

Our Smash for Cash Sale

OFFERING MANY REAL BARGAINS IN STAPLE AND FANCY DRESS GOODS, MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHES, MEN'S AND WOMEN'S SHOES, GROCERIES AND HARDWARE.

POSITIVELY WE HAVE NEVER OFFERED BETTER VALUES AND AT SUCH LOW PRICES

FROM MATTRESS TICKING TO WOOLENS YOU SIMPLY CAN'T DUPLICATE OUR PRICE. BE SURE AND COME TO OUR STORE FOR YOUR SUPPLIES. WILL CASH YOUR CHECKS FOR TURKEYS.

G. M. CARLTON BROS. & CO.

NOTICE!

I have taken over the Gulf Filling Station, formerly operated by Tyrus King, across the street from the postoffice, and will continue to sell—

THAT GOOD GULF GASOLINE
—AND—
GULF SUPREME MOTOR OIL

We will also handle accessories

We expect at all times to render the best of service and will fix flats, wash and grease cars.

We will appreciate a portion of your trade when you need gasoline, oil or accessories.

RUSSELL'S Service Station

PAUL RUSSELL
PHONE 34

NEW Coleman Lamp TRADE-IN SALE!



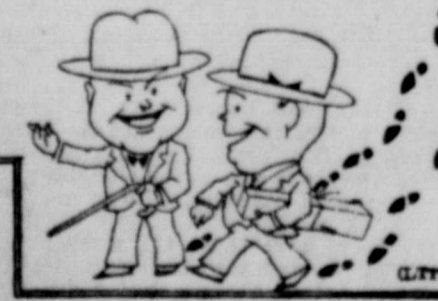
\$1.50 for Your OLD Lamp or Lantern

Special! For a limited time you may bring in your old lamp or lantern (no matter what kind) and get \$1.50 for it on the purchase of an up-to-date Coleman!

Take your choice from our stock of brand new latest models... the standard Quick-Lites (match generating) or the new Colemans with Roto-Type Burners (instant lighting). Right now is the time to take advantage of this extra value. Come in and tell us to light one and show you what a fine light it is.



Lamp Model 118A, Regular Price \$10.00
Now Only \$8.50 with your old lamp or lantern
Lamp Model 220B, Regular Price \$8.50
Now Only \$7.00 with your old lamp or lantern



C. L. Lynch Hardware Co.
G. M. Carlton Bros. & Co.

FAIRY ITEMS

The cool wave the past few days have made us feel like grim winter was approaching.

The soup supper and rally held at the school house Friday night drew a large crowd. Two wash pots of soup were made and almost consumed. It was the most soup this writer ever saw, also a wash pot of coffee was in evidence, but it didn't seem to take so well as the soup. The music rendered was also fine.

The spooks prowled about our village Saturday night displaying numerous pranks.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill McGlothlin are rejoicing over the arrival of a new 10 lb. boy, who made his appearance in their home Friday night at 8:30 P. M. The little gent will be known as Billie Joe.

Frank Allison and wife have moved into rooms in the home of Mrs. L. P. Richardson recently vacated by Alvin Hicks and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Olga Duncan and family visited Mr. and Mrs. Smith of Jonesboro Sunday.

Horace Roe and Merriman Jones made a trip to Fort Worth Sunday. Mr. Roe purchased him a new motorcycle while there.

Mrs. E. Z. Brummett and children, Mona and J. C., were guests of T. L. Betts and family Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. B. O. Bridges of Troy were week end guests of their son, Bill Bridges and family also their old neighbors and friends. We are always glad to see these fine people in our midst.

Last Sunday was our regular singing day. A very good crowd was present, and all enjoyed some good singing.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Webb and little daughter, Viola, of Cranfills (also Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Allison) were dinner guests of J. O. Richardson and family Sunday.

Mrs. J. O. Richardson and son, Hershal, and daughter, Mrs. D. E. Allison, motored to Glen Rose last Wednesday week for Mrs. L. P. Richardson who has been there for treatment the past three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Canning ham took their son, Howard, to Marlin Saturday night for treatment. His condition was brights disease. We hope he will soon be restored to health.

Miss Lena Loden spent the week end with homefolks.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hoover were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Blacklock Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Lindsay, C. H. Lindsay, and Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Henderson of Hamilton attended singing at this place Sunday.

The Fairy folk attending the Methodist revival at Hico Sunday night were: Mr. and Mrs. Hanson, Mr. Whitson, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Hartgraves, Misses Persons, Lena Loden, Will Goyno and W. L. Jones and wife.

GREYVILLE

The young folks enjoyed to the fullest the tacky party given by Mr. and Mrs. Abe Little Wednesday night. Laura Lee Kilpatrick and Cone Patterson won the prize, a cake, for being the tackiest girl and boy present.

J. H. Hicks and family and daughter, Mrs. Arthur Hendricks, visited their daughter, Mrs. Hubert Johnson and family of Dry Fork Thursday. Russell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, has been very sick.

Albert Montgomery and wife of Aquila spent Sunday as guests of his grandmother, Mrs. J. A. Montgomery and family.

Miss Eria Johnson spent Thursday afternoon with her brother, Hubert Johnson and family of Dry Fork.

A. C. Stanford and family spent Monday with Ed Connally, wife and son of Hico.

Vines Meador and family of Hico visited Mr. and Mrs. Nick Knight and two sons Sunday.

Miss Nellie McQuinn of California has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Alfred Kilpatrick and family.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hicks and daughter, Mrs. Arthur Hendricks were in Hamilton Friday on business.

COUNTY LINE

Fred Ross spent Monday with Mr. Stanley of Falls Creek.

