

Cimarron

By EDNA FERBER

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(Continued from page six)

the symbol for terror and daring and merciless marauding throughout the Southwest. Even in the East—in New York—the name of the Kid was known. Stories had been written about him. He was, long before his death, a mythical figure. And how he, together with Clay McNulty, his lieutenant, lay side by side, quite still, quite passive.

Sabra did a strange, a terrible thing. Yancey would not go near the grisly window. Sabra upheld him; denounced the gaping crowd as scavengers and ghouls. Then, suddenly, at the last minute, as the sun was setting blood red across the prairie, she walked out of the house, down the road, as if impelled, as if in a trance, like a sleep walker, and stood before Hefner's window. The crowd made way for her respectfully. They knew her. This was the wife of Yancey Cravat, the man whose name appeared in headlines in every newspaper throughout the United States, and even beyond the ocean.

They had dressed the two bandits in new cheap black suits of store clothes, square in cut, clumsy, so that they stood woodenly away from the lean hard bodies. Clay McNulty's face had a faintly surprised look. His long sandy mustache drooped over a mouth singularly sweet and resigned. But the face of the boy was fixed in a smile that brought the lips in a sardonic snarl away from the wolf-like teeth, and the eyes, whose lightning glance had pierced you through and through like one of the bullets from his own dreaded six-shooters, now were extinguished forever behind the waxen shades of his eyelids.

It was, at the boy that Sabra looked; and having looked she turned and walked back to the house.

They gave them a decent funeral and a burial with everything in proper order, and when the minister refused to read the service over these two sinners Yancey consented to do it and did, standing there with the fresh-turned mounds of red Oklahoma clay sully his fine high-heeled boots, the sun blazing down upon the curling locks of his uncovered head.

They put up two rough wooden slabs, marking the graves. But souvenir hunters with little bright knives soon made short work of those. The two mounds sank lower, lower. So nothing marked this spot on the prairie to differentiate it from the red clay that stretched for miles all about it.

They sent to Yancey, by mail, in checks, and through solemn committees in store clothes and white collars, the substantial money rewards that, for almost five years, had been offered by the Santa Fe road, the M. K. & T., the government itself, and various banks, for the capture of the Kid, dead or alive.

Yancey refused every penny of it. The committees, the townspeople, the county, were shocked and even offended. Sabra, tight lipped, at last broke out in protest. "We could have a decent house—a new printing press—Cim's education—Donna—"

"I don't take money for killing a man," Yancey repeated, to each offer of money. The committees and the checks went back as they had come.

Sabra noticed that Yancey's hand shook with a perceptible palsy before breakfast, and that this was more than ever noticeable as that hand approached the first drink of whiskey swallowed before he ate a morsel. He tossed it down as one who, seeking relief from pain, takes medicine. When he returned the glass to the table he drew a deep breath. His hand was, miraculously, quite steady.

More and more he neglected the news and business details of the Wigwam. He was restless, moody, distraught. Sabra remembered with a pang of dismay something that he had said on first coming to Osage. "G—d, when I think of those years in Wichita! Almost five years in one place—that's the longest stretch I've ever done."

behave strangely. He would stop in the midst of a florid period. At once a creature savage and over-civilized, the flaring lamps, the hot breathless atmosphere, the vacuous white faces looming up at him like balloons would repel him. He had been known to stalk out, leaving them staring. In the courtroom he was an alarming figure. When he was defending a local county or Territorial case they flocked from miles around to hear him, and the crude pine shack that was the courtroom would be packed to suffocation. He towered over any jury of frontiersmen—a behemoth in a Prince Albert coat and fine linen, his great shaggy buffalo's head charging menacingly at his opponent. His was the florid bifurcated oratory of the day, full of sentiment, hyperbole, and wind. But he could be trenchant enough when needs be; and his charm, his magnetic power, were undeniable, and almost invariably he emerged from the courtroom victorious.

