

THE DONLEY COUNTY LEADER

J. C. ESTLACK, Editor and Owner

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This paper's first duty is to print all the news that's fit to print honestly and fairly to all unbiased by any consideration even including its own editorial opinion.

Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm, or corporation which may occur in the columns of THE DONLEY COUNTY LEADER will be gladly corrected upon being brought to the attention of the management.

—Member Of—

Panhandle Press Association West Texas Press Association
Texas State Press Association National Editorial Association

In entertaining the more than two hundred members of the West Texas Press Association at Sweetwater Friday and Saturday of last week, Sweetwater set a pace as an entertaining city that will be hard for Abilene to beat next year.

Plans made worked out with precision thru the entire sessions. Various organizations vied with each other in adding to the pleasure and entertainment of the body.

Mr. M. H. Jobe, chief entertainer of the Chamber of Commerce, is a world beater. He was last on the job at night and first in the morning to see that nothing was left undone that would build goodwill for Sweetwater, his home town. The geniality of Mr. Jobe will long be remembered—his skill as an entertainer will never be forgotten. His patience exceeded that party of biblical times, and he was apparently not handicapped by physical infirmities if one may judge from the territory he covered during the two days of the convention.

The air transport companies contributed to the entertainment by giving the newspaper folks a free ride over the city. The editor of the Leader sat beside Mr. Jobe on the first air ride taken by either of us. Like all the rest of them, we were enthusiastic supporters of air transportation after the ride even if this editor was accused of praying half the time while in the air.

It would be a difficult matter to pay tribute to each of the men and organizations for the wonderful success of the press meet. At any rate, Sweetwater is a wonderful town building about as rapidly as any town in west Texas because they have a live bunch boosting in a sane sensible manner.

After looking over that town, each of the newspaper men will go home enthused over the prospects of west Texas prosperity. Sweetwater goes after the big payroll companies and gets them.

The editor of this paper was the only newspaper man from this section of the Panhandle, or north of Lockney, to attend the big press meet at Sweetwater. This is possibly due to the fact that the newspaper boys of the north plains have an association of their own. One never loses anything by attending the conventions of his profession and this editor will be present Press Day at the Abilene fair Sept. 23rd.

The fact that this paper is a member of four press associations simply means that money is being spent in giving our folks the very best paper possible. There is nothing too good for the readers of the Leader and we are especially proud of the boosters we have in Donley county and nearby towns of the trade territory.

Our country correspondents were early with their contributions this week. Thank you folks. You would be surprised to know how many called to inquire why these important news items did not get to the office in time for publication. You folks who write your community items are just as much a part of the Leader force as we are here in the office.

After covering pretty much of west Texas the past week, it does one good to get back to old Donley county and take an inventory. First, we have the best looking crops to be seen from here south to the T & P railroad. Very few sections have as good water, and certainly none under the Caprock. Our people are just as neighborly as can be found. It's great to be back home again where the corn is rapidly reaching the roasting ear stage.

Palo Duro is pictured on all road maps down state as being a state park. Well, hardly, but we do thank the big oil companies for the compliment. It will be a national monument some day, and

that within a few years. Then watch this section of the Panhandle spread out.

By Alfred D. Estlack

The smoke from government penalizers has settled down on the horizon of Angelina county, Texas, darkening the aims and ambitions of her county agent. Because of his activity in furnishing fertilizer to farmers at actual cost, this county agent has been suspended without pay during the month of July by the Federal Agricultural Department. The Commissioner's Court at Lufkin has received word to that effect with the information that no further co-operation will be given Angelina County in case it should pay its part of the agent's salary for that month. Complaints, it is said, were filed with the Federal Department by one or more business men engaged in the selling of fertilizers. Investigation shows that the county agent C. L. La Grove, made no profit out of the sales of the fertilizer.

A no more dastardly act could have been committed in respect to the welfare of the farmer. It looks as though the salvation which loomed in the Farm Relief Bill has been torn asunder. In a recent issue of a Kansas paper was published a telegram announcing the appointment of Alexander Legge, chairman of the new Federal Farm Board. He said: "The farmer will have to work out his own salvation", and from Atlanta, Ga., comes the declaration by Arthur M. Hyde, United States Secretary of Agriculture and a member of that same new Federal Farm Board, that the farmer must, by organization, "win his own place in the sun of economic equality." By these statements the farmer can plainly see that he need not expect one iota of benefit from the pretended farm relief scheme planned in the recent act of Congress. The dream for a farmer's relief through the help of the government has again receded into the mistic future, and

again he is to be left to be exploited as he has been for more than sixty years by exactly the same interests.

T. N. Jones of Tyler, Texas, writes: "When down here in Texas as a county agent whose duties are supposed to be to help the farmers by co-operating with them in Angelina County in a marketing problem by and through which they save about \$20,000, the same Department of Agriculture over which the same Arthur M. Hyde presides in Washington penalizes that agent by taking from him a month's salary, and to add to the infamy of the act, the Commissioners' Court of Angelina County is advised that "in case it should pay its part of the agent's salary for that month," that no further co-operation will be given it."

Will the Nation's breadwinners still remain a common tool in the hands of the moneyed interests? Or shall he through some Farmer's organization win his own rights and protection? It seems as though every step the farmer makes there is some Act to hamper his intentions. Has it come to such a state of affairs that not only he be penalized, but even his benefactor, the County Agent as well? Already the farmers of Angelina County are making dire protests against such an act as committed against their county agent by the Federal Agricultural Department. Go to it farmers! Let the government know that even the hands that stir the soil for the nation's food demand the hand-shake of fairness and equality.

* Temple of Truth *
* By the Apostle *

Talk about writing up the deservings, there is a kindly old lady out in the country on just such a farm as the Apostle spent most of his younger life, who has promised to prepare an old-fashioned meal and include all the above delicacies and then some. Not only that, she has kindly consented to prepare this meal in honor of the writer and a few others who still like good things cooked in the good old way despite the "petrified moonshine" breakfast food age when one is supposed to be content with a high-sounding dressing on a lettuce leaf and lie to the public about being served with "delicious refreshments." O. C. Hill is undoubtedly right in a great measure but there are others.

Speaking of Ed Carlson, he relates a fish story which might have been true except that all the proof he has is the word of Doc

Ball and Slat's Parker. The scene of action was on the bank of a lake at Lelia a few days ago. Ed had baited his hook with every form of bait including carrot, pineapple, dough both sweet and sour, grasshoppers and worms to no avail.

This would have discouraged an amateur but not a seasoned veteran of the old pole like Ed. His last treat to the wily reptiles was a small frog. Just before casting his frog baited hook into the water, he dipped the frog into a jar of "hooch". His hook had no sooner hit the water than a great commotion arose beneath the surface. Ed heaved back giving a war whoop for help at the same time. When the fish was finally pulled from the water it was discovered that it had not swallowed the frog at all—the frog had a death grip on the fish at the back of the neck and was finally choked loose by the combined efforts of the three fishermen.

Ed reports that the fish was served to twenty three of his friends in his well known cafe in this city. Hoover democrats and regulars alike regardless of all conditions of previous political servitude.

A well meaning lady of the Alameda district wants to know if the Apostle has ever had much success locating a lost husband, in a letter received Sunday.

It is presumed that she refers to newspaper advertising. Since she does not state just what she would do to him if found, and

furthermore, I'm sure that more women would be better off with "lost" husbands, and still furthermore, if I located the husband of a good woman of this town and succeeded in bringing him back for her to take care of, my anatomy would be so full of lead that the undertaker would have to use a derrick hoist to handle the job.

There is nothing doing on this "lost husband" line—not me. There is nothing more offensive than a garlic breath unless it is a family fuss. Let 'em scatter sister and take a rest while some other deluded woman makes a living for him.

Douglas and Goldston Install New Candy Refrigerator

The Douglas & Goldston Drug Store has recently installed a new Virginia Lee refrigerator which enables them to keep their candy intact from the summer heat—making it possible for them to offer it to the public in a fresh and wholesome form. Instead of selling it already boxed, they keep it wrapped in loose form and the purchaser may at his own choice select the kind of candy he wishes to buy and afterwards have it placed in a regular candy box.

This method of keeping candy not only assures the buyer a good fresh candy, but also, offers him the privilege of selecting the kind of candy he likes; thus eliminating dissatisfaction on the part of the customer.

Donley County Leader \$2 a Year

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION

This is to notify the public that the partnership heretofore existing between George Garrison and R. M. Chunn, known as Garrison and Chunn, has been dissolved by mutual agreement, and George Garrison will hereafter conduct the electrical business, owned by them, assuming the indebtedness due by the firm, and owning and collecting all accounts due to the firm.

Clarendon, Texas,
July 11th, 1929.

George Garrison.
R. M. Chunn.
231fc.

W. T. Link was a business visitor to Lubbock Saturday.

Miss Alma Smith is back from her vacation at Altus, Okla.

CAMP MISSION

We take pleasure in showing visitors through our modern camp—one block in length, built on the old Spanish style. Stop at our station and get a cool drink and mileage card. A days drive from Clarendon

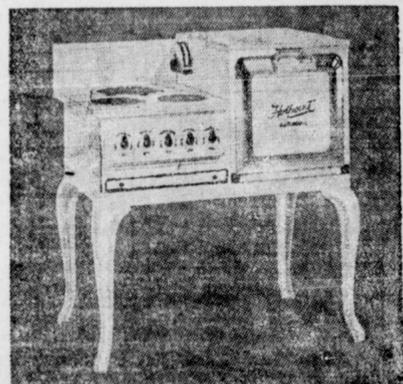
Clayton, New Mexico

A days drive from Clarendon



this new "low priced" electric range will cook for you

... while you enjoy life's pleasures



The New All-White Hotpoint Electric Range . . \$132.50

LIFE holds too much to be tied down to an old-fashioned cook-stove . . . this new "low-priced" Hotpoint Electric Range will do perfect cooking for you, while you are out of the kitchen and enjoying the many pleasures you have so long desired.

—This wonderful range is more beautiful than you can imagine . . . it is all white and will tend to beautify its surroundings.

—Don't let this opportunity pass . . . for a limited time only we are including a wonderful steam pressure cooker with each Hotpoint (priced at \$132.50 and up), the electric range that will cook your foods in a more delicious and palatable manner.

