

THE HEDLEY INFORMER

VOL XIX

HEDLEY, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, JANUARY 18, 1929

NO. 10

Sargon

A Wonderful Tonic Regulator
and System Builder

SARGON SOFT MASS PILLS
used together in numerous cases

and endorsed by many of the
world's leading physicians

ASK US FOR DETAILS

Hedley Drug Co.
THE REXALL STORE

HOME!

WHAT IS A HOME? A CAMPING
PLACE? NO

A Home Is Where Your
Heart Should Be

Get some New Furniture, a new Rug, or a
Radio or Portable Phonograph. Make the
home as attractive as you can. Keep the
children at home.

ANYTHING FOR THE HOME

Moreman Hardware

Hardware - The House of Service - Furniture
Wants to Serve You

Financial Statement of the

FIRST STATE BANK

HEDLEY, TEXAS

at close of business December 31, 1928

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts.....	\$ 77,522 31
Overdrafts.....	1,279 46
Furniture and Fixtures.....	1,041 44
Other Real Estate.....	3,508 56
Interest Dep. Guar. Fund.....	1,289 00
Asmt. Dep. Guar. Fund.....	1,500 00
Other Resources.....	1,746 25
Bills of Exchange (Cotton).....	1,109 37
Commercial Paper.....	101,635 98
CASH.....	156,784 27
Total.....	\$346,416 64

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock.....	\$ 25,000 00
Undivided Profits.....	10,749 76
DEPOSITS.....	310,666 88
Total.....	\$346,416 64

The above statement is correct.

CLIFFORD ALLISON, Cashier

The First State Bank
HEDLEY, TEXAS

THE BALES CASE ON TRIAL AT CHILDRESS

The case of the State vs. Will Bales, charged with killing Mr. Keasler in this county several months ago, is now on trial in the district court at Childress, before Judge Fires, on a change of venue from Donley county.

The case was called Monday morning and a jury empaneled by Tuesday afternoon. Quite a number of witnesses were called from this community.

I HAVE THREE GOOD LOTS I want to sell, corner lots, facing south One alley between them and Main Street. I live in the north corner of same block.
W. C. Hess.

Mrs. J. D. Tomlinson, Miss Louise and J. D. Jr. arrived the first of the week from Quanah to join their husband and father, J. D. Tomlinson, of the Wilson Drug Co. They have a great many friends here who are glad to have them with us again.

Big Special on Silk Dresses.
Adams Dry Goods & Notions

Mrs. S. M. DeBord was an appreciated caller at this office one day the past week, and ordered the Informer sent for one year to her son, M. C. DeBord, at Sayre, Okla.

FOR SALE—One 5 year old male Cash or credit. See
Thompson Bros.

Bernard, Lascar, and Miss Margaret Rosser of Plainview were here the past week for a visit with their sister, Mrs. J. W. Adams.

FARM FOR LEASE—280 acres, 140 in cultivation 2 1/2 miles southwest of town See
O. W. Kyaer.

Mrs. F. M. Acord was in Panhandle last week to attend the funeral of her uncle, Mr. G. J. Ford.

FOR SALE 80 head Jersey cows, calves and heifers
J. T. Curtis.

U G Koons a good friend of the Informer who has been farming several years out on Route 1, left the past week for Clarendon where he and his family will live. We regret to lose them, but our good wishes go with them.

LOST—A wrist watch, last Saturday, in Hedley. Finder return to E. L. Morris, Route 2

L B Muncie was here one day the past week from McLean.

HATCHING SEASON OPENS!

PLENTY OF HATCHING SPACE AVAILABLE NOW
Setting days—Monday and Thursday of each week.

Book your ORDERS NOW for BABY CHICKS.
We can SAVE YOU MONEY on BROODERS AND POULTRY SUPPLIES.

Breeders of S. C. White Leghorns, S. G. Rhode Island Reds, and Thompson Ringlet Barred Rocks.

MEMPHIS POULTRY FARM

I. W. Thompson & Son, Owners
1 mile

11,780 BALES COTTON GINNED IN HEDLEY

In spite of some unpropitious weather our cotton receipts the past week totaled 511 bales. On Wednesday at noon Hedley gins had turned out 11 780 bales. As stated last week, we are nearing a new record. About 200 more bales will do it.

Kaffir and maize are still coming strong.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Blankenship, on Saturday, Jan 12, a girl baby.

See my new Spring Dresses in Canton and Flat Crepes.
Adams Dry Goods & Notions.

THE HEDLEY DAIRY

I am in charge of the Blankenship Dairy, which will hereafter be known as the Hedley Dairy and will appreciate the patronage of the public. Good, pure sweet milk and cream at all times.

Phone 119.
W. H. Goodios, Mgr.

METHODIST CHURCH

Sunday School at 9:45.
Preaching at 11:00 a. m. and 7:15 p. m.

Prayer meeting on Wednesday night at 7:15.

Large crowds attended the Methodist church last Sunday at both the morning and evening services. At the evening service the Presiding Elder, Rev. W. M. Murrell, preached and held the first quarterly conference for the year. Reports made by the pastor and officials indicated that the work of the church was progressing nicely.

"Who Are Your Friends?" will be the sermon subject used by the pastor, Rev. E. D. Landreth, next Sunday night. This is another of the series of services in the interest of young people being conducted on Sunday nights at the Methodist church. The large number of young people attending these Sunday night services so far has been very gratifying, and the pastor and church extend a cordial and urgent invitation to other young people to attend.

Members and friends should not forget the effort that is being put forth by the Sunday school to reach the January attendance goal of one hundred. Let every one come and bring another that we might reach the goal next Sunday morning.

The Workers Council of the Methodist Sunday school met Tuesday night at the home of Mrs. R. B. Adams for their regular monthly meeting. Two of the most important things considered in the meeting were (1) a program of evangelism in the Sunday school, including a religious survey of the community and culminating in the Spring revival; (2) it was decided that the Sunday school would undertake the much needed improvements that should be made in the basement of the church. Plans are under way to make our church one of the most attractive and best equipped Sunday school plants in the country.

There are a good many Methodists in the community whose membership has been left elsewhere who should bring their membership here. We urge such ones to get your membership here where you live. Opportunity will be given each Sunday evening and night to unite with

SQUARE DEALING

We believe that every man is entitled to a Square Deal; not once in a while, but ALL THE TIME. This store is operated on that basis.

Our Prices are RIGHT, our Merchandise likewise, and our Service ditto. Come in.

Barnes & Hastings
PHONE 21

Dry Goods Groceries

NEW, FRESH STOCKS

Quality Merchandise
at a Saving
is this store's motto

Tims & Tidrow
Hedley, Texas

HYDER HOSPITAL

513 Main Street
MEMPHIS, TEXAS

Day Phone 489
Night Phone 534

Financial Statement of the

Security State Bank

HEDLEY, TEXAS

at close of business December 31, 1928

RESOURCES

Loans.....	\$ 51,026 78
Overdrafts.....	412 98
Banking House.....	3,250 00
Furniture and Fixtures.....	2,745 00
Other Real Estate.....	4,500 00
Federal Reserve Bank Stock.....	1,100 00
Acceptances (Cotton).....	70,892 75
Bankers Acceptances & Commercial Paper.....	79,101 02
CASH.....	102,982 15
Total.....	\$315,511 58

LIABILITIES

Capital.....	\$ 25,000 00
Surplus and Profits.....	12,721 50
DEPOSITS.....	\$278,000 58
Total.....	\$315,511 58

The above statement is correct.

J. W. NOEL, Cashier

SECURITY STATE BANK
TEXAS

With Every Dose, I Say: "God Bless Milks Emulsion"

"At last, after nine and one-half years, I am really getting well. I feel perfectly well (think of it!) and I am sure no one came so near to the pearly gates and missed going through."

"Yesterday a doctor said to my mother: 'My God, Mrs. Stultz, this thing is a miracle that she will get well!' My mother smiled her radiant smile and said: 'It is time you gave the public something for their money; tell them to take Milks Emulsion.'"

"I have spent fifteen thousand dollars in doctoring, climates, etc., and one bottle of Milks Emulsion is worth more than all they did for me put together, and I have had the best medical advice in the world."

"As I said before, I am feeling fine and the rules are all gone from my chest; have no cough, but I am not taking any chances of getting a relapse, so I am going to stay right in bed and take Milks Emulsion until I get my weight back."

"I look down at my feet sticking up in the bed and say: 'By golly, babies, you are going to do some walking now. Cheer up; your day is coming.'"

"I can't tell you how happy I am, and I love the Milks Emulsion Company. Faithfully and affectionately yours, ANAMAE STULTZ, Colfax, Calif." Jan. 28, 1927.

Sold by all druggists under a guarantee to give satisfaction or money refunded. The Milks Emulsion Co., Terre Haute, Ind.—Adv.

Levee Work

Man's first effort to control the Mississippi was by building levees. The first planters thus sought to protect their own plantations and passed the danger along to the next fellows. Gradually the levees were enlarged and extended until they now form a set of parallel banks long enough to reach from New York to Chicago. They have cost, so far, more than \$250,000,000.

Too Good to Be True

Mrs. Gazippe—Poor Mrs. Nuckle-down! Her husband treats her like a servant. Mrs. Gazoff—What! Do you mean to tell me he gives her all his money and lets her boss the whole house?

If you use Red Cross Ball Blue in your laundry you will not be troubled by those tiny rust spots, often caused by inferior bluing. Try it and see.—Adv.

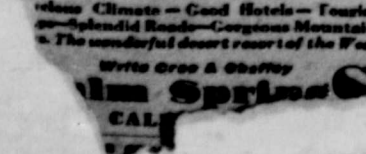
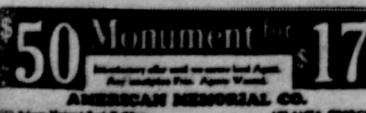
To run around with a boy much shorter than he is may make a youth round-shouldered.

