

# The Hedley Informer

VOL. III

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, APRIL 4, 1913

NO. 19

## Good Roads and Why Not

### DONLEY COUNTY NEEDS AND SHOULD BUILD ROADS

The problem of building good roads is occupying the minds of the people everywhere more than it has ever before. The farmer, the business man, the auto driver and the pleasure seeker all are awaking to the fact that without good roads a country is without that which is the best thing for the rebuilding of the farms and towns. There is more need of good roads in this county than most any in the Panhandle. What few good stretches of road we have are appreciated and creates within us all a desire for more and better roads.

The Informer man talked with two of our county commissioners this week, Bain and Fryar, and they are very enthusiastic advocates of good roads. They believe the best method (after considerable study) is to get more road money and invest in road building machinery with which the work can be done properly and satisfactorily, but they are anxious to know how the people stand in regard to the subject.

They say a representative from Wichita Falls took a \$4,000 engine and grader to Lampasas county and for \$200 built 12 miles of road in two days at an expense of only \$16. They are of the opinion that ordinary tight land can be built that rapidly but the deep sand will require longer, especially where the clay would have to be hauled. But, say only two miles of road could be built in a day in the sand, how long would it take to have all the leading roads over the county in fine shape? Not long.

There are two methods by which more money can be raised for good roads: by voting bond issue, and by voting a 15 cent road tax. The first would tie the tax payers up a number of years, but would give ample money for roads in a short time. The second method would mean about \$6,000 more annually for the county and at the end of two years could be voted off if it proved unsatisfactory, or if satisfactory, could be kept on indefinitely.

Now, it would be impossible for every bad road to be put in shape in a short time but leading roads can be fixed and the short feeders receive attention in the years to come. As it is now, farmers living at a distance in the sandy belt have to hitch four horses to a load of cotton or grain to get to town and possibly have to stay all night, when with good roads they save time, teams and money, besides increasing the value of their land. Give the question careful study and we feel sure you'll decide that the time is here when something should be done.

A subscription school will begin Monday for one month for all grades. Rates: first four grades \$1.50; 5th 6th and 7th grades \$2.00; all grades above 7th \$2.50. Will be plenty of teachers. All pupils who expect to attend are requested to be on hand Monday.

C. L. Hufstelder.

### COLORADO TO GULF HIGHWAY TO COME BY HEDLEY

A highway from Denver to the Gulf, along the Denver railroad from Denver to Fort Worth, then to Galveston, is now being put on foot. The towns Withita Falls and Memphis have already got in line and working to get the towns and farmers along the route in line. The plans for building of same are not thoroughly worked out, but representatives along each stretch of road will be asked to make a report as to possible cost of building that stretch. After which money and work will be subscribed. Donley county having some bad stretches of road, would profit more than lots of other counties, because it would take more to build and the other places would necessarily help to build them. This is a proposition that would help our county to a great extent, for it would give local people a good road and the tourists could see what a fine country we have, advertise it and make our land grow in value.

### BUNKER HILL

Every one of our farmers are progressing with our work and hope to be able to plant our crops soon.

Mrs. A. A. Beedy's sister of Clarendon spent Saturday and Sunday with her.

Misses Montie Jones and Mamie Wylie spent Friday with Mrs. John Mace.

Miss Mamie Simmons was the guest of Miss Mamie Beedy Friday night.

We hope very much that John Perdue is enjoying his visit with "homefolks."

Miss Clara Wylie returned to home Thursday after a three weeks visit at Giles.

Come again Windy Valley. I think we are real nice and very interesting places. Don't you?

Mrs. Charlie Crow of Memphis and S. M. Bush and wife of Giles were welcome visitors at the home of Mr. Wylie's Thursday.

Mr. Posey and wife are visiting relatives in Lella Lake.

John Mace has been on the sick list the past few days.

PANHANDLE JIM.

### WOMEN'S MISSION SOCIETY

Next Monday afternoon the W. M. Society will meet at the parsonage. This will be the regular business meeting. All are invited to attend. At the last meeting there were 12 members and two visitors present. Some splendid thoughts were brought out in the program concerning Christian Stewardship and tithing. Those who could not be with us were deprived of a very enjoyable and profitable hour.

We failed to state in last week's issue that the Easter Egg hunt cleared for the ladies about \$7.90 for which we thank all who attended. Also Mr. and Mrs. McDougal for their kindness in so willingly furnishing the place for the hunt.

PRESS REPORTER.

### CHANGE IN TIME OF DISTRICT COURT

Advices have been received from Austin to the effect that Governor Colquitt has approved the measure providing for change in the time of holding terms of the 47th District Court in the various counties comprising the district. This becomes effective July 1.

In the county of Donley on the second Monday in January and third Monday in July and may continue in session three weeks.

That all process issued or served before this Act takes effect, including recognizances, bail bonds and appeal bonds, returnable to the district court of any of the counties of said judicial district, shall be considered and held returnable to said courts in accordance with the terms as prescribed by this act, and all process is hereby legalized; and all grand juries and petit juries selected and drawn under existing laws in any of the counties of said judicial district shall be considered and held lawfully selected and drawn for the next term of the district court of the respective counties, held after this Act takes effect, and all such process is hereby legalized and validated.

Mr. J. G. McDougal's brother, T. M. Pyle and family of Newlin, and sister, Mrs. E. M. Ewin and two children of Memphis, visited her Sunday.

### PUBLIC SCHOOL CLOSES TODAY

The Hedley public school closes today, and a subscription school will begin Monday for one month. The school has proven the most successful term in the history of Hedley, although the term has been cut shorter than ordinarily because of the fact that a goodly sum of the funds was spent for necessary seats, etc. The teachers have given satisfaction and advanced the pupils in a satisfactory way, and are to be congratulated upon the success attained by them.

A trustee election will be held tomorrow and two trustees will be elected. Vote for men whom you know have the best interests of school at heart, and who have the ability to do the right thing.

### MISSIONARY RALLY DRAWS BIG CROWD

The missionary rally at the Methodist church Sunday was largely attended and an instructive program was carried out.

Rev. G. H. Bryant preached a sermon on missions in the morning. In the afternoon a program of special songs, recitations and talks by the officers and members of the society was given. Mrs. B. W. Dodson of Memphis gave an interesting talk on mission work, and Mrs. W. C. Mayes exhibited some

## Let the Work Start Up

### COMMISSIONER AND CITIZENS LOOK OVER ROAD

N. L. Fryar was down from Lella Lake Tuesday. He accompanied J. G. McDougal, G. A. Wimberly and R. H. Jones to inspect the road from Hedley to beyond McKnight. The people in that section of country are anxious for good roads and the Informer will probably have an interesting report to make about same in the near future.

### FIFTH SUNDAY MEETING SPLENDID

The Fifth Sunday meeting here from Thursday to Sunday was full of interest and attended by a goodly number of people from over the association. It wound up Sunday by all day services and dinner on the ground. There was more than enough dinner, as is always the case in Hedley. The sermon by Rev. Crawford Sunday was one of the crowning features of the meeting. Rev. J. B. Cope preached the closing sermon Sunday night.

### Windy Valley

N. S. Ray attended the Fifth Sunday meeting at Clarendon last Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Florence Antrobus came down from Clarendon last week for a few days visit with Miss Ruth Wylie.

The young folks enjoyed the singing at Mrs. Bynums Sunday night.

A. B. Cunningham and family visited relatives in Quail from Friday until Tuesday of last week.

Miss Alta Oliver went to Clarendon Tuesday.

Hessie Darnell and D. B. Perdue have done some horse trading this week.

Will Suly from Justin is here visiting the family of D. B. Perdue this week.

KENTUCKY BILL.

### GOOD ROADS ARTICLE NO. 7 BY COM'RS' SECRETARIES

Many of the model highway laws in the various States have been prepared under the advice of the road experts of the Department of Agriculture and all the data and statistics of the officers of public roads are at the disposal of the Legislature.

In the last bulletin of the office of public roads, it was stated that at the close of 1909, 8.96 per cent of the roads in the United States were improved. This represents a gain in the total road mileage improved for the five year period, 1904-1909, of 1.52 per cent, or in other words, the percentage of improved roads has increased during this period from 7.14 to 8.96 per cent.

In the three years that have elapsed since then, it is roughly estimated that the percentage of improved roads has gone well beyond 9 per cent and possibly close to 10 per cent. It is estimated that if 20 per cent of the public highways were improved each highway being selected and improved with a view to the proportionate traffic upon it a high degree of efficiency in highway transportation would be reached. It is figured that millions of dollars would be saved annually in the transportation of crops, the wear and tear on horses and vehicles, and in the minimizing of the waste in truck farming. Where roads are bad, the farmers frequently find it impossible to get their products to the shipping points and these perishable products are wasted, perceptibly increasing the cost of living.

In the five years preceding March 1912, the office of public roads of the department of agriculture has built 215 object lesson roads; in all, about 3000 miles of road 15 feet wide, and by expert advice aided in the formulation of more than 650 model county road systems, resulting in most instances in beneficial reforms. It has also assisted twenty-six states in effecting equitable state aid plans.

Watch Hedley grow.

## WE ARE CLOSING OUT OUR

Present Line of Buggy Whips from 5 cents up and will handle one straight line.