—REMEMBER . . . there's not a speck of soot nor a bit of dirt in the kitchen where a Hotpoint is used. Stop in our display room and see the new Hotpoint today.

West Texas Utilities Company

Spinal Adjustments are Important

A Science of Drugless Healing

See

The Chiropractor
Upstairs in Connally Bldg.

DR. W. B. WESTON

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CITY LOANS—ABSTRACTS

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OF ALL KINDS

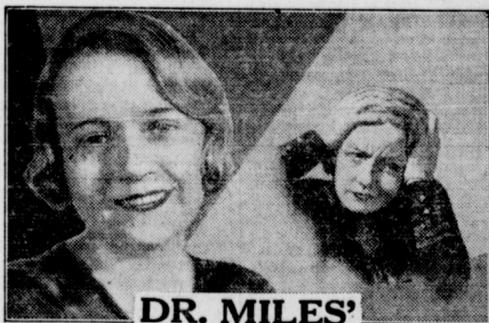
Cabinet Work a Specialty.

Let us figure your door and window frames for you.

WATTERS & McCRARY

Phone 283

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DR. MILES'

Anti-Pain Pills

When you are suffering

HEADACHE and NEURALGIA

Use Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills for prompt relief.

Muscular Pains and Functional Pains

—even those so severe that they are mistaken for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago—are relieved quickly by Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills.

25 for 25 cents

You want prompt relief. Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills relieve the pains for which we recommend them. They do not upset the stomach, cause constipation, or leave unpleasant after effects.

A package in your medicine cabinet, pocket, or handbag, means fewer aches and pains, greater enjoyment, more efficient work, less loss of time.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills have been used with success for thirty years.

Get them at your drug store

PRICE! PRICE!

There is hardly anything in the world that some man cannot make a little worse and sell a little cheaper and the people who consider Price only, are this man's lawful prey.

We handle nothing that is not up to standard and back this up by refunding your money if not satisfied.

Prices in line with quality offered.

A. N. WOOD Grocery

The Place to Buy Your Eats

SUNNYVIEW

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Tooley and daughters, Miss Lizzie and Mrs. Frank Kirk, also their granddaughters, Misses Opal Hare and Mary Lou and Geneva Tooley all of Chillicothe stopped for a short visit with Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Lanham Friday morning. They were on their vacation and stopped at Canyon to see their daughter, Miss Lectie Tooley who is attending school there, then they Misses Mary Lou and Geneva stopped with their grand-parents, Mr. went to Carlsbad, New Mexico, and Mrs. A. M. Lanham for a few days visit while the others took their trip.

Miss Bessie Lee Clayton and brother Tommy, entertained the young folks on Saturday night with a fish party, all present had a most enjoyable time.

Miss Orene Riley of Amarillo visited home folks over the week end. Her sister Miss Kathleen returned to Amarillo with her for a weeks visit.

Mr. and Mrs. John Goldston and family called in the A. M. Lanham home Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Taylor of Clarendon called on Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Lanham Saturday night a while.

Mrs. Ollie Merideth and son Bobby Gene and sister Miss Ruby Batson of Memphis, spent a few days visiting with their sister, Mrs. Sam Roberts and Mrs. Floyd Parker.

Miss Eula Haley has been staying with her nephew, Dudley Wilson of Goldston last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Poovey and son Hemer Glen and daughters, Miss Mary and Katherine, also Miss Lovera Poovey all of Waxahachie, called on Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Lanham Saturday morning. They had been to Clovis, N. M., Cedarville and other points and were on their way home. Mr. Poovey is a Ford dealer in Waxahachie.

Mrs. Neal Bogard and mother, Mrs. M. Starks also Mrs. A. M. Lanham called on Mrs. Archie McNeely Wednesday afternoon.

Misses Mary, Lou and Geneva Tooley of Chillicothe were shopping in Clarendon Saturday afternoon.

MARTIN

Mr. D. D. Hearn and wife and children and Mr. Charlie Hearn and wife and children spent the fourth in Amarillo.

Mrs. Turnbow's sister, Mrs. Miller and three girls, of Amarillo spent a few days this past week with Mrs. Turnbow. Friday Mrs. Turnbow took her sister to Hedley to spend the day with their sister, Mrs. J. E. Blankenship.

Misses Ina Fay and Lina Pittman spent last Saturday night with Lois Lafon.

We are glad to report that Mr. Jake Adkins is recovering quickly after undergoing an operation in Amarillo last Saturday morning. Mrs. Adkins spent this last week in Amarillo by his bedside.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Powell and Marguerite and Johnie Lafon all spent last week end in McLean.

Mr. Carl Pittman, Mr. Bert Adkins and Miss Roberta Adkins motored to Amarillo last Sunday.

The Woman's Home Demonstration club met Thursday with Mrs. Walter Huggins, with six members and one visitor present. Their lesson was on "making money in the home". Refreshments of Angel food cake and ice cream fruit and pie were served.

Mr. Morris Pittman of Stephenville, Texas, visiting his three brothers, V. G., Alvin and Luther Pittman of this community this week.

Harry Ruddell
Expert Shoe Repairing
113 Kearney Street
We appreciate your business.

C. W. Gallaway, D.C.
CHIROPRACTOR
Phone 234
Res. Phone 236
Clarendon, Texas

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Davis and children of Hedley visited Mr. D. D. Hearn's family during this week.

Misses Ina Fay Pittman and Lois Lafon spent last Sunday with Miss Lina Pittman.

Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Talley and Miss Kate Talley visited Mr. and Mrs. Vester Mosley of Lelia Lake last Monday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Pittman and children and Mrs. Morris Pittman motored to Brice Sunday to visit relatives.

Strong Audience Appeal In "The Younger Generation"

Simple Drama by Fannie Hurst throbs with heart interest as powerful cast under direction of Frank Capra enacts it upon screen.

To say that you will like "The Younger Generation", a Columbia production at the Pastime Theatre is to put it mild. It is one of those pictures that are made every once in so often which take the public by storm.

Here is a simple drama, true to life and throbbing with heart appeal. The audience is introduced to the Goldfish family when Pa is a pushcart vendor on the New York East Side and Ma is struggling to raise two children and make both ends meet. A tenement fire robs the family of a home.

We are next concerned with the Goldfish family after the children have matured. Morris is a prosperous antique and art dealer. He has moved the family from the East Side to a luxurious apartment on Riverside Drive. The parents and his sister are unable to adjust themselves to the new conditions. They feel like prisoners and are volts, marries her childhood lover unhappy. Birdie, the sister, and is driven from home.

Pa Goldfish endures for two years more and then decides to return to his old haunts. He learns that he is a grandfather and is overjoyed. His celebration and the disrespect he receives from his son result in a breakdown from which he fails to rally.

The son, realizing his mistake, sends for Birdie, who arrives with the baby before her father dies.

There is real drama in the situations plenty of love, pathos and thrills. Frank Capra, whose name the production bears, has produced a gem. He has introduced human interest touches that appeal to the emotions and play upon the

sympathies. The cast is one of the largest and best ever assembled for a single production. In support of Jean Hersholt, who has the stellar role as Lina Basquette, as Birdie; Rosa Rosanova as Ma Goldfish; Ricardo Cortez as Morris; Rex Lease, Martha Franklin, Julianne Johnston, Jack Raymond Sydney Crossley, Otto Fries, Julia Swayne Gordon, Donald Hall and Bernard Siegel.

HEDLEY

Mr. and Mrs. Beaty returned Tuesday from their vacation. They report a nice and pleasant trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Simmons of Memphis were here Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Grundy of Memphis were in the Adamson home Tuesday evening.

Mr. Charles Lowry went to Memphis Tuesday to attend a meeting of the West Texas Utilities Company.

Mr. T. D. Nored of Clarendon was here Tuesday attending to business.

J. W. Adamson and son went to Ashtola Monday to attend to business.

Homer Bridges and daughter, Aline, and mother, went to Bellevue to see Mrs. Bridges sister who is sick. They left here Friday.

Mr. Bacon of Alpine was here Wednesday. He is with the West Texas Utilities Company, selling stock.

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Major of Memphis were up Thursday visiting in the Lowry home.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Cousins of McLean, were over Thursday visiting their daughter, Mrs. Charles Lowry.

Mr. George Garrison of Clarendon was down Friday on business.

The work on the new school building has started. We are glad to get this new school house for we all know how much better it will be for the children, also the teachers. The old building is in good shape yet, but there are entirely to many children enrolled to be accommodated in the old building.

The new city hall is showing up nicely. It certainly helps the looks of our city, and we are very anxious to see it finished.

Mr. J. R. Lawrence has taken over the City Lunch Room and invites all his friends around to see him.

The Smith Produce, which was

owned by Mr. J. B. Reed is now being run by Mr. Joe Rowden.

Supt. W. H. Maxwell was thru here Friday morning on his way to Canyon and other points.

The Golf players are getting better all the time. The champion has not yet been decided on. They are soon going to have the course completed, then the playing will begin in earnest.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Adamson, and daughter, Gladys and Inez Even left Saturday for Amherst where they are to visit with their daughter, Mrs. J. B. Parrock. Gladys is going to have her tonsils removed while there.

JERICO

The Ladies Club met in the home of Mrs. Elmer Ashmead last Wednesday afternoon. A nice lesson was given by Miss Thompson.

Mr. W. J. Slay from Alanreed visited Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Henry last Sunday.

Mr. V. J. Glazener and family attended Sunday school at Alanreed last Sunday morning.

Mrs. W. J. Ashmead and daughter-in-law, Mrs. Elmer Ashmead,

made a business trip to Clarendon last Tuesday.

Mrs. Stanley and daughter Mae Delle from Alanreed visited Mrs. J. F. Henry last Monday.

Mr. V. J. Glazener and son made a business trip to Clarendon last Tuesday.

Mr. Earl Recam and family of Alanreed visited in the Glazener home last Tuesday night.

Mrs. Rex Brown returned to her home in Amarillo last Monday.

Mrs. Elm and daughter Elizabeth from Alanreed visited Mrs. Roy Brown last Tuesday.

Mr. George Bowcom and mother from Groom visited Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Henry last Sunday.

Miss Ernestine Osborn from Amarillo spent last week end with home folks.

Mr. Elmer Ashmead made a business trip to Groom last Tuesday.

Mr. V. J. Glazener and wife made a business trip to Alanreed last Wednesday.

