

The Hedley Informer

VOL. III

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1913

NO. 46

DONLEY COUNTY'S FAIR WAS EXTRA FOR A DRY YEAR

The Panhandle Fair and Exposition at Clarendon last week, while not quite as good as last year, was exceptionally good for this dry year. The products, poultry and such exhibits were hard to beat in any man's country.

Hedley walked off with a few prizes. J. T. Bain got first prize on cotton, G. A. C. Roy second prize on kaffir, Mrs. R. Meeks first prize on quilt, and Kalidor, the company horse, first prize.

The racing was good, while there were not many entries.

Saturday afternoon Seth Ward and Clarendon Colleges played a game of foot ball, Clarendon winning. Only one player was hurt, he was a Seth Ward boy, had a rib broken.

Messrs Jaynes and McCracken, aged 80 and 74 respectively, entertained the crowd a few minutes Saturday by dancing. They can beat many dancers not half so old, and of course both got blue ribbons.

W. M. AUXILIARY

The W. M. Auxiliary meets with Mrs. J. L. Bain Monday Oct. 13, promptly at 3 p. m. Mrs. Scales leader.

Bible study, Numbers 1 to 18 chapters.

Our Council sustains two mountain schools. One at London, Ky. and the other at Brevard N. C. These two schools employ 26 teachers and have 620 students. It cost our council to maintain these schools the past fiscal year \$6,788.70.

Vashti Industrial School for Friendless Girls, Thomasville, Ga. enrolled 122 girls during the past school year. It would require 400 institutions like Vashti, we are told, to meet the need in the south of such work as the Vashti school is doing. The Vashti school works on the principle that an ordinary girl may be saved if ordinary protection be given her.

PRESS REPORTER.

Have a fit with Clarke the Tailor.

BAPTIST LADIES AID

The Baptist Ladies Aid will meet with Mrs. A. F. Waldron Monday Oct. 13.

Bible lesson Luke 15.

Subject for discussion "The Prodigal Son."

Select reading, Miss Lela Waldron.

PRESS REPORTER.

OBITUARY

Mrs. E. J. McReynolds was born in Davis Co., N. C. March 21, 1837; became a member of the Methodist church early in life, and lived a conscientious Christian life to the end. Was married to A. A. Austin in 1859. Two children blessed this union; a son T. B. Austin of Amarillo, and a daughter, Mrs. Lewis Johnson of Denton. Both survive her and were present at the last sad rites. Her husband, A. A. Austin died in 1873. She moved to Texas in 1880, was married to S. Reynolds Dec. 6, 1881. Two years later she was again left a widow. Since that time she made her home with her children.

Aunt Bettie, as she was commonly called, was loved by all who knew her. She died at the home of E. E. McGee at 11:30, Sept. 29, and was buried in Clarendon Cemetery Sept. 30. She leaves one brother, T. N. Naylor. Two brothers are buried at Clarendon.

Contributed.

B. W. M. SOCIETY

The B. W. M. U. reorganized Monday. The following officers were elected: Mrs. W. E. Brooks President, Mrs. J. G. McDougal Vice Pres. Mrs. W. G. Brinson Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. J. C. Wells Press Reporter. Will meet twice a month on Tuesdays following the 1st and 3rd Sundays at 3 p. m. promptly. First meeting will be with Mrs. W. E. Brooks Oct. 21. "The Sin of Moses and Aaron" will be our lesson after which we will have 38 questions from the Bible.

PRESS REPORTER.

Boys, when you think of a new suit think of Clarke the Tailor.

STILL TALKING ABOUT THE HEDLEY REUNION

POEM BY R. E. RICHARDS, LAKEVIEW, TEX

Great Is Hedley

Away out in Western Texas,
Near the foot of the great staked plains,
There nestles a quite little city,
And Hedley is her name.

In statute Hedley is not very great;
Nor is greatness in the name;
But her generous hearted citizenship
Has given her statewide fame.

The generous deed that Hedley has done,
That caused our Southern hearts to swell,
Was honoring our dear old Confederates,
The heroes we all love so well.

It was in nineteen hundred and thirteen,
Our larger cities were passing them by,
When Hedley like some jeweled queen,
Said "Come, and entertain you we'll try".

Hurrah for dear old Hedley,
The entertainment was most glorious
and grand;

It was easily voted the most royal fete,
Ever pulled off in our great Panhandle land.

Three cheers for Hedley your banner unfold
And wave them majestically and high;
That deed is written in letters of gold,
Beyond the vaulted azure sky.

THE TEXAS STEER

A Record of Progress Made by the Cattle Industry.

Like the Indian, the longhorn steer has been compelled to give way to civilization and he is now used principally in staging moving picture plays, as the star performer in wild west shows and posing before the camera for picture card souvenirs.

Our endless ranges have been cut up into innumerable small stock farms, the cattle barons have given way to farmers and quality has taken the place of quantity in the livestock industry of the state.

The market demands quality and the Texas steer has shown his ability to master the world's markets and his products fill the nation's larder.

Texas cattle have advanced more rapidly in value than those of any other state in the Union during the past twenty years. The federal census reports show that we had 8,011,195 head in 1890 valued at \$75,227,582 or \$9.40 per head, and in 1910 we had 7,139,400 head valued at \$138,957,404 or a value of \$19.46 each. We show a decrease of 871,795 in number and an increase in value of \$10.06 per head. On January 1st, 1913, we had 12,527,000 head of livestock in the state classifying as follows: Cattle 6,056,000, horses 1,181,000, mules 724,000, hogs 2,493,000, sheep and goats 2,073,000. We have four head of livestock per capita. We have more cattle than any other state in the Union and take first rank in the number of mules. The value of our livestock production per annum approximates \$148,000,000 and the value of meat consumed \$150,000,000, leaving a net deficit of \$2,000,000. The principal loss is on hogs. We consume \$24,000,000 more of pork than we produce, and in leather we suffer a loss of \$17,000,000, although we show a gain of \$28,000,000 in cattle.

The cowboy has been pushed back across the plains. Royal blood has entered the veins of the Texas steer and a marvelous transformation has taken place in the cattle industry of the state. We now have the best grade of cattle in the world and select stock from our farms and ranches will be on exhibition at the Fat Stock Show in Fort Worth, November 22-28.

FARMERS' DAY.

Low Rates and Interesting Program Have Been Arranged.

Mr. Barrett, president of the National Farmers' Union, will be one of the principal speakers at the State Fair of Texas at Dallas on Wednesday, October 22nd. Mr. L. M. Rhodes of Tennessee will also talk on the problems of the farmers. A program of unusual interest has been arranged and the lowest rates of the Fair will be on Farmers' Day.

The Fair is a good place for the farmers to meet, extend and renew acquaintances and to exchange experiences in agricultural work. The Farmers' Union and Texas Farm Life Commission will keep open house during the Fair and all farmers are invited to make their headquarters home while attending the Fair.

The farmers can get more out of the Fair than any other class of people. The Fair has many educational advantages to the farmer, while to the city man it is largely an entertainment. The exhibits in the agricultural, implement and machinery departments will bring together in easy comparison the latest and most improved farm machinery and implements and points of merit will be demonstrated so that a farmer can select those best adapted to his needs. The Fair will also afford many facilities for economy as competitive prices can be secured and models most serviceable selected.

There is much to be learned from the livestock exhibits. The droves of blooded animals on exhibition remind us of the value of improving our livestock and bring us face to face with unanswerable arguments in favor of better grades. The farmer knows all this, but he needs to be reminded.

The Fair should be made to accurately reflect the agricultural achievements of the State and all farmers should co-operate in making the exhibits creditable and worthy of the reputation of the greatest agricultural state in the Union. An exhibition and comparison of the most perfect specimens of products profitably farmed for the market is educational and inspiring and excites interest and study and affords many practical lessons in agriculture by giving high ideals of practical value. Inquiry into the methods of production will reflect credit upon our colleges, universities and agricultural departments of state and nation.

POUNDED BAPTIST MINISTER

It is seldom that a preacher gets such a pounding as was given to Rev. C. W. Horschler, the new Baptist pastor, last Saturday night. The crowd gathered at the home of Mrs. Kennedy and went from there in a body to the preachers home. He with his family were just sitting down to supper when the mob arrived. And they were given such a pounding they forgot all about supper. The pounding consisted of good things to eat that will aid greatly in providing sustenance for himself and family for some time. After getting acquainted and remaining a short time Rev. Bryant led in prayer, the crowd disbanded. Thus showing that the people of Hedley like to have preachers in their midst, and gladly welcome them.

Sunday School Rally

Sunday morning, October 12, at 9:30, there will be a Sunday School Rally at the Methodist church. Every one interested in themselves or their children are urgently requested to attend this rally.

G. H. Bryant, Pastor.

Let Clarke the Tailor order your over coat.

We wish to say that we have made a thorough cleaning of our prescription case and replaced them with fresh drugs through-out from the Laboratories of well known and reliable houses, such as: Parke Davis & Co., Detroit, Mich., Sharpe & Dohme, Baltimore, Md., Eli Lilly & Co., Indianapolis, Ind., The Upjohn Co., Kalamazoo, Mich., Merck & Co., New York, H. K. Mulford & Co., Philadelphia, and others, and for that reason all drugs dispensed by us are absolutely fresh. When we say all drugs are fresh we do not mean a part, but we mean just what we say—ALL. In order for your doctor to get good results, the drugs must be fresh. Ask your doctor if we are not right. They cost no more than the other kind.

All prescriptions filled by a registered Pharmacist.
Hedley Drug Co.

NEW ENTERPRISES AND CHANGES MADE THIS WEEK

R. A. Lewis has opened a tailor shop in the rear of the City Cafe.

Dr. Ozier now has a nice office, and moved into it today. There is not a nicer office in town.

D. C. Moore reports a trade this week wherein J. H. Hendrix traded the old townsite house in Hedley for Mr. Posey's farm north of town.

O. H. Britain had some large transom windows put in at the rear of his store, and is building an elevated floor for his millinery department.

L. A. Dunn's confectionery building has been moved over next to the Battle brick, and J. M. Clarke will build between the confectionery and postoffice to move his tailoring business into.

I notice the Informer man is having some sheds built, he says to keep his "stock" in out of the wet, but we suspect he wants an opportunity to say Watch Hedley Grow.

Observer.

N. M. Hornsby received a new gasoline engine this week. It is a 22 HP, and will be able to pull any load he will have for it to pull. The moving picture show will likely start up in a week or two, now that the engine is here to furnish power for the dynamo.

DONT MISS THE OPPORTUNITY TO HEAR HIM

If you fail to hear Robert Oden Smith "The Messenger of Mirth" Oct. 20, you will miss hearing one of the most noted impersonators on the stage today. His reputation as an impersonator and humorous entertainer are statewide, and Hedley is fortunate in securing so noted a man.

Let me make your old suit look new. Clarke the Tailor.

The Sure Way To Prosper

is to save money all the time. The safe way to save money is to put it in the First State Bank. Not necessary to make large deposits, small and frequent additions to your account will make your bank balance grow amazingly fast. We have plenty of money to loan on your cotton.

We Want Your Business---

We Know We Can Please You

Capital and Surplus \$55,000.00

FIRST STATE BANK

HEDLEY, TEXAS.

"Make You Feel Bully" Rexall Orderlies

Relieve constipation without griping. You eat them like a pleasant confection 10, 25 and 50c.

Sold Only at The Rexall Store

Hedley is the Very Best Place to Sell Your Cotton for Several Reasons:

FIRST--Hedley buyers pay higher prices for cotton than buyers at other places.

SECOND--The gins are up-to-date and have sufficient facility to handle the cotton.

THIRD--The merchants are honest, wide-awake and progressive, and will give you the best values for your money.

FOURTH--Should you desire to hold your cotton, THE GUARANTY STATE BANK is able and willing to assist you.

Bring us your cotton checks, regardless of the bank they are drawn on. We want your business.

THE
Guaranty State Bank
HEDLEY, TEXAS

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

J. CLAUDE WELLS, Publisher

HEDLEY, TEXAS

Joy riding is a messy form of self-destruction.

A worker is always welcomed back from his vacation.

It's an ill-mannered wind that blows the slashed skirt too far.

How rosyate would life be were it just one ball game after another!

There is no such thing as a hobble skirt race. It is a jumping contest.

When men wear split trousers they will be willing to vote for woman suffrage.

Almost anybody can reform his own currency by making it go further and less fast.

The fellows who formerly rocked the boat are now taking girls up in aeroplanes.