**JUST RECEIVED** Buggy Curtains  
Canvas Feed Bags  
Flax Water Bags

The best line of Hand Made Harness and Saddles ever shown in the Panhandle. We Want Your Business.

**KENDALL & GAMMON**

All Kinds of Shoe and Harness Repairing.

### CARPENTERS BEGIN WORK ON CHURCH

Lumber has been placed on the ground and Contractor Meeks with a force of carpenters are busily engaged in cutting the lumber for the Baptist church on north Main street. This will be one of the nicest frame church buildings in the Panhandle, will be equipped with a baptistry and improvements for the comfort of the people.

### Korean curios

At night Dr. W. C. Mayes of Memphis, returned medical missionary from Korea, lectured to a packed audience; giving a personal exhibit of Korean dress; he talked on the subject of their language, customs, and related some of his experiences and observations which were both humorous and pathetic.

A silver offering was made amounting to \$8 51, which amount was supplemented the next day by the society to \$11 10, and will be sent to Dr. Bowman in Korea.

## Lifters, not Leaners

are wanted in this great work-a-day world, and so, very early in life, you should learn to become a "LIFTER." One of the most effective ways of lifting is to acquire leverage through the habit of saving; and this habit of saving comes to those who deposit their spare money with this bank.

## First State Bank

W. T. White, President      G. A. Wimberly, Cashier      HEDLEY, TEXAS

## A LITTLE VIOLET

By G. L. R.

I'm just a little violet,  
But ah, sometimes I will forget;  
And wish I were a lily fair,  
Or blushing rose with beauty rare.  
Among the thorns I nestle here,  
While other flow'rets bloom not near;  
So lone I feel in this great land,  
Ne'er touched by human lip or hand.  
Sweet violet, by dewdrops kissed,  
If you were gone you would be missed;  
To earth you bring the blue of sky,  
That cheer the weary passerby.  
Oh violet, by winds caressed,  
With you this earth the Lord has blessed;  
Reflect the rainbow has, dear flower,  
And brighter make the pilgrim's hour.

# THE HEDLEY INFORMER

J. CLAUDE WELLS, Publisher

HEDLEY, TEXAS

## SAID "GET OUT OF THE RUT"

Doctor's Prescription Startled Home-Loving Woman, but There Was Much Good Sense in It.

"Why don't you get out more?" insisted the doctor, and though the patient shuddered, he kept right on insisting. "You are never going to get well unless you go about, and, mind this, unless you learn to stand people, live with them, talk to them, divide with them, enjoy them."

"People," moaned the patient, "weren't made for anything but to write stories about. And as for talk, I always know what they are going to say before they say it."

"You only think you do. Shake yourself together and get out and put the thing to proof. You've got to do it sooner or later. There soon isn't going to be any room in the world for the woman who wants to sit in her own little corner with a high fence around it, writing, painting, mothering. One by one they are coming out, house-mothers, poets, artists, novelists, each one finding that she owes something in outside service. And you needn't lie there and shake as if your case were special. All the other women have just the same spiritual timidity and physical lethargy to overcome that you have. Every other innately home-keeping woman who makes the least little venture into social service of any kind knows how like the breaking up of a great river, when the spring thaw is on, is the arousing, how tradition holds her back with rivets of ice and rims of frost; how hard it is to connect up with the workers already in the field. There is nothing special in your case, madam, unless you make it special by holding back when the others are coming on."

"Oh, do hush," said the patient, "or first thing you know I'll be coming along, too."

### Caught in His Own Trap.

A plain clothes liquor enforcement officer, desirous of catching a violator of the prohibition law, approached a suspicious looking individual on a downtown street one morning, and said in low tones: "Say, pard; could yer tell a feller what's a feller dry whar he cud git a dink o' red-eye?" The suspicious looking individual, being somewhat wiser than his looks would indicate, thought a minute and replied that liquor was pretty scarce, and that he couldn't tell him a thing, but if he really needed a drink, he could get him a bottle for \$2, provided he would await his return in a very few minutes. The officer accepted. The suspicious looking individual exhibited a shoe box to the officer, with the remark, "You may hold this pair of shoes as security for the \$2 until my return."

He made his departure. The officer was complimenting himself on his own cunningness. A half hour elapsed and the stranger had not returned, whereupon the officer opened the shoe box, and to his utter amazement discovered that he had already bought a quart of whisky, but the "wise guy" was nowhere to be found.—Exchange

### Conclusive Proof.

Magistrate—And what was the prisoner doing?  
Constable—"E were 'avin' a very 'eated argument with a cab driver, yer worship."  
Magistrate—But that doesn't prove he was drunk.

Constable—Ah! But there warn't no cab driver there, yer worship.—London Opinion.

### Can You Beat It?

Howard Chandler Christy was giving a dinner one evening at Martin's in honor of a number of famous artists. Frivolity prevailed, and soon the conversation turned to art.

Said one of them: "The other day I painted a little deal board in imitation of marble with such accuracy that, on being thrown into the water, it immediately sank to the bottom."  
"Fugh!" said another. "Yesterday I hung my thermometer on the easel supporting my view of the polar region. It fell an once 20 degrees below freezing point."

"All that is nothing," remarked the third artist, in conclusion. "My portrait of a prominent New York millionaire was so lifelike that it had to be shaved twice a week."

### Two Versions.

"Mrs. Potkin speaks of the fashionable Mrs. Swashby as 'My dear friend, Mrs. Swashby.'"  
"And how does Mrs. Swashby speak of Mrs. Potkin?"

"She refers to her as 'Mrs.—er—what in the world is that woman's name?'"

### Undoubtedly Fashionable.

After hearing a description of the riotous scenes that had attended one of the recent international weddings in New York, the countess of Aberdeen said at a tea:

"I understand now a joke an American once cracked at my house. He was telling me about a New York wedding, and I said:

"Was it a fashionable one?"  
"Oh, very fashionable," he answered. "The bride's dress was torn as her hair."

# NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

## Marble Bust of Zachary Taylor a Deep Mystery



WASHINGTON—An art mystery stands in the east corridor of the senate gallery. It is a marble bust of Zachary Taylor. It stands at the east end of the corridor facing west toward the glass doors over which is a line of gold lettering spelling "Senators' Gallery." Around this corridor, which is more like a reception hall opening of a corridor, that runs north and south along the east gallery of the senate, stand marble busts of Lincoln, Charles Sumner, Garibaldi, Pulaski, Kościuszko, the Chippewa chief, Bee-Shee-Kee and that other famous Chippewa Indian called in the Indian language A-sh-ke-bah-ke-koh-zhay, or in English, Flatmouth. There is an oil portrait of John A. Dix, the painting, "The Florida Case," representing a session of the electoral commission in 1877 and curious mosaic portraits of Lincoln and James A. Garfield.

It is rather a dim chamber, the light entering through two small win-

dows high up under the ceiling of the east portico of the senate. A chandelier of electric lights sometimes sheds a yellow radiance there. There is gilding the ceiling and the floor is yellow, blue and white mosaic. Two elevator shafts open into this chamber, and during a session of the senate there is a good deal of clicking and rattling and humming from this cause.

The bust of Zachary Taylor, mounted on one of those painted wooden pedestals, soon to be replaced with marble, stands near the southernmost of the two windows and between the busts of Garibaldi and Bee-Shee-Kee and under the mosaic portrait of James A. Garfield.

The mystery of this bust is who executed it. It is unsigned. Far-reaching efforts have been made to learn the sculptor's name, but without avail. It is believed that it was chiseled in New Orleans between the time of Taylor's return from Mexico and his election to the presidency, but this is speculation. It was bought by the government from descendants of Taylor, but they were ignorant of the name of the artist. It is a fine marble—one of the really artistic sculptures of the capital. Anybody interested in the art objects of the capital would be glad to get a clue as to who was the sculptor.

## He Gave the Medical Journals Particular Fits

A MEDICAL journal knows everything. And more. So it must be true that women are physically stronger than men. But there is one citizen in this town who won't own up to it.

He was car riding with a woman, gray and lumpy contoured, like himself, and from Capitol hill for several blocks he was giving that medical journal the thing we call particular fits. His carefully censored opinion went about like this:

"You take the average young man. He has stronger teeth than the average young woman, and, by George! he takes better care of them. He has a healthier skin, because his body isn't skewered in and straight-fronted, and his hair is more vigorous because it isn't infested with rats—"

"And you are bald as—"

But never mind what the woman said. The man didn't.

"I'm speaking of young men, and I'm not denying that in life's general roundup women outlast men—but I do protest against the theory that man—the average man, you understand—shortens his days by excesses."

"My explanation is, that man—average man, mind—is overextravagant with his vitality, just as most of us are wasteful with matches, when they are so cheap and so plentiful that a box doesn't count. We strike reck-



lessly, disregarding draughts, and a match flares out.

"All right, there is always another it is only when we are on our last box, with no more in sight, that we begin to be careful. Now, a man's strength means apparently endless matches, and he wastes it recklessly. He has decades to be young and rompy in, while a woman's youth is merely the few years in which her beauty lasts. Therefore, though her allowance of matches be scant, and, maybe, blue heads at that, she realizes the necessity of saving from the first. For that reason—and I consider it the only one—her light is still flickering after man's has flared out. It isn't that man—average—is vicious. It is merely that he is prodigal with his many matches. And woman is miserly with her few. Do you get me?"

