SANTA CRUZ PATAGONIAN

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Duquesne Company Shipping Concentrates From New Mill

The freighting of concentrates from the new mill at the Duquesne mine was commenced Wednesday, about half a carload being brought down by the several freight outfits.

J. F. Combs, one of the owners of the Eldorado group, was in from Harshaw Tuesday.

The Hardtmayer Mining Company built a house this week on its property east of town.

The Patagonia Lumber Company is shipping a car of mine timbers for the Duquesne mine.

The Sterling Borax Company received a car of mine timbers this week from the local lumber company for the Flux mine.

Mark Lully of Nogales, who is interested in the Wandering Jew mine in the Alto section, was a business visitor here this week.

Chas. H. Hoffman, one of the best known mining engineers in the southwest, is here from Smithville, Texas, on professional business.

The ground in Temporal canyon which Mr. Putnam is leasing from Judge A. S. Henderson is showing up well, several feet of ore having been crosscut in a tunnel. A drift will be run on the ore body.

Harry Stevens and Marshall McDonnell were in from the Blue Eagle mine this week and report that the work is going ahead with good progress being made and that the ore shoot is showing up well.

A. C. Sanders, mining engineer, who has been here some time, returned Saturday from a business trip, accompanied by H. M. Harrison, a mining man, and several properties have been inspected by the gentlemen this week.

John Agnoli of Congress, better known among miners as "Russian Jack," was recently granted damages in the federal court at Prescott against the Santa Fe Railroad Company in the sum of $7,000 because of injuries received by the falling of a berth.

A carload of mining timbers came in Monday evening for the Patagonia Lumber Company's yard.

"San Simon" Jack Lassiter was in yesterday from his mining property in the Red Rock mountains and reports good progress being made.

M. H. Hogan, Rich Farrell and Mike Long, were in from the Trench mine Saturday and went to Nogales on the evening train, passing several days in the county seat.

Mrs. Anton Klein came in from Harshaw, Tuesday, after a several days' stay there, and left Wednesday morning for her her home in Bisbee. Mr. Klein, who was expected down from the coast, was detained there by mining business and will be here later.

Mrs. C. C. Chapman and Miss Willie Chapman motored down from Alto Tuesday and were shopping at the local stores.

John Archer, son in-law of Mr. and Mrs. James Kane, was here this week from Tucson, where he is in the employ of the Southern Pacific Company.

Mr. H. McFadden, one of the old time stockmen in this section and formerly foreman of the Empire ranch, but now a resident of California, was a visitor here this week.

Frank Johnson, son of J. R. Johnson of Crittenden, joined the United States navy during the recent trip of Mr Johnson and son to the exposition, entering as an apprentice electrician at the naval training station on Goat Island, in San Francisco bay. Mr. Johnson received a letter from his son on Thursday stating that he was entirely contented with life at the training station.

Patagonia Smoke House

Cigars, Tobaccos, Newspapers and Magazines.

All kinds of Soft Drinks

H. H. McCUTCHAN

Patagonia.....Arizona

LOCAL AND PERSONAL NOTES

O. F. Ashburn made a large shipment of cattle Thursday from the Pennsylvania ranch; stock being loaded at the Sonoita yards.

Mrs. C. W. Young, mother of Mrs. J. M. Harris, who has been visiting here the last two weeks, left Tuesday morning for her home in Clifton.

W. H. Land, vice president and manager of the Santa Cruz Valley Bank and Trust Company, and Mrs. Land motored up from Nogales last Sunday, returning the same evening.

Perry J. Wilson of the San Rafael Valley threshed and graded four sacks of beans, which were stolen last week while he was absent. Two of the sacks, it is claimed, were found here, but no complaint has yet been filed.

Benjamin Wilson, who has been passing several weeks with Mrs. Wilson at his ranch in the San Rafael valley, came in last Friday and left Saturday morning for Jerome to resume his work in the engineering department of the United Verde Copper Company.

There will be a change here in local S. P. circles the first of October. Nicholas Johnson, the regular foreman of the Patagonia section, will have charge of the quarry to be opened at Sanford mountain, a few miles west of Patagonia. The Patagonia and Crittenden sections will be consolidated under the foremanship of J. R. Johnson, at present in charge of the Crittenden section. John Whalen, who has had charge of the Patagonia section during the summer, will be transferred to a section on the main line. He left for Tucson this morning.

F. H. Wilkey of the First National Bank of Nogales, passed through here last Friday evening on his return from a business trip to Fort Huachuca.

Mrs. A. C. Best and Mrs. Richard Farrell were here last Saturday from Harshaw shopping and Mrs. Best had her eyes examined by Dr. H. A. Schell.

Father Militello of Douglas will be at the local Catholic church October 14 and 15. He will arrive on the morning train the 14th and hold services and also an early mass the morning of the 15th.

Frank Blacklidge came up from Patagonia yesterday morning for a short visit with his mother and numerous friends. Mr. Blacklidge will return home Monday. He reports business in Patagonia as being good and constantly improving.—Benson Signal.

Mrs. James H. Reagan and little daughter Vivian were passengers for Nogales last Friday evening Mrs. Reagan going down to see her new grandchild, the daughter of Mrs. G. Lou Stevens. Mr. Stevens accompanied them. They returned Sunday with Sheriff McKnight, who was going to Cochise county on official business.

R. N. Keaton, the San Rafael Valley merchant and rancher, was in town yesterday and took out a load of farm machinery, including a sulky gang plow, bean and pea thresher and a power corn sheller. Mr. Keaton has a large field of cane and has made 300 gallons of molasses and will make about 700 gallons more. He is the San Rafael Valley commissioner for the county fair and reports that the Valley will have some fine exhibits.

First Santa Cruz County Fair Will Be Held at Sonoita Oct. 8-9

The first exhibition of the Santa Cruz County Fair Association will be held next Friday and Saturday, October 8 and 9, at which will be presented the agricultural, horticultural, grazing and mineral resources of the valleys and mountains of the county.

COUNTY AND STATE FAIR EXHIBITS.

Mark Manning, county fair commissioner, desires all bringing exhibits to the county fair to bring plenty of each exhibit that he may be able to select from them an exhibit to the state fair from Santa Cruz county. He will also take charge of any products that the growers desire to enter as individual exhibits.

DANCING AT FAIR.

There will be a dance Friday night, October 8, until midnight, and Saturday, October 9, the dancing will be from sundown until morning. The music will be the military band from either Nogales or Huachuca.

RULES

Officials and spectators will not be allowed to make suggestions to or otherwise attempt to influence the judges.

All disputes shall be referred to the superintendents of departments, or, when necessary, to the manager, as final authority.

Passing of Mrs. Nicholas Johnson

Mrs. Nicholas Johnson suffered a paralytic stroke Sunday night and passed away Wednesday morning without regaining consciousness. Dr. Harris and a number of friends of the family were in constant attendance on her, but she was unable to rally from the attack. Dr. Gustetter of Nogales was called in consultation Tuesday night and was accompanied by Dr. Reynolds, an army surgeon stationed at Nogales.

Mr. Johnson, who was at Dome, Ariz., was notified and arrived here Tuesday night, accompanied by his son Will.

R. F. Olden, Lanark, N. M., C. F. Olden, Tucson, Ariz., and Mrs. J. P. Powers, Douglas, Arizona, father, brother and sister of the deceased, arrived on the 5 o'clock train Thursday. Services were held immediately after the arrival of the train, the same being conducted by Elder P. L. Knox, assisted by Mrs. Knox, interment being in the Patagonia cemetery.

Mrs. Johnson, nee Clara Maud Olden, was born in Humboldt, Allen County, Kas., January 7, 1871, and was married to Mr. Johnson at Lordsburg, N. M., March 1, 1900. The family have resided in Patagonia for several years and are held in the highest esteem by the entire community, which was seen in the fact, that during the services every business house in town closed its doors.

Other near relatives of the deceased who were unable to be in attendance, are two sisters, Mrs. P. M. Cook of Douglas, Ariz. and Mrs. Bessie Haydon of Los Angeles. Another brother, C. L. Olden, resides at Gila Bend.

Col. R. R. Richardson and Edward F. Rohlinger went to Tucson this morning on a business trip.

