

The Hedley Informer

VOL. V

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, AUGUST 6, 1915

NO. 35

The Land of Hogs, Corn, Cotton, Kaffir, Maize, Feterita, Cane, Fruit and Vegetables, Good Soil and Climate

HEDLEY, QUAIL & WELLINGTON AND OTHER ROADS BUSY

The Quail people are to finally get what they have long wanted and badly needed—roads. When completed they will have three good roads leading from Quail west to Hedley, east to Wellington and south to Memphis—all good towns and good trading points. Knowing what Quail has heretofore had to put up with in the way of roads we rejoice with them. Forces of men and teams are working this week in several different places. J. P. Pool returned from Quail yesterday and stated that over 125 teams are now at work on the roads in that community. On the Quail and Memphis, Quail & Hedley & Wellington, Quail & Marilla (5 miles), and junction from Bourland (5 miles) south to Quail & Hedley road. The Quail farmers are donating from \$25 to \$200 worth of work on these roads, and figure that they are making a good investment as it will increase the value of their land from 25 to 50 per cent, and possibly more. And it will also increase the value of all land on the route clear to Hedley.

Wellington, Quail and Collingsworth county have raised about \$8,000 for the Wellington Quail-Hedley Highway, and surely the people of Hedley and those living along the route from Hedley to the Wilson ranch can build this end of the road.

LETTER FROM HEDLEY MAN IN ARIZONA

Douglas, Ariz., July 27.

Kind Editor:—As I have a few spare minutes will tell something about our trip to this place.

We came through some very rough country, and had a long tiresome trip. Came over the Orient from Chillicothe to Alpine, the latter place is a very pretty town located between two mountains. There we saw two companies of U. S. soldiers and some Texas Rangers. From Alpine we went to El Paso—a large and pretty city. Lots of Mexicans to be seen there. We then came on to Douglas where there are more Mexicans.

We can hear the U. S. military band, and also hear the Mexican band which sounds rather odd to any one not accustomed to it. The soldiers are located in the little town Agua Prieta, they have some four thousand soldiers.

I went the other day to the custom house where I saw two flags—United States and Mexican, and the U. S. soldiers were guarding them all the time.

With best wishes to the editor and all my friends at Hedley, I am sincerely yours,

A. J. Newman

AUCTION SALE—Saturday August 21, beginning at 10 a. m. I will sell at auction all my work stock consisting of two mares and two horses, milk cow, farming tools, wagon, buggy, harness, household and kitchen furniture. Terms cash. Be sure to attend. At my residence east of school building in Hedley. A. E. Gant.

THEIR BABY DEAD

The three-months-old baby of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Staggs died Monday morning of whooping-cough and complications and was buried Tuesday in the Rowe Cemetery. Rev. M. L. Story conducted the funeral service.

We extend sympathy to the bereaved parents in this their trying hour of despair, and may hope of a reunited family in that celestial home above be a ray of sunshine in this dark vale of gloom.

Informer \$1.00 per year.

MYSTIC WEAVERS

The Mystic Weavers club met with Mrs. J. A. Moreman July 8. A most delightful hour was spent in fancy work and social conversation after which refreshments were served to the following members: Mesdames J. L. Bain, T. T. Harrison, Jess Adamson, W. C. Bridges, P. C. Johnson, J. S. Grundy, J. B. Master-son, B. W. Moreman, U. J. Boston, Dolly Rains and Zeb Moore. Visitors, Mesdames T. R. Moreman and D. C. Cannon.

The club adjourned to meet with Mrs. J. L. Bain August 11. Press Reporter.

BAPTIST REVIVAL IN FULL SWING-- INTEREST GROWING

The Baptist revival is in progress with growing interest and attendance. Evangelist Singers Mr. and Mrs. Joe Blankenship of Dallas arrived Tuesday morning, and the Rev. Jos. P. Boone, pastor of the Ervay St. Baptist Church of Dallas, arrived Tuesday night. Rev. Boone is a splendid preacher, and his sermons are deep and reach the hearers. Mr. and Mrs. Blankenship are doing great work in the song service, and incidentally are enjoying their visit his parents and brothers here.

Already a number have been converted and reclaimed and the interest is deepening.

Saturday afternoon at 3:30 there will be a special service for the young folks. It will be a "String" service and every boy and girl are requested to bring a string of some kind with them. Also Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock will be held special service for men.

Elberta Peaches, good and fine, 60c per bu. at the orchard. Ripe about Aug. 20. J. L. Allison.

S. D. N. SCHOOL OF MUSIC BEING HELD IN HEDLEY

The S. D. N. school of music started here Monday under the direction of Prof. Bryant of Newlin. A goodly number of pupils have been enrolled, several from Newlin, and they expect a greater attendance next week. The school will continue 24 days.

BUILDING GOOD ROAD EAST OF HEDLEY

H. M. Crawford has had his road hands busy all week grading and building a good stretch of road in his community east of Hedley. The people are getting awake to the need and value of good roads. And now is the only time to build them, while the moisture is in the ground and it is an idle time.

The church of Christ announce E. B. Mullens of Jack county will begin a revival meeting Saturday night before the 1st Sunday in September. Everybody respectfully invited to attend.

MRS. ELMER PAYNE DEAD

Mrs. Elmer Payne of Hall county died at the Sanitarium in Memphis Sunday evening and was brought to Hedley Monday for interment in the Rowe Cemetery. Rev. C. W. Horschler preached the funeral sermon.

Mrs. Payne was 28 years old, and a splendid woman. She leaves a husband and a little boy about seven years of age to mourn her death with her father, mother, five brothers and six sisters. Her brothers were all on the South Plains but by coming in a car they got here in time for the funeral. Mrs. Payne was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Hamblen of this place.

Our sincere sympathy is extended to the bereaved ones.

KERLEY AUTO BURNS

Word comes from Pampa that E. C. Kerley lost his automobile by fire one day this week. While driving from town out to where his thresher was running the electric wiring crossed in some way and ignited oil in the dust pan and from there it spread and badly damaged, if not ruined his car.

OLD SOLDIERS TO HAVE REUNION AT AMARILLO

The Panhandle Associational Regiment U. C. V. will have the annual reunion at Amarillo three days, August 25-27. The Amarillo people have overlooked nothing in providing for the entertainment of the veterans, their wives, widows, sons and daughters. They urge all to attend and promise the greatest time in the history of the Association.

GONE TO SAN FRANCISCO

Misses Nellie Dooms and Lucy Stogner of Windy Valley took the train here Tuesday for Denver, Colo., where they will join the Radnor educational excursion from Tennessee to the Exposition at San Francisco. They expect to be gone about a month and will no doubt enjoy the trip, as well as profit by it.

Naylor Springs

Mr. Brock of Chillicothe was in our midst Sunday evening.

A. H. Hefner is visiting his brother in Amarillo this week.

Roy Kendall and Mr. Lyell have returned from southern Texas.

Mubern Hodges Jr. was hurt Saturday, caused by a horse falling on him.

Dr. C. L. Fields was in Clarendon Monday for the purpose of buying a car.

Mrs. C. L. Fields is spending a few days in Portales, N. M. with relatives and friends.

On account of the rainy weather the Adamson picnic was not as well attended as expected.

T. N. Naylor and other delegates left Monday morning for Houston to attend the Farmers Union meeting.

M. O. Barnett and wife were visited by the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. McFarling, and other relative, Saturday.

Carl Hall went to Groom Saturday returning that evening accompanied by his father, Mr. Palmer, and Lewis Fields.

Durell Hall, Harlan Naylor, Mrs. J. S. Hall and the Misses Naylor attended church at McKnight last Thursday night.

Claude Hefner Jr. has returned to his home in Amarillo after a very pleasant vacation spent with relatives and friends here.

All enjoyed a pleasant evening at the Fair View Rest Club Saturday evening. The early part of the day peaches were served in abundance; later all were invited in a splendid game of ball which was played at the Fair View Rest Club. The evening was a most successful one, and all enjoyed it very much.

HEDLEY For The Homeseeker

To the man of moderate means who would like to farm on a moderate scale and who would diversify to the end of living at home for the home's sake, there is a section in the southeastern part of Donley county that holds out exceptional opportunities.

Hedley, a small but growing town on the main line of the Ft. Worth & Denver Railway, is the trade and business center of this favored agricultural district.

Hedley has a population of about six hundred. It is located fourteen miles southeast of Clarendon, the county seat. Its altitude is 2800, and in many respects it is a modern little village. Surrounding Hedley there is a trade territory containing multiplied thousands of acres of fertile lands. This area is dotted with prosperous homes, productive farms and cattle pastures. The science of agriculture is comparatively a new enterprise in these parts, but the last few years has demonstrated beyond all question that it is the natural home for the man of the soil.

Perhaps not more than fifty per cent of the land in the Hedley territory is now under cultivation. Of the fifty per cent

which remains in its natural prairie state it is safe to assume that thirty per cent is available for cultivation. The important feed crops of the community which have made good without fail are kaffir corn, milo maize and corn. And because of the certainty of one or all three of these feed crops, the territory about Hedley is developing into a very substantial poultry, dairy and stock farming section. The common soils of the country are sandy and dark sandy loam. Good water is available in an abundant amounts anywhere at a maximum depth of one hundred and sixty feet. Improved lands immediately contiguous to Hedley are now selling at prices ranging from \$20 to \$35, though unimproved lands at a distance of from six to ten miles are quoted on reasonable terms at prices between \$15 and \$20. The country about is a net work of rural telephones and rural mail routes. Good roads cross the country in every direction and ready and reliable markets for all lines of field and farm products are always found at Hedley, Lelleville and Clarendon.