He needn't have asked. He was got by every passenger in the car.

## Lightning Rods Seen Everywhere in Washington



PERHAPS no one has ever made a census of an inventory of the lightning rods in Washington. It would be a troublesome job, because there are many of them, and they are scattered. They are quite numerous, as naturally they would be, in the old sections of the city, or at least in the old sections of the city where old dwellings survive, for there are many old sections in Washington that are new built.

Then, one difficulty in counting the lightning rods is that not all of them are willing to stand up straight and be counted. Many of them seem to be bent with age, or it may be that they

were maimed with a bolt of lightning. Many of them are decrepit and many more seem just to be rusting out from neglect, as though people in this iconoclastic age have lost faith in lightning rods as charms against Jove's bolt, just as they have lost faith in many other things.

Then again some of the lightning rods seem to have been disguised as the vertical staff of weather vanes, as though the builder of that house had not the courage to say to people in the street: "Look up at my lightning rod," and yet did not dare to leave his house unprotected by it.

One may see many of the rods pointing up from chimneys of houses along H street and along F and G streets, west of the State, War and Navy building. On H street the big double house directly west of the excavation where the Sumner house stood has three lightning rods on its four chimneys. The two eastern chimneys are protected and the southwest chimney is guarded.

## Oriental Images Are Popular With Capital Society

BUDDHA, the placid apostle of abnegation, has been caught on the high tide of faddism. His is a place of honor among the expensive art objects in Washington homes of wealth and culture. About him hangs an aura of orientalism, and he lends a decorative charm to many drawing rooms and salons here. And so the great teacher of India, who was later adopted as a deity in Japan, China, Ceylon and Burma, and in whose worship thousands of brown men and women have bent the knee, is in great demand in the nation's capital. In fact, the fad for Buddhas here bids fair to become as extreme as any that has ever gripped the lovers of the bizarre and unusual in this city.

The fad for the collection of Buddhas has taken such a hold on Washington society that some of the collectors are not confining themselves to perfecting collections of Buddhas alone, but are eager for anything which savors of temple worship in the orient. Therefore, among the inns and penates of exclusive households are to be found some choice examples



of Hindu deities, and one well known clubman and society man, who is just completing a magnificent residence, is even now negotiating for a huge Chinese joss, which he intends installing in an especially built alcove in his new home.

The sudden popularity of images of Buddha and other oriental gods may be laid at the door of society's love for the strange and unusual. This same characteristic of society folks has, in times past, been responsible for the popularity of Pomeranian poodles, chow dogs and the like, in the fickle fancy of the faddists. No religious significance whatever is to be attached to it.

## Gorgeous Sartorial Creation by Leading French Modiste



Evening gown of white and black lace over Ivory charmeuse.

## SERVICE DAINY AND COSTLY ANGEL SLEEVE HAS RETURNED

Extravagance Marks Tea Sets Which Modern Hostess is Willing to Set Before Her Guests.

If afternoon tea sets continue to get more attractive, the services which were considered lovely a few years ago will be relegated to the nethermost corners of china closets. All in palest green porcelain is a very dainty set comprising a tea pot, sugar basin, cream pitcher and a half dozen cups and saucers. It sets upon a square tray of green willow. Quite as dainty and only a trifle more costly are tete-a-tete tea sets of white china banded with dark blue or red, edged with a gold vine and standing on an oblong matching tray.

Among the four-piece services are sets of amber porcelain so thin that the beverage seems to color it. These sets stand upon trays of amber crystal having projecting handles of gilded metal, set with genuine amber.

Exceedingly pretty tea sets are of silver deposit-velled white porcelain or comprise a tea pot of silver, sugar bowl silver deposit-velled white porcelain.

## SPRING STREET COSTUME



Street gown of black accordion pleated taffeta. The waist is finished with white ruching and a small chemise of white lace.

Somewhat Different From Those of Another Day, but Practically Along the Same Lines.

Angel sleeves have returned. They are not exactly like the ones of other days. They show grace in the flowing lines and cleverness in adjustment and they also show something new. The regular set-in sleeve has been supplanted by the loose overdraper; in some cases it is a straight piece of wide lace, caught at the shoulder under clasps, hooked in place after being wound in scarflike lines over the arms and shoulders; in others it is a sleeve with extremely wide lines, and there need be no seams or gathers. Tassels weight down the edges, and jeweled bandings, rhinestones being in first favor, edge the gussy drapery and hold the flowing sleeves in place.

Tulle, maline, shadow laces and quietude metallic effects on gauzes or nets are used for angel sleeves, say the New York Press. These are easily incorporated with bodice draper and arranged over the shoulders to give the grace and use of sleeve without undue material or trouble in construction.

The short kimono sleeve can be successfully hidden by draping transparent net, gauze or chiffon over the top catching the folds by slip stitches here and there.

### Lip Pomade.

The frosty atmosphere makes the tiny metal cases of lip pomade especially desirable for my lady's hand bag, for just a touch of cold cream protects the lips from the dryness of the wind. The metal cases are about two inches long, and are gilt, finishes at the top with an imitation jewel and a ring by which they may be attached to a chain. They are about half an inch in circumference. The pomade is slightly tinted, either seal or orange color, so that its use cannot be detected, or, for those who so wish it may be had in white. These are priced at less than one dollar, according to the make.

### Mascot Fashion.

There is a growing demand for "lucky" brooches and pendants. The lucky money spider brooch, the lucky enamel ladybird, lucky wishbones and lucky means, are all popular, and many women have their own special lucky hieroglyphics—Chinese, Indian Arabian and what not—incribed on their jewelry whenever possible.

### Medici Collars.

New Medici collars usually have vest-like jabots of net or shadow lace. Bashes of bright Roman striped ribbon are pretty on blue serge dresses.

## TAKE FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

For Backache Rheumatism Kidneys and Bladder

Contains No Habit Forming Drugs



Stewart's Clipping Machine  
Turns motor clips faster and does not stop longer than any other. Gears are all die hard and cut from solid steel and enclosed, protected and run in oil. Has six feet of new style flexible shaft and celebrated Stewart's extra tension clipping head. Get one from your dealer, every machine guaranteed.  
CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT CO.  
Wells and Ohio Sts. CHICAGO, ILL.  
Write for free new catalog of most modern line of horse clipping and sheep shearing machines.

## PISO'S REMEDY

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

## BOY PAID FOR HIS WHISTLE

Obedy Father's Instructions All Right, but Made No Sort of a Hit With the Teacher.

It all happened in a wayside village. She was the village schoolmistress, prim and proper, but a bad hand at settling accounts with the local tradesmen; he was ten years of age, one of her pupils, and son and heir of the village grocer.

"Tommy," she yelled in class one morning, "don't you know it's rude to whistle in the presence of a lady?"

Tommy was not abashed or chastened.

"But dad told me to whistle," he replied.

"Your father told you to whistle Tommy?" queried the school teacher in considerable doubt.

"Yes'm. He said when he sells you anything we've got to whistle for our money."

Tommy then took up a conspicuous position in the adjacent corner.

### Bright Work.

"I have here a handy article that sells for 10 cents," began the caller. "Don't want it," snapped the woman. "I don't think you would buy it," said the caller as he turned to go. "The lady across the street told me your husband never gave you any money."

"She did, eh?" exploded the woman. "Give me five of those things you are selling. My husband gives me more money in a day than that old cat gets in a month."—Exchange.

### Sure.

"You remember just when I went away you were having a sort of a romance with a tall blue-eyed young fellow?"

"Yes, so I was."

"I trust the romance ended happily?"

"You bet it did; he has been paying me alimony for a year."

### Nearest She Could Get.

"So Betty didn't marry a lord after all?"

"No, but she married a man who gets as drunk as a lord."—Boston Transcript.

### CLEAR HEADED

Head Bookkeeper Must Be Reliable.

The chief bookkeeper in a large business house in one of our great Western cities speaks of the harm coffee did for him. (Tea is just as injurious because it contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee.)

"My wife and I drank our first cup of Postum a little over two years ago and we have used it ever since, to the entire exclusion of tea and coffee. It happened in this way:

"About three and a half years ago I had an attack of pneumonia, which left a memento in the shape of dyspepsia, or rather, to speak more correctly, neuralgia of the stomach. My 'cup of cheer' had always been coffee or tea, but I became convinced, after a time, that they aggravated my stomach trouble. I happened to mention the matter to my grocer one day and he suggested that I give Postum a trial.

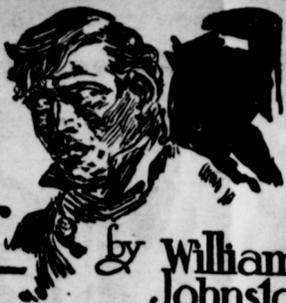
"Next day it came, but the cook made the mistake of not boiling it sufficiently, and we did not like it much. This was, however, soon remedied, and now we like it so much that we will never change back. Postum, being a food beverage instead of a drug, has been the means of banishing my stomach trouble. I verily believe, for I am a well man today and have used no medicine.

"My work as chief bookkeeper in our Co.'s branch house here is of a very confining nature. During my coffee-drinking days I was subject to nervousness and 'the blues.' These have left me since I began using Postum, and I can conscientiously recommend it to those whose work confines them to long hours of severe mental exertion." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in 16 pgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest. Adv.

