THE HEDLEY INFORMER

VOL. XII — HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, APRIL 28, 1922 — NO. 23

ANNIE LEE FARRIS

Last Friday evening, April 21, at 8:30 o'clock, in the Adair Hospital at Clarendon, the spirit of Annie Lee Farris left its earthly tenement and wended its way to the Home Beyond the Skies.

She had been ill of appendicitis for several days, and three operations had been performed in an effort to save her life. All that human love and skill could do could not avail to check the disease, and she answered the summons: "Come up higher."

Annie Lee Farris was in her eighteenth year, having been born in Dallas county, Texas, Sept. 13, 1904. She grew to young womanhood in Hedley, moving here with her parents twelve years ago. She was a consistent and active Christian, esteemed by all who came in contact with her, and a general favorite among her classmates in the Sophomore department of Hedley High School.

Funeral services were held in the First Christian Church last Saturday morning at 11 o'clock, conducted by Rev. A. D. Rogers of Memphis, and attended by a host of sorrowing relatives and friends. Six of her girl friends, Velma and Mollie Newman, Mai Johnsen, Mayme Wood, Lorene Stogner and Effie May Land, acted as pallbearers, while the little flower girls were Maurine Wood, Audrey Adamson, Maggie Ruth Alexander, Pauline Stewart and Oleta Mann.

Immediately following the funeral service, the remains were interred in Rowe cemetery.

She is survived by her parents, Mr and Mrs R. L. Farris, three brothers and two sisters. To them we extend our sincere sympathy.

SEED PEANUTS FOR SALE. Tennessee Red; hand run. 10c a pound. Phone 81-4s.
T. N. Naylor.

IN MEMORIAM

We regret very much the loss of a classmate and friend in the death of Annie Lee Farris.

Though she has gone from us, still there remains the remembrance of her splendid character. We knew her as a cheerful, kind and considerate classmate, a true Christian. We have also, as a reminder of her, a letter, written by her while in the sanitarium, expressing her love for her classmates. This shall we appreciate and cherish through time.

We wish to extend to Mr. and Mrs. Farris and family our sincerest sympathy.

Sophomore Class.

The Hedley Millinery Co. has been moved into the dry goods store of Forbis & Stone, where they invite their friends to call on them.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Adams visited in Childress Sunday.

SEXAUER NO. 1 SHOWING GREAT PROGRESS

Swanson & Co. on Sexauer No. 1, in Secton 13, Block 20, H. & G. N. Ry. Survey

According to the log on the well, it is running true to formation with the Mexia field. There will be no time lost in making completion of this well.

Mr R G Hass, of Brooklyn, New York, representing Eastern capitalists, was a visitor at Sexauer No 1 last week, and commented very highly on that section of the country.

O. E. HILTON, PROMINENT OKLAHOMA CITY OIL MAN

representing large oil interests of Oklahoma and Kansas, is here. Mr. Hilton himself has large holdings around the Sexauer No. 1. Mr. Hilton says that beyond reasonable doubt this will be another great Mexia field.

He will remain in the city for an indifinite time, looking over other interests. He says Hedley is bound ao grow, and the possibilities are great for every merchant in the vicinity.

A FLYING MACHINE TO ADVERTISE HEDLEY

Mr Ellis Black, who came to Hedley recently, and who is interested in the "Boosters Lease Syndicate," has made arrangements with Mr. Errett Williams of Wichita Falls to make a 2,000 mile trip distributing literature over the city of Dallas, and other large cities, thruout the State, boosting the Hedley oil and gas field.

There will be a large number of maps printed, showing all the drilling activities in the Hedley oil field.

WINDY VALLEY COMMUNITY CLUB MEETS

The Windy Valley Community Club met with Mrs R E Darnell on Tuesday, April 18th, at 2 p. m. A goodly number were in attendance, and everyone enjoyed the lesson, which was the Making of Dress Forms.

The next meeting will be with Mrs. T J. Conner on Tuesday, May 2nd. Miss Yeager will give us a lesson on Home Nursing. It is desired that every mother and home maker in the community be present at this meeting.

Miss Fay Culwell, Alva Hullum, Miss Alice Johnson and Claude Simmons spent Sunday in Clarendon, the guests of Miss Lorsine Simmons.

McALBERT, THE SHOW WORLD'S SENSATION

McAlbert, Crystal Seer, Wonder Worker, Exponent of Oriental Mysteries on a fully lighted stage—the show world's sensation. At Pastime Theater, in Clarendon, May 1st, 2nd, 3rd.

Together with a Company of High Class Entertainers, headed by Dorothy Van, Singing, Dancing, Prima Donna.

See Materializations, Slate Writing, Spirit Photography, Table Lifting. See the many unsolved mysteries of the Orient.

Is Spirit Photography possible? Ask no one. See for yourself.

A Girl Sawed Through—a scene you will never forget—the talk of the entire world.

Ask McAlbert regarding your business, investments, changes, travel, mortgages, deeds, mines. Also concerning your wife, husband, lover or sweetheart—who is true or false to you. In fact, ask McAlbert anything! He sees, knows and tells.

Pronounced by both Press and Public to be the Greatest Wonder Show of the Age!

At The Pastime, Clarendon, three days - May 1st, 2nd and 3rd, 1922.

STOP THAT ITCHING

There is a lot of skin trouble in Hedley and surrounding territory this spring. We will sell you a jar of Blue Star Remedy on a guarantee for Itch, Eczema, Ringworm, Tetter or Cracked Hands, Old Sores or Sores on Children. Will not stain clothing and has a pleasant odor.

Hedley Drug Co.

A letter to the Informer from our good friend and former townsman, J. B. King, instructs us to change his address on our mailing list to 136 Main street, Huntington Beach, Calif. He inquires about Hedley friends, says they are having some fine weather out there, but that business is somewhat slow.

CARD OF THANKS

To our friends and neighbors of Hedley, Clarendon and surrounding community: We want to thank you all for the many good deeds you have done for us during the sickness and death of our precious child. You don't know how we appreciate it. We hope your reward will be far greater than we are able to express. We hope to meet you all Beyond the River, where there will be no sorrow, neither pain nor death. This is our prayer.

R L Farris and Family.

John Adams of Wellington visited Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Adams the past week.

Miss Naomi Allison visited home folks in Clarendon Sunday.

Mrs. Herman Horschler spent last week here with her parents Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Moore.

Miss Blanche Temple has been sick a part of the week.

A Complete Line of

Hardware, Implements
Standard Brands
Household Furnishings
Everything for the Home
Leather Goods
A Complete Assortment
Queensware
Large and Varied Collection
Pathe Phonographs
and Records—The BEST

Moreman Hardware
Everything in Hardware and Furniture

Protect your Money

A bank account not only protects your money from theft and loss, but also against the temptation to spend.

Every man owes himself and his family the protection of a Savings Account in a Strong, Substantial Bank like this one.

Why not start in a small way and save regularly.
"Great oaks from little acorns grow"

The First State Bank
HEDLEY, TEXAS
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS $60,000.00
J. C. [illegible]EGHY, President — P. T. BOSTON, Cashier

Abstracts

We Prepare Abstracts of Title on Short Notice.

Mail us your work and take advantage of our **24 hour service**

P. O. BOX 81

Clarendon Abstract Co.
L. E. Crowder, Manager
Office in First National Bank Bldg. — Clarendon, Texas

YOU ARE ASSURED OF SATISFACTION

in every way, when buying goods from us. We appreciate your Grocery trade. Quality, service and moderate prices.

PAY CASH AND PAY LESS

Barnes & Hastings
CASH GROCERY CO.

PRODUCE!

I AM ALWAYS IN THE MARKET AND PAY HIGHEST PRICES

PHONE 93

R. S. Smith
The Produce Man

Plan Today for Tomorrow

THE MAN who has been planning and saving the past few years is reaping the benefit today, as he can now invest his saving with safety.

PLAN TODAY FOR TOMORROW

As the day's end draws near, you will begin to think of the morrow. You will face it with confidence if you have saved your money. We will gladly assist you in every way possible.

Guaranty State Bank
MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

CALOMEL IS A DANGEROUS DRUG

Next Dose May Salivate You, Loosen Teeth or Start Rheumatism.

Calomel is mercury; quicksilver. It crashes into sour bile like dynamite, cramping and sickening you. Calomel attacks the bones and should never be put into your system.

If you feel bilious, headachy, constipated and all knocked out, just go to your druggist and get a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone for a few cents which is a harmless vegetable substitute for dangerous calomel. Take a spoonful and if it doesn't start your liver and straighten you up better and quicker than nasty calomel and without making you sick, you just go back and get your money.

Don't take calomel! It makes you sick the next day; it loses you a day's work. Dodson's Liver Tone straightens you right up and you feel great. No salts necessary. Give it to the children because it is perfectly harmless and can not salivate.—Advertisement.

Success.

The Sunday school teacher was doing his best to inculcate lessons of altruism, and had taken as his example the case of two little boys, one of whom was always ready to grab, while the second was willing to share everything.

"Now, children," he finished impressively, "which of these two boys will grow up into the successful and respected man?"

And as one voice the class answered:

"The guy that gits!"—American Legion Weekly.

WHY DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND SWAMP-ROOT

For many years druggists have watched with much interest the remarkable record maintained by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine.

It is a physician's prescription

Swamp-Root is a strengthening medicine. It helps the kidneys, liver and bladder do the work nature intended they should do.

Swamp-Root has stood the test of years. It is sold by all druggists on its merit and it should help you. No other kidney medicine has so many friends.

Be sure to get Swamp-Root and start treatment at once.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Advertisement.

Adroit Publicity.

"You once told me you were very much interested in the theory of evolution."

"I am," replied the member of the legislature.

"Then why did you introduce a bill to prevent it from being studied?"

"People seemed to be forgetting all about it. I thought it would be a good idea to bring it back to popular attention."

DON'T FEAR ASPIRIN IF IT IS GENUINE

Look for Name "Bayer" on Tablets, Then You Need Never Worry.

To get genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" you must look for the safety "Bayer Cross" on each package and on each tablet.

The "Bayer Cross" means true, world-famous Aspirin, prescribed by physicians for over twenty-one years, and proved safe by millions for Colds, Headache, Earache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Neuritis, and for Pain in general. Proper and safe directions are in each unbroken "Bayer" package.—Advertisement.

The Noble Darling.

"Willie," said the mother, "your clothes are wet. You have been in the water again."

"Yes, mother," said Willie, bravely, "I went in to save Charlie Jones."

"My noble darling!" cried his mother. "Did you jump in after him?"

"No, mother," replied Willie, "I jumped in first so as to be there when he fell in."

SHE DYED A SWEATER, SKIRT AND CHILD'S COAT WITH "DIAMOND DYES"

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint her worn, shabby dresses, skirts, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, draperies, hangings, everything, even if she has never dyed before. Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is sure because Diamond Dyes are guaranteed not to spot, fade, streak, or run. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.—advertisement.

