Good location. Call 6928.

FOR RENT - Nicely furnished bedroom in private home. Call 1006 7th St.

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UNFURNISHED ROOMS FOR RENT
FOR RENT - Unfurnished modern living room and bath apartment over garage in choice location. Reasonable rent. Two to reliable couple. Phone 4847.

FOR RENT - Nicely furnished bedroom in private home. Call 1006 7th St.

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UNIMPROVED CITY PROPERTY
SCOTLAND lot, 1006 7th St. Phone 4847.

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LEGAL NOTICE
FOR RENT - One garage, 1311 7th St. Phone 4847.

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