

Compulsory Law to Be Enforced to Aid School Attendance

Average attendance at the Patagonia schools is not as good this year as it should be, judging from the number of children of school age in the district. Parents seem to be negligent about compelling their children to attend. As is well known, the greater attendance of pupils, the more the school will receive from the apportionment of the state funds. This is a purely commercial view of the matter, overlooking the far more important duty of bringing up intelligent youngsters.

The state of Arizona has a compulsory education law. It is without doubt one of the best laws on the statutes. Its enforcement in Patagonia seems to be the only remedy to compel the attendance of children who should by all means be in school. The recently appointed constable, J. W. Miller, states that he will endeavor to enforce the compulsory attendance law, and parents are requested to cooperate with him. Following are a few extracts from the law:

Par. 2802. No child under the age of sixteen years shall be employed by any person, persons, company or corporation during the school hours of any school day of the school term of the public school in the school district where such child resides, unless such child presents a written permit from the board of trustees for reasons herein specified. Any employer employing a child contrary to the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and liable to a fine of not less than twenty-five dollars, nor more one hundred dollars, to be placed to the credit of the school fund of the district. Every parent, guardian, or other person in the State of Arizona, having control of any child between the ages of eight and sixteen years shall be required to send such child to a public school or private school taught by a competent instructor for the full time that the public school is in session in the district, such attendance to be continuous, for five days in the week during the hours prescribed by law. (Then follow the legitimate excuses for non-attendance, such as sickness, men-

tal or physical deficiency, etc.)

Par. 2803. Any parent, guardian or other person failing to comply with the provisions of section 99 (Par. 2802) of this chapter shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction be fined in a sum of not less than \$5 and not more than \$25 for such offense; said action shall be prosecuted in the name of the State of Arizona before any court of competent jurisdiction, and all fines so collected shall be paid into the county treasury and placed to the credit of the school fund of the district in which the offense occurs.

Par. 2804. It shall be the duty of the deputy sheriff, constable, city marshal or attendance officer of the precinct in which said school district is located, to inquire into all such cases of neglect of the duties prescribed in this chapter and to ascertain from the person so neglecting the reason, if any, therefor; and if there be no legal excuse shown shall forthwith proceed to secure the prosecution of any offense occurring under this chapter; and any deputy sheriff, constable, city marshal or attendance officer neglecting to secure the prosecution of such offense within ten days, unless the person so complained of shall be excused by the board of trustees for the reasons hereinbefore stated, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and liable to a fine in any sum not to exceed \$50, and such fine when collected shall be paid into the county treasury, and placed to the credit of the school fund of the district in which the offense occurs.

Notice for Publication

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Phoenix, Arizona, Jan. 18, 1916.

Notice is hereby given that Samuel M. Miller, of Elgin, Arizona, who on Jan. 26, 1915, made homestead entry No. 026235 for NE 1/4, Section 32, Township 19 S, Range 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 March, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses: William M. Stutsman, John S. Hamlett, Henry L. Hooker (3), of Elgin, and Ermon Johnson of Nogales, Arizona.

Thomas F. Weedin, Register. First pub. Jan 28-2-25

CONCENTRATES

A gasolene hoist is being installed this week at the Andes, on Red Mountain.

M. Johnson of Sonoita has accepted a position on top at the Trench Consolidated Mines Co.

Shannon and Dowd are reported to be getting into some fine ore on their property, the Exposed Reef, in Alum Gulch.

James Ritchie, who was in from the Three R this week, brought report that Collie Bros. are striking good chalcopryite from the winze in the upper tunnel at the Old Harrison group.

F. L. M. Holland, an engineer from Colorado, arrived in Patagonia this week to examine the Gringo mine, a few miles north of town. Accompanied by General Manager Tonkins, he went out to the mine Wednesday.

C. N. Schaeffer, a popular employe of the Washington Trading company, is the latest to enter the mining game in Patagonia. Mr. Schaeffer has located some claims a few miles from town which prospectors say have remarkably good showings, and few people knew it was vacant ground.

W. H. Barnett and J. B. David, who are doing work at the Happy Jack, say the vein is widening with the first few feet of work. The tunnel is in 460 feet, and the present vein may be a feeder of the Clipper vein, which the tunnel is expected to cut. Messrs. Barnett and David were handicapped in getting their camp established, owing to the recent big snows.

The unprecedented demand for copper from foreign and domestic sources resulted in the advance of the quotation from 24 1/2c to 25 1/2c for delivery during the second quarter of the year. The price of 27 cents is reported offered for March delivery. It is rumored that 30 cents was bid for February delivery, but this is unconfirmed. These prices are the highest since March, 1907.

Work at the old Hosey property in the Santa Ritas, which is being done a short distance from the old shaft, is uncovering some fine ore. The Hosey is looked upon as one of the finest properties in the entire district, and it is no surprise to the well-informed that new work is making such a good showing. Several years ago many carloads of high-grade copper were shipped from the Hosey, formerly known as the Augusta. The latest ore find is from a winze down about 40 feet in the new tunnel.

None But the Brave Deserve the Fair

James R. Johnson, section boss of the Patagonia division, and Mrs. J. Gould of San Francisco were married at the Commercial hotel here Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock, Justice Coughlin officiating in his usual impressive manner.

Mrs. Johnson had been expected in Patagonia for some time, the date of the wedding having originally been set for Christmas. At this time the bride to be was taken sick and the wedding postponed indefinitely. When last week she started on the trip she was caught in the washouts caused by the unprecedented snows, and delayed at Benson. The groom started from here in an automobile to bring her to Patagonia from Benson, but the machine he was traveling in became stalled in the snow and he was forced to abandon the trip. An old saying is to the effect that a bad beginning has a happy ending. This is the hope of the friends of the happy couple, who will make Patagonia their home.

Owing to washouts and consequent delayed freight and express shipments, the Patagonia Meat Market was without fresh meat for several days this week. Thursday, when a supply arrived, the market was as crowded as a department store on a bargain sale day.

NEWS IN BRIEF

Supervisor J. S. Gatlin went down to Nogales Monday evening.

C. R. Holcomb's family are among the sufferers from the measles this week.

Carl Schofield, the forest ranger stationed at Rosemont, was a Patagonia visitor this week.

Geo. Sayre and Johnny Gleeson, line riders in the customs service at Nogales, were in Patagonia yesterday.

Miss Marie Valenzuela returned home Wednesday evening from an extended visit with relatives and friends in Tucson.

John A. McCarty, Peter A. Blausner and Howard Ridge, farmers in the Elgin country, went to Nogales Thursday to make final proof on their homesteads.

This week, on account of the bad condition of the roads, mail to Parker Canyon and Duquesne was taken on pack animals instead of by the automobile stage.

Albert Gatlin and Jewel Trask were in Tucson Sunday, returning Monday. The road was far from being in good condition, but Mr. Trask's fine new car had little trouble in making the trip.

Roy Stump has opened a restaurant in the room adjoining McCutchan's Smoke House. He has had experience in the restaurant business, and no doubt will get his share of the business.

Little Miss LaVanche Cook, the bright daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Cook, who has been somewhat indisposed for a few weeks, is much improved this week, her friends will be pleased to learn.

Mrs. Anna C. Fortune was a business visitor to the county seat the latter part of the week, going down Wednesday evening. During her absence, Miss Lotta Wilson substituted for her in the school room.

Supervisor Geo. W. Parker of the San Rafael is in El Paso this week attending the convention of the National Livestock Association. En route to the Pass City he stopped over in Douglas for a short visit with friends.

An epidemic of measles is prevalent in town this week. Clyde Shields is the only adult, so far as known, who has been ill with the contagion, and he is about well. Numerous babies are sick, none seriously, however.

Arbor Day Proclamation by Governor

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT STATE OF ARIZONA

In conformity with the provisions of paragraphs 2937-2840, Revised Statutes of Arizona, 1913, Civil Code, I, Geo. W. P. Hunt, Governor of Arizona, do hereby designate and set apart the 4th day of February, A.D. 1916, as Arbor day, to be observed in the counties of Cochise, Gila, Graham, Greenlee, Maricopa, Pima, Pinal, Santa Cruz and Yuma; and similarly, I hereby designate and set apart the 7th day of April, A.D. 1916, as Arbor day for due observance in the counties of Apache, Coconino, Mohave, Navajo and Yavapai.