Something Missing.

She—You are a perfect dear!

He—Not perfect, darling, you have my heart!—Wayside Tales.

The charm of a bathroom is its spotlessness. By the use of Red Cross Ball Blue, all cloths and towels retain their whiteness until worn out.—Advertisement.

One consideration that checks weak-kneed revolutions is that people have to die in revolutions.

Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

DARWINIAN THEORY

WE ARE reading a great deal these days about the Darwinian theory. The newspapers tell us that Kentucky, famed for its blue grass, its blooded horses, beautiful women and chivalrous men, is deep in the study of its involved perplexities.

All the way from school houses to the Kentucky senate, the question of man's relationship with monkey is being discussed with fervor.

The world is pricking up its ears, arching its eyebrows and looking askance upon the creatures, who, according to the Scriptures, were created in God's image.

• • •

Just how will all this controversy benefit you and me?

Will it make us better men and women, elevate our minds to a higher sphere and give us greater power for usefulness?

Power gravitates to those who can use it, not to the wavering nor the weak. It belongs to those who have faith, who believe as a child and accept biblical statements without question.

Who among the sons of men knows himself? Who by gazing in his or her looking-glass can see himself or herself? The body which encases self is all that can be seen, yet who doubts that self, the image of God exists?

Who questions the truthfulness of the Bible, the origin of man, or the omnipotence of Him who created the heaven and the earth?

Is it for the atom of dust to deny: "So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him; male and female created He them."

• • •

Let us not go out of our way to seek the dark places, whose mysteries must forever baffle human understanding.

There is more joy in the sunshine, more happiness in useful effort, more pleasure in the acceptance of existence as it is, more delight in self-abnegation and in doing good to others, than in the painstaking avoidance of childish faith.

It is not for us to become crazed about frisky monkeys, nor for us to try to make monkeys of ourselves.

But it is for us to work, to think good thoughts, to put unbelief and doubt far behind us and make ourselves more worthy of the infinite love, the only anchor which will hold secure in this life and in the life to come.

(Copyright.)

Uncommon Sense

By JOHN BLAKE

TIME WASTERS

THE gentleman who comes into your office, when he knows you are busy, and sits down for a friendly little chat, must be got rid of.

If he is intelligent, you can get rid of him without hurting his feelings. If he is stupid, it will be necessary to hurt his feelings.

But get rid of him you must, whether his feelings are hurt or not.

Efficiency experts could figure, no doubt, that many thousands of working hours go to waste every year because busy people are too good natured to invite idlers to get out of their offices.

Most of the precautions taken by the "hard to get to" business men are not due to their haughtiness, but to their knowledge of the value of time.

If every small business man could surround himself with inner and outer guards, to keep pests from bothering him, he might soon cease to be a small business man, and become a big one.

In most offices the clerical force and the general employees are not to be seen during business hours. It requires a very intrusive person to get by the boys at the gate.

But the boss or the manager has always some friend he hates to offend who will drop in during business hours, and consume several dollars' worth of time without a blush.

The victim of these gentlemen would far rather they would come to his house uninvited, and consume his food uninvited, than to come uninvited to his office, and consume his most valuable commodity which is time.

It may be that you are one of those who will lean back in your chair and listen to business-hour visitors who bring no business to talk about, rather than ask them to call out of business hours. If you are, break yourself of the habit.

Don't depend on signs saying, "This Is My Busy Day," or "Five Minutes Is Long Enough for One Conversation." They never take those to themselves.

Tell them as kindly as you can that you are busy, and ask them to go. If they get offended, their friendship is not worth having.

And if you happen to be one of the time wasters—well, break yourself of the habit, before your feelings are hurt.

(Copyright.)

THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

"PIN-MONEY"

DURING the Sixteenth and Seventeenth centuries pins were so extremely expensive that only the wealthy could afford them. By a curious law, the manufacturers of pins were permitted to sell them on only two days each year—January 1 and 2—and when those days came around the women whose husbands could afford the expenditure secured "pin-money" from them for their purchases.

While savages have, for ages, used thorns and splinters for the purpose of joining bits of hide or making garments of leaves, pins—as we know them today—did not come into use until the early part of the Fourteenth century. They were introduced into England in 1540 but it was not until 1824 that an American named Might invented a machine for manufacturing pins very rapidly, and now more than 1,500 tons of iron and brass are annually converted into pins in the United States alone, a condition which renders entirely obsolete the original meaning of the phrase "pin money" which, however, still persists as a synonym for "an allowance given by a husband to a wife to cover her personal expenses."

(Copyright.)

SCHOOL DAYS

KIDDIES SIX

By Will M. Maupin

MY PA

MY PA c'n make th' finest kite
'At any feller flied;
'Th' cross-sticks balanced up jus' right
An' tail all fixed and tied.
'At is, my pa he says he can,
But it jus' seems somehow
'At ev'ry time I ast him to
He says, "I'm busy now."

My pa can take a willer stick
An' trim it nice an' clean,
Then make a whistle jus' as slick
As any feller's seen.
'At is, my pa he says he can—
He can, too, bet a dime—
But when I ast t' make me one
He says, "I haven't time."

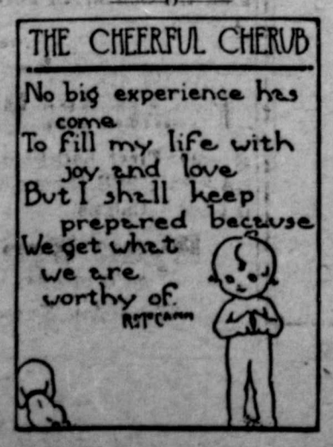
My pa c'n catch th' mostest fish
Of any man I know.
He's caught an awful lot, I guess;
At least he's told me so.

(Copyright.)

Subtle Suggestion.

"What is your object in refusing to be interviewed?" inquired the scribe.

"I'll be perfectly frank and confidential with you," replied Senator Sorghum. "If you will give it out that I decline to be interviewed it will create an impression among my constituents that I know a whole lot, but am in such a position of delicate responsibility that I can't tell it."



Mother's Cook Book

I want it said of me that I plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow.—Lincoln.

WHAT SHALL WE EAT

AS EGGS are more plentiful, the following good dish which is not new, but worth remembering, should be served often:

Lucanian Eggs.

Break macaroni in one-inch pieces and cook in boiling salted water until tender; drain and pour over a cupful of cold water. There should be a cupful of cooked macaroni. Grease a baking dish and put into it a layer of macaroni; cover with a layer of rich white sauce, prepared by cooking together two tablespoonfuls of butter with two of flour, and when well blended add one cupful of milk, seasoned with anchovy and onion juice. Add five hard-cooked eggs sliced, season highly with salt and cayenne, cover with buttered cracker crumbs and bake until the crumbs are brown.

Potato With Sliced Mutton.

Make a mound of mashed potatoes on a platter; surround with slices of roast mutton that have been simmered in the gravy with onion juice, butter, jelly and minced parsley. Strain the gravy over the meat after laying it around the potato.

Stuffed Baked Potatoes.

Wash and bake three good-sized long potatoes; bake until done, then cut potatoes into halves lengthwise, scoop out the potato and put through a sieve. Add to a saucepan a tablespoonful of butter and the potatoes. Mix a cupful of chopped cooked meat, one tablespoonful each of chopped onion and green pepper. Season well with salt, butter and pepper, adding a little gravy if at hand. Fill the shells with the minced meat and pipe the seasoned potato around the edges.

Cauliflower in Batter.

Cook cauliflower until nearly done; drain, divide into small bunches; dip into a fritter batter and fry in deep fat. To make the batter use one beaten egg and one cupful of flour, one-half cupful of milk, a pinch of salt, and one tablespoonful of olive oil. Beat well and let stand in a cool place for an hour. Serve garnished with parsley.

Stuffed Raisins.

Select a large bunch of raisins, wipe and remove the seeds by making an incision in each. Insert a small ball of fondant or a small salted nut. Almonds are best. Use as a garnish for the top of a box of home-made candy.

Nellie Maxwell

Copyright, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.

First Paisley Handkerchiefs.

The first paisley handkerchief was made in 1743. Handkerchiefs wrought and edged with gold used to be worn by Elizabethan gentlemen in their hats as favors from ladies, their cash value being small.

ONLY A COLD

BUT DON'T NEGLECT IT

A cold is an acute catarrh which can easily become chronic. A great many diseases may be traced to a catarrhal condition of the mucous membranes lining the organs or parts.

PE-RU-NA

AN IDEAL EMERGENCY REMEDY

Just a few doses taken in time have saved thousands from serious sickness. For fifty years Pe-ru-na has been the popular family medicine for coughs, colds, catarrh, stomach and bowel disorders and all diseases of catarrhal origin.

KEEP IT IN THE HOUSE

Tablets or Liquid — Sold Everywhere

Appropriate Selection.

Having just finished his sermon on "Gossip and Slander," a minister in the suburbs announced the hymn, "I Love to Tell the Story."—Boston Transcript.

True saving lies in wise spending.

Increase Your Weight to Normal by Taking

TANLAC

The World's Greatest Tonic

CASCARETS 10¢

For Constipated Bowels, Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Bilious Liver

The nicest cathartic-laxative in the world to physic your liver and bowels when you have Dizzy Headache, Colds, Biliousness, Indigestion, or Upset, Acid Stomach is candy-like "Cascarets." One or two tonight will empty your bowels completely by morning, and you will feel splendid. "They work while you sleep." Cascarets never stir you up or gripe like Salts, Pills, Calomel, or Oil and they cost only ten cents a box. Children love Cascarets too.

Preferred the Sickness.

Bobby was ailing, and the doctor left medicine most bitter.

His mother coaxed him by saying, "Come, Bobby, this will make you well and then you can go out and play."

Bobby came and tried it. One tiny taste, a wry face, and then he cried, "I want to be sick!"

One's temper improves with disuse.

But Few Ever Learn.

Certainly the mistakes that we male and female mortals make when we have our own way might fairly raise some wonder that we are so fond of it.—George Eliot.

The Truth.

"You can't reason with a woman."

"No, my boy, women are hard to fool."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

ASPIRIN

WARNING! Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin.

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians over 22 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache	Rheumatism
Toothache	Neuralgia	Neuritis
Earache	Lumbago	Pain, Pain

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

MOTHER! MOVE CHILD'S BOWELS WITH "CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP"

Even Cross, Feverish, Sick Children Love its Fruity Taste and it cannot Injure Little Stomachs.

Don't let child stay bilious, constipated.

Hurry mother! A teaspoonful of "California Fig Syrup" today may prevent a sick child tomorrow. If your child is constipated, bilious, feverish, fretful, has cold, colic, or if stomach is sour, tongue coated, breath bad, remember a good "physic-laxative" is often all that is necessary.