The demonstrated ce

of diversified farming in the Hedley territory, the available markets already assured and the great acreage of virgin lands contiguous thereto should make the Hedley territory the mecca for the homeseeker.

The dairy business hereabout has just started. The poultry business is in its infancy. There are six firms in Hedley that handle annually thirty thousand pounds of poultry. The reports show that thirty-five hundred bales of cotton were marketed here last season and sixty cars of hogs exported at this point while milo maize, corn and other farm products amounted to approximately hundred cars for the year. These statistics are remarkable, considering that the territory is not near what would be considered an agricultural enterprise in its infancy.

Investigation and possibilities of the territory will be of time of any man's small home, a comfortable income, good schools, good promise.—Ad

bal and Ch
neal and chop
at my mill. And wh
chop the crust
day. When you
will



LUMBER BUILDERS' MATERIAL
LIME, CEMENT
BRICK, POST
EVERYTHING....

JC WOOLDRIDGE

City Directory

CHURCHES BAPTIST, Jas. A Long, pastor
First Sunday in each month.

METHODIST- M. L. Story, pastor. Preaching every Sunday morning and night, except every First Sunday morning
SUNDAY SCHOOL every Sunday 10 a. m. F. Kendall, Supt
PRAYER MEETING Every Wednesday evening

MISSIONARY BAPTIST
C. W. Horschler, Pastor.
Telephone No. 30 S L S.
Services 1st and 3rd Sunday at 11 a. m. and 8:15 p. m.
Monthly business meeting Saturday before 1st Sunday at 11 o'clock.
Sunday School every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock.
G. C. Meadows, Supt.
Senior B. Y. P. U. 6:30 p. m.
Junior B. Y. P. U. at 5:00 p. m.
Regular weekly prayer meeting, Thursday night. All night services begin at 8:15 p. m.

CHURCH OF CHRIST meets every Lordsday morning 10:30 and also preaching every first Lordsday morning and night.

Every 2nd and 4th Monday nights
J. M. Bozeman, O C
L. A. Stroud, Cleri

I. O. O. F. Lodge meets on every Tuesday night.
J. M. Bozeman, N. G.
Frank Kendall, Secretary

Meets Saturday night on or before the full moon.
J. W. Bond, W M
E E Dishman, Sec

EASTERN STAR CHAPTER meets on each First Monday night at 7:30.
Mrs Lelia Moreman, W M
Mrs Margaret Dishman, Sec

DONLEY COUNTY OFFICIALS

Judge, J. C. Killough
Clerk, J. J. Alexander
Sheriff, G. R. Doshier
Treasurer, E. Dubbs
Assessor, B. F. Naylor
County Attorney, W. T. Link

Justice of the Peace Precinct 3.
J. A. Morrow
Constable, W. W. Gammon

District Court meets third week in January and July

County Court convenes 1st Monday in February, May, August and November.

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 \$4 00; per month \$16.00
Mrs. W. M. Dyer, Prop.

Ben



I have the Jack 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 colt; \$8 to insure foal.
A. W. WORSHAM

FAVOR UMBRELLAS IN INDIA

Natives Seek Protection From Not Only Rain, But Heat of Sun—Use Constantly Extending.

Umbrellas constitute one of the most important articles of import into India, as they are used by Europeans and natives, writes Consul Baker. While their use is largest during the monsoon periods, yet they are also employed to a great extent, especially in southern India, for protection against the tropical sun. Among well-to-do natives, like those belonging to the Parsee community in Bombay, for whom custom and race traditions prescribe a style of headgear that does not give adequate protection against the sun, as do the topees or sun hats worn by Europeans, umbrellas are commonly carried in fair as well as rainy weather.

During the year ended March 31, 1914, India imported umbrellas and umbrella fittings to the value of approximately \$1,770,000, the larger part of this being \$1,055,000 worth of fittings for the local manufacture of umbrellas. The total number of complete umbrellas, including parasols and sunshades, imported during the fiscal year 1913-14 was 1,947,560, of which 1,561,262 came from the United Kingdom and 406,298 from other countries. There was a considerable increase in imports over the preceding year, when the total number imported was 1,558,490. Undoubtedly the use of umbrellas in India is constantly extending, as the native classes, wherever they can afford it, are quite ready to imitate Europeans in the use of such articles. Few articles of import so readily appeal to the native as umbrellas.

Choking Him Off.
A man stood in the doorway of a beer palace the other day, says the Cleveland Leader, when a stranger stopped and wiped his perspiring forehead with his elbow, and observed that it was hot, and added:
"Suppose that a man should come in to your place on a day like this and—"
"What sort of a man?" interrupted the other.

"Why, an honest, respectable man about forty years old, who—"
"With money in his pocket?"
"Suppose, sir, that an honest, respectable man, about forty years old, should come into your—"
"Say, old man, interrupted the other with much spirit, "don't you try it on me! I'm the bouncer for the place, and I'd have to use you awful rough!"

The honest, respectable man looked the bouncer over, wiped his forehead with his other elbow, and said as he started off:
"Mighty funny that a man can't begin to talk in this town without someone choking him off and calling him a dink."

Curious Characteristics.
Axel Swanson of West Concord, N. H., a granite cutter, possesses two peculiar characteristics. His hands work in unison—that is a movement of one involuntarily causes the other hand to perform the same function, and while he has an abundance of hair on his head he has never had to use a razor on his face.

The Strides of Science.
The giant strides made by science, the handmaid of civilization, in the last half-century have rendered possible in the present war a much higher death rate among neutrals, non-combatants, women and babies than was ever before attainable.—New York

OUR PUBLIC FORUM

C. E. Schaff

On Railway Investments



President Wilson recently referring to our railroad problems said in part: "They are indispensable to our whole economic life and railway securities are at the very heart of most investments, large and small, public and private, by individuals and by institutions. * * * There is no other interest so central to the business welfare of the country, as this. No doubt, in the light of the new day, with its new understandings, the problem of the railroads will also be met and dealt with in a spirit of candor and justice."

When the first citizen of the land stresses the importance of understanding and dealing justly with the railroads, certainly the American plowmen can venture upon a careful study of the problem. C. E. Schaff, president of the M. K. & T. railway company, when asked to outline the relation of the public to railroad investments, said in part:

"It may be said that the railroad world is encumbered with a lot of phantoms which exist only in the popular fancy. For instance, because there have been a few so-called 'railroad magnates' whose names have figured prominently in finance, many people have come to believe that the railroads of the country are largely owned by a few rich men. As a matter of fact nothing could be further from the truth. Out of the colossal sum of twenty billion dollars of American railroad securities, less than five per cent is now, or ever has been, in the hands of these men who have figured prominently in the newspaper headlines—while the other 95 per cent is in the hands of over two million investors, large and small, who in many instances have put the modest savings of a life time into these securities in order that they might lay away a competency for old age. When, therefore, the value of these securities is depressed or perchance destroyed, the hardship is a hundred-fold greater upon thousands of every-day citizens, than upon the handful of millionaires, good or bad, who have figured prominently in railroad circles."

Hundreds of millions of dollars of the assets of our great life and fire insurance companies, savings banks, trust companies, educational and fiduciary institutions are invested in railroad bonds—and the moment, therefore, that the soundness of these bonds is called into question the financial solidity of these myriad institutions—directly affecting the welfare of millions of policyholders and bank depositors—is gravely menaced. During the last several years, many millions of dollars representing depreciated values, have been charged off the books of concerns like those enumerated above. American railroads have become a vital part of the very wool and fabric of the nation. Their continued efficiency is absolutely essential to the smallest community in the land.

In blindly striking at the railroads our blows fall not merely upon thousands who have committed no wrong, but, in the last analysis, upon ourselves. We should remember how interdependent we have come to be in this mighty republic of ours—that each is in truth becoming more and more his brother's keeper, and that we need to act and think circumspectly, lest in our mistaken zeal we destroy those who, like ourselves, need whatever of this world's goods the toll and sweat of years has bequeathed to them."

OUR PUBLIC FORUM

W. D. Lewis

On Mission of the Farmers' Union



W. D. Lewis, president of the Texas Farmers' Union, whose tenure of office expires by limitation in August, has issued the following farewell statement to the Texas farmers:

"The Farmers' Union stands before the public of Texas today proud as a King; glorying in its achievements and boasting of its possibilities of rendering a service to the men who follow the plow. The Union sounds the bugle call of organization, summoning every yeoman to rally around its colors. In business it stands for education and co-operation; in the home it stands for Sally and the babies; in government it stands for constructive statesmanship. At the moment it directs the attention of the farmers to warehousing and financing the present cotton crop. Fellow farmers arise and salute King Cotton, a sovereign in whose reign the prosperity of this State is involved and a ruler whose scepter turns the fleecy fibre into gold. A King at whose loom nature weaves, and an imperial potentate at whose shrine millions kneel and sing his praise. Strike for your home, your family and your country by joining the Union and becoming a part of the great economic force that is uplifting this state and nation. The Farmers' Union is the plowmen's hope. Without organization he can neither help himself nor be helped by others, and through organization he is all powerful.

When the Texas Farmers' Union holds its annual convention in Houston, August 3rd, every farmer in Texas should pause and bow his head in honor of the men gathered there to render a patriotic and unselfish service to agriculture. This organization, born in the cotton fields of Texas, has grown until, geographically, it covers almost the whole of the United States, and economically, it deals with every question in which the welfare of the men who bare their backs to the summer sun are involved. It has battled for a better marketing system, rural credits, cheap money, diversification, scientific production, agricultural legislation and has carried on its work of education and co-operation in season and out.

