Classified Ads

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Ford touring, very neat appearance and mechanically good, for $250 on easy payments. Martin Nielsen, Chevrolet Dealer. 26-1t

WILL SELL—14 acres of choice land, and 18 shares of water; 2½ miles north of American Fork, on Alpine road, for $1500.00 on easy terms. Will rent for cash or percentage of crops. Write or phone, F. L. Hickman, Provo. 26-tf

FOR SALE — One brown horse; 6 years old, weight 1500 lbs. One sorrel mare 5 years old. 1450 lbs.; two good milch cows; two calves; for sale after the fifth of March. J. H. Jeffs, East Bench. 12-4t

FARM FOR SALE, CHEAP IF TAKEN during February — 11½ acres, good water right; nice five room house; large cellar; and nice family orchard. Just one block outside of city limits. J. P. Christensen, American Fork. 12-2t-p

HERE'S A CHEAP LITTLE HOME for sale—Two room frame house, with summer kitchen, chicken coop, stable, etc., and small orchard; lot 1¼ acre. Four blocks from Main St., in Third ward. $750 takes it. Inquire at Alpine Pub. Co. office.

TO TRADE OR SELL—We have a nice vacant corner in Salt Lake, on 7th East and 4th South—6x3 rods — which we will sell or trade for property in American Fork, or Utah county. Call at Alpine Pub. Co. office or phone 85. 18 tf

FOR RENT

FURNISHED ROOMS FOR RENT — Inquire E. J. Durrant, American Fork. 26-1t.

MISCELLANEOUS

WHY NOT SELL

Your poultry and eggs to J. V. Johnson. Phone 46-R-3, Pleasant Grove. A. 16-p.

WANTED — Poultry of all kinds; highest cash price. Phone 47-J, Lehi. Mark Shaw. 11-tf.

WANTED— Eggs, poultry. Highest cash prices. We'll call promptly. Martin Peterson Pleasant Grove. Phone 70-W. 26-tf

HEMSTITCHING AND PICOTING — The finest work on any kind of material at moderate prices. All work guaranteed. Mail orders solicited and work promptly returned. Singer Sewing Machine Co., 97 North University Ave., Provo, Utah. 12-4t

MARRY IF LONELY; FOR RESULTS, try me; best and most successful "Home Maker"; hundreds rich wish marriage soon; strictly confidential; most reliable; years experience; descriptions free. "The Successful Club", Mrs. Ball, Box 556, Oakland, California. 19-2t-p

PILES.

Fissure and other Rectal diseases cured by non-surgical methods. No time lost from business. Write for my booklet on Rectal diseases free. —I. R. Parsons, M. D. 411, Continental Bank Building, Salt Lake City. 25-tf

FARMS AND HOMES FOR SALE

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Express and Transfer,
Haul Anything,
Move Anything,
In or out of town,
And do it right.

FOR QUICK SERVICE
PHONE 127-W,
AMERICAN FORK.

So It Seems.

Women jump at conclusions and frequently hit; men reason things out logically and usually miss.

WE PRINT BUTTER WRAPPERS.

THE BLUE MOON

A TALE OF THE FLATWOODS

BY DAVID ANDERSON

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"No," came the cold, crisp answer down the steady barrel, "but I'd shoot a snake."

There was no chance of misunderstanding her.

"Damn'd if I don't believe you would!"

"You know how to find out."

He knew. He slowly raised his hands. The expression in his eyes might have meant any number of things; first of all, that he bowed to necessity; second, that he would come again. Astonished, mortified, baffled—that, most of all; baffled—he doubtless salved his pride with that second thought: He would come again. The girl sensed something of what smoldered deep in the bold eyes—eyes that a good woman could hardly meet without dishonor. But there were plans afoot—and she trusted them.

"Listen! I'll give you time to get out of sight, if you walk fast. If you look back, or if you are in sight when I think the time is up, I'll shoot; and I'll hit what I shoot at."

