

ABNER DANIEL

By WILL N. HARBEN
Author of "Westerland"

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CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

CHAPTER V.

THE following Saturday Alan went to Darley, as he frequently did, to spend Sunday. On such visits he usually stayed at the Johnston House, a great, old-fashioned brick building that had survived the civil war and remained untouched by the shot and shell that hurried over it during that dismal period when most of the population had "refugeed farther south." It had four stories and was too big for the town, which could boast of only 2,000 inhabitants, one-third of whom were black. However, the smallness of the town was in the hotel's favor, for in a place where no one would have patronized a second-class hotel opposition would have died a natural death. The general proprietor and his family were of the best blood, and the Johnston House was a sort of social clubhouse where the church people held their affairs and the less serious element gave dances. To be admitted to the hotel without having to pay for one's dinner was the hallmark of social approval. It was near the ancient-looking brick car shed, under which the trains of two main lines ran, and a long freight warehouse of the same date and architecture. Around the hotel were clustered the chief financial enterprises of the town—its stores, postoffice, banks and a hall for theatrical purposes. Darley was the seat of its county, and another relic of the days before the war was its courthouse. The principal sidewalks were paved with brick, which in places were damp and green and sometimes raised above their common level by the undergrowing roots of the sycamore trees that edged the streets.

In the office of the hotel, just after registering his name, Alan met his friend Rayburn Miller, for whose business ability, it may be remembered, Abner Daniel had such high regard. He was a fine-looking man of thirty-three, tall and of athletic build. He had dark eyes and hair and a roddy, outdoor complexion. "Hello!" he said cordially. "I thought you might get in today, so I came round to see. Sorry you've taken a room. I wanted you to sleep with me tonight. Sister's gone, and no one is there but the cook. Hello, I must be careful. I'm drumming for business right under Sanford's nose." "I'll make you stay with me to make up for it," said Alan as the clerk behind the counter laughed good naturedly over the allusion to himself. "Blamed if I don't think about it," said Miller. "Come round to the office. I want to talk to you. I reckon you've got every plow going such weather as this." "Took my horse out of the field to drive over," said Alan as they went out and turned down to a side street where there was a row of law offices, all two roomed buildings, single-storied, built of brick and bearing battered tin signs. One of these buildings was Miller's, which, like all its fellows, had its door wide open, thus inviting all the lawyers in the "row" and all students of law to enter and borrow books or use the ever open desk. Rayburn Miller was a man among ten thousand in his class. Just after being graduated at the state university he was admitted to the bar and took up the practice of law. He could undoubtedly have made his way at this alone, had not other and more absorbing talents developed within him. Having had a few thousand dollars left him at his father's death, he began to utilize this capital in "note shaving"

and other methods of turning over money for a handsome profit furnished by the unsettled conditions, the time and locality. He soon became an adept in many lines of speculation, and as he was remarkably shrewd and cautious it is not to be wondered at that he soon accumulated quite a fortune. "Take a seat," he said to Alan as they went into the office, and he threw himself into the revolving chair at his littered desk. "I want to talk to you. I suppose you are in for some fun. The boys are getting up a dance at the hotel, and they want your dollar to help pay the band. It's a good one this time. They've ordered it from Chattanooga. It will be down on the 7:35. Got a match?" Alan had not, and Miller turned his head to the open door. An old negro happened to be passing, with an ax on his shoulder. "Heigh, there, Uncle Ned!" Miller called out.

The negro had passed, but he heard his name called, and he came back and looked in at the door. "Want me, Marse Rayburn?" "Yes, you old scamp. Get me a match of 'em, I'll shoot the top of your head off." "All right, sah; all right, Marse Rayburn!" "You ought to know him," said Miller, with a smile as the negro hurried into the adjoining office. "His wife cooks for Colonel Barclay. He might tell you if Miss Dolly's going tonight, but I know she is. Frank Hillhouse checked her name off the list, and I heard him say she'd accepted. By the way, that fellow will do to watch. I think he and the colonel are pretty thick."

"Will you never let up on that?" Alan asked, with a flush. "I don't know that I shall," laughed Rayburn. "It seems so funny to see you in love, or, rather, to see you think you are." "I have never said I was," said Alan sharply. "But you show it so blamed plain," said Miller. "Here 'tis, Marse Rayburn. Marse Trabue said you could have a whole box of you'd put up with sulphur ones." Miller took the matches from the outstretched hand and tossed a cigar to Alan. "Say, Uncle Ned," he asked, "do you know that gentleman?" indicating Alan with a nod of his head. A quizzical look dawned in the old negro's eyes, and then he gave a resounding guffaw and shook all over. "I reckon I know his boss, Marse Rayburn," he muttered.