Mr. Chrouth of De Leon visited in the Ross home one day last week.

Walker Currie and sister, Mrs. Kaizer, of Carlton spent one evening in the Ross home last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas of Mt. Pleasant spent Sunday week with their daughter, Mrs. Jim Chaney, and family.

Misses Opal Duncan and Mabel Polnack were in Stephenville Saturday.

Mrs. and Mrs. Bill Luckie, Jim Chaney, Doc Simpson, Will Hatchcock and Luther Cole; Misses Thita McElroy, Cleora Simpson and Dorothy Cole and Odell Luckie, Mark McElroy and Hooper Edwards were in Meridian Saturday attending the County Fair.

Robert and Miss Gertrude Palmore were in the Ross home Friday.

Mrs. Barnett and Misses Stella Ross and Madge Connally were in Meridian Thursday.

MT. ZION NEWS

Well, everybody is through picking cotton and several are planting grain.

Miss Mable Polnack spent Saturday night in the Duncan home.

J. I. Stephens and wife of Hamilton visited in the G. P. Adkison from Friday until Sunday.

Miss Dorothy Cole and Opal Duncan visited in the A. F. Polnack home Sunday, also G. D. Adkison, wife and son, Grady.

Weston Newton and family visited his parents' Wednesday.

Hugh McKenzie and family, A. F. Polnack and family, Weston Newton and family, J. I. Stephens and wife visited in the G. D. Adkison home Friday night.

Mrs. Ina Smith and son visited her brother and family Thursday night.

Weston Newton and family visited in the Claud Sullivan home Sunday.

Mrs. A. F. Polnack is visiting her son and family in Dallas this week.

Mrs. G. D. Adkison and Mrs. J. I. Stephens visited Mrs. Eula Newton Saturday evening.

Odell Luckie and mother and Mrs. Simpson and daughter were in Meridian Saturday.

HOG JAW NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Lambert were visiting in the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Land Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Mullican spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs.

Cecil Warren was a visitor in Stephenville Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Bullard and Mrs. Lee Trantham were visiting in Mrs. J. E. Stringer's home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lambert spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards.

Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Lambert and little daughter and Miss Velma Childress spent Sunday with friends at Carlton.

Mrs. Syc Rainwater and son, Bobbie Jack, of Duffau, spent the week end with her sister, Mrs. P. E. McChristal.

Miss Louise Patterson spent Sunday with Miss Katherine Whitesides.

Mrs. Whitesides left for Colorado Sunday where she will visit with relatives for some time.

Miss Nadine McChristal spent Sunday in the home of Merion Elkins.

Bud Stringer, Gilbert Butler and Alex Hawkins spent Sunday with Skeet and Johnnie Roberson. J. H. Cox is on the sick list, but is better which we are glad.

Friday and Saturday SPECIALS!

- Best Hawaiian Pineapple, No. 1 cans 10c
- Best Hawaiian Pineapple, No. 2 cans 15c
- Good Standard Corn, No. 2 cans 10c
- No. 2 English Peas, good ones 10c
- Any kind Campbell's and Heinz soup 10c
- Blue Arrow Coffee, good grade, lb. 22c
- 10 bars laundry soap 25c
- Snowdrift, 6 lbs. 89c
- Peanut Butter, full quart 30c

J. E. BURLESON

"There Is a Reason For Our Growing Trade"

Turkeys Wanted NOW!

Not only are we offering you the very highest market prices for your birds, but if you telephone us, or drop us a card, we will call at your place and get them. This will save you time and worry of bringing them to town.

We are in the market for every turkey in this whole country.

Right Prices Guaranteed

Our dressing plant is now open and we are ready to take care of all the turkeys we can buy. Do not sell until you get our prices. We are in a position to absolutely pay the highest market prices, day or night.

HICO POULTRY & EGG CO.

DELLIS-SEAGO, Local Manager

"Where the Weight Is Right"

Phone 218

L. D. 210

BAYER ASPIRIN is always SAFE BEWARE OF IMITATIONS



Demand

UNLESS you see the name Bayer and the word genuine on the package as pictured above you can never be sure that you are taking the genuine Bayer Aspirin that thousands of physicians prescribe in their daily practice.

The name Bayer means genuine Aspirin. It is your guarantee of purity—your protection against the imitations. Millions of users have proved that it is safe.

Genuine Bayer Aspirin promptly relieves:

- Headaches
- Colds
- Sore Throat
- Rheumatism
- Neuritis
- Neuralgia
- Lumbago
- Toothache

No harmful after-effects follow its use. It does not depress the heart.

Local Happenings

E. S. Howell of Stephenville was a business visitor here Tuesday.

Ed Wellborn of Iredell was a business visitor here Tuesday.

Bert Pirtle of Hamilton was a business visitor here Wednesday.

Lyle Golden was a business visitor in Fort Worth Monday.

Miss Mary Beth Norwood was a visitor in Meridian and Waco Sunday with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Dellis Seago were in Stephenville Sunday visiting relatives.

Cleo Elkins of Fort Worth was here on business the first of the week.

Floyd Campbell, insurance agent of Hamilton, was a business visitor in Hico Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dine Farmer and son of Stephenville were here Sunday visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Stiles of Hamilton were here Sunday visiting Mr. and Mrs. Sim Everett.

W. E. Petty was in Dallas last Thursday buying merchandise for the Petty Dry Goods Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. W. Trawick of Dallas are spending a few days here with her mother, Mrs. J. H. Hancock.

Mrs. Joe Newsom is in Houston visiting her daughter, Mrs. Joe B. Lattimore, husband and son, Joe Boy.

