



SYNOPSIS

It was in 1868 and the Pacific Railroad had reached its newest "farthest west"—Benton, Wyoming, a town described as "roaring" at each new terminus, temporarily, was Frank Beeson, a young man from Albany, N. Y., comes here because he is in search of health and Benton is considered "rich and dry."

Edna Mantoye, a fellow passenger on the train from Omaha, impresses Beeson with the beauty of her blue eyes and the style of her apparel. Equally she astonished him by taking a "smile" of brandy before breakfast. A brakeman tells Beeson she has "followed her man" to Benton.

Jim, a typical western ruffian, whom she knows apparently well in saloons and is flouted by Frank, whose prowess impresses the passenger.

What shall I say of a young man like myself, fresh from the green east of New York and the Hudson river, landed expectant as just aroused from a dream of rare beauty, at this Benton City, Wyoming Territory? The dust, as fine as powder and as white, but shot through with the crimson of sin, hung like a fog, amidst which swelled a deafening clamor from figures rushing hither and thither about the platform like half-world shades. Two score hands grabbed at my valise and shoved me and dragged me.

"The Desert hotel, Bes, in the west. This way, sir."

"Buffalo Hump Corra! Free drinks at the Buffalo Hump!"

A deep voice boomed, stanning me.

The Queen, the Queen! Bath for every room. Individual towels. The Queen, the Queen, she's clean, she's clean!

The promise of "individual towels" won me over.

We left the station platform and went ploughing up a street over shotons with the impalpable dust. The noises as from a great city swelled strident. But although pedestrians streamed to and fro, the men in motely of complexions and costumes, the women, some of them fashionably dressed, with skirts edging furiously, and wagons rolled, horses cantered, and fro might and left merchants and hawksters seemed to be calling their wares, of city itself I could see only the veriest husk.

The majority of the buildings were were canvas—faced up for a few feet, perhaps, with sheet iron or flimsy boards; interspersed there were a few wooden structures, rough and unpainted.

I was ushered into a widely open tent building whose canvas sign depending above a narrow veranda declared "The Queen Hotel Bed \$3. Meals \$1 each."

Now as white powdered as any of the natives I stumbled across a single large room boarded at one side by a bar and a number of small tables (all well patronized), and was brought up at the counter under the alert eyes of a clerk, careless, silk-shirted, diamond-earringed, powdered and slick haired, waiting with register turned and pen extended.

"Quite right, sir," the clerk assented. "So there is. A bath for every room and the best bath in town. Entirely private, fresh towel supplied. Only one dollar and four bits. That, with lodging, makes four dollars and a half. If you please, sir."

A bitter wave of homesickness welled into my throat as, conscious of the enveloping dust, the utter stams, the alien unsympathetic on-lookers, the sense of having been "done" and through my own fault, I peered a peevish look from the folded packet in my purse and handed it over. Rather foolishly I intended this display of funds should rebuke this finicky clerk; but he accepted without comment and sought for the change for the twenty.

"And how is old New York, huh?"

A hearty, florid, heavy-faced man, with a singularly protruding fishy eyes and a tobacco-stained yellowish goatee underneath a loosely drooping lower lip, had stepped forward, his pudgy hand hospitably outstretched to me; a man in wide-brimmed dusty black hat, frayed and dusty bun, in spots, shiny, black broadcloth frock coat spattered down the lapels, exceedingly soiled collar and shirt front and greasy flowing tie, and trousers tucked into cowhide boots.

I grasped the hand wondering, It enclosed mine with a soft, pulpy



"I wish a room and bath," I said, as I signed. "Bath is occupied. Show the gentleman to Number six, Shofry." "Your runner distinctly said 'A bath for every room.'" Bystanders laughed nudged one another.

squeeze, and lingered.

"As usual, when I last saw it, sir," responded. "But I am from Albany."

"Of course, Albany, the capital, a city to be proud of, sub. I welcome you, sub, to our west, as a fellow-citizen."

"You are from Albany?" I exclaimed.

"Born and raised right near here, been there many a time. Yes, sub. From the grand old Empire State, like yourself, sub, and without apologies. Whenever I meet with a New York state man I cotton him."

"Have I your name, sir?" I inquired. "You know of my family, perhaps?"

"Colonel Jacob B. Sunder-on, sub, at your service. Your family name is familiar to me, sub. I hark back to it and to the grand old state with pleasure. Doubtless I have seen you before, sub. Doubtless in the city—at Johnny Chamberlain's? Yes?" His fishy eyes breathed upon me, and his breath smelled strongly of liquor. "Or the Astor? I shall remember. Meanwhile, sub, permit me to do the honors. First, will you have a drink? This way, sub. I am partial to a brand particularly to be recommended for clearing this damnable dust from one's throat."

"Thank you, sir, but I prefer to pay my person, first," I suggested.

"Number six for the gentleman," announced the clerk, returning to me my change from the bill. I stuffed it into my pocket—the Colonel's singular eyes flared a with uncomfortable interest. The runner picked up my bag but was interrupted by my new friend.

