

## Road Work Stopped in This Part of County by Shortage of Funds

County Engineer Larrimore was in Patagonia yesterday, coming up to lay off the different road crews employed on building roads in this part of the county under the \$150,000 bond issue voted at the last election. It seems there will be no more money available for the next several weeks with which to pay the workmen, and for this reason the lay-off is necessary.

The State Engineer has furnished the Supervisors an engineer from his office at Phoenix, a Mr. Twitchell, who will work with the county engineer in constructing roads in this county. Taxpayers will be glad to know that the services of Mr. Twitchell are donated by the state engineer's office, and his work will cause no additional expense to the county. The work on the bridge across the Santa Cruz river is going ahead with a big crew of men. Half of the cost of constructing this bridge is to be paid by the county, the other half by the state. The total cost of the bridge is estimated at about \$25,000.

Perhaps it is realized by the engineer and supervisors that too much money is being spent on the Duquesne road, in proportion to the amount available for road work in the entire county. But the Duquesne company is one of the county's greatest assets, and is entitled to some consideration, in view of the taxes this mine will soon be paying. It should also be understood that this company agreed to spend an equal amount with the county in putting the road in condition from the mine to the railroad at Patagonia, in order that the company could be enabled to freight its ores here with the minimum expense. So far, it is said, the only contribution the Duquesne company has made to the work is a supply of powder.

It hardly seems a square deal to the county in general to stop the road work on the most important thoroughfare—the road through Patagonia to Nogales—on account of lack of funds, while work on the other road from Nogales to the Pima county line is continued. This is a State highway, however, and it is presumed the state bears most if not all of the expense. But in importance to Santa Cruz county this road is merely a "joy-riding" affair in comparison with the benefits of a good road from the county seat to Patagonia, and on through to Sonita and Elgin, connecting with the Borderland Highway.

In this matter of roads, Nogales is making the great mistake of overlooking her prosperous back country. It is from the mines of Patagonia and from the cattle and agricultural industries of this and the northern end of the county that the future growth and prosperity of the county seat will come from—not from Pima county.

### Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions, and in order to cure it you must take an internal remedy. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts thru the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. Hall's Catarrh Cure is what produces such wonderful results in catarrhal conditions. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. All Druggists, etc. Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

## An Appreciation

We wish to take this, the only means at hand, to express our appreciation and thanks for the unexampled kindness and ready assistance of the friends and neighbors of Patagonia in our recent time of terrible bereavement and sorrow. We especially appreciate the unnumbered services rendered to the family in general and to each individual member of the family, the general spirit of manifest desire to be of further service, and the beautiful floral offerings.

But more than all we would voice our appreciation of the seemingly universal desire to do honor to our loved one and to the kindred universal spirit of sympathy and identification with us in our feelings in our hour of trial. If there is anything earthly that could bring consolation at such a time it is this feeling of sympathetic support and entering into our grief on the part of his friends and ours, and the unmitigated effort of everyone to show loving respect and personal sorrow for the loss of our son and brother. That touch of real sorrow that makes the whole world kin will link us forever, by ties closer than friendship to the dear people of Patagonia and the surrounding community.

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Stevens.  
Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Henderson.  
Mr. and Mrs. Lew Stevens.  
Minnie Rosilla Stevens.

## SAN RAFAEL

The rainy season opened up here with the largest single rain for six years, and has been followed by generous downpours almost daily. Crops are looking fine, and the hills are taking on their usual carpet of green.

Elbert Kinsley and bride came in last week from California, where they have been spending their honeymoon.

A change has been made in the Patagonia-San Rafael mail route. The auto now goes from Patagonia direct to Parker's canyon, via Harshaw, Mowry and Duquesne, returning the same way. Mail for the San Rafael is left off at Mowry and brought on by Mr. Ringwald, who delivers along the route, thus serving several who were previously compelled to go quite a distance to the office.

Mrs. R. H. Looman and two sons came in a few weeks ago from Santa Maria, Cal., to visit with Mrs. Looman's mother, Mrs. Jos. Brandt, and brothers, Perry and Arthur Wilson. They returned home last week and were accompanied by Mrs. Brandt, who will visit on the coast for several months.

Workmen are now putting the finishing touches on Miss Grace Van Osedale's large adobe house.

Rastus Karns, well known cowboy and promoter of wild west entertainments, who shone as chief mogul at the successful Fourth of July celebration in Patagonia this year, was in town from Parker Canyon Wednesday.

### REWARD

LOST—From the Patagonia-Duquesne stage on July 7, one suit carton box containing one pair tailored brown pants, 1 pair khaki pants, 1 hair brush, 1 clothes brush, 1 bottle hair tonic, 2 packs Endess razor blades, 1 pack Ever Ready razor blades, 2 silver easels containing ladies' photographs. Finder please deliver package to Patagonia postoffice and receive reward. JAMES W. SLOANE, Harshaw, Arizona.

## CONCENTRATES

Nearly 200 men are now employed at the Duquesne company, in the mine and mill.

R. P. Luke, who is employed at the Harshell, is a business visitor to Douglas this week.

T. M. Heck, an oldtimer in the Alto country, interested in the Bland mine, came down to Patagonia Monday and left on the afternoon train for California, where he will visit with relatives for several weeks.

F. P. O'Neill, who recently disposed of the Rupert, north of town to Frank A. Kennedy and associates, mining men from Wisconsin, left Patagonia Monday for California, where he will spend the balance of the summer.

Engineer Gillispie and Nick Tusrough are out at the Mowry again this week. While their work is of a preliminary nature, it is believed with considerable evidence of certainty that the famous old Mowry mine is to be started up again.

A typographical error in last week's Patagonian made the donation of the Three R mine to the drilling contest held here on the Fourth read \$2,000, a figure 5 being left out. The Three R mine, through Superintendent Abel, donated \$25 to this contest.

James Finney Sr. came over from Bisbee Monday morning in his machine and went out to the property of the Royal Blue Mining and Milling company, in the Alto district, in which he is interested. According to reports everything is looking very favorable at this property at the present time.

Lots of ore and concentrates are coming in this week from the Duquesne Mining & Reduction company. The road from Patagonia to Duquesne has been lined with vehicles of all kinds, big trucks, caterpillars and mule teams, hauling down the ore for shipment to the smelter.

Franklin W. Smith of the Bisbee engineering firm of Smith & Ziesemer, who has been in the district for the past several weeks making a thorough examination of the Coronation group, has left the district for a few days to make an examination of another property. He says he will return shortly and expects to make Patagonia his headquarters until he has completed his work at the Coronation.

R. S. Montgomery, agent and demonstrator for an automobile truck, has returned to Patagonia after a trip of a few weeks in the East, principally in Boston, Mass. He reports great prosperity in the East, in many places the crowded condition of the local hotels compelling men to sleep on the sidewalks. Everyone is working, factories are running overtime, and every one is happy.

## Patagonia Smoke House

Cigars, Tobaccos, Newspapers and Magazines.

All kinds of Soft Drinks

C. J. TRASK, Prop.

## The Convenience of a Check

Suppose you are paying a bill amounting to \$23.47, could you take two ten dollar bills, three ones, a quarter, two dimes and two pennies and pay the bill as conveniently as by drawing a check for the amount and paying the bill?

A check, moreover, is preferred by business men in payment of accounts, since it is safer than currency and more easily handled.

You can open an account in this bank—and it will be appreciated—with any amount. You will always receive prompt and accommodating service.

## The First National Bank of Nogales,

NOGALES, ARIZONA  
ASSETS OVER \$2,000,000.00

## NEWS IN BRIEF

Colin Cameron Jr. was through town Wednesday, returning to Tucson from a business trip to Nogales.

Dr. Ray Ferguson was a passenger to Nogales on Wednesday evening's train for a few days' stay.

Wm. Murphy came up from Nogales Monday, after several days spent in the county seat, and went out to Harshaw.

Miss Eunice Parker of Nogales was visiting friends in the north end of the county this week.

Miss May Farrell of Harshaw is now helping Postmaster Shuchmann in attending to the extra work in the Nogales postoffice, as the result of the great influx of soldiers to the border city.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Pattison and little sons returned Wednesday morning from a month's vacation spent at Long Beach and other watering places in Southern California.

