

To Those Who Judge Quality by Price

The quality of Ford cars cannot be judged by the prices at which they are sold—because Ford prices are made possible by conditions that are absolutely unique in the automotive industry.

From mine to market the Ford car is the work of a single organization. The Company owns and operates the mines and forests that furnish the raw materials for its products. This material is carried over Ford transportation routes, fabricated in Ford mills, manufactured in Ford plants—and the finished product is sold to the public through Ford dealers.

The following statement, previously made in an advertising message, is repeated because of its significance to the public:

"If any other manufacturer endeavored to produce a car similar to the Ford, according to the high standards of quality in material and workmanship used by the Ford Motor Company and with the same tried and proved design, it would be impossible to offer it at anything like Ford prices. And it is well to note that even with less costly design they have not met Ford prices."

Original Ford Features that Today Make for Greatest Simplicity-Durability-Reliability

Torque Tube Drive - Dual Ignition - Simple, Dependable Lubrication - Multiple Disc-in-Off Clutch - Three Point Motor Suspension

Planetary Transmission - Thermo-Syphon Cooling

FORD MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

New Prices

COUPE \$500 RUNABOUT \$290 TOURING \$310 TUDOR \$520 FORDOR \$565

Closed car prices include starter and demountable rims. All prices f.o.b. Detroit

Ford

"WE HAVE NEVER LOWERED THE QUALITY TO REDUCE THE PRICE"

Old Boston Theater

Built Around House

Wreckers engaged in the demolition of the seventy-five-year-old Boston theater happened on a surprise when they found that the walls of the famous structure had been built around an ancient house. Apparently no one knows how it came there, or its past, or what sentiment may have caused the builders of the theater to allow it to stand. Histories have revealed nothing.

It is a two-and-a-half-story frame dwelling, in exceptionally good repair despite its 150-odd years. A single dormer window projects from its slate roof. Antique windows, strangely out of harmony with one another, pierce its one visible wall. So different are they that they suggest that long before the theater was built some of them may have been altered to meet the exigencies of some sort of business establishment.

The house apparently adjoined the part of the theater containing the long lobby, which extended from Washington street to the auditorium entrance and the gallery staircase.

SOCIAL WORKERS



"Conditions must be terrible in the slums."
"Yes, some of those poor souls have hardly enough clothes to cover their backs."

Arranging Flowers

There is romance in the arrangement of cut flowers. At least that is what Japanese girls and women believe. They will spend many hours in preparing a few flowers for display. Miss Ellen Hillstrom, art professor of the University of Wisconsin, says there is much to learn in the matter from this oriental people.

It is lucky to have an odd number of flowers in a vase, they think. Three flowers is a favorite number, although one, five and even seven flowers are used. A three-flower arrangement represents heaven, earth and man. The water in the vase or bowl represents the surface of the earth, and the flowers are placed at different distances from it.

Landlord Likes Children

The most accommodating landlord in Manchester, N. H., is Hugh O'Dowd. According to his tenants, he is remodeling some of his property to accommodate as many as fourteen in a family. He gives discounts on his rent to large families. A 10 per cent reduction is made to families with six children and 25 per cent to families of more.

Negro College in Africa

At Achimota, on the west coast of Africa, the British government has established a negro college for which high hopes are held by those interested in introducing the higher education into the "dark continent." The college is expected to do for the African negroes in some measure what the negro colleges in the southern states have done in America.

Mexican City Awakes

Panuco, a thriving, growing community of 10,000 inhabitants in the heart of old and sleepy Mexico, wanted electric lights. With this ambition in mind, prominent citizens organized an electric service company and ordered the necessary electric generating equipment from the United States. Now the generating station is complete and is producing about 500 kilowatts of electricity, which is utilized for local illuminating and power purposes.

Busy

"Is Buck Bolliger making much money out of his moonshine still down in Booger Holler?" asked an acquaintance.

"Tollable," replied Toke Sag of Sandy Mush. "I asked him to go possum hunting tuther evening, and he said he haint' the time to spare—he has just got his first well filled up with money and was all ready to begin on the second one."—Kansas City Star.

Tact, Nothing But

The traffic policeman had made a mistake. He had ordered a car to stop when there was really no reason. The driver, a middle-aged woman, was justly indignant.

"Pardon me, madam," said the officer, "but I thought at first you were too young to drive."—Toronto Gossip.

Fish in Oyster Shell

I. P. Jones, secretary of the Delaware highway commission, reported the finding of a perfectly formed fish two and a quarter inches long in a big oyster shell. Of a cluster of three oysters, two contained perfect oysters. When the third oyster was opened the fish fell out apparently alive.

Eagle Wanted That Coyote

A black eagle competed with four hunters for the life of a coyote in northern Morton county, Kansas, a few days ago—and lost.

The four hunters, Walter Ford, sheriff; Warner Van Gundy, county treasurer; Griff Youngs, a banker, and A. L. Maltby, lawyer, of Elkhart, started on a goose hunt. As they were driving toward the ponds the coyote appeared on the horizon. The hunters began the chase.

As they gained ground on the fleeing animal the eagle swooped down and threatened to deprive them of their game. Flying low, it attempted to seize the coyote with its talons. The hunters could see the coyote flinch under the attack. After the hunters had killed the animal, marks of the eagle's claws were found on its back.

Several volleys from the car failed to bring the eagle down.—Topska Capital.

Experienced

There are people who claim that "Big Business" has no heart, but this is not true in Los Angeles. A week before the football game between Washington and Alabama, at the Pasadena Rose bowl, a big firm on San Pedro street posted the following notice:

"All requests for leave of absence owing to funerals, wakes, weddings, pains in the back, sore throat, headaches, indigestion, automobile accidents, etc., must be made not later than three o'clock of the day before the game. Per order of the management."

Nothing to Fear

The profiteer was showing a guest the treasures of his palatial home. Amongst other things was a wonderful piece of rare china.

"Look at that, my boy!" he said. "A wonderful piece. Cost me three thousand. Only specimen in existence."

"But aren't you afraid it might get broken, just standing on this cabinet?" asked the guest.

"Pooh—that's all right. It's fully insured!"