Mr. Johnie Williams and wife from Amarillo are spending a few days with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Howell.

Mr. Clay Inman made a business trip to Groom last Wednesday.

Mr. C. F. Glazener from Nor-

fork, Virginia, Mrs. Jesse Smith from Arkansas and Texas visited with relatives Mr. V. J. Glazener. Mr. Loyd Waddle made a business trip to Groom last Friday.

Mrs. Flora White left Saturday for a month's vacation in the state of Washington, visiting relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Darnell motored to Byers Friday to visit Mrs. Darnell's relatives.

LUMBER
SOLD ON MONTHLY INSTALLMENTS
Agents for Mound City Paints and Varnishes
C. D. SHAMBURGER
PHONE 264

PLUMBING GAS FITTING
CONTRACT JOBS REPAIR JOBS
No jobs too large for our capacity, or too small to receive careful attention.
DEWEY HERNDON
Plumber Phone 284 Gas Fitter

Piles Cured Without The Knife
Why Suffer with Piles or submit to an Operation, when I positively guarantee to cure you or refund your money.
STEPHEN E. SMITH, M. D.
Box 1226 Office Smith Bldg., Rooms 4 and 5
Pampa, Texas

Motors Cleaned
A clean motor runs cooler—saves wear—lasts longer
We specialize in motor cleanings
PIERCE PRODUCTS
CLARENDON SUPER SERVICE STA.
UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT
Formerly Clarendon Alemite and Service Station
FIRST AT GORST

MULTI PURPOSE MACHINE
SAVE COST SAVE TIME

With this machine we are enabled to
Reface Rocker Arms Reface Valves
Grind Commutators True Tappets
Do Lathe Work Repair Expansion, Spiral and Straight Reamers
General Auto Repair Work
FINIS HARP'S AUTO HOSPITAL
Holland Building

When You Earn Money HAVE MONEY!
Have YOU money in the bank to show for your hard work? Some day your power to earn will be gone. AND don't forget that money SPENT is money GONE.
START SAVING REGULARLY NOW
We invite YOUR Banking Business
DONLEY COUNTY STATE BANK
"Home of the Thrifty"
THINK! HAVE MONEY! THINK! HAVE MONEY!

Make It Safe To Be Hungry!
Medical authorities are constantly advising better care of foods to avoid the many forms of sickness associated with warm weather. They have discovered that perishable foods must be kept at a temperature below 50 degrees always to avoid harmful germs that multiply at an alarming rate. We use the latest methods in refrigeration for the sake of your health, for the sake of your family's health. This relieves you of every worry concerning the meats and vegetables and other perishable foods which we deliver direct to your kitchen pure, sweet and clean.
We invite your inspection by personal visit. The hundreds of dollars spent by us for refrigeration is just one of the many forms of service rendered our customers without additional cost.
Telephones 18 and 401
Lowe Grocery & Market

*** MCKNIGHT ***

Sunday school is still progressing. The second contest of the young folks ended Sunday, the boys worked faithfully, but the girls won by a small number, and were entertained with a picnic at Mr. Tom Tates.

A large crowd was out Sunday night and enjoyed a fine sermon delivered by Bro. Fitzgerald, the pastor of the Methodist church.

Prayer meeting is slowly but surely growing, there was quite a few out Wednesday night, but we hope to see more out this week. Come out and enjoy the many good talks that are made.

Perry Neal was taken back to the hospital at Memphis Sunday, but only had to remain four days, he is now in the home of his sister, Mrs. Vick Shelton.

Mr. J. H. Pierce has just returned from Ft. Worth where he has been having his teeth pulled.

Mr. T. N. Messer, J. H. Pierce and Herman went to Amarillo Wednesday to visit Mr. Oliver Hill who is in the hospital there from serious wounds received July 4.

Dalton Malone and Paul Kyle left Monday for the wheat harvest.

The McKnight red-legs were defeated by a very one sided score last Sunday, by the Bray donkeys. Miss Lessie Mae Bell of Hedley is visiting her brother, Floyd Bell this week.

Mr. Clay Fortenberry has just returned from visiting relatives in Lakeview.

Miss Ruth Griffin of Bray spent Saturday night with Miss Ruth Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. Vick Shelton visited in McLean and Amarillo last week.

Grandma Hill is visiting her son, R. C. Hill near Wellington this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Mann moved to Estelline this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Tony Watkins visited the former's parents Tuesday night.

A number of friends and relatives met at the home of Arch Pierce and made ice cream Thursday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hill and family of Wellington visited Mr. W. H. Hill Sunday.

Mrs. Higdon, Mrs. Bell and daughter, Mrs. Earthman, attended the funeral of Mrs. Dickerson Tuesday at Hedley.

Mrs. Higdon and family, Mrs. Earthman and family were visitors in Quail Friday.

Rev. Emanuel Dubbs Again Is Elected Pastor of Borger Christian Church

The many friends of this young minister will be pleased to learn of his success as pastor of the Isom Christian church of Borger, at which place he was again re-elected to serve them another year.

Rev. Dubbs grew to manhood here. Though a young man, his work has called him into large fields where he has always acquitted himself with distinction.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Jones were here Friday from Wellington visiting his brother, Jack Jones, Sr., of the Clarendon Drug Store.



The Dry Cleaning Triangle

The man—the suit—and the dry cleaner.

There has always been trouble between these three.

Our system of dry cleaning eliminates the trouble.

Our work is so satisfactory that we do not receive the usual complaints.

Lowest rates. Prompt service. Just try us. Phone 304 and we will call for your clothes.

Heath Dry Cleaners
Satisfaction Guaranteed
Opposite "M" System

No Report Is Received As To Election Date For Junior College

Despite the fact that the local school board has sent a number of telegrams and have in a long distance call as we go to press, no news comes from the state department regarding the date set upon which Donley county is to decide the fate of the county wide Junior College.

It is the opinion of local men of the school board that no meeting has yet been held by the state board which accounts for the absence of any information on the subject at this time.

Dr. J. G. Sherman left Monday for Lincoln, Neb. to bring Mrs. Sherman and son home. Mrs. Sherman has been visiting there since the death of her father some weeks past.

While driving near the dip west of town Monday afternoon, George A. Ryan's Chrysler became unmanageable striking the bank and turning over. The car immediately took fire and burned.

Mrs. John Bowers of Bledsoe, Texas, her daughters, Mrs. Condie Thornton of Amarillo, Miss Marcie Bower and little Miss Billie Gene Thornton were guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Lowe last Wednesday and Thursday. Mrs. Bowers being an old time friend of the Lowe family.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ballew and children, Aileen and Hollis, returned Thursday from an extended vacation trip to visit relatives at Houston. They visited the beach, San Jacinto battle field and other points of interest while in that section. On the trip west, they visited Austin, Angelo, and out into New Mexico where the parents of Mrs. Ballew reside near Eunice. Miss Aileen has promised to write a summary of the trip which will likely appear in this issue.

Mrs. Gladys Ewen, secretary for the West Texas Utilities company at Hedley was a pleasant caller at the Leader office Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hill and family of Wellington visited Mr. W. H. Hill Sunday.

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Enjoy Our Sodas

All syrups and extracts used at our Soda fountain are pure and comply with all food laws.

Enjoy a "whole meal" milk shake or dish of ice cream at our fountain TODAY.

LET US BE YOUR DRUGGISTS

Clarendon Drug Store
JACK B. JONES
The Glad-To-See-You Store
We Fill any Doctor's Prescription
CLARENDON, TEXAS

Jones Family Leaves Saturday For Mountain Haunts

Mr. and Mrs. T. Jones left Saturday for their mountain summer resort in the wilds west of Elephant Butte lake near Monticello, N. M. They took the dogs as usual and went by rail. A truck will meet them at Belen and convey them and baggage and dogs across the river country to where the game and fish is plentiful. They expect to remain away until Xmas time.

Claude J. Davis is suffering from an attack of appendicitis and spent the past week in Amarillo where he had medical attention.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hurn are enjoying a vacation in Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierce Morris are the proud parents of their first son born Monday morning of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hurn and daughter, Mrs. Nathan Cox, left the first of this week for a vacation trip to Colorado.

Mrs. Ben A. Wooten of Shamrock, and Mrs. John Curley of McLean were visitors in the Leader office, Friday.

A. M. Beville, Sr., and daughter, D'Laural Beville left last week for Hot Springs, New Mexico, where he will take treatment and the mud baths for awhile.

H. W. Carpenter of Lubbock was a caller at the Leader office Friday. He was enroute from Amarillo to Wichita Falls.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lowe of San Antonio, visited in the home of his parents last week. Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Lowe had their four sons at home again, they are Walter, Fred, Sam and Jesse.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Mayfield are stopping at the home of their son, W. B. Mayfield and family, on their return to their home in San Diego, California. They have been visiting relatives in the east.

Home Demonstration Club Will Hold Business Session

All members of the Clarendon Demonstration club are especially asked to be present at an all day meeting at the home of Mrs. J. C. Estlack next Friday, the 19th. An important business session is to be held in the morning at 10:30 as this is the only hour the demonstrator, Miss H a r v e y Thompson, can be present.

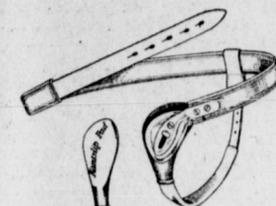
Mr. and Mrs. Duke Keys, Mrs. Clio Keys, visited the latter's nephew Wyatt Heister and family near Happy over the week end.

Miss Lois McCormick of Amarillo and Miss Louise Adams of Hedley are visiting their unt, Mrs. M. W. Mosley.

Mrs. Harry Allen and Mrs. J. A. Parks went to Amarillo Friday. Mrs. Allen had her tonsils removed.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Lynn and son Billy Earl, spent Sunday in Amarillo.

Mrs. Homer Speed is visiting relatives in Oklahoma for the next week.



KANTSLIP Trusses mean just what their name implies. Reduce your rupture — fit the pad in the proper place and it stays there. It can't slip! A trial will convince you.

Sold by

DOUGLAS-GOLDSTON DRUG CO.
Phone 36

REAL ESTATE
Farms and Ranches. Bargains to suit any size purse.

INSURANCE
Any kind of insurance to meet present day demands.

LOANS
Our loan rates are as low as any company. We specialize in Farm and Ranch loans. No red tape—we get you the money.

