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Order Nisi

In the Circuit Court for St. Mary's County, in Equity. No. 1364 N. E.

Jas. Joshua Holly, et. al.,
vs.
Bertha Emma E. Curtice, et. al.

Ordered this 25th day of Oct., in the year 1921, by the Circuit Court for St. Mary's county, in Equity, that the auditor's report and account, made and reported by Wm. Meverell Loker, trustee, filed in the above entitled case, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 4th Monday in November, 1921; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in said St. Mary's county, once a week for three successive weeks before the said fourth Monday in November, 1921.

ENOCH B. ABELL, Clerk.
True Copy—Test:
ENOCH B. ABELL Clerk.

FARM WANTED

—Wanted to hear from owner of a farm or good land for sale; price reasonable. L. JONES. Box 551, Olney, Ill.

Tidewater Lines, Inc.

Passenger, Express and Freight Service

Main Terminal and General Offices
613 G St. N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

Division Point and Service Station, Waldorf, Md.

PASSENGER SCHEDULE.

Between Washington & Leonardtown

Leave Washington		
7 45 am.	12 noon	4 pm.
Arrive Leonardtown		
11 05 am.	3 00 pm.	7 00 pm.
Lv. Leonardtown		
7 45 am.	1 30 pm.	3 40 pm.
Ar. Washington		
10 45 am.		6 40 pm.

FREIGHT SERVICE

Leave Washington	8 00 am.
Arrive Leonardtown	2 30 pm.
Leave Leonardtown	2 30 pm.
Arrive Scotland	4 30 pm.
Leave Scotland	5 30 am.
Leave Leonardtown	8 00 am.
Arrive Washington	2 00 pm.

NOTICE

I have sold my business known as the Ridge Garage at Ridge, which was recently burned, to Mr. R. G. Clarke, the "Briscoe man," who will conduct it under the name of the "Ridge Motor Co." The new fire-proof building is much larger than the old one and is now open and ready for business. Expert mechanics from Washington will always be on the job to look after the customers' wants. It will be as usual, "The shop where you get the most for your money."

E. T. LEWIS.

Trespass Notice

A number of land owners of the Seventh District of St. Mary's Co., have leased the hunting privileges of their properties to the Tidewater Hunt Club, an organization formed for the purpose of protecting the game for the land owners and their guests. Appropriate signs have been placed upon said properties and the public is hereby requested not to hunt upon this reservation, and are warned against destroying or in any way defacing these signs, for by doing so they are subjecting themselves to prosecution according to law. (Signed)

TIDEWATER HUNT CLUB OF MARYLAND. 3t

A Select School
WASHINGTON SCHOOL FOR SECRETARIES
Washington D.C.
Catalog

Ratification Nisi

In the Circuit Court for St. Mary's County. No. 1380 N. E.

Stewart Ellis, individually, and as next friend to Hall Ellis, Elizabeth Saunders and Vera Saunders, Plaintiffs,
vs.
Mary G. Ellis, et. al.

Ordered by the Circuit Court for St. Mary's county, in Equity, this 2d day of November, 1921, that the sale of the property mentioned in the above entitled case, made and reported by Wm. M. Loker, attorney, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown, on or before Nov. 28, 1921; provided a copy of this order be inserted and published in some newspaper printed and published in said St. Mary's county once in each of four successive weeks before the said 28th day of Noyember, 1921.

The report states that the land sold for $1500.00.

ENOCH B. ABELL,
Clerk of the Circuit Court for St. Mary's County.
True Copy—Test:
ENOCH B. ABELL, Clerk.
6-23.4-t

MORE CALLS ARE MADE FOR SUITS

Women Have Adopted Outfit for Their Uniform—Can Never Die, Maker Says.

MANY WITH VERY LONG COATS

Three-Quarter Lengths Permit Only Fraction of Skirt to Show—Keep the Straight and Long Lines.

It is hard to pry the American woman loose from her friend, the tailored suit. It is one of her most becoming assets. She likes it, she feels well dressed when she wears it, and hers is the figure that displays it to the very best advantage. And, observes a fashion authority, when the calendar says that autumn is here, the suit beomes the first noticeable change in dress expression.

