

The Country Editor

By Phebe K. Warner

Do you know what you missed last year by not going to the writers' conference held at the Texas A. & M. College during the Farmers' Short Course in July, 1922.

Of course if you did not go you do not know what you missed. That's natural. It is also past—the opportunity is again knocking. The county editors are again invited to attend the conference of agricultural writers which will be held this year, last week in July at the A. & M. College at the same time of the Farmers' Short Course.

Yes, it will be hot; but it is hot everywhere in the summer time. You can't find a much cooler place in July than the big, airy, shady A. & M. campus. So if you are looking for a good comfortable place to spend a week's vacation, here is your chance to be the guest of your own State Agricultural and Mechanical College. And of all the places in the State, the editors of the county papers ought to know and understand the work of their own A. & M. College.

Because of all our institutions the county weekly publication is the link between the people of the open country to their particular special college. How is this new knowledge that is constantly being evolved through the work of the A. & M. College ever to reach the people except through the medium of the home paper? What other institution reaches all the people every week but the home paper? And just what are we asking ourselves to what end that statement is true. How many people in your county read the home paper? And why does not every home have the home paper in

paper your medium of service to your community? Is your greatest joy the dollars and cents you get out of it or the good you are doing and the things you help put over through it? Are you studying your people to be better able to give them what they need and what they want in a home paper or are you putting out what pleases you, and trying to sell yourself to somebody else all the time instead of investing your life in their life?

These are a few samples of the problems the writers' conference will help you solve if you attend it. But there is still another phase to this conference. The most inspiring of all. It is the week's association with your kind of folks. It is the week's mixing and mingling with those who are interested in doing the things you are trying to do. It is the finding of friends you did not know you had and meeting folks that understand you without a life-long acquaintance with all your family tree. Last year the A. & M. College entertained the writers' conference in the college sanitarium for the entire week. And every morning, noon and evening meal was a social and spiritual repast as well as physical.

We do not know the details of this year's arrangements but if you are a country editor it will pay you to be there and see for yourself. If what the conference will mean to you and your publication.

Radio Program WBAP

THE FORT WORTH, TEXAS STAR-TELEGRAM (Class B Station.) DAILY FEATURES. 476 Meters.

9 to 9:15 a. m.—Opening market quotations.

11 to 11:30 a. m.—United States weather report; late cotton and grain quotations; first call cottonseed oil; Department of Agriculture, fruits, vegetables and cattle divisions quotations.

12 noon to 12:15 p. m.—Markets. 1 to 1:15 p. m.—Markets. 2 to 2:15 p. m.—Markets. 3 to 3:30 p. m.—Closing market quotations.

3:45 to 4 p. m.—Financial review. 5:30 to 6:30 p. m.—Major League baseball scores.

6:30 to 6:45 p. m.—Texas League baseball scores and sport review. 7:30 to 7:50 p. m.—Sport review. Time is Central Standard.

SPECIAL FEATURES

Sunday, July 1.

11 a. m. to 12:15 p. m.—Complete services of the First Methodist Church, Rev. J. W. Bergin, pastor. Will Foster, organist.

5:30 to 5:45 p. m.—Baseball bulletin. 6:30 to 6:45 p. m.—Complete Major and Texas League baseball scores. 7:30 to 7:50 p. m.—Final sport review.

Monday, July 2.

9:30 to 10:45 p. m.—Concert by the First Baptist Church choir. (G. C. A. announcing.)

Tuesday, July 3.

9:30 to 10:45 p. m.—Concert by Fred Cahoon's Texas Hotel Orchestra. (G. C. A. announcing.)

Wednesday, July 4.

9:30 to 10:45 p. m.—Concert by the Hilo Five Hawaiian Orchestra. The Hired Hand announcing.)

Thursday, July 5.

9:30 to 10:45 p. m.—Concert under the auspices of Will Foster, organist of the First Methodist Church. (G. C. A. announcing.)

Friday, July 6.