The fellow who goes around with a chip on his shoulder is generally a blockhead.

We are advised not to frown at the cook. Few people have the moral courage to do that.

Bichloride of mercury seems bent upon winning the belt as long in possession of the unloaded gun.

A leading German tenor has been sent to jail. We would like to be a judge in this town for a few days.

Doctors and nurses in a California hospital are accused of "holding hands." Properly sterilized, we hope.

While being arrested by a policeman the polite male citizen will doff his hat, but he need not offer his arm.

The general effect of the new fashions is to increase the men's interest without heightening their respect.

San Francisco woman wants a divorce because her husband hides his money. Now, wouldn't that make you mad?

A friend in need may be a friend indeed, but we wish so many of our friends were not so everlastingly in need.

Some of those prizes you won in the summer picnic contests may be useful as Christmas presents for your friends.

China is to have a new cabinet. The former one must have been either considerably shopworn, or procured at a rummage sale.

A race horse has been sold in London for about its weight in gold. Horses will soon be fetching as much as beef it seems.

One funny sight is a pretty girl in a restaurant trying to eat "corn on the cob" and at the same time keep on looking pretty.

While it is fashionable to be robbed of one's priceless jewels, one cannot break into the smart set by losing one's dollar watch.

England eats six hundred tons of oysters a year, Germany three hundred and fifty tons, Holland one hundred and sixty tons.

The average man can have a great deal of fortune when it's his little boy's tooth and not his own that is going to be worked on.

That sentiment in favor of knee breeches for the man will scarcely become general, lean men being in an overwhelming majority.

Laughter averts appendicitis, we can see where surgeons will frown upon the musical comedy trust as a combination in restraint of trade.

Pavlova, the famous Russian dancer, slapped her male partner while they were giving an exhibition on a London stage. Are not men the wretches?

An old bachelor says there is something wrong with every woman's figure. Observations like that are the natural result of a visit to the seashore.

The newest fashionable pose is called the "silhouette slouch," and in attaining it a woman will give more defiance to all the laws of beauty and grace than has yet been attempted. Certainly, the age is suffering from a freak tendency which is becoming a mania for making volunteer scarecrows in the matter of feminine fashions.

That estimable lady who broke a chair over the head of another perfect lady who had called her an old maid did right. Old maids belonged to an unenlightened age. We have bachelor girls nowadays, and anyone so careless as to confuse them with old maids deserves whatever is coming.

Now a citizen is arrested for shooting his wife just to scare her. The little children who have been shooting one another can see what a bad example they have set.

Get Away from Monotonous Grind

By E. W. Richards, Kansas City, Mo.

A vacation is really getting away from the daily grind, whatever it may be—business, the running of a house, a certain routine of social duties or studies. The housewife who must run a big cottage all summer long, with the usual troubles connected with managing servants, preparing for the entertainment of family or company and the daily ordering and preparing of meals, is having little vacation, though the cottage be in the midst of the hills or on the border of the wide ocean.

So the butterfly who must still be a butterfly all summer and come up to her reputation of flitting gayly from one of life's sweets to another is finding little real rest and relaxation in her summer vacation.

The real vacation is the vacation unusual—the vacation in which you get away from yourself.

For a housewife a trip to a nearby place of interest in the winter is often more of a relaxation than the family outing in the summer. A week passed in a big city, where she can shop, go to theater, opera and hotels and sightsee to her heart's content—taking it for granted, of course, that she is from a small town—or a short summer boat trip, when she realizes that she is on the water, away from home and its obligations, probably will rest her more than three months as the mistress of a seaside cottage.

For the business man a vacation in the country or at the seaside is generally refreshing. He frets, if he is normal, at having "nothing to do," and doubtless he wonders, either to himself or audibly, how women ever manage to keep themselves busy at home. But nevertheless he rests and returns to work from his enforced idleness refreshed in body and mind.

A camping trip is really an ideal vacation. It provides relief from the usual duties both for the society woman and for the active housewife. It provides active work for the men of the family. They must work to live and the work is delightful and invigorating. It is a vacation in itself.

The vacation of the business woman is a hard one to plan. In the short two weeks generally allotted to her she does not find a stay at a country mountain or seaside hotel very pleasant. The other vacationers, most of them, are staying for the month or the season. By the time she has got over feeling herself a newcomer and is just beginning to make acquaintances she must return to work.

A visit to a friend is often pleasant, although, as she has only two weeks out of the fifty-two in which to follow her own will, she must choose her hostess carefully. A vacation passed amid unpleasant surroundings is a vacation wasted.

The business woman, if she lives at home, generally unconsciously takes household cares on her shoulders if she spends the vacation at her own home. She likes the household cares, doubtless; she is tempted to mend a little and sew a little and make a few desserts and "putter about."

Perhaps she enjoys her vacation, but she does not get all the benefit from it that she should if she passes it in this way, for she does not get away from herself.

For her greatest refreshment the vacation unusual is essential.

Making One's Work Congenial Is Best

By J. C. DENT, Cincinnati, Ohio

A few years ago William James wrote an article on what might be called mental second wind, his thesis being that just as in physical effort, mental effort brought on preliminary sensations of tiring, but that if these were disregarded they would pass and exertion could be continued for a long time without discomfort or injury. Professor James, further developing his theory, explains the almost overpowering capacity for toil of many well-known historical characters on the basis that rather than having any unusual mental capacity they were men who had merely learned the possibilities of the human mind when driven by will power or absorbing interest.

Along these lines the Boston Herald remarks that the assumption that work is always tiring, and amusement, so called, is not, is one that is not bear analysis. "If a man be more interested in his work than in what generally passes as play," says the Herald, "it is almost certain that it is better for him to do the thing that he prefers."

"A great deal is heard about the breakdowns caused by overwork, but little is said about nervous collapses that come from having too little to occupy the mind, which are probably even more frequent. Moreover, much that is laid to hard work is often the result of an occupation that does not interest, or more frequently still of worry."

There is, no doubt, much truth in the assumption that long hours of work are not tedious and do not impair one's strength or attention if the work is congenial. That may account for the working "de-lauches" of Edison and possibly other men of achievement. It is equally true, doubtless, that work which is not congenial is tiring. One feels driven by it. Then it is probably unwise to continue it for long hours at a stretch. Adapting one's self to one's work in such a way that it becomes congenial is, however, a reasonable and possible accomplishment.

Women's Adornment and Cruelty to Birds

By ANNA GOLDBERG, Chicago

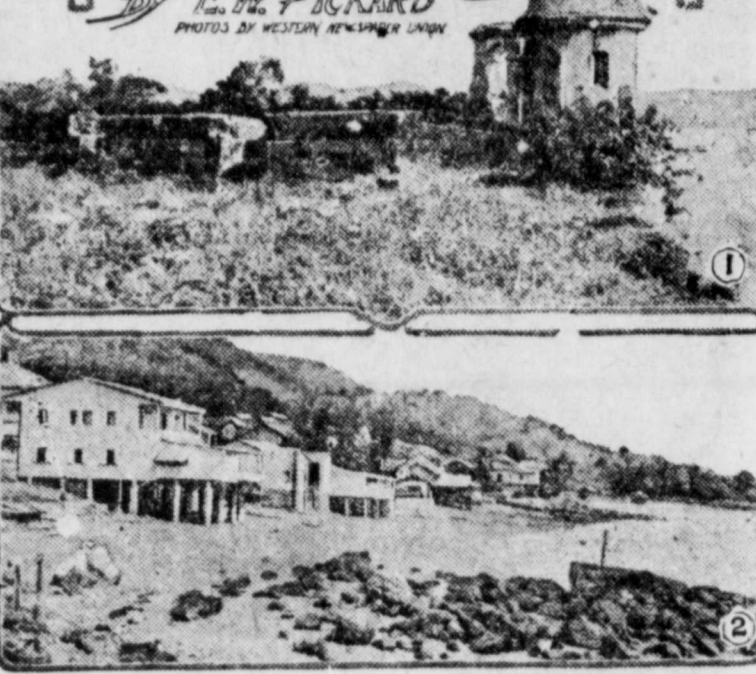
A recent article in a Chicago newspaper again calls up the subject of the cruelty of the methods of procuring aigrettes, ermine, sealskin, etc., for the decoration of women's bodies. Happily this subject has received more attention in recent years than formerly, but as is so often the case in placing blame, it is put upon the wrong person. It is, of course, pointless to blame those who secure and market these commodities, for while men can be found who will plunder women's bodies for money it would surely be idle to make any moral appeal to collectors of skins and feathers, which is certainly far less degrading.

The purchaser is ultimately the real producer. This brings the responsibility to the woman and raises the question of why she decorates her hat with aigrettes. She does it for exactly and precisely the same reason that the heron grows them on its body, purely as a sex lure. It is to be admitted that she is not always conscious of this purpose, but decoration in dress has always been directed to this one end. Only students of sex psychology clearly see the bearing of personal decoration of men and women on the opposite sex.

If men could be lured by less cruel methods women would gladly adopt them. She is naturally less cruel than man. As the much-belated and much needed emancipation of woman progresses she will acquire more economic independence and more control over the possession of her body than she has now, and this will place her in less need of extreme sex adornment than she is today.

A vacation is really getting away from the daily grind, whatever it may be—business, the running of a house, a certain routine of social duties or studies. The housewife who must run a big cottage all summer long, with the usual troubles connected with managing servants, preparing for the entertainment of family or company and the daily ordering and preparing of meals, is having little vacation, though the cottage be in the midst of the hills or on the border of the wide ocean.

TABOGA ISLAND AND PORTO BELLO



1—Remains of One of the Spanish Forts at Porto Bello. 2—Native Village on Taboga Island.

"Down verdure-clad slopes and terracing reaches Where orange and mango and pineapple grow, One wanders through Eden to ocean-washed beaches— An Eden that only the sun-children know."

Thus James S. Gilbert, the late lamented poet of Panama, wrote of Taboga Island. It was so enticing that I determined to be one of the sun-children for a day or two and so steamed away in a little launch twelve miles out into the Pacific to that beauty spot. It is all that Mr. Gilbert called it, and more, and it is no wonder that the sanitarium, established there by the French canal company and reopened by the Americans, is so well patronized. If you are a canal employe—white—and have been ill, the doctor may be kind enough to send you over to Taboga for two weeks to recuperate. If you are a mere visitor you can put up at the unpretentious little hotel conducted by William Jones, the American six-footer who looks like a miner and dances like a cotton leader. In either case you will be fortunate, for you will find those "verdure-clad slopes" gorgeous with flowers and alive with brilliant birds, and the "ocean-washed beaches," the finest places in the world for a swim. You can sail about the pretty bays with the native fishermen, or you can climb up the hills where the boys are vociferously driving the kine home to be milked, or you can merely lie in the shade and dream dreams of the Spanish galleons and the buccaneers. A more delightful place for rest and the repair of shattered nerves would be hard to find.

Taboga has a history, too, small as it is. De Luque, the second bishop of Panama, looked upon the island, saw that it was good and established there his country residence. In fact he maintained a household there the year round, for, like many another churchman of the old days, he did not adhere closely to the rule of celibacy. His memory is preserved by a bathing place in a stream that runs down the mountain side, called the Bishop's Pool. It was reserved for the use of him and his retinue. Above it is the Family Pool, for women and children, and still higher up is the Pool of the Letters, for the men. The last one derives its name from the inscription "J. F. B. Ohio" carved on a near-by rock. This is a reminder that in 1852 the Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., crossed the isthmus en route for garrison duty in California, having sailed from New York on the United States mail steamer Ohio. Cholera was prevalent at the time in Panama and the American soldiers and the sailors from the Ohio were attacked by the disease, about eighty of them dying. Some of the sick were left on Taboga Island to recover, and evidently one of them did recover sufficiently to climb up to the bathing pool and leave the record that is a mystery to the native inhabitants of this day. Incidentally U. S. Grant, then a captain, was with the Fourth Infantry on that trip.

If you climb up the hill, following this stream most of the way, you will come to a place at the summit of a pass called Las Cruces. There, set in cement, are three small crosses commemorating the most exciting incident in the island's history. According to a Spanish work written early in the last century, a shipload of Peruvian pirates came sailing up the coast in 1815 and decided Taboga was a good place to loot. They landed and drove the small Spanish garrison out of the village and up the mountain. But in the pass the soldiers rallied, the inhabitants came to their assistance and there, says the chronicler, a most bloody combat raged for hours. Finally the pirates were routed and fled to their ship, leaving three men dead on the field of battle!

