

# SALAZAR FLEES FROM FEDERAL

## Rebels Move Towards New Mexico Border Line.

### Boundary Patrol Increased—Head of United States States Troops Fears Trouble.

El Paso, Texas—Movements of the federal and rebel armies in the district south of the border at this point and the position of the American colonists in the troubled zone, occupies the attention of chiefs of the United States troops engaged in patrolling the border at this point.

Thirty men from Colonial Diaz, to the west of the Casas Grandes district, arrived at Hachita, N. M., according to advices received at Fort Bliss, and the colonists from the Juarez and Duran colonies are expected to reach the border in a day or two.

A report has reached the United States secret service that General Salazar, with 1000 rebels, has evacuated Casas Grandes and that two groups of federal, largely outnumbering the rebel forces, are in pursuit. According to this information Salazar is headed for the border, moving due north with the intention of reaching Palomas, opposite Columbus, N. M., and a few miles west of El Paso. This will bring him in close touch with the rebel leader, Orozco, who remains in Juarez with about 500 men, and together they may proceed along the border into Sonora.

This move, American officers here believe, is made also with the view of obtaining ammunition and it is probable that the United States border patrol will be increased.

That the rebels are in great need of ammunition is evidenced by the recent instances of border running.

### BUMPER CROP CERTAIN.

#### Yield of Oregon to Exceed All Former Records.

Portland—Crop prospects in every section of Oregon and in every line of agriculture were never better than they are this year. It has been a bumper season all around, and it means prosperity for the farmer and everyone directly concerned with the farmers' welfare; and that includes almost everybody in the state.

If there is any adverse factor in the situation, it is the chance that some of the crops may be so large they will have to sell for less money than in other years.

The surplus to be marketed, however, is so great that the total income will be enormous.

The wheat crop this year will net the farmers of Oregon about \$12,500,000. The oats crop will bring in half as much money as the wheat crop, and the barley crop will produce a million. The other grains and hay will also add a vast sum to the state's wealth.

The year 1912 is undoubtedly the greatest fruit year Oregon has yet known. The total value of all fruits is placed at more than \$6,500,000. The potato yield, which is enormous, will, even on a lower market, bring the farmers close to \$1,500,000, and the onion and root crops will add materially to this sum.

The hop crop is going to be a great one, on the acreage, and at the present market price will give the farmers \$2,200,000, all of it money brought from outside the state. The value of the wool and mohair clips exceeds \$5,000,000.

The wheat crop of Oregon will amount to about 18,000,000 bushels. The yield will be a record one in Umatilla, Walla Walla, Baker, Wasco, Sherman, Union and Gilliam counties, the latter county estimating a crop of 4,000,000 bushels. Wheat conditions in the Willamette valley, especially in Polk, Linn and Lane counties, are fine, the crop in Lane being the best in 10 years. Further south the wheat prospects are also good. The oats crop of the state is estimated at 16,000,000 bushels, and the barley crop at 2,300,000 bushels.

### Bill Poster Men Sued.

Chicago—Suit for dissolution of the Associated Bill Posters and Distributors of the United States and Canada, who have been succeeded by the Posting Advertising association, was filed in the United States district court here. In a petition in equity Attorney General Wickersham charged a conspiracy to destroy competition, fix prices and monopolize and dominate the bill-posting business. The government also asks injunctions against practices and agreements said to be in violation of the Sherman law.

### Treasury Deficit Lower.

Washington, D. C.—The deficit of the federal treasury at the end of the first month in the new fiscal year was \$743,185. Treasury officials joyfully compared this figure with \$16,093,440, the deficit for July, 1911. There were two factors during the month favorable to the government. Custom receipts exceeded expectations, being nearly \$5,000,000 more than in the corresponding month last year. The delay in passing deficiency and supply bills decreased the expenditures nearly \$8,000,000.

### Treasure Hunters Off.

Victoria, B. C.—Bound for the famous Tiburon island in the Gulf of California, which is said to be rich in gold and other minerals, which have been successfully held by fierce natives, said to be cannibals, two little schooners, the "Tenderfoot" and "Drift," of the Victoria Yacht club, left port carrying an adventurous party of treasure hunters. They expect to be gone six months. They will stop at San Francisco en route.

### Oldest Oddfellow Dies.

Albuquerque, N. M.—H. Collins, probably the oldest Oddfellow in the United States, having joined the order at Danville, Kentucky, in 1842, died here at the age of 95 years.