Mr. and Mrs. Ercel Aycock of Austin were here Saturday night, guests of his father, Guy Aycock, of the Midland Hotel.

Harly Hudson and Misses Saralee Hudson, Emma Dee Hall, Marguerite Fairry and Thoma Rodgers were visitors in Dallas Saturday.

Tallus Carpenter left Tuesday for Coleman where he has a position with the Western Produce Company.

Miss Lois Boone, who is a student of John Tarleton College at Stephenville, was a week end guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Boone.

Mrs. Fred Rust and little son, Jimmy, of Dallas, were week end guests here of relatives and friends. Mrs. Rust was formerly Miss Bess Wall of Hico.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Duncan, Miss Mable Anderson, Miss Marguerite Fairry, John B. Sampley and James Miliken were visitors in Cleburne Sunday.

Weldon Wright and J. J. Smith went to Longview last Friday to take a cow to Mrs. L. W. Weeks, which she purchased from Mr. Wright.

Mr. and Mrs. Billie Thomason and little son, Jimmie Ray, of Abilene, were recent guests of Mrs. Thomason's mother, Mrs. C. Carpenter.

Mrs. Sarah Smith is ill in the Stephenville Hospital. She was not improving very rapidly, according to reports from the hospital this week.

Mrs. W. I. Chenault and son left Sunday for Hamilton to join Mr. Chenault to make their home. Mr. Chenault is employed by Garner-Alvis Dry Goods Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Leeth and children of Hamilton were here Sunday visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Leeth and Mrs. James M. Phillips.

R. W. Jolly left Sunday for his home in Otto, after a visit here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Davis and sisters, Mrs. Lee Johnson and Mrs. Sam Gamble.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Porter and two daughters, Pansy Lee and Polvanna, of Cisco, were here Sunday visiting his mother, Mrs. Ida Porter and brother, E. F. Porter and family.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. McCullough and daughter, Mary Ella, and Mr. and Mrs. Roland L. Holford and daughter, Carolyn, were in Goldthwaite Sunday visiting relatives of Mr. and Mrs. McCullough.

Mrs. Anna Wolfe and Miss Moshelle Crawford are visiting in Midlothian.

Mrs. H. N. Wolfe and Mrs. Earl R. Lynch were visitors in Fort Worth Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Copeland were visitors in Hamilton Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Pirtle of Hamilton were here Monday visiting their son, A. I. Pirtle and family.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Copeland and daughter, Miss Johnnie, spent last Saturday in Eastland with Mrs. Copeland's father and sister.

Doris Gamble, who is attending school at Arlington, was a week end guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Barto Gamble.

J. C. Sparks of Hamilton, Secretary-Treasurer of the Farmers Mutual Insurance Association, was a business visitor here Thursday.

W. R. Hampton, Mr. and Mrs. Homer McMurray, and Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Huckabee made a business trip to the Hasse community Wednesday.

Ballard N. Strong, prominent merchant of Iredell, and Arthur H. Barsh, superintendent of the Iredell Public Schools, were in Hico on business Wednesday afternoon.

Artie Fay, B. F. James and Wanda Turner of Stephenville spent last Thursday until Saturday visiting their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Huckabee.

Mrs. Wallace Petty left Saturday for Stamford to be at the bedside of her mother, who is ill. Her brother, Leslie, who had been here visiting, also returned to Stamford with Mrs. Petty.

DR. V. HAWES
Dentist
Hico, Texas
I live here and am in my office every day. All work guaranteed. My prices are reasonable. 49-tfc.

Mrs. Payton J. Ratten and three children, Mary Payton, Artie Lou and Bertha Dan, of Stephenville were here the latter part of last week visiting Mrs. Ratten's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Huckabee.

Dr. Brown & Assistant, Chiropractors and Electrotherapists are in Hico on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 2:30 to 5:30 at Mrs. T. B. Lane's residence. Chronic diseases treated successfully. (17-tfc.)

James, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Collier of the Camp Branch community, returned home this week from the Stephenville hospital, where he had been receiving treatment for pneumonia.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Mangum and Mr. and Mrs. Emmitt Hollingsworth of Turnersville, left Wednesday for their homes, after spending a few days here, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Boone and son, Ralph.

Don't forget Dr. C. C. Baker, the dentist, is in his Hico office every Monday and Friday from 9:00 a. m. until 5:00 p. m. Lady assistant. Office over Corner Drug Store in front rooms. Phone 276.

Mrs. Walter Waechter, formerly Miss Edith Graham, one of the grade teachers in the Hico schools, underwent an operation for appendicitis in an Austin Hospital last Saturday. Mrs. Hugh E. McCullough is substituting as teacher in her place.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Copeland went to Fort Worth last Friday after Misses Johnnie Copeland, Lorene Burleson and Maurine Register, the latter of Hamilton, and the young ladies were week end guests of homefolks. Mr. and Mrs. Copeland took them back to Fort Worth Monday.

T. A. Huckabee and wife, and children, Thomas and Little Katherine Huckabee, of Cleburne were here Sunday visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Huckabee. Mrs. Simons, who had been guest of her daughter, Mrs. T. A. Huckabee, in Cleburne for the past three weeks, accompanied them to Hico Sunday.

Miss Willie Little Hostess To Thursday Bridge Club

Lovely autumn flowers with little Halloween silhouettes formed the central note in the decorative scheme in the home of Miss Willie Little last Thursday afternoon when she was hostess to the members and a few guests of the Thursday Bridge Club.

Seven club members and the following guests were present: Misses Saralee Hudson, Mary Beth Norwood, Emma Dee Hall, Marguerite Fairry and Oran Jo Pool. Club members present were Mesdames C. G. Masterson, H. N. Wolfe, H. F. Sellers, H. E. McCullough, T. A. Duncan, Earl R. Lynch and F. M. Mingus.