Dennis Coughlin, the veteran mining man from the Duquesne country, was in town Wednesday, leaving in the evening for the county seat, where he will remain a week.

Howard Keener came down from his work at the Tucson Star office Tuesday and went to his ranch in the San Rafael valley. The new house being built by his aunt, Miss Grace Van Osedale on the place adjoining his, was damaged considerably by recent rains.

Frank Araiza and sister, Miss Teresa Araiza, of Bisbee stopped in Patagonia a few hours en route to Nogales Sunday in a machine. They were taking their mother to Nogales, who was going to Magdalena to visit relatives. The Araizas are quite prominent among the Spanish-Americans of Bisbee.

Postmaster Francis was a visitor for a few days in Nogales the latter part of last week. He says there are so many soldiers in Nogales that civilians have difficulty in getting about the streets. He also reports that it is the intention to send some of the soldiers to Patagonia, but when or how many is not known.

Carpenters in the employ of the S. P. company are this week making much-needed repairs to the station and section house in Patagonia. They have completed the big ore platform, and it is said to be one of the finest on the entire system. Burros, trucks, caterpillars and big freight teams are fast filling the new platform with ore from the mines of the Patagonia country.



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your first order, because we know that the satisfaction you will derive from that will open your eyes to the fact that you cannot do better anywhere else than you can with us. You will find that we are not "all at sea" in our business. When it comes to serving delicious soft drinks we're right there.  
**PENDERGRASS' Amusement Parlor**

## Federal Aid Roads

The sum of \$85,000,000 of Federal funds is made available for the construction of rural roads, by the passage of the Federal-aid road bill, which became a law on July 11, 1916. Of this sum, \$75,000,000 is to be expended for the construction of rural post roads under co-operative arrangements with the highway departments of the various states, and \$10,000,000 is to be expended for roads and trails within or partly within the national forests. The act limits the Federal government's share in road work in co-operation with the states to 50 per cent of the estimated cost of construction. Federal aid may be extended to the construction of any rural post road, excluding all streets or roads in towns of 2500 or more. Five million dollars is made available for expenditure during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1917, and thereafter the appropriation is increased at the rate of five millions a year until 1921, when the sum provided is twenty-five millions. In addition, an appropriation of \$1,000,000 a year for 10 years—a total of \$10,000,000—is made available for the development of roads and trails wholly or partly within the national forests. The class of roads to be built and the method of construction are to be mutually agreed upon by the Secretary of Agriculture and the State highway departments.

Judge McFall, a prominent stock man of Cochise county, was in Patagonia the fore part of this week, interviewing cattlemen. Judge McFall is the author of the horse racing bill, vetoed by the governor, but now before the Supreme court of this state. By the pari-mutual system of betting, the evils of bookmaking are to be done away with at race meets. It is claimed by advocates of the pari-mutual system that interest in raising thoroughbred horses will be revived in Arizona.

C. C. Smith, who many years ago was superintendent of the Harshell, and who helped lay out the town of Patagonia, returned this week for a visit with old friends. It is the first visit here in five years, and Mr. Smith was very agreeably surprised at the many changes in that time.

## The Owl Says

Our drug store is as near as your mail box. Mail Orders—Prompt—try us

Owl Drug Store  
Nogales, Ariz.

## Principal Mines of the County to Be on Electric Power Line

Sidney R. Hatch, an engineer in the employ of the International Gas company of Nogales, with a corps of assistants, is this week making the preliminary survey for the extension of the company's transmission line for power to the Three R mine. As the plan is being worked out by the engineers, it is the intention to tap the transmission line already built from Nogales to Duquesne at a point in the vicinity of the Four Metals mine, in the southern end of the county, in the Patagonia mining district, and from this point to build the line northward to Mowry, on to Harshaw and from there to a point just below the World's Fair mine, from which place the line will turn directly to the left and go in a straight line westward to the Three R. The survey is of a preliminary nature, but it also consists in making final locations.

By constructing the extension of the power line in this manner, it will be seen, almost every producing mine and prospect in the southern part of the county will be either directly on the line or in very close proximity. Beginning at the Four Metals and coming northward the next mine of importance is the old Mowry; then the Blue Nose, Hermosa, Harshell, Trench, World's Fair, Chief, Flux and the Three R. None of these properties, as well as many more not enumerated, will be more than two miles from the power line, while most of them will be much nearer. The line, where it switches westward from the World's Fair to go to the Three R, will be about two miles from Red Mountain, and at its nearest point, about four miles from Patagonia.

The work is to be completed and power furnished to the Three R mine within 60 days.

The funeral of Harry Stevens, who lost his life in the Andes mine on Red mountain, was held at the cemetery in Patagonia Saturday morning, being conducted by Rev. B. H. Mobley of Nogales. It was one of the largest funerals ever held in this community, showing the esteem in which Harry Stevens was held by people of this district. The pallbearers, composed of 20 young men of about Stevens' age, carried the casket to the grave from Cady's hotel, where the service was held.

The moving picture show will give another entertainment Sunday night, and with the new equipment recently purchased for the lighting apparatus the show should be good. Five interesting films have been secured. The chief picture to be shown is a special feature film of two reels, "The House With the Drawn Shades." Other good pictures to be presented are: "One Kind of Friend," "By Return Mail" and "The Last Act." The show starts at 8:30.

## PATAGONIA RESTAURANT

JOHN P. B. SCHULTZ, Prop.

Short orders served. Choice steaks and fresh eggs. Steady boarders \$1 a day. Meal tickets, 21 meals \$7. Home cooking. Next door to Patagonia Smokehouse. Table Supplied With Best the Market Affords

## Is it in the Dictionary?

If you want to know the meaning of a word you look in a dictionary—don't you? And if you don't find it there you conclude there is no such word. If you want to know the worth of a man you look for his Bank Account, and if he hasn't one you conclude he is not a successful man.

The name of every man who has a Bank Account here appears in the Dictionary of Success.

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Nogales - - - Arizona

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Furniture and Hardware  
Tinware, wall paper, window shades, glassware, crockery, carpets, paints, oils, window glass, etc.

GEO. B. MARSH, Inc.  
Nogales, Ariz.

**MINING MACHINERY AND SUPPLIES**  
If you need anything in the mining industry Call on Us  
**ROY & TITCOMB, Inc.**  
NOGALES, ARIZONA

**For the Prospectors and Miners**  
We have full supplies of—  
STOVES TENTS COTS MATTRESSES PILLOWS PICKS  
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We have the always reliable Diamond M flour with a full line of Groceries of the same high standard.  
Fresh vegetables every Thursday.  
**Washington Trading Co.**

# Santa Cruz Patagonian

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

J. B. PRICE Editor and Owner

## WHY HE FELL FROM GRACE

Indian's Excuse for Intoxication Not Altogether Complimentary to Ex-President Taft.

John Cottonwood had not been a success as a total abstainer, though he had given the Indian agent in charge many promises of a better life. Finally a jail sentence of ten days at hard labor had a wholesome effect. The effect was not permanent. Cottonwood was brought in to the agent, if not red-handed at least very red-eyed. "I am ashamed of you, John. How did it happen?" asked the agent. "Have I your permission to explain?" courteously inquired the prisoner at the bar in a musical voice. "Go ahead." "It happened to me that my wife sent me to town with 75 cents she had earned washing that I might buy some groceries." "Well?" "I was walking down the street thinking how now I was able to pass the bad place where liquor is sold by the one-eyed Japanese at the back of the poolroom to Indians." "Yes." "When I arrived at the busy part of town I saw great crowds. I hurried to find why the whole city had come out upon the streets. I came to the steps of the First National bank which were crowded. I saw a friend there standing. I asked of him why so many were collected. He explained that this was a feast day for the reason that the Great Father from Washington, President William H. Taft, was to pass that way this day. Many had been assembled since early morning. I was a happy man. All my life had I wished to see the Great Father. I joined the throng and waited. All the day we waited. It was very hot. Many automobiles passed. The dust was like thick smoke. In the middle of the day came a great shouting. The music of the bands was loud. My heart stopped. My eyes were to see the Great Father. An automobile came up, then another. In the second one was an awful bulk. I trembled. "No," I said to myself, "that shape cannot be a Great Father from Washington." But it was. I could not endure the pain I felt. The next thing I knew was nothing. I am here. I have no more to say," sorrowfully concluded the culprit.—Kansas City Star.