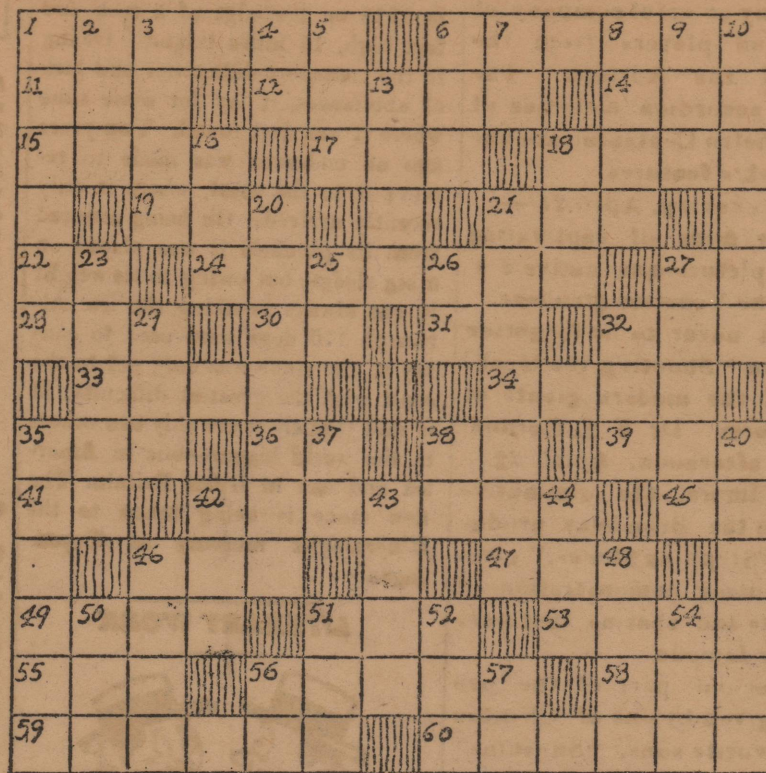
Trains Called in English

In France so many English and American tourists travel through the country that the railroad companies have had to adopt the system of calling trains in English to avoid unnecessary confusion. The English of the French is almost as distinct as railway vocal announcements in America.

Gotham's Heavy Mail

More than 15,000,000 pieces of mail are handled daily by the New York city post office.

CROSS WORD PUZZLE



(© 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

Horizontal.
1—A hazard
2—To make certain
3—To affect with pain
4—An appointment to meet
5—Hill
6—Bird's home
7—Aeriform fluid
8—Festival
9—Eye (poetic)
10—Equal
11—Printing measure
12—Less old
13—For example (abbr.)
14—To knock
15—Bone
16—Proposition
17—No particular one
18—Corner
19—An outfit of clothes
20—To chop off
21—Note of scale
22—Prefix meaning two
23—Lair
24—Conjunction
25—Business meeting
26—Sun and
27—To stroke gently
28—Negative
29—To let fall
30—Canine
31—To don, as clothing
32—To drag laboriously
33—Ocean vessel
34—Puss
35—A small landholder (English)
36—Material in center of bones

Vertical.
1—A major disease
2—To hasten
3—Too
4—Cent (abbr.)
5—Unit of work
6—Donkey
7—Roadway (abbr.)
8—One who uses
9—To decay
10—Pep
11—Worsted
12—To attempt
13—Distant
14—A brochure
15—Allowance made to one retired from service
16—An estate
17—You and me
18—To leave
19—To go in
20—A beverage
21—To help
22—In the manner of a lord
23—Like
24—Same as 38 horizontal
25—Having little width
26—Juice of a plant
27—Shortly
28—At this time
29—Jumping stick
30—To rip
31—To regret
32—Noise
33—Jewel
34—Bustle
35—Note of scale
36—Sun god

Solution will appear in next issue.

Answer to last week's puzzle.

COUNT OPALS
L PORT ABET W
OS WARS LER PO
WAS PIETY TON
NIPS TEE ISON
LOUSE REVEL
IRE WON
SLEEP BERTH
BEER EEL YOUR
LAD DAMAN NEE
AT OARS MAN SE
N MARS EMIT D
DRIFT EXITS

When Master of Poise

Tunes Up for the Day

Looking at his watch, Sylvester found he had been cultivating sympathy, knowledge and poise for twenty minutes. He still had ten minutes for getting in tune with the infinite before going to town.

Smiling the smile of the larger understanding, holding the crown of his head high and keeping his chin in, generous and tolerant toward mankind, conscious that nobody could injure him, he walked rhythmically over to the shelf to get his infinity book, the blue one in half-ooze.

It was not there.

In a rage he strode without rhythm and with his chin protruding to the head of the stairs.

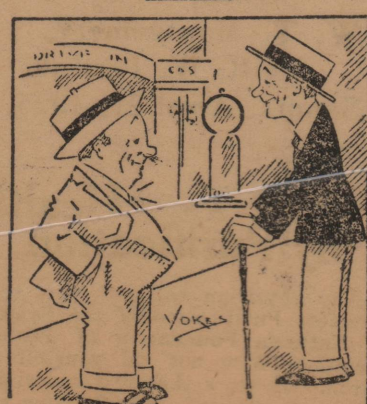
"Which one of you took 'In Harmony With the Universe' out of my room?" he bellowed.

His timid and distraught wife answered from below:

"I put it in the drawer of your desk to keep the baby from chewing the cover."

Sylvester swung about and with a masterful gesture threw open the drawer and found the book. He turned to the chapter headed: "Serenity, the Master Word of the Over Man."—Kansas City Star.

DISTINCTLY AMERICAN



Young Architect—What achievement of architecture do you consider the most distinctly American?
Oil King—The filling station, my dear sir.

KEEPING WELL

FAT AND FORTY

DR. FREDERICK R. GREEN
Editor of "HEALTH"

FAT and forty used to be considered not only a normal but a desirable condition. Middle-aged people were regarded as healthy in proportion to the amount of weight they carried. They were expected to "fill out their clothes." If they didn't, they were regarded as "young."

We know now that fat is the unneeded and unused surplus, due to unnecessary food stored up in the body in the form of fat, much as the unburned carbon in the automobile, which is fed too rich a mixture, is deposited on the cylinders. It's a waste of good material and all it does is to clog up the machinery.

Why do we get fat at forty. Why do most men and many women of that age have large waist lines, and that nightmare of all womankind, double chins? Because after the years of growth and development have passed, most of us eat too much and work too little. We take in too much fuel and we don't burn up enough.

Are you forty or over? If so, it is advisable to consider your weight with care. Are you forty pounds overweight? If so, look out. It's not only a question of beauty and figure, it's a question of the number of years you will live. The heaviest death rate for people over forty is among those who are forty or more pounds overweight.

Life insurance companies keep careful records, not only of their own policy holders but also of people in general as to which class dies sooner, and which class lives longer. Naturally, for on these figures are based the rates they charge, and the closer they can figure the more money they make. The average length of time any large group will live is called the expectation of life for that group. All life insurance companies agree that, in any large group over forty years old, the fat ones will die sooner and the lean ones will live longer.

Now knowing this, it's up to you. You can increase or reduce your own length of life by your own habits of living. And don't try to kid yourself by saying "That's all nonsense. My grandmother weighed over two hundred and she lived to be eighty-seven." Very true, there are individual exceptions, and if you want to play a 100 to 1 chance, go ahead.

And if you decide to reduce, expect pills or powders or dieting to do it. That's all there is more to it.