The Farmers' Educational and Co-operative Union of Texas brings the question of organization squarely before every farmer in this state.

The farmers of the nation contribute more and get less from government than any other class of business. They have better securities and pay a higher rate of interest than any other line of industry. They market more products and have less to say in fixing the price than any other business, and they have had more political buncombe, and less constructive legislation, than any other class of people. The farmers can only acquire such influence in business, in government and economics as will enable them to share equitably the fruits of their labor through organization, and every farmer on Texas soil who desires to help himself and his fellow plowmen, should rally around the Union."

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This machine is warranted for all time.
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SEEING LIFE with JOHN HENRY by George V. Hobart



John Henry Goes Sleighriding

SAY! isn't it great to get all wrapped up in fur robes in a fine old sleigh and let a fine old horse drag you over the fine old snow on a fine old country road?

Answer: It is. It's great if all the ingredients are properly proportioned, but nine times out of ten something goes wrong with the horse or the sleigh or the snow or the road and you find yourself four miles from nowhere, sitting on an ice hummock and screaming for transportation, while the harsh winds of winter are biting their initials on your southern exposure.

Peaches and I went to visit Uncle Peter and Aunt Martha upstate, and when friend wife found the ground covered with snow, right away she began to sit up and beg a sleigh ride. She said that the sweet jingle-jangle of the bells would bring rest to her nerves after a season of trying to cross the streets in New York without being struck by a taxicab, so Uncle Peter told me where to find a livery stable and off I hiked.

Anyone who has never lived in a semi-rural town will doubtless recall what handsome specimens of equine perfection may be found in the local livery stable—not.

The liveryman in the town where Uncle Peter lives is named Henlopen Laffenwell, and he looks the part.

I judged from the excited manner in which he grabbed my deposit money that he had a note falling due next day.

Then Henlopen shut his eyes, counted six, turned around twice, multiplied the day of the week by 13, subtracted 7, and the answer was a cream-colored horse with four pink feet and a frightened face.

The gargoyle gazed at me sadly, sighed deeply and then backed up into the shafts of a sleigh that looked something like a barber's chair and something like the tumbrel Marie Antoinette used the afternoon she went to the guillotine.

The liveryman said that the name of the horse was Lohengrin, because it seemed to go better in German.

I drove Lohengrin up to Uncle Peter's residence and all the way there we ran neck to neck with a coal cart.

Lohengrin used to be a fast horse, but quite some time ago he stopped eating his wild oats and now leads a slower life.

When I reached the gate I whistled for Peaches, because I was afraid to get out and leave Lohengrin alone. He might go to sleep and fall down.

Friend wife came out, looked at the rig and then went back in the house and bade everybody an affecting farewell.

There were tears in her eyes when she came out and climbed into the sleigh. She said she was crying because Aunt Martha wasn't there to see us driving away and have the laugh of her life.

We started off and we were rushing along the road, passing a fence and

sized bunk of ice which was to be my argument, Lohengrin came out of his trance and started off, but Peaches forgot her instructions and spoke above a whisper and he stopped again.

Then I took the reins, cracked the whip, shouted a few paragraphs of the language General Villa uses in Mexico when he captures a Federal soldier, and away we rushed like the wind—when it wasn't blowing hard.

The hours flew by and we must have gone at least half a mile, when another Kerosene Wagon came bouncing toward us from the opposite direction.

In it was a happy party of ladies and gentlemen, who were laughing and chatting about some people they had just run over.

Lohengrin saw them coming and stopped still in the middle of the road. Then he hung his head as low as he could, and I believe if that horse had been supplied with hands he would have put them over his ears.

The people in the Bubble began to shout at us, and I began to shout at the horse, and friend wife began to shout at me, while Lohengrin stood there and scratched his left ankle with his right heel.

Then the machine made a sudden jump to the right and hiked by us at the rate of about a \$100 fine, while the lady passengers in the cabin de luxe stood up and began to hand out medals to each other because they didn't run us down.

Ten minutes later Lohengrin came to and looked over his shoulder at us with a smile as serene as the morning and once more resumed his mad career onward, ever onward.

We were now about two miles from home, and suddenly we came across a big red touring car which stood in front of a roadhouse, sneezing inwardly and sobbing with all its corrugated heart.

Lohengrin saw the machine before we did.

He knew there must be an automobile somewhere near, because he stopped still and quietly passed away.

I jumped out and tried to lead him by the Coronet's Delight, but he planted his four feet in the middle of the road and refused to be coaxed.

I took the horse by the ear and whispered therein just what I thought about him, but he wouldn't talk back.

I told him my wife's honor was at stake, but he looked my wife over and his lips curled up with an expression which seemed to say, "Impossible." It was all off with us.

Lohengrin simply wouldn't move until that sobbing Choo Choo Wagon had left the neighborhood, so I went inside the roadhouse to find the owner.

I found him. He consisted of a German chauffeur and eight bottles of beer.

When I explained the pitiful situation to him the chauffeur swallowed two bottles of beer and began to cry.

Then he told the waiter to call him at 7:30, and he put his head down on

meets an automobile he goes to sleep and tries to forget it. Isn't that better than running away and dragging you to a hospital? There must be something about an automobile that affects Lohengrin's heart. I think it is the gasoline. The odor from the gasoline seems to penetrate his mind to the region of his memory and he forgets to move. Lohengrin is a fine horse, with a most lovable disposition, but when the air becomes charged with gasoline he forgets his duty and falls asleep at the switch."

I went out and explained to my wife that Lohengrin was a victim of the gasoline habit, and that he would never leave that spot until the Bubble went away, and that the Bubble couldn't go away until the chauffeur woke up, and that the chauffeur couldn't wake up until his mind had digested a lot of wood alcohol, so she jumped out of the trick sleigh for the purpose of telling Lohengrin just what she thought about him.

At that moment somebody opened the folding doors in the barn just ahead of us, and Lohengrin, with a withering glance at friend wife and a shrug of his shoulders in my direction, tippy-toed to cover and left us flat.

Ostler Joe, the charge d'affaires of the barn, tried to stop Lohengrin and ask for his credentials, but the equine union brushed right by and planted himself and the droshky in the middle of the barn floor, where he promptly went to sleep again.

Just as we hurried away to flag an approaching trolley car I heard Ostler Joe say to the slumbering Lohengrin:



The Gargoyle Gazed at Me!

"Wake up, you doggone ol' rabbit, wake up and git out'n our barn. I know you, dag gone you, even if you be disguised by hidin' behind that thar four-poster bed on runners. Wake up, you ol' jilt! You be Henlopen Laffenwell's accomplice in crime, been't ye? Waal, you git right out'n our barn an' do your sleepin' where you belong. Dag gone if you kin use our barn to give your imitations of Rip Van Winkle. Come on now, git!"

When we finally reached home Aunt Martha asked us how we enjoyed the sleighride.

"The scenery was perfectly lovely—it was so stationary," Peaches answered, with chattering teeth.

"One of the best walks I ever had," I said, as I put both feet in the fire-place to warm up.

Lohengrin, eh? To make him go Mr. Wagner would have to set him to rag-time.

Don't Dodge.

Do not dodge. Whatever the difficulties to be met, they are not made easier by trying to dodge them. In trying to dodge a missile from one direction you may come in line with one from a different direction. When we dodge trouble we are more than likely to get into other trouble no less easy to endure. Look with courage on what must be met. Faced with courage difficulties are half conquered. Better to meet and conquer difficulties than to dodge them. Do not dodge duties that devolve on you. Duties performed add strength and dignity to character. It matters little what these duties are; though they may be of the simplest and humblest, well and truly done, they acquire dignity. Stand up bravely and squarely to meet the difficulties of life. With courage you will conquer. You will come through life with fewer scars than by trying to dodge duty or difficulty. Trying to evade berets in a man a cringing spirit. He gets a habit of truckling, and upright, self-respecting manhood is gone. Don't dodge if you would hold yourself above meanness.—Milwaukee Journal

But He Understood.

The artist was painting—sunset, red, with blue streaks and green dots. The old rustic, at a respectful distance, was watching. "Ah," said the artist, looking up suddenly, "perhaps to you, too, nature has opened her sky-pictures page by page? Have you seen the lambent flame of dawn leaping across the livid east; the red-stained, sulphurous islets floating in the lake of fire in the west; the ragged clouds at midnight, black as a raven's wing, blotting out the shuddering moon?" "No," replied the rustic, shortly; "not since I signed the pledge."—Tit-Bits.

Idle Metaphors.

"What is the title of that book you are reading?" "The Philosophy of Matrimony." "Huh? Any submarines about?" "Oh, yes, but the particular ship whose fortunes I am following is in no danger. It is conveyed by a dreadnaught." "Meaning?" "The bride's mother."

The One Exception.
"Everyone seems to be here for his health," remarked the new arrival at the summer resort.
"Yes, everyone but the hotel proprietor," replied the guest who had been there three days.—Judge.

Their Effect.
"What was Elma giving her father such warm thanks about?"
"Her new summer furs."
British troops serving in India are paid by the Indian government.

The Effects of Opiates.

THAT INFANTS are peculiarly susceptible to opium and its various preparations, all of which are narcotic, is well known. Even in the smallest doses, if continued, these opiates cause changes in the functions and growth of the cells which are likely to become permanent, causing nervous diseases, such as intractable nervous dyspepsia and lack of staying powers are a result of dosing with opiates or narcotics to keep children quiet in their infancy. The rule among physicians is that children should never receive opiates in the smallest doses for more than a day at a time, and only then if unavoidable.

