

# The Hedley Informer

VOL. VII

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, MAY 18, 1917

NO. 27

## BOOSTERS ORGANIZE CITIZENS LEAGUE

Mayor Johnson called a meeting of the citizens for Wednesday night. A goodly number were on hand and the proposition of entertaining the Oklahoma City Trade Excursion Thursday. After laying plans for that event the men present decided it was time to go into a permanent organization of business men and citizens of the town and community.

P. C. Johnson was elected chairman; J. C. Wells, secretary; and J. D. Swift treasurer. A committee was appointed to draw up bylaws for the next meeting which will be next Wednesday night. A cordial invitation is extended to all citizens, no matter whether you are a farmer, business man or otherwise, if you are interested in Hedley, to attend this meeting.

## HEDLEY GETS LOVING CUP

The loving cup, which the basket ball boys of Hedley High School won as champions in the Panhandle district, arrived this week. Frank Bidwell received a gold medal for winning championship in vaulting at Canyon, and was entitled to go to Austin to the State Meet as vaulter from the Panhandle district, but was thought best to wait until he had more practice.

The four boys from Hedley who ran the relay race received a bronze medal each.

Willie Fields won a bronze medal as third in the one half mile run.

## MISSION NOTES

The Bible Study Class will meet at the parsonage Monday at 4 o'clock (note change of time) Lesson six. Five members of the class have papers on the book of Amos just completed which should be very instructive and interesting. We pray with our author—"Spirit of the Living God who has given us the Word of truth, that we may grow thereby, reach us how to use it wisely for our souls health. We thank Thee for prophets and holy men of old who foretold the glory of Christ. Give us Thine aid that we may read with reverence and love. Make thy warnings clear and thy truth effectual for our growth in knowledge and holiness. Amen.

Supt. Pub.

Get your creams, face powder, talcum powder (big can for 25c), at the Hedley Drug Co.

## GUARANTY BANK ELECTS CASHIER

Mr. J. D. Swift of Memphis was elected by the directors of the Guaranty State Bank of Hedley as cashier of same to take the place of T. T. Harrison who had to resign on account of ill health. Mr. Swift is a splendid citizen and good banker and the people of Hedley are glad to have him become one with us.

## MOTHERS DAY AT M. E. CHURCH

Mothers Day at the Methodist church was well attended. All whose mothers were living wore bright flowers and whose mothers were dead wore white flowers. Rev. J. H. Hicks preached one of the best sermons ever delivered in Hedley and the women who did not hear it missed something. His subject was "Woman as a Force for Religion" and the scripture was taken from the beautiful story of Naomi and Ruth.

## HEDLEY GETS TALKED ABOUT

Amarillo visitors to Hedley are quite eager to commend the citizenship of Hedley upon their spirit of co-operation with the government scheme in raising more food supplies. Not only has that community gone "long" on vegetables and grains this year, but the fever has got to the point, where some of the outlying streets have been put in cultivation.

The scene was never to be forgotten by the agriculturally inclined. Visitors to Hedley comment frequent upon this method of increasing the food supplies of the country. -Amarillo News.

## Nazarene Evangelists

The young lady Evangelist from Oklahoma, Miss Lula Dilbeck with her singer, Miss Verdine Sallee, will hold a meeting in Lelia Lake the two last weeks in July.

Sam Smith.  
Ben Kempson  
Tom Wood.  
Arranging Committee.

## Hail Insurance

If you want to be protected against loss by hail on your crops let me write you insurance in one of the strongest if not the strongest companies in the United States.

D. C. Moore.

## SENIOR CLASS OF H. H. SCHOOL EXERCISES

The baccalaureate sermon of the Hedley High School will be delivered by Rev. Joekel of Clarendon at the Methodist church next Sunday at 11 o'clock.

### COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

- 1 "Hark Ten Thousand Harps and Voices."
- 2 "Jesus Calls Us."
- 3 Prayer.
- 4 "Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah."
- 5 Scripture Lesson.
- 6 Offering.
- 7 Announcements.
- 8 Chorus "Awake, Awake."
- 9 Sermon.
- 10 Prayer.
- 11 "Stand Up, Stand Up."
- 12 Benediction.

### CLASS DAY PROGRAM

The class day program will be held at the Methodist church next Tuesday evening at 8:30.

- Song—The Pearl of Truth.
- Invocation.
- Song—A Vision Of The Past.
- Class History—Tom McDougal.
- Music.
- Class Prophecy—Roxey Sibley Lewis.
- Music.
- Class Will—Velma Sibley.
- Music.
- Address—Rev. Hicks.
- Song—Will the Circle be Unbroken.

J. L. Bain last week bought the ranch of Clint Phillips southwest of town. We understand he expects to move to same in a short time.

Travis Lively and Newt Waldron returned home Monday from the Northwest Texas Normal at Canyon. Travis has accepted a position with the Guaranty State Bank.

Ernest Johnson was taken to Memphis last Thursday and underwent an operation for appendicitis. While he has been in a critical condition he is reported to be doing fairly well now.

The First Baptist Church has called Rev. C. E. Garrett of Amarillo for their pastor. Rev. Garrett comes highly recommended. He preached here a few Sundays ago and was well liked by the people here.

## INSPECT FRANK CLARK'S DAIRY CATTLE

A. K. Short of the agricultural department of the Denver railroad; W. J. McPheeters, Panhandle manager of the Nissley Creamery Co. and L. R. Pou of the dairy department of the A & M College, came through Hedley one day last week and while here made a trip out to Frank Clark's place and the following from the Amarillo News gives in part what these men found:

At Hedley the party found a grade Holstein cow owned by Frank Clark giving 92 pounds of milk per day at a test of 4.7 per cent. He also has several head of registered stock. The profit in the dairy business was shown by Mr. Clark, mentioned in the previous paragraph. Mr. Clark made the statement that one half of his cream check is paying his feed bill on the whole herd.

The party found the quality of the stock on their inspection much better than they had expected. A great deal of enthusiasm was shown every where the party visited. The trip caused much speculation and one of the party has estimated that not less than 2,000 head of Holsteins will be shipped into the Panhandle country this fall.

Mrs. Ola Jones returned to her home in Denver, Colorado Monday after visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Adamson a few days. Her son, Winston, has joined the Navy.

N. M. Hornsby decided after starting his concrete building on east side of Main street that he would make it a two story building. Work is progressing nicely on it.

Mesdames J. B. Ozier and Ruth Franklin left Monday for El Paso, Cloud Croft and other points for Mrs. Ozier's health. Dr. Ozier accompanied them as far as Amarillo returning Tuesday night.

Funeral services were held in Memphis last Sunday for Rev. A. H. Thornton, former president of Goodnight College, who died at Newlin Saturday. Rev. R. B. Morgan conducted the services.

## HEARD THE NATION'S CALL

Two more boys responded to the call of patriotic duty Monday. They were Luther Amason and Reed Sanford, among the best young men of the community and favorites with the older people as well as the young folks. They went to Amarillo and enlisted in the navy, passed thru Hedley that night on their way to Dallas.

Nolan Bond and L. H. Stall and their families were here from Wellington last Sunday visiting J. W. Bond and family. Grandma Bond, who had been visiting in Wellington about three months returned home with them.

Wanted: Both Young Men and Ladies to Take Nice Office Position at Good Salary.

Many our large business concerns, and the U. S. Government are wanting bright, energetic young men and women, thoroughly trained by us to fill good paying positions.

Write for our catalogue and read what we can do for you, and what our graduates say we have done for them. Also what our graduates employers say of their efficiency. Then you will be convinced that our training exactly meets the demands of the best paying positions. You will also be convinced that our graduates are placed in positions promptly. Every statement made in our catalogue is backed by cash guarantee of \$100 to be true and correct.

Make capital out of your summer months. Enter our school for a combined course of Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Steno, Cotton Classing, Telegraphy, or Business Administration and Finance. Our rooms are large and cool, they are equipped with electric fans and are well ventilated, there is not a place that you would enjoy spending the summer more than taking a course here with hundreds of other enthusiastic students. With our original copyrighted system we give you a better course in half the time and at almost half the cost of other schools teaching other systems.

For free catalogue giving full particulars, fill in your name and address, and mail to Tyler Commercial College, Tyler, Texas.

Name.....  
Address.....

## OKLA. CITY TRADE EXCURSION THURS.

The Oklahoma City boosters arrived on schedule time yesterday and found a big crowd of Hedley boosters waiting for them. The school met them at the train and sang "Texas" which was cheered by the visitors. After music by the band a civilian and a soldier made short speeches. They were highly pleased with the reception Hedley gave them.

## SERIES OF SERMONS AT M. E. CHURCH

Next Sunday evening the pastor will begin a series of four sermons on Conversion. He will seek to show that conversion is a reality, even when attested by the most rigid tests of science, and to seek to understand the varieties of conversion. The titles of the first two sermons are:

- 1 Conversion as a fact of Consciousness.
- 2 Conversion as a fact for Life.

We extend a cordial invitation to all to worship with us.

John Hicks, Pastor.

## TRADED BLACKSMITH SHOPS

J. M. Bozeman traded his blacksmith shop in Hedley to J. S. Hall for a shop at Lelia Lake. They made the change Monday. Walter Bozeman goes to Lelia Lake to run the shop there and Mr. Hall is here and has W. E. Whitfield for his blacksmith. Read Mr. Hall's ad in this issue.

## PATRIOT ROLL

### NAVY

Fleagle Edward Stewart.  
Leslie Marshall Long.  
Roger Williams.  
John Henry Lane.  
Jesse Royall.  
Ray Maxwell Doherty  
Edward Glyn Akers.  
Martin Luther Amason.  
Reed Sanford.

### OFFICERS TRAINING

C. D. Akers.  
W. S. Sibley.  
R. Y. King.

### CAVALRY

L. Loyd Lane.

## Check Accounts are Welcome Here

Individuals, corporations and societies find it to their advantage to have an account in this institution because.

Our FACILITIES afford the greatest convenience and dispatch in the transaction of their business.

Our POLICY is flexible enough to respond to the needs of our smallest depositors.

Our RESOURCES are fully adequate to meet the utmost requirements of our customers.

Our OFFICERS are readily available. They are well qualified to advise you regarding financial matters and are interested enough in the welfare of customers to furnish just such information as they need.

## Make This Your Bank

### THE FIRST STATE BANK OF HEDLEY

J. C. Doneghy, Pres.  
J. R. Benson, Cashier

G. A. Wimberly, Vice-Pres.  
P. T. Boston, Ass't Cashier

## Notice to the Hedley Community!

I have bought the J. M. Bozeman Blacksmith Shop and am now ready to do any and all kinds of blacksmithing. Have a good blacksmith—W. E. Whitfield—to help me. If your horse or mule needs shoeing he can do that too. Give me your business and help build up Hedley. I guarantee all work to give satisfaction and the charges will be right. Horse and mule shoeing a specialty. I will certainly appreciate your business.

J. S. HALL, The Blacksmith

## WHO IS THE BEST PATRIOT?

The man or woman who hoards his or her income in some safe deposit vault, or the one who keeps the money in circulation and says: "Live and let live"?

Buy your shoes, your dry goods, your groceries from

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



# CALOMEL MAKES YOU SICK, UGH! IT'S MERCURY AND SALIVATES

Straighten Up! Don't Lose a Day's Work! Clean Your Sluggish 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 bowels. Calomel, when it comes into contact with your 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

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

I guarantee that one spoonful of Dodson's Liver Tone will put your sluggish liver to work and clean your bowels 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 gripe and they like its pleasant taste.—Adv.

## W. L. DOUGLAS

"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"

\$3 \$3.50 \$4 \$4.50 \$5 \$6 \$7 & \$8 FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Save Money by Wearing W. L. Douglas shoes. For sale by over 9000 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 wearers 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 \$3.00 \$2.50 & \$2.00

185 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.



**Queer Things You Hear.**

The Small One (a benedict)—You should marry, old top. A bachelor is but half a man.

**IT IS IMPERATIVE**

that you keep a bottle of Mississippi Diarrhea Cordial in your medicine chest. In constant use for fifty years. Price 25c and 50c.—Adv.

