

# THE HEDLEY INFORMER

VOL. XII

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, MAY 5, 1922

NO. 24

## OIL MEN CONTINUE TO ARRIVE IN HEDLEY FIELD

For the past few days there has been great interest shown in Donley county, in and around Hedley.

Judge Owens, of Oklahoma City, representing The Swanson Co. interests, has been busy for the past few days, examining titles, etc.

Work still continues on the Finch No. 1, where the rig is being completed and the tools moved in, ready to go to work.

Harle No 1 cellar is being dug and sills being laid for same. A large shipment of tools, boiler and supplies are now on the side track and will be taken out at an early date.

## J. M. WATSON, CONTRACTOR OF OKLAHOMA CITY, ENTERS HEDLEY FIELD

Mr. Watson is well known among the oil fraternity in Texas and Oklahoma. He has drilled a great many wells in proven territory in Texas. It is rumored that he is purchasing a block of acreage here for the purpose of developing same. It is a well known fact among the oil fraternity that Mr. Watson is one of the best equipped contractors in Oklahoma. He further states that this part of the country looks good to him.

## G. T. ENGLE IS HERE FROM WICHITA FALLS

Mr. G. T. Engle, well known oil operator of Wichita Falls, is here with his geologists looking over the Hedley field. Mr. Engle is interested in a block of acreage, well now drilling, north of Clarendon, known as Bugbee well No. 1. Mr. Engle has drilled several wells in and around Wichita Falls. His sole purpose is to develop wild cat territory. He will return to Hedley in the next few days to arrange matters on a block of acreage north of here.

## CLARENDON MAN INTERESTED IN HEDLEY FIELD

Mr. Joe M. Warren of Clarendon is taking a great active part in the progress shown in and around Hedley. Mr. Warren is a man who has had a great deal of actual experience in the oil game, and says without magnifying or exaggerating that the large oil companies have got their eye on Donley County. He has been busy for the past ten days helping to adjust the Buck Creek acreage, which is now being taken over by Swanson & Co., who will resume drilling as soon as possible.

Mt. and Mrs. Garfield Dunn left Wednesday for Dallas, where they are taking their baby for medical treatment.

## BETTY PONTIUS PURCHASES \$500.00 WORTH OF INTEREST IN BOOSTER LEASE SYNDICATE HERE

Betty Pontius, known as a wild cat lease speculator, becomes a unit holder in the Booster Lease Syndicate. Mrs. Pontius holds several leases in wild cat territory in Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas. She writes and says that there is no doubt but what Donley County will get oil.

Ellis Black, who directs the Booster Lease Syndicate, informs us that Mrs. Pontius will be here at a later date to look over a block of acreage with the intention of developing same. Mrs. Pontius is one of the many women who have made a success in the oil game. We welcome her to our city.

## HEDLEY SCHOOL BUILDING CONTRACT IS LET

The Hedley School Board late yesterday evening awarded the contract for the construction of our new school building. Contractor Randal of Amarillo was the successful bidder.

This means a substantial and commodious building, adequately equipped, ready for the next term of school, beginning the first of September.

Another long step forward!

R. P. Storseth is here from Amarillo on business.

## FLESHER ANNOUNCES FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY

In our announcement column will be found the name of W. J. Flesher as a candidate for District Attorney, subject to the action of the Democratic primary in July.

Mr. Flesher is a resident of Randall County, taught school several years, and has been practicing law at Canyon thirteen years. Six years of that time he was County Attorney. He took his law course at the University of Texas. At the last term of the District Court in Randall county, he represented the State in the absence of Mr. Childers and secured a conviction in four felony cases—that being all the cases tried at that term.

Mr. Flesher says: "I believe in the strict enforcement of law, without fear or favor, and if elected it will be my policy to give a vigorous prosecution to all violators of law." He invites investigation of his record as a citizen and a lawyer. Give his candidacy fair consideration.

## TO THE PUBLIC

This is to notify my friends, and the public generally, that I am now with the Hullum Grocery, and extend to you a cordial invitation to call on me there.

I will be glad to see you, and you can rest assured that we will treat you right in a business way.

Respectfully,  
C. O. Cooper.

AGENTS WANTED to sell units in Booster Lease Syndicate, Sexauer Well No. 1, now drilling, Hedley, Texas. See D. G. Moore or Ellis Black.

Do it today! Purchase a unit in the Booster Lease Syndicate.

Rev. James of Wellington was here Saturday.

Lots of contractors here after the school building job the past several days.

Mrs. T. J. Davis left Tuesday morning for Fort Worth to visit her daughter.

## 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

**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. DONEGBY  
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

## 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**





## 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. FLESBER**  
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**  
**B. F. NAYLOR**  
re election

For County Treasurer  
**MRS. WILLIE GOLDSTON**  
re election

For Commissioner Prec. 8  
**J. B. PICKETT**  
**T. N. MESSER**  
re election

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

### 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.

### 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

## GREEN'S GARAGE

### for SERVICE

General automobile service, 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

# 111 one-eleven cigarettes



# 10¢ for FIFTEEN

In a new package that fits the pocket—  
At a price that fits the pocket-book—  
The same unmatched blend of  
TURKISH, VIRGINIA and BURLEY Tobaccos



### MRS. ALICE BOONE

Mrs. Alice Boone, mother of Van and Jess Boone of this city, and a former resident of Hedley, died last Saturday, after a short illness, at her home in Burk Burnett.

Funeral services were held at the First Baptist church in Hedley at 3 o'clock last Sunday afternoon, Rev. Y. F. Walker officiating, and the remains were laid to rest in Rowe cemetery.

An obituary will be published in next week's paper.

When you buy a unit in the Booster Lease Syndicate, you are boosting Hedley, Texas. Ask any unit holder.

Our good friend B. E. Harris called at this office Monday, renewed his own subscription, and paid for a paper to be sent one year to J. P. Pratt, at Red Oak, Texas. Thanks.

### CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank the good friends of Hedley for their kindness shown to us in so many ways during the illness of our mother.

Van Boone  
Mrs. Alta Williams,  
Jess Boone,  
Mrs. Ellie Barton,  
Miss Allie Boone.

A hint to the wise: The Informer man needs that \$1.50

### REV. S. N. POOL

Rev. S. N. Pool, father of J. P. Pool of this city, died last Sunday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Bain, near Lelia Lake, after an illness extending over a period of several weeks.

Funeral services were held at the Methodist church in Hedley Monday afternoon, conducted by Rev. J. M. Fuller. The remains were taken to the old home in Oklahoma for burial.

A more extended article will be published next week.

There are only two hundred and forty units in the Booster Lease Syndicate. They will not last long, so purchase today.

### AIRPLANES HERE YESTERDAY ---WILL ADVERTISE HEDLEY

Ellis Black, National Advertising Agency, is closing contract with Cyle Horchem of Wichita Falls for a big airplane advertising trip, to acquaint the country with Hedley and her oil field activities and possibilities.

