

THE SANDERSON TIMES

Volume 19

Sanderson, Texas, Saturday Aug. 28, 1926

No. 2

W. E. STIRMAN

The Wood, Coal and Dairy Man

Cedar, Mesquit, Oak Wood and Dawson Coal

Get Your Supply on Hand.
Be Ready For the First Cold Spell

Phone No. 2

Sanderson, Texas.

LEMONS & HENSHAW, ABSTRACTORS

Terrell County Lands

Lands Sold
Property Returned

Lands Leased
Taxes Paid

Abstracts Examined and Titles Passed Upon By
an Efficient and Reliable Attorney.

Office with County Clerk, Sanderson, Texas

G. J. Henshaw, Mgr.

Lincoln Ford Fordson

CARS-TRUCKS-TRACTORS

Confidence in the concern with which you deal—that is the biggest thing to consider in your purchase of a new or used Ford car; and upon that basis you should naturally buy from an authorized dealer.

We carry a complete stock of FORD parts and accessories gas, oils and Goodyear Tires and Tubes.

Our mechanics are expert workmen and we have the best equipped repair shop in the city.

W. J. FERGUSON

A Hint to the Wise, Etc.

See Manager For Contract

Why annoy your neighbor for the use of his Telephone when you can have one in your house for

\$2 Per Month?

Sanderson Telephone Company



EMPIRE TAILORS

SPECIAL FOR MONDAY

No. 2 Blackberries, regular 40c value	27c
No. 2 1/2 Royal Ann Cherries 50c value	30c
No. 2 1/2 Apricots, regular 40c value	27c
No. 2 1/2 Grapes, regular 40c value	27c
No. 10 gallon cans Blackberries, regular 1.10	89
No. 10 " " Pineapple, regular 1.10	89
No. 10 " " Pears, regular 85c	69
P. and G. Soap, 5 bars for	25
No. 2 1/2 cans Apples, regular 40c for	27
No. 1 Niana Garden Peas, regular 20c for	14
No. 1 Libby tall Tomatoes, regular 15c for	10
No. 1 Blue Label Kraut, regular 15c for	12
No. 2 Libby Pork and Beans, regular 15c for	11
No. 10 Green Gage Plums, 85c value	69c
Swifts Sunbrite Cleaner 10c size	4 for 25c

SANDERSON MERCANTILE CO.
THE STORE OF SERVICE AND QUALITY

Phone No. 40

Prompt delivery

HART-McKEE

The home of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McKee was the scene of a beautiful wedding Wednesday afternoon at 4:30 when Thomas Maxey Hart and Miss Myrl McKee were united in marriage, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. J. A. McMillan, pastor of the Presbyterian church.

The rooms were artistically decorated with ferns and flowers of the season. Tall baskets on either side of the double windows held masses of white dahlias and clematis. From these baskets streamers of tulle were drawn into a large bow between the windows from which showers of lilies of the valley hung. Banks of fern formed a background for the improvised altar.

Preceding the ceremony, Mrs. M. P. Lester sang "All For You" accompanied by Mrs. R. S. Wilkinson at the piano. Mrs. Lester wore a gown of blonde georgette which was tastefully adorned with French embroidery in pastel shades and wide bands of gold lace. Mrs. Wilkinson was attired in a frock of white flannel crepe in tunic style, the blouse being enhanced by pin tucks and heavy cord stitching.

The bridal party entered to the strains of the bridal chorus from "Lohengrin." The matron of honor, Mrs. Will Savage, sister of the bride, and the maid of honor, Miss Birdelle Stephens, entered together, followed by the ring bearer, Jim Wilkinson, and the little flower girl, Mary Ferguson. The bride entered with her father and was met at the altar by the bridegroom and his brother, Edgar S. Hart, best man. While the impressive ring ceremony was being read, "Traumerpi" was softly played on the piano.

The bride wore a distinctive Bonex Soeurs gown from Paris, fashioned of daintiest white French organdy, hand-embroidered and paneled with hand-made lace. She carried a shower bouquet of white carnations.

The matron of honor, Mrs. Will Savage, wore peach crepe chiffon over satin, fullness being provided by circular insets outlined with brilliants. She carried an arm bouquet of peach colored gladioli.

The maid of honor, Miss Birdelle Stephens of Gilmer, Texas, wore a smart bouffant frock of orchid tulle and gold lace. The tight bodice was enhanced by hoops. She also carried peach gladioli.

The flower girl, Miss Mary Ferguson, was exquisite in a dainty frock of blue georgette trimmed with bands of blue velvet ribbon. She carried a fluted basket filled with rose petals.

Immediately following the ceremony the guests were led into the dining room where the three-tier wedding cake, with its ornament of wedding bells and lacy filigree reposed in state. The mother of the bride received the first piece of the bride's cake. Miss Louise Williams, charming in a gown of pink crepe chiffon, presided at the punch bowl.

After the informal reception Mr. and Mrs. Hart left for San Antonio where they will make their home. Mrs. Hart's going-away costume was of rose-parchment tulle, with a smart coat of ashes of roses. The accessories were in harmonizing shades of rose and parchment.

Mrs. Hart is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McKee of this city. She is an honor graduate of the University of Texas, having been elected to the national honorary societies of Phi Beta Kappa and Kappa Delta Pi. She has been a popular member of social circles here during her vacations from teaching in the (Continued on last page)

RANCHMAN SHAKEN UP AS CAR TURNS OVER

Horton Haley, who ranches about 20 miles east of Sanderson, was shaken up and slightly bruised as his roadster turned over on him Tuesday morning.

He had finished buying supplies in town and he had started to go back to the ranch. About eight miles from town he was going down a grade on the highway and the engine cut off when he suddenly lost control of the and it hit a bluff along the side of the road turning it over on its top with him under under it. Mr. Haley was picked up by a passing tourist and taken to Dryden and later was brought to Sanderson where he was treated for a wrenched back and minor bruises.

He stated he did not know the reason for the accident but that he thought it was either in the front right wheel, as all but 3 spokes were out and the wheel broken off, or whether it was a blow out of the casing, as it was picked up on the opposite side of the road from the accident blow off the wheel.

Read Youth Rides West.

NEW TELEPHONE LINE

The Del Rio & Western Telephone Company this week completed another copper circuit to San Antonio. This was done to take care of their ever increasing business with this metropolis and other points beyond. Material is in their storeroom and in the pole yard for the construction of a modern copper metallic line to Sanderson. Work on this line is to begin at once.—Val Verde Co. Herald.

Cavender-Eldridge

A wedding that came as a surprise to their many friends occurred Sunday night at 8 o'clock when the Rev. D. A. Adams, Baptist minister, united in marriage Hays Cavender and Miss Bethilda Eldridge at the St. Frances Hotel. The ceremony was witnessed by a few intimate friends. It was a culmination of a romance begun during high school days.

The bride is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Eldridge, who live near Dryden on their ranch. From childhood on up through womanhood her lovely character and smiling disposition has made her many friends. She has always been a figure in the younger set.

The groom is another one of our citizens grown to manhood here. He has always been among the leaders of the younger fellows, who are out for sports and athletics. He has led his teammates in basketball and has shown great ability as a ball player. He now holds a position with the Texas-Louisiana Power Co., and by his fine traits of character his future promises to be bright.

Following a short trip to Alpine the young couple returned here, where they were showered with congratulations and best wishes for their future married life by their many friends.

Read "Youth Rides West"

Mrs. R. E. Stirman returned home Monday evening from San Antonio, where she visited her niece, Miss Virginia Sheffield, who is studying to be a nurse at the Robert B. Green Memorial Hospital in that city.

NOTICE.

According to our usual custom we will be closed all day August 31 and September 1, on account of taking inventory.

KERR MERC. CO.

One car Dawson Fanny Nut Coal due here September 5th. Price delivered from car \$13.

W. E. STIRMAN.

—Take a look at the latest styles and fabrics for the Fall and Winter.

EMPHATICALLY

DOVE SEASON OPENS SEPTEMBER 1ST

The season on dove shooting in Texas will open September 1st and close December 1st. Hunters may not kill over 15 doves in one day. Local hunters will not need licenses for shooting doves in Terrell County, but must have them to hunt in other Texas counties. They may be obtained from the county clerk's office. Reports come in that doves are plentiful in this county and adjoining counties.

Flowers For the Living.

Val Verde Herald, August 20: M. A. Boling, editor of the Sanderson Times, has been in this section most of the week. Mr. Boling is one of the executives of Boy Scouts and was camped on Devil's River with the organization. He is fortunate in having a talented wife to conduct his paper when he is not at home. In fact, the people in Sanderson assert that Mrs. Boling does most of the work when Boling is at home.

Read Youth Rides West.

NOTICE!

All water and light bills must be paid up by the 25th of each month or service will be discontinued.

Texas-Louisiana Power Co.
Frank Vaughn, Mgr.

—Advertising in the Times pays.

BOOST!

You wouldn't give a thin dime for a knocker—he is unwelcome everywhere.

Be a booster—If you can't boost you can keep still—and if you can't do either, then you can move.

IT IS SAID: "The devil once lived in heaven till he began knocking his own home town."—and you know what happened.

We think this the best Town in the best County in the best State—if we didn't think so we would move—and we are going to continue to ASSIST in keeping it so—

LET'S WORK TOGETHER

You Can Depend on Us.

Sanderson State Bank

City Barber Shop

You will always find

Clean Tonsoring, Keen Tools and Skilled Workman

Ladies Hair Bobbing A Specialty

Hot and Cold Baths

FRED YEATES, Prop.

We Carry Everything Handled In A General Store

DRY GOODS

The Season's New and Best Styled

DRESS GOODS,

MEN'S SUITS,

HATS, CAPS,

BOOTS AND SHOES.

GROCERIES

We Have Everything That's Good to Eat

Canned Vegetables and

Fruits,

Jellies, Jams,

Teas and Coffee.

HARDWARE

We Are Headquarters for

Hardware, Oil, Paints

Stoves, Pipe Fittings,

Wire, Nails,

Studebaker Wagons

FURNITURE

We Have a Nice Line of

Chairs, Rockers, Tables,

Dressers, Beds,

Springs and

Mattresses.

LUMBER

Anything You Want in

Building Material, Sash

Doors, Cement, Lime

Brick, Roofing,

Fencing.

THE KERR MERC. COMPANY

List of Lands and Lots Delinquent on March 31, 1926, for Taxes of 1925, in Terrell County, Texas.

Reported in Compliance With Provisions of Chapter Ten, Revised Civil Statutes of 1925.

THE STATE OF TEXAS,
County of Terrell.

I, J. J. Nance, Tax Collector of said County, do hereby certify that the land and lots listed below and assessed on the tax rolls of said County for the year 1925, are delinquent for the taxes of 1925, and there was no personal property for "seizure and sale" as required by Article 7335, Revised Civil Statutes of 1925, and therefore I am entitled to credit for the taxes shown and herein reported delinquent.

J. J. NANCE, Tax Collector.

CERTIFICATE OF COMMISSIONERS' COURT

THE STATE OF TEXAS,
County of Terrell.

We certify that we have examined the following Collector's report of land and town lots assessed on the Tax Rolls of Terrell County, for the year 1925, which are delinquent for the taxes of 1925, and find the same correct, and that J. J. Nance, Tax Collector, is entitled to credit for the taxes shown thereon, as follows, to-wit:

State Ad Valorem Tax	\$1,688.05
State Poll Tax	19.50
State Penalty and Interest	169.35
Total State Taxes	\$1,877.91
County Ad Valorem Tax	\$1,204.32
County Special Tax, Road	1,096.66
County Poll Tax	3.25
District School	874.80
Poll Penalty and Interest	317.83
Total County Taxes	\$3,486.86

Given in open court this 11th day of May, A. D. 1926.

G. J. HENSLAW, County Judge.

W. E. STUMMAN,

JAMES K. FULTON,

M. COLEBURN,

WALTER C. DUNLAP,

County Commissioners of said County.

(Seal)—Attest: LUELLA LEMONS, County Clerk.