(© 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

City Duellers and Cancer

If you live in the city you are from two to three times likelier to die from cancer than if you live in the country, says Capper's Weekly. Kentucky's board of health finds that in some cities the difference is from five to fourteen times what it is in the rural districts. Just why this is may only be surmised. In the country folks live considerably closer to nature.

WOOL AND MOHAIR

CHARLES SCHREINER, BANKER.

(UNINCORPORATED)

KERRVILLE, TEXAS.

Makes Liberal Advances on Sheep, Goats, Wool and Mohair
Established 1869.

MORTGAGE LOANS

Unlimited Funds - No Delay.

E. B. CHANDLER & CO.,

102 East Crockett St., San Antonio, Texas.

W. R. Stumberg, Agent San Angelo.

WOOL GROWERS CENTRAL STORAGE

COMPANY, SAN ANGELO, TEXAS.

WOOL AND MOHAIR

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

THE HOLLAND AUTO CO.,

R. S. (Bob) Holland, Phone 754.

19, 21 West Twibig Ave., San Angelo, Texas.

STORAGE

Car Washing and Greasing.

Truck Tires, Mobile Oils.

Your Car and Contents are Safe in my Place.

GET OUR NEW PRICES ON AUTO-OILED AERMOTOR MILLS

Let us figure your next outfit. Every Aermotor Mill erected by us GUARANTEED against everything, except storms and freezes, for one year.

SEE US BEFORE YOU BUY.

GROWTHER SUPPLY CO.

18 E. Concho Ave, San Angelo,

Roy E. Aldwell

L. W. Elliott

ALDWELL-ELLIOTT CO.

Ranch Loans. Insurance. Auditing

Income Tax Reports.

why pay more than 6 per cent on ranch loans?

Sonora, Texas.

O.S.T. STAGES.

Double Daily Round Trip Service.

Rates: To Eldorado \$1.00; Christoval \$2.00;
San Angelo \$3.00; Del Rio \$5.00

Leave San Angelo 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. On return leave Del Rio at 9:30 and San Angelo at 2 p.m.

Headquarters Sonora, McDonald Hotel.

Headquarters Del Rio, St. Charles Hotel.

Headquarters San Angelo, St. Angles Hotel.

Your Patronage Appreciated.

J. B. LEE, Proprietor.

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

MAKE OUR GARAGE YOUR HEADQUARTERS.

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

CITY GARAGE,
SONORA, TEXAS.

SONORA THEATER.

Week of April 19 to 24.

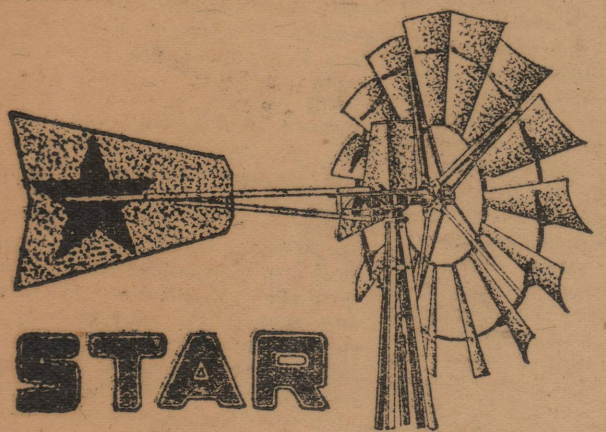
Monday only King on Main Street.

Saturday only. Buck Jones in Lazybones
Fox News and Comedies twice-a-week

Better Than Homemade Bread.

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

WARE BAKERY,
Sonora, Texas.



STAR

Running-in-oil

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Devil's River News.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.
Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora
as second-class matter.
Subscription \$2 a year in advance
Sonora, Texas. April 17, 1936

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

METHODIST CHURCH.
Is the Church in Danger?
If you tell 500 people that the
Church is in danger, they are no
more concerned than if you said
it was going to rain. If you tell
them the State is in danger, you
see them rushing to arms in its
defense.
The State cannot produce mor-
ality and spirituality—but it
cannot exist without them. It
lives on the morality engendered
and fostered by religion.
Men are always critical of the
Church. They forget that it is
the only organization pledged to
morality and spirituality. They
forget that its foundation is sound
as the Rock of Ages.
The Church thrives on num-
bers. It works through its sup-
porters. It needs more than able
leaders. It needs more than finan-
cial support. It must have the
active personal cooperation of all
good citizens as if it is to overcome
the dangers in modern social con-
ditions, non church goes, though
they be personally above reproach
shirk a part of their duty to the
state and their fellow men. Pro-
blems of morality and spirituality
can be solved only through reli-
gious influences. The Church
alone is organized to disseminate
these influences, and the solution
of these problems is vital to the
state.
The Church needs you. The
State needs the Church. You
need the Church and the State.
Prove yourself a good citizen,
show your gratitude for the good
things you have in life by going
regularly to church—any church.
The Methodist Church cord-
ally invites you to the following
services.
Preaching at 11 a.m. and 7:30
p.m.
Sunday school at 9:45 a.m.
Intermediate League at 3 p.m.
Senior League at 8:30 p.m.
Prayer meeting Wednesday at
7:30.
A hearty welcome
R. W. Fisher, Pastor.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.
Give gratitude to God for all
His merciful providences. His
long suffering and loving kind-
ness toward the children of men,
and all this extends to each one
without merit on our part. Our
God is so good and kind to the
forward and thoughtless that it
calls upon each one of us to turn
from our evil way and give thanks
to our beneficent Creator. Oh,
give thanks unto the Lord for He
is good and His mercy endureth
forever. Not only does He supply
us with food for our bodies but
salvation for our souls and pro-
tection from dangers seen and
unseen. Let not the siren song
of Satan deceive us, it is God that
is good and He alone that gives
every good. For every good and
perfect gift cometh down from
the Father of light and love, who
is above all.
Oh that the deepest gratitude
should flow from our hearts to
Him until we should say with the
Psalmist, see Psalms 103-1 to 6.
Bless the Lord oh my soul and
all that is within me bless His
holy name.
Regular preach services morn-
ing and evening.
Sunday school 10 a.m. Woody Mar-
tin Sept.
Preaching each Lord's day at 11 a.m.
and 8 p.m.
Prayer meeting Wednesday 7:45.
We will study the Sunday school
lesson.
Junior B.Y.P.U. at 2 p.m.
Y.P.C.A. at 7:30 p.m.
All are earnestly asked to come to
all these services.
The young people are cordially in-
vited to attend the Senior Union.
J. A. Stephen, Pastor.

Sonora Chautauqua April 20
21, 22, 23.
Sonora will have a rodeo and
races June 24, 5 and 26th

Election Notice.
Notice is hereby given that an
election will be held at the T. L.
Benson office in the Town of
Sonora, Saturday May 1st, in the
Sonora Independent School Dis-
trict, for the purpose of electing
three trustees to serve the ensu-
ing two years. H. V. Stokes is
appointed to hold said election
and laws applying to such elec-
tions shall govern same.
Given under my hand and seal of
the Sonora Independent School
District, Sonora, Sutton County,
Texas.
W. E. Caldwell,
433
Sonora, Texas, April 14.

