

Classified Ads

FOR SALE

FOR SALE CHEAP—Correspondence course, in any subject, complete I. C. S. course. Apply to Earl Wag. 30-11-pd.

GOOD ALFALFA HAY FOR SALE—In the field or delivered. Geo. F. Shelley. Phone 77-J-1. 30-11

NEW MILK 8 CENTS A QUART—Cream 35 cents a quart. By Mrs. Florence Chipman. 9-4t.

WHO BUYS A LITTLE HOME, with 1/2 acre of land and water; within 2 1/2 blocks of Main street. If interested call at Citizen office. 18-1f

HOME FOR SALE—Inquire Vern Holbrook at Boley's store. A real bargain. 25-1f

A SPLENDID SPAN OF BELGIAN mares for sale cheap. S. D. Chipman. American Fork. 2-5t

Lost

LOST—A dark blue coat, between Pleasant Grove and Geneva Monday night. Please return to Christensen Garage, Pleasant Grove. 30-1f

Wanted

FARM WANTED—Wanted to hear from owner of a farm or good land for sale for fall delivery. L. Jones, Box 551, Olney, Ill. 30-11-p

WANTED Pasture for two 9-months old calves. Martin Nielsen. 30-1f

HORSES WANTED for pasture. Good feed. See Oscar Dean, 4th ward. 30-11-p

WANTED—Girl for housework. Mrs. Martin Nielsen. 23-1f

10,000 BROILERS WANTED; ALSO fat hens. Phone 46-R-3, Pleasant Grove. 22-1f

WANTED—Eggs, poultry. Highest cash prices. Will call promptly. Martha Peterson Pleasant Grove. Phone 70-W 28-1f

MISCELLANEOUS

MARRY IF LONELY; for results, try me; best and most successful "Home Maker"; hundreds rich wish marriage soon; strictly confidential; most reliable; years experience; descriptions free. "The Successful Club," Mrs. Nash, Box 556, Oakland, Calif. 23-21-p.

SUMMONS

In the Fourth Judicial District Court of the State of Utah. In and for Utah County.

Eva Hiectand, plaintiff; vs Leslie A. Hiectand, defendant.

The State of Utah to the said defendant:

You are hereby summoned to appear within twenty days after the service of this summons upon you, if served within the County in which this action is brought, otherwise, within thirty days after service, and defend the above entitled action; and in case of your failure so to do, judgment will be rendered against you according to the demand of the complaint, which has been filed with the clerk of said court.

This action is brought to dissolve the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between you and the plaintiff.

CHASE HATCH, Plaintiff's Attorney.

P. O. Address Room 6, Holbrook Bldg., Provo City, Utah.
First Pub. July 9, 1921.
Last pub. Aug. 6, 1921.

OHIOAN HEIR TO 3,600,000 LEV



Patrolman Joe Bokau, who came here from Bulgaria but is now a member of the American Legion at Toledo, has been notified that he is sole heir to an estate of 3,600,000 lev. Before the war this would have amounted to \$750,000 in American money, but at the present rate of exchange is \$40,000. Patrolman Bokau says, "I fought for this country, and I'll stay and enjoy my share."

BULL-DOG DRUMMOND

The Adventures of A Demobilized Officer Who Found Peace Dull

by **CYRIL McNEILE**
"SAPPER"

Illustrations by **IRWIN MYERS**

Copyright by Geo H Doran Co

Suddenly it struck him that he was at a terrible disadvantage. The thing, whatever it was, knew, at any rate approximately, his position; he had not the slightest notion where it was. And a blind man boxing a man who could see, would have felt just about as safe. With Hugh, such a conclusion meant instant action. It might be dangerous on the floor; it most certainly was far more so in bed. He felt for his torch, and then, with one conclusive bound, he was standing by the door, with his hand on the electric-light switch.

Then he paused and listened intently. Not a sound could he hear; the thing, whatever it was, had become motionless at his sudden movement. For an appreciable time he stood there, his eyes searching the darkness—but even he could see nothing, and he cursed the American comprehensively under his breath. He would have given anything for even the faintest grey light, so that he could have some idea of what it was and where it was. Now he felt utterly helpless, while every moment he imagined some slimy, crawling brute touching his bare feet—creeping up on him. . . . He pulled himself together sharply. Light was essential, and at once. But, if he switched it on, there would be a moment when the thing would see him before he could see the thing—and such moments are not helpful. There only remained his torch; and on the Anere, on one occasion, he had saved his life by its judicious use. The man behind one of those useful implements is in blackness far more impenetrable than the blackest night, for the man in front is dazzled. He can only shoot at the torch; wherefore hold it to one side and in front of you. . . .

