THE CENTRE REPORTER CENTRE HALL



BEGINNING THE STORY, FOR NEW READERS

Roberta Antrim, beautiful Eastern society girl, who lives with her uncle, William B. Latham, known as "Crooked Bill" because of his amusing slyness, 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, unmar-ried and romantic, half Spanish and half Irish, is attracted to Roberta's picture in a magazine. Antrim is warned to take his sheep off Don Jaime's ranch at once. Antrim ambushes Don Jaime. 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. An other 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, to save it. Don Jaime invites Mrs. Ganby, his nurse, and her crippled son Robbie, to stay at his ranch with the idea of preserving the proprieties if Roberta, as he hopes, visits the ranch. "Crooked Bill" lets his niece believe he has lost his fortune, furthering a scheme he hopes will forward Hackett's courtship. Hackett, despite misgivings, "plays up" to Uncle Bill's scheme for influencing Roberta in his favor. Don Jaime, actuated chiefly by his romantic interest in the pictured Roberta, allows the Antrim sheep to continue to graze on his ranch.

CHAPTER V-Continued

"I know you're not, dear Uncle Bill. You're a perfectly good old sport. I have just had a long telegram from my lawyer in Los Algodones, Texas. He informs me that the affairs of Uncle Tom's estate are in excellent shape and that he died leaving even more sheep than was at first suspect-

ed. There are about ten thousand lambs that will soon be ready for market and which should bring ten dollars a head and there are upwards of a hundred thousand pounds of excellent wool worth thirty cents a pound-Why, it would seem that Uncle Tom's estate will run close to half a million dollars. We should worry and grow wrinkles and gray hair, darling."

The butler announced dinner-and between the fish and the roast, as per agreement, Glenn Hackett commenced to question Crooked Bill adroitly as to the exact nature of his operations in the market. Roberta noted a grim little smile playing across Hackett's Puritanical face from time to time, so presently, with her customary impulsiveness, she asked him to share the joke with them.

"It's on your Uncle Bill," he replied. "It is my duty to inform you, Bobby, that your Uncle Bill is an antediluvian idiot who can't see the woods for the trees. If he could he'd see a path out of this mess he's in-a path as wide as the boardwalk at Atlantic City. Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow Uncle Bill will no longer be a financial corpse. He will have commenced his resurrection."

"How are you going to save Uncle Bill?" Roberta demanded.

Hackett proceeded to outline to her. patiently and in words of one syllable. his plan for the salvation of Crooked

to the house. He had a presentiment that Fate was, in a manner of speaking, stacking the cards against him. Next morning Crooked Bill caught

an early train to the city, explaining that the sooner he swept up the fragments of his scattered fortunes the better for_all concerned.

Roberta motored in a little later and went at once to Glenn Hackett's office, where he prepared and she signed a formal assignment of all of her right, title and interest in and to her Uncle Tom's estate to Hackett. for and-in consideration of certain moneys to be advanced to her by Hackett.

"Now, then, Roberta," Hackett said when the document was signed, "you understand that this is a business deal from first to last. Not a speck of sentiment in it so far as I am concerned. While you have given me security for the funds I am to advance, it may be that I will be called upon to advance a sum in excess of the total value of your Uncle Tom's estate. Consequently, it is of the utmost importance that the estate should be administered wisely and conserved. I have looked up your lawyer at Los Algodones, Don Prudencio Alviso, and he appears to have an excellent record for prohity but is a poor business man. If I-"

"He assures me Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes is most reliable and is doing all that anybody can do to conserve the estate." Roberta hastened to assure Hackett.

"I know. But the thought occurs to me: Why is Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes taking all this trouble? What do you mean to him? He is a cattleman, so why should he bother with your sheep? My dear Bobby, am highly suspicious of that fellow." Bobby's lip drooped. She had not thought of Don Jaime in that light before, and her common sense warned her that there might be more than a modicum of truth in Hackett's suspicions. He saw the doubt he had planted burgeoning, and hastened to aid its growth. "As I told you before, it is impossible for me to go to Texas to look after your affairs, Bobby. Your unfortunate uncle dare not leave New York at this time either. His creditors might think he was endeavoring to flee the country. Consequently, I think it is of the utmost importance that you go to Los Algódones immediately and investigate everything thoroughly." "But, Glenn, I don't know a thing about business, and I'm afraid it's too big an order." "I disagree with you. You have a feminine intuition of the highest degree of development. If you go there, get acquainted with your lawyer and Don Jaime and, after a few weeks, discover that you have absolutely no mental reservations regarding either or both. I shall think it quite safe to leave your affairs in their hands for