The isthmus reeks with history, some of the most interesting passages of which have to do with Porto Bello. But the visitor who goes there with mind full of the mighty fights and great trade of the old

Spanish days will be woefully disappointed by the town as it now is. Romance, commerce, everything attractive has fled long ago from that place and Porto Bello is nothing but a dirty, immoral little village, full of low cantinas, slatternly natives and many curs. At each side of the town is the ruin of a Spanish fort, its picturesque towers and fishermen's nets and the local washing hung up to dry.

Thus the work of man has decayed, but Nature is as kind as ever to Porto Bello. Its bottle-shaped harbor is one of the prettiest to be found, with promontories guarding the entrance, beautiful hills on both sides and entrancing little rivers meandering down from the mountains and through the jungle into its upper end. One hill opposite the town boasts the remains of three unusually interesting Spanish forts. One is at the water's edge, another several hundred yards up the slope, and these two were once connected by a covered stone stairway the ruins of which still provide the easiest means of ascending. On the summit of the hill is the third fort, a mighty square tower surrounded by a deep moat. The walls are almost intact but the roof has fallen in and the fortress is full of trees and shrubbery.

With these three forts, two others protecting the harbor entrance, the two at the ends of the town and another just above it, Porto Bello might well seem to have been impregnable, yet it was taken twice by the English. Sir Francis Drake planned to capture it in 1595, but just as his ships were about to begin the attack Drake died and was buried in the mouth of the harbor. Dispirited by the loss of their leader, the English sailed away, but Capt. William Parker took up the project in 1602. With two ships he got past the first forts at night and after a desperate fight captured and sacked the city, carrying off 10,000 ducts' worth of plunder.

The second taking of Porto Bello was the first notable exploit of Henry Morgan, the famous buccaneer, as an independent commander of a fleet. Sailing into what is now Colon harbor he took his men up a river in canoes, landed at a place called Estera Loma Lemos and marching through the jungle, attacked the city from the rear. First capturing the castle above the town, he shut the garrison in one room and blew them and the fort to pieces with gunpowder. The governor, the citizens and the rest of the soldiers, surprised and terror-stricken, were soon driven into one of the other forts and for hours they bravely withstood the assaults of the buccaneers until, as Esquemeling tells us, Captain Morgan began to despair of the whole success of the enterprise. Finally he had a number of ladders made and forced the priests and nuns whom he had captured to set them up against the walls. Many of these poor creatures were killed by the defenders, but at last the ladders were placed and the buccaneers swarmed up them carrying fireballs and pots of powder which they kindled and hurled among the Spaniards. The garrison surrendered at discretion, but the gallant governor defended himself so obstinately that the English were forced to kill him. Morgan remained in Porto Bello several weeks, plundering the place and torturing the citizens to induce them to reveal the hiding places of their riches.

Though an important place in the transshipment of gold from the west coast of South America, Porto Bello never was a large town, but for several weeks each year it was very populous. This was at the time of the annual fair, when the galleons from Spain were in the harbor waiting for the mule trains to bring the gold from Panama. Then merchants and adventurers from all that part of the world gathered in the village and trade was brisk in the big building now called the custom house, whose ruined walls still are standing. Merchandising, drinking and fighting divided the time until the galleons set sail for Spain with their golden cargoes

DISHES OF COLD EGGS

WELCOME CHANGES FROM THE METHODS MOST IN USE.

Are Delicious Served in Aspic Jelly or Mayonnaise—Great Variety of Hard Boiled With Most Attractive Decorations.

If a poached egg is to be served cold, either in aspic jelly or masked with mayonnaise in a paper case or pastry shell, it is important that it should be properly poached. Let a bay leaf simmer in the water and add a tablespoonful of tarragon or plain vinegar. Unless the egg is poached in a ring to insure the white keeping its shape, cut the white with a round cookie cutter as soon as the egg is cold.

The making of the aspic jelly does not entail the work it formerly did, as the many canned and condensed beef stocks can be used, with the addition of extra seasonings and gelatine. A thin layer of the liquid jelly should be poured into a shallow enamel pan large enough to hold the necessary number of cold poached eggs. When the jelly begins to harden lay the nicely trimmed eggs at regular intervals, flat side down.

Pour a little of the liquid jelly over the surface of the eggs and arrange a circle of alternate capers and dots of pickled beet. Have four small triangles of cold tongue or thinly shaved lean ham placed at the outer edge, pointing toward the yolk. Make the decoration as highly colored as possible, choosing green peppers, caviar, truffles or pimento to make a good showing through the covering of aspic. Pour on the remaining liquid jelly and chill thoroughly.

Have ready either cases of paper or shells of plain pastry. Cut out the jellied eggs, using a cutter of a size to correspond with the case. Remove the eggs with a cake turner and place one in each holder. With a pastry tube pipe a border of mayonnaise around each.

Hard boiled eggs for cold service admit of great variety. They are served either whole or in halves and in either case the yolk may be removed and mixed with any preferred ingredient, then replaced as a stuffing.

When served whole the stuffed egg is masked with slightly stiffened mayonnaise so that it has the appearance of not having been cut. The elaborate decorations are imbedded in this outer covering and the whole thing mounted for serving in some attractive way.

A thin slice of Bermuda onion, one ring removed from the center, makes a sufficient hollow in which to set an egg and a thick slice of cucumber scooped out to form a little nest, is another bit of variety which is appetizing and pretty. Half an egg can be served in similar fashion, the stuffed yolk rounded well above the white and surrounded with a ring of closely set capers.

To Keep Greens Crisp.

Lettuce, celery, parsley, greens or any foliage vegetable may be restored to perfect crispness and freshness, however limp and wilted they may be, by first plunging them into cold water and allowing them to remain a few moments, then draining them off, leaving them practically dry. Then put them into an air-tight receptacle, leaving for several hours. One large pan turned over another pan of equal size is a satisfactory air-tight receptacle. To purify greens that are to be eaten raw, use a pinch of boric acid powder in the water in which they are to be washed.

To Remove Iron Rust.

Cream of tartar will remove iron rust. To take iodine stains from linen make a thick paste of ordinary starch and cover the stains, and then apply heat—either that of the sun or stove. For carbolic acid burn apply vinegar at once, and then make a poultice of stale bread and vinegar. This holds good for a burn from lye.

For Leather Furniture.

Boil half a pint of linseed oil and allow it to stand until nearly cold, then stir in a pint of vinegar. Stir until thoroughly mixed and bottle for use. When needed, shake the bottle well and pour a very little on a soft flannel, rubbing it well into the leather, turning the flannel as it gets dirty.

Keeping Butter.

For keeping butter cool in the hot weather, get some saltpeter, dissolve it in cold water and stand the butter crock in it so that the saltpeter water may reach well up the sides. Cover it with a wet cloth, the ends of which, resting in the saltpeter water, will keep it constantly moist.

Pineapple Salad.

Use two pineapples, shredding them and disposing of core. Put shredded fruit in glass dish and pour over it half a pint of powdered sugar mixed with tablespoonful of lemon juice. Let the salad stand for several hours before serving, so as to dissolve sugar. Serve with mayonnaise or French dressing.

For Mending Overshoes.

When rubber overshoes split down the back, mend them by taping a piece of surgical tape and pasting it upon the inside of the heel.

To Keep Silver Bright.

Always put a lump of camphor into the drawer where silver is kept. It keeps the silver from tarnishing.

MOLLY McDONALD

A TALE OF THE FRONTIER



By **RANDALL PARRISH**
Author of "Keith of the Border," "My Lady of Doubt," "My Lady of the South," etc., etc.
Illustrations by **V. L. BARNES**

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SYNOPSIS.

Major McDonald, commanding an army post near Fort Dodge, sees a man to intercept his daughter, Molly, who is headed for the post. An Indian outbreak is threatened. Sergeant "Buck" Hamlin meets the stage in which Molly is traveling. They are attacked by Indians, and Hamlin and Molly escape in the darkness. Hamlin tells Molly he was discharged from the Confederate service in disgrace and at the close of the war enlisted in the regular army. He suspects one Captain LeFevre of being responsible for his disgrace. Troops appear and under escort of Lieut. Gaskins Molly starts to join her father. Hamlin leaves to rejoin his regiment. He returns to Fort Dodge after a summer of fighting Indians and finds Molly there. Shots are heard in the night. Hamlin rushes out, sees what he believes is the figure of Molly hiding in the darkness and falls over the body of Lieutenant Gaskins, who accuses Hamlin of shooting him. The sergeant is proven innocent. He sees Molly in company with Mrs. Dupont, whom he recognizes as a former sweetheart, who threw him over for LeFevre. Mrs. Dupont tells Hamlin LeFevre forced her to send him a lying note. Hamlin declares he has been looking for LeFevre to force him to clear his record. Later he overhears Dupont and a soldier hatching up a money-making plot. Molly seeks an interview with Hamlin. She says her father seems to be in the power of Mrs. Dupont, who claims to be a daughter of McDonald's sister. Molly disappears and Hamlin sets out to trace her. McDonald's major, Ripley, Hamlin discovers that the man who left on the stage under the name of McDonald was the major. He finds McDonald's murdered body. Hamlin takes Wason, a guide, and two troopers and goes in pursuit of the murderers, who had robbed McDonald of \$30,000 paymaster's money. He suspects Dupont. Concerned, soldier accomplice of Dupont, is found murdered. Hamlin's party is caught in a fierce blizzard while heading for the Cimmaron. One man dies from cold and another almost succumbs. Wason is shot as they come in sight of the Cimmaron. Heroic work Hamlin rescues Carroll, his remaining trooper. Hamlin discovers a log cabin hidden under a bluff, occupied by Hughes, a cow thief, who is laying for LeFevre, who cheated him in a cattle deal. His description identifies LeFevre and Dupont as one and the same. Hughes shot Wason, mistaking him for one LeFevre's party. Hamlin decides to wait at the cabin until the storm abates before attempting to take up the trail of LeFevre, who is carrying Molly to the Indian camp.

CHAPTER XXIX.—Continued.

The cowman, stuffed to the ears in a buffalo coat, nudged profanely into the drift, slamming the door behind him. Hamlin hastily glanced over the few articles piled in readiness on the bench—ammunition, blankets, food—paying no heed to Carroll's muttering of discontent. By the time Hughes returned, he had everything strapped for the saddles. He thrust the cowman's rifle under his own flap, but handed the latter a revolver, staring straight into his eyes as he did so.

"I reckon you and I have got enough in common in this chase to play square," he said grimly. "We're both out after LeFevre, ain't we?"

"You bet."

"All right, then; here's your gun. If you try any trickery, Hughes, I'd advise that you get me the first shot, for if you miss you'll never have another."

The man drew the sleeve of his coat over his lips, his eyes shifting before the Sergeant's steady gaze.

"I ain't that sort," he muttered uneasily. "Yer don't need to think that o' me."

"Maybe not," and Hamlin swung into the saddle carelessly. "Only I thought I'd tell you beforehand what would happen if you attempt any fool gun play. Take the lead, you know the trail."

Carroll, supporting himself by the table, crept across to the door and watched them, reckless as to the entering cold. The glare of the white snow revealed clearly the outlines of the disappearing horsemen, as they rode cautiously down the bank. The thin fringe of shore ice broke under the weight of the ponies' hoofs, as the riders forced them forward into the icy water. A moment later the two crept up the sharp incline of the opposite shore, appearing distinct against the sky as they attained the summit. Hamlin waved his hand, and then, on a lunge, the figures vanished into the gloom. Crying, and swearing at his helplessness, the deserted soldier closed the door, and crept back shivering into his blankets.

Hughes turned his horse's head to the southwest, and rode steadily forward, the buffalo overcoat giving him a shaggy, grotesque appearance in the spectral light reflected from the snow. Without a word Hamlin followed, a pace behind. Their route lay for the first few miles across a comparatively level plateau, over which the fierce wind of the late storm had swept with such violence as to leave the surface packed firm. The night shut them in silently, giving to their immediate surroundings a mournful loneliness most depressing. There were no shadows, only the dull snow gleam across which they passed like

spectres, the only sound the crunching of their horses' hoofs on the crust. The Sergeant, staring about, felt that he had never looked upon a more depressing spectacle than this gloomy landscape, desolate and wind-swept, still overarched with low-lying storm clouds, black and ominous.