OWNER	No. Ab.	Cert. No.	Sur. No.	Description of Property: Original Grantee, City or Town, Lots.	No. Acres	No. Acres	Total Taxes
Anderson, Mrs. J. F.				Sanderston, Its 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8, blk 129	640	640	312.48
Berrera, Valentine				Sanderston, Its 10 blk 129	640	640	312.48
Bates, F. C. & Aileen	420	4491	27	I. & G. N. Ry.	640	640	
Bates, F. C. & Aileen	421	4492	28	I. & G. N. Ry.	640	640	
Bates, F. C. & Aileen	422	4493	29	I. & G. N. Ry.	640	640	
Bates, F. C. & Aileen	423	4494	30	I. & G. N. Ry.	640	640	
Bates, F. C. & Aileen	424	4495	31	I. & G. N. Ry.	280	280	
Bates, F. C. & Aileen	1440	1380		Mrs. Hungarm	1250	1250	
Bates, F. C. & Aileen	1617	1923	5	G. W. Turney	1280	1280	
Bates, F. C. & Aileen	1629	1754	7	J. A. Manser	1280	1280	416.96
Bishop, M. G. and Clatido				Sanderston, lot 9 blk 12	640	640	312.48
Carpenter, W. T. & Cecil	1465	138	116	W. T. Carpenter, Sanderston, Its 9-10, blk 11	640	640	312.48
Villegas, B. & Venusta				Sanderston, Its 16, blk 112	640	640	10.46
Biglow, Hartford				S. C. C. S. D. & R. G. N. G.	640	640	29.18
Biglow, Hartford	224	1041	63	S. C. C. S. D. & R. G. N. G.	640	640	29.18
Biglow, Hartford	54	5337	29	S. C. C. S. D. & R. G. N. G.	160	160	4.64
Clark, W. M.				S. C. C. S. D. & R. G. N. G.	160	160	3.71
Cook, Walter	1280	2196	45	G. H. & S. A.	160	160	1.61
Hanks, Eddie	1112	911	45	T. C. Ry.	5	5	1.61
Hunt, R. H.	864	42	23	M. K. & T. E.	1080	1080	50.14
Jackson, F. E.	3	246	5	S. R. Ry.	1080	1080	49.14
Jackson, F. E.	806	242	3	J. A. McKee	1080	1080	49.14
Jungh, F. K.				Sanderston, Its 12 to 21 inc. blk 1, Newberry div.	3	3	14.24
Keefer, J. B. Jr.				Sanderston, Its 8, blk 102	640	640	312.48
Lauchie, Effie	2527	287	46	R. M. Doad	640	640	
Lauchie, Effie	2528	288	47	R. M. Doad	640	640	
Lauchie, Effie	2529	289	48	Wm. Luckie	640	640	89.29
Lauchie, Effie	2530	290	49	Wm. Luckie	640	640	89.29
Lauchie, Effie	2531	291	50	Wm. Luckie	640	640	89.29
McCaughy, Howard				S. C. C. S. D. & R. G. N. G.	1	1	2.23
McDaniel, S. N.	1732	1740	17	H. T. Dodson	621.78	621.78	36.83
McDaniel, S. N.	1733	1741	18	H. T. Dodson	640	640	36.83
Petty, V. A.	1852	1139	35	G. C. S. F. Ry.	640	640	
Petty, V. A.				S. C. C. S. D. & R. G. N. G.	640	640	
Petty, V. A.				S. C. C. S. D. & R. G. N. G.	160	160	41.76
Sandolph, C. C.	1114	913	45	T. C. Ry.	213	213	6.87
Spinks, S. T.	1450	5349	11	P. K. & S. F. Ry.	123.9	123.9	2.27
Walker, Mills P.	33	1131	1	M. M. Bloodworth	494.3	494.3	17.94
Unknown	34	1490	23	M. M. Bloodworth	823.5	823.5	32.94
Unknown	46	1491	24	M. M. Bloodworth	32	32	1.83
Unknown	262	1291	34	Jas. E. Kille	5	5	3.58
Unknown	285	1616	15	E. L. & R. R.	320	320	14.85
Unknown	272	1626	16	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	274	1628	17	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	280	1601	18	E. L. & R. R.	110	110	5.10
Unknown	281	1602	19	E. L. & R. R.	110	110	5.10
Unknown	287	1608	20	E. L. & R. R.	158	158	7.79
Unknown	290	1601	21	E. L. & R. R.	615	615	28.54
Unknown	294	1604	22	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	297	1609	23	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	298	1610	24	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	299	1611	25	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	300	1612	26	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	301	1613	27	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	302	1614	28	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	303	1615	29	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	304	1616	30	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	305	1617	31	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	306	1618	32	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	307	1619	33	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	308	1620	34	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	309	1621	35	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	310	1622	36	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	311	1623	37	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	312	1624	38	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	313	1625	39	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	314	1626	40	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	315	1627	41	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	316	1628	42	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	317	1629	43	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	318	1630	44	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	319	1631	45	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	320	1632	46	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	321	1633	47	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	322	1634	48	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	323	1635	49	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	324	1636	50	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	325	1637	51	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	326	1638	52	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	327	1639	53	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	328	1640	54	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	329	1641	55	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	330	1642	56	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	331	1643	57	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	332	1644	58	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	333	1645	59	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	334	1646	60	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	335	1647	61	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	336	1648	62	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	337	1649	63	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	338	1650	64	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	339	1651	65	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	340	1652	66	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	341	1653	67	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	342	1654	68	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	343	1655	69	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	344	1656	70	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	345	1657	71	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	346	1658	72	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	347	1659	73	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	348	1660	74	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	349	1661	75	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	350	1662	76	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	351	1663	77	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	352	1664	78	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	353	1665	79	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	354	1666	80	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	355	1667	81	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	356	1668	82	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	357	1669	83	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	358	1670	84	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	359	1671	85	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	360	1672	86	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	361	1673	87	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	362	1674	88	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	363	1675	89	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	364	1676	90	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	365	1677	91	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	366	1678	92	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	367	1679	93	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	368	1680	94	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	369	1681	95	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	370	1682	96	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	371	1683	97	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	372	1684	98	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	373	1685	99	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	374	1686	100	E. L. & R. R.	640	640	29.69
Unknown	375	1687	1				

Youth Rides West

By Will Irwin

WNU Service

Copyright by Will Irwin

THE STORY SO FAR

On their way to the new Cottonwood "gold diggings," in Colorado in the Seventies, Robert Gilson, easterner, who tells the story, and Buck Hayden, a veteran miner, his partner, secretly witness the hold-up of a stagecoach. Among the hold-up victims are a "Mrs. Deane" and an elderly female companion. The bandits have been frightened off after getting away with an express box. Both parties continue their separate ways.

CHAPTER II—Continued

A lone traveler stood, gazing. He was a small man, clad in an enveloping frieze ulster and a battered black hat. He turned on me, as I approached, a bright gray eye. The nose under it was strong at the root, and yet sharp. A long, thick mustache drooped between spare cheeks shaven only that morning—a detail worthy of comment in those surroundings, where most men wore beards varying in age from four days to thirty years.

"Hello," he remarked. "Well, what do you think of our West?"

At which I bristled within. I had been nearly a year in the man's country; I had just brought a jack train, alive and in good order, up Ludlow's pass; I wondered how much longer I was to suffer the reproach of tender feet. But I managed to answer with what good nature I could summon:

"Considerable country." He laughed pleasantly. "College-bred, too, I'm betting," he commented. Somehow his friendly manner seemed to strip the offense from this dreadful insinuation.

"How did you penetrate behind my mask of ignorance and vulgarity?" I asked, falling into the spirit of the occasion.

"It's my business," said the stranger, "piercing and penetrating the masks and disguises of the human soul."

"Sounds to me like gambling," said I, matching his impudence with impudence of my own. "What's your line? Three-card monte or the little pea under the little shell?"

"I almost hate to tell you," said the stranger, "lest you shrink from me. It's the greatest gamble of all. And the most squalid and soul-destroying. That peaceful village yonder—"

and he waved his hand to the smoke stain amid the whitewash to the north—"has hitherto proceeded on its simple, sane way, hiding and concealing from prying eyes its microscopic peccadilloes such as murder, highway robbery, brace feroxy boxes and claim jumping. I come to destroy that golden age. In your lumbering wain repose the sinister tools of my craft—two fonts of nonpareil and seven boxes of assorted job type. Casting your eyes farther to the eastward, you perceive an individual bearing all the marks and characteristics of a tramp printer, temporarily sober. He's conveying a second-hand flat-bed press, warranted not to register in any climate. What you behold, young but sapient air, is the embryo of that great light-bearer, the Cottonwood Courier." As suddenly as he had begun it he dropped our old western game of chaff and rhetoric, held out his hand. "My name's Marcus Handy," he said. "I've pulled up my newspaper by the roots from Quaker Creek, which is played out as a camp, and I'm locating in Cottonwood—if I get there!"

I introduced myself.

"You're mining, I suppose?" asked Marcus Handy, this ceremony over. "Didn't know," he added hastily, "but you were starting some kind of a business, and might want to advertise. I've picked up a few ads along our primrose-dotted wayside."

As we talked we had turned our backs to a shrill, new wind blowing up from the immense depths below, and were facing the picturesque confusion at the summit of the pass. The crowd was growing—none so unimaginative as to grudge ten minutes for a look at the Valley of Fortune. But the earlier arrivals were now reclining, giving the last trim to loads or packs, and disappearing downward around a shoulder of rock. And as they passed from view Marcus Handy, who had been busily gathering items for his first number, described them all with a short phrase or two. It seemed to me that he knew our impermanent caravan as one knows the town where he has dwelt all his life.

Now outfits which we had passed even before we reached the stage station had attained the summit. Always the passengers dismounted and labored forward for a view of the promised land.

Then came Buck's voice, calling. I knew that he had arranged the pack to his own minute satisfaction, and that the final dash to Cottonwood had begun. Spurring time only to wolf two sandwiches of camp bread and frizzled bacon, we rounded the rock. Below us the road zigzagged with many a hairpin turn down the mountain side.

As we rounded the shoulder of the rock the view burst on us again. I turned in my saddle toward that distant, gray mist which was Cottonwood camp. And my imagination flashed a

picture of the town. Ridiculously at variance with Cottonwood as it was, it long persisted, even after I saw the reality. In the foreground, regarding the sights of that rough mining camp with superior but understanding eyes, walked—Mrs. Deane, the lady of the holdup episode. Then, my mind shifting from imagination to speculation, I wondered what she really was doing. She had joined a husband, waiting for her in Cottonwood, doubtless.

Did she know that I had just lived through the pure, magnificent experience of that view across the valley, as she must have lived through it two days before? Did she know that I had safely passed the summit and was coming down the long path of adventure? I suddenly pulled myself up, cursed myself for a sentimental, egotistical young fool, and slapped to action a lagging burro.

CHAPTER III

"I told you—too much folks!" grunted Buck as he loosed the cinches of his weary horse. I paid no attention; Buck had been repeating that phrase like the response of a litany ever since we crossed the path and threaded the more intensive traffic rushing into Cottonwood.

As I rubbed down my little roan with the dry part of a gunny sack which Buck had rescued from the mud I asked humbly:

"What's the program?" "Get a regular supper of ham and eggs from a sure enough restaurant," said Buck. "Guess it's comin' to us. An' find the lay of the land. Don't look good. Too much folks."

"What are we going to do about the outfit?" I asked.

"Leave it here," said Buck. "Un-guarded?" I inquired.

"Sure," said Buck. "They'd lynch a man quicker fur sneakin' things out of a public corral than fur stealing a horse—in a new camp like this," he said.

When we had watered at the pool of an unpopulated brook, when we had judiciously distributed the last of our oats among the whole train, when we had blanketed our horses with tarpaulins from the pack, my impatient young feet were free to follow Buck's down the full-flowing street. It quivered with excitement, chatter, good humor. A two-story building swung its doors wide open to the street. It revealed a rough room, the walls covered with newspapers. Along the whole farther side ran a bar. It took a moment of inspection to tell that; the first glimpse showed only a long row of men, leaning on their elbows, their stalwart backs hunched, their stretched coat-tails revealing their scabbarded sidearms. Nearer stood three tables fringed with card players, piled with gold pieces and buckskin sacks; about the players watched a silent, intent, standing border of spectators. Over all shone the brilliant light of one big kerosene lamp backed by a reflector and the soft, uncertain twinkling of candles, set row on row into boards. A crowd was incessantly climbing and descending the rough stairs to one side of the room. And from above I caught a voice bawling: "Place your bets, gents!" and the unmistakable whirr of a roulette wheel.