## Our Native Humorists.

John Kendrick Bangs takes no stock in the opinion that American humor is degenerating. In his new book of reminiscences, "From Pillar to Post," he even asserts that we are so surfeited with first-rate humor that we can't see the wood for the trees. "A period that has produced a Doolley and an Ade and an Irving Cobb and a Bert Leston Taylor," says Mr. Bangs, "is surely not poor in humorous possessions of a scintillating character, whether we demand that our humor shall be a product of pure fun or of profoundly serious thinking. "In the humor that is designed to interpret life itself I find an endless store of it in the works of Wallace Irwin, of Montague Glass, of Miss Edna Ferber and of Mrs. Alice Hogan Rice, the last two, by the way, forming a complete refutation of the preposterous notion that women are devoid of the sentiment that cheers but does not inebriate. "And as for the wits, if Oliver Herford were as lonely among wits as he is unique, I should still find that we were rich beyond measure in that form of humor which is for the most part intellectual, of the mind, rather than of the emotions."

## Record Load of Logs.

The largest load of logs ever drawn by a team of horses hitched to a sleigh was recently hauled fifteen miles from a lumber camp in Beltrami county, Minnesota, to the town of Pine Island, where it was shipped on nine freight cars to the nearest saw mill. Six horses were required to haul the monster load, which consisted of 200 twelve-foot logs, weighing approximately 250 tons. When sawed up these logs produced over 50,000 feet of lumber. The fifteen-mile trip was made in a little more than eight hours, with occasional breathing spells for the horses. In winter logs are always hauled on sleighs, which is a much easier method of transportation than by wagon, inasmuch as the runners of the sleighs do not sink into the ground.

## When East Meets West.

An amusing illustration of the modesty of the Chinese in matters of dress is given by Elizabeth Cooper in her new book, "The Harim and the Purlah." "When one of the imperial princes was en route to England," she writes, "he attended his first foreign dinner in Shanghai. About twenty-five of the guests were English and American ladies, dressed in their most elaborate gowns, which means extreme décolleté. "The attaches of the prince had tried to prepare his highness for the sight he was to witness, but they had evidently underestimated its startling qualities, because when the prince arrived and gave one amazed look at his hostess and the line of waiting ladies he was nonplused. "He looked pitifully for his interpreter, and not receiving aid from him, put down his head, shut his eyes, and bravely stumbled around the room, groping blindly for each lady's hand, as he had been informed that he should shake hands with them."

## CITY HAS SUFFERED MUCH

Diarbekr, on the Upper Tigris, One of the Most Interesting Spots on Earth.

One of the important cities of Asia Minor lying in the region in which the Russian and Turkish armies have been in contact for some time is Diarbekr, situated on the upper Tigris, which, at this point, is a stream flowing through a deeply cut open valley. Describing its situation, the National Geographic society says:

"The situation of Diarbekr is an impressive one. Built upon a basaltic tableland, surrounded by walls constructed of basaltic rock, the city overlooks a broad bend of the Tigris, which flows by its eastern side. Beneath the walls of the city and within the bend of the river lies a plain covered with vegetation of every shade of green that the East can produce. Few cities of the earth have undergone greater vicissitudes than Diarbekr. Roman and Persian, Armenian and Parthian, Arab and Turk have disputed its possession. In one of its many changes alone, more than 80,000 of its population were put to the sword.

"So heavy has been the toll that war has levied upon it that where once it was larger than the capital of the United States, today less than 40,000 people dwell there. The city is rich in remnants of its former greatness. Old Jacobite, Greek and Armenian churches raise their spires to heaven along with the minarets of a host of Mohammedan mosques. Silk raising is a principal industry, and the sheaves that the inhabitants bring in there are sheaves of mulberry leaves which serve as fodder for the hungry and ravenous silkworm. Lettuce is a favorite article of diet, and the Turks eat it all day long.

"The Diarbekr scorpion is as frequent if not as poisonous as the New Mexican tarantula, and thousands are bitten annually by it. But its venom is not penetrating like that of the snake, hence prompt scarification of the wound prevents infection."

## Rather a New Thing.

A Chicago woman has asked for a place on the police force, advancing as her special reason the fact that "her husband is a poet and she has to live."

Perhaps this case might be cited in support of the assertion that clever men seldom marry clever women, and vice versa, although it is hard to say whether the cleverness in this particular instance is possessed by the poet husband or by the wife who wants to become a policewoman in order to live. We have our suspicion, however, without knowing anything about the respective merits of the pair. It is, at least, a mark of originality for a woman to aspire to active work on the police force, and a vein of originality is one of the attributes of cleverness, while even a stupid person may write poetry or what often passes for poetry in these days.

Perhaps this Chicago husband is not really a poet, but only thinks he is a poet. It is unfortunate that there is a lot of confusion of these two classes in the popular mind, for there have been, and still are, many worthy poets who are not afflicted with stupidity, but they treat poetry as a pastime and carry it along as a side line, getting their bread and butter with something more dependable. As a rule, a man who makes poetry his steady job is a pretty poor specimen as a husband, and his wife is in luck if she does not have to take in washing.

It is to be expected that his Chicago wife is the real poet of the family, because she has the vision to see the reality of life, and if she gets her place on the police force it would probably please her friends if her first official act were to run her husband in for non-support.—Providence Journal.

## Artificial Limbs Are Marvels.

Since the war broke out, artificial limb makers have surprised many people by the excellence of their achievements. One dashing young English officer, who lost his right leg just above the knee in the Marne fighting, has been fitted with so good a substitute that he is still able to continue in the service.

Another adventurer, who lost the major portion of one of his legs in a Mexican rebellion, went to England soon after the beginning of hostilities, hoping to take part in the fighting. He is a most expert horseman, and has been fitted with an artificial limb so perfect that now he rides as well as ever. It is only the wildest of buck-jumpers that can unseat him.

## Czar Honors Emir of Bokhara.

The vastness of the Russian empire was emphasized when it was made known that the czar had appointed Emir of Bokhara, one of his tributary monarchs, an aide-de-camp general attached to his suite. Nicholas also sent the Emir a formal message thanking him for the gifts Bokhara has contributed to Russian war-funds and for the care which the Asiatic prince has taken to see that no disorder in his state disturbed Russian internal harmony.

## A Sad Diagnosis.

"Well," said Bilkins, "the doctors say that I am as sound as a dollar." "That's tough," said Wilkins. "A dollar doesn't last very long these days."

## Articulate.

"Money talks, they say." "Yes—if only it wouldn't say good-bye so often!"

# The THOUSANDTH WOMAN

BY ERNEST W. HORNING  
Author of *The Amateur Cracksmen*, *Raffles*, Etc.  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. IRWIN MYERS  
COPYRIGHT BY O. IRWIN MYERS

## CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

And yet he seemed to make no secret of it; and yet—it did explain his whole conduct since landing, as Toye had said.

She could only shut her eyes to what must have happened, even as Cazalet himself had shut his all this wonderful week, that she had forgotten all day in her ingratitude, but would never, in all her days, forget again!

"There won't be another case," she heard herself saying, while her thoughts ran ahead or lagged behind like sheep. "It'll never come out—I know it won't."

"Why shouldn't it?" he asked so sharply that she had to account for the words, to herself as well as to him.

"Nobody knows except Mr. Toye, and he means to keep it to himself." "Why should he?"

"I don't know. He'll tell you himself." "Are you sure you don't know?" "What can he have to tell me? Why should he screen me, Blanche?"

His eyes and voice were furious with suspicion, but still the voice was lowered.

"He's a jolly good sort, you know," said Blanche, as if the whole affair was the most ordinary one in the world. But heroics could not have driven the sense of her remark more forcibly home to Cazalet.