It May Be Urgent



When your Children Cry for It

Castoria is a comfort when Baby is fretful. No sooner taken than the little one is at ease. If restless, a few drops soon bring contentment. No harm done for Castoria is a baby remedy, meant for babies. Perfectly safe to give the youngest infant; you have the doctors' word for that! It is a vegetable product and you could use it every day. But it's in an emergency that Castoria means most. Some night when constipation must be relieved—or colic pain—or other suffering. Never be without it; some mothers keep an extra bottle unopened, to make sure there will always be Castoria in the house. It is effective for older children, too; read the book that comes with it.



FRANKLIN BUST BY HOUDON



MADAME DU DEFOND



By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

IF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN were alive today . . .

While it may, perhaps, be idle business to speculate upon the results of such an event as stated in the foregoing, in these modern days of American participation in world affairs and with a new administration facing the solution of important international problems, it might be particularly advantageous for this country to have a modern Benjamin Franklin as an "ambassador of good will" in helping solve them. For Benjamin Franklin, America's first "ambassador," in fact, even if not officially entitled to that distinction, was one of the most skillful diplomats who ever represented the United States abroad.

As January 17 approaches to mark the anniversary of Franklin's birth, Americans are likely to remember him principally because Thrift week, which begins on that date, recalls to their minds the fact that Franklin, through his "Poor Richard's Almanac," was the first American apostle of thrift. The printers and newspaper men of America will remember him then because January 17 is the beginning of Newspaper week and recalls his great service as a pioneer in the journalism of this country. And such was the versatility of this man that various other groups will have occasion to remember him because he was an inventor, a scientist, a philosopher and a writer. But few of us know much about him in another role—that of unofficial "ambassador" to France whose accomplishments were of incalculable value to the cause of liberty and but for whom the struggle to gain that liberty might not have been successful. For that reason the appearance of a new book is particularly timely. It is "Benjamin Franklin of Paris, 1776-1785," written by Willis Steel and published recently by Minton, Balch and company.

When Franklin was selected in 1776 as one of three commissioners of equal powers in France to angle for aid for the revolting colonies, a post which called for the most sagacious kind of handling of delicate international questions, the choice was a happier one than the Continental Congress realized at that time. For this was not Franklin's first visit to France. He had been there in 1767. As a philosopher and a scientist, he had been welcomed by the "best minds" of the time in France and had been invited to become a member of the School of Economists. Doctor Quency, former physician to the famous Madame de Pompadour, but more noted as "The Apostle of the Economists," wrote a note to Mirabeau which said "Doctor Franklin has just left me . . . he is the sage we pictured, that and more, humorist, philosopher, old regime gentleman, a miracle out of an uninhabited country . . ." He was presented at the court of Louis XV and made friendships which were destined to be of great value later. Again in 1769 he returned to France, after an extended stay in England where he served as agent for Georgia, New Jersey and Massachusetts and had been looked upon as a "colonial ambassador" at a time when the first storm clouds of the Revolution were beginning to loom up on the horizon. On this visit Steel records: "The old friends ran to him in crowds and brought others by their panegyrics. Mlle. Bihuron modeled him in wax, popular artists asked him to sit and if he declined, sketched him from memory. The Economists held a special session in his honor. Dupont Dubourg, the Count and Countess Maurepas devised entertainments with Franklin as the guest of honor. Now, in fact, and to his satisfaction, Franklin made the acquaintance of an exceeding number of 'good ladies.'"

The popularity of this man, who had once been a penniless boy in Philadelphia, and a "wandering printer" in England and who, when he was later chosen as a commissioner to France, described himself as a "fag end," because his name came up for consideration in the Continental Congress as an afterthought, in Paris, the center of the most brilliant, sophisticated and intellectual social and diplomatic life in Europe, is explained by Steel as follows:

But, despite this tumultuous welcome, the job which confronted Franklin was no sinecure. Upon the invitation of Ray de Chaumont, Franklin established his headquarters in the Hotel de Valenciennes in Passy, a village on the outskirts of Paris, and although the Hotel de Valenciennes was looked upon as the "American embassy," Franklin's status as an ambassador was not officially recognized. The Comte de Vergennes, minister of foreign affairs, made it plain when he received Franklin and his fellow commissioners, Silas Deane and Arthur Lee, that they were to be considered as ambassadors, but they were not to show

America's First "Ambassador"



GREY'S PORTRAIT OF FRANKLIN



LOUIS XVI



HOTEL VALENTINIENS



COMTE DE VERGENNES

All Pictures Courtesy Minton, Balch & Co.

what he did not; without great originality (in fact, charges of plagiarism brought against him for some of his most famous "pieces" have never been fully disproved), nevertheless his table talk and his letters are as delightful now as they were in his day.

Urbane, cheerful, aware of the sun though it might be hidden behind a cloud, this man had by nature the gift of social ease. This is a trait to which all French women aspire and one they most admire in their men. Their brothers found him responsible, deliberate, thrifty, all French traits. Is it surprising that they received him as one of themselves?

Knowing these facts then, it is not surprising to learn of the ovation which Franklin was given when he arrived in France in November, 1776. In commenting upon that reception Steel draws an interesting parallel with a modern incident. He says:

When the news (of Franklin's arrival) reached Paris, the city turned out en masse. On every tongue sounded the name, "Franklin! Franklin!" And an ovation was prepared for him such as the town had never before arranged for any stranger.

Franklin came back not to a small coterie of the intelligentsia but to the whole French people, who had never heard of his former presence among them. The excitement, too, included every class of society, the aristocrats, the bourgeoisie, the workers. "Franklin" came from a people sharing a new land with the Red Indians, a land from which the hereditary enemies of France had driven her settlers and a people which was now engaged in a struggle for life or death with the hated English.

In the latter thought may be found a partial reason for their enthusiasm, but only a part. That an old man (the French had added some years to Franklin's soixante-dix) had left his quiet hearth, braved the winter seas to come to teach them the true rights of man, warmed the universal heart and inspired in each person the strong desire to see for himself this man—this embodied dream.

The aged man, weak from confinement, scarcely able to walk, craved only a quiet inn where he might rest for a few days preparing for the land journey. But it was not to be. People crowded round him, to touch his hand, to feel his garment. The huzzas of the crowd kept him from sleeping. A great feast of welcome was made ready for him at Nantes.

A modern instance (Lindbergh's arrival in Paris in 1927) saves this description of the wild enthusiasm by the people of Paris for Franklin from the charge of exaggeration. It is the single example of modern times to reach the Franklin climax and it should be interesting to compare the two. Portraits purporting to be faithful likenesses of the Sage appeared on the street the day after his arrival, artists who had never seen him taxed their imagination for a picture of the man who drew lightning from the clouds, and these were artlessly accepted as faithful likenesses until Doctor Quency placed a portrait of his friend in the hands of engravers and Mlle. Bihuron had copies made of her wax effigy. Meanwhile every sort of commodity was put in shop windows labeled "Franklin."

"who closed his eyes or looked the other way when cannon was surreptitiously removed from royal arsenals and loaded on ships with an unknown destination."

Nor was Franklin's work made any lighter by his associates. However, Deane, though "honest but totally incompetent and blundering in his relations to the French government," was soon recalled. Lee, an "envious marplot eaten up with jealous hatred for Franklin," certainly was more of a hindrance than a help, until Franklin "brushed him aside as he would a wasp." John Adams, who succeeded Deane, was a man of greater caliber, but "he had strong prejudices and he did not like Franklin, whose head was turned, he thought, by admiration and flattery." Not only did he tell Franklin that he disapproved of all his conduct, but Adams constantly wrote letters back to America, criticizing Franklin and apparently doing all he could to discredit him at home. Fortunately, however, congress had enough confidence in Franklin to allow him a free hand and so, despite all the difficulties, he finally triumphed—in the treaty of alliance with France, the loans of large sums of money and the aid of French troops, all of which contributed so materially to the success of the Revolution.

Although the story of Benjamin Franklin, "ambassador," in Paris is the more important story in American history, the story of Benjamin Franklin "the man," has a greater element of human interest. It is doubtful if the world ever before, or since, has seen the like of his career—this simple, unaffected American colonial winning the hearts of a whole nation as did he. Steel's book is full of this story—of Franklin's friendship for the great men of France at a time when she was producing great men—philosophers, economists, statesmen and scholars. And perhaps most human of all is his conquest of the hearts of the "good ladies." For there is no denying the fact that Benjamin Franklin "had a way with him" when women were concerned. The record of his friendship, based on mutual admiration for those qualities of mind and heart shown by both parties to the friendship, with the blind Madame du Defond, famous for her love affair with Horace Walpole and her friendship with Voltaire, with Mme. Helvetius, with Mme. d'Houdetot and with a host of other brilliant women forms one of the most romantic pages in the history of human society.

And certainly it is all the more to his credit that the attention which he received from such brilliant women did not turn his head. A lesser man than Franklin probably would have, under the circumstances, furnished another shining example of "women making a fool of a man." In this regard Steel's comment is interesting. He says:

The list of French men and women who admired and courted him might be enlarged so as to include every personage of fashion or fame then living in Paris. . . . Franklin was acknowledged and appreciated well above all else, and his capital friendship would have kept him in remembrance more serious mood, in his "philanderings," as in his more serious contacts, the man Franklin is always there, never to be mistaken for another who lived, once—natural history in the lead. He worshiped science and all the other good things of life; he loved good men; and he doted on pretty women. To both sexes he was an intelligent and understanding friend.