A long, low shack next door emitted the tinkle of two guitars and a violin, a little hazy on their tune but sure of their cadences. Its two windows emitted an exceptional blaze of light. Within, ladies in very short skirts were whirling clumping partners in a waltz, and men were dancing in pairs. The door of this establishment, also, opened as I passed; I glimpsed a lady of whom my first impression was a knee-high yellow skirt and a pair of red stockings, my second that she wore many frizzes and no make-up. She was holding the lapels of a fat man who rolled a little uncertainly on his feet; and I caught her words:

"Just one'll gold watch for—"

The slamming of the door cut out the rest. In a narrow alley running darkly up the hill were indications of even lower diversions.

A very modest shack, in the light of blazing windows across the street, bore the sign, "Assay Office." The building next most pretentious to the two-story building which we had passed on our first entry to the street turned out to be a general store. It was open and doing a brisk business. Farther down the street a lantern swung from a pole before a tent, illuminating the sign:

GOLDEN EAGLE RESTAURANT MEALS AT ALL HOURS

As we edged through the crowd toward this objective Buck, being very hungry and low in spirits, voiced his pessimism.

"Startin' for a gold camp six months after the fall discovery an' a good month after the spring rush begun," he said. "Was you the fool or was I?"

I had been feeling much the same thing, though with a less poignant disappointment, ever since we came out into Main street. Professionally the rock across the peaks was for gold. Unless all the claims had been staked, all the possibilities exhausted, why were people running shops, dives, con-

cert halls, gambling dens? I had yet to learn the law of mining camps and gold rushes, which is also the law of life. Your advance on a strike was like an old-fashioned army with a fringe of camp followers greater than the army itself. Along with king-natures came slave-natures. Even at the first flush of discovery there were always men willing to sell their services for plain digging at four or five dollars a day. Where they got the imagination to come at all I never could see. There were others, again, who really had the gold fever, who failed at the first rush, and who immediately settled back to their predestined places in society.

I have lived long enough to see the end of most careers which sprouted at Cottonwood. Those who took fortunes out of the earth in the days when the Rockies suddenly blossomed with new camps—where are they now? One died in his middle age in Alaska, a common musher on the Klondike trail; one in a cottage in the East, supported by the relatives who had lived hectically on his bounty in the days of his strike; one in the Denver poor-house. Those descendants in the second generation of mining-camp fortunes who in this day struggle for the illusions of social position as their

grandfathers struggled for realties, derive from men who came across the peaks not with rocker and shovel but with merchandise. One fortune that I know of sprang from a livery stable, one from a hardware store, one from a pawnshop; and one had its true beginning in a tray of cheap jewelry and varnished watches carried into Cottonwood by a wandering and adventurous young Jew, Andrew Carnegie, I have heard, said "pioneering don't pay." It does not—in any coin which Carnegie would have recognized.

However, Buck and I are in a big log cabin, the fresh mountain air blowing through a chink of the mud daubed into the cracks. Buck, with a "woof" of animal satisfaction, settled down to the bench, and addressed the waiter.

"What I want is eggs," he said. "Ham and eggs."

The waiter balanced his string of tin plates along his arm.

"Why, how-do-do, Commodore Vanderbilt!" he said. "Pleased to see you transfer your valuable patronage from the Astor house!" Having delivered himself in falsetto of this sarcasm, he dropped his voice to its natural note. "The last egg in this here camp," said he, "was et at six bits apiece yesterday. What you'll git is venison steak, canned corn and coffee."

The waiter stopped to collect from the rest of the guests, now finished and going; then assembled our tin plates of venison along his arm, hooked the handles of two tin coffee cups into the fingers of his spare hand and returned with an expert professional swing. He slammed our provender before us, picked up half a loaf of bread from the debris at the other end of the table, struck it once or twice on the edge by way of dusting it off, and deposited it, uncut, between our plates. "I kin give you a job of nice, snow-white butter for two bits extra," he said. That final luxury laid out, he settled himself beside Buck, his elbows on the table; and when he resumed conversation, he clove by accident near to the heart of the matter.

"Funny to see the way the boys was gettin' rid of gold claims a day or two ago," he said. "Ground that was yieldin' forty dollars a day to partners, let alone a chance at pockets, was goin' for a song."

"Did you git in on that?" asked Buck indifferently.

"Would 'a' if I'd had anybody to dig," Buck replied the waiter. "This here's a better proposition. Pioneer restaurant of the camp. Was workin' as a waiter in the Palmer house in Denver when I saw the chance."

"Suppose gold claims is goin' up by now?" inquired Buck casually.

"Yep. But they're still to be got. Feller was in here today. Said he'd sell out for a wagon outfit or jacks or anythin' to git up to the Frozen River country. He's got some sort of notion about that country."

"I know a feller that might do business with him," said Buck. He was looking down at his plate, carving mightily at his steak.

I saw the waiter's eye fix itself upon Buck for a moment before he asked:

"Meanin' an' signifyin' yourself, maybe?"

Buck looked up, met his eye coolly, and became utterly frank.

"Meanin' an' signifyin' me an' my partner here," he said. "We come for gold. I don't say I want your claim, an' I don't say I don't want to see the dirt first. I suppose you're the party that owns it?"

"You're smarter 'n a whip, old boss, but you got it wrong this time," replied the proprietor. "I ain't the party that owns it. But I'm his agent, sort of."

The conversation drifted off to a debate about terms; I let my attention wander to the glimpses of the rock surging past our door, to the muffled roar of a thousand cheerful conversations, to the spurts of distant music. When I returned my attention to business Buck and the waiter had evidently reached some kind of agreement. Our host was donning his canvas coat, was calling to the cook, "Keep her goin'! I'll git back, Johnnie," and Buck was making his preliminary move toward any positive action—he was biting off the corner from a black piece of plug tobacco. I followed, an unconsidered party to the bargain, out into the dusky, crowded road which served Cottonwood for a main street. And as we walked the proprietor of the Golden Eagle expanded, grew confidential about his business. His name was Huffaker, he said—Jim Huffaker.

"She'll be Huffaker's hotel soon's the lumber comes down," he added. "I made the stake last winter. I bear 'n how a party from Piested's is comin' up with backin' for a new hotel. I ain't losin' any sleep. The camp's

are used for that purpose. As the reeds are being put on the roofs their tops are still laid in place with a historic implement known as the leggett. This implement consists of a block of wood with comb-like arrangements of horseshoe nails.

Old English Company
It is known that the Fishmongers' company is very old, but as its archives were destroyed in the great fire of London, it is only certain through the charter granted by Edward III in 1334 that the "mystery of fishmongers had grants from the king's progenitors in ancient times." In the good old days, when Lent was kept with fish and fasting, the company saw to it that no unsound fish was sold in Billingsgate market, and punished offenders with the stocks. With the income from its holdings the company supports three large almshouses, one of which is Jesus hospital in Bray. Here "rooms with chimneys" provide fit accommodation for forty old people, six of whom are to be the "most aged and poorest decayed persons of the company of fishmongers over fifty years of age."

When Judge Changed Law
In the trial of Algernon Sydney, friend of William Penn, Sydney was executed for taking part in the Rye House plot. The law required two witnesses. It was found that there was but one; whereupon Judge Jeffreys made the ruling. The circumstance against Sydney was that he had written an unpublished manuscript against monarchy.

Uncle Eben
"I never yet saw a loafer," said Uncle Eben, "who didn't imagine he was entitled to some kind of reward for beautifyin' de earth by his presence."—Washington Star.

goin' to stand two hotels—an' with the start I've got— But I'll have to hustle. Jest this week an old stager of a lady from down below stakes out a miners' boardin' house. Funny thing," he added; "she was in the last stage holdup. Somebody drove off the bandits before they done me the favor of liftin' her roll."

"She brought in a beaut with her. This Mrs. Barnaby who's startin' to put me out of business says she's jest a boarder, but if anybody asks me, I'll be answerin' and respondin' that she's the biscuit shooter."

"We were now edging through the crowd; progress was too difficult for conversation; and I had a moment with my own thoughts. His mention of Mrs. Barnaby had brought a slight jerk of my nerves, which even yet tingled in my cheeks. And when he coupled with this the mention of the unknown a song which had been singing behind my heart for three days seemed to burst suddenly into full tune. Not until that moment, I think, did I even half realize how deeply the episode of the Cottonwood road had touched me, what was really troubling my inmost thoughts during all that hard journey up the trails.

Huffaker had led us into a packed, stuffy little saloon. The object of his search was not there, apparently. We tried another where Huffaker made inquiries. Yes, Bill Talbot had been seen round camp. Now we entered that two-story establishment, saloon and gambling house combined. The evening rush was on. The fringe of standing spectators about the poker tables had become a crowd. The row by the bar stood two and three deep; men were reaching over each other's shoulders for their drinks.

The room above seemed equally crowded, to judge by the tramping, the shaking of the ceiling. Even through our own babble, I could catch the whirr of the wheel, the call of the dealers.

A series of thumps sounded from above; the footsteps came heavier and with an irregular rhythm. There were shouts, too; then one pistol shot. Through the door at the head of the stairs burst a glimpse of a man taking three steps at a time. Two miners, just starting to ascend, blocked his way. In the flash of an eye, he jumped like a cat over the rail without touching it, landed on the floor in a heap, got his feet, made like a streak for the door.

Held to the spot by the suddenness of events, I saw a man jump from the crowd by a poker table, clutch at him. I saw the little man strike out and backward, perceived that as he leaped away he was carrying a knife. He had reached the door when someone thrust out a foot, and he went forward onto his face. One man, then another, fell on him; I lost sight of him in the surging crowd. The babble was cut by the noise of heavy boots and a shout—again from the stairs; down clumped and lumbered a big fellow with a black beard, yelling:

"Don't let him get my roll—grab my roll!"

The man who clutched at the fugitive from the poker table had been stabbed in the forearm. Blood was running down his fingers, spattering onto the floor; someone was twisting a tourniquet. My mind suddenly coordinating, I perceived the situation. The little man, now straggled to quietude on the floor, was a pickpocket; he who had just lumbered down the steps had been robbed of his roll of bills. The crowd opened for an instant, giving me a glimpse of the pickpocket's face. It was natively dark, Latin; but now his complexion looked like dirty wax, and the fixed sullen black eyes in his set features held a world of dread.

"Knifed him in a white man's camp"—"dirty pickpocket"—and then, always in a tone that hissed: "Lynch him!" It came again out of the roar: "Lynch him!" It grew until it was a refrain on half the tongues in the room: "Lynch him!" I turned to Buck. His face was hard. Huffaker had stepped back to the wall, regarding proceedings with cold but apprehensive eyes. All the rest, it seemed to me, were bawling: "Lynch him!" I grew faint with what I must see.

A mob, they say, needs only a leader or to turn it from a herd of purposeless men to a legion of purposeful devils. In that instant the leader appeared. He was short, thick-necked, wrestler-built. He wore a great red beard from above which gleamed an eye as red, and now wicked with whiskey and animal hate.

"Well, has anybody got a rope?" he asked. This positive suggestion seemed to hush the babble as a muted stop on an organ; for an instant there was almost silence; out of which a voice came:

"There's plenty of lariats in the corral."

"Two of you go and fetch one," said the leader. "Any of you got a couple of belts to spare? All right, strap his arms and legs."

As men shot through the back door, as men began stripping off their belts, the babble rose again; but not before I had heard from the thick crowd by the door a kind of low, choking wail, which made me if possible, even more sick of soul. It flashed upon me that I might make some countermove in the interest of real justice and of mercy. I looked about; no eye but showed fury save only Buck's and the blue, impassive orb of Jim Huffaker. The back door flew open; a man entered with a coiled rope. And then—

Before you read the next installment be sure to buy a bullet-proof vest. You'll probably need it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

INDIVIDUALITY IN COIFFURE; EVENING GOWNS FOR AUTUMN

TO BOB or not to bob—that is not the question that engages most women today, for they are already bobbed. But, with the passing of time, since women began shearing their long locks, the bob has been varied in many ways and women have learned to be discriminating in their choice of styles. Their problem now is to select the most becoming of the fashionable hair cuts and to cultivate a certain individuality.