"That's a good one on you, Alan," laughed Miller. "He knows your boss." "I'll have to spring that on you when I see you two together." As the negro left the office Mr. Trabue leaned in the doorway, holding his battered silk hat in his hand and mopping his perspiring face. He nodded to Alan and said to Miller, "Do you want to write?" "Not any more for you, thanks," said Miller. "I have the backache now from those depositions I made out for you yesterday." "Oh, I don't mean that," the old lawyer assured him, "but I had to borrow your ink just now, an', seein' you at your desk, I thought you might need it."

"Oh, if I do," jested Miller, "I can buy another bottle at the bookstore. They pay me a commission on the ink I furnish the row. They let me have it cheap by the case. What stumps me is that you looked in to see if I needed it. You are breaking the rule, Mr. Trabue. They generally make me hunt for my office furniture when I need it. They've borrowed everything I have except my iron safe. Their ignorance of the combination, its weight and their confirmed laziness are all that saved it."

When the old lawyer had gone, the two friends sat and smoked in silence for several minutes. Alan was studying Miller's face. Something told him that the news of his father's disaster had reached him and that Miller was going to speak of it. He was not mistaken, for the lawyer soon broached the subject. "I've been intending to ride out to see you almost every day this week," he said, "but business has always prevented my leaving town." "Then you have heard?" "Yes, Alan, I'm sorry, but it's all over the country. A man's bud luck spreads as fast as good war news. I heard it the next day after your father returned from Atlanta, and saw the whole thing in a flash. The truth is, Perkins had the check to try his scheme on me. I'm the first target of every scoundrel who has something to sell, and I've heard many of their tricks. I didn't listen to all he had to say, but got rid of him as soon as I could. You must not blame the old man. As I see it now, it was a most plausible scheme, and the blame of it is that no one can be handled for it. Your father will have to grin and bear it. He really didn't pay a fabulous price for the land, and if he were in a condition to hold on to it for, say, twenty-five years, he might not lose money. But who can do that sort of thing? I have acres and acres of mountain land offered me at a much lower figure, but what little money I've made has been made by turning my capital rapidly. Have you seen Dolly since it happened?"

"No; not for two weeks," replied Alan. "I went to church with her Sunday before last and have not seen her since. I was wondering if she had heard about it." "Oh, yes; she's heard it from the colonel. It may surprise you, but the thing has rubbed him the wrong way." "Why, I don't understand," exclaimed Alan. "Has he—"

and, in spite of his judgment to the contrary, Mr. Bishop's confidence in that sort of real estate has made him put a higher valuation on his holdings over there. So you see, now that your father's mistake is common talk, he is forced to realize a big slump, and he wants to blame some one for it. I don't know but that your father or some one else made him an offer for his land, which he refused. So you see it is only natural for him to be disgruntled."

"I see," said Alan. "I reckon you heard that from Miss Dolly?" Miller smoked slowly. "Yes"—after a pause—"I dropped in there night before last, and she told me about it. She's not one of your surface creatures. She talks sensibly on all sorts of subjects. Of course she's not going to show her heart to me, but she couldn't hide the fact that your trouble was worrying her a good deal. I think she'd like to see you at the ball tonight. Frank Hillhouse will give you a dance or two. He's going to be hard to beat. He's the most attentive fellow I ever ran across. He's got a new buggy—a regular bug-um-tight—and a high stepping Kentucky mare for the summer campaign. He'll have some money at his father's death, and all the old women say he's the best catch in town because he doesn't drink, has a Sunday school class and will have money. We are all going to wear evening suits tonight. There are some girls from Rome visiting Hatfield Alexander, and we don't want them to smell hay in our hair. You know how the boys are. Unless all of us wear spickatulas no one will; so we took a vote on it, and we'll be on a big dike. There'll be a devilish lot of misfits. Those who haven't suits are borrowing in all directions. Frank Buford will rig out in Colonel Day's antebellum toggery. Did you bring yours?"

