

The Hedley Informer

VOL. V

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, MAY 7, 1915

NO. 22

GOOD BOARD OF TRUSTEES ELECTED

The Independent School District Trustees elected last Saturday were: C. F. Sanford, J. I. Steele, J. S. Grundy, W. E. Bray, L. L. Cornelius, C. E. Johnson, and J. S. Beach. The total number of votes polled was 123, the heaviest vote ever polled here for trustees. The above elected men are good substantial citizens and we feel sure will make a good school board. All together now and stand by them.

A. MATHER HILBURN MAKES GOOD

They are losers who did not hear A. Mather Hilburn, Entertainer, last Friday night. Several good entertainers have been here the past few years, but Mr. Hilburn, in our opinion, was by far the best. His impersonations were exceedingly good and his rendition of "The Other Wise Man" was the very acme of perfection in delivery and expression. Mr. Hilburn is a Panhandle citizen and has had only a few months experience as an entertainer, yet his work is of the highest class, and we predict for him the attainment of great success in his chosen calling.

MYSTIC WEAVERS

Mrs. B. W. Moreman very delightfully entertained the Mystic Weavers Club Wednesday April 28. Ten members were present. During the business session it was decided that the Club go fishing on their next regular meeting day which is May 12, leaving town at nine o'clock. All members will please report on or before that hour. Our hostess served delicious banana split and cake to the following: Mesdames J. L. Bain, T. T. Harrison, J. B. Masterson, W. R. McCarroll, Zeb Moore, Frank McClure, J. B. Ozier, G. A. Wimberly and Ed Dishman.

W. M. AUXILIARY

The W. M. Auxiliary will meet at the church May 10, 3 o'clock. Subject, The Changing World—Our Opportunity—China Labor Problem. Bible lesson, Job 17:1-19. Hymn. Prayer. She Hath Done What She Could—Mrs. Lively. What are the signs of waiting China—Mrs. Bolander. What are the signs of waiting Korea—Mrs. Stroud. Methodist Training School—Mrs. J. A. Moreman. Witnessing for Christ—Mrs. Bray. The duty of American Churches in the existing emergency—Mrs. Wimberly. Work among Deaf Mutes—Mrs. Boston. Women and World Peace—an address to the Missionary Women of the world—Mrs. T. R. Moreman. Roll call. Answer with a Missionary name in China. All members are requested to be present. Press Reporter.

Prof. Foster of Alvord was in our city first of the week.

RAIN BREAKS ALL RECORDS

Another big rain on Thursday night of last week and a few small showers since.

LATER

Some more rain and hail here Wednesday. Cool enough for fires in heating stoves and we had our stoves taken out several days ago. Just our luck.

STILL LATER

This is the third time this week we have attempted to tell about the weather. Yesterday morning another big rain and electric storm came. Then the wind shifted to the north and a few flakes of snow fell. Today is cool and clear, and it is hoped that it will remain clear for a while as the farmers are all behind with planting.

The Baptist Ladies will serve cake and cream Saturday May 15, in the B. W. Johnson building.

McKNIGHT

Some few farmers around McKnight are planting cotton.

Rev. Story filled his regular appointment here Sunday.

Mr. Gracie Horn and Miss Hazel Muncie were married last Saturday evening. May happiness go with them all along life's journey.

The young folks enjoyed a singing at W. E. Day's Sunday night.

Clay Martin visited at Mr. Black's Sunday.

Mack DeBord failed to sing with the class at the close of the singing Wednesday night on account of a very sore throat.

F. O. Whitwell and wife made a business trip to Hedley Saturday.

Walter Moss is talking of going to New Mexico in the near future.

The young people enjoyed a party at Mr. Friday night.

Oliver Johnston spent Saturday night with Walter Moss.

Rev. Murrell and W. H. DeBord have exchanged preaching days. Rev. DeBord will preach the second Sunday in each month and Rev. Murrell the fourth Sunday.

THE KID

Honor Roll of Miss Wiggins' Room

Walter Storm. Gladys Adamson. Morris Moore. Carrie Dyer. Faye Cooper. Lois Simmons. Leone Wimberly. Lennie Waldron. Leonard Tims. Roy Cornelius.

Have a Fit with Clarke, The Tallor.

Sweet Potato Plants For Sale

Nancy Hall, Pumpkin or Dooty Yam, Triumph or Florida Yam. Price 25c per 100; \$1.15 per 500; \$2.25 per 1000; \$2.00 per 1000 in lots of 5000 or more. Terms cash with order. Ready for shipment May 1st to July 1st. J. A. Hawk. Lelia Lake, Texas.

The Knocker's Creed

I believe that nothing is right. I believe that everything is wrong. I believe that I alone have the right idea. The town is wrong, the editor is wrong, the teachers are wrong, the things they are doing are wrong and they are doing them the wrong way anyhow. I believe I could fix things if they would let me. If they don't I will get a lot of other fellows like myself and we will have a law passed to make others do things the way WE want them done.

I do not believe that the town ought to grow. It is too big now. I believe in fighting every public improvement and spoiling everybody's pleasure. I am always to the front in opposing things and never yet have I advanced an idea or supported a movement that would make people happier or add to the pleasure of man, woman or child. I am opposed to fun and am happiest at a funeral. I believe in starting reforms that will take all the joy out of life. It's a sad world and I am glad of it. Amen.

HEDLEY FARMERS INSTITUTE TO MEET MAY 15

The Hedley Farmers Institute is called to meet Saturday May 15, for the purpose of electing delegates to the State Institute which will be held in Austin July 26-7-8. Every member is urged to attend. By order of the President and Secretary of Hedley Institute.

Official Statement

OF THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF THE Guaranty State Bank

at Hedley, State of Texas, at the close of business on the 1st day of May, 1915, published in the Hedley Informer, a newspaper printed and published at Hedley, State of Texas, on the 7th day of May, 1915.

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts, personal or collateral.....\$22,561.82
Overdrafts.....20.68
Real Estate (banking house).....3,375.45
Furniture and Fixtures.....1,517.93
Due from Approved Reserve Agents, net.....5,042.52
Due from other banks and bankers, subject to check, net.....447.68 54,90.20
Cash Items.....176.00
Currency.....1,071.00
Specie.....342.75 1,589.95
Interest in Depositors Guaranty Fund.....137.64
Other Resources as follows: 64.67
TOTAL.....34,758.14

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock paid in.....\$15,000.00
Undivided Profits, net.....734.91
Individual Deposits, subject to check.....17,423.23
Time Certificates of Deposit.....1,600.00
TOTAL.....34,758.14

STATE OF TEXAS, County of Donley: We, J. G. McDougal as president, and C. D. Akers as assistant cashier of said bank, each of us, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief. J. G. McDOUGAL, President. C. D. AKERS, Assistant Cashier.

Sworn and subscribed to before me this 6th day of May, A. D. nineteen hundred and fifteen. Witness my hand and notarial seal on the date last aforesaid. J. A. MORROW, J. P. and [SEAL] Ex-officio Notary Public, Donley County.

CORRECT—AT Bond W. U.

We will handle the vegetable plants of T. Jones & Co. Clarendon, this year and anyone wanting potato slips, cabbage, tomatoes and any other plants, call and see us. 20-4t J. W. Aldridge.

Subscribe for the Informer.

OFFICIAL STATEMENT OF THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF THE FIRST STATE BANK

at Hedley, State of Texas, at the close of business on the 1st day of May, 1915, published in the Hedley Informer, a newspaper printed and published at Hedley, State of Texas, on the 7th day of May, 1915.

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts, personal or collateral.....\$61,682.72
Loans, real estate.....1,000.00
Overdrafts.....174.23
Real Estate (banking house).....2,500.00
Other Real Estate.....1,244.75
Furniture and Fixtures.....2,665.47
Due from Approved Reserve Agents, net.....21,471.08
Cash Items.....36.00
Currency.....1,540.00
Specie.....739.42 23,786.50
Interest in Depositors Guaranty Fund.....874.58
Other resources as follows 84.03
Total.....\$94,012.28

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock paid in.....\$25,000.00
Surplus Fund.....5,500.00
Undivided Profits, net.....3,471.06
Due to Banks and Bankers, subject to check.....9.21
Individual Deposits, subject to check.....48,136.66
Time Certificates of Deposit.....10,377.45
Demand Certificates of Deposit.....1,517.90
Total.....\$94,012.28

STATE OF TEXAS, County of Donley: We, W. T. White as president, and G. A. Wimberly as assistant cashier of said bank, each of us, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.

W. T. WHITE, President. G. A. WIMBERLY, Assistant Cashier. Sworn and subscribed to before me this 6th day of May, A. D. nineteen hundred and fifteen. Witness my hand and notarial seal on the date last aforesaid. J. A. MORROW, J. P. and [SEAL] Ex-officio Notary Public, Donley County.

DARING ROBBERY IN BROAD DAYLIGHT

Last Sunday morning in broad open daylight there was committed at Hedley a most bold and daring robbery.

The criminals were seen by several witnesses and especially by the Judge of the trial court so there is abundant evidence for their conviction. Although no arrests have yet been made, the offenders can not escape punishment, because the Judge must punish violation of his laws. He is a righteous and holy Judge and cannot wink at crime.

He gave them 60 golden days, 144 silver hours, 8640 copper minutes for their own, to use wisely and rightly for themselves, but, not content with this, they must deal His day of rest and worship for their own pleasure, profit, or laziness.

Their trial is set for the Great Judgment Day.

See Ex. 20-9 15 and Num. 15: 32 36—Contributed.

Naylor Springs

(Too late for last week.)

Luther McFarland and wife are now in their home in the Fairview community.

Little Hazel Hanner who has been quite sick is improving rapidly.

Mrs. M. O. Barnett has just returned from a few days visit with homefolks at Clarendon.

T. N. Naylor took his daughter, Miss Lois, to the Adair Hospital Sunday at which place she underwent an operation for appendicitis. Her sister, Miss Lou Naylor came down from Amarillo to be with her.

Friday marked the close of school at this place.

J. S. Hall made a business trip to Memphis this week.

NELDA.

Informer \$1.00 per year.

Special

Jack Reid has opened up a Garage at the Whitfield blacksmith shop. Jack is a natural mechanic, and is fully prepared and capable to do any kind of automobile work, and solicits your patronage in that line. All work guaranteed. Automobile, steam engine and boiler work a specialty. Ample house room for autos.

Don't forget that if you want any kind of blacksmithing, horse shoeing or repair work, Whitfield can do it and do it right.

WHITFIELD & REID. LELIA LAKE, TEX.

HEDLEY NEVER STOPS GROWING

Bond W. Johnson is starting the erection of another nice five-room dwelling on his acreage property in northwest Hedley. He is just completing a dwelling of the same kind. He believes in building good houses and large enough to meet the demands of tenants. This is the fourth new dwelling in the past three weeks. Watch Hedley grow.