They advanced thus for two hours, making no attempt to force their animals, and scarcely exchanging a word, both men watchful of the snow underfoot in search of a possible trail, when the character of the country began to change. The level plain broke into a series of ridges of irregular formation, all evidently heading toward some more southern valley. In the depressions the snow lay banked in deep rifts, and, after plunging desperately through two of these, unable to judge correctly in the dim light where to ride, Hughes turned more to the south, skirting along the bare slope of a ridge, trusting some turn lower down would yield them the necessary westerning.

"It's over the ponies' heads down thar, Sergeant," he said, pointing ways into the dark hollow, "an' we're bound to strike a cross-ridge afore we come to the bluffs."

"What bluffs? The Canadian?"

"Yep; it's badly broken kentry a long ways west o' yere. Bad lands mostly, an' a hell o' a place for cattle to hide out."

"Hughes, do you know where Black Kettle's camp is?"

"Well, no, not exactly. Las' winter the Cheyennes was settled 'bout opposite the mouth o' Buffalo creek, an' thar 're down thar, somewhat now. Thar's one thing sure—they ain't any east o' that. As we ain't hit no trail, I reckon as how LeFevre's outfit must hev drifted further than I calculated."

"I thought so at the time," commented the other, quietly. "However, we will have to make the circle, and, if the country out yonder is as you describe, they will be no better off. They'll have to follow the ridges to get through. We may get a glimpse when daylight comes."

They rode on steadily, keeping down below the crest of the hills, yet picking a passage where the snow had been swept clear. The slipperiness of the incline made their progress slow, as they dared not risk the breaking of a horse's leg in that wilderness, and the faint glimmer was most confusing. The wind had ceased, the calm was impressive after the wild tumult, but the cold seemed to strengthen as the dawn advanced, viciously biting the exposed faces of the men. The straining ponies were white with frost. In the gray of a cheerless dawn they reached the first line of bluffs, and drew rein just below the summit, where they could look off across the lower ridges to the westward.

It was a wild, desolate scene, the dull gray sky overhead, the black and white shading below. Mile on mile the picture unrolled to the horizon, the vista widening slowly as the light increased, bringing forth the details of barren, wind-swept ridges and shallow valleys choked with snow. Not a tree, not a shrub, not even a rock

broke the dead monotony. All was loneliness and silence. The snow lay gleaming and untrampled, except as here and there a dull brown patch of dead grass darkened the side of a hill. Hamlin shaded his eyes with gloved hands, studying intently inch by inch the wide domain. Suddenly he arose

and stood on the crest of a hill, his eyes fixed on a distant point of the horizon. The wind whistled through the trees, and the snow fell in soft, silent showers. Hamlin's face was pale, and his hands were clenched in his pockets. He stood there for a long time, his eyes never leaving the spot he had chosen. Finally, he turned and rode back to the camp, his horse's hoofs crunching on the snow.

"Plunged Profanely into the Drift."

"Sordello" fell into the hands of the convalescent. He began to read, but not a complete idea could he get from that mystic production. The thought then struck him that he had lost his reason during his illness. Filled with agony, a perspiration burst from his brow. At that moment his wife entered the room. "Read this, my dear," he cried out, thrusting the volume into her hands. After several attempts to make any sense out of it, as Jerrold related, she returned it, saying, "Bother the gibberish! I don't understand a word of it!" "Thank heaven," exclaimed Jerrold, "then I am not an idiot after all!"

Too Tender With It. A physician tells a story of a philanthropic doctor in a Pennsylvania coal mining town who presented each household with a nice new thermometer and told the people the necessity of maintaining a proper temperature. When making his rounds one day he observed his thermometer hanging in the room. He inquired of the woman

of the house if she had remembered his instructions. "Indeed, sir, I do," was the response. "I hang the thing right up there and I watch it carefully to see it does not get too high."

"O ed!" exclaimed the doctor. "An' what do you do when the temperature rises above 70 degrees?" "Why, sir," answered the woman with the air of one faithful to a trust "when it gets too high I take it down and put it outside until it cools a bit."—Newark Star.

in his stirrups, bending eagerly forward.

"By heaven! There they are, Hughes," he exclaimed, feeling the hot blood course through his veins. "See, on the incline of that third ridge. There is a shadow there, and they are not moving. Here; draw in back of me; now you can see. It looks as though they had a horse down."

Hughes stared long in the direction indicated, his eyes narrowed into mere slits.

"Ah! that's it," he said at last. "Horse broke a leg; shot it jest then—I seen the flash. Now they're goin' on. See! One fellow climbin' up behind 'nother, an' the horse left lyin' thar on the snow."

"How many people do you make out?" and Hamlin's voice shook a little.

"There's four, ain't there?"

At that distance the fugitives looked like mere black dots. It could scarcely be determined that they moved, and yet their outlines were distinct against the background of white snow, while the two watchers possessed the trained vision of the plains. Hughes answered after a deliberate inspection, without so much as turning his head.

"Thar's four; leastwise thar was four horses, and two—the Indians like—are ridin' double. Thar's animals are 'bout played, it looks ter me—just able ter crawl. Ain't had no fodder is 'bout the size o' it. We ought to be able ter head that bunch off 'fore they git to the Canadian at 't' rate o' travel—hey, Sergeant?"

Hamlin's eyes followed the long sweep of the cross-ridge, studying its trend, and the direction of the intervening valleys. Once down on the other slope all this extensive view would be hidden; they would have to ride blindly, guessing at the particular swale along which those others were advancing. To come to the summit again would surely expose them to those keen Indian eyes. They would be searching the trail ahead ceaselessly, noting every object along the crests of the ridges. However, if the passage around was not blocked with snow, they ought to attain the junction in ample time. With twice as far to travel, their ponies were strong and fit and should win out against LeFevre's starved beasts. He waved his gloved hand.

"We'll try it," he said, shortly; "come on, Hughes."

He led off along the steep side of the hill, and forcing his horse into a sharp trot, headed straight out into the white wilderness; Hughes, without uttering a word, brought down his quirt on his pony's flank and followed.

CHAPTER XXX.

The Fight in the Snow.

The slope toward the south had not been swept clear by the wind, and the horses broke through the crust to their knees, occasionally stumbling into hollows where the drifts were deep. This made progress slow, although Hamlin pressed forward recklessly, fully aware of what it would mean should the fugitives emerge first, and thus achieve a clear passage to the river. What was going on there to the right, behind the fringe of low hills, could not be conjectured, but to the left the riders could see clearly for a great distance over the desolate, snow-draped land, down to the dark waters of the Canadian and the shore beyond. It was all a desolate waste, barren of movement, and no smoke bore evidence of any Indian encampment near by. A mile or more to the west the river took a sharp bend, disappearing behind the bluffs, and on the open plain, barely visible against the unsullied mantle of snow, were dark specks, apparently moving, but in erratic fashion. The distance intervening was too great for either man to distinguish exactly what these might be, yet as they plunged onward their keen eyes searched the valley vigilantly through the cold clear air.

"Some of your longhorns, Hughes?" asked the Sergeant finally, pointing as he turned and glanced back. "Quite a bunch of cattle, it looks to me."

"Them thar ain't cows," returned the other positively. "Thar's too close bunched up. I reckon it'll be Black Kettle's pony herd."

"Then his village will lie in beyond the big bend thar," and Hamlin rose in his stirrups, shading his eyes. "The herders haven't driven them far since the storm broke. You don't see any smoke, do you?"

Hughes shook his head.

"You wouldn't likely see none against the gray sky; them ponies is two or maybe three miles off, an' thar camp is likely a mile or so further. Thar's a big bend thar, as I remember; a sort o' level spot with bluff all 'round, 'cept on the side 'o' thar river. We hed a cattle corral thar onc', durin' a round-up. Most likely that's whar they are."

"And LeFevre is heading straight for the spot. Well, he'll have to come out on this bench first."

"Yep, there sure ain't no valleys lying between. How many o' these yer gulch openings have we got past already?"

"Three; there's the fourth just ahead. That's the one they were trail-

ing through. No doubt about that, is there?"

"Not less them Indians took to the ridge. They was sure in the fourth valley when we fust sighted the outfit back thar. Watcher goin' ter do, Sergeant? Jump 'em a loss-back, an' just pump lead?"

Hamlin had thought this over as he rode and already had planned his attack. The opening to the valley along which LeFevre's exhausted party were slowly advancing toward them, seemed favorable—it was narrow and badly choked with snow. It offered an ideal place for a surprise and was far enough away from the Indian encampment—if the latter was situated as Hughes believed, in the great bend above—so that no echo of shots would carry that distance, even through the crisp atmosphere. There were two things the Sergeant had determined to accomplish if possible—the rescue of Miss Molly uninjured, and the capture of LeFevre. No matter how deeply he despised the man he could not afford to have him killed. So far as the Indians were concerned there would be no mercy shown, for if either one escaped he would carry the news to the village. With all this in mind the Sergeant swung out of the saddle, dropping the rein to the ground, confident that the tired company would remain quiet. His belt was buckled outside the army overcoat, and he drew his revolver, tested it, and slipped it back loosely into the holster. Then he pulled out the rifle from under the flap of the saddle, grimly handling it in his gloved fingers. Hughes, his head sunk into his fur collar, his hot breath steaming in the cold atmosphere, watched him curiously.

"Lookin' fer a right smart fight, I reckon," he said, a trifle uneasily. "Believe me, yer ain't goin' ter find them

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His Recipe. "My hair is falling out," admitted the timid man in a drug store. "Can you recommend something to keep it in?" "Certainly," replied the obliging clerk. "Get a box."

And She Had Been Warned. "All men are alike. They're deceitful and selfish." "How do you know?" "A married friend of mine told me so and warned me against all of them." "But you're going to marry Fred." "Of course I am. He's different."

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The ONLOOKER

HENRY HOWLAND

WHEN VULGARITY CEASES



A man who had wisdom and culture. Who could fathom the splendors of art. Who could play a true gentleman's part. Who had wit and who laughed at the manners. That the crass and the vulgar display. With a smile of derision, sat watching A parvenu eating, one day.

The man who had millions, who never Found out that his manners were bad. Who loudly and vulgarly boasted Of the big wads of money he had. Used his knife to scoop up his potatoes And chewed like a pig at a trough. While the man with the learning and culture Looked on from his corner to scoff.



When the man with the millions had eaten. He turned to the one who was wise And loudly made offers to aid him. In his pitiful struggle to "rise"— Led him forth to the marts to make money— And the man who had culture was proud To be seen with the one who was vulgar And to pass at his side through the crowd.

Shadow of the Past. She laid her face against her mother's breast and sobbed. "My poor child, what is it?" the older lady asked. "Has Reginald been cruel to you?" "No, mamma," the bride replied, "it is not that. It is all on account of a terrible discovery. I—"

"Ah!" the fond mother exclaimed, "then he did not tell you all before it was too late! Oh, my poor child! Oh, the monster! There is a dark page in his life! Ah, how can man be so base! How—"

"He found the photograph of me sitting in a wash bowl," the stricken one interrupted, "that you had taken for a baby food advertisement!" Then they sat there, dumb with grief.

No Chance for a Substitute. A middle-aged, prosperous-looking man entered a furniture store the other day and said he wanted to look at some feather beds.

"Good gracious," said the clerk who was waiting on him, "we haven't any feather beds in stock. Nobody uses them any more. Can't I sell you a nice hair mattress?" "Nope. Got to have a feather bed. My wife wants to sit on during thunderstorms. The one she's been using is all worn out."

Love. Love holds the stars in space. Love keeps the glad sun shining; Love makes the world go round, and gives The cloud its silver lining.

Love is a willing slave. And an exacting master; Love is a magnet, too, but love Is not a porous plaster.

Their Best Use. "Here," said the reporter who had an ambition to become a special writer, "is an article that I have prepared on 'What Shall We Do With Our Presidents.'"

"Oh!" the city editor answered as he glanced at the copy. "I'm afraid you've wasted a lot of time on the thing. This article is a column and a half long, at least. The subject can be covered in two words."

"Interview them."

Exploded Theory. "There is an article in one of the magazines which gives some interesting figures concerning popular songs and their writers. It seems that the author of 'A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight' has received royalties amounting to over \$30,000."

"And yet some of the preachers are trying to make us believe this is getting to be a better world!"

Not in Those Days. "Still, a horse show wouldn't have out any figure in Adam and Eve's time."

"Why not?" "The people had no clothes to exhibit."

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And She Had Been Warned. "All men are alike. They're deceitful and selfish." "How do you know?" "A married friend of mine told me so and warned me against all of them." "But you're going to marry Fred." "Of course I am. He's different."

