

Hedley is on the Colorado-to-Gulf Highway and expects to be on the Ozark Trail.

# The Hedley Informer

VOL. VI

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, OCTOBER 20, 1916

## PANHANDLE CAPTURES BLUE RIBBONS

Dallas, Texas Oct. 16.—West Texas and the Panhandle won a great victory here today when five West Texas counties took prizes out of seven offered. They were Hall, Floydada, Wilbarger, Armstrong and Wichita. The other two winners were Cooke and Ellis, one North and one East Texas.

Potter county stood 13th out of 41 counties, and Randall 11th. This is the first time in the history of the State Fair that practically all the honors have gone to West Texas. Panhandle representatives here are jubilant. It is a great day for us, and means absolutely the securing of a West Texas A. and M.

W. M. A.

W. M. A. Monday Oct. 23. Bible Study—XVIII. Study in Acts.

Africa. The Founding of the Congo Mission—Mrs. Lively.

Methodist Mission in the Congo—Mrs. J. A. Moreman.

Loyalty of an African Native—Mrs. C. E. Johnson.

The Black man in America—Mrs. Kendall.

Has every person a right to become a Christian—Mrs. Boston.

On Foot Through African Jungles—Mrs. Masterson.

Queer Customs of the Congo People—Mrs. Davis.

Ready Response of the African People—Mrs. Ranson Johnson.

Itinerating in the Congo—Mrs. Harrison.

Recruits for Africa—Mrs. Wimberly.

Leader, Mrs. Scales.

Hostess, Mrs. Masterson.

Publicity Supt.

Sales find customers are our best advertisements on Rexall Goods. They are guaranteed and we stand back of the guarantee. Hedley Drug Co.

For good barber work call at Oscar Alexander's Shop.

Clarendon and Hedley High Schools will play a game of football on the Hedley grounds next Tuesday 4 p. m. As this will be Hedley's maiden effort in football Hedley rooters should be on hand to help in keeping their courage up.

See Lloyd Lane at J. Walker Lane's Blacksmith shop when you want your auto or buggy repainted.

This office printed a nice lot of stationery for Prof. V. B. Pennel who with his good wife are teaching a splendid school at Bray.

Call 21 when you need clothes cleaned and pressed for \$1.00.

FOR SALE—7 volumes of "The Home and School Reference Work"—for teachers and school work. S. G. Adamson.

The Fourth Quarterly Conference will be held at the Methodist church Saturday, Rev. J. of Clarendon presiding. He will also preach here Sunday.

W. I. Rains has one of the best improved places in the county. Has a splendid residence and has just completed one of the best barns it has been our pleasure to see. It is 48x52, floors of the cribs laid with concrete, and the whole barn conveniently arranged. Mr. Rains believes in doing things right, as is evidenced by the work he has done on his place this year.

EARLY FRONTIER LIFE OF A HEDLEY WOMAN

Hedley, Texas, Oct. 17, 1916. The Hedley Informer, Hedley, Texas.

Dear Editor: Permit me to give a little of the history of my frontier life in Texas as I call it to mind today. Not having had the advantages of an education because of the frontier life, I beg that the readers will overlook any mistakes they may find in this brief article.

October 1, 1858, when I was only 14 years of age, my father moved to Montague county, Texas, which was very much a frontier country at that time. He homesteaded a place 10 miles north of Montague and six miles south of Red river. Our nearest neighbor was six miles away. In 1872 my father died of pneumonia.

During those early days we had many exciting times that I shall never forget. If being scared would turn any one's hair gray I would have been gray long before I was grown. During every light of the moon the Indians would make their raids, gather up all the horses they could find and kill off our cattle for meat. When those raids took place the settlers made for the fort or town and stayed until all danger was past. In 1862 they made a raid on Fort Cobb, killed and burned everything there. My father went with other men to help gather up what few of the Tonkawa Indians had left. I remember many other massacres, among which was the one at Willa Walla Valley and the Box family. I was well acquainted with the Box family that was captured, and the Maxey family of whom part were killed and two children captured, one two and one five years old.

During those days we had no schools, no churches and but few neighbors, and were many times out of anything to eat except perhaps some dried beef. I have lived on the frontier nearly all my life. No one knows the heartaches and loneliness of such a life who has never gone through it. Will close for fear this finds the waste basket.

Mrs. S. E. Allen.

Mrs. Kincannon returned to her home at Snyder Sunday after a visit of about three weeks with her sister, Mrs. W. H. Madden, who accompanied her as far as Amarillo.

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## THREE INCHES OF SNOW IN COLORADO

Denver, Colo. Oct. 18—Three inches of snow fell in Denver and eastern Colorado late today and tonight. The mercury dropped to below the freezing point and lower temperatures for the next two days are forecasts by the local weather bureau. The cold wave in eastern and southeastern Colorado is moving in a southeasterly course, the weather bureau statement says, drawn by the lower pressure in the lower Mississippi valley and Gulf regions.

## COLD IN HEDLEY

Lots of rain here last week, winding up Saturday night with some extra heavy showers. Enough moisture to do for a while. Everything looking fine until about 1 o'clock Thursday morning when the wind suddenly changed to the north, getting colder every minute until there was some little ice, we are told, early that morning. There is likely to be a killing frost before the north is over.

The Informer \$1.00 per year.

## COTTON GOES TO 18 CENTS WEDNESDAY

Cotton took a rapid advance this week, bringing 18 cents on the local market Wednesday. The highest it has been since the Civil war, we are told. Anyway it is higher than we remember it ever have been. Seed has been bringing \$46 per ton.

One man sold two bales here Wednesday which brought him \$201.25, and the seed brought \$52.30, making a total of \$253.55 for cotton and seed.

## HONOR ROLL

Following are subscriptions received since last issue: Rev. W. H. McKenzie. V. B. Pennel. L. A. Jamar. W. Nippert. John Berry, Forestburg, Tex. Arthur Bell, Forestburg, Tex.

For the best of service go to King's Barber Shop where you can get fresh shaves, wet baths and clean clothes. Satisfaction guaranteed or whiskers refunded.

## SOME OZARK TRAIL NOTES

The National Ozark Trail Convention will be at Oklahoma City, November 21st and 22d, and will be one of the most interesting ever held in the Southwest and will be addressed by the leading good roads men of the United States, including Senator Morris Sheppard Gov. Arthur Capper of Kansas Tom J. Tinan, Warden of the Colorado State Penitentiary and builder of its system of magnificent mountain roads.

The Panhandle delegation will start for reports they made in the mess tent, and will join at the very morning joint at Bois le Blanc. The men that the "assess" from behind." "True, he has conveyed the interest of the people along the route in good roads." Raymond A. Tolbert, Sec. Central Ozark Trail Association, Hobart, Okla.

gum are making extensive preparations to take care of the visitors in their cars. Official garages and hotels will be selected in each town along the route, take their names and prices for accommodation and gasoline and will be placed in the hands of each person making the trip.

The Oklahoma City convention will be a big school of road construction and in making the trip, delegates from the different towns will be able to see how command at Bois le Blanc. Dallas Salle bidding him not to interfere with the governor's lieutenants. "I don't do the Chevalier de Baugis with whom we must reckon." "True, he has conveyed the interest of the people along the route in good roads." Raymond A. Tolbert, Sec. Central Ozark Trail Association, Hobart, Okla.

R. A. Carter has put down the foundation for his farm home west of town on the land he recently bought. The erection of the residence will begin at once across the road from Clyde Bridge's home. Mr. Carter said Hedley was improving so fast that it was up to the farmers to get busy.

## THE LIQUOR QUESTION BEFORE TEXANS

Texans are asking the question: "Is Texas to be longer dominated by the liquor interests, or will she arise and free herself from this leprous blight?"

This is not a fanatical question nor is it one to be viewed with lightness. When the people of this and other sections of the state already freed in a measure from this cankerous disease, realize that they cannot get an exact expression through the ballot box for the manipulations secured through the influence of the liquor interests, it is time to take a stand as a stone wall against these damnable influences.

We may talk about the bravery of the battlefields, the dangers incurred through the contact with screaming shell and shrieking ball, but here in peaceful, prosperous, sun-kissed and God-blessed Texas there is an enemy of good government whose reign must be checked, or much of the good already accomplished and that at present designed, will be eternally lost.

When it comes to a condition in which the very educational institutions of the state are hampered and turned into political machines, time has arrived for decisive action. It is time for the people to stand in the strength of their might and condemn such manipulation. When men of ample qualifications, men of principle, men of unquestioned ability must be thrown out of the University of Texas simply because they did not see fit to support a certain man for office, what may the state not expect? Nor do the operations of this influence stop here, but on the contrary it is reported that members of the regency have been notified that their places will be declared vacant if they persist in standing for the retention of the two objectionable members of the faculty!

Whither is this state drifting responsive to the influence of the liquor interests? Is the influence of alcohol greater than that of morality and Christianity? The answer is demonstrable in actions and the workers have a right to demand and receive a fairly expressed registered answer.

Next year, Texas is going dry if she will get busy and properly safeguard her ballot boxes. —Amarillo News.

If you know of an item of news that would interest your neighbors, don't withhold it from us. If you know what they know, and they know what you know, and everybody knows what every else knows, soon we will know everything there is to know.

WANTED—To do your washing at my home, or housework Mrs. Minute Ward Office: 2nd Door Box 104 H. Glez., Texas. Phone 15

## RETURN ON MOTORCYCLE

S. D. Myers returned last Saturday from New York. He and Mrs. Myers left here August 12 for New York City by motorcycle and sidecar. They went by way of Amarillo, Kansas City, St. Louis, De Soto, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Albany, down the Hudson river to New York where they arrived September 7th, and visited Mr. Myers' parents over two weeks. They visited on the going trip three days at Keystone and one week at Dayton.

On September 24 they started on the return trip and were accompanied by Mr. Myers' brother, J. R. Barker, of Brooklyn. They came back to Dayton at which place Mrs. Myers stopped over for a visit with her sister. Myers and Barker coming on to Joplin where they had to ship the machine and come home on train. Account of excessive rains and roads. They took their camping outfit along with them and camped out every night, made the entire trip with but little trouble and enjoyed every minute.

To those who owe on note or account please call at the First State Bank where I have left my accounts and notes with Mr. J. R. Benson who will accept your money and receipt your same. Please do this at your earliest convenience. Chas. Boles.

W. T. King brought a sweet potato to the Informer office Monday afternoon that was of goodly proportions considering the dry summer. The potato was a Southern Queen and weighed three and three fourths pounds, and measured five inches in length.

FOR SALE—A drug oven for bachelor stove, two at hogs, six Silver Hamburg hens. Phone 115.

Last week Clint Phillips traded his residence property in town to Mr. Harrell for a place southwest of town which he bought last spring from R. L. Biggers. They will exchange places of residence about November 1st.

We have a delivery wagon and can deliver feed at any time. Phone 86 for your feed. Wood & Bester.

Mr. Wynn, of the Texas Agricultural Department, spoke at opera house Monday afternoon to a fair sized audience. His talk was practical and was listened to with interest.

Your suits called for cleaned and delivered. Work satisfactory. Claude Strickland.

Bring your laundry to Oscar Alexander's Shop.

## J. P. Johnson REAL ESTATE

Memphis property for sale or trade. Office: 2nd Door Box 104 H. Glez., Texas.

**Foot-Ball GAME**

**Clarendon High School vs. Hedley High School**

**TUESDAY OCTOBER 24TH, 4 P. M.**

**ADMISSION 25 CENTS**

**COME OUT AND ROOT FOR HEDLEY**

**THE Merchants who advertise in this paper will give you best values for your money.**

B-Z-Z-Z-Z



PAST RECORD BAD

HUGHES' ACTS AS GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK CONDEMN HIM.

Vetoes of Important Legislation Show That He Well Earned the Title of "The Great Evader"—Unworthiness of People's Trust.

Delivers into the veto records of Charles Evans Hughes, the Republican nominee for president, while he was governor of the state of New York in 1907, 1908, 1909 and 1910, are demonstrating that in addition to his recently earned pseudonym of "The Great Fault-Finder" he also merits that of "The Great Evader." In proof, they have brought to light his vetoes of numerous important bills which show that he revealed in a smugness of speech which to the superficial reader might sound erudite and highly judicial, but which upon searching analysis utterly failed to reveal Hughes' attitude upon the fundamental principles involved.

Many of Hughes' most important vetoes, they point out, indicate his readiness to dodge commitment by transferring responsibility to a public service commission uncontrolled by the legislature or by the people, thereby incurring the danger of giving autocratic legislative power to a bureaucracy which might become dangerous.

Examiners of the Hughes' record further emphasize that he denied the right of the legislature to define public policy, made of the legislature a "rubber stamp," and assumed a highly equivocal attitude on giving woman schoolteachers in New York city equal pay with men for equal work, dodged the eight-hour labor principle in his veto of bills providing for three-platoon system of police service, which is now largely in effect in the larger municipalities of the United States. Investigators also find that Hughes was astonishingly prone to anticipate the rulings of courts by assuming what their decisions would be, and by his veto to deny courts the opportunity to pass upon legislative measures.

Of all of Hughes' vetoes which his critics say would have richly justified the pseudonym of "The Great Evader" by the dodging character of language employed, his veto of the bill "Fixing the Salaries of Members of the Supervising and Teaching Staff of Public Schools of the City of New York" (equal pay for equal work for women teachers), May 23, 1907, is now especially conspicuous. Following is Hughes' language:

"The proposition as it is put—equal pay for equal work—is an attractive one, and set forth on behalf of the worthy public servants who are engaged in this important calling, it has elicited a large measure of support while at the same time it has provoked vigorous opposition from those who believe that the desired legislation would be unfortunate both for the schools and the woman teachers. But it is manifest that the principle is one of general application and it should not be adopted by the state unless the state is prepared to apply it generally. The question is necessarily one of state policy, and as such it should be presented and debated before action is taken.

"If sound, it should be applied to our state hospital service, in our charitable and reformatory institutions, and generally throughout the civil service of the state. It is indefensible that principle of grave importance to the state should be applied to one class and not to others.

**Servile Journalism.**  
Mr. Wilson chooses to play polo in handling the greatest industrial crisis in the history of the country—New York Sun.

Does the Sun never tire of licking Wall street's boots?

**Lacks Inside Information.**  
Chairman McCormick denies that there is a row in the Democratic national committee, but not being a Republican newspaper, he could hardly be well informed on such matters.

state as a whole should be established in connection with a local measure inviting only the consideration which as such it receives. The consideration of such a measure should be under circumstances directing the attention of every member of the legislature to its importance and reference to his own constituency and to the state at large.

"The matter should be left to the board of education to be dealt with locally as may seem best unless the legislature is prepared to lay down the general principle for the entire state and the entire public service."

WAS PARTY'S DEATH KNEEL

Action of Republican Senators on Emergency Revenue Measure Aptly So Characterized.

United States Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana, western Democratic campaign manager, in a statement issued from the Chicago headquarters of Republican opposition to the constructive features of the emergency revenue measure, which was passed by the votes of the Democrats and five Progressive Republicans, that the opposing Republican senators sounded their party death knell.