CREAM SUPPER WELL PATRONIZED

A large crowd attended the Cemetery Association's ice cream supper Saturday night. A nice program was rendered for the entertainment of those present, among the numbers were several songs by Prof. Bryant and class of Newlin. The supper netted about \$52 which will be a big help in paying for the fence for the cemetery. The Association desires to express sincere appreciation to the people for their splendid patronage of the supper.

Mr. Farmer!

I have a man working for me that learned his trade in a wagon shop in Alabama and is absolutely a first class wagon man, and if you have any wagons that you want cut down and make low wheels this spring and summer, don't fail to get our prices before you place your order elsewhere. Yours for better work and at special prices J. Walker Lane.

NOTICE

I wish to announce that I have bought the Ice business from Mr. Crow and have charge of same. All ice will be strictly cash on delivery. J. R. Gary

The Freaks Must Go.

The secretary of the Minnesota state fair is authority for the statement that the "freak" show and the sensational side show will not have place in the state fairs of 1915. This form of entertainment is to be replaced by educational exhibitions, the step having been decided on by the American Association of Fairs and Expositions in convention at Chicago. It will be a great relief if the minds of children are not to be abnormally stimulated by these morbid, not to say revolting, sights. The idea that the poor monstrosities of nature should be exploited by means of their deformities is repulsive and productive of no good. The practice of allowing fakers to grow fat off proceeds from "showing" these unfortunate is a species of barbarism. The atmosphere that pervades state fairs is as wholesome as that which surrounds any of our national institutions, and it has always been a wrong to vitiate it by the clinical features of a freak show.—Minneapolis Journal.

INFORMER WANT-ADS
BRING RESULTS
TRY ONE

SEEING LIFE with JOHN HENRY & George V. Hobart



John Henry on Cabarets

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

SAY! Did you ever burst right into Bohemia and with the aid of a complaining pocketbook try to help yourself to a hilarious evening?

Tag me—I'm it. Of course, I don't mean Bohemia in the highbrow sense. Not one of those quaint retreats with the lemon-colored atmosphere where sad-eyed Artistic Temperaments foregather to chop spaghetti with a fork and bark hand-made repartees at each other over a beaker of absinth.

I mean the Bohemia so called by the Buyer from Max Kahn's Universal Emporium, Waukegan, Wis., who hits New York along in August and leaves the imprint of his sandals all over Longacre Square and adjacent byways.

The Bohemia, so called, which is composed of incandescent lights disguised as rosebuds, Bulgarian waiters disguised as second-story workers, and a menu card which, without any disguise, leads the way directly to a Petition in Bankruptcy.

Ever since we've been back in New York, Peaches has been handing out hints that she'd like to have me take her over the hurdles into that Fair Land where rag-time and breaded pork chops do a sister act to one of those real devilish New York Cabarets.

Rub his ankles, Doctor; the blood has rushed to his head.

I tried to explain to friend wife that the Cabaret is a institution invented solely for the purpose of giving hiccupps to Gold-plated Strangers, but Peaches was strong for a Peek at the Night-Life of New York and it was up to me to furnish the opera glasses.

She wanted to know if I thought she could try with a tinnerloin steak in some Musical Soup-house without having a policeman call her by her first name.

I told her I was away on sick leave the morning Cabaret Etiquette had

H. W. bowed, Hep slipped him again and he bowed lower. Hep slipped him another little map of the mint and H. W.'s forehead scraped the floor.

The room was a-dazzle with Gaudy Lights. Rag-time music hurried away from a preoccupied orchestra, hit the ceiling, bounced off and scampered around the tables. Laughter, both refined and careless, tried to drown the clatter of dishes—and won out.

"So this is Bohemia!" sighed Peaches as the head waiter pulled out a chair and dared her to sit down. "John, dear, do point out the celebrities to me, won't you?"

"They haven't come in yet," I gurgled, and Hep let loose a laugh so nearly like that of a nervous coyote that four waiters rushed up, prepared, to take any kind of a tip.

Just as we were sinking gracefully into our plush chairs, and the Sicilian brigand was about to take our order, who should float into the dry-dock but Max Mincestain, one of Hep's friends—after 2 A. M.

I don't know how Max ever pressed close enough to get on Hep's staff. Max has money. He'll always have it—the same money.

Max is a lazy loosener. When the waiter returns with the check Max is the busiest talker in the bunch.

Max loves money. Money loves Max. They are inseparable.

Whenever Max passes a bank he takes off his hat and walks on his toes.

I spoke his name rapidly when I introduced Max to Peaches, but as she was busy trying to lead a swift life by ordering a seltzer lemonade it didn't make much difference what I called him.

Hep must have been sitting over a trapdoor, because suddenly wine-coolers began to festoon themselves around about him. Blue wine-coolers appeared at his right, magenta wine-coolers at his left, and ice, drift ice

He was the night-watchman of an apartment house uptown, but I gave her an easy speech to the effect that he was Bill Mendelssohn, a grandson of old man Mendelssohn, who once wrote a wedding march so carelessly that it is now used as a coon song.

She gasped and gurgled with delight—in Bohemia and having the time of her young life, so I let her dream. In the meantime Hep, with a bucket of wine, was busy trying to put out the fire in the well Max used as a neck.

Every time a waiter looked at our table Hep's roll would blaze up.

Peaches presently concluded she'd broaden out a bit on Art and the Old Masters, so she asked Max if he liked Rembrandt.

Max looked at her out of the corner of his eye and murmured, "Much obliged, but I'm up to here now!"

Then he pointed at his Adam's Apple and fell asleep.

Hep was beginning to see double. Every once in a while he'd stop humming "Here Comes My Daddy Now—"



"The H. W.'s Forehead Scraped the Floor."

Papa, Papa, Papa, Papa!" then he'd close one eye and with the other look over at Peaches and hand her a sad, sweet smile.

It's a gay life, boys!

When our expensive food finally arrived Hep was gazing at his fingers and wondering how they got on his hands, while Max, the genial pest, with his chin driven through his shirt-front, was over on Dream Avenue, about to hitch up his favorite nightmare and take a spin through Bug-land.

Peaches was toying with a spoonful of consommé Julienne and I was parleying shoestring potatoes back on my fork, when suddenly there came a great clanging of bells, doors rattled and banged, women screamed and the orchestra fell out of a back window—all except the bass fiddle. He fell in a bowl of soup left for him by an obliging but hurrying waiter.

Max woke up suddenly, looked about wild-eyed and slid gracefully under the table.

Hep, with a roll of bills in each hand, tried to stand up and defy the universe, but he toppled over among the wine-coolers and passed peacefully away again in cold storage.

A fat man with a beard and a dialect ran around in circles exclaiming that he was the proprietor, but nobody pinned a medal on him, and he burst into sobs.

Then he rushed over to our table and yelled, "Get out! Get out!"

"Why should we get out?" I inquired, placing a piece of fried chicken tenderly in his outstretched hand.

"Because it's closing up time and I always forget about it. The police have to come and remind me."

Then he threw the fried chicken at the lady cashier and faded out of our lives.

I looked in the direction of the door. Yes, there they were—an Army Corps of Cops, marching steadily forward into the Palace of Pies, fearless in the face of danger.

It was a brave sight to see them deploy by fours and reaching forward with their nightsticks knock a hunk of beefsteak out of a hungry diner's hand.

I grabbed Peaches by the elbow and we beat it from Bohemia while the beating was good.

The last I saw of Max he was acting as a foot-rest for the General commanding the Fifth Brigade, while Hep slept peacefully on amid the up-turned wine-coolers and the ice-floes.

Bohemia, eh?

So this is what they call Having A Good Time in New York!

Mr. U. I called you Bad names—put it in the Bench.

This is the home of the Gink who keeps his Temperature down by continually sniffling at the idea of burning money.

His idea of being a gentleman was to get into a Tuxedo make-up and gag with a bunch of booze while Mamma has to tie her up in a Mother Hubbard and stay alone till Papa gets through being a fellow.

For the little Pto-

knows, are the dillpickles

of Novary, Tex.

the wait-

Ms. I

WE, D

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HORSES PIGS and CATTLE

PRODUCTION OF BABY BEEF

Animals Used for This Purpose Must Be Well Bred and of Fine Quality—Keep Them Fleecy.

"What is meant by the term 'baby beef' and what kind of cattle are used in baby beef production?" was a question which was put to Professor G. W. Barnes, farm advisor on live stock of the Agricultural Extension Service of the University of Arizona College of Agriculture. He answered that fat cattle between the ages of one and two years, weighing between eight and eleven hundred pounds, are used.

They must be well bred and of fine quality. Such cattle can be finished quicker and are the only class of cattle which can be used in the production of baby beef. The cattle to be used for this purpose should not be allowed to lose their baby flesh or baby fat. They must be kept fleshy from start to finish, for when they once become run down, it is a difficult proposition to have them finished for market under eighteen months. They



Baby Beef.

must be fed a liberal ration of fat-producing feeds, especially grains.

When beginning to feed baby beefs, they should receive large quantities of alfalfa or cowpeas hay, or other such rough feeds as will increase their digestive capacity so they can handle large quantities of grain. If heifer calves instead of steers are to be fed, they will finish more quickly and should be marketed earlier.

The younger the prime heifers are at the time of marketing, the less discrimination in price will the butcher make between heifers and steers. The most common mistake is that of marketing before the individual is ready or ripe.

MANAGING THE HOG PASTURE

Desirable to Have Alfalfa Fenced Off Into Suitable Areas to Secure Fresh Fields.

While a few hogs can be raised confined in limited quarters, provided such quarters are kept clean, they will do better, remain healthier and produce pork more economically if they have plenty of alfalfa range, according to Prof. G. W. Barnes, farm advisor on live stock of the University of Arizona College of Agriculture extension service.

It is desirable to have the alfalfa pasture fenced off into suitable areas, so that the hogs can be shifted from one pasture to another. This will not only provide fresh pasture, but will give an opportunity to cultivate, and if need be, to disinfect.

Practically all cases of intestinal worms, which are common in swine, are contracted from infected grounds; therefore, by pasture rotation you can help keep your hogs free from these parasites.

STRIVE TO PREVENT CHOLERA

When Disease Attacks Herd Secure Services of Competent Veterinary—Follow His Directions.

The only way to cure hog cholera is to prevent it. This might be said of almost any disease, human, bovine or porcine.

The prevention, however, is not always in the hands of the farmer, but it is generally. When hog cholera attacks your herd, or what you believe to be hog cholera, either secure a competent veterinarian in your vicinity or apply to the veterinary department of your state. Have them send a veterinarian to visit your farm, and kill enough hogs to find out what is the matter. Then follow his directions.