RYAN BROTHERS
"29 years in Clarendon"



YOUR EYES
If you are suffering from **EYE STRAIN** or poor vision, you will find our years of experience, up-to-date equipment and most skilled refracting, especially beneficial.

Glasses **ONLY** when necessary.

Dr. S. F. Huneycutt, O. D.
At Stocking's Drug Store. Clarendon, Texas

You are cordially invited to come in and see The Store within a Store

Virginia Lee Candies

Your sample is waiting

Fresh Candy 80c lb.

DOUGLAS & GOLDSTON DRUG Co.
Phone The Rexall Store 36

We offer More Style---More Quality in fine FURNITURE at Tremendous Price Concessions

You can furnish your home for \$500.00 more completely and more beautifully than you realize. Reduced prices, more beautiful designs, attractive colorings, and durable constructions. Beautiful furniture is now within the reach of all. You can bring happiness to your family and be proud of a beautiful home at these astonishingly low prices.

Congoleum 69c per yard. 9x12 Congoleum Rugs, regular price \$12.00, Sale price \$10.95. Metal Simmons bed \$5.45, Springs \$3.95

See our big circular for long list of Special Prices. Come in and look—whether you buy or not, we are glad to see you.

H. C. Kerbow & Sons
HARDWARE Clarendon, Texas FURNITURE

LELIA LAKE

Mrs. Betsy Ellis spent Saturday night with her sister Leta Ellis of Memphis.

Miss Corda Holland who is a student in West Texas State Teachers College of Canyon, spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Holland.

Mrs. Hubert Day of Pampa is visiting in the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Cook.

Mrs. O. L. Oldham has as her guest her mother, Mrs. Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Bynum and daughter, Mrs. Pat Hinton, returned Friday night from a two weeks visit in Freeport.

Miss Ganelle Lytle left Saturday for a months visit in Seattle, Washington.

Messrs. Wreathed, Buddy, Harris, and Charles Howell of Wellington spent the week end in the Guy Taylor home.

Miss Alta Lewis who is attending school in Canyon, spent the week end with her parents, Mrs. and Mrs. E. L. Lewis.

Mr. and Mrs. Kinch Leathers, Mr. and Mrs. Horton Leathers, Mr. and Mrs. G. Leathers and Mrs. D. E. Leathers, and Mr. and Mrs. Loyd Shelton left Friday for a visit in Colorado.

Miss Ruby Batson of Memphis is visiting in the home of her sister, Mrs. Sam Roberts.

Miss Addie Holland left Saturday for a visit with her sisters, Misses Corda and Hessie Holland of Canyon.

Mrs. J. R. Leathers of Clarendon is visiting in the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. C. Christal.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Lewis were called to Iowa Park Wednesday morning by the sudden death of Mrs. Lewis' sister Mrs. Jack Lewis. Mrs. Lewis will be remembered by her many friends here as Edith Alvey.

Mrs. Melvin Cook of Clarendon visited in the home of her mother in law, Mrs. J. D. Cook Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Ellis had as their guests this week end their daughters, Miss Leta Ellis of Memphis, their son Henry Ellis of Amarillo and another son Eldridge of Borger.

Miss Vivian Mace of New Mexico is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Mace.

The Berean Sunday school class of the First Baptist church enjoyed a swimming and picnic supper at the camp ground Friday afternoon.

Mrs. W. L. Butler was called to Birmingham, Ala., Friday morning because of the illness of her father.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Kennedy and little daughter of Clarendon were guests in the Aten home Sunday.

Mrs. Herbert Warner of Amarillo is visiting with her sister, Mrs. J. L. Butler.

Messrs. Hugh and Noel Knox who are working in Adrain spent the week end with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Knox.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Smith and family were Memphis visitors Sunday.

Mrs. Jessie Cruse of Turkey is visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Bullard.

Mr. and Mrs. John Howard spent Sunday visiting with relatives in Memphis.

Eloise Reeves entertained her Sunday school class with an ice cream party Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Bascom Webb and children of Pampa spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Ellis, the parents of Mrs. Webb.

Mmes. Geo. Garrison, P. W. Latson and Duke Keyes motored to Memphis to visit relatives Wednesday.

UNCLAIMED LETTERS

Clarendon, Texas, July 8, 1929.

Letters remaining in this office unclaimed for the week ending July 6, 1929.

- Brigham, Bertha.
- Brown, Marie.
- Barker, A. C.
- Buntin, Smith.
- Cooper, H. C.
- Candan, Lee.
- Dikes, Willie May.
- Elliott, T. F.
- Fletcher, Clyde.
- Jones, Annie D.
- Long, Floyd.
- Messer, D. B.
- Meador, O. R.
- Morrow, Ed.
- Owens, Dorothy.
- Perry, Aaron.
- Russell, J. T.
- Smith, Louise.
- Smith, F. M.
- Stephenson, Jewell.
- Shandley, Etta.
- Thompson, R. A. (2).
- Walters, Mauta.
- Charles H. Bugbee, P. M. Clarendon, Texas.

GOLDSTON

Everything is looking fine, but we hope to get some rain in the near future.

Sunday school was well attended Sunday also Singing Sunday night.

Everyone enjoyed a party in the Jolly home Saturday night.

Mr. L. O. Lewis and daughter, also Howard Stewart of Clarendon took supper in the H. M. Stewart home Thursday night.

Mrs. J. H. Nanney returned from Mineral Wells, Thursday night where she had been for medical treatment for the past two weeks.

Mrs. Major Hudson and son visited in this community Sunday afternoon.

Miss Nina Grant spent the week end with home folks.

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Cox of Amarillo visited in the R. S. Bruce home Saturday night.

Quite a few from this community attended the show in Clarendon Saturday night.

Mrs. R. A. Bruce and Mildred Bruce attended a reunion at Memphis Sunday.

Alva Dever of Electra spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. U. T. Dever.

Miss Ima Lane left Monday for Ft. Worth to visit her sister, Mrs. Roy Gammons.

Mr. and Mrs. Jiggs Mosley of Borger visited their parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Mosley and Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Riley the past week.

Frank Parker is in Dallas for medical treatment.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierle and daughter's and Mrs. Pierle's father, Mr. Parsons of Canyon visited in the Fink home Sunday.

Mrs. Dick Bain spent the week end in Wellington.

Preliminary Hearing in Murder Charge Set For Wed.

Announcement comes after we go to press that the preliminary hearing of S. B. Scroggins, Raymond Wright and the negro, Walter Scott, is to be held here tomorrow (Wednesday). These are the three charged with the murder of John Slaughter, night watchman in March of 1927.

Mr. Tucker and daughters, Miss Eula and Viola, visited his daughter, Mrs. Albert Reid of Ashtola Sunday.

Mrs. J. T. Herrin, of Amarillo a friend and neighbor of Mrs. J. T. Warren in China some years ago, is visiting her friend here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Sayre and Mrs. Dorr Ellis are taking a vacation rest at Colorado Springs.

Mrs. Lavern Shufford left Monday for Dallas to visit her sister.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Warren visited in Turkey Sunday.

CAR WASHING

* and greasing all this *
* month \$4.00. *

* This applies to any *
* make of car, or \$2.25 *
* a job. *

BICYCLES

* Full line of repairs *
* and good mechanics *

* Cold candy *
* Cold drinks *
* **CLAUDE J. DAVIS** *
* 2 blks. West City *
* Hall *

Slick Naylor, Eugene Estlack and Early Humphrey were down from Pampa to spend Sunday with homefolks.

Mrs. T. D. Hobart, Mrs. P. C. Ledrich, Mrs. John Andrews all of Pampa stopped in Clarendon Monday on their way to the J A ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Johnson of Claude visited her sister, Mrs. J. C. Gilbert.

Mr. Pebble Talley and daughter, Miss Carene Ratliff of Lubbock returned with Miss Edna Mae Mongold who has been attending college at Lubbock.

Miss Mable Mongold has returned from White Deer where she has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Zachry.

Mrs. Rusty Clark and Mrs. C. M. Lane were Amarillo shoppers Saturday.

Mrs. B. G. Smith and son, Benton spent Sunday and Monday in Amarillo.

CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR SALE

RADIO AT A BARGAIN

\$575 RCA Radiola brand new at a big bargain. Never been removed from the salesroom. No better machine in town. You can get information at the Leader office. Phone 386.

FOR SALE—On easy terms. 5 room house, garage, 2 lots. Three

blocks west of court house. For information see W. E. Ayers. Phone 323.

FOR SALE—New Wardrobe Trunk at the Parsons rooming house.

I do only expert watch repairing. S. F. Honeycutt, O. D. and Jeweler.

All kinds of watch repairing done right. S. F. Honeycutt, O. D. and Jeweler.

MILK COWS—All kinds of Jerseys. Fresh and otherwise. Just what you need. Phone 461. T. W. Smith.

BULL SERVICE—Jersey bull, thorobred at \$3.00 for service. Good pasture and convenient. Phone 461. T. W. Smith.

FOR SALE—High grade Jersey heifers fresh in milk. Will trade for stock cattle or hogs. J. P.

DRS. JENKINS
Legally Licensed

Physicians & Surgeons
Office Phone 2

B. L. Jenkins, M. D. phone 183
O. L. Jenkins, M. D. phone 197

DR. J. G. SHERMAN
DENTIST

Goldston Bldg.
Res. Phone 251 Office 43

Parks, Phone 484 tfc

BUSINESS LOTS—Both twenty-five foot lots and 5 room house on one. Just one block off the main street and central location. Price \$2500.00. You can pay \$500 down and balance \$25 per month. Call at the Leader office.

FOR SALE—Hay baling outfit consisting of buck rake, mower, baler and sweep rake. All or any part. E. M. Ozier. (9tfc)

FOR SALE—Hay in bale or ton lots. Alfalfa or mixed. E. M. Ozier (9tfc)

FOR RENT—Four room house, furnished or unfurnished, modern. Close in. Phone 67. Mrs. John

Vineyard. 19-1tc.

WANTED

HOGS—Highest market price paid for hogs. It will pay you to see me before selling. Phone 940A, W. B. Mayfield. 13tfc.

WANTED—Girl or woman help at Clarendon Steam Laundry. Call 75. 14tfc.