"It happens to be at Parker's shop, being pressed," said Alan. "I've had three in the last six years," laughed Miller. "You know how much larger Todd Selman is than I am. He burst one of mine from collar to waist last summer at the Springs. I can't refuse 'em, God bless 'em! Jeff Higgins married in my best Prince Albert last week and spilled boiled custard on it, but he's got a good wife and a fair job on a railroad in Tennessee now. I'd have given him the coat, but he'd never have accepted it on my offer. Parker said somebody had tried to scrape the custard off with a sharp knife and that he had a lot of trouble cleaning it. I wore the coat yesterday and felt like I was going to be married. Todd must have left some of his shivers in it. I reckon that's a near as I'll ever come to the hitting post."

Just then a tall, thin man entered. He wore a rather threadbare frock coat, unevenly bound with braid, and had a sallow, sunken and rather long face. It was Samuel Craig, one of the two private bankers of the town. He was about sixty years of age and had a pronounced stoop. "Hello!" he said pleasantly. "You young bloods are a-goin' to play snuff with the gals' hearts tonight, I reckon. I say, go it while you are young. Rayburn, I want to get one of them iron

drawn more than your weapons." "Overchecked?" said Miller. "You'll think I have when all my checks get in. I mailed a dozen today. They'll slide in on you in about a week, and you'll telegraph Bradstreet's to know how I stand. This is a fine banker," Miller went on to Alan. "He twists me about overchecking occasionally. Let me tell you something. Last year I happened to have \$10,000 on my hands waiting for a cotton factory to begin operations down in Alabama, and, as I had no idea when the money would be called for, I placed it with his nibs here on call. Things got in a tangle at the mill, and they kept waiting, and our friend here concluded I had given it to him."

"I thought you had forgotten you had it," said Craig, with another of his loud, infectious laughs. "Anyway," went on Miller, "I got a sudden order for the amount and ran in on him on my way from the post-office. I made out my check and stuck it under his nose. Great Scott! You ought to have seen him wilt. I don't believe he had half of it in the house, but he had ten million excuses. He kept me waiting two days and hustled around to beat the band. He thought I was going to close him up."

"That was a close shave," admitted Craig. "Never mind about the over-checking, my boy. Keep it up. If it will help you. You are doing altogether too much business with the other bank to suit me anyway."

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CHAPTER VI.

THE young people assembled slowly at the dance that evening. Toward dark it had begun raining, and, according to custom, two livery stable carriages, called "hacks," were engaged to convey all the couples to and from the hotel.

Everything in life is relative, and to young people who often went to even less pretentious entertainments this affair was rather impressive in its elegance. Lamps shone everywhere, and bunches of candles blazed and sputtered in nooks hung about with evergreens. The girls were becomingly attired in light evening gowns, and many of them were good looking, refined and graceful. All were soft spoken and easy in their manners and either wore or carried flowers. The evening suits of the young men were well in evidence and more noticeable to the wearers themselves than they would have been to a spectator used to conventional style of dress. They could be seen in all stages of inadaptability to figures too large or too small, and even after the dance began there were several swaps and a due amount of congratulation on the improvement from the appreciative fair sex. The young lady accompanying each young man had pinned a small bouquet on his lapel, so that it would have been impossible to tell whether a man had a natural taste for flowers or was the willing victim to a taste higher than his own.

Rayburn Miller and Alan sat smoking and talking in the room of the latter till half past 9 o'clock, and then they went down. As a general rule, young men were expected to escort ladies to dances when the young men went at all, but Alan was often excused from so doing on account of living in the country, and Miller had broken down every precedent in that respect and never invited a girl to go with him. He atoned for this shortcoming by contributing most liberally to every entertainment given by the young people, even when he was out of town. He used to say he liked to graze and nibble at such things and feel free to go to bed or business at will.

As the two friends entered the big parlor Alan espied the girl about whom he had been thinking all day. She was seated in one of the deep, lace-curtained windows behind the piano. Frank Hillhouse was just traveling to her a faultlessly attired traveling salesman. At this juncture one of the floor managers with a white rousse on his lapel called Miller away to ask his advice about some details and Alan turned out the parlor into the wide corridor which ran through the house. He did this in obedience to another unwritten law governing Darley's social intercourse—that it would be impolite for a resident gentleman to intrude himself upon a stranger who had just been introduced to a lady. So he went down to the ground floor and strolled into the office. It was full of tobacco smoke and a throng of men, some of whom were from the country and others from the town drawn to the hotel by the festivities. From the office a door opened into a bar and billiard room, whence came the clinking of ivory balls and the grumbling of cues. Another door led into the large dining room, which had been cleared of its tables that it might be used for dancing. There were a sawing of fiddles, the twanging of guitars, the jingle of tambourines and the grunting of a bass viol. The musicians, black and yellow, occupied chairs on one of the tables, which had been placed against the wall, and one of the floor managers was engaged in whittling paraffin candles over the floor and rubbing it in with his feet. Seeing what he was doing, some of the young men, desirous of trying their new patent leather pumps, came in and began to wait singly and in couples.