Mr. Horchem was in Hedley yesterday with two airplanes, and spent the greater part of the day here. The party consisted of Mr. Horchem and an other pilot and their wives.

A later date will be announced when planes will start on the three thousand mile trip advertising the Hedley oil fields.

Mr. and Mrs. Otis Yarbrough are here, visiting at the R. L. Adamson.

A few dollars invested in the Booster Lease Syndicate may pay all your bills the rest of your life.

Mr. Mrs. Bob Williams left Tuesday morning for their home at Burk Burnett.

Mrs. Josie McBride of Amarillo is here visiting friends.

LOST—A small pink Cameo Pin with pearls around it. Finder return to Informer for reward.

Mr. and Mrs. Sims of Wellington were here last Saturday and Sunday, visiting friends and attending the 5th Sunday meeting.

AGENTS—We will pay a liberal commission to you for selling units in Booster Lease Syndicate. Write or call Ellis Black, Hedley, Texas.

Subscribe for The Informer.



### 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

If it is something new, and is usually handled in a first class dry goods store, you will likely find it here.

Come in today. It's no trouble to show you.

## Forbis & Stone

CHAIN STORES  
HEDLEY, TEXAS

# Why Men Take Mastin's Yeast Vitamon

## Tablets—To Clear The Skin and Put On Firm Flesh

Easy and Economical Results Quick



Of what use are fine features with an ugly, mottled skin, flabby flesh, sunken cheeks, pouches under the eyes, or a careworn, sickly-looking face?

If you want to quickly clear your skin and complexion, put some firm, healthy flesh on your bones, increase your nerve force and power and look and feel far better, simply try taking two of MASTIN'S tiny yeast VITAMON TABLETS with each meal and watch the results.

MASTIN'S VITAMON TABLETS contain not only the purest form of concentrated yeast vitamins, but all three vitamins scientifically combined with specially prepared organic iron for your blood, the necessary lime salts and other true vitalizing brain, bone and tissue making elements which Nature provides to produce real "stay-there" flesh, clear skin and increase energy.

Under their purifying influence, many embarrassing skin eruptions seem to vanish as if by magic, leaving the skin and complexion fresh, clear and glowing with ruddy health.

To protect yourself against imitations and cheap substitutes INSIST upon MASTIN'S to get the original and genuine VITAMON TABLETS, recommended by physicians and used by millions. At all good druggists.

AT THE FIRST SIGN OF A COLD—USE



WHEREAS Standard Cold Remedy... W. S. HILL COMPANY, DETROIT

# Keep Your Skin-Pores Active and Healthy With Cuticura Soap

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.



Kill All Flies! THEY SPREAD DISEASE... HAROLD BOWERS, 100 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

One of the Old-Timers. My brother, who was popular with the fair sex, had quite a collection of photographs. "Oh," I said to a girl I was showing them to, "you would not be interested in those. They are only some old-timers."

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 *Wm. D. Fletch* In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Produces Like Effect. The force of example is shown by the fact that when a razor loses its temper it is apt to make the user lose his also.

Agree with people readily and usually the conversation will stop.



Mrs. Ruth Williamson Birmingham, Ala.—"After becoming a mother my health gave way. I suffered severely with a pain low down in my right side. My sister-in-law, having been cured of a bad case of feminine trouble by taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, advised me to take it, which I did. I am now starting on my third bottle and the pain has all left me. My husband said to me the other day, 'That Favorite Prescription must be a wonderful medicine. I don't hear you complaining any more.'—Mrs. Ruth Williamson, 4016 First Avenue. You should obtain this famous Prescription now at your nearest drug store, in tablets or liquid, or write Dr. Pierce, President Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for free medical advice.

# Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

## EXERCISING THE WILL

NOTHING is more fatal to growth of will than that form of indolence which shrinks from trial and experiment.

The person who is confronted by a new perplexity, loses his or her self-reliance and in despair cries, "what shall I do," is not destined to go very far afield in the creation of song or story or in the crafts.

He must, like boats, keep near the shore and be ever ready to scud into the harbor.

All the achievements in the arts and sciences result from exercising an individual will and strengthening it in difficult situations.

The practice of doing things habitually, as a bookkeeper adds a column of figures or a typist rattles off a routine letter, increases speed and contributes a certain quality of efficiency, but it does not by any manner of means improve the volitional power. No new or original force is brought into play.

The mind functions from habit without any strain, unconscious of exertion. Mere habit is the impelling power which if persisted in for a long time weakens the will and eventually retards progress and originality.

The men and women who rise to the heights are those who every day exercise their will-power in new spheres. In their self-appointed occupations they call up their reserve strength, whip their brains to a faster gait and discipline their resolution.

They think and act for themselves, master their own problems by perseverance and mount step by step to places where rewards are largest and honors are unblemished.

They early learned how to depend on themselves by reasoning and using their judgment. They dug down to basic principles and discovered the "whys and wherefores."

Then followed a robustness and an ability of mind which developed will-power of the highest order.

And this high-powered will is available to all who will drill themselves to hard work and avoid slothful habits.

This special exercise of the intellect which is necessary to expand the will

may be irksome at first, but if persisted in it becomes in a little while exhilarating and carries us forward at a wonderful pace without wearying in the least.

If you would test this to your own satisfaction and advantage, try it for a month and note at the end of that time how you have improved in mentality and self-reliance.

(Copyright.)

## THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

It doesn't do to work too hard— So soon we hear the final call When I consider that I think It doesn't do to work at all



# Uncommon Sense . . .

By JOHN BLAKE

## DON'T MEDDLE

THERE may be somewhere in the world a man who can run his neighbor's business as well as his own, but we doubt if you ever met him.

There may be a woman who can successfully raise her own children and keep her own house, and at the same time be profoundly interested in the way her next-door neighbor raises her children and keeps her house, but if there is such a woman she has managed to keep herself pretty well hidden.

Your neighbor's affairs are interest-

## KIDDIES SIX

By Will M. Maupin

### THE FLAT OWNER'S FATE

A RICH man built a row of flats. All modern and complete; A velvet lawn stretched out in front Along the noisy street.

And then he tacked a sign up high Above the passing crowd: "These handsome, modern flats for rent— No children are allowed."

He garnered rents in golden store And riches high he piled, The while the echoes never rang With laughter of a child. No childish feet went pitter-pat Adown the marble halls; The gloomy corridors ne'er rang With children's happy calls.

The rich man died, as all men must, And neared St. Peter's gate, And o'er the golden arch he saw The words that sealed his fate. The words he saw were writ in flame, And seared his hard heart well: "This place is full of little ones— You'll have to go below."

(Copyright.)

Stopping the Discussion. Her Husband—Roughly speaking, you speak about— Mrs. Junebride—B-r-oo-hoo! I don't want you to speak roughly to me. I won't have it.

