THE SANDERSON TIMES

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AS IT LOOKS TO ME

By Jack Ainslie

Wise Crackers,

Not long ago an acquaintance of mine lost his job. It was a good job—an executive position with a large and growing business concern.

The fellow was honest, experienced, industrious and capable. But he had one habit which overbalanced these qualifications and overcame his usefulness. He was a chronic wise-cracker—and it got the best of him. He developed his art to the point where his supercillous remarks bored customers and drove away business. So the management "let him go." And he is still "on the go"—looking for another job.

"A little nonsenge now and then is relished by the wisest men." So ran a "copybook" maxim of my school day recollection. And, as maxims go, it was a good one. A little wholesome nonsense now and then is good medicine—a fine tonic for body and mind. It keeps folks from taking either themselves or life too seriously.

But like any other medicine, the dosage must be regulated. Puns and wise-cracks can be—and often are—overdone. Life isn't all vaudeville. A gentleman by the name of Ecclesiastes, writing in a well known book, tells us that "There is a time to weep and a time to laugh." This is the fact against which the wise-cracker stubs his funny-bone. He thinks any old time is a good time for a wise-crack—and cracks away. The first thing he knows, he has wise-cracked himself out of friends and fortune.

A few people, it is true, have wise-cracked themselves into fame. But in such cases wise-cracking was a professional matter and not a sideline. Most people prefer to take their wise-cracks over the footlights rather than over the counter. A wise-crack by Will Rogers, the professional, usually gets a laugh. But a wise-crack by Will Rogers, the grocery clerk, usually gets our goat.

Whenever a person insists upon regarding his business or profession as a joke, it won't be very long until his patrons will go and do likewise.

As it looks to me, a wise-cracker who wise-cracks himself out of bread and butter is not so very wise!

S. & G. R. ASSOCIATION CONVENES AT DEL RIO

The 1929 convention of the Sheep and Goat Raisers' Association of Texas was held in Del Rio this week commencing Wednesday and lasting through today, Friday.

From all accounts the convention was the largest ever held and a record breaking crowd was in attendance. There was also on display and sale some fine sheep and goats. Well known breeders from all over the United States brought the best of their stock for exhibition and many sales were made.

The visitors were well entertained, dances being given every night, barbecue being held as well as various entertainments being provided for the wives of the members that were in attendance.

A historical pageant, depicting the growth of the sheep and goat industry here and interpreting the spirit of the great Southwest was given the opening night of the convention.

Several Terrell County sheep and goat men with their families were in attendance at the convention.

FOR SALE

300 head Rambouillet rams.
J. M. Lackey.
Sanderson, Texas.

BUS LINE TO OPERATE THROUGH HERE.

Effective August 15 Sanderson will be served by a bus line which will operate between Del Rio and Alpine. A permit was recently granted by the Railroad Commission and the busses will be known as the Mexican Border Coaches. Full particulars and schedules of the busses will be announced later.

J. B. Lee, who operates the San Angelo and Del Rio bus line is the owner of the new bus line and will have charge of same.

DEL RIO DESIGNATED AS HEADQUARTERS U. S. HIGHWAY NO. 90

Del Rio was designated as headquarters for United States Highway No. 90 Association at the meeting of the association here yesterday afternoon, held for the purpose of perfecting plans of organization and a program of work.

Because of its location on the border and the fact that it is the home of officers of the association, Del Rio was described as the "keynote" city of the highway body, according to the report of the meeting given today by Secretary H. Wren of the Del Rio Chamber of Commerce.

Among the important matters before the meeting, which was attended by directors of the association and members from about a dozen cities on the highway, were plans for the completion of the highway and for attracting traffic over the route, the fixing of a budget for the operation of the association and the assessing of quotas in the budget for counties along the highway and the election of directors to fill vacancies left by those unable to attend conferences.

Mr. Wren was elected secretary-treasurer of the association. Hal A. Hamilton, who is president, was chairman of the meeting.

Porter Whaley, secretary-manager of the San Antonio Chamber of Commerce, as representative of that organization declared that San Antonio would be "interested in an organization that will do something" and that his city is ready to offer "the heartiest co-operation, both morally and financially."

Among other speakers was W. H. Furlong, of the highway department of the San Antonio Chamber of Commerce, who reported that national advertising of the highway project and contact work on a national scale were being carried on by his department. The El Paso Chamber of Commerce is doing the same, he said.

The budget committee, composed of Mr. Whaley, H. Ray, Uvalde; D. A. Bandeen, El Paso, and Hal A. Hamilton of Del Rio, recommended a budget of $4,000 to finance the activities of the organization for one year.

"The problem of the association is not so much the building of roads, but the creating of a federation of interest in the organization over the entire way, from San Antonio to El Paso," Mr. Bandeen said.

Mr. Bandeen emphasized the necessity for economy in expenditure and for activities "based on an intelligent program definitely placed."

Commenting on the meeting, Mr. Wren said: "A spirit of enthusiasm was evident in all the deliberations and heartiest co-operation was assured by each representation."

Following the conference, which was one of the longest of the kind ever held in this city, lasting five hours, the delegates were guests of President Hamilton at a banquet in Hotel Roswell at 7 o'clock yesterday evening.

August 30 was set as the date for the next meeting, and Alpin, Texas, the place.

Among the other out-of-town delegates who attended were the following:

Alfred E. Creigh, Sanderson; A. F. Robinson, Alpine; T. T. Moore, Uvalde; Joe Dillon, Hondo; D. W. Price, Uvalde, and John Stovell, Sanderson.—Del Rio Herald.

AGRICULTURAL YEAR BOOK OFF PRESS

We have just recently received from Congressman Claude B. Hudspeth the 1928 Agricultural Year Book which is now off the press and ready for distribution. Any of his constituents who desire a copy of the book may obtain same by addressing Congressman Hudspeth at the House Office Bldg., Washington, D. C.

GOOD RAIN HERE

Sanderson and Terrell County was visited by a good rain which commenced to fall during the early hours of Sunday morning. It rained most all day Sunday. The rain, while heavier in some places, will help the country as it was getting very dry and live stock would have soon suffered.

The rain seemed to be very general and was heavier west. In the vicinity of Valentine the rain was heavier and delayed passenger and freight service several hours Sunday.

Princess Named For Del Rio Convention

Miss Annah Mitchell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Mitchell, will represent Sanderson as the princess from this county at the coronation ceremonies to be held at Del Rio during the annual convention of the Sheep and Goat Raisers Association Convention July 1, Aug. 1 and 2.

Miss Mitchell is the attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Mitchell prominent ranch people of this county. She is a student of Westmoreland College and a popular member of the younger set here.

The pageant and coronation will be held the night of July 31. At this time the Queen will be crowned and with her will sit in court visiting princesses and her maid of honor from all prominent towns in the Southwest. These young ladies will be guests at a number of social functions planned during the convention.

Miss Mitchell accompanied by her parents left Tuesday for Del Rio to be in attendance at the convention.

There's no guess work to OUR dry cleaning methods. Backed by years of experience, using only the best and most modern equipment we refer you to our slogan "We Know We Know."
—Empire Cleaners and Dyers.
Frank Robertson

Entertains With Dinner Party

Miss Ruth Smith entertained eleven of her girl friends with a dinner last Friday evening. It was given in honor of Misses Doris Everett, Lois Hilton, and Mabel Newton.

Roses in vases in the center of the table, and favors carried out the color scheme of rose and white.

The main course was of chicken and dressing, mashed potatoes, creamed peas and fruit salad. Ice cream and cake formed the desert.

The eleven young ladies present were Misses Doris Everett, Lois Hilton, Mabel Newton, Williemae Green, Gertrude Litton, Louise White, Novis White, Jo Corrie, Lou Olive Mills; Mrs. Katherine Harrell, and Mrs. J. L. Newton.

Send your nice window curtains to the Model Tailors to be cleaned to look like new

Miss Ida Mae Yates of San Antonio, and Mr. and Mrs. George Dufrain of San Francisco, Calif., were visitors with Mrs. J. W. Wolff several days this week.

The only difference between some men's winter suit and their summer suit, is a vest

FULLER PEP

LOOK AT YOUR HAT—
EVERYONE ELSE DOES!

Your straw hat that was new at the opening of the season is beginning to show signs of wear and soil.

Bring it in and let us steam and re-block it and make it new again.

Phone 68

Empire Cleaners & Dyers
Frank Robertson, Owner & Mgr.

AVOID THE SERVICE FEE

Start today and build a balance of $50.00 or more in your Checking Account.

It is easy. You gain many advantages.

You will have money with which to buy desired articles and services at cash prices. You can take advantage of business opportunities.

Our Officers will gladly tell you how to build this reserve—and you will avoid the Service Fee.

Sanderson State Bank
Sanderson, Texas

Foreschheimer's big reduction sale starts Saturday, August 3, and ends Saturday, August 10.

Mrs. Jim Wallen of Del Rio visited her sister, Mrs. J. W. Wolff the past week.

Apartments for rent—Apply at Cargile Apartments. 2t pd.

W. E. STIRMAN
DEALER IN
Wood and Coal
Give me your orders for coal and wood TODAY to be delivered in August and September
Can save you money by placing order now.
The price is on. Phone 35
Sanderson, Texas

LEMONS & HENSHAW, ABSTRACTORS
Terrell County Lands
Lands Sold — Lands Leased
Property Rendered — Taxes Paid
Abstracts Examined and Titles Passed Upon By an Efficient and Reliable Attorney.
Office with County Clerk, Sanderson, Texas
G. J. Henshaw, Mgr.

SANDERSON MERCANTILE CO.
"The Store of Service and Quality"
DEALERS IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
Phone No. 40 — Prompt delivery

We Carry
Everything Handled In
A General Store

DRY GOODS
The Season's New and Best Styles
DRESS GOODS,
MEN'S SUITS,
HATS, CAPS,
BOOTS AND SHOES.