"Oh, he is, is he?"

"I've always found him so."

"So have I, the little I've seen of him. And I don't blame him for getting on my tracks, mind you; he's a bit of a detective, I was fair game, and he did warn me in a way. That's why I meant to have the week—" He stopped and looked away.

"I know. And nothing can undo that," she only said; but her voice swelled with thanksgiving. And Cazalet looked reassured; the hot suspicion died out of his eyes, but left them gloomily perplexed.

"Still, I can't understand it. I don't believe it, either! I'm in his hands. What have I done to be saved by Toye? He's probably scouring London for me—if he isn't watching this window at this minute!"

He went to the curtains as he spoke. Simultaneously Blanche sprang up, to entreat him to fly while he could. That had been her first object in coming to him as she had done, and yet, once with him, she had left it to the last! And now it was too late; he was at the window, chuckling significantly to himself; he had opened it, and he was leaning out.

"That you, Toye, down there? Come up and show yourself! I want to see you."

He turned in time to dart in front of the folding doors as Blanche reached them, white and shuddering. The flush of impulsive bravado fled from his face at the sight of hers.

"You can't go in there. What's the matter?" he whispered. "Why should you be afraid of Hilton Toye?"

How could she tell him? Before she had found a word, the landing door opened, and Hilton Toye was in the room, looking at her.

"Keep your voice down," said Cazalet anxiously. "Even if it's all over with me but the shouting, we needn't start the shouting here!"

He chuckled savagely at the jest; and now Toye stood looking at him. "I've heard all you've done," continued Cazalet. "I don't blame you a bit. If it had been the other way about, I might have given you less run for your money. I've heard what you've found out about my mysterious movements, and you're absolutely right as far as you go. You don't know why I took the train at Naples, and traveled across Europe without a handbag. It wasn't quite the put-up job you may think. But, if it makes you any happier, I may as well tell you that I was at Uplands that night, and I did get out through the foundations!"

The insane impetuosity of the man was his master now. He was a living fire of impulse that had burst into a blaze.

"I always guessed you might be crazy, and I now know it," said Hilton Toye. "Still, I judge you're not so crazy as to deny that while you were in that house you struck down Henry Craven and left him for dead?"

Cazalet stood like red-hot stone. "Miss Blanche," said Toye, turning to her rather shyly, "I guess I can't do what I said just yet. I haven't breathed a word, not yet, and perhaps I never will, if you'll come away with me now—back to your home—and never see Henry Craven's murderer again!"

"And who may he be?" cried a voice that brought all three face about. The folding-doors had opened, and a fourth figure was standing between the two rooms.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### The Person Unknown.

The intruder was a shaggy elderly man, of so cadaverous an aspect that

his face alone cried for his death-bed; and his gaunt frame took up the cry, as it swayed upon the threshold in dressing-gown and bedroom slippers that Toye instantly recognized as belonging to Cazalet. The man had a shock of almost white hair, and a less gray beard clipped roughly to a point. An unwholesome pallor marked the fallen features; and the envenomed eyes burned low in their sockets, as they dealt with Blanche but fastened on Hilton Toye.

"What do you know about Henry Craven's murderer?" he demanded in a voice between a croak and a caw. "Have they run in some other poor devil, or were you talking about me? If so, I'll start a libel action, and call Cazalet and that lady as witnesses!"

"This is Scruton," explained Cazalet, "who was only liberated this evening after being detained a week on a charge that ought never to have been brought, as I've told you both all along." Scruton thanked him with a bitter laugh. "I've brought him here," concluded Cazalet, "because I don't think he's fit enough to be about alone."

"Nice of him, isn't it?" said Scruton bitterly. "I'm so fit that they wanted to keep me somewhere else longer than they'd any right; that may be why they lost no time in getting hold of me again. Nice, considerate, kindly country! Ten years isn't long enough to have you as a dishonored guest. Won't you come back for another week, and see if we can't arrange for a nice little sudden death and burial for you?" But they couldn't see, blast 'em!

He subsided into the best chair in the room, which Blanche had wheeled up behind him; a moment later he looked round, thanked her curtsy, and lay back with closed eyes until suddenly he opened them on Cazalet.

"And what was that you were saying—that about traveling across Europe and being at Uplands that night? I thought you came round by sea? And what night do you mean?"

"The night it all happened," said Cazalet steadily.

"You mean the night some person unknown knocked Craven on the head?"

"Yes."

The sick man threw himself forward in the chair. "You never told me this!" he cried suspiciously; both the voice and the man seemed stronger.

"There was no point in telling you." "Did you see the person?"

"Yes."

"Then he isn't unknown to you?"

"I didn't see him well."

Scruton looked sharply at the two mute listeners. They were very intent, indeed. "Who are these people, Cazalet? No! I know one of 'em," he answered himself in the next breath. "It's Blanche Macnair, isn't it? I thought at first it must be a younger sister grown up like her. You'll forgive prison manners, Miss Macnair, if that's still your name. You look a woman to trust—if there is one—and you gave me your chair. Anyhow, you've been in for a penny and you can stay in for a pound, as far as I care! But who's your American friend, Cazalet?"

"Mr. Hilton Toye, who spotted that I'd been all the way to Uplands and back when I claimed to have been in Rome!"

There was a touch of Scruton's bitterness in Cazalet's voice; and by some subtle process it had a distinctly mollifying effect on the really embittered man.

"What on earth were you doing at Uplands?" he asked, in a kind of confidential bewilderment.

"I went down to see a man." Toye himself could not have cut and measured more deliberate monosyllables.

"Craven?" suggested Scruton.

"No; a man I expected to find at Craven's."

"The writer of the letter you found at Cook's office in Naples the night you landed there, I guess!"

It really was Toye this time, and there was no guesswork in his tone. Obviously he was speaking by his little book, though he had not got it out again.

"How do you know I went to Cook's?"

"I know every step you took between the Kaiser Fritz and Charing Cross and Charing Cross and the Kaiser Fritz!"

Scruton listened to this interchange with keen attention, hanging on each man's lips with his sunken eyes; both took it calmly, but Scruton's surprise was not hidden by a sardonic grin.

"You've evidently had a stern chase with a Yankee clipper!" said he. "If he's right about the letter, Cazalet, I should say so; presumably it wasn't from Craven himself?"

"No."

"Yet it brought you across Europe to Craven's house?"

"Well—to the back of his house! I expected to meet my man on the river."

"Was that how you missed him more or less?"

"I suppose it was." Scruton ruminated a little, broke into his offensive laugh, and checked it instantly of his own accord. "This is really interesting," he croaked. "You get to London—at what time was it?"

"Nominally three-twenty-five; but the train ran thirteen minutes late," said Hilton Toye.

"And you're on the river by what time?" Scruton asked Cazalet.

"I walked over Hungerford bridge, took the first train to Surbiton, got a boat there, and just dropped down with the stream. I don't suppose the whole thing took me very much more than an hour."

"Aren't you forgetting something?" said Toye.

"Yes, I was. It was I who telephoned to the house and found that Craven was out motoring; so there was no hurry."

"Yet you weren't going to see Henry Craven?" murmured Toye.

Cazalet did not answer. His last words had come in a characteristic burst; now he had his mouth shut tight, and his eyes were fast to Scruton. He might have been in the witness-box already, a doomed wretch cynically supposed to be giving evidence on his own behalf, but actually only baring his neck by inches to the rope, under the joint persuasion of judge and counsel. But he had one friend by him still, one who had edged a little nearer in the pause.

"But you did see the man you went to see?" said Scruton.

Cazalet paused. "I don't know. Eventually somebody brushed past me in the dark. I did think then—but I can't swear to him even now!"

"Tell us about it."

"Do you mean that, Scruton? Do you insist on hearing all that happened? I'm not asking Toye; he can do as he likes. But you, Scruton—you've been through a lot, you know—you ought to have stopped in bed—do you really want this on top of all?"

"Go ahead," said Scruton. "I'll have a drink when you've done; somebody give me a cigarette meanwhile."

Cazalet supplied the cigarette, struck a match, and held it with unflinching hand. The two men's eyes met strangely across the flame.