Without being a statesman, a leader, or even an organizer, what he accomplished for his country was a man's accomplishment. His political institutions were not based on long tradition and a life-long study of procedure, but on wide reading and sane thinking and sound argument.

Drink Water to Help Wash Out Kidney Poison

If Your Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers You, Begin Taking Salts

When your kidneys hurt and your back feels sore don't get scared and proceed to load your stomach with a lot of drugs that excite the kidneys and irritate the entire urinary tract. Keep your kidneys clean like you keep your bowels clean, by flushing them with a mild, harmless salts which helps to remove the body's urinous waste and stimulates them to their normal activity. The function of the kidneys is to filter the blood. In 24 hours they strain from it 500 grains of acid and waste, so we can readily understand the vital importance of keeping the kidneys active.

Drink lots of good water—you can't drink too much; also get from any pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help clean and stimulate clogged kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in the system so they are no longer a source of irritation, thus often relieving bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink, which everyone should take now and then to help keep their kidneys clean and active. Try this; also keep up the water drinking and no doubt you will wonder what became of your kidney trouble and backache.

Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic

Invigorates, Purifies and Enriches the Blood. Restores Health and Energy and fortifies the system against Malaria and Chills. Pleasant-tasting, but it surely has the "authority!"—Adv.

Too Hard on the Ears "He's always borrowing trouble." "Yes, and he's just about as un-popular as any other kind of borrower."

Worth Knowing When Winter Cold Comes! Did you ever hear of a five-hour remedy for colds? There is one, and it really does bring you out of it completely. Even if it's gripe, this method works, only takes longer. Pape's Cold Compound is in tablet form. Pleasant-tasting, but it surely has the "authority!"—Adv.

The Department of Agriculture says that both sexes of the glow worm give light, and that light is also found in the larvae of some species.

STOP THAT ITCHING Use Blue Star Soap, then apply Blue Star Remedy for Eczema, Itch, Letter, Ringworm, Poison Oak, Dandruff, children's sores, cracked hands, sore feet and most forms of itching skin diseases. It kills germs, stops itching, usually restores the skin to health. Soap, 25c; Blue Star Remedy, \$1.00. Ask your druggist.—Adv.

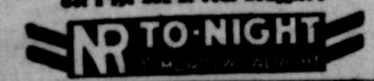
If a man has brains enough the girl who marries him doesn't have to pretend she hasn't any.

The war has made table linen very valuable. The use of Red Cross Ball Blue will add to its wearing qualities. Use it and see. All grocers.—Adv.

A woman is never miss-understood after she gets married.

How to Avoid INFLUENZA

Colds Nothing you can do will so effectively protect you against Colds, Influenza or Grippe as keeping your organs of digestion and elimination active and your system free from poisonous accumulations. Nature's Remedy (Dr. Tablets) does more than merely cause pleasant and easy bowel action. It tones and strengthens the system, increasing resistance against disease and infection.



FROST PROOF Cabbage & Onion Plants Leading Varieties Now Ready. Potted plants—1.00—2.00—3.00—4.00—5.00—6.00—7.00—8.00—9.00—10.00. Special prices on large quantities. F. D. FULWOOD. TEFON GEORGIA

Get this remedy! Sufferer from PIAZOLIN. PIAZOLIN is a powerful remedy for all ailments. It is a natural product and is safe for all ages. It is the only remedy that will cure all ailments. It is the only remedy that is safe for all ages. It is the only remedy that is safe for all ages.

PIAZOLIN No. 1

Don't Let That Cold Turn Into "Flu"

Just Rub Away Danger

That cold may turn into "Flu," Gripe or, even worse, Pneumonia, unless you take care of it at once. Rub Musterole on the congested parts and see how quickly it brings relief as effectively as the messy old mustard plaster.



To Cool a Burn Use HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh

Why Take Calomel WHEN YOU HAVE Wintersmith's Laxative Tablets

Large Italian Families Palazzo dello Stella, Udine province, Italy, with an average of more than nine children, all Fascist, to every family, claims to come closest to Mussolini's ideal of a prolific Italy.

Selective Driving Counsel—Wasn't it possible for the motorist to avoid you? Plaintiff—I should say so! 'E 'ad the choice of me an' the Missus, an' 'e 'it me.—Staffordshire Sentinel.

Denver Mother Tells Story

Nature controls all the functions of our digestive organs except one. We have control over that, and it's the function that causes the most trouble.

See that your children form regular bowel habits, and at the first sign of bad breath, coated tongue, biliousness or constipation, give them a little California Fig Syrup.

Leading physicians have endorsed it for 50 years, and its overwhelming sales record of over four million bottles a year shows how mothers depend on it.

Protect your child from imitations of California Fig Syrup. The mark of the genuine is the word "California" on the carton.

Constipated?

Be UP—NATURE'S REMEDY—taught, as all natural organs will be functioning only by morning and your constipation ended with a bowel action so free and nature at her best—no pain, no try it.

THEN AND THERE

History told as it would be written today By IRVIN S. COBB A Memory of a Cruel Colonial War

Two centuries and a half behind us the French and the British were at war, each striving for mastery over the New World, or such part of the New World as the geographers of the time included in the debatable sphere of influence over which these two peoples claimed authority.

In the first of these so-called French and Indian wars, the Indian auxiliaries of the French crown turned whole sections of the present state of Massachusetts into a veritable shambles. Raging parties of tribesmen fell upon what then were among the most populous and most cultivated sections of the English possessions and murdered and massacred and tortured and burnt and ravaged at will.

A certain young frontiersman, named Quintin Stockwell, who endured such a precarious captivity, later gave the story of his experience as an illuminating contribution to the early history of what now is our own nation. We would call him an American, but he regarded himself as being an English as though he had been born and bred overseas in the mother country.

I hope Quintin Stockwell's straightforward account of his captivity may move the reader as it moved me when I found it in an old and rusty volume in the New York public library. I am quite sure the reader will be glad to know that, having been ransomed from his Indian owners by a kind-hearted Frenchman, this poor refugee was nursed back to health and eventually permitted to return to New England where he peacefully lived and peacefully died.

HERE is his narrative exactly as Quintin Stockwell set it down—spelling and all:

In the year 1677, September 19, between Sun-set and dark, the Indians came upon us; I and another Man, being together, we ran away at the outcry the Indians made, shouting and shooting at some other of the English that were hard by. We took a Swamp that was at hand for our refuge, the Enemy spying us so near them ran after us and shot many Guns at us, three Guns were discharged upon me the Enemy being within three Rod of me, besides many other before that. Being in this Swamp that was miry, I slumped in and fell down, whereupon one of the Enemy stepped to me with his Hatchet lift up to knock me on the head, supposing that I had been wounded and so unfit for any other travel.

A Terrifying Midnight Journey.

I (as it hapned) had a Pistol by me which though uncharged I presented to the Indian, who presently stepped back; and told me if I would yield I should have no hurt, he said (which was not true) that they had destroyed all Hatfield, and that the woods were full of Indians, whereupon I yielded myself and so fell into the Enemies hands, and by three of them was led away unto the place whence first I began to make my flight, where two other Indians came running to us, and the one lifting up the Butt end of his Gun to knock me on the head, the other with his hand put by the blow and said I was his Friend. I was now by my own House which the Indians burnt last year and I was about to build up again, and there I had some hopes to escape from them; there was an Horse just by, which they bid me take, I did so but made no attempt to escape thereby, because the Enemy was near and the Beast was slow and dull, then was I in hopes they would send me to take my own Horses, which they did, but they were so frightened that I could not come near to them, and so fell still into the Enemies hands, who now took me and bound me and led me away, and soon was I brought into the Company of Captives that were that day brought away from Hatfield, which were about a mile off; and here my thoughts was matter of Joy and sorrow both to see the Company; some Company in this condition being some refreshing; though little help any ways; then were we plinoned and led away in the night over the Mountains, in dark and hideous ways, about four miles further, before we took up our place for rest, which was in a dismal place of Wood on the East side of that Mountain. We were kept bound all that night.

The Indians kept waking and we had little mind to sleep in this nights travel, the Indians dispersed, and as they went made strange noises, as of Wolves and Owies, and other Wild Beasts, to the end that they might not lose one another; and if followed they might not be discovered by the English.

T. J. Dance of Death.

About the break of Day we marched again and got over the great River at Peconctuck River mouth, and there rested about two hours. There the Indians marked out upon Trays the number of their Captives and Slain as their manner is. Here was I again in great danger; A quarrel arose about me, whose Captive I was, for three took me. I thought I must be killed to end the controversy, so when they put it to me, whose I was, I said three Indians took me so they agreed to have all a share in me; and I had now three Masters, and he was my chief Master who laid hands on me first, and thus was I fallen into the hands of the very worst of all the Company; as Ash-pelon, the Indian Captain told me; which Captain was all along very kind to me, and a great comfort to the English.

From hence we went to the Falls, where we were scarce, one Bears Foot must serve five of us a whole day; we began to eat Horse-flesh, and eat up seven in all; three were left alive and were not killed. Whilst we had been here some of the Indians had been down and fallen upon Hadley and were taken by the English, agreed with, and let go again . . . then we parted into two Companies; some went one way and some went another way; and we went over a mighty Mountain, we were eight dayes going over it, and travelled very hard, and every day we had either Snow or Rain.

We noted that on this Mountain all the Water run Northward. . . . All the Indians went a Hunting but could get nothing; divers dayes they Powowed but got nothing, then they desired the English to Pray, and confessed they could get nothing; they would have us Pray, and see what the English-man's God could do. I Prayed, so did Sergeant Plimpton, in another place. The Indians reverently attended, Morning and Night; next day they got Bears; then they would needs have us desire a Blessing, return Thanks at Meals: after a while they grew weary of it and the Sachin did forbid us . . . as soon as it was light I and Samuel Russel went before on the Ice, upon a River, they said I must go where I could on foot, else I should freeze.