GROCERIES
We Have Everything That's Good to Eat
Canned Vegetables and Fruits,
Jellies, Jams,
Teas and Coffee.

HARDWARE
We Are Headquarters for
Hardware, Oil, Paints
Stoves, Pipe Fittings,
Wire, Nails,
Studebaker Wagons

FURNITURE
We Have a Nice Line of
Chairs, Rockers, Tables,
Dressers, Beds,
Springs and Mattresses.

LUMBER
Anything You Want in
Building Material, Sash

Doors, Cement, Lime
Brick, Roofing,
Fencing.

THE KERR MERC. COMPANY

MOTHER!

Baby's Best Laxative is "California Fig Syrup"

When baby is constipated, has windcolic, feverish breath, coated tongue, or diarrhea, a half-teaspoonful of genuine "California Fig Syrup" promptly moves the poisons, gases, bile, souring food and waste right out. Never cramps or overacts. Babies love its delicious taste.

Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has full directions for infants in arms, and children of all ages, plainly printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

To Kill Screw Worms

Your money back if you don't like Cannon's Liniment. It kills screw worms, heals the wound and keeps flies away. Ask your dealer. (Adv.)

Music Teachers

Our facilities for filling Sheet Music orders are unequalled. Trained operatives to give your every requirement expert attention. Complete Stock. Special Discounts. Music on Approval. Write TODAY for discounts and catalogs.

JENKINS MUSIC CO. Kansas City, Mo.

STOP THAT ITCHING

Use Blue Star Soap, then apply Blue Star Remedy for Eczema, itch, tetter, ringworm, poison oak, dandruff, children's sores, cracked hands, sore feet and most forms of itching skin diseases. It kills germs, stops itching, usually restoring the skin to health. Soap, 25c; Blue Star Remedy, $1.00. Ask your druggist.—Adv.

Irons in Africa

Although the use of household electrical appliances in the Union of South Africa is not widespread, the electric iron has become popular and is used by nearly all housewives living in a city where current is available. The natives, however, continue to use the old-fashioned iron.

Mosquito Bites

HANFORD'S

Balsam of Myrrh

Money back for first bottle if not suited. All dealers.

Wealth in Hen's Crop

When killed and dressed, a Rhode Island Red hen, bought along with others in the Loma Rica (Calif.) district by a poultry exchange, was found with a fine collection of gems in her craw. They were transparent crystals of varied colors. A Marysville jeweler said that four of the stones are blue sapphires.

It May Be Urgent

When your Children Cry for It

Castoria is a comfort when Baby is fretful. No sooner taken than the little one is at ease. If restless, a few drops soon bring contentment. No harm done, for Castoria is a baby remedy, meant for babies. Perfectly safe to give the youngest infant; you have the doctors' word for that! It is a vegetable product and you could use it every day. But it's in an emergency that Castoria means most. Some night when constipation must be relieved—or colic pains—or other suffering. Never be without it; some mothers keep an extra bottle, unopened, to make sure there will always be Castoria in the house. It is effective for older children, too; read the book that comes with it.

Fletcher's CASTORIA

The Treasure of the Bucoleon

By Arthur D. Howden Smith

W. N. U. Service
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SYNOPSIS

In New York, Hugh Chesby, English World war veteran, relates a story of a treasure in Constantinople in the existence of which his uncle, Lord Chesby, firmly believes. A cablegram notifies Hugh of his uncle's sailing for New York. At the dock Hugh and his chum, Jack Nash, learn that the old gentleman has left with a stranger, purporting to be a friend of Hugh. A mysterious telephone message notifies Hugh that his uncle is in a hospital, dying, victim of an assassin. Before his death he babbles of the treasure, and tells them he was stabbed by "Toutou." With Lord Chesby's body, Hugh and Jack sail for England. In London Hugh and Jack meet their war buddy, Nikka Zarenko, famous gypsy violinist, and pore over some old documents seemingly having a bearing on the treasure and its location. A hidden room, referred to as the "Prior's Vent," is frequently mentioned. Montey Hilyer, man of shady reputation, but owner of a neighboring estate, calls on Hugh with a party of friends, mostly foreigners. Conversation turns on the "Prior's Vent." Jack and his friends find the hidden room, and in it documents telling that the treasure is located in the palace of the Bucoleon in Constantinople. Jack Nash's cousin, Betty King, with her uncle, is in Constantinople, and Hugh, Nikka, Jack, and Watkins set out for the Turkish capital. The party splits, Hugh and Watkins proceeding to Constantinople by sea and Nikka and Jack by land. Nikka persuades his uncle, Wasso Mikali, gypsy chief, to accompany them. Jack and Nikka don gypsy costumes, and with Mikali and six of his followers reach Constantinople. There they join Hugh, Betty, and the girl's uncle, Vernon King, archeological expert.

CHAPTER VIII

—11—

The Red Stone

"We ought to try to get inside Tokalji's house as soon as possible, if Toutou and Helene and the rest of them are not here yet," said Nikka.

"King and I have talked it over frequently," said Hugh. "But we haven't been able to think of a safe way of getting inside. Of course, we could run ashore in the launch some night, and climb up the courtyard wall that fronts on the Bosphorus, but we'd certainly be discovered."

"It wouldn't work," asserted Nikka. "No, to get in and have opportunity to look around for the landmark's mentioned in the instructions we must be accepted as friends."

"It can't be done," protested Hugh at once.

"Oh, yes, it can. Jack and I can do it—with Watkins to help us."

"What's your plan, Nikka," Hugh asked.

"Just this. When we leave here, you and Watkins head for Tokalji's house. We'll follow you at a distance. You and Watty must prowl through the street as mysteriously as you can, looking up at the house, examining its approaches, all that sort of thing. After a while look back and you will see us lurking after you. Pretend to be scared. Then we'll go after you, knives out. Run. You get away, Hugh, but we catch Watty and throw him down—empty out his pockets, start to cut his throat—you'd better not be wriggling around that time, Watty, or the knife might slip—and you raise a yell for the police around the corner. We change our minds, kick Watty on his way and run back. At the gate of Tokalji's house we ask for admission, claiming we fear pursuit. I think—I am quite sure—they will let us in. It is a chance we must take. They will have seen what we did, and from what you and Wasso Mikali tell me, Tokalji considers himself the chief of the local criminals. He will demand a percentage and let it go at that."

"It sounds simple," I said. "But what about me?"

"You are a Frenchman, an ex-Apache and deserter from the Salonika troops. Let me do the talking. I know gypsies. If you tell them a bold tale, and carry a high bluff, they will take you at your own valuation."

"It's a plan worth trying," agreed Hugh. "Start now?"

"Wait until afternoon."

When the hour came to leave, Wasso Mikali and his young men escorted Hugh and Watkins through the courtyard, and Nikka and I followed at some distance. The gypsies stopped in the gateway, and we strolled on alone after our friends in the direction of the Bosphorus.

As they rounded an alley corner into a dingy lane that was overtopped midway by a wall of massive Roman construction we were close at their heels. Now the comedy began. Hugh played up in great shape. He drew a paper from his pocket, and affected to stare along the wall. He counted his steps. He looked around him fearfully. He conferred with Watkins, who manifested even more uneasiness.

We slunk into the alley in as hangdog a manner as we could manage. Watty called Hugh's attention to us, as we thought, with genuine dramatic art. As Nikka whipped out his knife and ran for them, Watty squeaked, and lit off with a considerable lead on Hugh. But Hugh wasted no breath. He sprinted and lunged into Watkins, knocking his against a house wall, so that we had time to catch up. And as Hugh reached the curve of the crescent-shaped street, Nikka overhauled Watkins and toppled him over with every appearance of ruthless brutality. In the next moment I added my knife to the picture, and while I menaced the poor chap's throat, Nikka scientifically emptied his pockets and ripped a money-belt from under his clothes.

There came a yell from Hugh around the corner, and Nikka bounded to his feet. Between us we hoisted Watkins to his, and propelled him from us with a couple of really brutal kicks. Collar torn, jacket scruffed and trousers unbraced, Watkins scudded for that corner like a swallow on the wing. But we did not wait to watch his exit. We took to our own heels, and headed in the opposite direction, hesitated at the far corner, and doubled back to the closed door that was buried in the high wall of Tokalji's house.

Nikka banged on the thick wood with his knife hilt.

"Who knocks?" rumbled a voice.

"Two who fear the police."

A small wicket opened.

"We want none such here."

"There is something to be divided," answered Nikka.

"Where do you come from?"

"Salonika—and elsewhere."

"Tziganes both?"

"My comrade is a Frank—but he is one of us."

A hinge creaked.

"Enter growled the voice. "Quickly."

The crack was wide enough for one at a time and we slid through like shadows, the open leaf slamming behind us. We stood in a large courtyard scattered with bales of goods and boxes and a number of men and women in gypsy dress who were occupied in staring at us.

But we did not spare any protracted attention for them. There were two far more interesting characters close at hand. One was a stalwart, black-bearded man, with a seamed, wicked face that wore an habitual scowl. The other was a girl of perhaps eighteen, whose lissome figure set off her ragged dress like a Paquin toilette. She was very brown. Her hair was a tumbled heap of midnight, and her eyes were great glowing depths of passion. Her shapely legs were bare almost to the knee, and her flimsy bodice scarcely covered her. But she carried herself with the unconsciously regal air that I had noticed in Wassa Mikali.

She regarded me almost with contempt, but her eyes fairly devoured Nikka.

"This is the one," she cried. "he ran like that stallion we had from the Arab of Nejd, and you should have seen him strip the old Frank. He would have had the other one, too, if his friend had been as swift. Heh, foster-father, he has the makings of a great thief!"

Nikka afterward translated these conversations for me.

But the man only glowered at us, his hand on the hilt of one of the long knives in his waist-sash.