Refreshments of pineapple and pea salad, toasted crackers, individual pecan pies and iced tea were served to those present.

VERY LATEST by MARY MARSHALL

Dresses this season must be becoming. That is absolutely essential because the time has passed when one might choose a dress that was up to date and smart and let it go at that. To be sure we like to have our dresses reflect the recent fashion trends and most of us insist on smartness. But remember this—a dress cannot really reflect the new smartness unless it is becoming. Whether you buy it ready made or make it at home yourself your dress must have that look of individual adaptation characteristic of the dressmaker dress that has been designed expressly to suit the individuality of the woman who wears it.

Collars and sleeves focus our attention this season and the design of these two features of a dress has much to do with its becomingness. Collars are not always cut higher at the front but

Wednesday Bridge Club Entertained by Mrs. A. I. Pirtle

Halloween decorations made the home of Mrs. A. I. Pirtle very attractive last Wednesday afternoon when she entertained the Wednesday Bridge Club, with the following invited guests in attendance: Mesdames C. L. Woodward, Roland L. Holford, Earl R. Lynch, T. A. Duncan, H. N. Wolfe, H. E. McCullough, F. M. Mingus, Lusk Randals, and Misses Mary Beth Norwood and Katherine Randals.

At the conclusion of the bridge games, refreshments of turkey salad, potato chips, olives, hot chocolate saltine flakes and pumpkin pie topped with whipped cream.

Mrs. W. G. Smith Honors Sons With Birthday Parties

Mrs. W. G. Smith delightfully entertained a number of children at their home here last Thursday afternoon in honor of the birthday anniversary of their son, Master Bill D., whose seventh birthday fell on that date. Childhood games were enjoyed on the lawn after which all-day suckers, cake and popcorn were served to Loyd and Floyd Latham, O. L. Poteet, Robert Earl Howard, Junior Cunningham and M. L. Whisenant Jr.

On Tuesday afternoon of this week, Mrs. Smith entertained at a similar party honoring her son, Jack Smith, who celebrated his eleventh birthday. Suckers, cake and popcorn were served to Albert Rieger, Auburn T. McFadden, Kenneth Brown, O. W. Heffner and Rolene Forgy.



Celebrated Birthday in De Leon

Last Thursday, Oct. 29, Mrs. Terry Thompson celebrated her 72nd birthday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Oscar Cox of De Leon. Mrs. Cox served a lovely meal with the cake containing 73 candles.

Those present were Miss Evelyn Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Wright and son, Byron, of De Leon, Mrs. S. J. Mahon of Dallas, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Thompson and children, Jimmie Ruth and Terry and Mrs. Daisy Dankers of Hico.

there is a tendency to fit them more carefully at the side and back. Many of the new dresses for autumn and winter are finished with a narrow band of fur at the neckline. Some of the new dresses are finished with flattering wide revers. Others show a new modified cowl neckline. Sometimes the touch of lingerie takes the form of a lace modesty piece at the point of a deep V-neck line.

More often the touch of lingerie consists of a collar made of lace or satin or chiffon. The one shown in the sketch is of white satin or organdie.

CORDIALITY
By Ida Mingus Clay

Acordial welcome to mankind Is greatest boon that one can find If given with a heart that's true. Then why always to have a grudge And all the universe misjudge, Because we ever misconstrue?

Good fellowship along the way, Is like young children in their play As on they trip with nimble feet. We often go without a smile, While trudging on mile after mile, Thus meeting life with sore defeat.

A winning poise, as on we go, Is pleasant greeting that will show Undaunted courage with our load. Our Maker loathes external gloom Then outward cheer we should assume, And scatter sunshine on our road.

GERMAN REMEDY STOPS 30-YEAR CONSTIPATION

"For 30 years I had a bad stomach and constipation. Sourcing food from stomach choked me. Since taking Adlerika I am a new woman. Constipation is thing of the past."—Alice Burns.

Most remedies reach only lower bowel. That is why you must take them often. But this simple German remedy Adlerika washes out BOTH upper and lower bowel. It brings out all gas and ridis you of poison you would never believe was in your system. Even the FIRST dose will surprise you.

PORTER'S DRUG STORE

**\$5,000.00
IN CASH PRIZES
See Your Druggist**

**JUST RECEIVED
New Shipment of
Boyer's Toilet Articles**


including cleansing cream, lemon cleansing cream, lip stick, powder, and in fact a complete line of this high class brand of toilet articles. Prices reasonable.

PORTER'S DRUG STORE

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF A&P'S LOW PRICES

THIS WEEK END

We assure you of a saving
The finest foods are available



Iona Salt 4 lb. box 10c	Pillsbury's Best Flour 24 lb. bag 58c	
Rajah Salad Dressing Pts. 19c	Delmonte Pineapple, sliced or crushed, No. 2 cans 15c	
Eagle Brand Condensed Milk can 19c	Calumet Baking Powder 1 lb. can 25c	
Coupon Cigarettes Pkg. of 20's, 2 for 25c	White House Milk 6 small cans 19c	
Tomatoes No. 2 cans, 2 for 15c	Iona Pears No. 2 1/2 cans 19c	
Candy Bars or Gum 3 for 10c	Walker's Chili Powder Large Can 19c	
Pacific Toilet Paper 4 rolls for 19c	French's Sage 2 oz. box 8c	
Beauty Bubble Soap 3 bars 10c	Quaker Maid Beans 3 medium cans 20c	
8 O'Clock COFFEE Lb. 19c	Grandmother's BREAD or ROLLS 16 oz. loaf or 12 pan rolls 5c	Iona COCOA 2 lb. Can 25c
TASTY PEANUT BUTTER, 32 oz. jar 28c		
ALL BRAN, large size 19c		
VANILLA WAFERS, lb. box 25c		
IRISH POTATOES, 10 lbs. 19c		
RUTABAGA TURNIPS, lb. 4c		
CABBAGE, lb. 4c		
LETTUCE, head 6c		

TEACHERS IN DOUBT

Every teacher whether teaching or not is living in doubt as to whether they will get a school next fall. A secretarial course by correspondence will win for you your independence. Business has started back to normalcy and for several years as business improves there will be an increasing demand for well trained secretaries. Fill in and mail today for particulars of our teacher's Secretarial Course—it is just what you have been looking for.

