

LEGAL NOTICE

NOTICE OF FORFEITURE

To DAVID E. WOLFE. You are hereby notified that I, the undersigned, have expended during the year 1929-1930, the sum of SIXTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS (\$1600.00), in labor and improvements on the following described mining claims, being ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS (\$100.00) worth of labor and improvements on each of the following named mining claims, to-wit: Those, The Last Chance, Silent Friend, Tuos Steer, Rose Bud, Golden Reef, Queen Bee, Lone Star, Fair View, Amelia, Uncle Sammy, Blue Jay, Security, Treasurer, Revenue, Lilly, and Blu Bonnett, certain mining claims situated in the Nogales Mining District, Santa Cruz County, State of Arizona and described as follows: These mining claims, according to location notices thereof, recorded, respectively, in Book 19, page 587; Book 19, page 605; Book 19, page 590; Book 19, page 603; Book 19, page 591; Book 19, page 589; Book 19, page 609; Book 19, page 604; Book 19, page 608; Book 19, page 606; Book 19, page 610; Book 19, page 594; Book 19, page 592; Book 19, page 593; Book 21, page 64; Book 21, page 65; of Mining Locations, Records of Santa Cruz County, State of Arizona.

hold the said claims under the provisions of Section 2324 of the Statutes of the United States, and the amendments, and the laws of the State of Arizona, concerning annual labor to be done on mining claims. That there is due from you to the undersigned the sum of (\$800.00) EIGHT HUNDRED DOLLARS, on account of your share of the said SIXTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS, (\$1600.00) expended for annual labor on the said mining claims during the year 1929-1930 and, you are hereby notified by the undersigned that if within ninety days the sum of EIGHT HUNDRED DOLLARS after the service of this notice upon you by publication, you fail, refuse or neglect to contribute your portion of such expenditure, to-wit: DOLLARS (\$800.00) to the undersigned, your interest in said mining claims will become the property of the undersigned, your co-owner, in accordance with the law in such cases made and provided. Dated November 3, 1930, State of Arizona, County of Santa Cruz. H. J. FARMER, Nogales, Arizona. (11-4 14 Fri.)

PHOENIX (U.P.)—An attorney sent Eugenia Davis, supreme court clerk, a Christmas card with two-cent postage due.

Knows His Rattlers



Doles Von Parkinson, Salt Lake City, Utah, youth, "Rattlesnakes," declared Von, fondling the venomous specimens shown above, "learn to know you and will not bite you". Von, though only 17, enjoys the reputation of being one of Utah's reptile experts. He spends all his spare time capturing snakes in the Rocky mountains, then putting them through his process of taming.

Make Your Party Meal A Real Picture In Food



By JOSEPHINE B. GIBSON Director, Home Economics Dept., H. J. Heinz Company

INTERESTING and attractive party menus are always in demand, but especially now, when most of us do more entertaining than at other times of the year. The menus given below are for simple one or two-course party meals, since you will not want to serve a heavy meal just before dinner time or very late at night. Or, if you are planning a full-course dinner or luncheon, some of these foods woven into the menu will give a true holiday touch.

Small Molded Vegetable Salads: 1 1/2 tablespoons gelatine; 1/4 cup cold water; 1/3 cup boiling water; 3 tablespoons Pure Vinegar; 1/3 cup sugar; 1 teaspoon salt; 3/4 cup diced celery; 1 cup shredded cabbage; 1 cup cooked peas; 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, and dissolve in boiling water. Add Vinegar, lemon juice, sugar, salt and vegetables, and mix thoroughly. Turn into individual molds and chill. Remove from molds to salad plates, fill center with crisp lettuce, and serve with Mayonnaise Salad Dressing.

Holiday Salad: White grapes; sliced peaches; pineapples; cream; 1 cup; 1 cup sweetened whipped cream; 1 cup Mayonnaise Salad Dressing. Skin grapes, cut into halves and seed. On a salad plate place three small lettuce cups, putting grapes in one cup, sliced peaches in another, and pineapple in the third. Garnish with sprigs of real or artificial holly. Serve with a dressing made by folding whipped cream into Mayonnaise.