"Be still, girl! You jabber like a crow. Who knows them?"

"Nobody," answered Nikka promptly. "Only our knives can speak for us. My comrade and I are new to Stamboul. We have heard of Beran Tokalji in many camps. A great thief, they say, and one who treats his people well."

"How do you know I am Tokalji?" demanded the bearded man, plainly flattered by Nikka's speech.

Of course, Nikka did not know him, but he was quick to seize the opportunity and make the most of it.

"I have often heard you described around the fires."

"If you knew me and sought my help, was it wise to rob in front of my door?"

Nikka affected embarrassment.

"Why, as to that, voivode, there is something to be said," he agreed. "But we saw the Franks, and their looks spelt gold, and—what would you? 'Twas a chance. Also, we thought the police would not dare to touch us here."

The girl thrust herself scornfully to the fore.

"Gabble, gabble, gabble," she mocked. "Are we old wives that we mouth over everything? These men robbed, they fled unseen, they have their loot. Foster-father, you are not so keen as you once were. Something was said of a division."

A greedy light dawned in Tokalji's eyes.

"Yes, yes," he insisted, "that is right. So you said, my lad, and if you would have shelter you must pay for it."

"So will I."

Nikka flung the money-belt, some loose change and a watch down on the ground, and squatted beside them. The rest of us did the same. The girl seized the belt, and emptied the compartments, one by one.

"English gold," she exclaimed. "This was worth taking. You are a man of

She Regarded Me Almost With Contempt, but Her Eyes Fairly Devoured Nikka.

judgment, friend—What is your name?"

"I am called Giorgi Bordu. My friend is named Jakka in the Tziganе camps."

"Did he have any papers, that Frank?" asked Tokalji.

"All that he had is there," replied Nikka.

"Humph!" The gypsy thought a moment. "It was strange that you attacked those two, Giorgi Bordu. I do not want them sneaking around here. They are after something that I want myself."

Nikka, sitting back on his heels, produced his tobacco box and rolled a cigarette.

"Perhaps a strange thief and his friend might be of aid to you," he suggested.

"Perhaps they might. I don't know—You are smart fellows, I can see that. And I need men like you. But I am not alone in this. There are others, do you see? I must consult them. Still, you should be better than the two I am using just now."

"Are they Tziganes?" inquired Nikka politely.

"Of a sort. But they have lived too long with the Franks. They are not so ready as they once were, and I find they do not bring me the information I require. We will accept your comrade for whatever he is. You I know I can use. Kara, take the strangers to Mother Kathene. Tell her to bed them with the young men."

Nikka and I pouched our shares of the loot we had brought in, Nikka appropriating to himself Watkins' Birmingham silver watch. The gypsy girl never took her eyes off him.

"We are ready," said Nikka.

Her face flowered in an instantaneous smile.

"It is well, Giorgi Bordu. Come with me."

She led us across the courtyard to the building which fronted it on the left. Inside was a big, stone-paved hall. There were traces of carvings on the capitals of the pillars and a spaciousness that spoke of ancient glories. But the place reeked with the squalor of a tenement. Three old women were huddled in front of a fire that blazed on an enormous hearth, and strings of onions and garlic hung from hooks in the ceiling.

Kara skipped across to the fireplace, and tapped the oldest of the three women on the shoulder.

"Hi, Mother Kathene," she called loudly. "Here are two strangers Beran has taken into the tribe."

The three hags tottered to their feet, and peered at us with bleared eyes.

"Strangers?" whined Mother Kathene. "Why strangers in the tribe? Haven't we enough fine young men to stab and steal for the chief? Hehheh! I don't like strangers."

"Strangers are bad luck," pronounced a second beldame, whose name was Zitzi.

"Bad luck," echoed the third, who was called Lilli. "And I suppose we'll have to cook and scrub for the rascals, too."

Kara pinched her with a viciousness that made the poor old thing squeal.

"Bah, Mother Lilli, you are lucky to have a chief like Beran, who gives the old ones work to do and shelter and food for the end of their days, instead of driving them out to seek the bounty of the Roumis and Franks. And you are luckier still to have a great thief like Giorgi Bordu to cook for. Have done with it," she commanded imperiously. "Where are Giorgi and Jakka to lie?"

"Where they choose," returned Zitzi sourly.

Kara waved her hand about the chamber.

"Here or above, whichever you say," she announced to us. "These are the quarters of the young men."

"May we look above?" asked Nikka, anxious to seize this opportunity to explore.

Her answer was to dance up the stairs—she seldom walked or did anything slowly.

We followed her. There was a central corridor, and from it opened various rooms, some of them crammed with all manner of goods, valuable rugs, bric-a-brac, cloths, and frequently, the veriest junk.

"Beran stores plunder here, as you can see," she said. "The other rooms are empty. The young men prefer to sleep all together where they can watch one another."

"What is good enough for them is good enough for us," Nikka decided. "But is there no more to see? I thought the building ran around by the water."

"There is no connection," she replied. "The building over the water is just a storehouse. We are a great tribe, and Beran has agents everywhere. Never a day goes by that plunder does not come in, and we store it until there is opportunity to dispose of it."

"He is a master thief," agreed Nikka. "So we had heard. But where do you live, maiden?"

Her face glowed rosily with satisfaction at this first evidence of his interest in herself.

"Across the court," she answered. "Come and you shall see."

We descended the stairs into the big hall on the ground floor, where the three hags had crouched again before the fire, and crossed the courtyard to the building opposite on the right of the entrance. Immediately above the door on a panel let into the wall was carved a representation of a bull, head lowered and in act of charge. I looked at Nikka, and his eyes met mine with a warning glance to say nothing. It was a good thing that my knowledge of gypsy dialect was sketchy, for had I been able to, I believe I should have exclaimed over this first clew and attempted to probe our guide's knowledge of it.

Kara never gave the sculpture a glance; it meant nothing to her. She beckoned us inside the door. Here was a spacious, pillared hall, triple-aisled like a small church, its battered pavement showing traces here and there of the gorgeous mosaics which once had floored it.

"These are the quarters of the married people," explained Kara. "Beran sleeps here. The others upstairs."

"And you?" asked Nikka.

"Oh, I live where I choose, but most of all I like my garden."

"Your garden? Where, is there a garden?"

"I will show you, Giorgi Bordu."

Kara crossed the room and opened another door. This led to a pillared portico, and I gasped in wonder at the sheer loveliness of this morsel of imperial Byzantium, buried in the frowsy lanes of Stamboul. There was a tangled stretch of garden, weed-grown, of course, and two jade-green cedars that lifted their heads in isolated majesty. Around the four sides ran the portico, although in two places the pillars had collapsed and the wreckage of the roof strewed the ground. But the gem of the place was the fountain in the center, a lion rearing back on his hind legs with a broken spear in his chest. From the open mouth poured a stream of water that fell into a stone-rimmed pool.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Laughter Puts Joke on the Fault-Finder

As long as life lasts, we shall find that troublesome, unpleasant person who seems incapable of saying a single word without finding fault.

And there's nothing to choose on this point between men and women. Some of the former can be really bad at the game. For, after all, it is a silly game, which may become a menace to our peace of mind.

It seems to be an inseparable part of the mind of some folk—this fault-finding. Often it is based on mere nothings.

There's one thing these pernickety people don't like. They hate you very badly if you laugh at them. It upsets their rhythm. And most of the fault-finders work to a rhythm. Put them off it and they are undone.

Of course, says London Chronicle, there are more ways than one of laughing at them. You don't need to laugh outright. A twinkle of the eye, a steady, amused look, a sly dig—metaphorically, of course, although a nice Eighteenth century one wouldn't be amiss sometimes—a bit of leg-pulling; any of these methods are warranted to disturb the lines of attack of these fault-finders.

No, indeed; they can't stand being laughed at.

Bugs Boost Lumber Cost.

Insects and diseases directly affect the price of lumber, for they cut down the supply by tens of thousands of trees every year, says the American Tree association. The trees, like children, must be kept in good health.

Bachelor's Lament

Reunion night at a certain club had brought two old friends face to face after an interval of some years. In the meantime, one of the two had taken a wife.

"Well, Harry," he remarked, "tell me why you've never married."

"It's like this," replied the single one. "When I was quite young I resolved that I'd never marry until I met the ideal woman. I was difficult to please, but after four years I found her."

"Lucky beggar! And then—"

"Oh, she was looking for the ideal man," came the heart-broken reply.

UNKNOWN ISLANDS IN PACIFIC OCEAN

Area Near Equator Not Adequately Charted.

Washington.—Even though modern mapmakers have charted almost every scrap of land on the earth, whether large or small, there may still be some uncharted islands in the vast stretches of the Pacific. Successors to Defoe, wishing to write of an unknown island upon which their hero is shipwrecked, might still do so without fear of contradiction if they placed it in the Pacific ocean, slightly south of the equator and about 100 miles south of the Caroline islands. This region is to the north of New Guinea; it is out of the way of steamer tracks and has never been adequately charted.

But, on the whole, Robinson Crusoe would have a difficult time today trying to find an unknown desert island to get wrecked upon. In his time, a little more than 200 years ago, the Pacific ocean was dotted with thousands of unknown, uncharted islands, both verdure-clad and barren.

Recalls Selkirk's Isle.

The profusion of these oceanic oases, especially in the equatorial region, and the fact that they were not placed on any sailing charts, made it an easy matter to pick out a nice, lonely island as remote from the world of men as a corner lot on Mars. Alexander Selkirk, the original Robinson Crusoe, lived on the island of Juan Fernandez, 300 miles west of Valparaiso, for three years without seeing another human being.