He studied the eyes back of the revolver. What he saw whirled him

He Studied the Eyes Back of the Revolver.

around, his hands still up, and started him back down the path. The farther he went the faster he went. In less time than she had thought, he had passed the turn and disappeared.

She closed the door, laid the revolver on the table beside the sewing basket, crossed the room to the sofa. The Pearlhunter had come out from behind the curtains, admiration running riot in his eyes.

"I wish I knew some way to tell you," he said, "how proud I am to know a girl like you. I don't know a man that could have done it. And him the Red Mask! Before you I feel like a—a—tailor."

She looked up at him, tried to smile; the smile was a failure. Her lips quivered; her eyes fell. To the Pearlhunter's amazement she dropped down on the sofa and burst into tears. He stood shifting from one foot to the other, puzzled and helpless. It was beyond him. He sat down beside her, reached forth his one free hand and laid it upon her hair.

"Why—don't cry! It's—all over—now!"

He frowned in an effort to think of something else to say. But all he could think of was: "Don't cry," and that didn't seem to do any good. He was thinking some very uncomplimentary things about his clumsy and awkward self, when she looked up. The man stared. She was laughing—a nervous little laugh right through the tears. The laugh astonished him more than the tears, but it was an immense relief to him, just the same.

"My, isn't it silly for me to carry on like this! And over nothing!"

"Nothing!"

"Well, hardly anything."

"And you weren't afraid?"

"Not with—you here."

The half-hesitating statement pleased the man—pleased him immensely.

"And you're not afraid now?"

"Only that they might find you. Why should I be?"

"Then—I must follow him."

He rose from the sofa. Hat he had none—it was tramped to rags in the dust and dirt of the village under the wide reaching limbs of the oak—but he began hitching together the strips and tatters of his blouse.

The girl sprang up and faced him.

"You! Why, you can hardly stand."

"We must find out whether he goes back to the village or down to Fallen Rock. Everything depends on knowing that."

He made a step toward the door. She got before him.

"I'll go."

"You!"

"Why not? I know the woods, and they're safer for me than you just now."

She was at the door of the kitchen before he could stop her, her haste the greater, perhaps, because she knew he would stop her. He reached her arm just as she raised the latch.

"No—! It's my place!"

"It's your place to stay right here and gain strength for your big plan tonight. Why, it's only a little ten-minute run—and I know every bush and tree."

His plan! Everything depended on it—on his being able to carry it through. He could not move till the time came, and that would be when the dark came. It would ruin everything to be seen too soon. And yet he must know which way the man went. Much depended on whether he fed his horse now, or went on to the village and came back after night to feed him. The Pearlhunter hesitated, wavering between a very keen and unspoiled chivalry and a very insistent expediency.

"If he should—catch you!"

She laughed merrily.

"Not even you could catch me in the woods."

She flung open the door. He stretched forth his arm.

"No, no! I can't—"

But she was gone.

CHAPTER XII.

Box Twenty-Three.

The Pearlhunter stood in the kitchen door, feeling no little disgrace, and watched the lithe form of the girl dart in among the bushes that lined the cliff where it looped east, enclosing the little pocket of level woods where the cabin stood. He saw her stop suddenly. She stood listening a moment; came flying back.

To the question on his face she answered by closing the door and motioning him into the main room and to the window by the sewing table. A small boy came whistling up the path.

"It's the grandson of the good old storekeeper I told you about," she whispered.

They both laughed as she pushed him toward the curtains, laughed though it irked the man no little to go into hiding at the sound of every footstep—in a girl's room at that, while she stood guard.

"Ask him about the hunt today," he whispered. "And above all, ask him if he met a man."

She nodded and pulled the curtains close. The next moment she had opened the door.

"Well, Billy! Glad to see you. Come right in."

Billy did come in. But Billy wasn't speaking. Through the little gap in the curtain the Pearlhunter could see him standing just inside the door. Billy was by no means a prepossessing youngster—barefooted, thin shinned, very decidedly pigeon-toed. His sharp little face was elaborately and picturesquely freckled. There were freckles enough for a big face, and Billy's face was small, so small that some of the freckles had to stand up edgeways to find room. But his eyes, in the midst of their speckled surroundings, looked out sharp and bright from under his frazzled straw hat. They were very busy just then in taking down, one by one, every feature of the room, from wall to wall, from carpet to loft joists.