**Modern Salesmanship.**

"So you think you'd like a position in the gown department. Have you good nerve?"

"I don't understand you. Is nerve necessary to sell gowns?"

"Nowadays it is. Unless you can stand up and look a customer straight in the eye as you ask her one hundred and fifty dollars for a gown she used to pay fifty dollars for two years ago you won't do."

**Something Like It.**

In going down the elevator at a hotel the other day a little tot was being taken to the basement barber shop to have her hair trimmed. A man got on at one of the floors and accosted her cheerily with the remark:

"Well, Isabelle, and what are you going to do this morning?"

"I'm going down to the cellar to have my hair—hair—to have my hair—" the word would not come, so she finally concluded with, "to have my hair sharpened."

**Worm Turns on Practical Joker.**

"It's a long time that has no turning" and "He who laughs last laughs best" are time-honored axioms, but never the less true, as Al Baumgart, a South St. Paul commission man, is willing to admit. Some time ago Al sought to initiate a new employee, but the "worm turned," and the real joke was on him, says the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

He sent the youth about half a mile down the yards after a "cow anchor." The youth, when he returned with a 750-pound sack of iron, was given "ha, ha!"

In the office was a box of flowers which Mr. Baumgart had ordered for a dear friend. His victim carefully removed the flowers and filled the box with paper. Unmindful of the change, Mr. Baumgart carried the box to her home. What she said when she opened it is not known.

To make matters worse, Mr. Baumgart was obliged to carry the cow anchor back to the scalehouse. Now he's thrashed with practical jokes.

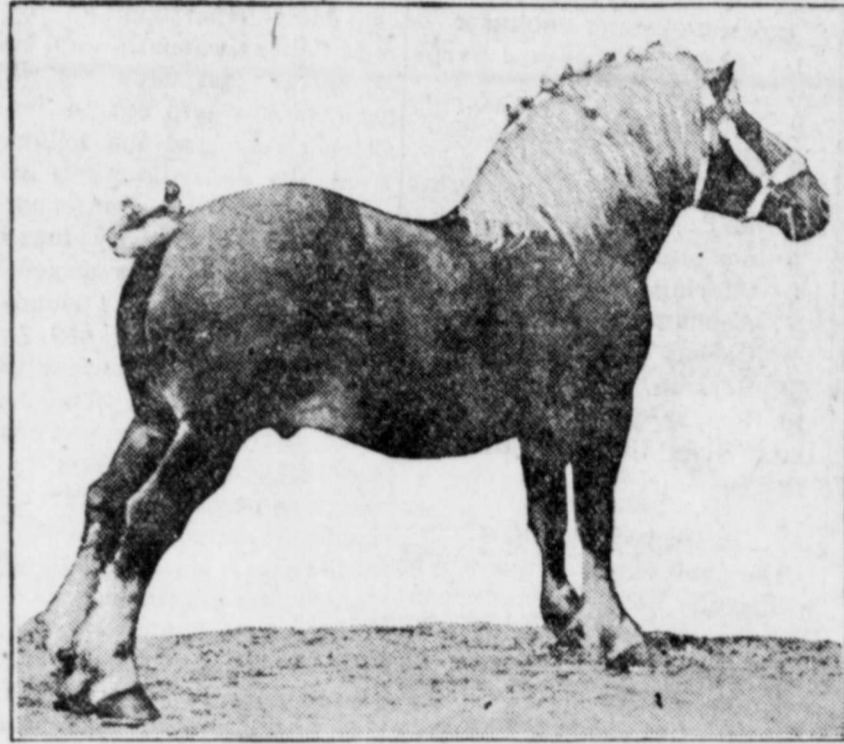
**22 THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS OF HEALTHY BOYS & GIRLS EAT Grape-Nuts AND CREAM EVERY MORNING BECAUSE WISE MOTHERS KNOW "There's a Reason"**

## SYMPTOMS OF DISORDERS AMONG HORSES

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture)

The condition of a sick horse is shown to a certain extent by the appearance of the mucous membranes. For example, when the animal is anemic as a result of disease or of inappropriate feed the mucous membranes become pale. This change in the mucous membranes can be seen most readily in the lining of the eyelids and in the lining of the nostril. Paleness means weak circulation or poor blood. Increased redness occurs in painful conditions, excitement and following severe exertion. In fevers there is an increased redness in the mucous membrane, and this continues so long as the fever lasts. In some diseases red spots or streaks form in the mucous membrane. This usually indicates an infectious disease of considerable severity, and occurs in blood poisoning.

In fever, the skin becomes dry; the hair has a harsh feel that is quite different from the condition observed in health, and from the fact of its being so dry the individual hairs do not adhere to one another, they stand apart, and the animal has what is known as "a staring coat." When, during a fever, sweating occurs, it is usually an indication that the crisis is passed. Sometimes sweating is an indication of pain. A horse with lockjaw or azoturia sweats profusely. Horses sweat freely when there is a serious impediment to respiration; they sweat under excitement and, of course, from the well-known physiological causes of heat and work. Local sweating, or sweating of a restricted area of the body, denotes some kind of nerve interference. Swellings of the skin usually come from wounds or other external causes. There are, however, a number of condi-



FINE TYPE OF BELGIAN STALLION.

When the liver is deranged and does not operate, or when the red-blood corpuscles are broken down, as in serious cases of influenza, there is a yellowish discoloration of the mucous membrane. The mucous membranes become bluish or blue in any serious disease of the respiratory tract, as pneumonia, and in heart failure.

If there is fever the temperature of the skin is likely to be increased. Sometimes, however, as a result of poor circulation and irregular distribution of the blood, the body may be warmer than normal, while the legs and ears may be cold. When the gen-



Yearling Clydesdale.

eral surface of the body becomes cold it is evidence of a chill, or that the heart is weak and the animal is on the verge of collapse.

**Skin of Healthy Horse.**

The skin is moist, to a certain degree, at all times in a healthy horse. This moisture is not in the form of a perceptible sweat, but it is enough to keep the skin pliable and to cause the hair to have a soft, healthy feel. In some chronic diseased conditions and

tions in which the swelling of the skin is a symptom of a derangement of some other part of the body. For example, there is the well-known "stocking" or swelling of the legs about the fetlock joints, in influenza. There is the soft swelling of the hind legs that occurs so often in draft horses when standing still and that comes from previous inflammation or from insufficient heart power. Dropsy of the skin may occur beneath the chest or abdomen from weak heart or from chronic collection of fluid in the chest or abdomen. In anasarca or purpura hemorrhagica large soft swellings appear on any part of the skin, but usually on the legs, side of the body, and about the head.

### Importance of Wounds.

Wounds of the skin may be of importance in the diagnosis of internal disease. Wounds over the bony prominences, as the point of the hip, the point of the shoulder, and the greatest convexity of the ribs, occur when a horse is unable to stand for a long time and, through continually lying upon his side, has shut off the circulation to the portion of the skin that covers parts of the body that carry the greatest weight, and in this way has caused them to mortify. Little, round, soft, doughlike swellings occur on the skin and may be scattered freely over the surface of the body when the horse is afflicted with urticaria. Similar eruptions, but distributed less generally, about the size of a silver dollar, may occur as a symptom of dourine, or colt distemper. Hard lumps, from which radiate well-like swellings of the lymphatics, occur in glanders, and blisterlike eruptions occur around the mouth and pasterns in horsepox.

## RANGE CATTLE NOW GIVEN PREFERENCE

Native or Farm-Raised Steer Not So Nearly of One Type in Color and Breed.

The range steer receives the preference now for the feed lot over what is termed the native steer, the farm-raised steer of the corn-belt states. This is largely due to the more uniform quality of loads of cattle from the range. The native cattle are not so nearly of one type; in fact, they are most generally of a mixed breed, mixed colors, mixed sizes and dissimilarly prevalent, showing that they are a pick-up neighborhood product.

There was a time in the history of cattle feeding when the reverse conditions prevailed. The range steer was looked upon with suspicion by the cattle feeder. There was not much in his make-up that pleased the feeder. His long horns, his wild, nervous, scared-half-to-death actions and behavior convinced the feeder buyer that he did not care to risk him. It took a few years to break down this prejudice, but gradually good reports became more common until the sand hills cattle of Nebraska and some other western districts where a good quality of beef-bred bulls were used became famous in the demand for their feeder steers, says Twentieth Century Farmer.

The steady increase in breeding quality of the range cattle generally is a feature that must not be lost

sight of when comparing the range cattle with the steer production of the farms over the central west and eastern states. The range is not in the least mixed with dairy blood, while many of the farm herds are more or less mixed with other than strictly beef breeds. Feeders desire uniformity in their cattle to go into the feed yard, because uniformity in type, color and general make-up presents a more pleasing general appearance to the buyer than dissimilarity in any of its phases. Farm-bred steers will become more plentiful as the farms become more interested in the baby beef industry.

## SCARCITY OF POTASH PUZZLING TO FARMER

Expert of Massachusetts Agricultural College Recommends Use as Fertilizer.

Parsnips are a long-season root crop, which occupy the ground until the late fall and sometimes until the following spring. H. F. Thompson, professor of market gardening, Massachusetts Agricultural college, has recommended for beets and carrots the use of 1,000 pounds per acre of high-grade fertilizer, analyzing 3 per cent nitrogen, 8 per cent phosphoric acid and 10 per cent potash.

Present wartime conditions prevent the use of the amount of potash recommended, and probably the best advice that may be given is to use as much potash as can be obtained now.

# Too Many Operations

The Right Medicine in Many Cases Does Better than the Surgeon's Knife. Tribute to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

**Doctor Said Operation or Death—But Medicine Cured.**

Des Moines, Iowa.—"My husband says I would have been in my grave today had it not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I suffered from a serious female trouble and the doctors said I could not live one year without an operation. My husband objected to the operation and had me try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I soon commenced to get better and am now well and able to do my own housework. I can recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to any woman as a wonderful health restorer."—Mrs. BLANCHIE JEFFERSON, 703 Lyon St., Des Moines, Iowa.

**Another Operation Avoided.**

Richmond, Ind.—"For two years I was so sick and weak from female troubles that when going up stairs I had to go very slowly with my hands on the steps, then sit down at the top to rest. The doctor said he thought I should have an operation, and my friends thought I would not live to move into our new house. My daughter asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as she had taken it with good results. I did so, my weakness disappeared, I gained in strength, moved into our new home, do all kinds of garden work, and raised hundreds of chickens and ducks. I cannot say enough in praise of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. M. O. JOHNSTON, Route D, Box 190, Richmond, Ind.

Of course there are many serious cases that only a surgical operation will relieve. We freely acknowledge this, but the above letters, and many others like them, amply prove that many operations are recommended when medicine in many cases is all that is needed.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.



## INFLUENZA

Catarrhal Fever, Epizootic Pink Eye, Shipping Fever, Epizootic

And all diseases of the horse affecting his throat speedily cured; colts and horses in same stable kept from having them by using Spohn's Distemper Compound, 3 to 8 doses often cure; one bottle guaranteed to cure one case. Safe for brood mares, baby colts, stallions, all ages and conditions. Most skillful scientific compound. 50c and \$1 per bottle; \$5 and \$10 a dozen. Any druggist or delivered by manufacturers. SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Goshen, Ind.

**Marital Graft.**

Mose Johnsing—What will be your charge for marrying me and Melindy tomorrow?

Parson Jackson—Two dollars.

Mose Johnsing—Well, say, just charge her five and send me de difference to Lake Squeedunk, whar we's gwine on de honeymoon.—Puck.

**"MOTORISTS' PROBLEM SOLVED."**

An application of BLAXSHINE, the quick drying flexible rust preventing black auto enamel will make old cars like new. Anyone can apply it. SMOOTH BLAXSHINE for any size car, and equipment for applying, cost only \$2.50 delivered parcel post. BLAXSHINE is guaranteed. A postal will bring you sample of work and complete description. Twin City Varnish Company, Established thirty years, St. Paul, Minn. FREE with each package your initials in gold which you can apply yourself with BLAXSHINE. Adv.

**Changing Interests.**

"Educational standards change in wartime."