# SCHOOL DAYS



# The Friendly Path

By Walter L. Robinson

## THE WILD FLOWERS

SAVE the wild flowers. Slowly, but surely, many of the most beautiful species of blooms are disappearing. Constantly those who love them carelessly pull them up by the roots, or the uncaring destroy them with little less than criminal intent. Virtually nothing is being done to give them lengthened lives.

Yet there are thousands who find some of the greatest pleasure in tramping through the woods and fields and viewing the fragrant beauties in their native haunts. God was kind in giving us so many varieties to enhance the landscape and make the world more beautiful. And those who love the wildflowers would be remiss in their duty to themselves and their fellows if they did not use every possible influence to have the floral species preserved.

Some may contend that nothing of material value is to be gained by ex-

ertions designed to prevent the flowers from being wiped out. They are wrong. Aside from the purely esthetic side of such work, it is of great importance to the education of the children who come after us. But of still greater importance is the influence the flowers will have on the lives of the people.

No one can look upon things which are beautiful without feeling more happy, or without a higher appreciation of God's greatness and recognizing that man is small. No one can spend part of his time admiring the flowers and breathing their fragrance without experiencing a thrill of enjoyment or without thinking better thoughts and feeling a desire to make his own work more nearly perfect. We, therefore, should be more thankful for the millions of blossoms so frequently trampled underfoot, and there should be greater effort to keep them blooming along all pathways.

A movement to preserve the species of wildflowers is taking practical form in one of the big cities of the United States. Through the influence of nature lovers, park officials have set aside a part of one of the public parks for a wildflower preserve.

Every community would assure greater happiness for its people by protecting these beautiful works of God

(Copyright.)

With our sharp weapons we shall the fray, And take the castle that thou lovest in; We shall thee flay out of thy fowl skin, And a dish, with onions and pepper, We shall thee dress with strong vinegare. —Spenser.

## WHAT TO EAT

A VERY nourishing dish is omelet chowder. Cook two cupfuls of minced onion in three-eighths of a cup of butter for thirty minutes or until the onion is soft. Add eight potatoes, pared and sliced, one teaspoonful of pepper, one tablespoonful of mixed herbs (such as sage, marjoram, sweet basil, and one quart of water. Cook until the potatoes are tender, then add three cupfuls of milk and one cupful of cream. Let come to the boiling point and serve with pilot crackers.

Corn Flake Macaroons. Take the whites of two eggs, beat until stiff, adding a pinch of salt and one cupful of sugar very gradually, then fold in one cupful of corn flakes and one cupful of ground nuts, or a mixture of coconut and ground nuts, two tablespoonfuls of flour and a teaspoonful of vanilla.

Nellie Maxwell Copyright, 1932, Western Newspaper Union

# HOW TWO WOMEN ESCAPED OPERATIONS

## Doctor Advised Use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

### Happy Results in Both Cases

St. Joseph, Missouri.—"Both of my sides swelled and hurt me so that I could not move or do any of my work. There was heavy pressure and pains through my lower organs and the doctor told me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for these troubles. He said I had this one chance, and if the Vegetable Compound did not help me nothing but an operation would. After taking several bottles I felt it was helping me and now I am able to do my own work. If my testimony will help others I shall be glad for them to read it and hope your Vegetable Compound will do them as much good as it did me." —Mrs. WM. LOCKMAN, 513 N. 4th St., St. Joseph, Mo.

Pinkham's Blood Medicine, also Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills and Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash and the capsules and prescription recommended. I am doing all my work and have gained twenty pounds. I am taking the medicines still, but I feel fine. You have my permission to use this letter for the good of others." —Mrs. MARY MARK, 37 Hamilton Ave., White Plains, N. Y.

Some female troubles may through neglect reach a stage when an operation is necessary. But most of the common ailments are not the surgical ones; they are not caused by serious displacements, tumors, or growths, although the symptoms may appear the same.

White Plains, N. Y.—"I had such a pain that I could hardly walk and the doctor said that I needed an operation. I was sick for a year before I could not work. I saw your advertisement in a little book and that is how I came to take Lydia E. Pinkham's medicines. I have been taking the Vegetable Compound and Lydia E.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Ailments Peculiar to Women" will be sent you free upon request. Write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Massachusetts. This book contains valuable information.



# Spohn's Distemper Compound

to break it up and get them back in condition. Twenty-eight years of experience in treating Coughs and Colds, Influenza and Distemper, with their resulting complications, and all diseases of the throat, nose and lungs. Acts marvelously as a preventive, acts equally well as a cure. Obtainable in two sizes at drug stores. SPOHN MEDICAL COMPANY GOSHEN, INDIANA

Advertisement for Mrs. Winslow's Syrup. Includes illustration of a woman and child, and text: "Saved my baby", "Colic is quickly overcome by this pleasant, satisfactory remedy, which relieves diarrhoea, flatulency and constipation, keeping baby healthy and happy. Non-narcotic, non-alcoholic. MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP The Infants' and Children's Regulator"

Advertisement for Cuticura. Includes text: "YOU CANNOT AFFORD To let your little hurts and ailments get bad. Keep Vacher-Balm handy for Burns, Boils, Cuts, Corus, Piles, or Soreness anywhere. Ask your druggist. Avoid imitations. —Advertisement. Very properly a girl has little faith in a mirror that tells her she is homely. Cuticura Comforts Baby's Skin When red, rough and itching, by hot baths of Cuticura Soap and touches of Cuticura Ointment. Also make use now and then of that exquisitely scented dusting powder, Cuticura Talcum, one of the indispensable Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Advertisement. Quick Lunch. Pig and hen chatting together on the railroad tracks. Toot-toot! Ham and eggs.—American Legion Weekly. Evident. Ted—Is Tom heepeaked? Ned—Judge for yourself. His wife went to the barber's and left instructions as to how his hair was to be cut.—New York Sun. YOU CAN WALK IN COMFORT If you Shake Into Your Shoes some ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, the Antiseptic, Healing powder for aches that pinch or feet that ache. It takes the friction from the shoe and gives relief to corns and bunions, hot, itchy, sweating, swollen feet. Ladies can wear shoes one size smaller by shaking Allen's Foot-Ease in each shoe.—Advertisement. Honesty the Best. "I'm afraid dad will find out that we disobeyed him last night." "The best way to keep him from finding out is to tell him. He never remembers anything."—Nashville Tennessean. Every department of housekeeping needs Red Cross Ball Blue. Equally good for kitchen towels, table linen, sheets and pillowcases, etc.—Advertisement. It's a proud man who feels that he will be among the family's favorite remembered ancestors.

Advertisement for Alabastine. Includes illustration of a woman painting a wall and text: "Ask Your Dealer", "ASK your local dealer to recommend a practical decorator. If you are unable to secure one you can do the work yourself, tinting and stenciling your walls to give beautiful results. Alabastine Instead of Kalsomine or Wall Paper. Alabastine is a dry powder; mixes with cold water; directions on each package. Used on plaster, wall board and all wall surfaces. White and artistic, durable tints. Cross and circle printed in red on each package. SPECIAL STENCIL OFFER We will supply cut stencils to any user of Alabastine—one stencil for each room requiring not less than two packages, if you will send the large words ALABASTINE cut from the face of the packages over the cross and circle, accompanied by 15c in stamps or silver for each stencil desired, covering postage and packing. Write for free booklet, 'Nature's Beautiful Tints.' THE ALABASTINE COMPANY 1448 Grandville Avenue Grand Rapids, Michigan

## CALOMEL GOOD BUT TREACHEROUS

Next Dose May Salivate, Shock Liver or Attack Your Bones.