Dr. H. A. Schell, the Tucson optician, was a professional visitor here Saturday, leaving in the evening for Nogales, to meet patient who were unable to be here Saturday.

Miss Tootsie Stone was a passenger for Elgin last Saturday morning, passing the week end with Mrs. James Barnett, and attending the Saturday night dance at Huachuca Siding.

Earl M. McCutchan of Light, has a five acre field of corn that will yield something better than 25 bushels to the acre. Corn seems to be more and more securing the attention of the valley settlers.—Courtland Arizonan.

The 80 per cent law, which was passed at the recent election, and later declared unconstitutional, after which appeal was taken by Attorney-General Wiley K. Jones, has been set for hearing in the supreme court of the United States on October 12.

Washington Trading Company

Home of

"DIAMOND M"

FLOUR

PATAGONIA . . . ARIZONA

WE ASK FOR YOUR ACCOUNT BECAUSE

We are able to render you service which cannot be excelled.

We conduct a bank which is run along the line of conservatism and safety.

Our officers and directors are men of affairs and large property owners in this community.

The safety of our depositors is our first consideration.

4 per cent interest on time deposits.

SANTA CRUZ VALLEY BANK & TRUST CO.

Nogales - - Arizona

PATAGONIA LUMBER CO.

Dealers in all kinds of Building Material,
Cement, Lime, Corrugated Iron, Paints.
Well assorted stock always on hand.
Complete Line of Doors and Mouldings.

Mining Timbers in carloads or less.

Mail Orders Promptly Shipped

P. J. Russell, representative of the International Drug Company of Nogales, was here Monday on a business trip.

Elite Cleaning and Pressing Works

Mrs. Anna Brown

Patagonia - - - Arizona

THE REXALL STORE

International Drug Co.

Nogales - - - Arizona

C. H. Hector, Manager

Box C Phone 67

MAIL ORDERS OUR SPECIALTY

Physicians' Prescriptions prepared at all hours, day or night, by Registered and Competent Druggists only. A full line of Rexall, A. D. S., Dykes' Specialties always on hand.

We promise satisfaction or money cheerfully refunded.

Pendergrass's Amusement Parlor

Cigars and Tobaccos

Pool Table Soft Drinks

Patagonia, Arizona

Irrigating Machinery

Pumps, Windmills, Boilers, Steam and Gasoline Engines.

SPECIAL GAS OIL

The Economical Fuel for Gasoline Engines

ROY & TITCOMB, Inc.

NOGALES, ARIZONA

GEO. B. MARSH, Inc.

Nogales - - Arizona

Chinaware

To make room for a large shipment of Glassware and Crockery we offer to the public our entire line of

Chinaware at Prices Unapproached

We will sell this line exceptionally cheap and ask you to inspect our prices. No doubt you remember the bargains we had in Cutlery. This sale will be similar regarding prices and will give you a chance to supply your needs in this ware for a reasonable sum.

"See us first"

Santa Cruz Patagonian

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

H. P. GREENE.....Editor and Lessee

J. B. PRICE.....Owner

HE MADE BEQUEST OF BRAIN

Man of Eminence Has the Idea of Advancing Scientific Study by the Action.

Announcement was made a short time ago that Dr. Leland O. Howard, chief of the United States bureau of entomology, had declared to the American Association for the Advancement of Science that he would bequeath his brain for scientific study to a school that specializes in neurology. A number of other scientists who attended the meeting expressed admiration for the doctor's action and are reported to be considering similar bequests of their own brains.

There was a British physician named Robert Peebles who created a sensation in London and Edinburgh several years ago by his insistent coaxing of athletes for the privilege of studying their bodies after death. He had been experimenting with the muscles and had arrived at what his associates termed a fantastic notion that some sort of operation could be performed on the leg of the human runner so that his speed could be increased. Leapers and high jumpers were his hobby, and in the course of five years it was estimated that he had examined the leg muscles of nearly a thousand men, making comparisons with the running and leaping muscles of the frog, the deer, the greyhound and other animals.

Peebles was a man of means, and after he had succeeded in inducing half a dozen athletes of reputation to "will him their legs" the attention of surgeons was attracted. They took the matter under consideration at one of their quarterly meetings and warned Peebles they would have him committed to a sanitarium if he continued his strange pursuit. Peebles defied them and they had a commission appointed. While his sanity was being tested Peebles died. In his will he bequeathed his brain to the commission.

War Hits Rheumatism.

Sodium salicylate, the friend of sufferers from rheumatism, is selling today at $2.40 a pound, while before the war it only cost 30 cents a pound, remarks the New York World. Also, it is sold in this country only under the condition that none of it will be exported.

The reason for this, according to the head of one of the largest chemical concerns in the city, is not because there are more cases of rheumatism in the country today than ever before, but because sodium salicylate is made from carbolic acid heretofore imported from Europe. Now Europe needs all her carbolic acid to use in manufacturing explosives.

Horace Graves of the Oil, Drug and Paint Reporter said: "Nearly all the highly developed coal tar derivatives in the United States have been used up. Picric acid, which is used in explosives, costs nil over in Europe to what it would cost to manufacture here. In England they are too busy to manufacture it, so they have been buying from us in great quantities. We have been selling at huge prices. Last year at this time carbolic acid cost seven cents a pound, now it has gone up to $1.50."

Gunmakers to the Kaiser.

Ordinarily the Krupps manufacture railway equipment, motor cars and other steel products for purposes of peace, as well as guns. Now, however, the entire establishment is being devoted exclusively to the making of guns and war munitions. The immense furnaces are boiling tons of white-hot metal, and the stacks belching forth volumes of black smoke as the great army of gunmakers work in day and night shifts under tremendous war pressure. Busy Berthas are being prolifically produced. Guns for naval and coast defense, for siege and fortress purposes, field and mountain guns, antiaircraft guns, guns of all kinds and calibers, with accessories and appointments, such as armored turrets, shields, observation stations, conning towers, armored casements, disappearing carriages, hoisting and lifting apparatus for ammunition; great shells, torpedoes, shrapnel, case shot, all kinds of ammunition, armor plate and ordnance wagons, in fact, all the dread implements in the arsenal of war stream forth in steady shipments.—Review of Reviews.

Doubtful About It.

Nath Taylor could neither read nor write, but he put one over on the city preacher that he engaged to marry him. Nath had for a long time contemplated marrying, but never had the nerve to inquire into the necessary legal formalities. A preacher from the city happened to be visiting on the farm where Nath was employed. When Nath learned of the presence of the preacher in the house he decided to go up and inquire just what had to be done. When Nath reached the front steps his courage left him, and there Mr. Smith, his employer, found him. Nath explained his mission and the preacher was called to enlighten him.

"And so you wish to get married, my man?" the preacher nodded encouragingly to Nath, whose courage was fast slipping away.

"W-e-l-l, I think I will try it a while," Nath replied. "How much does it cost?"

SOME OF THE OLD "TIPPLES"

Early Housekeepers Had Many Recipes That Have Been Handed Down to Posterity.

Whether there will be a revival during the next few years of the domestic art of making wine is a matter of pure conjecture, but it is interesting to recall that formerly many common things that grow around us were utilized by thrifty housewives in the preparation of "tipples" that were more or less mild or more or less potent. Generally the wine-making potentialities of these things are little thought of now, and in most homes, even in country homes, wine-making processes have been forgotten.

Reference has recently been made to the making of dandelion wine, a sweet and potent wine prepared with the aid of the golden flowers of the dandelion. Elderberry wine and elderflower wine were made in most of the rural homes in the Potomac country a generation or so ago. Blackberries were gathered industriously by the children for conversion into jam and wine or cordial, and raspberries were especially sought after that wine could be made from them. It is probable that in the minds of elderly persons today there is preserved a better memory of raspberry vinegar than of raspberry wine, for it was popularly believed that raspberry vinegar was superior to that made from apples.

In cherry time the fruit was treasured because it could be preserved or converted into a familiar tipple called "cherry bounce," a drink which at certain stages of its "aging" or development was exhilarating and intoxicating.

The flavor of gooseberry wine was known and esteemed by most of the grandmothers and grandfathers of present Washingtonians.

On all the old farms there was a little distillery, though on some farms it was not so little, just as there was an icehouse and a smokehouse, where the peaches and apples and grapes could be distilled into fruit brandy.