The story of the discovery and charting of the Pacific's islands is a fascinating tale, replete with romance and studded with the names of many doughty adventurers. Islands have been discovered, lost, and in some cases rediscovered. The Solomon Islands, for instance, were lost for two centuries and then found again. Most interesting, however, are those phantom isles, sighted once or twice by mariners of sailing ships and then never seen again. A great deal of this island hide-and-seek was due to uncertain methods of determining latitude and longitude at sea. The rest was due to the sighting of floating patches of marine life which, at a distance, looked like islands, to submarine earthquake and volcanic action which might push a mass above the surface of the water temporarily, and to the ever-active imaginations of deep-water sailors.

Thousand Phantoms Reported.

Fifty years ago, more than a thousand tiny phantom isles were reported to freckle the Pacific's 70,000,000 square miles. The United States Hydrographic office, at that time, published a "list of reported dangers in the Pacific ocean." The list, in three volumes, contained over 3,000 reported shoals, reefs, and islands, most of them with the notation, "existence doubtful" or "position doubtful." To day, the majority of these reported dangers, especially the islands, have definitely "disappeared." So have sea serpents and the other chimeras which once did the adrenalin act to adventurous sailors' hearts.

Although possible, it is improbable that other islands may be discovered in the vastness of the Pacific wilderness of waves.

Heir to Millions Loses Job; Overstays Leave

Milwaukee, Wis.—Even the rich are subject to disciplinary action when they overstay their vacations.

Proof of this is offered by William Woods Plankinton, Jr., twenty-one, who last year took a $20 a week job in New York, after falling heir to a fortune of millions.

The youthful scion of the packing company finally is here today looking for a job.

"I got fired for taking too long a vacation in Europe recently," Mr. Plankinton explained. "My boss was J. C. Stewart, a building engineer, who incidentally is also my maternal grandfather."

Mr. Plankinton's quest for work is carried on in company with his friend, Frank Lee, of San Francisco. As a diversion the young men take moving pictures of their travels.

Mule Boss Shows How and Gets Shown by Gad

Chicago.—The open spaces of Montana sent two products to an Evanston construction job, Albert Downing, superintendent, and Gad, a mule.

Gad had a Fourth of July hangover and refused to work. Downing was summoned.

"Boys, I'll show you how we handle these birds in Montana," he said. Thereupon he smote Gad forcefully with a piece of plank. Gad whirled like a flash. Two hoofs shot out, landing on Mr. Downing's jaw. He was out when the ambulance arrived. The doctors at the hospital marveled that he had any jaw left. They took ten stitches.

Gad was given a day off.

Bars One-Arm Drivers

Boston.—Massachusetts motorists may either drive or pet, but they mustn't do both at the same time, George A. Parker, register of motor vehicles, has ruled. "Anyone who drives while having his arm around a girl or allows her to sit on his lap is not a proper person to operate a car," he said.

IT'S folly to suffer long from neuritis, neuralgia, or headaches when relief is swift and sure, with Bayer Aspirin. For 28 years the medical profession has recommended it. It does not affect the heart. Take it for colds, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago. Gargle it for a sore throat or tonsilitis. Proven directions for its many uses, in every package. All drug stores have genuine Bayer Aspirin which is readily identified by the name on the box and the Bayer cross on every tablet.

BAYER ASPIRIN

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

STANDARD FOR 50 YEARS

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

For over 50 years it has been the household remedy for all forms of Malaria Chills and Fever Dengue

It is a Reliable, General Invigorating Tonic.

Not So Bad

"Your bride has never had any experience at housekeeping?"

"None."

"She has no one to guide her?"

"Only a good magazine."

When Food Sours

Lots of folks who think they have "indigestion" have only an acid condition which could be corrected in five or ten minutes. An effective anti-acid like Phillips Milk of Magnesia soon restores digestion to normal.

Phillips does away with all that sourness and gas right after meals. It prevents the distress so apt to occur two hours after eating. What a pleasant preparation to take! And how good it is for the system! Unlike a burning dose of soda—which is but temporary relief at best—Phillips Milk of Magnesia neutralizes many times its volume in acid.

Next time a hearty meal, or too rich a diet has brought on the least discomfort, try—

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

The Evidence

He—Are they very rich?

She—I'll say they are. They still drive a 1915 car.

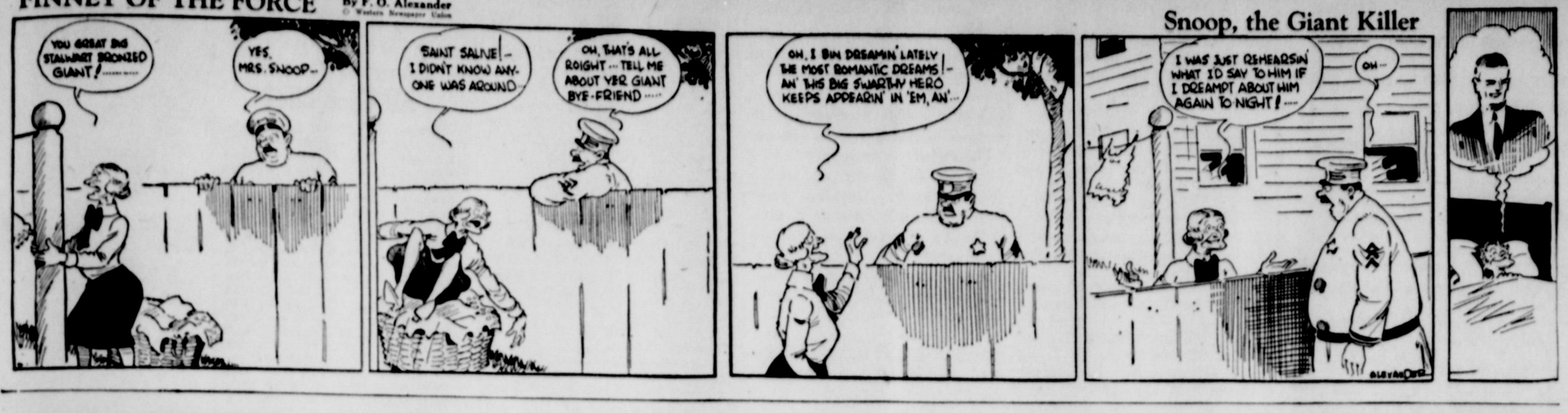
TOOK ADVICE OF HER MOTHER

Praises Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Wetmore, Colo.—"When I was married 14 years ago I was in bad health for a couple of years and when I tried to do anything I would get tired and worn-out. I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound off and on all these years and have recommended it to hundreds of women. I have given birth to six children and have taken the Vegetable Compound as a tonic before child birth. It has done me worlds of good. My mother had taken it several times and she recommended it to me."—Mrs. John Bragoni, Wetmore, Colorado.

FINNEY OF THE FORCE

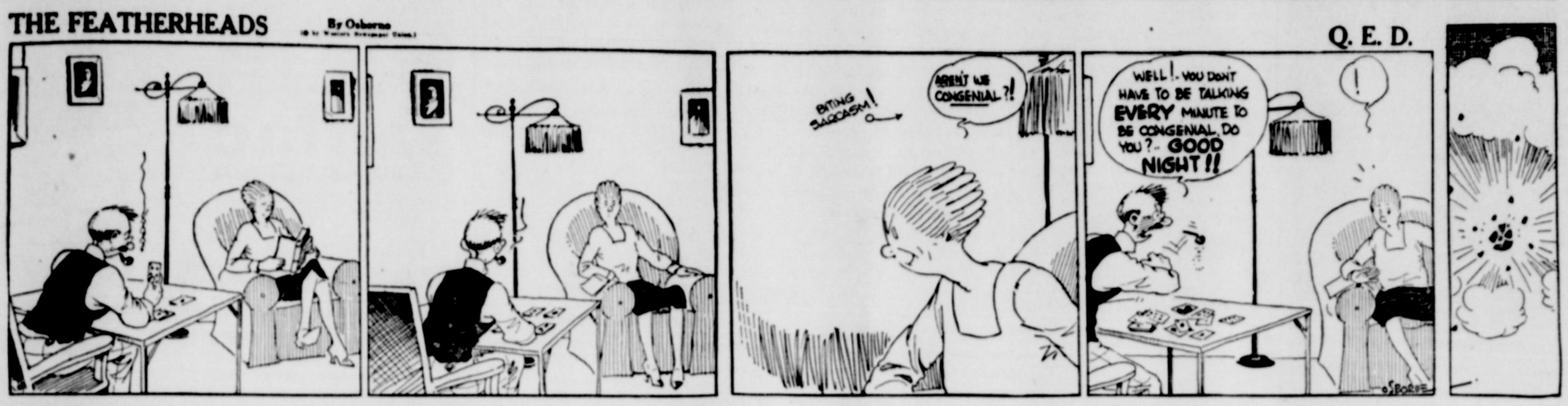
By F. O. Alexander
© Western Newspaper Union