9:30 to 10:45 p. m.—Concert by Mrs. Pearl Cahoon Davis, soprano. (G. C. A. announcing.)

Saturday, July 7.

7 to 7:30 p. m.—Review of the interdenominational Sunday school lesson by Mrs. W. F. Barnum, leader of the Barnum Bible Class of the First Methodist Church.

9:30 to 10:30 p. m.—On Saturday and Sunday The Star-Telegram observes a "silent night," courtesy to its tube set listeners wishing to try for long distance records.

A remarkable fossil of the ginkgo leaf, the estimated age of which is 1,000,000 years, was found recently in Spokane, Washington. But one species of ginkgo is to be found in this day in China and Japan. It is also known as the maidenhair fern tree.

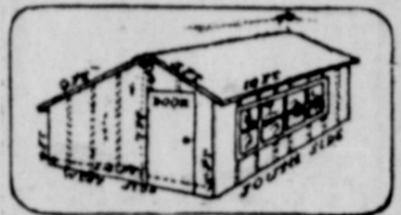
The premier of Bulgaria, M. Stamboulisky, proposes that wherever ten or more Communists are discovered in a peasant village, they shall be compelled to pool their resources and enter upon an experiment in communistic life.



POULTRY HOUSE ABOUT RIGHT

Building Described and Illustrated That is Well Arranged to Admit Plenty Sunlight.

I have a poultry house I think is about right. It is 12 by 16 feet, and will house 75 birds with ease, writes Mrs. R. B. Hammerl in the Farmers' Mail and Breeze. It is four feet high on the north and six feet on the south. The roof has a nine-foot slope on the north and a five-foot slope on the south. Studding were set every two feet and drop siding was used to board up the walls. The roof is shingled. There are four windows on the south each with a double sash 22 by 28 inches in size and arranged so the top ones may be lowered. We did not



Exterior of Hen House.

want the open front style as we wanted it tight for fumigating and also to keep out beating storms. The upper sash are lowered most of the time, and during cold weather we have a muslin curtain to lower over the opening. Roosts are hinged to the north side and may be raised and fastened to the ceiling where they are out of the way for cleaning, etc. A good dropping board below keeps the floor in good condition. Nests are placed along the east and west sides. This house has a good cement floor which keeps out rats.

This house admits plenty of sunlight and we have not had a frozen comb or sick chicken all winter.

CARE OF DUCKS IN WINTER

Any Kind of Green Stuff That Happens to Be Handy Makes Excellent Feed for Fowls.

During winter I feed my ducks any green stuff that I happen to have handy. Turnip, parsnip and carrot tops, cabbage leaves, beet leaves, onion tops, purslane, pigweed, tender crab grass, lettuce, radish, mustard, cut fine, all make good bulky feed.

These are dried in the shade during the summer and stored like hay. When I want to feed them a quantity is boiled for twelve hours and mixed with finely cut roots, such as potato, turnip, parsnip, carrot, onion and beet. Apples are also used, says a writer in the Orange Judd Farmer. These are all cooked.

Not much of one kind of plant is given at a time. Four measures of any one with four of corn chop to each of wheat bran, red wheat shorts and boiled fresh meat are fed as a mash—all the ducks will eat it up clean in a few minutes. If any of the mash is left, it is at once removed to avoid its getting sour. This feed is given twice daily during the winter and three times in spring. It has always proved satisfactory.



Clean soiled eggs.

Get a reputation for selling fresh eggs.

Do not keep eggs in a cellar or damp place.

Let the old roosters go before they eat their heads off.

About ten ducks are required to make a pound of feathers.

If chicken keeping doesn't pay don't be in too big a hurry to blame the chickens.

Goose feathers being more oily are apt to sooner turn rancid than chicken feathers.

Crude carbolic acid and coal oil make a fine disinfectant. Use a continuous sprayer.

A sovereign remedy for limberneck is four drops of turpentine in a teaspoonful of water.

Charcoal is a wonderful tonic at this time. See that the fowls get all they want of it to eat.

Poultry breeders need to know as much of the breeding worth of a fowl as cattle breeders of a bull.