Thoroughly disgusted he returned [lings, my boy. However, why should I worry about a smear of sheep? I don't care two hoots in a hollow if they all starve to death. I'm solely interested in promoting for Roberta a journey to Los Algodones, in order that she may see the other side of the picture. Don Jaime is unmarried (I've discovered that) and if he fails to fall in love with Roberta he's fit for treason, stratagems and spoils. If she doesn't quarrel with him about that, they're bound to fall out over business. because no man ever managed a woman's business affairs without discovering in the long run that he had performed a thoroughly thankless task." "I wish I didn't have to mix in her affairs. I dislike deception-even innocent deception, Mr. Latham."

"You ungrateful pup! Why, I've placed Bobby under a tremendous obligation to you and made it possible for you two to share a delightful secret in common-all of which is equivalent to scattering six inches of tanbark on the hard, macadamized road of true love. By pretending to lose my fortune I drive off about 80 per cent of your competitors and shoo Bobby out of her set, in which she might find other competitors for you. As a promoter I think I'm just about the bee's knees myself."

"But you're giving Don Jaime a free field."

"And why not? He's short and fat. weighing about two hundred pounds. If he isn't, the scientists are all wrong about heredity."

"I have known tall, graceful and extremely charming Irishmen, Mr. Latham!"

"But the Spanish blood predominates in Higuenes. At least it did in his father. They were originally Asturianos, and Asturianos are all me dium-sized and stocky. But to return to Don Jaime. In all probability he takes a bath after the fall round-up and has never seen a bathtub except in a hotel. He will have a luxuriant. Niagara falls type of black mustache and use perfume. He will talk with a strong Spanish accent and fourfifths of his life is undoubtedly spent in his shirt-sleeves. He's just a husky Border cowman, I tell you. Do you see Bobby falling for a man like that?"

stick at Hackett. "Remember, your battle-cry is 'On to Texas!'"

CHAPTER VI

Roberta shopped for two weeks, spent another two weeks on a houseboat party among the Thousand Islands, and departed for Los Algodones. "Where shall I address you, Bobby?"

Crooked Bill queried. "At the Mansion house, in Los Algodones?" "No, dear. Address me in care of

Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes." "What?" Crooked Bill started as if bee stung. "You going to put up at the Higuenes haclenda? Why-why, the man's a bachelor."

"How do you know?" "I've been making inquiries about him."

"Well, his housekeeper, a Mrs. Ganby, has written me, inviting me to be his guest. Don Jaime was ill at the time and couldn't write me personally, but he did write, at the bottom of Mrs. Ganby's letter, 'Official: J. M. H.' Mrs. Ganby says they have a lovely place and that I'll be much more comfortable at the Rancho Valle Verde than at any hotel in that country." Crooked Bill was assailed by the feeling that, in some inexplicable way, his well-laid plans were doomed to go

aft agley. "You'll write me frequently and tell me all about it, won't you, honey?" Roberta promised and kissed him

good-by. Five days later she and Mignon, her

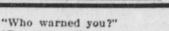
maid, with three huge trunks and five pieces of hand baggage, were deposited on a lonely, sun-warped platform at the little flag station of Valle Verde.

"So this," said Roberta, looking around her after the train had resumed its journey, "is Texas. Good gracious, Mignon, what is that noise?"

"It sounds like a zoo at feeding time," said Mignon apprehensively. and looked behind her. "Oh, it's cattle," she added, relieved.

A quarter of a mile out on the plain, in a compact mass, a huge herd of white-faced cattle were milling slowly and bellowing continuously. "Why, there must be thousands of

them !" Roberta gasped, and was grateful that the station platform, which was at least five feet off the ground.



"Don Jaime Higuenes." "Indeed. Why, I had no idea Don Jaime Higuenes was such a bloodthirsty man! Is the trouble between you something that cannot be rectified? I should be happy to act as peacemaker, Mr. Dingle.'

Bill Dingle, remembering his offenses, was honest enough to declare that the trouble could not be rectified and added something about the easiest way out of trouble being to go around it. Then he was silent for quite a while, meanwhile scuffing his toe and gazing a bit helplessly around the horizon. Finally he said: "I reckon you didn't think as much of your Uncle Tom as he used to let on you did. Don't you feel no resentment agin the man that murdered him?"

