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Entered as Second Class Matter at
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Classified Advertising

FOR SALE

CHEVROLET

Used Cars at Bargain Prices.
 And Easy Payments.
FORD TOURING.
FORD TON TRUCK.
BABY OVERLAND SEDAN.
CHEVROLET TRUCK.
1922 CHEVROLET TOURING.
MARTIN NIELSEN,
 American Fork. 15.12

NEWSPAPERS FOR SALE—Two
 combination newspapers in Salt
 Lake County; fair circulation and ad-
 vertising patronage and job work. No
 rent. Good field. Will sell very
 reasonable. Particulars, write Box
 4, American Fork, Utah. 14.12

HONEY FOR SALE—For pure ex-
 tracted honey, call at the Tithing
 Office, American Fork. 4.21

FLYING MERKEL MOTORCYCLE
FOR SALE—\$35—Inquire at this
 office. 14.12

FOR SALE—Guaranteed S. C. White
 Leghorn day old pullets, also day
 old broilers. Utah references. Signed,
 Sarah Hatchery, James K. Hirst,
 Prop. 628 D. St., Petaluma, Cal. 29.42

Wanted

WANTED TO BUY—Sanitary couch.
 Phone 39-J, American Fork. 18.12

WANTED—Clean cotton rags. High-
 est price paid. Bring them to this
 office. 12

MISCELLANEOUS
MARRY IF LONELY; for results, try
 me; best and most successful "Home
 Maker"; hundreds rich with marriage
 soon; strictly confidential; most re-
 liable; years experience; descriptions
 free. "The Successful Club," Mrs.
 Nash, Box 556, Oakland, Calif. 18.25p

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the estate of Christian S. and
 Caroline S. Hanson, deceased. Credit-
 ors will present claims with vouchers
 to the undersigned at the American
 Fork Co. op in American Fork, County
 of Utah, State of Utah, on or before
 the 20th day of January, 1923.

Dated at American Fork City, Coun-
 ty of Utah, State of Utah, this 17th
 day of November, 1922.
JOS. H. STORRS,
 Administrator.
 First Pub. Nov. 18, 1922.
 Last Pub. Dec. 16, 1922.

Answer The Call

Utah County People Have Found
 That This is Necessary.
 A cold, a strain, a sudden wrench,
 A little cause may hurt the kidneys.
 Spells of backache often follow,
 Or some irregularity of the urine.
 A splendid remedy for such attacks
 A medicine that has satisfied thou-
 sands
 Is Doan's Kidney Pills. Ask your
 neighbor.
 Thousands of people rely upon it.
 Here is one case:
 Mrs. Nettie McAfee, East Fifth
 North St., Lehi, Utah, says: "I have
 used Doan's Kidney Pills and so have
 others of my family and they have
 always been good. Whenever my
 kidneys have been out of order and
 sluggish and when my back has been
 lame and achy I have bought Doan's
 Kidney Pills. About a box has al-
 ways put my kidneys in good shape,
 giving me good relief."
 Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't
 simply ask for a kidney remedy—get
 Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that
 Mrs. McAfee had. Foster-Milburn
 Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y. Adv.

The CROSS-CUT
 by Courtney Ryley Cooper
 ILLUSTRATIONS by R.B. Van Nise

"Will it be finished by night?" he asked.
 "Easily."
 "Very well. I may need these men to work on a day and night shift—I'm not sure. I'll be back in an hour."
 Away he went and up the shaft, to travel as swiftly as possible through the drift-filled road down Kentucky gulch and to the Sampler. There he sought out old Undertaker Chastine, and with him went to the proprietor.
 "My name is Fairchild, and I'm in trouble," he said candidly. "I've brought Mr. Chastine with me because he assayed some of my ore a few days ago and believes he knows what it is worth. I'm working against time to get five thousand dollars. If I can produce ore that runs two hundred dollars to the ton, and if I'll sell it to you for one hundred seventy-five dollars a ton until I can get the money I need, provided I can get the per-