Genuine "California Fig Syrup" has directions for babies and children printed on the bottle. Say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

SOUTHERN SOIL IMPROVEMENT CO. INC.

Houston and Commerce Sts., Dallas, Texas

Alfalfa Seed Sweet Clover Seed Grass Seed Garden Seed
Seed Potatoes Fertilizer Insecticides Spraying Material
Poultry Supplies Double Duty Soil Bacteria

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE AND CALENDAR

McALBERT

THE WONDER WORKER!

Crystal Seer, Wonder Worker, and Company of High Class Entertainers, headed by DOROTHY VAN, Singing, Dancing, Prima Donna.

(See Article on First Page of this Paper).

The Pastime Theater

CLARENDON, TEXAS

MAY 1, 2, 3 Admission 40c and 10c

Political Announcements

Subject to the will of the Voters at the July Primary

For Representative, 122d Legislative District
DEWEY YOUNG
Collingsworth County

For District Judge, 47th Judicial District
HENRY S. BISHOP
re election

For District Attorney
W. J FLESHER
of Randall County

For District and County Clerk:
MISS LOTTIE E LANE
W. E BRAY re election

For County Judge
J. J. ALEXANDER
J. L BAIN

For Sheriff and Tax Collector:
H. C (Harry) BRUMLEY
W. L. CRANE
J. H. RUTHERFORD
re election

For Tax Assessor
J. L. ALLISON
HARRY WARREN
re election
B F NAYLOR

For County Treasurer
MRS. WILLIE GOLDSTON
re election

For Commissioner Prec. 3
J. B. PICKETT
re election
T N. MESSER

For Public Weigher at Hedley
F. M. OSBORN
ALVA T. SIMMONS
J. S. BEACH re election
W. L. HARDCASTLE

BRAY ITEMS

Health is very good.

We farmers are certainly going to be busy just as soon as these wonderful showers let up.

Claude Snodgrass and Jack Cooper are looking for a cook. Write, or see them in Hedley any Saturday afternoon.

The teachers and pupils declared a holiday Friduy, took their dinner and spent the day on the river. All report a good time.

Mr. and Mrs. Steel entertained the young people last Friday night with a party.

We are sorry to report Mrs. Homer Lee no better.

A bunch of the young people, and married ones too, spent Sunday on the river picnicking.

Mr. and Mrs. Snodgrass spent Sunday with the Cochennets.

Mr. and Mrs Shelton visited in Hedley Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Davis visited home folks Sunday.

Miss Lillie May Steel spent Sunday at the Hill home.

Freckles.

PASTURAGE – Have fine pasturage for several head of stock. Good grass and water. Fence breaking cows must be yoked. Cows $1 00; horses $1 50.
M. W. Mosley.
Phone 36 2r.

All kinds of FARM LOANS
Geo. A. Ryan, Clarendon

GREEN'S GARAGE

for SERVICE

General automobile scrvice, full lines of Parts and Accessories. We handle the National Storage Battery at the price of $25; also handle the United States Casings.

Pay Us a Visit. We Will Appreciate a Part of Your Business

Green's Garage

Phone 79 **Hedley, Texas**

B. Y. P. U. PROGRAM

for Sunday, April 30th.

Subject: Missions in Latin America.

Leader, Fay Cooper.

Introduction – John Cooper.

Why Have Missions in Papal Lands? – Cecil Cloninger.

Baptists and Catholics Are Opposites in Religion – Sarah Hayes.

Romanism Obscures the Gospel – Willie Johnson.

Latin American Countries in Which We Have Missions – Walter Ginn.

Ten Words Describing Our Work – Hazel Boone.

Our Methods of Work in Latin America – Therel Dunn.

Publication – Olsen Blankenship.

Healing Work – Edith Heath.

Our Missionary Progress in Latin American Countries – Lois Nipper.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wells, of Wellington, were in Hedley last Friday morning for a short while. They were on their way to the Press Association meeting in Amarillo.

Dr. J. C. Coffey writes from McKinney, where he has been the past ten days, that his father is showing great improvement after a critical illness of several weeks duration. We trust the improvement continues steadily. At last report, Dr. Coffey did not know just when he could return home.

Marshall Long, one of our dependable friends, has our thanks for subscription renewal one day this week.

T. C Johnson, Giles' Civil War veteran, was a pleasant visitor at the Informer office last Saturday. He told us a story that is so cruelly sad we can hardly believe it. He said Jack McCants had to work that day and couldn't come to town.

McKNIGHT ITEMS

We are glad to report that health in the community is much better than it was two weeks ago. It began to look as if we were to have a continued siege of flu and pneumonia.

Our school is still doing fine work and we are informed by the teachers that most of the children will be able to make the grades by the end of the term.

The present rains are knocking the farmers out of much planting this week, and many of them are wearing long faces for fear that so much of it now foretells dry weather when rain is so badly needed to mature crops.

Curtis and Art Pierce made a business trip to Newlin one day last week.

Rev. Fitzgerald delivered a good sermon to a large crowd at the school house last Sunday afternoon.

Uncle Bill Crow says he is no longer afraid of the Ku Klux, as he has no time to even dream or do anything else but pull cockle burs out of his garden.

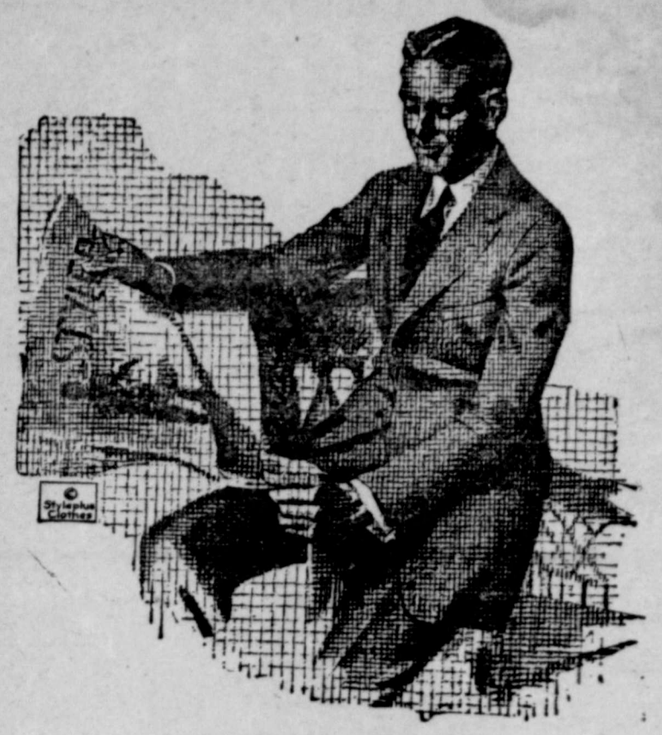
The Chief Priest of the synagogue has maliciously accused the Scribes and Pharisees of conspiracy against the Sanhedrim, and we are reliably informed that he has ordered the arrest and trial of at least two of them. Gee! But aren't they glad the Centurian never comes this way?

Frou Frou.

WE HAVE THE MONEY

to buy First and Second Lien LAND NOTES, if your collateral is good. Call us.

Ryan Bros.
PHONE 454
Clarendon, Texas



MEN AND BOYS

who wish to be properly dressed should come to a store which specializes in that business. Quality clothes at reasonable prices is our life-work and study.

HAYTER BROS.

The Home of Good Clothes for Men and Boys
CLARENDON, TEXAS

New Offerings for Spring

Almost every day we are receiving NEW DRESSES, NEW SUITS and all sorts of new and up-to-date things that will appeal to those who care to be correctly dressed. Come in and see.

Forbis & Stone

CHAIN STORES

HEDLEY, TEXAS

NOW DO MY WORK WITH EASE

Because Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored My Health

Hornell, N. Y.—"I was in bad health but there didn't seem to be any one thing the matter with me. I was tired out all over and it was an effort for me to move. I was irritable and could not sleep nights and had trouble with my bowels and at my periods. It seemed that nearly every one around me knew of your medicine and wanted me to try it, so at last I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Tablets and Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Medicine and improved every day. I do all my own work now except the washing and do it with ease. I can accomplish as much in a day now as it would have taken me a week to do last winter and I try to get every one I know to take your medicine to build them up. You are welcome to use this letter as a testimonial if you like."—Mrs. CHAS. BAKER. 21 Spencer Ave., Hornell, N.Y.

In almost every neighborhood there are women who know of the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. They know because they have taken it and have been helped. Why don't you give it a trial?

If You Need Strength and Reserve Power Take TANLAC The World's Greatest Tonic

PELLAGRA—Rountree Sanitarium

For the care and scientific treatment of PELLAGRA. The results are satisfactory; they get well. This is not a new remedy, but one that has been thoroughly tried and has the endorsement of physicians and of patients who were in the last stages of PELLAGRA and are now well. Write for endorsements. Be convinced we have a successful treatment. Easy to take, not harmful in any way. Improvement begins immediately. No hypodermic injections. If you cannot come to the sanitarium, send for HOME TREATMENT. W. C. Rountree, M. D. 2202 S. Robinson St., Oklahoma City, Okla.

CURES COLDS — LA GRIPPE in 24 Hours in 3 Days
HILL'S CASCARA BROMIDE QUININE
STANDARD remedy world over. Demand red box bearing Mr. Hill's portrait and signature. At All Druggists—30 Cents W. H. HILL COMPANY, DETROIT

STANDARD FOR 50 YEARS
WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC
NOT ONLY FOR CHILLS AND FEVER BUT A FINE GENERAL TONIC.

Her Credit.

"That's Jinks, the famous millionaire, over there on the left. He's a wife-made man."

"But I understand that his money came from oil on his farm."

"Ah, yes—but it was his wife who had finally consented to live on the farm."—Kansas City Star.

Historic Date.

On June 2, 1875, while experimenting on his harmonic telegraph, Alexander Graham Bell made the discovery that led to the construction of the first telephone.

Don't Forget Cuticura Talcum

When adding to your toilet requisites. An exquisite face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume, rendering other perfumes superfluous. You may rely on it because one of the Cuticura Trio (Soap, Ointment and Talcum). 25c each everywhere.—Advertisement.

The person who does his own task, whatever it is, bravely and well, seldom has time to criticise others.

Children's handkerchiefs often look hopeless when they come to the laundry. Wash with good soap, rinse in water blued with Red Cross Ball Blue. —Advertisement.

Audacity is the stepfather of success.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION
BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION 25 CENTS
6 BELL-ANS Hot water Sure Relief
BELL-ANS
25¢ and 75¢ Packages, Everywhere

Cuticura Soap —The Safety Razor— Shaving Soap
Cuticura Soap shaves without mug. Everywhere 25c.