"That the Republican party is a party of inaction and obstruction as well as reaction was clearly demonstrated when the vote was taken in the senate on the emergency revenue bill," said Senator Walsh.

"The roll call on this measure should cause every Progressive as well as the independent voter to join with the Democrats next November in re-electing President Wilson and a Democratic congress. While Governor Hughes is traveling about the country preaching protection and asserting that only by the return of the Republican party to power may the country be insured against business depression after the war, his party members in the senate vote against a measure that unshinced men will admit will insure the continuance of prosperity in the United States after hostilities are ended.

"To the initiated it is plain that that element of the party led by Lodge, Taft and Smoot should have voted such a constructive measure."

Mrs. Young is for Wilson.

Following closely upon the unequivocal declaration of Mrs. Antoinette Funk, the former Progressive leader of Chicago, for Wilson, comes the announcement from Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, former superintendent of schools of Chicago, and one of the most widely known and respected educators in the United States, that she, too, has enrolled herself under the Wilson banner. Mrs. Young's action is rendered especially impressive by reason of the fact that only a few days ago the Women's party claimed her as an organizer for them in the suffrage states. Her public declaration for Wilson disposes of that claim.

With Mrs. Funk, it is expected that Mrs. Young will be a powerful influence among other suffrage leaders in the Democratic cause.

For Campaign Argument.

In two years of its existence the general trade commission, of which E. Davies, esteemed as a practitioner, is chairman, and Ed Hurley, a widely known and successful cost-sheet economist, is vice chairman, has worked quietly and is being fully appreciated by the public.

Mr. Sherman, like other Republicans, is hard pressed for arguments when he attacks it.

Party of Reaction.

Republicans will make no answer to the president's speech of acceptance. They cannot. They will only make their futilities of "destructive criticism" that does not destroy; they will dance campaign rigadoons about the impregnable citadel of achievement within which the president stands; they will upbraid him in empty words. But every promise of reversal of Democratic policies they may make, every pledge of constructive work they may utter, will be a promise and pledge of reaction.

RO in AR TIME

vert back to the world," to the spots of it. It is war-time, the summer of 1915. The city is full of soldiers, sunburned Australians and New Zealanders who have not yet been in action but are being kept lest the Arabs should come out of the desert and strive to efface the English and French civilization of the banks of the lower Nile and so add more ruins to the ruins of Egypt, writes Stephen Graham in Country Life.

The city is majestic with its broad streets, white stone palaces and stately mansions, its wondrous river and its mighty bridges. The dryness, cleanness and whiteness of a city that knows no rain; the city gleams in a vast supply of sunshine. The wind blows all the time from the desert, and wafts heat in the face as from a furnace. A city of life and gay energy. The fountain of life plays rapidly and brilliantly all the time, throwing up all colors, forms, faces. There is a sense of resplendent and tremendous gaiety. No one comes to Cairo to be an ascetic and mortify the flesh. But every building, every sight and sound says, "Life, life, life." All around is death—the desert which is death itself, the Pyramids which are tombs, the old cities and ruins which are the bodies of ancient civilizations passed away. But every sight and sound in the oasis of the great city says—Live, be gay, let the pulse beat fast, let the heart go and be glad, let the eyes sparkle and burn, let the lips form words of passion and pleasure.

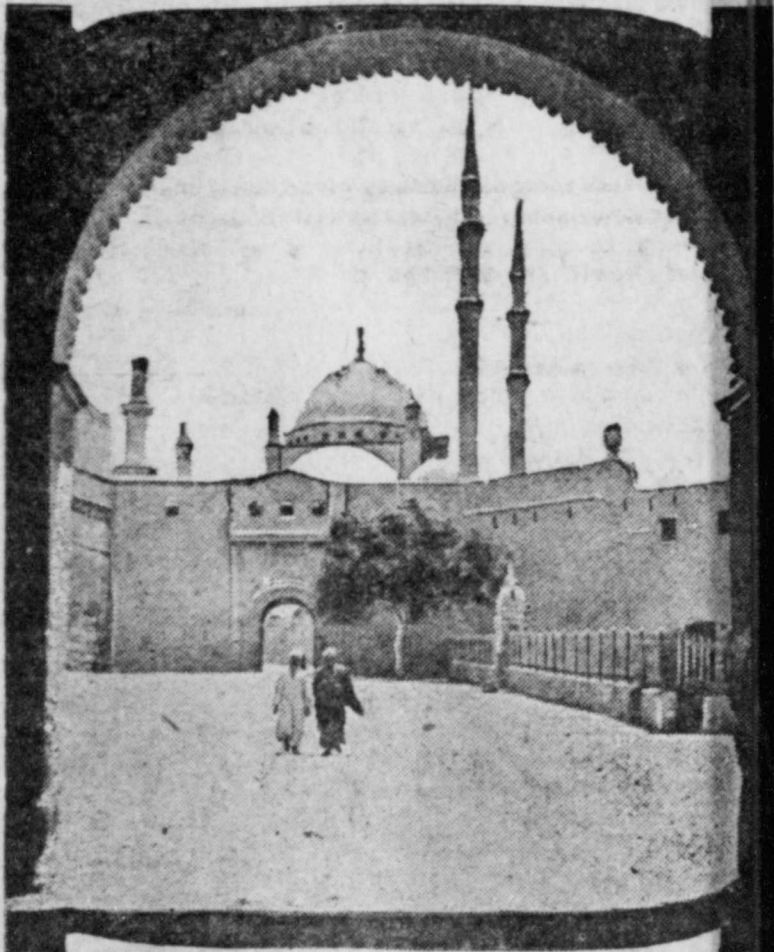
There is a sense of an immense antiquity which, in contrast with the little second of the present moment, makes the latter less important, less holy. There is a subtle smell in the air, an odor that makes the head a little dizzy and

in Cairo, and every now and then the eyes rest on a native funeral procession, one procession, two processions, five processions, ten processions, all following one another. They are in every street, and they go past with their strange pomp of death, with the body and the mourners and the singers and professional howlers. The brightly living crowd on the footways each side of the road pause a moment and think, "Someone has died," and pass on, oblivious, intent on life. In luxurious hotels gentle and beautiful Nubians are handing out delicate fare, rich dishes cooked and served in that sought-out and magnificent style that Egypt has inherited from ages of epicurism. And a wonderful assembly of officers and ladies, rich pleasure-seekers and tourists from the Mediterranean shores, invalids, receives—sitting at flower-decked tables in great halls.

A strange impression, in the afternoon, to go down the side streets and see the throngs of young men, steady on their feet but bright-eyed and thirsty-lipped, greedy, eager; the strong-limbed sunburnt colonial soldiers dancing with Arab girls, the white chantants, shooting saloons, bars, and houses, the barrel organs, the smell of the air.

When Night Comes.

Night comes over the stately city, and the Europeans in their white clothes come in greater numbers into the streets. The great remote starry moon stands over the broad highway and arched bridges. Heat seems to be generated through the haze in the air, but a light, dry breeze is ever blowing, and the pungent, sweetish odor of the city is in the nostrils. In the contrast of darkness and night silence the clangor of eastern music is more ringing. It stirs the body, not the soul, and is like the sensuous music of



THE ALABASTER MOSQUE

the hands a little feverish as you walk; it is the actual odor of antiquity, a finest dust in suspension in the wind, the dust of decay from past ages. All that dies in Egypt becomes dry, and only after centuries turns to dust and loses form. That which rots away in a year in our northern climate keeps its semblance for a thousand years in Egypt. The stones of the houses of native Cairo were many of them quarried by the ancients; the wooden beams and joists have lasted from the days of the Pharaohs, and only now are gently crumbling. Here the very stones can be used to manure the fields. Subtly, secretly, the seventh foundation is always crumbling away and passing in dust into the desert air. The smell in the air is partly the fine dust of mummies, of the bodies that were once erect and nervous and vivid, gay and felicitous and moving, the mysterious flocking humans of thousands of years ago.

Crowds in the Streets.

The streets roll forward with flocking crowds—dark faces, brown faces, yellow faces; red caps and straw hats and little turbans and smocks and burnous; negroes, Copts, Arabs, women in white veils, women with dark veils; Europeans, soldiers, hawkers, mendicants, post-card sellers, newspaper vendors. Along the center of the broad sun-swept roadways crash the electric trams; the rubber-tired cabs and wide-hooded victorias follow pleasantly; the motor cars proceed; the military auto-cycles pass; and the heavy ox and buffalo carts of the natives blunder along at the sides.

There is doing everywhere, happening, being. Voluminous and promiscuous action floods and surges through the city with the traffic. It is life everywhere. And yet mingled with life there is death. There is plague

Nebuchadnezzar, the music of cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery and dulcimer. Dark women with gold ornaments hang out from curtained windows or lurk just inside doorways and dark passageways, ready to coil snake-like upon a prey. In the roadways a shouting, calling crowd. In the taverns they are singing "Tipperary" and "We Won't Go Home Till Morning"; some men are standing on the tables, others are trying to put gawky Arab girls through the steps of a table. The music jangles. The whole street has a collective voice, a strange rattling and murmuring uproar.

A tall, lank, loose-jawed, genial Copt would show you the haunts of evil and offers his services to procure you pleasure. You have said "No" to him; he stands there where you set him on the pavement in his long cotton rags, smiling gently and cogitatingly—the same type as stood in the city of the Pharaohs in the old days of the Israelitish bondage. It is strange to reflect that they find in the mummies of those who lived so many thousands of years ago the marks of "the cancer disease," and the sign of the impure strain. There is a community of life. What was in ancient Egypt is in the world today and was not invented in any recent time but has been copied on from one human being to another, to many others, and from them to others still.

Consistent Expectation.

"The fashions for women are getting more youthful every year," commented one man.

"Does that meet with your disapproval?"

"Not a bit. If it goes on this way a few seasons more, my wife will be willing to give up her automobile and ride in a baby carriage."

W. L. DOUGLAS

"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE" \$3.00 \$3.50 \$4.00 \$4.50 & \$5.00 FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Save Money by Wearing W. L. Douglas shoes. For sale by over 8000 shoe dealers. The Best Known Shoes in the World.

W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom of all shoes at the factory. The value is guaranteed and the wearer protected against high prices for inferior shoes. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. They are always worth the price paid for them.

The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the Fashion Centres of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

Ask your shoe dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If he cannot supply you with the kind you want, take no other make. Write for interesting booklet explaining how to get shoes of the highest standard of quality for the price, by return mail, postage free.

LOOK FOR W. L. Douglas name and the retail price stamped on the bottom.



W. L. Douglas Boys' Shoes Best in the World \$3.00 \$2.50 & \$2.00 W. L. Douglas Shoe Co., Brockton, Mass.

Courtships between widows and widowers usually end in a draw.

**BABIES AND GROWING CHILDREN** need a tonic to tone up the system and regulate the liver. Mothers are constantly using with wonderful success, our "Plantation" Chill and Fever Tonic. Pleasant to take—contains no Calomel. Price 50c.—Adv.

COULD NOT CORNER MIKE

Mr. Flaherty Ready With Explanation for Failure to Keep Awake in Church.

One Saturday evening Mrs. Flaherty laid to her husband, who is a successful contractor: "Mike, Father Burke is to preach tomorrow at St. Patrick's church, and you've often told me you wanted to hear him."

"Yes, Jane, I do want to hear him. They say he's a fine speaker."

"But, for pity's sake, Mike, if you do come with me, keep awake! You know you're always falling asleep during the sermons."

"I'll do my best, Jane." Next day, when Father Burke began to preach, Mike watched him for five minutes, and then dropped off to sleep. When they were back home Jane gave Mike a tongue lashing.

"Well, Jane," said Mike in self-defense, "it's just this way. When I engage a new hand I watch him to see if he's on the job. As soon as I find he's efficient and hard-working I don't bother about him any more. Now, as soon as Father Burke began I saw he was right on to his job, and so I didn't worry about him. And then, in spite of myself, I let go."—Everybody's Magazine.

Cuba has the largest orange grove in the world, covering 2,000 acres.

A recess for carrying a nail set features a new hammer handle.

Ask for and Get SKINNER'S THE HIGHEST QUALITY SPAGHETTI

36 Page Recipe Book Free SKINNER MFG. CO., OMAHA, U.S.A. LARGEST MACARONI FACTORY IN AMERICA

Had Learned His Lesson. After one of the reservations had been opened, the white community was annoyed by the promiscuous swearing of the noble red man, numbers of whom seemed quite unaware of the strength of their recently acquired vocabulary. This condition became so intolerable that several arrests were made and jail sentences imposed. It was not long before the native sons of America realized that swearing in public was a very bad business, and they quit. One of these Indians was a witness in a case of some importance in the local justice court, and had testified to certain facts which greatly exasperated counsel for defense. With his hand upraised the lawyer impressively thundered: "Now, Nick, will you swear—" "No!" shouted the Indian. "Me no swear! Swear talk no good here—gettum jail!"

Acquitted. "The sheriff tells me," remarked a visitor to a western town, "that there hasn't been a prisoner in the county jail for over a year. That would seem to indicate that your community is unusually free from crime." "Not necessarily," replied the native. "We've got some pretty slick lawyers around here."

What Did It Mean. Most men remember how, in their barefoot days, temptation used to whistle and hold up two fingers.



What's There?

Whole wheat is sweet, but when you add the zest of malted barley you have a flavor that no food made of wheat alone possesses.

The famous food, Grape-Nuts, has a delightful taste that everybody likes, and it lies in the "magic of the malt"—

Then, too, malted barley contains, besides its great nourishing qualities, a digestive which makes Grape-Nuts food particularly satisfying to weak, as well as strong stomachs.

Ready to eat, easy to digest, delicious—every table should have its daily ration of

Grape-Nuts

"There's a Reason"

—at Grocers.

## J. F. Fincher's Tin and General Repair Shop

Any Kind of TIN WORK done.  
Any and Every Kind of Repair Work,  
Woodwork, Painting, Carpentering, etc.  
All work guaranteed.

ALSO BUY AND SELL SECOND-HAND GOODS.  
Your patronage will be appreciated.

East Side Main Street Hedley, Texas

### THE HEDLEY INFORMER

J. CLAUDE WELLS  
Editor and Publisher

Published Every Friday.

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

Entered as second class matter October 28, 1910, at the postoffice at Hedley, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Four issues make a newspaper month.

Advertising locals run and are charged for until ordered out, unless specific arrangements are made when the ad is brought in.

All Obituaries, Resolutions of Respect, Cards of Thanks, Advertising Church or Society doings when admission is charged, will be treated as advertising and charged for accordingly.

The Informer \$1.00 per year.

The merchant who advertises never counts the flies on the wall

One way to be sure of having anything you want is never to want what you can't get.

Life is short at best and the one who fills it with scraps and grows has only half a life to spend.

The Wellington Leader is another paper to advance its advertising rate from 10 cents to 15 and 20 cents, because of the advance in printing material.

Everybody should be prosperous in this town. All we have to do is to work hard, save our money, and keep on smiling—and it's all easy to do, sometimes.