### RELIEF IS GRANTED.

#### Emergency Appropriation Temporarily Provided in Resolution.

Washington, D. C.—Temporary relief for the bankruptcy in which the government found itself recently was granted by congress through the passage of an emergency appropriation resolution which was sent at once to the president. It carries forward the appropriations as they existed in June and July for another "half month." By August 15 it is expected the annual appropriation bills will have been passed.

An attack was made on the emergency measure in the senate on the ground that it provided no funds to meet the increase in pensions recently authorized. The emergency appropriation is for "necessary expenses of government" and for "the payment of pensions."

In neither instance, however, does it provide for anything further than the estimates as they existed in June.

Senator William Alden Smith, of Michigan, charged that congress was "keeping the old soldiers out of their pay," by this means of supplying money for the government.

Mr. McCumber presented a resolution to meet the pensions emergency. This resolution will be called up for action immediately. It authorizes the appropriation of \$30,000,000, or as much of that amount as is necessary to meet pension claims that may "be due and payable on or before August 4."

Charges were made by members of each party that the other was responsible for delaying the appropriation bills.

### SURVEY PUSHED NORTH.

#### Alaskan Boundary Line May Be Marked This Year.

Washington, D. C.—Since the summer of 1909 the joint commission appointed by the United States and Canadian governments to locate and mark the boundary line separating British territory from Alaska has been actively engaged in this work, pushing the line northward from the Yukon to Porcupine river by the end of the 1910 season. Last summer the field operations were advanced farther along that part of the 141st meridian which extends from Porcupine river to the Arctic Ocean, and it is believed that the present year will witness the completion of this part of the survey.

Realizing that its well-equipped field organization afforded unusual facilities in this remote and rather inaccessible region for gathering much information not directly connected with the particular work of locating and marking the boundary line, the joint commission extended an invitation, which was readily accepted, to the Geological survey of Canada and the United States Geological survey to send geologists to accompany the field parties during 1911 and 1912 and to examine the geology along the boundary from the Yukon to the Arctic.

### MEAT SOARS IN CHICAGO.

#### Packers Hold Out Little Hopes of Decrease to Housewives.

Chicago—Meat prices, already a serious problem for Chicago housewives, have climbed a notch in the last few days and, according to those acquainted with the situation, show no signs of decreasing. In Chicago prices are:

Porterhouse steak, 23 to 35 cents.  
Sirloin steak, (best cut), 25 cents.  
Round steak, 20 to 22 cents.  
Lamb chops (best), 25 to 30 cents.  
Pot roast, 15 cents.  
Veal cutlets, 30 to 35 cents.  
Pork chops, 19 to 21 cents.

These figures, according to local dealers, are a big advance over figures for last year at this season. F. S. Hayward, secretary for Swift & Co., said:

"The scarcity of cattle and the increase of population are responsible for the advanced price of meats."

"Prices are not going to lower readily," declared James Irwin, controlling several markets. "Among the reasons for the advance of meat prices is the high price of corn."

### Real Heads Disclosed.

San Francisco—Testimony adroitly brought out by the government in its gigantic suit to regain \$75,000,000 worth of land from the Oregon & California railroad, a subsidiary of the Southern Pacific, put into record the fact that Collis P. Huntington, Mark Hopkins, Charles Crocker and Leland Stanford, known the length of the Pacific Coast as the "Big Four," were the real heads of the Pacific Improvement Co., which had all construction work for the Southern Pacific, of which they were also directors and officers.

### Some Profits on Sugar.

San Francisco—Ownership of one half of the common stock of the Western Sugar Refining company—the John D. and A. B. Spreckles concern of San Francisco—has netted the Havemeyer interests in the American Sugar Refining company \$12,950,000 in dividends in the past 21 years. For all but two years of that time these payments were made on an investment that represented only \$500,000. More than \$12,000,000 of the amount has been paid since 1893. The first payment was on October 21, 1891.

### Battleship Bill Gains.

Washington, D. C.—Alarmed at the growing strength of the two battleship proponents in the house, Democratic leaders issued a call for another caucus on the naval bill. It was generally accepted that at least one battleship would be provided for. Representative Sulzer who is leading the fight for two ships, announced that he had 31 signatures to his petition that the caucus release members from their previous no-battleship pledge.