# The Yellow Letter



by William Johnston

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Illustrations by V. L. Barnes

## SYNOPSIS.

Harding Kent calls on Louise Farrish to propose marriage and finds the house in great excitement over the attempted suicide of her sister Katharine. Kent starts an investigation and finds that Hugh Crandall, suitor for Katharine, who had been forbidden the house by General Farrish, had talked with Katharine over the telephone just before she shot herself. A torn piece of yellow paper is found at sight of which General Farrish is stricken with paralysis. Kent discovers that Crandall had left town hurriedly. Andrew Elser, an aged banker, commits suicide about the same time as Katharine attempted her life. A yellow envelope is found in Elser's room. Post Office Inspector Davis, Kent's friend, takes up the case. Kent is convinced that Crandall is at the bottom of the mystery. Katharine's strange outcry puzzles the detectives. Kent and Davis search Crandall's room and find an address, Lock Box 17, Ardway, N. J. Kent goes to Ardway to investigate and becomes suspicious of a woman who lives in the woman commits suicide at the Ardway Hotel. A yellow letter also figures in this case. Kent calls Louise on the long distance telephone and finds that she had just been called by Crandall from the same booth. "Cook" disappears. The Ardway postmaster is missing. Inspector Davis arrives at Ardway and takes up investigation. He discovers that the dead woman is Sarah Sackett of Bridgeport. Louise telephones Kent imploring him to drop the investigation. Kent returns to New York to get an explanation from Louise. He finds the body of a woman in Central Park and more yellow letters. He sees Crandall, whom he recognizes as "Cook," enter the Farrish home. Louise again implores Kent to drop the investigation and refuses to give any explanation. Later Kent sees Crandall and Louise in an automobile. Kent returns to Ardway. Davis announces that he has planned to arrest the missing postmaster and also the master criminal. While seeing the criminals, Kent comes across Louise and Crandall. Pursued by Davis the postmaster jumps off a precipice. He killed. Aleck Young, the master criminal, is found in a hut in a morphine stupor. Louise tells the truth. Crandall had come to get papers from Young which gave him a strange hold over General Farrish. Crandall's only interest in the case was to help Katharine recover her father's papers.

## CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

"But are you sure Young wrote all the yellow letters?"  
"Certainly," said the inspector, getting up from the bench and entering the cottage.

When he returned a few minutes later he had in his hand a bundle of yellow paper and envelopes. As I examined them I saw that they were of exactly the color and texture of all the fragments of yellow letters that I had seen.

"Where did you find them?" I asked.  
"In a cupboard over there by the fireplace. I don't know whether you noticed it or not, but over there, too, is the type-writer on which Young wrote the letters that he gave Rouser to mail for him."

"What makes you think Rouser mailed them?"  
"There are six different things that prove Rouser's connection with Young's fiendish plots. The stamps were put on by a left-handed man, and Rouser was left-handed. The answers were received in the Ardway post-office, where Rouser was post-master. Lock Box 17, to which they were addressed, was not entered in the list of box-holders. You yourself found a large sum of money in the post-office cash-drawer that had no business being there. Rouser himself mysteriously disappeared when he found that some one was on the trail of the yellow letters. And lastly, Rouser and Young for weeks have been together most of the time."

"How did you learn that?"  
"Young, it seems," the inspector continued, "is well known in Ardway, his boyhood having been spent in the town. His father was a well-to-do lawyer who became addicted to drugs. His mother died in the state asylum for the insane. The constable, Dodds, has known him for many years. He went to Harvard and there was a classmate for a while of Crandall. He has been going from bad to worse, each time he returned to Ardway on his periodic visits seeming to be more and more addicted to morphine. His inheritance was spent long ago and it has been a mystery to every one where he got considerable sums that he has had at times. With all his faults, he has much magnetism and a plausible tongue and makes friends readily. So far as I can discover, after he had concocted his plot against General Farrish he had some difficulty in obtaining satisfaction and tried to enlist the aid of Crandall. Crandall went at once to General Farrish and was ordered out of the house. Crandall, despite his treatment by the general, was determined to solve the mystery, and for months kept track of Young, trying to worm out the secret and render him powerless. At times he gave Young small sums and for a while, as I have said, had him in his rooms. One day Young disappeared, taking with him some jewelry of Crandall's and it was only a few days ago that Crandall succeeded in finding him here in Ardway. Young, having failed to open up negotiations for the sale of his documents through Crandall, Crandall, of course, could not communicate with General Farrish, so he called Katharine on the telephone and made an appointment with her. Evidently he explained the whole affair to her, and when the negotiations

failed it was more than she could bear."

"That all seems logical," I said, "but I fail to see yet what connection there is between General Farrish and old Andrew Elser. Nor do I see the connection between the suicide of the old woman in the hotel at Ardway and the suicide of the young woman in the park lake, yet in each of these cases there were yellow letters."

"I do not see it myself, yet," said Davis frankly, "and yet I know it exists. I know that the hellish idea that drove them all to death was planned by that distorted brain inside the cottage there."

He was silent for several minutes as he gazed at the rising sun, seemingly absorbed in the glorious spectacle. "I'll find out!" he said explosively. "I'll make him tell."

"What are you going to do?" I asked. "How will you make him?"  
For answer he took from the pocket of his coat two sets of thin steel cuffs, one for the arms and the other for the ankles, and stepped within the cottage. I followed wonderingly and watched him as he turned Young over on his face and, bringing his hands together behind him, snapped on the cuffs. He shackled his feet, too, and then picking up a stout rope, passed it between the two sets of shackles and around a beam in the side of the cottage wall, leaving enough slack to permit the shackled man a small amount of liberty. During the whole operation Young hung limp and apparently lifeless, still in the drug stupor, but as Davis finished his work he began to talk incoherently.

"The shaking up I gave him in fastening him up," said Davis, "will bring him to. He will wake up in a few minutes and then I'll find out everything I want to know. I'll make him tell."

"What are you going to do, then?" I gasped, "torture him?"  
"No," said the inspector grimly as he dragged a stool over near the couch and placed on it a hypodermic syringe he had found in the cabin, and with it a morphine preparation.

He gaged the distance with his eye, and moved the stool so that while it would be in plain sight of the shackled man when he awoke, it would be utterly impossible for him to reach it.

"No," he said, "I'm not going to torture him. His drug-racked nerves will do it for me."

## CHAPTER XV.

### The Torture.

Hell is a place of unsatisfied desires, and in its lowest depths are those, who, writhing in the agony of their decaying nerves, shriek for their beloved morphine and shriek in vain.

Many times in my life I have seen the souls of men, and women, too, put to hard and bitter tests.

Once I saw a motorman whose car had crushed a lovely child. Around him pressed a howling, angry mob, led by the baby's father, who would have had his life. With bold daring, he stood on his platform as on a throne, with his controller bar for his only weapon, and defied them all. Yet, even as he stood there outwardly so bold, I saw in his eyes a misery as great as man could bear and live.

For days and months I doubt not that his nightly dreams brought him constant horror-pictures of the child he had killed.

Once, too, I had to be the bearer of the news when a workman's misstep on a frame of steel sent him plunging down eighteen stories to death. In the foul tenement where I told my news I saw a tired, gaunt woman walk the floor and scream and moan, three frightened little children clinging to her skirts.

Often, too, in my practice in the courts, I have seen men in dreadful misery—a ruffian bold and defiant despite the blood-guilt on his soul, face all the world courageously until the jury's foreman said the word that brought the death-chair's horror to his heart and crumpled him weeping to the floor.

Yet all the concepts that my brain had formed of the utmost in pain and shame and misery faded into insignificance before the things I saw in that rude cottage in the Jersey hills where for two long days Davis and myself kept watch on the fettered master criminal—waiting, waiting, waiting till his drug-tortured nerves should make him tell us the secret of his yellow letters.

Shackled hand and foot though he had found himself when he came out of his stupor, his self-control was at first wonderful. For a few minutes after Davis had fastened his bonds he lay there tossing and twitching, then suddenly opened his eyes—piercing, devilish, uncanny black eyes they were—and tried to sit up.

The rope through the manacles behind him stopped him short and threw him back on his couch. At the same time he caught sight of Davis sitting near the foot of his couch. In

silence they eyed each other, neither of them saying a word. Stealthily Young shifted, first his hands and then his feet as if to ascertain the extent of his bonds. Finding himself securely fastened, he let his eyes rove around the room, and discovered me. He studied my face sharply, as if to read my mission, but quickly turned his gaze to Davis again, as if recognizing in him his master captor.

Then he laughed—a hideous, chilling, defiant laugh, that ended in an unhealthy gurgle in his throat.

"Well!" he asked inquiringly. I looked for Davis to seize on this propitious moment, when Young, just aroused from drug-slumber, would be weak and nervous, to ply him with questions about the things we wished to know, but the inspector was too much a master of his craft for that. As if he had not heard his prisoner's question, he sat there staring fixedly at the man before him.

One minute passed, two minutes—three, and still Davis sat silent and unanswering. The cumulative force of prolonged silence began to grow on my nerves. This waiting, waiting, was torture. If only one of them would speak. To Young it must have been far worse.