Turkey Salad Eclairs: 1/2 cup butter; 1/2 cup sugar; 2 eggs well beaten; 1/2 cup sour milk; 1/4 cup flour; 1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder; 1/2 teaspoon salt; 2 squares bitter chocolate; 1/2 cup boiling water; 1 teaspoon soda; 1 teaspoon vanilla. Cream together butter and sugar, add well beaten eggs and beat vigorously. Add sour milk alternately with flour, baking powder and salt, sifted together. Dissolve chocolate in boiling water, add soda, cool slightly and add to the cake batter. Add vanilla and pour into an oblong shallow pan that has been greased and floured, and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for about 25 minutes.

Apple Butter Ice Box Cake: 1/2 cup whipping cream; 1/4 cup Pure Apple Butter; 30 vanilla wafers; chopped nuts. Whip cream and fold in Apple Butter. Spread each wafer with this mixture, placing one on top of another until all the wafers are used. Cover outside of roll with the cream mixture, sprinkle with chopped nuts and place in refrigerator for about 3 hours. Cut in diagonal slices and serve.

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BROKEN by RUBY M. AYRES

Fourth Installment

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE Giles Chittenham, distressed over the suicide of his younger half-brother Rodney, returns to Europe from America, where he had made an unhappy marriage. Rodney had killed himself because a notorious woman, Julie Farrow, threw him over. Giles is introduced to Julie Farrow by his friend Lombard, in Switzerland. He resolves to make her fall in love with him, then throw her over as she threw Rodney. She tells him she has made a bet with her friend "Bin" Lennox that she can drive her car to the top of the St. Bernard Pass and back. Giles challenges her to take him with her and she accepts. They start out in the face of a gathering snowstorm.

Suddenly she spoke; she felt as if she were choking. "Please go away." "Not like this. I can't go like this. Julie, there must be some way out. I'll do anything... anything..." She laughed with white lips. "What can you do? I suppose you'll say that you are unhappily married, and ask me to be sorry for you? Perhaps you will even offer to divorce her?" "She would be as glad of her freedom as I should," Chittenham said curtly. "Julie laughed in his face. "Julie..." He caught hold of her so roughly that she cried out. "Do

it we can go on somewhere else," But Mrs. Ardron adored it, and told him so every few minutes during the evening with varied extravagance. Presently she saw some people she knew. "Darling! you simply must be introduced! They're such sweet people. Doris Gardener is the girl—no, the one in the black frock and the scarlet shoes. She's twenty-two, and she's just got divorced from her husband." Giles looked at the girl with the scarlet shoes. "Do you dance, Mr. Chittenham?" Doris asked. "Yes, May I have the pleasure...?"



"I wish I could kill you! I wish I could kill you!" They went away together through the pillared partition to the room where the jazz band played. A sudden scream rose shrilly above the noise, followed by a burst of hysterical laughter and the clatter of breaking glass. "What on earth—" Chittenham began. Doris Gardener laughed. "It's only Julie Farrow. I don't know what's happened to her lately. She was quite drunk here the other night. I wonder they didn't turn her out." "Julie Farrow!" Chittenham's voice was calm and indifferent, but he felt as if someone had tugged at his heart. "Yes, do you know her? She used to be rather a friend of mine, but one has to draw the line somewhere. Just lately she seems to have taken leave of her senses." Chittenham's eyes were straining across the room in the direction from which the noise had arisen, but there was too much of a crowd for him to distinguish any one face. "You mean the famous Julie Farrow, I suppose," he submitted laconically. Doris glanced across the room. "There she is—" she said. "In the green frock. No—over the other side, sitting on the arm of the chair laughing... That's what I call a cocktail laugh. Come along, I'm sure Essen and your mother are bored to tears with one another by this time." But Chittenham did not move. He was looking at the girl in the green frock—a green frock of which there seemed to be so very little with which to cover her white neck and arms. Her lips were painted a vivid red, and she was laughing noisily—immoderately—laughter which died away suddenly as she met his gaze across the room, and it was his Julie—the woman who had said she loved him, and with whom he had spent that never to be forgotten night on the top of the world. Doris Gardener tugged at Giles Chittenham's arm. "Come along! If Julie sees me she'll want to join our party and I'm not anxious to have her. Oh, damn—I knew it would happen—" She shrugged her shoulders resignedly as Julie suddenly detached herself from the noisy group she was with and threaded her way across the room. Doris glanced at Chittenham. "Do you know Mr. Chittenham, Julie?" She made the introduction with obvious reluctance. Julie had returned Chittenham's formal bow with a careless nod. "How are you? I've heard of you," she said casually. "Rodney Ardron's half brother, aren't you? Delighted to meet you." Chittenham's face hardened beneath its pallor. He felt as if he were in the presence of a stranger who yet looked at him with well-beloved eyes. "I think we have met before," he said with cool deliberance. Julie raised her brows. "Have we? Oh, surely not. I'm so good at remembering faces. Perhaps you are mistaking me for my cousin—the other Julie!" She laughed insolently. "That does happen sometimes I assure you," he said, turning to Doris. "Julie probably wouldn't be flattered if she knew, but all the same it happens occasionally. You may not believe me, Mr. Chittenham, if you know my cousin that is—but a man once kissed me in the most impassioned manner thinking I was the other Julie! So very awkward, especially as he was a man whom I very much disliked." "A disappointment to the man also perhaps," Chittenham said bitterly, but she only laughed.