Why should anyone kick at life in this town? It is full of good people—of wise people—of energetic people—of persistent people—of people who would be a credit to any town. When you kick this town you kick yourself, for you are helping to make it just what it is.

The readers of the Informer would very much like to see reports from the schools of their respective communities. Some one in each school could act as correspondent to the Informer. The patrons and tax payers have a right to know how their school is progressing

In passing the public park we notice that several trees have died the last few months. This would not have happened if the trees had had proper care. And it isn't too late for the remainder to be plowed around and given a start for next year. The trees were donated by individuals and it is a shame that they are allowed to die through neglect.

It takes advertising to make a good local newspaper. No advertising, no paper. You want a good, live newspaper in your midst, and you will always be assured of this if you buy goods from the merchants who advertise in the home paper. When a newspaper is able to get before the outside world the claims and advantages of its territory, other people are attracted this way and the country generally is built up. When this is done everybody having interests here are benefited by the work done here by the home paper.—Ex.

#### LET'S GET TOGETHER

It is an old saying that two heads are better than one, and on the same principle two heads together are better than when they are facing in opposite directions. It will pay us to keep our heads together in this town, for the good of the town and each individual in it.

When we are facing in opposite directions and pulling apart we get nowhere and accomplish nothing. The result of our labors is a cipher.

But not so when we get our heads together. Not so when we act as a community and not as individuals. Not so when we all face a definite object and until we get there. It is good to keep our heads together. We learn each other's ideas and ambitions and thoughts, and from this knowledge springs the impetus that brings success to any community. Let's get our heads together in this town and keep them there.

#### PROSPERITY POINTERS FOR FARMERS

In the interest of further developing and upbuilding the territory through which their lines are operated, the Fort Worth & Denver City and Wichita Valley Railway Companies have issued an attractive thirty page booklet

entitled "Prosperity Pointers For Farmers" and containing valuable information regarding soil conditions and the money-making crops to which same is best adapted as proven through the production of the numerous bumper crops which have produced generally prosperous conditions and are constantly making it possible for Renters to become prosperous Home Owners. A few of these booklets are still available for those whom it may be possible to interest in the question of locating in Northwest Texas. If, therefore, you have any friends that you desire to interest, and will send us their names and addresses, we will find pleasure in mailing them copies of the issue referred to. If you have friends to whom you would like to send copies yourself, instead of having us do so, we will be glad to send you the booklets desired free of cost.

W. F. Sterley,  
G. F. & P. A., F. W. & D. C. Ry Co.  
Fort Worth, Texas.

The people of the Northern route of the proposed Ozark Trail are getting busy. The following taken from the McLean News gives an idea of what they are doing to get the trail: Shamrock has an election ordered for the voting of thirty thousand dollars worth of bonds. Groom is arranging to make a similar call for bonds and McLean and Alanreed will combine in an effort to vote something like fifty thousand dollars in bonds to fix the road through Gray county.

FOR SALE—235 acres in Windy Valley, 120 acres in cultivation, rest nearly all tillable. Fairly good improvements. \$27.50 per acre. Terms. D. B. Perdue, Hedley, Texas.

If you know of an item of news that would interest your neighbors, don't withhold it from us. If you know what they know, and they know what you know, and everybody knows what every else knows, soon we will know everything there is to know.

#### GOOD ROADS QUITE POPULAR

Spirit of Building is Becoming Universal—All People Would Receive Some Benefit.

The United States Good Roads association at its recent annual meeting in Birmingham elected 25 prominent members of the organization to different sections of our country to promote the spirit of building good roads. The question of a very short time ago, the federal government will see the necessity of appropriating money to build good roads. All people would be benefited by good roads. War benefits no country or people. It destroys lives, business, homes and brutalizes people.—Florence (Ala.) Herald.



Good Roads in Mississippi

#### Get a BUSY-L

High grade Grade or Delaware the

Lunch Room Cafeteria To serve at your

West side Main Street

# NEED A STOVE

WE SELL 'EM

Have you examined those heaters to see if they will go through the coming winter?  
Or perhaps they are old style and out of date. You can't get the maximum heat if this is the case.

## WE HANDLE THE Cole's Original Hot Blast Heaters

We can sell you a stove or range that will give you the most possible heat with the least possible fuel. And they are beauties. Come and see them.

# Hedley Hardware & Implement Co.

#### FOR SALE

30 head of cattle, 1 span of mules, wagon, farm implements and lease on section of land for three to five years. Mrs. E. L. Mevis, Giles, Texas.

Roads Built by Convicts. One thousand miles of perfect road way have been constructed by Colorado convicts in the past seven years. At first armed guards were used, but during the second summer the honor system was introduced and it is still in vogue.

Uniform Material. It is important to have uniform material in road building, whatever that material may be. This lack is responsible for waviness and chuck holes.

Good Roads in Philippines. The Philippines in the first half of 1915 built 138 miles of good roads.

Build Better Roads. Every rain is an argument for the 365-day road.

Neighbors and Builders. Good roads are neighbor makers and trade builders.

Food for the Stock. Good stock must have good food and plenty of it.

#### TODAY'S MAGAZINE

With Its Many Improvements WILL DELIGHT YOU

Most subscribers consider TODAY'S a genuine necessity because it actually helps to solve almost every problem of the wife, mother and homemaker.

You will find the clever fiction and romantic stories from real life like refreshing breezes over fields of flowers.

You will love TODAY'S not only because it is practical and dependable, but because every number will bring into your home, joy, inspiration, encouragement and good cheer.

A year's subscription costs you only 50 cents. Many single issues will be worth that to you in money-saving ideas and pleasure. Subscribe today.

TODAY'S MAGAZINE CANTON, OHIO

P.S.—If your church needs money, write for free details of TODAY'S \$100.00 Cash Offer to Every Church. Send for free sample copy.

#### DEMOCRATIC NOMINEES

For District Attorney E. T. MILLER

For County Judge J. H. O'NEAL

For County and District Clerk J. J. ALEXANDER

For Sheriff and Tax Collector G. R. DOSHIER

For Tax Assessor B. F. NAYLOR

For County Treasurer E. DUBBS

For Public Weigher Pcts 3 and 4 D. C. MOORE

For Commissioner Pct 3 E. R. CLARK

For Justice of the Peace Pct J. P. JOHNSON

For Constable Pct 3 L. F. STEWART

#### A. M. Sarvis, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon

Office at Hedley Drug Co. Phones: Office 32 Res. 26

Hedley, Texas

#### J. B. Ozier, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon

Office Phone No. 45-3r. Residence Phone No. 45-2r.

Hedley, Texas

#### DR. B. YOUNGER

DENTIST

Clarendon, Texas

#### DR. J. W. EVANS

DENTIST

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GRADUATE VETERINARIAN

Office at Frank's Wagon Yard. Res. Phone 95

MEMPHIS, TEXAS

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REAL ESTATE LIVE STOCK on Commission

Money to Loan on Farms and Ranches

CLARENDON, TEXAS

#### JOHNSON'S GARAGE

Caraway Co., Proprietors

Full stock of FORD EXTRAS

Phone 79 Hedley, Texas

#### NEWHOME



"I'll get it for my wife"

NO OTHER LIKE IT. NO OTHER AS GOOD.

Purchase the "NEWHOME" and you will have a life asset at the price you pay. The elimination of repair expense by superior workmanship and best quality of material insures life-long service at minimum cost. Insure on having the "NEWHOME". WARRANTED FOR ALL TIME. Known the world over for superior sewing qualities. Not sold under any other name. THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO., GRANGE, WASH.

Dealer wanted

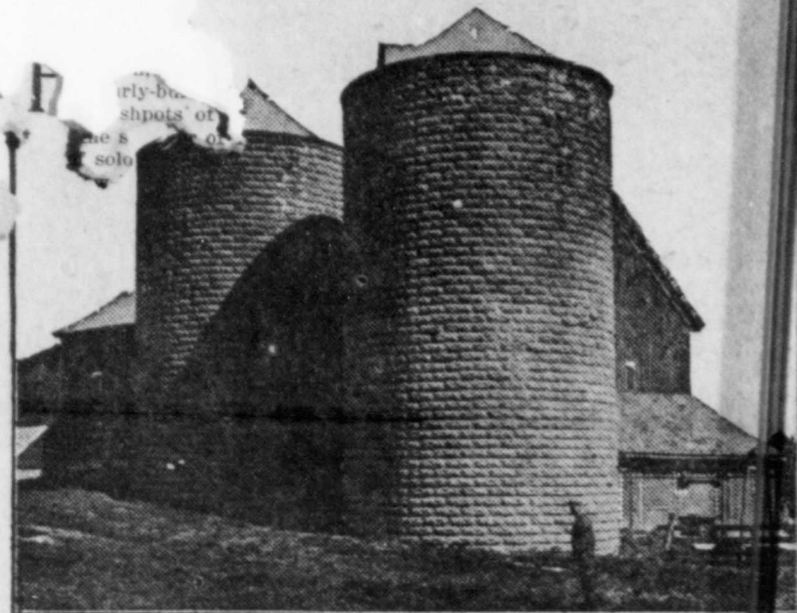
## YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE

If you are planning to do any building or improving around your place we would be glad to figure with you. Also bear in mind that we always have coal on hand to sell.

**Cicero Smith Lumber Company**

# MAKING the FARM PAY

G. HOLDEN, Former Dean of the Iowa Agricultural College.



Two Good Silos, Well Located.

## BILLIONS WASTED ON FARMS

Many of us fail to appreciate our real blessings, because we regard them as just common everyday things. If some mysterious power were to suddenly change winter into summer, it would be recorded as a miracle. In reality, this is what the silo does—changes winter into summer. The silo makes June grass out of the waste products of the farm. Silage is the winter pasture for the farm animals. The silo is the cow's kraut barrel. No man can get the best out of the business of farming without a silo.

It combines more good things and brings greater profits than any other building on the farm; it provides a cheap and convenient place to store all of the crop; helps utilize cheap roughage, makes it possible to keep more stock on the farm, which means more manure for the land. The silo insures succulent feed in the winter and in dry spells when pastures fail; provides a balanced ration when fed with alfalfa, clover, bran, cottonseed meal and other protein or muscle-building feeds. The silo takes care of the crops and clears the land for early fall plowing, prevents waste in feeding, keeps stock in good condition, makes cheap beef and milk.

### Waste With Corn Crop.

The greatest waste in any one industry in America occurs with the corn crop. The grain of the corn crop of the United States every year is worth on the farms about \$1,700,000,000; 60 per cent of the feed value in matured corn is contained in the kernels, and 40 per cent in the stalk and leaves. With the grain worth nearly three-

a silo—but you can't afford to be without one.

It is not necessary to construct an expensive one to start with—a cheaper kind will do. There is no best silo, generally speaking. The best one for you is the one which can be constructed on your farm at the lowest cost and pay you the greatest profit.

A pit silo or a bank silo may be the best for you. They are adapted to many sections. Regions which are passing through the pioneer stage of their development, where the cost of material, labor and transportation is high, need not be without a silo. Kansas, Nebraska and Colorado farmers have constructed more than three thousand pit silos in the past two years. In Montana, the Dakotas and other northern states, where the winters are severe, the pit silo is in general use. They cannot blow down nor freeze up, and they are cheaply constructed.

### Prove Value of Silo

A good proof of the value of the silo is a record of some work done in a cow-testing association at Albert Lea, Minn., under the direction of the United States department of agriculture.

In this association 12 herds, or 216 cows were fed silage and 16 herds, or 239 cows were not fed silage. It seems to me that when a man will examine these data carefully he cannot but feel that he is the loser if he does not have a silo.

The results show that it cost \$8.62 more per cow to feed the silage herd than it did to feed the herd which had no silage, but the silage-fed cows produced 50 pounds more butterfat per cow, giving a net profit of \$9.04 more

found corn ensilage to be worth from \$5.50 to \$6.50 per ton when fed to fattening steers and sheep. This is in the light of the fact that corn ensilage will not cost the farmer more than \$2 a ton and should be convincing argument.

Pennsylvania station found good results in feeding steers silage and realized a value of \$6.20 a ton when used in this way. They also found silage superior to hay and much more economic in the raising of young stock.

Ontario experiment station found they could save \$63 on every \$200 invested in feed if they used corn ensilage in preference to hay in feeding cattle.

Kansas experiment station not only produced beef cheaper with ensilage in the ration but also the silage-fed steers sold at a higher price on the market than did the dry-fodder steers. They found corn ensilage when put in the silo would keep for five and six years and retain its feeding value.

Michigan experiment station has been using silos since 1881, and has found in several experiments ensilage to be the most economic form of feeding the corn plant to live stock.

Silage, when fed in conjunction with alfalfa, produced mutton more cheaply than when hay was used.

Many other stations have tested out the economic use of the silo, and all have indorsed it as a practical, economic equipment for the stock farmer.

Thousands of farmers and stockmen all over the country have been demonstrating for the last quarter of a century the economic use of the silo, and all who now have such equipment are strong in its praise.

### Ensilage vs. Grain.

In a test conducted recently the Ohio experiment station endeavored to answer the question, Can ensilage be made to take the place of a considerable portion of the grain ration usually fed to dairy cows?

Two cows, representing five different breeds, were fed these rations from



Digging Corn Fodder Out of Snow—Not a Pleasant Occupation on a Cold Winter's Day.

two to four months, five cows taking the test the full four months.

The cows fed the silage ration produced 86.7 pounds of milk and 5.08 pounds of butterfat per 100 pounds of dry matter.

The cows fed the grain ration produced \$1.3 pounds of milk and 3.9 pounds of butterfat per 100 pounds of dry matter.

The average net profit per cow per month over cost of feed was \$5.86 with the silage ration and \$2.40 with the grain ration.

### Fodder or Silage.

At the Nebraska experiment station two groups of calves nine months old were fed from March 25 to August 15. In one lot each animal received an average daily ration of: Corn, 7.5 pounds; alfalfa hay, 4.1 pounds; shredded stover (without ears), 3.3 pounds. The animals in the other lot received an average daily ration of: Corn, 6.1 pounds; alfalfa, 3.4 pounds, and corn silage, 15 pounds.

The larger amount of corn was fed to the stover lot to offset the grain contained in the silage. The two rations, therefore, were practically identical, except that to one lot of animals the cornstalks were fed as shredded stover, while to the other they were fed as silage.

The silage-fed calves made an average daily gain of 1.5 pounds each, which was about one-third of a pound more than the average daily gain in the stover-fed lot. The silage ration was 12 per cent more efficient than the stover ration. On that basis the same area of corn, of the same kind, when put in the silo would make 12 per cent more beef than when cut for fodder and fed dry.

There was a time when silage was considered entirely as a dairyman's feed. It is just as good for the production of beef. One experiment may be quoted, though hundreds have been made with practically the same result. At the Indiana experiment station four lots of steers were fed as follows:

Lot 1—Shelled corn, clover hay, cottonseed meal. Average profit per head when sold, \$3.37.

Lot 2—Shelled corn, cottonseed meal, clover hay and silage, half and half. Profit per head, \$10.51.