### Mexican Rebels Hang Germans.

Douglas, Ariz.—John Hertling and Guido Shubert, the men hanged at Montevista, east of Cananea, Sonora, Montevista, east of Cananea, Sonora, about a week ago, were natives of Germany and subjects of that country. Though Hertling had taken out his original papers for American citizenship, Hertling was the watchman at the Montevista mine and Shubert was his guest.

# SENATE SAYS ALL MUST KEEP OFF

## Foreign Corporations Cannot Acquire Military Basis.

### Vital Issues of Monroe Doctrine Discussed in Secret—State Department Not Consulted.

Washington, D. C.—The United States senate issued a warning Saturday to the nations of the world against encroachment upon the continents of North and South America.

The United States will not see "without grave concern," said the senate, any suitable naval or military site pass into control of a foreign corporation, when such possession might threaten the communication or the safety of the United States.

So vital were the issues discussed in the Lodge resolution, which set forth the policy of the United States, as to points situated like Magdalena Bay, in Lower California, that the doors of the senate were closed for three hours while the resolution was debated in secret session.

It finally passed with only four votes against it. Notwithstanding the comparative unanimity of the senate upon the note of warning, it is understood the measure did not have the official endorsement of the administration. It was framed entirely outside the State department and it is understood the executive branch of the government was not consulted with regard to the senate's pronouncement.

The resolution arose from the reported attempt of a Japanese syndicate to secure land about Magdalena Bay. In the form finally adopted by the senate it declares against the acquisition of any threatening location by a foreign corporation, "which has such a relation to another government not American as to give that government practical power of control for naval or military purposes."

### DYNAMITERS FOILED.

#### Robbers Get Safe From Mine Office But Are Driven Off.

Baker, Or.—Masked men broke into the office of the Underwood Placer Mines company at Cornucopia, rolled down an embankment the safe containing gold nuggets valued at thousands of dollars, at 1 Saturday morning and dynamited it.

They were interrupted by Foreman Charles Camel, of Walla Walla, who is in charge of the plant, and fired several shots at him, but he escaped with a slight wound and called help and frightened them away without their booty.

Mrs. R. S. Risher, telephone operator, who Friday saved Halfway from a serious fire by calling out the farmers and townspeople, was appealed to and she rang people out of bed and urged them to start in search of the safecrackers.

The entire Pine valley was notified by breakfast time and parties passed the day in search. A. C. Stephens, deputy sheriff of Baker county, in that district, suspected two men and telephoned to Baker for aid, but as Sheriff Rand could not cover the 90 miles to the mine in time to help, told him to arrest the men. They have not been apprehended yet.

### Ship and Whale Collide.

San Francisco—A giant whale collided with the schooner J. H. Bruce Saturday night off the coast between Point Reyes and the Farallones Islands. A part of the forward rigging of the vessel was torn away by the impact with the body of the leviathan and when the schooner reached port portions of the flesh of the whale and quantities of blood were scattered over the deckload and the forecastle head.

The sea animal was sighted by the lookout when the vessel was not more than 300 yards away. The course was altered, but the whale kept in its path.

### Nicaragua Asks for Help.

Panama—Manuel E. Velasquez, the Nicaraguan minister here, said he hoped the friendly offices of the United States might stop bloodshed and restore peace to the Nicaraguans. News that President Adolph Diaz, of Nicaragua, had dismissed General Luis Mena from his office as minister of war and imprisoned him and that Mena's son, the military commander of Granada, is in control of Granada, Nandimara and Masaya, where General Mena had stored big quantities of war munitions, is confirmed.

### Chicago Strikes Imminent.

Chicago—Chicago street car men favor a strike by a vote of 8939 to 171 unless their demands for higher wages and improved working conditions are granted. Immediately two conferences were arranged with the street railway officials, when a final effort will be made to settle the dispute peacefully. President Mahon said: "The men expressed their will on the question of a strike and now it is up to the companies to meet the demands. It is going to be a fight to the finish on the part of the men."

### Cotton Measures Passed.

Washington, D. C.—The house has passed 156 to 72, the cotton tariff revision bill, which the Democratic majority asserts will reduce the duties on cotton and cotton manufactures by approximately 21 per cent. The measure is identical with that vetoed last year by President Taft on the ground that it was not based on official information. House members believe the senate will pass it and put it up to the president again.

### Thirty-Two Automobiles Burned.

San Francisco—Thirty-two automobiles were destroyed here in a fire that burned out the body factory of Albert E. Lattimore. The damage is estimated at \$100,000. With nine exceptions the machines were privately owned. The fire department has no knowledge of how the blaze originated.



