

## Afoul of Villa's Men

By  
Capt. George B. Rodney

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### SYNOPSIS.

**CHAPTER I.**—Automobile of Miss Dorothy Upton and friend Mrs. Fane breaks down at New Mexico border patrol camp commanded by Lieutenant Kynaston. The two women are on way to mine of Miss Upton's father, located a few miles across the Mexican border. Kynaston leaves women at his camp while he goes with a detail to investigate report of Villa gun runners. Villa troops drive small force of Carranza across border line and they surrender to Kynaston.

**CHAPTER II.**—Dorothy and Mrs. Fane still at camp when Kynaston returns with prisoners. Blind Mexican priest appears in camp and claims interned Mexicans have in the spoils brought across the line a wonderful emerald bell stolen from a shrine by Zapata and taken from him by Carranza troops. Priest is searching for the emerald in order to return it to the shrine. Kynaston investigates and finds emerald. He reports it to department headquarters and is instructed to hold it until arrival of officer from headquarters. Dorothy's father arrives, sees the emerald, tries to buy it but without success, and then leaves with Dorothy and Mrs. Fane for his mine.

### CHAPTER III.

#### Gone!

A little later Kynaston sent a corporal with two men and a led horse to the railroad, ten miles away, with instructions that after the officer came they should wait till moonrise before starting back. After seeing the little party start he took refuge in his hammock. Pipe in mouth, he lay watching the night drop down over the purpling hills.

The old padre felt his way painfully out of the tent that Kynaston had assigned for his use, and very laboriously made his way to the tree, guided by the purring of Kynaston's pipe.

"When dost thou expect thy visitors to arrive, my son?"

"Should be here an hour after the moonrise, padre," said Kynaston.

"But, señor, moonrise means nothing to a blind man who never sees it."

"Well, padre, it means that in about four or five hours the officer who has been sent to receive the stolen articles will arrive. When he does come it will be 'up to him,' as we Americans say, about giving back to you the bell that you have traveled so far to get. Won't you be seated?—and we'll talk till he shows up."

With a word of thanks the old man sank into the reclining chair which the officer pushed forward.

In the course of that long talk, punctuated by the purr of his pipe and the heavy breathing of the over-baked earth, Kynaston learned much, for he was an apt pupil.

He learned of heavy-footed wanderings over hot plains and well-nigh trackless mountains; of nights spent in the waterless desert, with only the yelping of the tireless coyotes for company.

"I beg the lieutenant's pardon, sir, but there's horses comin' up the trail," it was the observant trumpeter who spoke. Kynaston, obedient to the summons, laid down his pipe and walked down upon the flat. He now plainly heard the horses come quickly up the rocky trail. Within a moment or two they pulled up before the camp, and he went forward to greet an officer who dismounted swiftly and introduced himself.

"I am Major Updyke, Mr. Kynaston. The general sent me down here to relieve you of part of your embarrassment. He also requested me to take a look over your camp and your location. He is under the impression that with an affair of this importance happening here you should have a larger force."

"He is reluctant to send an entire troop of cavalry here because that will make it necessary to send a captain in command, and he has been so fa-



Peered at Him With the Intent Look of the Blind.

vorably impressed with the way you have handled the situation since you have been here that he does not wish to supersede you if it can be avoided.

"I may add that he suggested to me that I should drop you a hint to the effect that he wanted you to know that he appreciates the manner in which you have conducted affairs during the past six months."

Kynaston flushed warmly. Words of appreciation are rare in military life, where the efficient performance of duty is assumed. Neglect or dereliction is a rarity. But the present department commander believed that just as a commanding officer should be quick to reprimand, so also he should not be chary of appreciation. The result was that his subordinates were more than willing to work themselves to a shadow to carry out his faintest hint.

"You see, Kynaston," went on the staff officer, "we have had several hints to the effect that attempts were being made to smuggle money across the line, so when your telegram came the general sent me off hot foot. How many of these prisoners are there?"

Kynaston told him.

"And three pack-mules. Where did they come from?"

Kynaston answered briefly, and followed his report with an account of the priest's arrival and the discovery of the valuable emerald that had set two continents agog three hundred years before.

"So you see, sir," he concluded, "I couldn't properly turn the thing over to the priest, though I believe his claim is correct and just."

"Ever hear of him before?" asked Major Updyke sharply.

"Never, sir. Why?"

"Nothing. It just occurred to me that in order to obtain possession of a jewel like that almost anyone would or could tell an interesting yarn. Have you ever been in Trocanto—didn't you say that's the name of the place the man says he came from?"

"Trocanto, yes—no, I've never been there. And I've never heard of it either. How about you?"

"Same."