The administration of Anodynes, Drops, Cordials, Soothing Syrups and other narcotics to children by any but a physician cannot be too strongly decried, and the druggist should not be a party to it. Children who are ill need the attention of a physician, and it is nothing less than a crime to dose them willfully with narcotics.

Castoria contains no narcotics if it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Supplies Always on Hand
British Claim to Have Made Transport System at the Front as Perfect as is Possible.

When it is mentioned that 2,000 tons of goods—food and other necessities—are sent every day from the base depots to the firing line of the British army, some idea of the gigantic task of the army service will be gathered.

This enormous weight of goods, says Harold Begbie, comes almost entirely from England, for we are not buying in France even so perishable a necessity as milk. Most stores are brought from England and loaded into sheds at the base depots.

All day by motor dory and railway truck supplies for the troops are sent out from these base depots to stores as near as possible to the firing lines. And just as reserves are accumulated in the docks, so reserves are accumulated near the front, since an accident to the railways might cut off the fighting soldiers' supplies.

On one occasion there was a delay on the railways of 26 hours, but not only did the soldier at the front get all his food and ammunition, but he did not even have to draw on the reserves I have mentioned; regimental stores were sufficient for his need. Everything goes by clockwork. There is no room for an accident.—London Tit-Bits.

It Didn't Work.

The crowded car was overflowing. "Get off the step," the conductor cried. "I've got to shut the door."
"Don't mind me," replied the man on the step. "Close it if you like. It's true that I have a couple of sample packages of dynamite in my overcoat pockets and the windows might be broken and the roof blown off, but don't hesitate on my account. I haven't many friends, anyway, and I don't think many would sorrow over my early demise. Go ahead and close your door."
Then the conductor closed it.

No War This Time.

Critical Husband—This beef isn't fit to eat.
Wife—Well, I told the butcher that if it wasn't good I would send you around to his shop to give him a thrashing; and I hope you'll take someone with you, for he looked pretty fierce, and I didn't like the way he handled his big knife.
Husband—Humph! Oh, well, I must say I've seen worse meat than this.

Unmasked.

Him—Who is that homely female over by the piano?
Her—Why, that is Mme. Cosmetique, the famous beauty specialist.
But a woman always stops talking long enough to give a man a chance to propose.

TRY THE OLD RELIABLE WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC For MALARIA CHILLS & FEVER A FINE GENERAL STRENGTHENING TONIC



WAS "TOO POOR TO BE HURT"

Injured Street Sweeper Fatally Hurt, Struggles to Return to His Work, but Death Claims Him.

Frederick Birkmer, a street sweeper of New Rochelle, N. Y., "too poor to be laid up by an accident," he said, was knocked unconscious when struck in the back in the Pelham road by a motorcycle ridden by Frank Purdy of Port Chester. Birkmer, still unconscious, was being lifted into an ambulance, when he regained his senses, struggled to his feet and staggered toward his broom.

"Can't afford to be hurt," he muttered. Purdy and a hospital surgeon forced him into the ambulance. At the hospital his skull was found fractured. He was prepared for the operating table. A moment later he sprang from bed, tore off the bandages, and, struggling with an interne, strove to reach a doorway.

"I must go back," he faltered. Then he fell unconscious and died.

An Insect Tragedy.
First Mosquito—What's become of our old friend?

Second Mosquito—His was a horrible fate. Those human beings poured kerosene oil over the place.
F. M.—But he liked kerosene.
S. M.—That was the trouble. He forged himself with it, and then collided with a freddy.

His Version.
"That baseball umpire has revised the old saying."
"What's that?"
"He says you can't touch a pitcher without being reviled."

Train up a child in the way he should go and it's doughnuts to judge he'll take a flyer in the opposite direction.

Builders of the "Big Ditch"

There has just been issued by the Historical Publishing Company of Washington, D. C., a magnificent illustrated history of the construction and builders of the Panama Canal. The editor of this great history is Mr. Ira E. Bennett, with associate editors, John Hays Hammond, celebrated mining engineer; Capt. Philip Andrews, U. S. N.; Rupert Blue, Surg. Gen. U. S. Public Health Service; J. Hampton Moore, Pres. Atlantic Deeper Waterways Ass'n; Patrick J. Lennox, B. A., and William J. Showalter.

One of the most interesting portions of the book is that dealing with the feeding of the immense army of laborers. A few paragraphs concerning one of the foods chosen and supplied by the Commissary Department, are quoted (beginning page 428) as follows:

"Visitors to the canal who were privileged to get a glimpse of the routine inner life will recall a familiar picture of workmen going to their places of labor carrying round yellow tins.

"Often, as they went, they munched a food poured from the tin into the hand. This food, which played no inconsiderable part in building the canal, was the well-known article of diet, GRAPE-NUTS."

"The mention of Grape-Nuts in this connection is peculiarly pertinent. Not merely because Grape-Nuts is a food—for of course proper food was an integral part of the big enterprise—but because it is a cereal food which successfully withstood the effects of a tropical climate. This characteristic of Grape-Nuts was pretty well known and constituted a

cogent reason for its selection for use in the Canal Zone. . . .

"This food is so thoroughly baked that it keeps almost indefinitely in any climate, as has been demonstrated again and again.

"One finds Grape-Nuts on transoceanic steamships, in the islands of the seas, in Alaska, South America, Japan, along the China coast, in Manila, Australia, South Africa, and on highways of travel and the byways of the jungle—in short, wherever minimum of bulk and maximum of nourishment are requisite in food which has to be transported long distances, and often under extreme difficulties.

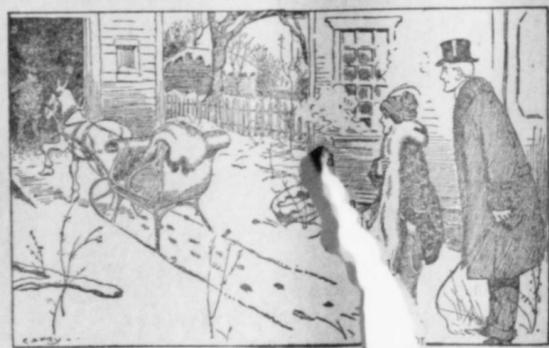
"The very enviable reputation which Grape-Nuts has attained in these respects caused it to be chosen as one of the foods for the Canal Zone."

Grape-Nuts FOOD

—scientifically made of prime wheat and malted barley, contains the entire goodness of the grain, including those priceless mineral elements so essential for active bodies and keen brains, but which are lacking in white flour products and the usual dietary.

There's a reason why Grape-Nuts food was chosen by the Canal Commissariat. There's a reason why Grape-Nuts is a favorite food of hustling people everywhere!

Sold by Grocers



"Tippy-Toed to Cover and Let"

overtaking a telegraph pole every once in a while, when suddenly we heard behind us a very insistent choof-choof-choof!

"It's one of those Careless Wagons," I whispered to Peaches, and then both looked at Lohengrin to see if there was a mental struggle going on in his forehead, but he was rushing onward with his head down, watching his feet to make sure they didn't step on each other.

Choof-choof-choof came the machine behind us, as if I were the driver.

the table to sleep with his best of hard-boiled

phone and called before I could eered over the ps, Mr. Henry, waiting for

that livery-about him

hone girl and they the wood-

livery-sitation Olemic of ing over omobile grin. It use and asped."

ring aring front of ained in u at her, veryman

whispered engrin is a whenever he

BLACK IS WHITE

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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AND COMPANY



CHAPTER XXVII—Continued.

He obeyed. "See! There is no one near." He held open the door to the hall. "You must speak quickly. I am to leave this house in an hour. I was given the hour."

"Ah, I can see by your face that you hate him! It is well. That is something. It is but little, I know, after all I have wished for—but it is something for me to treasure—something for me to take back with me to the one sacred little spot in this beastly world of men and women."

"You are the most incomprehensible—"
"Am I not beautiful, Frederic? Tell me!" She came quite close to him.

"You are the most beautiful woman in all the world," he said absently.

"And I have wasted all my beauty—I have lent it to unloveliness and it has not been destroyed! It is still with me, is it not? I have not lost it in—"

"You are beautiful beyond words—beyond anything I have ever imagined," said he, suddenly passing his hand over his brow.

"You would have loved me if it had not been for Lydia?"
"I couldn't have helped myself. I fear I faltered in my— Good God, are you still trying to tempt me? Are you still asking me to go away with you?"

A hoarse cry came from the doorway behind them—a cry of pain and anger that struck terror to their souls. They had not heard his approach.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Shot That Failed.

Transfixed, they watched him take two or three steps into the room. At his back was the swarthy Hindu, his eyes gleaming like coals of fire in the shadowy light.

"James!" fell tremulously from the lips of Yvonne. She swayed toward him as Ranjab grasped his arm from behind. Frederic saw the flash of something bright as it passed from the brown hand to the white one. He did not at once comprehend.

"It happened once," came hoarsely from the throat of James Brood. "It shall not happen again. Thank you, Ranjab."

Then Frederic knew! The Hindu had slipped a revolver into his master's hand!

"It gives me great pleasure, Yvonne, to relieve you of that damned, rotten, worthless thing you call your life."

As he raised his arm, Frederic sprang forward with a shout of horror. Scarcely realizing what he did, he hurled Yvonne violently to one side.

It was all over in the twinkling of an eye. There was a flash, the crash of an explosion, a puff of smoke and the smell of burnt powder.