When everything was in readiness, the floor manager piloted the dancers downstairs. From the office Alan saw them filing into the big room and taking seats in the chairs arranged against the walls on all sides. He saw Frank Hillhouse and Dolly Barclay sit down near the band; the salesman had disappeared. Alan threw his stare away and went straight to her.

"Oh, here you are!" laughed Frank Hillhouse as Alan shook hands with her. "I told Miss Dolly coming on

that the West wind would blow you this way, and when I saw Ray Miller just now I knew you'd struck the town."

"It wasn't exactly the wind," replied Alan. "I'm afraid you will forget me if I stay on the farm all the time." "We certainly are glad to have you," smiled Miss Barclay. "I knew she'd say that—I knew it. I knew it," said Hillhouse. "A girl can always think of nicer things to say to a fellow than his rival can. Old Squire Trabue was teasing me the other day about how hard you was to beat, Bishop, but I told him the bigger the war the more victory for somebody, and, as the fellow said, I tote fair and am aboveboard." Alan greeted this with an all but visible shudder. There was much in his dignified bearing and good appearance to commend him to the preference of any thinking woman, especially when contrasted to Hillhouse, who was only a little taller than Dolly and was showing himself even at a greater disadvantage in his unrefined allusions to his and Alan's attentions to her. Indeed Alan was sorry for the spectacle the fellow was making of himself and tried to pass it over.



Another club woman, Mrs. Haule, of Edgerton, Wis., tells how she was cured of irregularities and uterine trouble, terrible pains and backache, by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—A while ago my health began to fail because of female troubles. The doctor did not help me. I remembered that my mother had used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound on many occasions for irregularities and uterine troubles, and I felt sure that it could not harm me at any rate to give it a trial. "I was certainly glad to find that within a week I felt much better, the terrible pains in the back and side were beginning to cease, and at the time of menstruation I did not have nearly as serious a time as heretofore, so I continued its use for two months, and at the end of that time I was like a new woman. I really have never felt better in my life, have not had a sick headache since, and weigh 20 pounds more than I ever did, so I unhesitatingly recommend your medicine."—Mrs. MAY HAULE, Edgerton, Wis., Pres. Household Economics Club. —\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

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"I usually come in on Saturdays," he explained. "That's true," said Dolly, with one of her rare smiles. "Yes"—Hillhouse took another header into forbidden waters—"he's about joined your church, they tell me." Alan treated this with an indulgent smile. He did not dislike Hillhouse, but he did not admire him, and he had never quite liked his constant attentions to Miss Barclay. But it was an acknowledged fact among the society girls of Darley that if a girl refused to go out with any young man in good standing it was very long before she was left at home oftener than was pleasant. Dolly was easily the best looking girl in the room—not perhaps the most daintily pretty, but she possessed a beauty which strength of character and intellect alone could give to a face already well featured. Even her physical beauty alone was of that texture which gives the beholder an agreeable sense of solidity. She was well formed, above medium height, had a beautiful neck and shoulders, dark gray eyes and abundant golden brown hair.

"May I see your card?" asked Alan. "I came early to secure at least one." At this Frank Hillhouse burst out laughing, and she smiled up at Alan. "He's been teasing me all evening about the predicament I'm in," she explained. "The truth is, I'm not going to dance at all. The presiding elder happened in town today on his way through and is at our house. You know how bitter he is against church members dancing. At first mamma said I shouldn't come a step, but Mr. Hillhouse and I succeeded in getting up a compromise. I can only look on. But my friends are having pity on me and filling my card for what they call stationary dances."

Alan laughed as he took the card, which was already almost filled, and wrote his name in one of the blank spaces. Some one called Hillhouse away, and then an awkward silence fell upon them. For the first time Alan noticed a worried expression on her face. "You have no buttonhole bouquet," she said, noticing his bare lapel. "That's what you get for not bringing a girl. Let me make you one." "I wish you would," he said thoughtfully, for as she began to search among her flowers for some rosebud and leaves he noted again the expression of contentment that had already puzzled him.