Not Fit For Ladies. Public sentiment should be against it, and we believe it is, there can be no reason why ladies should have to suffer with headaches and neuralgia, especially when Hunt's Lightning Oil gives such prompt relief. It is simply a question of getting the ladies to try it. All druggists sell Hunt's Lightning Oil in 25c and 50c bottles.—Adv.

A pair of yellow shoes doesn't age more quickly than a pretty girl after a mistaken marriage.

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THE HEDLEY INFORMER

J. CLAUDE WELLS, Ed. and Pub.

Published Every Friday

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

Entered as second class matter October 28, 1910, at the postoffice at Hedley, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP

Management, Circulation, etc. of The Hedley Informer, published weekly at Hedley, Texas, required by the Act of August 24, 1912. Editor, J. Claude Wells, Hedley. Managing Editor, Same. Business Manager, Same. Publisher, Same.

Owner, Same. Known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders, None. J. Claude Wells.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 4th day of October, 1913. W. E. Reeves, Notary Public.

Subscribe for the Informer.

Cotton has been coming in rapidly the past week. Both gins are in operation to keep up with it. The price has dropped this week nearly a cent under what it was last week.

That this is a great hog country is a fact not to be disputed. Not only a large number of hogs are raised, but some are large in size. J. C. Barnett shipped three hogs last week that weighed 1370 pounds, over 450 pounds each. J. O. Rhea has two hogs that will weigh 900 or more. E. H. Watt has one that will weigh between 600 and 700 pounds. We call that some hog.

PAROLE OF E. E. MCGEE

The following is the parole of E. E. McGee, which all Confederates had to take, after the surrender:

Greensboro, North Carolina, May 1st, 1865.

In accordance with the terms of the Military Convention, entered into on the twenty sixth day of April, 1865, between General Joseph E. Johnston, Commanding the Confederate Army, and Major General W. T. Sherman, Commanding the United States Army in North Carolina, Private E. E. McGee, Co. B, 42nd N. C. Regt, has given his solemn obligation not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until properly released from this obligation, and is permitted to return to his home not to be disturbed by the United States authorities so long as he observe this obligation and obey the laws in force where he may reside.

John E. Brow, Col. C. S. A. Commanding. J. M. Getcher, Maj. & C. M. U. S. A. Special Commissioner.

And this was the oath they had to take before they could vote.

I, E. E. McGee, of the State of North Carolina do solemnly swear or affirm in presence of Almighty God, that I will henceforth faithfully support, protect and defend the constitution of the United States and the Union of States thereunder; and that I will in like manner abide by and faithfully support all laws and proclamations which have been made during the existing rebellion with reference to the emancipation of slaves. So help me God.

Just received a shipment of the best paint on the market—Lincoln Climatic; put up for this climate. J. C. Wooldridge.

ROAD BUILDING.

Demonstration Work and Machinery on Exhibition at the Dallas Fair.

Building a public highway is the most important human event of this age and intelligent construction of roads the greatest triumph in modern science. It is authoritatively estimated that sixty cents of every dollar spent on public highways is wasted through faulty construction or in unwise methods of maintenance.

The exhibits of road machinery and model roads will be a public highway institute that every person who visits the State Fair of Texas at Dallas should attend.

The latest types of the most perfect road machinery will be parked on the Fair Grounds for convenient inspection. There will be model highways and demonstration roads laid out and samples of road materials and construction will be exhibited and their value and utility explained.

The improvement of our public highways is the most stupendous problem confronting the people of Texas today. We have 140,000 miles of public highways and 4,632 miles are surfaced with stone, gravel or similar materials. We spend approximately \$33.60 per mile per annum on public highways. The per cent of public highways improved in Texas is 3.2 and in the United States 7.14. We spend approximately \$7,500,000 per annum on public highways and \$3,000,000 annually on paved streets. Of this amount \$4,000,000 is raised by bond issues and \$3,500,000 by taxation. We spend on an average of \$2.00 per annum per capita on our roads and the average in the United States is \$1.55. We have four per cent of our public highways classed as "improved" and the average in the United States is nine per cent.

There is no better investment than money intelligently spent on public highways and every dollar invested in road improvement adds three times its value to adjoining property and every argument that applies to the improvement of private property will apply with multiplied force to the improvement of public property, and especially to public highways, as every farmer must use the roads.

There are many important lessons that can be learned from the good roads exhibit at the State Fair of Texas at Dallas, Oct. 18 to Nov. 2.



He is running some. Guess he thinks there is a lot of money in the safe for him when he gets into it.

When you get a suit from me you won't have to run, but you will like it so well that you will run to tell your friends so they can do likewise.

CLARKE, THE TAILOR

Killian & Son DRAYMEN

We want to do your Dray Work and will give you satisfactory service.

Telephone No. 3, and we will get your order

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST PROTRACTED MEETING

To the public in regard to our meeting that was to begin on Friday night before the 3rd Sunday in August. We postponed it on account of the Baptist meeting, as we didn't believe it showed the proper spirit to have two meetings running at the same time. But now, we will begin our meeting Saturday night before the 3rd Sunday in November. It will be conducted by Elder. Tice Elkins of Childress, and will be held in the Presbyterian church. Everybody is cordially invited to attend. Church of Christ.

INDUSTRIAL ENTERTAINMENT.

The Largest Models of Agricultural Implements and Machinery on Exhibition at the Texas Cotton Palace.

The sun never sets on the dominion of King Cotton and he rules supreme over the most fertile, most profitable and most desirable portion of the globe.

Cotton has recast the occupation, remodeled the wardrobe and brought into life more industries than any other product the world has ever known. Since the brilliant genius of Eli Whitney gave us the cotton gin, mammoth manufacturing plants have been constructed to make gins, compresses, cotton mills, cotton oil mills, plows, cultivators, wagons, harness, railroad equipment, steamships, and all machinery needed in cultivating, manufacturing, transporting and marketing the crop.

King Cotton will sit on his throne at the Waco Cotton Palace November 1st to 16th and review a grand display of the latest improved models of agricultural implements and machinery that the world possesses.

King Cotton spends annually in the markets of the world one and one-quarter billion dollars for machinery and equipment to cultivate and harvest the crop. The king purchases annually two million agricultural implements; one thousand gins; compresses and mills, and spends millions of dollars in transportation equipment. This Monarch of Agriculture will inspect the exhibits in the Mechanical and Implement Department and manufacturers from all over the globe will exhibit the best products inventive genius and that mechanical skill of the age can devise, all seeking the good opinion of the king.

These exhibits will address the throne in tongues of iron and steel, and in language mute and powerful, tell an eloquent story of their efficacy, utility, strength and economy.

It is a liberal education in mechanical science and a course of instruction in business to hear these masters of mechanics converse with the king and demonstrate how time and labor will be saved to the cotton fields of the South by giving them an opportunity to become royal servants. It will be one of the most interesting and engaging industrial entertainments that will be staged in Texas during the year and no one should miss it. The farmers will be especially benefited by visiting the palace and inspecting the subjects and servants of the king.

COMING TO HEDLEY

Robt. Oden Smith "Messenger of Mirth" will give a recital at the Baptist Church Monday Oct. 20. Admission 20 cents and 35 cents. Tickets on sale at the Albright Drug Store and Hedley Drug Store. You will miss a treat in the way of a high class entertainment of you fail to hear him.

When your watch is sick and refuses to kick take it to Stanley the Jeweler.

Keep the flies out by using the best Screen Doors. Sold by J. C. Wooldridge.

When the farmer comes to town, His tires loose or his wagon broke down, Parker, the Blacksmith, will set them tight, His work guaranteed, he will do it right, He will shoe your horses, heel and toe, And you won't have to wait long before you go.

Has a full supply of everything in iron and wood; Solicits your patronage, will treat you good. (adv)

A. M. Sarvis, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon

Office at Albright Drug Co. Phones: Office 27, Res. 28 Hedley, Texas

J. B. Ozier, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon

Office North of M & M Co. Office Phone No. 45-8 r Residence Phone No. 45-2 r Hedley, Texas

ONE TAILOR

in every 10 is just a little better than the other 9

"We Are That One"

We Have Opened in Clarendon for Donley Co. Patrons The Best Equipped TAILOR SHOP Ever Opened in the Panhandle. It is Metropolitan.

No Better in The East

The next time you want a new Suit or Overcoat please remember that YOU are an INDIVIDUAL with a physical construction and personality unlike any one else.

YOU ARE YOURSELF

It is for this reason you must have your suit made to your OWN MEASUREMENTS for no one person in the world is a duplicate of another.

WE WANT TO MAKE THAT SUIT



WE MAKE SHIRTS

CLARENDON, TEXAS

When in Town, Come To See Us.

Modern Tailoring Establishment

The new tailoring establishment of Monte Haley, "The Tailor to Men Who Know," on Kearney street, is certainly one of Clarendon's show places.

The building in which it is located has been thoroughly overhauled and renovated, recanvassed, repapered, repainted, and in fact put into "the pink of condition" throughout. Not the slightest detail has been overlooked in this work, and all the minutest inspection will fail utterly to find anything unsanitary or not entirely up-to-date.

A large line of the latest styling and materials are arranged most artistically, in a manner that leaves nothing to be desired. Both in regard to convenience and display, the arrangement is unsurpassed in any city tailoring house, and Mr. Haley is to be complimented upon his decorative ability and business judgment.

Another thing in which the new concern takes the initiative among Clarendon's business institutions is the large electric sign that adorns the front of the building. It is indeed a beauty, and probably attracts more attention and comment than any other thing in the business district of the city.

Mr. Haley is setting the pace for civic improvement and pride in Clarendon's uptown section, and we predict that his house will be as popular in a business way as it now is as an attraction. —News.

Needles, Bobbins, and Shuttles for all kinds of Sewing Machines at Bain & McCarroll's



LOOK INTO IT

The Paint Question will be settled when you let us open up a can of B. P. S. Paint for you.

Come In! We'll explain why we believe B. P. S. is the Best Paint Sold.

CIGERO SMITH LBR CO

I am agent for the best Monuments made; see or write me if you need such before you buy. Can save you money. Best material and work.

Jas. A. Long, Clarendon, Tex. Star Route

THE SEMI-WEEKLY FARM NEWS

Galveston and Dallas, Tex.

The best newspaper and agricultural journal in the South. Contains more State, National and foreign news than any similar publication, the latest market reports, a strong editorial page and enjoys a reputation throughout the Nation for fairness in all matters. Specially edited departments for the farmer, the women and the children.

THE FARMERS' FORUM

The special agricultural feature of The News consists chiefly of contributions of subscribers, whose letters in a practical way voice the sentiment and experience of its readers concerning matters of the farm, home and other subjects.

THE CENTURY PAGE

Published once a week, is a magazine of ideas of the home, every one the contribution of a woman reader of The News about farm life and matters of general interest to women.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

Is published once a week and is filled with letters from the boys and girls who read the paper.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION

One year, \$1.00; six months, 50c; three months, 25c, payable invariably in advance. Remit by postal or express money order, bank check or registered letter.

SAMPLE COPIES FREE.

A. H. BELO & Co., Pub., Galveston or Dallas, Tex.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS

AND THE

HEDLEY INFORMER

ONE YEAR FOR

\$1.75

CLOSING OUT

I will close out my Tin Shop on or before **DECEMBER 1**. There will probably be no tin shop here another year. So don't wait until the very last to have work done. Place your order early while I have material to do it with, otherwise the stock will be used up.

C. W. TURNER
Hedley, Texas **THE TINNER**

LOOK OUT!

or you will get run over, for people who want to either buy or sell real estate are on their way to see D. C. Moore, the Rustling and Hustling wide-awake Real estate man, who is locating people in Donley county, and in Hedley, one of the best counties and the best little town in Texas.

Come to Hedley. (adv.)

See Bozeman before having your wagons and buggies repaired. Work and prices guaranteed.

For sale, a good buggy, almost new. See Dr. A. M. Sarvis.

TEXAS MINERALS.

Exhibits at the Dallas Fair to Be Instructive.

The Texas coal fields have long attracted the attention of Uncle Sam and he has given the world many glowing accounts of their possibilities in his geological reports, but the best evidence of value is the product taken from the mine.

There will be on display at the State Fair of Texas at Dallas, Oct. 18th to Nov. 2nd, exhibits of the more important products.