You know what calomel is. It's mercury; quicksilver. Calomel is dangerous. It crashes into your 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 Tonic 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 Tonic 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.

**Gat and Kitten.**  
Kitty—That man over there is staring right at my nose.  
Kat—Maybe he's a reporter.  
Kitty—But why should a reporter stare at my nose?  
Kat—Well, they're supposed to keep their eyes on everything that turns up, aren't they?

## MOTHER!

Move Child's Bowels with "California Fig Syrup"



Hurry, mother! Even a sick child loves the "fruity" taste of "California Fig Syrup" and it never fails to open the bowels. A teaspoonful today may prevent a sick child tomorrow. If constipated, bilious, feverish, fretful, has cold, colic, or if stomach is sour, tongue coated, breath bad, remember a good cleansing of the little bowels is often all that is necessary.

Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on the bottle. Mother! You must see "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup. Advertisement.

**A Blowout.**  
Sultor—What would you do if I kissed you?  
Electrician's Daughter—I would use one hand for insulation and with the other I would create a short-circuit by a quick connection against your cheek.—Science and Invention.

## If You Need a Medicine You Should Have the Best

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plain—the article did not fulfill the promises of the manufacturer. This applies more particularly to a medicine. A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been benefited, to those who are in need of it.

A prominent druggist says "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, for in almost every case it shows excellent results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy has so large a sale."

According to sworn statements and verified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact, so many people claim, that it fulfills almost every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder ailments; corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism.

You may receive a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by Parcel Post. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents; also mention this paper. Large and medium size bottles for sale at all drug stores. Advertisement.

**Folks and Flowers.**  
Mrs. Kawler—Those new neighbors of ours must be rich, judging from the clothes they wear.  
Mrs. Wyse—That's a poor way to judge, my dear. Some of the most gorgeous flowers haven't a scent.—Boston Transcript.

Red Cross Ball Blue is the finest product of its kind in the world. Every woman who has used it knows this statement to be true.—Advertisement.

**Waiting.**  
"Do you get your simony promptly, Winifred?" "No, I don't! Dick pays his wives alphabetically!"—Judge.

The wise man keeps his temper when he is getting the worst of it.

## Mode in New Crepe Frocks; New Ideas in Spring Veils

SPRING collections stress the continued vogue of crepe and georgette for dinner and afternoon gowns. The appeal of new inspiration is not in the fabric, but in the remarkable colorings. It may not be good English to say that these colorings are "delicious," but somehow it conveys the idea of the lovely tones and tints of these exquisite picture frocks.

Naive simplicity gives to these gowns of exquisite coloring their distinction. The models which unlace of the big spotted effects having gone out of fashion. The new dotted strictly face veils show their up-to-dateness through color. The correct mode this spring is to match the dots to the color scheme of the hat, which means that the tiny conventional dots are apt to be copper colored, tomato red, periwinkle, orchid, bright blue and especially sand shade on a very inconspicuous background of negligible notice against the flesh.

There are a few fanciful mesh face



Two Pretty Models in Crepe Frocks.

fashion has accepted as ideal, are of one color throughout, and while there may be floating panels, side skirt-drapes and flowing sleeves, as to trimming, it is conspicuous by its absence, save perhaps roses of self fabric, hand-drawn hemstitching or tucks which are very plentiful just now.

Georgette, and again romaine, with crepe de chine and some marocain, are the chosen fabrics. These are in such entrancing shades as orchid, larkspur blue, anemonglow, periwinkle, copper tones, tomato red, gray, and an endless number of sand and tans.

Color sympathy is sometimes effected through a girde of two tones of broad satin ribbon, such as, for instance, citron green with larkspur blue

veils, and the latest in these show interweavings of two colors such as gray and white, sand and white and particularly black and white.

It is, however, the veil of trimming mood which is holding sway this season. Here elaborately fanciful design enters, and this is particularly true of the bright dyed veils. At this moment, every one is taking to wearing smart untrimmed felt shapes over which are thrown gayest of gay dyed chantilly lace veils, caught with a rhinestone dagger pin at the front. Newest of all are the long flowing veils of georgette in a chosen solid color. These fall from the crown to the back, extending below the waist. Shetland white veils are modish and



Picturesque Trimming in Veils.

on an orchid gown. The last word in this stressing of color and crepe is to trim the hat with a streamer scarf of the gown fabric.

The simple crepe frock to the left, is indicative of the new monotone crepe afternoon costume.

Classic draping, as is shown to the right in the navy crepe frock, head-embroidered, is also a decided feature of the season's modes.

In th day when veils were veils, we wore them over the face; now we wear them over the hat, the shoulders, or trailing to waistline and below, according to the whims of their trimming mood.

There are veils, however, that are true to original intention, but they are limited, for the most part, to chenille-dotted yardage. By the way, these dots are preferably small this season,

that leads to the subject of white, which is quite the hit of the season for veils.

The eyebrow veil which is really a curtain of malines or thin lace, coquettishly screening the eyes, is very popular again this season. A new veil with mesh like fish net is expressively called "the witch."

Three distinct veil types are shown in the illustration. The large square veil shows fine white chenille patterned on black. Brown Spanish lace is draped as a streamer on center hat. Over the flower toque is thrown a navy blue scroll-patterned veil.

Julia Bottomley

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### NATURE OF THAT ARGUMENT

In Colored Man's Opinion It Distinctly Belonged to the Wet-and-Dry Class.

While questioning prisoners with a view to selecting honor men, the other day, Warden Thomas of the Ohio penitentiary drew from a southern negro his idea of what constitutes wet and dry argument.

"What brought you here, Sam?" the warden asked.

"A lil' cuttin' scrape, boss," Sam replied.

"Had you been drinking?"

"A lil'."

"What started the fight?"

"An argument."

"Was it a wet and dry argument?"

"Yes, sub, boss, it was a wet an' dry argument. Myself and the nigger Ah was drinkin' with run out of beer. Ah ast him to get some more beer and when he refused Ah busted him one. He busted right back and then Ah done a lil' cuttin'." It was a wet an' dry argument, boss.—Columbus Dispatch.

**From Six to Seven.**  
The Woman was entertaining two small nieces, who between sips of cambric tea and bites of jelly sandwiches were giving her a glowing account of some recent festivities. "How very jolly!" commented the Woman; "and of course you played games and had ice cream and—a birthday cake?"