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

—BYRNE COMMERCIAL COLLEGE

Either Dallas, Houston, San Antonio, Ft. Worth or Okla. City.

Turkey Pickers

We have a very convenient place for both men and women pickers that want to work.

EVERY LABORER TREATED WITH ALL COURTESY

Farmers Poultry & Egg Co.

PHONE 248



Sell Us Your TURKEYS

Highest Cash Prices Paid

WE ARE NOW DRESSING TURKEYS
COME SEE US

Everything is in readiness, and we are now prepared to handle all the Turkeys we can buy. We will pay the highest prices possible, and will have plenty of help.

We appreciate the business we have been getting from time to time, and will continue to be grateful for all business in the future.

Let us have a chance to buy your Turkeys, or other poultry you might have to sell. We also want your cream and eggs, as the buying of these products will not be neglected during the Turkey season.

We Have Recently Made Improvements to Better Take Care of a Large Volume of Business.

YOUR PATRONAGE APPRECIATED

Farmers Poultry & Egg Co.

"Where the Price Is Right" Phone 248

Holstein Cow Is World's Greatest Milker



Fitzville Benhear Ormsby Poach 3d, a four-year-old Deerfield, Ill. animal, won the grand championship at the National Dairy Show in St. Louis.

Noted Author Here



H. G. Wells, British writer who gave "The Outline of History" to the world, is here on a business trip. He will not lecture while here.

Champion Milkmaid



Mary Fontana, Carubers, filled pails with 132.6 pounds of milk in 27 minutes at the National Dairy Show.

Manager of Cardinals



"Gabby" Street piloted the St. Louis club to the pennant in the National League race. He's a catcher.

Conquers Cancer?



Dr. Harry Coker, 25, of St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, England, who has developed a serum which retards the growth of cancer cells.

Five-Year-Old Fire Hero



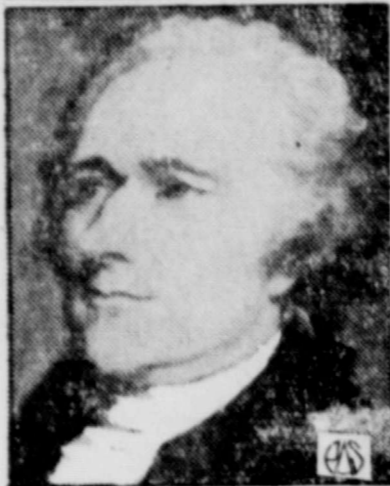
Frank Watson, Jr., 5, of Blenheim, N. J., carried his two brothers and sister to safety when fire destroyed their farm home. A neighbor saved the baby.

A Legal Blueblood



Richard Coke Marshall, 23, of Washington, D. C., has just graduated from Harvard Law school. He is a direct descendant of Lord Chief Justice Coke, of England.

First U. S. Treasurer



A recently discovered portrait of Alexander Hamilton, hidden for 127 years, has come into the possession of Andrew Mellon, the present secretary.

Back in Politics



Col. House, who is generally credited with making Woodrow Wilson president, has come out for Gov. Roosevelt.

Jimmy Says "Prosit!"



New York's Mayor Walker is enjoying himself in Europe, as this photograph taken in Budapest, Hungary, indicates.

His 57th Birthday



President Hoover yielded to the cameraman and stood for this photograph the day before he celebrated his birthday on August 10.

California; Not Iowa



Florence Linstein is shown picking corn from stalks twenty feet high in "J. Edwards" backward near Los Angeles.

Fully Recovered



King George V of England recently admitted to having the above official photograph taken. It is the first since his nearly fatal illness of 1922.

First Woman Bank Head



Mrs. Matilda B. Wilson is chairman of the board of a \$12,000,000 Detroit bank.

English Apple Queen



Patricia D. Morton, of Winchester, Eng., came over to queen it at the Shenandoah Valley apple festival, at Winchester, Va.