### SYNOPSIS.

At the beginning of great automobile race the mechanic of the Mercury, Stanton's machine, drops dead. Strange force, Jesse Floyd, volunteers, and is accepted.

### CHAPTER I. (Continued.)

"Go! to throw away the race and wreck your machine, for foolishness!" he inquired. "That's just like you, Ralph Stanton. You'll risk a blow-out on a smash to save five minutes in a twenty-four hour race. You can drive, but you won't use common sense."

Something snapped under Stanton's mask. Raging with silent fury, he slowed down his car and swung into the paddock gate as they came opposite it, thundering through to his own camp.

"Fix that tire," he commanded, as the swarm of mechanics surrounded them, and descended from his seat to confront the assistant manager. "Have you got me another mechanic, yet? This one won't do."

"Why, no," Mr. Green deprecated. "The driver who alternates with you wants to keep his mechanic; besides, the man isn't exactly ready to go with you, and he couldn't do both shifts, anyhow. I've telephoned to the company to find a man and rush him here. What," he looked toward the group around the car, where Floyd's bronze head shone in the election light as he directed proceedings, "what's the matter with this one? Scared?"

"No," conceded Stanton, grudgingly just. "Insolent and interfering."

"Well, if that is all—"

Stanton turned his back upon the speaker, recklessly and blindly angry, past all reasoning.

When the brief operation completed, Floyd sprang up beside his driver for the start, Stanton surveyed him through his goggles.

"If you are nervous about my driving and my sense, you had better get off now," was the grim warning. "For I drive as I see fit, and I'm going to make up these laps."

"Why are you wasting time here, then?" countered the mechanic, practically.

The Mercury hurtled viciously down the line of training camps and burst out on the track like a blazing meteor. Stanton shifted into high gear on the curve, and began to drive—as he saw fit.

The close-packed witnesses stood during most of the next hour, alternately applauding and shouting dismay, climbing on seats and benches to see. The other racers gave the Mercury room on the turns, after the Alan car tried to steal an inside sweep, and skidding, missed destruction through and with Stanton by the narrow margin of a foot.

There was neither opportunity nor wish for speech between the two who rode the verge of death on the Mercury. Floyd attended steadily to his duties; pumping oil, brushing the yellow trackdust from the pilot's goggles to clear his vision for each turn, watching the tires and the other machines, and he made no protest at the deadly methods of his companion.

Near the end of the second hour, the scream of the klaxon sounded its significant warning of trouble.

"It's us—lamps out," called the mechanic, after a comprehensive review of their machine.

Stanton shook his head impatiently, and kept on; deliberately passing the paddock gate instead of turning in. As they shot by the grandstand for the second time, the klaxon sounded again, long and imperiously.

"Go! to fight the judges!" hissed Floyd, with careful politeness.

The driver did not speak or glance from the funnel-effect of light and dark into which they were sorting, but the catch of his breath was not gentle. However, he swung into the paddock, on the next circuit, and halted a brief instant to have the lamp re-lighted. Familiar with his usual wants, a man ran bringing a pitcher of water to Stanton; who swallowed a little, then pushed the vessel so roughly toward his mechanic that some of the liquid splashed over the recipient and trickled down upon them both.

"Here," he offered curtly.

"Thanks," Floyd accepted, and drank as they bounded forward, tossing the tin pitcher back over his shoulder, where a reporter gathered it up and sat upon a keg of oil to write a pretty account of the volunteer mechanic who had made the Mercury's entry possible and of the consequent regard of Stanton for him.

The next hour passed a trifle more quietly. Perhaps even Stanton was sufficiently tired by the strain to drive with some conservatism; perhaps he acknowledged mentally that no car built would stand such viciously grueling work for twenty-four consecutive hours. But he kept the lead gained, for all that, and a pace like the long sweep of a swallow.

"Car coming out of the paddock. Hundred and eightieth lap. Car stopped around the bend," Floyd reported, at intervals. Otherwise there was mute attention to business on the part of both men.

"Signal," Stanton abruptly ordered, at last, as they rushed across the stretch of track between the grandstand and the training-camps.

Floyd obediently rose in his place, raising his arms above his head in the accepted signal for their men to stand ready for the car's entrance. On the next circuit Stanton turned into the paddock and came to a stop before the Mercury's tent.