FAVOR ROAD PLAN.
The Texas Highway Commis-
sion is disposed favorably toward
closing the nine mile gap in the
State Highway No. 39 below El-
dorado in Schleicher county, but
will not allot State aid for the
project until it is determined
what amount Schleicher county
will spend.
This summarizes the result of
Monday's conference in Austin
between the Commission and com-
mittees representing Sutton, Sch-
leicher and Tom Green counties.
John C. George, of Stephenville, mem-
ber of the Commission, announced
he will come to West Texas
next week and will go over the
road, improvements of which,
with completion of the O. & S. P. N. H.
Trail through eastern Sutton
county, would provide an all-
weather route between Angelo
and San Antonio.
H. L. George, Division 7 State
Highway Engineer, with head-
quarters in San Angelo, furnish-
ed an estimate before the confer-
ence Monday of \$43,000 for build-
ing a road with concrete base and
gravel top on the nine mile strip.
First estimates ran as high as
\$80,000, but Rex Thompson of
Austin offered to furnish free as
much of the materials from his
ranch which is near the highway.
County Judge Alvis Johnson
and Mayor Bill Gilmore repre-
sented Sonora at the conference.

"Safety First" by Sheldon Farmer.
New and Sensational Farce Comedy in
three acts. A birth provoking situation.
Given by the Senior class of Eldorado
High school at Sonora High school
Auditorium, Saturday April 17th at
8 p.m. Admission 25 and 50 cents.
H. W. Bieck the Goat Coat
man who ranches near Roosevelt
was a business visitor in Sonora
Tuesday.
Mr. and Mrs. Bob Muckelroy
and young son, of San Angelo,
were here Sunday visiting Mr.
Muckelroy's sister, Mrs. Hugh
Rutledge.
J. M. Jones who is chief of the
division of range animal husband-
ry of the Texas Live Stock Ex-
periment Station at College Sta-
tion was in Sonora Monday on
his way to the Sonora Ranch Sta-
tion. Dr. D. H. Bennett, veteri-
narian at the Sonora Station ac-
companied him from Angelo.

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

NOTICE.
Mr. Ranchman—I have a good
saw rig outfit to cut your wood
by cord or wagon load, any size
from 6 inch to twenty-four inch.
Cut it this summer and be dry for
the winter. Phone 91 or see me.
Marcello Peres
P.O. box 612 Sonora, Texas.
Innes & Gano, Real Estate
dealers, who were burned out
in the Landon Hotel fire now
have their office in the base-
ment of the Central National
Bank. If you wish a ranch
or a home or have one for
sale, come and see us or
write us
INNES & GANO,
San Angelo, Texas

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

Ed Mertz, who ranches in the
corner of Schleicher, Sutton and
Crocket counties, has purchased
75 yearling steers from Will G.
Rawles of Tankersley and 140
from Fayett Tankersley of Meit-
zon. The price in both deals was
\$37.50 per head.—Standard.

Cope & Dalton oil operators
with headquarters in San Angelo,
have contracted to pump by May
25th a deep test for oil on the
Schleicher county ranch of Sol
Mayer. The location has been
made in the southwest quarter of
section 39, block 5, G.C. & S. F.
Ry. Co., survey, about 25 miles
southwest of Eldorado. Drilling
will be carried to 3250 feet unless
production is obtained at less
depth. The geological survey
was made by Mowry Bates, geolo-
gist now residing here. Big tim-
bers for the test have been pur-
chased, it is understood, and the
building of the derrick will start
during the month.—Standard.

DIED.
J. J. Lee, a retired miner and
brother of Mrs. Abe Mayer of
San Angelo, died at 2:30 o'clock
Saturday morning at Hot Springs
Brewster county. Mr. and Mrs.
Abe Mayer left by automobile
Saturday afternoon for Fort
Davis to attend the funeral, which
will be held Sunday afternoon.
Mrs. B. Lee, mother of Mr. Lee,
who at present is residing with
Mr. and Mrs. Mayer here, was
unable to go to Fort Davis on
account of illness.
Other surviving relatives are
Mrs. A. J. Tippet of Alpine,
Mrs. W. L. Kingston of Fort
Davis and Mrs. C. E. Champie
of Los Angeles, sisters of Mr.
Lee, and three brothers, Pat Lee
of Ozona, Mat Lee of Kirkland,
Ariz., and Will K. Lee of Los
Angeles.
Mr. Lee was about 55 years old
and single. He had been crippled
for 25 years as a result of rheu-
matism, suffered while he was in
the Klondike, but had been criti-
cally ill only a few days. First
news of his serious illness reach-
ed San Angelo Friday. Mr. Lee
had lived at Hot Springs on the
Rio Grande for 15 years. Prior
to that time he spent some time
in San Angelo with his mother
and Mr. and Mrs. Mayer.
Fort McKavett was Mr. Lee's
early home, Mason being his birth
place. Before becoming a miner,
he engaged in live stock raising
in West Texas.—Standard.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Martin
returned this week from a visit
to their daughter, Mrs. R. L.
Martin, at Patagonia, Arizona.
Gus Wheat was in Sonora Mon-
day on his way home to his ranch
in Edwards county, from a busi-
ness visit to San Angelo.
Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Peters and
little Pete, were in from their
ranch in Edwards county, Tues-
day, visiting and shopping.
Mr. and Mrs. Dock Friend
were in from their ranch in the
western part of the county Tues-
day visiting.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Reason-
over, are visiting Mr. Reason-
over's parents at Raymonville
this week.
The O. S. T. bus will leave San
Angelo every morning at 7:30 and
leave Sonora at 10, arriving at
Del Rio in time to take the car
which leaves for San Antonio at
2 p.m.

Henry Lowrey and son Herbert
Lowrey of Lubbock, Texas, and
daughter, Mrs. Irene Kuchner
of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, were
the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. D.
Lowrey several days this week.
Henry Lowrey is a brother of J.
D. Lowrey.

FOR SALE
I have purchased a pen of 30
hens and two pedigree cocks,
and have setting eggs for
sale at \$1.50, also range eggs
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from Fayett Tankersley of Meit-
zon. The price in both deals was
\$37.50 per head.—Standard.

Cope & Dalton oil operators
with headquarters in San Angelo,
have contracted to pump by May
25th a deep test for oil on the
Schleicher county ranch of Sol
Mayer. The location has been
made in the southwest quarter of
section 39, block 5, G.C. & S. F.
Ry. Co., survey, about 25 miles
southwest of Eldorado. Drilling
will be carried to 3250 feet unless
production is obtained at less
depth. The geological survey
was made by Mowry Bates, geolo-
gist now residing here. Big tim-
bers for the test have been pur-
chased, it is understood, and the
building of the derrick will start
during the month.—Standard.