"Not the slightest. From all that we can learn, officially, Uncle Tom was not murdered. The sheriff of this county wrote that Uncle Tom made the mistake of taking in too much territory, which is a fatal error and tantamount to suicide. It seems he ambushed Jim Higgins and shot him three times. Then Higgins got under cover and stalked Uncle Tom and killed him. I am informed that he didn't know the identity of his assailant until he saw the body."

"That's the story, but it ain't true. This killer ordered your Uncle Tom to quit grazin' his sheep on the free range or he'd kill him. A warnin's a warnin' in this country, an' if a feller don't choose to obey it he's justified in arguin' the matter in the smoke the first time him an' the warnin' person meet up. Your uncle didn't see no valid reason why he should have his liberty restricted by a private citizen. He considered his life in danger, so when they met up on the range it was a case of who could get into action quickest. It was a case of an old man agin a young man, an' the young man won as usual. But your Uncle Tom never tried to kill nobody. He just naturally defended his own life an' failed to do a good job. An', of course, a sheepman ain't in good standin' in a cattle country. Personally. I'm only a hired man, but I got my private opinions, an' I'm here to say it just naturally don't look right for you to be the guest of-"

Mr. Dingle raised his glance from the station platform and gazed across



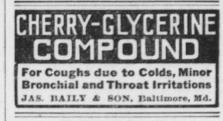
True Fish Story "Hello, Joe. Nice bunch of fish."

"Yeh." "Get 'em in the market?" "No, I caught these fish. They cost me about five times the market price."-Lousiville Courier-Journal.



Splitting" Headaches Until she learned why she was always miserable — and found out about NR Tablets (Nature's Remedy). Now she gets along fine with everybody. This safe, depend-able, all-vegetable laxative brought quick relief and quiet nerves because it cleared her system sonous wastes - made bowel easy and regular. Thousands take NR daily, It's such a sure, pleasant corrective. Mild, R TO-NICHT ing. No bad aft effects. At y effects. At your druggist's-25c. Quick relief for acid indiges-tion, hearthurn. Only 10c. "TUMS

Operating Rooms in Black Hospitals in Russia are to have operating rooms entirely in black. All operating table linen and garments worn by the surgeon and his assistants are to be made of black cloth. Soviet surgeons say that with careful lighting delicate work can be done with the minimum of eye strain.



No Redeeming Vice "Poor Alice. That husband of

bors " "A scoundrel, is he?" "On the contrary, he hasn't a single vice which she can depend on for pin money."-Boston Transcript.



Flying Into a Temper Touchy . . . irritable ! Everything upsets her. She needs Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegerehle Co nd to soothe her nerves and build up her health by its tonic action.

BIIL.

"I understand perfectly, Glenn," Roberta said when at last he finished. "You're a wonderful, wonderful friend."

"The plan is vetoed," Crooked Bill declared virtuously. "Friendship will bear up under anything except the indorsement of notes or the swift heavy touch."

"But, Uncle Bill-"

Uncle Bill raised his leonine head and his cold, steel-gray eyes flickered murderous lights at her. "There will be no further discussion of this unpleasant subject," he informed her coldly.

When Crooked Bill looked and spoke In that tone of voice, Roberta knew from experience that obedience was incumbent upon her. Her eyes filled with tears; in a tremulous voice she begged to be excused and withdrew.

Crooked Bill's wild eyebrows went up as the girl left the room, "She's as big a crook as I am." he declared proudly. "She isn't at all distressed. She's just pulling the old stuff-not on me this time, but on you, my boy. She expects you to follow her out and comfort her. Do not disappoint her. Forward !"

"Are you quite certain she wouldn't prefer to be left alone, Mr. Latham? She's all upset."

"Listen to me, son. I know my onions. The girl's play-acting. Vamose !"

Glenn Hackett "vamosed." Within five minutes he returned with Roberta on his arm.

"Hum!" Crooked Bill reflected. "And she spent at least a minute making up her face! Four minutes to put over her loving plot against me. The little crook !" He beamed upon her. "I'm so sorry I spoke crossly to my little girl," he announced with hypocritical unction.

Bobby kissed him fondly and gave him a fittle hug.