While this is going on, don't allow any person to visit your farm, and don't visit any other farm. If dogs come about your place, shoot them. If you have pigeons about, shoot them.

Benefits of Cattle Feeding. Cattle feeding will enable the man to dispose of his surplus feed in a stable manner, afford more manure with which to enrich the soil. It will also be beneficial in farming in which the manure is not only used for the stock, but also for the land.

CALOMEL WHEN BILIOUS? NO! STOP! ACTS LIKE DYNAMITE ON LIVER

I Guarantee "Dodson's Liver Tone" Will Give You the Best Liver and Bowel Cleansing You Ever Had—Doesn't Make You Sick!

Stop using calomel! It makes you sick. Don't lose a day's work. If you feel lazy, sluggish, bilious or constipated, listen to me!

Calomel is mercury or quicksilver which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel, when it comes into contact with your bile crashes into it, breaking it up. This is when you feel that awful nausea and cramping. If you feel "all knocked out," if your liver is torpid and bowels constipated or you have headache, dizziness, coated tongue, if breath is bad or stomach sour just try a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone.

Here's my guarantee—Go to any drug store or dealer and get a 50-cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone. Take a

spoonful and if it doesn't straighten you right up and make you feel fine and vigorous I want you to go back to the store and get your money. Dodson's Liver Tone is destroying the sale of calomel because it is real liver medicine; entirely vegetable, therefore it cannot salivate or make you sick.

I guarantee that one spoonful of Dodson's Liver Tone will put your sluggish liver to work and clean your bowels of that sour bile and constipated waste which is clogging your system and making you feel miserable. I guarantee that a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone will keep your entire family feeling fine for months. Give it to your children. It is harmless; doesn't gripe and they like its pleasant taste.

Why He Went to a Concert.

Joseph Hofmann has a story which illustrates the attitude of many people toward recitals of piano music.

A pianist was to give a concert, and as the audience was filing in the ticket taker stopped a man who presented two tickets.

"You can't go in," the official said. "You're not in fit condition."

"Didn't I pay for my tickets?" questioned the would-be auditor. "Aren't they in order?"

"They're perfectly in order," was the reply, "but the truth is you're drunk."

"Drunk? Drunk?" mused the other, solemnly placing the passports in his pocket. "Of course I'm drunk. If I weren't drunk would I come to a piano recital?"

Had Some Training.

Billy Mooney, after running a barber shop in Centerville for two or three years, decided to become a dentist. His Uncle Si, upon hearing of over.

"Yes, Billy," said he, "dentistry is about the easiest new job you could tackle. You know how to work the chair already, so the rest ought to come easy enough."

A woman usually means what she says when she says it, but she just can't help changing her mind.

Dampness caused by a woman's tears is always oppressive.

Many a girl shatters her ideal by marrying him.

Tells What's the Matter With Him.

"Well, what is the complaint?" demanded Squire Peacy, the well-known Arkansas Justice of the peace, as there entered his office Constable Slackpatter escorting a colored malefactor.

"De complaint, yo' honah—and t'anky for de terrygation—" replied the culprit, before the officer could make answer, "am a posthumous crech in muh back, dat kotchies me ker-blick every time I tries to run. Yassah, if it hadn't uh been dat-uh-way, de cap'n, yuh, wouldn't uh overtook me in a mu'nt o' Sundays!"—Kansas City Star.

Enjoyed a Joke.

Jimson—I just tell you, you can't find a man anywhere who enjoys a good joke better than I do.

Friend—Guess that's so. I have heard you tell the same joke forty times, and laugh at it every time.—New York Weekly.

Same Thing.

"Oh, dear! I must do something to reduce my weight. I weigh a hundred and sixty."

"Stripped?"

"Well, in my dancing frock."

A Golf Widow.

"Is it true that Mrs. Brown's husband has deserted her?"

"Almost. He has taken up golf."

Spent His Money.

"George has offered me his name."

"That's all he has left since he's been engaged to you."



"It Was a Brave Sight to See Them Deploy by Fours."

been passed around, but I ask my friend Hep Hardy about it.

Hep is what they call the laura-

jeans Prince of Good Fellows.

As near as I can size him up a Prince of Good Fellow puts in twelve hours a day trying to stab himself to death with Bronx cocktails, and the other twelve hours are devoted to screaming for heat and ice-water.

Mind you, I'm not knocking Hep. His father cut out the breathing business about four years ago and left Hep with \$200,000 and a long dry spell on the inside.

Hep has been in the surf ever since. His only recreation between bars is golf. He invented the A. R. score in that game—out in '11, back in '65.

I explained my sad plight to Hep over the 'phone and, later on, with Peaches all dolled up like a Corot landscape, we met Hep by appointment in front of Bustard's Dressings Cabaret.

Hep in his man-about-town scenery was a sartorial dream in black and white. He had everything on including a bun.

"Well, if it isn't John Henry!" he hagueandragued. "Touch those with your old pal!" Then in a side speech he wanted to know what musical show had loaned me its prize chicken.

I introduced him to my wife and he tried to square himself by explaining that now that his right eye was properly focused she didn't look at all like a chicken—she was more of the squab type.

Then with a merry burst of vermouth-laden laughter he led the way into the cabaret.

The head waiter met us at the edge of the reservation.

Hep slipped him something that made a noise like five dollars—

as far North as the eye could see. Presently a platoon of waiters began to annoy the corks and then followed a correct imitation of the second day at Gettysburg.

One cork went over quickly to another table and struck a fat moneyed person from Pittsburgh between the second and third floor of his accordion chin. He thought it was one o'clock, so he arose hurriedly and left the room.

Meanwhile Max was overboard with a splash. For the first ten minutes he had three waiters on the verge of nervous prostration trying to supply the suds fast enough. But Max didn't play Rugby rules—he used two glasses and both hands. After a time, however, he feathered both ears and drifted aimlessly with the tide.

"Pardon me!" said Peaches to Max, in an effort to pass out a bit of Society Salve, "but do you find it interesting—this glimpse of Bohemia?"

"Bohemia nothing!" bubbled Max. "This joint is Cosmopolitan—sure thing! The chef is a Frenchman, the pastry cook is a Greek; the head waiter is a German; they got a Hungarian violinist and the proprietor has a wife and two kids in Jersey City, but he don't go there much. Bohemian, not on your powder puff!"

Peaches took the count, then she leaned over and whispered to me.

"What is he?—a painter?"

"Oh! he's a painter all right."

"Water colors or oil?" she asked.

"Oil," I said. "fusel oil."

"Has he ever done any good thing?" she queried.

"Yes," I said. "Hep has."

"Oh! I'm enjoying this."

—coco-coco, giving M

performances the s

is that man at

the lawn-like ey



Corn on the Cob —the Roasting Ear

is not more delicious than

Post Toasties

—the toasted sweet of the corn fields!

In the growth of corn there is a period when the kernels are plumped out with a vegetable milk, most nutritious. As it slowly ripens this hardens and finally becomes almost flinty.

Only this part of the corn is used in making Post Toasties, the husk, germ and all waste being rejected.

This nutritious part is cooked, seasoned "just right," rolled and toasted to a crackly golden-brown crispness—Post Toasties—the

Superior Corn Flakes

And they cost no more than the ordinary "corn flakes." Insist upon having Post Toasties.

—sold by Grocers everywhere.

HEAVY HORSE A MONEY-MAKER FOR FARMER



Better and Heavier Horses for Work in the Field—They Are Good Money-Makers.

(By J. M. BELL.)
Both for farm work and for sale, the heavy horse is a good money-maker. In past years the so-called "fast horse" was the ideal animal, but now the automobile has driven the running horse out of business. The carriage horse of today is a heavier animal than in days gone by.

The farmer now who goes to work in the field, or who hauls loads on the road, cannot afford to spend his time with a light team that can draw only a small load. Labor is too scarce and too high priced. Deeper plowing, and more work must be done on the same acreage. It is imperative that heavier teams must be used.

For a number of years the weight of best selling horses on the city markets has steadily increased. Only a few years ago horses weighing from 1,200 to 1,400 pounds each were considered large enough for heavy teaming. Now the demand is for 1,600

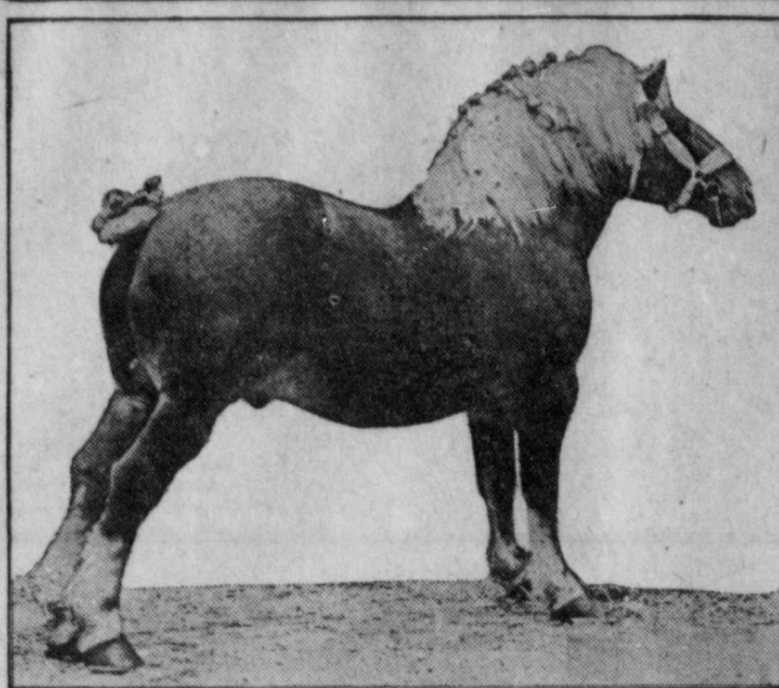
pounds to a ton. No city company can afford to hire an expensive man to drive a light team. Increased supply and sale of commercial products has brought this condition.

For these reasons the heavy horse has risen in value of late years, and the importing and breeding of heavy horses has been taken up on a large scale. But the demand for heavy horses has always exceeded the supply. Good heavy drafters weighing around 1,800 pounds find ready sale at over \$300, and choice ones of this class in the largest cities bring from \$400 to \$500.

There is every evidence that the heavy horse is the coming work animal for both farm and city, and that good prices will hold, if not increase, for years to come.

The farmer who is in the field for making side money from his horses will be wise to breed for weight and finish.

HORSES AND MULES IN THE COTTON BELT



Champion Belgian Stallion.

(Prepared by the U. S. Department of Agriculture.)

The destruction of horses in the countries now at war is enormous, and when peace is declared and for many years thereafter there will no doubt be a great demand for horses for agricultural and other work. The farmer who has surplus horses at that time will be in a position to obtain good prices.

