

TRAILS' END

FOURTH INSTALLMENT.

SYNOPSIS—Three weeks after a cream colored roaster had been found wrecked in the sea at the foot of a cliff, a girl calling herself Anne Cushing appears at the desert town Marston. She has beautiful, tight, wavy hair, a rancid-looking smile, and a girl's man, Boone Petry, who is a reliable woman for her name. Barry Duane, who is a reliable man for his name, is a car, loaded down with supplies, they start across the desert. In a series of adventures Anne has aroused suspicion. NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

The water in her pitcher was fresh from the creek and cold. Anne splashed in it vigorously, one foot still tapping at odd moments in time to an intermittently hummed tune, but a disapproving pucker had come between her delicately marked brows. Now why did she have to do this silly trick? Hadn't she any sense at all? Why do anything which might start anybody, even Martha, wondering where she had come from and what she had been before she had stepped off the two-thirty-eight at Marston? She must be more careful.

Dressing was a swift matter in these days. Insinuating odors of bacon and coffee were creeping in, but she went out of doors first.

Over by the horse corral she heard a sudden series of thumps, like dancing hoofs on hard ground.

Rounding the corner of the house she caught sight of Barry Duane. The dancing sounds came from the prettiest pinto Anne had ever seen, penned in the corral and making playful rushes at the gate. On the ground beside Duane was a saddle.

"Barry Duane, what are you doing?"

"Oh, hello!" He turned with a guilty grin. "Do you mind having visitors at this hour? I thought I'd bring a pinto down and ask you to exercise him occasionally. His name's Comet. I know some pretty good trails."

Her eyes shone. She tried to frown, and made a bad job of it.

"But you mustn't do such things. It's awfully good of you to want to, but I really can't—"

"Can't ride? I'll teach you in the morning."

"Don't be so innocent. You know what I mean. You've taken hours of your time and Petry's, and hampered and dug and sawed, and made special trips to Marston on errands that I ought to have looked after myself, and even brought things down from your own ranch, but when it comes to taking your saddle horses—"

"Don't you like him?"

"Of course I like him. He's a darling."

"Then he's yours. And don't think that you are getting anything very great, because I have a hundred more running loose. Comet, come and make friends with your new boss."

The pinto arched his neck and looked warily at the strange hand. Anne reached over and ran her hand down a satiny neck.

"Oh, you beautiful thing!" she said softly. "How could anybody part with you?"

Barry Duane looked down at her with his nice smile.

"It doesn't have to be a complete separation. I've been thinking that I expect to come along when you ride him, but I haven't had even a nibble yet."

"You've got one now. I'm wild to try him."

"This morning?"

"Love to. Right after breakfast. Have you had yours or will you have some with us?"

"Both, thank you. I like Martha's coffee and I've been up since before five. Comet, we stay."

Half an hour later he was out again saddling the pinto for her and Anne was making a quick change into riding clothes.

Barry was waiting with the horses. "All outfitted for the trail, aren't we? I suppose that means that you have ridden before?"

"Some . . . Not much," she added honestly, "but I'm crazy about it."

The pinto danced delicately, impatient to be off, but she held him in while Barry swung himself into his saddle. He nodded approvingly.

"That's just right. Keep a steady hand on him and he will soon know which one of you is boss. You'll find that he has plenty of ginger, but he's well behaved."

For the first half mile they scarcely spoke. Anne let Comet out, a little. Pounding hoofs sounded back of her, and the long-striding Captain

soon came abreast. She gave Barry a radiant look, and his heart suddenly skipped a beat or two and went rocking up into his ears.

After a time they came to a high flat that was like a parkland.

"Like to stop?" he suggested. "This is one of the places I wanted to show you . . ."

They found an inviting place to sit. Anne sighed happily.

"And to think," she added lazily, "that I'd planned to spend this heavenly morning struggling with a hoe."

"It's not a woman's work," he insisted doggedly. The mere suggestion seemed to make him angry. "If you need more help, let your neighbors take a hand. Or if you won't do that, Tranquillo has a nephew who will come by the day, and I'll see that he doesn't overcharge you. I hate the idea of your grubbing in the fields. It doesn't fit you at all."

"I'm a hard-working woman, you know, not a princess in an ivory tower."