Fashion has turned its back upon all the frizzy and frowzy curls and wavings and insists upon coiffures that are sleek and shining and conform to the shape of the head—or

back and waved, reaching the nape of the neck, where it is plained down, makes a dignified coiffure. There are some solutions that will keep the wave in the hair for some time.

The sequel to summer's story of evening dress begins with the arrival of the first proud ships from France, bearing gowns in the modes designed for autumn. These ships are docking every day now, and delivering their exciting freight in the shape of authentic styles, which may become popular fashions—or may not.

It is evident that the new silhouette with bloused bodice, full skirt (usually gathered at the sides) and



TWO DISTINCTIVE COIFFURES

seem to. Waves must look soft and natural but neatness is the first essential of a beautiful coiffure. Hair cutting has become a very fine art indeed and the hairdresser must consider suitability of style to face and personality before beginning to clip.

Very few women can wear straight hair becomingly and bobbed heads compel much more attention than was given to long hair, for the hair must be kept waved. Many women resort to the permanent wave, but it takes a real expert to insure a satisfactory result and one must run the risk of

being, or sash, at a low waistline, will be featured in evening gowns as well as in all other apparel. But the new favorite does not exclude the straight-line dress, tiered and flaring skirt and two-piece effects which are just as well represented among the new arrivals. Other style points that may be counted on are rich fabrics, band trimmings and plenty of glitter of rhinestones and strass in bands and ornaments and of crystals. Moire and satin gowns vary the georgette and semi-sheer crepe models that make up a large part of the imports



FOR AFTERNOON OR EVENING

making the hair brittle and having it break and become scraggly, or of being entirely too frizzy. When the hair is soft and inclined to be curly, water waves, set in the hair with combs, are beautiful. Some women have the knack of accomplishing a wave with curlers or curling irons but most of them patronize the beauty parlors.

Some of the new styles in bobs leave one in doubt as to whether the hair is short or not. In one of them the hair is quite long at the sides, waved, parted and brushed back over the ears. The back is shingled. For older women, hair combed straight

and elegant gowns of black lace held a position of importance in the modes. Black lace and black georgette are combined in the adaptable gown pictured, which is intended for afternoon or evening. The georgette is tucked and cut in bands, alternating with lace bands, to form the lower part of the sleeves. The net top of the lace flouncing provides the yoke and upper sleeves. The patterned part of the flouncing contributes the full skirt and the wide sash is made of georgette piped about the edges.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

(© 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

THE FEATHERHEADS

By L. F. Van Zile



Teaching Fanny the Game



BILL SAM'S DICTIONARY



By J. L. MARTIN
I no longer fall out with the audience if it encores the performer; I only hope that the second span won't be any worse than the first.
ENCORE: A demonstration on the part of an audience in which the self-conceit of the performer seldom permits him to interpret the meaning correctly. Bill Sam's Dictionary, page 442.

THE TRAIN BUG



Here we have the Car Inspector. He makes the Trains every day to see if the Wheels are all on the Pullmans. He knows when No. 3 is late and why the Porter on No. 1 got Fired last week. Anybody who gets in or out of Town without his Finding It Out is a Regular Slicker!

TURN ME OVER



Whatcher mean by calling De Graff a profit-er? Why he was one of those "Dollars-a-year men"!

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

When finally my life is done
And all my little troubles cease
I hope my friends can say of me
"He never took the biggest piece."
R.T.C.

NOT THE RIGHT FEED



Reggie—Ah—I say—have you any cracked corn?
Grocer—No—sorry—what do you want it for?
Reggie—I have a pet chicken.
Grocer—Aw, you wonta feed her something better'n that!

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughroe

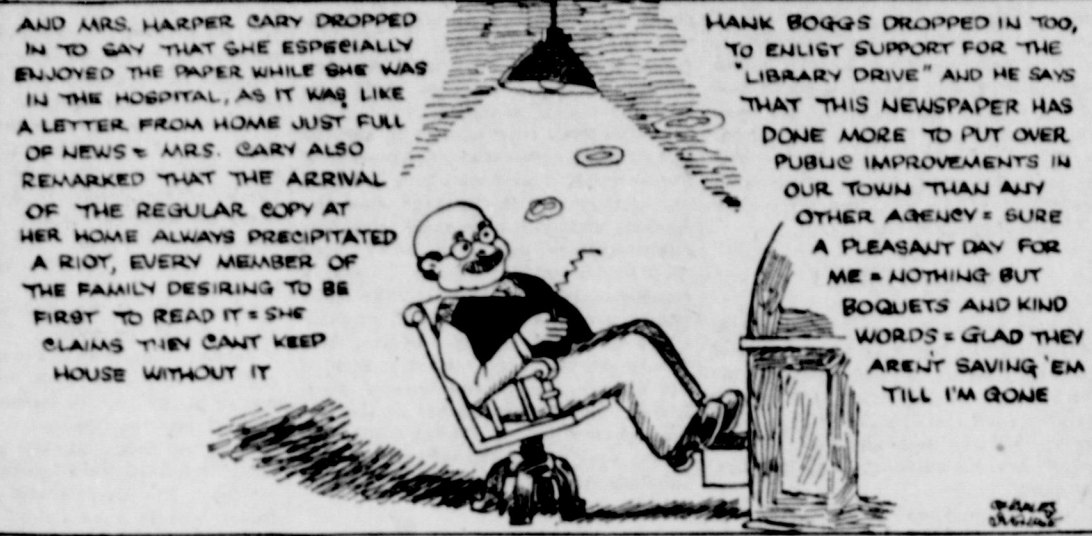


IT'S BEEN A BUSY DAY - LOTS OF CALLERS - OLD GRANDPA WIGGINS WAS IN TODAY TO PAY UP HIS SUBSCRIPTION - HIS THIRTY-NINTH ANNUAL VISIT, AND HE WAS TAKEN THE PAPER EVER SINCE IT WAS FOUNDED - "RAISED THE PAPER FROM A PUP!" HE SAYS AND I THINK HE FEELS SUPERIOR TO ME BECAUSE I'VE BEEN CONNECTED WITH THE PAPER ONLY ABOUT HALF OF THOSE THIRTY-NINE YEARS - A GOOD, LOYAL OLD SUBSCRIBER, A NEWSPAPER'S PROUDEST POSSESSION

AMBROSE RICH CALLED TO HAVE ME WRITE A CARD OF APPRECIATION TO HIS CUSTOMERS - HE'S RETIRING WITH \$100,000 MADE IN THE MERCANTILE LINE, AND HE WAS KIND ENOUGH TO SAY THAT HE NEVER COULD HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT THE AID OF THIS PAPER - MR. RICH HAD AN AD IN EVERY ISSUE OF OUR JOURNAL SINCE HE STARTED IN BUSINESS - HE WROTE THE ADS LIKE HE WAS TALKING TO A CUSTOMER DIRECTLY AND HE SOLD MANY A CUSTOMER BEFORE SHE ENTERED HIS STORE

AND MRS. HARPER GARY DROPPED IN TO SAY THAT SHE ESPECIALLY ENJOYED THE PAPER WHILE SHE WAS IN THE HOSPITAL, AS IT WAS LIKE A LETTER FROM HOME JUST FULL OF NEWS - MRS. GARY ALSO REMARKED THAT THE ARRIVAL OF THE REGULAR COPY AT HER HOME ALWAYS PRECIPITATED A RIOT, EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY DESIRING TO BE FIRST TO READ IT - SHE CLAIMS THEY CAN'T KEEP HOUSE WITHOUT IT

The Editor's Soliloquy



HANK BOGGS DROPPED IN 'OO, TO ENLIST SUPPORT FOR THE "LIBRARY DRIVE" AND HE SAYS THAT THIS NEWSPAPER HAS DONE MORE TO PUT OVER PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS IN OUR TOWN THAN ANY OTHER AGENCY - SURE A PLEASANT DAY FOR ME - NOTHING BUT BOQUETS AND KIND WORDS - GLAD THEY AREN'T SAVING 'EM TILL I'M GONE

OP Black Crows



Vacation Time Mail



HOME WANTED FOR A BABY



The Clancy Kids
Why Bother About Little Things
By PERCY L. CROSBY



DON'T YA JUST LOVE THIS, TIMMIE

YEH, BUT IM JUST WONDERIN'

WONDERIN' WHAT?

HOW DEEP THE COW POND IS AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS HILL

Quick safe relief from CORNS

In one minute your misery from corns is ended. That's what Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads do safely by removing the cause—pressure or rubbing of shoes. You risk no infection from amateur cutting, no danger from "drops" (acid). Zino-pads are thin, medicated, antiseptic, protective, healing. Get a box at your druggist's or shoe dealer's today—35c.

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Clear Your Skin With Cuticura
Soap to Cleanse Ointment to Heal Absolutely Nothing Better

GOOD HEALTH

Safeguard your Children

Keep the family well and happy, free from constipation. A SAFE, DEPENDABLE LAXATIVE

Nature's Remedy
No Tablets No

Keep the family well and happy, free from constipation. A SAFE, DEPENDABLE LAXATIVE

STAR PARASITE REMOVER

Given towels in water or fed through the hot weather will keep them free of intestinal worms, disease parasites, rid them of destructive, blood-sucking lice, mites, fleas and blue bugs; will tone their system, keep the appetite good, make moulting easy and insure a good supply of Fall and Winter eggs. Try it 60 days, then get money back if not satisfactory. All drug stores.

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Removes Dandruff Stops Hair Falling Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair

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What do you suppose will satisfy the soul except to walk free and own no superior?—Walt Whitman.

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BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION
25c and 75c Pkgs. Sold Everywhere

LADIES: WE PAY \$100 PER HUNDRED to give genuine satisfaction. Free particulars for addressed envelopes. Yorkville Card Dept. P. Lexington, Ark., New York.

REPRESENTATIVES WANTED for large national manufacturer. 118 Slickers \$2.95. All colors. LIGHT FREE. WESTERN PLYCKER CO., Dept. 100A, 1314 North Ave., Chicago.

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Theres quick, positive, relief in **CARBOL**
GENEROUS 50c. BOX
At All Druggists — Money-back Guarantee

DON'T NEGLECT
inflamed eyelids or other eye irritations. You will find a soothing and safe remedy in **MITCHELL EYE SALVE**.
HALL & RUCKEL at all New York City druggists.

CALIFORNIA! Will purchase property or interests in western California.
J. BONE, Maxwell Bldg., Long Beach, Calif.

RED, ROUGH SKIN is ugly and annoying—make your skin soft, white, lovely, by using **Resinol**

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE HUGE MOON

A little boy was riding home in an automobile one night with his mother and father and his small sister.

He lived in the city and his home was in an apartment house far up in the city.

They had been way down town. As they were driving along he caught sight of something that looked like a moon back of some of the big city buildings.

It did not seem at first as though it could be the moon, it was so enormously large.

It was even larger than he had ever seen the moon look.

Sometimes as they drove along he lost sight of it, and again it peeped up from behind the tall buildings and then could be seen in all its enormous size.

There were a few tiny clouds in back of it or near it and sometimes it seemed as though it belonged to one of the skyscraper buildings, so close to the buildings did it seem.

It was orange in color and its face was plain to be seen.

Now and again when the buildings were lower it seemed far up in the sky.

It was wonderful to watch.

Then they passed along a street that was a shopping center and where



"I, Too, Can Be Bright."

there were theaters and moving picture houses.

The moon looked right down over this street and it seemed to be saying that it, too, could look as bright as the brightest shop, or as the brightest theater or as the brightest moving picture sign.

It was wonderful to see the moon show up above all the lights that man had made by knowing how to use electricity.

The moon knew nothing about electric lights but the moon could show off, too.

Oh, it had been a wonderful sight to see.

The little boy thought of it that night as he was going to bed and the next morning he still thought of the great huge moon playing hide-and-go-seek with the city skyscrapers, appearing and disappearing.

And he thought of it, too, as it looked down on the brightest of bright streets.

But the moon had been saying,

"Let them have their electric signs and let them have their theaters and let them have their moving pictures.

"I am not the one to object.

"I wouldn't buy any of the things they advertise in their electric signs as I don't need anything they have to sell.