Frederic stood perfectly still for an instant, facing the soft cloud that rose from the pistol barrel, an expression of vague amazement in his face. Then his hand went uncertainly to his breast.

Already James Brood had seen the red blotch that spread with incredible swiftness—blood red against the snowy white of the broad shirt bosom. Glaring with wide-open eyes at the horrid spot, he stood there with the pistol still levelled in a petrified hand.

"Good God, father, you've—why, you've—" struggled from Frederic's writhing lips, and then his knees sagged; an instant later they gave way with a rush and he dropped heavily to the floor.

There was not a sound in the room. Suddenly Brood made a movement quick and spasmodic. At the same instant Ranjab flung himself forward and grasped his master's arm. He had turned the revolver upon himself! The muzzle was almost at his temple when the Hindu seized his hand in a grip of iron.

"Sahib! Sahib!" he hissed. "What would you do?" Wrenching the weapon from the stiff, unresisting fingers, he hurled it across the room.

"My God!" groaned Brood. His tall body swayed forward, but his legs refused to carry him. The Hindu caught him as he was sinking limply to his knees. With a tremendous effort of the will, Brood succeeded in conquering the black unconsciousness that was assailing him. He straightened up to his full height, and with trembling fingers pointed to the prostrate figure on the floor. "The pistol, Ranjab! Where is it? Give it to me! Man, man, can I live after that? I have killed my son—my own son! Quick, man!"

"Sahib!" cried the Hindu, wringing his hands. "I cannot! I cannot!"
"I command you! The pistol!"
Without a word the Hindu, fatalist, slave, pagan that he was, turned to do his master's bidding. It was not for him to say nay, it was not for him to oppose the will of the master, but to obey.

All this time, Yvonne was crouching against the table, her horrified gaze upon the great red blotch that grew to terrible proportions as she watched. She had not moved, she had not breathed, she had not taken her hands from her ears where she had placed them at the sound of the explosion.

"Blood! It is blood!" she moaned, and for the first time since the shot was fired her husband glanced at the one for whom the bullet was intended.

An expression of incredulity leaped into his face, as if he could not believe his senses. She was alive and unhurt! His bullet had not touched her. His brain fumbled for the explanation of this miracle.

"Blood!" she wailed again, a long, shuddering word that came not from her lips but from the very depths of her terror-stricken soul.

Slowly Brood's mind worked out of the maze. His shot had gone straight, but Frederic himself had leaped into its path to save this miserable creature who would have damned his soul if life had been spared to him.

Ranjab crawled to his side, his eyes covered with one arm, the other extended. Blindly the master felt for the pistol, not once removing his eyes from the pallid figure against the table. His fingers closed upon the weapon.

Then the Hindu looked up, warned by the strange voice that spoke to him from the mind of his master. He saw the arm slowly extend itself with a sinister hand directed straight at the unconscious figure of the woman. This time Brood was making sure of his aim—so sure that the lithe Hindu had time to spring to his feet and grasp once more the hand that held the weapon.

"Master! Master!" he cried out. Brood turned to look at his man in sheer bewilderment. What could all this mean? What was the matter with the man?

"Down, Ranjab!" he commanded in a low, cautious tone, as he would have used in speaking to a dog when the game was run to earth.

"There is but one bullet left, sahib," cried the man.

"Only one is required," said the master hazily.

"You have killed your son. This bullet is for yourself."

"Yes! Yes! But—but she! She lives! She—"

The Hindu struck his own breast significantly. "Thy faithful servant remains, sahib. Die, if thou wilt, but leave her to Ranjab. There is but one bullet left. It is for you. You must not be here to witness the death Ranjab, thy servant, shall inflict upon her. Shoot thyself now, if so be it, but spare thyself the sight of—"

He did not finish the sentence, but his strong, bony fingers went through the motion that told a more horrible story than words could have expressed. There was no mistaking his meaning. He had elected himself her executioner.

A ghastly look of comprehension fitted across Brood's face. For a second his mind slipped from one dread to another more appalling. He knew



"Sahib! Sahib!" He hissed.

this man of his. He remembered the story of another killing in the hills of India. His gaze went from the brown fanatic's face to the white, tender, lovely throat of the woman—and a hoarse gasp broke from his lips.

"No! No! Not that!" he cried, and as the words rang out, Yvonne removed her horrified gaze from the blot of red and fixed it upon the face of her husband. She straightened up slowly and her arms fell limply to her sides.

"It was meant for me. Shoot, James!" she said, almost in a whisper.

The Hindu's grasp tightened at the convulsive movement of his master's hand. His fingers were like steel bands.

"Shoot!" she repeated, raising her voice. "Save yourself, for if he is dead I shall kill you with my own hands. This is your chance—shoot!"
Brood's fingers relaxed their grip on the revolver. A fierce, wild hope took all the strength out of his body—he grew faint with it.

"God, he—he can't be dead! I have not killed him. He shall not die—he shall not!" Flinging the Hindu aside he threw himself down beside the body on the floor. The revolver as it dropped, was caught in the nimble hand of the Hindu, who took two long swift strides toward the woman who now faced him instead of her husband.

There was a great light in his eyes as he stood over her and she saw death staring out upon her.

But she did not quail. She was past all that. She looked straight into his eyes for an instant and then, as if putting him out of her thoughts entirely, turned slowly toward the two men on the floor. The man half raised the pistol, but something stayed his hand—something stronger than any mere physical opposition could have done.

He glared at the half-averted face, confounded by the most extraordinary impression that ever had entered his incomprehensible brain. Something strange and wonderful was transpiring before his very eyes—something so marvellous that even he, mysterious seer of the Ganges, was stunned into complete amazement and unbelief.

That strange, uncanny intelligence of his, born of a thousand mysteries, was being tried beyond all previous exertions. It was as if he now saw this woman for the first time—as if he had never looked upon her face before. A mist appeared to envelop her and through this veil he saw a face that was new to him—the face of Yvonne and yet not hers at all. Absolute wonder crept into his eyes.

As if impelled by the power of his gaze, she faced him once more. For what seemed hours to him, but in reality only seconds, his searching eyes looked deep into hers. He saw at last the soul of this woman and it was not the soul he had known as hers up to that tremendous moment. And he came to know that she was no longer afraid of him or his powers.

His hand was lowered, his eyes fell and his lips moved but there were no words, for he addressed a spirit. All the venom, all the hatred fled from his soul. His knee bent in sudden submission, and his eyes were raised to hers once more, but now in their somber depths was the fidelity of the dog!

"Go at once," she said, and her voice was as clear as a bell.

He shot a swift glance at the prostrate Frederic and straightened his tall figure as would a soldier under orders. His understanding gaze sought hers again. There was another command in her eyes. He placed the weapon on the table. It had been a distinct command to him.

"One of us will use it," she said monotonously. "Go!"

With incredible swiftness he was gone. The curtains barely moved as he passed between them and the heavy door made no sound in opening and closing. There was no one in the hall. The sound of the shot had not gone beyond the thick walls of that proscribed room on the top floor. Somewhere at the rear of the house an indistinct voice was uttering a jumbled stream of French.

Many minutes passed. There was not a movement in the room. Brood, beside the outstretched figure of his unintended victim, was staring at the gray face with wide, unblinking eyes. He looked at last upon the features that he had searched for in vain through all the sultry years. There was blood on his hands and on his cheek, for he had listened at first for the beat of the heart. Afterward his agonized gaze had gone to the bloodless face. There it was arrested. A dumb wonder possessed his soul. He knelt there petrified by the shock of discovery. In the dim light he no longer saw the features of Matilde, but his own, and his heart was still. In that revealing moment he realized that he had never seen anything in Frederic's countenance save the dark, never-to-be-forgotten eyes—and they were his Matilde's. Now those eyes were closed. He could not see them, and the blindness was struck from his own. He had always looked into the boy's eyes—he had never been able to seek farther than those haunting, inquiring eyes—but now he saw the lean, strong jaw, and the firm chin, the straight nose and the broad forehead—and none of these were Matilde's! These were the features of a man—and of but one man. He was seeing himself as he was when he looked into his mirror at twenty-one!

All these years he had been blind, all these years he had gone on cursing his own image. In that overpowering thought came the realization that it was too late for him to atone. His mind slowly struggled out of thrall that held it stupefied. He was looking at his own face—dead! He would look like that! Matilde was gone forever—the eyes were closed—but he was there, going gray and gray of face all the time.

He had forgotten the woman. She was standing just beyond the body that stretched itself between them. Her hands were clasped against her breast and her eyes were lifted heavenward. She had not moved throughout that age of oblivion.

He saw her and suddenly became rigid. Slowly he sank back, his eyes distended, his jaw dropping. He put out a hand and saved himself from falling, but his eyes never left the face of the woman who prayed—whose whole being was the material representation of prayer. But it was not Yvonne, his wife, that he saw standing there. It was another—Matilde!

"My God, Matilde—Matilde! Forgive! Forgive!"

Slowly her eyes were lowered until they fell full upon his stricken face.

"Am I going mad?" he whispered hoarsely. As he stared, the delicate face of Matilde began to fade and he again saw the brilliant, undimmed features of Yvonne. "God in heaven,

it was Matilde! What accursed trick of—"

He sprang to his feet and advanced upon her, actually stepping across the body of his son in his reckless haste. For many seconds they stood with their faces close together, he staring wildly, she with a dull look of agony in her eyes, but unflinching. What he saw caused an icy chill to sweep through his tense body, and a sickness to enter his soul. He shrank back.