Still they kept at it, Davis staring straight into Young's eyes and Young trying to stare back. For a few minutes he succeeded, and then his eyes shifted and fell. With a master effort of his will he brought them back to Davis and held them steady. There the two of them sat in a duel, the prisoner's baleful eyes shooting forth venom, hate, murder, while in the other's steady glance was pictured relentless justice.

Of course, there could be but one end to it. Powerful as was the will in the drug-racked body, the twitching of the muscles, the involuntary drawing up of the limbs and arms as far as the bonds would permit, and most of all the clapping and unclapping of the fingers told what torture the silence was bringing to Young.

He burst forth at last in a wild flow of profanity, cursing Davis, cursing God, and still Davis sat there as rigid and as silent as the superior of a Trappist monastery doing penance. At times the prisoner's voice was raised to a hideous shriek, at times it sank to a pitiful sob, and all the while he tugged and strained at his bonds, twisting, turning, reaching, trying always to find some position in which he could gain possession of the morphine that lay on the chair just beyond his reach.

At last—it must have been an hour later—physical exhaustion conquered him and he lay back, after one last frantic struggle, weak and panting, unresisting.

The inspector arose, and, walking over to the couch, stood there looking down at him.

"Aleck Young," he said evenly, "your whole game is up. I know all

"You haven't the slightest evidence against me for anything. Without letters or documents you can prove nothing. You have no right to keep me bound up here. I shall get free and shall make you pay for this. I don't care what Rouser has told you, you'll get nothing out of me and you have proof of nothing."

"Very well," said the inspector, "no letters, no morphine."

Turning away from the couch, he spoke to me in a tone as indifferent as if we had been camping together:

"Come on, Kent, let's see what we can dig up for breakfast."  
We found the cottage well supplied with provisions, as if it had been the intention of the conspirators to make it their headquarters for some time. In a very few minutes Davis had some bacon fried and toast and coffee made, which he spread in the little lean-to that was used as a kitchen.

"So you mean to starve him, too?" I asked in an undertone, pointing to the couch.

"It won't be necessary," said Davis. "Take something in to him if you like. You'll find that the only appetite he'll have will be for morphine."

Nevertheless, I took a cup of coffee and some toast in to the prisoner. A volley of oaths was my only reward, so I returned and sat with Davis while he ate. I myself had no appetite, but the events of the night did not seem in the least to have affected him. I drank only part of a cup of coffee, though he urged me to eat something.

"It is apt to be a long siege," he said, "and you must keep up your strength. Our prisoner is a man of considerable will power and is not going to confess readily. If you will keep guard on him for a couple of hours I am going to sleep."

"Of course, I will."

"Under no circumstances," said Davis, as he flung himself down on the floor of the lean-to, "loosen any of his bonds, and pay no attention to his pleas for mercy. He has a winning way about him that is dangerous."

"You need not fear," I replied. "Remember the agony he has caused to the woman I love."

"And to many others," said Davis. "Speaking of that," said I, "I wish you would tell me before you go to sleep how you learned where the five thousand came from."

"Rouser told me."

"I was not aware that you had an opportunity to talk with him."

"I didn't," said the inspector. "I just used my eyes in the postoffice. I thought I had used mine pretty well in the post office, but certainly I had seen nothing that would lead me to identify the person who has sent the five thousand dollars I have found in the cash drawer."

"Don't talk in riddles!" I exclaimed rather petulantly. "What did you see in the post office?"

Davis grinned.



about General Farrish and Andrew Elser and the woman from Bridgeport. I know about Dora Hastings, who committed suicide in the park lake yesterday, and about Henry Eberle, who sent you the five thousand. I know everything that your unfortunate aide, Rouser, knew, and now I want you to surrender all the letters and papers in your possession.

"You will never get them," sneered Young, as I sat there marveling at the inspector's revelations. It was news to me that he knew the name of the Central Park suicide, and while I myself had found the five thousand dollars, I had had not the slightest intimation that Davis knew from whom it had come.

"Either I get those letters," said Davis evenly, "or you get no more morphine."

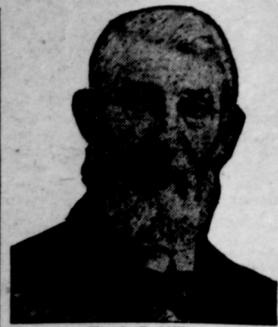
Young laughed in his face.

I nodded assent.  
"Did it not strike you as peculiar that there should be over two thousand names and addresses in the forwarding list of a small post office like Ardway, where probably not more than ten families move away in ten years?"  
"I did not examine it closely," I replied, "but even if I had I am afraid I would have failed to identify it as important."  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Grapefruit With Figs.**  
Have some fine figs and cut them into small pieces; put them in a glass jar and cover with brandy. Let them stand in this for 24 hours. Cut the grapefruit in halves, scoop out the fleshy cavity in the middle of each half as usual, fill this with figs and let the grapefruit stand on the three or four hours before serving.

# Bowels Get Weak As Age Advances

The First Necessity is to Keep the Bowels Gently Open With a Mild Laxative Tonic



Mr. O. P. Miller.

Healthy old age is so absolutely dependent upon the condition of the bowels that great care should be taken to see that they act regularly. The fact is that as age advances the stomach muscles become weak and inactive and the liver does not store up the juices that are necessary to prompt digestion.

Some help can be obtained by eating easily digested foods and by plenty of exercise, but this latter is irksome to most elderly people. One thing is certain, that a state of constipation should always be avoided as it is dangerous to life and health. The best plan is to take a mild laxative as often as is deemed necessary. But with equal certainty it is suggested that cathartics, purgatives, physics, salts and pills be avoided, as they do but temporary good and are so harsh as to be a shock to a delicate system.

A much better plan, and one that thousands of elderly people are following, is to take a gentle laxative- tonic like Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which acts as nearly like nature as is possible. In fact, the tendency of this remedy is to strengthen the stomach and bowel muscles and so train them to act naturally again, when medicines of all kinds can usually be dispensed with. This is the opinion of many people of different ages, among them Mr. O. P. Miller, Baroda, Mich., who writes: "I am 80 years old and have been constipated for many years. Since receiving your sample bottle I have procured two 50c bottles and find that

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A bottle can be bought of any druggist at fifty cents or one dollar. People usually buy the fifty cent size first, and then, having convinced themselves of its merits they buy the dollar size, which is more economical. Results are always guaranteed or money will be refunded. Any elderly person can follow these suggestions with safety and the assurance of good results.

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"The ten dollar bill," replied the Boob.

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The small son of a devout Kansas City father was visiting his grandparents. The sun had just come out after a long rainy season and the head of the family, in saying grace at the breakfast table, gave thanks for the bright morning and the beautiful sunshine.

"Why, grandpa!" interrupted the youngster, accustomed to a stereotyped form of worship and shocked at what he considered his grandfather's irreverence. "You must pray—don't talk to God about the weather."

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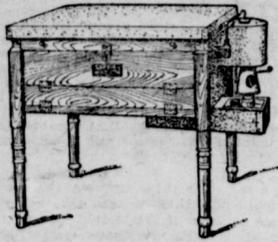
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**City Directory**

On Every Second Thursday night. J. C. Wells, C. C. U. J. Boston, Clerk

I. O. O. F. Lodge meets every Friday night.

J. H. Riney, N. G. N. J. Allen, Secretary

A. F. & A. M. Meets Saturday night on or after the full moon. J. W. Bond, W. M. J. B. Masterson, Secretary

**CHURCHES BAPTIST, Jas. A. Long, pastor**

First Sunday in each month.

PRESBYTERIAN every Third Sunday.

Rev. Charlton, Pastor SUNDAY SCHOOL Every Sunday, J. G. McDougal, Supt

METHODIST, G. H. Bryant, pastor. Every Second and Fourth Sunday

SUNDAY SCHOOL every Sunday morning. T. R. Moreman, Superintendent.

BAPTIST, Rev. Reece, pastor. Every First Sunday

FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH Preaching every First Sunday. Rev. S. H. Holmes, Pastor

CHURCH OF CHRIST meets at school house for Bible class and communion at 10:30 every Sunday morning.

PRAYER MEETING Every Wednesday evening

**DONLEY COUNTY OFFICIALS**

Judge, J. C. Killough  
Clerk, J. J. Alexander  
Sheriff, J. T. Patman  
Treasurer, Guss Johnson  
Assessor, G. W. Baker  
County Attorney, W. T. Link  
Commissioners:  
E. D. McAdams, Pct. No. 1  
P. O. Longon, " " 2  
N. L. Fryar, Pct. No. 3  
J. T. Bain, " " 4  
Justice of the Peace Precinct 3, J. A. Morrow  
Constable Pct. No. 3, W. H. Atkinson  
District Court meets third week in April and October.  
County Court convenes 1st Monday in February, May, August and November.

**A. M. Sarvis, M. D.**

Physician and Surgeon

Office at Albright Drug Co. Phones: Office 27, Res. 28 Hedley, Texas

**J. B. Ozier, M. D.**

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Office at Hedley Drug Co. Office Phone No. 3 Residence Phone No. 45 Hedley, Texas

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AND THE

**HEDLEY INFORMER**

One Year

**\$1.75**

Brave though she was, Molly felt a thrill of terror when she saw the driver had abandoned the stage and that the Indians were closing in. Then—barely in time—Sergeant Hamlin appeared.