Snoop, the Giant Killer

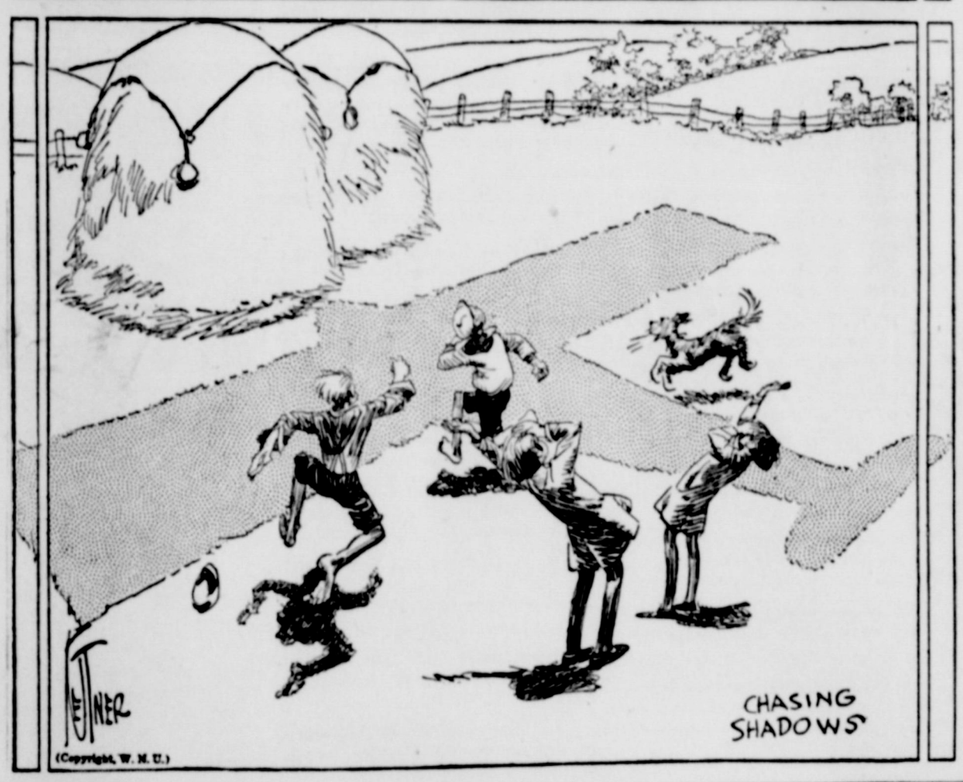
THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne
© Western Newspaper Union

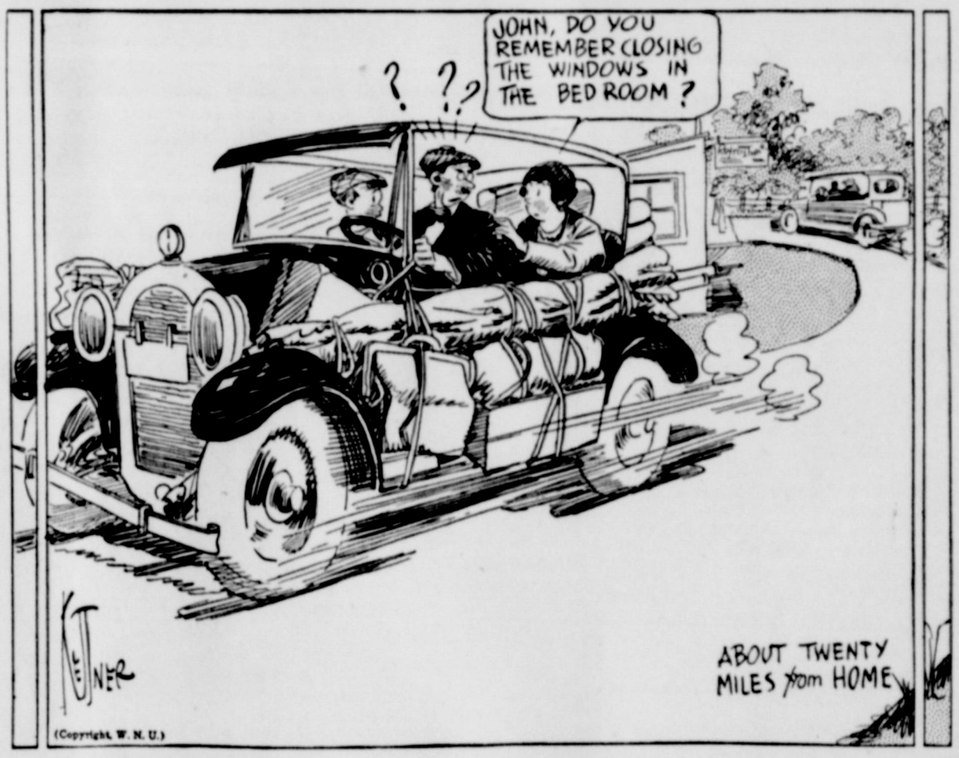


Q. E. D.

Under the Airways



Along the Concrete



MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughroe
© Western Newspaper Union

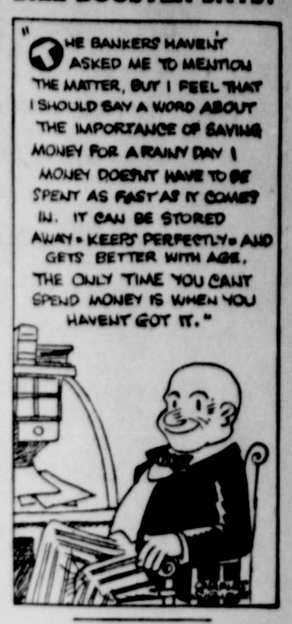
You Tell Him, Readers; YOU Know

The Clancy Kids

They Evidently Couldn't Get Along With the Neighbors

By PERCY L. CROSBY
by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate

BILL BOOSTER SAYS:



THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

Profound and still above
our heads
Unthought Ideas grandly
range.
It's nice to think they're
there but, gee —
I'd like to
catch one for
a change!

Ad Chats

By Charles Sughroe

DOC WISE

WONDER WHY SOME OF THESE FELLOWS WHO ARE COURTEOUS AND ATTENTIVE TO OTHER MEN'S WIVES, PAY SO LITTLE ATTENTION TO THEIR OWN

WON'T COVER THE FOOT AGAIN

Maud—Maizie, that dress is a disgrace—it doesn't cover a foot of your leg.

Maizie—Of course it doesn't and a dress will never again cover the foot of anyone's leg.

Well, Why?

"Statistics don't go so well with women."

"No?"

"No. I told my wife that the railroads of this country carry two tons of freight for every passenger. And she wanted to know why they allow each customer to have so much baggage."—Santa Fe Magazine.

THE SANDERSON TIMES

Official and Only Paper Published in Terrell County

Entered as second class matter July 22, 1908, at the postoffice, Sanderson, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

MRS. ADDIE LEE BOLING, Owner, Publisher and Editor

$2.00 per year payable in advance

Advertising Rates Furnished Upon Application

Published Friday of Each Week

SHERIFF'S NOTICE OF ELECTION.

THE STATE OF TEXAS,
COUNTY OF TERRELL.

Notice is hereby given that an election will be held on the 10th day of August, 1929, at the various voting precincts in Terrell County Common School District No. 1 of Terrell County, Texas, as established by order of the Commissioners' Court of Terrell County, Texas, of date 8th day of July, 1929, which is of record in Book 2, page 232, Minutes of the Commissioners' Court of Terrell County, Texas, to determine whether a majority of the legally qualified property taxpaying voters of that district desire to tax themselves for the purpose of supplementing the State School Fund apportioned to said district, and to determine whether the Commissioners Court of said county shall be authorized to levy, assess and collect annually a tax of and at the rate of forty cents on the $100 valuation of taxable property in said district for said purpose.

The following have been appointed presiding officers for said election at the places hereinafter designated, and each presiding officer shall select two judges and two clerks to assist him in holding same, and he shall within five days after said election has been held make due returns thereof to the Commissioners' Court of this county as is required by law for holding a General Election.

Presiding officers and places of election are as follows:

Clyde Griffith, presiding officer, at the Courthouse in Sanderson, Texas, in Voting Precinct No. 1.

W. R. House, presiding officer, at the Dryden School House in Dryden, Texas, in Voting Precinct No. 2.

R. N. Allen, presiding officer, at Cecil Arvin Headquarter Ranch, in Voting Precinct No. 3.

Robert Duncan, presiding officer, at J. F. Buchanan Ranch on Independence Creek, in Voting Precinct No. 4.

All persons who are legally qualified voters of this State and county, and who are resident property taxpayers in said district (county) shall be entitled to vote at said election and all voters who favor taxation for school purposes shall have written on printed on their ballots the words:

"FOR SCHOOL TAX"

and those opposed to such taxation shall have written or printed on their ballots the words:

"AGAINST SCHOOL TAX."

Said election was ordered by the County Judge of this county by order made on the 13th day of July, A. D. 1929, and this notice is given in pursuance of said order.

Dated this the 16th day of July, 1929.

W. J. BANNER,
Sheriff Terrell County, Texas.

NOTICE FOR ELECTION OF SCHOOL TRUSTEES.

THE STATE OF TEXAS,
COUNTY OF TERRELL.

To All Whom This May Concern:

It is ordered, and Notice is hereby given that there will be held an election on the 10th day of August, A. D. 1929, at the various precincts in Terrell County Common School District No. 1, of Terrell County, Texas, as established by order of the Commissioners' Court of Terrell County, Texas, of date 8th day of July, 1929, which is recorded in Book 2, page 232, minutes of the Commissioners' Court of Terrell County, Texas, for the purpose of electing Three (3) Trustees for said Terrell County Common School District No. 1, of said County for the ensuing term.

The following have been appointed presiding officers for said election at the places hereinafter designated, to-wit:

Clyde Griffith, presiding judge, at the Courthouse, in Sanderson, Texas, in Voting Precinct No. 1.

W. R. House, presiding judge, at the Dryden School House, in Voting Precinct No. 2.

R. N. Allen, presiding judge, at Cecil Arvin Headquarter Ranch, in Voting Precinct No. 3.

Robert Duncan, presiding Judge, at J. F. Buchanan Ranch on Independence Creek, in Voting Precinct No. 4.

All of said voting places being in said Terrell County Common School District No. 1, of said Terrell County, Texas.

The Polls at said Election shall be opened at 8 o'clock a. m. and shall not be closed before 7 o'clock p. m.

G. J. HENSHAW,
County Judge, Terrell County, Texas.

NOTICE.

No hunting or trespassing allowed on the S. L. Strumburg ranch. Violators will be punished.

GEO. D. THURMAN, Mgr
10-29p

Dumm & Gedge

:::Funeral Home:::

Modern Service at Reasonable Prices

Phone 2

204 Garfield Del Rio

BOY SCOUT NOTES

Chief White Boy Lehman Will Camp With Us in Southwest Texas Boy Scout Camp Beginning August 7th.