SOCIETIES OF MEDFORD

I. O. O. F.—Lodge No. 83, meets in I. O. O. F. hall every Saturday at 8 p. m. Visiting brothers always welcome. W. J. LAWTON, Sec. Sec.

I. O. O. F.—Rogue River Encampment, No. 30, meets in I. O. O. F. hall the second and fourth Wednesday of each month at 8 p. m. Visiting brothers invited to attend. D. E. DAT, C. P. H. E. HARVEY, Sec. Sec.

Olive Rebekah Lodge No. 2, meets in I. O. O. F. hall first and third Tuesdays of each month. Visiting sisters invited to attend. GERTHUS VILSON, N. G. FANNIE HASKINS, Rec. Sec.

A. F. and A. M.—Meets first Friday of each month full moon at 8 p. m., in Masonic hall. J. W. LAWTON, Sec. Sec.

K. of P.—Tallman lodge No. 31, meets Monday evening at 8 p. m. Visiting brothers always welcome. W. J. LAWTON, Sec. Sec. M. L. HARRIS, C. C. M. L. HARRIS, K. of R. and S.

Knights of the Maccoches—Triumph Tent No. 14, meets in regular review on the 1st and 3d Fridays of each month in A. O. U. W. hall at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brothers cordially invited to attend. A. B. ELLISON, Commander. W. T. YORK, R. K.

A. O. U. W., Degree of Honor—Eskler lodge No. 60, meets every 1st and 3d Wednesday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. W. J. LAWTON, Sec. Sec. CLARENCE McPHERSON, Rec.

A. O. U. W.—Lodge No. 88, meets every first and third Wednesday in the month at 8 p. m. in their hall in the Opera block. Visiting brothers invited to attend. W. A. STEWART, M. W. ASHAELE HUBBARD, Recorder.

F. U. of A.—Medford Lodge No. 42, meets every Tuesday evening in A. O. U. W. hall. Visiting Fraters invited to attend. FRANCIS JOHNSON, P. M. L. A. JOHNSON, Sec.

Woodmen of the World—Camp No. 90, meets every Thursday evening in K. of P. hall, Medford Oregon. FRANK JORDAN C. C. W. B. JACKSON, Clerk.

Chrysanthemum Circle No. 84, Women of Woodcraft—Meets second and fourth Tuesday of each month at 7:30 p. m. in K. of P. hall. Visiting sisters invited. MRS. ADA MILLER, G. N. TRUE ANGLE, Clerk.

W. R. C.—Chester A. Arthur corps No. 34, meets first and third Wednesday of each month at 2 o'clock p. m., in Woodman's hall. Visiting sisters invited. MRS. IVAN HEDGECOCK, Pres. MRS. HESTER HARTZELL, Sec.

G. A. R.—Chester A. Arthur Post No. 47, meets in Woodman's hall every first and third Wednesday night in each month at 7:30. Visiting comrades cordially invited to attend. W. B. ANDRUS, Com. F. M. STEWART, Adjutant.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every other Thursday at the Presbyterian church. MRS. J. MORGAN, Secretary.

Fraternal Brotherhood—Meets first and third Friday evenings at 7:30 p. m., in their hall in K. of P. building. Visiting brothers and sisters cordially invited. E. E. EADS, Pres. O. W. MURPHY, Secretary.

O. E. S.—Reames Chapter, No. 66, meets second and fourth Wednesday of each month at Masonic Hall, Medford, Oregon. Visiting sisters and brothers invited. NELLIE WHITMAN, M. M. MRS. MATTIE PICKEL, Secretary.

A. O. F.—Meets every Monday night at 7:30 p. m. in A. O. U. W. hall. Visiting Foresters cordially welcomed. E. L. GURNEA, C. R. JAS. STEWART, Rec. Secy.

Uniform Rank, K. of P.—Meet at the call of the captain in K. of P. hall. H. H. HOWARD, Captain. E. L. ELWOOD, Recorder.

CHURCHES OF MEDFORD.