Cider-making was a ceremony, and in the late fall when frost had pinched and somewhat shriveled the persimmons a strange potation called persimmon beer was made.

Parsnip wine was made by British housewives before emigration to America set in, and the art of making this wine was brought over by the early immigrants. There was also in colonial times in America a drink which was called peppermint wine, or peppermint liqueur.

LETTUCE FOR THE TABLE

Much Depends on Its Proper Preparation and Arrangement When It Is Served.

When lettuce comes from the market, clean in cold water and look it over carefully to see that all dirt and insects are removed. Place on a piece of dampened cheesecloth, then roll up and put on the ice, when it will be ready for use and will often stay fresh for a week. Some persons complain of sleepiness after eating lettuce. This is due to the lactucin in lettuce, which the milky juice contains. This juice may be removed by cutting from the lettuce the lower end of the heads or stalks and then standing the lettuce in cold water for several hours before using. Keep the head intact when you wish to quiet the nerves or to induce sleep.

The following is a pretty lettuce relish for luncheon or dinner and may be served in a small cut glass dish: Line the dish with lettuce leaves upon which place either ripe or green olives and tiny red tomatoes. Chill with cracked ice. The olives and tomatoes may be taken with the fingers at any time during the meal.

Hot-Water Platter.

Those who have to solve the problem of cold dining rooms, especially at breakfast time, will find greater comfort in the use of the hot-water platter. Boiling water is turned into the tank under the platter and the top screwed on. Then the nickel cover is placed over the food, which keeps hot and in perfect order for at least thirty minutes. The original outlay seems a little large, as the medium-sized outfit costs about nine dollars, but with careful use it will repay one in the comfort of hot meals. There is also the round hot-water plate which is excellent for the breakfast tray or invalid's use.

Egg Patties.

Beat eggs lightly and add crushed cracker crumbs till it forms a thick paste, then thin with a little milk. Season with finely cut onion, pepper and salt. Fry in butter, like pancakes. Very good and something different.

Excellent Dust Cloth.

Split and sew together the upper halves of fine cotton hose. Place these dust cloths in an airtight pail with a few drops of kerosene sprinkled on them and leave to stand 24 hours. This makes an inexpensive dustless duster.

When Making Starch.

It is a good plan, when making starch, to shave off some fine pieces of soap and add them to the starch. This gives a beautiful glossy finish to collars and cuffs, and will prevent the irons sticking.

When Dinner Is Late.

If you want the contents of a saucepan to cook quickly, never leave a spoon in it. The spoon carries off great deal of the heat and delays the boiling.

Old Lady Number 31

By LOUISE FORSSLUND

Author of
"The Story of Sarah"
"The Ship of Dreams"
Etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

Captain Abraham Rose and Angeline, his wife, have lost their little home through Abe's unlucky purchase of Tenafly Gold mining stock. Their household goods sold, the $100 auction money, all they have left, will place Abe in the Old Man's home, or Angy in the Old Ladies' home. Both are self-sacrificing but Abe decides: "My dear this is the fust time I've had a chance to take the wust of it." The old couple bid good-by to the little house. Terror of "what folks will say" sends them along by-paths to the gate of the Old Ladies' home. Miss Abigail, matron of the Old Ladies' home, hears of the ill fortune of the old couple. She tells the other old ladies, and Blossy, who has paid a double fee for the only double bedchamber, voices the unanimous verdict that Abe must be taken in with his wife. Abe awakens next morning to find that he is "Old Lady No. 31." The old ladies give him such a warm welcome that he is made to feel at home at once.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

But what was this? Blossy, leading all the others in a resounding call of "Welcome!" and then Blossy drawing her two hands from behind her back. One held a huge blue cup, the other the saucer to match. She placed the cup in the saucer and held it out to Abraham. He trudged down the few steps to receive it, unashamed now of the tears that coursed down his cheeks. With a burst of delight he perceived that it was a mustache cup, such as the one he had always used at home until it had been set for safekeeping on the top pantry shelf to await the auction, where it had brought the price of eleven cents with half a paper of tacks thrown in.

And now as the tears cleared away he saw, also, what Angy's eyes had already noted, the inscription in warm crimson letters on the shining blue side of the cup, "To Our Beloved Brother."

"Sisters," he mumbled, for he could do no more than mumble as he took his gift, "ef yew'd been gittin' ready fer me six months, yew couldn't have done no better."

CHAPTER V.

The Head of the Corner.

Everybody wore their company manners to the breakfast table—the first time in the whole history of the home when company manners had graced the initial meal of the day. Being pleasant at supper was easy enough, Aunt Nancy used to say, for every one save the unreasonably cantankerous, and being agreeable at dinner was not especially difficult; but no one short of a saint could be expected to smile of mornings until sufficient time had been given to discover whether one had stepped out on the wrong or the right side of the bed.

This morning, however, no time was needed to demonstrate that everybody in the place had gotten out on the happy side of his couch. Even the deaf-and-dumb gardener had untwisted his surly temper, and as Abraham entered the dining-room, looked in at the east window with a conciliatory grin and nod which said plainly as words:

"'Tis a welcome sight indeed to see one of my own kind around this establishment!"

"Why don't he come in?" questioned Abe, waving back a greeting as well as he could with the treasured cup in one of his hands and the saucer in the other; whereupon Sarah Jane, that ugly duckling, explained that the fellow, being a confirmed woman hater, cooked all his own meals in the smoke house, and insisted upon all his orders being left on a slate outside the tool-house door. Abe sniffed disdainfully, contemplating her homely countenance, over which this morning's mood had cast a not unlovely transforming glow.

"Why, the scalawag!" He frowned so at the face in the window that it immediately disappeared. "Yew don't mean ter tell me he's sot ag'in yew gals? He must be crazy! Sech a handsome, clever set o' women I never did see!"

Sarah Jane blushed to the roots of her thin, straight hair and sat down, suddenly disarmed of every porcupine quill that she had hidden under her wings; while there was an agreeable little stir among the sisters.

"Set deown, all hands! Set deown!" enjoined Miss Abigail, fluttering about with the heaviness of a fat goose. "Brother Abe—that's what we've all agreed to call yew, by unanimous vote—yew set right here at the foot of the table. Aunt Nancy always had the head an' me the foot; but I only kept the foot, partly becuz thar wa'n't no man fer the place, and partly becuz I was tew sizable ter squeeze in anywhar else. Seein' as Sister Angy is sech a leetle mite, though, I guess she kin easy make room fer me t'other side o' her."

Abe could only bow his thanks as he put his gift down on the table and took the prominent place assigned to him. The others seated, there was a solemn moment of waiting with bowed heads. Aunt Nancy's trembling voice arose—the voice which had jealously guarded the right of saying grace at table in the Old Ladies' home for twenty years—not, however, in the customary words of thanksgiving, but in a peremptory "Brother Abe!"

Abraham looked up. Could she possibly mean that he was to establish himself as the head of the household by repeating grace? "Brother Abe!" she called upon him again. "Yew've askt a blessin' fer one woman fer many a year; supposin' yew ask it fer thirty!"

Amid the amazement of the other sisters, Abe mumbled, and muttered, and murmured—no one knew what words; but all understood the overwhelming gratitude behind his incoherency, and all joined heartily in the Amen. Then, while Mrs. Homan, the cook of the week, went bustling out into the kitchen, Aunt Nancy felt that it devolved upon her to explain her action. It would never do, she thought, for her to gain a reputation for self-effacement and sweetness of disposition at her time of life.

"Son, I want yew to understand one thing naow at the start. Yew treat us right, an' we'll treat you right. That's all we ask o' yew. Miss Ellie, pass the radishes."

"I'll do my best," Abe hastened to assure her. "Hy-guy, that coffee smells some kind o' good, don't it? Between the smell o' the stuff an' the looks o' my cup, it'll be so temptin' that I'll wish I had the neck of a gi-raffe, an' could taste it all the way deown. Angy, I be afraid we'll git the gout a-livin' so high. Look at this here cream!"

Smiling, joking, his lips insisting upon joking to cover the natural feeling of embarrassment incident to this first meal among the sisters, but with his voice breaking now and again with emotion, while from time to time he had to steal his handkerchief to his old eyes, Abe passed successfully through the—to him—elaborate breakfast. And Angy sat in rapt silence, but with her face shining so that her quiet was the stillness of eloquence. Once Abe startled them all by rising stealthily from the table and seizing the morning's newspaper, which lay upon the buffet.