One Man Is Worth Fourteen Beavers.

Six miles of Shamblee (a French Town) the River was open and when I came to travell in that part of the Ice I soon tired; and two Indians run away to Town and one only was left; and he would carry me a few rods, and then I would go as many, and that trade we drove, and so were long a going six miles. This Indian now was kind, and told me that if he did not carry me I would die, and so I should have done sure enough; and he said I must tell the English how he helped me. When we came to the first House there was no Inhabitant; the Indian spent, both discouraged; he said we must now both die; at last he left me alone and got to another House, and thence came some French and Indians and brought me in: The French were kind and put my hands and feet in cold water and gave me a Dram of Brandy and a little hasty pudding and Milk; when I tasted Victuals I was hungry and could not have forborn it, but that I could not get it; now and then they would give me a little as they thought best for me.

I lay by the fire with the Indians that night, but could not sleep for pain; next morning the Indians and French fell out about me. The French presently turned the Indians out of doors and kept me, they were very kind and careful and gave me a little something now and then; while I was here all the Men in that Town came to see me . . . it being Christmas time, they brought Cakes and other Provisions with them, and gave to me, so that I had no want. The Indians tried to cure me but could not, then I asked for the Chirurgion, at which one of the Indians in anger struck me on the face with his Fist, a Frenchman being by, the Frenchman spake to him, I knew not what he said, and went his way. By and by came the Captain of the place into the Wigwam with about twelve armed Men and asked where the Indian was that struck the Englishman, and took him and told him he should go to the B. I-boes, and then he hanged. . . . I spake to the Captain by an Interpreter and told him I desired him to set the Indian free, and told him what he had done for me; he told me he was a Rogue and should be hanged; then I spake more privately, alleging this reason, because all the English Captives were not come, if he were hanged it might fare the worse with them; then the Captain said that was to be considered; then he set him at liberty, upon this condition, that he should never strike me more, and every day bring me to his House to eat Victuals.

Octopus Employed as Miner and Fisherman

The octopus was originally used for the purpose of bringing up coal from the bottom of the sea dropped by passing boats, and like the camel and the elephant, when hoisted in midair by a crane violently protested against the indignity of such treatment. The octopus objected to the sensation of suspension, and when it touched ground struck out in all directions, and so contrived to entangle in its tentacles every species of marine life, thus performing the double role of miner and fisherman. And when the domestic goose was made to assume the functions of angler, it brought to the trade its own fishing rods, as the baited tackle was merely attached to its legs; and during the process of providing its own food, it unconsciously and without much effort or inconvenience helped its owner to supply his table.

Whilst we were here, Benjamin Stebbins going with some Indians to Wachuset Hills, made his escape from them, and when the news of his escape came we were all presently called in and Bound, one of the Indians a Captain among them, and always our great Friend, met me coming in and told me Stebbins was run away; and the Indians spake of burning us; some of only burning and biting off our Fingers by and by.

He said there would be a Court, and all we were to be there.

scared, one Bears Foot must serve five of us a whole day; we began to eat Horse-flesh, and eat up seven in all; three were left alive and were not killed. Whilst we had been here some of the Indians had been down and fallen upon Hadley and were taken by the English, agreed with, and let go again . . . then we parted into two Companies; some went one way and some went another way; and we went over a mighty Mountain, we were eight dayes going over it, and travelled very hard, and every day we had either Snow or Rain.

We noted that on this Mountain all the Water run Northward. . . . All the Indians went a Hunting but could get nothing; divers dayes they Powowed but got nothing, then they desired the English to Pray, and confessed they could get nothing; they would have us Pray, and see what the English-man's God could do. I Prayed, so did Sergeant Plimpton, in another place. The Indians reverently attended, Morning and Night; next day they got Bears; then they would needs have us desire a Blessing, return Thanks at Meals: after a while they grew weary of it and the Sachin did forbid us . . . as soon as it was light I and Samuel Russel went before on the Ice, upon a River, they said I must go where I could on foot, else I should freeze.

One Man Is Worth Fourteen Beavers.

Six miles of Shamblee (a French Town) the River was open and when I came to travell in that part of the Ice I soon tired; and two Indians run away to Town and one only was left; and he would carry me a few rods, and then I would go as many, and that trade we drove, and so were long a going six miles. This Indian now was kind, and told me that if he did not carry me I would die, and so I should have done sure enough; and he said I must tell the English how he helped me. When we came to the first House there was no Inhabitant; the Indian spent, both discouraged; he said we must now both die; at last he left me alone and got to another House, and thence came some French and Indians and brought me in: The French were kind and put my hands and feet in cold water and gave me a Dram of Brandy and a little hasty pudding and Milk; when I tasted Victuals I was hungry and could not have forborn it, but that I could not get it; now and then they would give me a little as they thought best for me.

I lay by the fire with the Indians that night, but could not sleep for pain; next morning the Indians and French fell out about me. The French presently turned the Indians out of doors and kept me, they were very kind and careful and gave me a little something now and then; while I was here all the Men in that Town came to see me . . . it being Christmas time, they brought Cakes and other Provisions with them, and gave to me, so that I had no want. The Indians tried to cure me but could not, then I asked for the Chirurgion, at which one of the Indians in anger struck me on the face with his Fist, a Frenchman being by, the Frenchman spake to him, I knew not what he said, and went his way. By and by came the Captain of the place into the Wigwam with about twelve armed Men and asked where the Indian was that struck the Englishman, and took him and told him he should go to the B. I-boes, and then he hanged. . . . I spake to the Captain by an Interpreter and told him I desired him to set the Indian free, and told him what he had done for me; he told me he was a Rogue and should be hanged; then I spake more privately, alleging this reason, because all the English Captives were not come, if he were hanged it might fare the worse with them; then the Captain said that was to be considered; then he set him at liberty, upon this condition, that he should never strike me more, and every day bring me to his House to eat Victuals.

I perceived that the common People did not like what the Indians had done to the English. . . . The next day the Chirurgion came again and dressed me; and so he did all the while I was among the French. I came in at Christmas and went thence May 2d. Being thus in the Captain's house I was kept there till Ben. Walte came; & my Indian Master being in want of Money, pawned me to the Captain for 14 Beavers, or the worth of them, at such a day; if he did not pay he must lose his Pawn or else sell me for twenty one Beavers, but he could not get Beaver and so I was sold.

(© by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

Octopus Employed as Miner and Fisherman

The octopus was originally used for the purpose of bringing up coal from the bottom of the sea dropped by passing boats, and like the camel and the elephant, when hoisted in midair by a crane violently protested against the indignity of such treatment. The octopus objected to the sensation of suspension, and when it touched ground struck out in all directions, and so contrived to entangle in its tentacles every species of marine life, thus performing the double role of miner and fisherman. And when the domestic goose was made to assume the functions of angler, it brought to the trade its own fishing rods, as the baited tackle was merely attached to its legs; and during the process of providing its own food, it unconsciously and without much effort or inconvenience helped its owner to supply his table.

Whilst we were here, Benjamin Stebbins going with some Indians to Wachuset Hills, made his escape from them, and when the news of his escape came we were all presently called in and Bound, one of the Indians a Captain among them, and always our great Friend, met me coming in and told me Stebbins was run away; and the Indians spake of burning us; some of only burning and biting off our Fingers by and by.

He said there would be a Court, and all we were to be there.

scared, one Bears Foot must serve five of us a whole day; we began to eat Horse-flesh, and eat up seven in all; three were left alive and were not killed. Whilst we had been here some of the Indians had been down and fallen upon Hadley and were taken by the English, agreed with, and let go again . . . then we parted into two Companies; some went one way and some went another way; and we went over a mighty Mountain, we were eight dayes going over it, and travelled very hard, and every day we had either Snow or Rain.

We noted that on this Mountain all the Water run Northward. . . . All the Indians went a Hunting but could get nothing; divers dayes they Powowed but got nothing, then they desired the English to Pray, and confessed they could get nothing; they would have us Pray, and see what the English-man's God could do. I Prayed, so did Sergeant Plimpton, in another place. The Indians reverently attended, Morning and Night; next day they got Bears; then they would needs have us desire a Blessing, return Thanks at Meals: after a while they grew weary of it and the Sachin did forbid us . . . as soon as it was light I and Samuel Russel went before on the Ice, upon a River, they said I must go where I could on foot, else I should freeze.

A certain young frontiersman, named Quintin Stockwell, who endured such a precarious captivity, later gave the story of his experience as an illuminating contribution to the early history of what now is our own nation. We would call him an American, but he regarded himself as being an English as though he had been born and bred overseas in the mother country. The reader of his narrative, as printed in full in the nearby column, should bear in mind therefore that when this chronicler speaks of his compatriots as Englishmen he generally means his fellow-inhabitants of the young colonies. A hundred years must elapse before the English-speaking people on this continent would break away from the crown and by winning the Revolution set up the first experimental republic of the western hemisphere.

I hope Quintin Stockwell's straightforward account of his captivity may move the reader as it moved me when I found it in an old and rusty volume in the New York public library. I am quite sure the reader will be glad to know that, having been ransomed from his Indian owners by a kind-hearted Frenchman, this poor refugee was nursed back to health and eventually permitted to return to New England where he peacefully lived and peacefully died.

I hope Quintin Stockwell's straightforward account of his captivity may move the reader as it moved me when I found it in an old and rusty volume in the New York public library. I am quite sure the reader will be glad to know that, having been ransomed from his Indian owners by a kind-hearted Frenchman, this poor refugee was nursed back to health and eventually permitted to return to New England where he peacefully lived and peacefully died.

scared, one Bears Foot must serve five of us a whole day; we began to eat Horse-flesh, and eat up seven in all; three were left alive and were not killed. Whilst we had been here some of the Indians had been down and fallen upon Hadley and were taken by the English, agreed with, and let go again . . . then we parted into two Companies; some went one way and some went another way; and we went over a mighty Mountain, we were eight dayes going over it, and travelled very hard, and every day we had either Snow or Rain.