FOR RENT:

Apartment, all conveniences
GEO. B. BAGBY

PLYMOUTH SERVICE

The White Motor Company announces that they are now prepared to take care of the mechanical requirements of Plymouth owners.

H. BARNARD

A well known local mechanic, has charge of this service and assures you of complete satisfaction.

PASTIME THEATRE

Wednesday-Thursday, 17-18th

BERT LYTELL and GERTRUDE OLDSTEAD in
"LONE WOLF'S DAUGHTER"

Mysterious happenings, strange disappearances, startling events in stirring melodramatic thriller, a picture that will keep you guessing all the way through. Also **CARTOON COMEDY** and **PARAMOUNT NEWS**.
10-30c

Friday, 19th

KEN MANYARD and DOROTHY DAWN in
"CALIFORNIA MAIL"
FOR HIS HONOR, FOR HIS COUNTRY, FOR HIS GIRL. He drove the California mail to victory in one of the most gripping stage-coach races you've ever seen. His horse "TARZAN" is in to, Also **JACK DUFFY** in "SHOULD SCOTCHMAN MARRY", Comedy.
10-30c

Saturday, 20th

JACQUELINE LOGAN, CHARLES DELANEY and WARNER OLAND in
"THE FAKER"
The most unusual drama ever filmed, full of love, mystery and big thrills, one of the most powerful surprise climaxes ever presented. Also "OUR GANG" in the "HOLY TERROR," always good.
10-30c

Monday-Tuesday, 22-23rd,

JEAN HERSHOLT, LINA BASQUETTE and RICHERDO CORTEZ, in
"THE YOUNGER GENERATION"

Tense Human interest drama of love, sacrifice, and Devotion in which sudden riches wreck the happiness of the home and blast future hope. Also **PARAMOUNT NEWS**.
10-40c

Queen Theatre

Saturday, 20th

BOB CUSTER, in
"HEADIN WESTWARD"
Another Rip Roaring Western picture and 9th Episode of **NEAL HARTS** Serial, "SCARLET BRAND."
10-25c

WE GUARANTEE

To Give You More Quality, More Style, and Newer Designs

For less money than you can find in the Panhandle unless you buy them from another Amarillo Furniture Co. Store.

WHY

Amarillo Furniture Co. buys more furniture than any other company in the Panhandle. Can you imagine the volume of a million dollars a year business?

The freight alone saved in buying all together in carload lots will go a long way in paying over head expense.

By buying direct from the largest factories we keep the very latest designs and styles.

Compare these prices with any jobber, mail order house or other source of supply.

2 Piece best grade Mohair, solid Mahogany frame, silk damask reversible cushions, beautiful Mahogany rail on back of both pieces. See it in our window **\$112.50**

4 Piece Walnut Bed Room Suite, See it in our window **\$60**

3 Piece Fiber Suite, Beautiful upholstered cushions **\$34.50**

9x12 Felt Base rug guaranteed **\$5.95**

12 foot Armstrong Linoleum, heavy burlap back, per square yard **91c**

Guaranteed Felt Base Linoleum per square yard **40c**

9x12 Aximinister rug For **\$29.50**

2 inch Post Steel bed For **\$4.40**

99 Coil Guaranteed spring For **\$3.15**

"We have made Furniture Prices less in the Panhandle"

AMARILLO FURNITURE Co.
CLARENDON BRANCH

ASHTOLA

Sunday school was at the regular hour Sunday morning. There was a large crowd present. They decided on having a Rally Day contest and we want every one in the community to take part in the contest.

Mr. and Mrs. DeFrice and family, Mr. and Mrs. Tommie Durrett and family of Claude, Mr. and Mrs. Louie Morris and family and Mr. and Mrs. Wade and children were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Durrett and family Sunday.

Miss Jessie Swinburn who is attending school at Canyon, spent Sunday and Monday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Swinburn.

Mr. Thell Drennon and Mr. Edd Lovell who have been working in the harvest near Canyon returned home Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Hunsucker visited his sister, Mrs. Elsie Kid near Hedley Saturday night and Sunday.

Miss Lavera Poovey is visiting her sister, Mrs. John Dial in Memphis.

Mrs. Pearl Wagoner of Oklahoma is visiting her brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Hunsucker.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dial of Memphis visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Poovey and family Sunday.

Mr. H. C. Tims and Mr. A. L. Allen attended the Masonic Lodge Saturday night at Goodnight.

Mrs. Morris and children and Mrs. Emma Dozier visited Mrs. J. M. Jordan Wednesday.

Mrs. Willie and children made a business trip to Clarendon Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fields, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Johnson of Groom, Ruth Caldwell, Wilma and Helena Poovey and Letty Caldwell visited Mr. and Mrs. Moreland and family Sunday.

Mrs. Murrell and daughter, Muffit visited her mother, Mrs. John Sims of Clarendon Wednesday.

Mrs. Rhodes made a business trip to Clarendon Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. Joe Lewis came home Tuesday after a few days trip to Amarillo.

Mrs. H. W. Lovell returned home Thursday after a month's visit with her daughter in Kansas City.

Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Johnson of Lubbock are visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Johnson.

Mr. Jim Banta, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Meeks of Newlin, Mr. and Mrs. Sauter and family and Miss Marie Morgan visited Mrs. Clarence Hichcock Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Eba Morgan and family of Waxahachie are visiting his sister, Mrs. Sauter and family.

Edd Lovell has returned from Canyon and is driving a tractor on the Chenault ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Poovey and family of Waxahachie visited his brother and family, Mr. W. A. Poovey the past week.

Mrs. Dunigan and children of Birmingham, Alabama, are visiting her cousin, Mrs. Dollie White.

Mr. and Mrs. Dunning and family visited Mr. and Mrs. Holtzclaw and family near Clarendon Sunday.

Mr. Roy Allen of Wink spent a few days the past week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Allen.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Russell and daughter of Honey Grove and Mrs. Henry Lovell of Clarendon, visited Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lovell Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence and family of Hedley visited Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Allen and family Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dell Shores and family, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Hichcock and Roy Allen visited in the W. A. Poovey home Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Russel, Mrs. Henry Lovell of Clarendon and Miss Mary Lovell, made a trip to Borger and Pampa Wednesday.

Mr. J. R. Brandon returned home after a few days visit with friends at Waco.

Mrs. D. F. Randel and daughter Beatrice visited in the John Watts home at Clarendon Wednesday.

Grady Henson, mother, sister, and children have the sympathy of the entire community in the loss of their brother, son and uncle, who died in Okla., last week. Mr. Henson's family attended the funeral from here.

Grandpa Morris who has been visiting his son Louie Morris and family here for some time became very seriously ill and had to be carried to a sanitarium last week. We hope for a speedy recovery.

We are glad to report Mr. W. P. Holly rapidly improving after getting both bones in the lower arm broken last week while working with a young horse.

Mr. N. B. Chenault and family of Wichita Falls, owner of the Chenault Ranch have moved to their Ranch home to spend the summer.

We are glad to report Oliver Hill of this community who was hurt at the Rodeo in Amarillo July 4th, slowly improving at the St. Anthony's sanitarium in Amarillo.

The following friends and neighbors of Mr. Hill met at his farm with their teams and plows and worked out his crop last Thursday: Messrs. Sam Evans, Harry Evans, H. W. Lovell, W. A. Poovey, Tate Poovey, Stanley Johnson, D. F. Randel, Joe Glispy, J. M. Jordan, Jr., Leo Wallace, W. W. Buck, Thell Drennon, L. P. White, Cummins Trussell, Henry Dozier, Horace Parker, Oscar Jones, Jay Payne, Willie Durham, and Tendall Gregg.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Cummings and family of Dalhart, Texas visited in the E. Dunn home over Saturday.

Acts Like It Was Made Just For Her

AMARILLO HOUSEWIFE HAD NOT SEEN A WELL DAY FOR FOURTEEN YEARS UNTIL SHE TOOK ORGATONE

"This Orgatone acts just like it was made especially to fit my case," said Mrs. J. J. Greene, residing at 1619-B Lincoln Street, Amarillo, Texas.

"The fact is, I hadn't seen a well day in fourteen years, and almost as soon as I started taking Orgatone it went right to the seat of my trouble and anybody could see I was getting better. My stomach gave me lots of trouble, and I had practically no appetite and sometimes it seemed like I hardly ate enough to keep me on my feet. In fact, I could not eat the things I liked as they would sour on my stomach causing gas to form and put me in misery for hours.

"Most everybody here seemed to be taking Orgatone for their troubles and I got some for myself. I have now taken two bottles and it is surprising the results I have gotten. My appetite is good and I now eat a good square meal and feel all right afterwards. All that gas and tired worn out feeling is gone. Orgatone has given me the energy I

needed and I'm now strong enough to go about my housework without feeling tired like I used to. I am sure glad I found Orgatone when I did, for it has done me more good than anything else I ever tried before and I mean to stick to it from now on."

Genuine Orgatone may be obtained in Clarendon at the Stockings Drug Store.

ALAN REED

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Williams and daughter, Nell O'Neal and grand son, Allen Ashley from Weatherford, Texas, are visiting their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Williams of Memphis, Texas were visiting in the home of their uncle J. H. Hill Sunday.

Miss Robin Davenport and girl friend from Washington, D. C. are visiting parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Davenport.

Miss Lillie Reese and friend Claud Fulton had the pleasure of meeting Miss Robin Davenport in Clarendon Monday evening.

We are sorry to report Mr. Enlow Crisp has undergone an appendicitis operation. The report is he is doing very well.

Miss Marry Snyder is spending a few days with her sister in Alanreed, Mrs. Byron Ball.

Mrs. Willie Taylor was in Alanreed shopping Saturday.

Misses Mildred Hill and Descina Loten were in Alanreed Sunday attending church.

Misses Mildred Hill, Descina Loten, and May Castelberry were in McLean shopping Saturday evening.

Mr. Jimmie Hill and Mrs. Tommie Palmer were in McLean Saturday evening.

The crops around McLean were damaged Saturday evening when a hail storm struck that section.

M. Curg Williams of McLean was visiting his uncle, Mr. John Hill Monday night.

Mr. Fern Davenport was in Alanreed Tuesday on business.

Mr. J. J. Palmer was in Alanreed Tuesday on business.

Mr. E. C. Reese and Claude Fulton made a business trip to Alanreed Tuesday.

Mr. Frank Howard of McLean was in Alanreed Tuesday.