"Yes, indeed," affirmed Dolly; "a splendid rosy-pink one on it!" cried Nelly. "How lovely!" enthused the Woman; "and how many candles were there?" "We didn't count 'em, did we, Dolly?" was the reply, and then, with a puzzled frown, "and she's seven years old, auntie, seven years old, and she looks just exactly the very same as she did last Sunday, when she was only six!"—Chicago Journal.

**Dry.**  
"How did the wedding go off? Any hitch?"  
"No, nor hootch."

**Doubtful.**  
North—Mrs. Jones said that I reminded her of her husband.  
West—Is that a compliment?

**Dum Cold.**  
Bert Acosta, the air champion, said at a banquet in Omaha:

"It is so cold in an airplane when you reach great altitudes that if you try to describe the weather up there you feel like a liar.

"Yes, you feel like the farm hand who said:

"Yep, mighty cold day, but 'tain't nothin' to what I seen to hum worst in the Vermont mountings. Why, one day in pig-killin' time it was so dum cold that we had a kittle of h'llin' water settin' on the stove, and when we took it out in the yard it friz so dum quick the ice was hot."

**Keeping Him Satisfied.**  
"There's a man from the tailor's, sir."  
"Tell him I can't pay his bill, but I'll be around tomorrow to order another suit."—Life.

**Pride is said to go before a fall. Anyway, a woman's pride usually gives way before her tears fall.**

**True, but Astonishing.**  
Anatole France, who is seventy-eight, went to Stockholm to receive his Nobel prize just after recovering from a severe illness. He was fearful of catching cold, and wore several well-padded waistcoats under his coat. The Swedish custom officers were suspicious. "What have you got in here?" one of them asked, with his hands on the great novelist's coat. "France," was the reply.

**He Knew the Kind.**  
Two men were having a talk at dinner time one day and the health of a fellow workman's daughter was the subject of the conversation.

"Well," said Jack, "if Tom would send his lass up to the hospital on the hill she would be cured in a month."  
"Ah, but," says Bob, "is that a convalescent hospital?"  
"Oh, no," replied Jack; "it's a corrugated iron one."

The Allegheny river is navigable for 150 miles above Pittsburgh.

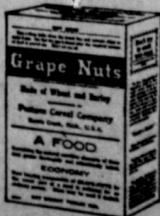
## When Will There Be A Disarmament of Dining Tables?

Suppose everybody would recognize the fact that there's no gain but much loss in keeping up hostilities with the stomach!

Suppose the ancient aggravation of improper food on indignant digestive organs should be settled with guarantees of sensible diet and tranquil digestion!

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# The Girl, a Horse and a Dog

By  
**FRANCIS  
LYNDE**

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CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"Would you have believed him?" I asked, grinning across the table at Beasley.

"It'd a-been a question of ver-racity, as the court says; with maybe you and Hi Twombly too dead to testify."

At this, Daddy, who had been eating like a man half-starved, put in his word.

"I reckon you can't get at them galoots higher up, Stannie, but if you don't shove Charley Bullerton just about as far as the law'll allow, I'm goin' to call ye a quitter."

At that moment Jeanie had just brought in another heaping plate of the luscious corn cakes, and I was looking at her when I replied.

"We'll see about the shoving a bit later, Daddy. The first thing to do is to put the old Cinnabar in shape to shell us out some money. I'm broke, you know."

When I made this admission, Beasley, the last man in the world from whom help could come, I should have said, looked me squarely in the eyes.

"Stannie Broughton—if that's your name—you ain't so dad-blamed crazy as you look and act," he remarked. "Money's what talks. Are you afein' to swing onto this thing with your own hands?—for keeps, I mean; not to sell it out to the first set o' minin' sharps that comes along?"

"Sure!—you said it; I'm going to keep it and work it—after I get out of the jail where you're going to land me for pinching that inspection car and getting it smashed. Why else did I start out blindfolded to hunt for a girl, a horse and a dog?"

He let the latter half of my reply go without comment; charging it up to some last lingering remains of the craziness, perhaps.

"Well, let's see about where you'd crack your whip first," he invited.

"That part of it is easy," I laughed. "What I don't know about the practical end of the mining job would lead a wagon. I'll pitch out and hunt me up a real, for-sure miner, of course."

"Nothin' so awfully crazy about that," he granted. Then: "What's the matter with Hi Twombly, here, for your boss miner?"

"Not a thing in the wide world—except that he can't be because he is going to be my partner in the deal."

"Now you're talkin' a whole heap like a white man," said the desperadoish one. "Dog-goned if I don't b'lieve you are white! What do you say to givin' me a whack at the bossin' job?"

I took just one little glance at Daddy, and the mild blue eyes said "yes."

"But you've got me under arrest, Mr. Beasley," I pointed out, just to see what he'd say. "You can't very well close a business deal with your prisoner, can you?"

"Kill two 'r three birds with the one rock," he mumbled, cramming the striped half of his breakfast-finishin' corn cake into his capacious mouth.

"I'll chase you down to Angels and turn you over to the majesty of the law—the same bein' by name old Squire Dubbin. Then I'll jump my job o' sortin' out the bad angels from amongst the good angels and go out and rustle your bail. Time old Bill Dubbin's chewin' over the law in sich

cases made and provided—like he's bound to do—I'll serape up a bunch of men and start 'em up hereaways to begin on the repairs. How does all that strike you?"

If my laugh was a bit grim there was a warrant for it.

"It strikes me fair in the empty pocket, my good friend," I told him. "Just at this present moment I couldn't finance one solitary, lonesome carpenter—to say nothing of a gang of them, with half a dozen steam-fitters and boiler-makers thrown in."

"Eh! workin' capital, you mean?"

That's about the easiest thing this side o' Hades—with a mine like the old Cinnabar—with no more water in it than what can be pumped out—to back you. I reckon your title to the property's all right, ain't it?"

"It is; I have a deed from my grandfather." So much I said, but I didn't go on to explain how the quick wit of a girl who now hated me had saved that deed from being a mere scrap of waste paper. Not that I knew how she had done it—but the tangible fact was safely in my pocket.

Fifteen minutes after this breakfast table talk I was bidding a temporary good-by to the wreck on the Cinnabar ledge, and was about to take the road to Atropia with Beasley; both of us intent upon catching a way-freight to Angels. Daddy had lent me the piebald pony for the ride to the railroad station—this either with or without Jeanie's consent; I didn't know and forbore to ask—and the harlequin-faced dog was ready to trot at the pony's heels. But the blue-eyed maiden had shut herself up in her room, and I thought she wasn't going to come out and see me off.

At the final moment, however, after Beasley had already steered his nag across the dump head, and I was about to climb into my saddle, she came to the cabin door, and was both curiously embarrassed and a bit breathless.

"Please!—one minute!" she begged; and as I took my foot out of the stirrup: "Do you know what they have done with—with—"

"With Bullerton?" I helped out. "No, I don't know; but I suppose they've taken him on to the county seat at Copah with the others."