Lot 3—Shelled corn, cottonseed meal, and all the clover hay and silage they would eat, given separately. Under this method of feeding the steers ate ten times as much silage as clover hay. Profit per head, \$33.59.

Lot 4—Shelled corn, cottonseed meal and silage only. Profit per head, \$20.96. The Missouri state board of agriculture asked 200 farmers this question: "By feeding silage have you reduced your feed bill?"

Out of the 200 farmers 156 answered "Yes;" four said they didn't know.

## NEW FEATURES IN LITTLE BUNGALOW

Do Away With Objections That Some Have to This Type of Building.

### HAS AMPLE STORAGE SPACE

Utilization of Hip-Roof Construction Provides This, by Many Considered a Requisite—Arrangement of the Interior Will Appeal to the Housewife.

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 127 Prairie avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

A great many people object to the bungalow type of house construction because it does not provide enough storage for the array of odds and ends which they have not yet decided to



pass on to the junk man. As a rule, this lack of storage space is caused by the fact that the usual bungalow is built with a very flat gable roof set as low as possible to produce the effect of broadness and to destroy the appearance of height. This effort is made necessary in order that the fundamental idea of the bungalow may be expressed in the design. Bungalows are not supposed to be high. They are, in the pure type, single-story buildings, and since this feature is their inherent mark of distinction the contrast is carried still farther by placing a roof on them which will emphasize their flatness.

In fact, the roof is of prime importance in a bungalow, for it is in the roof that the greatest effect may be obtained in adjusting the appearance of the structure to meet the demand for something distinctive or something new. As a rule, when the appearance of the house is the governing factor, the roof will be given such treatment, but, if necessary, there is no reason why the designer cannot adjust the structure of the distinct bungalow and still shape the roof in a manner that a generous attic is provided.

The method employed in the space above the first floor, in destroying the appearance of height, consists in using either a steeply pitched hip or gable type, with the latter type predominating. Occasionally flat roof dormers are used in connection with the hip roof to produce the same result. The effect is altogether pleasing to the eye, and the several advantages of the more generous storage space which is provided in the attic have recommended it in a great many cases. Aside from this fact, if the space is not used for storage it still serves a very good purpose in providing an insulating layer of air which will keep the lower floor cool in the hottest weather.

An attractive little bungalow of simple construction is shown here as an example of the possibility of utilizing the attic space. The roof of this little home is almost a flat, the only addition being two small projecting dormers. The latter adds space to the attic and provides the means of admission to the upper floor. An attractive feature is the main roof which carries the last few feet of the new slope. Several interior closets are included in the design of this little cottage.

The dormers are finished with beveled gable roof and shingled. The gable of the out-built type and the use of cobbles stones. It is a pleasing feature. It is a pleasing feature. It is a pleasing feature.

The arrangement of rooms and the design of interior details are of special interest. The living room and the dining room form an attractive combination. The entire wall between these two rooms is removed, forming

what is really one large room. Part of the opening made by the removal of the wall is cased and into the remainder is built a colonnade. On the living-room side of this colonnade a seat is built which is extended over to one of the two bookcases which flank the large fireplace. A china case is set against the dining room side of the colonnade. The combination of the living room with the dining room necessitates a careful selection of furniture for these two rooms, it being desirable that the unity be maintained throughout if possible. The effect will also, be felt in the decorating of the rooms, a harmonizing scheme of colors being necessary. By proper attention to these details a very pleasing effect may be obtained by the combination of the living room with the dining room.

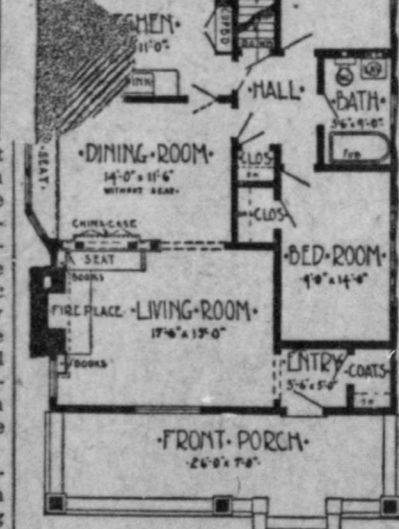
The door from the porch opens into an entry which has a small closet for wraps. On the other side of the entry is a cased opening leading to the living room. The view from this entry, of the fireplace, the broad seat and colonnade and the wide opening between the two rooms is very striking.

An attractive feature of the dining room is the four-window-bay with the seat built entirely across it. The kitchen is entered through a swinging door and is handily arranged to facilitate the preparation and serving of meals. Near the door to the dining room is a cupboard built above a shelf into which the sink is set. Another cupboard fills a nook in the cen-



tral wall of the building and is also very handy to the dining-room door. The stove is intended to be placed against the rear wall of the kitchen, where a very short length of pipe will connect it with the chimney. The rear porch is built right into the house and furnishes a handy kitchen annex. The refrigerator may be placed on this porch, where it is iced without causing the iceman to take many steps into the house.

Along the other side of the house are the two bedrooms with the bath between. The bedroom closets are unusually large. A small hall makes all of the rooms in this part of the house independent. The basement is entered from this hall and the attic is reached through the kitchen. The basement is of sufficient size to be very useful. Sufficient headroom is provided so that a heating plant of any desired type may be installed. The



Floor Plan of Cottage—Size 30 by 44 Feet 6 inches.

space is divided into rooms which will greatly increase the total value of the basement. Home owners are finding increasing usefulness in the construction of a cold-storage room in the basements of the houses. This is easily done and it furnishes an excellent place to keep fruit and vegetables. This room should, of course, be placed as far as possible from the furnace.

### Saw Wood.

Saws and sawyers have changed. The old saw has new teeth—the nicked flint of our antediluvian ancestors has long since given way to the toothed blade of tempered steel. Closely paralleling the development of sawing instruments is progress in sawing methods. The first saw, a piece of stone with roughened edge, was worked slowly back and forth across the material to be cut. The modern saw is a narrow band of steel traveling at tremendous speed. Against the cutting edge of this logs are held by mechanical conveyors.

# DAIRY FACTS

## HEAT REDUCES FLOW OF MILK

Poor Pastures and Flies Also Contribute to Loss—Main Thing is to Feed Cows Well.

(By C. H. ECKLES, Missouri Agricultural Experiment Station.)

During hot weather the milk flow of the average herd drops down nearly half. The heat and the condition of the pastures common at that time of the year are the main causes of this drop. The flies generally blamed are of much less importance than other conditions. The real cause is the failure of the animals to eat sufficient feed. Poor pastures, heat, the flies may all contribute to this result. It will be observed that during the hot weather the cows will graze but little and come to the barn at night evidently hungry. To produce three gallons of milk a day a cow has to gather at last 100 or 125 pounds of grass. If the pastures are short and the weather hot, generally this much grass will not be gathered and soon the milk flow goes down.

The influence of these summer conditions cannot be removed, but may be improved. The main thing is to see



Results of Good Management.

that the cows do not lack food. They should be in the pasture at night and during the earliest, coolest part of the day. If the pasture is short, feed silage or green crops. It is well known to all experienced with dairy cattle that when the milk flow goes down once for lack of feed it is impossible to bring it back to where it was before by better feeding later. To get a high production of milk during the year the cow must be kept at a high level of production all the time. For this reason do not neglect the cows during the hot weather and expect them to come back strong again when conditions become better in the fall. Keep them going all the time.

## FURNISHING WATER FOR COWS

Suitable and Adequate Supply Demands Dairyman's Careful Attention—Avoid All Germs.

All animals require plenty of good, pure water. This is especially true of the milking cow, as water constitutes more than three-fourths of the volume of milk. The water supply, therefore, demands the dairyman's most careful attention. Stale or impure water is distasteful to the cow and she will not drink enough for maximum milk production. Such water may also carry disease germs which might make the milk unsafe for human consumption or be dangerous to the cow herself.

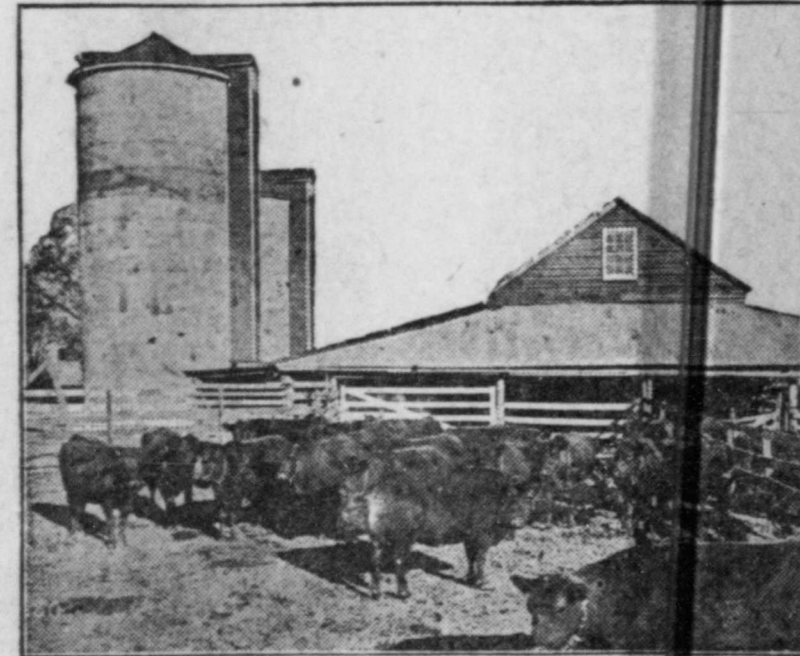
During the winter, when cows are stabled the greater part of the time, and unless arrangements have been made to keep water before them all the time, they should be watered two or three times a day. If possible, the water should be 15 or 20 degrees above the freezing point, and should be supplied at practically the same temperature every day. If a boiler is used for running a separator or for heating water to wash and sterilize utensils, steam from it can readily and cheaply be used to warm the water.—Farmers' Bulletin 743.

## NEARBY MARKET FOR BUTTER

Dairyman is Fortunate Who Has String of Private Customers—Give First-Class Article.

It is one thing to produce an article and another to get a good price for it, even when it is worth it. The private dairyman is most favorably situated when he has a good nearby market for butter composed of people whom he knows well. There is no better trade than a private one made up of selected customers, provided the producer supplies them with a first-class article of butter.

Selling to the nearby stores, as many people do, is, for the most part, like giving butter away, unless one can make some arrangement other than the ordinary ones. As a rule, the country merchant pays a very low price for butter, and in many instances it is safe to say that he pays as much as it is worth. The fact is, he often pays more than the poor butter is worth and less than the value of good.



Silage Makes Cheap Beef.

quarters of a billion dollars, the feed value of the rest of the crop is nearly a billion dollars. At least 30 per cent of the feed value of the stalk is lost under the present system of farm management—a waste with this crop alone of a billion dollars annually. No other business but farming could stand such an enormous loss.

Contrast this waste with the corn growers with the practices of large business organizations. For years the great packing houses have sold dressed meat for less than they have paid for the live weight of the animals. Yet every year these packing houses return millions of dollars' profit because they utilize to the fullest extent the value of their by-products. At the same time the corn growers are wasting most of 40 per cent of the feed value of over one hundred million acres of corn.

### Great Value of Silo.

The results of hundreds of feeding experiments conducted in the past ten years with silage as a part of the ration gives proof of the great value of the silo to the farmer. There will always be more or less of the corn crop shocked in the field, but corn left exposed to the weather loses the greater part of its feeding value. Why waste the crop after you have grown it, when you can put it in a silo and preserve it with all its succulence?

Have a silo—no matter what kind—but have one. You may say that you cannot afford

per cow than the cow receiving no silage. This means that on 20 cows we are losing enough in one year to put up a silo.

### Benefits of the Silo.

Missouri found in a cow-feeding experiment where corn silage was compared with hay, \$1.07 for every 100 pounds of beef was saved by the use of silage.

Illinois station found corn ensilage worth 31 per cent more than corn fodder when all costs were considered.

Ohio station found silage could produce butterfat 9 cents cheaper per

## YOU CAN HAVE A SILO

YOU MAY THINK YOU CAN'T, BUT YOU CAN

SAVES THE WHOLE CROP PREVENTS WASTE IN FEEDING CAN KEEP MORE STOCK MAKES CHEAP MILK SAVES STORAGE SPACE HELPS UTILIZE CHEAP ROUGHAGE INSURES SUCCULENT FEED WINTER AND SUMMER TIDES OVER THE DROUGHT CLEARS THE LAND FOR PLOWING

**SILAGE THE WINTER PASTURE** pound by using ensilage than they could when using hay. A like difference was found in milk production.

The Indiana station found the silo the most economic means of producing both beef and mutton in three well-conducted experiments. They also

**"AMERICA, FIRST"**  
for the welfare of the Nation

**HOSTETTER'S, First**  
for the welfare of the Stomach and Bowels

**FOR POOR APPETITE INDIGESTION BILIOUSNESS OR MALARIA**  
**TRY HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters DO YOU HAVE**

night sweats? Hemorrhages of the lungs? Pains in chest and sides? Pains under shoulder blades? A slight cough early in the morning with a slight fever in the afternoon? A chronic cough with expectoration? Have you lost weight and strength without apparent cause? Have you lost appetite?

The above are symptoms of consumption. If you have them, YOU NEED LUNG-VITA and you need it NOW. Go to your druggist and get it or if he hasn't it order direct TODAY. 15 day treatment \$1.00; 30 day treatment \$1.75.

**USE IT FOR ASTHMA TOO**  
NASHVILLE MEDICINE CO.  
Dept. G. Nashville, Tenn.

**WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC**

Sold for 47 years. For Malaria, Chills and Fever. Also a Fine General Strengthening Tonic.

**"ROUGH ON RATS"**

By No Means.  
Man is not exactly an anatomical freak because his backbone is in his lower jaw.

**Q-BAN DARKENS GRAY HAIR**

Gray, streaked, prematurely gray or faded hair quickly restored to original dark shade by shampooing hair and scalp a few times with Q-Ban Hair Color Restorer. No dye—perfectly harmless. Q-Ban acts on roots—revives color glands—makes hair healthy, gradually changing all your gray hair to an even natural dark shade, making entire head of hair clean, fluffy, abundant without a trace of gray showing. 50 cents a big bottle by parcel post. (Also sold by most druggists.) Address Q-Ban, Memphis, Tenn., Adv.

Lure of the Rural.  
"Can you find servants who will go into the country?"  
"Yes. But only when we're living in the city and the picnic season is on."

Dr. Feery's "DEAD SHOT" is an effective medicine for Worms or Tapeworm in adults or children. One dose is sufficient and no supplemental purge necessary.—Adv.

Conspicuous Example.  
"What's your idea of an optimist?"  
"A professional prizefighter telling what he is going to do to the other fellow."