The man with a fine lot of young chickens to sell, now is the one who has a smile that won't come off.

One sick chicken soon infects a whole flock. It is always safest to remove a bird at first signs of illness.

The essentials of poultry raising are cleanliness and close attention, coupled with hard work and common sense.

Supply hens with plenty of crushed oyster shell. The shells costs little and means much if it's winter eggs you are working for.

The hens relish green food of some sort and will amply repay you for the trouble of chopping up cabbage, potato peelings, turnips, etc.

Any egg eaters in the flock? Make the nests as dark as possible; that will help. If that doesn't discourage the culprit, sharpen up the ax.

In the long continuous poultry building it is desirable that an alley way be provided for the sake of convenience in passing through the building.

The Memphis Democrat

\$1.50 Per Year

Subscribe Now!

We wish every subscriber thought enough of this paper to pay his or her subscription strictly in advance. Many of them do, but some do not. We think a great deal of our subscribers. There is nothing within the bounds of reason we would not do for them. But some thoughtless souls overlook some facts concerning this paper which we now bring to their attention. Subscriptions do not sustain this paper. It takes lots of advertising to make up the deficit between the cost of running this paper, and the subscription revenue. It costs money, time and effort to secure subscribers and keep them renewed. That cost must be passed on to subscribers and advertisers. The losses in the business must be absorbed by the profits if there are any.

Certain credit arrangements are essentially necessary in any business. We have been pleased to extend a reasonable credit on subscriptions to subscribers who needed it. But we cannot believe that all who accept credit really need it. Certainly credit should not be considered for an indefinite period.

Our subscription list is a permanent asset of this paper. Many subscribers have been listed for years and years. They are like old friends to a publisher. If we had to go out and renew every subscriber, our subscription costs would be prohibitive. We are striving to furnish a high class publication at lowest cost. Your co-operation in the matter of subscription payments is earnestly requested.

An Educational Asset

"From an educational viewpoint the county weekly newspaper is the greatest text-book in America. One of the best and most far reaching educational moves at this time would be a campaign to put the home paper in every home in this nation. It is the only transportation of thought that is within the reach of all the people."—Phebe K. Warner.

Best Advertising Medium

THE DEMOCRAT, AS AN ADVERTISING MEDIUM, OFFERS THE ADVANTAGE OF THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY WEEKLY NEWSPAPER IN THE PANHANDLE, COMPLETELY COVERING THE MEMPHIS TRADE TERRITORY!

Neighborhood News

happenings of Interest and Personal Mention From Surrounding Communities as Gathered by Democrat Correspondents.

Deep Lake Doings

Deep lakes are greatly in need of rain this part of the country.

N. Baker was in Memphis two last week.

Mrs. Luttrell and daughter were in Memphis Saturday.

Luther Neely and son have been sick the past week, but somewhat better at this writing.

Moreman and Misses Souter Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. McMaster.

Valtie Smith entertained a number of her friends at the Lake Saturday evening by having a spread. After supper all left for home at Siro Ford's.

Regret to announce the death of infant of Mr. and Mrs. Everence. Interment was made in Hill cemetery Sunday.

Mrs. Perry Barnett and mother, spent the day with Mr. Joe Barnett at Lakeview holding the twin babies.

Several of the ladies took dinner at Mrs. Cummings Sunday.

Mrs. Moreman, Walter and Cope, Boston, Bartlett, and others were down from Clarendon last Friday. They and Copes had supper together. Just as they were finishing supper, a came out from Memphis and had soon caught lots of fish.

Mrs. Cope were in Memphis last week.

Souter and family spent the day with Walter Thomas Sunday.

Elite Incidents

Robert Jones has been called to the side of her daughter-in-law, J. J. Jones, who has undergone operation.

Lillian Huggins underwent an operation for appendicitis last Thursday and is reported to be doing fine.

Glasco of Newlin is doing splendid work for C. E. Nall.

Nall was in Turkey Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of last week. He is looking good, but a cold would be fine.