"Get out," he directed, and himself left his seat.

The two men who alternated were waiting to relieve the two who descended from the machine. The work-

men swarmed around to fill tanks and give swift inspection, and the fretting car sped back to the track.

Left opposite each other in the flickering glare of the swinging electric lamps, driver and mechanic stood for a moment, weary, car-stiff, and still tense. Stanton unclasped his mask with a jerk, took a step toward the tent, then turned toward his assistant.

"The three hours are up," he observed roughly. "I suppose you leave me."

"Why do you suppose that? Are you through with me?" Floyd asked, with studied quietness.

"I made the offer to any man who would go for the first three hours. The time is up; you're free to get your money from Mr. Green, and leave."

Floyd took off his own mask and bared his white, steadfast face and tired eyes to the other's gaze.

"I entered for the race, or for as much of it as you want me," he corrected. "Until you quit, or find a substitute you like better, I'm with you."

"They looked at each other.

"Go rest, then. There is coffee inside," bade Stanton, and swung on his heel.

At the entrance to his tent he was met by the exultant assistant manager.

"I've got you a mechanic, Stanton," he exclaimed jubilantly. "I telephoned our fix to headquarters, and Jack Rupert is coming down—the chief tester at the factory, you know, who used to race with the chief himself. He phoned that he wouldn't see the Mercury thrown out but to tell you he was going to cancel his life insurance policy first so he would not be accused of suicide for the benefit of his heirs. Funny chap! He'll be here before you go on the track again."

"What for?" demanded Stanton. "If I kill my mechanic, I kill my car, and myself—I don't need two men, and I've got one."

"But I thought you said—" began the amazed Mr. Green.

"I was wrong. 'Phone Rupert that

follow. He was going to the restaurant in the interior of the stand.

But as he passed a big white touring car at the end of the row, a woman leaned from the shadow of the top. "I beg your pardon," she summoned, her tone composed and rather imperious.

The apology veiled a command. Stanton halted.

"Madam!" he responded, astonished and scarcely pleased.

She deliberately stepped down beside him, accompanied by the crisp sound of shaken silk and a drift of faint, rich fragrance. She wore a dark motor-veil, and in the mingling of dense shadows and glaring lights it was not possible to distinguish more than her general effect of youth and well-poised grace.

"I fancied by your costume that you were one of the racers," she explained. "And as I only arrived an hour ago, I wished to beg some information."

"I am one of the men driving," he corroborated.

She turned to glance at the cars rushing by, struggling for the lead.

"Thank you. Can you tell me whether Ralph Stanton is now driving the Mercury?"

"No," he answered. Interested for the first time. "But he will take the wheel again in half an hour."

"Ah! I have heard so much of his spectacular feats, I," she gave a careless, rippling laugh. "I confess I should like to see some of them."

"Yes? Well, half the people here come to see whether some of the men won't take a chance once too often. They say there is a pleasant thrill in watching some one else get killed."

"Hardly that," she demurred. "Still, if one comes to an automobile race, one wants to see something more exciting than a drive in the park; something more exciting than—that." She waved a fragile hand toward the track, shrugging her shoulders with an airy amusement and scorn.

Stanton surveyed the scene, the darkness hiding his expression.

"The Mercury is marking time with a substitute driver, the Duplex is on with a choked feed-pipe, and the Stern went through the fence," he summed up. "The others are driving to win by endurance, playing for accidents to the faster cars. It is a dull period, just now. Yet every car there is going fast enough to face destruction if anything goes wrong."

She turned to him again, and he knew her gaze swept him interrogatively, searchingly. But his close fitting linen costume offered no means of identification, since he purposely kept from the light the silver letters running across his jersey.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Banana Disease Threatens Market.

Because of the fact that the much dreaded "Panama banana disease," which has devastated the banana plant-

# WHIPS HER SON-IN-LAW

## RICH YOUNG WIDOW PUTS TEMPORARY END TO ROMANCE.

### Young Couple Had Eloped and Thinking "Mother" in Good Humor, They Confessed—Bridegroom and Wedding Ring Thrown into Street.

Clifton Heights, Pa.—Mrs. Martha Derrick, who was held in \$300 bail by Magistrate Griffith for blacking the eyes of her six-day son-in-law was not in a penitent mood the other day. She says there is but one way to handle an unwanted son-in-law, and that is to let him know he is not wanted "right off the bat," so as not to give the neighbors a chance to talk about that "terrible mother-in-law."