Practically every mineral known to the geological world is found in Texas, and we produce thirteen minerals in commercial quantities. According to the United States Geological Survey, the mine value of our available coal supply exceeds the Census Bureau valuation of all the

minerals of the United States, including their equipment, by ten billion dollars and is worth fifty times the value of the world's cotton crop of 1912.

The first mineral production of record in Texas was in 1882 and since that time products valued at \$227,000,000 have been taken from our mines and wells. The mine value of the output for 1912 was \$20,-\$27,712.

The important mineral products in the order of their mine value are as follows: Petroleum, \$8,901,000; coal and lignite, \$3,273,288; clay products, \$2,600,000; natural gas, \$1,404,000; asphalt, \$786,785; stone, \$588,777; gypsum, \$491,655, and salt, \$300,000.

According to the report of the Bureau of Economic Geology and Technology of the University of Texas, we have 10,000 square miles of Texas land containing workable coal and it will take 15,000 years to exhaust our present supply at the current rate of mining. We rank 20th with other states in production. Our coal mines furnish employment to 5,350 men for 226 days in the year. We have 45 coal and lignite mines and the annual average production per mine is 44,600 tons.

We have one of the largest petroleum areas in the United States. Our oil fields cover 400,000 square miles of territory. Texas petroleum and its products enter every market in the world. We export 136,224,625 gallons of crude and refined oil annually and their export value is \$6,500,000 dollars.

The mineral exhibits will portray many opportunities for investment and will be one of the most instructive departments of the Fair.

Guaranteed clothes means good clothes. Clarke the Tailor.

October 4 — to — October 25 DON'T WORRY

We are Still Selling Groceries at Short Crop Prices
Two Valuable Premiums Free!
1st--\$5.00 Gold 2nd--100 lbs Best Flour.
With each \$1.00 purchase or paid on account, gives you a ticket that will go toward securing these 2 valuable premiums.

NOW WHAT ARE YOU PAYING FOR?

Extra High Patent Flour per hundred.....	\$2.85	Best Peaberry Coffee, Santos .25
Guaranteed Flour.....	2.65	4 1/2 lbs net, Bucket Coffee.....
100 pounds Cane Sugar.....	5.75	1.00
Good Potatoes, per lb.....	2 1/2c	10 lbs Cottolene
3 cans Hominy or Kraut.....	.25	1.35
Good Rio Coffee, per lb.....	.20	10 lbs Compound.....
		1.20
		12 boxes best Matches.....
		.35
		10 lbs A & H Soda.....
		.55
		20 lbs Mexican Beans.....
		1.00

We are going to show you a real Money-Saving Event. Spot Cash with the discount is how we own our goods, SEE; and we are in a position to sell you groceries when your cash runs short. So get your tickets now. Yours to serve,

T. C. LIVELY & CO.

Cold Weather is

something that reminds you that a Stove is a necessary piece of furniture in your home. This is to inform you that we received this week a shipment of stoves, and more coming. So if we cannot suit you in a heater, range, or cook stove, it will surprise us.



Big Shipment of Furniture has also been received, and we put it mildly when we say this shipment consists of the best in quality and style ever bought by us. Some of the newest designs in bedsteads, tables, chairs, cabinets, Etc., that you will like.

Remember that our store is headquarters for anything in the Hardware, Furniture, Buggy, Wagon, Harness. Etc. lines.

MOREMAN & BATTLE

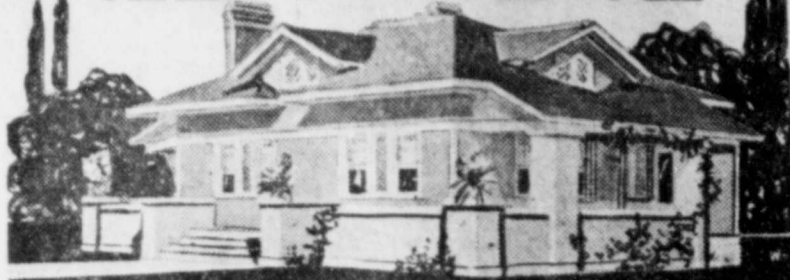
OUR HOME INDUSTRIES



I—MANUFACTURED GOODS.

We consume \$750,000,000 of manufactured goods per annum and of this amount \$650,000,000 is manufactured out of the State.—Commercial Secretaries.

THE AMERICAN HOME



WILLIAM A. RADFORD EDITOR

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 175 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

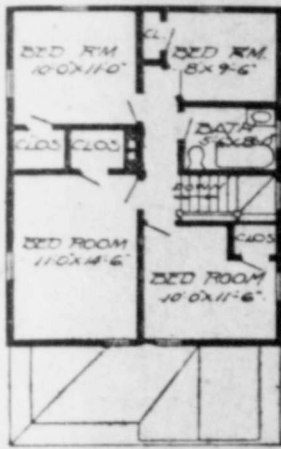
For economy in space and careful planning of the rooms to utilize the last inch to advantage, the house design here shown is exceptionally good. It is that of a medium-sized square-built house, 24 by 30 feet in ground plan.

These dimensions may seem rather small to work into seven rooms, besides a good bathroom, plenty of closets and a good lower hall with an open stairway. Yet these rooms are as large as the average rooms in new houses, as houses go at the present time, and they are a good deal larger than some. Years ago, rooms were larger; but that was when building material and labor were very much cheaper than they are now. A builder can almost tell the age of a house by the size of the rooms. But there are other contributing causes. One is that we understand building better, and it is not necessary to build so large to get the same amount of comfort. As one lady expressed it, "I have learned to like my small kitchen; there are places for everything, and I do not have to walk so much."

We have learned how to ventilate houses so that the air in small rooms in new houses is better than the air in large rooms in houses built 20 or 30 years ago. One reason for better ventilation is that houses now are set up well from the ground. It is a rare thing to see a new house less

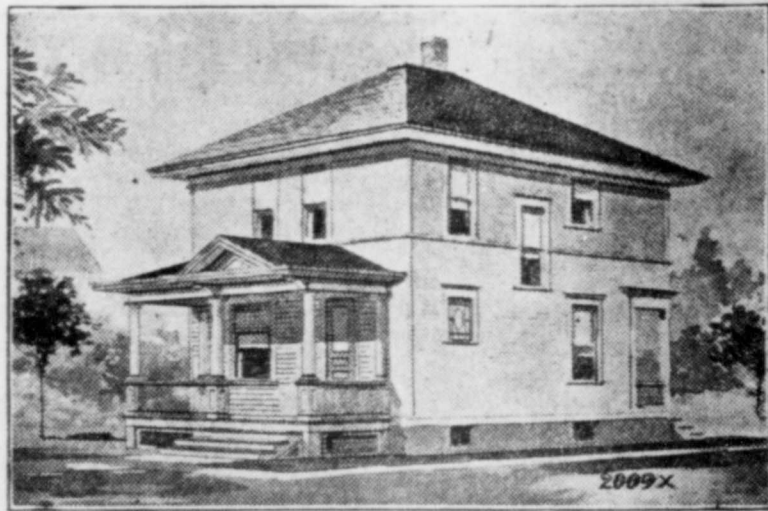
with the windows all down tight. You may pass their houses at any time of day or night, and never see a window open. They trust in Providence to supply fresh air, and they never know whether the order is properly filled or not. It is a great thing to have confidence in somebody or something. You can even enjoy eating sausage and mince pies if you have sufficient confidence in the maker.

The general appearance of this house is inclined to plainness; but across the front it is relieved by a good veranda that especially fits the



Second Floor Plan.

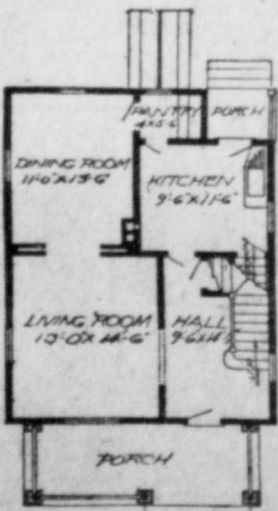
general design. It is, however, better to build plain and neat than to attach too many ornaments. There is something about a plain, neat house, if well proportioned, that you never get tired of. Fancy balconies and odd-shaped roofs look well when they are new, but such things seldom wear well. For steady diet, there is nothing so satisfying as plain bread and



2009X

than three feet above grade, and many of them are more than four feet up.

There was a time when cellars were confined to one corner of the house, and they were often dark, damp, and affairs. Modern houses, however, practically all have cellars the full size of the house, divided into compartments—one for the furnace, one for coal and one for the storage of fruit and vegetables. A furnace in the cellar is in itself a splendid ventilator; it keeps the cellar dry and warm, and the heat from it will force ventilation. Then, the circulation of air in the pipes and through the registers carries the warm circulating medium to every corner in the building. Nine out of ten of the smaller houses probably are heated by means of a hot-air furnace, and there is no bet-



First Floor Plan.

ter heating apparatus for a house of this size.

Another improvement in the modern house is in making larger chimneys and putting more flues in them. There is a constant current of air going up through the chimney. If a flue is built right, it works night and day, purifying the air in the house. It does not make any noise, and we are likely to forget that it is there, but the work goes on whether we know it and appreciate the fact or not. Thousands of people owe their lives unknowingly to just such protection. I know families who habitually sleep

butter, meat and potatoes. A little cake and a few candies may be all right by way of variety, but you cannot live on such things. You build a good, solid, plain, square house that is light, airy, well ventilated, and easily heated, and you have something to be satisfied with as long as you live. But you let some architect coax you into building some fancy gothic arrangement, or add a lot of gewgaws to an otherwise sensible plan, and you will have a job of alterations on your hands before many years.

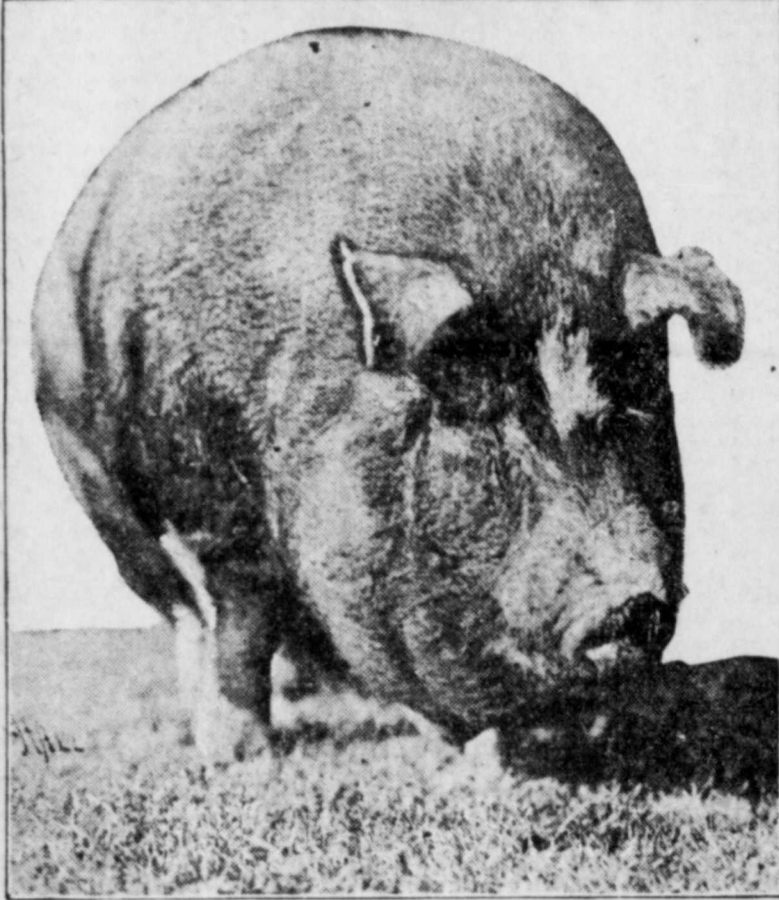
A study of the rooms in the present design will convince anyone that this plan offers a good deal of comfort for the amount of money the house will cost. Commencing with the front hall, there is a good-looking open stair lighted both from the top and the bottom—a feature that you do not always meet with. Then there is a closet for coats, and room behind this and under the main stair for an entrance to the cellar from the kitchen. There is a good hall—big enough without using up a whole lot of unnecessary space.

The living room and dining room are supposed to occupy the south or west side of the house, which is the sunny side, as these rooms are used the most. When it comes to the kitchen and pantry, with a back porch entrance, the arrangement is good and pretty handy. I do not advocate putting the kitchen on the north side of the house, because I think a kitchen should be as bright and cheerful as any other room; but on the other hand, a northern or eastern room is cooler than one facing the south or west, and you have too much heat in the kitchen anyway.