"Chief White Boy" tells many thrilling stories of his life, while a member of the Apache and Comanche tribes of Texas Indians. These accounts of his life on the warpath and on long hunts will be a special feature of the evening camp fire programs.

F. H. Lehman, now 70 years of age, was captured and carried away by a roving band of Apache Indians when a child of 11 near Mason, Texas, in Loyal Valley Community. He became a favorite of the chief of that band, and on one occasion saved the chief's life and was made a sub chief at the age of 14.

In a fight among themselves, the chief, who was "White Boy's" foster father, was killed by a medicine man of the tribe. Chief White Boy in turn killed and scalped the medicine man and had to flee for his life. To kill a medicine man was an unpardonable crime among the Indians, even in self protection.

Chief White Boy roamed over the plains of Texas as a "lone wolf" and as a real wild man for nearly a year. He then joined the Comanches and was with them for five years, becoming a full fledged brave. He is still a recognized member of that tribe with head rights on their records.

The present estimate is that more than 200 Scouts and 30 adult leaders will attend the annual Southwest Texas Boy Scout Camp and enjoy this with many other features. Visitors are welcome to the evening camp fire programs so long as the rules of the camp, the Scout oath and law are observed.

The camp committee under the leadership of V. A. Brown, mayor of Rocksprings, has raised about two-thirds of the purchase price of this 300 acre camp site, and as soon as the title can be cleared, the other three counties of the ten composing the Area will contribute their quotas to complete the amount necessary for the purchase of this tract of land, which is to be used by the boys and girls of Southwest Texas for all time.

For further particulars write Scout Headquarters.

Position wanted by a practical nurse. Mrs. Emma Darnell. Call at F. H. Talbot's, Sanderson, Texas. 4t pd.

Have range for 2000 goats or sheep; 48-inch net wire fence; Bullis Gap Ranch; good range. Ray M. Davis, Sanderson. 2t. pd.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Boguscb and son, Jack, motored to San Antonio last Thursday where they spent the week-end visiting friends and relatives. They returned home Monday.

J. D. Nichols, who was operated on in Del Rio week before last, was able to be brought home Monday morning. Mrs. Nichols, who has been in Del Rio with him, came home also. He is doing fine and hopes to be able to resume his duties as clerk at the Sanderson Mercantile real soon.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Holland and daughter from their Pecos County ranch visited Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Daggett the first of the week.

W. P. Lester of Robstown is visiting relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Mansfield and children of Uvalde who have spent the past week with their daughter, Mrs. Tip Frazier, at the ranch returned to their home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Cox, former residents of this city, but who now live in Bisbee, Ariz., spent the past week in the city visiting friends.

Patronize the advertisers in The Times.

Woman's Missionary Society

The ladies of the Methodist church met in the home of Mrs. Chester Smith, Tuesday afternoon, July 30, for their regular monthly social meeting. The subject of the day's lesson was "The Family in Industry," with Mrs. R. L. Henry as leader. Opening song, "Onward Christian Soldiers." Prayer, Mrs. McKinley. Devotional (Mathew and Luke) Mrs. R. L. Henry. Song, "More About Jesus." "Ministry of Children," Mrs. H. L. Stuckey. "Women in Industry," Mrs. B. J. Brannan. Mrs. Henry then told how the Russian, Japanese and Mexican mothers and children labored in the beet fields of Nebraska and the conditions that resulted therefrom and that the Federated Women's Clubs of that State were working to bring about better living conditions for these toilers. Mrs. W. M. Justice told of her work with a Sunday school class of textile mill and laundry workers children in Dallas and of her working in the mills and laundries where the mothers of these children worked, of the long hours and other conditions that made our hearts sad when we live in what is called "Christian America." A short business session was held and a committee appointed to buy furniture for the new parsonage. The meeting closed by singing "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," followed with an appropriate prayer for the women toilers of our country by Mrs. R. L. Henry.

During the social hour, Waldorf salad, cocoanut and devil's food cake and iced tea was served to fourteen members and four visitors.

—Reporter.

FOOD LIKE SO MUCH POISON TO SYSTEM

"Two years ago specialists in Louisiana, where I used to live, advised me to come to San Antonio to recuperate from the after effects of a bad spell of malaria which had left me in terrible run down condition.

"I didn't look like myself at all. My complexion and eyes had turned such an unhealthy yellow color. In place of nourishing me my food was just like so much poison. Constipation kept my system from throwing off these poisons and it just looked like I wasn't going to get any better.

"Sargon did more for me in less than one month than all the other medicines I have ever used in the past five years. A number of my friends have told me that they had never seen such a remarkable change in any one in such a short time. It is simply wonderful how Sargon brought back my color and benefitted me in so many ways.

"Sargon Soft Mass Pills are the grandest in the world to overcome a sluggish liver and I don't believe medical science has ever found or ever will find an equal of Sargon."

Mrs. E. Prudhomme, 616 West Woodlawn, San Antonio, Texas.

Sanderson Drug Co., Agents.

Our service is as near as your telephone. Call 68. We certainly do hurry!

Empire Cleaners and Dyers.

Frank Robertson

Drs. Peterson & Peterson
SPECIALIZING IN
Anal and Proctology
The treatment of HEMORRHOIDS, FISTULA, ULCERS.
MARFA, TEXAS

BROADWAY STARS TO BE AT STATE FAIR

"The Red Robe," auditorium attraction at the 1929 State Fair of Texas, Dallas, will bring the cast now playing on Broadway to Texas, according to the contract recently signed between the Shubert office in New York, and T. E. Jackson, president and Roy Rupard, secretary of the State Fair.

Walter Woolf, Marjorie Peterson and George Dobbs, stars of "The Red Robe" were at the 1927 State Fair in "Countess Maritza." Woolf is the leading man in "The Red Robe" and Peterson and Dobbs have a number of specialty dances.

E. McSparren has leased from Mr. Harral a part of the old Anderson headquarters ranch near Fort Stockton and is now moving his stock to that place.

RODEO AND HORSE SHOW AT STATE FAIR

A world champion rodeo and combined horse show and style revue will be featured in the new 6,000 seat capacity, Livestock Coliseum at the State Fair of Texas, according to T. E. Jackson, president, and Roy Rupard, secretary of the State exposition which is held annually at Dallas.

The horse show and style revue will be one of the most elaborate entertainments of its kind ever staged in this country. Committees are now working on plans for the horse show under the supervision of Otto Herold, director in charge.

W. T. Johnson, millionaire West Texas cattleman will produce the rodeo. As this "corral meet" comes so late in the year, points awarded will have much to do in deciding championships for 1929.

SHAFER—HENDRICKS

Monday, July 22, at Las Cruces, Miss Veva Shafer of Tornillo became the bride of Joe Hendricks of this city.

Mrs. Hendricks is the oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Shaffer of Tornillo. She graduated from Tornillo High School three years ago and attended John Brown College in Arkansas for two years. The past year she has been a student of the State University at Austin. She is one of the most popular and well known young ladies of the valley and her many friends wish her a happy future.

Mr. Hendricks is the oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Hendricks of this city. He has lived in Fabens for five years, having moved here with his family from Las Cruces. For the past two years he has been working for the Southern Pacific and is stationed at Sanderson.

Mr. and Mrs. Hendricks left Tuesday evening for Sanderson, where they will make their future home.

—Rio Grande Review.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Hoffman are the parents of a baby girl that was born to them on July 16, at Del Rio. Mrs. Hoffman will be remembered as Miss Margaret Haass, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Haass of this city.

J. E. Yates and B. J. Brannan were business visitors in Alpine Wednesday afternoon.

FOR SALE

Registered Angora Billies.
See or phone
E. W. Hardgrave.

FOR SALE—

A Red Star oil cook stove in first class condition. Call 39 for particulars.

CALL 64

"LUCILLES BEAUTY PARLOR"

For all kinds of beauty work

Copy No. 33-29 46 Rows

Why Suffer Stomach Trouble All Your Life?

Thousands of men and women who were physical wrecks from stomach troubles, who couldn't sleep, who couldn't eat without after-misery, and whose kidneys, bowels and liver were out of order, now enjoy old time energy and relish their food since taking Tanlac.

Mr. Joseph A. Culver, of 812 S. Main St., Muskogee, Okla., says: "I was a nervous wreck and forced myself to work and eat. I felt like quitting work before the day was up. On taking Tanlac, my appetite picked up so I could eat anything, soon slept well and gained 10 lbs."

Tanlac contains no mineral drugs of any kind, just a special combination of selected herbs, roots and barks, recognized to be of high medicinal value. Quick benefit and relief from stomach distress is almost sure to follow the use of Tanlac. Get a bottle today from your druggist and let it start right in correcting those troubles which make you so miserable. Money back if it doesn't help.

Tanlac

52 MILLION BOTTLES USED

DRYDEN NOTES.

By Mrs. W. R. House.

Richard Patten is attending the sheep and goat men's convention in Del Rio this week.

Misses Hazel and Johnnie Johnson of Rocksprings are visiting their brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Forest Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Rogers and family were in Dryden one day this past week.

Murray McCain and Bill Vaughn spent Saturday and Sunday in Del Rio.

Mrs. A. L. White and boys, and sister Mrs. Steele, and mother Mrs. McCarthey, attended the picture show in Sanderson Saturday night.

Rev. W. M. Justice preached Sunday evening at the school house to a fair sized crowd.

Mrs. Haines had as her guest the past two weeks, her sister.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Roberts are attending the sheep and goat men's convention in Del Rio this week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Burdwell made a business trip to Del Rio last week end. Mr. Burdwell is now confined to his bed; we hope he will soon be up again.

S. P. Witt spent several days in Del Rio and Uvalde last week.

Mrs. M. Miller spent Sunday at Tesnus as the guest of her daughter Mrs. John Reynolds.

