THE CENTRE REPORTER, CENTRE HALL, PA



CHAPTER IV—Continued

"That's his gringo alias, Mrs. Ganby. The first Higuenes to be heard of in Spain was called James Michael Higgins. But the Spanlards gave it a Spanish twist. With the passage of time James Michael Higgins, the big Mick, developed into Jaime Miguel Higuenes. When did that happen, Don Jaime?"

"When the first J. M. married a redheaded Spanish woman who insisted on spelling the name as it was pronounced. My ancestor was a goodnatured man; having taken on Spain and the Spaniards, he did not object. Anything for the sake of family peace. So the tribe of Higuenes was born. The family migrated to Mexico early in the Nineteenth century, and my greatgrandfather married the daughter of an Irishman who owned this rancho. That brought the Celtic strain up a little. My grandfather added to it by marrying a girl who was half Irish. and when he looked at his offspring he was glad he'd done it. He noticed the cross had increased the height, breadth, general appearance, industry, and temper of the Higuenes tribe. We looked much more like Black Irish than Mexicans now, and were probably, a little more than half Celt. But we had Spanish customs and a Spanish outlook on life and Spanish was our mother tongue. Also we had no reason to be other than proud of our Spanish blood, so we never mixed it with Indian. When we moved to Texas my grandfather fought under the Stars and Bars. He sent my father to the Virginia Military institute and father married a Carrol of Virginia and begot me."

"You have never been married?" the nurse asked.

"Never."

"Aren't you going to be?" "I fear not. The loneliness here-the

coyote chorus on the buttes-all militate against it, Mrs. Ganby."

"The right girl," said Mrs. Ganby, "wouldn't mind it in the least. Go forth and search for her, Don Jaime." "Impossible," the master of Valle Verde replied lazily. "I have sheep on my hands."

"If I can credit the gossip I heard in Los Algodones, you killed the owner of those sheep trying to get rid of them."

BEGINNING THE STORY, FOR NEW READERS

Roberta Antrim, beautiful Eastern society girl, who lives with her uncle, William B. Latham, known as "Crook-ed Bill" because of his amusing siyness, receives a telegram from Jaime Miguel Higuenes, owner of the Rancho Valle Verde, in Texas, informing her her Uncle Tom Antrim has died a violent death. At the advice of Glenn Hackett, who is in love with her, Roberta plans to go to Texas to protect her interests, since she is her uncle's sole heir to thousands of sheep which Antrim had impudently driven to graze on land controlled by Don Jaime. Don Jaime, unmarried and romantic, half Spanish and half Irish, is attracted to Roberta's picture in a magazine. An-trim is warned to take his sheep off Don Jaime's ranch at once. Antrim ambushes Don Jaime. They shoot it out. The young ranch owner is wounded and Tom Antrim killed. On his body are found instructions to notify Miss Roberta Antrim in the event of his death. Another Higuenes' telegram tells Roberta her uncle was killed by Jim Higgins (Don Jaime's anglicized name). Latham tells her his fortune is in danger, and she decides to go to Texas to get Antrim's estate for Crooked Bill.

"You are very kind. Ken, you run up to El Paso and get the boy. Mrs. Ganby will arrange that detail with you. Now clear out and let me sleep."

Mrs. Ganby, with tears of happiness in her middle-aged eyes, followed the assistant general manager into the ranch office. "How long have you known Don

Jaime?" she asked Hobart. "A long time. Went to the state uni-

versity with him. My father and I had a cow outfit down in the Big Bend country but we wept broke during the post-war deflation period. Don Jaime and I enlisted for the World war-and spent two years guarding the border. At that we dodged more lead than some of those who went to France. After the bank closed in on the Hobarts I joined the rangers; now I've left them to work for Don Jaime."

"He is congenitally magnificent." Ken Hobart laughed. "Always remembers he's muy caballero, Mrs. Ganby. He does things with a flourish. It isn't pose. His people have always done it. His father died when he was twenty. He's twenty-eight now. His mother died giving him birth, so you see he's man-raised." "Why do you suppose he engaged

me, Mr. Hobart? Do you think he suspected he was doing a very wonderful thing for my boy and me?"

"Yes, I think so. Jimmy can see through a ladder. But he engaged you, principally, I think, because he wants the Casa Higuenes to be running in civilized fashion in case his luck holds and he should have the honor of entertaining Miss Roberta Antrim and her duenna." "She'll not have a duenna."

"Oh, yes, she will. You'll supply that lack. Don Jaime is very tactful and formal."