The girl closed the door, put an arm about the slim little mite under the ragged hat and led him to the big easy chair—the stricken old man's chair—near the middle of the room; brought the smaller rocking chair from her sewing table and sat down by him.

The little fellow tried to lean back in the big chair. It was far too deep. He sat up straight, swinging his feet, and continued his methodical survey of the room.

"How in the world did you ever find your way, Billy, out here in the woods?"

The sharp little eyes looked his companion over—coolly; a tiny shade contemptuously.

"Huh! That wusn't nothin'." His voice was thin and sharp like his face; high like the peaked crown of his rusty hat.

"Did your grandpa send you?"

"Uh-huh! I brung y'u a letter. Gran'pa tends t' th' post office now. The ol' postmaster had a stroke night b'fore last, an' hain't knowed nothin' since. So gran'pa tends to it."

He unbuttoned the bosom of his waist, drew out a letter and handed it over.

"Air you Box 23?"

"I—yes—I guess so," was the startled answer as she took the letter.

"Huh! That's a funny name—fer a girl."

But she was too busy with the letter to notice the remark. It was addressed in a very bold and legible hand: Box 23, Buckeye, Ind. The postmark she could not be sure of. It appeared to be Vincennes, but some of the letters were too dull to read with certainty.

"Is that your r'volver?"

There was not much chance to read letters—or do anything else—with a youngster like that in the house.

"Yes. Have they found that man that escaped from jail last night?"

"Naw! An' I hope they don't. I met that timber buyin' feller on the way down here." He came near the girl's chair. "If they's anybody I hate, it's him. Gran'pa says"—he leant nearer, and spoke low—"he kills people! Gee! but I wus skeered when I saw him a-comin' down th' road! He wus awful mad, an' a-swearin' to hisself. He slashed at me with a switch. But I ducked, an' cut dirt, an' shinned over th' fence. When I looked back he was a-goin' on toward town, an' I streaked it through th' woods licketysplit."

The very information she had been about to venture forth into the woods to acquire.

"How is your grandma today?"

"Oh, she's well ag'in. She cooks lots of things now. She fried me some screw-cakes yisterd'y."

He was gone—"lickety-split."

The girl closed the door, laughing softly, and turned toward the curtains. The Pearlhunter was just coming through them. "It couldn't have turned out better," he said. "The dark, one stroke more, and things will take a turn."

"That stroke!" She was very thoughtful, her eyes searching the side of his face toward her. "You speak of it lightly; but so you spoke of that dreadful fight with the mob."

He sat still a long time.

"I don't know why I shouldn't tell you," he said at last. "The only reason I didn't was to save you the thought of it. But a girl like you—I'd ask no better backin' in a tight place."

Her face lighted.

"Then why not take me with you?"

He started, turned his slow eyes toward her. A moment he studied her, and then shook his head.

"No"—the word seemed final. "It won't do for a girl—a lady—to hear what will have to be heard tonight; and see what will have to be seen."

Her eyes dropped; so did his. They both met at the same focus—the letter in her hand. She passed it to him. He turned it over and over, looked at the address, the postscript, and handed it back.

"I never got a letter in my life," he said, "nor wrote one."

"Neither did I." She turned the letter over and over, studying it. "Box 23," she mused. "It's for Daddy! He couldn't read it, even if he were here. Do you think I should open it?"

"Yes, I think you should," he advised.

She tore open the end of the envelope and drew out a folded sheet of legal cap. As she unfolded it, a bill

"Fifty Dollars! Why—Why—"

—a greenback— fell out upon her lap. She pounced upon it.

"Fifty dollars! Why—why—!"

"The letter will tell," he said, leaning eagerly toward her.

She unfolded the stiff sheet, the inner side of it covered with the letter, written in a clear, readable hand:

"Vincennes, Ind., June 15, 184—.