Mr. J. W. Hill and children were in Alanreed Saturday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Odell Hill and sis-

ter were in Alanreed Saturday.

Miss Edna Pittlet and her brother Oscar attended the show at McLean Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Lovett Nobles were in Alanreed Monday.

Mrs. E. C. Woods and son spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and

Mrs. J. H. Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Link and daughter Joyce left for Lubbock Friday where they will visit with Mr. Link's parents.

Donley County Leader \$2 a Year

Clarendon Welding & Machine Shop

General Blacksmithing

Acetylene Welding, Lathe Work

Disc Rolling

Welding plant on wheels—Answer calls any hour.

"Try our road service"

If the other shop can't fix it—try us.

H. M. Parker, Prop. E. S. Nuckels, Welder & Machinist

Clarendon Welding & Machine Shop

H. M. Parker

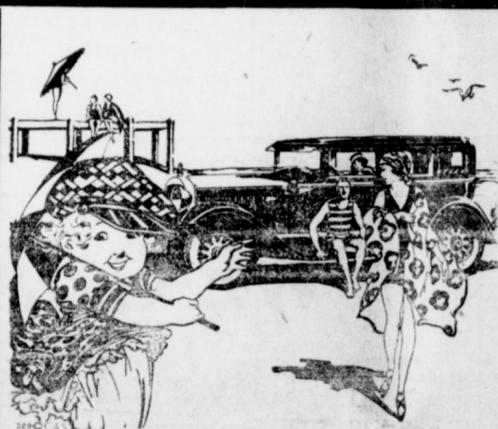
Phone 535



Mitchell's Barber and Beauty Shop announces an expert finger waver has joined the force.

- Soft, water Shampoo
- Facials
- Finger Waves
- Water Waves
- Marcel
- Henna Packs

Mitchell's Barber and Beauty Shoppe
Phone 110



VACATION TRIP

Don't you go on a vacation for a rest? To get away from worry?

Why have car trouble or worry about your car when, if you come to us before you go out, we will get it in shape for the trip.

LET US CARE FOR YOUR CAR

**CITY GARAGE
HOMMEL BROTHERS**

Let US Care for YOUR Car
CLARENDON, TEXAS



HAY-MAKING TIME

Nature planned that hay be made under summer sun.

The sunshine time of human life is the early period when it's possible to work, earn and accumulate something for those later seasons when we want to take it easy.

FARMERS STATE BANK

FEEDS!

You don't buy jewelry at a blacksmith shop, then come to a feed mill to buy your feeds—All Kinds

HOME GROUND MEAL AT ALL TIMES

SIMPSONS

Mill and Feed Store

Phone 149

CITY LOAN GALORE

\$2,88, and 114 months payments \$12.50, \$15.00 and \$16.00 per month



CLARENDON ABSTRACT COMPANY

J. J. ALEXANDER & SON
P. O. Box 147 Telephone No. 11

Navajo Rugs and Blankets

Since ancient times the Navajo Indians have manufactured by hand blankets of exceptional quality. The genuine article has always sold for a high price and is constantly getting higher.

NAVAJO BLANKETS AND RUGS

We manufacture by hand rugs and blankets from virgin wool and mohair taken right from the range on our own ranch. In making them in quantity we are enabled to keep up the quality and at the same time sell them at reasonable price. They are made in a wide variety of bright color designs that are sure to please. The blankets are used on beds, under the saddle and in cars, the bright Indian colors always attracting attention.

DRESSUP YOUR CAR WITH A NAVAJO PRODUCT

In buying from us you get the genuine—no questionable product. They last a life time with ordinary care and may be washed or cleaned repeatedly.

HOOK RUGS

We have gone the Indian one better in the manufacture of a modern hook rug using the same high grade material. The beautiful designs and expert workmanship will instantly appeal to the ladies. An ornament to your home and one of the nicest presents that can be given. They last for years and with an occasional cleaning, always look bright.

COW BOY'S REGALIA

For years we have made a specialty of cowboy blankets, cinch cord, etc. We know just what you demand in quality and can supply you the best.

PANHANDLE PEOPLE KNOW US

For the past several years we have shipped our various products to Panhandle people who appreciate what we have to offer. Clarendon people have used them and you can see our work right at your home. Write For Prices. We refer you to J. H. Rutherford or the owner of this paper as to our reliability.

E. C. HILL

MONUMENT,

NEW MEXICO

The TRAIL OF '98

A Northland Romance

by ROBERT W. SERVICE

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

WNUI Service

CHAPTER IV

NEVER shall I forget the last I saw of her, a forlorn, pathetic figure in black, waving a farewell to me as I stood on the wharf.

Well, she was going, and sad enough her going seemed to me. They were all for Dyca, and the grim old Chilcoat, with its blizzard-beaten steeps, while we had chosen the less precipitous, but more drawout, Skagway trail.

SEND IT IN!

If you have a bit of news Send it in; Or a joke that will amuse, Send it in. A story that is true, An incident that's new, We want to hear from you— Send it in.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Adams of Pampa were in the city on business Friday.

Mrs. J. R. Boston of Hedley was a shopper in Clarendon Saturday, taking advantage of the big sale at Greene's Dry Goods store.

John Harvey of Shamrock visited in the T. E. Trostle home Friday.

Bertie Mae Fitzpatrick and Sallie Houser were visitors in the W. O. Butler home the past week.

Iri Smith is back on the job at Alderson's after spending a great time at Altus, Oklahoma, on his vacation.

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These are six great features of the new U. S. Royal. Safer—anti-skid treads. Livelier—better cushioning. Sturdier—six plies of Web Cord. Smarter—designed for the car of today. Speedier—freer rolling, no suction. Economical—saves gas—wears longer.

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CITY GARAGE

Phone 266



them I saw the inseparable twins; the grim Hewson, the silent Mervin, each quiet and watchful, as if storing up power for a tremendous effort. There was the large unwholesomeness of Madam Winklestein, all jewelry, smiles and coarse badinage, and near her, her perfume husband, squinting and smirking abominably. There was the old man, with his face of a Hebrew seer, his visionary eye now aglow with financial enthusiasm, his lips ever muttering: "Klondike, Klondike"; and lastly, by his side, with a little wry smile on her lips, there was the white-faced girl.

How my heart ached for her! But the time for sentiment was at an end. The reign of peace was over; the fight was on. Hundreds of scattered tents; a few frame buildings, mostly saloons, dance halls and gambling joints; an eager, excited mob crowding on the loose sidewalk, thundering knee-deep in the mire of the streets, struggling and squabbling and cursing over their outfits—that is all I remember of Skagway.

The Prodigal developed a wonderful executive ability; he was a marvel of activity, seemed to think of everything and to glory in his responsibility as a leader. Always cheerful, always thoughtful, he was the brains of our party. He never abated in his efforts a moment, and was an example and a stimulus to us all. I say "all," for we had added the "Jam-wagon" (A Jam-wagon was the general name given to an Englishman on the trail) to our number. It was the Prodigal who discovered him. He was a tall, dissolute Englishman, gaunt, ragged and verminous, but with the earmarks of a gentleman.

A lost soul in every sense of the word, the North was to him a refuge and an unrestricted stamping-ground. So, partly in pity, partly in hope of winning back his manhood, we allowed him to join the party.

Pack animals were in vast demand, for it was considered a pound of grub was the equal of a pound of gold. We were lucky in buying a yoke of oxen from a packer for four hundred dollars. On the first day we hauled half of our outfit to Canyon City, and on the second we transferred the balance. This was our plan all through, though in bad places we had to make many relays. It was simple enough, yes, oh, the travail of it! All days were hard, all expediting, all crammed with discomfort; yet, bit by bit, we forged ahead. The army before us and the army behind never faltered. It was an endless procession, in which every man was for himself. There was no mercy, no humanity, no fellowship. All was blasphe-my, fury and ruthless determination. It is the spirit of the gold-trail.

At the canyon head was a large camp, and there, very much in evidence, the gambling fraternity. On one side of the canyon they had established a camp. It was evening, and three, the Prodigal, Salvation Jim and myself, strolled over to where a three-shell man was holding forth.

It was Moshier, with his bald head, his crafty little eyes, his flat nose, his black beard. I saw Jim's face harden. He had always shown a bitter hatred of this man, and often I wondered why.

We stood a little way off. The crowd thinned and filtered away until but one remained, one of the tall young men from Minnesota. We heard Moshier's rich voice:

"Say, pard, bet ten dollars you can't place her ten. See? I put the little joker under here, right before your eyes. Now where is it?"

"Here," said the man, touching one of the shells. "Right you are, my hearty! Well, here's your ten."

The man from Minnesota took the ten and was going away. "Hold on," said Moshier, "how do I know you had the money to cover that bet?"

"The man laughed and took from his pocket a wad of bills an inch thick. Quick as lightning Moshier had snatched the bills from him, and the man from Minnesota found himself gazing into the barrel of a six-shooter.

"This here's my money," said Moshier; "now you git."

A moment only—a shot rang out. I saw the gun fall from Moshier's hand and the roll of bills drop to the ground. Quickly the man from Minnesota recovered them and rushed off.

That night I said to Jim: "Hew did you do it?" He laughed and showed me a hole in his coat pocket which a bullet had burned.

"Good job you didn't hit him worse."

cruelty, he was constantly on the verge of combat. "That's a great man," said The Prodigal to me, "a fighter from heel to head. There's one he can't fight, though, and that's old man Boozie."

One day we were making a trip with a load of our stuff when, just ahead, there was a check in the march, so I and the Jam-wagon went forward to investigate. It was our old friend Bullhammer in difficulties. He had rather a fine horse, and in passing a sump-hole, his side had skidded and slipped downhill into the water. Now he was heaving, laboring the animal unmercifully, acting like a crazy man, shouting in a frenzy of rage.

The horse was making the most gallant efforts I ever saw, but with every fresh attempt, its strength weakened. Time and again it came down on its knees, which were raw and bleeding. It was shivering with sweat so that there was not a dry hair on its body, and if ever a dumb brute's eyes spoke of agony and fear, that horse's did. But Bullhammer grew every moment more infuriated, wrenching its mouth and heaving it over the head with a club. It was a sickening sight and I was to the inhumanity of the trail, I would have interfered had not the Jam-wagon jumped in. He was dead pale and his eyes burned.