Marlin Adams, 24, tall, strong and athletic, is the son-in-law who took the beating. Marion Derrick, daughter of the well-to-do widow, is now his wife. She is 18. Marion has been the telephone girl at the local exchange until Mrs. Derrick gave Adams the beating.

Adams and the young woman eloped to Wilmington, where they were made man and wife by the Rev. George Wolfe, the "marring parson." They returned to their homes and said nothing about the marriage ceremony for several days. Then Mrs. Adams thought the time propitious to "break the news to mother."

"Mother is in a splendid mood," she telephoned to Adams. "Better come over."

Adams arrived. With his bride he faced Mrs. Derrick. He held out a piece of paper for his mother-in-law to read. It was the marriage certificate. The reading didn't take long. Then Mrs. Derrick pointed to the door and told Adams to "Go." Adams failed to go fast enough. The widow grabbed him by the arm, whirled him around, landed with a left jab to the nose and a right swing to the eye. She repeated, landed her right on the other eye. Adams fled. Mrs. Derrick then noticed the marriage ring on the hand of her daughter. She grabbed the ring and threw it into the street, after which she locked the bride in a room.

Adams swore out a warrant, charging his mother-in-law with assault. At the hearing Adams acknowledged he was divorced. Mrs. Derrick was released on bail. "You might as well make it \$10,000 as \$300," she told the magistrate. "I've got it."

Mrs. Derrick still has her daughter, and Adams is wondering how he is going to get possession of the bride. The bride cannot be seen. Her mother says she will do the talking for and the defending of the family.

Mrs. Derrick is quite prominent.

# SHOOT MAN LOCKED IN ROOM

## Texas Officers Forced to Slay Alabamian Believed to Have Been Temporarily Insane.

Cleburne, Texas.—Locked in his room in the Cleburne hotel, H. P. Hayes of Vernon, Ala., was killed by City Marshal A. C. White, after he had fired two shots through the door to prevent the entrance of officers. Hayes was well known here and his wild actions which led to the tragedy are believed to have been the result of temporary mental derangement.

His actions had terrified other guests of the hotel and those reported to Patrolman James Hughes that Hayes had kept them awake through the entire night by yelling and slamming the furniture around in his room. Employees of the hotel also reported that Hayes had refused to admit them to his room, though he had conversed with some of them through the closed door.

When Officer Hughes was notified he went to Hayes' door and asked him to come out. There was some parley and then Hayes agreed to come out if he were shown Hughes was an officer. The policeman started to climb up to show his badge over the transom, and just before his head reached the glass a bullet crashed through it and another passed through the door and through the officer's coat. Hughes retreated and summoned City Marshal White to his aid. The two men returned to the room and ordered Hayes to come out. He refused again and the officers started to break down the door. Shots splintered the door from the inside at every blow of an axe that the officers used, but all passed harmlessly.

As the door crashed in the man continued to shoot, and White, who had his revolver in his hand, shot three times. Every shot that the officer fired took effect, two of them in Hayes' head and one in his neck. The man lived an hour.

Probably the First.

Chicago—Believed to be the first woman ever pensioned by a railroad, Mrs. Mary Allen, station matron, was placed on the paid retired list of the Illinois Central.

### Vicious Burial.

A good woman's husband was dismembered and eaten by an African tribe. She, desirous of giving him Christian burial, was left no other alternative but that of exterminating, with the assistance of certain accommodating friends armed with the destructive weapons of our advanced civilization, the tribe in question, which had shown such a receptive attitude toward her husband. The bodies of savages were brought back to civilization by the avenging expedition and were placed in the grave, surmounted by a modest slab placed there by the widow and bearing the following inscription: "The remains of the Rev. —, beloved husband of —"

### Man Attacks Infant.

Mount Vernon, Ill.—Attracted by crumbs on the floor, a hen entered the home of A. Potts, a farmer living at Thacker's Gap, and there attacked a 2-month-old baby with its claws and bill, mutilating the child's face and eyes so badly before the frantic mother could arrive that the infant is not expected to live.



"I Am One of the Men Driving." He Corroborated.

I'll keep Floyd. Now, I'd like to get some rest."

The assistant manager stepped aside from the entrance, confounded.

### CHAPTER II.

#### The Risk and the Lady.

Two hours later, Stanton emerged from his camp and strolled toward the paddock exit. It was after two o'clock in the morning; the dark arch