The United States department of agriculture has recently distributed throughout the cotton belt information regarding horse and mule raising in the South, which should be of use to cotton growers whose crop has been affected by the present crisis, and who now wish to diversify their farming because of this. These farmers are advised particularly to keep their best mares to work on the farm and raise colts at the same time. They will then be able to raise horses for their own work as well as to take advantage of the home and foreign markets.

Many brood mares are overworked, while many others are kept too closely confined. The mare may be safely worked to within two weeks of foaling if good care is used to see that she is not overworked or injured in some other way. It is not unusual for mares which have been worked to the date of foaling to foal successfully. It

is of a good quality, such as alfalfa clover, and cowpea hay, are good for the foal. As the foal becomes older a more liberal grain ration should be provided. A yearling foal, to grow properly, will need four or five pounds of grain per day in addition to what hay will be eaten.

There is no single factor in agricultural production on the average farm that is of greater importance than good horse or mule power. This power can usually be furnished more cheaply by the production of needed animals in that particular locality than by purchasing them from remote localities. In home production there is also the added advantage of possessing animals which are thoroughly acclimatized. Therefore if you are the owner of a good mare do not fail to breed her either to a good stallion or a good jack.

If the mare is of the light type, breed her to a good stallion of one of the light breeds; and if a draft type, breed her to a draft stallion. The progeny of a light mare bred to a draft stallion or of a draft mare to a light stallion is usually a nondescript that is not fitted to any particular field and will not command the price of either a high-class light or a high-class draft horse. By the light type is meant horses of the Standardbred, Thoroughbred, American Saddle, and similar breeds; by the draft type is meant horses of the Percheron, Belgian, Shire, Clydesdale and similar breeds. In breeding to a jack, mares of almost any kind may be used if sound, the best mules, as a rule, being produced from the mares with the most weight and finish. The production of inferior animals of any kind is seldom profitable.

The department of agriculture, Washington, D. C., will send free of charge, to anyone who applies, the following bulletins:

No. 170. Principles of Horse Feeding.
No. 619. Breeds of Draft Horses.

WATER GLASS AND ITS USE

Solution of Sodium Silicate is Excellent for Preservation of Eggs—Liquid Form Best.

(By CHARLES E. FRANCIS, Oklahoma Experiment Station.)

The chemical name for water glass is sodium silicate or silicate of soda. It may be obtained in a granular or powdered form and as it is somewhat difficult to get into solution I would advise the liquid form which may be obtained for about fifty cents a gallon.

This is a strong solution, 40-42 degrees, about the consistency of molasses.

The following formula may be used for preserving eggs: To ten quarts of water which has been boiled and cooled add one pint of water glass and stir thoroughly.

Place the solution in a jar or tub and add the fresh eggs in sufficient quantity to have at least two inches of the solution above the eggs. This quantity should be sufficient for about five dozen eggs.

Water glass may be bought from any of the large drug firms.

REDUCE THE COTTON ACREAGE

Everybody Should Raise All the Hay, Corn, Forage Crops and Garden Truck Needed by Family.

There is one easy, simple and effective way to reduce the cotton acreage—everybody plant enough land to raise all their hay, corn, forage crops and garden truck. Keep enough chickens and hogs to supply the table with eggs and meat, also raise and fatten one or more beef animals. With a few or many acres devoted to these crops there will be less acres to plant in cotton and less need of it, for the family living is largely provided for.

There will be several million bales of cotton to carry over, and if the usual acreage is planted the price of cotton will continue low and the cost of goods high. Let the South raise supplies and the cotton price will be solved.

All plant and raise cars be



Two-Year-Old Mule Colt.

is safer, however, gradually to diminish the work so that during the last few weeks only the lightest kind of work is done.

If pasture is available, the mare may be turned out about two weeks before foaling. If pasture is not available, she should be given a good roomy box stall. There need be no radical change in the feed, except that the ration of the mare should be lightened shortly before foaling and made more laxative. For this purpose an addition of bran and a decrease of other grain feeds is very satisfactory.

When the mare is again put to work the foal may either be left in the stable or allowed to follow. If left in the stable, it will be necessary to return the mare in the middle of the forenoon and likewise in the afternoon for the colt to suck. Never allow the foal to suck when the mare is very warm, for the milk at that time is quite apt to cause digestive disorders in the foal. The foal should be allowed to suck the dam's grain in order that he may learn to eat as soon as possible. The foal may be weaned at six months of age, and if it has been eating grain, no difficulty will occur. The mare crop should be bred with greater care, access on the ninth day than at any subsequent

of the Foal After Weaning.

Exercise is of prime importance for the development of young animals. They should have pasture to exercise. Acquirement of such should be provided. The foal should be exercised in a similar manner. The free exercise of the foal is of great importance. The foal should be exercised in a similar manner. The free exercise of the foal is of great importance.

FEEDING ENSILAGE AND DRY ROUGHAGE

Success Depends Upon Producing Most Milk at Least Cost—Safe Rule to Follow.

No fixed rule can be laid down to feeding that will apply to all cows alike; and yet success depends upon procuring the most milk at the least cost, from each cow in the herd.

Cows must be fed to their full capacity, to obtain the best results, but there is as great necessity not to overfeed as there is not to underfeed. Care should be exercised not to feed too large an amount of grain to proportion to roughage.

A safe rule to follow is to feed twice as many pounds of roughage as of grain. If the cow will eat ten pounds of grain food and 20 pounds of roughage there will be little, if any, danger of her going off her feed. When feeding ensilage it is safe to estimate three pounds of ensilage to one pound of dry roughage.

As a rule the kinds of roughage that have the greatest protein content will be found preferable to carbonaceous forage and fodder plants.

WEANING THE PIGS IS NOT DIFFICULT

Little Fellows Should Be Given Sufficient Food to Make Them Independent.

If the pigs have been properly managed for the first month after they begin to eat, and are taking feed in amounts sufficient to make them more or less independent of the sow's milk, weaning will not be a difficult matter.

The time to wean will depend on the way the pigs are eating. If they are not thoroughly accustomed to a grain and skim milk ration the time must be delayed. If the sow is not to be bred soon there is no harm done by letting the pigs run with her until the age of twelve weeks or longer.

Breeders differ widely as to the age at which pigs are weaned. The majority wean at six to ten weeks; some wean earlier than this.

A considerable number let the pigs run with the sow until her instinct tells her that they are old enough to shift for themselves. If the sow is taken away and is still milking she may be returned to the pigs once a day for two or three days until drying off is complete.

COMFORT OF HORSE IS OF IMPORTANCE

Remove Harness at Noon While Animal Is Eating—Remove All Dust and Sweat.

The work horses should be fed early in the morning and they should have a liberal feeding. The comfort and rest of the horses will be very promoted if the harness is entirely removed at noon while they are eating. Rub them down carefully and remove all dust and sweat.

Give them plenty of water and partial shade. If the weather is hot, put them in the shade and give them plenty of water.

PROPER CARE FOR HORSES AND COLTS

Oats Go Well With Timothy Hay—Straw and Corn Diet Is Liable to Cause Trouble.

Oats are the best general food for a horse, and go well with timothy hay. Once or twice a week give a feed of corn and clover with bran mash. Give only what will be eaten up clean.

Some horses are predisposed to colic, and a straw and corn diet is almost sure to cause trouble at frequent intervals with such cases.

Horses fed regularly often get in the habit of paying in the stable. Feed them regularly and if not driven or used every day turn the horses out into the yard for exercise.

Many horses are ruined by being brought into the barn too hot and left to stand in a cold draft, or hitched to a post to stand, shranketed, facing the wintry blasts.

If you starve the colt the first winter, he is liable to come out very thin in the spring and worth less than when weaned.

Some farmers keep their horses on straw with just a little grain in winter. Bran should make part of such a ration.

It is believed by many that clover hay gives the horse heaves. This is a mistake. If a horse is fed the proper quantity of clover and not overfed, there is no danger of the heaves.

Do not give horses water immediately after eating. An hour after they have finished their meal is soon enough to water them.

The colt's training must begin shortly after birth. A halter should be put on so he can be caught and handled every day. Never ease him.

WEED OUT USELESS RAMS AND WETHERS

Keep Sheep Supplied With Salt—Variety of Feed Is Best—Keep Lambs Growing.

Weed old rams and wethers out of the flock and send them to the market. They are a nuisance with ewes and small lambs.

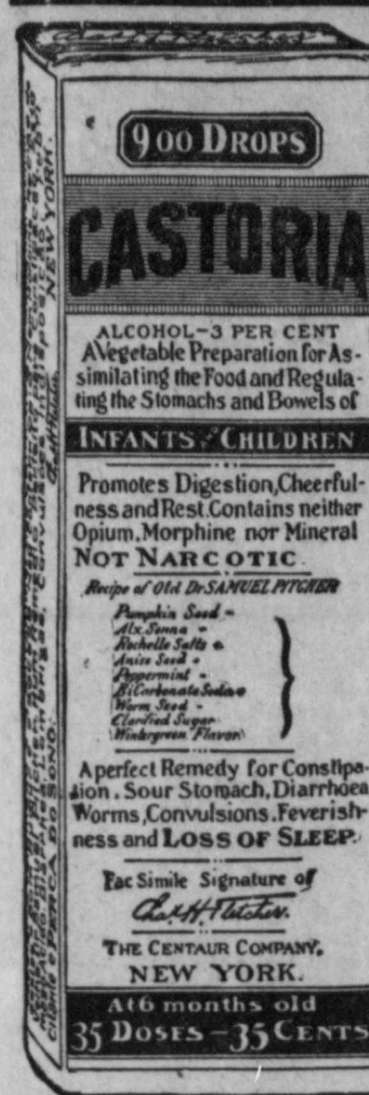
Don't let the sheep get half-starved for salt. If you do, when you salt them they will eat so much they will be sick. Give some every day. In everything be regular and moderate.

Feed rations that will keep the bowels regular. Variety is what we need to aim at.

There is little to be gained in the pastures yet, so keep the sheep in. As soon as they get a taste of green grass they will not want dry hay and are apt to fall off in flesh; that you do not want, for the lambs must be kept growing.

When your lambs get enough good milk from their mothers they will grow. It is the hungry lambs that stand around bleating and with backs humped. It looks like they are the ones that will bring you the money a little later.

Make a Cold Frame. Every farm woman should have her own cold frame. It is at all handy with the saw, hammer and nails she can construct one for herself, if necessary. The only expense about it, then, is the glass sash. A sort of glazed sash may be used, and the cold frame made to conform to dimensions.



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria

Always Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

EXPLAINING SONGS OF BIRDS

Beautiful Notes of the Nightingale, for Instance, Are Inspired by Paternal Love.