Pursuant to a commendable custom, I urgently recommend that Arbor day, as above designated, be observed in the public schools and other institutions of learning through the holding of appropriate exercises and the transplanting of trees, shrubs and vines in public grounds and along common thoroughfares, so that the heritage handed down to us by our forefathers may be transmitted with enhanced beauty and value to posterity. In view, moreover, of the important relation of all bird life to the public welfare, it is advocated that Arbor day be made the occasion for inculcating in the minds of growing generations the imperative necessity of affording protection to such fea-

thered creatures as are naturally the allies of mankind in destroying insect pests and in adding to the pleasantness of human existence.

In recognition, furthermore, of a worthy campaign inaugurated by the Arizona Federation of Women's clubs, it is earnestly urged that the week, Jan. 30 to Feb. 5, and the week, April 3-8, 1916, both of which include Arbor day as above designated for the northern and southern counties, respectively, shall be formally termed "Annual Cleanup Week," whereby the health and happiness of the people of Arizona should be immediately promoted, shall receive the support and co-operation of State, County and Municipal health officers, and all those public institutions which customarily participate in the celebration of Arbor Day.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the State of Arizona to be affixed.

Done at Phoenix, the Capital, this 17th day of January, A. D., 1916.

(Seal) GEO. W. P. HUNT, Governor of Arizona. SIDNEY P. OSBORN, Secretary of State

A wedding supper was given to Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Johnson Wednesday evening by J. P. Lamma, an oldtime friend of the groom, who has been keeping bachelor apartments with the newly made benedict in the section house in Patagonia. Mr. Lamma cooked the entire dinner, consisting of roast turkey and oyster dressing and everything else that goes with a meal on state occasions. It was the kind of feed that only experienced chefs know how to prepare, and was thoroughly enjoyed by the wedding party.

H. R. Chatham, proprietor of the Nogales Cleaning Works, was in Patagonia the early part of the week in the interest of his business, recently purchased from Frank J. Taylor. While here Mr. Chatham made arrangements with Roy Stump to act as local agent for the establishment, and all clothes left in the latter's charge will receive prompt attention.

Card of Thanks

To those who were so kind and did so much for us during the sickness and death of our dear husband and father, we wish to extend sincere thanks. MRS. JOHN SMITH. MRS. CHAS. E. MAY.

Many Trees Are Destroyed as Result of Big Snowstorm

An unusual feature of the big storm last week was the surprisingly large number of trees which were felled on account of the great weight of the snows. In the Santa Rita mountains prospectors report great numbers of stately pines having been crushed and broken, while teamsters on the Duquesne haul were kept busy cutting the broken trees out of the road to permit passage of freight. Thousands of trees in the Santa Rita and Patagonia mountains are broken close to the ground as a result of the big snowstorm.

At the grove on the San Jose de Sonoita grant, just below Patagonia, one of the most beautiful spots in all Southern Arizona, many large ash trees are down. The damage to the grove, however, is not considered great; on the contrary, it may really prove a benefit, for in places the shade was too dense and a thinning out of some of the trees in these jungle-like places will add to the attractiveness of the grove.

Both pines and the sturdy mountain oak, the white and black varieties, were sufferers from the snow, and in many instances unable to withstand the attack. An unusual amount of moisture in the snow, the storm alternating between rain and snow, is given as the cause of the phenomenon.

A peculiar thing about the Arizona compulsory education law, quoted in another column of this week's Patagonian, is that while parents are liable to a fine of \$25 for not sending their children to school, deputy sheriffs and constables are subject to a \$50 fine for failure to investigate infractions of the law.

August Yarrick came down from his mining property in the Santa Ritas Monday and took the evening train for Nogales, where he will remain at a hospital for a few days. The "mayor of Yarricksville" caught a severe cold during the late unpleasantness in the weather, and went to the hospital to ward off a threatened attack of pneumonia.

J. E. Miller, manager of the local lumber company, has purchased an automobile.

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Sauerkraut Sweet Potatoes Carrots Berts
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Sweet and Sour Pickles. Spinach, in tin ready to be served

Washington Trading Co.

Santa Cruz Patagonian

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H. P. GREENE, Editor and Lessee
J. B. PRICE, Owner

SEEKS FAME ON THE STAGE

Chinese Girl Aspires to Be the Sarah Bernhardt of the Oriental Race.

For all of her Irish name, Peggy O'Wing has never seen Ireland, nor, for that matter, have her father and mother had any Irish ancestry. Peg is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wing Bock of Newark, N. J. Of course one wonders why, if her father's name is Bock, she is called O'Wing. The Chinese do things which we Americans seem to be puzzled over. It is because her father and mother are Chinese that her name is O'Wing. That signifies daughter of Wing, Wing being Mr. Bock's surname. Though she is thoroughly Americanized, some of the oriental ways which she has not forsaken added charm to the fair Celestial



Would Be Bernhardt of Race.

maiden who is seeking a husband. Peg is, according to the manner of Chinese reckoning, eighteen years old, but only seventeen according to the American method. Now eighteen in China is considered an old age for an unmarried girl, and her father has endeavored in every possible way to aid Dan Cupid. Chinamen by the scores have come to the Bock home and have been captivated by the charms of the fair maid, but she would have none of them, because she has made up her mind to have none but an American husband. Her charming features resemble those of a Spanish beauty, and that is saying something, for when a Spanish girl is a beauty she is "some pippin." Peg O'Wing has other aspirations besides securing an American husband, for she aspires to be the Sarah Bernhardt of her own race. It was against the wishes of her father, who is a prominent merchant, that she studied for the stage, for in China the parent of a girl grows on any attempt of his child disporting herself for the admiration of the crowd. Consequently a stage life for the Chinese woman is never encouraged. So rare is the Chinese actress in China that men often play the roles of women. Miss O'Wing will be the only Chinese actress in the United States. Her three sisters are praying that she will meet with the success she deserves on her initial appearance in New York. She speaks Italian, Chinese, German and French as well as English, and she feels that an American of her ideal type will appreciate her more as a wife, than a Chinaman.

Common Kind of Desert.

A fond mother was assisting her little boy the other evening in the mastery of his geography lesson, and coming to the description of a desert, which formed part of the lesson to be memorized, she quoted the words of the textbook to the effect that it was "a barren tract."

The little fellow repeated the phrase after her, but his air of mystification showed that he hadn't the slightest idea of the meaning conveyed by the group of words, and the better to reach his understanding, she endeavored to simplify the description by defining it as "a place where nothing would grow."

The boy's face brightened with the light of awakened intelligence, and the mother, proud and expectant, put the question:

"Now, Johnny, what is a desert?"
Prompt came the response:
"Pa's bald head."

What He Needed.

"You can see that I am in need, madam," said the unlauded hobo. "Can you give me a little assistance?"
"Certainly," replied the kind lady, as she handed him a cake of soap.
"Here is what you need."

TRUTHFULNESS AT ALL TIMES

Matter That Those Who Have the Care of Youth Should Keep Ever in Their Minds.

Truthfulness should be held sacred in all families.

Even the so-called "white lies" are dangerous. They add nothing to the real family happiness and they are bad in effect on the individual members.

Children are naturally truthful. Often it is the falsehoods told by parents or older sisters or brothers which start the child on the pathway of untruth.

When you promise the child something, do not forget or disappoint. If occasion arises when it must be a lie or the truth, make it truth at the expense of everything else, unless you can put it off by saying that you feel you should not tell until some other time.

The little laughed at or winked at fibs of childhood advance to the bigger lies of manhood and womanhood. The person noted as a child for being unreliable in statement cannot at maturity enjoy the full confidence and esteem of companions, and so loses the greatest quality for advancement.

Do not shock the confidence and natural truth of childhood by lies or deceptions which will sow the seed of untruthfulness and faithlessness.

POOR SUBSTITUTE FOR TRUTH

Too Many Accept Cant, Which Can Never Be Made to Take Place of the Real Thing.

Cant is the singsong of the self-righteous. It is praise and prayer from the nose instead of from the heart. It is a form of sin on which even murderers look down.

There is some passion for truth in us; we can forgive a criminal more easily than a sham.