It is impossible to have everything just exactly right; but taking this house on the whole, the plan is a good one, and it is not very expensive. With careful management it may be built in most towns for about \$2,000, complete with piping for gas and with electric wiring. An exceptionally good manager might get the furnace put in, and still keep the price within \$2,000.

Hardly Probable.
"Have you seen Mami's engagement ring?"
"Of course. Did you have an idea that he was making an effort to hide it?"

PREPARATION OF RATIONS FOR SWINE



This is a picture of a \$5,000 Poland China boar, raised at Glen Ellyn, Ill. His head denotes his splendid breeding. With hogs selling around \$8.00, this unlovely animal is one of great importance to the farmer and consumer as well.

(By E. J. IDDINGS, Idaho Experiment Station.)

How to prepare feeds for hogs to secure the greatest economy is a question frequently asked by hog raisers.

Corn should be fed on the cob. Where shelled corn is bought it should be ground or soaked. The Iowa experiment station after exhaustive trials found that feeding on the cob was most economical and that soaking for twelve hours was equal to grinding.

Such small grains as wheat, barley, oats and rye are commonly fed in Idaho and other northwestern states. The outer layers of these grains become very hard after a few months, and when such hard, flinty grains are fed to hogs a large part of them pass through the digestive tract whole as waste.

Hogs can be induced to do their own grinding by scattering grain on a rough concrete or other feeding floor, or by feeding grain in the sheaf. Ordinarily, however, we have to grind, roll or soak the small grains. Coarse grinding which leaves hard sharp cornered pieces is not recommended. Grains must be ground fine, especially for young pigs. Rolling grains leaves them in a porous condition, and when taken into the stomach they make a porous mass upon which the digestive juices can easily act. Grinding or rolling ordinarily saves about ten per cent.

Considerable difference of opinion exists as to advisability of wetting

feeds for hogs. The self-feeder is successful if regulated to prevent waste, and when used feeds are, of course, fed dry. When rations are given in a trough, our experience at the Idaho experiment station indicates an advantage from wetting feeds. Dry and starchy feeds need much liquid to moisten them, and the saliva and digestive juices are hardly sufficient for this purpose; furthermore, wetting makes feeds more bulky, thereby preventing rapid eating, and when fed in this rather bulky, wet form they satisfy the appetites of the older hogs for bulk.

Cooking and steaming were common a few years ago, but are now no longer popular. It has been found that cooking tends to lessen the feeding value of some grains; and in most cases does not bring enough benefits to pay for fuel and time. Exceptions to this rule are potatoes and beans, which give best results when cooked.

Alfalfa hay is cheap in the north-west, and can be successfully used for a large portion of the brood sow's winter ration, and as a small part of the allowance for fattening hogs. Experiments at the Idaho station indicate that alfalfa can be fed whole in a rack with greatest economy. After exhaustive trials the Nebraska experiment station found that alfalfa fed whole was slightly more economical than cutting or chopping it into short lengths, and that grinding fine into meal as compared with the other methods of feeding alfalfa was not so profitable on the farm.

CARE REQUIRED FOR THE WINDOW GARDEN

Particular Attention Should Be Paid to Water and Shade for Plants.

(By L. M. BENNINGTON.)
Pay strict attention to the potted plants as regards water and shade, for all plants require some shade during summer, especially from the afternoon sunshine.

See to it that plants intended for winter blooming are not allowed to bloom now. Pinch off the buds as they appear.

Pots plunged in the border must be turned once a week to prevent the roots striking through the drainage hole.

Now is the time for making cuttings of geraniums and the like. Keep the slips damp until well rooted; then pot. Keep all buds pinched off until frost appears and kills outdoor flowers. The oleander will root quickly if slips are cut three or four inches long, put in a bottle of water, and hung in a shady place.

Seeds of pansies, lantanas, primroses, impatient Sultans, and the like must be sown now for winter blooming.

If you never have seen the snapdragon of the present day, and want spikes of beauty a foot long to gladden the dark eyes of winter, sow seeds of the improved snapdragon.

Kill Pocket Gophers.
An orchardist at Quincy, Wash., says that he has been successful in destroying pocket gophers in the orchard by digging a hole 2 1/2 feet deep and a foot across. He has found that the pocket gophers get into the hole and are easily killed. He reports to the Western Farmer that he has found as many as 17 pocket gophers in one hole.

Area of Cornfields.
The combined area of the cornfields of the United States is nearly equal to the area of France or Germany.

Mules and Horses.
There are 4,355,000 mules and 20,567,000 horses in the United States.

NEWS for the YOUNG PEOPLE

MAKE GOOD CROQUET GROUND

Really Ideal Foundation Can Be Made by Use of Concrete—Necessitates Much Hard Work.

(By EBEN E. REXFORD.)
Most croquet grounds are anything but satisfactory to the person who takes delight in the game that admits of skillful play. Where the ground is rough as to surface, indefinite as to boundary, and with arches that tip in all directions there is little chance for fine playing.

But on a ground with perfectly level surface, boundary so clearly defined that there can be no chance for dispute in "bringing in the ball" and arches that set so firmly that they cannot be displaced by the impact of a ball and can be depended on as to the amount of resistance they will give to a ball driven against them, the game takes on a new fascination and becomes one of skill.

A really ideal croquet ground can be made by the use of cement. It will necessitate considerable hard work, but the boys who like to play croquet will not let that prevent them from providing themselves with a fine ground if they set about it in earnest.

The first thing to do is to excavate the soil to the depth of about eight inches. Stake out the ground, and go at it as though you meant business. Wheel away the soil as fast as it is dug up. When the excavation is complete mix your concrete for the bottom course.

This should be made of coarse sand or gravel and cement in the proportion of six parts sand to one part cement. Mix the two while dry, and add water enough to make it the consistency of soft mud.

Only a small quantity should be mixed at a time, as the mixture "sets" or hardens very rapidly. Apply to the depth of six inches, pounding it down well as you go along.

When you get to the places where the arches are to stand, set iron sockets to receive them in the concrete, letting about an inch and a half extend above it to bring the tops of them even with the finishing coat.

Do not allow the concrete to dry rapidly. Sprinkle frequently, or shade if the sun is hot.

The finishing coat should be made of clear, sharp sand three parts, and one part cement. Mix as for concrete, and use enough water to make it soft enough to run when poured over the first coat. Smooth it with a trowel and level it with a "straight edge," to make sure that there are no inequalities of surface.

These directions, carefully followed, will give you a ground upon which you can "calculate" your play almost as well as the billiardist does his on the billiard table.

Of course you will have no cushion to reckon with, but there will be ample chance for very skillful playing in a great many ways, and you will find that the game becomes far more attractive than it is possible for it to be when played on the ordinary playground.

In selecting the location for the croquet ground, I would advise having it at one side of the home grounds and somewhat screened from the road or street, as it detracts from the pleasure of it to have it so exposed to the view of the passer-by that it becomes almost public property.

Most croquet grounds and tennis grounds are lacking in one important feature so far as the lookers-on at these games are concerned, and that is comfortable seats provided with shade.

The boys of the family can make seats at very small expense, and not only get much pleasure out of the making of them, but a good deal of good experience in the handling of tools, which will be beneficial in other undertakings.

These seats can be made by setting four posts—preferably cedar, unpeeled—a sufficient depth in the ground to make them firm. I would suggest two feet for the width and six feet for the length.

Let the front post stand about six feet above the ground, and the rear ones about five and a half. This will give a little slope to the roof.

At a convenient height from the ground nail stout strips of wood around the frame-work formed by the poles, on which to make the seat, which can be of boards or slats or canvas.

For the roof of the seats fasten strips of wood to the posts, both lengthwise and crosswise, letting them project at least about a foot or more in all directions so that ample shade may be secured.

Then tack on lath or strips of thin wood in such a manner as to form a support for the vines that will be trained over them.

The best vine to train over these seats is the wild cucumber and the morning glory. Both of these are of very rapid growth and easy culture. By midsummer the plants will have reached the roof and covered it.

Boys Will Be Lifters.
Mrs. Church—I see by this paper a household novelty is a mixer for removing jars from high shelves.
Mrs. Gotham—Yes, we've got two of 'em. Tommie's aged seven and Sammie's just nine.

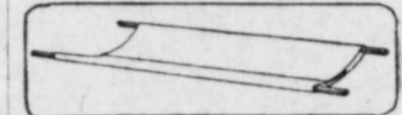
HANDY OUTFIT FOR CAMPERS

Materials Needed Are Piece of Canvas, Blanket and Seventy-Five Feet of Strong Sash Cord.

A piece of canvas, unbleached muslin, a blanket, or any other piece of goods, and 75 feet of strong sash cord are all the materials necessary. No sewing is required and the outfit can be erected in a few minutes. It is light and can be carried anywhere, writes V. W. Killick of Los Angeles, Cal., in Popular Mechanics.

Select two trees, or two poles, and tie the end of the rope to one of these; then run the rope around the other three times, draw it taut and run the end back to the first support and fasten it. Thus two parallel cords at any desired height will be formed between the two supports.

Spread out the cloth on the ground under the two ropes so that the side of the material to form the inner part of the hammock is uppermost. Lift one side of the goods and place the edge over one of the cords far enough to overlap about one-third the entire length of the material. Lift the opposite side and turn its edge over in a

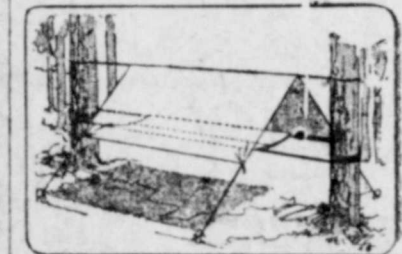


A Quickly Constructed Stretcher, the Only Articles Necessary Being Two Sticks and a Sheet, or Blanket.

like manner and both edges will overlap in the center, as shown in the sketch, which also illustrates the way to make up a stretcher quickly. The weight of the body on the edges causes friction enough to prevent the cloth from slipping.

Two sticks of wood are placed between the parallel ropes at the ends of the cloth to hold them apart as in a hammock. Place a pillow at one end and enter, being careful not to disturb the overlapped edges of the cloth.

After hanging the hammock bed stretch another rope between the



A Hammock Bed Placed Between Two Supports, and a Covering, Shaped Like a Tent.

posts, about two feet above the parallel lines. A sheet of canvas or waterproof material is thrown over this rope and the hanging edges are weighted or staked to the ground, lines of cord first being attached to the corners. One of the illustrations shows the finished bed and cover.

TWO NEAT TONGUE TWISTERS

Typewriter is One Who Typewrites on Typewriter—Second Refers to Miss Betty Botter.

A reader submits this tongue twister:

"Dear Sir: A typewriter is one who typewrites on the typewriter, and the typewriter is a machine on which the typewriter who typewrites on the typewriter typewrites. Now, the typewriter who typewrites on the typewriter typewrites on the typewriter until there is no more typewriting to be typewritten by the typewriter on the typewriter on which the typewriter who typewrites on the typewriter typewrites."

His second, which refers to a young woman called Betty, is as follows:

"Betty Botter bought some butter, but she said this butter's bitter. If I put it in my batter it will make my batter bitter, but a bit of better butter would make my batter better; so she bought a bit o' better butter, the bitter better, and it made her batter better, so 'twas better Betty Botter bought a bit o' better butter."

TOY IS QUITE FASCINATING

Makes Showers of Harmless Sparks for the Especial Amusement of the Young Folks.

Among the latest devices for amusing the young folks is a toy that



Fascinating Toy.

throws showers of harmless sparks which are especially effective in illuminating a room in the evening.

The Reward of Virtue.
The Teacher—You see, had the lamb been obedient and stayed in the fold it would not have been eaten by the wolf, would it?
Boy (promptly)—No, ma'am; it would have been eaten by us.—The Tattler.

Tinkles! Tinkles!
Wilbur—Do they always keep that big bell on the cow?
Fags—Yes, Wilbur.
Wilbur—I suppose it is to keep her from falling asleep in this quiet place.—Harper's Young People.

Locals

Annie Richey has been very sick the past few days.

C. A. Gatlin made a trip to the county seat Wednesday.

Chas. Kinslow attended the Amarillo Fair Monday.

Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Ozier spent Sunday in Amarillo with the Doctor's parents.