"I'll tell you all exactly what happened; you can believe me or not as you like. You won't forget that I



## What Do You Know About Henry Craven's Murderer?

knew every inch of the ground—except one altered bit that explained itself." Cazalet turned to Blanche with a significant look, but she only drew an inch nearer still. "Well, it was in the little creek, where the boat-house is, that I waited for my man. He never came—by the river. I heard the motor, but it wasn't Henry Craven that I wanted to see, but the man who was coming to see him. Eventually I thought I must have made a mistake, or he might have changed his mind and come by road. The dressing-gong had gone; at least I supposed it was that by the time. It was almost quite dark, and I landed and went up the path past the back premises to the front of the house. So far I hadn't seen a soul, or been seen by one, evidently; but the French windows were open in what used to be my father's library, the room was all lit up, and just as I got there a man ran out into the flood of light and—"

"I thought you said he brushed by you in the dark?" interrupted Toye.

"I was in the dark; so was he in another second; and no power on earth would induce me to swear to him. Do you want to hear the rest, Scruton, or are you another unbeliever?"

"I want to hear every word—more than ever!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Poor Speculation.

In theory it is good to go about shedding sunshine and making two smiles grow where one organ grew before, but in practice the pursuit is sometimes unpleasantly painful. Should you, at the dinner table in the boarding house which you infest, humorously request the waitress to fetch you a few capsules in which to take your butter, or inform the landlady that she does not really keep her boarders longer than any other reduced gentilewoman in that part of town, but instead keeps them so much thinner that they look longer, you may win a few pale smiles from your fellow guests, but the mistress of the mansion will soak you two dollars more per week for your wit.—Kansas City Star.

## Apt to Be Costly.

Wife—Oh, Tom, I dreamed last night that you bought me a beautiful automobile. Hub—Good heavens! You'll ruin me with your extravagant dreams.

# CAP and BELLS



## TREATMENT OF WAR VETERAN

Bed He Was Compelled to Sleep on Was Uncomfortable, but Was Well Supplied With Legs.

An army officer said at a dinner: "The mutilated young heroes of the world war will be very finely treated for a few years; then afterward they will be treated no better, but probably worse, than anybody else. "Look at our own Civil war veterans. Nothing very wonderful about their treatment, eh?"

"I remember a Civil war veteran with one leg who went to Ocean Grove one summer. His bedroom was clean, but the bed was most uncomfortable, and in the morning he said to his landlady:

"I couldn't sleep last night, ma'am. The room was clean, but the bed was more uncomfortable than the rocky fields I used to sleep in on my campaigns. The bed, in fact, is unsteady, ma'am. It has only three legs."

"Only got three legs, eh?" sneered the landlady. "Well, you old groucher, that's two more'n you've got!"

## Left Behind.

"When I was a young man, mum, de neighbors where I lived called me a 'human dynamo,'" said the languid looking tramp.

"Well, they wouldn't call you that now," answered the housewife.

"No'm. But I was like a dynamo in one respect."

"How was that?"

"The energy I created never got me anywhere."

## Progress.

"Why should women want the vote?" asked Mr. Twobble fretfully. "Don't they run everything now to suit themselves?"

"Only within certain limits," replied Mrs. Twobble. "To the average woman of intelligence boasting a husband is such child's play that unless she expands her zone of activities she is apt to retrograde."

## DIFFERENT THEN.



Hubby—It's strange that I can never find anything about the house that belongs to me without your assistance.

Wife—How did you manage before we were married, dear?

Hubby—Oh! things stayed where I put them then.

## But They Don't Pay a Rentette.

"So you were up to see the Newly-weds. What do you think of their flat?"

"Flat? It's merely a flatette, consisting of kitchenette, parlorette, chamsette and bathlette."

## Quick Action.

"Was your new play a go?" asked the friend of the would-be author.

"Yes; that was the trouble," replied the other. "I was in hopes it would stay for a week at least."

## Then They Might Be Girls.

Nurse—It's twins, sir. Father—Holy Moses and Jumpin' Jehosephat!

Nurse—Oh, no; we haven't named them yet.

## Nothing Lacking.

"Are you careful about possible ptomaines in your ice cream?"

"You bet, we insist on them. We have everything up to date that's going."

# The Inexpressible Joy

of being able to eat without any annoying distress must have its beginning in a strong, active stomach.

If you suffer from poor appetite, heartburn, cramps, biliousness, constipation or malaria, JUST TRY

## HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

63 Years a Family Medicine

Meant Well, But—Viscount French of Ypres often tells an amusing story about a French review that he attended a good many years ago.

General French—as he then was—attended the men's dinner in camp one day, and as he puffed on his cigar he noticed that 300 young Frenchmen had nothing to smoke whatever.

Accordingly, he sent to his tent for three boxes of Havanas and these were quickly distributed among the troops. A rare treat, truly.

To show their gratitude the soldiers, without consulting with their sergeants, lined up in two files, marched toward the English general, and, raising their right hands to their caps and holding their lighted cigars in their left hands, they shouted as with one voice:

"Vive la Russie!" They had mistaken the uniform.—Washington Star.

For harness sores apply Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

Real Harbinger of Spring. The groundhog is accepted by many as giving the first clue to when spring may be expected. Others wait for the robin, but all will concede that among the real harbingers of spring is the small boy playing "keeps." When the genuine vernal spirit is in the air it unerringly is manifested by Young America who instinctively turns to marbles. The fever is not on him long, but it is never-failing and always coincident with the break-up of winter.

Give Libraries to War Victims. When the Russians invaded East Prussia they destroyed every library in the villages and cities they occupied so the inhabitants are left without books. The Berliner Goethebund has started a subscription to restore the books. Herr Krupp von Bohlen headed it with \$1,250.

To Break in New Shoes Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures hot, sweating, itching, swollen feet. Cures corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. At all drug-gists and shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. (adv.)

Germans Use New Kind of Shell. The Germans in the Dvinsk regions are using a new shell, which has a cast-iron nose grooved internally and with a central opening nearly one inch in diameter, from which, several hours after the shell has burst, there still comes a strong odor of prussic acid. The shell, which is provided with an arrangement to delay the explosion, generally bursts on the ground. Wounds of the slightest character from fragments of these shells, inevitably and usually very rapidly, cause death.

## HELP FOR WORKING WOMEN

Some Have to Keep on Until They Almost Drop. How Mrs. Conley Got Help.

Here is a letter from a woman who had to work, but was too weak and suffered too much to continue. How she regained health:

Frankfort, Ky.—"I suffered so much with female weakness that I could not do my own work, had to hire it done. I heard so much about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that I tried it. I took three bottles and I found it to be all you claim. Now I feel as well as ever I did and am able to do all my own work again. I recommend it to any woman suffering from female weakness. You may publish my letter if you wish."—Mrs. JAMES CONLEY, 516 St. Clair St., Frankfort, Ky.

No woman suffering from any form of female troubles should lose hope until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from native roots and herbs, has for forty years proved to be a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism.

All women are invited to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for special advice.—It will be confidential.

Caruso's Grievance. Pity the sorrows of Caruso! Many people think of him as the most enviable of mortals, who gets his \$2,500 a night—or is it \$2,500?—with the maximum of pleasure and the minimum of exertion. How different is the reality—as recently confided by the famous tenor to a sympathetic friend: "When I was unknown I sang like a bird, careless, without thought of nerves. But now my reputation is made my position is very different. Here I am today oppressed by a reputation which cannot increase, but which the least vocal mishap may compromise. My audiences, well disposed toward me as they are, have to pay such high prices to hear me that they imagine I am a unique singer who must give them unheard-of results. That is why I am often the unhappiest of men. I tell you frankly I was happier when I was earning ten francs a night. I spent seven francs, kept three, and knew that my reputation was not ruined if I happened to give a croak. Today—!" And the great singer finished the sentence with a groan. Yet how many self-sacrificing souls there are who would be only too glad to take up Caruso's burden!

## CALOMEL MAKES YOU SICK, UGH!

"Dodson's Liver Tone" better than calomel and can not salivate.