Everybody come to Sunday school Sunday. 10:00 a. m. is the hour.

Mrs. Jack Lake gave a party to the young folks Saturday night which was enjoyed by every one present.

Newlin News

Messick of Plainview, is visiting his brother, Bill Messick.

Mrs. Whitacre's daughter and family are visiting them this week.

Hensley filled his regular appointment here Saturday and Sunday.

Guthrie and Buster and Ber-Guthrie visited in Clarendon.

Everybody come to the Methodist church every Sunday afternoon at 8 o'clock. Everybody come out and sing.

Ruth Gibbs spent the week-end at Estelline with her sister, Mrs. Tackitt.

Ben Gresham has been very busy but is better at this writing.

Mrs. Aaron Rogers spent the week-end at Carey.

Mrs. Albert Padgett spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Will Padgett.

Ruth Helm spent the week-end at Clarendon.

News is scarce, as everyone is at work. I suppose the readers always find news is scarce when they read the News.

A bunch from here attended ball games at Estelline last Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Lakeview Letter

Colthorp and family have gone to Tyler. Mrs. Colthorp will have special treatment while gone.

Ray Wells and Orela Fahrens have returned from Abilene. They were delegates for the League. They gave a report Sunday night.

Ruth Potts is very sick this week. We hope she will be improving soon.

Mr. D. E. Davenport has gone to visit his parents.

Mrs. Hood is on the sick list this week.

Leonard Payne has been very sick and has had a rough time.

Several of the girls of the Y. P. C. also the members of the Missionary Society attended

the meeting at Memphis Tuesday. Miss Edwards of Korea was present and made some interesting talks on Korea. The dinner and supper they served us was highly enjoyed by all. Both Societies wish to thank all for the good time.

We are very sorry to report the death of Leonard Payne. May God comfort the bereaved ones.

MUCH COMFORT FOR POULTRY

Hens Sing and Cackle in Cozy Winter House When Kept Busy Scratching for Their Feed.

In our winter poultry house on cold, snowy days our hens sing and cackle as if they were enjoying summer weather. The house is 14x56 feet, with large windows on the southern exposure. Its equipment consists of clean, inviting nest boxes, self-feeders with grit and shells, the ground floor banked deeply with leaves and straw, writes George W. Brown of Hancock county, Ohio, in the New England Homestead. We keep the hens busy from daylight until perch time digging after small grain scattered several times daily in the litter. Lawn clippings, meat offal, beets, pumpkins, cabbage and an occasional sheaf of wheat, oats or clover hay suspended from the roof gives them business.

It is the busy hen that lays the eggs. She hustles and has red blood coursing in her veins to keep her warm on cold days. Our perches can be hooked to the roof, and if we have any drones in the flock inclined to spend much of the day on the perch we just hook the perches to the ceiling. They soon get the habit of hustling with the rest of the flock. We have no use for drones on our farm save in our apiary.

HANDY FOR COLLECTING EGGS

Desirable to Keep Separate Box for Each Pen Where Trap Nests Are Being Used.

When trap nests are used it is sometimes desirable to keep a carrying box for each pen which receives the eggs as they are gathered, says the Farm and Home. Number each tray or box when trap nests are used in some to correspond with the number of



the pen. The holes in the bottom board keep the eggs in an upright position on the small end where the numbers can be easily read.

HABIT OF EXCHANGING EGGS

Little Money and No Satisfaction in Practice—Best to Sell Direct to the Consumer.

There is no satisfaction, and but very little money in exchanging eggs for groceries or grain. By being careful in gathering eggs, so that they won't become chilled in winter and so the hens won't sit on them overnight and using a little care in sizing and selecting, quite an advance over the common prices may be obtained. When possible, sell your eggs direct to the consumer. If not possible, get a market in your nearest city with some grocer who deals in strictly fancy groceries and provisions. Agree to furnish him only strictly fresh eggs, and then, for your own sake, live up to your agreement. Carefully clean all the eggs; don't send any small, misshapen or large ones. Stamp each egg with a rubber stamp, using your initials or the name of your farm, and in a short time you will have created a demand for your eggs, and when you have created such a demand your eggs will bring the highest prices, considerably more than your storekeeper would pay.