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COME AND GIVE US A TRIAL.

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SONORA and ELDORADO.

Devil's River News \$2.00 a year

J. T. Evans, has sold 263 calves
at \$30 per head to Frank Cargile,
who ranches near Christoval.
Mr. Evans and son, H. West
Evans, were in San Angelo Satur-
day from the Fort Terrett ranch
in Sutton county and reported
the range and live stock in good
condition. Mr. Evans expects
to shear 50,000 pounds of wool
off 5,500 muttons this spring.
Save the eight mile gap below El-
dorado, there will be a hard
surfaced road from the Evans
ranch to San Angelo when the
Old Spanish Trail from Sonora
east is completed. This road
eventually will extend thru 15
miles of the Evans ranch, San
Angelo Standard.

RAIN.
The rain fall in Sonora Wed-
nesday amounted to 0.50.

The Baptist ladies will
have a cooked food sale and
serve sandwiches and some
thing to drink on Friday
April 23, the last day of the
Chautauqua, on the Court
House grounds. There will
be the usual variety of pre-
pared foods. Your patron-
age is solicited

WANTED--A Summer
school, either a public school
or as governors on a ranch.
Can begin teaching by the
middle of May. Salary rea-
sonable. Experienced teach-
er. Can furnish good recom-
mendations. Address,
Winnie D. Cooper,
London, Kinble County,
Texas

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.

Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora, as second-class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION \$2 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

Sonora, Tex. - April 17, 1926.

A Romance of Water

The Water Bearer

By J. ALLAN DUNN

"What do you want me to do? See her?"

"No, that wouldn't do any good. But we had a bit of a row. I suppose I didn't take the news gracefully. She swears I don't love her. Perhaps she doesn't altogether believe that—but she might. It's the truth, when you come right down to brass tacks. I suppose I'm a mucker but I honestly believe I'd be a worse one if I married her."

"She talked about going away—till it was over with. She's a cracklerjack of a stenographer. She can even her own living anywhere when she's not handicapped. I think I could fix things so she would go, if I could raise the money to look out for her while she goes through with the thing. She's set to do that," he added gloomily. "Tried to reason with her but it was no go."

"It would take a couple of thousand dollars," he went on, talking more rapidly. "I've got a deal on. I've got some parties who want to buy land for a little colony. A bona fide proposition and I'm handling it direct. I should make at least twenty thousand out of the deal. It's ripe. Got to come off pretty soon. But, I'm stumped as usual. You know that. What the water sends just sees me through. I may have to raise some for an option. Could you let me have the two thousand, Cal? I don't know where else to go and I don't want to go shouting this thing about all over the shop."

"I've got just eleven hundred dollars in the bank here," said Caleb slowly. "If I take up Cox's proposition I'll not need more than two hundred of that to carry me over till the first pay check. I have a house back East I can sell. The deal might take a week or so. They take their time there to pass deeds. But..."

Baxter groaned, his head in his hands. "It's got to be two thousand, I'm afraid. You see if she goes away she'll be sore at me. I'd have to make her sore and she'd want the whole thing. And I won't have you selling your house. It wouldn't do any good. She'd change her mind inside of two weeks. It isn't so d-d imminent. She won't have to quit her job for a bit. At a pinch I'll make the matter come through. For the honor of the family!"

He laughed sarcastically. "If she can chip off a hunk of the principal for herself once in a while, she can do it for me—once. The money was meant for me eventually. And, if it's put right up to her, she'll handle the girl, too, rather than hinder her own matrimonial prospects, as a scandal would. Now let's take a run down to the guck club. I'm secretary and I've got to give the speech the overlook before the season opens."

Within the hour, tramping through the marshes to the shooting shack, he seemed to have forgotten his dilemma completely but one sentence, an epitome of Baxter's character, clung to Caleb. "Oh, I can stand along." He remembered, too, the hint of sullen stubbornness that had shadowed the girl's pouting lips.

CHAPTER V

Crystal Springs

Hinckley, head engineer of the Crystal Springs company, met the car at the outer gate of the property. He was a short, stout, but active man, with gold-rimmed spectacles over shrewd blue eyes about which spread a network of fine lines that spoke of humor and long habit of puckering under sun-glasses. He reminded Caleb somehow of an apple, firm and glowing and sound.

They rolled swiftly on through a strange region and a beautiful one. Sometimes they skirted a hillside where chapparal, manzanita and kindred shrubs grew in a shoulder-high tangle that seemed too thick for anything less agile than a squirrel to explore. Beneath them flourished great ferns. Through them Caleb caught glimpses of lakes lying far below, bits of blue far deeper than the sky they mirrored and intensified.

They turned abruptly to their right where the road ran beside a purling stream and boughs knitted overhead. The descent was gradual and the car rolled along noiselessly.

"Here's the brick dam, a bit primitive but a goldsend to Golden in the old days," said Hinckley. "It was a beautiful sheet of water above the dam, set in the silence of a wooded canyon but they did not spend much time with it. Hinckley pointed directly across the water to a V-shaped gap in the opposing slopes."

"There's the big dam," he said. "I want you to notice the laterals, the earth dams that divide the lake into three. See anything funny about 'em?" Caleb gazed earnestly. On each side of these dams was set a gatehouse. Their tops were roads with the sides rounded. And these roads were serpentine.

"Any reason for not building them straight from shoe to shore?" he asked. Hinckley smiled a satisfied sigh. "Ah! They were built straight. The

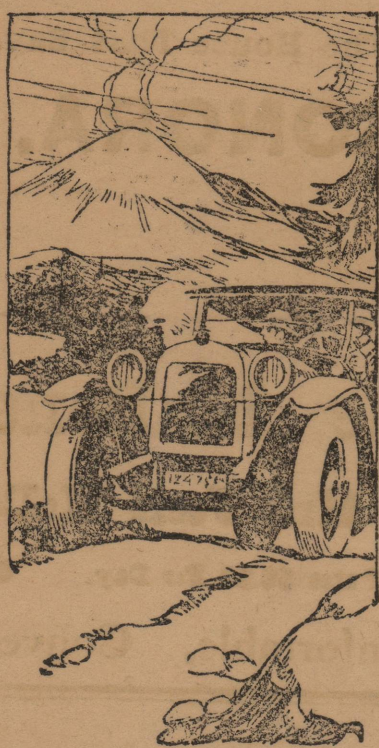
quake shifted 'em, twisted 'em, wrenched 'em, bent 'em—but it didn't break 'em. They're sound as ever."

Caleb looked his appreciation and bewilderment. Hinckley wrinkled his eyes.

"Clay cores, my boy. Clay cores. Elastic. Like so much rubber. They bend but never break."