Thorpe Now in Movies



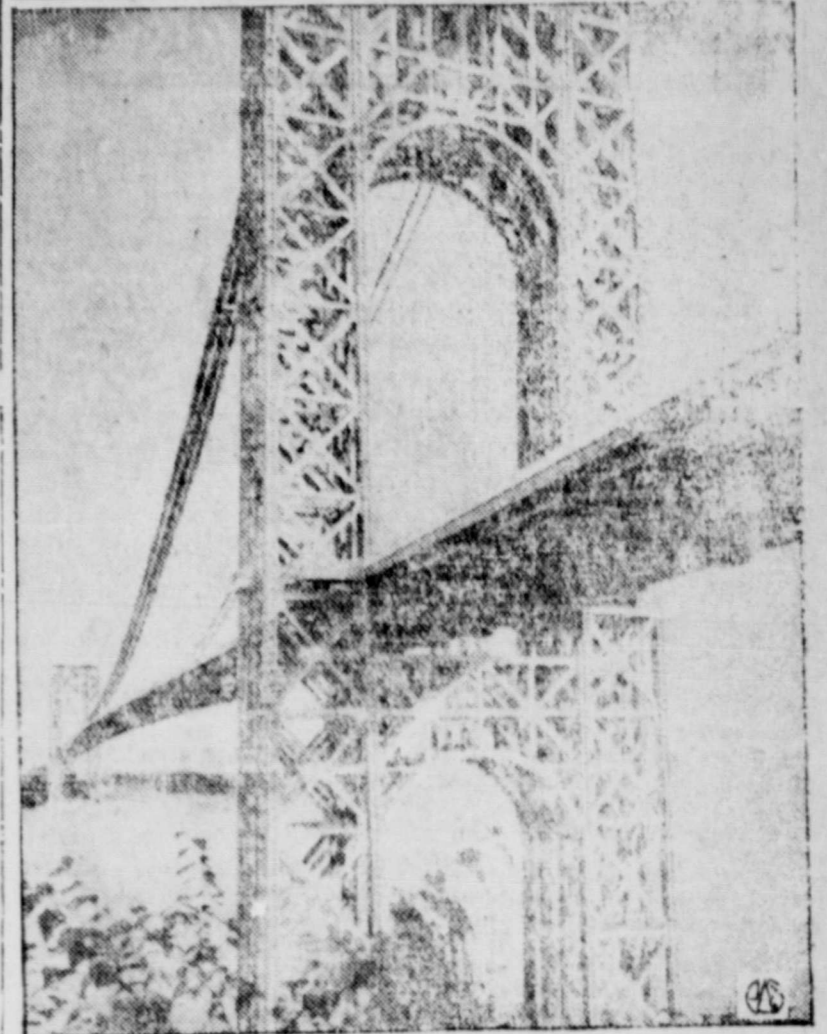
Jim Thorpe, America's great Indian athlete twenty years ago, has "gone Hollywood" and is shown playing the part of an Indian chief.

An American Warwick



Colonel Edward M. House, at 73, is back at his old trick of President-making. He is now busy promoting Governor Roosevelt as a Presidential candidate.

World's Longest Suspension Bridge



The George Washington Bridge across the Hudson River, opened on October 24, is two-thirds of a mile long between spans. It cost \$60,000,000 and took four years to build. It is expected to pay for itself by tolls, after which it will be free to traffic between New York City and Northern New Jersey.

Capone the Powerful



Al Capone is rarely photographed at his ease. The above was snapped at a Chicago charity ball game.

Queen of Queens



Elizabeth Hicks Gross, chosen queen of La Fiesta de Los Angeles, is a native of that city.

Soviet Honors Kansan



George C. McDowell, Manhattan, Kas., has been decorated by the Soviet for his services to agriculture in Russia since 1923.

Europe's Prettiest



Miss Heddt Kiesler, daughter of a Vienna banker, 17, has been acclaimed as the prettiest girl in all Europe.