A prominent maker of suits—a man who has devoted the whole of his life to the study of this one by-path in women's wear—said that he had had just as many, if not more, calls for suits this season as he had had any season in the past. This statement was made in the face of the fact that the general impression seems to be, in fashion circles, that the suit is losing some of its popularity. Now this tailor believes that the suit can never die. He says he knows that women have adopted it for their uniform, just as the men need the suit for theirs. He realizes the fact that women diverge from the suit in many and varied manners, but he says that this costume as the foundation of a wardrobe is just as staple a thing as is the coffee they drink for their breakfasts.

You ask him: "Does the style of the suit change?" and he witheringly answers that it does most decidedly. Then, if you look at it with an untutored eye, it is hard to see just where the changes come in. They are subtle, and they are slow, but, he assures you, they are changes, and the last minute of fashion standard demands that they shall be made.

The encouraging side of all this slowness and subtlety is that it is not greatly noticeable—that the old suit, if it is designed along conservative enough lines, will last on indefinitely. And, combined with the smart hat and the proper accompaniment of fur, it does itself proud in the marching throng.

Length of Skirts.

The lengths of the skirts in the suits, it is nice to be able to say, have not changed so materially that the change is quick to catch the eye. They seem to be about the same, although they are really longer than those extreme knee-length ones of the summer. It behooves us to stop and think, however, that certain members of the community attempted these ultra-short affairs, and that most of the

Tailored Suit Along the Newer Lines.

suit skirts, in particular, remained a distance of from ten to twelve inches from the floor. And that is what they are today—preferably ten, but rising to twelve where the figure is tall and slim enough to demand that concesssion to its own proportions.

There is the sport suit, for which America and Americans have become so famous; there is the medium suit for every occasion, and there is the dressy suit which, this season, has dissolved itself into the costume dress. But each is as popular and as necessary as the other in its own way, and each one of them is destined to hold a place in the season's fashions.

Among the tailored suits there are many with coats that are very long. That is, they may safely be called three-quarter length, for there is only a fraction of a skirt left showing beneath the ending of the coat. Then, these suits are cut in such a manner that they can keep the straight, long lines for any figure. They are totally without fullness, to be sure, but they have a miraculous way of keeping staight in spite of everything. Everything about them is seemingly tightly fitted. The sleeves are, indeed, skin-tight and the armholes are rounded and fitted to a nicety. Sometimes there is a belt set at a low waistline and tied into place, the exact placing of the waistline being in accordance with the individual proportions of the figure. Then, some of these three-

Suit of Brown Embroidered Duvetyn.

quarter tailored coats are slit at the sides from the bottom, so that the ends have a trifle of "give" to them, not being keyed to the line of the figure so unrelentingly. A tailored suit of this variety was made with bindings of its own material, which material was broadcloth, by the way, and these were cut almost an inch in width. These were laid on as flatly as could be around every conceivable edge and stitched closely on either side. The color of the suit was a dusty taupe and the stitched edgings made a good-looking finish.

Have Low-Cut Revers.

Most of these strictly tailored suits have low-cut revers, so that the closings of the coat come just above the waistlines. Then, this opening leaves room for the whitest and daintiest of French blouses, the latter being the touch without which the suit remains as nothing worthy of notice.

As for materials in the tailored suits, well, there are twills and serges that forever will be eminently satisfactory in this connection, and there are some soft, fine duvetyns and wool velours.

Suits with more or less of trimming come to us from the French designers, and, with a certain type of woman, are generally appreciated and worn in this country. Most of these, this season, are made with the longer waists and with slightly bloused effects at the waistlines. Then the embroidery is used for a wide or a narrow band around the bottom of the peplum, for the cuffs, for the collar, and sometimes for a band to run along the line where the closing of the coat is effected. One of these from Paris was made in that darkest of brown shades, which the French are pushing this season. It was then trimmed with masses of silk embroidery in a slightly lighter shade of the same color, and the trimming was concentrated over the hips in large triangular sections grouped of smaller triangular figures. This was all the trimming there was about the suit, for the cuffs of the rather loose sleeves were left plain, as was also the collar, which buttoned tightly around the throat.

The Russian influence pushes its way into the suit category more successfully than it manages to do in other types of costumes. The long-waisted blouse, the thick girdle, the straight bands of fur and the brilliant colors lend themselves to the designing of the suit with admirable facility.

Peacock Green Duvetyn.