"Why is he so interested in the niece of this vicious old man he had to kill?"

tale brought by his recent visitor. "Take forty men and ride for the river. If this man's tale is the truth you will have work there. I think, however, he lies. Have Caraveo arm the other men available and instruct him to have them remain in the barns with their horses until I send him word that he is not going to be

needed."

"A plant, eh?" "I've been expecting reprisal, Ken. I told this messenger I had but forty men available but would send them immediately. Go with them. Then we shall see that which we shall see. I smell sheep."

Hobart departed to fulfill his orders, and Don Jaime stretched himself for his siesta.

Suddenly he opened his eyes and turned to Mrs. Ganby. "Please tell Flavio to assist me to enter my house,"



a job for you." And he recounted the | tion. A hundred armed men surround this poor house of mine. Go you, Friend Dingle, to the patio entrance and look."

A murmuring rose among the recent arrivals and one of them ran to the entrance of the patio. A volley of good old Anglo-Saxon curses echoed through the old-fashioned garden, then the man came running back to join his fellows.

"Is seeing believing, Senor Dingle?" Don Jaime called pleasantly.

"You win, Higuenes." "One by one you will go to the entrance and give up your arms to my riding boss. It would be madness to resist. You shall not be killed and presently you shall all return to your sheeps-I mean sheep. Forward! March !"

A moment's hesitation, more lowvolced colloquy, a curse or two, and the retreat to the entrance commenced. A few minutes later Enrico Caraveo, a little pockmarked Mexican, thrust a smiling, sardonic face up to the grilled window.

"I have the honor to inform Don Jaime that his visitors await his pleasure."

"Confine them in the barn under guard. Feed them."

"Si, senor," murmured the riding boss, and departed chuckling.

Mrs. Ganby, white-faced, speechless with terror, watched Don Jaime blowing rings. Presently he looked across at her, his eyes filled with musing, his white teeth showing in a gentle little smile,

"It's a great world, isn't it, Mrs. Ganby?" he murmured. "Please call Flavio. I would return to the veranda." The nurse stood by his chaise longue after Flavio had deposited him once more therein.

"Don Jaime Higuenes," she demanded, "after that exhibition of ingratitude on the part of those sheep men. are you still going to permit them to

Beware the Cough or Cold that Hangs On

Persistent coughs and colds lead to serious trouble. You can stop them now with Creomulsion, an emulsified creosote that is pleasant to take. Creomulsion is a new medical discovery with two-fold ac-tion; it soothes and heals the inflamed membranes and inhibits germ growth.

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World's Largest Organ

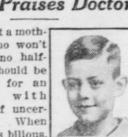
The organ in the convention hall at Atlantic City is now virtually complete and is by far the largest organ in the world in number and sizes of pipes, wind pressure used and horse power employed. This was necessary, due to the immense size of the auditorium, which is the largest building of its type in the world and has a total seating capacity of 41,-000. The organ is being built from the general bond funds issued by the city of Atlantic City for the building of the auditorium proper and its equipment, and its cost is \$368,000.

John's Mother **Praises** Doctor

There isn't a mother living who won't agree that no halfsick child should be the subject for an experiment with medicines of uncertain merit. When your child is bilious,

headachy, half-sick, feverish, restless, with coated tongue, bad breath, no appetite or energy, you know that nine times out of ten it's a sign his little stomach and bowels need purging. And when you know that for over fifty years leading physicians have endorsed one preparation for this condition, there doesn't seem to be any reason for "trying" things.

economically on the income from that Rich, fruity Callfornia Fig Syrup clears the little stomach and bowels "Hackett is coming for dinner," he gently, harmlessly and in a hurry. It interrupted. "Be nice to him. He's regulates the bowels, gives tone and my attorney, of course, and I'll have strength to them and to the stomach ; to tell him what's happened to me. and helps to give your child new Promise me, Bobby, that if he renews strength, energy and vitality. Thouhis suit you'll accord him kindly and sands of Western mothers praise it. Mrs. Joseph W. Hill, 4306 Bedford Ave., Omaha, Nebraska, says: "I'll never forget the doctor who got me to give my baby boy, John, California Fig Syrup. Nothing else seemed to help his weak bowels. That was when he was just a baby. He suffered a good deal before I gave him Fig Syrup, but it stopped his trouble quick. I have used it with him for colds and little upset spells ever since. I consider him a Fig Syrup



Don Jaime nodded. "Well, why don't you get rid of them, then?"