"You infernal brute! If you strike that club another blow, I'll break your club over your shoulders."

Bullhammer turned on him. Surprise paralyzed the man, rage choked him. They were both big, husky fellows, and they drew up, face to face. Then Bullhammer spoke.

"Curse you, anyway. Don't interfere with me. I'll beat the body h—out of the horse if I like, and you won't say one word, see?"

With that he struck the horse another vicious blow on the head. There was a quick scuffle. The club was wrenched from Bullhammer's hand. I saw it come down twice. The man sprawled on his back, while over him stood the Jam-wagon, looking very grim. The horse slipped quietly back into the water.

"You ugly blackguard! I've a good mind to beat you within an ace of your life. But you're not worth it."

He gave Bullhammer a kick. The man got on his feet. He was a coward, but his pig eyes squinted in impotent rage. He looked at his horse lying shivering in the icy water.

"Get the horse out yourself, then, curse you. Do what you please with him. But mark you—I'll get even with you for this—I'll get—even."

He shook his fist and, with an ugly oath, went away. The block in the traffic was relieved. The trail was again in motion. When we got abreast of the submerged horse, we latched on the ox and hastily pulled it out, and (the Jam-wagon proving to have no little veterinary skill) in a few days it was fit to work again.

Another week had gone and we were still on the trail, between the head of the canyon and the summit of the Pass. Day after day was the same round of unflinching effort, under conditions that would daunt any but the stoutest hearts.

I met the Twins. They had just escaped the slide, they told me, and had not yet recovered from the shock. A little way back on the trail it was. I would see men digging out the bodies. They had dug out seventeen that morning. Some were crushed as flat as pancakes.

Again, with a pain at my heart, I asked for Berna and her grandfather. Twin number one said they were both buried under the slide. I gasped and was seized with sudden faintness. "No," said twin number two, "the old man is missing, but the girl has escaped and is nearly crazy with grief. Good by."

Once more I hurried on. Gangs of men were shoveling for the dead. Every now and then a shovel would strike a hand or a skull. Then a shout would be raised and the poor, misshapen body turned out.

Again I put my inquiries. A busy digger paused in his work. "Yes, that must have been the old guy with the whiskers they dug out early on from the lower end of the slide. Relative, name of Winklestein, took charge of him. Took him to the tent yonder. Won't let anyone go near."

He pointed to a tent on the hill-side, and it was with a heavy heart I went forward. There, poor old man, the strong man, with infinite patience, righted his overturned sleigh, and in the face of the blinding blizzard, pushed on through the clogging snow. "Klondike or bust"—the weary, trail-worn one raised himself from the hole where he had fallen, and stiff, cold, racked with pain, gritted his teeth doggedly and staggered on a few feet more.

"Klondike or bust"—the fanatic of the trail, crazed with the gold-rush, performed mad feats of endurance, till nature rebelled, and raving and howling, he was carried away to die.

We were camping in Paradise valley. Before us and behind us the great Cheeclako army labored along with infinite travail. We had suffered, but the trail of the land was near its end. And what an end! With every mile the misery and difficulty seemed to increase.

Then we came to the trail of the Redding Horses.

Dead animals we had seen all along the trail in great numbers, but the sight as we came on this particular place beggared description. There were thousands of them. One night we dragged away six of them before we could find room to put up the tent. There they lay, sprawling horribly, their ribs protruding through their hides, their eyes purled in the sunshine. It was like a battlefield, hauntingly hideous.

It was a Sunday and we were in the tent, indescribably glad of a day's rest. The Jam-wagon was mending a bit of harness; the Prodigal was playing solitaire. Salvation Joe had just returned from a trip to Skagway, where he had hoped to find a letter from the outside regarding one Jake Mosher. His usual hale and kindly face was drawn and troubled.

"I always did say there was God's curse on this Klondike gold," he said; "now I'm sure of it. There's a hoodoo on it. What it's a-goin' to cost, what hearts it's goin' to break no man's ever know. God only knows what it's cost already. But this last is the worst yet."

"What's the matter, Jim?" I said; "what last?"

"Why, haven't you heard? Well, there's just been a snowslide on the Chilcoat and several hundred people buried. Hundreds of poor sinners cut off without a chance to repent."

He was going to improve on the occasion when the Prodigal cut in. "Poor devils! I guess we must know some of them, too." He turned to me. "I wonder if your little Berna's friends are right?"

Indeed my thoughts had just flown to Berna. Among the exigencies of the trail (when we had to fix our minds on the trouble of the moment and every moment had its trouble) there was little time for reflection. Nevertheless, I had found at all the visions of her sitting before me, thoughts of her coming to me when I least expected them. Pity, tenderness and a good deal of anxiety were in my mind. I suppose I was silent, grave, and it must have been some intuition of my thoughts that made the Prodigal say to me:

"Say, old man, you would like to take a rub over the Drexel trail, I guess I can spare you for a day or so."

"Yes, indeed, I'd like to see the trail."

"Oh, yes, we've observed your enthusiastic interest in trails. Why don't you marry the girl? Well, cut along, old chap. Don't be gone too long, or you'll be missed."

So next morning, traveling as lightly as possible, I started for Bennett.

I was jogging along past the advance guard of the oncoming army, when who should I see but Mervin and Hewson. They looked thoroughly seasoned, and had made record time with a large outfit. In contrast to the worn, weary-eyed men with faces pinched and puckered, they looked insolently fit and full of fight. They had heard of the snowslide but could give me no particulars. I inquired for Berna and the old man. They were somewhere behind, between Chilcoat and Lindeman. "Yes, they were probably buried under the slide. Good-by."

I hurried forward, full of apprehension. A black stream of Chee-chakos were surging across Lindeman; then I realized the greatness of the other advancing army, and the vastness of the impulse that was urging these indomitable atoms to the North. It was blowing quite hard and many had put sails on their sleds with good effect.

Why was I so anxious about Berna? I did not know, but with every mile my anxiety increased. A dim unreasoning fear possessed me. I imagined that if anything happened to her I would forever blame myself. I hurried forward.

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ing. Beneath it lay the body of the old man. He was lying on his back, and had not been squeezed out of all human semblance like so many of the others. Nevertheless, he was ghastly enough, with his bluish face and wide bulging eyes. I felt around his waist. Ha! The money belt was gone!

"Winklestein," I said, turning suddenly on the little Jew. "I was this dead man's friend. I'm still his granddaughter's friend. I'm going to see justice done. This man had two thousand dollars in a gold belt round his waist. It belongs to the girl now. You've got to give it up, Winklestein, or by—"

"Prove it, prove it!" he spluttered. "You're a liar; she's a liar; you're all a pack of liars, trying to blackmail a decent man. He had no money, I say!"

"Oh, you vile wretch!" I cried. "I've a mind to choke your dirty throat—But—But—You'll make you cough up that money. Where's Berna?"

Suddenly he had become quietly malicious. "Find her," he jibed; "find her for yourself. And take yourself out of my sight as quickly as you please."

I saw he had me over a barrel, so, with a panting threat, I left him. A tent nearby was being run as a restaurant, and there I had a cup of coffee. Of the man who kept it, a fat, humorous cockney, I made inquiries regarding the girl. Yes, he knew her. She was living yonder tent with Madam Winklestein.

I thought him, gulped down my coffee, and made for the tent. The flap was down, but I rapped on the canvas, and presently the dark face of Madam appeared. When she saw me, it grew darker.

"What do you want?" she demanded. "I want to see Berna," I said. "Then you can't. Can't you hear her? Isn't that enough?"

Surely I could hear a very low, pitiful sound coming from the tent, something between a sob and a moan, like the wailing of an Indian woman over her dead, only infinitely subdued and anguished. I was shocked, awed, immeasurably grieved.

"Thank you," I said; "I'm sorry. I don't want to intrude on her in her hour of affliction. I'll come again."

"All right," she laughed tauntingly; "come again."

I slept at a bankhouse that night, and next morning I again made a call at the tent within which lay Berna. Again Madam, in a gaudy wrapper, answered my call, but this time, to my surprise, she was quite pleasant.

"No," she said firmly, "you can't see the girl. She's all prostrated. We've given her a sleeping powder and she's asleep now. But she's mighty sick. We've sent for a doctor."

There was indeed nothing to be done. With a heavy heart I thanked her, expressed my regrets and went away. What had got into me, I wondered, that I was so distressed about the girl, I thought of her continually, with tenderness and longing. To me there was in her, beauty, charm, every ideal quality. Yet must my eyes have been anointed, for others passed her by without a second glance. Oh, I was young and foolish, maybe; but I had never before known a girl that appealed to me, and it was very, very sweet.

So I went back to the restaurant and gave the fat cockney a note which he promised to deliver into her own hands. I wrote:

"Dear Berna: I cannot tell you how deeply grieved I am over your grandfather's death, and how I sympathize with you in your sorrow. I came over from the other trail to see you, but you were too ill. Now I must go back at once. I could only have said a word to comfort you."

"Oh, Berna, dear, go back, go back. This is no country for you. If I can help you, Berna, let me know. If you come on to Bennett, then I will see you."

"Believe me again, dear, my heart aches for you."

"Always affectionately yours, "ATHOL MELDRUM."

Then once more I struck out for Bennett.

Our last load was safely landed and the trail of the land was over. We had packed an outfit of four thousand pounds over a thirty-seven-mile trail and it had taken us nearly a month. For an average of fifteen hours a day we had worked for all that was in us; yet, looking back, it seems to have been more a matter of dogged persistence and patience than desperate endeavor.

Our party was well qualified to pass the test of the trail. The Prodigal was full of irrepressible enthusiasm, and always led to the muzzle with desire. Salvation Jim was a mine of foresight and resource while the Jam-wagon proved himself an insatiable glutton for work. Altogether we fared better than the average party.

We were camped on the narrow neck of water between Lindeman and Bennett, and as lay was two hundred and fifty dollars a ton, the first thing we did was butcher the ox. The next was to see about building a boat. We thought of whipsawing our own boards, but the timber near us was poor or thinned out, so that in the end we bought lumber, paying for it twenty cents a foot. We were all very in-experienced carpenters; however, by watching others, we managed to make a decent looking boat.

The ice was going fast. Strangers were still coming in over the trail with awful tales of its horrors. Bennett was all excitement and seething life. Thousands of un-gainly boats, rafts and scows were waiting to be launched. Already craft were beginning to come through from Lindeman, rushing down the fierce torrent between the two lakes.