"Did you anticipate an earthquake?" asked Caleb. "Surely. Had to. Still have to. If you ever build a dam anywhere along the line of the Great Fault, don't forget that. Every major quake runs along the same line, out of the sea at a tangent, nor west to southeast down the original crack. The big tumbler in 1912 that wrecked the Missions, and the quake in 1903 that wrecked Golden and Santa Rosa, moved over an identical trail. And that trail went clean through my big dam down there."

The long lake had once been a peaceful valley. Hinckley told Caleb, a stage road winding through it on the



The Long Lake Road Once Been a Peaceful Valley.

way to the sea, farms, farmhouses and a hamlet with a famous roadhouse at the Crystal Springs for which the valley was named. All these had been razed to prepare the bottom of the great reservoir, fences taken up, trees eliminated, the place devastated as the big dam rose in the great notch that formed the main outlet to the valley.

Caleb turned the talk to the question of Golden's impending shortage.

"Mr. Cox," he said, "stated that there was no more watered available on the peninsula."

"That is true. We own a certain number of artesian wells around the lower end of the bay but they are only a drop in the bucket. The outlook is not very encouraging."

"How about across the bay?" Caleb put the query with a degree of nervousness. He feared that Hinckley was about to uncover his own precious theory and demolish it.

The engineer's eyes twinkled. "They say that water, like gold, is where you find it. And findings—keepings! There is water over there that officially belongs to Oakville. Our company naturally considers Golden more important. But it is difficult of development. Means large expenditure. We should have a hard job to get water rates raised sufficiently to warrant it. Filtration is the big expense. The work would be elaborate and expensive. We can't see our way clear."

Caleb kept his face clear of everything but earnest attention. But he was breathing more easily. His theory was still virgin.

Hinckley proceeded to go into the present filtration system and the layout of the conduits that supplied the hydrants of Golden. Caleb's interest in Crystal lakes had been satisfied but he followed the technical talk with intelligent comment and left the engineer at last on terms that were more than merely friendly. He reached Golden after the stores were closed for the day but, early the next morning he obtained geologic section maps of the quadrangles covering Caliente valley and the Gabilan range. He put in most of the day studying these and making little drawings to scale in vertical plane.

It was all in support of a mere theory but it was his habit to be painstaking, even in preliminaries, and he surveyed his sketches with a good deal of satisfaction. If the theory panned out it meant, not merely money and fame if he handled his discovery properly, but it would make him, Caleb Warner, an actual factor in pioneering, in city building. He quoted to himself what Betty Clinton had said at El Nido.

"That is what I should prefer. If I was a man. To create something, to be a factor in the thirsty earth or to thirsty people."

Baxter, coming in, broke through his reverie.

"You look like a latter-day prophet seeing visions," said Baxter. "What's the big idea?"

"Just a hunch, so far, Ted. I'm going across the bay tomorrow, prospecting."

The other looked at him oddly. "Expect to uncover a gold mine at El Nido? Beware of the sirens who lie behind the rocks! As I remember, that day at the dog show, the Clinton girl was a looker. Beware!"

"I'm not looking for that kind of a mine, Ted. And I hadn't thought of going to El Nido this trip. You seem fairly happy yourself."

"I am. I've heard from my parties

in the land deal. They'll be out in a few weeks. Probably some time next month. Thereby greatly relieving the general situation. Now it's up to me to attend to the little formality of finding the land to please them. I wonder if there's anything about the bay? I must look up my notes. Wait me to come along with you, Cal? I wonder if the El Nido valley is for sale?"

He glanced mockingly at Caleb and laughed. "Old Chief Wooden Face, aren't you? Don't worry. I won't butt in to punch on your preserves. Give my regards to Miss Clinton. She may vaguely remember me. I was introduced to her at the Show. But, remember my warning. Stoles like you, when they fall, fall hard!"

CHAPTER VI

The Diviner

Caleb caught an early ferry for the six-mile water trip across the bay from Golden to Oakville. At Oakville he took a local train that paralleled the shore of the lower bay for a time before striking east through Coyote canyon, the natural gateway through the hills for the overland trains. As he had done on Hermamos creek, Caleb noted flood signs. Then he gave himself up to studying his sketches, covering the region he was going to prospect, going over them while the train raged up the canyon until he knew them by heart.

He left the train at the same station he had used on his previous trip, buying some fruit to serve as lunch on before he crossed the bridge and started up Hermamos. He had brought along road and creek, more as a mask to his real intentions than from any idea of fishing.

The scanty flow ran in a deep channel gouged out by floods. He examined the slides and found them all of gravel. A wagon road that had followed the creek up from the railroad turned off to wind behind a low ridge. It was deep-rutted and Caleb traced it. He found that it ended at a gravel pit, dug into the side of the ridge, used probably for roadmaking purposes. The pit had been bitten out in the shape of a horseshoe and, standing where one of the calks would come, he saw a dilapidated shed from the roof of which smoke was rising through a rusty stove pipe. A man, leaning against the open door, surveyed him curiously.

Caleb nodded to him as he walked over to the shack, crunching through the gravel. The man pulled, smiling wanly, with a grumpy handkerchief set to his lips. Caleb caught sight of telltale flecks of bright-red blood quickly folded into the rag. The cough was from the lungs, the man tubercular.

"S all right, stranger," said the man. "I've bin a right worse. I'm gettin' it baked out of me here. Lungs teached but they're healin'. Fishin' are ye? Better work up to the canyon yonder. No use wastin' yore time down here. Polly the road below the pit an' the creek, it's tough. Sile's chokin', what little they is of it."

"Mostly gravel underneath, to judge by the pit," Caleb answered. "Thanks for the tip. Have a cigar?" The man took it wolfishly and bit off the end.

Caleb gave him a match. "I thought that perhaps you owned the gravel pit."

"Me. I don't own nothin'. 'Cept this cough, and I'm willin' to get shot of that. Mine's a charity job. It's good gravel an' that'll make it handy to get at. I can't work at my trade no longer. It takes it out of me, you see."

Caleb didn't see. The glitter in the man's eyes was not so much that of fever as of the spirit, he decided. He fancied him a little demented, by way of being a crank or a fanatic.

"I'm glad the land's worth something," he said. "It doesn't look like that. The man shot over a quick, burning look."

"That's to them as looks only on the surface," he said.

"What do you mean?"

The man led the way into the shack. From the two-by-fours that supported the corrugated iron roof hung some switches of freshly cut willow and hazel. Some were old and dried. And all were forked.

"Know what these are?" asked the man. "Them's divin' rods. I'm a diviner. A Water-Finder. That's my trade. It's the power within me that goes out an' leaves me weak. Two weeks to work at it. Each job means another nail in the lid of my coffin. Maybe you're one of them that laugh at it?" he demanded fiercely. "But there's many in the upper valley as has blessed me when I showed 'em where to bore."

The thing seemed uncanny. Yet, somehow, it fitted in. The hunch stirred in his brain. To Caleb, under the spell of his vision, it seemed predestined that he, the Water-Bearer, should meet this Water-Finder to confirm his hope, a living signpost that he was on the track.