A Russian blouse suit was made of peacock green duvetyn with a very thick and heavy surface. The bloused section of the coat was long enough to completely cover the hips, and underneath that was a straight sort of peplum of the width of only about five or six inches. There was a twisted girdle of heavy silk threads with the longest imaginable tassels ending it. And there were collars and wide cuffs of krimmer in a very dark gray shade. Another suit of this same character and general line of cut in a deep rust shade had for trimming an arrangement of heavy, loose knots of dark gray wool that were massed together quite evenly until they took on a surprising look of krimmer or some other lamb's wool fur.

Fur, indeed, is used for trimming many of the winter suits, but the fact of the matter is that in most cases it is very sparingly used. There are straight, choker collars and the smallest of cuffs, and only seldom is there a band of fur seen around the bottom of the peplum. And the furs are mostly of the short-haired variety, for the rule seems to be that, when one wants fox or sable, then the animal itself must be brought into the limelight and fetched as the piece de resistance of the street costume.

DISTINGUISHED SPEAKERS AT CONVOCATION ON LIMITATION OF ARMAMENT

Both men and women of distinction and outstanding leadership will be heard at the Convocation of Christian Citizens in behalf of the limitation of armament which holds its sessions in the Central High School and New Masonic auditoriums, at Washington, D. C., from Sunday, October 30th, through Wednesday, November 2nd, under the direction of the National Reform Association.

The association itself has a staff of internationally known speakers, who will be present and speak at the Convocation. These include its general superintendent, James S. Martin, the originator and successful director of three great World Christian Citizenship Conferences; James S. McGaw, its general field secretary, and known as "America's rapid-fire civic evangelist": Sam W. Small, the famous Southern humorist, orator and evangelist; Clinton N. Howard, the "Little Giant" of the American platform, and Edwin C. Dinwiddie, recent president of the International Anti-Alcoholic Congress.

Other speakers of distinction include a United States senator, a representative, a beloved bishop, famous authors and widely known leaders in the war on war.

Among the women who will be present at the Convocation on the limitation of armament is Mrs. Thomas G. Winter of Minneapolis, Minn., the popular president of the National Federation of Women's Clubs, who will speak on Monday afternoon, October 31st, at the New Masonic auditorium on the subject, "Internal Development Hindered by Militarism." Another woman of charming personality is Mrs. Deborah Knox Livingston of Providence, Rhode Island, superintendent of the Christian Citizenship Department of the National W. C. T. U., who will be heard Monday evening in the Central High School auditorium on the subject, "Applied Christianity in Relation to War."

The CLAN CALL

By Hapsburg Liebe

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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CHAPTER XIII.—On the pretext of investigating another coal deposit, Dale is decoyed to a gathering of the Balls and Torreys. They "try" him for the murder of Adam Ball, find him guilty, and sentence him to be hanged next day. He is rescued by By Heck. Goff is forced to leave the neighborhood.

CHAPTER XIV.—"Babe" writes Dale that she is living with his parents and that her education is progressing. Jimmy Fayne, rich and dissolute, asks "Babe" to marry him, but she tells him she loves Dale.

CHAPTER XV.—"Babe" comes to Cartersville to attend Dale's trial. He is acquitted of the murder of Ball. Dale asks "Babe" to marry him. She loves him, but tells him she cannot be his wife.

CHAPTER XVI.—"Babe" tells Mrs. Dale her son had asked her to marry him and that she refused. Pressed for a reason, she confesses she killed Adam Ball to save Dale's life, and that she feels she is not worthy to be his wife.

CHAPTER XVII.—Jimmy Fayne presses his suit. "Babe" finally and definitely refuses him, though he promises that if she will marry him, he will help and educate the Littlefords, the girl's dearest wish.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Learning that the Balls and their kindred are planning to attack the place and kill him, Dale gathers the Littleford and Moreland clans for a last fight against the outlaws. The Balls are worsted and rounded up. A small boy is sent to kill Dale, but his generosity conquers the little fellow. Dale and the clan chiefs release the outlaws, giving them their freedom.

CHAPTER XIX.—With "Babe," old John K. Dale visits David Moreland's grave. The girl has long since guessed the grim secret of Dale's life, the killing of David Moreland in a drunken rage. John Moreland meets the old man at the grave and prepares to kill him. "Babe" pleads for his life. Learning he is "Bill" Dale's father, Moreland relents and finally agrees to forgive and forget the past.