"Yes. In peace education is devoted to reading and writing. In war it's feeding and fighting."

**Baiting Mother.**

"Plantation" Chail Taulie is guaranteed and will do the work in a week. Your money cheerfully refunded by dealers if it fails after giving it a proper trial. Price 50c.—Adv.

**WHY HAVE CHILLS AND FEVER?**

"Plantation" Chail Taulie is guaranteed and will do the work in a week. Your money cheerfully refunded by dealers if it fails after giving it a proper trial. Price 50c.—Adv.

Singular as it may seem, burning thoughts are not produced by blockheads.

Now is the time to cleanse the system and tone up the digestive functions. WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS are not only laxative but tonic. Adv.

Lever's outside a new gas range move a broiler inside to any desired position with relation to the heat.

**LAX-FOS**

A digestive liquid laxative, cathartic and liver tonic. Combines strength with palatability, no drastic taste. Does not gripe or disturb stomach, etc.

Within the case of a new clock of the grandfather type is concealed a photograph and cabinet for records.

## Do You Neglect Your Machinery?

The machinery of the body needs to be well oiled, kept in good condition just as the automobile, steam engine or bicycle. Why should the human neglect his own machinery more than that of his horse or his engine? Yet most people do neglect themselves. To clean the system at least once a week is to practice preventive measures. You will escape many ills and clear up the congested tongue, the sallow complexion, the dull headache, the lazy liver, if you will take a pleasant laxative made up of the May-apple, juice of the leaves of aloes, root of jalap, and called Pleasant Pellets. You can obtain at almost any drug store in this country these vegetable pellets in vials for 25c—simply ask for Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. There can be no counterfeit if they have the Dr. Pierce stamp. Proven good by 50 years' use.

**Busy Correspondents.**

"My constituents are beginning to contribute with unusual liberality to the government," said Senator Sorghum, as he anxiously inspected his mail.

"Cash?"

"Not exactly cash. But they never bought so many two-cent stamps in all their lives."

## BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP

A Valued Household Remedy for Over Half a Century.

In our climate, with its sudden changes of temperature, rain, wind and sunshine often intermingled in a single day, it is no wonder that our children, friends and relatives are so frequently taken from us by neglected colds, many deaths resulting from this cause. A bottle of Boschee's German Syrup kept in the house, and a few doses taken in time, will possibly prevent a severe illness, a doctor's bill, and perhaps death. For fifty years this has been a very successful remedy for coughs, colds, throat or lung troubles. It induces a good night's sleep with easy expectation in the morning. For sale by druggists in all parts of the civilized world, 25 and 75 cent bottles.—Adv.

**Setback.**

"That answer was a setback," said John G. Johnson, the lawyer, discussing a case in Washington.

"It was like the answer of the man whose dying wife looked into his eyes and said:

"George, after I'm gone, do you think you'd marry again?"

"I may," said George gloomily, "if the trap is set different."

The blonde probably is the greatest temptation man is called upon to withstand.

## OKLAHOMA WOMEN

Oklahoma City, Okla.—"I am happy to state that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cured my mother of intestinal trouble after the doctors had given her up, and I also recommend the 'Favorite Prescription' for young girls as I gave it to my daughter and found it just as recommended."—Mrs. Ollie Wright, 420 W. Pine.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—"I can highly recommend Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Am proud to say it has been lots of help to me in my girlhood and also in the rearing of my family. I can recommend it to young wives in case of any womanly trouble. It has always been my favorite tonic."—Mrs. E. F. Cox, 411 W. Pine.

It is not obtainable at your favorite drug store; send \$1.00 to Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send a large package of tablets or send 50 cents for smaller package.



**Del Mar Ladies' Quartette**  
 Quartette and Orchestra  
 Afternoon and Evening of Last Day of Chautauqua



THE DEL MAR LADIES' QUARTETTE IS COMING TO THE CHAUTAUQUA FULL OF LIFE AND GOOD MUSIC TO MAKE PART OF ONE OF THE BEST CHAUTAUQUA PROGRAMS THAT HAVE EVER BEEN BROUGHT TO THE SOUTH.

**Dr. John R. Voris**  
 Evening of Last Day of Chautauqua



AN ORATOR WITH A LECTURE SPARKLING FULL OF WIT AND HUMOR, AND ALL BASED ON GOOD COMMON SENSE.

**Lilla G. English**  
 Afternoon of Second Day of Chautauqua



HER LECTURE, "THE LIFE BEAUTIFUL," IS FILLED WITH RICH THOUGHTS AND INSPIRING SOLOS. IT IS EDUCATIONAL AND INSPIRATIONAL.

**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.

On with the chautauqua. It is educational as well as recreational. It brings great things home to us to see which, otherwise, would require hundreds of miles of railway travel, and entail an expense account that very few could afford.

Hedley is going to have a clean up day some time. We know we are, because we are so long about it.

The Chautauqua is a community college. If education is profitable, if culture is desirable, if morals pay, if progress beats stagnation, if our community really cares for the choicest things the times afford—we must boost the chautauqua.

Entertainment will feature the three days session of the Panhandle Press Association which convened in Amarillo. For two days the pencil-pushers and printers will enjoy theaters and a big picnic at Chalk Hollow, on Palo Duro. The latter feature is expected to be one of the finest of its kind ever prepared for editors and newspaper men in this section. Saturday an interesting program will be rendered.

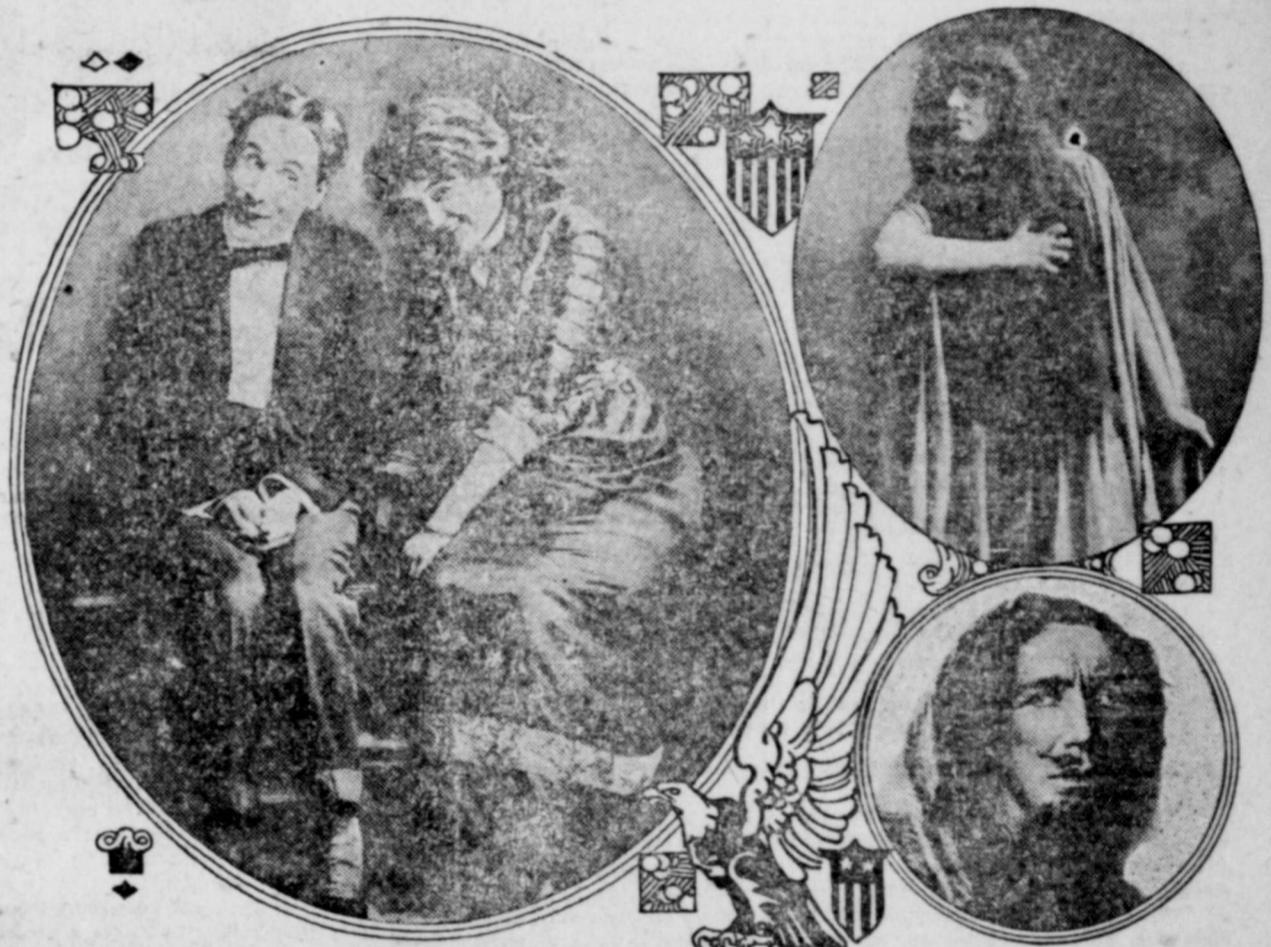
The Chautauqua pays a hundred fold in community betterment. In boosting it, we proclaim our faith in all good things, and we join the forces of pro-

**METROPOLITAN MALE TRIO**



A STANDARD CHAUTAUQUA ATTRACTION THAT GIVES A SNAPPY, POPULAR AND CATCHY PROGRAM OF MUSIC. YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS THE FIRST NUMBER.

**Wright-Hall-Marquette Company**  
 A Dramatic and Entertainment Company



EVERY CITIZEN WHO CAN DIG UP, BEG OR BORROW ENOUGH MONEY TO BRING HIMSELF AND ALL THE FAMILY TO HEAR THE WRIGHT-HALL-MARQUETTE COMPANY OUGHT TO BE PACKED UNDER THE BIG CANVAS WHEN THE SECOND DAY OF THE CHAUTAUQUA COMES AROUND.

gress. It is the alley of the home, the public school, the church, the fraternal order, and every real business factor in the town and country.

May 30th is set for cleaning Rowe Cemetery and decorating the graves. We have been requested to announce that everybody come and help. This is a duty we should not neglect.

Chautauquas are not luxuries—they are necessities. The position of the businessman who would refuse to support such an institution is hard to understand. It might not bring into his till a single cent but the educational feature the moral uplift to the younger generation certainly makes it a paying proposition to a community.

June 678 Hedley will have a Chautauqua worth your while to attend. Bear it in mind.

**NOTICE**

Those who are owing me will leave the amount at the First State Bank where it will be received. Give this prompt attention and oblige.

L. L. Cornelius.

**D. Lee Fitzpatrick**  
 Headliner at Coming Chautauqua



"THE RETURN DATE MAN." A COMMUNITY MAN WHO SETS US THINKING ABOUT OUR HOME TOWN.



# HASHIMURA TOGO DOMESTIC SCIENTIST

BY WALLACE IRWIN

## TOGO SWATS THE FLY

Dear Sir: Last Wednesday midnight p. m. were historical date when I had a sad kiss-a-by to employment from home of Mrs. K. W. Pumpfrey, North Bourbon, Ky. This was too bad accident from my helplessness.

When I enter this sweetheated home Hon. Mrs. Pumpfrey say me, "Togo," she relate, "I am most particular about flies."

"I am sure you must raise some delicious varieties of these live stock," I collapse for chivalry.

"O not to do!" she renig harshly. "I would sooner have a tiger in my home than a fly."

"They should not be permitted to fly," I abhor.

"It is not when they fly they are harmful. They do the damage when they land," she tell.

"In this they are similar to airplanes," I suggest.

"Perhaps!" she combust. "At any rates, I give you instructions. Whenever you see a fly, track him to his hole and shoe him at once."

"Only horse-flies can be shoed," I determinate.

She could not assimilate this reply I said.

"Whenever I see flies," she say furthermore, "I shudder, not so much for self & husband as for dearie Baby Alexander, who are endanger."

Thusly it were with Hon. Mrs. Pumpfrey about flies. Each morning she examine fly-paper lovingly like mariners studying charts.