"The privilege of showing the gentleman to his quarters shall be mine."

"All right, Colonel," the clerk endlessly consented. "Number six."

"And my bath?" I pursued.

"You will be notified, sir. There are only five ahead of you, and one gentleman now in. Your turn will come in about two hours."

In No. 6, there were three double beds; one well rumpled as if just vacated; one (the middle) tenanted by a frowsy headed, whiskered man asleep in shirt-sleeves and revolver and boots; the third, at the other end recently made up by having its blanket covering hastily thrown against a distinctly dirty pillow.

"Your bed yonduh, sub, I reckon," prompted the Colonel (whose accents did not smack of New York at all).

I gazed about, sickened.

"There are no private rooms?" I asked.

"You are perfectly private right here, sub," assured the Colonel. "You may strip the hide or may sleep with your boots on, and no questions asked. Generally speaking, gentlemen prefer to retain a lawyer of artificial covering—but you ain't troubled much with the bugs, are you, Bill?"

He leveled this query at the frowsy, whiskered man, who had awakened.

"I'm too alkaliid, I reckon," Bill responded. "Varmints will leave me any time when there's fresh bait handy. That's why I likes to double

up.

The Colonel turned to me. "Shake hands with my friend, Mr. Bill Brady."

"Proud to make your acquaintance, sir."

"The bath room? Where is it, gentlemen?" I ventured.

"If you will step outside the door, uh, you can hear the splashing down the hall. It is the custom, however, for gentlemen at tub to keep the bathroom door closed, in case the ladies promenading. I judge, with five ahead of you and one in, the clerk was mighty near right when he said about two hours. That allows twenty minutes to each gentleman, which is the limit."

"What is your line of business?" Bill inquired.

"I am out here for my health, at present," said I. "I have been advised by my physician to seek a place in the far west that is high and dry, Benton"—I laughed miserably, "certainly is dry. And high, judging by the rates."

"Healthily dry, sub, in the matter of water," the Colonel approved. "We are not cursed by the humidity of New York state, grand old state that she is. For those who require water there is the Platte only three miles distant. The nearer proximity of water we consider a detriment to the robustness of a community."

I made a meager toilet.

"Now I am at your service during a short period, gentlemen," I announced. "Later I have an engagement, and I shall ask to be excused."

"A little liquid refreshment is in order first, I reckon," quoth the Colonel. "And after that—you have sporting blood, huh? You will desire to take a turn or two for the honor of the Empire State?"

"If you are referring to card gambling, sir," I answered, "you have chosen a poor champion. But I do not intend to be a spoil sport, and I shall be glad to have you show me whatever you think worth while in the city, so far as I have the leisure."

"That's it, that's it, sub," The Colonel appeared delighted. "Let us libate to the gods of chance, gentlemen; and then take a stroll."

After a round of drink—I took lemonade—we issued into the street.

Surely such an hotch-potch never before populated an American town: Men in flannel shirts, high booted, bearded, with formidable revolvers, balanced, not infrequently, by sheathed butcher-knives—men whom I took to be teamsters, miners, railroad graders and the like.

Of the women I saw several in amazing costumes of tightly fitting black like ballet girls, low necked, short-skirted, around smooth waists snake-skin belts supporting handsome little pistols and dainty porgnards. Contrasted there were women in gowns and bonnets that would do them credit anywhere in New York, and some, of course, more commonly attired in calico and gingham as proper to the lumber station of laundresses, cooks and so forth.

"How are you on the goose, sir?" Bill demanded of me.

"The goose?" I uttered.

"Yes, Keno?"

"I am a stranger to the goose," I said.

"Granted."

"It goes a quick fare for a small stake. So do the three-wait, and rondo."

Of passage way there was not much to be seen, the middle of the street and the borders.

Scarcely to me as we were walking through groups of idlers and among busily stepping people that every other step was a saloon with doors widely open and bar and gambling tables well attended.

My guides nodded right and left with "Hello, Franz," "How are you, Dan?" "Evening, Charley," and so on.

Occasionally the Colonel swept off his hat with elaborate deference, to a woman, but I looked in vain for My Lady of the Blue Eyes. I did not see her—nor did I see her peer, despite the fact that now and then I observed a face and figure of apparent attractiveness.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

Truth and Poetry.—She's an angel in truth, a demon in fiction. A woman's the greatest of all contradictions. She's afraid of a cockroach, she'll scream at a mouse, but she'll tackle a husband as big as a house. She'll take him for better, she'll take him for worse, she'll split his head open and then be his nurse. And when he is well, and get out of bed, she'll pick up a teapot to throw at his head. She's faithful, deceitful, keensighted and blind; she's waffly, she's simple, she's cruel, she's kind. She'll lift a man up, she'll cast a man down, she'll make him her clown. You'll fancy she's this, but you find she is that, for she'll play like a kitten and bite like a cat. In the morning she will, in the evening she won't and you're always expecting she does, but she don't.—J. W. D.

