

CAP and BELLS



SMITH HAD THE WRONG IDEA

Easy to Imagine Large Volume of Music Was Made by Hands and Feet, but Not by Ear Alone.

One evening Smith jinnayed to the suburbs to call on his friend Jones, and while they were sitting on the veranda enjoying their after-dinner ragweed large volumes of music broke loose in the adjacent bungalow.

"Some music," commented Smith, glancing through the fireflies to the scenery beyond. "Who might the performer be?"

"It is my neighbor Green," answered Jones. "And would you believe that he plays by ear alone?"

"I would not," was the prompt rejoinder of Smith. "I can easily imagine that he might make that much noise by using both hands and feet and an ax, but you can't make me believe that he does it by banging the side of his head on the keys."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

His Trolley Twisted.

He was raving to his family about the fair maid that he had selected to lead him up before the parson.

"Her golden hair, her velvet complexion, her liquid eyes—" he was saying, when his ten-year-old sister interrupted him:

"You are getting things mixed, George," she said. "It is her complexion that is liquid. I wish her when she bought it."

Wrong Impressions.

"You will observe," said the professor, "the higher the altitude attained the colder the temperature becomes."

"But isn't it warmer up in the mountains?" asked the youth at the pedal extremity of the class.

"Certainly not," replied the professor. "Why do you think it would be warmer there?"

"I thought the atmosphere was heated by the mountain ranges," answered the youth.

Man's Observation.

Mrs. Snooper—Man makes me tired.

Mrs. Swayback—What's the matter now?

Mrs. Snooper—My husband saw Mrs. Keedick yesterday, and I asked him what she had on, and he replied, "Oh, clothes."—Stray Stories.

The Element of Enjoyment.

"What satisfaction did you derive from paying a fortune for that quaint old picture?" asked the woman who is not very appreciative of art.

"The satisfaction," replied Mrs. Cumrox, "of showing our old friends that we could afford to spend all that money."

GEORGE WAS OUT ONE.



George—I've fixed that kid brother so he won't watch us any more. I have paid him a dollar and he has agreed not to bother us for a year.

She—That's too bad. I got engaged to Freddy last night.

His Patience.

"If you had to work—just nacherly had to," queried Seldom Fedd, who was a great hand to cogitate, "what kind of a job would you choose?"

"Boin' janitor in an air castle," replied Soiled Spooner, a prominent volunteer in the great army of the unemployed.—Judge.

Something Wrong.

"I paint things as I see them," said Dobbater, complacently, as the critic inspected his "Moonlight on the Hudson."

VERA'S TRUSTEE

By CLARISSA MACKIE.
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When Judge Linwood died his large estate was left in trust to his only child, Vera, who, now doubly orphaned, went to live with her aunt, Mrs. Henry Hendrick.

The Hendricks entertained lavishly and spent money recklessly, so that when Henry Hendrick's money vanished, together with most of Vera's fortune, that unfortunate gentleman promptly took himself out of the world, leaving his widow to open a fashionable boarding house in the suburbs.

As for Vera, she had decided to go West and claim possession of the old Golden Eagle mine, which her father had left in trust for her. The western trustee was his old friend, Anthony Burgess, and it was through Anthony Burgess that Vera received the semi-annual dividends which now constituted her sole income.

"But, my dear child," protested Mrs. Hendrick tearfully, "you can't go out there alone! Why, you've never even seen this Burgess man!"

"That he was father's friend speaks sufficiently in his favor, Aunt Emily, and, besides, I shall only stop in Eagle City a short time. There is an excellent hotel there."

"I am afraid to have you travel alone," objected Mrs. Hendrick.

"Nonsense; I am twenty-one, and father trusted me thoroughly. You forget that I once spent six weeks at Eagle City."

"But your father was with you."

"Yes, Aunt Emily, but I shall get along nicely. I thought perhaps that there might be some business connected with the mine that I might learn—that I might become a real business woman—not a drone living on the income father left me. I want to be useful."

"Have your own way, child," sighed the widow plaintively. "I can't say too much, Vera, because my poor Henry's slipshod business methods lost your fortune as well as our own. I told your father not to make Henry your trustee. As for the other trustee—have you ever seen Mr. Burgess?"

"He was in Mexico when father and I were in Eagle City."

"I hope he is trustworthy?" was Mrs. Hendrick's final remark.

Eagle City basked in the warmth of an Indian summer day. Vera loved the fresh, sweet mountain air and the low-lying haze reddened by the sun.

"Burgess?" repeated the lantern-jawed stage driver as Vera made inquiries. "Anthony Burgess? Oh, he lives over beyond the mountain."

"How shall I reach his place?"

"Stopping in the city?"

"Yes; take me to the best hotel, please."

"That will be Mrs. Lizzie Smith's, ma'am. To get to Burgess' you'll have to get a hoss. Can you ride?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then going will be easy. A good hoss will take you and most anybody will pilot out the trail to the Golden Eagle. I suppose you've heard of the lucky strike there?"