Not but what we all take our turn at being shams. There are few reputable citizens who do not join the chorus of cant some time during their lives.

It may be religious cant or political cant or literary cant. In one form or another it is as difficult to escape as influenza.

Much as we desire truth, few of us have the physique or the leisure to go hunting after it, and we have to put up with cant, which is simply a shoddy substitute for truth obtainable at our doors.

It enables us to cut a presentable figure before our neighbors, and not only to deceive ourselves, but to deceive ourselves into the belief that we are deceiving others.

Charms of Music.

An itinerant vendor of that cheapest of musical instruments, the mouth organ, merely a bit of tin, was whistling airs in lower Broadway, but the crowd kept on its restless way. After a short wait the vender tried another air. It was "Cavalleria Rusticana." Here and there the crowd stopped to listen. First one and then another, and then more, handed out a nickel for the whistle. After he had sold a number of his tins the crowd began moving again. He placed the little instrument once more between his lips. The sound emitted filled the street. It rose to the tops of either side of the skyscrapers. It stopped the crowd on both sides of the street. The vender was surrounded by a crowd which purchased his stock. The music took hold of the mass of humanity and brought it to a standstill in the busiest street in the world—the old air your grandfather heard when he was courting. "How Can I Bear to Leave Thee."

Stretches of Uncultivated Land.

Although the Poles are no longer an independent nation, the national feeling is as strong as ever. Though a Pole may not have a penny, he will not part with his land. You therefore see acres of uncultivated fields. Their owners are too poor to do more than just look after the best ground, and the rest is left a wilderness. This gives the country a look of sadness and desolation. North, south, east and west, the earth lies in a great plain, broken only by pine forests and groves of birch. Even the sea seems small beside this immense stretch of country, absolutely flat and devoid of life. The feeling that the land is too big for the people and that nature has overwhelmed them and their weak attempts at civilization hangs like a spell over the country. Where the fields stop, the forests and marshes begin; wolves are killed there and elk can be found, though they are becoming rare.

English Conception of State.

English writers think of the state as consisting of an existing for individuals. Their fault is to exaggerate the independence and self-sufficiency of the individual citizen; to be unduly optimistic as to the results of free unlimited competition between individuals, and unduly distrustful of state action. Yet English political theory is of immense value in that it clings to the fact that state action, like all other action, has to be done by individual people who will not escape the failings of ordinary humanity by being in office; and that it insists that the results of state action are to be measured in the lives of individual citizens and nowhere else. It conceives of the state as men working in common for the common good; existing as a commonwealth, for the sake of the commonwealth and for nothing else.—Atlantic.

HIS LOVE STORY

MARIE VAN VORST

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

La Comte de Sabron, captain of French cavalry, takes to his quarters to raise by hand a motherless Irish terrier pup, and names it Pitchoune. He dines with the Marquise d'Esclignac and meets Miss Julia Redmond, American heiress, who sings for him an English ballad that lingers in his memory. Sabron is ordered to Algeria, but is not allowed to take servants or dogs. Miss Redmond offers to take care of the dog during his master's absence, but Pitchoune, homesick for his master, runs away from her. The Marquise plans to marry Julia to the Duc de Tremont. Unknown to Sabron, Pitchoune follows him to Algeria. Dog and master meet and Sabron gets permission from the war minister to keep his dog with him. Julia writes him that Pitchoune has run away from her. He writes Julia of Pitchoune. The Duc de Tremont finds the American heiress capricious. A newspaper report that Sabron is among the missing after an engagement with the natives causes Julia to confess to her aunt that she loves him. Sabron, wounded in an engagement, falls into the dry bed of a river, and is watched over by Pitchoune.

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

"But," Sabron said aloud, "it is a prayer to be said at night and not in the afternoon of an African hell."

He began to climb; he pulled himself along, leaving his track in blood. He faltered twice, and the thick growth held him like the wicker of a cradle, and before he came to his consciousness the sun was mercifully going down. He finally reached the top of the bank and lay there panting. Not far distant were the bushes of rose and mimosa flower, and still fainter, weaker and ever weaker, his courage the only living thing in him. Sabron, with Pitchoune by his side, dragged himself into healing hands.

All that night Sabron was delicious; his mind traveled far into vague fantastic countries, led back again, ever gently, by a tune, to safety.

Every now and then he would realize that he was alone on the vast desert, destined to finish his existence here, to cease being a human creature and to become nothing but carrion. Moments of consciousness succeeded those of mental disorder. Every now and then he would feel Pitchoune close to his arm. The dog licked his hand and the touch was grateful to the deserted officer. Pitchoune licked his master's cheek and Sabron felt that there was another life beside his in the wilderness. Neither dog nor man could long exist, however, without food or drink and Sabron was growing momentarily weaker.

The Frenchman, though a philosopher, realized how hard it was to die unsatisfied in love, unsatisfied in life, having accomplished nothing, having wished many things and realized at an early age only death! Then this point of view changed and the physical man was uppermost.

He groaned for water, he groaned for relief from pain, turned his head from side to side, and Pitchoune whined softly. Sabron was not strong enough to speak to him, and their voices, of man and beast, inarticulate, mingled—both left to die in the open.

Then Sabron violently rebelled and cried out in his soul against fate and destiny. He could have cursed the day he was born. Keenly desirous to live, to make his mark and to win everything a man values, why should he be picked and chosen for this lonely pathetic end? Moreover, he did not wish to suffer like this, to lose his grasp on life, to go on into wilder delirium and to die! He knew enough of injuries to feel sure that his wound alone would not kill him. When he had first dragged himself into the shade he had fainted, and when he came to himself he might have stanching his blood. His wound was hardly bleeding now. It had already dried! Fatigue and thirst, fever would finish him, not his hurt. He was too young to die.

With great effort he raised himself on his arm and scanned the desert stretching on all sides like a rosy sea. Along the river bank the pale and delicate blossom and leaf of the mimosa lay like a bluish veil, and the smell of the evening and the smell of the mimosa flower and the perfumes of the weeds came to him, aromatic and sweet. Above his head the blue sky was ablaze with stars and directly over him the evening star hung like a crystal lamp. But there was no beauty in it for the wounded officer who looked in vain to the dark shadows on the desert that might mean approaching human life. It would be better to die as he was dying, than to be found by the enemy!

The sea of waste rolled unbroken as far as his fading eyes could reach. He sank back with a sigh, not to rise again, and closed his eyes and waited. He slept a short, restless, feverish sleep, and in it dreams chased one another like those evoked by a narcotic, but out of them, over and over again came the picture of Julia Redmond, and she sang to him the song whose words were a prayer for the safety of a loved one during the night.

From that romantic melody there seemed to rise more solemn ones. He heard the rolling of the organ in the cathedral in his native town, for he came from Rouen originally, where there is one of the most beautiful cathedrals in the world. The music rolled and rolled and passed over

desert's face. It seemed to lift his spirit and to cradle it. Then he breathed his prayers—they took form, and in his sleep he repeated the Ave Maria and the Paternoster, and the words rolled and rolled over the desert's face and the supplication seemed to his feverish mind to mingle with the stars.

A sort of midnight dew fell upon him: so at least he thought, and it seemed to him a heavenly dew and to cover him like a benignant rain. He grew cooler. He prayed again, and with his words there came to the young man an ineffable sense of peace. He pillowed his fading thoughts upon it; he pillowed his aching mind upon it and his body, too, and the pain of his wound and he thought aloud, with only the night airs to hear him, in broken sentences: "If this is death it is not so bad. One should rather be afraid of life. This is not difficult, if I should ever get out of here I shall not regret this night."

Toward morning he grew calmer, he turned to speak to his little companion. In his troubled thoughts he had forgotten Pitchoune.

Sabron faintly called him. There was no response. Then the soldier listened in silence. It was absolutely unbroken. Not even the call of a night-bird—not even the cry of a hyena—nothing came to him but the inarticulate voice of the desert. Great and solemn awe crept up to him, crept up to him like a spirit and sat down by his side. He felt his hands grow cold, and his feet grow cold. Now, unable to speak aloud, there passed through his mind that this, indeed, was death, desertion absolute in the heart of the plains.

CHAPTER XIV.

An American Girl.