Methodist Episcopal Church—W. B. Moore, pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. B. T. Lawton, supt. Class meeting follows preaching service Sunday morning. Julia Newkirk, leader. Prayer meeting at 7:30 p. m. George Fox, president. Regular prayer meetings every Thursday evening at 8:00 p. m. Ladies Aid Society every Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. C. W. Conklin, president. Junior Epworth League every Sunday at 3:30 p. m. Mrs. Owen, superintendent. Missionary Society meets first Friday in each month. Mrs. Charlotte Hubbard, president.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. W. F. Shields pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Jas. Martin, supt. Christian Endeavor, 6:30 p. m. Junior Christian Endeavor, 4:30 p. m. Every Thursday prayer meeting, 8 p. m. First Tuesday evening of every month church social. Second Tuesday evening, month 2:30 p. m. M. P. society. First and third Tuesday evening, month, 2:30 p. m. Aid society. Rev. W. F. Shields, pastor. Mrs. Hulah Warner, supt. S. S. Miss Edith Van Dyke, superintendent. W. C. E. David M. Day, Pres. S. C. E. Mrs. J. G. Van Dyke, Pres. Aid society. Mrs. J. W. Cox, Pres. Mission society.

Christian church—Corner of Sixth and J streets. Preaching every Lord's Day at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. The people welcome. E. A. Childs, pastor. Resides at the church.

Methodist Episcopal Church South—Rev. M. L. Darby, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and evening, Sunday school at 10 a. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Woman's Home Mission Society meets first Wednesday in each month at 2:30 p. m. Every one is cordially invited to all our services.

Christian Science services are held every Sunday morning at eleven o'clock at the residence of E. H. Dunham, of Talent. All are welcome.

CONTEST NOTICE.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office, Roseburg, Oregon, April 6, 1924.

A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by Alfred M. Christie, contestant, against homestead entry No. 12504, made June 20, 1905, for s. 1/4, s. 2, s. 3, s. 4, s. 5, s. 6, s. 7, s. 8, s. 9, s. 10, s. 11, s. 12, s. 13, s. 14, s. 15, s. 16, s. 17, s. 18, s. 19, s. 20, s. 21, s. 22, s. 23, s. 24, s. 25, s. 26, s. 27, s. 28, s. 29, s. 30, s. 31, s. 32, s. 33, s. 34, s. 35, s. 36, s. 37, s. 38, s. 39, s. 40, s. 41, s. 42, s. 43, s. 44, s. 45, s. 46, s. 47, s. 48, s. 49, s. 50, s. 51, s. 52, s. 53, s. 54, s. 55, s. 56, s. 57, s. 58, s. 59, s. 60, s. 61, s. 62, s. 63, s. 64, s. 65, s. 66, s. 67, s. 68, s. 69, s. 70, s. 71, s. 72, s. 73, s. 74, s. 75, s. 76, s. 77, s. 78, s. 79, s. 80, s. 81, s. 82, s. 83, s. 84, s. 85, s. 86, s. 87, s. 88, s. 89, s. 90, s. 91, s. 92, s. 93, s. 94, s. 95, s. 96, s. 97, s. 98, s. 99, s. 100, section 36, Township 22 N., Range 3 E., by Theodore G. Langguth, contestant, in which it is alleged that Theodore G. Langguth has abandoned said homestead for a period of more than six months last past; that the said contestant has made no improvements whatsoever upon said homestead; that he has not been upon the land since a time prior to making his filing thereon. Said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond and offer evidence touching said allegation at 10 o'clock a. m. on May 25, 1924, before A. S. Blyton, U. S. Commissioner, at his office in Medford, Oregon, (and that final hearing will be held at 10 o'clock a. m. on June 4, 1924, before the Register and Receiver at the United States Land Office in Roseburg, Oregon.

The said contestant having, in a proper affidavit, filed March 1, 1924, set forth facts which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice can not be made, it is hereby ordered and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication.

J. H. BOON, Receiver.

BLACK-DRAUGHT STOCK AND POULTRY MEDICINE

Stock and poultry have few troubles which are not bowed and liver irregularities. Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine is a bowel and liver remedy for stock. It puts the organs of digestion in a perfect condition. Prominent American breeders and farmers keep their herds and flocks healthy by giving them an occasional dose of Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine in their food. Any stock raiser may buy a 25-cent half-pound air-tight can of this medicine from his dealer and keep his stock in vigorous health for weeks. Dealers generally keep Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine. If yours does not, send 25 cents for a sample can to the manufacturers, The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

ROCHESTER, Ga., Jan. 30, 1923.

Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine is the best I ever tried. Our stock was looking bad when you sent me the medicine and now they are getting so fine. They are looking 20 per cent better.

S. P. BROCKINGTON.



"Hello!" he said pleasantly. "You young bloods are a-goin' to play snuff with the gals' hearts tonight, I reckon. I say, go it while you are young. Rayburn, I want to get one of them iron