Democratic Head Back

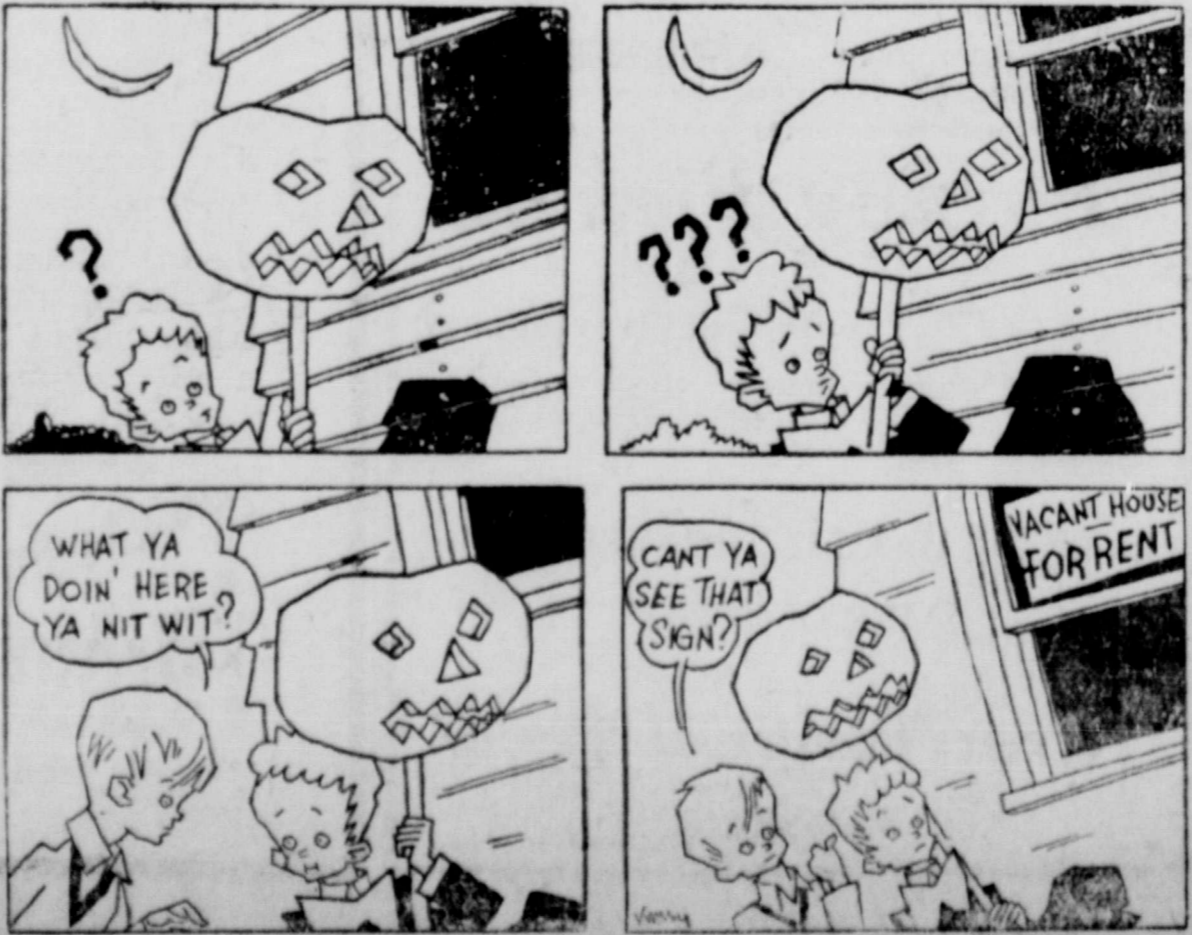


John J. Raskob, chairman of the National Democratic Committee, has just returned from a trip to Europe, ready for work.

Making a Cow Even More Contented



Mrs. Ben Scott, of Oakville, Mo., tunes in on jazz music for her cows when milking them. She claims it increases their yield materially. The faster she musics the faster the flow.



SIGHT UNSEEN

by **MARY ROBERTS RINEHART**

Copyright 1931 by MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Sixth Installment SYNOPSIS

Six people, Horace Johnson (who tells the story) his wife, Mrs. Dane, Herbert Robinson and his sister, Alice, and Dr. Sperry, friends and neighbors, are in the habit of holding weekly meetings. At one of them, Mrs. Dane, who is hostess, varies the program by unexpectedly arranging a spiritualistic seance with Miss Jeremy, a friend of Dr. Sperry and not a professional, as the medium.

At the first sitting the medium tells the details of a murder as it is occurring. Later that night Sperry learns that a neighbor, Arthur Wells, has been shot mysteriously. With Johnson he goes to the Wells residence and they find confirmation of the medium's account. Mrs. Wells tells them her husband shot himself in a fit of depression.

At a second seance, Miss Jeremy adds details about a summer resort where Charles Ellingham was known to have been at the same time that Mrs. Wells was there. She also speaks of a pocket book being lost which contained some important car tickets and letters. Mrs. Dane, alone of the women, seems thrilled by the investigation.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

I find that the solution of the Arthur Wells mystery—for we did solve it—takes three divisions in my mind. Each one is a sitting, followed by an investigator made by Sperry and myself.

But for some reason, after Mrs. Jeremy's second sitting, I found that my reasoning mind was stronger than my credulity. And as Sperry had at that time determined to have nothing more to do with the business, I made a resolution to abandon my investigations. Nor have I any reason to believe that I would have altered my attitude toward the case, had it not been that I saw in the morning paper on the Thursday following the second seance, that Elinor Wells had closed her house, and gone to Florida.

I confess I had an overwhelming desire to examine again the ceiling of the dressing room and thus to check up one degree further the accuracy of our revelations. After some reflection, I called up Sperry, but he flatly refused to go on any further.

"Miss Jeremy has been ill since Monday," he said. "Mrs. Dane's rheumatism is worse, her companion is nervously upset, and your own wife called me up an hour ago and says you are sleeping with a light, and she thinks you ought to go away. The whole club is shot to pieces."

But, although I am a small and not a courageous man, the desire to examine the Wells house clung to me tenaciously. Suppose there were cartridges in his table drawer? Suppose I should find the second bullet hole in the ceiling? I no longer deceived myself by the argument that any interest was purely scientific. There is a point at which curiosity becomes unsearchable, when it becomes an obsession, like hunger, I had reached that point.

Nevertheless, I found it hard to plan the necessary deception to my wife. My habits have always been entirely orderly and regular. My wildest dissipation was the Neighborhood Club. I could not recall an evening away from home in years, except on business. Yet now I must have a free evening, possibly an entire night.

In planning for this, I forgot my

nervousness for a time, I decided finally to tell my wife that an out-of-town client wished to talk business with me, and that day, at luncheon—I go home to luncheon—I mentioned that such a client was in town.

"It is possible," I said as easily as I could, "that we may not get through this afternoon. If things should run over into the evening, I'll telephone."

She took it calmly enough, but later on, as I was taking an electric flash from the drawer of the hall table and putting it in my overcoat pocket she came on me, and I thought she looked surprised.

During the afternoon I was beset with doubts and uneasiness. Suppose she called my office and found that the client I had named was not in town? It is undoubtedly true that a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive, for on my return to the office I was at once quite certain that Mrs. Johnson would telephone and make the inquiry.

After some debate I called my secretary and told her to say, if such a message came in, that Mr. Forbes was in town and that I had an appointment with him. As a matter of fact, no such inquiry came in, but as Miss Joyce, my secretary, knew that Mr. Forbes was in Europe, I was conscious some months afterwards that Miss

I dined in a small chop-house where I occasionally lunch, and took a large cup of strong black coffee. When I went out into the night again I found that a heavy fog had settled down and I began to feel again something of the strange and disturbing quality of the day which had ended in Arthur Wells's death. Already a potential housebreaker, I avoided policemen, and the very jingling of the keys in my pocket sounded loud and incriminating to my ears.

I do not like deserted houses. Even in daylight they have a sinister effect on me. They seem, in their empty spaces, to have held and recorded all that has happened in the dusty past. The Wells house that night, looming before me, silent and mysterious, seemed the embodiment of all the desertion I had known. Its empty and unshuttered windows were like blind eyes, gazing in, not out.