Crooked Bill was not one to gum up his own finely laid plans, and presently, with a full realization of the truth of the old adage that three is a crowd, he withdrew to his room, leaving Glenn Hackett to make what progress he could with the rebellious Roberta.

But Crooked Bill did not retire. He smoked until ten o'clock, at which hour he knew Glenn Hackett, a creature of habit, would depart for the city. So Crooked Bill went down the back stairs, crossed the lawn and waited for Hackett at the entrance to Hillcrest. "Did it work?" he demanded.

"Overtime," Hackett responded. "Was she nice to you after I left?" "Well-er-ah-Platonic."

"Aggh !" Crooked Bill growled deep

in his throat, like an aged tiger. "Go home, you jellyfish. You'd be a bachelor in the South Sea islands-and on an island where they practice polyanthe present, at least." This adroit speech flattered Roberta. since it was corroborating a belief she

had always entertained, i. e., that she could look through men as if they were glass. Her respect for Hackett's intelligence and ability increased at once. "I'll go to Los Algodones just as soon as I can get ready," she declared.

"That's fine, Roberta." He escorted her to the elevator and upon returning to his office pressed a buzzer three times, whereupon his secretary ushered in to him from an adjoining room no less a person than Crooked Bill.

"Well, have you sold her the idea that she should go to Los Algodones?" he demanded of the lawyer.

"I have. She promised me she would go as soon as she could get ready.

Crooked Bill rubbed his hands pleasurably. Hackett handed him the assignment which Roberta had just given him, and Crooked Bill set fire to it and dropped it into Hackett's metal waste basket.

"Have you confidence in this Jaime Higuenes, Mr. Latham?" Hackett queried.

"How do 1 know? He's a perfect stranger to me. However, his father and grandfather were both muy caballero to the nth degree and never cared enough about money to get it by crooked or unfair means. And I'm a great believer in heredity. I have a

strong suspicion that Don Jaime is equipped with a complete set of Hibernian inner works, and I have never known a highly courageous man who was a weak man. The crooks of this world are recruited from the weak"No-o-o !"

"You're a suspicious Yankee, Glenn. Your motto is: "Trust everybody but cut the cards.' . . . Well, I must be toddling along. I think I'll take on a line of United Drugs. I've had a tip that they've been quietly absorbing about twenty-five hundred chain drug stores. Meanwhile you keep picking on Roberta to get her out of town; and in order to soothe your New England conscience I'm going to spread about a hundred thousand margining a line of United Drugs for you. If the deal shows a profit by the time you marry Roberta, it will be yours. If it shows a loss-send me a reasonable bill for professional services."

"As a pinch-hitter for Cupid 1 think you're a total ruin," Glenn Hackett declared.

"How come?"

"I'm satisfied that Roberta isn't in love with me."

"So am L But I'm also satisfied that she thinks a thousand per cent more of you than of any man living. and if you remain indifferent to hereven let her see you out with another girl occasionally-you'll have to marry her in self-defense." He shook his

"Individualism" in Ants and Mankind Compared

Herald.

Social evolution among ants stretches back at least one hundred million years, while human society could hardly be said to have existed two million years ago. Thus human society is a much more recent evolution, and we would expect the individual human to exhibit a greater degree of individualistic behavior compared to social behavior than in the case of the individual ant. Human society has had to build mechanisms for controlling prevalent anti-social tendencies. We all undergo rigid training through the activities of parents, teachers, and oth-

Historic Valley

The Shenandoah valley is more than 100 miles long and varies in width from 20 to 30 miles; included within its area are Berkeley and Jefferson counties, W. Va., and Frederick, Clarke, Warren, Shepandoah, Page, Rockingham and Augusta counties, Va

phonred to offer reasonable sanctuary from attack.

From around the corner of the station a man appeared, hat in hand. 'Miss Antrim?" he queried.

"Yes, indeed," said Roberta gratefully, and waited for him to name himself.

"I'm Bill Dingle, your Uncle Tom's general manager. I got your letter tellin' me you'd arrive today and instructin' me to meet you at the Higuenes rancho tomorrow."

"Yes," Roberta murmured, wondering if she ought to introduce Mignon to Mr. Dingle, who was eyeing the maid as a fresh cow in a pasture eyes a dog.