A HINT TO WISE WOMEN.  
Don't suffer torture when all female troubles will vanish in thin air after using "Femina." Price 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

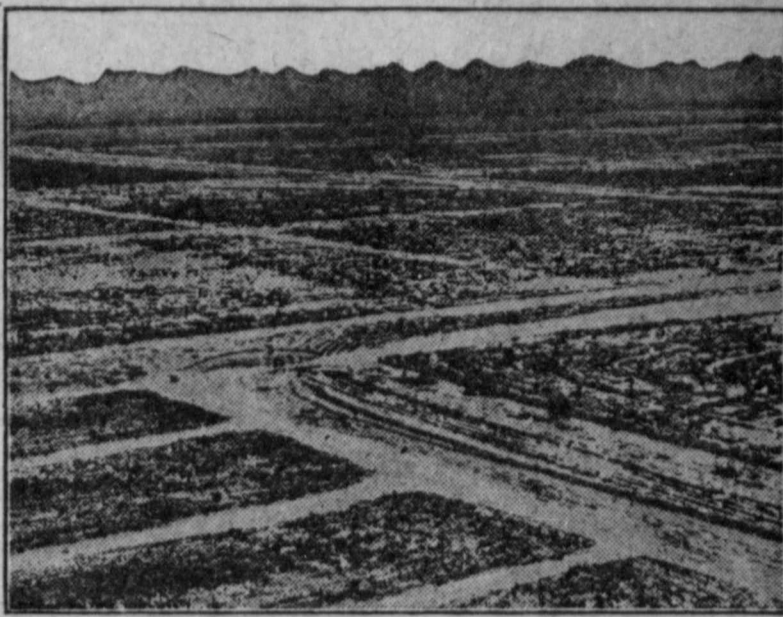
Some people become so busy that they have no time to do anything.

**MAGIC WASHING STICK**  
SAVES ALL THE RUB  
Don't Wash the Old Way  
Ask your grocer for a 25c box of Magic Washing Stick—enough for 15 washings; slice one section of one stick with a bar of soap and boil in a gallon of water; add this to the clothes in a boiler of hot water; boil 30 minutes, stirring often; rinse and hang out to dry. Not a rub in the whole job is needed. Money refunded if it fails. Isn't that worth trying? Good grocers sell it.  
WAPLES-PLATTER GROCER CO.  
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We handle cotton on consignment only and have the finest concrete warehouses with almost unlimited capacity, where your cotton will be absolutely free from all weather damage. Highest classifications and lowest interest rates on money advanced. Write us for full particulars.  
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W. N. U., DALLAS, NO. 40-1916.

**CEREALS IN GREAT PANHANDLE OF TEXAS**



ENORMOUS RUN-OFF AFTER TORRENTIAL SUMMER RAIN.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Because of the great distance of the Panhandle of Texas from large markets and the consequent desirability of feeding to stock a large portion of the crops raised, mixed farming, it is declared by specialists in the United States department of agriculture, is the only profitable type of agriculture for the region. The conditions making the carrying on of mixed farming operations imperative if adequate returns are to be received are outlined in Farmers' Bulletin 738, recently issued by the department.

In the Panhandle section the sorghums, especially milo, kafir and fetterita, are the principal crops grown, occupying about three-fourths of the total cultivated area. In addition to these the small grains have an important, though minor, place in the agricultural scheme.

The bulletin recommends the growing of winter wheat, spring oats, winter rye and proso. Winter grains, it says, have been more successful in the Panhandle than spring grains, and spring oats is the only one of the latter that has proved even fairly profitable. At the present time the winter wheat crop is of much more importance from a money standpoint than spring oats. Both these crops, however, can be used to advantage in a general farming system.

Winter rye is desirable because of its hardiness. Though its yields are not the equal of those of winter wheat, it nearly always comes through the winter in good shape and it has never failed to produce more seed than was sowed. This cannot be said of wheat. At the present time, however, very little rye is grown in the Panhandle.

Proso is a species of millet introduced from Russia and often called hog millet and broom corn millet. It is grown for grain, not for hay, and fed particularly to hogs, sheep and poultry. To the dry land farmer its chief value is its earliness, for proso can produce a crop of seed in two months or less from the time of seeding. The bulletin recommends that this crop should be raised for home use, but warns the grower that it is not likely to be profitable when sold on the market.

For the growing of winter grains the land should be prepared as early in the summer as possible and plowed to a depth of at least six inches. Weeds should not be left to get a start, but in keeping them down care must be taken not to fine the surface soil too much. Fine surface land will blow more than if it is left somewhat rough, and the high winds which prevail throughout the Panhandle must be reckoned with in all agricultural operations. Increased yields are obtained from alternating summer fallow and crops, but the increase is not large enough to pay for the extra work involved.

As has been said, the sorghum crops occupy the most important place in Panhandle agriculture. These grow late in the fall and leave the soil dry so that it is not advisable to follow them with winter grain. It is better to grow some leguminous crop like cow peas the next year and to follow this with wheat or rye.

Wheat should be sown about October 15, though in an average season any time from October 1 to November 1 will do. The amount of moisture in the soil at seeding time and the subsequent weather conditions have a greater influence upon the yield than the date upon which the crop is sown. Three pecks per acre is the rate recommended under ordinary conditions. The Turkey type is probably the best for this region.

Rye is the other winter grain recommended in the bulletin. Spring rye, it

should be said, is not recommended under any circumstances. When winter rye is to be used for pasturage, it should be sown early in September at about four pecks per acre. When grown for grain it should be seeded about the middle of October at about three pecks per acre. The two varieties that promise the best yields are the Kansas and the Ivanov.

Oats is the only spring grain that has proved successful. Next to winter wheat it is perhaps the best small grain crop. While the yields are not large, it has never failed entirely to make grain. The highest yields have been obtained from the rust-proof group, which are really winter oats, but in the Panhandle are grown from spring seeding. The crop is usually sown about March 1 and five pecks per acre have given the best results. All varieties shatter more or less and should be harvested as soon as ripe.

Proso may be sown in the latter part of May or in June at the rate of 20 pounds of seed per acre. This crop is harvested with a grain binder and threshed the same as the other small grains.

The other small grain crops now grown in the Panhandle include winter barley, spring wheat, winter spelt and winter emmer. None of these has demonstrated superiority in any important respect over the four crops recommended in the bulletin and there seems to be no good reason, therefore, why they should be grown. In feeding value emmer and spelt are similar to oats and are used for much the same purpose. The straw, however, is of little value and the yields of neither of these crops are as great as from the better varieties of oats.

With all the small grain crops in this section there is considerable loss from smut each year. The greater part of this loss can be prevented by treating the seed with a formaldehyde solution. The different methods of treatment are described in detail in Farmers' Bulletin 738.

**WEEDS GROWING IN ORCHARD**

Noxious Weeds Allowed to Utilize Moisture—Dry Spells The Bad Remainder.

For the growing of winter grains the land should be prepared as early in the summer as possible and plowed to a depth of at least six inches. Weeds should not be left to get a start, but in keeping them down care must be taken not to fine the surface soil too much. Fine surface land will blow more than if it is left somewhat rough, and the high winds which prevail throughout the Panhandle must be reckoned with in all agricultural operations. Increased yields are obtained from alternating summer fallow and crops, but the increase is not large enough to pay for the extra work involved.

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**KEEP CAREFUL MILK RECORD**

Only Positive Way to Tell What Cow is Doing—Test Should Be Made Frequently.

The only way to be sure which really do pay is by keeping a record of the amount of milk by each cow in the herd, and amount of butter fat her milk contains as shown by the Babcock test. This should be made fairly frequent but the milk given and the feed should be recorded every day.

Disagreeable and Dangerous Trouble is Diarrhoea, but a speedy and certain cure is found in Mississippi Diarrhoea Cordial. Price 25c and 50c.—Adv.

An Improvement.  
Mrs. Josiah Cowles, the new president of the National Federation of Women's Clubs, was talking in New York about dress.  
"Women, once they get interested in our movement," she said, "dress more sensibly. They give less thought to dress. I may claim, in fact—"  
Mrs. Cowles smiled.  
"I may claim, in fact," she ended, "that these women start making their own clothes and stop picking their friends' clothes to pieces."

**CAPUDINE**

—For Headaches—  
Try it and be convinced. Good for aches in back and limbs also—Assists Nature to get right and stay so. It's Liquid—easy to take.—Adv.

No Joke.  
"I need a lot of new things this fall," began Mrs. Wife. "We have to get a new rug for the dining room and some curtains for the living room. We need some new dishes, too. And besides, I haven't a thing to wear. I've got to get a new evening dress and a street dress, and a couple of new hats, and I haven't a pair of shoes to my name, and—"

It isn't any joke—that's all.

**FOR ITCHING SCALP**

And Falling Hair Use Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

When the scalp is itching because of dandruff and eczema a shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water will be found thoroughly cleansing and soothing, especially if shampoo is preceded by a gentle application of Cuticura Ointment to the scalp skin.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Forgot Them.  
"Mandy," said the lady of the house indignantly, "did you steal my tan silk stockings?"  
"Lor, Miss Edith, how you done talk. Me steal? Poor old Mandy never done steal nothing."

"How does it come I found them in your room behind the trunk?"  
"Now, Miss Edith, ain't you jes' the smartest, though, finding them stockings there, when I done forgot where it was I put them. No'm, I didn't steal 'em; I jes' forgot them."

**Whenever You Need a General Tonic**

Take Grove's  
The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.

Childlike Nature.  
"Do you mean to tell me that tenderfoot pulled a gun 'cause he thought you had stacked the cards?"  
"That's what I said," replied Plute Pete.

"You told me the game was going to be like taking candy from a child."  
"Yes. But some children has awful dispositions."

Sties, Granulated Eyelids, Sore and Inflamed Eyes healed promptly by the use of ROMAN EYE BALSAM.—Adv.

Japan obtains more than 2,000,000-horse power from its streams by nearly 400 hydro-electric plants.

Should Have Won a Prize.  
Unless he is a prize winner no man should advertise marriage as a lottery.

**CALOMEL MAKES YOU SICK, UGH!**  
**IT'S MERCURY AND SALVAT**

Straighten Up! Don't Lose a Day's Work! Clean Your Liver and Bowels With "Dodson's Liver Tone."

Ugh! Calomel makes you sick. Take a dose of the vile, dangerous drug tonight and tomorrow you may lose a day's work.

Calomel is mercury or quicksilver which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel, when it comes into contact with sour bile crashes into it, breaking it up. This is when you feel that awful nausea and cramping. If you feel sluggish and "all knocked out" if your liver is torpid and bowels constipated or you have headache, dizziness, coated tongue, if breath is bad or stomach sour, just try a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone.

Here's my guarantee—Go to any drug store or dealer and get a 50-cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone. Take a spoonful tonight and if it doesn't

All His Own Way.  
The man who talks to please himself soon has the audience well pleased with itself.

ON FIRST SYMPTOMS use "Renovine" and be cured. Do not wait until the heart organ is beyond repair. "Renovine" is the heart and nerve tonic. Price 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

Women are employed as undertakers and grave diggers in Austria.

To keep up with progress, a man must keep up all day with it.

straighten you right up — you feel fine and vigorous — you want you to go back to the store get your money. Dodson's Liver Tone is destroying the sale of calomel because it is real liver medicine; strictly vegetable, therefore it cannot injure or make you sick.

I guarantee that one spoonful of Dodson's Liver Tone will put your sluggish liver to work and clean your system of that sour bile and constipated waste which is clogging your system and making you feel miserable. I guarantee that a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone will keep your entire family feeling fine for months. Give it to your children. It is harmless; doesn't irritate and they like its pleasant taste.—Adv.

Almost any baking powder you buy will raise your biscuits, cake, etc., but

**JACK FROST Baking Powder**

will do more—it will make your food taste better.

It is Pure and Safe

For sale by all first-class grocers

**Thoroughbred!**  
It pays to buy thoroughbred cattle—and it pays to buy thoroughbred clothes—

OVERALLS, WORK SHIRTS etc of

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Standard for over 75 years

are every inch thoroughbred. Firm, strongly woven cloth, that resists wear and weather. Color that lasts as long as the cloth.

You can tell the genuine STIFEL'S INDIGO by this little mark stamped on the back of the cloth in—

Look for it—and you'll never be disappointed in the wear of your working clothes—for it's the CLOTH in the garment that gives the wear.

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CLEBURNE, TEXAS  
Shellers and graders of

**Spanish Peanuts**

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A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of

**INFANTS & CHILDREN**

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Prepared by **W. L. CHAMBERLAIN**

A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

See Small Signature of **W. L. Chamberlain**

THE CENTAUR COMPANY  
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**Children Cry For**

*Fletcher's*

**CASTORIA**

**What is CASTORIA**

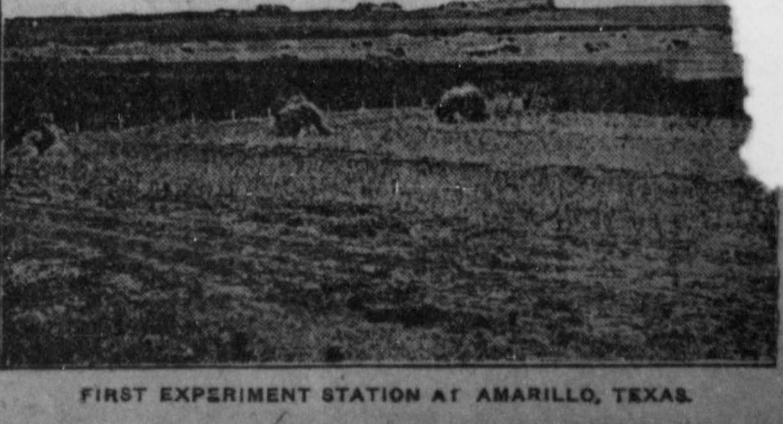
Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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FIRST EXPERIMENT STATION AT AMARILLO, TEXAS.

# The IRON CLAW

by Arthur Stringer

Author of "THE OCCASIONAL FENDER," "THE WIRE TAPPERS," "GUN RUNNERS," ETC.

Novelized from THE PATHE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME

## SYNOPSIS.

On Windward Island Pathlor intrigues Mrs. Golden into an appearance of evil which causes Golden to capture and torture the Italian by branding his face and crushing his hand. Pathlor floods the island and kidnaps Golden's little daughter Margery. Twelve years later in New York a Masked One rescues Margery from Legar and takes her to her father's home, whence she is recaptured. Margery's mother fruitlessly implores Golden to find their daughter. The Laughing Mask again takes Margery away from Legar. Legar sends a warning and a demand for a portion of the chart of Windward Island. Margery meets her mother. The chart is lost in a fight between Manley and one of Legar's henchmen, but is recovered by the Laughing Mask. Count Da Espares figures in a dubious attempt to entrap Legar and claims to have killed him. Golden's house is dynamited during a masked ball. Legar escapes but Da Espares is crushed in the ruins. Margery rescues the Laughing Mask from the police. Manley finds Margery not indifferent to his love. He saves her from Manley's poisoned arrows.

## TENTH EPISODE

### THE LIVING DEAD

"I'm opposed to your plan, sir," Enoch Golden declared with heat, "and I always will be opposed to it!"

David Manley, as he stared across the table at the ruffled old millionaire, tried to control himself to patience.