"The foreman, Bill Dingle, is still living and in charge of those sheep. He's a bad man and a better shot than old Antrim. Besides, if I get those sheep off my range now, where will they go? Why, to somebody else's range, of course, and then there'd be trouble and we might lose Bill Dingle." "So you're putting up with those

sheep on your range merely because this Antrim girl is her uncle's heir." "That's the proposition."

"Why, is she a friend of yours?" "No, I've never met her. But then

no Higuenes has ever quarreled with a lady." "I fail to see how you are going to

escape a guarrel with her, Don Jaime. You killed her uncle."

Don Jaime winced. "Perhaps she will believe that I had no alternative: that, not until after I had killed him. did I know he was her uncle. In fact, I didn't know I had killed anybody until Ken rode down the draw and informed me of my luck."

"Well, the fact that you are being so excessively nice to her since may mitigate the affair, although one can never predict the attitude a woman will take. A woman is usually guided by her heart, not her head, Don Jaime."

Don Jaime appraised the old nurse with kindly interest. "I take it, Mrs. Ganby, that you are old enough to be guided by your head. You told me you are a widow. Have you any children?"

"One-a boy of fifteen. He has been quite crippled since his twelfth birthday. Infantile paralysis."

Don Jaime considered this. "Suppose you had a comfortable home where you could be with your boy always-no necessity to hustle hither and yon nursing people? I should have a hostess here. For some time I have felt that Flavio's wife is toowell, elemental, for the job. This hacienda should know a gentlewoman's management-at nurse's wages. There are always some pupples around here, and the boy could play with them. He could raise rabbits and pigeons, I dare say, and if he can sit a horse I'll stake him to a pretty little Sonora pony and a Mexican youth to look after him. I suppose you could carry on with his schooling-you know, it does get lonesome here sometimes."

"Oh, Don Jaime! You mean it!" He nodded. "I'd like to be able to invite nice people to visit me, Mrs. Ganby, I should like to have my friends from the surrounding country come to dinner oftener, but I'm never satisfied with the appearance of my board, the menu or the service. I have no time to train maids and housekeepers-and if I did I wouldn't-know how."

"Yes, a man is very helpless. 1 should be glad to come, Don Jaime."

"Because Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes is a romantic Mick, that's why. He saw a full-page rotogravure picture of her in the Suburban Gentleman, and picked her for the mother of his children."

"Oh, dear, he's quite hopeless! She may photograph beautifully even with red hair, freckles and green eyes, but she may also be mean and selfish and irritating; she may be without manners."

"In that event." said Ken Hobart, "she just won't be the mother of his children. Don Jaime doesn't want the Higuenes tribe to vanish from the earth, but he would prefer to have them vanish rather than breed something ignoble. Where will I find this boy of yours?" he demanded, to change the conversation. "I'm starting for El Paso now."

Mrs. Ganby wrote a note to the people with whom she boarded her crippled son and returned to her patient.

"What a charming man your Mr. Hobart is, Don Jaime!" she began.

"He'll do in a pinch"-laconically. "He is very devoted to your interests."

Don Jaime did not answer. His glance was out through the arched gateway, from which the road ran straight down the valley. A mile away a dust-cloud was gathering on that road.

"Somebody is coming in a hurry." he murmured. "When they hurry it's always bad news."

A solitary horseman galloped up to the gate, threw himself off and hurried up the steps.

"Well, my friend?" Don Jaime queried in Spanish. "What evil message do you bring and from whom?" "Thirty riders crossed the Rio Grande at daylight, senor. They are rounding up several hundred of the senor's cattle. It is a raid."

"My thanks are due you, my friend. They will not get far. Who sent you here?"

"The American customs agent at Los Algodones, Don Jaime. He bids you send your riders to head them off before they recross the river with your cattle."

"Return and tell him I have but forty men available. The others are attending a balle at the Rancho Verdugo. Forty men will be sufficient, I think. Return to the customs agent with my gratitude for his timely warning and tell him my men will start in ten minutes, perhaps less."

The man touched his hat, flung himself on his horse and galloped away. Don Jaime lighted a cigar and smoked contentedly, while Mrs. Ganby watched him with alert curiosity.

Presently Ken Hobart, arrayed in his "town" clothes, came to announce his impending departure.