"You'd make a better princess than anyone I know."

She caught a dark flicker in his eyes. A warning little bell chimed somewhere in her head. Barry Duane was not the kind who made careless love.

The days ran by as swiftly as water slipping over a dam. There was still plenty of work to be done but the first furious onslaught was over. Things were shaping up, indoors and out.

Every morning Anne ran out to look at the new green of her alfalfa fields. There were hours in the kitchen garden or out on the porch. Evenings she often sat with pencil and paper and thoughtfully puckered brows, trying to figure profits and losses, the cost of stock and what she ought to do next year.

Barry was looking after some neglected work on his own ranch, but every few days he found an excuse to stop at Trail's End. The obliging Boone Petry detoured to Trail's End every time he drove in to Marston and occasionally when he didn't Martha developed an uncanny precision in guessing when Petry was due and piling up errands and odd jobs for him.

They were out on the steps one day when Petry drove up, the car piled with supplies.

"There's your package from the mail order house, Miss Anne, and here's a letter for Martha. No letters for you or me. Shall I take the groceries around back, Martha?"

He usually walked straight through the front door to the kitchen, as did everybody else, but today he flickered an eyelid at Martha and tramped around to the back door. Martha followed him.

"Look here, Martha, some of those old hens in Marston are talkin'."

"What's the matter with them?"

"Miss Anne's the matter. Mis' Bagley, she can't get over the shock of findin' that there wasn't any tag on her coat, and Mis' Caswell at the post-office, she says it's awful queer that Miss Cushing never gets letters from home like other folks."

"Well," said Martha sharply, "what did you tell her?"

"What could I tell her?" Petry scratched a worried head. "Her bein' a lady, I couldn't very well cram her remarks down her throat, could I?"

"No," said Martha dryly. "Bein' a man, you wouldn't know how. Now see here, Boone Petry, the next time you hear any such interestin' conversation goin' on you just slide up and tell 'em you know for certain, only you wouldn't tell anybody but them, that Miss Anne hasn't any folks except cousins she's never seen, and she ran away because her guardian wanted her to marry a rich old rake that she hated."

Petry grinned. "All right, Martha, just as you say."

Martha's mouth quirked briefly and sobered again.

"Look here, do you suppose Barry's heard any of this?"

"Don't believe so. If anybody'd ever said to him, he'd have sailed in and took 'em apart."

Martha looked worried. "No," she said grimly, "he wouldn't take 'em apart. He'd just turn 'em mad and freeze 'em until they cracked. And he'd rage inside all the way home, because he's awful fond of Miss Anne."

Inside of the house, a voice was singing, a lilting soprano. Petry listened for a moment, eased the box

softly to the the table and tiptoed out again.

Anne was restless. She was alone, for Martha had gone to Marston to spend the day, leaving shortly after breakfast with Petry. At first it had been rather fun. She had roamed from the house to the creek and back to the house again, but little by little things that she wanted to forget had crept in.

She must not think of them; she didn't want to. This was a new life and she was going to be happy in it. She was happy. Would she ever feel free to do the things that other girls did—well, to marry, for instance? Even if she told the man first? But she couldn't tell. Whatever happened she didn't dare do that . . . She wondered what Barry Duane would say if he knew.

She jumped up suddenly and gave herself an impatient shake. She would go out and saddle Comet, and leave it miles behind.

For the first level half mile they swept along in an exhilarating burst of speed, but after that she pulled the pinto down to a steadier pace, and once turned to a steeper trail he bent down to business and climbed diligently.

This was the first time that she had ridden for any great distance alone, and there was a thrill in it. She meant to make the same circle that she and Barry had traveled on their first ride together.

For over an hour she rode slowly. Then she reined in and dismounted. Comet watched her with liquid, unblinking eyes as she climbed out to a boulder of red sandstone. It made a natural seat.

For a long time she sat there. The sun's rays were slanting from the west. Little by little the warmth and light were fading from her face again. She jumped up abruptly. She suddenly realized how low that sun was. "Comet!" she called. "Come, boy, we're going home."

No answering whinny came to her call. There was no sign of the pinto. Anne stood very still for a moment,

telling herself that she wasn't scared. It was her own fault; she ought to have "tied him to the ground," as Petry called it. She gave an anxious glance at those slanting rays and turned quickly on her way . . .