"But you acknowledge that you are equally opposed to Legar's intrusions into this house, to having his secret agents planted about at your elbows. But when I work out a plan that offers a reasonable promise of trapping Legar and his men, you stop the whole business by declaring it's lacking in dignity!"

"Dignity is something which departed from this house the day Legar first forced his way into it!" was Golden's bitter retort.

"Precisely!" cried young Manley. "His whole campaign has been one of intimidation, of threats and assaults and reprisals. They have been trying to fight us with terror. So my contention is, why not give them a dose of their medicine? Why not fight them with their own weapons, and in doing so, perhaps go them one better?"

"But I can only repeat my convictions that your plan can't succeed!" protested the tremulous-voiced old financier.

"Why not leave that to me?" cut in young Manley, with his first touch of impatience.

"I've left a good many things to you, Davy; but I don't encourage men to plan their own funerals!"

"Yet I've thought this out, sir, and I maintain that it's worth a try. You know as well as I do that these men who work with Legar are an ignorant and illiterate lot. They're not afraid of force. But when you confront them with the supernatural, you get them face to face with something they can't understand. And what they can't understand they are going to be afraid of!"

"And you think you're going to frighten 'em away with a casket!"

"I'm going to make them believe that David Manley, having departed this life because of an attack on his person by one Mauki, with poisoned arrows, is about to be duly interred in the Golden mausoleum, and—"

"But you couldn't even get a wax figure that would fool a five-year-old child! You couldn't—"

"I've already got the figure, interrupted Manley. "And it strikes me as being an exceptionally perfect one."

"But what's all this funeral business to lead to?" demanded the old financier.

"It leads to the fact that Legar and his men will be duly informed of my death, for I want all the servants in this house to pass before the casket and see me in it. And Legar's spy will be one of them. So Legar, you may be sure, will get the facts as soon as they are known. He will be tipped off as to the day and hour of the funeral. He will also be told that the cortege, say of three carriages, is to proceed to the Golden mausoleum, and that Margery Golden is to go in one of the carriages. And that lonely spot will strike him as precisely the right spot for making a coup."

"And what do we gain by that?"

"We'll fill our big thirty-thousand dollar mausoleum with thirty big policemen, and round up the gang before Legar can even smell a rat."

But Enoch Golden remained unconvinced.

"Well, it may be a brilliant plan, but you can please leave me out of it," he finally announced.

"That's just what I've been asking for," explained Manley. "All I want is to be allowed to conduct it in my own way."

David Manley, however, did not conduct that strange funeral altogether in his own way. Carefully as every detail had been planned, there were one or two minor features which at the time escaped his attention.

The most inconspicuous and yet the most vital of these was, perhaps, the personality of the driver of the third carriage in that small cortege which wended its way so decorously from the Golden home. For under the funeral outfit of this placid-eyed driver re-

posed the stalwart body of a certain One-Lamp Louie, long known among his associates as an habitué of the Owl's Nest and an underground agent for Jules Legar himself.

Now One-Lamp Louie gave no promise of either active or passive interference with these duly appointed mortuary exercises until the city itself had been left well behind. Then, awakening to the fact that they were traversing a desirably sequestered stretch of road, he watched intently for certain prearranged signals from his one-armed accomplice. Immediately after the discovery of those looked-for signs the spirited team driven by One-Lamp Louie showed unexpected yet unmistakable evidences of restiveness.

But there was a limit to what that team of spirited blacks would endure. And they suddenly, to all intents and purposes, determined to follow their own line of travel at their own rate of speed, for, as the driver sat on the box apparently sawing on the reins that exasperated team plunged suddenly forward, swerved across the road, and went galloping down a tree-screened bypath which was little more than a cart trail winding in and out through slopes of greensward and shrubbery.

Half a mile deeper in that shrubbery this runaway team would surely have reached the spot where a black limousine stood hidden away in the shadow of laurel-cope, had not suddenly another and an equally unheralded factor entered into the situation. This factor took the form of a high-powered roadster in which was seated a man wearing a yellow mask. His irritation into that orderly little procession, indeed, proved as abrupt as One-Lamp Louie's eruption from it. And he seemed plainly suspicious of both Louie's motives and movements, for he lost no time in swinging from the highway and plunging recklessly after the runaway carriage.

As his car approached the runaway cab that mysterious stranger, known as the Laughing Mask, stepped to the running-board of his roadster, leaning far out as the two swerving vehicles drew together. One-Lamp Louie, whatever he may have thought of that approach, had little means of evading it. To swing off what narrow road remained before him seemed frankly suicidal. To lash his team to greater effort was already out of the question. To take his hands from the reins, even, along that uncertain road, was equally foolhardy. So the strange man went on the swaying and bouncing cab with a white-faced girl tossed about under its hood, the leaping and surging roadster, every second drawing closer down on its quarry yet every second threatening to turn turtle over one of the grassy embankments above which it shuddered and slowed.

It was the Laughing Mask, leaning far out from his running-board, who threw open the cab-door and called sharply to the startled girl.

"Quick," he commanded. For one moment she hesitated. Then she reached out for the unsteady hand groping for her.

The next moment she found herself sitting back, a little breathless, in the leather-upholstered seat of the roadster and the man in the Laughing Mask smiling down at her.

### The Black Watch.

A number of things had happened and were happening to disconcert, if not to discourage, the redoubtable Legar. That astute young adventuress, Betsy Le Marsh, alias Williamsburg Elsie, who, with the aid of divers forged recommendations, had installed herself in the Golden household, repeatedly and stubbornly reported that David Manley was dead.

Williamsburg Elsie also expressed a strong desire to migrate from the house in which she found herself so inquisitive a maid, since that house, she declared, was too full of queer things for her comfort.

When, at Legar's suggestion, she had tried to "pump a needleful o' dope" into her altogether unsuspecting mistress, a dead man's face had suddenly appeared between her and the bedroom door. And on two different occasions, after midnight, when she had ventured down to the housekeeper's telephone to send in a secret message to Legar himself, she had found herself confronted by a ghostly white.

Nor was Betsy Le Marsh the only malcontent. Even Red Egan himself, one of the best "cold-steel" men in all the gang that clustered about the Owl's Nest, had of late shown unmistakable signs of mental disturbance. A dead man's ghost, he declared, had looked in through one of the headquarters windows. Red Egan, it is true, had promptly emptied his six-shooter at that phantasmal intruder, but with nothing more to show for it than a shattered window-pane and six panes of broken glass.

When the master-criminal had put an end to all such absurdities, had by force of many dire threats and threats compelled both One-Lamp Louie and Red Egan himself to resign to the

Golden mausoleum and verify the contents of the mysterious casket there deposited, Red Egan had returned with a ghastly expression of a white sheet hastily descending out of the blackness of the vault and whisking One-Lamp Louie out of reach and also out of sight. And since the once valiant and Egan showed so craven a spirit that nothing short of a quart of three-star brandy could tranquilize his shaken nerves and since One-Lamp Louie showed no signs of returning from the mysterious realms into which the afore-mentioned white sheet had whisked him, Legar promptly and gratefully decided to take the matter into his own hands. He would lay this ghost, he announced, or something would go smash in the process.

But he had no intention of approaching that intimidating mausoleum without due and definite preparation. With him he took a powerful pocket flashlight, a Colt automatic pistol and a couple of extra clips of cartridges, but the instrument on which he reposed the most confidence was a gun-metal disk little bigger than a pocket aneroid, some three inches in diameter and no thicker than a man's hand. This innocuous-looking disk, which could be slipped into a vest pocket as easily as a timepiece, was known to the habitués of the Owl's Nest as the Black Watch.

While actually nothing more than a small-sized hand grenade, its claim to distinction lay in the tremendous explosive power which stood compressed between its slender metal walls.

Legar was not a coward. Yet as he stood in the clammy midnight air of the Golden mausoleum and quietly removed the screws that held the top of the black casket beside him, he found that combination of silence and gloom and unsavory surroundings a little more of a strain on his nerves than he had anticipated. Yet as he lifted back the sable cover of the casket he did so with a hand that was still steady.



When She Tried to "Pump a Needleful o' Dope" Into Her Mistress, a Dead Man's Face Appeared.

Then he took up his flashlight and pressing close to the coffin's side, studied the pallid face that lay surrounded by its even more pallid drapery of white satin.

He stared at that pallid face long and intently. He stared at it with stolid and narrowing eyes. Then he did a strange and an inexplicable thing.

Lifting his maimed right arm that ended in his shank of steel, he brought it down with a crash on the glass cover of the casket. Then, as though infuriated by some unreasoning hatred for the pallid face still staring so impassively up at him, he struck again. This time the blow fell directly on the head between the white satin swathings. But that flailing arm, instead of striking a human head of flesh and bone, crashed down through a thin shell of fiber and tinted wax.

Legar, focusing his light on that shattered mask, emitted a short bark of triumph as the meaning of it all came home to him. He leaned for several minutes over the violated casket, staring at it with insolent yet abstracted eyes, pondering just what move could be beyond so intricately engineered a subterfuge. And the answer to that question came more promptly and more directly than he had anticipated. For as he stood there, turning a piece of the wax-covered tissue meditatively over in his fingers, the electric bulbs that strung the mausoleum roof broke into sudden light. From different quarters of that shadowy building, at the same time, stepped a group of hidden officers, headed by David Manley himself.

So quickly and so quietly did that transformation take place, indeed, that the man leaning over the casket had neither time nor chance to change his position. He merely blinked a little stupidly at the revolver which glimmered in Manley's hand. Then, with a gesture that seemed equally stupid, he reached for his watch and held the heavy gun-metal case meditatively between his fingers.

"Stick 'em up!" Manley was at the same time commanding with a curt head movement towards Legar's hands. "It may have taken some work, but this is the time we gather 'em in!"

Legar laughed as he confronted his enemies.

"Do you want to take me alive?" "Alive or dead, I'm going to take you!"

"Then take this first," cried Legar. At the same moment that he spoke the left hand in which he still held what seemed to be a black metal watch case swung forward. And as that object which so closely resembled a black watch hurtled through the air, Legar flung himself flat on his face along the vault flooring. Then the black watch struck.

The next moment the walls of that ponderous structure of marble and sandstone seemingly built to defy time itself, lifted bodily in the air, like the hull of a torpedoed dreadnaught. Then, following the roar and rumble of that vast detonation, came the momentary catastrophic silence which so strangely and yet so inevitably succeeds a calamity too gigantic and too abrupt to be understood.

That ominous silence, however, lasted only for a few seconds. Out of it arose muffled calls and thin cries for help, followed by answering shouts from many different points in the darkness as rescuing hands set to work on the ruins.

And out of those ruins, while this work was going on, emerged two bruised and tattered figures strangely divergent in appearances. The first figure, wearing its way out through the interstices of crumbled rock and cement, and as cautiously and as silently as a wounded blacksnake might crawl from a cave, bore an iron claw at the end of its right arm and betrayed an unmistakable desire to creep away into the darkness before being observed.

The second man, who, on recovering consciousness found himself engaged between two fallen pillars of marble topped by one of the roof slabs, experienced no little difficulty in emerging to the open, so closely were these protecting pillars wedged about him.

But as he worked his bruised body

through the narrow opening, he had not a trace of his other arm. He had been impinged on his chest by the roof of a stone arch.

He was even more himself, by the way, walking with a limp that was scarcely discernible. But as he moved from the higher ground and made his way back towards the Westingham chimney flares he became more conscious of the white sheet which lay on the roadside he was so cautiously slipping. This, he remembered, as he stole nearer, came from the legs of a stalled limousine. Then he made a second and a most startling discovery. He knew, even before he caught sight of Train's eye, that it belonged to Enoch Golden. But he actually drew him closer to the scene was a glimpse of Margery Golden herself, in a gray fur motor coat, as she stepped from the body of the car and came full into the glare of the headlights, closer beside her stooping chauffeur.

"Are we stalled?" he could hear the girl ask.

"We'll be off again in a minute or two, Miss Margery," was Train's preoccupied reply.

"But I can't stand here helplessly," protested the girl. "I can't wait. I must know what has happened to David Manley."

"Whatever it was, it's over and done by this time."

"But he may be dead. He may be lying crushed under those fallen pillars. I must go on. Tell father I couldn't wait, that I've gone ahead on foot!"

Legar, crouching back in the shadows, heard these hurried words and as hurriedly acted on them. Slinking back through the bushes, he swung about and followed the girl through the darkness.

Yet it was not until the girl had passed well out of hailing distance of the headlighted car that Legar circled even more hurriedly forward and swung in again to intercept her.

She was struggling, a little breathlessly, up a sandy slope, with her straining eyes still fixed on the moving lanterns about the ruined mausoleum.

Then, swinging apparently out of the empty air about her, a circle of steel, suddenly encompassing her arm, brought her to an abrupt stop.

With one quick movement Legar tore the motor veil from her head, twisted it into a coil, and flung it about her neck. And all the while the iron claw, grappling at her arm, held her as a steel trap might.

She was already dizzy with pain when she heard the sharp crack of a revolver shot close over her shoulder. This was followed by a quick shout and a muttered oath. She felt herself forcibly flung from Legar's arms into the arms of another man panting breathlessly up the sandy slope. She could see this man, even as he held her from falling, stop to level his gun at the fleeing figure of Legar.

She could see him shoot again, and still again, at the same moment that Train and the plunging automobile came throbbing and panting up to the scene, the electric lamps throwing out their wavering, long columns of white light as they came. Then the stranger, arrested by certain gasping and gurgling sounds from the throat of the half-garroted girl in his arms, stooped down and tore the constricting veil away from the slender, white column of her neck. And Margery, opening

her eyes, saw that it was the Laughing Mask bending above her.

"What was Legar?" she gasped as she, followed by her father, came flying up to where they stood.

"And there he goes now!" cried the Laughing Mask, pointing down the long lane of light columning out from the car's lamps. Across that narrow river of light they could catch a glimpse of a tall figure skulking off into the darkness.

"Follow that man with your car," the Laughing Mask suddenly cried out to the chauffeur.

"No car could travel through country like that!" protested Train.

"Then keep your lights on the main road to the west here, so as to pick him up if he tried to break through on that side. I'll swing around by the foundry yards and head him off in the east!"

And the next moment the man in the yellow mask had disappeared in the darkness. Golden and his daughter stood staring after him.

Two minutes later the blackness that had swallowed him up was stabbed by a series of flame flashes, followed by the repeated bark of a revolver. From the gloom still nearer the shadowy piles of the Westingham foundry came an answering series of shots.

"That means he's making for the foundry, sir!" cried the excited Train as he swung his car about.

"Then, for God's sake, get us there, as quick as you can," commanded Enoch Golden as the car lurched and pulsed and crawled on between the broken shrubbery, in perilous search for some open pathway.

But both Legar and his pursuer were by this time well beyond their line of vision. That desperate-minded master criminal, in fact, realizing that his enemy was pressing close at his heels, mounted a slag pile, dropped flat, and emptied his revolver into the darkness, where the Laughing Mask could have been.

But the wary pursuer, dropping low beside an empty pitch barrel, held his fire and waited. The moment he heard the crisp sound of footsteps along the slag slope he once more took up the pursuit.