"No. Do you mean that they have discovered more gold?"

"That's right. Struck the richest vein ever found hereabouts. Seems it's faded out in Burgess' own mine, the Double Eagle, and the lead has been uncovered in the Golden Eagle. There's been a regular stampede for these parts in the past week."

"And the new discovery has made Mr. Burgess poor?" asked Vera.

"Almost. He wasn't expecting it, you see, ma'am, and he's been laying out a lot of money on his own mine; he's trustee for some folks back East, who own the Golden Eagle. If he was anything except the straightest man God ever made he could help himself out of the Golden Eagle and nobody would ever be the wiser."

Vera was thoughtful the rest of the day. She spent a restful night at Mrs. Smith's homelike hotel, and the next day she hired a horse to ride over the mountain.

"You'll not want to go alone, honey," admonished Mrs. Smith.

Vera displayed the little six-shooter which her father had taught her to use.

"I am not afraid," she laughed, and rode away.

Down the street she met the stage driver; he pulled in his steaming horses and held up a warning hand.

"Not going over the mountain alone, are you?" he asked.

"Yes. I am not afraid," she assured him.

"There's likely to be rough characters about," he warned her. "It's pay day at the Golden Eagle and there's a rumor that some of the Rio gang are going to hold up the paymaster. You better wait till tomorrow."

"But someone had better warn the paymaster," protested Vera.

"Burgess has been warned, but he ain't the kind to heed such a warning; he don't know what fear is, doggone him!" And the stage rumbled on.

Vera followed the trail winding up through the hills. She did not meet anyone, and although her surefooted pony sometimes stopped and sniffed inquiringly at the underbrush or heaped-up rocks along the way, she could not guess that the animal instinctively knew that there were men lurking, ambushed, waiting for the paymaster of the Golden Eagle.

At last she glimpsed a dark, evil eye as she disappeared behind a rock, and she was glad that she could command her features so that the man could not guess she had seen him.

She must go back along the way

she had come and warn the paymaster of the impending danger. Yet the men in ambush must not know that she was suspicious.

She swung her pony about and hummed a gay little tune as she rode down the trail; she talked to the pony in bantering accents.

"Oh, Nicodemus Alexander," she sighed, "I could remain on this mountainside all day and admire the view, but you must get me back to town for dinner; I'm hungry."

So she rode back along the downward trail, hoping to meet the paymaster at the round of every curve in the road.

At last, far below, she glimpsed a black horse flying along the trail and a rider who seemed part of his beautiful mount.

"He doesn't ride like an old man," she thought with quickening pulses. "Perhaps he is one of the Rio gang."

Far down the mountain side she met the rider, a tall, sun-browned man, whose saddlebags were well filled. He looked curiously at her as she approached.

"Are you Mr. Burgess?" she asked breathlessly.

"Yes," he smiled, sweeping off his hat.

"And you are paymaster of the Golden Eagle?"

He looked sharply at her. "Why do you ask that?" he demanded bluntly.

"Because you are in danger—they are waiting for you up yonder—" And hastily she told him of the evil face she had seen and of the warning uttered by the stage driver.

"I was warned," he admitted, "but I didn't take much stock in it—they've been threatening to hold me up for the past year. I've got to get the money to the boys—they'll be rioting if they don't get it," he ended ruefully.

"Can't you transfer the money to my saddlebags and let me follow you up the trail? Then, if they want you to throw up your hands you can, and before they discover that your bags are empty I can ride on to the mine. They won't hurt you?" she asked anxiously.

"No—all they want is the money," he assured her. "But I can't permit you to endanger your life."

"It's for my own interests," she said calmly. "I am Vera Linwood."

"Vera Linwood—why, Miss Linwood, I was going East next week to see you. The Golden Eagle has developed another rich vein."

"And the Double Eagle has lost one," she said significantly.

"You know, then?"

"I heard yesterday afternoon I am so sorry—I feel like a robber myself—the owner of a pirate mine!"

"That's mine's luck. Come, let us get along, if we must. Just put these packages in your saddlebags—so, and I'll stuff mine with grass. Ride on ahead and don't worry. It will come out all right!" He slapped her pony's flank and mounted his black and followed.

When Vera passed the ambush she was talking to her pony as before.

"Once more, Nicodemus Alexander!" she threatened. "I will ride to the top of the hill; then down again for dinner!" She passed the ambush and waited breathlessly around the bend of the trail. Somewhere near the bend she heard the pounding of the ore-crushers and she knew that she was near the mines.

Below she heard the tread of Burgess' horse, followed by a sharp command, a momentary silence, and then the murmur of other voices. The hold-up had happened and they were going through the mine owner's pockets and searching his saddlebags for the Golden Eagle's pay roll.

Nicodemus Alexander was smitten with indignant surprise when his rider suddenly jabbed her sharp heel into his flank.

He bounded up the trail, his hoofs scattering the stones underfoot. In a flurry of dust, horse and rider appeared at the office of the Golden Eagle.