Safe Remedy for granulated lids, styes, pink-eye. Avoid powerful dangerous drugs—use
MITCHELL EYE SALVE FOR Sore Eyes 25c—all druggists

MAKE MONEY If you are well acquainted and want to make some profitable side money in congenial work, write Chas. Murdock, 8th Floor, W. T. Waggoner Bldg., Ft. Worth, Texas.

PLANNING HOME REQUIRES CARE

Contractor and Building Material Man Can Be Helpful.

HOUSE OF PLEASING DESIGN

Frame and Stucco Home Made Attractive by Unusual Porch—Looks Like Elaborate Structure, but Is Not Expensive.

By WILLIAM A. RADFORD

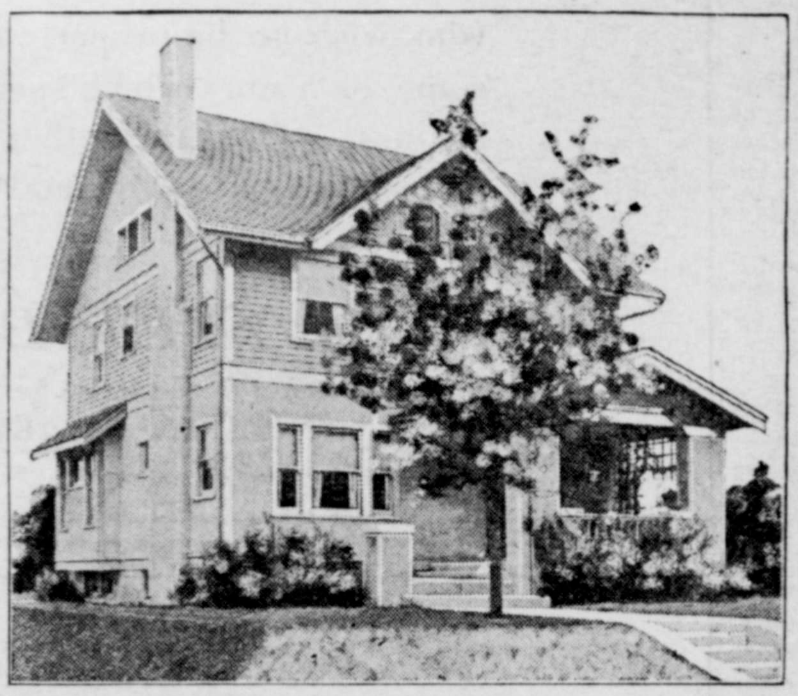
Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 1827 Prairie avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only inclose two-cent stamp for reply.

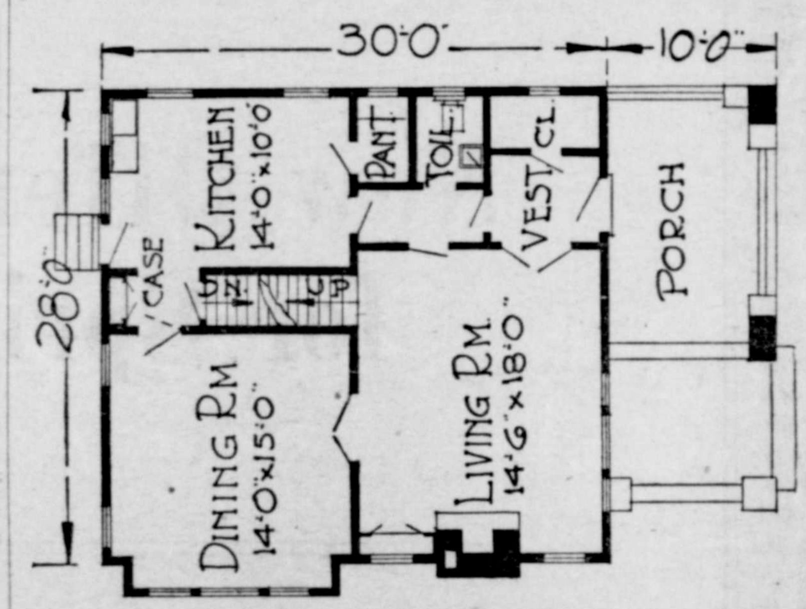
Home builders are preparing for a busy season. Prospective home owners are actively engaged selecting the plans for their new homes. This year promises to be one of the greatest from a building standpoint, as the prices of materials have come down considerably from the eminence they have occupied for a number of years and in many sources. Some feature in each of the homes of friends may appeal to the prospective builder. Plans of other homes that the architects have designed, or that the contractor has erected may be just what is wanted if some minor changes are made.

It is as a suggestion to prospective home builders that the house shown in the accompanying illustration is presented. At first glance this house will appear to be an elaborate structure. But it is not. It is really a square house, 28 feet wide and 30 feet deep. But the pleasing appearance is secured by the gable in the roof at the front and by the porch. Before studying the exterior appearance take a look at the floor plans that also are shown. The heavy lines denote the foundation. It will readily be seen that the foundation walls are straight—there are no angles that increase the cost of the building considerably.

The house is of standard frame construction, set on a concrete foundation. Up to the second floor the exterior walls are covered with stucco. Above, ordinary clapboard siding is used. The stucco may be applied over either wood or metal lath, or the patented stucco bases that all material dealers handle. The contrast between the stuccoed walls and the clapboards above the second floor gives this house a most attractive appearance. Also the stuccoed porch walls and pillars and the turn of the steps are good features of this design.

The house contains seven rooms, three on the first floor and four on the

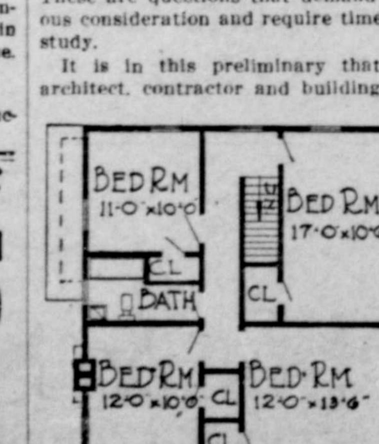




many places the skilled labor required is accepting lower wages.

Planning and building a home is not a step that can be taken hurriedly. The selection of the plans requires much thought. How many are in the family; what are the personal desires as to room arrangement of the heads of the household; how large is the lot and where is it located; and, what is most important, how much can the family afford to invest in the home? These are questions that demand serious consideration and require time and study.

It is in this preliminary that the architect, contractor and building ma-



Second Floor Plan.

terial dealer are most helpful. These men have had a wide experience in designing and building homes. They know how easy it is to make mistakes that are costly to remedy when they are discovered. They have a pretty concise idea of costs. They can give advice as to materials and methods of construction that will help the prospective home owner to get the best value in appearance, durability and comfort for his money.

Ideas of what is desirable to the individual in a home are secured from second. Included with the rooms are the conveniences found in the modern home, such as a toilet and washroom on the first floor, a bathroom on the second floor and plenty of closet room.

The entrance door opens off the porch and into a vestibule, adjoining which is a coat closet. To the left is the living room that is larger than the average—14 feet 6 inches by 18 feet. This is a light, well-ventilated room, and has an open fireplace in the outside wall at the end. Back of the living room is a large dining room, 14 by 15 feet, with an attractive bay window which will be just the place for a window box. To the right of the dining room is the kitchen, also a corner room, which insures good ventilation. Between the kitchen and vestibule is a hall, off which is the toilet and washroom mentioned. Adjoining the kitchen is a good-sized pantry.

An open stairway out of the corner of the living room leads to the second floor, which contains four good-sized bedrooms, all of which are on corners. Between two of the bedrooms is the bathroom.

The basement extends under the whole of the house, with the exception of the porch. Here is plenty of room for the heating plant and fuel; the laundry equipment and storerooms for fruits and vegetables.

In both exterior appearance and interior arrangement this is the type of house that insures comfort for the occupants and exceptional value for the money required to build it. Also, it is the sort of house that will appeal to the average family, which makes it readily salable.

Aids to the Box Office.

"Do you find Shakespeare profitable?"

"Yes," said the eminent tragedian. "We Shakespearean actors have a great advantage over other members of our profession. School teachers never urge their classes to see a musical comedy or a sex play for its educational value."

The New Cult Leader

By MARTHA MACWILLIAMS

© 1922, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Emotionally Elinor ran on high, but only emotionally. In behavior she was the properest mannered young woman that ever scuttled bold adventurings or cut the throat of heady presumption. It had passed into a proverb among the younger set that you could trust her always to face and down a difficult situation. Hence the dismay, tinged hotly with disgust, when she fell—fell hard—for the traveling apostle of the most ridiculous among ridiculous new cults, one whose jargon was incomprehensible to folk of decent common sense—full of The Now, Upforthings, Awarenesses and such.

What could be understood by a wayfaring man was that the cult held it the whole duty of men, eke of woman, to give all the money in both pockets to the spreading of the mystic creed.

There was the rub. Elinor had a tidy competence, one that might serve as the cornerstone to fortune, provided it—and herself—were but properly husbanded. The apostle apparently had elected himself to the improper husbanding of both.

Yet though The Larger Humanity was his favorite text, appeals however poignant to humanity, common or garden variety, found him as resistant as a duck's back to rain. But he had not quite succeeded in insulating Elinor from the electric current of pity for starving children. She was among the first to give a sum everybody knew she ought not to afford for famine relief. But no friend protested, not even her trusty some time guardian, now her trustee—inarticulately all felt that what the famine relief got was so much saved from apostolic greed.

To say that her largesses peeved the apostle, Lorenzo-Magna-Rey by name, is putting the case more than mildly. Deeply as he grudged and sorrowed for the money, he was worse disturbed to find himself not quite her absolute conscience. He dared not show that openly. Instead he said sorrowfully, haste in such giving was unwise.

She ought to have let some friend investigate for her—he himself would have done it, failing anybody else. There Elinor broke in, her cheeks hot, her eyes shining, with: "Starvation does not wait to be investigated. If I have saved even one poor baby, I shall be glad—and if the money does no good, giving it at least acquits my conscience—I have done what I could."

"A lovely thought!" murmured the doubly hyphenated one, feeling that he had gone too far.

"We hope you believe what you say, Babawdur, Tommy Samson said behind the apostolic presence. Tommy had spent two years in India—hence his cant name for the apostle. "Prove that you do believe." Tommy ran on: "Lots of folk are pining to see and hear you. If you'll let us—the relief committee, you know—we'll fix it so you can speak in the Town hall—at $5 a throw, and every cent to go to the "famine fund."

"Impossible! Simply impossible!" protested the Babawdur.

"Why impossible?" Elinor cried tremulously.

He answered pompously: "I dare not vulgarize anything so sacred as my mission. It, in a way, consecrates my poor human self—can I let myself become the target of curiosity?"

"You do it for your own benefit," Tommy flung in nonchalantly. "Be a sport, general—come across in this excellent cause. If you don't—well, something may happen—something you won't like one little bit."