The light flashed out, darting round the room. Ping! Something hit the sleeve of his pajamas, but still he could see nothing. The bed, with the clothes thrown back; the washstand; the chair with his trousers and shirt—everything was as it had been when he turned in. And then he heard a second sound—distinct and clear. It came from high up, near the ceiling, and the beam caught the big cupboard and traveled up. It reached the top, and rested there, fixed and steady. Framed in the middle of it, peering over the edge, was a little hairless, brown face, holding what looked like a tube in its mouth. Hugh had one glimpse of a dark, skinny hand putting something in the tube, and then he switched off the torch and ducked, just as another fly pinged over his head and hit the wall behind.

One thing, at any rate, was certain: the other occupant of the room was human, and with that realization all his nerve returned. There would be time enough later on to find out how he got there, and what those strange pinged noises had been caused by. Just at that moment only one thing was on the program; and without a sound he crept round the bed toward the cupboard, to put that one thing in to effect in his usual direct manner.

Twice did he hear the little whistling hiss from above, but nothing sang past his head. Evidently the man had lost him, and was probably still aiming at the door. And then, with hands that barely touched it, he felt the outlines of the cupboard.

It was standing an inch or two from the wall, and he slipped his fingers behind the back on one side. He listened for a moment, but no movement came from above; then, half facing the wall, he put one leg against it. There was one quick, tremendous heave; a crash which sounded deafening; then silence. And once again he switched on his torch. . . .

Lying on the floor by the window was one of the smallest men he had ever seen. He was a native of sorts, and Hugh turned him over with his foot. He was quite unconscious, and the bump on his head, where it had hit the floor, was rapidly swelling to the size of a large orange. In his hand he still clutched the little tube, and Hugh gingerly removed it. Placed in position at one end was a long splinter of wood, with a sharpened point; and by the light of his torch Hugh saw that it was faintly discolored with some brown stain.

He was still examining it with interest, when a thunderous knock came on the door. He stroled over and switched on the electric light; then he opened the door.

An excited night-porter rushed in, followed by two or three other people in varying stages of undress, and stopped in amazement at the scene. The heavy cupboard, with a great crack across the back, lay face downward on the floor; the native still lay curled up and motionless.

"One of the hotel pets?" queried Hugh pleasantly, lighting a cigarette. "If it's all the same to you, I wish



"If It's All the Same to You, I Wish You'd Remove Him."

you'd remove him. He was—ah—finding it uncomfortable on the top of the cupboard."

It appeared that the night-porter could speak English; it also appeared that the lady occupying the room below had rushed forth demanding to be led to the basement, under the misapprehension that war had again been declared and the Germans were bombing Paris. And then, to crown everything, while the uproar was at its height, the native on the floor, opening one heavy and somewhat dazed eye, realized that things looked unhealthy. Unnoticed, he lay "doggy" for a while; then, like a rabbit which has almost been trodden on, he dodged between the legs of the men in the room, and vanished through the open door. Taken by surprise, for a moment no one moved; then, simultaneously, they dashed into the passage. It was empty, and Hugh, glancing up, saw the American detective advancing toward them along the corridor.

"What's the trouble, captain?" he asked as he joined the group.

"A friend of the management elected to spend the night on the top of my cupboard, Mr. Green," answered Drummond, "and got cramp half-way through."

The American gazed at the wreckage in silence. Then he looked at Hugh, and what he saw on that worthy's face apparently decided him to maintain that policy. In fact, it was not till the night-porter and his attendant minions had at last, and very dubiously, withdrawn, that he again opened his mouth.

"Looks like a hectic night," he murmured. "What happened?" Briefly Hugh told him what had occurred and the detective whistled softly.

"Blowpipe and poisoned darts," he said shortly, returning the tube to Drummond. "Narrow escape—d-d narrow! Look at your pillow."

Hugh looked; embedded in the linen were four pointed splinters similar to the one he held in his hand; by the door were three more, lying on the floor.

"An engaging little bird," he laughed; "but nasty to look at."

He extracted the little pieces of wood and carefully placed them in an empty match-box; the tube he put in his cigarette-case.

"Might come in handy; you never know," he remarked earnestly. "They might if you stand quite still," said the American, with a sudden, sharp command in his voice. "Don't move."

Hugh stood motionless, staring at the speaker, who with eyes fixed on his right forearm, had stepped forward. From the loose sleeve of his pajama coat the detective gently puffed another dart and dropped it into the match-box.

"Not far off getting you that time, captain," he cried cheerfully. "Now you've got the whole blamed outfit."

THREE

It was the Comte de Guy who boarded the boat express at the Gare du Nord the next day; it was Carl Peterson who stepped off the boat express at Boulogne. And it was only Drummond's positive assurance which convinced the American that the two characters were the same man.

He was leaning over the side of the boat reading a telegram when he first saw Hugh ten minutes after the boat had left the harbor and if he had hoped for a disastrous result to the elder of the night before, no trace of

it showed on his face. Instead he waved a cheerful greeting to Drummond.

"This is a pleasant surprise," he remarked affably. "Have you been to Paris, too?"