"I knowed it!" cavilled Lazy Daisy sotto voce to no one in particular. "He couldn't wait for the news till he was through eatin'!" But Abe had folded the paper into a stout weapon, and, creeping toward the window, despatched by a quick, adroit movement a fly which had alighted upon the screen.

"I hate the very sight o' them air pesky critters," he explained half apologetically. "Thar, thar's another one," and slaughtered that.

"My, but yew kin get 'em, can't yew?" spoke Miss Abigail admiringly. "Them tew be the very ones I tried ter ketch all day yiste'day; I kin see as a fly-ketcher yew be a-goin' ter be wuth a farm ter me. Set deown an' try some o' this here strawberry presarve."

But Abe protested that he could not eat another bite unless he should get up and run around the house to "joggle deown" what he had already swallowed. He leaned back in his chair and surveyed the family: on his right, generous-hearted Blossy, who had been smiling approval and encouragement at him all through the repast; at his left, and just beyond Angy, Miss Abigail indulging in what remained on the dishes now that she discovered the others to have finished; Aunt Nancy keenly watching him from the head of the board; and all the other sisters "betwixt an' between."

He caught Mrs. Homan's eye where she stood in the doorway leading into the kitchen, and remarked pleasantly:

"Ma'am, yew oughter set up a pancake shop in 'York. Yew could make a fortune at it. I hain't had sech a meal o' vittles sence I turned fifty year o' age."

A flattered smile overspread Mrs. Homan's visage, and the other sisters, noting it, wondered how long it would be before she showed her claws in Abraham's presence.

"Hy-guy, Angy," Abe went on, "yew can't believe nothin' yew hear, kin yer? Why, folks have told me that yew ladies— What yew hittin' my foot fer, mother? Folks have told me," a twinkle of amusement in his eye at the absurdity, "that yew fight among yerselves like cats an' dogs, when, law! I never see sech a clever lot o' women gathered tergether in all my life. An' I believe—mother, I hain't a-sayin' nothin'! I jest want ter let 'em know what I think on 'em. I believe that thar must be three hunderd hearts in this here place 'stid o' thirty. But dew yew know, gals, folks outside even go so fur 's ter say that yew throw plates at one another!"

There was a moment's silence; then a little gasp first from one and then from another of the group. Every one looked at Mrs. Homan, and from Mrs. Homan to Sarah Jane. Mrs. Homan tightened her grip on the pancake turner; Sarah Jane uneasily moved her long fingers within reach of a sturdy little red-and-white pepper pot. Another moment passed, in which the air seemed filled with the promise of an electric storm. Then Blossy spoke hurriedly—Blossy, the tactician—clasping her hands together and bringing Abe's attention to herself.

"Really! You surprise me! You don't mean to say folks talk about us like that!"

"Slander is a dretful long-legged critter," amended Miss Abigail, smiling and sighing in the same breath.

"Sary Jane," inquired Mrs. Homan sweetly, "what's the matter with that pepper pot? Does it need fillin'?"

And so began the reign of peace in the Old Ladies' home.

CHAPTER VI.

Indian Summer.

Miss Abigail had not banked in vain on the "foresightedness of the Lord." At the end of six months, instead of there being a shortage in her accounts because of Abe's presence, she was able to show the directors such a balance sheet as excelled all her previous commendable records.

"How do you explain it?" they asked her.

"We cast our bread on the waters," she answered, "an' Providence jest kept a-sendin' out the loaves." Again she said. "'Twas grinnin' that done it. Brother Abe he kept the gardener good-natured, an' the gardener he jest grinned at the garden sass until it was ashamed not ter flourish; an' Brother Abe kept the gals good-natured an' they wa'n't so nigsy about what they eat; an' he kept the visitors a-laughin' jest ter see him here, an' when yew make folks laugh they want ter turn around an' dew somethin' fer yew. I tell yew, ef yew kin only keep grit ernough ter grin, yew kin drive away a drought."

In truth, there had been no drought in the garden that summer, but almost a double yield of corn and beans; no drought in the gifts sent to the home, but showers of plenty. Some of these came in the form of fresh fish and clams left at the back door; some in luscious fruits; some in barrels of clothing. And the barrels of clothing solved another problem; for no longer did their contents consist solely of articles of feminine attire. "Biled shirts" poured out of them; socks and breeches, derby hats, coats and negligees; until Aunt Nancy with a humorous twist to her thin lips inquired if there were thirty men in this establishment and one woman.

"I never thought I'd come to wearin' a quilted silk basque with tossels on it," Abe remarked one day on being urged to try on a handsome smoking jacket. "Dew I look like one of them sissy-boys, er jest a dude?"

"It's dretful becoming," insisted Angy, "bewtiful! Ain't it, gals?"

Every old lady nodded her head with an air of proud proprietorship, as if to say, "Nothing could fail to become our brother." And Angy nodded her head, too, in delighted approval of their appreciation of "our brother" and "my husband."

Beautiful, joy-steeped, pleasure-filled days these were for the couple, who had been cramped for life's smallest necessities so many meager years. Angy felt that she had been made miraculously young by the birth of this new Abraham—almost as if at last she had been given the son for whom in her youth she had prayed with impassioned appeal. Her old-wife love became rejuvenated into a curious mixture of proud mother-love and young-wife leaning, as she saw Abe win every heart and become the center of the community.

"Why, the sisters all think the sun rises an' sets in him," Angy would whisper to herself sometimes, awed by the glorious wonder of it all.

The sisters fairly vied with one another to see how much each could do for the one man among them. Their own preferences and prejudices were magnanimously thrust aside. In a body they besought their guest to smoke as freely in the house as out of doors. Miss Abigail even traded some of her garden produce for tobacco, while Miss Ellie made the old gentleman a tobacco pouch of red flannel so generous in its proportions that on a pinch it could be used as a chest protector.

Then Ruby Lee, not to be outdone by anybody, produced, from no one ever discovered where, a mother-of-pearl manicure set for the delight and mystification of the hero; and even Lazy Daisy went so far as to cut some red and yellow tissue paper into squares under the delusion that some time, somehow, she would find the energy to roll these into spills for the lighting of Abe's pipe. And each and every sister from time to time contributed some gift or suggestion to her "brother's" comfort.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How the Rain Bores Holes.

When rain falls it does not actually soak into the earth, but bores its way in, forming tiny tubes, says the Reho-both Sunday Herald. These tubes are so small that it would be impossible to insert a hair in one of them without bursting its walls. Sometimes the tubes are bored down to a depth of four or five feet. When the surface dries the water evaporates from the tubes, just as it would from a pipe. If the tube is twisted it takes longer for the water to evaporate.

If one takes a rake and stirs the ground after each rain he breaks the tops of the tubes and the water will stand in them for months. In this way the farmers of the West, on semi-arid lands, store the rainfalls one year and raise a crop of wheat every other year, there being sufficient water in two years, but not enough in one, to raise a crop.

Church, State and Poor.

A book on "The Church, the State and the Poor" has been written by an English vicar. The book is comprehensive, tracing the subject of prereformation days. The author regrets that during the growth of collectivism, under which he classifies what is called "Christian socialism," the church has trusted too much to the state to better the conditions among the poor. Now there is a revival of interest in the welfare of the poor on the part of the church. The writer's contention is that a firm belief in the Christian creed is the only inspiration and guide to any effort to solve "the social problem."

AFTERMATH OF WAR

Unexploded Shells a Source of Great Danger.

Are Destroyed With Special Pains When They Are Discovered, But Undoubtedly Will Be Cause of Many Deaths.