"Tommy, there are limits to even friendly jestling," Elinor broke in with quiet dignity that made Tommy sigh more than ever to shield and save her.

Sticking out his chin belligerently he flung back, "No jest; I'm in dead earnest. But there are jokes in business—very big ones. For example, income tax returns—some of 'em"—wheeling upon the apostle. "Say, Swami, have you put in yours? Remember, you can deduct what you contribute to charity. If you don't want to make a holy show of yourself you can likely save money and trouble by contributing enough to bring you down a peg or so."

"Income tax!" the new Swami scoffed. "Man, you know earthly laws do not touch me—"

"If it weren't so impolite I'd say you were a liar," Tommy answered, his hands clinching. "And prove it into the bargain. But I don't yearn to make myself a nuisance. I repeat—be a sport—and come across, handsomely. You will, if you are wise as you should be."

Deliberately, without a word, the apostle turned his back, walked away; at the top of the steps he was almost running, nor did he slack speed until he was in his waiting car. It had been Elinor's—a fine, small electric. As it sped him away Tommy, breathing hard, said through clenched teeth: "Nell, I wish you only knew how hard I'm thinking damn."

Tommy left town that night on a mysterious errand to the city four hundred miles away. Elinor was uneasy over his absence—he had been for so long a part of her everyday consciousness even the apostle had not washed him from her life. The apostle was uneasier still, but masked it with deeper mysteries of doctrine, more savage devoutness in privations, greater length of devotions.

After three days he told his neophite needs must they both go into a silence—neither speak nor listen to any but inner voices for two days and nights. Full of unquiet wonder, Elinor obeyed through half the allotted time. But upon the second morning she saw so strange a group discharged by a big limousine at her door she could not refuse Tommy's insistent summons: "Come down and see what I've brought you."

"She found Tommy, her trustee, a strange uniformed person, plus the apostle, fronting her in the big hall. "Now you can "explain, Swami," Tommy said, jauntily, "about those deposits in bank—and things—especially the last big check from Miss Gray."

"This is an outrage. You should recognize I am beyond earthly law—" the apostle began. Tommy interrupted: "Old stuff! I told you it didn't go—not with Uncle Sam nor his family. Speak up! Tell us what you are in truth!"

"A fructifying bough of the oversoul," cried the apostle. "You—you earthlings cannot understand. Only she," turning imploringly to Elinor. "Let me speak with her alone. I can make her see the truth."

"We see it already," said the trustee. Tommy gave him a silencing glance, saying before Elinor could speak: "Seems to us earthlings, Swami, you're more than fructifying, and pretty much the whole tree of this over-soul. Judging by your bank account this last year or so—your drafts and things to headquarters—you're a fair understudy for old friend Midas. Most of your work has been fine—real artistry. Must be I scared you into undertaking anything so coarse as plain forgery, on the edge of running away."

The apostle made a break for liberty, but the uniformed one stayed his flight. Tommy and the trustee looked pityingly at Elinor—she was so white, so shaken, they feared she would faint. Instead she rallied gallantly and heard calmly their explanation. Tommy, by help of city friends, had found out the apostle's secretest transactions. He had fleeced many people—mostly rich and lone women—out of much money, transmitting it through safe yet secret channels to headquarters, whose indefinite purposes might well be set down bad. Fearing exposure, he had planned a great stroke—forged Elinor's name for more than all her fortune, depending on the silence to get away with it. After that she could do no less than marry Tommy and live happily.

Narrow Minds.

It is difficult for the good Christian to acknowledge the good Pagan; almost impossible for the good Orthodox to grasp the hand of the good Unitarian, leaving to their Creator to settle the matters in dispute; and giving their mutual efforts strongly and trustingly to whatever right thing is too evident to be mistaken. Then again, though the heart be large, yet the mind is often of such moderate dimensions as to be exclusively filled up with one idea. When a good man has long devoted himself to a particular kind of beneficence—to one species of reform—he is apt to become narrowed into the limits of the path wherein he treads, and to fancy there is no other good to be done on earth but that selfsame good to which he has put his hand, and in the very mode that best suits his own conceptions.—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Camera on Plan of the Eye.

The camera is nothing more or less than a huge model of the eye. Light passing through the lens of the eye is focused on the retina, which corresponds exactly to the ground-glass screen or the plate of the camera. Though the retina's chief use is to send an impression in the brain, it is capable of retaining an image for some time. Light has the same effect on it as on a photographic plate. To test the truth of this you have only to look for a moment at some brightly illuminated object, and then to cast the eyes up to the white ceiling; you will find that you see the image of the object for quite a long time.

Thought and Speech.

The precise relation between speaking and thinking is a matter hard to define but it is clear that in a person's education the word and the idea are inseparable. When a child learns a new word he learns a new idea. When you enlarge his vocabulary you enlarge his mind. Few people would deny that clear thinking is the greatest aim in all education as well as the chief need in our civic and social life today.

GREAT LAWYERS' ERRORS

Like many other great lawyers, Lord Halsbury made his own will, and did not do it satisfactorily. Affidavits from the witnesses were required as to its execution and condition before it could be admitted to probate. The list of eminent lawyers who made a muddle of drawing their own wills is a long one. Lord St. Helier, who, as Sir Francis Jeune, was for many years President of the Probate Division of the High Court, left as a will a document which transgressed most of the rules and requirements for a valid will, and Lord Grimthorpe left a series of testamentary documents which were the subject of litigation and whose intention it was impossible to ascertain. Two other great chancellors, Lord Brougham and Lord Lyndhurst, left unsatisfactory wills, while that of Lord St. Leonards could never be found. Judge Renton and Judge Bacon were also among numerous others whose wills were not in order.—London Times.

Dyspepsia Soon Disappears When You Take TANLAC 25,000,000 Bottles Sold

Ask Your Dealer for Nu-Way & EXCELLO RUBBERLESS SUSPENDERS Year's Wear Guaranteed
The Nu-Way Line: Nu-Way and Excello Suspenders—75¢; Men's Garters—50¢; Ladies-Misses-Children's Hose Supporters 25¢; Ladies Corset "Sew-Ons" Hose Supporters 25¢
Always comfortable. No rubber to rot. Phosphor Bronze Springs give the stretch. If your dealer doesn't carry NU-WAYS or EXCELLOS, send direct, giving dealer's name. Accept no substitute. Nu-Way Strech Suspender Co., Mfrs., Adrian, Mich.

Liggett & Myers KING PIN PLUG TOBACCO Known as "that good kind" Try it—and you will know why

Keep Stomach and Bowels Right
By giving baby the harmless, purely vegetable, infants' and children's regulator.
MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP
brings astonishing, gratifying results in making baby's stomach digest food and bowels move as they should at teething time. Guaranteed free from narcotics, opiates, alcohol and all harmful ingredients. Safe and satisfactory.
At All Druggists

The Diagnosis.

Flubdub—Has the doctor diagnosed your case?

Gotrox—Perfectly.

Flubdub—How did he find out just what you've got?

Gotrox—Looked me up in Bradstreet's, I suppose.

YOU CANNOT AFFORD

To let your little hurts and ailments get bad.

Keep Vacher-Balm handy for Burns Boils, Cuts, Corns, Piles, or Soreness anywhere.

Ask your druggist. Avoid imitations —Advertisement.

As a Friend.

"Is Flubdub a free thinker?"

"No, he's married."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Mrs. Ida Youngblood

Jamestown, La.—"I suffered with my right side, back and head. A friend of mine told me to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it did me so much good I never get tired of praising it, for I believe it saved my life. I am forty-two years old now and my health is very good, tho' when I think I need a medicine I get the 'Favorite Prescription,' as it is the only medicine I ever got that did me any good. I tried several doctors, but none of them helped me. Now I am enjoying good health."—Mrs. Ida Youngblood.

Favorite Prescription is made without alcohol and can be obtained from your nearest druggist, in tablets or liquid. If you write Dr. Pierce, president Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., he will give you confidential medical advice free of cost. Don't wait a minute if you're ailing.

BETTER DEAD

Life is a burden when the body is racked with pain. Everything worries and the victim becomes despondent and downhearted. To bring back the sunshine take

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The National Remedy of Holland for over 200 years; it is an enemy of all pains resulting from kidney, liver and uric acid troubles. All druggists, three sizes.

Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

DROPSY TREATED ONE WEEK FREE Short breathing relieved in a few hours; swelling reduced in a few days; regulates the liver, kidneys, stomach and heart; purifies the blood, strengthens the entire system. Write for Free Trial Treatment. COLLUM DROPSY REMEDY CO., Dept. R.O., ATLANTA, GA.

Take Yeast Vitamon Tablets To Round Out Face and Figure

With Firm Flesh

If you are hollow-cheeked, sallow-skinned, sunken-chested and generally weak or run down and want to round out your face and figure to pleasing and normal proportions you will find this simple test well worth trying: First weigh yourself and measure yourself. Next take Mastin's VITA-MON—two tablets with every meal. Then weigh and measure yourself again each week and continue taking Mastin's VITAMON regularly until you are satisfied with your gain in weight and energy. Mastin's VITAMON tablets contain highly concentrated yeast-vitamines as well as the two other still more important vitamines (Fat Soluble A and Water Soluble C) together with organic iron and real lime salts. They will not upset the stomach or cause gas, but on the contrary are a great aid to digestion, to overcome constipation and as a general conditioner of the whole system. Pimples, boils and skin eruptions seem to vanish like magic under its purifying influence, the complexion becomes fresh and beautiful, the cheeks rosy instead of pale, the lips red instead of colorless, the eyes bright instead of dull. So rapid and amazing are the results that thousands of people everywhere are now taking to them as a quick way to put on weight and increase energy. Be sure to remember the name Mastin's VI-TA-MON—the original and genuine yeast-vitamine tablet—there is nothing else like it so do not accept imitations or substitutes. You can get Mastin's VITAMON at any druggist.

All Played Out at Quitting Time?
You Need
TANLAC
The World's Greatest Tonic

"Vaseline" Carbolated Petroleum Jelly

is an effective, antiseptic first-aid dressing for cuts, wounds and insect bites. It helps prevent infection.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO. (Consolidated)
State Street New York

An Equation.

O'Rourke—The man phwat has no wolfe is nawthin'. McToole—So is the man phwat has wan, b'gob!—Life.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use for Over 30 Years.
Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Don't think for a minute that man wants but little here below.

Miserable With Backache?