"Who—who are you?" he cried out in sudden terror. He felt the presence of Matilde. He could have stretched out his hand and touched her, so real, so vivid was the belief that she was actually there before him. "Matilde was here—I saw her, before God, I saw her. And—now it is you! She is still here. I can feel her hand touching mine—I can feel—no, again. I—"

The cold, lifeless voice of Yvonne was speaking to him, huskier than ever before.

"Matilde has been here. She has always been with him. She is always near you, James Brood."

"What—are—you—saying?" he gasped.

She turned wearily away and pointed to the weapon on the table.

"Who is to use it, you or I?"

He opened his mouth but uttered no sound. His power of speech was gone. She went on in a deadly monotone.

"You intended the bullet for me. It is not too late. Kill me, if you will. I give you the first chance—take it, for if you do not I shall take mine."

"I—I cannot kill you—I cannot kill the woman who stood where you are standing a moment ago. Matilde was there! She was alive, do you hear



"Matilde Had Been There."

me! Alive and—ah!" The exclamation fell from his lips as she suddenly leaned forward, her intense gaze fixed on Frederic's face.

"See! Ah, see! I prayed and I have been answered. See! God in heaven, see!"

He turned. Frederic's eyes were open. He was looking up at them, with a piteous appeal in their depths—an appeal for help, for life, for consciousness.

"He is not dead! Frederic, Frederic, my son—" He dropped to his knees and frantically clutched at the hand that lay stretched out beside the limp figure. The pain-stricken eyes closed slowly.

Someone knelt beside Brood. He saw a slim white hand go out and touch the pallid brow.

"I shall save your soul, James Brood," a voice was saying, but it seemed far away. "He shall not die. Your poor wretched soul may rest secure. I shall keep death away from him. You shall not have to pay for this—no, not for this. The bullet was meant for me. I owe my life to him, you shall owe his to me. But you have yet to pay a greater debt than this can ever become. He is your son. You owe another for his life—and you will never be out of her debt, not even in hell, James Brood."

Slowly Frederic's eyes opened again. They wavered from one face to the other and there was in them the unsolvable mystery of divination. As the lids dropped once more, Brood's manner underwent a tremendous change. The stupefaction of horror and doubt fell away in a flash and he was again the clear-headed, indomitable man of action. The blood rushed back into his veins, his eyes flashed with the returning fire of hope, his voice was steady, sharp, commanding.

"The doctor!" he cried in Yvonne's ear, as his strong fingers went out to tear open the red shirt bosom. "Be quick! Send for Hodder. By heaven, we must save him." She did not move. He whirled upon her fiercely. "Do as I tell you. Are you so damned—"

"Doctor Hodder is on the way now," she said dully. His hands ceased their operations as if checked by a sudden paralysis.

"On the way here?" he cried incredulously. "Why—"

"He is coming," she said fiercely. "I sent for him—ages ago. Don't stop now—be quick! You know what to do. Stanch the flow of blood. Do something, man! You have seen men with mortal wounds—and this man must be saved!"

He worked swiftly, deftly, for he did know what to do. He had worked on men before with wounds in their breasts—and he had seen them through the shadow of death. But he could not help thinking, as he now worked, that he was never known to miss a shilling at thirty paces.

She was speaking. Her voice was

low and husky once more, with a persistent note of accusation in it. "It was an accident, do you understand? You did not shoot to kill—him. The world shall never know the truth—unless he dies, and that is not to happen. You are safe. The law cannot touch you, for I shall never speak. This is between you and me. Do you understand?"

He glanced at her set, rigid face. "Yes. It was an accident. And this is between you and me. We shall settle it later on. Now I see you as you are—as Yvonne. God, I—wonder—" His hand shook with a sudden spasm of indecision. He had again caught that baffling look in her dark eyes.

"Attend!" she cried, and he bent to the task again. He is not going to die. It would be too cruel if he were to die now and miss all the joy of victory over you—his life-long foe. He—"

The door opened behind them and she was speaking to see the breathless Hindu. He came straight to the woman.

"He comes. Ranjab has obeyed. I have told him that the revolver was discharged accidentally—by myself, by the unhappy son of a dog. I, it is well, Ranjab is but a dog. He shall die today and his lips be sealed forever. Have no fear. The dead shall be silent—" His voice trailed off into a whisper, for his eyes were looking into hers. "No," he whispered, after a moment—"no, the dead are not silent. One who is dead has spoken to Ranjab."

"Hush!" said the woman. Brood's hands were shaking again, shaking and uncertain. "The doctor? He comes?"

"Even now," said the Hindu, turning toward the door.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Voice of the Wind.

Hours afterward Brood sat alone in the room where the tragedy occurred. Much had transpired in the interim to make those hours seem like separate and distinct years to him, each hour an epoch in which a vital and memorable incident had been added to his already overfull measure of experience. Underneath all was an ever-present sense of insecurity, as if the whole order of life had been suddenly deprived of foundation or support. No matter where he looked, there was not the slightest ray of light in the darkness that enveloped his understanding. Something tremendous had happened, aside from the visible, physical incident that had stunned him temporarily at the outset of the tragic era, something that was beyond comprehension and intangible and which continually loomed up before him as a specter that had neither shape nor substance and yet was as completely positive as anything else that had transpired. He could account for the shooting, the emotions preceding that unhappy occurrence, the intervention of fate that saved Yvonne from death and laid low the substitute, the sense of horror that ensued, the sudden revelation that came to him as he looked into Frederic's face with its closed eyes, and the agony of suspense that now consumed him, but a cloud still hung over him that his intelligence could not penetrate nor his physical being dispel, no matter how hard he struggled to clear a way to the open.

He had seen a vision. Its effect on him had been overpowering. The fortitude of a lifetime had been shattered in a single instant of contact with the influence that had at last made itself felt in physical manifestation after all these years of spiritual attendance. He had never been completely free from the vague notion that Matilde was near him in spirit, that there was an actual identity to the presence that filled his dreams and denied him the boon of forgetfulness for a single instant of the hours when he was awake. He had never tried to banish her from his memory. He wanted to forget her, to put her out of his thoughts altogether, for obvious reasons, but the fact that she remained the dominant figure in his present despite the past was proof, even to him, that she was and always would be the controlling force in his mind if not in his heart.

Now he was ordering himself new complexities. He was confronted by the most improbable of situations. It was not an intangible something definite, something that took shape and mocked his bitter indictment against the universe, he argued that momentarily unbalanced shock caused by the shock in his disordered state by things that did not exist—reasonable to assume—fered from the effect of vivid hallucination, a strange, insistent

in his clearing mind. He could not believe that a surgeon, would of death. Son represented a than death and no matter who per men wisely had p "Murder will fully, little re trite old saying tion. He had a of Yvonne and dental discharge for some reason

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THE HEDLEY INFORMER

J. CLAUDE WELLS, Ed. and Pub.

Published Every Friday

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

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

Four issues make a newspaper month.

Advertising locals run and are charged for until ordered out, unless specific arrangements are made when the ad is brought in.

All Obituaries, Resolutions of Respect, Cards of Thanks, Advertising Church or Society doings when admission is charged, will be treated as advertising and charged for accordingly.

PANHANDLE FAIR

This office is in receipt of the third annual catalogue of the Panhandle State Fair Association, which is now ready for distribution.

In looking over this publication we are struck by the remarks under head of "Introductory" wherein attention is called to the fact that this institution was founded and is to be maintained not as a money-making proposition for its founders, but for the purpose of developing the resources of the country and especially its agricultural interests. There are officers from all sections of the Panhandle, and a study of the catalogue will demonstrate that the interests of all are considered.

There are many special features in the list of premiums offered, particularly in the livestock department, with special reference to the conditions in the Panhandle.

Another feature is the special list of premiums offered by the Amarillo Board of City Development for agricultural products, with the end in view of taking to the Dallas Fair and the International Dry Farming Congress at Denver a notable "Panhandle Exhibit," from which great results for the Panhandle at large may doubtless be expected.

The coming exhibit (Sept 21 to 25 inclusive) is an event in which all our readers are interested, and we suggest that they write to J. F. McGregor, Secretary Panhandle State Fair, Amarillo, Texas, for a copy of the catalogue.

S. D. N. SCHOOL OF MUSIC TO BE HELD IN HEDLEY

A branch session of the Southern Developing Normal of Music will be held at Hedley beginning August 2, and continuing 24 days, Sundays excepted; T. E. Bryant, Director, Newlin, Texas

If you want to study music, now is your opportunity to do so. A graded school for all from the beginner to composer.

The following subjects will be studied daily: Rudiments, Voice parts, Note reading, Sight reading, Breathing, Voicing, Chord building, and Harmony.

Board and tuition at the price. This is expected to help the best and help.

VICTROLAS AND VICTOR RECORDS

on sale at 'McCrary's' Memphis Texas

Pay us a visit your next time in Memphis.

Special Concert Saturday Ed T. Kelly

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.

EXTRA

Extra good Peaches 75c per bu. J. G. McDougal.

OUR PUBLIC FORUM

Joe Hirsch

On Bankers Helping the Farmers



It is a great thing to make two bales of cotton grow where one grew before, but a much greater achievement to make a bale of cotton worth twice what it was before. It is a great thing for a banker to lend money on property he never loaned on before, but a still greater achievement to lend a dollar at one-half the rate of interest and make a greater net profit than he did before. The Texas Bankers, in co-operating with the Farmers' Union, are bringing about these happy results.

When the State of Texas established a warehouse commission it gave the marketing side of agriculture recognition and when it based success of the law upon co-operation the legislature paid a tribute to the intelligence and patriotism of the farmers, bankers and business interests.