"I don't need clothes to wear and I don't need automobiles or tires or anything that has to do with automobiles.

"What would the moon do with an automobile? I wouldn't know how to drive one in the first place.

"And besides, it would make every-one bump into each other if I should take to driving an automobile.

"They would all be so surprised to see me that they would not look to see where they were going. And there would be accidents as there always are if people don't watch where they are going.

"That is another reason why I don't want an automobile.

"Nor do I need to know what sort of shaving soap to use as I don't have to shave. Can you picture the moon shaving?"

"To be sure, I am different sizes at different times, but I don't shave my face with soap and a razor to take off the whiskers, as I have no whiskers.

"Nor do I want to go to see moving pictures, nor do I wish to see theaters.

"But I want to show them that I, too, can be bright. Oh, yes, once in awhile I just have to draw attention to myself in a big, bright way."

'Twould Require Tact

Simmons had returned from his vacation.

"I certainly enjoyed the husking-bee," he said to a friend. "Were you ever in the country during the season of husking-bees?"

"Husking bees!" exclaimed the girl; "why I never heard of that! How do you husk a bee, anyway, Mr. Simmons?"

Parted From Her Tooth

Into the house walked Eleanor, crying copiously. She held a tiny little tooth in her hand—her first baby tooth to fall out.

"Oh, oh, mawver," between sobs, "my little tooth and I has parted forever."

Gene Tunney Starts Training



Photograph shows a boxing pose of Gene Tunney, who has started training at Summit, N. J., for the bout with Jack Dempsey to be held some time in the near future.

BASEBALL SQUIBS

"Babe Ruth," says a sports writer, "is no longer the entire Yankee team."

Wilbur Cooper, left-handed pitcher, was unconditionally released by the Detroit Americans.

Ike Kadot, shortstop of the Ardmore (Mass.) team, made nine assists and seven putouts without a miss in a recent game.

While it may be true that Ruth has fallen off in his home-running, you'll notice the boys aren't passing anybody else to get to him.

The St. Louis Cardinal pitchers practice control by lining up before a wall at regulation throwing distance and aiming at certain spots.

Although Babe Ruth is near the top of the American league batting race, he has only five sacrifices credited to him.

Joe Klugman, second baseman of the Memphis team, hit in 21 successive games before he was finally stopped. Ray Caldwell of Little Rock turned the trick.

Little Al Nixon once played three innings each in right, center and left fields for the Boston Braves in a game against Pittsburgh, and had one put-out in each.

Washington university, at St. Louis, Mo., is the latest of the prominent colleges to drop baseball from its list of major sports because of lack of interest in the game.

Baseball's vocabulary is becoming complicated. Stanley Harris struck out intentionally to get five innings played before a storm broke and was fined for "stalling."

Freddie Brickell, sensational nineteen-year-old centerfielder of the Wichita Western League Baseball club, has been sold to the Pittsburgh Pirates for about \$15,000.

John C. "Red" Oldham, left-handed pitcher of the Pittsburgh National league club, and former Detroit Tiger, was released to the Kansas City team of the American association.

The venerable Jacques Fournier tied the modern record for home runs in a single game by clouting three homers in a wild slugfest in which the Cardinals beat the Robins, 12 to 10.

Heinie Manush, who has supplanted Ty Cobb in center field for the Tigers, is slamming the ball so hard that the Detroit manager is not worrying about taking him out of the lineup.

Jimmy Uchrnsko is a right-handed pitcher of Polish descent. He comes from McKeesport, Pa. He was a semi-pro when Washington got him, pitching for the National Tube works team of Pittsburgh.

Cy Young's attempt to set a world's record for consecutive games pitched was shattered in 1892 after he had made a run of 15 by a home run by Mark Baldwin of the Pittsburgh club, who was a regular .397 hitter.

When one of his teammates hits a long fly to the outfield and he is on third base, Mack Hillis, infielder of the Hollywood (Calif.) club, goes back a few yards and takes a running start to the plate after the catch.

Fothergill and Manush, Detroit outfielders, have been tunking the ball at a great clip lately. They have supplied much of the club's offense. Along with Heilmann they form one of the hardest hitting outfields in the majors.

Manush Makes Good



Harry Manush, better known among ball players as the "Tusculum Thumper," is playing a whale of a game for Detroit this season. His hitting has been startling and he is lifting the ball hard.

Sport Notes

A polo team from India will visit the United States in 1927.

It costs between \$15,000 and \$20,000 to stage the English Henley regatta each year.

Tickets to the Army-Navy football game at Chicago on November 27 will cost \$10 each.

Five automobile racers wearing the number 13 have been killed in Europe since the year 1922.

Jack Dempsey has held the world's heavyweight title since he knocked out Jess Willard in 1919.

An optimist is some one who goes out to spend a long afternoon on the links with one golf ball.

The duke of York, the first of the British royal family to compete at Wimbledon, is left-handed.

Archery is part of the prescribed exercises in all of the universities and higher schools in Japan.

Nick Lutze, ex-Notre Dame football player, and now professional wrestler, is managed by his sister Grace.

Within the past few years Lord Astor has been remarkably successful as a breeder and owner of race horses in England.

Francis Outmet, famous golfer, says: "Your caddie knows the course; take his advice." Or, better still, let him make the shot.

Harry Persson, the Swedish boxer, who knocked out Phil Scott, the English champion, is now the heavyweight champion of Europe.

Sometimes one wonders vaguely whether Bobby Jones does not miss the blissful uncertainty of wondering where the ball is going.

Gil Debie, football coach at Cornell university, is teaching the science of the game in the University of Illinois summer course for coaches.

William Jenkins, aged fourteen, of Orleans, Ind., scored 91 out of a possible 100 at a trap-shooting tournament of the Indiana Gun club.

GET YOURSELF A BRAND NEW LIVER

How Dodson's Liver Tonic Makes You Feel the Old Liver Is Born Again.

Just off the slant of Old Piedmont where it rolls away into the foot-hills of South Georgia Bud Evans makes a good stand of cotton. A year ago he was too sick to even follow a plow. His right side seemed hard, felt as if his liver had turned to stone; belched gas all the time; couldn't hold up his head for the pain; calomel just turned him inside out. You couldn't imagine anyone sicker than Bud Evans. It just happened that an egg buyer dropped in on him one day and says: "What you need, Bud, is a dose of Dodson's Liver Tonic—your liver is baked and full up so it doesn't work." And so Bud got a bottle at the town drug store for a few cents. The very first night it loosened up so much sour bile and fermenting food that the swelling went down, his whole system righted itself and he was a new man entirely before noon.

There is no question but that Dodson's Liver Tonic will do more for bilious people than anything else ever known. It works easily and smoothly, without gripes or distress, and cleans out all the sour bile and sickening stuff that gives you headache, nausea, vomiting, bilious fever and all the other distresses due to obstinate constipation.

Get one bottle of Dodson's Liver Tonic, and if it doesn't make you feel like you had traded your old, worn-out liver for a new one full of pep, go to the druggist and he will refund the price.

His Conclusion

Aunt Matilda—Josiah says he is going to have his house wired.
Uncle Hiram—Yes, keep that wife of his at home, I suppose.—New Bedford Standard.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP IS CHILD'S BEST LAXATIVE

35c Per Copy ALL FOR \$1

Get 'em from your Music Dealer or direct from Publisher
Forster Music Pub., Inc.
218 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

W. N. U., HOUSTON, NO. 35-1926.



HURRY MOTHER! Even a bilious, constipated, feverish child loses the pleasant taste of "California Fig Syrup" and it never fails to open the bowels. A teaspoonful today may prevent a sick child tomorrow.

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

We may be personally defeated, but our principles never.—Garrison.

No man is greater than his press agent.

Be Free From Dizziness

headaches, biliousness, constipation, fevers and jaundice, by keeping the liver active and bowels regulated with Bond's Liver Pills. They are made solely for the liver and they assist Nature in removing the poisonous waste. All druggists recommend Bond's Liver Pills. Cost only 25c.—Adv.

Ventilation in Pyramid

Inside the great pyramid it is considerably cooler than the outside air. It is, however, excessively hot. Mr. L. Dow Covington, who cleared out one of the ventilator shafts leading from the king's chamber, succeeded thereby in permanently lowering the temperature several degrees, and there is an Arab tradition that if the other shaft were also cleared out the current of air circulating through these passages would not only cool the interior still more, but there would be generated beautiful harp-like music.

Cuticura Soap for the Complexion.
Nothing better than Cuticura Soap daily and Ointment now and then as needed to make the complexion clear, scalp clean and hands soft and white. Add to this the fascinating, fragrant Cuticura Talcum, and you have the Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Advertisement.

Vacant Prairie Lands

It is estimated that there are still in the three prairie provinces some 30,000,000 acres of cultivable land, within 15 miles of existing railways, which is as yet unsettled. In Manitoba only about 11.8 of the cultivable acreage is now under field crops. In Alberta only 17.5 of the available area is being farmed, while in Saskatchewan the percentage is 34.7.

SONGS That Are Sweeping the Country

"Kentucky Lullaby"
"Out of My Dreams"
"Don't Forget the Pal You Left at Home"

(All Have Ukulele Accompaniment)
35c Per Copy ALL FOR \$1
Get 'em from your Music Dealer or direct from Publisher
Forster Music Pub., Inc.
218 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

W. N. U., HOUSTON, NO. 35-1926.

HUSBAND DID THE WASHING

His Wife Confined to Her Bed by Ill Health

Because of his wife's frequent ill health, Mr. J. F. Gage was obliged to do the washing and cooking for the family.

One day when Mrs. Gage was confined to her bed, he brought her the newspaper to read. Among the advertisements she noticed a letter from another sick woman telling of the help she had received from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I'll try it," she decided. Her husband brought home a bottle and only a few days after she had begun to take it she felt well enough to be up around the house. Gradually her general health improved until she is now able to do her own work.

In a letter which Mrs. Gage recently wrote, she said, "I have taken twelve bottles and feel like a new woman." She has told many women about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and one of her friends is now taking it. Her address is Mrs. J. F. Gage, Route 5, Brownwood, Texas.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been taken by women for more than half a century with very satisfactory results.

Texas Directory

For Hardware, Mill, Oil Well Supplies and Automobile Tires, Tubes and Accessories
F. W. Heitmann Co.
Houston, Texas

Ride the Interurban

FROM

Houston to Galveston

Every Hour on the Hour

Express Service—Non-Stop Trains

9:00 a. m. and 3:00 p. m.

PATENTS

obtained and trademarks and copyrights registered.

HARDWAY & CATHEY

Bankers Mortgage Bldg., Houston, Tex.

A Remedy for Piles

Ask your Druggist (whom you know) what he knows about PAZO OINTMENT as a Remedy for Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. 60c.

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC
A Fine Tonic Builds You Up Prevents and Relieves Malaria-Chills and Fever-Dengue

It's easy to kill

FLIES

It's so easy that flies need never bother you again! Just close doors and windows. Blow Bee Brand Insect Powder into the air from a piece of paper, or with the convenient puffer gun. The almost invisible particles find the insects and suffocate them!

Children and pets are safe! It is not poisonous, not inflammable or explosive! Won't spot or stain! In red

McCormick & Co.
Baltimore, Md.

Bee Brand INSECT POWDER

— it kills them

Kills flies

Kills roaches

Kills mosquitos

Kills ants

Kills bed bugs

Kills poultry lice

Kills moths

Princess Theater Program

TONIGHT, SATURDAY

Border Legion, by Zane Grey

Western Cowboy, Comedy

40c and 20c

MONDAY and TUESDAY:

"THE LAST EDITION"

40c and 20c

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

House Peters in

"THE COMBAT"

30c and 20c

FRIDAY and SATURDAY:

"THE PACE THAT THRILLS"

40c and 20c

FOODS TO PLEASE

Our customers may be certain that our stock of Groceries—staple and fancy—Fresh Fruits—Vegetables—are of the finest and that our price and service will please. We offer pure Foods at reasonable prices.