He found himself remembering the barely-furnished room at the hotel on the heights of St. Bernard—the isolated top-of-the-world room in which he had held Julie in his arms. He had been forced to leave Switzerland without seeing her again, although he had made several attempts. He had wired Sadie the name of the hotel at which he intended to stay, and the day following his arrival a letter came from her. She did not even sign her name, and Chittenham burnt the letter as soon as he had read it. A thousand times since he left Switzerland he had thought of asking Sadie to divorce him, but Chittenham knew her well enough to guess that if she thought he wished to get rid of her she would never allow him to do so. All these thoughts were passing through his mind as his mother went on wailing and complaining. Giles turned round. "I thought you were too miserable to wish to go anywhere," he said harshly. "I'm hanged if I know what the devil you do want—" Then as she burst into tears he repented, and apologized remorsefully. His mother dried her eyes and smiled faintly. "I daresay you will be shocked," she said almost coquettishly. "But I should love to go out to dinner and then to a dance somewhere." "Very well, we'll go out to dinner and a dance," he agreed. "Where would you like to go? The Savoy..." "Oh, no!..." She was looking quite eager. "To a night club. I've never been to a night club, Giles, not to a real one that is open all night, and where you eat eggs and bacon at three o'clock in the morning. It would be quite all right with you, wouldn't it?" "It would be quite all right anyway," he answered amusedly. "These places are only what you choose to make them. Very well, what time do we start?" "What time is it now?" "Seven o'clock." "Call for me at nine." So he arrived in the dull, highly expensive street where his mother lived, punctually at nine o'clock. The door opened behind him, and his mother came in. "I haven't kept you waiting, have I?" she asked gaily. Giles turned round, then he rose slowly to his feet. He felt as if he was in the presence of a perfect stranger. "It's... well, it's amazing!" he said at last. "You don't look a day more than thirty-five." "You dear thing!" She stood on tip-toe and kissed him gratefully. "So you won't mind dancing with your old mother to-night, Giles?" "And where are we going?" Mrs. Ardron asked, as they drove away. "I'm told the Fawn is the place to go to," Giles said. "If you don't like

Continued next week

PIDA SIEMPRE HARINA Marca "LA PIÑA" La preferida de los mexicanos porque es la mejor para tortillas. De venta en todas las tiendas de abarrotes. ESCALADA BROTHERS Distribuidores

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Globe—J. J. Keegan remodeling Popular building, located near corner of Broad and Mesquite streets.

Kingman—Jim Angell busy remodeling Kingman Rooming House over Bonelli Store building.

Kingman—Cashman and Stromer, hauling contractors, moved local offices to Beale Hotel building.

Curves on highway between Bisbee and Douglas widened.

Eagar—Dedication services for new district school building held.

Tucson—Richard Dallas discovered large gold strike near Covered Wells, 90 miles west of here.

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