Several neighbors could send their eggs together, paying a cent or two per dozen to one of their number for doing the business, and in this way all would gain a little.

Cold-Storage Tests

Tests of cold storage, as made by one of the experts of the department of agriculture led to the conclusion that poultry keeps better when not drawn than it does when drawn. The reason is that the process of drawing causes bruises which invite the lodgment of germs. Birds that were dry pickled kept much better than those which had been scalded. The experts summed up the requirements as prompt storage, dry picking and dry chilling. These essentials have all been favorable to the cold-storage trade, but seem never to be comprehended by the host of agitators which every year try to secure absurd cold-storage laws.

"GIFT OF THE DESERT"

BY


RANDALL PARRISH

Will Run as a Serial, Starting Soon in

The Memphis Democrat

How will "Uncle Sam" Celebrate July 4th?





PLEASE

Friend wife or sweetheart by taking home a box of delicious Chocolates or Bonbons tonight. She'll like these:

Adolphus Pangburn's King's

Clark & Williams Drug Co.



TRY

To get around to our store at your first opportunity. It'll pay you to buy your Furniture here.

Florence Automatic Oil Stoves
New Perfection Oil Stoves

Hattenbach & McKelvy



You'll Succeed

In getting the best of Service when you have your cleaning and pressing done here. We call for and deliver. Phone 554.

Brooks Tailor Shop

Uncle Sam symbolizes the people of the United States. So how do you, kind reader of The Democrat, think he's going to celebrate the 4th?

Will he dislike any kind of noise and wear a glum expression? Will he merely grin and bear it? Or, do you think he'll give vent to his feelings with a jump for joy and a yell?

Each of these actions can be pictured by assembling the disconnected parts of Uncle Sam—shown in each ad on this page—with the main drawing reproduced in the center above. Cut them out and paste down the pieces securely according to your idea of the correct solution to this problem. File with the Democrat Contest Editor not later than July 3. \$5.00 cash will be awarded for the correct and neatest answer. Get busy!



NOTICE!

I have bought Edgies' Sandwich Shop and will open for business next Saturday. Will appreciate a share of your business.

Bill Smith

THE MEMPHIS DEMOCRAT



NEW FILLING STATION

We will be open for business Monday, July 2nd. Come around to see us, we will appreciate it.

Phone 44

Pressley Service Station
Corner Main and 8th Streets



YOU'VE GOT IT!

What? The right idea—when you choose this store to buy your paints, wall paper and building material.

Telephone 133

Wm. Cameron & Co., Inc.




Figure Out

How much happier you'd be if you knew the money value of your life was protected. Insurance gives you that protection and we're the people to get it from.

E. N. HUDGINS AGENCY
Kansas City Life



SEE!

Memphis Garage & Coal Company for auto accessories and first class workmanship. Best Coal to be had.


Memphis Garage & Coal Co.



JUST Think

What many hours of useless labor are saved to the housewife who uses Electrical Household Appliances, such as these Vacuum Cleaners, Washing Machines, Electrical Fans. We will demonstrate in your own home.

Harrison-Clover Hdw. Company




A Smile

You will smile and be satisfied when you have one of our Fire Policies on your dwelling and furniture.

Office over Cross Dry Goods Store

T. C. DELANEY AGENCY



GAZE UPON

What fine "buys" in Jewelry you can make here right now:

Yurex Silverware
Navarro Pearls

Chas. Oren



OUR HAT

Is and always will be in the ring as up-to-the-minute dealers in Storage Batteries. We repair all makes of batteries.

Exide Battery Service




LOOK!

Know where you can get an ideal summer day's meal?

Rube's Cafe

Just opened—Everything new and sanitary. North side square.