The Marquise d'Esclignac saw that she had to reckon with an American girl. Those who know these girls know what their temper and mettle are, and that they are capable of the finest reverberation.

Julia Redmond was very young. Otherwise she would never have let Sabron go without one sign that she was not indifferent to him, and that she was rather bored with the idea of titles and fortunes. But she adored her aunt and saw, moreover, something else than ribbons and velvets in the make-up of the aunt. She saw deeper than the polish that a long Parisian lifetime had overlaid, and she loved what she saw. She respected her aunt, and knowing the older lady's point of view, had been timid and hesitating until now.

Now the American girl woke up, or rather asserted herself.

"My dear Julia," said the Marquise d'Esclignac, "are you sure that all the tinned things, the cocoa, and so forth, are on board? I did not see that box."

"Ma tante," returned her niece from her steamer chair, "it's the only piece of luggage I am sure about."

At this response her aunt suffered a slight qualm for the fate of the rest of her luggage, and from her own chair in the shady part of the deck glanced toward her niece, whose eyes were on her book.

"What a practical girl she is," thought the Marquise d'Esclignac. "She seems ten years older than I. She is cut out to be the wife of a poor man. It is a pity she should have a fortune. Julia would have been charming as love in a cottage, whereas I . . ."

She remembered her hotel on the Parc Monceau, her chateau by the Rhone, her villa at Biarritz—and sighed. She had not always been the Marquise d'Esclignac; she had been an American girl first and remembered that her maiden name had been De Puyster and that she had come from Schenectady originally. But for many years she had forgotten these things. Near to Julia Redmond these last few weeks all but courage and simplicity had seemed to have tarnish on its wings.

Sabron had not been found.

It was a curious fact, and one that transpires now and then in the history of desert wars—the man is lost. The captain of the cavalry was missing, and the only news of him was that he had fallen in an engagement and that his body had never been recovered. Several sorties had been made to find him; the war department had done all that it could; he had disappeared from the face of the desert and even his bones could not be found.

From the moment that Julia Redmond had confessed her love for the Frenchman, a courage had been born in her which never faltered, and her aunt seemed to have been infected by it. The marquise grew sentimental, found out that she was more docile and impressionable than she had believed herself to be, and the veneer and etiquette (no doubt never a very real part of her) became less important than other things. During the last few weeks she had been more a De Puyster from Schenectady than the Marquise d'Esclignac.

"Ma tante," Julia Redmond had said to her when the last telegram

was brought in to the Chateau d'Esclignac, "I shall leave for Africa tomorrow."

"My dear Julia!"

"He is alive! God will not let him die. Besides, I have prayed. I believe in God, don't you?"

"Of course, my dear Julia."

"Well," said the girl, whose pale cheeks and trembling hands at held the telegram made a sincere impression on her aunt, "well, then, if you believe, why do you doubt that he is alive? Someone must find him. Will you tell Eugene to have the motor here in an hour? The boat sails tomorrow, ma tante."

The marquise rolled her embroidery and put it aside for twelve months. Her fine hands looked capable as she did so.

"My dear Julia, a young and handsome woman cannot follow like a daughter of the regiment, after the fortunes of a soldier."

"But a Red Cross nurse can, ma tante, and I have my diploma."

"The boat leaving tomorrow, my dear Julia, doesn't take passengers."

"Oh, ma tante! There will be no other boat for Algiers," she opened the newspaper, "until . . . oh, heavens!"

"But Robert de Tremont's yacht is in the harbor."

Miss Redmond looked at her aunt speechlessly.

"I shall telegraph Madame d'Haussonville and ask permission for you to go in that as an auxiliary of the Red Cross to Algiers, or rather, Robert is at Nice. I shall telegraph him."

"Oh, ma tante!"

"He asked me to make up my own party for a cruise on the Mediterranean," said the Marquise d'Esclignac thoughtfully.

Miss Redmond fetched the telegraph blank and the pad from the table. The color began to return to her cheeks. She put from her mind the idea that her aunt had plans for her. All ways were fair in the present situation.

The Marquise d'Esclignac wrote her dispatch, a very long one, slowly. She said to her servant:

"Call up the Villa des Perroquets at Nice. I wish to speak with the Duc de



She Was Bored With the Idea of Titles and Fortunes.

Tremont." She then drew her niece very gently to her side, looking up at her as a mother might have looked. "Darling Julia, Monsieur de Sabron has never told you that he loved you?"

Julia shook her head.

"Not in words, ma tante."

There was a silence, and then Julia Redmond said:

"I only want to assure myself that he is safe, that he lives. I only wish to know his fate."

"But if you go to him like this, ma chere, he will think you love him. He must marry you! Are you making a serious declaration?"

"Ah," breathed the girl from between trembling lips, "don't go on. I shall be shown the way."

The Marquise d'Esclignac then said, musing:

"I shall telegraph to England for provisions. Food is vile in Algiers. Also, Melanie must get out our summer clothes."

"Ma tante!" said Julia Redmond. "our summer clothes?"

"Did you think you were going alone, my dear Julia?"

She had been so thoroughly the American girl that she had thought of nothing but going. She threw her arms around her aunt's neck with an abandon that made the latter young again. The Marquise d'Esclignac kissed her niece tenderly.

"Madame is Marquise, Monsieur is Duc de Tremont is at the telephone," the servant announced to her from the doorway.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Criticizes Hospitals.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt has given much time and money to the question of the selling of drugs and the treatment of those who become victims which the city of New York takes care. She now declared the manner in which the city of New York takes care of the drug "sends" a hideous farce. After ten days the victims are sent out of the hospitals "cured," and she says they leave shattered in nerve and unable to fight against the drug. Katherine Bement Davis, commissioner of charities in New York, says that between 35 and 50 per cent of all the criminals are drug fiends.

RUNNED BY THE WAR

Famous Russian Watering Place Is Deserted.

Jalta, Known All Over the World for Its Marvelous Climate, Has Had Practically No Visitors This Season.

"Jalta, the Newport of Russia, to which even such favored regions of the world as the garden lands of California and the Riviera must yield when climates are compared, is today a stronghold of society utterly eclipsed by war, a lonely, unvisited little village whose prestige and fame have departed overnight, a Newport untenanted, forgotten by the press and by all the people who, in peacetime, eagerly read about all the social splendors there," begins a statement given out by the National Geographic society.

"Jalta, normally, would just be entering upon the height of its season, its gayest, most important two months of the year, had not a world war closed it, together with Monte Carlo, Karlsbad, Interlaken and scores of other places of 'good-tone,' beauty and amusement. The imperial court, the statesmen, diplomats and members of the great Russian command, now carrying the intolerable burdens of the war, would be gathered there in times of quiet, and social Russia would follow their course."

"Jalta is a beautiful place built on the shelf of a mountain whose foot bathes in the bluest and mildest of waters to be found all around the coast of the Black sea. This little seaport, in the government of Taurida, on the southern coast of Crimea, thoroughly deserves the distinction of being the vacation home of celebrities."

"Behind it and between it and the north the solid mountain greens, which merge into deeper and deeper shades until at the bare summits they are greenish brown, rise to heights of from 2,500 to 3,000 feet. These are the southern fringe of the Jalta mountains. The tops of these peaks are often covered in icy mists while in Jalta and on its bay rests the mildest of spring weather. Snow never falls in Jalta, which boasts an annual mean temperature of 56 degrees Fahrenheit. Its climate is said to be superior to that of Nice. Its summers are not so oppressively hot, there is less rain in autumn and winter, the cool is less crisp in winter and the sunshine of autumn is said to fall balmy than anywhere else in the world."

"There is no industry and little trade carried on by the people of the village, who live almost entirely by catering to vacationists and regular visitors. It has a population of 14,000. It is an ancient city and is thought to have been a place of great importance in a remote past. At one time it belonged to the patriarchs of Constantinople."

World's Pencil Production.

According to a recent article by Mr. H. S. Sackett of the forest service, the world's production of lead pencils probably amounts to 2,000,000,000 a year, half of which are made from American-grown cedar. The United States makes about 750,000,000 a year, or more than eight pencils for each of its inhabitants.

Owing to the growing scarcity of red cedar and the fact that many other trees now little used appear to be more or less valuable substitutes for that wood in pencilmaking, the forest service has carried out a series of tests which show that, next to the two species heretofore used for this purpose, the best trees for pencils are, in order of merit, Rocky Mountain red cedar, big tree (Sequoia), Port Orford cedar, redwood and alligator Juniper.

Seize Much Opium.

Acting on a tip that a large quantity of opium had been transferred from the S. S. Korea, when it was in Hong Kong, the federal authorities gave the Chiyu Maru one of the most thorough searches a liner has been subjected to in San Francisco. Thirty inspectors were put to work, and went from stem to stern, from top to bottom, and found about \$2,500 worth of the contraband drug. An inspector found in a chest belonging to Loo Wing a false side, which opened when one of the screws in the lock was pressed. In this false side \$600 worth of opium was found. It is said that more opium is finding its way into the country than ever before.

War Wedding Rings.

English girls becoming engaged to soldiers make a special point of acquiring out-of-the-common engagement rings. These have been very successfully and artistically made from the bands of shells melted down and inset with the prospective wearer's favorite stone. On the inside is inscribed the day on which the fragment was originally picked up, and a few particulars. Shell bands are also made up into brooches and bracelets. War brides have a fancy for rather wide wedding rings, and for the moment the smaller size, the popular one before last August, is in the background. —Tit-Bits.

Undernourished Children.

Statistics show that in six of the nation's largest cities from 12 to 20 per cent of the child population is noticeably underfed or ill nourished.

VICTORY

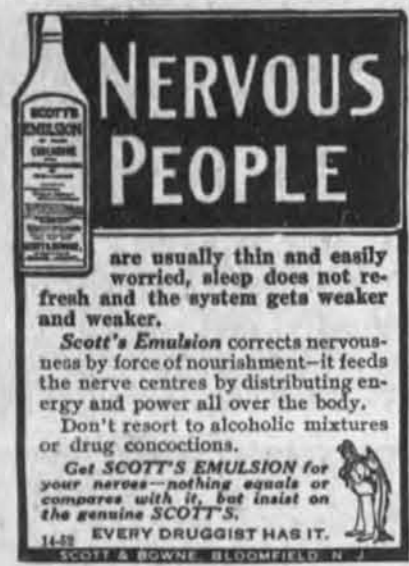
A sense of freedom from all annoying after-eating distress can only be experienced when the digestive system is strong and working harmoniously. Such a condition can be promoted by careful diet and the assistance of

HOPSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

Classy Conversation.
"Gee, that barber shop must have a fashionable patronage."
"Why so?"
"Fellow that shaved me actually started to talk golf to me."

Cures Ivy Poisoning.
For ivy poisoning apply Hanford's Balsam. It is antiseptic and may be used to kill the poison. Prompt relief should follow the first application. Adv.

A Hearty Welcome.
"And who are you?" asked St. Peter as he peeped through the slats of the pearly gate.
"Why, I'm of the earth earthy," recalled the new arrival. "Just out of college."
"Good!" exclaimed the old man. "We need somebody to tell us how to run this place, so come right in and give as the benefit of your advice."



NERVOUS PEOPLE

are usually thin and easily worried, sleep does not refresh and the system gets weaker and weaker.

Scott's Emulsion corrects nervousness by force of nourishment—it feeds the nerve centres by distributing energy and power all over the body.

Don't resort to alcoholic mixtures or drug concoctions.

Get SCOTT'S EMULSION for your nerves—nothing equals or compares with it, but insist on the genuine SCOTT'S.

EVERY DRUGGIST HAS IT.

SCOTT'S BOWNE BLOODFIELD CO.

Where Politeness Ends.
The Moores are the politest and most genial people, taken as a whole, that are to be found anywhere, a writer in Travel reports in describing a visit to Foz. Politeness ends, however, it seems, in the vicinity of the mosque of Moulid Idris, founder and protector of Foz. The streets are barred off by poles, and Christians, Jews and even animals are forbidden to enter. "A few days before our arrival a Frenchman had been almost beaten to death for trespassing in this quarter," the traveler says. The tourist naturally made no attempt to take photographs in this section; elsewhere the polite natives did not object to his use of the camera—a western invention not usually welcomed in Mohammedan towns.

Wounds on man or beast should be healed by Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

Work Requires Skill.
One of the spectacular features of the work on the modern steel building which always attracts the interest of the spectators is the adroitness of the man at the forge, whose job consists of heating the rivets to the point of redness and then tossing the glowing metal to a workman somewhere in the vicinity. He catches it and drives it into a hole awaiting its reception. In its heated condition the two ends are then clinched by a few blows of the hammer. Occasionally these meteoric missiles go astray, and are likely to do some damage, unless they are looked after. It has been found that a better way of accomplishing the practice is by means of a chute.

For sprains make a thorough application of Hanford's Balsam, well rubbed in. Adv.

Culinary Mechanics.
"What air them kitchenettes I hear tell of in the cities?" asked Deacon Hyperbole Modders, the somewhat honest agriculturist.

"They're the places, Uncle Hy," explained Upon Downs, his city nephew. "In which are molded or cast or some how produced a flat dweller's daily round of meallettea."—Judge.

GET FRESH WATER FROM SEA

Only Source of Supply Available to the Inhabitants of Island in Persian Gulf.

Quite often one hears a foolish person compared to Larabee's calf, which it is said swam the river to get a drink. It is not always so, however, for there is a land where people dive deep in the ocean to get water. Sounds funny, doesn't it?

In the Persian gulf, about twenty miles from the Arabian coast, is a group of islands, the largest of which is called Bahrein. This island, which is 20 miles in length and 10 in width, is low and sandy in most places, but here and there are oases rich in date palms dots the island with spots of green. "The Mountain of the Mist" in the center rises to the height of 400 feet. The 8,000 people who live in Manameh, its largest town, are mostly Arabs of the fanatical Wahabi sect. Fish and seaweed are their chief food and the only fresh water they have to drink is brought from springs at the bottom of the sea. The natives, with goat-skin bags, dive to the bottom, and holding the opening down upon the bubbling spring, swim to the surface with their bags filled with sweet water. The extensive pearl fisheries for which the islands have always been famous is their one great industry. The Dutch Reformed church has long maintained a mission station upon the island and that has been possible because Bahrein is under British protection.

Constipation causes and aggravates many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. The favorite family laxative. (Adv.)

Had Practice.
The Coed—I don't see how you can read Chaucer so readily. The spelling is so queer.
The Professor of English—I've had lots of experience while examining the sophomores' papers.—Harvard Lampoon.

For galls use Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

The Successful Wife.
It is becoming more or less rare to hear of an ideally happy marriage, and this state of things "gives one furiously to think," as they say in France. It may be due to the fact that, although love is easy to gain, it requires tact and care on a woman's part to retain it.

So many girls think that, directly the wedding ring is actually their own they need no longer trouble themselves to be as charming to their husbands as they were in courting time.

The girl who wants to become a thoroughly happy wife, loving and beloved, must tax her strength and patience to attract and please her husband, regardless of the worries of everyday life, to show a smiling face in trouble, to be a real "pal," and to bear and forbear. These efforts must inevitably be crowned with success, and the effort is well worth while—Exchange.

NEW MODERN DANCING
E. Fletcher Hallamore, the leading Dancing Expert and Instructor in New York City, writes: "I have used ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, for ten years, and recommend it to all my pupils." It cures and prevents sore feet. Sold by all Drug and Department Stores, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. (Adv.)

Forgiveness.
A Swedish couple has an autograph album in which three statesmen have written a sentence of their respective philosophies. The eighty-year-old French minister, Guizot, wrote: "During my long life I have learned two wise rules; the one is, to forgive much, the other, to forget nothing."

Underneath these words the French statesman Thiers wrote: "I have found that a little forgetting does not detract from the sincerity of the forgiving."

On the same page there was space enough for an autograph of the German chancellor, Bismarck, who said: "During my life I have learnt the need of forgetting much and having much forgiven me."

HOWARD E. BURTON, ASSAYER AND CHEMIST
Leadville, Colorado.
Specimen prices: Gold, Silver, Lead, \$1; Gold, Silver, 75c; Zinc or Copper, \$1. Mailing Envelopes and full price list sent on application. Control and Unpaid Work solicited. Reference: Carbonate National Bank. (Adv.)