A swaying of bushes on a lower slope caught her eye, and then in an open space there was a flash of glossy piebald flanks. She called with all the strength of healthy young lungs. The pinto caught the sound, looked back and hesitated. She was within a hundred feet of him when he frisked capriciously, broke into an easy canter and stopped at a safer distance.

She could have wept with vexation. More slowly this time, Anne followed him with coaxing voice and outstretched hand. This was a nice game, and Comet was feeling coltish and gay. He let her come quite near and then wheeled and cantered off again.

When she came to the next open space there was no sign of the pinto. She stopped and called again. There was no sound. The graceless Comet had gone light-heartedly about his own business, and she must get back to the trail and make her long way home.

The trail? The thought startled her. She made a turn, blankly strange, and came suddenly on a wall of rock.

It rose sheer, two hundred feet or more, directly in her path. She turned and looked back uncertainly, wondering where the first wrong turning had been. Back of her was the blank wall of cliff, and ahead and on both sides stretched an endless reiteration

of trees and undergrowth and rocks in bewildering confusion.

There was no trail. She was lost.

Barry lounged comfortably in a big chair and wondered why Petry was so late. He had been out in the blazing Junipero all day, but he knew that Petry had conveyed Martha Larrabee in to Marston to spend the day, and the efficient Martha would not have allowed any such late returning to her own duties. Probably the old rascal had invited himself to supper at Trail's End.

Barry was thinking of a shabby little ranch house in a small valley where a girl was gallantly tackling a man's job. It was a queer occupation for a girl like Anne Cushing to choose. Unusually girls as pretty and dainty as Anne wanted anything that kept them manicured and permanently waved.

For a moment the fading sunset lights played a curious trick on him. He saw a shadowy figure in the chair opposite him, with luminous eyes and a curved mouth that smiled at him. He was always thinking of Anne. And he had known her only a few short weeks . . .

Steps came from the rear, heavy

and hurried, and Petry's head appeared. "Ain't Miss Anne here?"

"No." Surprise turned quickly to apprehension. "What's the matter?"

"I dunno exactly," Petry looked increasingly uneasy. "You see, I brought Martha home, but Miss Anne, she'd gone out somewhere for a ride. That was two hours ago. Of course they ain't any reason why she shouldn't go off for a ride and come home late, but it kinda bothered me."

(Continued Next Week.)

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Do You Get Up Nights? ARE YOU OVER 40?

If so, nature is warning you of danger ahead. Get rid of your trouble early. Make this 25c test. Get Junipero oil, Buchu leaves, etc., in green tablets. Ask for BUKETS, the bladder laxative. Take 12 of them in four days; if not pleased go back and get your money. BUKETS work on the bladder similar to castor oil on the bowels. Flushes out excess acids and other impurities which cause getting up nights, frequent desire, scanty flow, burning, backache or leg pains. You are bound to feel better after this flushing and you get your regular sleep. Guaranteed by Merkel Drug Co.

BATTERIES

We have just received a large shipment of FRESH BATTERIES—we have a Hi-Volt Battery for your car, regardless of the make.

Come in today; let us check your battery and wiring. Get your car ready for cold weather starting; the inspection is FREE. Ask your neighbor about Hi-Volt's—he has one.

TIRES, TUBES, BATTERIES AND ACCESSORIES REPAIR SERVICE

Barron Motor Co.

"M" SYSTEM

MERKEL'S MOST COMPLETE FOOD STORE

WE DO NOT SACRIFICE QUALITY FOR PRICE—BUY THE BEST FOR LESS

SPECIALS FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, NOVEMBER, 2 AND 3