That pursuit led through a narrow lane between great piles of structural

iron. It was a track that led to a boiler room, where a number of pulleys and rollers were strung to the brick-work of the ceiling. A metal beam in the room was used there, and a series of rollers and annealing boxes and a number of other cranes swung bowled of light iron rods crucibles to melt it.

And there the hunted Legar, bewildered by the sudden bright light, ran like a pelled hound down the sandy paths between ferro and coke oven and cauldron cranes. There, seeing his way blocked by a group of round-eyed Lithuanians, he swung, catlike, up into the iron network of the cable bridges, with his pursuer still close at his heels. And there, midway across that smoke-stained roof, that echoed with the tumult of thunderous hammers and directly over a king cauldron of molten steel, the two men came together.

There Legar, with his metal claw hooked securely into the iron network above his head, swung about and faced his enemy. And there, on that grimy bridge high above the equally grimy workmen who left their forges and lathes and cauldrons to witness the struggle, the two enemies, who had so long and bitterly opposed each other, found themselves face to face for their final struggle.

Yet the man in the yellow mask seemed the cooler-headed of the two, for as Legar struck snarling at his face he ducked low on his narrow perch and at the same moment whipped his revolver from the side pocket of his coat. Yet Legar, with a movement equally prompt, kicked viciously at the fingers clutched about the gun-but before the weapon flew. The next moment that weapon fell with a hiss and splash into the lake of molten metal beneath them.

Then the struggle became one of tendon against tendon, of straining muscle against muscle, of empty-handed mortal strength pitted against mortal strength. There, like animals of the wild, high in some Amazonian eyrie, the two strangely entangled figures fought and struggled and clawed and struck.

In the matter of mere physical strength Legar seemed to have the advantage. And what under ordinary circumstances might have proved a disability could now be turned to his advantage. For the iron claw at the end of his right arm, hooked securely into the network of steel behind him, held him there without effort and without strain. His opponent, on the other hand, found it no easy task to make sure of his perch above that ever-intimidating cauldron of molten metal. His arm shook with the tension imposed on his overtaxed muscles. His fingers became numb with pain, threatening to lose their prehensile power, and even as he fought he weakened to a realization that he must change his hold.

It was as he maneuvered to bring about this shift of position that the ever-watchful Legar, alert for the most trivial advantage, saw his chance. Swinging his body suddenly free from its footing on the narrow ledge of metal where he stood, he pendulumed towards his momentarily unstable opponent, throwing his feet forward and upward, as he did so, with all the force of a football player kicking a double punt.

The force of this unlooked-for impact was too much for the man in the mask. He tottered back, caught frantically in a foot-covered steel bar beside him, dropped the full length of its diagonal course before he could make sure of his clutch, and came into violent collision with the heavy iron block of a crane ladle. There, half-stunned by the blow, he fell sprawling across a polished steel cable which drooped floorward between the block and its empty metal pot. He tried to clutch that cable as he fell, but his speed proved too great and his overtaxed fingers were too weak. As he fell along its polished surface, however, it offered sufficient resistance to carry his limp body beyond the peril of that open lake of molten metal, which, his frantic brain kept telling him, meant death. And as he dropped weakly from the cable loop to a pile of molting sand lying between a casting box and an empty spill trough a score of watching men gave utterance to a shout of relief and a score of waiting hands were there to help him to his feet.

So intent were those astounded ironworkers on watching that perilous fall, however, that they paid scant attention to the second figure climbing spiderlike higher along the blackened ironwork of the blackened roof. They caught no glimpse of him as he scrambled, sooty and panting, through the ventilating flue that opened on the roof itself. Nor did any eye follow him as he crept, gorilla-like, along the perilous slope of that roof until he came to the end of the building. Along this end he found a lightning rod, running from the peak of its roof to the ground. He promptly tested the strength of this wire, satisfying himself carefully, foot by foot, by means of one hand and an iron hook which struck and clung to the metal with the vicious tenacity of an eagle's claw.

When he reached the ground, still breathing heavily, he looked cautiously about. Then, making sure he was not observed, he slipped into the shadow of a pile of iron ingots, once more waited and listened, and then, crouching low, crossed the foundry yard and climbed the high board fence surrounding it. And a moment later the darkness of the night had swallowed him up.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# BEYOND THE FRONTIER

A STORY OF EARLY DAYS  
By RANDALL PARRISH

SYNOPSIS.  
—12—

Adele is Chesnayne, a belle of New France, is forced into marriage with Cassion, a Frenchman, by the Governor La Barre, who is plotting to oust La Salle and his garrison from the frontier. Fort St. Louis, on the Illinois river, Adele had overheard the plotters say she had inherited a great fortune from her father and they had kept it from her. La Barre and Cassion learned of the girl's knowledge—thus the marriage and the hurried departure of Cassion and a company for Fort St. Louis. The bride refuses to share sleeping quarters with her husband. She has but one friend, young Rene D'Artigny, a guide. He is chary of helping her. Chevet, the girl's uncle, one of the party, is found murdered. A fierce storm scatters and wrecks the boats. Adele is rescued by D'Artigny. They learn they had thought one another guilty of Chevet's murder. Adele loves her rescuer. They hide from a search party and with a new found friend, Barbeau, proceed overland toward Fort St. Louis.

Madame Cassion owes her life to D'Artigny. She is now in his hands. She loves him. She has a high sense of honor and obligation. Will her conscience force her to go on to the fort, where her husband is, and tell him she thinks her real lover may be a murderer—giving her reason for the belief? In this installment the author gives a vivid portrayal of her dilemma at the very time her life is in grave danger.

### CHAPTER XV—Continued.

Madame Cassion, D'Artigny and Barbeau are making their way in canoe and on foot in Fort St. Louis.

I was but a girl in years, excitement was still to me a delight, and I had listened to so many tales, romantic, wonderful, of this wilderness fortress, perched upon a rock, that my vivid imagination had weaved about it an atmosphere of marvel. The beauty of the view from its palisades, the vast expanse of the Illinois, the camp of the Indians encamped on the plains below, and those men guarding its safety—the faithful comrades of La Salle in explorations of the unknown, De Tonty, Boisronnet, and all the others, had long since become to my mind the incarnation of romantic adventure. Wilderness born, I could comprehend and appreciate their toils and dangers, and my dreams centered about this great, lonely rock, on which they had established a home. But the end was not yet. Just below the confluence of the rivers there was a village of the Tamaros, and the prow of our canoe touched the bank, while D'Artigny stepped ashore amid a tangle of low-growing bushes, that he might have speech with some of the warriors, and thus learn conditions at the fort. With his foot on the bank, he turned laughing, and held out his hand to me.

"Come, madame," he said, pleasantly, "you have never seen a village of our western tribes; it will interest you."

I joined him gladly, my limbs feeling awkward under me, from long cramping in the boat, yet the climb was not difficult, and he held back the boughs to give me easy passage. Beyond the fringe of brush there was an open space, but as we reached this, both paused, stricken dumb by horror at the sight which met my view. The ground before us was strewn with dead, and mutilated bodies, and was black with ashes where the tipis had been burned, and their contents scattered broadcast.

Never before had I seen such a view of devastation, of relentless, savage cruelty, and I gave utterance to a sudden sob, and shrunk back against D'Artigny's arm, hiding my eyes with my hand. He stood and stared, motionless, breathing heavily, unconsciously gripping my arm.

"Mon Dieu!" he burst forth, at last. "What meaneth this? Are the wolves again loose in the valley?"

He drew me back, until we were both concealed behind a fringe of leaves, his whole manner alert, every instinct of the woodsman instantly awakened.

"Remain here hidden," he whispered, "until I learn the truth; we may face grave peril below."

He left me trembling and white-lipped, yet I made no effort to restrain him. The horror of those dead bodies gripped me, but I would not have him know the terror which held me captive. With utmost caution he crept forth, and I lay in the shadow of the covert, watching his movements. Body after body he approached, seeking some victim alive, and able to tell the story. But there was none. At last he stood erect, satisfied that none beside the dead were on that awful spot, and came back to me.

"Not one lives," he said soberly, "and there are men, women, and children there. The story is one easily told—an attack at daylight from the woods yonder. There has been no fighting; a massacre of the helpless and unarmed."

"But who did such deed of blood?"

"Tis the work of the Iroquois; the way they scalped tells that, and besides I saw other signs."

"The Iroquois," I echoed incredulously, for that name was the terror of my childhood. "How came these savages so far to the westward?"

"Their war parties range to the great river," he answered. "We followed their bloody trail when first we came to this valley. It was to gain protection from these raiders that the Algonquins gathered about the fort. We fought the fiends twice, and drove them back, yet now they are here again. Come, Adele, we must return to the canoe, and consult with Barbeau. He has seen much of Indian war."

The canoe rode close in under the bank, Barbeau holding it with grasp on a great root. He must have read in our faces some message of alarm, for he exclaimed before either of us could speak:

"What is it—the Iroquois?"

"Yes; why did you guess that?"

"I have seen signs for an hour past which made me fear this might be true. That was why I held the boat so close to the bank. The village has been attacked?"

"Ay, surprised and massacred; the ground is covered with the dead, and



The Ground Before Us Was Strewn With Dead.

the tipis are burned. Madame is half crazed with the shock."

Barbeau took no heed, his eyes scarce glancing at me, so eager was he to learn details.

"The fiends were in force, then?"

"Their moccasins tracks were everywhere. I could not be sure where they entered the village, but they left by way of the Fox. I counted on the sand the imprint of ten canoes."

"Deep and broad?"

"Ay, war boats; 'tis likely some of them would hold twenty warriors; the beasts are here in force."

It was all so still, so peaceful about us that I felt dazed, incapable of comprehending our great danger. The river swept past, its waters murmuring gently, and the wooded banks were cool and green. Not a sound awoke the echoes, and the horror I had just witnessed seemed almost a dream.

"Where are they now?" I questioned faintly. "Have they gone back to their own country?"

"Small hope of that," answered D'Artigny, "or we would have met with them before this, or other signs of their passage. They are below, either at the fort, or planning attack on the Indian villages beyond. What think you, Barbeau?"

"I have never been here," he said slowly, "so cannot tell what chance the red devils might have against the white men at St. Louis. But they are below us on the river, no doubt of that, and engaged in some hell act. I know the Iroquois, and how they conduct war. 'Twill be well for us to think it all out with care before we venture farther. Come, D'Artigny, tell me what you know—is the fort one to be defended against Iroquois raiders?"

"Tis strong; built on a high rock, and approachable only at the rear. Given time, they might starve the garrison, or drive them mad with thirst, for I doubt if there be men enough there to make sortie against a large war party."

"But the Indian allies—the Algonquins?"

"One warwhoop of an Iroquois would scatter them like sheep. They are no fighters, save under white leadership, and 'tis likely enough their villages are already like this one yonder, scenes of horror. I have seen all this before, Barbeau, and this is no mere raid of a few scattered warriors, seeking adventure and scalps; 'tis an organized war party. The Iroquois have learned of the trouble in New France, of La Salle's absence from this valley; they know of the few fighting men at the Rock, and that De Tonty is no

longer in command. They are here to sweep the French out of this Illinois country, and have given no warning. They surprised the Indian villages first, killed every Algonquin they could find, and are now bestrenging the Rock. And what have they to oppose them? More than they thought. No doubt, for Cassion and De la Durantaye must have reached there safely, yet at the best, the white defenders will scarcely number fifty men, and quarreling among themselves like mad dogs. There is but one thing for us to do, Barbeau—reach the fort."

"Ay, but how? There will be death now; haunting us every foot of the way."

D'Artigny turned his head, and his eyes met mine questioningly.

"There is a passage I know," he said gravely, "below the south banks yonder, but there will be peril in it—peril to which I dread to expose the lady."

I stood erect, no longer paralyzed by fear, realizing my duty.

"Do not hesitate because of me, monsieur," I said calmly. "French women have always done their part, and I shall not fall. Explain to us your plan."

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### The Words of Love.

His eyes brightened, and his hand sought mine.

"The spirit of the old days; the words of a soldier's daughter, hey, Barbeau?"

"A La Chesnayne could make no other choice," he answered loyally. "But we have no time to waste here in compliment. You know a safe passage, you say?"

"Not a safe one, yet a trail which may still remain open, for it is known to but few. Let us aboard, and cross to the opposite shore, where we will hide the canoe, and make our way through the forest. Once safely afoot yonder, I will make my purpose clear."

A dozen strokes landed us on the other bank, where the canoe was drawn up, and concealed among the bushes, while we descended a slight declivity, and found ourselves in the silence of a great wood. Here D'Artigny paused to make certain his sense of direction.

"I will go forward slightly in advance," he said, at last, evidently having determined upon his course.

"And we will move slowly, and as noiselessly as possible. No one ever knows where the enemy are to be met with in Indian campaign, and we are without arms, except for Barbeau's gun."

"I retain my pistol," I interrupted. "Of small value since its immersion in the lake; as to myself, I must trust to my knife. Madame, you will follow me, but merely close enough to make sure of your course through the woods, while Barbeau will guard the rear. 'Tis ready?"

"I will be well to you," he said, "I am ready."

"Ay, war boats; 'tis likely some of them would hold twenty warriors; the beasts are here in force."

It was all so still, so peaceful about us that I felt dazed, incapable of comprehending our great danger. The river swept past, its waters murmuring gently, and the wooded banks were cool and green. Not a sound awoke the echoes, and the horror I had just witnessed seemed almost a dream.

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you anything of Indian tipis across the stream to the left?"

"Below, there are wigwams there just in the edge of the grove. You can see the outlines from here; but I make out no moving figures."

"Deserted then; the cowards have run away. They could not have been attacked, or the tipis would have been burned."

"An Algonquin village?"

"Miami. I had hoped we might gain assistance there, but they have either joined the whites in the fort, or are hiding in the woods. 'Tis evident we must save ourselves."

"And how far is it?"

"To the fort? A league or two, and a rough climb at the farther end through the dark. We will wait here until after dusk, eat such food as we have without fire, and rest up for a bit of venture. The next trip will test us all, and madame is weary enough already."

"An hour will put me right," I said, smiling at him, yet making no attempt to rise. "I have been in a boat so long I have lost all strength in my limbs."

"We feel that, all of us," cheerily, "but come, Barbeau, unpack, and let us have what cheer we can."

I know not when food was ever more welcome, although it was simple enough to be sure—a bit of hard cracker, and some jerked deer meat, washed down by water from the stream—yet hunger served to make these welcome. The loneliness and peril of our situation had tendency to keep us silent, although D'Artigny endeavored to cheer me with kindly speech, and gave Barbeau careful description of the trail leading to the fort gate. If aught happened to him, we were to press on until we attained shelter. The way in which the words were said brought a lump into my throat, and before I knew the significance of the action, my hand clasped his. I felt the grip of his fingers, and saw his face turn toward me in the dusk. Barbeau got to his feet, gun in hand, and stoop, shading his eyes.

"I would like a closer view of that village yonder," he said, "and will go down the bank a hundred yards or so."

"'Twill do no harm," returned D'Artigny, still clasping my hand. "There is time yet before we make our venture."