RUBE SISK, Manager



WE KNOW

Our Ice Cream will "hit the right spot" with you the first time you taste it. And we offer:

Cherry—Almond

Baldwin Drug Co.



TAKE

The phone and call 235 any time you want bottled soda water. We deliver it to your home at \$1.00 per case.

Memphis Bottling Works

1923.

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—To the TI...
CHAPTER II.—The tw...
CHAPTER III.—It is ag...
CHAPTER IV.—Startin...
CHAPTER V.—It is arr...
CHAPTER VI.—A nei...
CHAPTER VII.—Purse...
CHAPTER VIII.—The...
CHAPTER IX.—At Car...
CHAPTER X.—Sandy...
CHAPTER XI.—A party...
CHAPTER XII.—West...
CHAPTER XIII.—An...
CHAPTER XIV.—A...
CHAPTER XV.—Keith...
CHAPTER XVI.—The...
CHAPTER XVII.—Clay...
CHAPTER XVIII.—A...
CHAPTER XIX.—Pim...

Rimrock Trail

by J Allan Dunn

Author of A Man To His Mate, Etc.

Illustrations by Irwin Meyer

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—To the Three-Bar ranch, owned jointly by Sandy Bourke, Jim Parsons and "Soda Water Sam," a dog makes its way in the shape of a salaried man. The dog's name is Grit, "property of the Three-Bar ranch," and its job is to hunt for the dog and bring it back to the dog house.

CHAPTER II.—The two find a dying man under a log in the brush. He is a young girl, his name is Molly. They get him out, but he dies. "Sandy Bourke," Molly's guardian, says he'll take care of the girl. Molly, who is a girl of fifteen, goes to live with him.

CHAPTER III.—It is agreed that Molly shall be "married" to the Three-Bar ranch, which means she will be under the control of Jim Parsons, the gambler, who is the guardian of her property. Molly, who is a girl of fifteen, goes to live with him.

CHAPTER IV.—Starting with a good mood, Molly's luck changes. She is sold to a man named Hahn, who takes her to a place called the "Cave of the Three Stars." She is to be married to a man named Hahn, who is a man of fortune.

CHAPTER V.—It is arranged that Molly, who is a girl of fifteen, shall go to live with Hahn, who is a man of fortune. She is to be married to a man named Hahn, who is a man of fortune.

CHAPTER VI.—A neighbor, Miranda, who is a girl of fifteen, tells Molly that she has been sold to a man named Hahn, who is a man of fortune. She is to be married to a man named Hahn, who is a man of fortune.

CHAPTER VII.—Pursued by the sheriff, who is a man of fortune, Molly and Hahn go to a place called the "Cave of the Three Stars." She is to be married to a man named Hahn, who is a man of fortune.

CHAPTER VIII.—The two are caught by a man named Hahn, who is a man of fortune. She is to be married to a man named Hahn, who is a man of fortune.

CHAPTER IX.—At Carcass Sandy meets a man named Hahn, who is a man of fortune. She is to be married to a man named Hahn, who is a man of fortune.

CHAPTER X.—Sandy returns to his place, where he is a man of fortune. She is to be married to a man named Hahn, who is a man of fortune.

CHAPTER XI.—A party of riders headed by a man named Hahn, who is a man of fortune. She is to be married to a man named Hahn, who is a man of fortune.

CHAPTER XII.—Westlake says that he is a man of fortune. She is to be married to a man named Hahn, who is a man of fortune.

CHAPTER XIII.—An attempt to injure the Three-Bar ranch, which is a man of fortune. She is to be married to a man named Hahn, who is a man of fortune.

CHAPTER XIV.—A capitalist from the Three-Bar ranch, who is a man of fortune. She is to be married to a man named Hahn, who is a man of fortune.

CHAPTER XV.—Keith, it appears, has been sold to a man named Hahn, who is a man of fortune. She is to be married to a man named Hahn, who is a man of fortune.

CHAPTER XVI.—The party arrives at a place called the "Cave of the Three Stars." She is to be married to a man named Hahn, who is a man of fortune.