Calomel loses you a day! You know what calomel is. It's mercury; quick-silver. Calomel is dangerous. It crashes into sour bile like dynamite, cramping and sickening you. Calomel attacks the bones and should never be put into your system.

When you feel bilious, sluggish, constipated and all knocked out and believe you need a dose of dangerous calomel just remember that your druggist sells for 50 cents a large bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone, which is entirely vegetable and pleasant to take and is a perfect substitute for calomel. It is guaranteed to start your liver without stirring you up inside, and can not salivate.

Don't take calomel! It makes you sick the next day; it loses you a day's work. Dodson's Liver Tone straightens you right up and you feel great. Give it to the children because it is perfectly harmless and doesn't gripe.

## ELDER NOT ALWAYS THE BEST

Modern Science Has Thoroughly Disproved a Belief That Was Held for Many Centuries.

There was a time when the eldest son was supposed to be superior in all respects to his younger brothers. That time is past. Modern science has proved that when there is any difference the eldest son averages somewhat behind later-born children in mental strength and oftentimes in physical endurance.

Does this, perchance, help to explain why hereditary government is so unsatisfactory; why the direct royal line so frequently runs out and the crown shifts to the descendants of some younger brother; why the first prince of a new line is so often superior to any of his successors? Under the royal rule the eldest son of the eldest son takes the crown. If there is even a trifling handicap in being the first born the constant multiplication of this handicap would raise it to considerable proportions in a few generations.

The Turks avoided whatever evils may lurk in the law of primogeniture. They allowed the sultan to name his successor, but provided that this successor must be the son of a slave. In practice he was usually one of the younger sons of the monarch, and always the child of a woman who had wit or beauty enough to make herself the leader of the harem. As a result Turkey had the most wonderful succession of able sovereigns known in history, but the palace intrigues and fratricidal wars to which the custom gave rise proved intolerable.

For Nail in the Foot Horses and cattle are liable to blood poisoning from stepping on rusty nails. For such an injury apply Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh and get it into the bottom of the wound. It should kill the poison germs. Always have a bottle in your stable, because you will find different uses for it. Adv.

Work of Japanese Girls. For Japan's coronation ceremony on Feb. 23 next November 27 pretty young women have been assisting in transplanting the young emerald rice plants in the sacred fields of the Mikawa province. Half way to their knees in water, they toiled daily, like their less privileged sisters, at the work. Bending down, they laid the tiny shoots in place, and rising, sang sacred Shinto songs, for the rice grains of the rare festival must be perfect in shape and color—true seed pearls of the Way of the Gods. The girls are from sixteen to twenty-one years old. Of these things the papers took note. The photographers snapped them in their coming and doing and going. Not only from the neighborhood but from afar have come insistent marriage proposals, and all but one are said to be engaged and are to be married the day of the coronation.

Hanford's Balsam is used to cool burns. Adv.

## FOUND SOURCE OF REAL FUN

Eunice's Demonstration of Extravagance Surprised and Pleas'd at the Same Time.

"A suit like the blue you can wear through two seasons," the saleswoman said. "Of course the brown is a good suit, too, but it hasn't equally fine lines. The difference in price is only five dollars."

Eunice Morgan looked at the brown suit as it was reflected in the mirror; her delicate brows were drawn together in a frown. She had not been paying much heed to the saleswoman, but the last words caught her attention: "It suddenly seemed to her that all her life she had been buying the cheaper thing and being discontented with it when a few more cents or a few more dollars would have given her the joy of satisfied desires. In her revulsion against the constant fret, she declared to herself that for once she would have what she liked, no matter what else she had to do without."

"Well?" Sally Penneck inquired. Eunice had taken Sally along for moral support—which, being interpreted, meant to tell her that the cheaper thing was the most becoming. Eunice drew a long breath.

"Oh, I suppose I'm going to be wise," she said, "and I hate being wise."

"Brown is always becoming to you," Sally declared loyally. "I think you'll like it, Eunice—truly, I do."

But when it came home Eunice did not like it. She liked it even less than she had at the store. She was standing before the glass with tears of vexation in her eyes, when there came a knock at the door, and she turned to see Jennie Scott with her bundle of laundry. Jennie's eyes widened admirably.

"O Miss Eunice," she cried, "isn't it lovely! You look beautiful in it."

Eunice smiled. No one could have resisted Jennie's eyes.

"I wish I liked it half as well as you do," she replied.

Jennie's adoring face grew wistful. "It must be so beautiful to match," she said. "Some day—" she hesitated and then went boldly on—"some day, Miss Eunice, I'm going to have a whole suit. I have almost five dollars saved. But when it seems a long time to wait, I just remember that everyone's waiting for something, and then, you know, I grow ashamed."

Eunice looked from her own new suit to the shabby, brave little figure.

"Jennie," she exclaimed, "I have an idea! Will you come around once a week and mend for me an hour—gloves and skirt bindings and things? I'll gladly pay twenty-five cents a week, and that will be eight dollars to add to your five by next spring."

"O Miss Eunice!" Jennie cried. As the girl's happy feet ran down the stairs, Eunice took off the suit.

"For once," she said to herself, "I've been extravagant, and it's the best fun I ever knew."—Youth's Companion.

## Pot Shooting at Professors.

Professional Harvard awoke the other morning to find itself in the limelight, and many a professor who dropped into peaceful slumber the night before is scratching his head nervously and asking what can be done, remarks the Boston Traveler.

Two rather frisky Harvard undergraduates had taken it into their heads to give the members of the Harvard faculty a bad three or four days, so Elmer Elsworth Hagler, Jr., spent his leisure moments in a month by drawing overzealous likenesses of some of the college's most revered professors, and prefacing each sketch with a bit of satire. Robert C. Bacon, '16, who received his degree in midyear, published and copyrighted the book, which went on sale to a rushing business.

Hagler has been in the eye of the Harvard college office before, for his clean-cut editorials in the Crimson, often of a radical nature, have made him more or less a marked man, and his drawings and writings in the Lampon have been a feature of three seasons. Bacon has just retired as business manager of the Lampon.

"Harvard Inside Out" is the name of the harbinger of disquietude that has already created a furore at Harvard, and everybody that is somebody at Harvard, save Prof. Adolphus Terry, gets a jab from Hagler. The foibles, eccentricities and vanities of more than a score of Harvard professors have been hit off by the youthful writer, and the undergraduates and public are having more than a quiet laugh and awaiting results.

Alabama Coal. The earliest known record of the existence of coal in Alabama was made in 1834, but the first statement of production in the state is contained in the United States census report for 1840, in which the amount mined is given as 946 tons. The mines of Alabama were probably worked to a considerable extent during the Civil war, but there are no specific records until 1870, for which the United States census reports a production of 11,000 tons. The development of the present great industry really began in 1881 and 1882, when attention was directed to the large iron deposits near the city of Birmingham. In 1914, according to the United States geological survey, the production was 15,593,422 tons.

Ready to Prove It. "I hear bad reports of you, my boy," said a fond father to his young hopeful. "Your teacher tells me that you won't learn anything at school."

"That isn't so, dad," replied the youngster. "I've learned to count up to a thousand. Now, just sit down and listen to me."

## BE BELIEVED IN RECIPROcity

Typical Street Gamin Makes Novel Proposition to Optician—Would Dazzle Their Eyes.

He was a typical street gamin with a blacking kit slung over his shoulder, and as he walked boldly into the store of a Pennsylvania street optician his curly head scarcely reached the top of the counter.

"Say," he queried of the elderly gentleman who came forward, "are youse de guy wot runs dis joint?"

"I am the proprietor," was the reply. "What can I do for you, my boy?"

"I've got one uv dem reserprocity propositions t' shy at youse," said the urchin. "Gimme one uv yore chairs, an' I'll open up a shoe-shinery in front uv your window. See?"

"Not exactly," replied the optician. "I fall to see what benefit I would derive from such an arrangement."

"Well, it's like dis, mister," answered the youthful financier, "yer see, I puts such a dazzlin' shine on me customers' kicks dat it hurts dere eyes an' dey'll haffer come in an' buy specks uv youse. Savvy?"—Indianapolis Star.