"My Dear Colonel:

"Enclosed I am sending the usual monthly remittance, as per your order when you left.

"Why haven't you answered any of my letters? I have sent the remittance regularly but have not heard a word from you for nearly seven years. As I have repeatedly told you, your estate has increased till I hardly know how to invest it further. If I don't hear from you I shall have to come up to Buckeye for a consultation.

"The little girl—little Hesper Dawn—must be quite a woman now. As I have written you, her grandfather, old Godfrey Dawn, died last year. He repented in his last hours and left her sole heir to his fortune, which, as you know, is even more considerable than your own. The estate is in my hands ready to convey to her. The legal age of a woman in this state is eighteen. If old Godfrey has not misinformed me, she will be twenty the twentieth of this present month. So, she has been for some time legally competent to come into her estate. If, under the terms of your will, she should fall heir to your fortune as well, which she bids fair to do, as no word has come and none likely to come at this late day, she will be quite the richest heiress in my knowing.

"Now, my dear Colonel, let me hear from you. Why should a famous soldier, and the greatest cellist of his time, longer isolate himself from the world to nurse his sorrow? For the sake of the little girl, if not for your own—and ours—leave your Flatwoods hermitage and come back to us.

"Awaiting—urging—an early reply to this letter, I beg to remain, as ever,

"Your obedient serv't,

"GEO. ESKRIDGE."

(Continued Next Week)

Beware of the Hawk

Seventy per cent of the egg crop is produced during spring and summer. Then is when the legitimate dealers store a surplus against the time of need. Then also is when speculators buy eggs cheap and store them for high winter prices. But the producer receives none of the storage profits.

In California poultrymen have learned how to outwit the hawks of trade. They formed Poultry Producers' Associations and provided storage facilities so that the farmer holds the spring and summer surplus. Through COÖPERATION California's flourishing poultry industry has won nation-wide fame.

The farmer who is "going it alone" is ill protected against all the hazards of trade We offer you the protection of our coöperative organization. Our chief concern is betterment for the farmers in this community.

That's why we recommend THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN. It offers you the latest and most accurate information about practical and businesslike methods of farming, of which coöperation is an outstanding example. It is the one big National Weekly of Profitable Farming. You and your children will obtain from it a bigger and broader grasp of your business which they are to inherit. You want them to have the best reading matter available to supplement their school work. Nothing is better for that purpose than THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN! It offers straightforward, interesting farm news; and, for extra-good measure, clean, entertaining, red-blooded fiction. Very likely you have been *intending* to subscribe but just haven't yet got round to it! This coupon will make it easy. Use it! Send it in today, with your check for $1.00 or a dollar bill. You'll get 52 big issues that we know you'll enjoy and profit by.

FARMERS' SOCIETY OF EQUITY

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American Fork, Utah.

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THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN, Philadelphia, Pa.: I'm glad to see you pushing our organization with good advertising. And here's my dollar for THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN for a year—52 weekly issues. The two go well together!

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Many American Fork people are using simple glycerine, buckthorn bark, etc., as mixed in Adler-i-ka. This flushes BOTH upper and lower bowel so completely it removes all foul, accumulated poisons from alimentary canal and prevents appendicitis. Adler-i-ka relieves ANY CASE gas on stomach or sour stomach. Often CURES constipation. In one case of chronic stomach trouble ONE bottle produced wonderful results.

WM. THORNTON, Druggist.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE

Monarch Mines Company, Principal Place of Business, American Fork, Utah.

NOTICE is hereby given that at a meeting of the directors of the Monarch Mines Company, held on Feb. 4, 1921, an assessment of $2.00 per each 1000 shares of outstanding stock was levied, payable immediately to E. E. McBride, secretary, at his office in American Fork, Utah. Any stock on which this assessment remains unpaid on March 26, 1921, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, April 11, 1921, at 3 o'clock p. m. at City Hall, American Fork, to pay delinquent assessment, cost of advertising and expense of sale.

E. E. McBride, Secretary.

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