STRAYED—1 black sow pig. Finder please notify O. R. Culwell.

Miss Griffith came Wednesday from Estelline to visit her sister, Mrs. Kennedy.

Miss Mae Simmons spent Saturday and Sunday with her folks in Memphis.

W. E. Brooks attended the Panhandle State Fair at Amarillo Tuesday.

Rev. G. H. Bryant went to Clarendon last night to see L. D. Perry who is very sick.

Attorneys White and Simpson were down from Clarendon Monday to attend Justice Court.

Mrs. M. E. Bird returned home Wednesday from Memphis where she visited several days.

Just received a shipment of the best paint on the market—Lincoln Climatic; put up for this climate. J. C. Woodridge.

Dr. A. M. Sarvis and wife, A. O. Sarvis and wife visited J. J. Mickle and family of Memphis Monday.

Miss Lelia Waldron returned home Wednesday from a six weeks visit with her brother at Canadian.

Grandma Bond returned home from Wellington last week after a visit of two or three months with her son.

In the world's series baseball now being played at New York Philadelphia has won two and New York one.

500 cross ties for sale at 12c each, and 100 half-gal. jars of fruit 25c a jar.

Misses Clara Jones and Mellie Bird Richey visited relatives and friends in Memphis Saturday and Sunday.

Horace Cooper and wife are the champion cotton pickers of Donley county. Monday they picked 973 pounds.

Dr. A. L. Johnson, wife and children were up from Newlin Sunday to spend the day with C. L. Johnson and family.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Gatlin and little girls returned home Sunday from a two weeks visit with relatives at LeFors and Alarreed.

Still watching Hedley grow.

Mrs. Lucy Smith, wife R. E. L. Smith, died Sept. 25 at her home in Dallas. Mrs. Smith resided here a few years ago. She leaves five children.

P. C. Johnson returned from Caddo Mills Friday. His sister, Mrs. N. C. Merritt, died Wednesday after being completely paralyzed a week.

Scholarship in the Bowie Commercial College for sale by the Informer. Who wants to buy it at a bargain?

B. G. Johnson reports a freak chicken at his place. It was hatched out a few days ago well developed as any chicken except has only one leg.

When your watch is sick and refuses to kick take it to Stanley the Jeweler.

Mrs. J. B. Masterson returned home Tuesday from Oklahoma where she went in response to a message that her father was dangerously ill.

Mrs. Percy Wells and children arrived from Wellington yesterday to join her husband. They are domiciled in one of the Jones residences in east Hedley.

J. H. Hendrix of Montalba, Texas, was here first of the week looking after business interests, and visited an old pupil, E. C. Kerley. Mr. Hendrix taught the first Hedley school a few years ago.

On Every Second Thursday night J. C. Wells, CC U. J. Boston, Clerk I. O. O. F. Lodge meets every Saturday night. J. X. Miller, N. G. O. B. Stanley, Secretary A. F. & A. M. Meets Saturday night on or before the full moon. G. A. Wimberly, W. M. J. W. Bond, Secretary

City Directory

CHURCHES BAPTIST, Jas. A. Long, pastor First Sun. Day in each month. PRESBYTERIAN every Third Sunday. Rev. Charlton, Pastor SUNDAY SCHOOL Every Sunday, J. G. McDougal, Supt. METHODIST, G. H. Bryant, pastor. Every Second and Fourth Sunday SUNDAY SCHOOL every Sunday morning. T. R. Moreman, Superintendent. BAPTIST, Rev. C. W. Horschler, pastor. 1st and 3rd Sundays SUNDAY SCHOOL Every Sunday morn. K. W. Howell, Supt. CHURCH OF CHRIST meets at Presbyterian church for Bible class and communion at 2:30 every Sunday afternoon. PRAYER MEETING Every Wednesday evening.

TIME TABLE	
North bound	
No. 1	7:15 p. m.
" 7	10:15 a. m.
South bound	
No. 2	9:05 a. m.
" 8	9:08 p. m.

HE FINISHED HIS WORK

By J. A. TIFFANY.

The man was old and broken in spirit. His life had been a failure, as all lives are, measured by the degree in which they fulfill the dreams of youth.

At two-and-twenty he had mistaken the flush of enthusiasm for the fire of genius. After a quarter of a century's devotion to small parts in third-rate theatrical companies, he had been forced to the conclusion that a man gets no more, or less, than his labor is worth; and that his own labor was worth very little.

His wife had been beautiful. Now, she was a poor, faded, common-place creature. Her illusions, too, were all gone. Like her beauty; and, worse than that, the man's illusions in regard to her were dead also.

She had no more talent for acting than had he; and they both knew it now.

Of gentle birth, she still retained some traces of refinement, in spite of her long sojourn in Bohemia. But the novelty, the charm, the mystery of the life were gone.

Every illusion had been destroyed, save one; and to that they clung with desperate tenacity. At an early period in their married life the man had conceived a great literary project.

"I've been thinking, Evelyn," he had said one day, "of writing a historical account of the drama from its first inception down to the present day. Imagine the possibilities of such a work!"

"Splendid!" the woman had exclaimed. "Why don't you begin at once?"

And he had begun that very day. He knew then that it was no mean task, this that he had set himself. It meant much reading, research, condensing, writing, re-writing, and writing again.

Not a book that a man could rattle off in six months or a year.

The one illusion that the hard realities of life had failed to dissipate was this: That though both were failures at acting, yet one day the man was to achieve fame for himself and a competence for them both by the publication of his great history of the drama—the dedication to a grateful world of his life's work.

For twenty years and more he had stuck stoically to his task.

Often the last nickel went for paper, while the children were crying for bread. Present necessities were forgotten, or ignored, in the anticipation of comforts to be bought through the sale of Reginald's life work.

"I have finished it at last, Evelyn," the man announced one day—one day while they were in Baltimore. "I have finished my life's work."

For three months he awaited the publishers' decision, calling upon them at intervals, only to be told that his manuscript would receive the earliest attention possible. Three long, weary anxious months; and then the man took to his bed in a high fever. He was delirious, and raved about his book.

"Finished, finished!" he would shout exultingly. "I have finished my life's work!"—and another time he would repeat the same words, with a wail of anguish and despair.

Then the woman passed her cooling hand across his brow, and sought to comfort him by saying his life's work was only just begun.

One evening as he lay helpless on his pillow, the crimson rays of the setting sun shone suddenly into the room and lighted up his pallid face, handsome even in emaciation. He started up to his elbow, with wide staring eyes, exclaiming:

"Finished—finished! I have finished my life's work. I am going home."

And the tears that welled to Evelyn's eyes had fallen from them to her cheeks, she looked once more upon his face and saw his words were true.

The man was dead. He had finished his life's work. He had gone home.

And while the woman sat in silent grief, gazing on the dead face of him whom she had loved so well, there came a gentle tap upon the door.

It was Mr. Hayes, an elderly gentleman from the publishers' office, who had called once or twice before to inquire after the health of the author of the bulky manuscript.

"At last, my dear lady," he said, "I am able to report that our house has accepted your husband's life work."

"Your house?" the woman echoed, falling at first to recognize her visitor or comprehend his meaning—the one, cruel sense of widowhood overwhelming all things else.

Then, as the recollection of the fatal book that had snatched her husband's life away came back to her with bitter memories, she said:

"Your house? Too late—too late! He has gone to another house. There his life's work can be judged the best. His life work will be accepted or rejected, in his father's house."

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MISERERE MEI DOMINI

By CHARLES W. CUNO.

In the province of San Diego, near the River La Plaza, grew at one time the prettiest flower-



nature had ever fashioned in to womanhood. A rustic picture was she, indeed, divine, Mercedes.

Don Palo, dark, handsome, stood beneath a footstool and gazed enraptured at this picture.

In the distance could be heard the silvery peal of a convent bell and, when the wind quieted, the faint echo of the Miserere floated on the air.

Palo approached and touched the listening girl upon the arm.

"Oh, Palo! Is it you?" she cried. He took her hands in his and printed a fervent kiss upon her lips. "Yes, Mercedes," he answered, "I have come back to see you once again."

"But— but—" she began.

"No, Chiquita, there is little danger. No one knows that I am here."

Out of the convent window Sister Sorice looked listlessly.

As she looked the two parted, and Mercedes was left standing alone. She was the daughter of a miller, the son of the governor of the province of San Diego. Sister Sorice shook her head sadly. Three months before she had witnessed their first meeting.

When Palo went to his father and confessed his love for Mercedes, he flew into an awful rage.

"Son," he said sternly, "you will never go near the miller's daughter again. I shall give orders. If you are caught there, you will be put in prison. Remember, I mean what I say."

But Palo came again to see his Mercedes and Sister Sorice was watching from her high convent window. Alas, he came to tell his sweetheart that he is going away on a trip to far off Spain, but he will be back

again in a year, perhaps sooner. Will she wait for him till then?

"In the morning," he said, "I may see you again, 'tis for the last time by the bridge that goes over the Plaza. Is it not so? Mia Carrissima!"

Tears came to the girl's eyes as she nodded her head. He kissed her and went down the path. In the morning she was waiting for him at the bridge when Palo arrived. She was about to fly into his arms, when, out from the shrubbery stepped a soldier. "I arrest you Senator," he said.

The officer's back was turned toward her. An impulse, a flash, and it was done. She had drawn the dagger from her girdle and plunged it into his back. He fell like a log. Palo shrank back aghast.

"If I am caught now," he cried, "But you will not. Go! Go! she cried, in frenzy pushing him toward the bridge. At the bridge she stopped. "Kiss me once," she cried. He stooped and kissed her passionately.

They parted and Mercedes began to run quickly through the woods.

She saw people standing around the body. She fancied she heard her name spoken. Fleet as a deer, she sped away, but before she had gone a hundred yards, she was discovered. There was a shout and a dozen started after her.

The silver bell of the convent was again ringing and she ran instinctively towards the sombre chattering walls. She stumbled up the steps and fell into the arms of Sister Sorice.

Snatching the silver crucifix from her girdle Sister held it defiantly into the faces of the oncoming mob. They recoiled from it as from a great repellent force.

"Stop," she cried, "she has taken refuge with God. Would you defile the sanctuary of the Lord?"

They looked into the calm, determined face of Sister Sorice, and one by one, slunk shamefacedly away.

Trembling, Mercedes wept out her story to the sister, who, when she heard it, wept with her.

"My child," said Sister Sorice, gently putting her arm about Mercedes, "I will tell you a story. Twenty years ago a maiden bid her lover good-bye by that little bridge down there. 'Wait for me,' he said. 'I will return soon!' But he did not, and soon the maid took refuge in this convent to hide her shame. A little girl was born and a good man took pity on it and adopted it as his own. That maid, Mercedes, was myself. For twenty years I have looked down that road, watching for the return of my lover."

She paused and looked at Mercedes with infinite yearning. "And you," she continued at last, "has the miller never told you?"

Mercedes looked at the sister in surprise. "Told me what?"

"You—you are—my—child."

Many years have passed since then. One weary watcher has been laid to rest, but there is a sister still, with snowy white hair and kind, wistful face, who stands by the high little window and looks out upon the road.

Perhaps she fancies she hears a voice. It is only the humming of the old bell and the echo of the quavering voices as they sing:

"Miserere mei Domini."
(Copyright, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Impossible.
"Why are you always poring so over those government reports? They must be very dry reading."
"Quite the contrary. They are irrefragation reports."

Something to Think About.
Laurence D'Orsay is telling of a time when a brother comedian and himself were comparing the size of their respective chests andiceps in D'Orsay's dressing-room one evening. "Feel the muscles of my neck," D'Orsay said. "Put your fingers around my throat." The other gripped D'Orsay's throat while the latter set his teeth and contracted all the muscles. He seemed much impressed by the display, and D'Orsay says he expected some compliment to his muscular development. All the other said, however, was, "D'Orsay, they will have a bother to hang you."

INSURE COTTON WITH J. C. WELLS



Have A Fit with Clarke, The Tailor

Your Word Is All We Want

If after you have used

Rexal Kidney Treatment

you do not believe it has helped you—made you feel better in every way—your money back. Liquid form, 50c and \$1.00. Pill form, 50c.

HEDLEY DRUG CO.

Simply Precautionary.

"Why, Bibbles, I thought you swore off from drinking."

"I did, sir, but swearing off from drinking in my case is simply an indication that I intend, not to abstain, but to be more prudent. After swearing off I am invariably more careful about the kind of liquor I consume and the manner in which it is prepared for my consumption."