"Then—then—please let him go! If you refuse to prosecute—"

"Make yourself entirely easy," I broke in, a bit sourly, maybe. "I'll agree not to play the part of the dog in the manger."

"Thank you—so much!" she murmured; and then she backed away quickly and went in and on through to the kitchen, leaving me to follow Beasley, which I did, with the sour humor telling me that of all the puzzling, unaccountable things in a world of enigmas, a woman's vagaries were the least understandable. For, after all was said and done, and after all that had happened and been made to happen, it seemed to be palpably apparent that Jeanie Twombly was still in love with the jeet.

CHAPTER XIX.

Angels, Desert and Urban.

Our stop-over in Angels, Friend Beasley and mine, was of the shortest. Our business with Father William Dubbin was the merest travesty upon a trial at law, and was speedily concluded.

Since there would be no passenger train until afternoon, Beasley and I resumed our places in the freight's caboose, and in due time were set down in Brewster, the breezy little metropolis of Timanyoni Park.

Here my captor—and friend—appeared to be very much at home. He took me to the best hotel, where he was greeted with affectionate camaraderie by a clerk who wore a diamond big enough to serve for a locomotive headlight, shook hands with, and introduced me to, a number of gentlemen in the lobby, and presently gave me orders to go up to our rooms and "take a wash," preparatory to meeting a certain friend of his at luncheon; the meeting contingent upon his being able to "round up" the friend in time for the feast.

It still wanted a half-hour of the appointed luncheon time when I descended to the lobby. A little before one o'clock Beasley came in with a middle-aged man who looked as if he might have been the retired manager of a Wild West show; not long-haired, or anything like that, but with the cool eye and bronzed, weather-beaten face of one who lived under house roofs only when circumstances forced him to. A moment later I was shaking hands with Mr. William Starbuck, mine owner, ranchman, a director in the Brewster National bank, president of the Brewster Commercial club and the prime mover in a lot of other civic activities too numerous to mention.

I may pass lightly over the events of the three days following; days in which Mr. William Starbuck, who seemed to be known to all the old-timers in Brewster as "Billy," and to the younger generation as "Uncle Billy," labored untiringly in my behalf; procured me the necessary working credit at the Brewster National, helped me in the telegraphic ordering of new machinery, helped Beasley to rustle up a small army of mechanics to go ahead of us to the Cinnabar, and last, but not least, made my peace with the railroad company in the matter of the stolen and smashed inspection car; this being a thing which he was easily able to do because he was the brother-in-law, once removed, of the railroad company's vice president and general manager.

On our last-day in Brewster, and as a parting favor, I asked Starbuck how I should proceed in regard to quashing the indictment against Bullerton,

and when I did so, he gave me a sly look out of the cool gray eyes, with a gentle upflitting of the shaggy brows. "If you are determined to let Bullerton go, all you have to do is to do nothing. If you don't appear in Copah to prosecute him and his would-be mine lumpers, the case against them will be dismissed, as a matter of course. But really, you know, you ought to make an example of them."

"In the circumstances, I can't," I returned, so we let it go at that; and an hour later Beasley and I were on our way back to Atropia and Cinnabar mountain.

CHAPTER XX.

Cousin Percy Wires

It was on the evening of the fourth day's absence that Beasley and I left the train at Atropia and took the mountain trail in reverse for a return to the high bench on Old Cinnabar.



"Now You're Talking Like a White Man."

Beasley riding a borrowed horse, and I the calico pony, which Daddy Hiram had sent down to the station by one of the newly imported workmen.

Just as we were leaving the railroad station Buddy Fuller, the operator, ran out to hand me a telegram. Since it was too dark to see to read it, and I supposed, naturally, that it was nothing more important than a bid from some machinery firm anxious to supply our needs, I thought it might wait, stuck it into my pocket—and promptly forgot it.

Our talk, as we rode together up the now familiar trail, was chiefly of business; the business of reopening the mine; and it was not until we were nearing our destination that the ex-marshall said:

"Still stickin' in your craw that you ain't a-goin' to pop the whip at Charley Bullerton?"

"It is," I answered.

"Well, now, why not?"

"Principally because I have promised somebody that I wouldn't prosecute."

"Not Hi Twombly; he'd never ast you to do anything like that."

"No; not Daddy Hiram."

He didn't press the matter any further, and we rode on in silence. As we approached the neighborhood of the mine, evidences of the fortputting activities began to manifest themselves.

Daddy Hiram met us at the door of his newly repaired cabin across the dump head and insisted upon taking care of the horses. Beasley and I washed up at the outdoor, bench-aud-basin lavatory; and when we went in, Jeanie had supper ready for us.

She didn't sit at table with us—from which I argued that she and her father had already eaten—and I thought she purposely avoided me; avoided meeting my eye, at least. I didn't wonder at it. Her position, as I had it figured out, was rather awkwardly anomalous. By this time, I had fully convinced myself that she was in love with Bullerton, and was probably engaged to be married to him; and that it was only her native honesty that had driven her to take sides against him in the struggle for the Cinnabar, prompting her to do the one thing which had knocked his nefarious scheme on the head—namely, the recording of my deed.

Knowing nothing but hard work, Daddy Hiram was running the deep-well pumps himself, or rather, taking the night shift on them; and about ten o'clock, just as I had made up my mind to go to bed and let the repairing activities take care of themselves, I saw Jeanie going over to the boiler shed with a pot of freshly made coffee for her father. Here was my chance, I thought; so I waited and cornered her as she came back.

"Let's have it out, Jeanie," I said; which, I confess, was a sort of brutal

way to begin on the woman I loved, and yet the only way if I was to go on remembering that she belonged to another man. "We can at least be good friends, can't we?"

"No," she returned, with a queer little twist of her pretty lips and a flash of the blue eyes, "I'm afraid we can't even be that—or those—any more, Mr. Broughton."

It was awkward for both of us, standing there before the open cabin door, and I pointed to the bench where Daddy Hiram was wont to smoke his evening pipe in good weather.

"Won't you sit down until we can sort of fill it out?" I begged.

"It's no use, whatever," she objected; nevertheless, she did sit down and let me sit beside her.

"I know just how distressed you must be," I began, "and perhaps I can lift a bit of the load from your shoulders. There will be no legal steps taken against your—against Charles Bullerton."

"Thank you," she said; just as short as that.

"And that isn't all," I went on. "After we get into the ore and have some real money to show for it, I'm going to make over a share in the Cinnabar to your father and put him in a position to do the right thing by you when you marry. And he'll do it; you know he'll do it."

"How kind!" she murmured, looking straight out in front of her.

"It isn't kindness; it's bare justice. Between you, you two have saved my legacy for me."

"I wish, now, it hadn't been saved!" she exclaimed, as vindictively as you please.

Truly, I thought, the ways of women are past finding out; or at least the way of a maid with a man is.

"Can't I say anything at all without putting my foot into it?" I asked in despair. "You break a man's back with a load of obligation one day, and toss him lightly out of your young life the next! I haven't done anything to earn your—to earn the back of your hand, Jeanie; or if I have, I don't know what it is."