It is generally assumed that a bird sings because he is happy, but science goes deeper for an explanation of the why and wherefore of the bird's song. Nature's optimistic joy in constructive progress is expressed in the singing of the male birds who charm their mates to further their wooing, and continue after eggs are laid to encourage the fulfillment of hatching.

The song stops when the little birds come out of the shell. The nightingale, for weeks during the period of nest-building and hatching, charms his mate and human ears near him with the beautiful music of his love song. But as soon as the little nightingales come from the eggs the song changes to a sort of guttural croak, implying anxiety and sense of responsibility.

If the nest and contents were destroyed the nightingale would at once resume his beautiful song to inspire his mate to help him build another nest and start all over again the loving work of being fruitful and multiplying.

Bad Language.

Thomas A. Edison on his sixtieth birthday said to a reporter: "The result of this war will be a German republic that in fifty years will forge ahead of all of us."

The reporter, impressed by Mr. Edison's war knowledge, asked: "What language do the Belgians use—Walloon, French, German?" "Humph," said Mr. Edison, "I know well what language I'd use if I were a Belgian."

A FOOD DRINK

Which Brings Daily Enjoyment.

A lady doctor writes: "Though busy hourly with my own affairs, I will not deny myself the pleasure of taking a few minutes to tell of the enjoyment obtained daily from my morning cup of Postum. It is a food beverage, not a stimulant like coffee."

"I began to use Postum 8 years ago; not because I wanted to, but because coffee, which I dearly loved, made my nights long, weary periods to be dreaded and unfitting me for business during the day."

"On advice of a friend, I first tried Postum, making it carefully as suggested on the package. As I had always used 'cream and no sugar,' I mixed my Postum so. It looked good, was clear and fragrant, and it was a pleasure to see the cream color it as my Kentucky friend always wanted her coffee to look 'like a new saddle.'"

"Then I tasted it critically, for I had tried many 'substitutes' for coffee. I was pleased, yes, satisfied with my Postum in taste and effect, and am yet, being a constant user of it all these years."

"I continually assure my friends and acquaintances that they will like Postum in place of coffee, and receive benefit from its use. I have gained weight, can sleep and am not nervous."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and with cream and sugar makes a delicious beverage instantly. 20c and 50c tins.

These kinds are equally delicious and same, by Postum, by Grocers.

Had a Reason, Cat—Doesn't her singing move you? Nip—it did once; when I lived in the next flat—Town Topics.

Only a nonsalaried office is compelled to seek the man.

Try this easy way to heal your skin with **Resinol**

If you are suffering from eczema, ringworm or similar itching, red, unsightly skin affliction, bathe the sore places with Resinol Soap and hot water, then gently apply a little Resinol Ointment. You will be astonished how instantly the itching stops and healing begins. In most cases the sick skin quickly becomes clear and healthy again, at very little cost.

Resinol Ointment is so nearly flesh-colored that it can be kept on the face, hands or other exposed surface without attracting undue attention.

Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap also clear away pimples, blackheads, and dandruff. Send for all drug stores; for trial free, write to Resinol, Dept. H-P, Baltimore, Md.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Wm. Wood

LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED

by Carter's Little Liver Pills. Low-priced, fresh, reliable; prepared by Western druggists because they protect where other remedies fail. Write for booklet and testimonials.

10-dose pkg. 15c. 25-dose pkg. 30c. 50-dose pkg. 50c. 100-dose pkg. \$1.00.

The superiority of Carter's products is due to over 15 years of specializing in venereal and syphilis only. Write to Carter's, 111 Broadway, New York City.

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

not only the old reliable remedy for MALARIA but a general strengthening tonic and appetizer. For children as well as adults. Sold for 50 cents. 50c and \$1 bottles at drug stores.

Texas Directory

Hotel Waldorf

1908 Commerce St. Dallas, Tex. 45. Country Lodging. European & Modern. Rates: \$1.50 and \$2.00. Rooms, part of them are large and well ventilated. Bring your family.

The Call of the Cumberlands

By Charles Neville Buck

With Illustrations
from Photographs of Scenes
in the Play

(Copyright, 1913, by W. J. Watt & Co.)

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

Then, again, silence settled on the town, to remain for five minutes unbroken. The sun glared mercilessly on clay streets, now as empty as a cemetery. A single horse incautiously hitched at the side of the courthouse switched its tail against the assaults of the flies. Otherwise, there was no outward sign of life. Then, Callomb's newly organized force of ragamuffin soldiers clattered down the street at double time. For a moment or two after they came into sight only the massed uniforms caught the eyes of the intrenched Hollmans, and an alarmed murmur broke from the courthouse. They had seen no troops de-train, or pitch camp. These men had sprung from the earth as startlingly as Jason's crop of dragon's teeth. But, when the command rounded the shoulder of a protecting wall to await further orders, the ragged stride of their marching and the all-too-obvious bearing of the mountaineer proclaimed them native amateurs. The murmur turned to a howl of derision and challenge. They were nothing more nor less than Souths, masquerading in the uniforms of soldiers.

"What orders?" inquired Callomb briefly, joining Samson's store.

"Demand surrender once more—then take the courthouse and jail" was the short reply.

Callomb himself went forward with the flag of truce. He shouted his message and a bearded man came to the courthouse door.

"Tell 'em," he said without redundancy, "that we're all here. Come and git us."

The officer went back and distributed his forces under such cover as offered itself about the four walls. Then a volley was fired over the roof and instantly the two buildings in the public square awoke to a volcanic response of rifle fire.

All day the duel between the streets and county buildings went on with desultory intervals of quiet and wild outbursts of musketry. The troops were firing as sharpshooters, and the courthouses, too, had its sharpshooters. When a hand showed itself at a barricaded window a report from the outside greeted it. Samson was everywhere, his rifle smoking and hot-barreled. His life seemed protected by a talisman. Yet most of the firing, after the first hour, was from within. The troops were, except for occasional pot shots, holding their fire. There was neither food nor water inside the build-



"We Lay Down."

ing, and at last night closed and the cordon grew tighter to prevent escape. The Hollmans, like rats in a trap, grimly held on, realizing that it was to be a siege. On the following morning a detachment of "F" company arrived, dragging two galling guns. The Hollmans saw them detouring from their lookout in the courthouse cupola, and, realizing that the end had come, resolved upon a desperate sortie. Simultaneously every door and lower window of the courthouse burst open to discharge a frenzied rush of men, firing as they came. They meant to fight their way out and leave as many hostile dead as possible in their wake. Their one chance now was to scatter before the machine guns came into action. They came like a flood of human lava and their guns were never silent, as they bore down on the barricades, where the single outnumbered company seemed insufficient to hold them. But the new militiamen, looking for reassurance not so much to Callomb as to the granite-like face of Samson South, rallied and rose with a yell to meet them on bayonet and smoking muzzle. The rush wavered, fell back, desperately rallied, then broke in scattered remnants for the shelter of the building.

Old Jake Hollman fell near the door, and his grandson, rushing out, picked up his fallen rifle and sent farewell defiance from it as he, too, threw up both arms and dropped.

Then a white flag waved at a win-

now and, as the newly arrived troops halted in the street, the noise died suddenly to quiet. Samson went out to meet a man who opened the door and said shortly:

"We lay down."

Judge Hollman, who had not participated, turned from the slit in his shuttered window, through which he had since the beginning been watching the conflict.

"That ends it!" he said, with a despairing shrug of his shoulders. He picked up a magazine pistol which lay on his table and, carefully counting down his chest to the fifth rib, placed the muzzle against his breast.

CHAPTER XVII.

Before the mountain roads were mired with the coming of the rains, and while the air held its sparkle of autumnal zestfulness, Samson South wrote to Wilfred Horton that if he still meant to come to the hills for his inspection of coal and timber the time was ripe. Soon men would appear bearing transit and chain, drawing a line which a railroad was to follow to Misery and across it to the heart of untouched forests and coal-fields. With that wave of innovation would come the speculators. Besides, Samson's fingers were itching to be out in the hills with a palette and sheaf of brushes in the society of George Lescott.

For a while after the battle at Hixon the county had lain in a torpid paralysis of dread. Many illiterate feudists on each side remembered the directing and exposed figure of Samson South seen through eddies of gun smoke, and believed him immune from death. With Purvy Cad and Hollman the victim of his own hand, the backbone of the murder syndicate was broken. Its heart had ceased to beat. Those Hollman survivors who bore the potentialities for leadership had not only signed pledges of peace, but were afraid to break them; and the triumphant Souths, instead of vaunting their victory, had subscribed to the doctrine of order and declared the war over. Souths who broke the law were as speedily arrested as Hollmans. Their boys were drilling as militiamen and—wonder of wonders!—inviting the sons of the enemy to join them. Of course, these things changed gradually, but the beginnings of them were most noticeable in the first few months, just as a newly painted and renovated house is more conspicuous than one that has long been respectable.

Hollman's Mammoth Department Store passed into new hands, and trafficked only in merchandise, and the town was open to the men and women of Misery as well as those of Cripple-shin.

These things Samson had explained in his letters to the Lescotts and Horton. Men from down below could still find trouble in the wink of an eye, by seeking it, for under all transformation the nature of the individual remained much the same; but, without seeking to give offense, they could ride as securely through the hills as through the streets of a policed city—and meet a readier hospitality.

And, when these things were discussed and the two men prepared to cross the Mason-and-Dixon line and visit the Cumberlands, Adrienne promptly and definitely announced that she would accompany her brother. No argument was effective to dissuade her, and after all, Lescott, who had been there, saw no good reason why she should not go with him.

At Hixon, they found that receptive air of serenity which made the history of less than three months ago seem paradoxical and fantastically unreal. Only about the courthouse square where numerous small holes in frame walls told of fusillades, and in the interior of the building itself where the woodwork was scarred and torn, and the plaster freshly patched, did they find grimly reminiscent evidence.

Samson had not met them at the town, because he wished their first impressions of his people to reach them uninfluenced by his escort. It was a form of the mountain pride—an honest resolve to soften nothing, and make no apologies. But they found arrangements made for horses and saddlebags, and the girl discovered that for her had been provided a mount as evenly gaited as any in her own stables.

When she and her two companions came out to the hotel porch to start, they found a guide waiting, who said he was instructed to take them as far as the ridge, where the sheriff himself would be waiting, and the cavalcade struck into the hills. Men at whose houses they paused to ask a dipper of water, or to make an inquiry, gravely advised that they "had better light and stay all night." In the coloring forests, squirrels scampered and scurried out of sight, and here and there on the tall slopes they saw shy-looking children regarding them with inquisitive eyes.