Phone No. 35

W. H. Farley

The Store of General Merchandise

We Are Prepared

To do your Oil Field Equipment Hauling

We specialize in the Hauling of Drilling Well Tools

FARLEY & NUTTER

Call or Write B.C. Farley

Phone No. 50

Sanderson, Texas

1885

1925

ALAMO CITY Business College

Woolworth Bldg., San Antonio, Texas

Play Your Part in Life

Get a Business Education

It is time to decide; to get in touch with a school that has succeeded in training young people for more than 40 years; to begin to make your dreams come true. The Alamo City Business College will give you the highest type of training and then assist you to good employment. Write for more information. Join those who are already enrolled from your home community. Rip and mail this ad.

Name

Address

It Pays You to ADVERTISE IN THE TIMES

THE SANDERSON TIMES
Official and Only Paper Published in
Terrell County
\$2 per year payable in advance
MR. AND MRS. M. A. BOLING
Owners, Publishers & Editors

Entered second class matter July
2nd, 1908, at the post office, San-
derson, Texas, under the Act
of March 3, 1879.

ANNOUNCEMENT COLUMN.

District \$15.00
County \$10.00
Precinct, Commissioner, Justice
of the Peace, Constable \$5.00

Terms: Strictly cash in advance
No announcement inserted un-
less cash accompanies same.
Announcements inserted in order
in which fees are paid at office.

For Tax Assessor:
W. J. FERGUSON,
(Re-election)
FRED YEATES.

For County Judge:
G. J. HENSHAW, (re-election.)

For County and District Clerk:
LUELLA LEMONS,
(re-election)
JNO. F. NICHOLS
E. F. HOWARD

For County Treasurer:
FRANK K. HARKELL,
(Re-election)
H. L. GATES.

For County Attorney:
J. CALVIN STANSELL,
(Re-election)

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

Notice is hereby given that the firm of Nichols & Smith, heretofore operating under the trade or firm name of "The Sanderson Mercantile Company" is dissolved as a co-partnership and said firm has applied for a charter under the name of "The Sanderson Mercantile Company" and all persons dealing with said firm in the future will take notice of this change of the co-partnership to a corporation.

J. D. NICHOLS,
CHESTER SMITH
4t 8-7.

Hemstitching and picotting, 10c
a yard. See Mrs. Dixie Schup-
bach.

E. F. Howard

Agent For
Good Reliable

FIRE INSURANCE
COMPANIES

Your Business will be
Appreciated

Highway Lunch Room

Short Orders a Speciality

A Good Place
to Eat

Notice to the Public
Anyone caught dumping cans
or rubbish on my ranch or swim-
ming in any of my tanks or
otherwise trespassing on my
property in any way will be
prosecuted.

CHAS. DOWDIE.

"We've got the Blues" of the
newer designs such as Radio,
Herringbone, Diamond and Wide
Wale and they'll get it too.
EMPIRE TAILORS.

Plaiting shirts, panels, ruf-
fle; hemstitching; covered but-
tons, tailored buttonholes. Mrs.
H. B. Houston, Uvalde, Texas.

Notice.
No hunting, fishing or camp-
ing allowed on my premises.
W. J. BANNER.

Sanderson Market

Meats, Vegetables and Groceries

Telephone Number 94

Tip Frazier, Prop.

"We Appreciate Your Business"

DEW DROP INN

Do you want a good meal every day?
Come to the Dew Drop Inn.
At a price that you can afford to pay?
Come to the Dew Drop Inn.
Homelike cooking all the while
Served in good old family style,
It will surely make you smile,
Come to the Dew Drop Inn.

Biscuits served here every night.
Come to the Dew Drop Inn;
Home-made pies and cake so light,
Come to the Dew Drop Inn.
All food served is of the best,
Bring the wife, give her a rest;
You will be our welcome guest.
Come to the Dew Drop Inn.

DEW DROP INN

THE STATE OF TEXAS

And County of Terrell, to, R. L. Hewett, and all persons own-
ing or having or claiming any in-
terest in the oil, gas, or other
minerals in the land hereinafter
described, the same being delin-
quent to the State of Texas
and County of Terrell for taxes,
and the same lying and being
situated in the County of Terrell,
and State of Texas, to wit:

Abstract, 1777; certificate, 910;
survey, 44; Original grantee,
Walter Howard; Acres, 640 which
said property is delinquent to the
State of Texas and County of
Terrell for taxes for the years
1917 and 1918, aggregating the
sum of \$26.88, including interest,
penalties and costs, said taxes
having been legally levied, assess-
ed and rendered against said
land and the same being a lawful
charge and constituting a prior
lien against the oil, gas, or other
minerals in favor of the State of
Texas and County of Terrell,
to secure the payment thereof.

And you are hereby command-
ed to be and appear before the
Honorable District Court of Ter-
rell County, Texas, at the next
regular term thereof, to be held
at the Court House of said County,
in the City of Sanderson,
Texas, on the Fourth Monday in
January, A. D. 1927, the same
being the 24th day of January A.
D. 1927, then and there to show
cause why judgment should not
be rendered against you and the
oil, gas, and other minerals in or
upon said land and sold under
foreclosure of said lien to satisfy
said taxes, interest, penalties and
costs, and all court costs, all of
which, together with other and
further relief, general and special
being fully set out and prayed
for in the plaintiff's original peti-
tion filed in said court on the
24th day of August, A. D. 1926,
and appearing on the docket
thereof as suit No. 1451, where-
in the State of Texas is plaintiff
and R. L. Hewett, and all per-
sons owning or having or claim-
ing any interest in the oil, gas,
or other minerals in or upon said
land, defendants.

Given under my hand and seal
of said Court, at office in the City
of Sanderson, Texas, in the
County of Terrell, this 24th day
of August, A. D. 1926.
(Seal) LUELLA LEMONS,
Clerk, District Court, Terrell
County, Texas

Rev. B. R. Eller, Episcopal
minister of Marfa, will preach in
Sanderson Tuesday, August 31,
at 8:30 p. m.

DRYDEN NEWS

Miss Sarah Thomas returned
to her home in El Paso Friday
after spending three weeks with
her cousin, Miss Martha Thomas.

Mrs. R. D. Eldridge has been
real sick this week, but the last
report she is some better.

Miss Elsie Chandler returned
from San Antonio Friday where
she spent several months with
her sister.

Rev. and Mrs. D. A. Adams of
Alpine were in Dryden Saturday
and Rev. Adams preached for us
that night, there were 21 present.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Taylor spent
Sunday and Monday in Del Rio.

Horton Haley, while returning
from Sanderson Tuesday happen-
ed to a very serious auto wreck.
He was coasting down one of the
long grades and one of the front
wheels gave away turning the
car completely over. Mr. Haley
escaped with a few minor bruises
the car was a total wreck.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmo Taylor and
children are spending days in
Comstock and Del Rio this week.

Those who attended the dance
at Langtry last were Mrs. Thom-
as and daughter, Martha, Jack
Banner, Clyde Kerchevie, and
Mr. Hudson.

Mrs. Chas. Thomas and daugh-
ter, Martha, and J. A. Kerchevie
are spending several days in
Del Rio this week.

W. R. House and daughter,
Gladys spent Tuesday evening in
Sanderson.

THE STATE OF TEXAS, COUNTY OF TERRELL.

To Andrew C. Shepherd, and all
persons owning or having or claim-
ing any interest in the land or lots here-
inafter described, the same being delin-
quent to the State of Texas and
County of Terrell for taxes, and the
same lying and being situated in the
County of Terrell, and State of Texas,
to-wit:

Abstract 822; Certificate 106; Sur-
vey 16; Block D4; Original Grantee
M. K. & T. RY. Co. Acres 640, which
said property is delinquent to the
State of Texas and County of Terrell
for taxes for the years 1913, 1914,
1915, 1916, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921,
1922, 1923, 1924, 1925 aggregating the
sum of \$24.13, including interest and
costs, said taxes having been legally
levied, assessed and rendered against
said land and lots, and the same being
a lawful charge and constituting a
prior lien against the same in favor
of the State and County of Terrell to
secure the payment thereof.

AND YOU ARE HEREBY COM-
MANDED to be and appear before the
Honorable District Court of Terrell
County, Texas, at the regular term
thereof to be held at the Court House
of said County, in the City of San-
derson, Texas, on the Fourth Monday
in January A. D. 1927, then and there
to show cause why judgment should
not be rendered against you and the
said land and lots sold under fore-
closure of said lien to satisfy said
taxes, interest, penalties and costs,
and all court costs all of which, to-
gether with other and further relief,
general and special, being fully set out
and prayed for in the plaintiff's origi-
nal petition filed in said court on the
25th day of August, A. D. 1926, and
appearing on the docket thereof as
suit No. 1452, wherein THE STATE
OF TEXAS is plaintiff, and Andrew
C. Shepherd, and all persons owning
or having or claiming any interest in
said land or lots, defendants.

Given under my hand and seal
of said Court, at office in the City of
Sanderson, Texas, in the County of
Terrell, this 25th day of August, A.
D. 1926.

LueLLa Lemons, Clerk,
District Court, Terrell County.

Hart-McKee

(Continued from page one)

Junior schools in San Antonio.

Mr. Hart is a young attorney
of San Antonio and the son of
Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Hart of Aus-
tin. He is a graduate of the law
school of the University of Texas
having received his L. L. B. de-
gree in June 1921. He is a mem-
ber of the Kappa Sigma Frater-
nity. While in the University he
participated in athletics and was
a member of the base ball and
football teams, being captain of
the baseball team in 1917 and of
the football team in 1920. During
the World War he served over-
seas with the 80th Division as a
lieutenant of Infantry. He now
holds the rank of captain in the
Texas National Guard, being in
command of Co. "F" 141st Inf.,
36th Div. He is a member of the
Elks, Kiwanis Club, Junior Cham-
ber of Commerce and Alafar
Shrine.

—A Guest.

SOCIETY

Out-of-town guests for the
Hart-McKee nuptials were: Mr.
and Mrs. D. H. Hart of Austin,
Mr. Edgar Hart of Austin, and
Miss Birdelle Stephens of Gil-
mer, Texas.

On Thursday, August 19, Mrs.
Frank Cochran assisted by some
of Miss Myrl McKee's friends
among the little folks gave her a
very unique and novel shower.
In answer to a very loud honking
in front of her home, Miss Mc-
Kee came to the door to find there
a "loveland express truck," while
standing speechless and wonder-
ing what it was all meant the
door of truck opened and Mrs.
Cochran who took the place as
"expressman" stepped out with
a package, followed by seven tiny
tots, each carrying an article for
Miss Myrl's kitchen in her new
home and they presented them to
her with a rhyme about each gift.
Then the "expressman," Mrs.
Cochran, delivered a freezer of
ice cream and cake which was
served to the following: Mary
and Billy Ferguson, Lillian, Le-
Verne and Elton Halley, Melv'n
Pollard, Jimmie Wilkinson and
Miss Myrl McKee.

—Contributed.

Mrs. Harry Newton was host-
ess to the members of the forty-
two club to which she belongs
and few invited guests on Wed-
nesday night at her home. After
playing several interesting games
scores were added, Mrs. Chester
Smith holding high score. Mrs.
D. W. Morgan, who will soon
leave for Las Cruces, N. M., to
make her home, was presented
with silver salt and pepper shak-
ers the gifts of Mesdames S. C.
Bodkin, Lee Grigsby and Harry
Newton. The hostess served
apple pie ala-mode.

Read "Youth Rides West"

Jno. M. Edwards, who ranches
in Pecos County near Ft. Stock-
ton, was a Sanderson visitor this
week renewing acquaintances
and shaking hands with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Ezell Goodwin of
Big Wells, and Mrs. B. A. Good-
win of Carizzo Springs, visited
at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lee
Grigsby the last week. They
were accompanied home by Mrs.
Leroy Grigsby, who will spend
several weeks visiting them.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Creigh Jr.
and son and Mr. and Mrs. Clyde
Griffin motored to Marfa and
Fort Davis last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Jones and
son, who have been visiting Mrs.
Jines' sister, Mrs. Harry Mc-
Adams, left Thursday morning
for their home in Ilex.

Mrs. W. H. Druze and son have
returned from Vanderpool, Tex-
as, where they visited relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Nichols
spent the week-end at Ft. Davis
where they enjoyed the wonder-
ful scenery and climate.

D. D. Davis of Lenore City,
Tenn., enroute to Los Angeles,
Calif., visited Mr. and Mrs. Joe
Nichols this week. He left Tues-
day evening for Los Angeles.