"Of course," Kynaston hesitated, "that actually proves nothing."

The staff officer laughed.

"All the same," he cried, "I'm glad I came down here, if you were really so worked on by the old fellow that you thought about giving the stone to him. You'd have found yourself in a pretty pickle if you'd let him have it, and then a claim had been made by your prisoners that you'd taken the stone. It would have cost you your commission, or at least—"

"Like to see the stone, sir?"

"Of course I should, but I'd like even better to have a drink and something to eat."

Kynaston produced his last bottle, and, bidding his "striker" improvise a supper, sat chatting with his visitor till the meal was ready. When Major Updyke was through and had rolled a cigarette, the youngster sent a trumpeter to give his compliments to the priest and to ask him to come to the tent.

The old padre, hearing the summons, came slowly from his hot little tent and picked his way painfully across the stones of the trail.

"I heard thee asking for me, my son. I am here."

"This is the priest I was telling you of, sir."

Major Updyke shook hands with the old man, who peered at him from under bent brows with the peculiarly intent look of the blind. The padre seated himself for a moment upon a great rock, clasping his hands loosely across his knees.

Presently, in answer to a question, the old man began to talk, and for an hour the staff officer sat, an interested listener, while the old man made his appeal for the restoration to his shrine of the priceless jewel that Kynaston had taken the day before.

"But the proof, man, the proof! Thou must understand, padre, that American law, upon whose justice we pride ourselves, requires proof. How canst thou prove that this stone is indeed the stone that thou hast described—? What is that, Kynaston? It sounds like firing breaking out in the south-east."

It did sound like rifle firing. The low, thunderous, reverberating crackle that they knew so well brought every man out of the encampment as a stick in the tee-hole of a hive brings out the bees. Kynaston and Major Updyke ran to the top of the low hill back of the camp; here they had a good general view of the land.

"It must be another party, sir, in trouble again. Wait till I get my glasses; we can see more with them."

So for a long half hour they sat and watched. The sound of the firing grew fainter and fainter, and finally died away, only to break out again and again as the two officers were about to leave the hill.

"I believe I'll send a detail over there to see what is going on, sir. Sergeant, go and tell the old priest that the major and I are leaving camp and shall not return till morning. Report to me at my tent when you have told him. Now, major, if you care to go along I can give you a change of clothing and a fairly good horse to ride."

The major nodded assent.

"Of course I'll go. That's what I came down here for—to see for myself—and tell the general just how things are going. Here come the horses now."

Ten minutes later they trotted leisurely out of the camp, headed southeast.

A horned moon was swinging clear of the cloud-capped Buffalo mountains. The shadows of the mesquite looked large across the plains as they trotted down the trail, headed for the level lands of the mesa across which the old priest had so painfully made his way the day before.

Southward they could see in the moonlight the dim mountains in old Mexico, standing like silent sentinels, looking with grim disapproval on the scenes of riot and disorder, of murder and of pillage that were making the unhappy land a veritable wilderness. As they reached the level ground, the old sergeant rode back to his young superior, his hand raised to the brim of his scouting hat.

"What is it, sergeant?" asked Kynaston.

"There's a little fire over yonder, sir."

The gauntleted hand stabbed the dark, its finger in the direction of the fire, and Kynaston's gaze followed. A blade-shaped flame stood out in the blackness of the night.

"What's over there? Any houses? Any Americans live over there?" Major Updyke's query was as quick as a shot.

Kynaston paused a moment.

"No, sir. That fire's on the Mexican side of the line. What can it be, sergeant?"

The sergeant puzzled a moment or two. Then:

"Sir, I know. It's the Santa Cruz mine, where the Uptons live. As sure as I live, sir, the rebels are attacking the mine! Don't you remember, sir, Mr. Upton came through with the two rebels today? Sure as anything, those rebels have attacked the place; heaven help the Uptons!" he ejaculated.

"Any orders, sir?"

Kynaston turned to Updyke.

"I know, sir, what the orders are. I know the orders are very strict that no American shall cross the line unless he has a residence there. I wish you were deaf, dumb and blind for a few hours."

In the darkness Major Updyke grinned behind his hand.

"Why?" he asked.

"If you were," said Kynaston slowly, "I'd go back to my camp and—There are two American women over there," he concluded lamely.

"I am deaf and blind," said Major Updyke impressively. "I can neither see nor hear at night. I am quite sure that—"

"Twos left about! Gallop!"

The orders shot out like the shots from a machine gun; almost before he knew it the major found himself galloping back to the little camp.

"Have twenty men saddle up at once, sergeant!" cried Kynaston. "Take nothing but canteens, rifles, and a hundred rounds of ammunition per man. Get the men ready at once."