The unexploded shell is one of war's cruelest dangers, since it may kill or maim the innocent and unexpecting—perhaps years after the fighting is all over and peace reigns in the land. Even when unexploded projectiles are seen and recognized as such, their removal or destruction is attended with great danger. Mr. H. Vigneron tells how the French army in the field is accustomed to deal with this element. He writes:

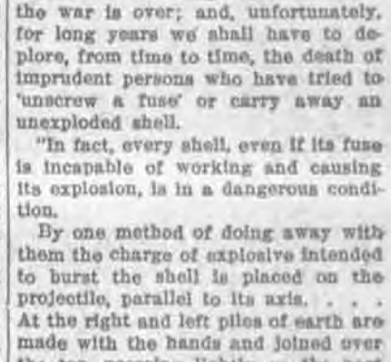
"All shells fired by artillery do not explode, perhaps because their fuses are not sensitive enough, or because the ground is too soft. It would seem that from this special point of view the prize must be awarded to the Germans for the largest number of non-exploded shells. This is so true that soldiers on the march are afraid to run across these shells and that, where the Germans have passed, care must be taken lest the wagons strike an unexploded shell with too violent a shock. The danger persists after the war is over; and, unfortunately, for long years we shall have to deplore, from time to time, the death of imprudent persons who have tried to 'unscrew a fuse' or carry away an unexploded shell.

"In fact, every shell, even if its fuse is incapable of working and causing its explosion, is in a dangerous condition.

By one method of doing away with them the charge of explosive intended to burst the shell is placed on the projectile, parallel to its axis. . . . At the right and left piles of earth are made with the hands and joined over the top, pressing lightly on the part just over the charge to assure contact with the shell. . . . The fuse is lighted and the soldier retires to a distance of about 1,500 feet, or a less distance behind the earthwork.

"If the shell is buried the excavation is cleaned out so as to disclose the butt of the projectile; and then, without touching the shell, a hole is made in the earth along its axis into which the explosive charge is introduced. . . .

"When the shell to be dealt with is charged with an explosive, such as melinite or cresylite, one exploder is generally sufficient to dispose of the



"Safety-First" Treatment of Buried Shell.

entire charge. The precautions to be observed are the same as when the shell is charged with powder, but account must be taken of the greater distances to which the fragments may be thrown, which may reach a half mile. . . .

"These facts show how dangerous may be a shell found on a battlefield. The engineers who go out to destroy them surround the shell, when it is of large caliber, with planks, wooden bulwarks and piles of earth, in order to limit the danger zone. There is need for complicated apparatus and for skilled men. It is hardly worth while, therefore, to risk one's life, and those of one's companions, by collecting unexploded shells."

German Scientific Discovery.

All the German scientists are not at the front, nor has the war wholly stopped the research work of those who remain at home. A new element is said to have been discovered by Professor Goehring of Karlsruhe, whose name is known in the realm of physico-chemical experiment. According to his claim, uranium, itself originally supposed to be an elemental substance, has yielded to disintegrating tests and has given off a simpler substance, to which Professor Goehring gives the name of brevium. The new element belongs to the radio-active group, but it is yet too early to assign it a position of relative importance or to judge of its possible scientific and commercial value.

Silence on the Bench.

Judicial commendation of the oyster is made by Chief Justice McBride of the Oregon supreme court in Edwards vs. Mount Hood Construction company, as follows: "The writer knows from experience on the circuit bench that it is sometimes very difficult for a judge to refrain from making comments on a case during the progress of the trial, and especially where an apparent injustice seems to have been perpetrated; but after a reversal or two occasioned by this practice he concluded to go, not to the ant, but to the meek and lowly oyster, to 'consider its ways and be wise,' and to keep the judicial mouth shut. He commends the example of the silent to all trial judges."

CAP and BELLS

SUCCESSFUL RUSE OF WOMAN

Mrs. Gadspur Got Benefit of War News by Telling Husband of Love Letters on Back Page.

"Any war news in the paper today?" asked Mrs. Gadspur of Mr. Gadspur, who was deeply absorbed in the morning "Banner."

"Um," was Mr. Gadspur's only reply.

"I saw yesterday where the Turks had lost a large number of men in the bombardment of the Dardanelles."

No response.

"And the allies won a victory over the Germans."

Mr. Gadspur took a swallow of coffee and again disappeared behind the paper.

"I see on the back page," continued Mrs. Gadspur, leaning over the table as if to scan the headlines better, "that the love letters of a beautiful divorcee were read in court."

"Umph! There's nothing new about the war," said Mr. Gadspur, quickly reversing the paper. While he was searching for the love letters of a mythical divorcee Mrs. Gadspur glanced at the front page, which was now turned toward her, and learned from letters a foot high that one of the greatest battles of the war had just been fought.

Juvenile Logic.

"Mamma," said small Edgar after glancing over his Sunday school lesson, "I don't believe Solomon was half as rich as they say he was."

"Why not, dear?" queried his mother.

"'Cause," replied the youthful student, "it says here, 'And he slept with his fathers.' If he had been so very rich I guess he would have had a bed of his own."

How It Ended.

Uncle John—Are you still quarreling with your neighbor because his cat dined on your canary?

His Niece—No, indeed; that's all over long ago.

Uncle John—Well, I'm glad to hear you have buried the hatchet.

His Niece—But I didn't bury the hatchet, Uncle John; I buried his cat.

A SAD BLOW.

"Yaas, my trip to Europe was completely spoiled at the very last, don't you know?"

"How was that?"

"One of the labels came off my suitcase and got lost."

Proof Positive.

"Do you drink coffee?" asked the doctor of an aged patient.

"I do," replied the other.

"Don't you know," continued the wise M. D., "that coffee is a slow poison?"

"Yes, very slow," answered the old man. "I have taken it daily for nearly eighty-seven years."

One Can Sometimes Tell.

Fond Mother—My dear, I don't believe that young man who called on you last evening is much of a society man.

Pretty Daughter—But he seems to be very intelligent.

Fond Mother—Yes; that's the trouble.

Literally So.

She—Are the Howlers very high toned people?

He—High toned? I should say they are. When they quarrel you can hear them two blocks away.

Aids to Oratory.

"Demosthenes put pebbles in his mouth to improve his oratory."

"Well, he had to use the facilities that were available. Cough lozenges hadn't been invented then."

DID NOT FEAR FOR KINNAIRD

If He Came Home With Broken Leg It Would Be Somebody Else's, Said Friend to His Wife.

Lord Kinnaird, who has always been noted for his many charitable enterprises, is now actively interesting himself in a fund to provide comforts for members of the Royal Naval Air service and the Royal Flying corps.

In his younger days Lord Kinnaird was an enthusiastic amateur footballer. He had the reputation of being a very spirited player, apropos of which fact an amusing story is told.

One day Lady Kinnaird was telling a friend that she feared her husband would meet with an accident while playing his favorite game.

"I am certain," she said, anxiously, "that he will come home one day with a broken leg."

"That may be," answered her friend with a smile; "but you may be certain that it will be somebody else's leg!"

Some Good Sport Spoiled.

An Irishman was out gunning for ducks with a friend, who noticed that although Mike aimed his gun several times he did not shoot it off. At last he said: "Mike, why didn't you shoot that time? The whole flock was right in front of you!"

"Oi know," said Mike, "but every time Oi aimed me gun at a duck another wan come right between us."

Prepared.

Belle—It looks like love at first sight with him.

Beulah—Oh, he loved her before he saw her.

"Impossible."

"No, it's not. He had read about her."

"Where, for goodness' sakes?"

"In Bradstreet's."

Sign for the Surgeons.

"Of course," said the surgeon who had operated for appendicitis, "there will be a scar."

"That's all right," replied the patient. "Leave any kind of a mark you like that will prevent some strange doctor from coming along and operating again."—Kansas City Journal.

A POOR SPECIMEN.

"Hear Dobbs over there bragging about his wife?"

"What's he saying?"

"He's telling Marks that all he is he owes to her."

"Humph! Do you call that bragging?"

A Fantastic Fling.

"I understand your husband is learning to dance."

"No," replied Mrs. Glumsby. "That report was started by some neighbors who happened to be looking through our basement window just after he had dropped a hot cinder on his foot."

Old Style.

Humorous Artist—I've brought you an original funny joke this time. A friend of mine thought of it.

Editor (after reading it)—Yes, it is funny; but I prefer the drawing that was published with it in the '70s!—Punch.

Ruinous.

Crawford—Why do our officials willfully destroy every natural beauty the city possesses?

Crabshaw—That gives them a chance in a few years to ask for millions to make the city beautiful.—Puck.

Where They Shine.

"I often wonder that women are not employed as street car conductors," remarked the Grouch.