Strange, but True. "What is the title of that book you are reading?"

"The Woman Who Found Herself! Would you like to borrow it?"

"No, thanks. I'm a rather sentimental cuss, and I notice that the women who 'find' themselves usually have a profound contempt for us men."

## THESE CAMPAIGN FUNDS.



The preacher—It's better to be right than president.

The Gambler—Yes; and it's a whole heap sight cheaper, too.

## A Near-Hero.

"You say you saved a young woman from being drowned last year?"

"Yes. Several people lost their lives on that day."

"Did you have a hard battle with the waves?"

"Oh, no. She intended going for a sail in the boat that was capsized, but I persuaded her to spend the afternoon tangoing with me."

## Certainly Not.

"These gilded youths don't seem to have much on their minds."

"I guess that's lucky for them."

"Why so?"

"If our streets were paved with pie crust they wouldn't stand much traffic would they?"

## Unappreciated.

"Do you subscribe to the theory that virtue is its own reward?"

"I'm compelled to," answered the diligent reformer.

"Why so?"

"My neighbors don't even thank me for my conscientious efforts to show them the error of their ways."

## Noncommittal.

"Who is this Miss Chiselaine Fludub who sends in an account of some affair? I never heard of her in society?"

"Well, say she's a decided favorite in the circle in which she moves."

## Obligated to Leave Early.

"Daughter, your new beau doesn't remain very late. The last one used to hang around until the milkman called."

"Well, you see, dad, this one is a milkman."

## As She Expressed It.

Aunt—You'll be late for the party, won't you, dear?

Niece—Oh, no, auntie. In our set nobody goes to a party until everybody else gets there.

## An Editorial Theme.

"Whither are we drifting?" murmured the editor of the Plunkville Palladium. "Guess it's time for another editorial on that."

"Aw, that editorial is out of date. The question now is where are we at?"

## A Little More German.

Professor—You're not enough of a militarist, Mr. Smythe.

Student Smythe—Why so, sir?

Professor—Every time I call on you you're not prepared.—Michigan Gargoyle.

## A Drawback.

"There is one class of votes the politicians will not be able to control when women get the ballot."

"What is that?"

"The vest pocket vote."

## The Sort.

"You looked very sympathetic when Mrs. Jagers was talking to you. Was she telling you a moving story?"

"I should say so. She's been in six houses in as many months."

## URIC ACID—GOING-GOING-GONE

"Anuric" Will Not Fail to Stop Your Backache

People are realizing more and more every day that the kidneys, just as do the bowels, need to be flushed occasionally. The kidneys are an eliminative organ and are constantly working, separating the poisons from the blood. Under this continual and perpetual action they are apt to congest, and then trouble starts. Uric acid backs up into the system, causing rheumatism, neuralgia, dropsy and many other serious disturbances. Doctor Pierce of Buffalo, New York, advocates that every one should drink plenty of pure water between meals. Every day should exercise in the outdoor air sufficiently to sweat profusely, and from time to time stimulate the kidney action by means of "Anuric." This preparation has been thoroughly tried out at his Sanitarium, in the same way as his "Favorite Prescription" for weak women and "Golden Medical Discovery," the standard herbal system tonic, (both of which now come in tablet form for convenience of carrying and taking). "Anuric" is now being introduced here, and many local people are daily testifying to its perfectness. When you have backache, dizzy spells or rheumatism, heed nature's warning. It means that you are a victim to uric acid poisoning. Then ask your druggist for "Anuric" and you will very soon become one of hundreds who daily give their thankful indorsement to this powerful enemy to uric acid. If you have that tired, worn-out feeling, backache, rheumatism, neuralgia, or if your sleep is disturbed by too frequent urination, get Dr. Pierce's Anuric Tablets at drug store, full treatment \$1.00, or send 10c for trial package to Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

Novel Weevil Remedy. A droll report comes from Birmingham, Ala., of the success of a certain planter in producing a cotton plant that smells so strongly of asafetida that all insects avoid it. The result was obtained by sprinkling several generations of the plant with nuxvomica. It is hoped that the new plant has solved the boll-weevil problem by depriving the weevil of its food.

Sore Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggist's 50c per Bottle. Murine Eye Salvein Tubes 25c. For Book of the Eye Freack Druggists c Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

Modern Farming. United States Secretary of Agriculture Houston was describing at a dinner in Washington the changes that have come over farming methods.

"It's an age of machinery today," he said. "The milking machine has succeeded the milkmaid. The phonograph has succeeded the melodeon. The motor plow has succeeded the horse plow."

"There's an appropriate story about a young farmer who loved two girls equally—the one slim and petite, the other tall and Herculean."

"The young farmer in this dilemma asked his father's advice. The father, puffing thoughtfully on a Havana—for your modern farmer is too prosperous to smoke domestic cigars—answered:

"There's so much machinery used in farming nowadays, James, that a big, strong wife is hardly needed. I advise you to take the little one—she'll eat less."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One Little Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic.—Adv.

It's Red Dye Now. So the red dye is all gone, and we cannot put any more red stripes on the flag nor wear red neckties. What about beet juice as a coloring fluid? But just think. The war has been in progress a year and a half. We have known about this dye shortage all the time. Are American chemists so poor and American capital so short and American enterprise so lacking that somebody has not by this time begun to see if in some plant?—St. Louis Star.

**DAISY FLY KILLER** Stands anywhere, streets and hills, fills—fast, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't rust, never will not soil or stain any thing. Guaranteed effective. Sold by dealers, or sent by express, prepaid for \$1.

HAROLD SOMERS, 120 DEKALB Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

L. A. N. U. 1916—No. 24

# Resinol

stops itching and burning

If you are suffering with eczema, ringworm, rash or other tormenting skin-eruption, try Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap. You will be surprised how quickly the itching and burning stop and the skin becomes clear and healthy again.

Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap have been prescribed by physicians for over twenty years. Sold by all druggists, for free trial size of each write to Resinol Chem. Co., Baltimore, Md. Resinol Shaving Stick makes daily shaving easy for tender-faced men.

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YOU CAN SAVE MONEY ON BALE TIES Wholesale or Retail

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We invite every one to see our  
new arrivals in Shoes for spring  
and summer wear—for men, wo-  
men and children.



We especially invite YOU to  
come in and see them.

We were fortunate in making  
our selections in the wholesale  
markets. And you will be fortun-  
ate in the purchase of a pair of  
these Shoes.

Best quality of merchandise arriving daily. We now  
have one of the largest and most complete stocks of  
General Merchandise in the County.

## A. S. Henderson

General Merchandise  
PATAGONIA : : ARIZONA

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(REVISED PRICES)

Gold or Silver.....75c. Gold and Silver.....\$1.  
Lead or Copper (by best methods).....\$1.  
Lead or Copper with Gold and Silver.....\$1.50  
Lead, Copper, Gold and Silver in same sample.....\$2.00

Prompt and Accurate Work

Hugo W. Miller, Nogales, Arizona.

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The old standby for  
Fresh Beef, Mutton, Pork  
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VAL VALENZUELA SR., Proprietor

If You Are in the Market for

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We carry a complete line of Doors, Windows, Build-  
ing Hardware, Lime and Cement.

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To overcome the difficulties of bathing in a dry country, buy

## The Allen Portable Bath Apparatus

For sale and guaranteed by  
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## Santa Cruz Patagonian

Subscription.....\$2.00 a year.

Entered at the postoffice at Patagonia, Arizona, as second-class mail matter.

J. B. PRICE - - EDITOR AND OWNER

### POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

FOR SHERIFF

I hereby announce my candidacy for the Democratic nomination for Sheriff of Santa Cruz county, subject to the will of the voters in the primary election, September 12, 1916.

R. R. EARRART.

FOR COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS

I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of County Superintendent of Schools of Santa Cruz county, subject to the will of the Democratic voters at the primary, September 12, 1916.

JOSEPHINE A. SAXON.

FOR STATE MINE INSPECTOR.

I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of State Mining Inspector, subject to the action of the Democratic voters at the primary, Sept. 12, 1916.

ED J. GRANT.