Why put up with that nagging backache? You can't be happy when every day brings morning lameness, sharp, shooting pains and that all-worn-out feeling. The best way to get well is to find the cause of your trouble and correct it. Likely, a cold or a chill has slowed up your kidneys and that is why you have backaches, stabbing pains, headaches and dizziness. Just take things easier and help your weakened kidneys with *Doan's Kidney Pills*. *Doan's* have helped thousands and should help you. *Ask your neighbor!*

A Texas Case

Mrs. T. A. Robinson, 35 W. Mulberry St., Denton, Texas, says: "My kidneys troubled me and my back ached. Sharp pains shot through my loins when I stooped and my suffering was intense. I procured a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and it wasn't long before they entirely rid me of kidney complaint. I believe my cure is permanent."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

COCKROACHES
Waterbugs
ANTS

Easily killed by using the genuine
Stearns' Electric Paste
Also SURE DEATH to rats and mice. These pests are the greatest carriers of disease. They destroy both food and property.
READY FOR USE—BETTER THAN TRAPS
Directions in 15 languages in every box.
2 oz. size 35c. 15 oz. size $1.50.
MONEY BACK IF IT FAILS

Three-Piece Easter Suits; Milady's Easter Bonnet

OF COURSE you have made up your mind that it is to be a three-piece suit this spring, but perhaps just what color to choose and fabric is still an open question.

Combination is the color feature in most of the models, such as sand with navy, gray with rust, white with black and so on.

Beige, mole, cocoa, burnt toast are the lighter shades most frequently mentioned and the color scheme is carried out in headwear and footwear as well. Fashion has a fascinating way of lining panels and introducing facings in unexpected color notes.

The materials given preference are veldyne, piquetine and an inexpensive new fabric called spongeen. Woolen crepe marocain is very pleasing and it may be trimmed with the silk marocain. Add also to this list peslaine and gabardine, with some poiret twill perhaps.

In the elaborate costume suit, coats are cut very soft, following somewhat the lines of the frock. Each model displays touches of individuality.

Beads and embroidery are acceptable on cloth three-piece costumes and steel beads on navy are stressed.

The elaborate three-piece shown to the left is developed in toast-color heavy wool crepe marocain with navy silk crepe. Notice the interesting sleeves and collar. Much attention is given to these details.

Navy krepeknit is the choice of the designer for the companion suit pictured. It is cleverly braided with white soutache. This introduction of a white crepe blouse carries out the vogue for white trimmings on black or navy and all white will control the season when summer comes.

It did not require April showers to bring forth May flowers in the land o' millinery. Long before the calendar said spring, flowers began to bloom on hats in their choicest colorings. Styles in millinery are of the dainty feminine type and this makes of distinction is their esthetic coloring of almond green, old rose, and the new toast shades. Narrow metal ribbons are used in flower-work.

The hats shown do not require individual description, they speak for themselves. Points of especial interest in this group are: A lettuce green transparent lace brim turned off the face; the poke brim to right is faced with American Beauty taffeta; periwinkle blue and all the springlike flower shades predominate in hat to left.

Julia Bottomley

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Last Word in Easter Suits.

Group of Pretty Easter Hats.

LIVE STOCK NEWS

PREVENT BIG SHEEP LOSSES

Poisonous Plants Frequently Grow in Thick Patches and Cause Death of Animals.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Death camas causes heavy losses of sheep in the spring and early summer. It is not unusual for several hundred to die within a day or two. The camas plants frequently grows in thick patches, and because of their grasslike leaves are overlooked. If sheep are close-herded in such places many of them will be poisoned, and most of those poisoned are likely to die.

Especial care should be used when sheep are taken from the cars and released for grazing. If they have not been fed, as is frequently the case, and are turned out on a range where death camas is abundant, the resulting losses may be very heavy. There have been many cases of this kind. If death camas is present that part of the range should be avoided. If it is necessary to trail sheep where death camas is known, the animals should be well fed before coming to that place.

Sheep herders should learn to recognize the plants and avoid them. The United States Department of Agriculture has published Department Bulletin 125, Zygadenus, or Death Camas, which tells about the plants and their effects; it has also published Bulletin 575, Stock-Poisoning Plants of the Range, which gives illustrations, many colored, of the principal poisonous plants of the western United States.

There are several kinds of death camas and until recently it has been supposed that all were equally poisonous. As the result of recent experimental work, which is in course of publication, it has been found that the death camas which in the western

Sheep Grazing on a Western Range.

mountains grows at elevations of 8,000 feet and upward is only slightly poisonous and probably never injures range sheep. All the forms growing at lower altitudes are dangerous, but this mountain death camas probably never does any harm. It has thin and rather erect leaves, grows in meadows and in damp ground, sometimes among the aspens, while the other kind, which approaches the lower limit of the mountain death camas, grows in dry places, and has thick, spreading leaves. The herder need not fear the mountain death camas, but should shun all the other forms.

GREAT FEED VALUE OF PEAS

Results of Four Years' Experimental Work at Idaho Station Show Big Gains Made.

That field peas have a high value as a feed for hogs is indicated by the results of four years' experimental work at the Idaho experiment station. An average of 347 pounds of peas was required to make 100 pounds of gain in hogging-off trials. Supplemental rations of barley and tankage increased the rate of gain. Most rapid and economical gains were produced in drylots on a mixture of 3 parts of rolled barley and 1 part of cracked peas plus 5 per cent by weight of tankage. In the hogging-off trials the best results were obtained by confining the pigs to a small area until it was pastured clean.

TREATMENT FOR YOUNG LAMB

When Chilled It May Be Revived by Immersing in Warm Water, Then Give Nourishment.

A young lamb that has become chilled and is presumably ready to die may be revived by immersing it in warm water—as warm as is comfortable to the hand—and gradually increasing the heat a little at a time, by adding more warm water.

When it revives sufficiently, dry it well, wrap in a woolen cloth and lay in a warm place. It will probably rouse in a short time and can then be taken to ewe. Hold her, and see that the lamb gets nourishment.

Lambs that seem very far gone often respond to this treatment.

PREVENT HOGS FROM ROOTING

Much Harm Can Be Avoided by Feeding Regularly With Some Kind of Mineral.

Pigs are more apt to be "rooters" in spring, when ground is soft, than they are at any other time of the year. Much of this can be prevented by feeding regularly with coal, charcoal, ashes or other mineral matter. Ringing the hogs should be resorted to in extreme cases.

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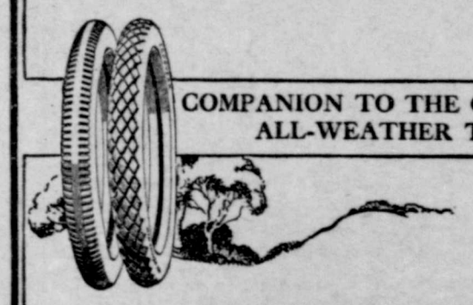

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The Girl, a Horse and a Dog

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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CHAPTER XVI.—Continued
—10—

Now the presence of a wagon on our bench at this early hour in the morning might mean either one of two diametrically opposite things: Our deliverance; or the upcoming of reinforcements for the raiders. We were not left long in doubt. Shortly after the rack-rack of the wagon wheels stopped we heard footsteps, and the hair stiffened on Barney's back. Next we heard Bullerton's voice, just outside and apparently under our window openings.

"Broughton!" the voice called; "can you hear me?"

"So well that you'd better keep out of range!" I snapped back.

"All right—listen. You've got to get out, Broughton—that's flat. I haven't wanted to go to extremes. For perfectly obvious and commonplace reasons I don't want to have to kill you to get rid of you. But we are not going to gentle you any more. You've already hurt four of my men, and two of the four are crippled. The next time we hit you, it'll be for a finish."

"Yes," said I. "You brought the new club up in a wagon, didn't you?"

He ignored this.

"We could starve you out if we chose to take the time. I know pretty well what you've got to eat—or rather what you haven't got. It's your privilege to take your life in your own hands, Broughton; that's up to you. But how about the old man?"

"The old man's a-plenty good and able to speak for hisself!" yapped Daddy. "You do your durndest, Charley Bullerton!"

"All right, once more. You'll hear from us directly, now; and as I said before, we've quit gentling you. That's my last word."

For a time after this the silence, and the darkness, since it was the hour before dawn, were thick enough to be cut with an ax. But the dog was more restless than ever, and we knew that something we could neither see nor hear must be going on. After a while I asked the question that had been worrying me ever since I had heard the wagon wheels.

"What did they bring up in that wagon, Daddy—a Gatling?"

"The Lord only knows, Stannie—and he won't tell," was the old prospector's reply, made with no touch of irreverence; and the words were scarcely out of his mouth before a thunderbolt struck the shafthouse.

CHAPTER XVII.

Tit for Tat.

That word "thunderbolt" is hardly a figure of speech. The thing that hit us couldn't be compared to anything milder than thunder and lightning. There was a flash, a rending, ripping roar as if the solid earth were splitting in two, and the air was filled with flying fragments and splinters. Air, I say, but the acrid, choking gas which filled the shafthouse could scarcely be called air.

"Dynamite—that's what they fetched in that wagon!" gurgled the old man at my side, and I could have shouted for joy at the mere sound of his voice, since it was an assurance that he hadn't been killed outright.

"It's only a question of a little time, now, Daddy," I prophesied. "What you said yesterday—that Bullerton would try to get possession without destroying the property—no longer holds good. He has evidently decided that we've got to be ousted, even at the expense of building a new shafthouse and installing new machinery. Why has he changed his mind, when he knows that he could starve us out in a few days?"

"I been thinkin' about that, right p'intedly, Stannie. Shouldn't wonder if somethin's in the wind—somethin' we don't know about."

"Then there's another thing," I put in. "Supposing, just for the sake of argument, that our first guess was right: that he did take Jeanie to Angels three days ago and that they were married there. You know your daughter, Daddy, and I know her, a little. Nobody but an idiot would suppose that she'd live with Bullerton as his wife for a single minute if he makes himself your murderer."

"It sure does look that-away to a man up a tree," admitted the stout old fighter.

"I'm hanging on to the little hope like a dog to a root, Daddy," I confessed. "If I can only keep on believing that they're not married, I can put up a better fight, or be snuffed out—if I have to be—with a good few less heart-burnings."

But at this the old man, who, no longer ago than the yesterday, had seemed to lean definitely toward the no-marriage hypothesis, suddenly changed front.

"Don't you go to bankin' on anything like that, Stannie, son," he said in a tone of deep discouragement. "Charley Bullerton's a liar, from the place where they make liars for a livin', and 'tain't goin' to be no trick a-tall for him to make Jeanie, and a lot o' other folks, b'lieve that we blowed ourselves up with our own dynamite. No, sir; don't you go to bankin' on that."

"Then you do believe that Jeanie went with Bullerton?"

"Looks like there ain't nothing else left to believe," he asserted dolefully. "Look at it for yourself, son: she's been gone three whole days. If she hadn't gone with him—and the good Lord only knows where else she could have gone—don't you reckon she'd 've been back here long afore this? No, Stannie; we been lettin' the 'wish it was' run away with the 'had to be.' I reckon we just got to grit our teeth, son, and tough it out the best we can."