"How many flies we caught this a. m. Togo?" she ask it.

"Six," I say it. "Five house and one butter."

"Unloosen Hon. Butterfly," she demont. "We should not punish nature's lovely insect because of sins of others."

So I grab that lovely insect and attempt remove him from his sticky toes. But when I done so he turn meanly and bite me on thumb with hot end of his poison tail.

"That butterfly are a wasp!" I lecture amid Japanese word curse.

After 2 1/2 days of continuous flymanship I become extremely skillful in murder. My ears became very bright by listening for flies. At distance of 66 ft. I could hear Hon. Fly walking up windows. Then was time for me. My eyebrows containing gunpowder expression peculiar to Hon. Roosevelt, I hide behind curtain-shade with cruel hand containing swat-stick.

By this warfare I broke considerable flies and other dishes.

Hon. Pumpfrey, husband, come home saying scorn about flies.

"Man who talk like that never had any infancy," snagger Hon. Mrs. with peev.

"If folks in this neighborhood could pay less attention to screen door and more to window-lock there would be less burglary," he otter. "6 homes has been burglarized while everybody was busy snubbing flies."

He remove one enlarged gunish revolver filled with bullets and lay him doggishly on table.

"O!!!!" This from Hon. Mrs.

Once Hon. Fly alight downward on Baby Alexander nose, shaking his cruel feet, intending to leave 10,000 symptoms. Spank! I capitulate that



"You Mean Say You Approach in Here So Stealthy at Midnight for Catch Flies?"

insex by stroking Hon. Baby on head with apron. Yet he cry without thanks for my bravery.

At lastly that house were so scarce of flies you could not find him without advertising. All day, while not sweeping other rugs, I search back & forthly with cruel fly-spank. Yet never a buzz was there. Such was accomplishment of my great science.

Night of Wednesday approach up. When dinner-eat was accomplished and dish-wash ceremony done up, my Cousin Nogi arrive to kitchen for make conversation from Japanese politics while eating cake, kindness of Mrs. Pumpfrey who didn't know it. Lateness of hour arrive. When time of 11:02 p. m. come, Nogi make sleepy go-home while I emerge to my bed room expecting tomorrow, as usual.

I light gass. What was? Buzz! Ah, Hon. Fly, where was it? I turn my eyesight behind window-curtain—and sure enough! There stood one entirely enlarged buzzer wasking his front thumbs.

With sneekret expression I borrow slipper from myself and stole forth. Crouches. Of finally, when Hon. Fly seem to be looking at his nose, I lep. Bangs! Yet he was too soon. He flew uply, airplanned circular for moments, and then—when less expected—start to fly outward through door.

O! This escape must not! Slightly down hallway were child-room where Hon. Baby Alexander layed enjoying innocent nightmares. That fly must not arrive there to sting him with medical diseases. If no hero was there to save him who must? I must!

Therefore I rosh forwards with slippershoe in my Samurai thumbs. With talented stroke of match I lit gass. O yes! There were Hon. Fly snuggling in air right over eyebrow of that infantile. I make talented swing to lash him with slipper, yet he were too collusive for me. Ere I could brush him dead he make slippery-wing motion & flew to window-curtain where he hide shyly like poets avoiding praise.

I should get him yet! I crouch downly, my slipper raised uply. But while I do so—O look! Who there?

Standing distinctually in doorway of child-room I observe Hon. Mr. Pumpfrey standing like a cold ghost in pajamas. And in his right-hand finger he held that enlarged shootish revolver.

"What is?" he whasper ghashtly.

"I chase one in here!" I gollup. "He are now coyly hiding behind curtain of window."

"Were he stealing my child?" gawsp him.

"Not yet but maybe," I narrate.

"Wait while I shoot," he narrate while making target movement.

"Ah not!" I holla. "Permit me to do so. I have killed several with slippers."

"How foolhardened is courage!" he stotter while I lep forwards. Swatts!! with dareless heel of slipper-shoe I collided Hon. Fly so certainly that he broke and fell amidst dead kicks. Prides filled my lungs. Joyly I reach downly, and pick up Hon. Fly by fingers.

"I save your child without expense!" I naturalize. "Here is!"

"Here is what!" he require, peevly chewing his breath.

"Hon. Fly," I reject, like militia.

"You mean say you approach in here so stealthily at midnights for catch flies?" This from him with flashes.

"I say it!"

"Great Scotch! And I thought it was a burglar!" he say disappointly.

"So sorry I could not find one," I gosp.

Hon. Mrs. Pumpfrey come in while she fainted away.

"Next time you come into my baby's room don't do so!" she snarrel.

"Mrs. Madam," I decry, "how can you talk so crosswise? You tell me how slaughter flies for their rattlesnakish crimes, yet you say scolds when I do so."

"Midnight is not fly-time," she narrate.

"Maybe you are enraged because it were not a burglar," I suggest. "Yet what is more horible to have in house than a fly?"

"A Japanese foolboy is!" corrode Hon. Mrs. & Mr. in together voice while dejecting me out outside of screen door where I still remain, feeling quite dis-solute.

Hoping you are the same.

# What Well Dressed Women Will Wear

Just as we conclude that there is nothing new that can possibly happen to summer blouses, along comes an attractive surprise and we are forced to concede that another beautiful novelty has made its appearance. There are inexhaustible reservoirs of ideas, it seems, that designers know how to draw upon to provide us with that variety which is the spice of life and blouses.

Here is a new, midsummer model, made of fine cotton voile, embellished



UTMOST REFINEMENT IN SUMMER BLOUSE.

with French tucks. It is cut after the usual manner of blouses, its seams are hemstitched, sleeves plain and roomy and, so far, all the details of its construction are all like tried old friends with whom we have long been familiar. But just at this point the creator of this blouse thought of adding an organdie collar and cuffs made of a fine organdie edging, and of shaping the collar in a new way. Furthermore, the dainty embroidered edge of the organdie is lifted into prominence by a narrow border of black organdie.

The collar is high at the back and rolls at the front, the wavy texture of the material making this pretty adjustment to the neck possible. The cuffs are simply lengths of the embroidered organdie, turned back and fastened at the top with a single pearl button. The means by which its maker arrived at such good ends in this blouse are the simplest. But the touch of sheer black in collar and cuffs is original and fine



ENCHANTING BRIDAL MILLINERY.

and the whole effect is one of utmost refinement.

Among other new models there are noted several with collars shaped and put on in the same way as that shown in the picture. Often they are flet lace and sheer embroidery combined and sometimes of two laces. They are usually smaller. The high roll at the back and the partially closed but cool looking throat opening is a piece of fine management.

Already June weddings are engaging the attention of those who must think out all the details of several bridal pageants, for there are changing fashions to be considered. Every bride cherishes the hope that her wedding procession may be impressive and beautiful and present one or two new elements of interest at least. And there are experts who recognize her wish and see to it that it may be

granted. Millinery for her maids is almost the most important item that the bride has to consider, outside the details of her own costume.

The airy, flower-trimmed and softly feminine styles for midsummer show many developments that promise charming headresses for the bridesmaid. The choice is not confined to hats, but their charm is so powerful that chances are in their favor. Hair braid and tucsan, crepe georgette and malines, net and flowers go to make

# DAIRY STABLE OF SCIENTIFIC DESIGN

The Easter Contains Features Not Found in Some Other Modern Structures.

## BEST PROTECTION FOR COWS

There Must Be Freedom From Insects, Good Ventilation and Comfort in Temperature for Sure Milk Production.

By WILLIAM A. RADFORD.

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building work on the farm, 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. 1327 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only inclose two-cent stamp for reply.

The important development of dairy farming during the last decade is very forcefully indicated by the changes which have occurred in the stables used on such farms. In the improvement of sanitary conditions around such stables, one thing at a time has been found wanting until the dairy stable has come strongly into the attention of farm-building architects, ventilating experts and equipment engineers causing it to be given a thorough overhauling and redesigning. Several types have been established, all of which aim to accomplish practically the same thing. Primarily, the animals must be furnished the best possible conditions in which to live and, secondarily, the building must be easy to keep clean.

This is an Easter cow stable. It has some features which are different from other good stables, some of which are well liked by everyone who has tried them out.

Where the winters are cold, as they are where dairying has been conducted to the best advantage, a stable really should be built for warmth in winter and clean, airy coolness in summer. This design sometimes is fitted with

trial air duct to admit fresh air. Over this air duct is placed a wooden walk, built of 2 by 4 cross pieces, with the boards nailed on lengthwise. This leaves an opening between the 2 by 4 cross pieces for the entrance of air into the stable directly in front of the cows' noses.

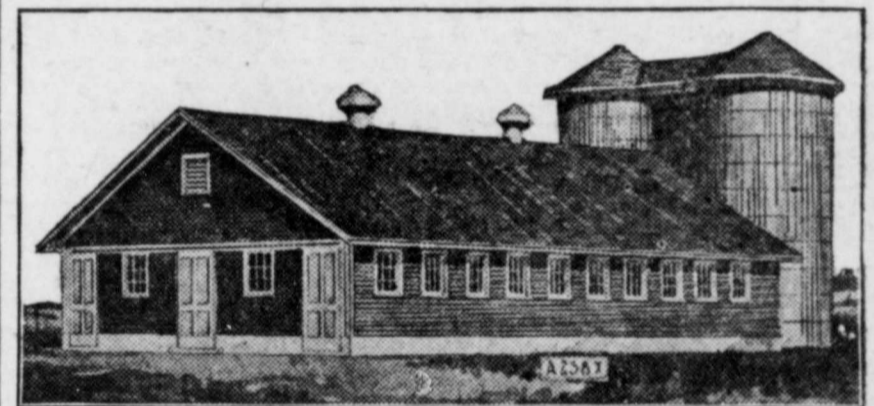
According to the principle of warm-air circulation, this arrangement is theoretically correct. Air is admitted in the center of the room that is properly proportioned and close enough built to prevent the influence of outside air currents. The cold air from outside is heated by the lungs and the body warmth of the cows. Warm air will rise to the ceiling and spread in every direction. As it loads up with impurities, and as its temperature is reduced, the air becomes heavier. As it reaches the outer walls it descends and is drawn through the outlet flues from near the floor behind the cows.

Practical stable ventilation must be studied for each building separately. What will work out in one stable would be useless in another, because of some peculiarity in the structure.

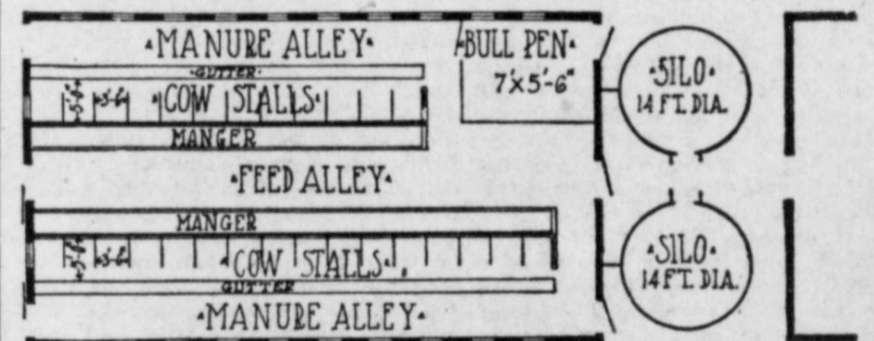
This center horizontal air duct is worth a trial. Being made of concrete, it may be kept perfectly clean, and, being open, it is less of a harbor for rats and mice than some of the wall air ducts that are placed in stables. This center walk is made in sections, so it may be lifted up and rested against the front of the manger while the stable is being swept with a broom or cleaned with a hose.

Any system of stable ventilation requires a temperature above 50 degrees F. to keep air in circulation. A temperature above 50 may be maintained in a good stable in zero weather by packing the cows close enough together. This is, of course, likely to lead to the old argument about the amount of air space required for animals, and this is a subject that has never been settled to the satisfaction of dairymen. But good cowmen like to have the air changed whether there is much or little to change. These men make their stable ceiling low and are particular to have a good-sized cow in each stall.