He knew that within the year the French Academy of Sciences had accepted the demonstration of a num-

ber of scientifically controlled cases where the "water-divining rod" had proved beyond a doubt that certain persons were gifted with the power to discover subterranean springs and reservoirs. Scientists did not attempt to explain the mystery, but accepted the phenomenon and were making it the subject of expert research to discover the natural causes.

"I have known many cases back in the East, where I come from," Caleb said, "where water has been found by the use of the rod."

The man was instantly mollified. "Ah," he said. "It's all true. I ain't quite human, mebbe. It's a gift, the power. Like a medium's. Super-natural. The spirits talk to me about it sometimes. I'd like to show ye, but I'm too weak. But you can take my word for it—me, David Evans, the Welsh Water-Finder, what I discovered a score of wells north of Coyote creek; that there's water all under here—under this gravel."

"But it ain't no good," he said, suddenly disconsolate. "Cause why? What's the good of water 'less you can use it? The sile here ain't thick enough to put dirt in yore fingernails. It wouldn't grow a radish. An' the wells wouldn't be artesian. They'd have to have windmills to work 'em. And, as I said, they ain't no sile. Seems like yore hunk of foolishness to put water where it ain't no manner of use, don't it?"

"Have another cigar," said Caleb. "Where do you suppose all the water comes from?"

The Welshman looked at him pityingly. "You fish that stream an' you'll see. This is Caliente sink. The stream runs into it like dishwater goes down the drain. Wish you luck, mister. An' thanks for the smokes. Some day, if you come this way, I'll feelin' better, I'll give you a demonstration. I'll be glad to see you any time. Kinder lonesome here in this oven, but it's baking me back to health."

Caleb went on upstream in a maze. It seemed, though his Yankee mind affected to scoff at the suggestion while it considered it, as if he had come into close touch with mystery. He fingered the emblem on his seal and smiled. Had the sign of the zodiac, Aquarius, really charged him with destiny, leading him along the trail to be the Water-Bearer to the frontier city of the sands?

Half a mile up the canyon from where the gravel road branched off, an arroyo entered from the east through a bench that was thick-furred with underbrush of desert species. Only a trickle of water was in the almost dry watercourse, barely lasting to mingle with Hermamos creek.

The place was wild enough, and silent. A grass-grown road chose either bank at random, fording the creek at frequent intervals. He found stones to keep his feet dry as he crossed.

Up the road he began to come across evidences of an abandoned rancho. There was little left but the roots and a scattering of tentative tendrils, scantily leaved. He passed a corral, no longer tenable, a lean-to shed without a roof, a leaking flume, a tumble-down wall of stone, and then he became aware that he was walking through what had been once a garden, a stately garden, still with a certain dignity.

The garden had attracted him unconsciously and he had left the half-obliterated road. He did not go back to it but wandered on to the house that rose above the cypress growth. Caleb's footsteps rang hollowly as he passed over the flags and glided in through where a door had failed as warrier. He was beginning to people the place with such ghosts as he imagined should represent the former occupants when he heard the high, clear sound of laughter at the very instant that his nostrils conveyed to his stomach—so that his mouth watered and his appetite proclaimed itself with no uncertainty—the smell of broiling meat.

His hope of something from a ranch larder, a glass of milk, a piece of cake or pie, if nothing more substantial, had died with sight of the deserted house. The tracks he had been trailing must lead too far for him to follow uncertainly. And now he had blundered on to a picnic—a California picnic—which means a barbecue.

Caleb's stomach yearned, rose in revolt against his manners and so far won that he ventured to the outer door of the shack and peered through. The laughter had ended but he could hear the chatter of young voices, men and women, hidden somewhere down by the stream that had wheeled to flow in front of the old house and sparkled through the interstices of a tall, thick mantle of wild-grape, hung over the arms of the trees.

In front, between house and stream, there was a smoking pit straddled by an iron grid on which two swarthy men were turning joints of meat from which came the smell that had lured him. The whole party was returning to El Nido in the early evening, where Maria was now preparing a fitting dinner for the festa of her young son's birthday.

"You are to come, too," she insisted to Caleb. "And stay over tomorrow. I am not to be denied anything today and I make that an order. You need not feel that you are crowding or were not included in the original invitation. There is lots of room."

"You have made it an order," said Caleb. "That settles it."

Here again was a different side to the girl, he thought, as he listened to her lighthearted talk, admiring her quick wit. He caught himself watching her closely whenever she laughed. The inside of her mouth was as pink as a kitten's and she laughed without

and then, regaining somewhat of gravity and lung power, called to Luis:

"What is it, Luis?"

"Senorita, eet eet of Senor Warner."

"Discovered, upstage, center, peering through the postern," said Caleb as he came out in response to the girl's instant and cordial greeting. "You are just in time. Did you come on foot? How did you know we were here? Mr. Warner, Mr. Thurston."

The two shook hands while Warner explained the accidental happening of his arrival. Betty Clinton was giving some directions to Padilla and his assistant.

"Come on," she said, "and meet the rest. Dad's here. This is my annual picnic and barbecue. Birthday festivity, you know."

She took possession of him. The man named Thurston lagged behind as they broke through the vines and



She Took Possession of Him.

looked down upon a level bank of turf, fringed with ferns. Just above the level of the creek. Two girls and an older woman were aiding and directing the laying of a table by two men. Clinton himself sat apart, back to the bole of a tree, smoking. He rose as Caleb came into view and the rest looked up.

"I'll make the introduction general," said Betty Clinton. "You can all make it personal later. This is Mr. Caleb Warner. I think I've mentioned him to all of you. And these are—Carmen Wilson"—she indicated a girl with black eyes, in a white dress, wearing a scarlet beret so vivid that its outline was fuzzy with radiance; "Mrs. Henry Vedder, Henry Vedder and George Brompton. The meat is barbecued. The enchiladas are at the height of their excellence. Be seated. Dad, you at the other end. Mr. Warner, next to me, at my right. All right, Padilla, bring on the carne. I hope you brought an appetite with you, Mr. Warner. Carmen, pass the enchiladas. Frigoles, if you like them better. They are our substitute for Boston beans, you know. And the salsa, Mr. Brompton."

The meal was all animation. Good viands, good nature and a general bubbling over of high spirits. Bits of the talk, allusions, chaffing remarks, together with little summaries supplied him by Betty Clinton, soon put Caleb in possession of surface of the party.

Thurston had been a bank clerk, losing his position in the merger of banking interests. But he had possessed sound commercial facilities and, backed to some extent by his uncle, he had started raising growing in the Fresno valley. Now he owned hundreds of acres and was rated almost a millionaire, soon to pass that mark.