Local and Personal News

Clyde Wheeler, "Shorty Rob-
ertson, Clyde Mills and Vance
McLymont declare they have
caught all the fish on this side of
the Rio Grande to be caught, so
they left Thursday for the San
Diego River in Old Mexico to
spend several days.

Mrs. Ray Caldwell returned
from El Paso Wednesday where
she spent several days.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Mansfield
and children spent Wednesday in
the city shopping.

One car Dawson Fancy Nut
coal, due here September 5.
Price delivered from car \$13.
W. E. STIRMAN.

Sanderson nine lost a good 10-
inning ball game Sunday to
Langtry. A few timely hits and
errors made by Sanderson gave
the visitors the big end of a
5 to 2 score.

Larry Horgan returned Tues-
day from Albuquerque, New
Mexico at which place he visited
Bill Lavton. He states Bill is
looks fine and that he has im-
proved considerably. Bill sends
his best regards to all his San-
derson friends.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Jim
Nance, Thursday, August 23, a
girl.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Martin
have returned to their home in
Patesville following several
weeks visit with son, C. W. Mar-
tin, and wife.

Mrs. W. J. Ferguson and chil-
dren left Thursday for San An-
tonio and Floresville where they
will visit friends and relatives.

Mrs. John Stovell and sons re-
turned Thursday from Raton,
New Mexico where they spent
the summer with relatives.

Read "Youth Rides West"

Miss Sidney Laurence return-
ed the first of the week from
New York City, where she has
been attending the Columbia
University.

Miss Margaret Pierson of San
Antonio is visiting her brother,
E. F. Pierson and family.

Following a week's visit with
their uncle, H. Q. Sharp and fam-
ily, Mrs. M. V. Baugh of Rogers,
Bell County, and Mrs. R. R. Cur-
tis of Temple have returned to
their respective homes.

Mrs. P. D. Lowry and son, Pat,
have returned to their home in
El Paso, following a visit with
her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E.
Landers.

After a week's visit with her
parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Q.
Sharp, and other relatives here,
Mrs. S. R. Ord and children re-
turned to their home in El Paso
the first of the week.

Mrs. W. H. Savage spent sev-
eral days in El Paso this week
shopping.

Mr. and Mrs. George Geaslin
and baby and Miss Merle Holmes
left Wednesday morning by mo-
tor for Van Horn, Fort Davis
Marfa and Fabens, where they
will visit relatives.

Mrs. Tom Butler of El Paso
visited Mrs. C. H. Mulkey this
week.

Mrs. Tina East visited her
sister, Mrs. Daisy Martin, in
Kerrville, several days this week.

Mrs. Charlie Newberry and
son, Carlton, and daughter, Mrs.
Milton Kerr, and grandson, Earl
Newberry Jr., all of New Or-
leans, La., are visiting Mrs. New-
berry's mother, Mrs. M. Boozer,
and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Doc Turk were
Sanderson visitors this week
from their ranch on the Pecos.
Mrs. Turk had some dental work
done while in town.

Read "Youth Rides West"

THE FEATHERHEADS

By L. F. Van Zeln

Speaking Frankly



BILL SAM'S DICTIONARY



By J. L. MARTIN

It is reported that Mrs. Bee Little gave Bee another thrashing a few days ago. Bee says that he is sure that Mrs. Little's cruelty toward him and other animals about the place would get him a divorce; but with Mrs. Little's reputation as a fighter, no judge or jury would dare give him a divorce without giving her a big alimony, which would compel him to go to work.

ALIMONY: A legal patch on the trousers of a divorcee. Bill Sam's Dictionary, page 68.

THE TOWN COP



Sh-h-h! Don't wake the Cop! He's all tired out catching criminals. The town is asleep. But it has nothing on the Cop. When the Editor in the Booby Hatch? Nope, the Cop is a good natured Cuss and stands for lots. That's why Everybody likes him.

TURN ME OVER



CHORDS FROM THE TIRES



She (autoing)—How musical the hum of the wheels!
He—These tires are full of chords.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

Most every woe has come to me With which poor man is vexed. I love to sit and wonder What will happen to me next. RTG

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

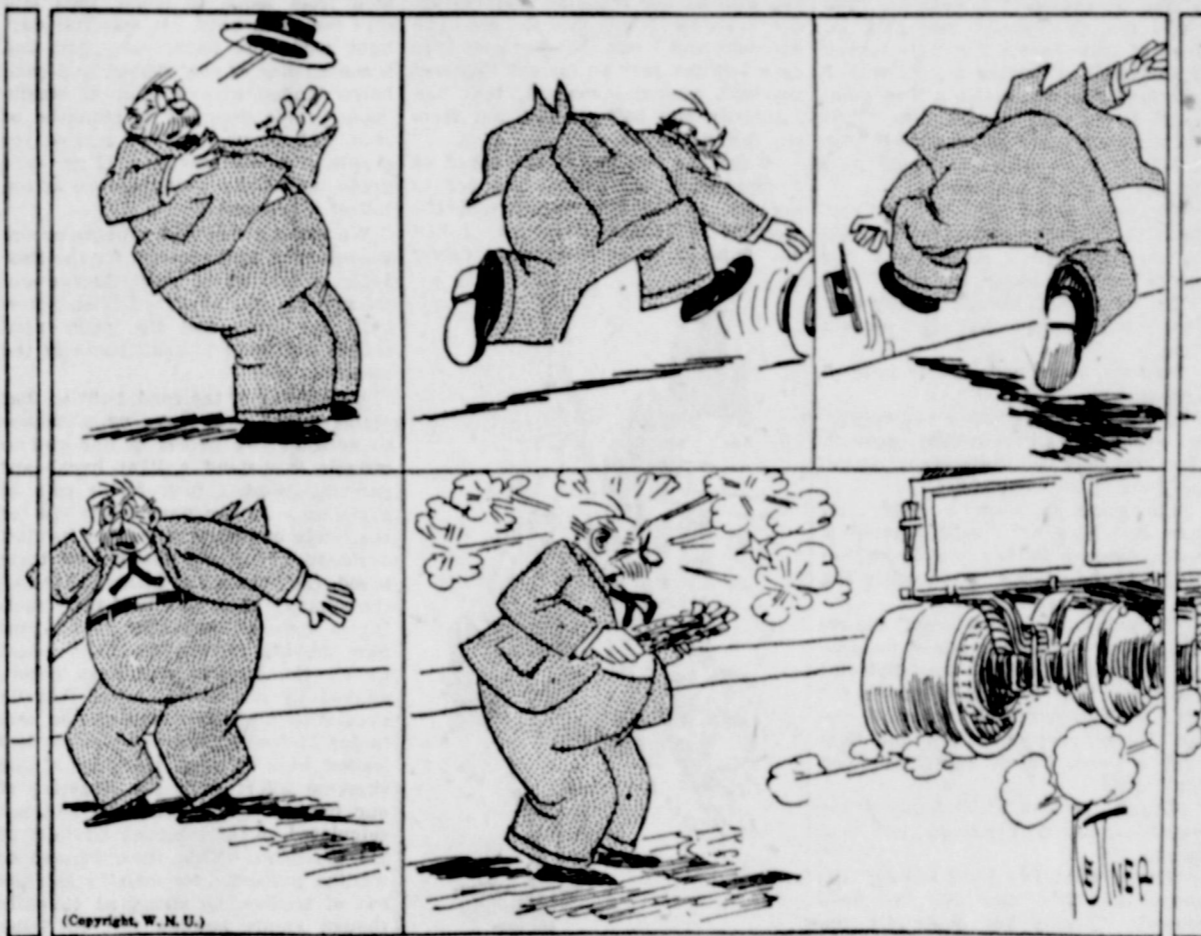
By Charles Sughro

He Had the Symptoms



Famous Last Words

Our Pet Peeve



HOME WANTED FOR A BABY



THE CLANCY KIDS

We Believe It



By PERCY L. CROSBY



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Youth Rides West

By Will Irwin

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WNU Service

THE STORY SO FAR

On their way to the new Cottonwood "gold diggings" in Colorado in the Seventies, Robert Gilson, easterner, who tells the story, and Buck Hayden, a veteran miner, his partner, secretly witness the hold-up of a stage-coach.

CHAPTER I—Continued

I saw a disturbance of the leaves among the willows. Into a space between patches of the green pattern I saw a horse swing round, sidewise and backward, as an independent steed will when he is about to be mounted. His flanks appeared first; then his side. He was a rangy, lean, American horse of that yellow shade which we called buckskin in the West in those days; but on my high flank, as he exposed it to my view, the full flash of the sun brought out a lighter patch, as though he were turning white; a patch which, with my sharpened observation, I compared mentally to the top of a pear or the back view of the head and shoulders of a veiled woman. A second later I saw his rider mount—hoisted, in inconspicuous dark clothes, still wearing a mask. The bandits were all dressed so much alike that, except for the big fellow, they had to me no separate identity. The thicket quivered no more; they were gone.

"Keep on layin' close a minute," said Buck. Now, he no longer whispered, but spoke aloud. "They kin see us just as we kin see them." He chuckled in his beard. "Hid their horses from the stage people. Hard to mask a horse!"

"Well, even if we didn't shoot—only to git the woman killed," interrupted Buck. "Even if we didn't shoot, we've got a little evidence," I pursued.

"Kid Tenderfoot," replied Buck impressively, "what you don't know in this man's country don't hurt you none."

"What do you mean?" I asked, my eastern sense of law and order not a little shocked.

"I mean," replied Buck, "that we don't know nothin' yet about the lay of this country, or what's goin' to git you in an' out of trouble."

He chuckled again in his beard and grew almost garrulous. "Darn sick job. Did you notice how smooth they got away? If anybody up here had been disposed or inclined to do any shootin' they was only a second when you could 'a' got all four of 'em. I wonder," he mused, "jest what the rear look-out was signalin' fur."

His question was answered at that instant when a mule team drawing an emigrant wagon hove into sight below us.

"Skeered off by a family outfit of nesters," remarked Buck. "Wish they could 'a' known the joke on 'em! Well, I guess we'd better be gettin' back to the jacks."

"I'm going down there," I said. Curiosity, perhaps something stronger, was drawing me. Buck rolled over, and regarded me full in the face.

"If anybody asks you questions, you didn't see nothin' but the tail end of this little circus," he said. "An' especially you saw no horses. What'd they do, anyway, but git a roll or a watch or two from those first passengers they stuck up?"

"They got the express strong-box," said I.

"Yes, and who owned what was in it? Some money devil or other in Wall street," replied Buck.

"All right," I replied, perhaps assuming more reluctance than I felt. Really I was a little relieved not to have to admit that we had witnessed this episode without opening fire. Buck, remarking, "You go ahead. I want to pack these iron," took the two long guns and turned back to the train. I rose up then, and began scrambling toward the road down the face of the hogback. As I came down, the little bearded man whom I had seen relieved of his wallet was remarking to the express messenger:

"You're a fine guard, you are—let your stage git held up in broad daylight and you with a sawed-off shotgun over your knees—"

"I was robbed, too, wasn't I?" put in a larger man with a drooping sea-lion mustache. "And I say he done right. One shot an' the leader's down, and this here messenger is lookin' into four sets of hardware. Suppose he had 'a' shot—how many of us would 'a' got it—huh?"

"That's right," came in half a dozen voices. Plainly the general sentiment ran against shooting, and my pride of courage rested easier. I looked about me, then, for the women. She whom I recognized as the elder sat inside the stage, fanning herself with the edge of a newspaper. She was middle-aged and a little more. I forbore to speak to her; she did not seem receptive.

Glancing around, I remembered that I had overlooked the one real tragedy of this affair—the high white leader. At some time in these proceedings he had let his head settle into the dust for the last time, and died.

And by his head stood the other woman, her eyes on his wounded head. Drawn by I know not what impulse, I approached her; she looked across the dead horse, looked me in the eye. Her face was so full

of pity and tenderness that I could feel the tears starting behind my own eyes.

That expression of tenderness which held me speechless changed and merged into a little flicker of wonder. Then I saw that she was indeed young—and beautiful. When finally she dropped her gaze from mine and spoke, her accent was of the East.

"You aren't—you weren't one of the passengers?"