We noted that on this Mountain all the Water run Northward. . . . All the Indians went a Hunting but could get nothing; divers dayes they Powowed but got nothing, then they desired the English to Pray, and confessed they could get nothing; they would have us Pray, and see what the English-man's God could do. I Prayed, so did Sergeant Plimpton, in another place. The Indians reverently attended, Morning and Night; next day they got Bears; then they would needs have us desire a Blessing, return Thanks at Meals: after a while they grew weary of it and the Sachin did forbid us . . . as soon as it was light I and Samuel Russel went before on the Ice, upon a River, they said I must go where I could on foot, else I should freeze.

One Man Is Worth Fourteen Beavers.

Six miles of Shamblee (a French Town) the River was open and when I came to travell in that part of the Ice I soon tired; and two Indians run away to Town and one only was left; and he would carry me a few rods, and then I would go as many, and that trade we drove, and so were long a going six miles. This Indian now was kind, and told me that if he did not carry me I would die, and so I should have done sure enough; and he said I must tell the English how he helped me. When we came to the first House there was no Inhabitant; the Indian spent, both discouraged; he said we must now both die; at last he left me alone and got to another House, and thence came some French and Indians and brought me in: The French were kind and put my hands and feet in cold water and gave me a Dram of Brandy and a little hasty pudding and Milk; when I tasted Victuals I was hungry and could not have forborn it, but that I could not get it; now and then they would give me a little as they thought best for me.

I lay by the fire with the Indians that night, but could not sleep for pain; next morning the Indians and French fell out about me. The French presently turned the Indians out of doors and kept me, they were very kind and careful and gave me a little something now and then; while I was here all the Men in that Town came to see me . . . it being Christmas time, they brought Cakes and other Provisions with them, and gave to me, so that I had no want. The Indians tried to cure me but could not, then I asked for the Chirurgion, at which one of the Indians in anger struck me on the face with his Fist, a Frenchman being by, the Frenchman spake to him, I knew not what he said, and went his way. By and by came the Captain of the place into the Wigwam with about twelve armed Men and asked where the Indian was that struck the Englishman, and took him and told him he should go to the B. I-boes, and then he hanged. . . . I spake to the Captain by an Interpreter and told him I desired him to set the Indian free, and told him what he had done for me; he told me he was a Rogue and should be hanged; then I spake more privately, alleging this reason, because all the English Captives were not come, if he were hanged it might fare the worse with them; then the Captain said that was to be considered; then he set him at liberty, upon this condition, that he should never strike me more, and every day bring me to his House to eat Victuals.

I perceived that the common People did not like what the Indians had done to the English. . . . The next day the Chirurgion came again and dressed me; and so he did all the while I was among the French. I came in at Christmas and went thence May 2d. Being thus in the Captain's house I was kept there till Ben. Walte came; & my Indian Master being in want of Money, pawned me to the Captain for 14 Beavers, or the worth of them, at such a day; if he did not pay he must lose his Pawn or else sell me for twenty one Beavers, but he could not get Beaver and so I was sold.

(© by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

Octopus Employed as Miner and Fisherman

The octopus was originally used for the purpose of bringing up coal from the bottom of the sea dropped by passing boats, and like the camel and the elephant, when hoisted in midair by a crane violently protested against the indignity of such treatment. The octopus objected to the sensation of suspension, and when it touched ground struck out in all directions, and so contrived to entangle in its tentacles every species of marine life, thus performing the double role of miner and fisherman. And when the domestic goose was made to assume the functions of angler, it brought to the trade its own fishing rods, as the baited tackle was merely attached to its legs; and during the process of providing its own food, it unconsciously and without much effort or inconvenience helped its owner to supply his table.

Whilst we were here, Benjamin Stebbins going with some Indians to Wachuset Hills, made his escape from them, and when the news of his escape came we were all presently called in and Bound, one of the Indians a Captain among them, and always our great Friend, met me coming in and told me Stebbins was run away; and the Indians spake of burning us; some of only burning and biting off our Fingers by and by.

He said there would be a Court, and all we were to be there.

FOR COLDS BAYER ASPIRIN

To break a cold harmlessly and in a hurry try a Bayer Aspirin tablet. And for headache. The action of Aspirin is very efficient, too, in cases of neuralgia, neuritis, even rheumatism and lumbago. And there's no after effect; doctors give Aspirin to children—often infants. Whenever there's pain, think of Aspirin. The genuine Bayer Aspirin has Bayer on the box and on every tablet. All druggists, with proven directions.

Physicians prescribe Bayer Aspirin; it does NOT affect the heart

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monastereimunster of Salzkammergut

Impatient "Do you think that jazz is passing?" "Maybe, but not going fast enough for me." Doesn't Stick Hewitt—Love goes where it is sent. Jewett—And sometimes makes a round trip.

What Doctors Think of the Laxative Habit

In all history, no Indian was ever known to have constipation. Nor need YOU. He chewed the bark of a tree called cascara. Today, we have the candy Cascaret.

Cascaring the bowels never forms a laxative habit. If already formed, an occasional Cascaret will usually break the habit. For cascara strengthens the muscular walls of the bowels, and their need of any aid at all grows constantly less. What other cathartic has this characteristic? The writer knows of none.

An evacuation brought gently about by cascara will, nine times in ten, be followed by full functioning of the bowels on the morrow—and for days after. For there is no REACTION as with sickening salts, or any of the man made purgatives that go through one's system like a bullet.

Physicians tell us cascara is the ideal laxative—and the tongue tells

CASCARETS They Work While You Sleep!

Slowly, Too "What ever became of Joe, the par-chute jumper?" "Oh, he settled down."



us candy Cascarets are its ideal form. At least a million people know this; what a pity there are any who don't! Especially parents; because children love to take a Cascaret. After which, for days-on-end, the bowels will be seen to work of their own accord.

The only habit from cascara is that of regularity! Cascarets tone and train the bowels. But at the first sign of returning sluggishness another Cascaret is as effective as the first.

There isn't a druggist who hasn't Cascarets, so WHY experiment with laxatives?

Infinite Variety "You call on a different girl every night, don't you?" "I'll say she is.—Life.

"Gave Up Hope of Life!" Says Mrs. Robb:

(She Feels Much Better Now) "I WAS so weak—couldn't sleep nor eat—couldn't digest anything—I was a complete wreck." (Many of us know the meaning of such suffering.) "I feel better now than I did at 16—never took anything but PE-RU-NA; I now eat everything—no matter what it is." [You can imagine Mrs. Robb's joy at PE-RU-NA'S wonderful relief.] "You don't have to have faith in PE-RU-NA—if you will take it, it will surely relieve." [Signed: Mrs. Sally Robb, Havesville, Kentucky.] [And it's true! PE-RU-NA does its work surely, quickly, and in every reason in nature.]

The New Genuine

Ford

13 Plate Battery

BACKED BY A REAL GUARANTEE

\$850 Plus Your
Old Battery

An Entirely New Standard of
Battery Value

Quick Starting! Reliable Performance!
Long Life!

--These are the three reasons why
Ford Batteries assure dependable
service the year round.

They are also the reasons why a genuine
Ford 13-plate battery in your car will
save you money and serve you better.

Come in today and let us put one of
these full powered batteries in your
car--you will be delighted with its
performance.

HEDLEY MOTOR CO.

The Home of the FORD Car

We Are Headquarters for
**Lumber, Coal, Building
Material**

Good Quality Prompt Service
Fair Treatment Honest Values

J. C. WOOLDRIDGE LUMBER CO.
E. R. HOOKER, Local Mgr.

**Service, Quality, Right
Prices and Appreciation**

DIABOLO COAL—Best forty
years ago—Best today. You
will find it at

**Cicero Smith Lumber
Hedley Company Texas**

PHONE 32
FEED AND SEED STORE
P. H. CROZIER, PROP.

In Old Postoffice Office

**All kinds of Feeds and
Field Seeds**

LET US FIGURE WITH YOU

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 3, 1879.

NOTICE.—Any erroneous reference 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.

CITATION BY PUBLICATION

The State of Texas,

To the Sheriff or Any Constable of Donley County—Greeting:

You are hereby commanded to cite all persons interested in the estate of Anna Mevis, deceased, to appear at the next regular term of the County Court of Donley county, to be holden at the court house thereof in Clarendon, on the first Monday in February 1929, the same being the 4th day of February, 1929, to contest, should they desire to do so, the application of Lyle E. Beckwith, filed in said Court on the 15th day of January, A. D. 1929, which will then and there be acted on, for the Probate of the Last Will and Testament of the said Anna Mevis, deceased, filed with said Application, and for Letters Testamentary.

Witness Mrs. Bessie Smith, Clerk of the County Court of Donley county, Texas.

Given under my hand and seal of said court at office in city of Clarendon, this 15th day of January, A. D. 1929.

Mrs. Bessie Smith, Clerk of the County Court of Donley County, Texas.
By Helen Wiedman, Deputy.

Issued this 15th day of January, A. D. 1929.

Mrs. Bessie Smith, Clerk of the County Court of Donley County, Texas.
By Helen Wiedman, Deputy.

**Notice of Application for
Letters of Administration**

The State of Texas.

To the Sheriff or Any Constable of Donley County—Greeting:

You are hereby commanded to cause the following notice to be published in a newspaper of general circulation which has been continuously and regularly published for a period of not less than one year preceding the date of the notice in the county of Donley, State of Texas, and you shall cause said notice to be printed at least once each week for a period of four successive weeks exclusive of the first day of publication before the return day hereof:

Notice of Application for
Letters—Estates of
Decedents

The State of Texas.