<p>CORN, tender sweet, No. 2 cans, 2 for 25c</p> <p>PEAS, good tender, No. 2 cans, 2 for 27c</p> <p>TOMATOES, No. 2 cans 3 cans 27c</p> <p>SPINACH, No. 2 cans, 2 cans 19c</p> <p>KRAUT, No. 2 1-2 can, Stokely, can 15c</p> <p>BEANS, No. 2 can, green 2 cans 19c</p> <p>PUMPKIN, No. 2 can per can 10c</p> <p>RAISINS, 2 lb. pkg. Market Day 18c</p> <p>PRUNES, nice dried 2 lb. pkg. 22c</p> <p>DATES, 8 oz. pitted, pkg. 15c</p> <p>POST TOASTIES, 1ge pkg 10c</p>	<p>SUGAR, 10 lbs. Pure Cane cloth bag 53c</p> <p>PORK & BEANS, reg. size can, Phillips 5c</p> <p>MATCHES, per carton six boxes 21c</p>	<p>PEACHES, No. 1 tall, Hillcrest 10c</p> <p>PINEAPPLE, No. 1 can, Libby crush, 3 cans 25c</p> <p>PRUNES, No. 10 can fancy, fresh, can 33c</p> <p>CHERRIES, No. 10 can fancy 60c</p> <p>COCOANUT, 1-2 lb. pkg. 13c</p> <p>RICE, fancy grain, 4 lb. pkg. 25c</p> <p>APPLES, fancy Jonathan per doz. 12c</p> <p>LETTUCE, 2 heads 9c</p> <p>CELERY, nice bunch 9c</p> <p>GRAPE JAM, 16 oz. jar 15c</p> <p>GREEN BEANS, nice tender, pound 8c</p>
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BUY THESE ITEMS

5c

5 oz. Jar good Mustard
2 oz. Imi. Vanilla Extract
2 1-2 oz. Bottle Olives
SML Hershey Cocoa
Two Pkgs. Sml Gold Dust
No. 1 1-2 can Hominy
1-4 Oil Sardines
Tomato Soup, No. 1 can
Carrots, 2 bunches

FIRST GRADE MEATS COST NO MORE

<p>STEAK, choice Baby Beef, Loin or T-Bone, 2 pounds 25c</p> <p>STEAK, Seven or Chuck, pound 10c</p> <p>CALF LIVER, 2 pounds 15c</p> <p>OYSTERS, extra selects, pint 43c</p>	<p>ROAST, Rolled and seasoned, choice beef, pound 10c</p> <p>PORK SAUSAGE, per pound 15c</p> <p>BUTTER, fresh country, lb. 30c</p> <p>Oleomargarine—Creamery Butter, Sweet Milk, Buttermilk, Sweet Cream.</p>
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OPEN SUNDAYS 6 A. M. TO 9 A. M.

CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR SALE

FOR SALE

Used—Reconditioned—Porcelain
KELVINATOR
 (May be seen at West Company's)
 or
WILL TRADE FOR
 Sewing Machine, 30-30 Rifle, Live-
 stock or what have you?
 Booth Warren

FOR SALE—Three-year-old pony,
 perfectly gentle. Herbert Patterson.

FOR SALE—One turning plow, two
 go-devils, one car shed and a good 5-
 year-old work horse. See A. V. Hen-
 slee.

ANY ONE WANTING Fay Hose,
 please see Mrs. Fred Latham or phone
 95.

FOR SALE

MULES AND HORSES
 All Kinds Used
 Farm Implements
WEST COMPANY, Inc.

WANTED

TWO MEN WANTED—Must have
 car, age between 25 and 50; to handle
 Watkins route in Northwest Jones
 and East Fisher counties. See me any
 evening after six o'clock. Full infor-
 mation about good earnings of at
 least \$25.00 per week. W. A. White-
 ley, Merkel, Texas.

WANTED—Representative to look
 after our magazine subscription in-
 terests in Merkel and vicinity. Our
 of the hundreds of dollars spent in this
 plan enables you to secure a good part
 vicinity each fall and winter for ma-
 gazines. Oldest agency in U. S. Guar-
 anteed lowest rates on all periodicals,
 domestic and foreign. Instructions
 and equipment free. Start a growing
 and permanent business in whole or
 spare time. Address **MOORE-COT-
 TRELL, Inc.**, Wayland Road, North
 Cohocton, N. Y.

WANTED TO BUY short duofold or
 divan, A. V. Dye.

WANTED TO BUY 30-30 Winchester
 carbine. S. P. Nesmith at Queen thea-
 tre.

WANTED TO BUY about 50 white
 Leghorn pullets. Troy Sloan, Merkel,
 Texas, Route 2.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—My home furnished and
 my two-story brick building on Kent
 street Jan. 1. See Mrs. A. H. Thorn-
 ton.