The sergeant hesitated and finally ventured on a liberty that was rare indeed for him.

"Sir, is the lieutenant going to cross the line?" he asked. "Do you remember, sir, what the orders are? It'll cost the lieutenant his commission."

"If it'll cost my commission to help a couple of American ladies who are in trouble—then I'll have to pay the price, sergeant. Hurry up! Tell that old priest to come over to my tent at once."

Joyfully the grizzled soldier departed. Soon his men were scurrying about among the tents. While stuffing his belt full of cartridges Kynaston was interrupted by an eager orderly.

"Sir, the major presents his compliments and says that the lieutenant had better turn over to him any valuables that he has in camp, if he is going to leave for any length of time."

Kynaston gasped. In the thought of seeing Mrs. Fane again he had forgotten the saddlebags and the jewel. He dashed across the tent, seized the saddlebags, and hurried to the tent that had been pitched for the major.

"Here it is, sir. I'm glad you thought of it. I'd have gone and left it on the floor of my tent if it had not been for you. Here it is—"

He unbuckled the bags and turned out upon the little camp table the unsavory mass of dirty oil-soaked rags that he had so curiously unwrapped a few hours before.

"I'd have been in a nice mess," he said frankly, "if I'd left this here and someone had walked off with it. Good thing for me that you're here, sir. I can leave it here with you till I return. What is it, trumpeter?"

For a disheveled and excited trumpeter had thrust his way into the tent.

"Sir, Sergeant Black has directed me to inform the troop commander that the old padre has left the camp. The sentry on the picket line says he seen him pull his freight out on the trail that leads up on the mesa just after the lieutenant and the major went out of camp an hour ago."

Kynaston, his brow wrinkled with astonishment, picked the bunch of rags to pieces.

Then he began frenziedly to turn over the saddlebags. Finally turning them inside out he threw bags and rags upon the blanket-covered table and leaned forward with whitened face.

"The Bell is gone!" he said in a voice that shook with anger and mortification. "The Bell is gone!"

(Continued next week)

Try Jay Ross  
The wonderful "Sunday Morning Bath"  
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## Target Tips and Hunting Helps by Alfred P. Lane

Send questions to Mr. Lane  
care of this paper



### HOW TO BUILD A CELLAR RANGE

Lots of shooters stock up with a regular arsenal of fire arms—a high power rifle, a revolver, of course, the ever present .22 repeater, but unfortunately few men have sufficient opportunity to shoot, no matter what their equipment. Hunters nowadays prefer their .22 caliber repeating rifles to be of the same type of action and general style as their high power rifles so that practice with the little rifle will lead to results with the big one. Possibly you are one of the many who are handicapped for lack of a place in which to practice. Nine chances out of ten you have a cellar available. All you need is a light and something to catch the bullets. If you are at all handy with tools and can wield a hammer, screw driver and saw without pounding your thumb or sawing off a finger, it is a very simple matter to fix up a bullet catcher which will catch .22 caliber bullets until you get tired of paying for ammunition.

When a lead bullet hits an iron plate squarely, the heat of the blow melts it, and thereupon splashes off toward the edge of the plate. If it were not for this splashing it would be a cinch to construct a back stop. All you would have to do would be to buy a piece of iron plate and hang it up. If this is all the back stop you have, you will find that before long the ceiling will begin to show signs of wear and also the walls and floor in line with the edges of the plate. It is a simple matter to construct a back stop which will hold all the lead.

Make a wooden box about one foot and a half square, the sides, top and bottom of the box to be of one inch stock; then purchase an iron plate a foot and a half wide, two feet one inch long, and one-quarter inch thick and three pieces of one and one-half inch square and one-eighth inch thick. The eighth inch steel plate should be used to cover the bottom and two sides, then put in the quarter inch plate so that it will reach from the bottom of the back of the box to the top of the front of the box, in other words, making an angle of 45 degrees with the direction from which the bullets are to come. Place a layer of sand about one inch deep in the bottom of the box underneath the plate to help to catch the splash of the bullet and if you do a good job so that all joints are tight, it is a good idea to fill up the box above the steel plate with sand. This will kill the vibrations of the plate and make the bullet stop very much less noisy. This bullet stop will be effective for practically all lead bullets.

You can of course use a .22 caliber repeating rifle as long as you want to, and also a revolver if the regular full charge or reduced load ammunition is used.

The front of the box to which the target can be fastened will eventually become shot away, and in making a

box up it is a good thing therefore to arrange things so that you can readily replace the front board. The easiest way to fasten the target to the board is to drive a couple of nails through from the backside and then stick the target on them. This will save fussing around with thumb-tacks.