Mr. Joe Hirsch, president of the Texas Bankers' Association, when asked to define the position of the Texas Bankers on cotton warehousing and financing, said in part:

"As a result of the vigorous cotton warehouse campaign now being undertaken, the Texas Bankers' Association, backed up by the Federal Reserve Bank of Dallas, will endeavor to market the Texas cotton crop gradually and to obtain for the farmers of Texas a reasonable price above the cost of production.

The Federal Reserve Bank of Dallas is urging the bankers to assist in financing the Texas cotton crop and is offering to rediscount, for its members, notes secured by cotton warehouse receipts, giving preference to cotton stored in bonded warehouses. With this powerful backing for the first time in the financial history of the state, Texas bankers are prepared to finance our cotton crop, but the success or failure of this movement depends entirely upon the construction of adequate warehouse facilities, upon the willingness of farmers to store their cotton and upon the co-operation of country merchants and bankers agreeing to extend credit facilities upon cotton when warehoused.

A cotton warehouse can be constructed at a cost of not exceeding \$1.00 to \$1.25 per bale capacity. Plans for warehouses, prepared for the Texas Bankers' Association, may be obtained by writing Nathan Adams, Chairman Texas Bankers' Warehouse Committee, Dallas. It is suggested that communities build warehouses in units of 1000 bales each, situated not less than 100 feet from each other. This takes a low fire rate. Call a meeting of your local merchants and bankers. Procure a guarantee of enough money to build your warehouse. Apply for your charter and start work immediately.

The Texas Bankers' Association is composed of seven units, or groups, comprising seven sections of the state. A group chairman is actively in charge of the work in his own district. A banker chairman has been appointed in every county who reports direct to the group chairman. The campaign has been conducted vigorously and applications for charters are pouring into the State Warehouse Department daily and it is hoped that, as a result of the campaign now being waged, the warehouse capacity of the State will be largely increased."

INFORMER WANT-ADS GET RESULTS

Automobile INSURANCE

It may be your car next to be burned, stolen, or be in a collision. I can write insurance to cover all these.

J. C. WELLS, Agent

SHORTHAND IN OLDEN TIMES

No System of Phonetic Stenography Was Known to Ancients—Abbreviations Were Employed.

We are told, in a recent story, that not only the Romans, but the ancient Hebrews, possessed fine systems of stenography, and that public men took stenographers with them wherever they went. This is not true in any strict sense. The ancient Romans and Hebrews had systems of shorthand; but not of stenography. Their shorthand consisted of abbreviations, the use of letters for words, the introduction of arbitrary symbols and memory systems, and that kind of thing. No system of phonetic stenography, such as we have at the present day, in which a fluent character represents a certain sound, and in accordance with which the sounds of the human speech can be transcribed as they are uttered, was known to the ancients. The shorthand system invented by Ciro, the secretary of Cleo, is well-known; it has no phonetic basis. Two amanuenses were necessary to keep up with a speaker, and there are even tales that Caesar kept six amanuenses going at once. It is certainly a long jump from that to the handy girl of today, whose swift pencil easily keeps up with a man's utterance.

Few people of the present day have any just or correct understanding of phonetics. The average person confuses the name of a letter of the alphabet with the sound which it is supposed to represent, fails to distinguish between diphthongs like long "i" and the simple vowel sounds, and in many ways betrays the fact that he is quite without the phonetic sense. The teaching of stenography has spread a knowledge of phonetics, and in the long run must produce a much more general realization of the ridiculousness and wastefulness of our present system of spelling the English language.—New York Mail.

LANGUAGE OF SEALING WAX

Meaning Has Been Given All Colors Generally Made, Says New York Stationery Dealer.

A well-known New York stationery dealer says that the language of sealing wax is a late fashionable fad. A meaning has been given to all the colors generally made, and all persons who use sealing wax on their letters should be acquainted with these meanings, so that the use of a favorite shade may not be misinterpreted.

In this new language white means a proposal of marriage, black is a message of death, of course, and violet signifies sympathy or condolence. Chocolate should be used for invitations to dinner, vermilion for business communications, while ruby—suggestive perhaps of a bleeding heart—is used to seal love letters. Green is used to signify hope, brown to tell of melancholy, blue of constancy and yellow of jealousy.

Pink is the proper color for school-girls to use in sending letters to one another, while matured ladies should use gray for letters of friendship.

Regeneration.

Starfish will grow new arms, lobsters new claws, and lizards new tails. A new lizard will not indeed spring from a discarded claw, but a new starfish will grow from a detached arm. In the vegetable kingdom, as a writer in Knowledge remarks, this phenomenon is still more common, and has been put by man to practical use. Although identical in principle, the growing of a plant from a cutting may not seem so astonishing as the growing of a new starfish; but growing not one but many plants from a leaf seems almost as extraordinary. It is not unusual to see a leaf of the bryophyllum that, after lying on moist ground for a little time, has half a dozen new plants growing from its edge. Among the many plants that can thus be propagated is the begonia; and every housewife knows a geranium plant can be grown from a leaf stalk.—Youth's Companion.

Peculiar Boring Clam.

One of the strangest creatures known to science is the pholas, or boring clam. When still very minute the animal bores into the sandstone ledges at extreme low water, by means of its sharp shell, which is replaced by secretions as it is worn away. It penetrates the rock to a depth of six or eight inches, and hollows out its burrow as it increases in size. Shaped roughly like a top, it could not leave its rock dwelling even if it wished to do so. For food, it depends on the animalcules that float in sea water, which it seizes by its long siphon, or tongue. The pholas is in great demand at the seaside resorts along the Pacific coast, for its meat is very tender and makes an excellent soup.—Youth's Companion.

While work is being done on the Hornsby building I will do blacksmithing at the Kendall stand, and invite my friends and customers to bring their work to me there. J. M. Bozeman.

A. M. Sarvis, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon
Office at Hedley Drug Co.
Phones: Office 27. Res. 28
Hedley, Texas

J. B. Ozier, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon
Office Phone No. 45-3r.
Residence Phone No. 45-2r.
Hedley, Texas

DR. B. YOUNGER

DENTIST
Clarendon, Texas

DR. J. W. EVANS

DENTIST
Clarendon, Texas

Dr. F. B. Erwin

VETERINARIAN
Office Harle's Drug Store
Residence Phone 85

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BRICK, STONE, CEMENT
Estimates and Plans Free

Phone 385 MEMPHIS, TEXAS

V. R. JONES

Optometrist
Eye Glasses and Spectacles
Made to Order.

At HEDLEY DRUG CO.
1st and 2nd Thursdays in Each Month

The Mystic Tang That Tones In Every Glass

El Maté

As Pure as Mountain Dew

Try a Wholesome Healthful Drink

5c — At Fountains — 5c

A Memorable Year.
Quite naturally anything that has to do with ourselves assumes first importance, but this trait is not often so plainly exhibited as in the case of the aged gentleman whose great-grandchild came running to him in a state of eager excitement. It seems that the boy had just learned the date of Washington's death, and was anxious to impart his information to others.
"Grandfather," he cried, "what great event occurred in 1799?"
"Let me see," said the old man, musingly. "Oh, yes, to be sure! I was born in that year."

FOR SALE—15 acres joining incorporated town of Hedley on public highway, good improvements, best of water, most all fenced with hog and poultry wire. Would consider some trade in good stock; right price. Call on or write J. A. Morrow, 32-4t Hedley Texas.

DON'T FORGET
We still have all kinds of feed, and everything delivered within city limits. Get our prices before buying. Phone 26. Wood & Plaster.

Locals

J. B. Storm went to Goodnight Sunday.

Lively wants your chix, eggs and butter.

Born August 1, a girl, to Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Mosely.

Oliver typewriter for sale. Inquire at Informer Office.

Dr. C. L. Fields of Naylor was in town today in his new Ford.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Brinson August 1, a boy.

Have a Fit with Clarke, The Tailor.

John Thomas of Bomarton stopped over Monday to visit O. R. Culwell.

If you would have your money talk go to Lively's Aug. 7.

Mrs. G. W. Bolander and little girl visited in Clarendon Wednesday.

W. H. Madden is spending the week in Wellington with relatives.

FOR SALE—A few registered Poland-China Pigs. J. S. Grooms.

Clyde Morrow returned from the N. T. N. College at Denton last Friday.

K. W. Howell and family Forded to Stephenville this week to visit relatives.

There may be others; but the place to get satisfaction is at my shop. J. B. King.

D. P. Everett, Denver railroad agent at Goodlett, is here visiting his brother, J. M.

Mrs. J. D. Chadd and little son left last week for New Mexico to visit her parents.

Mrs. J. A. Long returned last Saturday from a visit with relatives at Carthage.

Bond W. Johnson, J. W. Caraway and T. M. Little autoed to Clarendon Tuesday.

Noel Lane and wife were up from Memphis first of the week visiting his parents.

Mrs. T. M. Little Sr. of Clarendon is here visiting her son, T. M. Jr., and family.

Louis Miller of Clarendon visited his cousin, Mrs. G. W. Bolander, first of the week.

Little Thelma Duckworth is spending the week with her aunt, Mrs. W. R. McCarroll.

Roy Kelnman of Byers came first of the week to accept a position with O. N. Stallworth.

Good field pasture just opened; will take horses and mules at \$1 per month. M. W. Mosely.

Mrs. L. A. Dunn and small children left for Denton for school on Monday.

King's Shop is the place to get fresh shaves, haircuts, and laundry. J. B. King, Prop.