He disappeared in the shadows, leaving us alone, and I glanced aside at D'Artigny's face, my heart beating fiercely.

"You did not like to hear me speak as I did?" he questioned quietly.

"No," I answered honestly, "the thought startled me. If—if anything happened to you, I—I should be all alone."

He bent lower, still grasping my fingers, and seeking to compel my eyes to meet his.

"Adele," he whispered, "why is it necessary for us to keep up this masquerade?"

"What masquerade, monsieur?"

"This pretense of mere friendship," he insisted, "when we could serve each other better by a frank confession of the truth. You love me—"

"Monsieur," I tried to draw my hand away. "I am the wife of Francois Cassion."

"I care nothing for that unholy alliance. You are his only by form."



Found Little Difficulty in Following My Leader.

Do you know what that marriage has cost me? Insults, ever since we left Quebec. The coward knew I dare not lay hand upon him, because he was my husband. We would have crossed a hundred times but for my memory of you. I could not let you go, for to do so would separate us forever. So I bore his taunts, his revilings, his curses, his orders that he would insult you. You think it was easy? A woodsman, a lieutenant of La Salle, and it has never before been my way to receive insult without a blow. We are not of that breed. Yet you are not of that breed—why? Because I loved you."

"Oh, monsieur!"

"Tis naught to the shame of either of us," he continued, now speaking with a calmness which held me afloat. "And I wish you to know the truth, so far as I can make it clear. This has been in my mind for weeks, and I say it to you now as solemnly as though I knelt before a father confessor. You have been to me a memory of inspiration ever since we first met

years ago at that convent in Quebec. I dreamed of you in the wilderness, in the canoe on the great river, and here at St. Louis. Never did voyageur go eastward but I asked him to bring me word from you, and each one bore from me a message of greeting."

"I received none, monsieur."

"I know that; even Sieur de la Salle failed to learn your dwelling place. Yet when he finally chose me as his comrade on this last journey, while I would have followed him gladly even to death, the one hope which held me to the hardships of the trail was the chance thus given of seeking you myself."

"You know the rest. I have made the whole journey; I have borne insult, the charge of crime, merely that I might remain, and serve you. Why do I say this? Because tonight—if



You Make it a Trial Test.

we succeed in getting through the Indian lines—I shall be again among my old comrades, and shall be no longer a servant to Francois Cassion. I shall stand before him a man, an equal, ready to prove myself with the steel."

"No, monsieur," I burst forth, "that must not be; for my sake you will not quarrel!"

"For your sake? You would have me spare him?"

"Oh, why do you put it thus, monsieur! It is so hard for me to explain. You say you love me, and—"

"and the words bring me joy, Ay, I confess that. But do you not see that a blow from your hand struck at Francois Cassion would separate us forever? Surely that is not the end you seek. I would not have you bear affront longer, yet no open quarrel will serve to better our affairs. Certainly no clash of swords. Perhaps it cannot be avoided, for Cassion may so insult you when he sees us together, as to let his insolence go beyond restraint. But I beg of you, monsieur, to hold your hand, to restrain your temper—for my sake."

"You make it a trial, a test?"

"Yes—it is a test. But, monsieur, there is more involved here than mere happiness. You must be cleared of the charge of crime, and I must learn the truth of what caused my marriage. Without these facts the future can hold out no hope for either of us. And there is only one way in which this end can be accomplished—a confession by Cassion. He alone knows the entire story of the conspiracy, and there is but one way in which he can be induced to talk."

"You mean the same method you proposed to me back on the Ottawa?"

I faced him frankly, my eyes meeting his, no shade of hesitation in my voice.

"Yes, monsieur, I mean that. You refused me before, but I see no harm, no wrong in the suggestion. If the men we fought were honorable I might hesitate—but they have shown no sense of honor. They have made me their victim, and I am fully justified in turning their own weapons against them. I have never hesitated in my purpose, and I shall not now. I shall use the weapons which God has put into my hands to wring from him the bitter truth—the weapons of a woman, love, and jealousy. Monsieur, am I to fight this fight alone?"

At first I thought he would not answer me, although his handgrip tightened, and his eyes looked down into mine, as though he would read the very secret of my heart.

"Perhaps I did not understand before," he said at last, "all that was involved in your decision. I must know now the truth from your own lips before I pledge myself."

"Ask me what you please; I am not too proud to answer."

"I think there must be back of this choice of yours something more vital than hate, more impelling than revenge."

"There is, monsieur."

"May I ask you what?"

"Yes, monsieur, and I feel no shame in answering; I love you! Is that enough?"

"Enough! my sweetheart—"

"Hush!" I interrupted, "not now—Barbeau returns yonder."

What course do you think Adele would follow if she should learn that it is impossible to reach the fort?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## HUSBAND OBJECTS TO OPERATION

### Wife Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Des Moines, Iowa.—"Four years ago I was very sick and my life was nearly lost. The doctors stated that I could never get well without an operation and that within one year, my husband would object to any operation at all. I got me some of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it cured me to get better and am now well and stout and able to do my own housework. I can recommend the Vegetable Compound to any woman who is run down and a wonderful strength and health restorer. My husband says I would have been in my grave long ago if it had not been for your Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. BLANCHET WATSON, 703 Lyon St., Des Moines, Iowa.

Before submitting to a surgical operation it is wise to try to build up the female system and cure its ailments with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; it has saved many women from surgical operations.

Write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice—it will be confidential.

### ADVICE TO THE Aged

Age brings infirmities, such as sluggish bowels, weak kidneys and torpid liver.

## Tutt's Pills

Have a specific effect on the bowels, stimulating the bowels, gives normal action, and imparts vigor to the whole system.

The Expense. "I am in favor of paying for any price."

"Yes," replied the patient; "but suppose you wake up some morning and find you haven't got the price?"

IMITATION IS SINCEREST FLATTERY but like counterfeit money the imitation has not the worth of the original. Insist on "La Creole" Hair Dressing—it's the original. Darkens your hair in the natural way, but contains no dye. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

And Appropriation. After all the woman expressed a great emotion when she exclaimed, "Oh, those yawning strikers!"

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills have stood the test of time. Test them for yourself. Send for sample to 325 Pearl Street, N.Y.—Adv.

Swine provided 60 per cent of the total meat consumed in the German empire last year.

Peace is the greatest of all blessings.

## Why That Lame Back?

Morning lameness, sharp twinges when bending, or an all-day back-ache; each is cause enough to suspect kidney trouble. Get after the cause. Help the kidneys. We Americans go it too hard. We overdo, overeat, neglect our sleep and exercise, and so we are fast becoming a nation of kidney sufferers. 72% more deaths than in 1880 is the 1910 census story. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. Thousands recommend them.

## DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS  
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

## DO YOU HAVE SICK HEADACHE

Who of us does not suffer at times from this affliction? All are subject to it—a disordered stomach, inactive liver, constipation are causes. But headaches are mere warnings of something more serious. Heed the warning, take

## Dr. TEACHER'S Liver and Blood Purifier

and head ailments. This purifier relieves all ailments of the liver and blood, and restores the system to its normal condition—pleasantly but thoroughly.

## APPENDICITIS

It has been proved by GALLERIE that the appendix is the right place for the appendix. It is the right place for the appendix. It is the right place for the appendix.

## New Creations



IT IS OUR INTENTION to make this season the greatest in the history of our business --- Greatest in volume, greatest in profit, greatest in courtesies, treatment, and greatest in satisfaction to our customers.

While it is a well-known fact that prices have advanced, yet by our cash system of doing business, we are enabled to quote to you these attractive prices:

### In Our Shoe Department

we are offering many new ideas in Women's Fashionable Fad Shoes, prices range from \$2.50 to \$7.00. Children's dress and school shoes, prices from \$1.50 to \$3.25. Our stock of men's dress and work shoes was never more complete than now.



### Clothing

A complete line of high-class suits for men and boys. For the remainder of this month we will give you 10 per cent off on boys suits, 5 to 14 yrs.

### Ladies & Children's Coats

We are closing out our complete line of ladies and children's coats at remarkably low prices.

### Wool and Silk Departments

15 to 20 per cent can be saved by making your purchases in our Wool and Silk Departments before our present stock is exhausted

**LISTEN!** The best Amos Keag Outing still going at 10c.

### Gingham and Domestic

Sphinx Gingham	8 1-3c
Rosemont Gingham	10c
Red Blossom and Red Seal Zephyr Gingham	12 1-2c
Saturn Domestic	8 1-3c
Farmers Choice	10c
Gold Medal	12 1-2c

We have a line of Unions for the entire family. Come in and have a fit.

The newest thing for the young men in Shirts, Collars, Ties, Gloves, Hats, Caps.

We are showing a beautiful line of Ladies House Shoes in black, rose, oxford, wine, and blue.

### GROCERIES

A fresh clean stock at the lowest price. We are now making some Red Hot Prices on groceries. Give us your next bill—we can please you. We want your Chickens and Eggs.

THE BEST FLOUR, sack \$2.20  
25 lbs. SUGAR \$2.00  
DRY SALTED MEAT, Lb 20cts

Thanks to you for past favors. You will find that moderate prices still obtain---prices that will compare favorably with materials sold elsewhere for more money.

**Richerson & McCarroll**  
The Store of Service  
Hedley, Texas.

### Locals

FOR SALE--20 fine Toulouse geese. E. R. Clark.

W. E. Bray and family Ford-ed to Clarendon Sunday afternoon.

W. A. Pierce has traded his Ford car to Chas. Myers.

Newest patterns in Cut Glass and Silver Ware just received. Hedley Drug Co.

T. N. Naylor shipped a car of calves to Kansas City last of last week.

J. L. Bain has had his farm house painted and it shows up fine on the hill east of town.

Let us sell you some flour—the kind you will like. Wood & Plaster.

George Killman and family were down from Clarendon first of the week.

R. A. Carter enjoyed a visit this week from his father who lives at Decatur, Wise county.

I will call for and deliver your clothes at all times. Claude Strickland.

Frank McClure and wife have returned from a few weeks visit in Missouri.

FOR SALE—5 acre block, fine improvements, edge of Hedley. J. P. Johnson.

Mrs. Henry Franks of Memphis visited Mrs. Ranson Johnson Wednesday.

Miss Velma Neal was up from Memphis Sunday visiting her cousin, Miss Lois Neal.

Try a Shumate Razor. Guaranteed for life and then some. Hedley Drug Co.

Lynn Hogue of Paris, Texas, still alive, visiting his un-

body, he was even in R. W. of Hedley in the memory of the first wife's enemy, Jules Legar, one of the boys who escaped from his clutch.

Heley one day last week. Fine blue rain coat. Fine. Heley return to Mrs. R. A. Carter.

Martin Bell returned Wednesday from Cooke county where he went last week on business.

Let me do your tailor work Satisfaction guaranteed. Claude Strickland.

We failed to mention last week that Obe Adamson had accepted a position with Richerson & McCarroll.

O. G. Gilworth went to Dallas Friday night on business. He will take in the Fair while there.

J. H. wife and father, N. C. spent Sunday in Clarendon with friends.

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Miss Susie Nipper returned to her home near Temple Saturday morning after visiting her brother, A. A. Nipper and family several days.

## To My Friends in Donley County:

I desire to call your attention to a list of bargains in wheat land, which I am offering for sale, as follows:

- A half section southwest of Washburn, all level land, at \$12.50 per acre.
- A section of land, with seven room house in a small town, land adjoining town within 100 yards of depot, 300 acres in cultivation, all tillable, \$20 acre.
- A half section 6 miles from Amarillo at \$15.00.
- A quarter section 10 miles east of Panhandle at \$15.
- A perfect section, 8 room house, 300 acres in wheat, 8 miles from Happy at \$15.00 per acre.
- A quarter section, one mile from Panhandle, at \$25.
- A section near Wildorado at \$12 50 per acre.
- 950 acres of land, improved, 3 miles from Amarillo, at \$21 00 per acre.
- A perfect section south of Vega, at \$10 00 per acre.

Let me know your wants and I will fix you up.

Over old P. O. Bldg. AMARILLO, TEX. **L. A. WELLS**

### HAIL DAMAGED CROPS NEAR CHILDRESS

Mrs. Guinn, Mrs. J. L. Bain's mother, is having a neat dwelling erected on lots just west of O. B. Stanley, s dwelling in east Hedley.

I will paint your auto and make it look like new at the lowest possible price. Lloyd Lane.

A number of Hedley people went to Clarendon Thursday to attend a good roads meeting. We hope to give a detailed report of same next week.

Another shipment of that new Intense Rose Talcum just in. Hedley Drug Co.

Join the Hedley Ozark Trail Club if you care to promote good roads in Donley county.

I can make your old furniture look like new by a magic touch of the paint brush. Lloyd Lane.

W. O. W. meeting on next Monday night. Important business. Every member of Camp and Team is asked to attend.

Several people will go from Hedley tonight to the Dallas State Fair.

Thursday night Childress county was visited by one of the heaviest rainstorms of the season the total fall amounting to about an inch and a quarter. In some sections of the county this rain was accompanied by hail that proved very destructive to cotton and feed.

It seems that in some localities the hail was not so very large in size but it fell in great quantities, drifting up and remaining in quantities for several days. Some crops were a total loss, some lost half and others were slightly damaged.

J. M. Everett and wife left Thursday morning for Dallas to attend the Fair.

NOTICE --I have secured the services of Mr. Edd Dyer, who is a first class boot and shoe maker. All classes of repairing neatly done. Soles sewed or pegged. Any class of work at customary prices. Kendall's Harness Shop.

Mrs. D. C. Moore was called to Groom Sunday on account of the serious illness of her son Paul's wife.

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**DURING BARGAIN DAYS** Dec. 1 to 15 Annually

You Can Subscribe or Renew for a Complete Year to The Fort Worth

**STAR-TELEGRAM**

40,000 DAILY (8 Editions) 45,000 Sunday

A \$6.00 Daily and Sunday Newspaper for \$3.65.

**A PENNY A DAY**

### IMPORTANT NOTICE!

With the exception of black ink, all raw materials used in manufacture of a newspaper have advanced in cost during the past twelve months approximately 100 per cent. This means that it will cost your publisher practically double to supply you with a newspaper the coming year.

Under stress of these unusual conditions, The Star-Telegram has been forced to increase its "Bargain Days" rate from \$3.25 to \$3.65. An increase of 40c per year (\$1.30 per month) or 12 per cent. Based on the conservative estimate increase in production cost of 100 per cent, under this price the division of added expense will be as follows:

Increased expense to The Star-Telegram ..... 88%  
Increased expense to The Reader ..... 12%

This situation means that after "Bargain Days" the regular rate of \$6.00 per year must be strictly enforced. We have battered the price to the very bottom in order to protect our Annual Subscription Cheap Rate Period, which has been in effect since the establishment of The Star-Telegram.

Do not take chances, save the \$2.35, by ordering before Bargain Days expire. Take advantage of the \$3.65 rate.

The high standard of The Star-Telegram will be maintained as long as there is a Star-Telegram regardless of any war burdens.

Bring Your Order to This Office. **365 CENTS**