"Why?" asked the Old Fogy.

"Women are so clever at telling men where to get off at," replied the Grouch.

Up in the Air.

"What are Betty and Jack quarreling about now?"

"Oh, it's one of those wireless quarrels, I guess."

"Wireless quarrels? What do you mean?"

"Words over nothing, you know."

Different Now.

"I used to think that no man ought to be sent to prison."

"Now?"

"I've changed my mind."

"Why?"

"Some crook broke into my house and robbed me."—Detroit Free Press.

He Played to Win.

"Put not your trust in riches," said the clerical looking man in the rusty coat.

"I don't," rejoined the individual who looked like ready money. "I put my riches in trusts. See?"

HENDRICK'S PLACE

He Held It Only Long Enough to Make Sure of a Better.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Evelyn Post acknowledged the respectful greeting of the tall, straight young man in the doorway. Hendrick did not look the part of chauffeur—not exactly; he was altogether too handsome, too self-possessed, with an air of authority that did not rest well on a servant. But his skill in driving compensated for these other faults. He had remained in the employ of Evelyn's mother for three months and all during that time he had kept his "place."

But Evelyn did not like him—she was positive of that; because he looked disconcertingly like men of her own class. It was puzzling and not at all desirable in a menial. There even were times when she found herself addressing him on terms of equality. Of course, she always followed such a lapse by unusual haughtiness. Altogether the advice of Hendrick was rather disquieting to his young mistress.

Now he stood, quietly attentive, waiting for his morning orders.

"Get the morning mail, Hendrick," said Mrs. Post; "return and drive Miss Post over to Mill Hill."

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Post, but the river is rising and the Mill Hill bridge is unsafe," said Hendrick.

"Then go around the other way—the long road," returned Mrs. Post.

Hendrick bowed and disappeared.

At eleven o'clock Hendrick returned with the car and announced that the long bridge was down in the flood and that the upper bridge could not long hold up against the waters pouring from the swollen creeks which were tributary to the river.

Evelyn paused with one foot on the step of the car.

"I'm sure it cannot be so bad," she said carelessly. "You will drive over, Hendrick; Mrs. Beatty's please."

Hendrick hesitated, almost as if he were going to demur; then he shrugged his shapely shoulders, climbed to his seat and started the car.

Evelyn found herself studying her chauffeur's stern, clear-cut profile. How becoming was the neat tan livery—Hendrick was so dark—she bit her lip and stamped her foot on the rugs.

She would tell her mother to discharge Hendrick in the morning. He was presumptuous!

"Presumptuous? In what way?" asked her conscience.

Evelyn Post knew that the chauffeur's presumption lay in the fact that he stimulated her interest—nothing beyond that!

At the foot of the slope that led to the bridge, Hendrick stopped the car and turned to Evelyn.

"Do you still wish to cross the river, Miss Post?" he asked.

Evelyn glanced indifferently at the bridge in the distance. "Certainly—drive on Hendrick."

"The bridge isn't safe, Miss Post," objected Hendrick, with a note of sternness in his voice.

"So you said before," returned Evelyn coldly. "Please drive on. I promised Mrs. Beatty I would be there at twelve o'clock, and it is now half past the hour."

The car glided down the hill until the front tires touched the timbers of the bridge. Evelyn glanced at the river boiling between its narrow banks. She could see that it was rising rapidly, and the wooden planks of the bridge were wet where the waters had splashed up between them. The frail structure trembled at the first impact of the heavy car.

Hendrick got down and came to the tonneau, one gauntleted hand resting on the door.

"It is unsafe to take the car across the bridge, Miss Post," said the chauffeur patiently; "it is more than unsafe—it is foolhardy. If you will walk across. I will try and take the car over and then pick you up on the other side." He opened the door.

"If you are afraid, Hendrick, I will drive the car myself," said Evelyn, with wonderful self-control. Hendrick would be discharged the instant they reached home—she would see about that.

"If you are afraid, Hendrick—" Evelyn was repeating when the chauffeur leaned forward, deftly snatched her from the seat and ran across the bridge, holding her in his strong arms as if she had been a baby. She could feel his heart pounding beneath her hand. She hated him!

The bridge swayed a little under their united weight. They reached the other side and Hendrick dropped his burden and ran back to the car. He leaped to his seat and started the machine across the bridge.

Evelyn, hating him with all her heart, saw the bridge quiver under the weight of the big car. She longed to cry out and send him back, but pride stilled the words on her lips. The structure sagged when the car reached the middle. There was a rending crash of timbers, and then a horrible thud from the river beneath. She saw the water boiling up through the jagged remains of the old bridge. The car and its driver had disappeared.

Half mad with terror and remorse, the girl ran to the edge of the bank and looked for Hendrick. The car was visible, half balanced on the big stones beneath the bridge. But the broken timbers of the bridge were heaped over it so that she could see no sign of the plucky chauffeur who had dared death to carry out her foolish orders.

She tossed aside her veil and hat and, crawling out on the jutting end of a girder, she looked down at the fallen motor car.

"Hendrick!" she called, and her voice broke into sobs.

She fancied that some of the planks around the car moved; then a gloved hand was visible, then a shoulder, and at last Hendrick's pale face looking up at her from the heaped debris.

"Go back!" he ordered hoarsely.

For answer Evelyn leaned over the abyss of boiling foam and stretched out a hand. "Let me help you—what can I do?" she called.

"Go back!" he repeated. "I am all right."

"You can do nothing alone," she protested. "Keep perfectly quiet and I will go for help—please, please keep still and let me do something for you."

"Very well," he agreed shortly. "Only make haste and get off that broken girder—go back cautiously, fix your eyes on shore and don't lose your nerve."

With encouraging words he cheered her way back along the dangerous stringpiece—a way which she had bravely trod a short while before in the great fear that he was forever lost.

Gaining the river bank, she tossed her long cloak aside, sped up the road to the top of Mill Hill, and stumbled through the gate just as Mrs. Beatty came down the drive in her smart runabout.

There were hurried exclamations and questions, which Evelyn answered with what calmness she could muster. Then Alice Beatty issued a few orders and in ten minutes several men were racing down the long hill to the broken bridge. Mrs. Beatty and Evelyn followed in the runabout.

When they reached the bridge it was to find the flood tearing at the splintered boards which had imprisoned Hendrick in the fallen motor car. The Beatty servants were quick-witted and trained to meet emergencies. Two of them tossed down a noosed rope to the chauffeur, who slipped it under his arms. Then, by main force they pulled.

When Hendrick reached the river bank he promptly lost consciousness. Bigley, the gardener, made a hasty examination and spoke to his mistress.

"He's hurt his head, I think, ma'am. We better be taking him up to the house in the car."

Evelyn turned her head that she might not see Hendrick's still, white face, stern even in its unconsciousness. Mrs. Beatty leaned forward eagerly, pressed back the heavy locks of brown hair and screamed:

"Why it's Teddy! Evelyn, I thought you said it was your new chauffeur!"

"Why it is—Hendrick—he has only been with us a few months. If it isn't Hendrick—who is it, Alice?"

"My cousin, Teddy Hendrickson," sobbed Mrs. Beatty, holding Hendrick's strong hand in both of hers. "He speculated and lost every penny he had. Father offered to help him get back on his feet again, but he refused—said he'd find some way out all by himself—he's the pluckiest boy alive! Then Teddy disappeared and father has been looking for him high and low ever since."

Evelyn was crying bitterly as they walked back up the hill.

It was several hours afterward, when the late chauffeur was lying with bandaged head in the best bedroom of the Beatty home, that Evelyn was admitted to see him. Mrs. Beatty had personally borne her cousin's request to see Miss Post.

The room was bathed in the late afternoon sunlight. Teddy Hendrickson was lying with his dark eyes fixed on the door. A glad look came into his face when Evelyn entered.

For a long while they looked at each other. Then the girl's glance wavered and fell beneath his ardent glance.

"I'm sorry—I cannot tell you how sorry I am to have been the cause of your injuries. It was all my silly willfulness, and I hope you will forgive me."

"Forgive—you?" he breathed quickly. "You must have known it was a privilege to serve you."

"And I am sorry—sorry that I said—that I said you did not know your place—I didn't understand that it was your better judgment and your courage in rising above your situation that prompted your defiance of my orders."