It was one man against a score of savages, but this was the hero of a dozen daring exploits—"Buck" Hamlin of the gallant Seventh Cavalry—"the lad who brought in Dugan," and the same who made the famous ride from Washita to Camp Supply with Custer's report to Sheridan.

But there's no need to tell you what Mr. Parrish can do with an opening like this. If you want to read the finest Randall Parrish story in years, read

**Molly McDonald**

the new serial story we have secured and will print in liberal installments in this paper

See That You Get the Issue With the Opening Chapter



# The Napoleon of American Bandits

The Account of a Forgotten National Conspiracy  
By G. T. Ferris

(Copyright, by Ridgway Co.)



Organized banditry doesn't flourish under our contemporary conditions in the United States. Sporadic crimes such as those of the train robber, of the so-called Black Hand, and the lone highwayman are pregnant enough to occupy considerable proportion of the newspapers, as they are in all civilized communities. But we must look back to a much earlier period to find a chronicle of an attempt to bring together in a widely extended conspiracy under a single head all the forces of evil which feasted over 50,000 square miles of sparsely settled territory.

The field of this satanic campaign extended from Cairo, Ill., to the Mississippi delta and cut the width of a broad swath through a half score of slave states. Wholesale and retail robbery, counterfeiting, land swindling, negro stealing and selling, blackmailing, and even murder and assassination, all played their part in this vast campaign of crime.

John Murrell, the apostle and leader of this infernal cult, the would-be Napoleon of chaos and crime in the Mississippi valley, the organizer of a desperate clan of some twelve hundred miscreants, taught his followers that it was the safest way in most cases to kill the victim, unless there was some obvious reason to the contrary.

"Make an end of the fool," he as wont to say; "rip out his bowels and leave him into the nearest swamp or bayou; then the body won't rise as testimony."

He himself would boast, in the swagger of his cups, that he had slaughtered 40 men with his own hand. But most of his crimes were committed through agents.

But this diabolism was only the fringe of his ambition, appalling as it was. The goal of his hopes was a great negro insurrection throughout the south, which would sweep the slave states like a devastating flame.

With this lust of rapine, giving it a sharper edge, was a venomous jealousy and hatred of the rich which had become like the mania of a rabid dog. The time of the slave uprising he had fixed for Christmas night, 1835.

About 18 months before this expected climax, an interesting encounter occurred in the woods of Madison county, West Tennessee, in what was then known as the Choctaw purchase.

Virgil Stewart, a young Georgian, had come into a small inheritance from his father a year before and had then concluded to invest it in the virgin lands of that newly opened tract. He had made his entry, paid the fee, and after keeping the store of one Clanton, a probate judge, for a while, had returned to Georgia to complete the purchase and take residence.

Stewart was out riding one evening in the early dusk when he overtook a striking figure mounted on a fine hunter, which he sat with the ease of a finished horseman. He accosted Stewart with wellbred ease and the resonant voice of one accustomed to public speaking:

"Good evening, sir. I hope that you are enjoyin' your ride in the twilight gloaming. There is something delightful at this hour in the woods. Nature declares the glory of God"—partly shutting his eyes with an air of pensive enthusiasm—"but this meetin' of day and dark among the tree-pillars always makes me think of a great church made without hands."

Stewart stared at this salutation, which he politely returned, and for a moment fancied the stranger an itinerant minister of the better class. But he thought it odd that a gospelist should ride a thoroughbred hunter and carry heavy pistols in his holsters, with a knife in his belt and a sawed-off shotgun on his pommel. Yet almost all white men were wont to ride armed then in that country and there was nothing suspicious in the fact, except the pious twang of the overture.

The stranger caught Stewart's look and said suavely:

"My host, who lives about ten miles from hyar, is out of venison, and so I thought God would send me a chance for a buck. I don't believe in slayin' the beasts of the field wantonly, but they were created for the use of man, we are taught in Holy Scripture. Do you reside in this district, sir?"

"Probably I shall," answered Stewart, "as I have recently bought land here, and am on the outlook now for some likely slaves. I may have to run down to New Orleans to get them, though it is a costly trip, for a good lot of them have disappeared from here of late—run away or stolen. That's a fine horse you're riding."

"Yes," said the other with a sinister twinkling in his eye which Stewart's keen observation noted, "I'm a good judge of a horse, or of the sons of Ham whom God made for service. I trust, sir, you will find a nag as good, and all the black boys you need. I shall be hereabouts for the next fortnight, and then I shall obey the command of God to call sinners to repentance at the campmeetin' over in Shelby county, up Memphis way. Pardon me, sir, but I took an instant likin' for you and I hope we shall get further acquainted. I ride in these woods every evenin'. Goodby till we meet again."

He doffed his hat with great punctilio and spurred his horse through a by-road in the darkling woods. Neither had mentioned his name to the other.

Stewart pondered over the meeting as he ambled home, conscious of its incongruities. He mentioned the occurrence to his host, Rev. John Henning, Baptist preacher in the scattered hamlet of Tuscahoma and a small planter who worked a dozen negroes.

The dominie rubbed a stubby chin, and wagged his head:

"I wonder if it can be that fellow Murrell, who's been hangin' aroun' for the last six months off and on, down at the Corners. Ye know two of my boys have disappeared. 'Twas a fortnight since, just before you came back, and I've suspected him of slave-stealin', but couldn't get any clue. My Dick smells the same rat and has been lyin' low, but ye see neither of us ever met him; he comes and goes like a shadow."

"Then he's got a lot of pals aroun', and some of my neighbors swear he's all right; hearn him preach the finest sermons in the world—lay preacher, ye know—and got the spurrin' of God in him."

A few days later he again crossed the stranger not far from the scene of the first meeting, and the latter greeted him with an air of unmistakable pleasure:

"I have thought a good deal about you, sir, since I met you the other night. I reckon we're kindred spirits somehow, for I know human nature pretty well and rarely make a mistake," with an air of great complacency. "I thought I'd like to have a long powwow, for I'm a lonely man, though I know many people. I am unexpectedly called away tomorrow evening. Pray, sir, come and spend the night with me at the Corners. My host of the tavern has fine old 'apple', and a brace of wild ducks fit for a king or for—" stopping with lips pursed into an enigmatic smile.

Stewart gladly assented, and they rode together a few miles farther to the Corners, which consisted of a log tavern, a ramshackle store and a rude blacksmith shop. The ruffian landlord lowered at Stewart with a glance of suspicion, but quailed at the imperious scowl which his more familiar guest shot at him, as, turning with a wave of his hand, he said:

"This is my friend, Mr. —" with inquiring look.

"Oh, my name is Hues, Adam Hues," answered Stewart, wondering with alarm whether the landlord could possibly know of him.

After supper under a huge gum-tree, and with a tongue well loosened by frequent libations of apple toddy, the man of mystery began to unbosom himself.

"You are a speculator, Hues, and so am I, though not perhaps in the same line. The world has treated me badly and you, too, I reckon, if I read you aright. See the swarms of the rich, whose claws are fastened on all the good things of life, the best to eat, the best to drink, the finest of clothes to wear. If ye could only hear my friend, John Murrell, talk on the thing! He's one of the greatest men in the world, sir—beats Andy Jackson all to death, and I want ye to meet him."

And so he went on in a fierce tirade against the whole order of society.

The young man had listened without a word, with the same feeling that a hidden spectator would have at watching cannibals at their ghastly banquet. He had had time enough to make up his mind, and he nerved himself to see the thing through.

"Sir," he said, extending his hand, "I don't know who you are, but put it right there! What you've said has sounded a hidden chord. I feel you're exactly right, sir, and that we ought to get even with our oppressors in any way we can. You reckoned straight when you saw in me a congenial spirit."

The next morning as they rode through the woods, talking of indifferent matters, Stewart was accosted with the sudden interjection, "I am John Murrell!" accompanied by a look of piercing question.

"I suspected so last night," was the answer, "and was rejoiced to know a man of my own kidney."

A handclasp seemed to relieve the other's mind of any passing doubt, and Murrell said bluntly:

"I need a lieutenant, a man of grit, of brains an' resources. Will you be that man, Hues? I picked you by an unfaillin' instinct, instantly I saw you."

The young man agreed, and two hours later they parted, arranging a rendezvous for two weeks later, as

Murrell was compelled to go away on some call of his nefarious work. During that ride and on subsequent occasions this colossal villain told in part the story of a life bristling with crimes of every sort with a smack of infernal pride which Satan himself could not have surpassed.

Murrell's mother, a Tennessee mountain woman, had, in spite of an honest father, trained her young son as a thief from early childhood. While yet a stripling, he began to steal horses, and in disposing of these he fell in with various small predatory gangs, who did not hesitate to murder as well as rob. Young Murrell's superior address and cunning made him an adept in disposing of robber loot, and he gradually became initiated into all the successive grades of crime.

He brought to the business craft and power of organization and the ability to make use of the villainy of others.

He was arrested for horse-stealing and was sentenced to the penitentiary for three years. He was a model prisoner and gave up his spare time to assiduous reading, more especially to the study of theology, law and the rudiments of the healing art.

Stewart met the bandit chief, and as they rode west Murrell told him that they were on the way to one of the principal headquarters of the clan which was on an island in a Mississippi bayou, just across the river from Memphis. Here he would meet some of the principal men and be sworn into the band.