The guide led them silently, gazing in frank amazement, though with deferential politeness, at this girl in corduroys, who rode cross-saddle, and rode so well. Yet, it was evident that he would have preferred talking had not diffidence restrained him. He was a young man and rather handsome in a shaggy, unkempt way. Across one cheek ran a long scar still red, and the girl, looking into his clear, intelligent eyes, wondered what that scar stood for. Adrienne had the power of melting masculine diffidence, and her smile as she rode at his side, and asked, "What is your name?" brought an answering smile to his grim lips.

"Joe Hollman, ma'am," he answered; and the girl gave an involuntary start. The two men who caught the name closed up the gap between the horse with suddenly picked up.

"Hollman!"

"Then, you—" She stopped and flushed. "I beg your pardon," she said, quickly.

"That's all right," reassured the man. "I know what you're a-thinkin', but I hain't takin' no offense. The high sheriff sent me over. I'm one of his deputies."

"Were you?"—she paused, and added rather timidly—"were you in the courthouse?"

He nodded, and with a brown forefinger traced the scar on his cheek.

"Samson South done that with his rifle-gun," he enlightened. "He's a funny sort of feller, is Samson South."

"How?" she asked.

"Wall, he licked us, an' licked us so plumb damn hard we was skinned ter fight ag'in, an' then, 'stid of tramping' on us, he turned right 'round, an' made me a deputy. My brother's a corporal in this hyar new-fangled militia. I reckon this time the peace is goin' ter last. Hit's a mighty funny way ter act, but 'pears like it works all right."

Then, at the ridge, the girl's heart gave a sudden bound, for there at the highest point, where the road went up and dipped again, waited the mounted figure of Samson South, and, as they came into sight, he waved his felt hat and rode down to meet them.

"Greetings!" he shouted. Then, as he leaned over and took Adrienne's hand, he added: "The Goops send you their welcome." His smile was unchanged, but the girl noted that his hair had again grown long.

Finally, as the sun was setting, they reached a roadside cabin, and the mountaineer said briefly to the other men:

"You fellows ride on. I want Drennie to stop with me a moment. We'll join you later."

Lescott nodded. He remembered the cabin of the Widow Miller, and Horton rode with him, albeit grudgingly.

Adrienne sprang lightly to the ground, laughingly rejecting Samson's assistance, and came with him to the top of a stile, from which he pointed to the log cabin, set back in its small yard, wherein geese and chickens picked industriously about in the sandy earth.

A huge poplar and a great oak nodded to each other at either side of the door, and over the walls a clamorous profusion of honeysuckle vine contended with a mass of wild grape, in joint effort to hide the white chinking between the dark logs. From the crude milk-benches to the sweep of the well, every note was one of neatness and rustic charm. Slowly, he said, looking straight into her eyes:

"This is Sally's cabin, Drennie."

He watched her expression, and her lips curved up in the same sweetness of smile that had first captivated and helped to mold him.

"It's lovely!" she cried, with frank delight. "It's a picture."

"Wait!" he commanded. Then, turning toward the house, he sent out the long, peculiarly mournful call of the whippoorwill, and, at the signal, the door opened, and on the threshold Adrienne saw a slender figure. She had called the cabin with its shaded doorway a picture, but now she knew she had been wrong. It was only a background. It was the girl herself who made and completed the picture. She stood there in the wild simplicity that artists seek vainly to reproduce in posed figures. Her red calico dress was patched, but fell in graceful lines to her slim bare ankles, though the first faint frosts had already fallen.

Her red-brown hair hung loose and in masses about the oval of a face in which the half-parted lips were dashes of scarlet, and the eyes large violet pools. She stood with her little chin tilted in a half-wild attitude of recognition, as a fawn might have stood. One brown arm and hand rested on the door frame, and as she saw the other woman, she colored adorably.

Adrienne thought she had never seen so instinctively and unaffectedly lovely a face or figure. Then the girl came down the steps and ran toward them.

"Drennie," said the man, "this is Sally. I want you two to love each other." For an instant, Adrienne Lescott stood looking at the mountain girl, and then she opened both her arms.

"Sally," she cried, "you adorable child, I do love you!"

The girl in the calico dress raised her face, and her eyes were glistening.

"I'm obliged ter ye," she faltered. Then, with open and wondering admiration she stood gazing at the first "fine lady" upon whom her glance had ever fallen.

Samson went over and took Sally's hand.

"Drennie," he said, softly, "is there anything the matter with her?"

Adrienne Lescott shook her head.

"I understand," she said.

"I sent the others on," he went on quietly, "because I wanted that first we three should meet alone. George and Wilfred are going to stop at my uncle's house, but unless you'd rather have it otherwise, Sally wants you here."

"Do I stop now?" the girl asked.

But the man shook his head.

"I want you to meet my other people first."

As they rode at a walk along the little shed of road left to them, the man turned gravely.

"Drennie," he began, "she waited for me, all those years. What I was helped to do by such splendid friends as you and your brother and Wilfred, back here trying to do for her, I told you back there the night left that I was afraid."

"Question my feelings?"

"She met his friends."

"Hollman!"

Samson," she told him. "I warned you then that it was the moon talking."

"No," he said firmly, "it was not the moon. I have since then met that fear and analyzed it. My feeling for you is the best that a man can have, the honest worship of friendship. And," he added, "I have analyzed your feeling for me, too, and, thank God! I have that same friendship from you. Haven't I?"

For a moment, she only nodded; but her eyes were bent on the road ahead of her. The man waited in tense silence. Then, she raised her face, and it was a face that smiled with the serenity of one who has wakened out of a troubled dream.

"You will always have that, Samson, dear," she assured him.

"Have I enough of it, to ask you to do for her what you did for me? To take her and teach her the things she has the right to know?"

"I'd love it," she cried. And then she smiled, as she added: "She won't be so stupid, and one of the things I shall teach her"—she paused, and added whimsically—"will be to make you cut your hair again."

But, just before they drew up at the house of old Spicer South, she said:

"I might as well make a clean breast of it, Samson, and give my vanity the punishment it deserves. You had me in deep doubt."

"About what?"

"About—well, about us. I wasn't quite sure that I wanted Sally to have you—that I didn't need you myself. I've been a shameful little cat to Wilfred."

"But now—" The Kentuckian broke off.

"Now, I know that my friendship for you and my love for him have both had their acid test—and I am happier than I've ever been before. I'm glad we've been through it. There are no doubts ahead. I've got you both."

"About him," said Samson, thoughtfully. "May I tell you something which, although it's a thing in your own heart, you have never quite known?"

She nodded, and he went on.

"The thing which you call fascination in me was really just a proxy."



"I Want You Two to Love Each Other."

Drennie. You were liking qualities in me that were really his qualities. Just because you had known him only in gentle guise, his finish blinded you to his courage. Because he could turn to 'woman the heart of a woman,' you failed to see that under it was the 'iron and fire.' You thought you saw those qualities in me, because I wore my bark as shaggy as that scaling hickory over there. When he was getting anonymous threats of death every morning he didn't mention them to you. He talked of teas and dances. I know his danger was real, because they tried to have me kill him—and if I'd been the man they took me for, I reckon I'd have done it. I was mad to my marrow that night—for a minute. I don't hold a brief for Wilfred, but I know that you liked me first for qualities which he has as strongly as I—and more strongly. He's a braver man than I, because, though raised to gentle things, when you ordered him into the fight he was there. He never turned back or flickered. I was raised on raw meat and gunpowder, but he went in without training."

The girl's eyes grew grave and thoughtful, and for the rest of the way she rode in silence.

There were transformations, too, in the house of Spicer South. Windows had been cut, and land had been added. It was no longer so crude a pioneer abode. While they waited for dinner, a girl lightly crossed the hall, and came up to the house. She was a newcomer in surprise. It was the same girl she had seen, yet a different girl. Her hair no longer fell in tan masses. Her feet were no longer in her dress, though simple, was long, and, when she spoke, her voice had dropped its half-illiterate guttural, though the voice still bird-like melody.

"Oh, Samson," she said, "I've been waiting for you."

Two women came to the door, and back to the house.

"Oh, Samson," she said, "I've been waiting for you."

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stive pride. "I wanted you first to see my people, not to see they are going to be, but as they were. I wanted you to know how proud I am of them—just that way."

That evening the four of them walked together over to the cabin of the Widow Miller. At the stile, Adrienne Lescott turned to the girl and said:

"I suppose the place is pre-empted. I'm going to take Wilfred down there by the creek, and leave you two alone."

Sally protested with mountain hospitality, but even under the moon she once more colored adorably.

Adrienne turned up the collar of her sweater around her throat, and, when she and the man who had waited, stood leaning on the rail of the footbridge, she laid a hand on his arm.

"Has the water flowed by my mill, Wilfred?" she asked.

"What do you mean?" His voice trembled.

"Will you have anything to ask me when Christmas comes?"

"If I can wait that long, Drennie," he told her.

"Don't wait, dear," she suddenly exclaimed, turning toward him, and raising eyes that held his answer. Ask me now!"

But the question which he asked was one that his brother smothered as he pressed them against her own.

Back where the poplar threw its sooty shadow on the road, two figures sat close together on the top of a stile, talking hardly in whispers. A girl raised her face, and the moon shone on the depths of her eyes, as her lips curved in a trembling smile.

"You've come back, Samson," she said in a low voice, "but, if I'd known how lovely she was, I'd have given up hoping. I don't see what made you come."

Her voice dropped again into the tender cadence of dialect.

"I couldn't live without you, Samson. I just couldn't do it." Would he remember when he had said that before?

"I reckon, Sally," he promptly told her, "I couldn't live without you, neither." Then, he added, fervently, "I'm plumb dead now I couldn't!"

THE END.

TAKES ISSUE WITH EDISON

Here is One Man Who Does Not Believe the World Will Give Up Sleep.

Mr. Edison says sleep is a bad habit, and that we should some day get over it. Like drinking and smoking, it is to be among the things which we shall try to give up on the first of the year. He says a people called him crazy when he said electricity would supplant all other motive power in transportation, and one therefore hesitates to say that he is crazy about anything. However, we will hazard a guess that if he took off his box anywhere, it is with respect to the pleasing ourselves in a good sound snooze. How else we are to refresh ourselves from the day's work we cannot imagine. The trouble with this object, as it applies to Mr. Edison, is that he doesn't think we are weary by a day's work. He and some of his associates worked at something for a period of time 21 hours a day, and they all gained weight! He leads us to infer that it is what we do when we are not working that wears us out. Thinking over it there is something here is something half the things we time is very hard work. The celestial man is only tired when his wife wants him to go out and the fox trot that wear him out. It is the op of sleep! If it is a habit, it is a nice one. We have got some glimpses of what Mr. Edison means when we have tried to sleep in a chair car, but given a feather bed and a soft pillow, we don't get him at all. Last night, for instance, what the habit delicious last night? patch.

On Transatlantic.