She held out her hand timidly and Hendrickson covered it in a warm clasp. His dark eyes looked into her blue ones with a strange significance.

"I know the place I want to fill, Miss Post," he said quietly, "and some day I will gain it."

Italy and Civilization.

The history of Italy is, with the exception of Greece, the most illustrious in the world. In art, especially painting and sculpture, Italy stands preeminent. In literature her place is, to say the least, in the front rank. In science, she has borne a conspicuous position, and in music her place is easily second, if not first. In fine, Italia's story is more brilliant than that of any other country except Greece, and to Greece she is a very close second.

A Triumph Lacking.

The teacher had told the story of David and Goliath.

"There wasn't any baseball in those days," said the thoughtful boy.

"No."

"It's a pity—David ought to have made a great pitcher."

Banish the "Blues!"

If you have that depressed feeling it's more than likely that your blood is out of order—impoverished or poisoned.

There is only one thing that will alter your present condition—that's to restore your stomach to normal health and strength. For a weak or diseased stomach cannot make good blood. If your digestion is bad your food will not make the good blood which nourishes body, brain, heart and nerve.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

helps the stomach to do its work naturally and properly. Stimulates the liver. The system is freed from poison. The blood is purified. Every organ is rejuvenated. Instead of the "Blues," you feel fit and strong, equal to any task or up to any pleasure.

This great remedy has proved its worth year after year for over *forty* years. Let it prove its worth to you. Sold by medicine dealers in tablet or liquid form or send 50c for trial box by mail.

Send 31 one-cent stamps to pay cost of mailing only on a free copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 pages, clothbound. Address Dr. V. M. Pierce, Buffalo.

Daily Thought.

Be not angry that you cannot make others what you wish them to be, since you cannot make yourself what you wish to be.—Thomas a-Kempis.

Safe to Pardon.

When a man is sincerely penitent, and gives satisfactory evidence of the same, he can safely be pardoned.—Lincoln.

YOU CAN CURE THAT BACKACHE

Pain along the back, dizziness, headache and general languor. Get a package of MOTHER GRAY'S AROMATIC-LEAF, the pleasant root and herb cure for all Kidney, Bladder and Urinary troubles. MOTHER GRAY'S AROMATIC-LEAF is sold by all Druggists or sent by mail for 50c. Sample sent FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y. (Advt.)

Well, What Do They Do?

Expert says that, writers to the contrary notwithstanding, bullets neither whine, hiss, howl, hum nor whisper. Very well. Majority will take the expert's word for it.—New York Evening Telegram.

Daily Thought.

Too austere philosophy makes few wise men; too vigorous politics, few good subjects; and too hard a religion, few religious persons whose devotion is of long continuance.—St. Evremond.

Growth of Industry.

In ten years the fountain, stylographic and gold pen industry of the United States has almost trebled while that of the steel pen has doubled.

Some Comfort.

A dispute between a nurse and a patient isn't likely to be nearly so serious for the patient as a dispute between his doctors.—Spokesman Review.

MOTHER OF SCHOOL GIRL

Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Daughter's Health.

Plover, Iowa.—"From a small child my 13 year old daughter had female weakness. I spoke to three doctors about it and they did not help her any. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had been of great benefit to me, so I decided to have her give it a trial. She has taken five bottles of the Vegetable Compound according to directions on the bottle and she is cured of this trouble. She was all run down when she started taking the Compound and her periods did not come right. She was so poorly and weak that I often had to help her dress herself, but now she is regular and is growing strong and healthy."—Mrs. MARTIN HELVIG, Plover, Iowa.

Hundreds of such letters expressing gratitude for the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished are constantly being received, proving the reliability of this grand old remedy.

If you are ill do not drag along and continue to suffer day in and day out but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a woman's remedy for woman's ills.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Classified Column

BOILER AND MACHINE WORKS

Founders, machinists, pattern makers, steel tanks, boilers, engines, ranges, furnaces, boiler repairs. Pioneer Boiler & Machine Works, S. W. Cor. Palmetto and Caroline Sts. Phones A3211, Main 2336.

A Big One.

"Italy, though always clashing with Austria, is still preserving her neutrality." "Yes, and doing her preserving like a housekeeper." "How's that?" "In a jar."

Only True Church.

There is a true church wherever one hand meets another helpfully, and that is the only holy or mother church which ever was or ever shall be.—Ruskin.

NO DOUBT THAT RESINOL DOES STOP ITCHING

It is a fact that the moment resinol ointment touches itching skins, the itching stops and healing begins. With the aid of resinol soap, it almost always clears away all trace of eczema, summer rashes, pimples, or similar tormenting, unsightly eruption quickly, leaving the skin clear and healthy.

And the best of it is you need never hesitate to use resinol soap and resinol ointment. Resinol is a doctor's prescription which for twenty years has been used by careful physicians for many kinds of skin affections. They know that its soothing, healing action is brought about by medication so bland and gentle as to be suited to the most delicate or irritated skin. Resinol ointment and resinol soap are sold by all druggists.—Adv.

Sofa Talk.

"Would your mother be angry if I stole a kiss?" said the young man on the sofa.

"Why don't you look her up and try it?" said the sweet young thing, coyly.

HOWARD E. BURTON,
ASSAYER AND CHEMIST,
Leadville, Colorado.

Specimen prices: Gold, Silver, Lead, $1; Gold, Silver, 75c; Gold, 50c; Zinc or Copper, $1. Mailing Envelopes and full price list sent on application. Control and Umpire Work solicited. Reference: Carbonate National Bank. (advt)

Gold or silver watch chains can be cleaned with a very excellent result, no matter whether they be mat or polished, by laying them for a few seconds in pure aqua ammonia. They should then be rinsed in alcohol, and finally shaken in clean sawdust, free from sand. Imitation gold and plated chains should be cleaned in benzine, then rinsed in alcohol, and afterward shaken in dry sawdust.

Constipation causes and seriously aggravates many diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pellets. Tiny sugar-coated granules. (Advt.)

Voice of Experience.

"I'm learning to make fudge and taffy," said the prospective bride, "so that I can please my husband with some after we are wedded."

"Fudge and taffy are what the men like," responded the old married woman. "That suits 'em, whether you make it or whether you talk it, my dear."

BLACK LEG LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED by Cutter's Blackleg Pills. "Low-priced, fresh, reliable; preferred by Western stockmen because they protect where other vaccines fail. Write for booklet and testimonials. 10-dose pkge. Blackleg Pills $1.00 50-dose pkge. Blackleg Pills 4.00 Use any injector, but Cutter's best. The superiority of Cutter products is due to over 15 years of specializing in vaccines and serums only. Insist on Cutter's. If unobtainable, order direct. THE CUTTER LABORATORY, Berkeley, California.

WANTED and FOR SALE

Wanted—All kinds and sizes of second-hand water pipe and other machinery for spot cash.

For Sale—Good second-hand pipe, newly-dipped in asphaltum, new threads and couplings; bargains in boilers, tanks, engines, pumps, belting, shafting, pulleys, etc.

KELLY MACHINE CO., Inc.
524 Mission Road. Boyle 126

Nicholls-Loomis Co.

HAY GRAIN

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LARGEST SHIPPERS IN CALIFORNIA

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DEALERS IN
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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.

Santa Cruz Patagonian
Subscription.....$2.00 a year.
Entered at the postoffice at Patagonia Arizona, as second-class mail matter.
H. P. GREENE - - EDITOR AND LESSEE
J. B. PRICE - - - - - OWNER

T. L. Pattison and little son Ralph went to Nogales this morning, accompanying 'Patsy' Patteson in the Bethell car.

Mr. Knight, who until recently was employed at the La Colorada mine in Sonora, came in from Nogales this morning and went out to Duquesne to work in the new mill.

Tom Shultz, who is representing the Logan Heights Investment Company of El Paso, Tex., was up from Nogales last week and passed several days in Harshaw on a business trip. He came in Monday and spent several days here.

Captain John H. Cady returned last Saturday from Tucson, where he had been for some time in the interest of his book, "Arizona's Yesterday." The captain secured a large number of subscriptions in the Pima county capital. Several printing firms have bids in on the work and the contract will soon be let. Captain Cady will soon make a trip over the state in the interest of his publication. He left this morning for Douglas.

Sheriff McKnight motored through here Sunday on his way to Cochise county on official business and was accompanied on the trip by Judge George T. Coughlin. The sheriff returned Monday, having in charge Geo. Bixler, who had been arrested in Douglas on the charge of taking Governor Maytorena's big Packard automoble from Karns Bros.' garage in Nogales and delivering it to General Calles at Santa Cruz, in Sonora. The prisoner denies the charge.

Don't Eat
foodstuffs unless you know they are of best quality, if you want to keep in the best of health. Inferior groceries are weak in nourishment and rich in doctor's bills. They are expensive at any old price.
If you want to eat a good meal that is quickly assimilated and easily digested, and puts your system in prime condition, then you want to come to us, for our goods were selected with this very end in view—and they are exactly what we say they are.
A. S. Henderson
General Merchandise
PATAGONIA : : ARIZONA

Ad. Bley, President G. Mignardot, Accountant
Max Muller, Vice-Pres. L. Brauer, Sec.
C. Rivera, Cashier.
PAID UP CAPITAL $100,000
Sonora Bank and Trust Co.
Commercial-Savings-Trust
Accounts carried in both American and Mexican money.
A general banking business transacted.
Nogales, Arizona

COMMERCIAL HOTEL
UNDER MANAGEMENT OF THE OWNERS
Clean, Cool, Quiet
ROOMS
Dining Room in connection
PATAGONIA, ARIZ.

ARTHUR W. HOUCK
Box 392
Douglas, Arizona
Assayer and Chemist
Laboratory 355 Tenth Street
Agent for ore shippers at Copper Queen and C. & A. smelters.
Umpire and Control Work a specialty.
Gold and Silver Bullion purchased.

SUMMONS

In the Justice Court, Crittenden No. 4 Precinct, County of Santa Cruz, State of Arizona. J. M. Harris, Plaintiff, vs. Y. Molino, Defendant.

Action brought in the Justice Court of Crittenden No. 4 Precinct, in and for the County of Santa Cruz, in the State of Arizona.

In the name of the State of Arizona: To Y. Molino, Defendant, Greeting:

You are hereby summoned and required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Justice Court of Crittenden No. 4 Precinct, in and for the County of Santa Cruz, in the State of Arizona, and answer to the Complaint filed in said Justice Court, at Patagonia, in said County, within five days exclusive of the day of service, after the service upon you of this Summons, if served within this Precinct: but if served without this Precinct, but within the County, ten days; if served out of the County, fifteen days; in all other cases, twenty days; or judgment by default will be taken against you.

Given under my hand at Patagonia this 21st day of September, 1915.

GEORGE T. COUGHLIN,
Justice of the Peace of said Precinct.
First Publication Sept. 24, 1915—4t

ELGIN

Miss Tootsie Stone passed the week-end with Mr. James Barnett.

R. L. Slaughter went to Nogales Tuesday.

The Gardiner Cattle Company is shipping cattle out of the county. They are going to Colorado.

H. Bean is out contracting for the Mexican cattle around Elgin.

Mrs R. L. Schock and children returned Tuesday from Los Angeles. Mrs Mabel Prickett came out with them to visit her father, Mr. Pike of Rain valley.

H. McFadden and M. Hick are out buying horses for army purposes. The stock will go to Italy.

Mrs. Mamie Rude passed through Elgin Monday on her way to the Vaughn district to visit her mother, Mrs. McFarland.

The dance at Turner was largely attended and everyone had a good time.

Sheriff McKnight visited Elgin Monday.

H. Laird returned Wednesday to his home in East Texas.

Mrs. A. G. Gute was in town Wednesday.

SAN RAFAEL

Mr. and Mrs. B. Baldwin were business visitors at Nogales Friday of last week.

M. Schellenberger made a trip to Patagonia on Friday.

Judge Phelps of Mowry, motored to the valley Monday on business.

Valleyites in Patagonia Monday for supplies were, Mesdames Kinsley and Ringwald; Messrs George Ringwald, Ed Lawless and Elbert Kinsley.

Mrs. C. F. Young and her father John L. Bodle, were visitors at Duquesne on Tuesday.

Miss Hilda Trask, who was visiting her brother, Jewell, at Patagonia, returned home Saturday last.—Benson Signal.

PATAGONIA
MEAT MARKET
Fresh Beef and Pork.
Jerked Meat and Tallow.
Prices Lowest Consistent with Quality of Meat

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

Stag Barber Shop
Geo. Januel, Prop.
Hot and Cold Baths
Nogales, :-: Arizona

ASSAYS
(Revised Prices)
Gold or Silver 75c Gold and Silver $1
Lead or copper - - - $1.00
(by best methods)
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

MONEY
IN BANK
Gives you a financial standing, and a financial standing contributes largely to your success in life.
Open an account with us today
The First National Bank of Nogales,
NOGALES, ARIZONA
ASSETS OVER $2,000,000.00

H. W. PURDY
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
With W. F. Chenoweth, Nogales
Physician for Three R Mine.
Visits Patagonia every Thursday.

E. K. Cumming
General Real Estate and Insurance Broker
Nogales, - - - Arizona

S. F. Noon
Attorney and Counsellor at Law
Nogales. Ariz.

Frank J. Duffy E. R. Purdum
Duffy & Purdum
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Office in Wilson Building
NOGALES -o- ARIZONA

See George T. Coughlin for Royal Tailored Clothes. Adv

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

Cold Storage Meat Market
Jewell Trask, Proprietor
Oysters and Fish Shipped Weekly
Beef, Veal and Pork Fresh on Block

Mine Warning Notice!

To Whom It May Concern:

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned R. R. RICHARDSON has bonded to H. E. Bierce and Thomas Thorkilsen the following named mining claims, located in the Harshaw Mining District, Santa Cruz County, Arizona, to wit: Flux numbers one to nineteen (both numbers included), location notices of which are of record in the office of the County Recorder, Santa Cruz County, that these mines are being operated by the said Bierce and Thorkilsen, and the public is hereby warned that R. R. Richardson will not be responsible for any work done on the said mining claims, nor the undersigned will not be responsible for any debts contracted or injuries sustained by any employer or employee in working said property, and that no employer or employee is the agent of the undersigned for any purposes whatever, and that all operations engaged in such service at their own risk, and that no debt or claim of debt is valid against said mining claims or the undersigned.

R. R. RICHARDSON.

Dated Patagonia, Arizona, September 18, 1915. 9-24-15

Notice for Publication

Serial 027743

Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, Phoenix, Arizona, August 28, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that Crittenden Cattle Company, transferee, has filed in this office its application to adjust to survey Forest Lieu Selection No. 3373 of Rollin R. Richardson under the provisions of the Act of June 4, 1897, (30 Stat., 36), to the following described land:

Lot 2, Sec. 7, T. 22 S., R. 17 E., G. & S. R. M.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the land described, or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land, or for any other reason, to the disposal to applicant should file their affidavits of protest in this office on or before the 5th day of October, 1915.

THOMAS F. WEEDIN,
Register.
First published Sept. 3—Oct. 1.

J. M. HARRIS, M. D
Physician and Surgeon.
PATAGONIA ARIZONA

George T. Coughlin
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
NOTARY PUBLIC. Deeds, Bills of Sale and Legal Papers

Copper	18.25
Lead	4.50

BUY YOUR GROCERIES
of us and save from 15 to 20 per cent.
Freight prepaid to Patagonia, Elgin and intermediate points.
Price List sent on application.
Nogales Cash Grocery Co.
O. H. WEAVER

Charles Brossart of Sonoita was here last Saturday in the interest of the coming county fair and also selling trees, in both of which lines he has been successful.

The Miami Silver Belt says: "The Labor Day speech of Governor G. W. P. Hunt at Miami contained at least one good idea; an idea which has evolved in France since the outbreak of the great European war. It is to the effect that when a citizen is injured to an extent where he is incapacitated for duty in one line of human endeavor that when so desired the state can take the citizen in charge and educate him for some other line of human endeavor so that he will not become a burden to himself, his family and society at large. Which is so simple a proposition that it ought not to have been necessary for the casualties incident to a great war to be required to make the world see the point. In fact, the wonder is, not that this idea is being adopted, but that it was not adopted in the long, long ago.