To All Persons Interested in the Estate of Mary Dunn Bugbee, Deceased

Wesley Knorpp and John S. Bugbee have filed in the County Court of Donley county, Texas, an application for Letters of Administration upon the Estate of said Mary Dunn Bugbee, deceased, which will be heard at the next term of said Court, commencing on the first Monday in February, A. D. 1929, the same being the 4th day of February, A. D. 1929, at the court house thereof, in Clarendon, Texas, at which time all persons interested in said estate may appear and contest said application, should they desire to do so.

Herein fail not, but have you before said Court on the said first day of the next term thereof, this writ, with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Given under my hand and seal of said Court, at office in Clarendon, Texas, this 2nd day of January, A. D. 1929.

Mrs. Bessie Smith, Clerk County Court, Donley County, Texas.
By Helen Wiedman, Deputy.

CITATION BY PUBLICATION

The State of Texas.

To the Sheriff or Any Constable of Donley County—Greeting:

You are hereby commanded to summon all persons interested in the estate of G. S. Patterson, deceased, by causing a copy hereof to be published in such newspaper in Donley county, Texas, as the law in such cases requires, for the length of time by law required, to be and appear before the Honorable County Court of Donley county, Texas, at the next regular term thereof to be holden in the court house in Clarendon on the first Monday in February, 1929, the same being the 4th day of said month, then and there to contest the application of Lee V. Patterson filed in said Court on the 8th day of January, 1929, to probate the will of G. S. Patterson, deceased, at which place and time the said application and hearing for probate will be holden.

Herein fail not, but have this writ with your return thereon written before said Court on the first day of the next term thereof, showing how you have executed the same.

Given under my hand and seal of said Court at office, in Clarendon, this 8th day of January, 1929.

Mrs. Bessie Smith, Clerk of the County Court in and for Donley County, Texas.
By Helen Wiedman, Deputy.

Sheriff Mosley and Constable Whitfield of Clarendon attended to business here Wednesday.

**Notice of Application for
Letters of Administration**

The State of Texas

To the Sheriff or Any Constable of Donley County—Greeting:

You are hereby commanded to cause the following notice to be published in a newspaper of general circulation which has been continuously and regularly published for a period of not less than one year preceding the date of the notice in the county of Donley, State of Texas, and you shall cause said notice to be printed at least once each week for the period of three successive weeks exclusive of the first day of publication before the return day hereof:

Notice of Application for
Letters—Estates of
Decedents

The State of Texas.

To All Persons Interested in the Estate of Mrs. Anna Rhone Mevis, also known as M. E. L. Mevis, Deceased

A. M. Wyatt was by the County Court of Donley county, Texas, on the 9th day of January, A. D. 1929 duly appointed Temporary Administrator of the Estate of Mrs. Anna Rhone Mevis, also known as Mrs. E. L. Mevis, Deceased, which appointment will be made permanent unless the same shall be successfully contested at the next term of said Court, commencing on the first Monday in February, A. D. 1929, the same being the 4th day of February, A. D. 1929 at the court house thereof, in Clarendon, Texas, at which time all persons interested in said Estate may appear and contest said application, should they desire to do so.

Herein fail not, but have you before said Court on the said first day of the next term thereof, this writ, with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Given under my hand and seal of said Court, at office in Clarendon, Texas, this 9th day of January, A. D. 1929.

Mrs. Bessie Smith, Clerk County Court.



**Ally
of
Man**

It has been said by an eminent scientist that "electricity is life." Certainly today it is man's greatest ally in almost everything he does.

Electricity builds his skyscrapers, lights his home, turns the wheels of his industries, makes his clothes and afterwards washes and irons them, sweeps the floors of his home, makes his toast and coffee, milks the cows, pumps the water, cools the refrigerator, runs the fans, operates his transportation systems, bridges the ocean with his voice, and, in electrotherapeutics, actually becomes the giver or saver of life by making possible diagnoses, treatments and operations heretofore beyond the reach of science.

It is the happy privilege of this company to supply this modern partner of man in West Texas from gigantic generating stations and distributed over more than 2,000 miles of transmission lines.

**West Texas Utilities
Company**

Clarendon Abstract Co.

J. J. Alexander & Son

Abstracters, Deeds of Trust, Etc.

We Make a Specialty of
ABSTRACTS AND INCOME TAX WORK

Income Tax time is at hand. We are fully equipped to turn out neat, correct work on short notice. Call on us.

Mack's Sandwich Shop

GOOD CHILLI

and Sandwiches of All Kinds

IN THE NEW CORNER BRICK
FACING THE HIGHWAY

**Smith
Produce Co.**

ALWAYS IN THE MARKET
HIGHEST CASH PRICES

PHONE 93
Residence Phone 116

The Settling of the Sage

By HAL G. EVARTS

Copyright by Hal G. Everts WNU Service

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

At the Warren ranch, the "Three Bar," a stranger applied for work as a rider. Williamette Ann Warren—known to all as "Billie"—is the owner of the ranch. The girl's father, Cal Warren, had been the original owner. The question whether the territory is to remain "cow country" or be opened to settlement is a troublesome one. The newcomer is put to work cattle "rustlers" have been troubling the ranch owners. The new hand gives his name as Cal Harris. By his announcement in favor of "squatters" he incurs the enmity of a rider known as Morrow. The will made by Cal Warren stipulated that half the property should go to the son of his old friend, William Harris under certain conditions. The new arrival is the man, and he discloses the fact to Billie Slade, a ranchman with an unsavory reputation, visits Billie Slade, endeavoring to embrace Billie is interrupted by Harris. The regular calf round-up is begun while the riders are at their evening meal, far out on the range, six outsiders join them. Billie knows them to be "rustlers," who, under the leadership of Slade and a man named Harper, have in the past stolen Three Bar cattle. To test Harris' courage the girl appoints him temporary foreman, suggesting that he order the visitors to leave. Somewhat to her surprise he does so.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

Harris and the girl worked the last draw themselves and when they drove their cows out of the mouth of it they found a herd already milled, two hundred yards above the wagon. Harris left her and circled the bunch, estimating it.

When the last rider appeared with his bunch and threw it into the herd Harris signaled all hands to change mounts. Half the men repaired to the rope corral and caught up cow horses while the balance of the crew held the herd, each one relieving some other as soon as he had saddled a fresh horse.

A sagebrush fire was burning fifty yards above the wagon and each man rode past it, leaned from his saddle and dropped his running iron in the flame.

The men worked round the edge of the bunch and slipped a noose on every calf that was thrown to the edge of the constantly shifting mass. Morrow roped the first calf and dragged it to the fire.

As much as she loved the round-up, many times as she had seen it, Billie Warren had never become calloused to the brutalities perpetrated on the calves. She withdrew and sat in the shade of the wagon. She was downwind and the dust raised by the trampling hoofs floated down to her, mingled with the odor of steaming cows, the acrid smoke of the sage fire and the taint of scorched hair and flesh.

In a short space of time the herd had been worked, the last calf branded, and Harris led the men up the bottom. Five miles up the valley, at the spot where he had crossed it a few hours before, they found the wagon waiting at the new stand, the corral refashioned and the remuda inside it. It was but ten o'clock but the first circle had commenced at four. The noon meal on the round-up was served whenever the first circle was completed. The men fell ravenously on the hot meal, changed to fresh circle horses and started again.

It was falling dusk when the herd gathered in the third circle had been worked and the last calf branded for the day.

At the end of the first week out from the ranch Harris pulled up his horse beside the girl's and showed her his tally book.

"We've run Slade's mark on more calves than we have our own," he said. "That's one way he works."

"But that's not his fault and it doesn't mean anything," she said. "His cows are sure to drift. This first strip we've worked is the southernmost edge of our range and his wagon works the strip right up to us. We're sure to find a few of his cows. As we double our next lap we'll not find proportion."

"But plenty," he replied. "We've marked more calves one week than all his crews will mark for the year. The first three season your men do a lot for Slade than they do for me. I'll be safe bet that they'll be the same, and so on his

comes he has a good inside block that's only been lightly fed over. They fall back on that for winter feed. Last winter, when cows were dying like rats, his men were out drifting Slade's stuff back toward his middle range."

"That's true enough," she admitted. "But—"

"But you thought he was doing it as a favor to you—getting his surplus off your territory so your own cows would have a better chance. That's the same kind of talk he floated all round the line; playing the benevolent neighbor when in reality the old pirate had deliberately planned, year after year, to overcrowd your range and feed you out."

"But his men would know," she objected.

"Not many of them would grasp the whole scheme of it," he said. "You hadn't thought of it yourself, and what if a few of them did surmise? They're riding for his brand."

The girl nodded. That unalterable code again—the religion of being loyal to one's brand. Not one of Slade's men would balk at doing it knowingly; each would do anything to advance his interests as long as he drew his pay from Slade.

As they talked Harris detailed men for each draw but when they reached the point where they were due to drop down and cross the valley he pulled up his horse.

"You take the rest of the circle, Carp," he instructed Carpenter. "I'm going to ride off up the rise a piece." The girl regarded him curiously. No less than three times in the last week he had stopped midway of the circle and asked her to complete it. Now he had turned it over to Carp and he signaled her to remain with him.

"Where are we going?" she asked as she watched the men ride down toward the bottom. "And why?"

"Back the way we came," he said. "And maybe I can show you why."

He headed back the divide they had just followed until he came to the saddle at the head of a draw that led down to the valley. Far below them they could see a rider hazing a bunch of cows out into the bottom.