Georgia Patches It Up.—Little George was invited out to dinner with his father and mother, and before starting the latter impressed upon the darling boy the necessity for his speaking in complimentary terms of the food.

After he had tasted the soup, he said to the hostess: "This is pretty good soup—what there is of it."

A glare from his mother pulled him up. So he corrected himself by saying: "And there's plenty of it—such as it is."

How Doctors Treat Colds and the Flu

To break up a cold overnight or to cut short an attack of grippe, influenza, sore throat or tonsillitis, physicians and druggists are now recommending Calotabs, the purified and refined calomel compound tablet that gives you the effects of calomel and salts combined, without the unpleasant effects of either.

One or two Calotabs at bed-time with a swallow of water—that's all. No salts, no nausea nor the slightest interference with your eating, work or pleasure. Next morning your cold has vanished, your system is thoroughly purified and you are feeling fine with a hearty appetite for breakfast. Eat what you please, no danger.

Get a family package, containing full directions, only 35 cents. At any drug store. (adv)

**NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE**

By virtue of power of sale contained in a certain deed of trust executed by the undersigned trustee, M. McCoy on the 21th day of July, 1925, to secure the payment of \$7,500 to K. M. Clement and \$2,000 to have been made on the payment provided in said deed of trust which is recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Watauga county, N. C., at No. 529, I will on Monday, March 14, 1927, at the north-east corner of Watauga county between the corners of Main and 2nd streets, to wit: at 12 o'clock, noon, sell at public sale, subject to the highest bidder the certain following described real estate, to wit:

Block 10, Numbers Five, Six, Seven, Eight and Nine of Section 5 of the Mount Clement property sold by the Payment Realty Company for a more complete description of the same see map of said property filed in the office of the register of Deeds for Watauga county.

This February 5, 1927.

JOHN E. BROWN, Trustee.

2-10-27

**Real Estate**

The following are a few of the bargains we have to offer in both city property and farms:

**CITY**

Modern 6-room house well located \$6000  
Nice new bungalow, close in \$2000  
Modern 8-room house, garage, trees and flowers \$15,000  
Nice new home Blowing Rock, fine scenery \$4500  
A few choice business lots, Main street, good price.  
About 60 fine residence lots—anywhere in town—cheap.

**FARMS**

25 acres, Bald Mountain township, near Joe Phelps. Cheap.  
30 acres close to town, \$100 per acre—a bargain.  
60 acres near town on highway—\$160 per acre.  
13 acres on edge of town at a bargain.  
We have farms any size and price. See us if you want to buy or sell—we do both.

**WESTERN N. C. DEVELOPMENT COMPANY**  
S. C. EGGERS, Manager

**Expenses of Board of County Commissioners From December 1, 1925 to November 30, 1926**

<b>S. C. EGGERS—</b>		
29 days at \$5.00 per day		\$145.00
105 miles at 5c per mile		5.25
Use of car two days		10.00
Expense on road trip to Raleigh		29.00
<b>Total</b>		\$199.25
<b>W. N. HOWELL—</b>		
28 days at \$5.00 per day		\$140.00
445 miles at 5 cents per day		22.25
<b>Total</b>		\$162.25
<b>O. L. COFFEY—</b>		
26 days at \$5.00 per day		\$130.00
392 miles at 5 cents per mile		19.60
<b>Total</b>		\$149.60
<b>NOVEMBER 30, 1926</b>		
<b>W. N. HOWELL—</b>		
Services as County Commissioner 14 days at \$5.00 per day		\$ 70.00
Mileage on roads, 308 miles at 5c per mile		15.40
Mileage from home, 111 miles		5.55
<b>Total</b>		\$ 90.95
<b>O. L. COFFEY—</b>		
Services as County Commissioner 14 days at \$5.00 per day		\$ 70.00
Mileage, 162 miles at 5c per mile		8.10
<b>Total</b>		\$ 78.10
<b>S. C. EGGERS—</b>		
Services as County Commissioner 14 days at \$5.00 per day		\$ 70.00
370 miles on roads at 5c per mile		18.50
Work on aunt, use of car, etc.		139.10
<b>Total</b>		\$227.60

PEARL HARTLEY, Clerk to Board.

**LISTEN, FRIENDS!**

I have a fresh, attractive and choice supply of Flour and Brans, consisting of "Dandy Pan," "Pan-O-Gold," "Masterpiece," "Metropolitan," "America's Best" Self-rising, "Barton's Royal." Also Rye and Buckwheat Flour. You can get Mr. T. F. Mast's fresh home-ground Corn Meal here at any time.

I have recently completed arrangements by which I am going to handle Produce at very attractive prices. Prefer exchanging flour and feed, but will pay cash.

**TUXEDO FEEDS A SPECIALTY**

**PRICES ON EVERYTHING I HANDLE ARE MOST REASONABLE**

Free Delivery within reasonable distance. Come, send or Phone No. 83

**Howard W. Mast**  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL