[illegible] Confectionary, wants
y[illegible] and guarantees Satisfaction
[illegible] Drinks in connection.

NOT[illegible] PUBLICATION

[illegible]

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roswell N. M. Sept. 7, 191[illegible] is hereby given that W[illegible] Wells of Broncho Texas, who on Dec. 31, 1908, made Homestead Entry, No. 06611 for [illegible] Section 25, Township 12S, Range 27 E. N. M. P. M., has filed notice of intention to make final Commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before J. D. Cooley, U. S. Commissioner, at Scott N. M. on the 14 day of November 1911.

Claimant names as witnesses:

Edward E. Tenrie, of Scott, N. M.
Elisha F. Rodgers, of Broncho Tex.
Charles E. Layman, " "
Hershal Fields, " "

T. C. Tillotson,
Register.

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MRS. N. J. CORNETT Guardian
MRS. MAMIE GRAHAM, Clerk.

[illegible]

"[illegible] Lucy," by [illegible] keep coming back to [illegible] I am [illegible] every."

"Try to have [illegible] General!" Harry begged.

"But, Harry," the General [illegible] confidentially, "how did that [illegible] happen to be in that room?"

"Well," Harry explained, "that was a little affair concerning her and Count von Fitz. I don't think it worth to go into details—but it's just a flirtation, you might say."

"She's a charmer, all right enough, Harry, my boy!" the General said. "Ah! If my wife only knew—if she ever found out how I have flirted with some of those dashing damsels!"

Mrs. Blazes, from the safety of her window, listened intently.

"What?" Harry asked. "You flirt, General?"

"I'm deep, Harry, devilish deep! I say nothing, but I saw a lot of wood. Don't worry about any little flirtations of your own. Come to me for advice if you need it. Everybody must sow his wild oats, you know."

"Yes," Harry agreed, "but the wild oats you sow the night before don't make good breakfast food the morning after."

"Well, anyway," the General said, "we understand each other. No more hard feelings?"

"Not a bit. Not a bit," Harry reassured him. The General waved his hand cordially as he strode down to the street. Mrs. Blazes watched him disappear in the dusk, nodding her head significantly.

"Wild oats, eh?" she said. "Flirtations, eh? Wait until I get home!"

She leaned out of the window and called to Harry. He glanced up at her and smiled wearily.

"How in the world am I to get out of here?" she asked, petulantly.

"I think I'll have that run as a puzzle in the Sunday papers," Harry answered, grimly. "I'll say this, though: When you do get out you needn't be too punctilious about making your party call."

"This is no time for joking—"

"It's the only time I've got. You've put me in a pretty mess."

"I'm just as sorry as I can be, Mr. Swifton. But look at the muddle I am in."

"Oh, I've seen worse muddles than this," Harry answers, easily.

And I'm simply starving to death," she said, hungrily.

"I'm going to slip some sandwiches in there for you, if the blockade doesn't lift pretty soon. Meantime, keep away from that window as much as possible. Some one may happen to see you—and I'm out of explanations."

Mrs. Blazes drew back a bit from the window, and asked:

"Have you heard anything of my hat?"

Harry sank down on a lawn bench with a weary air.

"Where have I heard of hats?" he said. "I've ordered a hat for you. Daphne, the daffy daffodil, is making one for you. She'll have it here before long."

"That's dear of you!" Mrs. Blazes smiled, appreciatively.

"How do you know what it costs?" he asked, grimly.

Mrs. Blazes clasped her hands melodramatically and went on:

"And I'm so worried about my husband!"

"You are? You ought to be," Harry told her. "And he's worried about you—and I'm worried about both of you. Shut the window, and let me think."

She closed her window, and he resumed his meditations.

"Sometimes," he muttered, "it's against a fellow to be innocent. I could have straightened this out in two minutes if I had been guilty."

The front door opened, and Lucy appeared. She glanced down at Harry and smiled.

"May I come out with thee awhile?" she asked. "It is so peaceful out here—everything seemeth so calm."

"This is the headquarters for peace and calm," Harry observed, pleasantly, rising. Lucy came down the steps and sat on the lawn seat while Harry [illegible] Lucy asked, "[illegible]

"[illegible] don't see anything yet," he [illegible] "I was only sent you to trust me until I can explain everything."

"But surely thee can explain everything now."

"No. Not yet. I don't understand it myself yet."

Lucy's face changed, and Harry [illegible]

"[illegible] I'll tell you everything. I can't now, Lucy, because some one else is involved."

"I see her," Lucy said, coldly.

