

CONFEREES AGREE ON NEW BATCH OF ITEMS IN TARIFF

List Includes Casein, Long
Disputed; Criticism of
Proposed Duty on
Silver Scored.

(Associated Press Licensed Wire)
WASHINGTON, April 18.—Re-
solutions to the tariff bill of all
countervailing duties now in effect
or authorized on coal, automobiles,
cement, wood pulp, printing paper,
bicycles and certain chemicals was
agreed upon late today by the con-
ference on the measure.
Deadlocked over the casein rate
ever since they began adjusting

tariff differences between the two
legislative branches, the conferees
accepted the senate rates of 51
cents a pound on this skimmed
milk product used in the finishing
of paper. The present and house
rate is 21 cents.
As the conferees concluded ad-
justment of the free list differ-
ences, Senator Pittman, democrat,
Novada, brought the tariff subject
to the senate floor for the first
time since the measure passed that
body with an attack on the Mc-
Graw-Hill Publishing company for
an anti-silver tariff editorial ap-
pearing in its magazine, the En-
gineering and Mining Journal.
Pittman asserted the McGraw-
Hill concern was "one of those
companies engaged in lobbying for
the big interests of the country."
The Nevada also assailed the
jewelers' vigilance committee for
taking a similar stand to that of
the editorial in a brief submitted
to the conferees.

Eat barbecue sandwiches and
live forever. Brand's Road Stand.

Fresh salmon eggs at Idlewild
Park.—Adv.

MISS PAT

A Story of Romance
and High Adventure in
Life of Modern Days.

By Elenore Meherin, Author of "Chickie" and Other
Famous Serials

CHAPTER 40
"Is this a desert? And where we
were today, is that an oasis?"
"No—this is a canyon."
"But you said it was a desert."
You told him you wouldn't cook in
a desert sun. Well, tell me about
the desert!"
Billy's hand shook Pat's chin.
In his marvelously clear-cut voice,
he pried her with questions. All
day long through her violent dis-
turbance the child's questions flur-
tered.

Now, with her ear pressed to the
door, greedily drinking in the
muffled sound of voices, Pat gave
her impatient little comrade brief,
haphazard answers.

Why had they locked her in?
Would they wait until she slept,
pick her up and then carry her to
the edge of the plateau?

But she wouldn't sleep! She'd
fight! Take up these pliers, lying
there. As they opened the door
she would jump on the cold yellow
head. The other would never have
the nerve to murder.

Or she'd pretend to be dead
asleep. As Slim raised her in his
arms she'd reach for his pocket.
He had a pistol there. With one
swift, resolute motion she'd seize
and fire it.

Came Billy's distressed:
"Oh, you're not telling it right.
You forgot something."

"What did I forget?"
"About the mirage. They have
mirages in a desert. I never saw
one, but somebody did. Somebody
told about them—"

With an abruptness that fright-
ened Pat, with a long heart-broken
wail, the little boy cried out. He
wanted his mother. He grew faint
with thrills of his mother. She'd
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His dinner would be ready. He
wanted some chicken to eat. And
his mother knew all about mirages.
She could draw pictures of camels
on his blackboard. Why couldn't
he go back home? He didn't want
it to be night time again.

Pat bribed and coaxed:
"Listen, I'll tell you about Rip
Van Winkle, and about a cat with
a burning tail."

Finally she won him. Finally he
slept.

Pat laid him on the seat. She
took the pliers in her hand. She
waited.

It was so dark she couldn't see
the child lying on the bench; nor
even the white blur of his face.

The dark closed her in. It
hummed with droning, hypnotic
voices. They lulled her. They
filled her exhausted brain with a
sense of unreality. None of this
terrible adventure had happened.

She had dreamed. She had never
stepped into Guy's pebbled, Monday
there was no rain. Monday
child clinging with moist, warm
fingers to her hand. She was home
in her room. In the lovely Spanish
bed. She could see the drapes of
gold and green—

Suddenly like lightning and
brilliant Pat startled awake, a
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"Lay off that bottle!"

"Aw—cut it—I only took two
shots. I'm cold. Lemme in the
cabin, then."

"You stay here. I know you.
Shiek. Don't let me catch you
starting things with the skirt."

"Want her for yourself, do you?"
"If I catch you again, I'll knock
you cold."

Pat sunk with her cheek pressed
against the cabin window. Tears
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gan to laugh—softly, crazily—in
wild, overpowering relief. Tomor-
row morning she would be alive!
Never before had the mere taking
of a breath been such infinite, over-
whelming rapture.

From that graft warning it was
clear she had yet time—dear, pre-
cious time in which to live. Her
devastated nerves felt no terror
of this other menace the two men
and life might hold for her.

Thursday morning she felt al-
most happy as she stepped into a
clear sun. The canyon walls flung
down a myriad gold and pink and
purple banners. These waved on

churches done in lovely rose-col-
ored stone; on amber castles and
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"I'll come again," thought Pat
"when the nightmare is over."
And breezily as Slim stepped to
her side:

"Are we in the Grand Canyon?"
—just like a picture, only more so.

"Listen, girl—see the hump—
little slope down there? Don't take
the kid on any crazy rambles. If
you want to die, help yourself.
Leave the boy here. Get that?
Plenty of room for exercise this
side of the gulley."

He went back to the plane. Now
both men worked to repair the
wing. They stayed at it the whole
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And the whole day Pat played
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They found tunnels and caves.

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