In building these stables in the East, dairymen are particular not to leave any ledges to hold dust. They use inside ceiling without beading and they paint the ceiling in such a way as to fill the cracks so far as possible, so the ceiling is smooth and airtight. For the same reason there are no window stools. There are no unnecessary pro-



Modern Sanitary Dairy Stable for Twenty-Eight Cows.



Floor Plan.

outside blinds, painted dark green. This is for the purpose of shutting it up dark after the cows are milked in the morning in summer. When the blinds are shut the stable is so dark that flies will not stay in it. Dairymen have taken lessons from good housekeepers in this respect. Flies will crawl out of a very small crack to get from darkness to light. You can't shut flies out of a cow stable, that is, you can't shut them all out; but it is possible to shut up a stable like this so dark that they will all leave it between morning and evening milking hours.

Of course, the cows will carry flies in with them when they are stabled in the afternoon, and this cannot be avoided very well. However, some New York dairymen have dark passageways leading to the stables, where a good many flies are brushed off by the attendant as the cows pass in. One dairymen experimented with stationary brushes in a dark passageway, which is an automatic way of brushing the flies off the cows as they enter the stable.

Easter dairymen usually are well supplied with small hills or banks on which to arrange their stables, barnyards, etc. For this plan, a gently sloping bank, falling away towards the south or southeast, is preferable. The north is usually protected by a group of trees or high board fence.

During the last ten years stables have grown in size and dimensions. Little cellar windows of meager sizes in lonesome connection have been displaced by two small windows, as carefully made and adjusted as the windows in the house. The system of ventilation in this stable is a combination system, with the ceiling openings that permit the ventilators to carry off the warm air from the top of the stable in summer.

There may be built—in the concrete floor in the feed passageway—a cen-

trations anywhere on the inside of the stable. The same idea is followed in the stall partitions.

In this particular stable the only support to the ceiling is from the partition uprights between the cows, which are cemented in the floor and fastened to the ceiling by screws through threaded plates. A loft over a stable like this is not used for any purpose except as an air space, and the air is changed by having a window in each gable. The silos are placed between the stable and storage barn, with room for a feed carrier to pass through; this carrier track extends the whole length of the cow stable, and runs far enough into the storage barn to load the litter carrier.

The value of this arrangement may be better understood by the study of one fact—that north of the forty-second parallel of latitude there is an average of only six weeks of good pasture. There are droughts sandwiched in between late spring and early fall frost, so that dairymen are obliged to supply manger feed for ten or eleven months. In fact, some of the best dairymen don't depend on pasture, except to have a run for the cows for exercise, fresh air and general health. Of course, they want cows to get some picking, and this is necessary to induce the cows to travel about. But when it comes to actual feeding, the stable is depended upon in summer as well as winter. The storage of silage and the growing of alfalfa have brought about this change.

The old plan of growing rolling crops is not carried on to any great extent; labor is too expensive. Silage and alfalfa are better and cheaper. At the same time, good cows appreciate a feed once a day of green stuff. It may be clover, oats, succotash, alfalfa, or any other good forage crops, but this feed is given as an appetizer more than for the actual returns in milk derived from it.

Julia Bottomley

Street Suits Longer.

The best tailor-mades are a little longer than they used to be a few months ago, but the dancing gowns—rather shorter, if anything, which is not a step in the direction of grace.

Sleeves are increasing in length, descending often to the knuckle, consequently getting rather in the way of the wearer. Some of the prettiest this season are of lace, chiffon and mousseline err rather on the side of being too short, that is, they come far beyond the elbow and a little above the wrist.



# MANY PROMINENT MEN COME OUT FOR TANLAC

MAYORS, JUDGES, HIGH OFFICIALS, BANKERS, LAWYERS, DOCTORS AND EDITORS INDORSE IT.

FEEL IT THEIR DUTY TO TALK

They Come Forward and Unhesitatingly Tell Suffering Humanity What Celebrated Medicine Has Done for Them.

It is seldom, indeed, that men of prominence, especially men holding high public office, willingly express their indebtedness publicly to a proprietary medicine. Many prominent men, however, including supreme court judges, mayors of our leading cities, prominent state and county officials, bankers, lawyers, doctors, editors, leading educators, government officials and even ministers of the Gospel have deemed it their duty to come forward and tell the people what Tanlac has done for them.

These well-known men of affairs have recognized in this medicine a new discovery and a scientific triumph in the medical world. It is a well-known fact that these splendid endorsements have been given Tanlac time and time again and they will continue to be given just as often as new tests of its powers are made; and it also explains why numbers of the big drug firms of the country are ordering it exclusively in carload lots.

**Doctor Prescribes It.**  
Dr. J. T. Edwards, of Fayetteville, Ga., one of the best-known members of the medical profession in the state of Georgia, makes a statement that will undoubtedly produce a profound impression throughout the South.

"In my thirty years of actual practice as a licensed physician in the state of Georgia," says Dr. Edwards, "I have never seen anything to equal Tanlac as a medicine to produce results. I have no hesitancy in recommending this medicine and I am prescribing it for my patients almost every day."

Professor C. T. Clotfelter, prominent educator and principal of the High School at Ben Hill, Ga., says: "I was in such bad physical condition that I feared I would have to give up my duties. I suffered from rheumatism, sluggish liver, nausea and terrible bilious headaches. I have taken 3 bottles of Tanlac and I feel better than I have felt in years."

**Noted Texas Talks.**  
Hon. Archie R. Agler, ex-sheriff of Harris County, Texas, is unquestionably not only one of the best-known, but one of the most popular men that ever held office in Texas. He served the people in this important office for 15 consecutive years.

"I had the worst form of indigestion, suffered all the time from gas on my stomach and was continually belching up undigested food," said Mr. Anderson. "I suffered with neuralgic pains of the worst sort and nothing seemed to help me except in a temporary way."

"I began to feel better after taking my first bottle of Tanlac and have just now started on my third. I'm a different man already."

H. W. Hill, president of one of the leading banking institutions of South Pittsburg, Tenn., and one of the most successful bankers and business men in Tennessee, said:

"I suffered from rheumatism and other ailments for many years and

**Airplanes Use Rubber.**  
How the science of aeronautics is helping to increase the rubber demand is pointed out by an official of an Akron rubber company which is said to be the only one in the country to manufacture everything of rubber used in aerial navigation. Airplanes have rubberized fabric for the wings, radiator hose, shock absorbers, axle cushions, speedometer shaft guards and tires as indispensable rubber products.

**Getting Even.**  
Surgeon (to auto agent)—Don't worry, the operation will be as safe and easy as that last car you sold me.

There is nothing like having a good reputation—if you live up to it.

**FILMS DEVELOPED FREE**  
PRINTS 3 CENTS EACH  
Write for circular and sample prints  
**BRYANT Studio**  
FORT WORTH, TEXAS

**FROST PROOF CABBAGE PLANTS**  
Early Jersey and Charleston Wakefield, Succotash and Fast Drutch, 60¢ for 100. 1.00 for 150. 1.50 for 200. 2.00 for 250. 2.50 for 300. 3.00 for 350. 3.50 for 400. 4.00 for 450. 4.50 for 500. 5.00 for 550. 5.50 for 600. 6.00 for 650. 6.50 for 700. 7.00 for 750. 7.50 for 800. 8.00 for 850. 8.50 for 900. 9.00 for 950. 9.50 for 1000. 10.00 for 1050. 10.50 for 1100. 11.00 for 1150. 11.50 for 1200. 12.00 for 1250. 12.50 for 1300. 13.00 for 1350. 13.50 for 1400. 14.00 for 1450. 14.50 for 1500. 15.00 for 1550. 15.50 for 1600. 16.00 for 1650. 16.50 for 1700. 17.00 for 1750. 17.50 for 1800. 18.00 for 1850. 18.50 for 1900. 19.00 for 1950. 19.50 for 2000. 20.00 for 2050. 20.50 for 2100. 21.00 for 2150. 21.50 for 2200. 22.00 for 2250. 22.50 for 2300. 23.00 for 2350. 23.50 for 2400. 24.00 for 2450. 24.50 for 2500. 25.00 for 2550. 25.50 for 2600. 26.00 for 2650. 26.50 for 2700. 27.00 for 2750. 27.50 for 2800. 28.00 for 2850. 28.50 for 2900. 29.00 for 2950. 29.50 for 3000. 30.00 for 3050. 30.50 for 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# The Man Without A Country

By Edward Everett Hale

(Concluded this week)

I have heard it said that he was with Porter when he took possession of the Ninkivi Islands. Not this Porter, you know, but old Porter, his father, Essex Porter, that is, the old Essex Porter, not this Essex. As an artillery officer, who had seen service in the West, Nolan knew more about fortifications, embankments, ravelines, stockades, and all that, than any of them did; and he worked with a right good will in fixing that battery all right. I have always thought it was a pity Porter did not leave him in command there with Gamble. That would have settled all the question about his punishment. We should have kept the islands, and at this moment we should have one station in the Pacific ocean. Our French friends, too, when they wanted this little watering place, would have found it was pre-occupied. But Madison and the Virginians, of course, flung all that away.

All that was near fifty years ago. If Nolan was thirty then, he must have been near eighty when he died. He looked sixty when he was forty. But he never seemed to me to change a hair afterward. As I imagine his life, from what I have seen and heard of it, he must have been in every sea, and yet almost never on land. He must have known in a formal way, more officers in our service than any man living knows. He told me once, with a grave smile, that no man in the world lived so methodical a life as he. "You know the boys say I am the Iron Mask, and you know how busy he was." He said it did not do for anyone to try to read all the time, more than to do anything else all the time; but that he read just five hours a day. "Then," he said, "I keep up my notebooks, writing in them at such and such hours from what I have been reading; and I include in them my scrapbooks." These were very curious indeed. He had six or eight, of different subjects. There was one of history, one of natural science, one which he called "Odds and Ends." But they were not merely books of extracts from newspapers. They had bits of plants and ribbons, shells tied on, and carved scraps of bone and wood, which



There Appeared Nolan in His Shirt Sleeves.

he had taught the men to cut for him, and they were beautifully illustrated. He drew admirably. He had some of the funniest drawings there, and some of the most pathetic, that I have ever seen in my life. I wonder who will have Nolan's scrapbooks.

Well, he said his reading and his notes were his profession, and that they took five hours and two hours respectively of each day. "Then," said he, "every man should have a diversion as well as a profession. My natural history is my diversion." That took two hours a day more. The men used to bring him birds and fish, but on a long cruise he had to satisfy himself with centipedes and cockroaches and such small game. He was the only naturalist I ever met who knew anything about the habits of the house fly and the mosquito. All those people can tell you whether they are Lepidoptera or Steptoptera; but as for telling how you can get rid of them, or how they get away from you when you strike them, why, Linnaeus knew as little of that as John Foy, the idiot, did. These nine hours made Nolan's regular daily "occupation." The rest of the time he talked or walked. Till he grew very old, he went aloft a great deal. He always kept up his exercise and I never heard that he was ill. If any other man was ill, he was the kindest nurse in the world; and he knew more than half the surgeons do. Then if anybody was sick or died, or if the captain wanted him to on any other

occasion, he was always ready to read prayers. I have remarked that he read beautifully.

My own acquaintance with Philip Nolan began six or eight years after the war, on my first voyage after I was appointed a midshipman. It was in the first days after our slave trade treaty, while the reigning house, which was still the house of Virginia, had still a sort of sentimentalism about the suppression of the horrors of the middle passage, and something was sometimes done that way. We were in the South Atlantic on that business. From the time I joined, I believe I thought Nolan was a sort of lay chaplain—a chaplain with a blue coat. I never asked about him. Everything in the ship was strange to me. I knew it was green to ask questions, and I suppose I thought there was a "Plain-Buttons" on every slip. We had him to dine in our mess once a week, and the caution was given that on that day nothing was to be said about home. But if they had told us not to say anything about the planet Mars or the book of Deuteronomy, I should not have asked why; there were a great many things which seemed to me to have a little reason. I first came to understand anything about "the man without a country" one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and after a few minutes he sent back his boat to ask that someone might be sent him who could speak Portuguese. We were all looking over the rail when the message came, and we all wished we could interpret, but the captain asked who spoke Portuguese. But none of the officers did; and just as the captain was sending forward to ask if any of the people could, Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret. If the captain wished, as he understood the language. The captain thanked him, fitted out another boat with him, and in this boat it was his luck to go.