CHAPTER XX

The End of It All.

The sun shone very brightly that day, and the snow began to melt on the places that were not shaded. When he returned with Elizabeth from the crest of David Moreland's mountain, John K. Dale took a rocker before the fire and sat there thinking, thinking, until the midday meal was announced. When the midday meal was over, he resumed his chair and sat there thinking, thinking, until the afternoon was half gone.

Then he called Elizabeth to him.

"Will you go to my son and tell him I wish to see him?" he said. And he added under his breath: "I think it is best that they should know."

Elizabeth heard that which he had said to himself as well as she heard that which he had said to her. Should know! Know what? She had a sudden wild fear that Mrs. Dale had broken her promise never to breathe a word of the truth concerning the Adam Ball affair. Nevertheless, she put on her hat and her gloves and went to Bill Dale's office.

Dale sat with his elbows on his desk and with his head in his hands. To all appearances, he was unaware of the presence of the girl in the doorway.

She spoke. "Bill!"

He sat up straight and faced her. He seemed surprised.

"Well, Babe?"

"Your father wants you," in a low voice. "He's got something to tell you that—that will make you think almost nothing of me!"

Young Dale frowned. "What is it?"

"I'd rather he'd tell you about it. Bill Dale, I don't think I could bear to tell you myself—"

She turned and was about to hasten away, when he called to her: "Wait!"—and she waited.

"Has it," he asked, "anything to do with your marriage to Jimmy Fayne?"

"No!"

He arose and put on his broad-rimmed hat. "I'll admit," he smiled, "that I'm worse than a granny woman for poking my nose into other people's affairs—when are you going to marry Jimmy, Babe?"

The answer came quickly: "Never."

"Never!"

"Never," repeated Elizabeth, very quietly.

"Never?" pursued Dale.

"Never!" cried Elizabeth, exasperated.

"Goodness!" laughed Dale. "You're dramatic, or vehement, or both. May I walk home with you, Babe?"

"Yes, sir," promptly, "if you want to."

They set out across the snow-covered meadows, and neither spoke another word until they had reached Ben Littleford's log house. The girl looked at him queerly as they entered. After he knew—

Old Dale still sat before the fire, and near him sat silent John Moreland. Old Dale motioned toward an inside door.

"Please close it, Elizabeth," he requested, and she obeyed. "Now sit down. I've got something to tell the three of you. And I fancy it will interest all of you."

The two who had just come in took chairs at the fireside. After a moment, John K. Dale began:

"You've often wondered, Bill, about that savage streak—as you choose to call it—that is in you. You inherited it. Much of that which we are, it is claimed, is inherited, and it must be correct; like begets like, of course. But there is no savage streak in you, Bill. You are hot-headed, that's all. Your virtues overbalance that, by far. I have never seen another man who had a greater love for honesty and fair play, or a greater hatred for all that is hollow and false, or more courage to stick up for that which seems to be right, than you. Now I'll tell you how you came by those fine qualities and the hot-headedness—"

Elizabeth Littleford sat wide-eyed, tense, half breathless. If he meant to tell it, why didn't he tell it! Why did he beat about the bush like that?

"Bill, this is hard for me. It brings back a terrible thing. You know about David Moreland. . . . When I awoke that morning and found him lying dead at my crazed, drunken hands, I wished that I, too, were dead. . . . That great and silent wilderness smothered me. I imagined that I could hear voices calling to me, saying—

"'Cain! Cain!'

"They came from the laurel thickets, from the trees overhead, from the ground, from everywhere. You see, I was a bad, even in my wild-oats days. Then I thought of the law, and I ran. . . .

"But the cry of a child from the cabin I was leaving halted me before I had gone thirty yards. David Moreland's wife had left him with a baby only a few weeks old, which I didn't pay any particular attention to until that morning, that black morning. At that time there was no other house for miles around. I couldn't leave the child there to die of starvation, after killing its father. So I went back and got the baby, and all its clothing, and took it away with me. I left it at a farmhouse down in the lowland, and went to another city, and started life afresh. . . .

"But later I married, and shortly after that I went to the farmer and persuaded him to let me adopt the child. I brought it up as my own, and educated it, as a sort of compensation. And I came to love it. But it was years before my wife loved it. She didn't like children then. But she does now. She is paying now, and I am paying. Don't you understand, Bill—don't you understand?"