"WH! You Put It Through for Me?"
 mission of the court—will you put it through for me?"
 The Sampler owner smiled.
 "If you'll let me see where you're getting the ore." Then he figured a moment. "That'd be thirty or forty ton," came at last. "We could handle that as fast as you could bring it in here."
 But a new thought had struck Fairchild—a new necessity for money.
 "I'll give it to you for one hundred and fifty dollars a ton, providing you do the hauling and lend me enough after the first day or so to pay my men."
 "But why all the excitement—and the rush?"
 "My partner's Harry Harkins. He's due for trial Friday, and he's disappeared. The mine is up as security. You can see what will happen unless I can substitute a cash bond for the amount due before that time. Isn't that sufficient?"
 "It ought to be. But as I said, I want to see where the ore comes from."
 "You'll see in the morning—if I've got it," answered Fairchild with a new hope thrilling in his voice. "All that I have so far is an assay of some drill scrapings. I don't know how thick the vein is or whether it's going to pinch out in ten minutes after we strike it. But I'll know mighty soon."
 Every cent that Robert Fairchild possessed in the world was in his pockets—two hundred dollars. After he had paid his men for their three days of labor, there would be exactly twenty dollars left. But Fairchild did not hesitate. To Farrell's office he went and with him to an interview, in chambers, with the judge. Then, the necessary permission having been granted, he hurried back to the mine and into the drift, there to find the last of the muck being scraped away from beneath the site of the cave-in. Fairchild paid off. Then he turned to the foreman.
 "How many of these men are game to take a chance?"
 "Pretty near all of 'em—if there's any kind of a gamble to it."
 "There's a lot of gamble. I've got just twenty dollars in my pocket—enough to pay each man one dollar apiece for a night's work if my hunch doesn't pan out. If it does pan, the wages are twenty dollars a day for three days, with everybody, including myself, working like h—ll! Who's game?"
 The answer came in unison. Fairchild led the way to the chamber, seized a hammer and took his place.
 "There's two-hundred-dollar ore back of this foot wall if we can break in and start a new stop," he announced. "It takes a six-foot hole to reach it, and we can have the whole stop by morning. Let's go!"
 Along the great length of the foot

was, extending all the distance of the big chamber, the men began their work, five men to the drills and as many to the sledges, as they started their double-jacking. Midnight came, the first of the six-foot drills sank to its ultimate depth. Then the second and third and fourth; finally the fifth. They moved on. Hours more of work, and the operation had been repeated. The workmen hurried for the powder house, far down the drift, by the shaft, lugging back in their pockets the yellow, candle-like sticks of dynamite, with their waxy wrappers and their gelatinous contents, together with fuses and caps. Crimping nippers—the inevitable accompaniment of a miner—came forth from the pockets of the men. Careful tamping, then the men took their places at the fuses.
 "Give the word!" one of them announced crisply as he turned to Fairchild. "Each of us'll light one of

these things, and then I say we'll run! Because this is going to be some explosion!"
 Fairchild smiled the smile of a man whose heart is thumping at its maximum speed. Before him in the long line of the foot wall were ten holes, "upholes," "downs" and "swimmers," attacking the hidden ore in every direction. Ten holes drilled six feet into the rock and tamped with double charges of dynamite. He straightened.
 "All right, men! Ready?"
 "Ready!"
 "Touch 'em off!"
 The carbide lamps were held close to the fuses for a second. Soon they were all going, spitting like so many venomous, angry serpents—but neither Fairchild nor the miners had stopped to watch. They were running as hard as possible for the shaft and for the protection that distance might give. A wait that seemed ages. Then:
 "One!"
 "And two—and three!"
 "There goes four and five—they went together!"
 "Six—seven—eight—nine—"
 Again a wait, while they looked at one another with vacuous eyes. A long interval until the tenth.
 "Two went together then! I thought we'd counted nine?" The foreman stared, and Fairchild studied. Then his face lighted.
 "Eleven's right. One of them must have set off the charge that Harry left in there. All the better—it gives us just that much more of a chance."
 Back they went along the drift tunnel now, coughing slightly as the sharp smoke of the dynamite cut their lungs—a long journey that seemed as many miles instead of feet. Then with a shout Fairchild sprang forward, and went to his hands and knees.
 It was there before him—all about him—the black, heavy masses of lead-silver ore, a great, heaping, five-ton pile of it where it had been thrown out by the tremendous force of the explosion. It seemed that the whole great floor of the cavern was covered with it, and the workmen shouted with Fairchild as they seized bits of the precious black stuff and held it to the light for closer examination.
 "Look!" The voice of one of them was high and excited. "You can see the fine streaks of silver sticking out! It's high-grade and plenty of it!"
 But Fairchild paid little attention. He was playing in the stuff, throwing it in the air and letting it fall to the floor of the cavern again, like a boy with a new sack of marbles, or a child with its building blocks. Five tons and the night was not yet over! Five tons, and the vein had not yet shown its other side!
 Back to work they went now. Again through the hours the drills bit into the rock walls, while the ore car clattered along the tram line and while the creaking of the block and tackle at the shaft seemed endless. In three days, approximately forty tons of ore