Mrs. W. A. Latimer and grandson Bill, spent Friday in Del Rio, visiting her daughter Mrs. J. C. Bailey.

Mrs. Houston Chandler and two sons are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chandler.

Mrs. Luther Calk and two sons from Del Rio spent several days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Henning.

Mr. and Mrs. Forest Johnson, attended the sheep and goat men's convention in Rocksprings last week and will also attend the one in Del Rio this week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Latimer and Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Buchanan attended church in Sanderson Sunday night.

Terry Beckett from Emerson, spent the week end with his brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Seth Beckett.

There was a dance in Dryden Saturday night. A large crowd was present, some from Langtry, Pumpville and Sanderson.

Mr. and Mrs. Butler were in Tuesday from Carpenter ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Henning are carrying the mail to Independence while Mr. and Mrs. Peeples are away on vacation.

J. W. McLeod and son were Sanderson visitors Saturday.

Mrs. Vic Mason and son from Marathon accompanied her mother home and spent the week end with relatives.

Yeager Mortuary
Funeral Directors
Ambulance Service
Lady Attendant. Phone 3
Del Rio, Texas

Energy quick with POST TOASTIES
The Wake-up Food

FOR ECONOMY buy the family size package

Drive right into

HOTEL SHERMAN
RANDOLPH CLARK LAKE & LA SALLE STREETS
SINGLE ROOM with BATH $2.50 PER DAY
DOUBLE ROOM with BATH $4.00 Per Day & Up
CHICAGO
NEW GARAGE NOW OPEN
DRIVE YOUR CAR RIGHT INTO HOTEL SHERMAN

Brazil Nuts

The only three-angled nuts known as Brazil nuts grow on the "lecythidaceous" tree. The nuts themselves grow inside a large fruit. Each globular fruit contains from 18 to 24 closely packed nuts. These are the nuts which are often known as "nigger toes."

Mrs Ollie Walker

Pleasant Surprise for Houston Lady

"My complexion used to show how bad I felt. Now it shows that I am free from those depressing headaches and nervous spells," says Mrs. Ollie Walker, who lives at 2424 Morse St., in Houston.

"I suffered from constipation, I might say all my life. I couldn't throw off the wastes and they gave me headaches, and a very sallow complexion. Ever since I started taking Nature's Remedy, all that is gone. I reckon the real reason is that NR Tablets are so pleasant to take that I continued taking them long enough to get results."

NR Tablets are so effective because they soothe, sweeten and stimulate the stomach and bowels. Then the starch and sugar wastes from the food you eat can't remain in your system to form the acids which sour your stomach, bind your bowels and rob the blood of the red corpuscles it must have plenty of to keep you from losing weight and strength, and from becoming bilious, headachy, dyspeptic and rheumatic. Get a 25c box of NR Tablets at any drug store.

BOILS

HAWAIIAN FISH GODS STILL HOLD POWER

Ancient Form of Worship Adhered to on Island.

Honolulu.—Ancient "fish gods" of Hawaii still retain their power to aid or hinder fishermen, according to the beliefs of many Hawaiian and Oriental followers of the Waltonic art. Though Hawaii has been for more than one hundred years nominally Christian, any old resident can point out the hidden fish altars and relate that they are still used.

An unbeliever in this ancient magic recently visiting the Kohala coast of Hawaii, where the old customs linger to a greater extent than in many parts of the islands, relates that three schools of akule, a popular food fish, were sighted near the mouth of Kapanaia bay. A fishing "hui" or association from the neighboring port of Kawaihae came with its nets and surrounded a portion of the school. Two men, one a Chinese, the other a Hawaiian, took up a lease on the land through which all vehicles must pass to and from the fishing ground and warned all fish venders that one sack of fish would be levied upon each car going through the gate with fish for sale.

People from all parts of the neighborhood approached the shore with bags for the akule, as the fishermen prepared to bring the fish in. Prospects were for a huge catch. But the old Chinese toll taker looked on with disgust.

"No good," he said. "No can catch. He no give akua some fish."

The fishermen maneuvered until they had a much larger school surrounded, in combination with the first. The people shouted in glee. But suddenly the akule broke loose, left the net and headed for the open sea. No fish were caught.

The fishermen had neglected to lay offerings before the rough stone "akuah," the fish gods of the place.

Illiteracy of Males in Japan Decreasing

Washington.—Thanks to the progress of home study methods of education, Japan is making marked headway in decreasing the illiteracy rate of its male population living in remote regions of the empire, the national home study council, Washington, D. C., asserts.

"This fact was confirmed recently in an announcement given by the Japanese ministry of war, which revealed that only 50,000 of the young men from rural districts, who were called to the colors this year, are unable to read or write. In 1926 and 1927 the number of illiterates included in the recruiting classes was 59,000 and 54,000 respectively," the council states, adding:

"While education is compulsory in Japan, there are many of the natives, who, for economic reasons or official carelessness, evade the law and do not attend school long enough to master the rudiments of character writing. Most of this evasion is found in the rural regions among folk far removed from the government schools. This situation is being relieved by the extension of home study programs for these people."

Guards Watch Barber as He Shaves King Zogu

Tirana, Albania.—King's barber has soft job.

A handsome young man is King Zogu's barber, with thick, dark hair, a fashionable tiny mustache and the added "charm of married brows." He is said to have been not only "guaranteed" as a real fascist by Mussolini, but also personally introduced to King Zogu by him.

Whether or not this is true, Giuseppe Falgari is King Zogu's best-paid servant. He receives, in addition to board and lodging, a "retaining fee" of $175 a month, as well as a daily fee of $4 when he shaves the king. Perhaps this compensates for any loss of dignity Giuseppe may feel when the two armed guards stand by during the shaving. The Albanian king takes no risks and these knights protector of the lather, as one might say, are always on hand for the daily operation.

Bees Are Bibliophiles

Ontario, Calif.—Every one admits that the public library here is a mighty sweet place. A few swarms of bees have been storing their honey in the attic for the past three months and the finished product is beginning to ooze through cracks in the ceiling.

Express Agent Flops as a Terrier Chaser

Harbor Springs, Mich.—A dog was shipped by a veterinary to its owner, Mrs. H. S. Woods, Harbor Springs. It was a clever Irish terrier and pet of the family. The crate arrived marked with Mrs. Woods' own tag. It was her crate but the dog was a stranger who showed fight. He was an airedale and tough.

Investigation developed that the terrier, tiring of the confinement, escaped from the crate at Fort Wayne. The express agent chased him four blocks. In the chase the agent spied the airedale, grabbed him and shipped him to Harbor Springs.

GIVE WHITE DASH OF COLOR; CLOCHE OR OFF-FACE BRIM?

WHITE season? Yes—but do not forget to add a dash of high color. One of fashion's greatest enthusiasms is the white frock or ensemble enlivened with startling notes of vivid hue.

It ought to be an easy matter for the woman who can sew a bit or has a knack of "doiling up" her clothes to style requirements, to supply the missing color-touch to any one or more pretty white frocks she may be fortunate enough to possess.

Let's suppose, for instance, that a pretty sleeveless all-white frock numbers among those present in your wardrobe. Why not take a cue from the winsome model in the picture, and with a few deft gestures stylize your color-lack gown to the queen's taste?

Dolled Up in White Gown.

Assuming that the dress you are going to "touch up" is sleeveless, the first step would be to buy a square of white crepe or white-fabric such as that of your dress, making it into a bandana, to be tied about the neckline after the manner pictured.

These kerchiefs add ever so much of chic to the gown sans sleeves. And now for the coveted dash of color! Cut vari-sized circles in confetti colors of any tidbits of silk crepe which you have been hoarding up to use when the psychological moment arrives. These circlets of silk, if appliqued as you see, are wonderfully decorative and quite up-to-the-moment when it comes to modernistic design.

If your urge is to hand-paint instead of applique, the patterning could be brushed in with colorfast dyes. Or perhaps your talent runs to embroidering. All well and good. There is nothing more alluring in the way of a summer frock than one of white silk or jersey cloth, embroidered in colorful gay yarn.

A kerchief neckpiece worked with a cluster of wool flowers in true-to-life colorings with a matching floral motif positioned on the frock somewhat as are the bright circles in the picture, would pay dividends in beauty well worth the time and talent of the designer.

Answering to the call for white with color, peasant frocks of white crepe gaily smocked and embroidered are listed among this season's leading modes.

When it comes to the subject of fashionable brims, millinery is at the crossroads. One path leads to shapes which smartly turn up off the face, the other keeps to the bonnet trend. They both arrive at the same destination—chic.

Along the way of the off-the-face movement an endless variety of fascinating silhouettes is encountered, outstanding among which are folded-back-flat types with one side, wide and drooping. These give emphasis to the vogue which is so strongly endorsed, for the one-sided effects. Competing with these are the new roll brims, which are quite the smart note in Paris. And then there is the "gob" hat, a very swagger type for summer. True to its kind, it is a replica, so far as contour is concerned, of the original white duck headgear worn by sailor lads.

Every whit as modish as the off-face shapes, is the ever faithful cloche. Only present-day cloches are "different," being that bonnetlike they almost play a game of hide-and-seek. Veritable "blinders," some of them, their side brims almost shutting off vision from side-to-side. Quaint styles these, and youth adores them especially those of transparent hair in choice new colorings to match the frock.

Typical of the new long-side off-the-face effect is the first hat in the picture below. For this model the designer cleverly manipulates felt.

To the right at the top is a very smart two-toned felt—pale green for the crown, dark bottle green for the brim, which rises abruptly from the forehead.

The very handsome bakou cloche to the left is black with a semi-facing of black velvet.

Natural colored bakous and other linen-like straws are very chic. The one centered to the right is trimmed in shaded beige velvet ribbon.

The wide brim of the concluding hat is folded back at a point over one eye. A very charming interpretation, is in this instance, given of the modish black-and-white vogue.