During this waiting interval, which seemed like hours and was probably only a few minutes, we were momentarily expecting another crash. It did not come; but in due course of time we heard a stir outside and then voices, and one of the voices, which was not Bullerton's said: "I'll bet that ca'tridge smoked 'em out good an' plenty, cap'n. Gimme th' ax, Tom, till we bu'st open the door an' have a squint at 'em."

Just at that moment a submerging wave of depression surged over me and shoved me down so deep that I think possibly if Bullerton had called out and demanded our surrender I should have been tempted to tell him that I was not so much of a hog as not to know when I had enough. But the old man squeezed in beside me under the arched boiler plate was made of better fiber; he was game to the last hair in his beard. With a wild-Indian yell, he hunched his Winchester into position and fired once, twice, thrice, at the door, as rapidly as he could pump the reloading lever.

A spattering fusillade was the reply to this, but the aim was bad and the only result was to set the air of our prison fortress to buzzing as if a swarm of angry bees had been turned loose on us. After this, the raiders withdrew, so we judged; at all events, the silence of the dark hour before daybreak shut down upon us again, and once more we had space in which to "gather our minds," as Daddy put it.

It may be a dastardly confession of weakness to admit it, but I am free to say that the prolonged struggle was gradually undermining my nerve. If Bullerton had made up his mind to write off the loss of the mine buildings and machinery, it was a battle lost for us. It could be only a question of a little time, and enough daylight to enable the bombers to throw straight, until we should be buried in the wreck of the shafthouse and hoist—and without the privilege of dying in a good, old-fashioned, stand-up fight.

All of this I hastily pointed out to Daddy Hiram, adding that, for Jeanie's sake, if for no better reason, he ought to take his chance of staying upon earth. As long as I live I shall always have a high respect for the wrath of a mild-mannered man. The old prospector was fairly Berserk, mad, foaming at the mouth, and short of dragging him out by main strength there was no way of making him let go.

"No, sir; I done promised your gran'paw 'at I'd stand by for him, and he paid me money for doin' it. When them hellions get this here mine, they're goin' to dig a hole somewheres and bury me afterward," was all I could get out of him.

We were not given very much more time for discussion, or for anything else. The first faint graying dawn was coming, and with the partial lightening of the inner gloom, we craned our necks—like a double-headed turtle peering out of its shell—and got a glimpse of the damage done by the initial thunderbolt. We saw it without any trouble; a great hole torn in the sheetiron roof directly over the hoist and shaft mouth. Knowing the use and effect of explosives pretty well, Daddy said that the bomb had gone off prematurely; had exploded before it had fairly lighted upon the roof.

"If it hadn't—if it had been layin' on the roof when it went off—we wouldn't be lookin' up at that hole right now, Stannie, my son. We'd be moggin' up the golden stair and a-wonderin' how much farther it was to the New Jerusalem, and what kind o' harps they was goin' to give us when we got there. We sure would."

We didn't keep our heads out very long. While we were staring up at the hole and at the patch of sky beyond it, a small dark object with a smoke-blue comet's tail trailing behind it crossed our line of sight, and we ducked and held our breath—or at least, I held mine. The crash came almost immediately, and it was followed in swift succession by a second and a third. Luckily, none of the three hit the shaft-house, nor, indeed, fell very near to it; and this uncertainty of aim told us where the attack was coming from. The bomb throwers were posted somewhere on the steep slope of the mountain above us; the slope which I have described as running up from the brink of the abrupt cliff overlooking the mine plant.

"They'll get the range, after a while," Daddy grunted. "And when they do, I reckon it'll be good-by, fair world, for a couple of us and one mighty good dog. I'm a-tellin' you, Stannie, son, the shot that comes down through that hole fixes us aplenty. Sufferin' Methusaleh! what-all is the folks down yonder at Tropia a-dreamin' about, to let all this bangin' and whangin' go on up here without comin' up to find out what's makin' it?"

The Atropia that I remembered was so nearly moribund that I didn't wonder it wasn't making any stir in our behalf; so, when a few pattering rifle shots which seemed to originate on the great bench below began to sift in among the bomb echoes, I took it that Bullerton had divided his force and was trying to rattle us two ways at once. As for that, however, the bigger bombardment kept us from speculating very curiously upon anything else. Two more of the giant crackers had fallen to the right of us, one of them into the wreck of the blacksmith shop, to send up a spouting volcano of scrap which fell a second or so later in a thunderous rain; and then. . . .

For a flitting instant it seemed as if it must drop squarely in front of the iron shield under which we were jammed—in which case even the undertaker wouldn't have been needed—not any whatsoever, as Daddy Hiram would have said. But at the critical point in its flight the hurtling thing "ticked" the top of the hoist frame and its downward course was deflected the needed hair's-breadth, causing it to come down beyond the machinery, and not on our side of things. Nevertheless, we were cowering in anticipation of a blast which would most likely heave the entire machinery aggregation over bodily upon us when the explosion came.

We saw the belching column of flame and gas going skyward beyond the machinery barrier, taking a full half of the roof with it, as if the blast had come from the mouth of a gigantic cannon. We were dazed and deafened by the shock, and half choked by the fumes, but neither of us was so far gone as not to hear distinctly a prolonged and rumbling crash like the thunder of a small Niagara, coming after the smash!

"The shaft!" shrilled Daddy Hiram, in a thin, choked voice; "it went off down in the shaft! And, say!—what-all's that we're a-listenin' to now!"

If there had been a dozen of the bombs raining down I don't believe the threat of them would have kept us from bursting out of our dodge-hole to go and see what had happened in the mine shaft. But before we could determine anything more than that the mouth of the shaft was completely hidden under a mass of wreckage, and that the mysterious Niagara roar, dwindled somewhat, but yet hollowly audible, was still going on under the concealing mass of broken timbers and sheet-iron, there was a masterful interruption. Shots, yells, shoutings and hot curses told us that a fierce battle of some kind was staging itself just outside of our wrecked fortress; whereupon Daddy Hiram began pawing his way to the door, yelling like a man suddenly gone dotty.

"That there's old Ike Beasley—dad-blame his old hide!" he chittered. "There ain't nary 'nother man in the Timanyonis 'at can cuss like that. He's come with a posse, and they're layin' out Charley Bullerton's crowd!"

There was a fine little tableau spreading itself out for us when we had clambered over the wreckage and had withdrawn the wooden bar and flung the door wide. Daddy Hiram had called the turn and named the trump. The large, desperadoish-looking man who had once interviewed me at Angels, and a little later had paused in his combing of the mountains in search of me to usurp my place at the Twombly's breakfast table, this bewhiskered giant, with a goodish bunch of followers—hard-boiled to a man, they looked to be—had surrounded a fair half of the would-be "jumpers" and were handcuffing them with a celerity that was truly admirable. And Beasley, himself, square-jawed and peremptory, was shoving Bullerton up against the side of the shaft-house, snapping the irons upon his wrists and counseling him, with choice epithets intermingled, to save up his troubles and tell them to the judge.

The Crash Came Almost Immediately.

As we emerged from our wrecked fortress, other members of the posse were scattering to round up the outlying bomb-throwers, who had apparently taken to the tall timber in a panic-stricken effort to escape. Down on the bench below there were horses and horse-holders; and among the horses one whose boyish-looking rider was just slipping from the saddle. While I was wondering vaguely why the Angels town marshal had let a mere boy come along on such a battle errand, the boyish figure ran up the road and darted in among us to fling itself into Daddy Hiram's arms, gurgling and half crying and begging to be told if he was hurt.

I didn't know at the time how much or how little the big marshal knew of the various and muddled involvements which were climaxing right there in the early morning sunshine on the old Cinnabar dump head; but I do know that he quickly turned his captures over to some of his deputies and had them promptly hustled down stage and off scene. While this was going on I was merely waiting for my cue, and I got it, or thought I got it when the boy who wasn't a boy slipped from Daddy's arms and faced me.

"I'm not hurt, either," I ventured to say, hoping that the brain storm had subsided sufficiently to make me visible. "Welcome home, Miss Twombly—or should I say Mrs. Bullerton?"

The look she gave me was just plain deadly; you wouldn't think that violet-blue eyes could do it, but they can. Then she drew a folded paper from somewhere inside of her clothes and held it out to me.

"There is the deed to your mine, Mr. Broughton," she said nippingly, and with a fairly tragical emphasis on the courtesy title. "You wouldn't take the trouble to go to Copah and get it recorded, so I thought I'd better do it. I hope you'll pardon me for being so forward and meddlesome."

It was the super-climax of the entire Arabian-Nights business, and because my feelings would no longer be denied their rightful fling, I sat down on the shaft-house doorstep and shouted and laughed like a fool. But after all, it was Mr. Isaac Beasley, deputy sheriff and marshal of Angels, who put the weather-vane, so to speak, upon the fantastic structure.

"I been lookin' 'round for you a right smart while," he told me gruffly. "When you get plum' over your laugh and feel that you're needin' a little sashay over the hills f'r exercise, you can come along with me and go to jail f'r stealin' that railroad car."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Hold-Up.

Beasley left me sitting on the doorstep—I've a notion he had run out of handcuffs, else he might have clapped a pair of them on me—while he started his posse down to Atropia with the captured raiders and their leader. When he came back we took time, Daddy and I and the big marshal, to size up the damage that had been wrought, and beyond that, to dig into the mystery of the continuous grumbling roar which was still ascending out of the wreck-covered mine shaft.

Beasley stayed with us, waiting, as I took it, to get his breakfast before he ran me off to jail, and the three of us fell to work clearing away the fallen timbers and roofing iron, Daddy Hiram leading the attack and being the first to stick his head through what remained of the tangle and hang it over the edge of the shaft's mouth.

"Hooray!" he yelled, his voice sounding as if it came from the inside of a barrel; and then again, "Hooray, Stannie, son!—by the ghosts of old Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, Charley Bullerton's done gone and done eggs-zac'ly what he said he could do—dreened your mine for ye! Climb in here and take a look at her. She's empty—empty as a gourd—but, at that, she ain't goin' to be, very long!"

A few more minutes of the strenuous toil cleared the pit mouth so that we could all see. The bomb which had exploded in the shaft had wrought a complete transformation. The standing flood, which all of our pumping attacks had failed to lower by so much as a fraction of an inch, was gone, and with it had vanished the two big centrifugals, the platform upon which they had stood, and their pipe connections. Gone, likewise, was the greater part of the heavy wooden shaft-lining. A little of this remained in the upper part of the shaft, but from a point possibly twenty-five feet down, there was nothing but the bare rock sides of the square pit swept by the receding flood.

As for the hollow roaring noise which had followed the crash of the explosion, and which still continued, there was a good and sufficient reason plainly visible from the pit's mouth. Some twenty feet down, and on the eastern side of the shaft, a stream of water big enough to run a good-sized hydro-electric plant was pouring into the perpendicular cavern, and it was its plunging descent into the bowels of the earth which was making the mimic thunder.

Beasley was the first to find speech.