"I don't mean that way, Lucy," he protested. "What you saw may have a peculiar look—"

"Indeed, she had!" Lucy asserted.

"But you must remember that often there is an unsuspected skeleton in the closet," Harry continued, manfully.

Lucy pursed her lips scornfully.

"Skeleton, indeed!" she said. "That skeleton weigheth at least a hundred and thirty pounds!"

Harry laughed nervously, and pleaded:

"[illegible] Lucy. Won't you take

"Well," Lucy Asked, "What Can They Say?"

my word that everything is all right, so far as I am concerned?"

"I might take thy word, but thee cannot explain so easily to Cousin Socrates nor to father."

"Cousin Socrates has been in the attic writing sonnets about you all evening, and I have talked with your father, bless his good old heart! He believes in me, and he is willing to trust me."

"So do I believe in thee, Harry—but thee cannot know how sorry I am that this has happened. I regret it."

With an earnest effort to turn her mind to a lighter view of things, Harry asked:

"So you regret it?"

"I do—very, very much."

"Then, if you regret it very, very much, I'll forgive you this time," he laughed, seating himself and taking her hand.

She took her hand away quickly and jumped to her feet in indignation.

"How can thee jest at such a moment?" she cried.

He rose and followed her.

"I shouldn't have jested," he said, humbly. "Lucy, you are not a city girl—and I'm glad of it—but you are apt to judge things too much on appearances."

Lucy turned and looked at him with a pathetic earnestness in her eyes.

"Until this morning, Harry," she said, "I wanted to be a city girl. I thought the little town where I have lived was a pitiful place."

"But it had you in it," Harry reminded her, [illegible]

"I am [illegible] to understand," Lucy said, "that here appearances are everything—but there [illegible] are everything. In the country, [illegible] everything—and that takes the [illegible] from the appearances."

"Why, you're a genuine little philosopher," Harry said.

"We have the blue sky in the daytime, look there," Lucy continued, "but here there have clouds and smoke. There we have the stars at night, here there are electric signs. There [illegible]

[illegible]

"Then have explained, Harry."

CHAPTER XI.

When [illegible] Count von Fitz [illegible] over. He [illegible] over.

"If you are going, I'm glad," he said. "Cheer me by not replying."

But no such cheer was in store for him. Mrs. Blazes noiselessly opened the window and whispered:

"Sh! Be careful! Did you get my hat?"

"Not yet," the Count told her. "Dey half to make him. I couldn't trust dat Daffy woman. I vent to another hat place. Her name is Teresa."

"But they won't know the model," Mrs. Blazes feared.

"I explain him perfectly. I tell her a shape like a [illegible] balloon, yellow on der outside mit a garden of red poppies."

"Red poppies, you silly man!"

"Poppies or geranium—dey look almost as bad as one from now on."

"Don't [illegible] go right back and stay there until it is finished," Mrs. Blazes suggested.

"No. I told dem to sent it here, so I make sure I get it."

"That's good," she said, with a tone of relief.

"Now you come right out and ven der hat comes I gift it to you, and away you go."

"Come out?" she asked sarcastically. "Am I an aeroplane?"

"Listen. Make a rope yet, and I pull you out."

"An idea!" she exclaimed with delight. "I'll tear up the sheets and things in here, tie them together in a rope, and let myself down."

"Splendid! I go und vatch for der messencher mit der hat."

The Count strolled away, while she closed her window.

A young couple came walking slowly through the flower garden. It was Pigeon and Carolyn. The twilight spell had been cast upon them. Arm in arm, silently they strolled until they neared the bench.

Suddenly Pigeon said:

"Let's sit down here. I've got to see Harry through his racket, you know"—evidently continuing a conversation which had lapsed some moments before—"but after that—"

He looked down into Carolyn's eyes.

"After that?" she asked, softly.

For Carolyn had all a woman's intuition, in spite of her young years, and she diagnosed the symptoms of an approaching proposal. She did not intend to accept him, but no woman will allow a proposal to get away from her. Proposals to a woman are as the scalps the Indian brave ties to his war belt.

"After that," said Pigeon, beginning to sit down, "I can look after my own affairs. And I—"

An ominous ripping sound came.

To be continued

* * *

They had reached the outer portals of the front door and were there going through the process of parting very lingeringly.

"When I say good night to you this evening" gurgled Mr. Youngdew, "do you think it would be proper for me to place one sweet kiss upon your lovely hand?"

"Well" [illegible] as she laid her hand quietly on the door, "I should consider it decidedly out of place."—Lippincott's Magazine.