When we got there, it was such a scene as you seldom see, and never want to. Nastiness beyond account, and chaos run loose in the midst of the nastiness. There were not a great many of the negroes; but by way of making what there were understand that they were free, Vaughan had had their handcuffs and anklets knocked off, and, for convenience's sake, of the schooner's crew. The negroes were, most of them, out of the hold, and swarming all round the dirty deck, with a central group surrounding Vaughan and addressing him in every dialect and patois of a dialect, from the Zulu click up to the Parisian of Belshazzar.

As we came on deck, Vaughan looked down from a hoghead, on which he had mounted in desperation, and said:

"For God's love, is there anybody who can make these wretches understand something? The men gave them rum, and that did not quiet them. I knocked that big fellow down twice, and that did not soothe him. And then I talked Choctaw to all of them together; and I'll be hanged if they understood that as well as they understood the English."

Nolan said he could speak Portuguese, and one or two fine-looking Kroomen were dragged out, who, as it had been found already, had worked for the Portuguese on the coast at Fernando Po.

"Tell them they are free," said Vaughan; "and tell them that these rascals are to be hanged as soon as we can get rope enough."

Nolan explained it in such Portuguese as the Kroomen could understand, and they in turn to such of the negroes as could understand them. Then there was such a yell of delight, clenching of fists, leaping and dancing, kissing of Nolan's feet, and a general rush made to the hoghead by way of spontaneous worship of Vaughan as the deus ex machina of the occasion.

"Tell them," said Vaughan, well pleased, "that I will take them all to Cape Palmas."

This did not answer so well. Cape Palmas was practically as far from the homes of most of them as New Orleans or Rio Janeiro was; that is, they would be eternally separated from home there. And their interpreters, as we could understand, instantly said, "Ah, non Palmas," and began to propose infinite other expedients in most voluble language. Vaughan was rather disappointed at this result of his liberality, and asked Nolan eagerly what they said. The drops stood on poor Nolan's white forehead as he hushed the men down, and said:

"He says, 'Not Palmas.' He says, 'Take us home, take us to our country, take us to our own house, take us to our own pickaninnies and our own women.' He says he has an old father and mother, who will die, if they do not see him. And this one says he left his people all sick, and peddled down to come and help them, and that these devils caught him in the bay just in sight of home, and that he has never seen anybody from

home since then. And this one says," choked out Nolan, "that he has not heard a word from his home in six months, while he has been locked up in an infernal barracoen."

Vaughan always said he grew gray himself while Nolan struggled through this interpretation. I, who did not understand anything of the passion involved in it, saw that the very elements were melting with fervent heat, and that something was to pay somewhere. Even the negroes themselves stopped howling as they saw Nolan's agony, and Vaughan's almost equal agony of sympathy. As quick as he could get words, he said:

"Tell them yes, yes; tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon, if they will. If I sail the schooner through the Great White Desert, they shall go home!"

And after some fashion Nolan said so. And then they all fell to kissing him again and wanted to rub his nose with theirs.

But he could not stand it long; and getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into our boat. As we lay back in the stern sheets and the men gave way, he said to me: "Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home, and your country, pray God in his mercy to take you that instant home to his own heaven. Stick by your family, boy; forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy; write and send, and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought, the farther you have to travel from it; and rush to it, when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, "and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, "never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers, and government, and people even, there is the country herself, your country, and that you belong to her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by her, boy, as you would stand by your mother, if those devils there had got hold of her today!"

I was frightened to death by his calm, hard passion; but I blundered out that I would, by all that was holy, and that I had never thought of doing anything else. He hardly seemed to hear me; but he did, almost in a whisper, say: "Oh, if anybody had said so to me when I was of your age!"

I think it was this half-confidence of his, which I never abused, for I never told this story till now, which afterward made us great friends. He was very kind to me. Often he sat up, or even got up, at night to walk the deck with me when it was my watch. He explained to me a great deal of my mathematics. He lent me books, and helped me about my reading. He never alluded so directly to his story again; but from one and another officer I have learned, in thirty years, what I am telling. When we parted from him in St. Thomas harbor, at the end of our cruise, I was more sorry than I can tell. I was very glad to meet him again in 1839; and later in life, when I thought I had some influence in Washington, I moved heaven and earth to have him discharged. But it was like getting a ghost out of prison. They pretended there was no such man, and never was such a man. They will say so at the department now! Perhaps they do not know. It will not be the first thing in the service of which the department appears to know nothing!

There is a story that Nolan met Burr once on one of our vessels, when a party of Americans came on board in the Mediterranean. But this I believe to be a lie; or rather, it is a treacherous blowing-up with which he sank Burr, asking him how he liked to be "without a country." But it is clear, from Burr's life, that nothing of the sort could have happened; and I mention this only as an illustration of the stories which get a-going where there is the least mystery at bottom.

So Philip Nolan had his wish fulfilled. Poor fellow, he repented of his folly, and then, like a man, submitted to the fate he had asked for. He never intentionally added to the difficulty or delicacy of the charge of those who had him in hold. Accidents would happen; but they never happened from his fault. Lieutenant Truxton told me that when Texas was annexed, there was a careful discussion among the officers, whether they should get hold of Nolan's handsome set of mumps, and cut Texas out of it, from the map of the world and the map of Mexico. The United States had been cut out when the atlas was bought for him. But it was voted rightly enough, that to do this would be virtually to reveal to him what had happened, or, as Harry Cole said, to make him think Old Burr had succeeded. So it was "from no fault of Nolan's" that a great both happened at my own table, when, for a short time, I was in command of the George Washington corvette, on the South American station. We were lying in the La Plata, and some of the officers, who had been on shore, and had just joined again, were entertaining us with accounts of their misadventures in riding the half-wild horses

of Buenos Aires. Nolan was at table, and was in an unusually bright and



Hushed the Men Down.

talkative mood. Some story of a tumble reminded him of an adventure of his own, when he was catching wild horses in Texas with his brother Stephen, at a time when he must have been quite a boy. He told the story with a good deal of spirit—so much so, that the silence which often follows a good story hung over the table for an instant, to be broken by Nolan himself. For he asked, perfectly unconsciously,

"Pray, what has become of Texas? After the Mexicans got their independence, I thought that province of Texas would come forward very fast. It is really one of the finest regions on earth; it is the Italy of this continent. But I have not seen or heard a word of Texas for near twenty years."

There were two Texan officers at the table. The reason he had never heard of Texas was that Texas and her affairs had been painfully out of his newspapers since Austin began his settlements; so that, while he read of Honduras and Tamaulipas, and till quite lately, of California, this virgin province, in which his brother had traveled so far and, I believe, had died, had ceased to be with him. Walters and Williams, the two Texan men, looked grimly at each other, and tried not to laugh. Edward Morris had his attention attracted by the third link in the chain of the captain's chandelier. Watrous was seized with a convulsion of sneezing. Nolan himself saw that something was to pay, he did not know what. And I, as master of the feast, had to say:

"Texas is out of the map, Mr. Nolan. Have you seen Captain Back's curious account of Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome?"

After that cruise I never saw Nolan again. I wrote to him at least twice a year, for in that voyage we became even confidentially intimate; but he never wrote to me. The other men tell me that in those fifteen years he aged very fast, as well he might indeed, but that he was still the same gentle, uncomplaining, silent sufferer that he ever was, bearing as best he could his self-appointed punishment, rather less social, perhaps, with new men whom he did not know, but more anxious, apparently, than ever to serve and befriend and teach the boys, some of whom fairly seemed to worship him. And now it seems the dear old fellow is dead. He has found a home at last, and a country.

Since writing this, and while considering whether or no I would print it, as a warning to the young of today of what it is to throw away a country, I have received from Danforth, who is on board the Levant, a letter which gives an account of Nolan's last hours. It removes all my doubts about telling this story.

To understand the first words of the letter, the nonprofessional reader should remember that after 1817 the position of every officer who had Nolan in charge was one of the greatest delicacy. The government had failed to renew the order of 1807 regarding him. What was a man to do? Should he let him go? What, then, if he were called to account by the department for violating the order of 1807? Should he keep him? What, then, if Nolan should be liberated some day, and should bring an action for false imprisonment or kidnapping against every man who had had him in charge? I urged and pressed this upon Southard, and I have reason to think that other officers did the same thing. But the secretary always said, as they so often do at Washington, that there were no special orders to give, and that we must act on our own judgment. That means, "if you succeed, you will be disavowed." Well, as Danforth says, all that is over now, though I do not know but I expose myself to a criminal prosecution on the evidence of the very revelation I am making. Here is the letter:

"Levant, 2<sup>d</sup> 2<sup>d</sup> E. @ 131° W.  
"Dear Fred—I try to find heart and life to tell you that it is all over with dear old Nolan. I have been with him on this voyage more than I ever was, and I can understand wholly now the way in which you used to speak of the dear old fellow. I could see that he was not strong, but I had no idea that the end was so near. The doctor had been watching him very carefully, and yesterday morning came to me and told me that Nolan was not so well, and had not left his stateroom—a thing I never remember before. He

had let the doctor come and see him as he lay there, the first time the doctor had been in the stateroom, and he said he should like to see me. Oh, dear! do you remember the mysteries we boys used to invent about his room, in the old intrepid days? Well, I went in, and there, to be sure, the poor fellow lay in his berth, smiling pleasantly as he gave me his hand, but looking very frail. I could not help a glance round, which showed me what a little shrine he had made of the box he was lying in. The stars and stripes were triced up above and around a picture of Washington, and he had painted a majestic eagle, with lightnings blazing from his beak and his feet just clasping the whole globe, which his wings overshadowed. The dear old boy saw my glance, and said, with a sad smile, 'Here, you see, I have a country!' And then he pointed to the foot of his bed, where I had not seen before a great map of the United States, as he had drawn it from memory, and which he had there to look upon as he lay. Quaint, queer old names were on it, in large letters: 'Indiana Territory,' 'Mississippi Territory,' and 'Louisiana,' as I supposed our fathers learned such things; but the old fellow had patched in Texas, too; he had carried his western boundary all the way to the Pacific, but on that shore he had defined nothing.

"Oh, Danforth," he said, 'I know I am dying. I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something now? Stop! stop! Do not speak till I say what I am sure you know, that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America—God bless her!—a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars in it now, Danforth. I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never been one taken away; I thank God for that. I know by that, that there has never been any successful Burr. Oh, Danforth, Danforth,' he sighed out, 'how like a wretched night's dream a boy's idea of personal fame or of separate sovereignty seems, when one looks back on it after such a life as mine! But tell me—tell me something—tell me everything, Danforth, before I die!'

"Ingham, I swear to you that I felt like a monster that I had not told him everything before. Danger or no danger, delicacy or no delicacy, who was I that I should have been acting like a tyrant all this time over this dear sainted old man, who had years ago expiated, in his whole manhood's life, the madness of a boy's treason? 'Mr. Nolan,' said I, 'I will tell you everything you ask about. Only, where shall I begin?'

"Oh, the blessed smile that crept over his white face! and he pressed my hand and said, 'God bless you! Tell me their names,' he said, and he pointed to the stars on the flag. 'The last I know is Ohio. My father lived in Kentucky. But I have guessed Michigan and Indiana and Mississippi—that was where Fort Adams is—they make twenty. But where are your other fourteen? You have not cut up any of the old ones, I hope?'

"Well, that was not a bad text, and I told him the names, in as good order as I could, and he bade me take down his beautiful map and draw them in as I best could with my pencil. He was wild with delight about Texas, told me how his brother died there; he had marked a gold cross where he supposed his brother's grave was; and he had guessed at Texas. Then he was delighted as he saw California and Oregon—that, he said, he had suspected partly, because he had never been permitted to land on that shore, though the ships were there so much. 'And the men,' said he, laughing, 'brought off a good deal besides furs. Then he went back—heavens, how far—to ask about the Chesapeake, and what was done to Barron for surrendering her to the Leopard, and whether Burr ever tried again, and he ground his teeth with the only passion he showed. But in a moment that was over, and he said, 'God forgive me, for I am sure I forgive him.' Then he asked about the old war—told me the true story of his serving the



"Tell Me Their Names," He Said.

gun the day we took the Java—asked about dear old David Porter, as he called him. Then he settled down more quietly, and very happily, to hear me tell in an hour the history of fifty years.