"Delay it until tomorrow, Ken," his employer ordered casually. "I have whereby Almighty God would drive

"Impossible," the Master of Valle

Verde Replied Lazily. "I Have Sheep on My Hands."

he said. "There is more dust to the south. We shall have visitors-about ten, I think," When the Indian came Don Jaime spoke to him in Spanish. The old peon picked Don Jaime up in his strong arms, carried him inside and laid him on a sofa. Then he departed

casually. "You will oblige me by locking and bolting that door, Mrs. Ganby," Don Jaime requested gently.

Presently came the sound of hurrying feet on the veranda, and through the iron-barred tiny window that gave on the veranda Mrs. Ganby saw men standing about. There came a smart rap on the dor.

"Who's there?" Don Jaime challenged in a ringing voice. "Oulen es?" "Open the door." a rough voice commanded. "We want you and we're going to have you."

"Ah, so it is my friend Bill Dingle. I have been expecting you, "William, ever since you so thoughtfully sent one of your men with a false cry of raiders from below the Border. I sent forty men. Your lookout in the hills saw them ride out, and when they had passed you decided to come to my hacienda, deserted save for the women and children, and kill me in some unpleasant manner. Is it not so?"

There was no answer to this and Don Jaime's mocking laugh floated through the window. "Now, Dingle,

Ancient Writers Depict Terror Spread by Fly

One old writer tells us that: "Cat-] tle are struck with such terror at the approach of these insects (flies) that they forsake the pastures and run, furious, in every direction, until exhausted by fatigue they sink down and expire. Even the elephant and rhinoceros, though they cover their thick hides with a coating of mud, are unable to protect themselves from these troublesome persecutors. Their attacks are not confined to the brute creation; and when they sting a human being, violent tumors are produced, and every part of the body becomes as if infected with leprosy."

When to this graphic description of the terrors excited by the advent of such flies, are added the further wellknown facts that in the East, some make their way into the nose, cars and eyes to breed, others bore into and deposit their eggs in the flesh, where maggots are produced, frequent causes of very painful and often dangerous ulcers, we can readily understand the awfulness of the plague

trespass on your range?" Don Jaime raised a deprecating hand. "An Higuenes," he assured her, "does not quarrel with a woman."

Mrs. Ganby's eyes blazed. "Now at least," she declared, "I know why Cervantes wrote Don Quixote. Only a Spanlard could have conceived such a character and only a Spaniard couldcould-could-"

"Senora," Don Jaime protested, "my name is Jimmy Higgins."

. . . . Roberta Antrim's limousine rolled up the graveled driveway to the wide portals of Hillcrest, and Harms, the butler, came down the steps and opened

the door. "Mr. Latham came home an hour ago, miss," he confided. "Something

must have happened in the city today, miss. He's worried-walking-up and down the drawing room and talk ing to himself. I'm a bit worried about the master, miss."

"Thank you, Harms. You're very kind."

A foreboding of disaster brought Roberta flying into the living room. Crooked Bill sat huddled in a reading chair, his face in his hands, his attitude reminiscent of profound despair.

"Uncle Bill! What's happened?" Crooked Bill's old hands merely clasped his features tighter. He wagged his head and moaned.

"I'm through. My brokers sold me out this afternoon. Oh, Bobby, Bobby, what a massacre! I stayed as long as I dared, but when the last jump came I realized that only a crazy man my poor fellow, consider the situa- | would continue in this crazy market.

trophe which had overtaken her guardian Roberta was in a mood to promise anything-and did. Crooked Bill appeared to rally immediately. Roberta was dressing when she

heard Glenn Hackett's car rolling up the driveway. She looked out her window and called, "Hello, old Stickin-the-mud! How are you?"

I declined to invest another dollar-

for the reason that I didn't have it.

I told my brokers I'd gone the limit

and to sell me out. I'm all washed

queried in a strangled voice.

"Must we leave Hillcrest?" Roberta

"We must," Crooked Bill replied

heroically. "I have enough to pay off

the servants and maintain us in re-

spectability at some modest hotel until

we can look around and see what the

future holds for us, but after that-"

dear Uncle Bill." Roberta's voice was

tender, the touch of her lovely cheek

to Crooked Bill's wrinkled jowls was

very soothing to that wretched wreck

of a financier. "Sheep are up and so

is wool, Uncle Bill. Don Prudencio

Alviso writes me that Uncle Tom's

sheep are worth at least two hundred

thousand as they stand, and he has

over a hundred thousand pounds of

wool in transit to a wool house in Bos-

ton. And good wool is quoted in to-

day's paper at thirty cents a pound.

Uncle Tom has a ranch of sorts also.