CHAPTER XVII.—Clay Westlake, who is a man of fortune. She is to be married to a man named Hahn, who is a man of fortune.

CHAPTER XVIII.—A wire from Sandy Bourke, who is a man of fortune. She is to be married to a man named Hahn, who is a man of fortune.

CHAPTER XIX.—Pillsoll, realizing he is a man of fortune. She is to be married to a man named Hahn, who is a man of fortune.

CHAPTER XX.—Grit trotting beside them, who is a man of fortune. She is to be married to a man named Hahn, who is a man of fortune.

"And, 'sabe? But there ain't enough to go all round and make a showing." Cookie was a willing rascal and a natural adept at the double-cross. He raised no objections and the trap was set and sprung.

"You go ahead, Cookie, and open up the gate," said Pillsoll. Hahn and Butch were speeding. Donald Keith on his way with close-fung bullets. "I'm going to have a little private talk with this lady. Go to the cabin and get some grub ready. There's plenty there. Spread yourself. We'll be along in a little while. That was a nice job of roping you did. I won't forget it."

"Allus 'ud luss' fair to middlin'," grinned the man through yellow, stumpy teeth. "That's why I tote a rope. An' I sure had a purty target."

Pillsoll scowled at him and he rode off. Molly, the latest twisted about her upper body from shoulders to waist, constricting her arms, fastened where she could not reach it, by a hitch, sat on Blaze, looking with steady contempt at Pillsoll, who held her bride rein. He regarded her with sleek complacency and then his eyes slowly traveled over her rounded figure, accentuated by her riding tattered.

"Grown to be quite a beauty, quite a woman, Molly, my dear," he said.



"Grown to be quite a beauty, quite a woman, Molly, my dear," he said.



"No sense in being stubborn."

"Never should have suspected you'd turn out such a wonder. Clothes make the woman, but it takes a proper figure to set them off. And you've got all of that."

"What are you going to do with me?" she asked.

"I'm not going to tell you—yet. It depends upon circumstances, my dear. We'll all have a little chat after lunch. I'll take that rope off if I wasn't afraid I might lose you. You are quite precious."

"She looked through him as if he had been a sheet of glass. From her first sight of him, back in childhood, she had known instinctively the man was evil. But she was not afraid. The blood that ran in her veins was pure and bold in its crimson flood the sturdy heritage of ancestors who had outlived dangers of death and torture. She was all Westerner. The blood was fighting blood. She felt it urged in her pulses while her brain bade her bide her time. Rage mounted as she faced the possible issues of this capture, the flaunting dismissal of young Keith. She heard the laughter that followed the ride shots and surmised that they were having their idea of a joke with the kid.

As he got back—then Sandy would come after her. She was very sure of that. Until he did she must use her wits.

And Grit, gallant Grit, wounded and lying in the chaparral!

Though she still gazed through Pillsoll rather than at him, the scorn showed in her eyes and bit through his assumption of ease as acid bites through skin, eating its way on. He burned to wipe out his own trickeries, his cowardice, his failures, to wreak a vile satisfaction on this girl who sat so disdainfully, with her chin lifted, her lips firm, oblivious of him. She baffled him. A mind like Pillsoll's never had the clarity of prevision to see the strength of character that had been in the prospector's child, even as he had never suspected her unfolding to beauty. It roused the vandal in him—he longed to break her, mar her.

The return of Butch and Hahn brought him back to the fact that he was not playing this deal alone. While they might allow him some personal license, to them the girl represented so much money.

He cut short Butch's boast of the way they had scared young Keith. Both Hahn and Parsons felt a coil of embarrassment at the silence, almost the serenity, of their captive. They had expected her to act far differently, to rage, threaten, cry out. She almost abashed them.

"See if you can round up that d—n dog, Butch," said Pillsoll. "I plugged him but we want to be sure he don't get away. He might help Keith's kid for one thing. And he clamped my arm."

Parsons rode into the chaparral until he was barred by its thickness, trying to stir out the dog, without success.