"So I thought I'd meet you here, miss, and explain to you how come it won't be possible for me to meet you there," Mr. Dingle went on, his embarrassment increasing at every word. "It's about twenty mile straight east from here to your Uncle Tom's ranch, which is your ranch now, 1 reckon, and I figgered maybe it'd be better for all hands if you put up there instead of at the Higuenes rancho. I reckon you and this other lady'd be as safe and comfortable

there as anywhere." "That is very kind of you, Mr. Dingle." Roberta hesitated, then, in her usual frank manner, plunged. "Why is it impossible for you to meet me

at the Higuenes rancho, Mr. Dingle?" Mr. Dingle scuffed a foot along the station platform and his embarrassment increased visibly. "Well, ma'am, in this country, when a feller's enemy warns him not to set foot on his ranch again until he's sent for, unless he wants to be made a colander out of. it's reasonable to figger the warnin's meant."

toward the approaching herd of cattle He appeared alert, poised for flight; whatever had been in his mind to say remained unsaid, and he was profoundly interested in a horsemar, who was galloping around the flank of the herd, evidently with the intention of

passing on in front of it. "I rockon I'll be moseyin' along, ma'am," said Mr. Dingle, "We can discuss our business when you come to the Antrim ranch."

The horseman had cleared the herd and was coming on at an easy gallop; behind him a boy on a small pinto pony labored to keep up.

"There's the man that killed your Uncle Tom." Mr. Dingle almost hissed. "I reckon I don't care to meet that hombre until I can choose the time and place myself." And without standing upon the order of his going Mr. Dingle went-in a flying leap off the station platform. He lit running and continued on to a disreputable old automobile; in an incredibly short space of time he was on his way home.

The horseman, observing Mr. Din gle's departure, spurred his mount ta a furious gallop ; apparently it was his intention to intercept the latter as he fled down the dusty road that ran parallel with the tracks,

"He's going to shoot," Mignon screamed. "Oh, the brute!"

Six pistol shots rang out and Roberta saw little puffs of dust leap up beside Dingle's right rear tire. A pause of about two seconds-then six more shots and six more puffs of dust beside the same tire. Then the horseman pulled up, turned and jogged quietly up to the station. He dismounted a little stiffly, dropped the reins over his horse's head, and advanced limping to the station platform, upon which he climbed laboriously and disappeared into the station.

"This is exactly like the movies," Mignon quavered. "It's wonderful. So thrilling! Oh, I'm so glad you brought me/ with you, Miss Roberta !"

"When that man emerges you'll exanti-social responses. Even after we reach adulthood, we have need of poperience some more thrills," Roberta warned her maid. "I'm going to tell licemen, lawyers, governments, and him some things about himself he has ministers to force or persuade us to not, in all probability, been told beconform to the social pattern. Ants do not need such mechanisms, for they fore."

> "Do be careful, Miss Roberta. He's so desperate--"

"I'll reduce him to pulp. I'm not afraid of his guns. I intend to protect, my foreman. That is the duty of an employer. We can testify to his effort to kill Mr. Dingle. I shall have him arrested and tried for attempt to commit murder. The bloodthirsty wretch !"

The station door swung open, and Don Jalme Higuenes limped out, stood as erect as his damaged underpinning would permit, bowed from the hips and all but swept the station platform with his sombrero. Then he straightened and said: "Mees-I mean Miss Antrim-I am devastated to think-" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Her Only Chance

"Did you marry the man of your choice?" asked the inquisitive one. "No," sighed the other one, "it was Hobson's choice."



It May Warn of Kidney or Bladder Irregularities

A persistent backache, with bladder irregularities and a tired, nervous, depressed feeling may warn of some disordered kidney or bladder condition. Users everywhere rely on Doan's Pills. Praised for more than 50 years by grateful users the country over. Sold by all druggists.



His Grade

Wills-He is one of the createst halfbacks that ever lived. Players-Is that so?

"Yes: he always gives halfback of all he borrows."



social tendencies were eliminated long ago through natural selection .-- Boston

Lantern Decorations The vogue for lanterns as house decorations spread from France to England early in the Eighteenth century. They were made of glass with frames of copper, brass, or walnut,

and were most frequently used as cell-

ing fixtures. Aside from their prac-

tical qualities, they were highly dec-

orative, and gave added interest to

the rooms in which they were used.

ers which tend to stimulate the social

responses and suppress or redirect the

are born perfectly socialized. They do

not need to be taught or persuaded or

forced to react socially, for their anti-