FOR RENT—4-room house; also
 three-room apartment, all conveni-
 ences. Mrs. S. F. Haynes.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—New 55-gallon oil drum, with
 good heavy faucet. Reward. M. R.
 Sherman, Trent, Texas, or notify the
 Merkel Mail.

LOST—One meat saw, marked Pitts-
 burg-Erie, between John Dunn's and
 C. V. Shelton's. For reward notify
 "M" System Store.

YOUNG MOTHERS
 Don't experi-
 ment with
 children's
 colds...Treat
 them as your
 own mother did—
 externally. No dos-
 ing! Just rub throat
 and chest with...
VICKS
 VAPORUB
 PROVED BY 2 GENERATIONS

**"THE CLEANEST CARS
 IN WEST TEXAS"**
 36 Chevrolets and Fords.
 Coupes, Coaches, Sedans.
 2 1933 Chevrolets, Sedans, Trucks.
 Radios. They are like new. See
 them.
 7 other 31 Town Sedans
 Coupe. 32 Chevrolet. 31 Chevrolet
 Coaches, Coupes, Sedans, Fords 29
 to 34 models.
 Compare our cars and prices
Ben F. McGlothlin
 1214 N. 1st St. Abilene, Texas



MISS IRENE MISHEV.

Personality girl, singer and enter-
 tainer to appear with Brunk's com-
 edians all next week here. Brunk's
 comedians are showing under the aus-
 pices of the Merkel Fire department.

CARD OF THANK.

We wish to thank each and every
 one that assisted in any way during
 the illness and death of our dear mo-
 ther and grandmother. We appreciate
 the beautiful floral offerings and
 thank every one that sent flowers.

May God bless each of you.
 Mr. and Mrs. N. L. McLeod and
 Children.
 Mr. and Mrs. R. W. McLeod and
 Children.
 Mr. and Mrs. W. R. McLeod and
 Children.
 Mrs. A. B. Rosson and Children.
 Mrs. G. T. Walker and Children.
 Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Stribling,
 Hubert and Helen.

HOLIDAY NOTICE.

On account of Election Day, the
 undersigned banks will remain closed
 all day Tuesday, November 6, 1934.
 Customers will please take notice and
 make their arrangements accordingly.
THE FARMERS STATE BANK.
THE F. & M. NATIONAL BANK.

NOTICE.

The City Council of the City of
 Merkel will consider the passing of an
 ordinance for the purpose of closing
 Manchester street between Austin
 street and Fannin street in Merkel,
 Texas, at its next regular meeting to
 be held at the City Hall in Merkel,
 Texas, November 5, 1934.
 W. M. Elliott, Mayor.

Try Classified Ad for Results.

WEAK AND SKINNY MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Saved by new Vitamins of Cod Liver
 Oil in tasteless tablets.
 Pounds of firm healthy flesh instead of
 bare scraggy bones! New vigor, vim and
 energy instead of tired listlessness! Steady,
 quiet nerves! That is what thousands of
 people are getting through scientific latest
 discovery—the Vitamins of Cod Liver Oil
 concentrated in little sugar coated tablets
 without any of its horrid, fishy taste or smell.
 McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Tablets, they're
 called "Cod Liver Oil in Tablets", and they
 simply work wonders. A little boy of 5, seri-
 ously sick, got well and gained 10 1/2 lbs. in
 just one month. A girl of thirteen after the
 same disease, gained 5 lbs. the first week and
 2 lbs. each week after. A young mother who
 could not eat or sleep after baby came got
 all her health back and gained 19 lbs. in less
 than a month.
 You simply must try McCoy's at once.
 Remember if you don't gain at least 5 lbs. of
 firm healthy flesh in a month get your money
 back. Demand and get McCoy's—the original
 and genuine Cod Liver Oil Tablets
 approved by Good Housekeeping
 Institute. Refuse all substitutes—
 insist on the original McCoy's—
 there are none better.

R & R PALACE
 Sweetwater

Friday-Saturday
 Constance Bennett in
**"THE AFFAIRS OF
 CELLINI"**

Sunday-Monday
 Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell,
 Joan Blondell in
"DAMES"

Tuesday-Wednesday
 Jean Parker, James Dunn in
"HAVE A HEART"

Thursday Only
 Ann Sothern in
"BLIND DATE"

R. & R. RITZ
 Friday-Saturday
 John Wayne in
"RIDERS OF DESTINY"

Palace opens Sunday 2 p. m.
 and runs continuous. Complete
 show after 9 p. m.