she had just given him a signal of greeting and congratulation. And yet Fairchild felt that she had. Then, absently, he put his hand into his pocket.
 Something there caused his heart to halt momentarily—a piece of paper. He crumpled it in his hand, he rubbed his fingers over it wonderingly; it had not been in his pocket before she had passed him. Hurriedly he walked to the far side of the chamber and there, pretending to examine a bit of ore, brought the missive from its place of seclusion, to unfold it with trembling fingers, then to stare at the words which showed before him:
 "Squint Rodaine is terribly worried about something. Has been on an awful rampage all morning. Something

critical is brewing, but I don't know what. Suggest you keep watch on him. Please destroy this."
 That was all. There was no signature. But Robert Fairchild had seen the writing of Anita Richmond once before!
 So she was his friend! So all these days of waiting had not been in vain; all the cutting hopelessness of seeing her, only to have her turn away her head and fall to recognize him, had been for their purpose after all. And yet Fairchild remembered that she was engaged to Maurice Rodaine, and that the time of the wedding must be fast approaching. Perhaps there had been a quarrel, perhaps—Then he smiled. There was no perhaps about it! Anita Richmond was his friend; she had been forced into the promise of marriage to Maurice Rodaine, but she had not been forced into a relinquishment of her desire to reward him somehow, some way, for the attention that he had shown her and the liking

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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 TOWN.

must come out of that mine—and work must not cease.
 Morning, and in spite of the sleep-laden eyes, the heavy aching in his head, the tired drooping of the shoulders, Fairchild draped to the boarding house to notify Mother Howard and ask for news of Harry. There had been none. Then he went on, to wait by the door of the Sampler until Bittson, the owner, should appear, and drag him away up the hill, even before he could open up for the morning.
 "There it is!" he exclaimed, as he led him to the entrance of the chamber. "There it is; take all you want of it and assay it!"
 Bittson went forward into the cross-cut, where the men were drilling even at new holes, and examined the vein. Already it was three feet thick, and there was still ore ahead. One of the miners looked up.
 "Just finishing upon the cross-cut," he announced, as he nodded toward his drill. "I've just bitten into the foot wall on the other side. Looks to me like the vein's about five feet thick—as near as I can measure it."
 "And—" Bittson picked up a few samples, examined them by the light of the carbides and tossed them away—"you can see the silver sticking out. I caught sight of a couple of pencil threads of it in one or two of those samples. All right, Boy!" he turned to Fairchild. "What was that bargain we made?"
 "It was based on two hundred dollars-a-ton ore. This may run above—or below. But whatever it is, I'll sell all you can handle for the next three days at fifty dollars a ton under the assay price."
 "You've said the word. The trucks will be here in an hour if we have to shovel a path all the way up Kentucky gulch."
 He hurried away then, while Fairchild and the men followed him into town and to their breakfast. Then, recruiting a new gang on the promise of payment at the end of their three-day shift, Fairchild went back to the mine. But the word had spread, and others were there before him.
 Already fifteen or twenty miners were assembled about the opening of the Blue Poppy tunnel, awaiting permission to enter, the usual rush upon a lucky mine to view its riches. Behind him, Fairchild could see others coming from Ohsdi to take a look at the new strike, and his heart bounded with happiness tinged with sorrow. Harry was not there to enjoy it all; Harry was gone, and in spite of his every effort, Fairchild had failed to find him.
 Some one brushed against him, and there came a slight tug at his coat. Fairchild looked downward to see passing the form of Anita Richmond. A moment later she looked toward him, but in her eyes there was no light of recognition, nothing to indicate that