Nevertheless, now that the time had come, a certain amount of courage came with it. I am not ashamed to confess that a certain part of it came from the anticipation of the Neighborhood Club's pautists. For Herbert to have made such an investigation, or even Sperry, with his height and his iron muscles, would not have surprised the club. But I was aware that while they expected intelligence and even humor, of a



The Wells home loomed before me, silent and mysterious.

Joyce's eyes occasionally rested on me in a speculative and suspicious manner.

Other things also increased my uneasiness as the day wore on. There was, for instance, the matter of the back door to the Wells house. Nothing was more unlikely than that the key would still be hanging there. I must, therefore, get a key.

Going through my desk, I found a number of keys, mostly trunk keys and one the key to a dog-collar. But late in the afternoon I visited a client of mine who is in the hardware business, and secured quite a selection. One of them was a skeleton key. He persisted in regarding the matter as a joke, and poked me between the shoulder blades as I went out.

"If you're arrested with all that that hardware on you," he said, "you'll be held as a first-class burglar. You are equipped to open anything from a can of tomatoes to the missionary box in the church."

But I felt that already, innocent as I was, I was leaving a trail of suspicion behind me. Miss Joyce and the office boy, the dealer and my wife. And I had not started

not only in a highly nervous state but I was also badly handicapped. However, as the moments wore on and I stood there, with the quiet unbroken by no mysterious sounds I gained a certain confidence. After a short period of readjustment, therefore, I felt my way to the library door, and into the room. Once there, I used the flash to discover that the windows were shuttered, and proceeded to take off my hat and coat, which I placed on a chair near the door. It was at this time that I discovered that the battery of my lamp was very weak, and finding a candle in a tall brass stick on the mantelpiece, I lighted it.

Then I looked about. The house had evidently been hastily closed. Some of the furniture was covered with sheets, while part of it stood unprotected. The rug had been folded into the center of the room, and covered with heavy brown papers, and I was extremely startled to hear the papers rustling. A mouse, however, proved to be the source of the sound, and I pulled myself together with a jerk.

It is to be remembered that I had left my hat and overcoat on a chair near the door. There could be no mistake, as the chair was a light one, and the weight of my overcoat threw it back against the wall.

Candle in hand, I stepped out into the hall, and was immediately met by a crash which reverberated through the house. In my alarm my teeth closed on the end of my tongue, with agonizing results, but the sound died away, and I concluded that an upper window had been left open, and that the rising wind had slammed a door. But my morale, as we say since the war, had been shaken, and I recklessly lighted a second candle and placed it on the table in the hall at the foot of the staircase, to facilitate my exit in case I desired to make a hurried one.

Then I climbed slowly. The fog had apparently made its way into the house, for when, half way up, I turned and looked down, the candlelight was hardly more than a spark surrounded by a luminous aura.

I do not know exactly when I began to feel that I was not alone in the house. It was, I think when I was on a chair on top of a table in Arthur's room, with my candle upheld to the ceiling. It seemed to me that something was moving stealthily in the room overhead. I stood there, candle upheld, and every faculty, I possessed seemed centered in my ears. It was not a footstep. It was a soft and dragging movement. Had I not been near the ceiling I should not have heard it. Indeed, a moment later I was not certain I had heard it.

My chair, on top of the table, was none too securely balanced. I had found what I was looking for, a part of the plaster ornament broken away, and replaced by a whitish substance, not plaster. I got out my penknife and cut away the foreign matter, showing a small hole beneath, a bullet-hole, if I knew anything about bullet-holes.

Then I heard the dragging movement above, and what with alarm and my insecure position, I suddenly overbalanced, chair and all. My head must have struck on the corner of the table, for I was dazed for a few moments. The candle had gone out, of course. I felt for the chair, righted it, and sat down. I was dizzy and I was frightened. I was afraid to move, lest the dragging thing above come down and creep over me in the darkness and smother me.

And sitting there, I remembered the very things I most wished to

forget—the black curtain behind Miss Jeremy, the things flung by unseen hands into the room, the way my watch had slid over the table and fallen to the floor.

Since that time I know there is a madness of courage, born of terror. Nothing could be more intolerable than to sit there and wait. It is the same insanity that drove men out of the trenches to the charge and almost certain death, rather than to sit and wait for what might come.

In a way, I daresay I charged the upper floor of the house. What ever drove me, I know that, candle in hand, and hardly sane, I ran up the staircase, and into the room overhead. It was empty.

As suddenly as my sanity had gone, it returned to me. The sight of two small beds, side by side, a tiny dressing-table, a row of toys on the mantelpiece, was calming. Here was the children's night nursery, a white and placid room which could house nothing hideous.

I was humiliated and ashamed. I, Horace Johnson, a man of dignity and reputation, even in a small way, a successful after-dinner speaker, numbering fifty-odd years of logical living to my credit, had been running half-maddened toward a mythical danger from which I had been afraid to run away!

I sat down and mopped my face with my pocket handkerchief. After a time I got up, and going to a window looked down at the quiet world below. The fog was lifting. Automobiles were making cautious progress along the slippery street. A woman with a basket had stopped under the street light and was rearranging her parcels. The clock of the city hall, visible over the opposite roofs, marked only twenty minutes to nine. It was still early evening—not even midnight, the magic hour of the night.

Somehow that fact reassured me, and I was able to take stock of my surroundings. I realized, for instance, that I stood in the room over Arthur's dressing room and that it was into the ceiling under me that the second—or probably the first—bullet had penetrated.

To Be Continued

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