Murrell was exhilarated into a fierce hilarity, for this Napoleonic ruffian seems to have been inspired by a general liking for his chance recruit which banished all his native caution. He had, in his craving for a perfect confidence, beguiled himself into the conviction that in Hues he had found the very twin of his soul. He now outlined to his companion something of the colossal scheme of a negro uprising, over which his diabolical spirit had brooded so long.

"This may seem too bold to you, Hues, but that is what I glory in," he said. "All the crimes I have ever committed have been of the most daring. I've been successful in all of 'em. I am confident I shall be victorious in this matter. I'll have the pleasure and honor of seeing and knowing that by my management I have glutted the earth with more human blood and destroyed more property than any robber who has ever lived in America or the known world. I look on the American people as my common enemy. They have disgraced me"—thus he designated his short term of imprisonment—"and they can do no more."

"My life is nothin' to me, and it shall be spent as their devoted enemy. My clan is strong, brave, experienced and rapidly increasing in numbers. I shouldn't be surprised if we numbered 20,000 at the time of the uprising. And I am strong in the high standing of so many of my chief counselors, many, indeed, in honorable and lucrative offices. Should anything leak out prematurely, those men would drive away the fears of the people by ridicule, turning it into a cock-and-bull story."

"We have considerable money in the hands of our treasurers to complete our purchases of arms and ammunition, to fit out the companies that are to attack the cities and towns. We will manage to get possession of the different arsenals and supply ourselves from every source that may offer. The negroes wouldn't want many arms till they get 'em from the houses they destroy, as a knife, a club, a pick or an ax will do to murder families at night, when they are dazed with sleep and terror at the light of their burning homes."

Stewart tells us that he afterward marveled that he refrained from shooting Murrell then and there, for he always kept one hand on a pocket derringer, a silver-mounted pair of which had been given him the day before by this incarnate demon.

Perhaps the feeling that the one soft spot in Murrell's nature was the curious infatuation for himself restrained his itching hand.

They found themselves on the banks of the Mississippi, at that time storm-lashed, at dusk, but the rowboat on which Murrell relied was gone. So they applied for hospitality at the house of a planter named Champion. He looked askance at Murrell when the latter requested the loan of a skiff on which to cross. Stewart at once appraised him as an honest man and not one of the many secret confederates of the robber gang. Champion felt a note slipped into his hand as the twain parted from him next morning, read a warning in Stewart's eyes, saw a finger motioned to the lips.

The island rendezvous was a sinister-looking place set in a little river bend that somewhat concealed it.

All day long small parties arrived at the island. To these "Adam Hues" was introduced as a new and trusted recruit, until about 50 were assembled, a few of whom would never have been suspected of other than a reputable life. These were some of the principal members of the "Grand Council," and this was the night of the regular quarterly meeting.

The council was held in the evening. Reports were read from local centers as to the progress of the slave-uprising conspiracy. Figures were given for the three months past as to the various money-making crimes which had been committed in some five states. Plans were discussed for perfecting the methods of propaganda among the hosts of negroes on the plantations.

The last business done was the formal initiation of "Hues" as a member of the gang and as a Grand Councilor.

The young man was initiated, sworn in under blood-curdling penalties, taught all the grips and signals of recognition, and the night was worn out in a mad debauch.

The next day the Grand Council dissolved, its members departed, and Murrell, who stayed to superintend the loading of the black cattle in a flatboat for the slave-market, was finally left alone with his lieutenant.

"There's \$20,000 in that batch," he exulted, "and we will have another cargo next month."

The bandit chief in his unbounded confidence then insisted that Stewart should do what he had feared he might not be able to accomplish—make a complete list of the Grand Councilors, their occupations, places of residence, and their assignments in a conspiracy of murder, arson, robbery and devastation unparalleled in American history.

It took two days to secure this fatal transcript from the books, and the scribe was amazed to find, among the four hundred names on the black schedule participants scattered over the states south of Virginia, men of unquestioned repute and social place, even professed ministers of the gospel, wolves in sheep's clothing, judges on the bench, law practitioners, newspaper editors, merchants and hotel-keepers, men one would expect to find wedded to the stability of order and suppression of crime.

When the twain departed from the dismal island, reeking with its crime-laden mystery, Stewart, well-nigh overburdened with such a sinister revelation, devised an excuse to stop at Champion's plantation. To him he told sufficient to secure a pledge of cooperation at a moment's notice, and silence until the time was ripe. It was arranged with Murrell that his new man should meet him at a rendezvous a week later, to be formally assigned for active duty.

Stewart narrated his amazing story to Mr. Henning, and the old preacher was stricken dumb; suspicious though he had been in a vague way, by such a disclosure.

It was determined that John Murrell should be arrested in an adjoining county and not in the vicinity of Tuscahoma, as it might mean that Clanton, who was justice of the peace as well as probate judge, would at once discharge him from custody. Champion and some of his friends came at Stewart's call and with Parson Henning, his son, and half a dozen trusty spirits, all armed to the teeth, serving as posse, a warrant was duly sworn out and Murrell taken. When the robber marked one face among his captors he spat on the ground and growled out between his teeth with a sort of frozen rage:

"It's well for you that I was such a fool; but mark you, traitor, this business isn't done yet, I reckon!"

Stewart half confesses that for a moment, demoniac-like villain as he knew the other to be, he felt a pang of shame that it had fallen to him, for whom a wretch like this had shown his one human weakness, to be the instrument of his betrayal, necessary as that was for the good of the commonwealth. While awaiting the action of the grand jury, the arch-desperado escaped by connivance, but was retaken and lodged in a Memphis prison, where he could be more effectively guarded. There he remained for several months before trial, as the indictment being for negro-stealing, as the proofs of his vastly more heinous crimes were, as Stewart had anticipated, difficult to marshal. Murrell was convicted and condemned to ten years in the penitentiary for kidnapping and selling slave property.

Many attempts were made to get him released on bail during the three months interim, as well as to assist him to break jail. A campaign of abuse and slander of the most venomous sort had been at once opened against Stewart, and numerous journals throughout the south heartily espoused Murrell's side as that of an innocent man.

The young Georgian's life, as well as his reputation, hung in evenly balanced scales. Many estimable persons could not persuade themselves to believe in such a prodigy of guilt. He wrote and disseminated at his own expense a printed pamphlet, with a detailed account of his experiences with Murrell, scattering the document broadcast. One thing he did not do, however. He did not make proclamation of the names and residences of Murrell's associates of the Grand Council. He held it in reserve, making it public that the list was in such hands as would publish it if anything untoward happened to him.

Such is the irony of fate. A malefactor superlative in evil and steeped in every conceivable crime, who merited the scaffold a hundred times over, for whom no long-drawn torture would have been excessive, died in a Tennessee prison after three years of incarceration for a minor offense, passing away almost in the odor of sanctity.

Virgil Stewart, who brought him within the meshes of the law and foiled his satanic aims, was almost caricatured by a large section of the southern public and was defamed by many of its newspapers as one who had unjustly stigmatized Murrell and created a nightmare out of his own imagination.

Time, however, wrought its compensation. Old members of the Murrell army of criminals were arrested and punished from time to time for new offenses, some condemned by Judge Lynch, others by judicial process. Their confessions before execution fully confirmed the terrible story told by Stewart, from ordinary murder and robbery up to the baleful conspiracy to drown the whole south in a sea of blood, rapine, lust and devastation.

## Dr. Hartman's Plain Talk to Young Men

My plain talk to young men in my last article certainly brought out many responses from young men. I take this means of answering them briefly, for the benefit of other young men who did not write me. One writer says:

"I was greatly interested in your talk to young men. I wish I was as strong and well as you describe yourself to be. I am going to begin at once and follow your advice and take care of myself as I ought to. I will quit the use of all stimulants, tea and coffee, go to bed early. I will take the cold water towel bath every morning. I want to live to be old and useful, like you. And I shall also keep Peruna at hand, in case of slight ailments as they may arise. I thank

you in the name of thousands of other young men, like myself."

To this letter I replied: "My Dear Boy:—I cannot tell you how much good your letter has done me. To know that I am arousing the young men in matters of right living fills me with gratitude and enthusiasm. I want to help you. Write me any time you wish and I will consider your letter strictly confidential and give you prompt reply. Follow the advice I gave in my article. Whenever you have occasion to consult me further do not hesitate. Let us be friends. If you will be obedient to me as a son ought to be I will be faithful and true to you as a father ought to be. Yours sincerely, S. B. Hartman, M. D., Columbus, Ohio. Peruna is for sale at all drug stores."

**Politeness Ignored.**  
A Virginia farmer was driving a retractor cow down the road one morning. The cow and the driver came to a crossroad. The man wanted the cow to go straight ahead, but the cow picked out the crossroad.

A negro was coming along the crossroad.

"Haid her off! Haid her off!" yelled the driver.

The negro jumped about the road and waved his arms. The cow proceeded calmly on her way.

"Haid her off! Haid her off, nigger!" yelled the driver.

"Ise a-tryin' ter!" replied the negro.

"Speak to her! Speak to her and she'll stop!"

"Good mawnin', cow—good mawnin'!" said the negro politely.

**An Ear for Music.**  
"What is that tune your daughter is playing?"

"Which daughter?" asked Mrs. Cumrox. "If it is the older girl it's Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody, and if it's the younger one it's 'Exercise Twenty-seven.'"