High on the right-hand slope of the gulch lay a patch, a little blind basin watered by the seepage from a side-hill spring, and there on the green bed of a dozen cows with their eyes grazed undisturbed. For perhaps five minutes Harris lolled side-wise in the saddle and watched them. Then a rider appeared on the ridge that divided the draw from the next, dropped in below the cows and headed them back over the ridge into the draw from which he had appeared. Even at that distance she recognized the last man as Lanky Evans. Harris resumed his way down the divide and she knew that he had discovered some irregularity for which he had been seeking.

"Who was the man that overlooked those cows?" she asked. "Who worked that draw?"

"Getting bad. That's the second time this week—and the last."

"Then Morrow is an inside man for Harper, and working against us, too?"

"Yes," he said. "Only he's an inside man for Slade."

"But how could his leaving those calves behind benefit Slade?" she demanded.

"How could it benefit Harper?" he countered. "Can you tell me that?"

"None of Harper's men has a brand of his own," he said. "They're living on the move. They can't wait for calves to grow up. The way they work is to run a bunch of beef steers across into Idaho. They'll pick up another bunch there and shove them across the Utah line and repeat by moving a drove of some Utah brand up in here. Only beef steers—quick turning stuff. You know about the reputation of the O V and the Lazy H Four."

She knew all too well. There was a half-fend, a smoldering distrust displayed between cowmen on each side of the three state lines, a triangle of ill feeling. It was current rumor that the O V and the Lazy H Four, ranging far southwest of the Three Bar, would traffic in any steers that came from across either the Utah or Idaho line. In the corner of those states were similar outfits that were receiving stations for rustled stock from the opposite sides. The triangular feud had been fostered to a point where the thieves were immune. Even if a direct complaint should be brought against them they had but to ride across into another state and a sheriff following them would be helpless, the inhabitants resenting this intrusion into their affairs by an officer from

another state, truly having no right there, and refusing to aid him even if they did not actually oppose his passage.

"But how would it benefit Slade?" she repeated.

"Why, suppose that Morrow overlooked a nice bunch of Three Bar calves all along this first strip next to Slade's range," Harris said. "Then some Slade rider happens to drop along after our wagon has moved on and he hazes them off south. Later another picks them up and shoves them along another half-day's drive—way beyond where our boys ever work, even beyond the strip covered by Slade's north wagon, the only one that carries a Three Bar rep; what then?"

"The calves would still be with mothers wearing the Three Bar mark," she said. "After they leave the cows they're slick, fair game for the first man that puts his rope on them—and Slade wouldn't risk running one of his own brands on them before they left the cows."

"Not one of his own, no," Harris said. "Only one that's going to be his later on. Did it ever strike you as queer that Slade, whose way is to crush every new outfit, should suffer a soft-hearted streak every year or so and befriend some party that had elected to start up for himself right in the middle of Slade's range? And later buy him out? That's the way he came into nearly every brand he runs. Several of those dinky little owners have moved out right sudden with a dozen riders from some other outfit funneling along close behind; McArthur didn't even get moved, for Brandon went on the war trail before he had time to start. But it transpired that he was all set to go because Slade showed bill of sale for Mac's holdings, dated only the day before. That's how he came to own every one of those brands that match up so close with those of every outfit that overlaps his range."

"They had turned their horses down a long ridge that led to the wagon in the bottom."

"I'll mention to the boys that Morrow sold out the interests of the Three Bar while he was drawing down your pay. They'll pass sentence on him right sudden. Four hours from now they'll have dry-gulched him so far from nowhere that even the coyotes can't find him."

"Not that," she said. "Turn him over to the sheriff. You caught him in the act."

"In the act of missing a few cows on his detail. The sheriff would hold him almost an hour before he let him go."

"Then give him his check and send him off the Three Bar range," she said.

"Harris waited till the herd had been worked and the men had gathered round the wagon. Then he handed Morrow a check.

"Here's your time," he said. You can be leaving almost any time now."

Every man knew that Morrow had been caught at some piece of work contrary to the interests of the Three Bar. The discharged hand gave a short ugly laugh.

"As soon as you pussyfooted into the foreman's job I knew it was only a question of time," he said.

"Exactly," Harris returned. "Pack your stuff."

"A foreman has a scattering of a dozen or so men to back him up," Morrow observed with a shrug of one shoulder toward the rest of the men.

Harris turned to the girl.

"I resign for about sixty seconds," he said and swung back toward Morrow; and again all hands noted his queer quivering stand. "I'm not fare man right at this minute," he said. "So if you had anything in particular to address to me in a personal vein you can start now. Otherwise you'd better be packing your stuff."

Morrow turned his back and headed for the rope corral. When he had saddled one horse and packed his effects on another he turned to Evans.

"You helped frame this on me," he said. "I thought I saw you messing over into my detail a few days back. One day right soon I'll run across you again."

"Then I'll take to riding with my head over my shoulder—surveying my back-track," Lanky promised. "Because we'll most likely meet from behind."

Morrow started to snarl an answer, his usual self-repression deserting him, but Harris waved an impatient hand.

"Drag it!" he snapped. "Get moving. If I had my own way we'd lead your horse out from under you—and we will if I ever hear of your turning up on the Three Bar range again."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"THREADLESS EMBROIDERY"; DRESSY BLACK VELVET COATS

ARE you doing any "threadless embroidery" these days? If not you are losing out on a most fascinating and effective way of decorating pretty things to wear and to ornament the home.

Threadless embroidery, as it is called, is really done with a brush and various dyes and plastic paints. The strokes are taken so cleverly that it simulates hand stitching and it is quite as effective, and is very speedy.

Black velvet for afternoon and evening coats is the latest gesture of the mode. Adding a touch of white fur is also an important part of the program.

One sees them, these white furred velvet coats at every smart gathering. What a story of intriguing design they tell! There's no end to the story of cunning effects interpreted by these new thin and supple-as-fabric furs. For instance, a black velvet coat with



Some Samples of the New Art.

The new dyes and paints and colorings as now perfected are nothing short of marvelous. Some of them actually launder. In fact a fat that is going the rounds is to hand paint one's silk lingerie—a butterfly on the shoulder of one's crepe de chine night-gown or a festoon of flowerets across the top of one's "teddy," perhaps.

Of course painting on crepe de chine or georgette involves quite a different process than that used for threadless embroidery on black satin.

The best way is to equip one's self at the start with a complete outfit of dyes and paints, both plastic and liquid, and then one is prepared to accomplish really remarkable decorative effects.

One necessarily need not be an artist to do threadless embroidery with a brush. In the first place, perforated patterns with powder dark or light are available so one can stamp the motif instead of sketching it.

Speaking of plastic threadless embroidery on satin, there's no end of

a high ermine-lined collar ties at the throat with a sprightly little cravat bow of the white fur. In fact, these little white bows occur at every vantage point—at the wrists and at the front opening where the coat fastens.

Another coat, also of black velvet, has a shawl collar of white fur, with deep cuffs reaching almost to the elbow. There are dangling little bows positioned here and there on this coat, too, with the addition of a black velvet muff which also is ornamented with a bow of the white lapin fur.

Another arresting fashion is the black coat of fur or of velvet with a long streamered scarf of the ermine, matched with a little white muff, the ensemble completed with a toque of the snowy fur, against the background of which nestles a single huge black velvet flower.

When ermine or white lapin fur is not used then white caracul is sure to be chosen to carry out the modish black and white note.

Clever neckerchiefs of the thin



Black Velvet Touched With White Fur.

lovely ways of working out charming accessory sets to wear with one's party or sports frocks. Hats, handbags, pocketbooks, belts can be so painted as to suggest the exquisite point petite embroidery which is so popular in the latest fashion.

Threading how important is the

white furs sometimes are artfully knotted about the neckline, so arranged as to serve as a close-fitting collar. Then again, a single rever darts diagonally across the front of the

evening dress in the picture



When Food Sours

Lots of folks who think they have "indigestion" have only an acid condition which could be corrected in five or ten minutes. An effective anti-acid like Phillips Milk of Magnesia soon restores digestion to normal.

Phillips does away with all that sourness and gas right after meals. It prevents the distress so apt to occur two hours after eating. What a pleasant preparation to take! And how good it is for the system! Unlike a burning dose of soda—which is but temporary relief at best—Phillips Milk of Magnesia neutralizes many times its volume in acid.

Next time a hearty meal, or too rich a diet has brought on the least discomfort, try—

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

All Noisy

Mrs. Movemore—Gracious! This is the noisiest neighborhood I ever got into. Just hear those children screech.

Maid—They're your own children, ma'am.—Pathfinder Magazine.



OLD FOLKS SAY DR. CALDWELL WAS RIGHT

The basis of treating sickness has not changed since Dr. Caldwell left Medical College in 1875, nor since he placed on the market the laxative prescription he had used in his practice.

He treated constipation, biliousness, headaches, mental depression, indigestion, sour stomach and other indispositions entirely by means of simple vegetable laxatives, herbs and roots. These are still the basis of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, a combination ofenna and other mild herbs, with pepsin.

The simpler the remedy for constipation, the safer for the child and for you. And as you can get results in a mild and safe way by using Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, why take chances with strong drugs?

A bottle will last several months, and all can use it. It is pleasant to the taste, gentle in action, and free from narcotics. Elderly people find it ideal. All drug stores have the generous bottles. Write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. B. B. Monticello, Illinois, for free trial bottle.

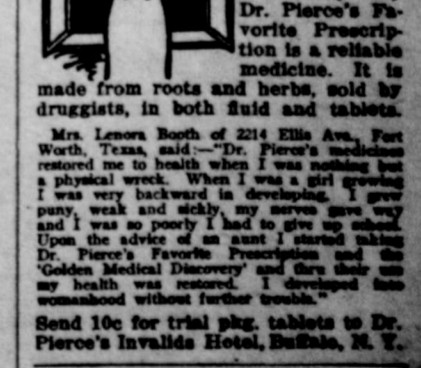
Chums
"These two girls seem to be very close friends." "Yes, there is a compact between them."