"Dead, I reckon," he reported. "Crawled in somewhere. You hit him hard, Pilm. Plenty blood on the leaves."

Molly bit her lip— I think a lit-

tle, but turned away her head so that they could not see. She winked back the tears that came to her thought of Grit helpless, panting, bleeding.

They rode on up the rocky ravine. Presently they turned aside from the stony trail. To one side appeared a narrow opening, unseem from below by the curve of the great rock, just wide enough to admit horse and rider. A few feet in, they halted, and Pillsoll turned in his saddle while the other three men dismounted and carefully adjusted several rock fragments in the opening, piling them with a swift care that showed familiarity with their task, so placing them that they appeared as if a part of the wall.

Below them, Molly saw the hidden park that lay so snugly back of the barrier walls. It was an irregular oval that appeared to curve at the far end. The trail down was plainly marked. It forked after they reached the general level and the branch they took led into a side gulch where a log cabin stood, smoke coming from its chimney. Pillsoll took the rein of Blaze again and they broke into a canter. At the cabin Pillsoll took Molly from the saddle and carried her into the rude interior. There he set her on a chair. Cookie was busy at a stove frying ham and eggs, with coffee simmering.

"You'd better sit up and eat nicely, my dear," said Pillsoll as he unbound

her. "You'll have to sooner or later, you know. No sense in being stubborn."

She said nothing but she saw a gleam in her eyes as she glanced toward the table where Hahn was setting out plates and cutlery.

"You'll eat with a fork, Molly," said Pillsoll. "Those steel knives are too handy for you. There's a nasty look in those blue eyes of yours that will have to be tamed—have to be tamed," he repeated as he took a demijohn from a corner and poured out a liquor that sent the reek of its raw strength sickeningly through the cabin. "Here's to your health, Molly—Molly mine."

The others laughed and drank their share before they ate the food that Cookie placed before them, talking louder, growing flushed with the crude whisky, while Molly sat facing the door, striving to catch something that might help, might give some clue. But the talk was all of the brawl at the Waterhole and the mention of Pillsoll's name and the rest. They seemed by common consent to ignore her once she had refused the food.

This attitude weakened her resistance though she strove against it. She had nerved herself to meet action. Now she seemed to count for little more than a bundle of more or less value, that, having been secured, could wait its time for utility. Yet, before she had telescoped her vision to extend through and beyond Pillsoll, she had seen devils looking from his eyes, smug devils, but none the less menacing, risen from the man's own private hell pit.

Pillsoll looked at his watch.

"The horses should be showing up pretty soon," he said and rose, a little unsteadily. The effects of the liquor were patent on all of them. "Butch, you and Hahn go down with Cookie and keep 'em down at the south end. Get 'em to turn the horses loose. And get them out of the place as soon as you can after they've eaten. Better take what stuff you want, Cookie."

"Keep your eyes peeled on Cookie," Pillsoll said in a lower voice as the ranch chef went out of the door with his arms piled with provisions. "He might take a notion to talk too much."

"Where are you going to stow her?" asked Hahn. "Leave her here in Split Rock cave?"

The caustic reference to her as if she was something inanimate chilled Molly. If only she had a gun! She had laughed at Donald's tenderfoot insistence upon carrying the one he had brought West as a part of his outfit and had never attempted to use. The cook's too well thrown rope would have probably thwarted any move of hers if she had had a weapon. Her fingers crept up toward her throat touching a slender chain upon which, ever since she had returned to the Three Star, hung a gold disk, the coin with which Sandy had gambled the luck piece. To Molly, even now, it was a talisman that held promise, if they let, her behind them, somehow Sandy would unearth her. But that hope died.

JAZZ AT DEATHBED



"Come on Frank, the doctor says you can't live anyway, you can drink all the moonshine you want to," Mrs. Florence Biering, chief witness for the state in the Klimek murder trial at Chicago, testified Mrs. Klimek said to her dying husband. She also added to the comfort of the dead "the witness testified, by show, the coffin was and playing jazz music," she testified. The picture is being on the stand.

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