Henry Vedder was editor of the Pioneer, a weekly published in Golden, of recognized literary merit. His wife had a leaning toward modern esthetics, extending to her gown and her mode of hairdressing. She apparently saw nothing except through the medium of her husband and she hung on his every word in the attitude of one who eagerly waits the opportunity to enclose the performance of a favorite dramatist.

George Brompton was an artist who specialized in mural work. He was the most difficult of all the company, with an especial shyness toward Carmen Wilson, which that vivacious personage did not appear to regard as the kind of tribute to her charms that she preferred.

Thurston and Betty Clinton had ridden down Hermamos canyon to the picnic on horseback. The rest had come in a hackboard, by the longer road, a wagon preceding with the materials for the barbecue. Luis Padilla had come mounted. The vehicles and the horses were stowed in the old barn. The whole party was returning to El Nido in the early evening, where Maria was now preparing a fitting dinner for the festa of her young son's birthday.

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Here again was a different side to the girl, he thought, as he listened to her lighthearted talk, admiring her quick wit. He caught himself watching her closely whenever she laughed. The inside of her mouth was as pink as a kitten's and she laughed without

reserve, so that one caught a gleam of even rows of teeth that needed no dentist, backed by the rosy glow of health.

Caleb enjoyed himself thoroughly, the food, the company, the talk and the shady spot beside the stream.

After the meal, Betty Clinton proposed an excursion. Vedder claimed to have had an inspiration for a poem and said that he was going to try to put it on paper in the old garden. His wife was no more to be detached from him than a limpet from a rock. Clinton himself made the excuse that he was not feeling especially energetic.

"Then Mr. Brompton must stay to keep you company," announced Carmen. "You and Mr. Clinton can discuss that pioneer panel, Mr. Brompton," she went on to Caleb, while Brompton smilingly acquiesced in the arrangement, though the smile was as wan and lacking in warmth as a winter sun, "is working on a set of panels for Judge Hermamos's new house. They are to represent California, past, present and future. And Mr. Clinton is brim full of pioneer lore, aren't you, Mr. Clinton?"

It was obvious that Carmen Wilson intended to make the trip to the look-out a foursome. Clinton smothered a smile. Brompton seemed to be used to this sort of thing and the four started.

They were less than half way when Betty Clinton suddenly missed her camera. "I have been intending to take a photograph of that view for two years," she exclaimed. "The light is wonderful. Wendell, you'll get it for me, won't you? We'll wait here. It's in the backboard under the seat."

Thurston went swinging off on his errand and the three sat down to be comfortable until his return. The change of scene seemed to have put Betty Clinton in more serious mood.

"I have found your opening yet," she asked Caleb.

"I don't know," he answered. "I have been given a chance to go up to the Beaver lake on a new project, but I do not have to accept just yet. Meantime I am looking around. I went over the Crystal Springs property yesterday."

"Did you?" broke in the other girl. "I've been there. Isn't it an ideal place for a picnic—or a honeymoon?"

Caleb laughed. "I am afraid I was more practical in my imagination," he said. "I suppose, being from New England I can't help that. I was chiefly interested in the water supply. But it was beautiful."

He gave them a little description of the trip and of how the dams had withstood the earthquake. And he added what Hinckley had told him of Crystal Springs valley before it had been turned into a great artificial lake.

"I can't help feeling sorry for the farms that had to be abandoned," said Betty Clinton. "It seems a shame when you think of the fertile fields being turned to silt, the schoolhouses and the little church that had stood so long being torn down."

"Think of what the reservoir meant to Golden! It made a city possible," returned Caleb. "There is sentiment on both sides of the matter. Where a dozen families were displaced by thousands, public utility must be the first consideration."

"I suppose so. Just the same, if I had owned a farm there, I would not have sold."

"If the rest were willing they might have compelled you to."

"You mean by condemnation proceedings? Well, they'll never do anything like that to Hermamos valley, for we own the whole of it."

"Not even for the good of the many? If it was necessary?" asked Caleb. Carmen looked at him curiously, struck by a sudden change in his voice. He took things concerning his profession very seriously, did this young engineer, she decided.

Betty Clinton shook her head determinedly in answer to Caleb's query.

"Not while my father lives. Nor while I do. We might sell a part of the valley. We have talked of doing so. We do not use much of it. And the land has advanced in value. But nothing must touch El Nido. You did not see the little cemetery in the cedar grove. There are three generations of Clintons buried there. My mother's grave among them. They must never be disturbed."

Carmen saw the muscles bunch in Caleb's jaws and wondered. For a moment he was silent. For a part of his vision had seen Hermamos valley restored to a lake, dammed and holding storm waters. Betty Clinton sat quietly and Caleb gazed at nothing through half-closed eyes. Carmen regarded them with a poet.

"You're a cheerful couple for a birthday picnic," she observed. "As for Thurston, he must be making that camera, or gone to town for a film."

She got up and stretched lithely. Then she screamed suddenly and shrilly, turning to cling to Betty Clinton.

A big bull had come into his pasture, the upland plateau that he regarded as his own, a magnificent herdsman, red of coat and white of face. He stood downwind from the group and it was plain that he resented their presence. The great head was raised and lowered uncertainly, the wide carving horns tossed menacingly.

There was no shelter if the bull meant mischief. To run was to court disaster.

Carmen clung to her friend trembling, her eyes big with fear. Betty Clinton was pale but she faced the bull and not a muscle had quivered.

"I don't know just what we had better do," she said quietly to Caleb.

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better do," she said quietly to Caleb. "He's working himself up into a rage. If we could make Padilla hear and understand."

Caleb resented this a little. He did not realize that the girl was thinking of Padilla mounted, acting as vaquero. Perhaps the resentment quickened his wits to action. Carmen screamed again just as the bull lowered his head and charged straight for them.

Caleb snatched at Carmen's hair and grabbed the scarlet beret.

"It's your hat that bothers him," he cried. "I'll handle him. Run—both of you. I'll hold him. Run!"

He saved them off with a shout as the bull came on. He saw Carmen, her black hair streaming from his careless tug for the hat, snatch at Betty's hand and start to run swiftly toward the wall. He saw, for a split-second, Thurston's startled face appearing over the stones as he ascended, heard the girls cry out and Thurston shout. He faced the bull, the flaming beret in his hand, prepared to play for dear life, unarmed.

The bull reared as his glaring eyes caught the flare of the scarlet taunt waved by the man. Blind to everything else, centered in the desire to start his rage on the offending color, he reared over the turf, leaving a little cloud-trail of dust, shaking the ground with his weight as he pounded it with his hoofs.

Caleb waited, not quite as coolly as he had wished, warily judging distance. As the sharp horns swept up, scooping for the cloth he held out at arm's length, Caleb sprang to one side and ran forward as the bull bruted, snorting and maddened, plowed past him, front legs stiffened in the attempt to stop and wheel, the great head clumsily turned toward the red beret and Caleb, who halted twenty yards away and provokingly displayed the bait.