—There was a choke in his voice toward the last. Bill Dale went to his feet. His eyes were wide, but he did not seem unhappy; and for that Elizabeth was grateful. John Moreland sat as still, with his bearded, viking face as expressionless as though he had known it all along.

"And so I really am in my own country!" cried Bill Dale. "I am a Moreland, and the Morelands really are my own people!"

"Yes, you are in your own country, and you are a Moreland—and your baby name was David," said John K. Dale.

It was then that John Moreland spoke.

"Bill, when I fust seed you, you made me think o' my brother the day he was married. I ain't never fo'got that. I sartainly ain't su'prised none at all. We didn't know about the baby. Cherokee Joe told me the baby had died."

"And now, son," pleaded old Dale, his voice breaking, "say that you forgive me."

Bill Dale, David Moreland's boy, knelt beside the old sheepskin-lined rocker, took the old coal king's hand in both his own and bent his head over it.

"It's all right," he said thickly. "It's all right."

Elizabeth Littleford arose and stole blindly out of the house. Her footsteps led her, quite without her realizing where she was going, across the meadow and to the river above the blown-down sycamore. And there on that sacred spot, where she had first felt her heart leap at the sound of Bill Dale's voice, she sank down in a heap in the snow and cried, and cried.

Twilight was gathering rapidly, but she did not notice it. She did not notice, either, that the air was growing steadily colder with the approach of the mountain night. To her a warm sun was shining above in a bright blue vault; to her the spirit of summer was everywhere; in her ears there was the liquid song of a meadow lark, the sweet twittering of wood-thrushes, the low humming of wild bees. The pouring of the crystal waters between the two boulders above the pool made music to her, and blended with it she seemed to hear the voice of a big, clean, strong man—

"I was thinking of the difference between you and some other women I know."

Then a ray of hope shone into her heart. Bill Dale was really a Moreland and, therefore, of the hill blood even as she was of the hill blood, and that should make them more nearly equal. She told herself that he wouldn't be so apt to condemn her for being able to take a human life easily as one of another blood would be; he would be more apt to understand. And yet, the women he had known were gentle, tender and refined, like, for instance, Patricia McLaurin. Soon the ray of hope died within her, and she bent her head and sobbed again.

One of her bare hands began to grope idly in the snow at her side, and she did not feel the cold. Suddenly she realized that her hand was full of shavings, whittlings. Some man had been sitting there whittling with a pocket knife—it must have been a man, for who ever heard of a woman whittling? She felt in the snow with both hands, and found more whittlings—there were bushels of whittlings, it seemed to her, lying there under the snow.

Then she wondered—wondered who it could have been.

It was quite dark now, but the moon was not yet up. A great, bright star blazed above David Moreland's tomb like a beacon fire. She heard the muffled sounds of slow masculine footsteps in the snow behind her. She did not turn her head. In her soul she knew it could be but one man.

Bill Dale's head was down, and he moved as though he neither knew nor cared whither he went. Then he saw the dark heap on the river's bank before him, and he halted. He knew in his soul that it could be but one woman.

Dale went on and sat down on a stone the size of a small barrel that lay at the river's rim.

"Babe?" he said. It was the mating call of his heart in the springtime of his life.

"Who d-done all o' this whittlin', Bill?" asked Elizabeth.

"I did," softly.

"But I thought you were so busy here! It's nobody but idlers, of course, that whittles—that is, most o' the time it's nobody but idlers that whittles."

"But I'm not busy on Sundays, y' know," replied Dale.

"Tell me this," Elizabeth asked pointedly: "What made you come to this one spot to do your whittlin'? Couldn't you whittle up there in my daddy's cabin yard?"

He answered her unhesitatingly: "Because I like to be here. This place is a shrine to me. It was here that I first loved you, Babe. Now you tell me this: Why did you come to this particular spot to sit down in the snow? There's snow in your daddy's cabin yard!"

Said Elizabeth, in a voice that sounded smothered: "Because I like to be here—this place is a shrine to me, too—it was here that I first loved you, Bill Dale!"

"Then why," he demanded, "won't you marry me?"

"Because it was me that shot—Adam Ball."