White Church News

(Omitted Last Week.)
 Brother Arthur Kendall of Abilene
 filled the pulpit here Sunday, his reg-
 ular preaching day and his last day
 here for this conference year. But we
 are all in hopes he will be sent this
 way again, as we have learned to ap-
 preciate him and Mrs. Kendall so
 much.
 A number of our people are through
 picking cotton.
 We are sorry to report Mrs. P. E.
 West very ill at this time.
 Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Barnes enter-

tained with a Sunday School social
 Friday night. Over fifty were pres-
 ent to enjoy the occasion. Rev. John
 E. Walker made a very interesting
 talk to the young people.
 Our school is progressing nicely. Our
 teachers are Misses Bessie Baucom
 of Abilene and Ruth Chapman of
 View.
 Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Rogers and daugh-
 ter, Imogene, were Abilene visitors
 one day recently.
 Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Conley are the
 proud parents of a baby girl. Mother
 and baby are doing fine.

Advertise in The Merkel Mail.

Record of Births.
 Boy, to Mr. and Mrs. Bennie But-
 man, Wednesday, October 24, 1934.
 Boy, to Mr. and Mrs. Glenn F. Tal-
 bot, residing near Sweetwater, Satur-
 day, October 27, 1934.
 Girl, to Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Maddox,
 residing south of town, Saturday, Oct-
 ober 27, 1934.
 Boy, to Mr. and Mrs. Herman P.
 Stout, Wednesday, October 31, 1934.
 Girl, to Mr. and Mrs. Norville
 Brown, Goodman, Wednesday, October
 31, 1934.

Adding machine rolls at Merkel
 Mail office.

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THE FARMERS STATE BANK.
THE F. & M. NATIONAL BANK.

CARD OF THANKS.
 We wish to thank each and every-
 one for the kindness shown us during
 the illness and death of our dear hus-
 band and father; also for the flowers
 and nice dinner.
 May God bless everyone.
 Mrs. Eli Brooks and Children.

Specials at THE RED & WHITE STORES

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, NOV. 2-3

School Size	ORANGES, each	1c
Jonathan	APPLES, each	1c
Winesap	APPLES, dozen	29c
Green	BEANS, pound	7c
Head	LETTUCE, each	5c
Idaho	SPUDS, 10 pounds	19c
Red and White	MARSHMALLOWS, 1 pound box	18c
Blue and White	TAMALES, 2 cans	25c
Red and White	MOIST COCOANUT, 3 oz. can	10c
Red and White	SOUP, all flavors, per can	10c
Package	RAISINS, 2 pounds	19c
Pure	APPLE BUTTER, quart	23c
Wesson	OIL, pint	23c
White Karo	SYRUP, quart	25c
Fresh	PEANUT BUTTER, quart	29c
Swans Down	CAKE FLOUR, package	32c
Post	BRAN FLAKES, package	10c
Red and White	WASHO, large package	19c
Lady Godiva	TOILET SOAP, bar	5c

Thrill	HEALTH SOAP, bar	5c
Pure Cane	SUGAR, 10 pounds	54c
Red and White	CREAM MEAL, 10 pounds	33c
Small	LIMA BEANS, 3 pounds	22c
K. C.	BAKING POWDER, 25c size	19c
Red and White	PEACHES, No. 2 1-2 can	19c
Iowa Club	CORN, No. 2 can	12c
Sun Up	COFFEE, pound	19c
Red & White COFFEE SALE Begins Fri- day Nov. 2 and Runs Through Satur- day, November 10		
	1 lb. R & W drip or perc. Coffee	33c
	2 lbs. R & W drip or perc. Coffee	65c
Blue and White	SALT, 2 packages	8c
Red and White	WHEAT CEREAL, large pkg.	19c
Red and White	OATS, large package	19c
Red and White	MILK 4 small cans 2 large can	13c
Blue and White	COCOA, 1 pound can	15c
Sliced	BACON, pound	25c
Salt Pork	MEAT, pound	18c
Full Cream	CHEESE, pound	19c