"How I wished it had been somebody who knew something! But I did as well as I could. I told him of the English war. I told him about Fulton and the steamboat beginning. I told him about old Scott and Jackson;

told him all I could think about the Mississippi, and New Orleans, and Texas, and his own old Kentucky. And do you know he asked who was in command of the 'Legion of the West?' I told him it was a very gallant officer named Grant, and that by our last news, he was about to establish his headquarters at Vicksburg. Then, 'Where was Vicksburg?' I worked that out on the map; it was about a hundred miles, more or less, above his old Fort Adams; and I thought Fort Adams must be a ruin now. 'It must be at old Vicksburg's plantation,' said he; 'well, that is a change!'

"I tell you, Ingham, it was a hard thing to confound the history of half a century into that talk with a sick man. And I do not know what I told him—of emigrants and railroads and telegraphs—of the colleges and West Point and the Naval school—but with the queerest interruptions that ever you heard. You see it was Robinson Crusoe asking all the accumulated questions of fifty-six years.

"I remember he asked, all of a sudden, who was president now; and when I told him, he asked if Old Abe was Gen. Benjamin Lincoln's son. He said he met old General Lincoln, when he was quite a boy himself, at some Indian treaty. I said no, that Old Abe was a Kentuckian like himself, but I could not tell him of what family; he had worked up from the ranks, 'Good for him!' cried Nolan; 'I am glad of that. As I have brooded and wondered, I have thought our danger was in keeping up those regular successions in the first families.' Then I got talking about my visit to Washington. I told him of meeting the Oregon congressman, Harding; I told him about Smithsonian and the exploring expedition; I told him about the capture—and the status for the pediment—and Crawford's 'Liberty'—and Greenough's Washington; Ingham, I told him everything I could think of that would show the grandeur of his country and its prosperity.

"And he drank it in, and enjoyed it as I cannot tell you. He grew more and more silent, yet I never thought he was tired or faint. I gave him a glass of water, but he just wet his lips and told me not to go away. Then he asked me to bring the Presbyterian 'Book of Public Prayer,' which lay there, and said, with a smile, that it would open at the right place—and so it did. There was his double red mark down the page; I knelt, down and read, and he repeated with me. 'For ourselves and our country, O gracious God, we thank thee, that, notwithstanding our manifold transgressions of thy holy laws, thou hast continued to us thy marvelous kindness—' and so to the end of that thanksgiving. Then he turned to the end of

the same book, and I read the words more familiarly to me: 'Most heartily we beseech thee with thy favor to behold and bless thy servant, the president of the United States, and all others in authority—and the rest of the Episcopal collect. 'Danforth,' said he, 'I have repeated those prayers night and morning, it is now fifty-five years.' And then he said he would go to sleep. He bent me down over him and kissed me; and he said, 'Look in my Bible, Danforth, when I am gone.' And I went away.

"But I had no thought it was the end. I thought he was tired and wanted I to be alone.

"But in an hour, when the doctor went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. He had something pressed close to his lips. It was his father's badge of the Order of Cincinnati.

"We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper, at the place where he had marked the text—

"They desire a country, even a heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God; for he hath prepared for them a city."

"On this slip of paper he had written:

"Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not someone set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it:

In Memory of  
PHILIP NOLAN  
Lieutenant  
in the Army of  
the United States.  
"He loved his country as no other man has loved her; but no man deserved less at her hands."  
(THE END.)

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# Nan of Music Mountain

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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## AGAINST HER OWN WILL AND JUDGMENT, NAN MORGAN DOES DE SPAIN A GOOD TURN AND HE PROTECTS HER FROM A VILLAIN

The region around Sleepy Cat, a railroad division town in the Rocky mountain mining country, is infested with stage robbers and cattle rustlers, known as the Morgan gang, who hang out in Morgan gap, a fertile valley 20 miles from Sleepy Cat and near Calabasas, a point where horses are changed on the stage line from the Thief river mines to the railroad. Jeffries, superintendent of the mountain division, sends Henry De Spain, with Bob Scott and John LeFevre as assistants, to Calabasas to break up the gang. Several encounters occur soon afterward. De Spain becomes smitten with pretty Nan Morgan, niece of the gang leader, but is snubbed. In a fight De Spain kills two and wounds two gangsters and himself is badly hurt. He disappears and his friends hunt him in vain. He wakes in a cave. Later when he is delirious from wounds, Nan finds him and leaves food secretly.

### CHAPTER XII—Continued.

But when he opened his eyes later, and with a clearer head, he found food and drink near. Unable to believe his sight, he fancied his wavering senses deceiving him, until he put out his hand and felt actually the substance of what he saw. He took up a bottle of milk incredulously, and sipped at it with the caution of a man not unused to periods of starvation. He broke eggs and swallowed them, at intervals, hungrily from the shell; and meat he cached, animal-like, in nearby cranberries, and manlike, in his pockets.

He was determined, if she should come again, to intercept his visitor. For forty-eight hours he tried cat-naps with an occasional sandwich to keep up his strength. Nan returned unseen, and disappeared despite his watchfulness. A new supply of food proved she had been near, but that it would be hard to time her coming.

When she did come, the third time, an innocent snare discovered her presence. It was just before day, and De Spain had so scattered small obstacles—handfuls of gravel and little chips of rock—that should she cross the ledge in the dark she could hardly escape rousing him.

The device betrayed her. "I'm awake," announced De Spain at once from his retreat. When she stopped at the words he could not see her; she had flattened herself, standing against a wall of the ledge. He waited patiently. "You give me no chance to thank you," he went on after a pause. "I don't need any thanks," she replied with calculated coolness. "I am hoping when you are well enough you will go away quietly in the night. That will be the only way you can thank me."

"I shall be as glad to go as you can be to have me," rejoined De Spain. "But that won't be thanking you as I am going to. If you think you can save my life and refuse my thanks as I mean to express them—you are mistaken. I will be perfectly honest. Lying out here isn't just what I'd choose for comfort. But if by doing it I could see you once in two or three days—"

"You won't see me again."

"No news could be worse. And if I can't, I don't know how I'm going to get out at all. I've no horse—you know that. I can't stand on my foot yet; if you had a light you might see for yourself. I think I showed you my

"I brought it to save some of my own people from possible death at your hands—to prevent another fight—to see if you hadn't manhood enough after being helped, to go away, when you were able to move, peacefully. One cartridge might mean one life, dear to me."

"I know whose life you mean."

"You know nothing about what I mean."

"I know better than you know yourself. If I believed you, I shouldn't respect you. Fear and mercy are two different things. If I thought you were only afraid of me, I shouldn't think much of your aid. Listen—I never took the life of any man except to defend my own—"

"No murderer that ever took anybody's life in this country ever said anything but that."

"Don't class me with murderers."

"You are known from one end of the country to the other as a gunman."

He answered impassively: "Did these men who call me a gunman ever tell you why I'm one?" She seemed in too hostile a mood to answer. "I guess not," he went on. "Let me tell you now. The next time you hear me called a gunman you can tell them."

"I won't listen," she exclaimed, restive.

"Yes, you will listen," he said quietly; "you shall hear every word. My father brought sheep into the Peace river country. The cattlemen picked on him to make an example of. He went out, unarmed, one night to take care of the horses. My mother heard two shots. He didn't come back. She went to look for him. He was lying under the corral gate with a hole smashed through his jaw by a rifle bullet that tore his head half off. De Spain did not raise his voice, nor did he hasten his words. "I was born one night six months after that," he continued. "My mother died that night. When a neighbor's wife took me from her arm and wrapped me in a blanket, she saw I carried the face of my father as my mother had seen it the night he was murdered. That," he said, "is what made me a 'gunman.' Not whisky—not women—not cards—just what you've heard. And I'll tell you something else you may tell the men that call me a gunman. The man that shot down my father at his corral gate I haven't found yet. I expect to find him. For ten years I've been getting ready to find him. He is here—in these mountains. I don't even know his name. But if I live, I'll find him. And when I do, I'll tear open his



When He Opened His Eyes Later, He Found Food and Drink Near.

run. If you could tell me where I am—"

He halted on the implied question. Nan took ample time to reply.

"Do you mean to tell me you don't know where you are?" she asked, and there was a touch of vexed incredulity in her tone.

De Spain seemed unmoved by her skepticism. "I can't tell you anything else," he said simply. "You couldn't save my idea I crawled up here for the fun of it."

"I've been trying to think," she returned, and he perceived in the hardness of her voice how at bay she felt in giving him the least bit of information, "whether I ought to tell you anything at all—"

"I couldn't very decently take any unfair advantage after what you've done, could I?"

"Then—you are in Morgan's gap," she said, swiftly, as if she wanted it off her mind.

There was no movement of surprise, neither was there any answer. "I supposed, when I found you here, you knew that," she added less resolutely; the darkness and silence were plainly a strain. "You are at the foot of Music Mountain, about a mile from where I live."

"You must have thought I meant to raid your house. I didn't. I was hit. I got mixed up in trying to get away. You want me out of here?"

"Very much."

"No more than I want to get out. Perhaps by tomorrow I could walk a few miles. I should have to assassinate somebody to get some ammunition."

"It wouldn't be hard for you to do that, I presume."

Her words and her tone revealed the intensity of her dislike and the depth of her distrust.

He was silent for a moment. Then he said, without resentment, "You are ashamed already of saying that, aren't you?"

"No, I am not," she answered defiantly.

"Yes, you are. You know it isn't true. If you believed it, you never would have brought food here to save my life."

"I brought it to save some of my own people from possible death at your hands—to prevent another fight—to see if you hadn't manhood enough after being helped, to go away, when you were able to move, peacefully. One cartridge might mean one life, dear to me."

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head with a soft bullet in the way he tore my father's open. After I get through with that man—he hesitated—they may call me whatever they like. You want me out of the gap," De Spain concluded, his voice unchanged. "I want to get out. Come back, once more, in the daytime. I will see what I can do with my foot by that time." He paused. "Will you come?"

She hesitated. "It would be too dangerous for me to come up here in

breaking it negligently, took out a single cartridge. "Take this." He held the cartridge in his left hand and took two halting steps toward her—since you are unarmed, I will be, too. Not that this puts us on an even footing. I don't mean that. Nothing would. You would be too much for me in any kind of a contest, armed or unarmed."

"What do you mean?" she demanded to hide her confusion. And she saw that each step he took cost pain, skillfully concealed.

"I mean," he said, "you are to take this cartridge as a remembrance of my forgetfulness and your adventure."

"She drew back. "I don't want it."

"Take it."

He was persistent. She allowed him to drop the loaded shell into her hand. "Now," he continued, replacing his gun, "if I encounter any of your people in an attempt to break through a line, and somebody gets killed, you will know, when you hear the story, that this time, at least, I didn't start it."

He put her objections aside, enjoying being so near her and happy that she made no retreat. "My reputation," he insisted, "has suffered a little in Morgan's gap. I mean that at least one who makes her home under Music Mountain shall know differently of me. What's that?" He heard a sound. "Listen!"

The two, looking at each other, trained their ears to hear more through the rush of the falling water. "Someone is coming," said De Spain. Nan ran lightly to where she could peep over the ledge. Hardly pausing as she glanced down, she stepped quickly back. "I'll go right on up the mountain to the azalea fields," she said hastily.

He nodded. "I'll hide. Stop. If you are questioned, you don't know I'm here. You must say so for your own sake, not for mine."

She was gone before he had finished. De Spain drew quickly back to where he could see himself. In another moment he heard heavy footsteps where he had stood with his visitor. But the footsteps crossed the ledge, and their sound died away up the path Nan had taken. Then snatches of two voices began to reach him. He could distinguish Nan's voice and at intervals the heavier tones of a man. The two were descending. In a few moments they reached the ledge, and De Spain, near at hand, could hear every word.