She went on, and though emotion had set every fibre of her to quivering, she did not fall into the old hill talk, which was proof of the magnificence of her:

"I thought you wouldn't want me if you knew that I did that, and I couldn't marry you without telling you. But you know now! And do whatever you feel like doing or saying, you can't hurt me; I can never be hurt any—any m-m-m-more——"

Bill Dale shot erect. Truly, this was a day of surprises for him. He stooped and caught her up.

"A real woman!" he said happily, straightening with her in his arms. "A real, all gold, pure gold woman! You loved me well enough to kill a man to save me, and wouldn't let me know it! Woman is a mystery, sure enough. But perhaps it's because women are

"Well, Babe, Kitten, Must I Drag You to the Altar, or Will You Go With Me of Your Own Free Will?"

so fine and so far above menfolk that menfolk cannot understand them. Well, Babe, kitten, must I drag you to the altar, or will you go with me of your own accord?"

She put her arms around his neck and drew them tight.

"I'd go with you, Bill Dale—or David Moreland, whichever it is—to the very last inch of the end of the world," she said.

* * * * * * *

Early the next morning, there came strolling lazily up the river's bank a tall and lanky mountaineer who wore, among other things, a Niagara Falls mustache and cowhide boots that seemed ridiculously short because of the great length of his slender legs. He carried a rifle in the hollow of one arm; he was looking for rabbit-tracks in the snow. Near the pool above the blown-down sycamore, he came upon tracks that had not been made by any four-footed animals. There were the footprints of a man coming from one direction, and the footprints of a woman coming from another direction; only the footprints of the man went away toward Ben Littleford's cabin.

By Heck was puzzled. "Here comes Bill," he frowned, "and over here comes Babe. And thar, as plain as day, goes Bill; but what become o' Babe? Whar in the name o' the devil's pet ridin'-hoss did she go to? Not straight up, shorely!"

He scrutinized the signs with the understanding eye of the born woodsman. Then he grinned broadly and said to himself:

"Well, dang my forrard and blast my eyes! The danged old Injun, he jest picked her up bod'ly and carried her off home, and I know what that means, thank God. I cain't pray, but I shore can sing——

"Oh, when I die, don't bury me deep;
Put a tombstone at my head and feet;
Put a bear's jawbone in my right hand,
On my way to the Prom-ised La-a-and,
Oh! On my way to the Promised Land!"

(THE END.)

MILK HELPS YOUNG ANIMALS

Skim Milk and Other Creamery By-Products Are Useful Feeds for Pigs and Calves.

While whole milk is nature's balanced food and is valuable for young animals, skim milk and other creamery by-products, such as buttermilk and whey, are also useful feeds, say specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture. Skim milk is fed to young pigs in the proportion of about three pounds to one of concentrates, such as cornmeal or shorts. Buttermilk, which has not been diluted too much with water, has nearly the same feeding value as skim milk. It is a better food for swine than for calves because it is apt to cause digestive disturbances when fed to the latter, unless considerable care is used. Whey is used almost exclusively in feeding swine. It is about two-thirds as valuable as skim milk as a food. Accordingly from ten to twelve pounds of whey are equivalent to one pound of grain. Sweet skim milk, when supplemented with other feed such as corn meal or wheat shorts, is very good for young calves. If beef calves are to be fed skim milk, they should be fed in practically the same manner as dairy calves.

HIGHER PRICES FOR HORSES

Farmers Are Advised to Breed More Heavy Draft Animals Wanted for City Hauling.

Heavy draft horses are in greater demand and commanding higher prices than at any time in the last 20 years, according to the proprietor of a Boston trucking concern which maintains 100 horses and 28 auto trucks. In a letter received at University farm he says: "For the short haul the horse has no competitor. We buy at any time and have paid as high as $600 each, but are not getting as good horses as we would like to use. We believe the peak stage of motortruck sales and use has been reached. Farmers should be encouraged to breed better horses."

Big Alligator Negroes' Prize.

Two negroes were attacked by a huge alligator in West Caney swamps, near Orange, Texas. The big saurian, which measured ten feet, chased one of the negroes up a tree. The other negro in the meantime placed eight bullets in the center of its head. The negroes, who had encountered the alligator while fishing, returned to the spot where the battle occurred next morning, and found it dead. They towed it through the marshes to the northern limits of the city.

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