"Where the blazes is all that water comin' from?" he exploded.

"That's just what we're going to find out!" I barked. "Can you and Daddy handle my weight in a rope sling?"

They both protested that they could handle two of me if necessary, and a sling was quickly rigged and I was lowered into the pit. At the nearer view thus obtained, some of the mysteries were instantly made clear. The reason why the wooden boxing disappeared below a certain point in the shaft was that it had never extended any farther down. It had been merely a box with a bottom!—and all those pipe-dream impressions which had tried to register themselves on the day when I had my struggle with the

"Hooray!" He Yelled. "Charley Bullerton's Dreened Your Mine for Ye!"

suction-pipe octopus were instantly translated into facts. I could have sworn, then, that there was a bottom in the box, and there was a bottom. And that other impression—that I had encountered an inrushing stream of ice-cold water in the chilling depths; here was the stream; a foot-thick, never-failing cataract, pouring in through a perfectly good and substantial conduit of twelve-inch iron pipe!

In a flash the whole criminal mystery involving the ostensibly flooded mine was illuminated for me. "Haul away!" I called to the two above; and when they had drawn me up to the pit's mouth and I could get upon my feet, I yipped at Daddy and the marshal to come on, and led them in an out-door race along the mine ledge to the eastward; a hundred-yards dash which brought us to the banks of the swift little mountain torrent in the right-hand gulch.

A brief search revealed precisely what I was expecting to find; what anyone in possession of the facts precedent would have expected to find. In the middle of a small pool slightly upstream from the path level—a pocketed bit of water neatly screened and half hidden by a growth of low-branching spruces—we saw a cone-shaped whirlpool swirl into which a good third of the stream flow was vanishing. Below this pool an apparently accidental heaping of rocks formed a small dam which kept the little reservoir full.

Without a word, Daddy Hiram and the Angelic marshal plunged recklessly into the stream and with their bare hands tore away the loose-rock dam. With the removal of the slight barrier and the consequent clearing of the course of the stream, the pocket reservoir immediately sucked dry, the inlet of the cataracting pipe was exposed, and the secret of the flooded Cinnabar was a secret no longer.

The scheme which had been elaborated and set in motion to "soak" Grandfather Jasper was a premeditated "holdup." The Cinnabar, in operation and producing to its capacity, was worth, so Beasley asserted, all that my grandfather had paid for it, and more. But with the branch railroad built to its very door, its value would be doubled. Two alternatives had thus presented themselves to the owners, who were Cripple Creek mining speculators who had bought in the stock at a low figure while the main vein was as yet unexploited: they could go on mining the ore and storing it against the time when the railroad, with its cost-reducing advantages, should come along; or they could suspend operations for the same length of time, setting the losses of a shut-down over against the increased profits when they should start up again.

With our discoveries of the morning the plan of the robbery became perfect'y plain. Some giant of finance among the speculators had evolved a scheme by which the mine not only might be shut down during the interval of waiting for the railroad to build over the bench, but at the same time be made to yield a bumper crop of profits.

Taking its various steps in their order, the first move in the game was to sell the mine to Grandfather Jasper while it was still a going proposition; and this was done. But one of the conditions of the sale (Beasley told us this) was that the selling corporation should continue to operate the mine, not as a lessee, but under a contract by which the operating company should receive a certain percentage of the output; an arrangement which gave the holdup artists ample opportunity to prepare for the coup de main.

How these preparations were made, and the secret of them kept from leaking out, still remained one of the unsolved mysteries, though Beasley suggested that probably imported workmen were employed, and that the work had been done under jealous supervision with all the needful precautions taken against publicity. The tight wooden box—which would figure as a part of the shaft lining—had been built, and into the box the creek had been diverted by means of the small dam and the underground conduit. With the water admitted, to rise in the box to the level of its intake in the creek reservoir, the trap was set and was ready to be sprung.

Beyond this point there was a gap we were obliged to bridge by conjecture, but the inferences were all plausible enough. Doubtless the plotters had notified my grandfather that his mine was flooded and was no longer workable. Doubtless, again, he had authorized them to buy the needful pumping machinery and to install it—which they did.

In this barefaced imposture the plotters had conceivably builded something upon Grandfather Jasper's advanced age as an insurance against any too-searching investigation; but beyond this they had carefully disarmed any suspicion that he might otherwise have harbored by encouraging him—in the actual purchase of the property—to take expert advice, and by craftily priming him, by understatements of the facts, to trust them.

Only rumors of what had occurred at this visit reached Angels; but Beasley could testify that my grandfather had come and returned alone, and that after the pumping demonstration had been made he had seemed disposed to pocket his huge loss and to call it a bad day's work.

The later developments were not hard to figure out. Beasley was able to tell us that the proposed railroad branch to run to the new copper properties in Little Cinnabar gulch was now a certainty for the very near future. Hence the time was fully ripe for the recovery of the Cinnabar by the plotters. No doubt they had confidently assumed that a repurchase of the property—not directly by themselves, of course, but by an agent who would figure as a disinterested third party—would be easy. Beasley said that there had been some talk of an underrunning drainage tunnel, such as Daddy and I had figured upon—this at the time of the springing of the flood 'rap—and that the cost had been estimated at half a million. Unquestionably the robbers had assumed that an old man who had already charged his venture up to profit and loss would sell for a song rather than to venture again; and in this they were probably well within the truth.

But at the moment when they were ready to complete the circle of imposture, death—the death of Grandfather Jasper—had stepped in to complicate matters. Somebody—possibly Cousin Percy—had corresponded with whoever was representing the robber syndicate, and by this means the plotters had learned that they would now have to reckon with an heir. How Bullerton came to be employed by them almost at the instant of his return from South America we did not know; but we could easily understand that with the new complication which had risen by reason of Grandfather Jasper's death, it was highly necessary for some emissary of the syndicate to get on the ground quickly, prepared to forestall by purchase, guile, or, in the last resort by force, any attempt of the Dudley heirs to pry into things they were not to be permitted to know.

The pushing of the fight for possession to the final and property-destroying extremity was another matter that Beasley was able to explain.

"Ye see, it was a case o' fish 'r cut-bait, and do it quick," the marshal explained. "If he could run you folks out, pronto, and get possession afore anybody come along to ask a lot o' p'inted questions, he stood about one chance in a dozen to lie out of it some way. If you-all got killed in the scrimmage, he'd scatter his men in the woods and try to make me b'lieve that you'd got done up trying to run him off."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Freak Dinner.

Freak dinners, says London Sketch, are no new invention; they are as old as the first rich and greedy men. One that took place some generations ago was held at Carlton house, Pall Mall. There were over 2,000 guests, and the two chief features of the occasion were Big Sam, a porter eight feet high, and a marble canal down the center of the high table filled with living gold and silver fish.

A MILLION DOLLAR TIP

We may not be able in this small space to convince you of this, but within a few days you will remember that we TOLD YOU SO.

Swanson has contracted to drill 3 wells 3500 feet or production in the territory around Hedley.

Sexauer No. 1 is already drilling in the Southwest quarter of Section 13, Block 20, H. & G. N. Ry. survey, and is now down with a 20 inch hole and cased to 325 feet.

One well will be drilled on the Harle ranch, southeast of Hedley, also in Block 20, and a third one on what is known as the Buck Creek block, about 8 miles northeast from Hedley.

Now, this is what we honestly and conscientiously believe:

That we have territory good enough to duplicate the Burkburnett, Electra and Duncan fields combined in this block of acreage.

If you want to get in on a real worth while proposition, now is the time to procure your acreage.

We have no promotion stock to sell, but will sell you acreage with a guarantee of production.

THE SWANSON CO.

HEDLEY, TEXAS

ANNOUNCEMENT

OF THE LUCKY "B" LEASE SYNDICATE

THIS SYNDICATE WILL BE FORMED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE SMALL INVESTOR

The Buck Creek Well, northeast of Hedley, will resume drilling by Swanson & Co. They are now rigging up and moving tools in on the lease. The well is now at a depth of 1500 feet and is in good shape.

Watch this space for further information regarding the Lucky "B" Lease Syndicate.

(Signed) ELLIS BLACK,
Hedley, Texas.

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
ED C. BOLIVER
Publisher

Entered as second class matter October 28, 1910, at the postoffice at Hedley, Texas, under the Act of March 4, 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.

NOTICE.—Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation which may appear in the columns of The Informer will be gladly corrected upon its being brought to the attention of the publisher.

The Informer, $1.50 a year.

PUPLIC NOTICE

Beginning with Monday, April 24, 1922, until Monday, Oct. 2 1922, we will open and close at 9:00 a. m. and 3:00 p m, respectively.

Guaranty State Bank.
First State Bank.

FOR SALE—Pure blood White Legborn Eggs $1 00 per setting. Phone or see

Lee Snodgrass.

NAZARENE CHURCH

Everyone cordially invited to attend services at the Church of the Nazarene.

Sunday School 10 a m.
Preaching 11 a. m.
Preaching 7 p. m.

By the Pastor,
I. L. Campbell.

CHURCH OF CHRIST

C. H. Kennedy, of Memphis, Texas, will preach on Saturday night before the 4th Sunday in each month, and also Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

Everybody cordially invited.

Subscribe for The Informer

Miss Vada Hicks, who is teaching at Memphis, spent Sunday with home folks here. She was accompanied by Miss Clark, a former teacher in Hedley public school.

Our good friend T. E McDaniel has the Informer's thanks for subscription renewal last Saturday.

A new restaurant has been opened up in the building vacated by Hedley Millinery Co The proprietor is from Memphis.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kessler of Wellington have been visiting the latter's brother, J.W. Forbis, and family.

Mrs. Raymond Storseth, who has been visiting here for a month, has returned to her home in Amarillo.

PRINTING THE NEWS

If the names of your friend, your relative or yourself do not appear in the Informer as often as they should, it is more than likely your own fault for not telling or phoning the news to the editor. He will aporeciate it if you will do this. If we give one item and omit another, it is not because we are playing favorites. It is because one item was reported, and the other wasn't.

A few people are unreasonable enough to expect a small town paper to give city service. It can't be did. We don't know of any small town business that is giving its customers city service. Do you? But, as for us, we promise to improve our service and our paper just as soon and as fast as you improve your co operation and patronage.

Meantime, phone us or drop in and tell us something.

FINCH NO. 1 STARTS WORK ON RIG MONDAY

Finch No 1, Southeast corner of Southwest quarter of Section 33, Block 20, of H & G N Ry Survey, starting to erect their rig Monday morning. Material and men have arrived.

The work is being contracted for by Swanson & Co of Hedley

Mr. Swanson states that in the next few days tool, boilers, etc, will be ready to put on the ground. Drilling will start immediately.

Mr. Frederick B. Owen of Oklahoma City, attorney for Swanson & Co, will arrive Saturday morning, and will be in the city a few days looking after business interests.

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