she had just given him a signal of greeting and congratulation. And yet Fairchild felt that she had. Then, absently, he put his hand into his pocket.
 Something there caused his heart to halt momentarily—a piece of paper. He crumpled it in his hand, he rubbed his fingers over it wonderingly; it had not been in his pocket before she had passed him. Hurriedly he walked to the far side of the chamber and there, pretending to examine a bit of ore, brought the missive from its place of seclusion, to unfold it with trembling fingers, then to stare at the words which showed before him:
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A Piece of Paper.

The MEADOW LARK
 A Year's Investigation
 of cylinder-type Electric Washers
Proved Its Superiority

We have made exhaustive investigation of the leading cylinder-type electric washers, and as a result of our search have selected the Meadow Lark as the very best.

The Meadow Lark is best in appearance—completely inclosed; best in efficiency, long wear, and general usefulness.

No description can do justice to its many merits—won't you come in and see it for yourself? You will be just as enthusiastic as we in proclaiming it the very best cylinder-type electric washer for home use.

Special Terms for November
\$5 Down and \$10 a Month

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"Efficient Public Service"
 —Everything Electrical for the Home—

light and was locking the door. Fifty feet, then Fairchild stepped from the doorway and took up the trail.
 It was not a hard one to follow. Squint Rodaine passed the street leading to his house without even looking up. Two blocks more, and they reached the city limits.
 A mile, and they were in the open country, crossing and recrossing the ice-dotted Clear creek. A furious more, then Squint Rodaine turned up the lane which led to a great, shambling, old, white building that, in the rosy days of the mining game, had been a roadhouse, but which now, barely furnished in only a few of its rooms, inhabited by mountain rats and fluttering bats and general decay for the most part, formed the uncomfortable abode of Crazy Laura!
 And Fairchild followed. It could mean only one thing when Rodaine sought the white-haired, mumbly old hag whom once he had called his wife. It could mean one of two outcomes, and that of disaster for some one. Mother Howard had said that Crazy Laura would kill for Squint. And now that Squint Rodaine was seeking her, Fairchild meant to follow, and to hear—if such a thing were within the range of human possibility—the evil drippings of his crooked lips.
 He crossed to the side of the road where ran the inevitable gully and, taking advantage of the shelter, hurried forward, smiling grimly in the darkness at the memory of the fact that things were now reversed; that he was following Squint Rodaine as Rodaine once had followed him. Swiftly he moved, closer—closer; the scar-faced man went through the tumble-down gate and approached the house, not knowing that his pursuer was less than fifty yards away!
 A minute of cautious waiting then, in which Fairchild did not move. Finally a light showed in an upstairs room of the house, and Fairchild, masking his own footprints in those made by Rodaine, crept to the porch. Swiftly, silently, protected by the pad of snow on the soles of his shoes, he made the doorway and softly tried the lock. It gave beneath his pressure, and he glided within the dark hallway, musty and dusty in its odor, forbidding, evil and dark. Now Fairchild could hear voices, and in a moment more they became louder, as a door opened.
 "It don't make any difference! I ain't going to stand for it! Why didn't you wait until they were both there?"
 "I— I thought they were, Rody!" The woman's voice was whining, pleading. "Ain't you going to kiss me?"
 "No, I ain't going to kiss you. You went and made a mess of things."
 "You kissed me the night our boy was born. Remember that, Rody? Don't you remember how you kissed me then?"
 "That was a long time ago, and you were a different woman then. You'd do what I'd tell you."
 Continued Next Week

Roman Meal
 ALWAYS USE SOME WHEN YOU EAT
 AID IN DIGESTION

ROMAN MEAL IS A HEALTH FOOD.
 If you suffer from indigestion or you believe in plain food, buy a package from your grocer. Sold by
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