At the German American Chamber of Commerce in New York Dr. Adolph Muller, an agent for the purchase of woollens, said:

"A better spirit of tolerance is now manifesting itself. On the boat coming over a French shoe buyer and an English cloth buyer shared my table with me and we got on well."

"Gentlemen, I did to those chaps one morning, we Germans and you English and you thieves, vandals and murderers. With us it is like the old riddle."

"Why is a dog a man?" a boy asked.

"Give it up," said another boy.

"Because it's a dog boy," all dogs not bow-legged.

"Well, neither are all men."

Modern Method.

Appropos of an early Chicago bank-er, whose wife had threatened to divorce him on account of a beautiful stepson of seven years, George said:

"A tragedy, this, and a tragedy, business methods, the grand old past used to be. Today, it seems, on his knee."

Latest Vandalism.

The greatest destruction that wrought on September 8, 1900 was sudden.

It was a tragedy, this, and a tragedy, business methods, the grand old past used to be. Today, it seems, on his knee."

It was a tragedy, this, and a tragedy, business methods, the grand old past used to be. Today, it seems, on his knee."

It was a tragedy, this, and a tragedy, business methods, the grand old past used to be. Today, it seems, on his knee."

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WHY HE CONTINUED PLAYING

Denman Thompson Could Not Allow Himself to Be "Outgentlemaned" by a Gambler.

Stories of Denman Thompson's quaint and characteristic doings still circulate along Broadway, now and then. Here is one which was told the other night by the attorney who managed Mr. Thompson's legal business for many years.

"I once went out to confer with Mr. Thompson on an important matter," said he. "I found the hotel at which he was staying, in a western city, and waited for him to arrive. It was almost daylight when he got in."

"I've been playin' faro bank," he explained, smiling cheerfully and shaking his head.

"You played pretty late," said I.

"Yes," said he, "I played later than I wanted to. But I really couldn't leave."

"Couldn't leave?"

"No sir, I just couldn't leave. You see, when I started to play I lost all the money I had, about \$2,000. I was goin' to quit, when the dealer tells me to go right along and play. He said that Denman Thompson's I. O. U. was good for any amount with him. Well, that was mighty nice, considerin' I never met the man before. I took out a couple of hundred dollars' worth of checks on credit, and I began to win right away. In about three deals I had all their bank roll and they turned over the box. I was tired and ready to go home, but I set to myself that I wasn't goin' to let any gambler out-gentleman me, so I just told 'em that their I. O. U. was just as good with me as mine was with them, and so I kept on playin' until they won all their money back."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

TO IMPROVE THE SUITCASE

Addition of Pockets Will Greatly Increase the Capacity of the Receptacle.

The suitcase can be greatly improved, so far as convenience is concerned, by the addition of pockets. These pockets may be made with or without flaps. If the flaps have snaps upon them the contents will not come out easily when the suitcase is tossed about.

This lining is best made of denim or linen, and can be made detachable, so that it may occasionally go to the laundry. Narrower strips of linen are placed upon that covering the bottom, the inside of the lid and about the sides of the lining, making a double lining. Into which rows of machine stitching are placed, joining the two layers of lining together, to form as many pockets as you desire. Three pockets or more can be very well accommodated in the lid, an equal number can be accommodated in the bottom, and several smaller pockets about the sides for jewelry, powder, etc. In this way everything can easily be kept in its place. The larger articles, of course, such as frocks, blouses, skirts, etc., are packed in the remaining open space of the suitcase. If you wish to make an elaborate lining, it can be made of heavy satin.

Japanese.

The brightest, best tempered and most polite people in the world are the Japanese. They absolutely do not know what it is to quarrel, and it is said that if you throw a stone at a dog or cat in Japan, the animal stands and stares at you in amazement—it actually doesn't know what cruelty means. The Japs are a jolly people and fond of a joke, and they are generous and trustful to a marked degree. They also have a strong sense of pride, and travelers relate a peculiar instance of this trait. If a traveler

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

CLAUDE WELLS, Ed. and Pub.

Published Every Friday

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

Entered as second class matter October 25, 1910, at the post office at Hedley, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Four issues make a new month.

Advertising locals run and are charged for until ordered to be changed. Unless specific arrangements are made when the ad is brought in.

All obituaries, Resolutions, Resolutions of Thanks, Advertising Church or Society doings when submission is charged, will be treated as advertising and charged for accordingly.

The heavy rains that have been precipitated here the past few weeks have been doing considerable damage to Hedley streets. They have no funds on hand and will not have for a year. Therefore cannot work the streets and ditch them to check drainage being done. In view of the fact that \$100 worth of work done here will save \$500 worth a year from now. The Informer believes it would be good business policy on the part of the citizens to co operate and work the different streets now. The plan suggested by several citizens is to have a street working day and every property owner along each street do their proportion of the work and grading. By this means every street in town could be put in good shape with but little money and labor. Are you willing to do likewise? Be a booster and watch Hedley grow.

The Informer building has a new dress of paint. Now we can say clean up and paint up and not be accused of throwing stones while in a glass house.

TO THE PUBLIC

We wish to announce that we are prepared to chop your corn, kaffir and maize, and also have either for sale under guaranteed analysis. We will appreciate a portion of your trade.

Wood & Plaster.

Stop at Mrs. W. M. Dyer's Private Boarding House on Block East of Wooldridge lumber yard. Nice clean beds and good meals for 25c. Board per week \$1.00; per month \$16.00.

Mrs. W. M. Dyer, Prop.

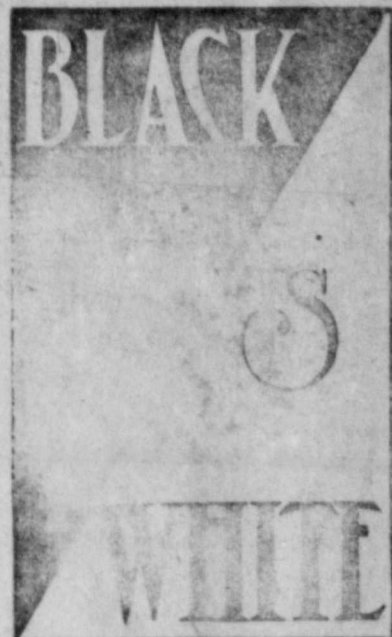
NOTICE

I will stand the Hicks & Wood Jack 2 1/2 miles north of Hedley. This Jack is Black Spanish and Mammoth 4 years old; a well-bred animal in good shape and color, and has colts to show for themselves. \$10 to insure with full care will be taken to avoid accidents, but will not be responsible should any occur.

S. L. Adamson

Informers and Semi-Weekly Farm News, one year \$1.75.

BEGINS NEXT WEEK



By George Barr McCutcheon

is a story which strikes an original note. Its plot is bold, striking and unique.

How James Brood's early mistake affected his life, and the strange way in which he discovered his error, form an exciting narrative which no lover of fiction should miss.

Our New Serial!

Be Sure to Get the Issue With the First Installment

Hedley is the town, and King is my name; no matter if it's just down, or whiskers, we share 'em just the same. J. B. King.

The only way to get the genuine New Home Sewing Machine is to buy the machine with the name NEW HOME on the arm and in the legs. This machine is warranted for all time. No other like it No other as good The New Home Sewing Machine Company, ORANGE, MASS.

and is in this territory

BEN



I have the ack formerly owned by Sam Smith. He is a good black Jack, 5 yrs old and is in good condition.

He will make the season at my place 3 miles northeast of Hedley.

\$10 to insure living; \$8 to insure

A. V. ORSH

INSURANCE

FIRE, TORNADO, HAIL, Lightning, Automobile and Livestock

Town and Country Property

Also Hail Insurance on Growing Crops

Farm Property Insured in Either of Two Big Reliable Companies

Liverpool & London & Globe

AND

Saint Paul Fire & Marine Ins. Co.

If you want Insurance of any kind, a word will bring a representative from my office to see you.

C. WELLS, Agent Hedley Texas

Stop That Backache!

There's nothing more discouraging than a constant backache. You are lame when you awake. Pains pierce you when you bend or lift. It's hard to rest and next day it's the same old story. Pain in the back is nature's warning of kidney ills. Neglect may pave the way to dropsy, gravel, or other serious kidney sickness. Don't delay—begin using Doan's Kidney Pills—the remedy that has been curing backache and kidney trouble for over fifty years.

A Texas Case

Mrs. Harold Warrington, 28019th St., Dallas, Texas, says: "I had a dull, nagging ache across the small of my back and felt tired and run down. For a month I doctored but kept getting worse and almost gave up hope. Fortunately, Doan's Kidney Pills were recommended to me. They restored me to health and strength."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

CLIP HORSES NOW

They will feel better, work better and are less liable to colds. Increase their value by clipping now. Get a Stewart Clipping Machine from your hardware and harness dealer today. Price \$1.50 for the world's best clipping machine. Clipping horses, seniles and cows equally well. Absolutely guaranteed to please or money refunded. Don't delay—do it now.

CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFI CO.
Wells and Ohio Sts. Chicago, Ill.

DROPSY TREATER, usually gives quick relief, soon removes swelling and short breath, often gives entire relief in 18 to 25 days. Trial treatment sent FREE. DR. THOMAS E. GREEN, Successor to Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, Box A, Chatsworth, Ga.

PALM BEACH SUITS Made-to-order, \$5.00. Write for samples and fashion plate. The Gold Tailors, Palm Beach, Fla.

EARLIANA tomato plants 2 months old, bear ripe tomatoes in May; 100, 50c prepaid. Daily, Evergreen Plant Co., Evergreen, Ala.

TOOK A CHANCE. "Walter Jones," said the teacher sternly, "you are not attending to the lesson. Did you hear Jessie Smith's description of the American product, hominy?"

"Yes'm," replied the small boy glibly.

"All right, then. Give me a sentence in which you bring in the word correctly."

With the courage of despair Walter replied: "Hominy marbles have you?"

—Answers.

Suggested a Dental Compromise. "Boss, dis yuh toef am mighty nigh killin' me!" wailed Brother Oggy.

"How much will it cost to have de blame' thing pulled out?"

"Fifty cents," replied the dentist.

"But, loogy yuh, sah! I hasn't got but a quawtah to mah name. Kain't yo'all pull it out half way for dat?"

—Kansas City Star.

Which, to Be Decided Later. She—But if I can't live on my income and you can't live on yours, where would be the advantage of our marrying?

He (thoughtfully)—Well, by putting our incomes together, one of us would be able to live, at any rate.

After the Meeting. Orator's Wife—Did the people applaud?

Orator (with bitterness)—Applaud? They made less noise than a rubber heel in a feather bed!

A Mean Question. "I have been to consult a beauty doctor about my complexion."

"Does he hold out any hope?"

Cream of the Puzzle. "I see where the Kurds are going on a massacre."

"Is there no way out of it?"