For Cash—Some very special prices on groceries at Lively's for Saturday Aug. 7. Don't miss this.

Sam McCarroll and wife were up from Memphis Sunday visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. White.

Misses Mary Harris and Mae Simmons are spending the week with the Misses Waldron near Naylor Springs.

No use to talk unless you say something. We said Zero prices for Aug. 7, at Lively's. Do you savy?

Mrs. Leveritt of Amarillo arrived Thursday of last week for a months visit with her sister-in-law, Mrs. C. L. Goin.

Frank McClure and wife left Monday for San Francisco where they will take in the Exposition. They will be gone about a month.

Zero prices on Groceries and Racket Goods at Lively's at all times and 20 degrees below for August 7.

Ed Kyser, with Swift & Co., was here first of the week visiting his father, J. K. P. Kyser, and cousin, Mrs. S. L. Adamson.

Mrs. W. E. Reeves and daughter, Miss Ina, left Monday for Tucumcari, N. M. where they will visit at the ranch with her sons, Earl and Atlee.

Jim McMurray and wife of Memphis and Miss Herrington of Hill county visited J. M. Clarke and wife Sunday.

Isaac Harris and family loaded out their household effects Saturday for Rotan where they will make their future home.

Free delivery to any part of the city, and we will appreciate any part of your business. Lively Grocery Co, Phone 77.

Dr. A. L. Johnson and wife of Newlin were here Wednesday. Mrs. C. E. Johnson returned home with them for a short visit.

B. W. Moreman has treated his blue gin to a fresh coat of paint. He is getting ready to handle the cotton crop this fall.

J. L. George and Bob Culver of Commerce were here first of the week visiting L. L. and R. L. Cornelius and prospecting for a home.

E. H. Willis and family of Ring were in Clarendon first of the week. E. H. saw two of his uncles from Virginia whom he had never seen.

FOR SALE—My house and two lots in Hedley, well located. Cash or good terms. Would take good young stock. Mrs. P. A. Smith.

DON'T FORGET
We still have all kinds of feed, and everything delivered within city limits. Get our prices before buying. Phone 86. Wood & Plaster.

Your measure taken for a Suit of Clothes, and clothes cleaned and pressed. Satisfaction guaranteed. Staggs Bros.

Misses Delilah and Dixie Parker, Vada Hicks and Dot Grimsley returned home Friday night from Canyon where they attended the normal.

Mrs. Ben Griffith and two children of Alvord and Mrs. Grover Ewen of Estelline came Tuesday to visit their sister, Mrs. J. L. Kennedy.

ELBERTA PEACHES
Plenty of them—will begin to ripen about August 15th or 20th. One mile west of Hedley. J. E. Neely.

G. A. Wimberly came home Monday morning and returned that night to Booneville. His brother was still very sick and chances for his recovery very slim.

We are requested to announce that the Methodist will begin a revival meeting here 2nd Sunday in September. Rev. C. S. Cameron of Claude will assist in the meeting.

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

FOR SALE—15 acres joining incorporated town of Hedley, on public highway, good improvements, best of water, most all fenced with hog and poultry wire. Would consider some trade in good stock; right price. Call on or write J. A. Morrow, 32-4t Hedley Texas.

W. R. McCarroll went to Dallas Sunday to buy his fall and winter stock of goods. Mrs. W. H. Madden went to help select the goods and to visit a brother in Dallas.

WANTED—Mules 15-1 to 16-1, four years old and up, in good flesh without blemishes. In Hedley Monday and Tuesday, Memphis Wednesday and Thursday. Jeffries & Moore.

E. L. Sharp and wife of Clarendon stopped over Sunday with their daughter, Mrs. T. M. Little. They were enroute to Spokane, Washington, and will visit at the Exposition on their return home.

While work is being done on the Hornsby building I will do blacksmithing at the Kendall stand, and invite my friends and customers to bring their work to me there. J. M. Bozeman.

W. T. Simmons shipped another car of hay this week to Hill county. This makes three or four cars he has shipped lately. This certainly has been a fine year for growing hay in the Panhandle.

Miss Lydia Johnson returned last week from Buffalo Gap where she went to be at the bedside of a sister, who, we are glad to say, has recovered. Her sister, Miss Berta, returned to Hedley with her.

John McGee and family on their return from Denton stopped over Tuesday night to visit his parents, Capt. and Mrs. E. E. McGee. John's father-in-law, A. F. Caddell, accompanied him home.

J. W. Watts of Amarillo, formerly of Hedley, had his Ford stolen last Sunday night from in front of the Polk Street Methodist church, and has not recovered same. He is offering a reward for its recovery.

W. D. Bishop and wife left Thursday of last week for Sulphur, Oklahoma where they go for Mrs. Bishop's health. She has been in bad health for several months and we trust the change will be very beneficial.

We desire to thank all our friends and neighbors and relatives who were so kind and helpful to us during the illness and death of our baby. May the Lord shower blessings upon you and yours.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Smith and Family.

CEMETERY WORKING
FRIDAY, AUGUST 13

Wednesday was Cemetery working day and not very many turned out to work. So the Association has set Friday August 13, to finish the work and ask that every one in the community be on hand, as it will take quite a lot of work to clean up the ground. Don't forget the date, and don't fail to be there.

Unique Ceremonial Dinner.
The emperors of Abyssinia are in the habit of inviting the 40,000 soldiers of the Ghebi garrison to a great dinner every Sunday. At the foot of the emperor's place is the imperial box, its tables are resplendent with European silver and glass, surrounded by unimpeachable waiters, who serve the high dignitaries and distinguished visitors with a repast of immense variety with French sauces, Italian macaroni and so on. In the vast hall one can see nothing but a compact homogeneous crowd of black faces and woolly heads, among which the high officials are in no way distinguished.

He Best Them.
It was three a. m. in one of the Broadway lobster palaces. Three youths were seated at one of the tables. They had just ordered "another bottle" of the bubble water. Two of them were hilarious and one broke into song. "I tell you what I'll do," said the third, who was the soberest of the three. "I'll challenge any of you to a game of tit-tat-to on the condition that you go home if I beat you." "You're on," said one of the gilded youths. The necessary diagram was drawn on the tablecloth and the game started. At the end of the seventh play the sober one cried "tit-tat-to" and pointed to the three X's. The gilded youth studied them for a moment. Then he and his pal rose to their feet and he, extending his hand, said: "Sir, I congratulate you; you're a better man than I am." And true to their agreement they disappeared through the revolving doors. And perhaps father did not receive a hurry touch the next morning.

He Could Bluff, Too.
There are a lot of four-shushers who go through life without learning that fourdushing is a fine art. Such are beneath contempt. But one has great admiration for those few who have mastered the game. "If a man called me a liar," asserted one of such, "I'd sail in and tick him, if he weighed three hundred pounds!"

"Well, you big bluff," answered one who was tired of listening. "I call you, right here and now. You're a liar!"

"Bluff, yourself!" came back the artist, without a minute's hesitation. "You don't weigh more than one-fifty and you know what I said."

Meal and Chops
I have meal and chops for sale at all times at my mill. And will grind, chop or crush any and every day. When you want good good meal just try mine, you will like it. N. M. Hornsby.

Subscribe for the Informer.

WHITE ROSES LAST LONGEST

Recent Observations Show That Red Flowers Usually Have Much Shorter Blooming Time.

It is often remarked that in a bowl of cut flowers containing red and white roses the white roses will last much longer than the red. To a certain extent, also, the redder the roses, the quicker the petals will fall. Certain species vary, or course, but the general rule holds true.

For many years it used to be thought that the principal reason for this was that the white rose and the light pink rose were hardier because they were closer to the wild rose. The latter is generally a very light pink in color. But this explanation loses much of its point when it is remembered how readily the petals of wild roses fall.

Recent observations show that red flowers usually have a shorter blooming time. This is because they absorb the light, whereas white and yellow flowers reflect it. The red poppy of the corn fields has a very short blooming season, while the yellow poppy of the seaside has a longer one. The daisy and the dandelion flourish everywhere in the sunshine, but there is no wild red flower on the lawn.

So, if you wish to wear a boutonniere or a bunch of roses at your belt, let them be white or pink ones, for these will not drop and fall to pieces so quickly. Or, if your table ornaments are to be roses, let them be pink or white. They will live for days, especially if a little salt be put in the water. Thick-fleshed flowers, such as tulips, are naturally less affected by the sunlight and the red ones will endure almost as long.

ANOTHER NAME FOR ROGUERY

Aim of Some People to Acquire Reputation for Shrewdness—Naval Trick of Wealthy Old Lady.

It seems to be the aim of some people to acquire a reputation for shrewdness, which in many cases is only another name for roguery. Such people take a delight in tricking their friends as well as enemies, like the wealthy old lady who occupied her leisure in making patchwork quilts, which she regularly donated to the annual church fairs. They were hideous things, and as nobody would buy them, they were apt to be raffled off in ignominious fashion at the close of the fair, much to the chagrin of the old lady.

One day, just before the fair time, this old lady sent for her lawyer, and had him add a codicil to her will, bequeathing twenty-five dollars to each and every person who should buy a quilt at the church fair. The lawyer assured her that her injunctions to strict secrecy should be faithfully observed, but it was noticed that a sister of the lawyer bought the silk quilt on the very first day of the fair for six years.

When the old lady died the lawyer came smiling forward with six quilts and his sister, to claim the sum of \$150. But he was tricked in turn, as the old lady had neatly cut the codicil from the will!

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It may be your car next to be burned, stolen, or be in a collision. I can write insurance to cover all these.

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