For a moment Drummond looked at him narrowly. Was it a stupid bluff, or was the man so sure of his power of disguise that he assumed with certainty he had not been recognized? And it suddenly struck Hugh that, save for that one tell-tale habit—a habit which, in all probability, Peterson himself was unconscious of—he would not have recognized him.

"Yes," he answered lightly. "I came over to see how you behaved yourself."

"What a pity I didn't know!" said Peterson, with a good-humored chuckle. He seemed in excellent spirits, as he carelessly tore the telegram into tiny pieces and dropped them overboard. "We might have had another of our homely little chats over some supper. Where did you stay?"

"At the Ritz. And you?"

"I always stop at the Bristol," answered Peterson. "Quieter than the Ritz, I think."

FOUR

"Walk right in, Mr. Green," said Hugh, as, three hours later, they got out of a taxi in Half Moon street. "This is my little rabbit-hutch."

He followed the American up the stairs, and produced his hatchkey. But before he could even insert it in the hole the door was flung open, and Peter Darrell stood facing him with avowed relief in his face.

"Thank the Lord you've come, old son," he cried, with a brief look at the detective. "There's something doing down at Godalming I don't like."

He followed Hugh into the sitting room.

"At twelve o'clock today Toby rang up. He was talking quite ordinarily—you know the sort of rot he usually gets off his chest—when suddenly he stopped quite short and said, 'My God! What do you want? I could tell he'd looked up, because his voice was muffled. Then there was the sound of a scuffle, I heard Toby curse, then nothing more. I rang and rang and rang—no answer.'"

"What did you do?" Drummond, with a letter in his hand which he had taken off the mantelpiece, was listening grimly.

"Algy was here. He motored straight off to see if he could find out what was wrong. I stopped here to tell you."

"Anything through from him?"

"Not a word. There's foul play, or I'll eat my hat."

But Hugh did not answer. With a look on his face which even Peter had never seen before, he was reading the letter. It was short and to the point, but he read it three times before he spoke.

"When did this come?" he asked.

"An hour ago," answered the other. "I very nearly opened it."

"Read it," said Hugh. He handed it to Peter and went to the door.

"Dentily," he shouted, "I want my car round at once." Then he came back into the room. "If they've hurt one hair of her head," he said, his voice full of a smoldering fury, "I'll murder that gang one by one with my bare hands."



A pipe won't burn your tongue if you smoke P. A.!

Get that pipe-party-bee buzzing in your smoke-section! Know for a fact what a joy'us jimmy pipe can and will do for your peace and content! Just check up the men in all walks of life you meet daily who certainly get top sport out of their pipes—all aglow with fragrant, delightful, friendly Prince Albert!

And, you can wager your week's wad that Prince Albert's quality and flavor and coolness—and its freedom from bite and parch (cut out by our exclusive patented process)—will ring up records in your little old smokemeter the likes of which you never before could believe possible!

You don't get tired of a pipe—when it's packed with Prince Albert! Paste that in your hat!



Copyright 1921 by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT
the national joy smoke

"For pity's sake, come at once!" read the detective aloud. "The bearer of this is trustworthy." He thoughtfully picked his teeth. "Girl's writing. Do you know her?"

"My fiancée," said Hugh shortly.

"Certain?" snapped the American.

"Certain!" cried Hugh. "Of course I am. I know every curl of every letter."

"There is such a thing as forgery," remarked the detective dispassionately. "D—n it, man," exploded Hugh; "do you imagine I don't know my own girl's writing?"

"A good many bank cashiers have mistaken their customers' writing before now," said the other, unmoved. "I don't like it, captain. A girl in real trouble wouldn't put in that bit about the bearer."

"You go to h—l," remarked Hugh briefly. "I'm going to Godalming."

"Well," drawled the American, "not knowing Godalming, I don't know who scores. But, if you go there—I come too."

"And me," said Peter, brightening up.

(Continued Next Week)

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Comstock Consolidated Mining and Milling Company—Principal Place of Business, American Fork, Utah.

NOTICE is hereby given that at a meeting of the directors of the Comstock Consolidated Mining & Milling Co., held on July 7, 1921, an assessment of \$1.00 per each 1000 shares of outstanding stock, was levied payable immediately to F. M. Houston, secretary, at his office, in American Fork, Utah. Any stock on which this assessment remains unpaid on Aug. 7, 1921, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on Sept. 26, 1921, at 6 o'clock p. m. at his office in American Fork to pay delinquent assessment, cost of advertising and expense of sale.

F. M. HOUSTON, Secretary.
First pub. July 16—Last Aug. 13, 1921

WE PRINT BUTTER WRAPPERS

FISK TIRES

Cords Fabrics

REDUCTION in Fisk prices does not mean a lowered quality.

Every Fisk Tire, large or small, is a standard Fisk Tire.

Present low prices are on tires which have made the name Fisk famous for quality and mileage.

There is no better tire value in the world than a Fisk Tire at the present price.

Sold only by Dealers

WE PRINT BUTTER WRAPPERS.