"You have committed the unpardonable sin," she accused coolly. "I don't wonder that Miss Randle took your ring off."

I wasn't going to let the talk shift to Lisette; not if I knew it, and could help it.

"What is the unpardonable sin?" I asked.

"To misunderstand; to think a person capable of a thing when a person is not; to—just take it for granted that a person is guilty—oh—with a little stamp of her foot—I can't bear to talk about it."

I guess it's a part of a man's equipment to be dense and sort of stupid—in his dealings with women, I mean. Slowly, so slowly that I thought the catch would never snap and hold, my fool mind crept back along the line, searching blindly for the point at which all this fiery indignation toward me had begun; back and still back to that moment of our deliverance—Daddy's and mine—at the shaft-house door, with this dear girl untwisting her arms from her father's neck, and with me saying, "I'm not hurt, either. Welcome home, Miss Twombly—or should I say, Mrs. Bullerton?"

"Jeanie!" I gasped; "do you mean that you're not going to marry Charles Bullerton?—that you never meant to?"

"Of course, I'm not!" she retorted, with a savage little out-thrust of the adorable chin. "But you thought so small of me that you simply took it for granted!"

I wagged my head in deepest humility.

"I'm as the dust under your pretty feet, Jeanie; please don't trample me too hard. Bullerton—that is—er—we had a scrap the next morning after you went away, you know, and I—well, he rather got the worst of it. And when I had him down and was trying to make him tell us where you were—even your father thought you'd gone off with him—he said you'd planned to go with him to get married, but that you had failed to show up at Atropia in time for the train."

"He told a lie, because that is the way he is made and he couldn't help it," she said simply, still as cool as a cucumber. "He said we were going to Angels to get married, and I—I didn't say we weren't; I just let him talk and didn't say anything at all."

"Won't you tell me a bit more?" I begged.

"You don't deserve it the least little bit, but I will. It began with the deed; your deed to the mine. One day, when you were over at the shaft-house, and had left your coat here in the cabin, I saw him take the deed from your pocket when he didn't know I was looking. He read it and put it back quickly when he heard me stirring in the other room. I knew it hadn't been recorded; you and Daddy had both spoken of that. I felt sure he'd take it again, and perhaps destroy it. At first, I thought I'd tell you or Daddy, or both of you. But I knew that would mean trouble."

"We were never very far from the fighting edge in those days," I admitted. "Bullerton had shown me the gun he always carried under his arm, and had told me what to expect in

case I were foolish enough to lose my temper."

"I know," she nodded. "He killed a man once; it was when I was a little girl and we were living in Cripple Creek. He was acquitted on the plea of self-defense. So I didn't dare say anything to you or to Daddy. What I did was to steal your deed myself, when I had a chance. Daddy has some blank forms just like it, and I sat up one night in my room and made a copy. It wasn't a very good copy—your grandfather's handwriting was awfully hard to imitate. Besides, I didn't have any notarial seal. But I thought it might do for—for something to be stolen. Then I hid the real deed and put the copy back in the envelope in your pocket."

"And Bullerton finally stole it, just as you thought he would," I put in.

"He did. You are dreadfully careless with your things; you are always leaving your coat around, just where you happen to take it off. I knew then that the next thing to be done was to get your deed recorded quickly. He—he was urging me every day to run away with him, and I was afraid to tell him how much I despised him; afraid he'd take it out on you and Daddy. So I just let him go on and talk and believe what he pleased. Of course, he wanted to ride with me the morning we went away, but after we got down the road a piece, I made an excuse to go on ahead by another trail."

"That much of what he told your father and me—when we were having the scrap—was true. He said you went on ahead."

"I didn't go to Atropia, as he expected me to," she continued calmly. "I took the old Haversack trail across the mountain to Greaser siding. I knew that the Copah train would stop there on the side-track. When I got as far as the Haversack I thought I heard somebody following me. I was scared and didn't know what to do. I was afraid my copying of the deed had been discovered and that the original would be taken away from me, so I hurried to hide the real deed. The old Haversack tunnel seemed to be a good place, but while I was in there Barney began to bark, and I looked out and saw that the noise I had heard had been made by a stray cow from one of the foothill ranches. So I re-mounted and rode on to catch the train to Copah. At Greaser siding I tried to make Barney lead the pony home, and Barney tried his best to do it. But Winkle wanted to graze, and I had to go off and leave them when the train came. That's all, I think; except that I had to wait two days at my cousin's in Copah before I could get the deed back from the recorder's office. They were awfully slow about it."

"It isn't quite all," I amended. "You haven't told me how you happened to come back with Beasley and his posse."

"That was just a coincidence. I reached Atropia on the early morning train and met Mr. Beasley and his men just as they were starting up the mountain. Cousin Buddy Fuller had told me how he had telegraphed to Angels for Mr. Beasley, and I was scared to death, of course, because I knew what it meant. So I borrowed the Haggertys' pony and came along with the posse."

There was silence for a little time; such silence as the clattering and hammering of the carpenters and steam-fitters permitted. Then I said:

"And when you got here, the first thing I did was to call you 'Mrs. Bullerton.' I don't blame you for not being able to forgive me, Jeanie, girl; honestly, I don't."

"It was worse than a crime," she averred solemnly; "it was a blunder. What made you do it?"

"Partly because I was a jealous fool; but mostly because I was sore and sorry and disappointed. I thought Bullerton had beaten me to it."

"No," she said quite soberly; "it was Miss Randle who beat you to it."

I gasped. There were tremendous possibilities in that cool answer of hers; prodigious possibilities.

"But say!" I burst out; "didn't I tell you that Lisette had pushed me overboard long ago?"

"I know. She was sensible enough to see that you and she couldn't live on nothing a year. But now that you are rich, or are going to be . . . I'm sure you are not going to be less generous than she was. What if she did take your ring off in a moment of discouragement, and knowing that you couldn't buy her hats? You can be very sure she put it on again as soon as your back was turned."

There we were; no sooner over one hurdle before another and a higher one must jump up. I groaned and thrust my hands into my pockets. A paper rustled and I drew it out. It was the telegram Buddy Fuller had handed me, still unread. I opened it

half absently, holding it down so that the glow of the nearest flare fell upon the writing. Then I gave a little yelp, swallowed hard two or three times and nearly choked doing it, and read the thing again. After all of which I said, as calmly as I could:

"But, in spite of all that I had told you about Lisette, you asked me once to kiss you."

"Is—is it quite nice of you to remind me of it?" she inquired reproachfully.

"It wouldn't be—in ordinary circumstances; it would be beastly. But, listen, Jeanie; haven't you been mad clear through, sometimes, in reading a story, to have a coincidence rung in on you when you knew perfectly well that the thing couldn't possibly have happened so pat in the nick of time?"

"I suppose I have; yes."