"No," I said. "But I saw the end of it. I didn't shoot," I added hastily. "It wouldn't have been of any use." In excusing myself I was accusing myself. But she reassured me; and, I felt, with genuine feeling.

"I'm glad you didn't," she said. "I'm glad I don't have to see a man this way—she glanced down at the dead horse—"even a handit." She stood musing a moment. I had time to notice a firm chin, a mouth just a trifle too wide for our standards of beauty in those days—like my mother's. I noted mentally—both pink and gently bowed, a fine-drawn, pointed nose, dark-blue eyes.

"Crime is always cruel," she said. "I never thought of that before. This—this is my first sight of it." She seemed now to pull herself out of this mood; and she looked me over with her engaging glance of frankness.

"You're from the East, too?" she remarked.

"How did you know?" said I. "I didn't mean to be impertinent," she answered, smiling, "but it's your accent."

"Acquired at Harvard and most difficult to alter into the forceful and manly tones of the West," said I. She laughed at that, though lightly; and I liked her laugh.

"And at present," I went on, "I'm bound for Cottonwood too; only instead of traveling in the effete luxury of a stage, I'm driving a jack train."

"I don't know how else a lone woman is to travel," she replied. "It's just as well those handits didn't rob me—"

She stopped, as though feeling she had said too much.

"Oh, they didn't get round you, then?" I inquired; and cursed myself for my hypocrisy. Somehow I felt averse to that moment to lying.

"No," she said, "though I think they were going to when that shot stopped them."

"And the lady inside there—you?" I began.

"Oh, she's just another passenger," she replied to my unformed question. "I'm traveling to Cottonwood alone. She took it all beautifully."

"I'm going to stake a claim and take my chances," I said, leaving it delicately open for her to stoke my curiosity if she wished. Apparently she saw the point, and parried.

"I'm going up—on business," she replied. Just then Buck joined us, asking innocently what the difficulty might be. The passengers surrounded him, babbling over their separate stories, Buck breaking in now and then with a bland, "Well, well" or "You don't say?"

"Didn't notice which way they went?" inquired Buck on the first pause.

"That's what I've been saying," declared the little man who had been robbed. "Trail's hot now. By the time the sheriff gets started it'll be dead cold. If we was half a set of men we'd be formin' a posse right now an' chasin' 'em."

"And us without a saddle in the outfit," interposed the express messenger coolly, logically.

"Well, a great grand line this is!" said the injured passenger. "Payin' a hundred dollars to git robbed. Took three hundred dollars in bills of me, an' if I hadn't 'a' hid—"

"We've heard that before," said the express messenger.

It looked for a second like trouble; but for Buck.

"I'm goin' to follow a ways on foot," he said. "Anybody goin' along?" I had to suppress a smile at my crafty partner. He and I alone knew that the bandits had got clear away. The injured passenger, his bluff called, said rather weakly, I thought: "That's the ticket." The express messenger threw his sawed-off shotgun over his arm; they two plunged into the thicket and the rest of the passengers, after a second of hesitation, followed. I saw that, with the eye of beauty on me, I must not hold back.

"Wait a minute," I called. "I am going along." At that, the unknown woman put out her hand so that she almost touched my elbow, drew it in with a little flush of confusion, and—

"Oh, you won't do anything rash!" she faltered.

"There's no danger—they must have gone!" I replied with exact truth and yet with hypocrisy. As I waded through the mud past the coach I looked up; the middle-aged woman was regarding me from under her frizzes.

"Well, it's time!" she remarked grimly.

I came upon our company following in open order the footprints of the four bandits. For a quarter of a mile we floundered and stumbled. Already faint protests were rising from the rear over the futility of the whole proceeding, when Buck came to a turn of the creek and peered around a clump of willows growing close to the

curve of the bank. I shot up beside him; he pointed. Half sunken in the creek lay the big iron box, open. We all plunged forward.

"That's yer express safe," said Buck. The messenger bent down and examined it. A cold chisel, quite evidently, had been edged into the crack between box and lid and the inadequate lock had been severed by a few smashing blows.

The messenger was running over the envelopes which strewed the bottom of the box. He turned toward us, and he was pale under his tan.

"They took the money," he said. "That's gone."

"How much?" said Buck.

"I ain't supposed to know," said the express messenger, "but twenty thousand if anybody asks you."

"Where's the mail sack?" some one inquired. As we spread out in a straggling line of searchers the express messenger still squatted by the box, stared blankly into its depths. But suddenly he looked up and said:

"Didn't take the mail sack." Buck whistled.

"Ain't no raw beginners, these here bandits," he remarked. "Know if they rob the mail they're in trouble with Uncle Sam."

We gave up the pursuit. As we turned back the express messenger and I picked up the box by its handles and carried it between us.

By now two more wagon outfits had piled up back of the stage. I saw the driver was hitching a little bay bronco into the place of the dead leader. I learned afterward that he was the spare horse of a wagon outfit, leased on the spot at a ruinous rate. My unknown lady was leaning against her shelf of rock, surrounded by four men. I caught her face; she was smiling, but with all her feminine reserves up. However, as I came into the road she saw me; and I felt that her deep-blue eyes had for just an instant flattered me with personal concern, that momentarily she had stepped out from her intrudements.

"What did you find?" she asked as I approached the group. So not to her but to the company I told the story of our little adventure. I had not finished when the stage driver

put me right about that trail." Forthwith we clambered over the rocks to the mesa where our burros, which Buck had calmly staked out before he rejoined me, grazed at the extreme end of their lines.

CHAPTER II

The interruption of the stage robbery took most of our morning. By dusk we had advanced only ten weary miles; for now we were really climbing. While I unsaddled, cut down a dead pine for wood, built a fire on a course of rocks which thrust its crest above the snow, started supper. Buck went ahead in the dying light to reconnoiter. He returned in his native state of cynical pessimism. We should be in luck, as I saw the chance at a claim, Buck revealed his pessimism on that score by a series of speculations concerning miners' wages in Cottonwood.

Above the ledge of rock where burned our fire a scant circle of young pines grew on a miniature plateau from which the snow had melted. There we tethered our weary train. After supper, dog-tired though we were, we had still more work. By the light of our candle lantern I cut a pile of fresh boughs to alleviate the hardness of our bed. Young and weary though I was, when I had rolled into my blanket and settled my head on my saddle, anticipation banished sleep for at least five minutes.

I knew nothing more until Buck shook me, and I saw that the eastern edge of the sky below us had begun to glow.

The stars were fading and a shrill dawn wind was blowing down the gorge when we finished our coffee, gave the last touch to our packs by adding our tin cups and plates, saddled our horses, mounted.

For a twisted mile, our train scrambled from ledge to ledge, then slid into the main road. It was full daylight now; the half-frozen mud had a consistency of soft rubber, and each burro landed with a kind of elastic "plop." We rounded a pinnacle of rock. Above us the road carried for a mile or so straight up a 12 per cent grade; and I saw that we were at the tail of a procession.

We found a side trail running across smooth rock, and avoided, for the time being, a jam which grew thicker and thicker as we advanced. And now both our trail and the main road spilled out upon a small basin in the mountain side.

A widening of the road, built so that teams might pass, gave us a chance to advance two places in line and to wriggle in behind a light buckboard carrying what I took for a pair of gamblers. At the next sharp rise of the grade our pack train had its first accident. With the instinct of their breed, the burros had hitherto avoided the slippery spots and held their footing in spite of their tiny hoofs. But now the big fellow who had caused us all the trouble two days before slipped to his knees, rolled heavily over onto his side. Because he was larger of frame than the rest we had loaded him on that morning of the supreme effort with the heaviest of our mining equipment. We had not calculated on the inherent astinuity of his character. This time, instead of waiting patiently for man to get him out of trouble, he struggled violently though vainly bidding fair to break our shovels and his own legs. Buck leaped forward, sat on his head until he accepted the inevitable and lay quiescent. Not only had the saddle shifted until the burro lay on his pack, but Buck's scientific arrangement had been knocked all askew. There was nothing for it but to loosen the cinches, slip him out of the saddle, and pack again.

"If I hold this line up there'll be shootin'," remarked Buck under his breath. "Get to pack this stuff to a level spot somewheres." And hard on this the freighter behind us, driving six mules with a jerk-line, called:

"(TO BE CONTINUED.)"

"You'll hear a great deal more about the grm details of life in a mining camp after you've read the next installment."

Earth's Music Wasted on Prehistoric Man?

Prehistoric man, who slew the megatherium, didn't call it that. More like, he designated it as the "Oont," or something brief and resounding. One syllable was good enough for him. He undoubtedly knew no other than one-syllable speech.

Notwithstanding his own meager contributions to the music on earth, primitive man must have heard and weighed some. The birds sang in the bowers as sweetly as they do now. What impression did that nightingale make on his small and fuzzy ear? Did the melodious notes touch his rudimentary soul, or did he merely want to eat the nightingale?

The more often we speculate on the first men, the greater sympathy we feel for them. We should be greatly interested in one of them if he were in existence now. As it is, we have to be content with studying some backward races still here.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Life in Drop of Water

Although a drop of water no larger than a buckshot may appear crystal-clear to the unaided eye, it will resemble a small aquarium if it is greatly magnified. Study of a drop from one of the ponds of the New York zoological gardens showed that it was teeming with as many as one hundred forms of life. It was spread upon a glass slide and examined with a high-power microscope. One of the organisms observed was a curious animal with two spinning "pinwheels" as means of locomotion. It appeared to have the sense of sight, for it avoided colliding with other objects and would reach out with its body to grasp convenient surfaces to help its progress.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Much Light From Moon

Light from the moon equals 108 times the light from all the stars to gether.

Pretty Things that are Made at Home

THE craze for early American and old colonial furnishings has made the pursuit of happiness and antiques, one and the same thing with a considerable number of people. Even old glass kerosene lamps have been resurrected from the garret or cellar, fitted with electric bulbs and given places of honor where they may glow once more through pretty shades.

No one gainsays the beauty of some of the old-time, hand-made furnishings. The charm of the best patchwork quilts makes them precious and the art of making them is well worth reviving. Everyone that is anyone wants a few Colonial rugs and the



A HOMEMADE RUG

art of rug making at home has been revived, so that this very laudable ambition may be gratified. There are several types of Colonial rugs and an example of the handsome hooked rug is pictured here. These are made on a burlap foundation having a pattern stamped on it. The burlap is stretched and hooked through in loops, using colors as cut as each row is finished and the pattern laid in first. When this is finished the background is put in. There are some famous old-time patterns, and some very handsome conventional ones. After the pattern and background have been hooked in and cut, the back of the rug is brushed with shellac.

Besides these hooked rugs of yarn there are several varieties of rag rugs that interest the up-to-date housewife. The popular woven rugs, made of strips of cotton rags, may be had everywhere, and everywhere they are liked for bathrooms and kitchens, deeper shades, which make them very practical for the between-seasons period—they will tide over the interim between summer and fall.

Among the unexpected revivals are delightful dresses of coin-dot silk, mostly in navy and white or black and white. After their amazing popularity a year ago stylists might have neglected them for one season, but they ventured to launch new models and these found a cordial welcome. It seems the coin dot is a perennial favorite, a hardy annual, and therefore a good investment. The fine model shown in the picture embodies some new points to be featured in the fall styles, notably the bodice extended in a point below the hips at the sides, over a skirt which is plaited all around with front extended into a plaited panel in the bodice. Long sleeves are emphasized in all the latest day frocks—in this model they are gathered by the wrist into a cuff with ties of silk. It also boasts the favorite collar treatment, with facing



OF COIN DOT SILK

of white georgette crepe or crepe de chine.

Many of the new coin-dot frocks reveal the combination of coin-dot and solid-color silks, which will suggest, to the thrifty, ways and means of converting last year's coin-dot dress into an up-to-date affair for present wear. Skirts showing alternating panels of plain and dotted materials, bodices with vestees and jabots of plain silk and bolero effects, are some features that can be managed in the combination of two materials.

Another new style note that might be utilized by the economical appears in the use of three shades of one color, to be used in shaded dresses. Two-tiered skirts with a dark color at the bottom, a lighter one above and a long bodice in the lightest shade have the effect of shaded materials. Usually cuffs and vestees are made in the medium shade.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.
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