Aesop on Preparedness.
A wild boar was whetting his tusks against a tree, when a fox coming by asked why he did so, "for," said he, "I see no reason for it; there is neither hunter nor hound in sight, nor any other danger that I can see at hand."

"True," replied the boar, "but when the danger does arise I shall have something else to do than to sharpen my weapons."

It is too late to whet the sword when the trumpet sounds to draw it.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Sold upon merit—Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

THE SUN GOD

By H. M. EGBERT.
(Novelized from the Motion Picture Drama produced by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company.)

A blazing sun, and a human figure that stood naked beneath it, staring down at the dry river bed! The body of the man was a chocolate red; nevertheless once it had been white.

The thing that had awakened memory and mind was gold. Gold, on an uninhabited island, where the man had been cast months before.

With a rush recollection came back to the man. The face of Alice, his sweetheart, seemed etched against the background of the hills. Alice, of the little fishing town where they had lived since childhood; Old Ben, her father—and then Captain Harding, the retired sea shark, rich with his insurance collected from the rotten hulks that he had sent with their living freight beneath the waves.

Harding had had all that his substitute life had ever held out as a substitute for an unstained soul; but that had not been enough. The old man wanted Alice, who filled the young fisherman's life entirely. The lovers had sensed it dimly, but they were too happy to care, and neither suspected the designs that Harding held in his heart.

Harding's mate, Anderson, had lured Herbert aboard his ship and struck him down treacherously from behind. Herbert awakened to find the ship far at sea and himself one of the crew.

A drunken crew, a floating hell, shipwreck—the panorama of the past unfolded itself before Herbert's vision. Then the escape of Anderson and himself, the treacherous seizure of the boat by the mate, who put out alone to sea, . . . months of semiconsciousness . . . the oyster beds . . . wild fruit and water . . . shelter . . . gold, on an uninhabited island!

Lifting his eyes, Herbert perceived, at that moment, a fleet of native canoes debouching round the point of the island. They were manned by brown-skinned savages, whose paddles swept rhythmically through the water.

Without thinking, he ran toward the sandy beach, but halted within twenty yards of the party that had assembled within a little grove of palms. Noiselessly he crept nearer, and, flat on his stomach, surveyed with wonder some score of natives who had grouped themselves about a curious flat stone in the center of a small open space. Tied to the stone was a girl, perhaps twenty years of age. Her long black hair fell heavily about her bare arms. Upon her face was an expression of resignation.

From among the savage group stepped forward an aged man, with long white locks that hung over his shoulders. He strained his throat and shouted an impassioned cry. The shout was taken up by the group of natives. The elder began to dance. Frenzied seized on the spectators. The brown limbs heaved, the yells that burst from the throats of the swaying natives rang like the sound of tom-toms.

Suddenly silence—so swift a transition that the effect was more stunning than the sound. From his loin-cloth the old man drew a sharpened stone which he poised on high. And at that moment the watcher understood. He had heard tales of the Polynesian customs from many seafaring men. This was the annual journey of the Sun Worshipers to the sacred stone of sacrifice. And the girl upon the stone was their destined victim.

Herbert sprang to his feet and rushed among the natives just as the priest poised the stone knife above the heart of the girl. He struck up the old man's arm and stood before her. His life seemed not worth a moment's purchase at that instant. But the dramatic action had stopped at the stranger. Burned as he was, Herbert, lighter than any man the natives had known, seemed to them a visitor from some supernatural place. And the same inspiration struck them at the same moment.

The god! The god of the stone! With one accord they broke away in terror and fled to their canoes. Herbert picked up the knife which the priest had let fall and with it severed the hemp ropes that bound the girl. She rose from the stone and fell flat at his feet in adoration. The sun god had come to claim his bride in life instead of death.

Daily Herbert toiled in the bed of the river, amassing a fortune in gold dust. Life had suddenly become fairer. Alice had grown to be a distant memory. The love of Aloona was grateful to the starved heart of the man. Gradually, however, as his store increased, Herbert began to become conscious of an inextinguishable desire to see once more the world of the past. Even Aloona cloyed.

He ceased his washing and, instead, spent every day upon the highest point of the island, scanning the horizon for passing ships. He had been fortunate enough to find a large fragment of clothing, which he hoisted upon a sapling where it could be seen by any distant vessel.

Days passed. Weeks—and his heart grew wearier and his hopes dead. Aloona saw the change in him. Her savage heart acquired the belief that he was planning to return to the gods from whom he had descended to aid her. Very solemnly one day she led Herbert to the flagpole and pointed seaward. At a distance was a large steamship, coming a cloud of smoke. Aloona looked at the face of her lord

and saw the agony and anguish there. It was passing. Herbert watched it with a breaking heart. It turned. It was coming toward them. Aloona had never seen such joy before. He grasped her by the arm and hurried with her toward the hut by the sea. He pulled the fiber bag of gold-dust from his hiding place. He strode the beach like a madman, incredulous that there were really white men in the incoming boat.

When Aloona knew that she was to accompany him her fears yielded to ecstatic happiness. Again she crouched dumbly at Herbert's feet.

"I have supported your father; I have saved his life by paying for his operation. Did you think I did that for nothing?"

Alice looked straight into Captain Harding's face.

"What is your price?" she asked.

"Yourself," answered the old man. She trembled, she had long known it, but now, even with her lover long dead, she could not realize it as possible that she could become this old man's wife.

"I will—marry you," she answered slowly.

He caught her in his arms, trembling with delight. All his schemes had come to fruition. Harding had never failed in any of his life's plans. But sometimes failure is the truest success.

Anderson, who had escaped from the wreck, had been bleeding him for months. He had taken to threatening lately. Harding had resolved to get this last enemy out of the way—the last that stood between him and his heart's desire.

He hated his tool, and his evil mind was at work planning a method of removing him when, striding home along



the cliffs, he saw Anderson waiting for him.

"You've got what you want. You've got the girl. You've put her lover out of the way. What about me?"

"You have been paid."

"You lie! I haven't been paid. I want ten thousand more, and I want it quick!" "You'll pay me!" shrieked Anderson, shaking his fist under Harding's nose. And suddenly he was struggling in the grasp of the captain's arms.

He fought desperately to free himself. His fists, dashed into his enemy's face, were impotent as a child's. Harding dragged Anderson toward the cliff's edge. The mate saw the water far below, the rocks like needles. He saw his enemy's grinning face above his own. With a wild scream he caught at Harding as he fell. Down went the two men, turning over and over in the air, until the senseless bodies struck the rocks underneath.

At the same moment Alice and her father, who had witnessed the fight from their cabin, came running to ward the scene along the shore. But Old Ben was left far behind, and Alice, mute with horror, stood alone before the hearing sea that hid the dead.

That was the moment when Herbert's destiny brought him home. He had traveled over half the world with Aloona. And day and night the home-longing had stirred in his veins, while Aloona, half forgotten, watched his face and groped, in her savage, child-way, for the key to the mystery. Now, crouching near, forgotten, she saw the white woman who looked up into her lord's face. She heard the little, incredulous cry, saw Alice folded in Herbert's arms.

"I have come back to you," he was crying. "Alice! Alice! I have come back to you from a world of dead men. I have you now, I want you, and I will never let you go!"

Aloona understood only the one word, "Alice!" She had heard Herbert mutter that often in sleep, often of late; but she had not known that it was a woman's name.

Now she knew. Looking about she saw, beached on the sand, a little canoe. A little, leaky thing, it had been left there by a summer visitor the summer before. An expert man would hardly have trusted himself to that frail craft.

Aloona dragged it to the sea's edge, entered, took up the paddle, and pushed off. Her child's mind told her only that her god was gone, while before her lay the same sun, now sinking, that she had always worshipped.

Fearless and trusting, she put out to sea, a little silhouette against the blood-red orb.

Behind her Herbert still held Alice in his arms. Her face was upturned to his, her lips rested on his, the joy in her eyes might have made better men forget.

To the Woman Who Realizes She Needs Help

You are nervous. You have "crying spells." You are dejected. You don't sleep well. You have backache. You have lost ambition for your work. You are beginning to feel old and look old.