Muscle-Bound
Maise—He's got a lot of culture, hasn't he?
Mae—Yes, but it's all physical.

WHEN IT LOOKS DARK to any weak, nervous or ailing woman, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription comes to her aid. Women in every walk of life today say Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a reliable medicine. It is made from roots and herbs, sold by druggists in both fluid and tablet form.

Mrs. Lemm Booth of 2214 Ellis Ave., Fort Worth, Texas, said:—"Dr. Pierce's medicine restored me to health when I was nothing but a physical wreck. When I was a girl growing I was very backward in developing. I grew puny, weak and sickly, my nerves gave way and I was so poorly I had to give up school. Upon the advice of an aunt I started taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and the Golden Medical Discovery and sure their on my health was restored. I developed into womanhood without further trouble."

Send 10c for trial pkg. tablets to Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.



Flu Colds

No Possible Danger From That Cemetery

Eugene Field while on one of his lecturing tours entered Philadelphia. There was some delay at the bridge over the Schuylkill river, and the humorist's attention was attracted by the turbid, coffee-colored stream flowing underneath. He asked the colored porter: "Don't you people get your drinking water from this stream?"

"Yassin! Ah! got no yuther place to get it from," replied the Delawarean.

dat's Lau'el Hill cemetery!" said the son of Ham.

"Well, what of that?" asked Field. "Dat waitah doan" but 'Phila delphians none, sah," replied the native son, "W'y moe' all of de folkses butted thesh aw fom usah v'y best families."

For Delicate Surgery

A "micromanipulator" has been invented in Germany for performing surgical operations. It is a small instrument which can be used for delicate work.

HEDLEY CASH GROCERY

Corner Main Street and Highway

Grocery and Market

Fresh and Cured Meats

Quality Foods

THE BEST IS JUST RIGHT FOR
OUR CUSTOMERS

GEO. L. ARMSTRONG, Prop.

BLEEDING GUMS HEALED

The sight of sore gums is sickening. Reliable dentists often report the successful use of Leto's Pyorrhea Remedy on their very worst cases. If you will get a bottle and use as directed, druggists will return money if it fails. Hedley Drug Co., The Rexall Store.

L. M. LANE

Haul Anything, Anywhere
Any Time

Day Phone 21
Night Phone 13

BUILDING NEW HOMES

Let me help you finance the new home that you are figuring on building. Paying for a home on our easy terms is a great deal better for you than paying rent. L. A. STROUD.

Sheriff Mosley was in Hedley Tuesday from the county seat on official business. Milt is right on the job and already looks and acts like a veteran.

FOR SALE—Several Good Farms, on easy terms.
First State Bank.

Subscribe for The Informer

R. S. HOGUE

Mrs. W. E. Grimsley and Mrs. Clyde Grimsley were called Dec. 7th to the bedside of their father, Mr. R. S. Hogue, of Arlington, Texas, who was seriously ill. We regret to learn that he died in St. Joseph's Infirmary, Fort Worth, at 3:30 o'clock Christmas day.

Mr. Hogue was 58 years of age, and was baptized into the Baptist church at Bear Creek church at the age of 17. He was laid to rest at the same place of his baptism (Bear Creek church and graveyard) at 3:00 o'clock Dec. 28th, by the side of his mother and brother.

Surviving are his wife, his two daughters, Mrs. W. E. Grimsley and Mrs. Clyde Grimsley, and ten grandchildren.

Mrs. Hogue will make her home here with her daughters. She has been sick with the flu since coming here, Dec. 28th, but is improving now.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Kirkpatrick are the parents of a daughter, born one day the past week.

Just before going to press we learn that Mr. Fred Sligar, formerly of this community, and Miss Theopal Hefner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Hefner, were married Monday at Hereford. They will live at Plainview. Our good wishes are extended.

CARD OF THANKS

By this means we wish to express our heartfelt thanks to our many friends and neighbors who were so kind and thoughtful during the recent illness and death of our dear wife, mother, daughter and sister, Mrs. R. C. Duggins. For your kind words and loving deeds we shall always hold a dear memory of you in our hearts. We also wish to add our thanks for the beautiful floral offerings.

We pray God's blessings on each one, and trust when the hour of sorrow comes to your home you shall have the blessing of many kind friends and a steadfast faith in God to sustain you in that sad hour.

R. C. Duggins and Children,
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. DeBord and Family,
Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Duggins and Family.

Mrs. W. J. Oneil suffered a stroke of apoplexy last Saturday at Memphis and has been in a serious condition since. Her sons, Bert, Frank and Morris, of Ajo, Arizona, and Clarence, of this city, are with her, also her brother, Doc Martin, of Arizona. She is reported better today, and we trust she will soon be completely recovered.

Mrs. P. T. Boston and two sons were visitors here Monday from Shamrock.

FARMS FOR SALE

I have four sandy land farms that I will sell on very easy terms. Long time, low interest. These farms are well worth the money that I am asking for them. L. A. STROUD,
Hedley, Texas.

TO THE TAX PAYERS

Under the existing conditions with reference to taxes, we will not be at Hedley for tax collecting purposes, as we had anticipated and promised. All cars have to have the head lights tested before the license can be paid, and inasmuch as Hedley does not have an official test station, Hedley citizens are coming to Clarendon for this purpose anyway.

I am very sorry about this condition, and trust that same may be remedied before another tax paying season.

M. W. Mosley,
Tax Collector.

Alta Boy Jimmy



QUICK BUT QUIET

Says Jimmy, "Although I seem rough there's nothing that's quite good enough for each patron and friend who has learned to depend on the way I am strutting my stuff."

IN YOUR WELCOME VISITS to our store you may have noticed that there was nothing exciting to see except a mighty clean and up to date display of everything best in Staple and Fancy Groceries, canned goods and special delicacies. But back of this there was a whirlwind of service—quietly meshed like gears in a costly car.

FARMERS EQUITY UNION OF COURSE

CONSISTENT AND STEADY
THAT'S THE ALTA BOY JIMMY

"Just a Good Store
in a Good Town"

This Is Our Ambition

AND WE ARE STRIVING THROUGH SERVICE AND COURTEOUS ATTENTION to your wants, together with a stock that is unusually complete, to merit your patronage and Friendship.

Let us be your druggist
We're always on the job

—EVERYTHING IN DRUGS—

Wilson Drug Co.

IT'S MADE ITS WAY BY THE WAY IT'S MADE

WEDDING

At the Methodist parsonage Tuesday evening about 8 o'clock as Rev. E. D. Landreth read the ceremony, Miss Edna Bell became the wife of Mr. Hugh Sullivan. They were accompanied to and from the parsonage by Mr. Alvin Swinney and Miss Louis Whiteside. Mrs. Sullivan is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Bell of this city, having come from Ardmore, Okla., about a year ago. She was a member of the Senior Class of the Hedley High School. Mr. Sullivan is the son of Mr. T. B. Sullivan of this community.

These young people will be at home at the J. A. Moreman residence where they will have an apartment.

Notice to Close Part of Nat Smith Addition to Hedley

The State of Texas.
Notice is hereby given that on the 14th day of January, A. D. 1929, D. M. Grimsley filed an application in the Commissioners Court of Donley county, Texas, to cancel and for permission to cancel, in accordance with the provisions of Article 7227 of the Revised Statutes of Texas, 1925, a portion of the Nat Smith Addition to the town of Hedley, in Donley county, Texas, as the plat of same appears of record in Vol. 30, Page 210, and Vol. 44, Page 226 of the deed records of said county, said portion being described as follows: That portion of said Addition which is bounded on the south by the south line of South First Street of said Addition; on the east by the west line of Pine Street of said Addition; on the north by the right of way of the Fort Worth & Denver City Railway Company, and on the west by the west line of said Nat Smith Addition; and that said petition will be heard by said court at its next regular term to be begun and holden at the court house in Clarendon in said county on the 11th day of February, A. D. 1929; and all persons interested in such lands are hereby commanded to appear at said time and place to protest, if desired, against such action.

By order of said court,
Given under my hand and the seal of said court this 15th day of January, A. D. 1929.
Mrs. Bessie Smith, Clerk
(Seal) of the County Court and Ex Officio Clerk of the Commissioners Court of Donley County, Texas.

J. R. PORTER ATTORNEY AT LAW

GENERAL PRACTICE
IN ALL COURTS
Room 2, Goldston Building
Clarendon, Texas

M. C. DeBord, formerly of this community, now living at Sayre, Okla., was here last week to attend the funeral of his niece, Mrs. R. C. Duggins.

About the only law
enforced nowadays
is the law of
gravity

YOU TELL US



QUALITY
Costs No
More

As long as it costs you no more, why not trade with Thompson Brothers Co., where you know you are getting the best Furniture on the market.

And Furniture at
this store is as low
priced as any in
town.

Thompson
Bros. Co.

Hardware -- Fur

**AVOID THE LOAD
OF DEBT**

THAT BENDS EVEN THE STURDIEST OF
shoulders. If you pay as you go, it is so easy,
and if you trade at the "M" SYSTEM store
you not only stay out of debt, but you SAVE
MONEY. Worth trying, isn't it?

Bob White Flour, 48 lb.	\$1.65
Spuds, 15 lb.	25c
2 lb. Peanut Butter	39c
M. House Coffee, 3 lb.	\$1.45
Gallon Blackberries	56c
Gallon Apricots	59c
Gallon Peaches	47c
4 lb. Raisins	33c
White Swan Peaches	24c

NO. 21-2

**These Prices Good Friday
and Saturday**