The dimensions of this box can be varied to suit the range. The main thing to be remembered is to keep the proportions the same; that is, have the plate at the same angle and line the bottom and sides of the box with 1-8 inch sheet steel.

You will have many hours of fun with an outfit of this kind, and you will find that your friends will be very much interested and you will probably end by organizing a regular club for indoor shooting.

Alfred P. Lane

### REVENUE FROM AUTOS

The first distribution of the Automobile Registration Fund to the several counties in the state, covering the months of January, February and March, has been made by Thomas Hall, Secretary of State.

Total number of vehicles registered during this period was 9021, 97 of which were in Williams county. This distribution puts \$242.50 to the credit of our county road fund, a warrant having been received by our county auditor in that amount.

Mr. Hall reports the 1915 Registration to be 24,908 motor vehicles and estimates the Registration for 1916 will exceed 40,000. Last week nearly reached last years registration.

The total expense of handling this department last year was thirty cents for each car; this includes the cost of the tag, postage, printing, clerk hire, etc. The county road funds received \$2.70 net for every automobile registered for the year 1915. This year it is hoped a little more per car will be returned to the counties than last year.

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### WILLISTON CHURCHES

**METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH**  
H. Styles Harris Pastor  
Cor. 1st Ave. West and Broadway

Sunday morning 10:30, Mr. Geo. H. Moelling, the author of the "Neutral's Portion" will deliver his popular lecture-sermon on "The Place Of The State In Society." This is reputed to be discourse that every citizen should hear.

Bible school and Men's Study class 11:45.

Union Service, in the evening at the Congregational Church. Rev.

James Hoffman Batten will preach. Sunday June 11th 10:30 A. M. Union service at the Congregational church. Miss Herring will deliver the discourse.

Eight o'clock Union service at the Methodist church, Rev. Knight Bloom will preach.

Sunday, June 18th, 10:30 A. M. Union service at the Methodist church and in the Evening Union service at the Congregational church and thus it will alternate during the summer months.

We ask for the full spirit of christian and cooperation to characterize these services and to make them a great means of spiritual inspiration and of moral strength to our community life.

### Methodist Rural Parish

The pastor preached at Missouri Ridge and Palmer school house last Sunday at 2:30 and 4 P. M., respectively.

The purpose of doubling up was that he will be able to be present at either point until June 18th and then he will preach the Baccalaureate sermon for the 8th grade graduating class at Missouri Ridge 3 P. M.

### "The Church of the Open Door"

**THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH**  
Corner First Ave. & Sixth St. W.  
James Hoffman Batten, Minister  
Marvin R. Marston, Director Community Work

Services on Sunday at 10:30 A. M., and 8:00 P. M.

Bible School at 11:45 A. M.

Ladies Aid Society meets in the church parlors at 3:00 P. M., Thursdays.

Boy Scouts at 9:45 A. M., Saturdays.

### Sunday Services

10:30 A. M.—The Children's Day program of the Bible School will be given, taking the place of the regular service. The pastor will deliver a short address.

8:00 P. M.—The last sermon-lecture of the series on "Twentieth Century Problems" will be given from the subject, "The Problem of 'The Simple Life.'" This will also be the last sermon by the pastor before leaving on a vacation trip of two months.

### Williston Rural Parish

No services the coming Sunday. On June 11th, Rev. W. Knight Bloom will preach at 11:00 A. M. at Spring Coulee, and at 3:00 P. M., at Garden Valley.

Rev. Thos. A. Goodwin of Chicago will arrive about June 15th, and will hold services on the 18th, at Spring Coulee and Pioneer Hall. Further announcements next week.

### ST. PETER'S CHURCH

Corner 1st Ave. E. & 7th St.

Services as follows:  
Holy Communion at 8 O'clock.  
Matins (Holy Communion first Sunday of the month) and sermon at 11 A. M.

Sunday School at 12 M.

Evensong and sermon at 7 P. M.

Please notice that the hour of evening service is changed from 7:30 to 7 O'clock.

### ENGLISH LUTHERAN CHURCH

Rev. C. J. Ferster

English Lutheran services will be conducted in Library parlors on St. day, June 4th. Preaching at 10:30 Sunday school 11:45. Evening services at 8:00 o'clock. Everyone welcome.

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Prince Albert affords the keenest pipe and enjoyment! And that flavor and fragr coolness is as good as that sounds. answers the universal demand f without bite, parch or kick-back!

Introduction to Prince Albert isn't than to walk into the nearest tobacco and ask for "a supply of out a little change, to be sure, t fullest investment you ever m



Prince Albert is sold everywhere in tippy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins; 10c; handsome pound and half-pound tin tins—and that clever crystal-glass pound tin that keeps the tobacco in such splendid condition.

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