The man who acquires the reputation of being great usually looks bigger at a distance.

After Winter's Wear and Tear

one requires a food in Springtime that builds up both brain and body.

Grape-Nuts

FOOD

made of wheat and malted barley—supplies in splendid balance, the elements necessary for rebuilding and keeping in repair the brain, nerve and muscle tissue.

Grape-Nuts has a rich nut-like flavour—always fresh, crisp, sweet and ready to eat direct from package.

Thousands have found Grape-Nuts a wonderful invigorator of both brain and body.

"There's a Reason"

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

DAIRY

EXCELLENT RATION FOR COW

If Farmers Would Depend More on Silage and Less on Pasture Herds Could Be Doubled.

A good ration for cows giving milk is silage twice a day, corn fodder once a day and all the bean forage they will clean up, with about one pound grain or concentrate to every three pounds milk the cow gives. If the beans were pulled before becoming too ripe and secured without much rain falling on them, the forage makes good feed. Roots are valuable to increase the flow of milk.

If we would depend more on silage and less on pasture, our dairy herds might easily be doubled and the farm enriched accordingly. Many farmers have been slow to awaken to the fact that dairying brings excellent returns. Many unprofitable crops are still raised where the land might better be growing feed for live stock.

Permanent pasture is a waste unless the land cannot be plowed. Every acre should be made to raise feed for stock to the limit of its capacity, and this should be fed right on the farm, returning the fertility to the soil.

PAIL OF GREAT IMPORTANCE

Where Clean Milk Is Produced Small-Top Receptacle Is Necessary to Exclude Bacteria.

The United States department of agriculture has this to say about milking:

"In modern dairies where clean milk is produced the small-top milk pail is a necessity, as such a pail presents only a small opening into which dust and dirt may fall from the air or from the cow's body. It has been found by experience that the use of the small-top pail greatly reduces the number of bacteria in milk from average dairies. Many types of milk pails are for sale, but any tinner can convert an ordinary pail into a small-top pail by the addition of a hood, as shown herewith.

Milkers should be allowed to milk only with dry hands. The practice of wetting the hands with milk is a filthy habit and is liable to cause the

Gives Beauty Advice. Girls, young ladies and misses, it's no use to spend your coin on rouge and powder to make yourself look beautiful. It will not improve your looks. And if you insist upon wearing small, tight shoes with high heels, you can depend upon it that they will bring hard, drawn lines in your face.

Another menace to beauty is a four-pound skypiece on your belfry. This is all according to Dr. Ida C. Nahn, who makes a sweeping denunciation of these things. If you want to retain your youthful beauty for ever and ever, follow these dictates, says the doctress: Plenty of soap and warm water, lots of outdoor exercise, especially walking, and drink two quarts of water every day. These will insure health, red cheeks and a slim, youthful figure. Doctor Nahn recommends the water cure and walks especially for ladies with too much embonpoint. She says it's the safest, surest and quickest way to reduce.

TOUCHES OF ECZEMA

At Once Relieved by Cuticura Quite Easily. Trial Free.

The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. Nothing better than these fragrant super-creamy emollients for all troubles affecting the skin, scalp, hair and hands. They mean a clear skin, clean scalp, good hair and soft, white hands.

Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Makes a Difference. "There is no sadder sight to me," said the Socialist orator, "than the laborer's empty dinner pail."

"Shure!" said a man in the crowd, "that all depends on whether it's empty before th' noon hour or after."

More. Cobb—Is it a privilege to know Short?

Webb—Yes; an expense, also.—Judge.

Hicks' CAPUDINE

CURES HEADACHES AND COLDS—Easy To Take—Quick Relief.—Adv.

Honor thy father and thy mother, young man, but when they pick out a wife for you it's your cue to kick.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Fry's Marine Balm for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. No Smearing, No Itching, No Pain. Write for Book of the Balm by Mail Free. Fry's Marine Balm Co., Chicago.

Every woman's estimate of the sex is confirmed by the fact that the devil is a man.

Marriage is the monotony that relieves the excitement of life.

MUD HOLES IN COW PASTURE

Clean Shore Is Blessing to Fly-Pestered Animals—Many Annoyances Are Avoided.

A cow pasture mud hole is a veritable nuisance. To get away from the flies the cows will wade in the mud until their legs and even their udders become completely plastered. Then added to the annoyance of stamping and kicking at flies at milking time we have the added annoyance of being obliged to milk cows with chapped teats.

A clean lake shore or river or brook in the pasture is a blessing indeed to the fly-pestered cows, but the mud hole should either be drained or fenced out of the pasture. Foul in the foot with cattle, and grease heel with horses, is the result of tramping back and forth from mud holes.

ONE CENT LETTER POSTAGE BEING AGITATED

One cent postage rate on letters is again being brought into prominence and many high officials declare that it is sure to come in the near future. All classes of business would be greatly benefited by its adoption, and estimated statistics show there would be such an increased demand for stamps that the apparent loss of revenue would be more than made up.

It is an impossibility to place an estimated value on health, it being a most priceless possession—but, perhaps you have been careless or negligent and have allowed weakness to develop until you are now in a badly run down condition, with poor appetite, impaired digestion and constipated bowels.

In order to get back to health and strength you must first help Nature restore the Stomach, Liver and Bowels to a normal condition. This suggests the friendly aid of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. You will find it an excellent tonic, appetizer and strength maker and well worthy of your confidence.

It is an absolutely pure medicine, adapted to all ordinary family ailments, and your health will be greatly improved by giving it a fair trial at once. Be sure you get the genuine Hostetter's Stomach Bitters with our Private Stamp over the neck of Bottle.

"HOMING INSTINCT" IN BIRDS

Attachment to First Home Is Much the Same as Is Evidenced in Humanity.

The habit of birds in migrating South when winter comes on is influenced by the need of finding a sufficient supply of food. As food grows scarce when winter approaches in the farthest northern places where birds live they naturally turn to the South, where, their instinct tells them, food will be plentiful. The return of the birds in the spring to their accustomed haunts in the North is one of the evidences of their possession of an instinct which is also strong in man.

The environment in which a bird or human being is brought up generally becomes a permanent part of its nature. Ornithologists have not yet made it clear just what enables the bird to find its way back and forth to the same spot every year, and our knowledge is confined to the fact of what the "homing instinct" does.

After they mate and build their first nest and bring up their first family, birds cherish a fondness for that spot much the same as the attachment that man feels for his early home. The spring migration of birds is their joyful return home after a temporary sojourn abroad to secure the means of livelihood.

Home, Sweet Home. Wife—What, going out again to-night?

Husband—Yes, dear. Going out occasionally, you know, heightens the pleasure of staying home when one gets the chance to.

Wife—But you go out so often.

Husband—Well, it's a pleasure that really requires a great deal of heightening.

Drawing Qualities. Blondine—Winnie Waggle told the manager her music teacher predicted a great future for her.

Brunetta—What did the manager say?

Blondine—He said there were greater opportunities in the theatrical profession for a woman with a past.

More to the Point. Clerk—This is the best burglar alarm made. The burglar no sooner enters the house than it alarms the residents.

Customer—Haven't you got one that will alarm the burglar?—Boston Evening Transcript.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE FOR THE TROOPS Over 100,000 packages of Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to shake into your shoes, are being used by the German and Allied troops at the front because it relieves the feet, gives instant relief to Corns and Bunions, hot, swollen, aching, tender feet, and makes walking easy. Sold everywhere, 25c. Try it TODAY. Don't accept any substitute. Adv.

Quite Correct. "What reason have you for asserting that Love isn't blind?"

"Well, I've noticed that his blandest smiles are all for the prettiest girls."

Give a man over forty his choice of any one thing and he will select peace.

"COUNT" TOO ABSENT MINDED

Principal Reason Why One International Marriage Was Permanently Called Off.

Henry P. Davison of the Morgan banking firm was talking about international marriages:

"Well," he said, "I know of one international marriage that failed, thank goodness, to come off. The girl was the daughter of a Paint Rock millionaire. The man was a count, a Spanish count."

"The count was absent minded. That was his undoing. The girl's father gave a dinner for him in the Paint Rock castle overlooking Paint Rock, and at the dinner's end the count got up to light a cigarette, and then, by jove, started to remove the plates."

"The guests watched him in an open-mouthed silence. His napkin slung over his arm, he had got nearly all the plates removed when his millionaire host said to him gently: 'Wake up, George. You're not waiting in the beanery now, you know. You're pretending you're a count in Paint Rock. Wake up, man, for gracious sake!'"

PIMPLES, BOILS AND DANDRUFF Disappear by using Tetterine, a safe, safe and speedy cure for Eczema, Tetter, Infant's Sore Head, Chilblains and Itching Piles. Endorsed by physicians; praised by thousands who have used it.

"I feel like I owe to my fellowman this much: For seven years I had eczema on my ankle. I have tried many doctors and numerous remedies which only temporarily relieved. I decided to give your Tetterine a trial. I did so and after eight weeks am entirely free from the terrible eczema."

L. S. Giddens, Tampa, Fla. Tetterine, 50c per box. Your druggist or J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga. Adv.

Wrong Spoons. Store Proprietor—What has become of that clerk we hired last week?

Department Manager—I had to fire him.

"Incompetent?"

"Nope. Too much of a joker."

"I don't understand."

"Miss Giddigad telephoned for a spoonholder and he asked her if a hammock would do?"—Youngstown Telegram.

Home, Sweet Home. Wife—What, going out again to-night?

Husband—Yes, dear. Going out occasionally, you know, heightens the pleasure of staying home when one gets the chance to.

Wife—But you go out so often.

Husband—Well, it's a pleasure that really requires a great deal of heightening.

Drawing Qualities. Blondine—Winnie Waggle told the manager her music teacher predicted a great future for her.

Brunetta—What did the manager say?

Blondine—He said there were greater opportunities in the theatrical profession for a woman with a past.

More to the Point. Clerk—This is the best burglar alarm made. The burglar no sooner enters the house than it alarms the residents.

Customer—Haven't you got one that will alarm the burglar?—Boston Evening Transcript.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE FOR THE TROOPS Over 100,000 packages of Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to shake into your shoes, are being used by the German and Allied troops at the front because it relieves the feet, gives instant relief to Corns and Bunions, hot, swollen, aching, tender feet, and makes walking easy. Sold everywhere, 25c. Try it TODAY. Don't accept any substitute. Adv.

Quite Correct. "What reason have you for asserting that Love isn't blind?"

"Well, I've noticed that his blandest smiles are all for the prettiest girls."

Give a man over forty his choice of any one thing and he will select peace.

Helpless Man.

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Sick Women Attention

Is it possible there is a woman in this country who continues to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial after all the evidence that is continually being published, which proves beyond contradiction that this old and old medicine has relieved more suffering among women than any other one medicine in the world?

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