Some of the New Hats.

Among advance fall collections many sports felts show an inclination to roll from the face, and some of the brims are quite wide. Dressier models feature various interpretations of the tricorne, especially in black velvet, sometimes with a pert little feather motif.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

(©, 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

WAR VET FINDS HE HAS NO COUNTRY

Singing in Streets to Earn His Living.

Belfast, Ireland.—Virtually a man without a country, an American who fought for Britain in the World war is singing in the streets of Belfast, accompanied by his wife, in a desperate effort to keep body and soul together.

He has made two round trips across the Atlantic trying to re-enter the land where he was born. He was turned back at Ellis island, and the emigration officials at Liverpool sent him back to America again because they thought the American authorities had no right to refuse him permission to land.

George Young was born in Rhode Island and has the birth certificate to prove it. At the age of eighteen he decided to see the world. He was in Ireland at the outbreak of the World war and joined the Royal Irish Fusiliers.

During months of fighting in France Young was wounded three times and given the military medal for bravery under fire. He remained in the army until 1923, when he was given an honorable discharge and started to work on a farm near Belfast.

Things went nicely with the soldier of fortune and he received money from his family in America to pay his passage home. He had no difficulty getting aboard ship when he showed his birth certificate. But it was a different story at Ellis island. The emigration officials held that the oath of allegiance to the British flag, taken when he joined the fusiliers, made him an alien, and that he would have to await his turn on a quota passport.

The State department upheld the decision of the Ellis island officials and Young returned to Liverpool. From there he was shipped to New York once more, and back again. He finally reached Belfast, but has been unable to find work.

"To make things worse," Young said, "all my papers, including my birth certificates, were retained by the steamship company and sent to New York in connection with the charge against the company of bringing me to America without a visa. I cannot get a passport until my papers are returned. It seems unfortunate that I cannot return to America, because I fought for Britain. If I finally get a passport, I will have to wait my turn on the quota. In the meantime I suppose I shall have to keep on singing in the streets."

An Illusion Smashed, Flea Circuses Fakes

Houston, Texas.—Scientific experiments conducted with fleas have proved to Dr. M. A. Stewart, Rice institute professor, that fleas are dumb and that flea circuses are fakes.

Doctor Stewart is conducting experiments to discover actions of fleas with bubonic baclill. His explosion of the flea circus hoax came by accident.

"The so-called flea trainers provide the intelligence they claim fleas have," said Doctor Stewart.

"They have platinum wires so thin about the fleas' necks that it takes microscopes to see them. The trainers attach the free ends of these wires to their fingers. Then they can make them go through their tricks on the stage.

"To make them 'waltz' they tie twe fleas together. It's the most natural thing in the world for the insects, in trying to get away from each other, to skip around the table. That's the waltz.

"Making a flea play a miniature musical instrument is more difficult. They glue the flea to the table on its back and make a noise. With a piece of paper glued to its legs, the flea kicks about trying to right itself. That's when it plays the instrument."

In his experiments, Doctor Stewart uses the same kind of platinum wire to prevent the fleas from escaping.

Father and Daughter Keep Job 106 Years

Canterbury, N. H.—For 106 years the financial affairs of the local Baptist society have been in charge of two generations of one family. Miss Christiana Clough, eighty-six, has just resigned as treasurer after fifty years' service. Before her, her father, the Rev. Jeremiah Clough, held the office for fifty-six years.

Snakes Swarm Road

Broomhead, Sask.—Thousands of small snakes migrated across the government highway near here recently. They wriggled along in almost orderly formation covering a strip of road several feet in width, moving from one ditch to another and on into the prairie.

Cat Keeps Big Horse From Wandering Away

Kingston, N. C.—S. J. Holloway, Tyrrell county farmer, has a cat which serves the combined purpose of stable hand and "watchdog." The cat holds in its mouth the end of a halter while a big draft horse grazes. When the horse strays to the edge of the lawn, the cat draws it away from the road.

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Blessing Bestowed on Product of Vineyards

In nearly all the vineyards of France the annual celebrations have just taken place, in the course of which the year's vintage receives priestly benediction.

One of the most curious of these festivities is that held at Boulbon, a village near Tarascon in Provence. All the inhabitants of the countryside around Tarascon, on the day of the celebration, march first upon Boulbon, and then from the village to a chapel on a neighboring hilltop.

Every processioner carries in the crook of his arm an unopened bottle of local wine, which, when the chapel is reached, is blessed by the priest, who sprinkles holy water upon it. Whereupon every one draws his cork and drinks; and then, carefully guarding the bottle, which he keeps until the following year, he returns to Boulbon with song and dance.

One Drawback

E. E. McGriff, of Portland, a newly elected member of the house of representatives and formerly judge of the Jay Circuit court, once in his more youthful days, was called on to pinch hit at a political meeting at Hartford City. He had gone there to hear John W. Kern and some other notable Democrats, but due to some mistake the advertised speakers did not appear, and McGriff, among others, was pressed into service.

After the meeting he was talking with an old German citizen and commented that they had had a good meeting.

"You bet, it was a good meeting," replied the man, "but it was a shame we had no speakers."—Indianapolis News.

System All His Own

Caught "with the goods on him," Walter Dorsey, Atlanta negro, decided to make a clean breast of his chicken stealing operations. "I just sprays 'em wid chloroform," he told the judge. "Den I stands back an' waits. In about five minutes dey flops off'n de roosts an' den dey is ready foh mah bag." His technique worked fine until a farmer investigated the contents of a bag he was "toting" home.—Capper's Weekly.

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Mrs. W. Laughlin, Prop.

J. S. Mason and son, Bobby, have returned from a visit with relatives at Irene, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. C. V. McKnight spent the week-end on the Llano River camping and fishing.

NOTICE

All persons selling on commission and all peddlers are required by law to pay an occupation tax, except peddlers who sell literature, poultry, vegetables, fruits or other produce, or fruit trees.

All persons who are pursuing the occupation of selling on commission and all peddlers that are not exempt under the law, who have not already paid their occupation tax are hereby requested to do so immediately.

W. J. BANNER,
Sheriff and Tax Collector of Terrell County, Texas.

FOR RENT—A two room furnished apartment. J. R. Blackwelder at the shoe shop.

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—during the school your old stove is worth $25.00, taken in exchange as first payment on a Westinghouse "Flavor Zone" electric range; price $172.50, installed complete, the balance in 18 easy monthly payments, with your electric service bill.

She will show you how you can cook your dinner while miles away, without fear of failure! She will show you how to attain kitchen freedom, and at the same time cook more delicious, more healthful meals!

You will enjoy every minute of every day, we promise you! Be sure to come and bring a friend!

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This attractive Westinghouse percolator will be taken away by some lucky woman the last day of the school. Everyone attending the school has a chance to win—perhaps you will be the lucky one!

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F-28-A

Mr. and Mrs. J. Neal have returned from a visit with relatives in San Saba.

PRINCESS THEATRE

Tonight, Friday, August 2

George Bancroft in

"THUNDER BOLT"

with Fay Gray and Richard Arlen

Saturday, August 3

Charles (Buddy) Rodgers, Mary Brian and Wallace Berry in

"River of Romance"

The play is based upon the famous story "Magnolia" by the renowned American author Booth Tarkington. Buddy is cast as the young Eastern-educated son of a Southern family who returns to the paternal plantation only to be confronted with the customs and codes of honor which he does not understand. He refuses to fight a duel and is branded a coward. He fights back and regains his beloved one. Mary Brian is cast as the beautiful Southern maiden whose love for Buddy survives the stigma against him.

Monday, and Tuesday, August 5, 6

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Wednesday, and Thursday, August 7, 8

"CLEAR THE DECKS"

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A side-splitting comedy drama by our favorite comedian. Also Paramount News

Watch for date on "LONSOME"
with Glen Tryon and Barbara Kent

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to thank our friends in Sanderson who with kind words, loving hands and beautiful flowers helped us to bear the loss of our darling son, grandson and nephew.

May God bless you always.

Mr. and Mrs. Tip Frazier
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Mansfield
Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Allen.

F. J. Vannerson and son of Tulia, Texas, spent this week at the C. F. Cox ranch near Longfellow. Mr. Vannerson is a brother of Mrs. Cox and this is the first time they have seen each other in 32 years.

Bargains! Bargains! At the big Foreschheimer sale, August 3 to August 10.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Stirman and son have returned from a visit with relatives in San Antonio, Camp Wood, Rocksprings, San Angelo and Del Rio. They were accompanied on the trip by Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Attaway of Marfa and Mr. and Mrs Berry Wilson of Del Rio.

J. I. Daniels made a business trip to Del Rio this week.

Forescheimer's big reduction sale starts Saturday, August 3 and ends Saturday, August 10.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie Whistler Jr. have gone to Comstock, Texas, to reside. Johnnie has accepted a position on a ranch there.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Wheeler of the Tip Frazier ranch, spent Sunday in town visiting relatives.

Notice of Reward Offered.

A reward of $250 is hereby offered for information leading to the arrest, conviction and sentencing of any person found stealing sheep or goats from the ranch properties of the undersigned. A suspended sentence of a court will not entitle any informant of the benefits of this reward.

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Al Creigh was in Del Rio this week on business.

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F. Robertson

Mrs. Kurt H. de Cousser of Guthrie, Okla., came in Sunday for a short visit with her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Happle.

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Please remember also that the Church school meets at 10 a. m.

The evening service will be omitted as a matter of courtesy to the Methodist church, for reason of their special services now in progress.

J. A. McMILLAN, Minister.

Bargains! Bargains! At the big Foreschheimer sale, August 3 to August 10.

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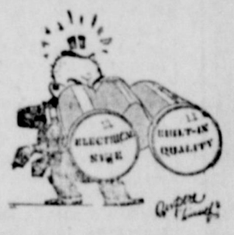

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