These symptoms, more than likely, are produced by some weakness, derangement or irregularity peculiar to the feminine organism.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

(In Tablet or Liquid Form)

will aid you in regaining youthful health and strength—just as it has been doing for over forty years for women who have been in the same condition of health you now find yourself. It soothes and invigorates. It uplifts and uplifts.

Your medicine dealer will supply you in tablet or liquid form, or send 50 one-cent stamps for trial box. Address Dr. V. M. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Easy to take.

TAXES ON WEALTH.

Inheritance and Income Imposts in England and France.

An interesting statement furnished by the chancellor of the exchequer appeared in yesterday's parliamentary papers, the London Chronicle says. Mr. Lloyd George, replying to a question of Mr. Barnard, said:

"An estate of £5,000,000 if passing to strangers in blood would be liable, on a rough estimate, to death duties amounting to £1,120,000 under the existing English law, £1,165,000 under the budget proposals and £1,020,000 under the French law.

"If such an estate passed in the direct line the death duties might be roughly estimated at £700,000 under the existing English law and £701,000 under the budget proposals and £246,000 under the French law.

"Supposing a person possessed of £5,000,000 to be in receipt of an income therefrom at a rate of 4 per cent or £200,000 per annum, he would pay in income tax (at the present rate of 1s in the pound) £10,000. Under the budget proposals he would pay £11,600 income tax and about £4,900 super-tax—in all £16,500.

"Under the French income tax proposals, as I am informed, an income of £200,000 would pay 4 per cent to begin with, i. e., £8,000, together with a 5 per cent super-tax, which would involve a further charge of £10,000, or £18,000 in all."

Have Healthy, Strong, Beautiful Eyes
Oculists and Physicians used Murine Eye Remedy many years before it was offered as a Domestic Eye Medicine. Murine is Still Compounded by Our Physicians and guaranteed by them as a Reliable Relief for Eyes that Need Care. Try It in your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes—No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. Buy Murine of your Druggist—accept no Substitute, and if interested write for Book of the Eye Free. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO

Tubular Headlights.

A new electric bulb for headlights. Its tubular form, instead of being round, with the result that a much more effective light is produced. When a round bulb is inserted in the base of the headlight, rays from the filament have to pass through two and three thicknesses of the glass, on their way to end from the reflector. The tubular bulb, being but of slightly larger diameter than its base, sends the reflected rays straight ahead without any further interference by the bulging bulb tip. The tubular bulb has another advantage, which may on occasion prove highly important. It can be withdrawn through the rear of the reflector, making it possible to use front lenses which are screwed on tight, instead of being hinged to the lamp.

Boy Catches Shark.

Herbert Young, fifteen, caught a shark weighing 67 pounds off Wallace Rocks in Casco bay, Maine. The catch was made on a common cod line and the young man with the help of his father and Eugene W. Goss of Auburn, who were in the boat with him, had a hard tussle landing the big fellow. It was finally done with the help of a gaff.

What He Would Like.

Hobo—Please gimme a nickel, ma'am!
Old Lady—Didn't I see you coming out of a saloon a moment ago?
Hobo—I guess mebbe you did, ma'am.
Old Lady—Well, I wonder you are not ashamed to own it.
Hobo—I don't own it, ma'am. I only wish I did.

Manipulating the Scales.

"Your daughter is doing fairly well with her music," said the professor, "but somehow she just can't run the scales properly."

"Oh, I suppose that's an inherited trait," rejoined the fond mother. "Her father made his money in the grocery business."

The Old and Reliable Dr. Isaac Thompson's EYE WATER

is both a remedy for weak, inflamed eyes and an ideal eye wash. Keep your eyes well and they will help keep you. At all Druggists or Sent by Mail Upon Receipt of Price. Write For Free Booklet. JOHN T. THOMPSON SONS & CO., 158 River St. Troy, N.Y.

Classified Column

BOILER AND MACHINE WORKS
Founders, machinists, pattern makers, steel tanks, boilers, engines, ranges, furnaces, boiler repairs. Pioneer Boiler & Machine Works, 8, W. Cor. Palmerton and Caroline Sts. Phones A3211, Main 2544.

WRIST WATCH. GOLD FILLED, gold dial and adjustable. 25c a week buys this handsome, bright and up-to-the-minute gold WRIST WATCH. Total cost only \$5. Velvet display and FREE with the first 50 watches sold. Delay means disappointment. Send 25c TODAY with your name and address for first weekly payment. CASH DISCOUNT after first payment. Cascade Bros., Inc., Lapel, Ind. Dept. D. (established 1906).

WANTED—Ambitious people to write photographs. \$25 to \$150 each. Experience unnecessary. Our \$1 book, giving complete instructions, sent on free trial. Keep it five days. If satisfied, send 50c. If not, return book. Fair, Jan't 15. Mun-tuan Co., 4310 Broadway, Galveston, Tex.

Good Use for Idols.

A missionary in Travancore, southern India, saw one morning a native coming to his house with a heavy burden. On reaching it he laid on the ground a sack. Unfastening it, he emptied it of its contents—a number of idols. "What have you brought these here for?" asked the missionary. "I don't want them." "You have taught us that we do not want them, sir," said the native; "but I think they might be put to good use. Could they not be melted down and made into a bell for our church?" The hint was taken. They sent the idols to a bell founder, who made them into a bell which now summons the native converts to praise and prayer.

For DRUNKENNESS
AND ALL DRUG ADDICTIONS
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L. A. N. U. 1915—No. 52

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COLT DISTEMPER

You can prevent this loathsome disease from running through your stable and cure all the colts suffering with it when you begin the treatment. No matter how young, SPHON'S is safe to use on any colt. It is wonderful how it prevents all distempers, no matter how colts or horses of any age are "exposed." All good druggists and turf goods houses and manufacturers sell SPHON'S at 50 cents and \$1 a bottle; \$5 and \$10 a dozen. SPHON MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

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GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Mining Supplies,
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Furnishings
HAY AND GRAIN

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WM. FESSLER, Prop. Hot and Cold Baths
Shop Closed on Sunday
Agent Nogales Steam Laundry
Laundry sent on Monday, returned Saturday

Notice for Publication
028533
Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Phoenix, Arizona, Dec. 20, 1915.
Notice is hereby given that Peter Alvin Blausner of Elgin, Arizona, who on Oct. 8, 1915, made homestead application No. 028533 for SW 1/4, SW 1/4 NW 1/4, Section 18, Township 21 S., Range 17 E., G. & S. R. 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. Commr., at Nogales, Arizona, on the 28th day of January, 1916.
Claimant names as witnesses: Howard Ridge, John A. McCarty, Frank Jolly, James F. Cunningham, all of Elgin, Arizona.
Thomas F. Weedon, Register.
First published Dec 31, 1915 1-28

Notice for Publication
Serial No. 028525
Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, Phoenix, Arizona, Dec. 30, 1915.
Notice is hereby given that Charles Thomas Fraizer, of Elgin, Arizona, who on Oct. 7, 1915, made homestead application No. 028525, for S 1/2 NW 1/4, W 1/2 SW 1/4, Sec. 14; SE 1/4 NE 1/4, SE 1/4 SE 1/4, Sec. 15, NW 1/4 NW 1/4, Section 23, Township 21 S., Range 17 E., G. & S. R. 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 9th day of February, 1916.
Claimant names as witnesses: P. A. Blausner, J. A. McCarty, T. W. Yeary, J. F. Cunningham, all of Elgin, Arizona.
Thomas F. Weedon, Register.
First publication Jan. 7, 1916 2-4

Notice for Publication
Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Phoenix, Arizona, December 20, 1915.
Notice is hereby given that John Anthony McCarty, of Elgin, Arizona, who on Oct. 9, 1915, made homestead application No. 028544, for SE 1/4, E 1/2 SW 1/4, Sec. 14; NE 1/4 NW 1/4, NE 1/4 NE 1/4, Section 23, Township 21 S., Range 17 E., G. & S. R. 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 28th day of January, 1916.
Claimant names as witnesses: P. A. Blausner, Howard Ridge, Frank Jolly, James F. Cunningham, all of Elgin, Arizona.
Thomas F. Weedon, Register.
First publication, Dec 31-15 1-28