A dozen men surrounded Vera.

"Mr. Burgess—held up—help him," she gasped, and tumbled from her pony.

There was a shout of anger as the miners grabbed their weapons and dashed down the trail to meet the paymaster.

Vera leaned dazedly against the office door and stared at the blood trickling down the sleeve of her white blouse.

"Someone must have fired at me," she smiled faintly.

"The plucky little angel!" exclaimed one roughly dressed man as he led her inside the building.

Weeks afterward Mrs. Henry Hendrick reread a letter from Vera. It was dated from Eagle City.

"Dear Aunt Emily," wrote Vera, "I will be home in another week—and I shall bring my husband with me. Don't faint, poor, dear auntie; he is the most splendid man. You can never guess, so I must tell you that I am marrying Anthony Burgess, the son of father's old friend, my trustee. The trusteeship has been transferred to young Anthony because his father is dead and Anthony says it is perfectly natural that we should have met and loved and married, for now he can continue the trusteeship forever. And, best of all, you are to give up the boarding house and return here with us, if you will, for the Golden Eagle has developed wonderful riches and Anthony's mine has a new vein of gold and we are all going to be very rich indeed. And Anthony wants me to add a postscript that we are rich in each other and richer in happiness than all the gold in the world could supply!"

How Many Women Are in Trouble Today?

By J. R. HAMILTON
Former Advertising Manager of Wanamaker's, Philadelphia

All of you women whose husbands have told you you have been spending too much money, please stand up. Great Scott! Every married woman in America is on her feet.

All you who are earning your own living and spending as much as you earn please stand up.

Now we've got the rest of them.

"Well," you say, "now that you've got us standing here what are you going to do about it?"

I'm going to give you the first law of business:

Cut your expenses down first, and then find out how you can do it afterward.

Every big institution carries what it calls a "butcher."

When the expenses of that institution begin to eat up the profits the "butcher" issues a sweeping order to cut down so many hundreds of dollars a day. He doesn't ask how it can be done. He knows it has to be done if his business is going to continue, and he leaves it to the people under him to find out how.

This cutting seldom if ever ruins a business. It simply sharpens the wits of those who are left.

Now let's take your case. Instead of taking the money that you think you ought to have, suppose you take the money that you have actually got. In your case, being both "butcher" and buver, you naturally have to sharpen your own wits.

Therefore the first thing you begin to do each day (just as you are going to do now in a minute or two) is to open this paper and see what special inducement each store is offering in the things that are necessary for you to buy. You look for the clothes, and the shoes, the children's dresses and suits, the underwear, the house needs, and all of the various necessities and luxuries demanded in your standard of life.

The next thing to do is to cut out all those snobbish, exclusive, little nonadvertising concerns, who find it somehow beneath their dignity to sell their goods at less than a profit of several hundred per cent.

The third thing you do is to reckon up your savings at the end of a week or two.

And the fourth thing you do is to stand amazed at the amount you have saved in spite of the amount you have bought.

Now of course this is letting you in behind the scenes.

There isn't a buyer in any store who doesn't have to bring himself up with a jerk or get brought up with a jerk every once in a while, and who doesn't also stand amazed at what he has been able to accomplish with a smaller amount of capital and a greater amount of energy and a little extra thimbleful of brains.

Now don't tell anybody you have been behind the scenes, but just dig into the advertising in this paper quietly for the next few days; cut out the "dropping-in-anywhere" method of shopping; make a business of your household expenditures, and see if this little financial plan doesn't relieve your terrible money strain.

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FUN!

Lots of it at the
JITNEY DANCE
Tomorrow Eve.

SATURDAY

MAY 20

Brown's Hall

Everybody Come!

Ice Cream

We are now selling ice cream in any quantity you want, also milk, cream and eggs at all times.

We are now in shape to handle the farmers' cream, eggs and produce for cash. Step in and let us know what you wish to sell.

Have some good duck and geese eggs to sell for hatching purposes, also 2 incubators, cheap.

A good piano for sale cheap, or will trade for stock.

Pioneer Feed & Commission Company

GEO. POOR

DR. W. A. RANSIER

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Low Prices Shoe and Harness Repairing

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Act Quickly

Delay Has Been Dangerous in Cut Bank.

Do the right thing at the right time. Act quickly in time of danger.

In time of kidney danger Doan's Kidney Pills are most effective.

Plenty of evidence of their worth.

Mrs. D. F. McClelland, 241 E. Railroad St., Minto, Mont., says: "For several years I had kidney trouble and everything I tried failed to help me. My kidneys acted too freely and lumbago played havoc with my back. The kidney secretions were distressing in passage and my whole system was affected. Doan's Kidney Pills brought relief from the first, seven boxes curing me." (Statement given December 13, 1907.)

OVER FOUR YEARS LATER, Mrs. McClelland said: "Doan's Kidney Pills rid me of kidney trouble and I have had no return attacks."

Price 50c at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. McClelland has twice publicly recommended.

Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.