"Hold on a minute," said the man roughly. His voice was heavy and his utterance harsh.

"I must go home," objected Nan.

"Hold on, I tell you," returned her companion. De Spain could not see, but he began already to feel the scene. "I want to talk to you."

"We can talk going down," parried Nan.

De Spain heard her hurried footfalls. "No, you don't," retorted her companion, evidently cutting off her retreat.

"Gale Morgan!" There was a blaze in Nan's sharp exclamation. "What do you mean?"

"I mean you and I are going to have this out right here, before we leave this ledge."

"How dare you stop me!"

"I'll show you what I dare, young lady. You'll talk things over with me right here, and as long as I like," he retorted savagely. "Every time I ask you to marry me you've got some new excuse."

"It's shameful for you to act in this way, Gale." She spoke low and rapidly to her enraged suitor. De Spain alone knew it was to keep her humiliation from his own ears, and he made no effort to follow her quick, pleading words. The moment was most embarrassing for two of the three involved. But nothing that Nan could say would win from her cousin any reprieve.

"When you came back from school I told Duke I was going to marry you. He said, all right," persisted her cousin in stubbornly. "You said you'd marry me."

Nan exploded: "I never, never said so in this world." Her voice shook with indignation. "You know that's a downright falsehood."

"You said you didn't care for anybody else," he fairly belittled. "Now I want to know whether you'll marry me if I take you over to Sleepy Cat tomorrow?"

"No!" Nan flung out her answer reckless of consequence. "I'll never marry you. Let me go home."

"You'll go home when I get through with you. You've fooled me long enough."

Her blood froze at the look in his face. "How dare you!" she gasped. "Get out of my way!"

"You little vixen!" He sprang forward and caught her by the wrist. She fought like a tigress. He dragged her struggling into his arms. But above her half-stifled cries and his grunting laugh, Morgan heard a sharp voice: "Take you hands off that girl!"

Whirling, with Nan in his savage arms, the half-drunken mountaineer

CHAPTER XIII.

### Crossing a Deep River.

A grizzly bear hidden among the haystacks back of the corral would have given Nan much less anxiety than De Spain secreted in the heart of the Morgan stronghold. Her troubled speculations were reduced now almost to wondering when De Spain would leave, and, disinclined though she felt to further parley, she believed he would go the sooner if she were to consent to see him again.

That day Nan washed her hair. On the second day she found herself deciding conscientiously to see De Spain for the last time, and toward sunset. She began dressing early for her trip, picking the best of her limited stock of silk stockings, choosing the freshest of her few pairs of tan boots. All of her riding skirts looked shabby as she fretfully inspected them; but Bonita pressed out the newest one for the hurried occasion, while Nan used the interval, with more than usual care, on her troublesome hair—never less tractable, it seemed, in her life.

De Spain was sitting with his back against a rock, and the look on his face was one of reflection and irresolution rather than of action and decision. But he looked so restored after his brief period of nourishment that Nan, when she stepped up on the ledge at sunset, would not have known the wreck she had seen in the same place the week before.

His heart jumped at the sight of her young face, and her clear, courageous eyes surveyed him questioning-ly as he scrambled to his feet.

"I am going to tramp out of here tomorrow night," he confided to her after his thanks. "It is Saturday; a lot of your men will be in Sleepy Cat—and they won't all be very keensighted on their way back. I can get a good start outside before daylight."

She heard him with relief. "What will you do then?" she asked.

"Hide. Watch every chance to crawl a mile nearer Calabasas. By the way," he added, his glance resting on her right side as he noticed the absence of her holster, "where is your protector today?" She made no answer. "Fine form," he said coldly, "to come unarmed on an errand of mercy to a desperado."

Nan flushed with vexation. "Perhaps you've forgotten you left a cartridge belt behind once yourself," she returned swiftly.

De Spain, convicted, finally laid his fingers over the butt of his empty revolver. "How did you find that out?" She tossed her head. They were standing only a few feet apart. De Spain supporting himself now with his left hand high up against the wall; Nan, with her shoulder lightly against it; both had become quizzical. "Other people forget, too, then," was all she said.

"No," he protested. "I didn't forget; not that time. I went over to the joint to get a cup of coffee and expected to be back within five minutes, never dreaming of walking into a bear trap." He drew his revolver and,

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## WE GIVE BIG VALUES

We value your trade. That is the reason we solicit it in these columns. And that is the reason we offer you the astonishing bargains we do. We want your trade and we are going to have it if lowest possible prices, high grade goods, and a firm determination to please and satisfy you can get it.

### Here Are A Few More Inducements:

We have just received \$1000 worth of all kinds of Gingham, Percales, Calicoes, Waistings, Dimities, and Lawns. A nice assortment of Percales at 12 1-2c per yard. The prices are within reach of all. Come in and look at the new goods continually arriving.

We are still selling Groceries low enough that the h. c. of l. is not thought of. Let us fill your next bill.

# J. L. TIMS & SON

### Pressing Clothes is as Much an Art as Making Them

We claim that to properly and thoroughly press any kind of garment it must be done on a Hoffman sanitary steam clothes pressing machine. This method produces the natural body shape in clothes of every description, raises the nap, brings out the color, gives the garment an appearance of newness and causes it to last much longer. Let us convince you.

### Hedley Pressing Parlor

When in need of drugs, toilet articles, cigars, tobacco, candy, stationery, cold drinks, call at Hedley Drug Store.

"Liberty" Friday night--see this great play at the Pleasant Hour.

### Locals

Lots of cigars at the Hedley Drug Co.

J. W. Caraway has had his home newly painted.

Get toilet articles from the Hedley Drug Store

Miss Marquis was down from Clarendon Tuesday.

J. W. Bond has treated his residence to a new coat of paint.

Cecil Williams was down from Claude Sunday visiting home-folks.

G. E. Davis finished his dwelling and moved into same last week.

Sporting goods, such as base ball, tennis, etc., at the Hedley Drug Co.

Ray Storeth of Clayton, N. M., is a guest in the S. L. Adamson home.

Arthur Greer came this week for a visit with home-folks and friends.

J. M. Clarke has opened his tailor shop in the Ozier Franklin building.

Candy, Tobacco and Cigars, fresh and fine at Hedley Drug Store.

J. X. Miller was in town from his home south of Clarendon Monday.

### DELCO-LIGHT

A. J. Newman and wife visited relatives in Memphis Saturday and Sunday.

Your prescriptions receive careful attention at Hedley Drug Store.

J. R. Hillman was a caller at this office last Saturday from Windy Valley.

L. L. Amason shipped his hogs to Fort Worth Saturday, and got a good price.

C. L. Pettit and father were down from their home near Alanreed Monday.

Mrs. I. L. Lewis of Dallas is here visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lane.

Miss Laura Brinson came from Dallas Sunday to visit her relatives here a few weeks.

I have the agency for the Chevrolet cars and will be glad to figure with any who wish to buy a good auto.

B. L. Kinsey.

Miss Ethel Bond went to Memphis Tuesday night to visit her cousin, Miss Otie Watkins a few days.

B. L. Kinsey shipped a car of cattle to the Fort Worth market last week, as did also Paul Atteberry.

Miss Jessie Adamson is here from Clayton, N. M., visiting her parents, S. L. Adamson and wife.

B. T. Lane and wife were down from Clarendon Sunday to spend the day with their son J. W. Lane and family.

Thomas H. Willis and daughter Miss Margaret, were down from Clarendon to spend Sunday with their son E. H. and family.

L. L. Amason and wife moved back to their farm last week and Lester Muncie and family moved into the house vacated by them.

Misses Leo and Cleo Cornelius came down from Clarendon Saturday morning and visited friends until Tuesday morning.

Will Spurlin returned home from Kansas City last Saturday where he has been several months taking a course in automobiling.

G. A. Wimberly and family left Wednesday for his ranch on the Canadian river where they will spend most of the summer.

Mrs. Smith Lewis and J. E. Blankenship left Tuesday night for Stamford to attend the funeral of her brother, Hubert Bounds.

Miss Jack Bidwell, who underwent an operation for appendicitis at Memphis some three weeks ago, is back home and recovering nicely.

Owing to high price material we are compelled to sell for cash only. Please remember this and do not ask for credit. Bell & Crow.

All kinds of Dr. Hess' stock powder and tonics, worm powders, poultry powders and panaceas, stock dip. Hedley Drug Co.

### WANT COLUMN

In this column can be found bargains offered for sale; wanted-to-buy; and lost and found items.

#### RATES:

25 Words, one insertion.....25c  
25 Words, two insertions.....45c  
25 Words, three insertions.....60c  
25 Words, four insertions.....75c  
No classified want-ad will be accepted for less than 25 cents.

WANTED--To print calling and business cards, graduation, wedding and birth announcements, stationery, etc. Have new and neat type faces. INFORMER.

#### WANTED

Mrs. Josie McBride, Private Nursing. Phone 78' 16 tfe

#### FOR SALE

FOR SALE OR TRADE--Two young paint horses, 2 buggies, 1 pair double and 1 set single harness, 1 saddle, 1 good and large barn. Dr. J. B. Ozier,

FOR SALE--3-room house with porch good condition; will make a nice dwelling will sell cheap to anyone wanting to move it. C. F. SANFORD. 2t

#### LOST

LOST--Gold rim bi-focal spectacles in case. Finder return to W. E. Mullins.

LOST--Heavy Solid Gold Ring somewhere in Hedley. Finder return to J. P. WOODWARD. at Frank Kendall's. 2t

MULE TAKEN UP--Bay horse Mule, about 14 hands, 4 years old, enlarged hock joint, taken up at my place. Owner apply to J. R. ADAMSON.

## The Dixie's

Showing of Summer Wash Material, specially priced, commencing May 19 and runs All next week. Splendid values in view of high markets. A week of great saving to cash buyers in Dry Goods and Footwear.

Many new lines in Silks, Organdies, Sport Goods, Batiste Tissues, Poplins, Flaxons, Lawns, Dimities etc., selected and bought on an earlier market. With such low prices on goods of this kind and no encouragement to duplicate orders, we feel this is an opportunity not to be allowed to pass. Make us a visit at your earliest convenience as it is money saved to many broken lots cleaned up daily at less than cost.

### Wonderful Shoe Savings

People for many miles have visited us the past two week and carried away good reliable footwear bought at less money than any dealer can buy it for today. From 50c to \$1.00 per pair saved. All kinds nice foot wear for dress and everyday service in Leather and Tennis goods. It will pay you to buy your wants for months to come from this nice lot of shoes. When these are gone you will be surprised. Shoes we are selling now at \$3.00 next fall will be \$4.00 and \$5.00. We invite you to visit this section and look them over. Other lines we are closing at one half price--broken lots in hats, straw hats, underwear, boys short pants and waists. Among our biggest bargains is 50 pairs of Ladies shoes and Oxfords size 3 at 75c to \$2.00 per pair. We buy eggs, butter and poultry of all kinds.

### O. N. STALLSWORTH

M. B. Smith of Mangum came last Friday after his father, J. P. Smith and J. W. Blankenship. While here he visited his brothers, M. J. and J. S.

A nice lot of jewelry always in stock. Hedley Drug Store.

Mrs. L. Caraway of Clarendon visited her son, J. W. and family Sunday. Mrs. Caraway and little son returned home with her for a short visit.

Baker & Dishman have been busily engaged in hauling good dirt and filling in Main street where it was too low. This is going to be a big help to Hedley.

Bond W. Johnson was showing some Irish potatoes on the street Monday that he had just dug from vines grown this spring. He has the earliest garden in town.

J. S. Alexander and daughter-in-law, Mrs. M. Alexander came up last week from Whitesboro to see his son in law, Fred Bidwell and family. They returned home Monday.

Owing to the scarcity and high price of wheat many mills will not take orders for flour in June and July. Many towns report stocks small. We therefore advise our customers to purchase enough to last at least 60 days while you are sure of it. O. N. Stallsworth.

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

Physician and Surgeon  
Office at Hedley Drug Co.  
Phones: Office 3 2r. Res. 28  
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  
Clarendon, Texas

### DR. SEDGWICK

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