Notice for Publication
028542
Department of the Interior, United States Land Office at Phoenix, Arizona, December 30, 1915.
Notice is hereby given that Francis Gathbert Fenderson of Elgin, Arizona, who on October 9, 1915, made Homestead Application No. 028542, for east half of Section 22, Twp 21 S., Range 18 E., G. & S. R. 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 9th day of February, 1916.
Claimant names as witnesses: John A. McCarty, P. A. Blausner, Howard Ridge, Frank Jolly, all of Elgin, Arizona.
Thomas F. Weedon, Register.
First publication Jan. 7, 1916 2-4

Pendergrass's
Amusement Parlor
Cigars and Tobaccos
Pool Table Soft Drinks
Patagonia, Arizona

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Empire and Control Work a specialty.
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Patagonia
Smoke House
Cigars, Tobaccos, Newspapers and Magazines.
All kinds of Soft Drinks
H. H. McCUTCHAN
Patagonia.....Arizona

Notice for Publication
028524
Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Phoenix, Arizona, Dec. 20, 1915.
Notice is hereby given that Howard Ridge, of Elgin, Arizona, who on Oct. 7, 1915, made homestead application No. 028524, for lots 2, 3, NE 1/4, SE 1/4 NW 1/4, NE 1/4 SW 1/4, Section 18, Township 21 S., Range 18 E., G. & S. R. 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. Commr., at Nogales, Arizona, on the 28th day of January, 1916.
Claimant names as witnesses: P. A. Blausner, John A. McCarty, Frank Jolly, Charles Frazier, all of Elgin, Arizona.
304.584 Thomas F. Weedon, Register.
First published Dec. 31, 1915 1-28

Notice for Publication
06182
Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Phoenix, Arizona, Jan. 7, 1916.
Notice is hereby given that Edwin Burr Sorrells, of Canille, Arizona, who on June 4, 1909, made homestead application No. 99182, for a tract of 65 94 acres situated in Secs 32 & 33, T 21 S, R 15 E., (unsurveyed), G. & S. R., bounded as follows: Beginning at corner No. 1, a porphyry rock marked L-HES 176, on SE face, thence N. 58 deg. 59 min. E., 28.35 chs. to corner No. 2; thence S. 35 deg. 40 min. E., 8.06 chs. to corner No. 3; thence S. 64 deg. 07 min. W., 10.11 chs. to corner No. 4; thence S. 38 deg. 12 min. W., 26.21 chs., to corner No. 5; thence S. 32 deg. 41 min. E., 7.45 chs. to corner No. 6; thence S. 64 deg. 29 min. W., 8.57 chs. to corner No. 7; thence S. 64 deg. 29 min. W., 9.43 chs. to corner No. 8; thence N. 6 deg. 24 min. W., 24.57 chs. to corner No. 9; thence N. 58 deg. 59 min. E., 13.17 chs. to corner No. 1, the place of beginning. (List 1506 Coronado National Forest), has filed notice of intention to make five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before W. A. O'Connor, United States Commissioner, at Nogales, Arizona, on the 7th day of March, 1916.
Claimant names as witnesses: Will Roath, W. S. McKnight, Geo. N. Sayre, J. R. Sorrells, all of Nogales, Arizona.
1-14-2-11 Thomas F. Weedon, Register.

T. B. FITTS, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon.
PATAGONIA, ARIZONA

Santa Cruz Patagonian
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J. B. PRICE - - - EDITOR AND OWNER
Copper.....\$24.50
Lead.....5.50
Silver.....56 1/2

ELGIN
Miss Tootsie Stone spent the week end in Elgin, the guest of Mrs. Eva Barnett.
Mrs. Will Fenderson passed through Elgin Monday, on her way to her ranch at Canille.
There is more snow at Elgin now than for the last 15 years.
Mrs. Beaty came in Tuesday from her ranch at the Papagoes and said the snow was three feet deep on a level.
Mrs. J. F. Cunningham passed through Elgin Monday on her way to Nogales to visit her sister.
Miss Leda Beaty has been quite ill the past week, but is now out again.

SAN RAFAEL
Jeff Rountree has his well-drilling outfit in operation on the ranch of H. T. Wilson.
Many ranchers are taking advantage of the splendid condition of the soil for winter plowing. As a result, better crops will surely show for the 1916 season.
Charley Miller is planning on building a large barn on his homestead in the upper valley.
T. G. Dunham has recently completed a barn and storage, 20x40 feet, on his homestead in Haystack canyon.
Chas. Curtis will have charge of the S. J. Pressler ranch for the coming season.
The young people of the upper valley are talking of giving a big leap year dance at Mowry on Washington's birthday.
Even though feed generally has been short, stock are looking well.

Notice for Publication.
026105
Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Phoenix, Arizona, January 10, 1916.
Notice is hereby given that Annie Hammond, of Elgin, Arizona, who on Jan. 18, 1915, made homestead application No. 026105, for SE 1/4, SE 1/4 NW 1/4, Sec. 34; W 1/2 NW 1/4, NE 1/4 NW 1/4, Sec. 35, Town. 19 S., R. 18 E., G. & S. R. 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, Ariz., on the 16th day of February, 1916.
Claimant names as witnesses: Edwin C. Tolman, August C. Jepsen, Thos. Iles Pegrom, William F. Neil, all of Elgin, Arizona.
THOMAS F. WEEDON, Register.
First publication Jan 14-2-11

Notice for Publication
026106
Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Phoenix, Arizona, Jan. 10, 1916.
Notice is hereby given that Oliver Oscar Berrey, of Elgin, Arizona, who on November 18, 1914, made homestead application No. 026106, for SW 1/4, W 1/2 SE 1/4, SW 1/4 NE 1/4, SE 1/4 NW 1/4, Section 35, Township 19 S., Range 18 E., G. & S. R. 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 16th day of February, 1916.
Claimant names as witnesses: Edwin C. Tolman, August C. Jepsen, Thos. Iles Pegrom, William F. Neil, all of Elgin, Arizona.
THOMAS F. WEEDON, Register.
First publication Jan. 14-2-11

George T. Coughlin
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
NOTARY PUBLIC, Deeds, Bills of Sale and Legal Documents.
FOR SALE CHEAP—A 3-in. Studebaker wagon, practically new. Inquire at Patagonia Lumber Company.
TYPEWRITER—Smith Premier No 4 in perfect condition, for \$25 cash. Worth more money. The owner has two. Inquire at the Patagonian office.
LEARN SPANISH—Pupils solicited for private Spanish lessons; conversational method; hours to suit your own convenience. Translations made. Inquire at The Patagonian office.

Notice for Publication
026236
Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Phoenix, Arizona, Jan. 18, 1916.
Notice is hereby given that William M. Stutsman, of Elgin, Arizona, who on Jan. 26, 1915, made homestead entry No. 026236 for SE 1/4 Section 32, Township 19 S., Range 18 E., G. & S. R. 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 March, 1916.
Claimant names as witnesses: Samuel M. Miller, John S. Hamlett, Henry L. Hooker (3), of Elgin, and Ermon Johnson of Nogales, Arizona.
Thomas F. Weedon, Register.
First pub. Jan 28-2-25
Watch for Coughlin's big bargain suit ad next week.

New Stock Goods
Best quality of merchandise arriving daily. We now have one of the largest and most complete stocks of General Merchandise in the County.
Have you tried any of our celebrated Colorado Cane Eggs? They're guaranteed to be absolutely fresh.
We have a Car of the Justly Celebrated HIGH PATENT "SWAN DOWN FLOUR"
We offer you Groceries and other eatables that will stand the test—that will register 100 per cent pure—that are cheapest because there is no waste.
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Think!
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Furniture and Hardware
When we will furnish your home so cheaply?
Come and see us
GEO. B. MARSH, Inc.
Nogales, Ariz.

Notice for Publication
026109
Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Phoenix, Arizona, Jan. 18, 1916.
Notice is hereby given that John Stanley Hamlett, of Elgin, Arizona, who on November 18, 1914, made homestead application No. 026109, for NE 1/4, Section 33, Township 19 S., Range 18 E., G. & S. R. 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 March, 1916.
Claimant names as witnesses: William M. Stutsman, Samuel M. Miller, Henry L. Hooker (3), of Elgin, and Ermon Johnson of Nogales, Arizona.
Thomas F. Weedon, Register.
First pub. Jan 28-2-25
Coughlin is going to sell Royal Tailored Suits cheap next week.