### Patagonia's Cemetery

That the public's business is generally no one's business, is again exemplified by the condition of the cemetery in Patagonia. No one seems to be the custodian of this pretty little burying spot, and consequently no effort is made to keep it in order; graves are laid out without any regard to symmetry, or to consideration of the rights of others. What should be the most beautiful graveyard in this part of the state, where all of the residents of this community could find that allotted six feet of soil for the last resting place, by the side of loved ones, is fast becoming an ill kept, irregular, harum-scarum sort of cemetery, where it is already well-nigh impossible to get into it with vehicles without driving over graves, and where by the present system of promiscuous burying, one finds difficulty in securing a lot where all the members of a family may be interred.

And the title to the land on which this cemetery is located still rests with the owners of the San Jose de Sonoita land grant. This is the most important matter for the immediate consideration of the people of Patagonia. A few years will pass, and what is now nothing but a pasture may be valuable for town lots.

It will be remembered, a few years ago, the manager of the grant promised to have his company make out a deed to the cemetery tract, and donate it to the people of Patagonia. This deed should be given. People should no longer be compelled to bury their dead in ground the title to which rests with individuals rather than with the community, and which may at some future date, in the opinion of the owners, be more valuable for some other purpose.

One of the greatest objections to living in an unorganized municipality is that there is no head to look to in matters of this kind—and too many of our proposed improvements result only in talk and promises. It is unkind to ask the school board to perform additional labor, but it is the only perpetual body in this community. They should take up the matter of a deed to Patagonia's cemetery with the owners of the San Jose de Sonoita grant. Once this deed to the land is secured, the matter of surveying and platting it can easily be attended to by the public spirit of the citizens.

In a recent speech Mayor Tom Lea of El Paso, who is a candidate for re-election, made the sensational charge that the El Paso Times, which is fighting him, took money from Pancho Villa to magnify small skirmishes in which he was engaged into great victories. Mayor Lea charged that the owners of the Times approved the bargain, and that the paper took the money "from the thief who is responsible for good Americans being in their graves at Columbus."

A fine example of the fire-eating partisan, waving the bloody shirt, is furnished in a recent editorial in Nogales Herald, in which the following sentence occurs: "When his name [the President of the United States] is mentioned to nine out of ten, army men or civilians, it is met with curses and vituperation." Their strong words, old-timer. But we do not believe the good people of this community who paid for the Herald in advance in order to help their favorite candidate win the automobile (or was it only a cheap scholarship in a business college?) in the contest recently conducted by that paper will be fooled by such vitriolic language.

Commodore Cady, he of Indian killing fame, dolled himself up in his sailor togs and sailed down to Nogales on yesterday's flyer. As Patagonia seems to be unable to secure any soldiers, the doughty commodore may be successful in inducing the Nogales Chamber of Commerce to have the channel of the silvery Sonoita deepened, to permit the passage of warships to this port.

WANTED—Broilers and old hens. Write or see John P. E. Schultz, at the Patagonia Restaurant.

# The Patagonia Commercial Company

DEALERS IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Mining Supplies,  
Groceries, Dry Goods, Shoes, Clothing and  
Furnishings  
HAY AND GRAIN

Drugs and Patent Medicines

Wholesale and Retail Orders attended to Promptly

The Patagonia Commercial Co.

"ON THE CORNER"

PATAGONIA, ARIZ.

## Public Auction Sale STATE SCHOOL LAND State Land Department No. 27

Phoenix, Arizona, July 11, 1916.

In conformity with the provisions of the Public Land Code of the State of Arizona, approved June 26, 1915, notice is hereby given that the State of Arizona will on Saturday, September 16, 1916, at 10 a. m., at the County Court House, Nogales, Arizona, sell at public auction the following described school lands in Santa Cruz county, Arizona, together with the improvements thereon, viz.:

Lots 1, 2, 3 and 4; N½ N½ Sec. 36, T. 20 S., R. 18 E., containing 342.92 acres, more or less. Land appraised at \$1028.86; improvements, claimed by C. L. Beatty, at \$520.00.

All Sec. 16, T. 24 S., R. 17 E., containing 640 acres more or less. Land appraised at \$3200.00; improvements, claimed by the Cannanea Cattle Co., at \$5550.00.

No bid for less than the appraised valuations will be considered. Rental arrears, if any, together with such interest as may be due thereon, must be liquidated in accordance with the Public Land Code. Full information concerning the land, improvements, and sale conditions may be obtained from the State Land Department, Phoenix, Arizona. STATE LAND DEPARTMENT, By W. A. MORRIS, State Land Commissioner.

First publication July 14, 1916. Last publication Sept. 15, 1916.

### Notice for Publication 018824-024474

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Phoenix, Arizona, June 24, 1916.

Notice is hereby given that William J. Fling of Elgin, Arizona, who on August 1, 1912, made Homestead Entry No. 018824, for E½ SE¼, E½ NE¼ Sec. 17, T. 24 S., R. 18 E., and on Mar. 2, 1914, Ad'd Homestead Entry No. 024474 for the N½ SE¼, SE¼ SE¼, Sec. 8, and the SW¼ SW¼, Sec. 9, T. 20 S., R. 18 E., G&SR Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before W. A. O'Connor, U. S. Commissioner, at Nogales, Arizona, on the 4th day of August, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses: William S. McKnight, of Nogales, Ariz.; Emmott D. Johnson, of Nogales, Ariz.; Thomas C. Thompson, of Nogales, Ariz.; Michael T. Gaville, of Elgin, Arizona.

THOMAS F. WHEEDIN, Register. First publication June 30--7-28-16

### Notice for Publication 020285

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Phoenix, Arizona, June 24, 1916.

Notice is hereby given that Levi S. Shanks, of Elgin, Arizona, who on December 13, 1912, made Homestead Entry No. 020285, for SW¼, Section 4, Township 20 S., Range 17 E., G&SR Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year proof to establish claim to the land above described before W. A. O'Connor, U. S. Commissioner, at Nogales, Arizona, on the 3rd day of August, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses: Mark Manning, of Sonoita, Ariz.; Faye Carver, of Elgin, Ariz.; John M. Cubb, of Sonoita, Ariz.; Edward S. Black, of Sonoita, Ariz.

THOMAS F. WHEEDIN, Register. First publication June 30--7-28-16

Last Wednesday in Phoenix, Kenneth Kennedy, formerly of this city, now assistant accountant in the state land commissioner's office, of which P. J. Munch of this city is chief clerk, risked his life to save that of a little Mexican child, which had gotten in front of an electric street car. Kenneth was painfully but not seriously cut and bruised about the head and back, when he lost his balance after plucking the child from in front of the car. Passengers were loud in their praise of Kenneth's heroism and declared the act one of the bravest they had ever seen. The wounded man was taken to the hospital, where he is said to be doing nicely.—Border Vidette.

The Patagonia Commercial company has just received a supply of Fry's Ball Bearing Household Grinders, to sharpen all kinds of light-edged tools, such as knives, scissors, etc.—Adv.

**Why Don't You Get That Royal Tailored Look?**  
This store is the authorized resident dealer for THE PATAGONIAN TAILORS.  
Royal Tailored-to-Measure Suits and Overcoats at \$16, \$17, \$20, \$25, \$30 and \$35.

**FRED VALENZUELA,**  
LOCAL AGENT, AT PATAGONIA COMMERCIAL CO.

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LEAVE POSTOFFICE AT PATAGONIA AT 8 A. M.  
RETURN TO PATAGONIA AT 4 P. M.  
Inquire of Paul McIntyre

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Shop Closed on Sunday  
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UNDER MANAGEMENT OF THE OWNERS

Comfortable, Clean, Quiet

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Thirty-three years in the district.  
Properties bought and sold.  
Correspondence solicited.  
Patagonia, Arizona.

## T. B. FITTS, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon.  
PATAGONIA, ARIZONA

## T. N. Stevens Civil Engineer—U. S. Mineral Surveyor

1050 E. 7th St. TUCSON, ARIZ.

## George H. Francis

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Used only a short time  
Working condition as  
good as new. Will sell  
while they last:

Five Draw-10.00  
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Seven Drawers \$12.50

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