The ice was loose and broken. We were all ready to start in a few

days. The mighty camp was in a ferment of excitement. Every one seemed elated beyond words. On some more, to Eldorado! A great exultation welled up in me, the voice of youth and ambition, the lust to conquer. I would succeed, I would wrest from the east, lonely, mysterious North some of its treasure. Silent and abstracted, I looked into the brooding disk of sheeny sky, my eyes dream-troubled.

Then I felt a ghostly hand touch my arm, and with a great start of surprise, I turned.

"Berna!"

The girl was wearing a thin black shawl around her shoulders, but in the icy wind blowing from the lake she trembled like a wand. Her face was pale, waxen, almost spiritual in its expression, and she looked at me with just the most pitifully sweet smile in the world.

"I'm sorry I startled you, but I wanted to thank you for your letter and for your sympathy. You see, I'm all alone now. The voice faltered, but went on bravely. "I've got no one that cares about me any more, and I've been sick, so sick I wonder I lived. I knew you'd forgotten me, and I don't blame you. But I've never forgotten you, and I wanted to see you, just once more."

She was speaking quite calmly and unemotionally.

"Berna!" I cried; "don't say that your reproach hurts me so. Indeed I did try to find you, but it's such a vast camp. There are so many thousands of people here. Time and time again I inquired, but no one seemed to know. No, Berna, I didn't forget. Many and many's a night I've lain longing to see you again. What a little white whist you are! You look as if a breeze would blow you away. You shouldn't be out this night, girl. Put my coat around you, come now."

I wrapped her in it and saw with gladness her shivering cease. In the opal light of the luminous sky her great gray eyes were lustrous.

"Berna," I said again, "why did you come in here, why? You should have gone back."

"Come back," she repeated. "Indeed I would have, oh, so gladly. But you don't understand—they wouldn't let me. After they got all his money—and they did get it, though they swear he had nothing—they made me come on with them. They said I owed them for his burial, and for the care and attention they gave me when I was sick. They said I must come on with them and work for them. I protested, I struggled. But what's the use? I can't do anything against them any more. I'm weak and I'm terribly afraid of her."

She shuddered, then a look of fear came into her eyes. I put my hand on her arm and drew her close to me.

"This is terrible, Berna. What have you been doing all the time?"

"Oh, I've been working, working for them. They've been running a little restaurant and I've waited on table. But we're going down the lake tomorrow, so I thought I would just slip away and say good-by."

Her tone was measured, her eyes closed almost.

"Yes, I'm afraid I must say it. When we get down there, it's good by, good by. The less you have to do with me, the better."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I mean this. These people are not decent. They're vile. I must go with them; I cannot get away. Go your way and leave me to whatever fate is in store for me."

"Never!" I said harshly. "What do you take me for, Berna?"

"My friend . . . you know after his death, when I was so sick, I wanted to die. Then I got your letter, and I felt I must see you again for—I thought a lot of you. So man's ever been so kind to me as you have. They've all been—the other sort. I used to think of you a good deal, and I wanted to do some little thing to show you I was really grateful."

"Oh, come, Berna, never mind that."

"Yes, I mean it. I just wanted to tell you the things a poor girl thought of you. We've neither of us got to think of each other any more . . . and I just wanted to give you this—to remind you sometimes of Berna."

It was a locket and contained a lock of her silken hair.

"It's worth nothing, I know, but just keep it for me."

"Indeed I will, Berna, keep it all ways, and I'll wear it for you. But I can't let you go like this. See here, girl, is there nothing I can do? Berna, Berna, look at me, is ten to me! Is there? What can I do? Tell me, tell me, my girl."

She seemed to sway to me gently. Indeed I did not intend it, but somehow she was in my arms. She felt so slight and frail a thing, I feared to hurt her.

Then I felt her bosom heaving, and I knew she was crying. For a little I let her cry, but presently I lifted up the white face that lay on my shoulder. It was wet with tears. Again and again I kissed her. She lay passively in my arms. Never did she try to escape nor hide her face, but seemed to give herself up to me. Her tears were salt upon my lips, yet her own lips were cold, and she did not answer to my kisses.

At last she spoke. Her voice was like a little sigh.

"Oh, if it could only be."

"What, Berna? Tell me what?"

"If you could only take me away from them, protect me, care for me. Oh, if you could only marry me, make me your wife, I would be the best wife in the world to you; I would work my fingers to the bone for you; and walk the world barefoot for your sake. Oh, my dear, my dear, pity me!"

It seemed as if a sudden light had flashed upon my brain, stunning me, bewildering me. I thought of the princess of my dreams, I thought of Garry and mother. Could I take her to them?

"Berna, tell me, by all you regard as pure and holy, do you love me?"

She was silent and averted her eyes.

"No, Berna," I said, "you don't; you're afraid. It's not the sort of love you've dreamed of. It's not your ideal. It would be gratitude and affection, love of a kind, but never that great dazzling light, that passion that would raise to heaven or drag to hell."

"How do I know? Perhaps that would come in time. I care a great deal for you. I think of you always. I would be a true, devoted wife—"

"Yes, I know, Berna; but you don't love me; see, dear. Listen, Berna! Here's where our difference in race comes in. You would



Her Tears Were Salt Upon My Lips, Yet Her Own Lips Were Cold.

rush blindly into this. You would not consider, test and prove yourself. It's the most serious matter in life to me, something to be looked at from every side, to be weighed and balanced."

As I said this, my conscience was whispering fiercely: "Oh, fool! Coward! Paltering, despicable coward! This girl throws herself on you, your honor, chivalry, manhood, and you screen yourself behind a barrier of convention."

However, I went on. "You might come to love me in time, but we must wait a while, little girl. Surely that is reasonable? I care a great deal, but I don't know if I love you in the great way people should love. Can't we wait a little, Berna? I'll look after you, dear; won't that do?"

She disengaged herself from me, sighing woefully.

"Yes, I suppose that'll do. Oh, I'll never forgive myself for saying that to you. I shouldn't, but I was so desperate. You don't know what it meant to me. Please forget it, won't you?"

"No, Berna, I'll never forget it, and I'll always bless you for having said it. Believe me, dear, it will all come right. I'll watch no one harms you, and love will come to both of us in good time, that love that means life and death, hate and adoration, rapture and pain, the greatest thing in the world. Oh, my dear, my dear, trust me! Let us wait a little longer, just a little longer."

"Yes, that's right, a little longer." Her voice was faint and toneless. "Now, good-night; they may have missed me."

Almost before I could realize it she had disappeared amid the tents, leaving me there in the gloom with my heart full of doubt, self-reproach and pain.

Oh, despicable, paltering coward!

W. E. Nelson, president of the Roan machinery company, was a business visitor in Clarendon Saturday

Little's Creed—We strive at all times to serve our patrons and the Great Buying Public by offering the highest quality merchandise at prices that are right and in a manner that is courteous at all times.

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Now for the Greatest Selling week in our History.

Starting Friday, July 19, for Eight Selling days we are going to give you the very best values for the least possible money. Every thing marked in plain figures and we assure you that none of these values can be duplicated—We are going to clean up several items below cost as we are over stocked on these few specials. We are going to leave it to your honest judgment as to values. Come and be convinced. We have not space to quote many of the wonderful Bargains.



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On Sale
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On Sale
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- Values to \$75.00 **\$37.50**
Now on Sale

9-4 SHEETING 9-4 Sheeting, Bleached and Unbleached, good grade— 29c Yard	BED SPREADS Rayon Bed Spreads, Rose, Yellow and Blue, 81x105, good \$3.00 value on sale— \$1.95 each	Printed Pongee 36 inch Printed Pongee Sells else where 29c on sale— 23c yard	CANTON CREPE 40 inch Canton Crepe Solid colors and prints values up to \$2.25 on sale— \$1.29 yard	BIAS TAPE Wright's Bias Tape, all colors, Lawn and Parcel regular 15c value— 5c	Cinderella Prints 1000 yards 32 inch Cinderella Prints, fast colors, regular 50c value on sale— 34c yard	FLAXON Flaxon, Guaranteed fast colors, beautiful assortment of patterns, regular 29c value on sale— 19c
SLIPPERS One table Ladies high grade Slippers, values up to \$5.00, on sale— \$1.98	Bleached Domestic 36 inch Bleached domestic, free from starch, regular 19c grade on sale 12 1-2c	36 inch Percals 1200 yards 36 inch Percals, regular 19c grade on sale— 13c yard	36 inch Cretonne 36 inch Cretonne, Big assortment of Floral designs, regular 25c values on sale— 17c yard	32 inch Gingham 32 inch Gingham, good assortment checks and plaids, on sale— 9c yard	Flaxon and Dimities Flaxon and Dimities, Floral designs, regular 49c value, on sale— 29c	WASH DRESSES One Big lot children's wash Dresses, size 2 to 14 values up to \$1.50 on sale 49c
WORK PANTS Men's Stripe Work Pants, Grey and Tan, regular \$1.75 values, on sale— \$1.19	DRESS SHIRTS One lot Men's fine dress Shirts, regular \$1.50 and \$1.75 values on sale 98c	STRAW HATS Men's Dress Straw Hats values to \$4.50 your choice— \$1.00	Men's Dress Shirts Men's Dress Shirts, regular \$1.00 values on sale— 50c	Shirts and Shorts Men's Shirts and Sorts regular 75c values, on sale— 49c each	Blue Work Shirts One lot Men's Blue Work Shirts, size 14 to 16, on sale— 38c	Rayon Unions Men's Rayon Unions, regular \$1.95 value, on sale— 98c
LADIES HATS One lot Ladies Summer hats, values to \$2.95 on sale— 50c	WASH DRESSES One lot Ladies Wash Dresses, values to \$2.50 on sale— 69c	LADIES HOSE Ladies Rayon Hose, regular 75c values on sale— 45c	Children's Oxfords One lot little Children's Oxfords, size 5 to 2 on sale— 98c	Rayon Bloomers Ladies and Misses Rayon Bloomers, regular 75c values on sale— 49c	DRESS PANTS Big reduction on our entire line of Men's Dress Pants. \$3.69	Men's Oxfords One lot of Men's Black and Tan Oxfords, regular \$5.00 values on sale— \$3.69

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