"Well, don't ever let it disturb you again. Because the real thing is a lot more wonderful and unbelievable, you know. Listen to this; it's a wire from my cousin, Percy; the one who sent me out into the wide, wide world to look for a girl, a horse and a dog, and who is the only human being outside of Colorado who knows where I am likely to be reached by telegraph. He is in Boston, and this is what he says: 'Recalled home when we reached Honolulu, out-bound. Lisette and I were married today. Congratulate us.'"

For a minute there was a breathless sort of pause, and I broke it.

"Jeanie, dear, was it just common honesty and good faith that made you take all these chances, with the deed, and with Bullerton?"

"Yes, I'm commonly honest," said the small voice at my shoulder.

"Bullerton is a shrewd, smart fellow," I went on. "I'll venture to say that he never made such a bonhead break as I did the morning you came back. You must think something of him or you wouldn't have asked me not to prosecute him for trying to murder your father and me."

She looked down at her pretty feet, which were crossed.

"I think—a little something—of myself," she said, with small breath-catchings between the words. "I owed myself that much, don't you think? If I didn't deceive him outright, I'm afraid I did let him deceive himself. So that made me responsible, in a way, and I couldn't let you send him to jail, could I?"

"But what about me? Are you going to send me to a worse place than any jail—for that is what the whole wide world is going to be to me without you, Jeanie, dear?"

Her answer was just like her: She turned and put up her face to me and said, "Kiss me again, Stannie." And

she kissed me.

"Let's Have It Out, Jeanie," I said, though all the carpenters on the job were looking on, as I suppose they were, by this time, I took her in my arms.

It was a short spasm; it sort of had to be in the public circumstances. When it was over, I folded Percy's telegram, took out my pencil, and with the dear girl looking on, printed my reply on what was left of the message blank. This is what I said:

"The same to you. Have found the G., the H. and the D., and Miss Jeanie Twombly and I are to be married as soon as we can find a minister. Incidentally, I have learned how to work. Hope it will be a comfort to you, to Grandfather Jasper—if he is where he can hear of it—and to all concerned."

"STANNIE."

[THE END.]

START BANK ACCOUNT FOR BABY

Recommended as the Surest Foundation That Can Be Laid for a Happy Future.

What are you doing for your baby's future happiness?

Have you thought of opening a bank account for your baby?

These are questions that should be given a thought by every parent, writes Cecelia Anthony in Thrift Magazine.

Many newly born babies are presented with gifts in the form of money. Why not start an account for the baby with this money and watch it grow by making regular weekly contributions instead of using the money to buy clothes or some other articles?

The weekly deposit of \$1 at 4 per cent interest for ten years will amount to \$684.04; in fifteen years, \$1,075.73, and in twenty years, \$1,601.26. If a deposit of \$3 is made regularly every week for ten years the child will have in its favor the sum of \$1,914; in fifteen years the amount will be \$3,227.25 and in twenty years \$5,378.75.

Of course, as the child grows older he or she will save the pennies, nickels and dimes, and help toward the regular weekly deposit, which will lessen the drain on the parents' pocketbook. In time to come the child will be the sole depositor.

True men are always truthful men.

Announcement of  
**The Booster Lease Syndicate**  
 240 INTERESTS \$50.00 EACH

D. C. MOORE, Trustee, HEDLEY, TEXAS

**THE SMALL INVESTOR'S OPPORTUNITY**

**BIG THINGS ARE HAPPENING IN THE OIL WORLD ABOUT HEDLEY, TEXAS.** The Tulsa, Kansas City, Wichita, Oklahoma City, Dallas and Fort Worth papers are spreading the news broadcast. Oil men are buying acreage fast near Sexauer No. 1 Well, being drilled by Swanson & Co.

**TRUSTEE**—The 80 acre lease has been assigned to D. C. Moore of Hedley, who holds this lease for the benefit of several owners. Mr. Moore issues to each owner a lease assignment showing each owner's interest. There are no salaries or office expenses whatsoever connected with this project. Every man shares alike and equally according to his investment.

**NO EXPENSE.** An equitable deal for all. Everybody shares alike. **THIS IS YOUR CHANCE FOR BIG THINGS!**

Figure what a small investment in this can do for you. Picture a field like Mexia, Ranger, Burkburnett, El Dorado, or in fact any of the great fields of the Southwest. It looks like this record will soon repeat itself here. When it does—500 to 1000 for one for the man who gets in on the Booster Lease Syndicate.

\$5,000.00—\$10,000.00—for every \$50 interest. This has been done, and we believe it will be done again here. Isn't it worth the risk of a few dollars? Can you afford not to grasp this opportunity, and do it now? If you do not buy it, there are hundreds who will, and it is going to be **TAKEN IN A HURRY.**

Description of the 80 acres that now belongs to the Booster Lease Syndicate: The North half of the Northeast quarter of Section 98, Block 18, of H. & G. N. Ry. survey of Hall County, Texas, containing 80 acres more or less."

Booster Lease Syndicate, Hedley, Texas:

Enclosed herewith is..... Dollars for..... Interests in Booster Lease Syndicate. I am to receive assignment from D. C. MOORE, Trustee.

Name..... Town.....  
 State..... R. F. D.....

**THE HEDLEY INFORMER**  
 PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY  
 BY C. BOLIVER  
 Publisher

Entered as second class matter October 24, 1910, at the postoffice at Hedley, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Four issues make a newspaper month. Advertising locals run and are charged for until ordered out, unless specific arrangements are made when the ad is brought in.

**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.

**FOR SALE**—Pure blood White Leghorn Eggs \$1.00 per setting. Phone or see Lee Snodgrass.

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**G. & C. MERRIAM CO.**  
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When you buy a unit in the Booster Lease Syndicate, you are boosting Hedley, Texas. Ask any unit holder.

**PUBLIC 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.

**NAZARENE REVIVAL**

Our Revival will begin Friday night before the first Sunday in August, and will continue until the third Sunday.

A. F. Balsimeler, of Colorado will be the Evangelist. Come and be with us.  
 I. L. Campbell, Pastor.

**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.

**SEED PEANUTS FOR SALE.**

Tennessee Red; hand run. 10c a pound. Phone 81 4s.  
 T. N. Naylor.

**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.

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

Subscribe for The Informer.

The first of the month had a rash of hurry up work coming at the same time, makes us late and short of news this week. We hope it won't happen again.

Y. F. Walker Jr. happened to a very bad accident yesterday which resulted in a broken arm. They carried him to Clarendon for an X ray examination, and up to this time we have heard no report as to the extent of the injury. We trust it will be found not serious.

The Hedley Camp Fire Girls have gone to Lakeview, where they will put on a play tonight.

W. L. Crane, J. L. Allison, R. H. Beville, F. L. Bourland, Joe M. Warren, Luther Skelton and Manley Ozier are among the Clarendon men who have attended to business in Hedley this week.

**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 appreciate 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 cooperation and patronage.

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

**WATCH THIS SPACE  
 NEXT WEEK**

**THE SWANSON CO.**  
 Hedley, Texas