**What's the Use?**  
"It did Jack no good to marry his stenographer, for she continued the habit of the office in their home."

"How so?"

"When he starts to dictate she takes him down."

In some circles men are like pianos—if square they are considered old fashioned.

## To Women

### Do Not Delay

If you are convinced that your sickness is because of some derangement or disease distinctly feminine, you ought at once bring to your aid

### Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

It acts directly on the organs affected and tones the entire system.

Ask Your Druggist

### VESTAL'S CATALOGUE

For 1918 is ready, larger and better than ever. Gives description of all the new and standard kinds of roses, and bedding plants, bulbs, small fruits, flower seed worth growing in the South. You need it before you decide what kinds to plant. Send for your copy today. J. W. Vestal, P. O. Box 554, Little Rock, Ark.

### The Man Who Put the EES in FEET

Look for This Trade-Mark Picture on the Label when buying ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic Powder for Tender, Aching Feet. Sold everywhere. Sample FREE. Address, ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

### TAKE

### Tutt's Pills

The first dose often astonishes the invalid, giving elasticity of mind, buoyancy of body.

GOOD DIGESTION, regular bowels and solid flesh. Price, 25 cents.

**Hardly.**  
"Is there any way you can suggest by which we can cure her of her infatuation for him?"

"Oh, yes, that's easy. Just—"

"I mean without letting her marry him?"

### Spring Clipping of Horses.

The modern practice among the best posted and most progressive horse owners and farmers is to clip all horses in the spring. It is done on the theory that in their natural state horses were not obliged to work, so could shed the winter coat in comfort over a period of several weeks. Since we oblige them to do hard work on warm spring days, the winter coat should be removed for the same reason that we lay off our heavy winter garments. Clipped horses dry off rapidly, hence they do not take cold as easily nor are they as prone to be affected with other ailments as unclipped animals whose longer hair holds the perspiration for hours. Because clipped horses dry off rapidly they rest better, get more good from their food and come out in the morning refreshed and fit for work.

Since the advent of the ball bearing enclosed gear clipping machine, the work of taking off the winter coat is easy. With the machine a horse can be clipped all over in half an hour, whereas with the old two-hand clipper it required several hours to do it.

Dairymen also now clip the cows all over two or three times a year. The flanks and udders are clipped every three or four weeks, so it is easy to clean the parts before milking. This means less opportunity for dirt and other impurities to get into the milk.

### SHE WASN'T SKEPTICAL

"Mebby youse wouldn't believe it, ma'am, but I come up purty good stock."

"Oh! I don't doubt it. Anyone can see that it has never been watered."

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS

Your Druggist will refund money if FAGO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of Itching, Blisters, Bleeding or Protruding Fleshes in 6 to 14 days. See.

Taking a Lesser Chance.

A government inspector was conducting an oral examination for marine engineers. Said he to one: "If you had tested your gauge cocks, had looked at your water glass and had found no water in the boiler, what would you do?"

Came the answer, swift and true: "I would jump overboard."

The best of men are sometimes worsted—and that's no yarn.

BE A

## "Good Fellow"

to your stomach

Treat it the way Nature intended and you will always be well repaid.

Help it when there are signs of weakness or distress and, you have the secret to continued good health.

The first real aid to a weak stomach is

### HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

It restores the appetite, aids digestion, keeps the liver and bowels active and improves your general health.

WE URGE A TRIAL TODAY





# START YOUR ACCOUNT

This year with a house that has made a record in Hedley for honest and intelligent treatment of people who deal with it. We have the Goods and the Quality and Price at

## THE HEDLEY DRUG COMPANY

### Locals

The Methodist ladies will serve lunch on Trustee Election day.

Atty. Simpson was down from Clarendon Wednesday.

If you want Alfalfa Seed see J. G. McDougal.

W. C. Smith was down from Clarendon Wednesday.

Mrs. Era Wilson is here visiting her parents, S. P. Hamblen and wife.

Good and cheap work at Clarendon Steam Laundry. E. L. Yelton, Agent.

S. H. Jones of Altus, Oklahoma is here visiting his old friend T. R. Moreman.

Tom Shelton and little daughter are here from Fort Worth for a few days visit.

Full line of Elgin, Hampden, and other high grade watches at Albright Drug Co.

A. L. Miller and Sid Harris made a trip to Clarendon Thursday.

Miss Delilah Callahan of Memphis has been here several days visiting friends.

Watches from the men's large size to the ladies' smallest size. Albright Drug Co.

Wylie Watson and wife of Newlin visited K. W. Howell and family Sunday.

J. G. McDougal and the editor made a business trip to Clarendon Thursday.

O. H. Britain was very sick first of the week, but is now up and about.

NOTICE—I will castrate your young horses and mules. See me. Have had 40 years experience. S. L. Adamson

Mrs. J. K. P. Kyser and daughter have both been very sick this week with the measles.

Miss Annie Alexander left Sunday night for Fort Worth to enter a business college.

Gordon Wilson of Memphis visited his sister Mrs. Wimberly several days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Sexauer and little boy of Hall county spent Sunday with her brother, J. C. Wells.

Prof. Hufstедler took his pupils for an outing on the canyon south of town Tuesday. They report a big time.

Let me send your clothes to Clarendon Steam Laundry—prices very low.

E. L. Yelton, Agent.

Dr. Mayes while here Sunday took out an eye for Mr. Holman which has been troubling him for sometime.

Reyburn Mickle of Indianola, Oklahoma, is here visiting his uncle and aunt, Dr. A. M. Sarvis and wife.

Ladies, I have a sample book now and can order your coat, coat suits and skirts.

CLARKE, THE TAILOR.

Travis Lively returned home Saturday from Memphis where he worked in the Democrat office several months.

Judge J. D. Bird was up from Memphis Tuesday on business and visiting his sister, Mrs. J. H. Richey.

Rev. A. H. Newton and brother, and Mr. Ayers were here from McLean attending the fifth Sunday meeting.

I am running an auto line from Hedley to Memphis daily. Leave Hedley at 1 p. m. and Memphis at 3 p. m.

A. L. Miller.

John and Will Harris returned Sunday from South Texas where they spent several weeks.

The Honest John Truss, any size, single or double, perfect fit guaranteed.

Albright Drug Co.

W. O. McKinney and family stopped over to attend the Fifth Sunday meeting, on their way home from McLean to Dodsonville.

Scholarship in the Bowie Commercial College for sale by the Informer. Who wants to buy it at a bargain?

After Mar. 14, we will gin two days each week—Fridays and Saturdays. Please take notice accordingly.

B. W. Moreman Gin Co.

Ladies, can you afford to launder your sheets when you can get it done for 4c at Clarendon Steam Laundry.

E. L. Yelton, Agent.

To The Farmers of Hedley territory: I am a Farm Blacksmith and have the experience. All work guaranteed.

Yours for trade. J. M. Bozeman at the old Jones stand.

Horace Stroud, who has been away several months attending the Bowie Commercial College, and now in the employ of the Denver road a Quannah, was here Sunday visiting homefolks.

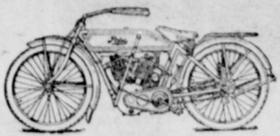
We have a car of Pictou Washed Nut Niggerhead Coal on car on track today and Monday at \$7.00 per ton. Buy the best cooking coal.

Cicero Smith Lbr. Co.

JACK—4 years old, will make the season at the Cornelius wagon yard. \$10 to insure living colt.

P. W. Cash.

KALIDOR will make the season at my yard. He is an Imported Percheron. Several of his colts will bring \$200 now. Terms made known on application. L. L. Cornelius.



POPE MOTORCYCLES  
S. L. GUINN, General Agent  
Hedley, Texas

A full supply of Rugby lump coal at a price that will surprise you. I keep the slack. See me before you buy. Also plenty of Nut coal on hand.

J. G. McDougal.  
Call at my Wagon Yard for baled Alfalfa, Millet and Sorghum Hay, Corn Chops and Seed Oats. I will gladly supply your wants. Yours for business,  
L. L. Cornelius, Hedley, Tx.

### "The Confidential Clerk"

"The Confidential Clerk" will be given Tuesday night April 15 at the auditorium. Come and enjoy a good play, home talent. Mike, the Irishman, and Ephraham and Pete Johnsing, the colored are splendid. The pranks and playing of these three characters alone are well worth the price.

Admission:  
15 and 25c

I have traded in every store in Hedley, And also in Clarendon and Memphis; But I declare to you I am telling the truth, Moreman & Battle sells the cheapest.

They keep the best cultivators on earth, And their go-devils are out of sight;

But, oh, those pretty oil cook stoves, That gives you a good appetite.

They will meet you at the door with a smile,

Pat you on the back and call you honey;

And then the next thing they'll want to do,

Is to sell you something for the money. (adv)

Watch Hedley grow.

# Fire and Tornado INSURANCE

INSURANCE THAT INSURES

J. C. WELLS, Agent

# THE NEW FIRM

BUYS ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Has in stock the latest in dry goods, freshest in groceries, good hardware, and the very best line of implements in Hedley.

Take a look at our oil stoves.

WICHITA BELLE FLOUR---the kind that satisfies. A trial is all we ask.

# BAIN & McCARROLL