Don Prudencio doesn't think much of

it and says it is not of ready sale, but

we can live there and carry on in the

you are proposing to me," Crooked Bill

groaned. "Sheep are terrible."

"You have no conception of what

"Well, you've always taken care of

me, haven't you, darling? What a

poor sport I'd be to desert you when

you're down and out. No, no, dear.

We'll battle along together to the last

/ Uncle Bill Latham sighed and gazed

drearly out the window. "If you'd

only fixed it up to marry Glenn

"If we didn't have these sheep and

the wool I'd marry him and risk learn-

ing to love him, just to keep you from

worrying about me," Roberta assured

him heroically. "But of course, thanks

to that odious Jim Higgins, I find my-

self in rather an independent posi-

tion. We will sell off all the sheep

and wool and live comfortably and

sheep business-"

sheen."

Hackett-

until_"

"After that I'll take care of you,

up.

He favored her with a not very enthusiastic wave of his hand.

"Still holding his little grudge," Roberta thought. "Well, I don't blame him. Nevertheless I loathe sulky men."

Crooked Bill received his guest at the door and at once conducted him to the library.

"I've got to talk fast," my boy," he began, "before Roberta comes down. I'm supposed to have gone bust in the market-Hillcrest has been gobbled up by my bankers to meet my notes, I'm down to a couple of thousand dollars. In a word, h-l pops generally." Glenn Hackett stared at the old gentleman owlishly. Crooked Bill continued:

"I hope I do not have to assure you, Glenn, that in so far as Bobby is concerned I'm for you all the way."

"Thank you very much." Hackett replied. "I have suspected as much for quite a while."

"That girl is too dog-gone high and mighty to suit me," Crooked Bill continued, sipping his drink with meditative pleasure, "so I've cooked up a scheme to bring her fluttering to the ground. Roberta's the light of my eye and the apple of my heart, but nevertheless, as a reasoning human being. I've got to admit she has her drawbacks. She's got to be yanked out of the clouds of romance to earthly practicalities, and in my feeble way I'm attempting to do it. All of her life I've been busy spoiling Roberta by granting every wish she expressed and a heap she never thought of expressing. That's bad business. Now, then, here's my plan. I came staggering in. play-acting all over the place, and moaned aloud that I was out of the market, that my brokers had sold me out because I didn't dare stay with the game any longer. Well, as a matter of fact I am out of the market. My brokers did sell me out-but on the right side of the ledger, and as a result I've cleaned up about ten miltions. I've arranged with a trusted friend to pretend he's bought Hillcrest from the bank to which I had given a deed. Well, I did give the bank a deed, as security for more money to play this crazy market, but I could afford to. I was miles ahead of the hounds-playing on margin. I've leased this place for July, August and September-and Roberta is so sorry for me she's going to sell out her Uncle Tom's sheep and wool and take care of me the remainder of my days." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

boy." Insist on the genuine article. See that the carton bears the word "Callfornia." Over four million bottles used a year.

Joan of Arc Flag Flies

Once more the flag of Joan of Arc is flying in Rheims cathedral, where she ended her mission. It was a member of her Scottish bodyguard who designed her original battle flag. a reproduction of which has been presented to the archbishop of Rheims by Scottish and English friends of France. The designer of the original was Hamish Polworth, who after serving with Joan's warriors, became a monk and died at Dunfermline abbey.

First Hand Knowledge

"Why have you pitched that tent in your back yard?"

"Well, I've a large family and I'm persuading them to take turns sleeping out-of-doors. By the time I get through nobody will want to go camping next summer."-Boston Transcript.

Back Home

"Trying to mend your fences, Senator?"

"Can't find any fences."

Blessedness in Duty

In all situations there is a duty. and our highest blessedness lies in doing it.-Carlyle.

One-sided people don't always know how to keep on the safe side.



inflict greater troubles upon them .-Exchange. Silver as Germ Killer

Although it was discovered in the eighties that water kept in a silver or copper vessel acquired certain germkilling properties, it was only recently that a scientist in Paris found a commercial adaptation for the phenome-

Silver chloride mixed with potter's clay and baked at a high temperature is employed as a filtering medium, says Popular Mechanics Magazine, and it has been found that water passing through such a filter has the property of killing typhoid and other germs, while itself containing no silver.

Previous researches had demon strated that, if silver is to sterilize effectively, it must have enormous surface. It was therefore converted into minute bubbles, which make it possible to kill all germs in 10,000,000 liters of water.

Pharaoh and the Egyptians to do his will, before he should be compelled to

respectful consideration. In her great distress at the catas-