Sabra saw more and more to the editing and to the actual printing of the Oklahoma Wigwam. She got in as general houseworker and helper an Osage girl of fifteen who had been to the Indian school and who had learned some of the rudiments of household duties: cleaning, dishwashing, laundering, even some of the simpler forms of cookery. She tended Donna, as well. Her name was Arita Red Feather, a quiet gentle girl who went about the house in her calico dress and moccasins and had to be told everything over again, daily. Isaiah was beginning to be too big for these duties. He was something of a problem in the household. At the suggestion that he be sent back to Wichita he set up a howling and wailing and would not be consoled until both Sabra and Yancey assured him that he might remain with them forever. When Jesse Rickey was too drunk to stand at the type case and Yancey was off on some legal matter, he slowly and painstakingly helped Sabra to make possible the weekly issue of the Oklahoma Wigwam.

Sabra, in a pinch, even tried her unaccustomed hand at an occasional editorial, though Yancey seldom failed her utterly in this department. A rival newspaper set up quarters across the street and for two or three months, kept up a feeble pretense of existence. Yancey's editorials, during this period, were extremely personal.

But it was Sabra who held the women readers with her accounts of the veal loaf, coleslaw, baked beans, and angel-food cake served at the church supper, and the somewhat touching decorations and costumes worn at the wedding of a local or county belle.

If, in the quarter of a century that followed, every trace of the settling of the Oklahoma country had been lost, excepting only the numbers of the Oklahoma Wigwam, there still would have been left a clear and inclusive record of the lives, morals, political and social and economic workings of this bizarre community. Week by week, month by month, the reader could have noticed in its columns whatever of progress was being made in this fantastic slice of the republic of the United States.

Sabra, except for Yancey's growing restlessness was content enough. The children were well; the paper was prospering; she had her friends; the house had taken on an aspect of comfort; they had added another bedroom. She was, in a way, a leader in the crude social life of the community. Church suppers; sewing societies; family picnics.

(Continued next week)



CHILDREN CRY FOR IT—

CHILDREN hate to take medicine as a rule, but every child loves the taste of Castoria. And this pure vegetable preparation is just as good as it tastes; just as bland and just as harmless as the recipe reads.

When Baby's cry warns of colic a few drops of Castoria has him soothed, asleep again in a jiffy. Nothing is more valuable in diarrhea. When coated tongue or bad breath tell of constipation, invoke its gentle aid to cleanse and regulate a child's bowels. In colds or children's diseases you should use it to keep the system from clogging.

Castoria is sold in every drug store the genuine always bears Chas. H. Fletcher's signature.

Fletcher's CASTORIA

JUST HUMANS

By GENE CARR



"Looka Him, He Thinks He Discovered a Cow's Nest!"

B. Y. P. U. To Hold County Meeting Here on July 17

Members of the Young People's Baptist Union from churches throughout Macon county are expected to gather here July 17 for the first annual Macon Association B. Y. P. U. convention. The meeting will be held in the Franklin Baptist church. Johnnie Rogers, associational president, announced the program for the convention as follows:

Keynote—Christian living.
9:45 Sing His Praises—Mr. Thomas Carter, song director; Miss Willie Mae Ledford, pianist.
10:10 Message from the associational president—Johnnie Rogers.
10:25 Business—Reports from the district workers, Miss Blanche Vinsdell, Mrs. J. M. Cochran, Mrs. Pierson, Mr. Fred Childers, Mr. Paul Swafford, Mr. William Crawford.
11:30 Song.
11:35 Remarks by Mr. James Ivey, state B. Y. P. U. secretary.
11:50 Special Song—Miss Georgia Dady, Miss Jarvis Ledford.
11:55 The Highest Expression of Christian Living, by a minister.
12:20 Adjourn for lunch.
1:45 Songs
2:00 Devotional—Eloise Jamison.
2:10 Remarks from any new officers.
2:30 Demonstration—An intermediate B. Y. P. U. business meeting.
3:00 Special Song—Dalton brothers.
3:05 Five Minute Talks—(1) The Value of a Good Study Course, Kate Moore; (2) The joyous habit of reading God's word daily, Fannie Mae Franks; (3) It is Christ-like to serve, Virginia Cunningham.
3:25 Message from James Ivey.
4:00 Benediction.

DEATH CLAIMS DR. J. L. WELCH

Funeral for West's Mill Man Held Friday at Cowee Church

Dr. Joseph Lafayette Welch died at his home near West's Mill last Thursday morning at 1 o'clock after an illness of several months. Burial was at the Cowee Baptist church Friday morning at 11 o'clock with the Rev. W. L. Bradley, of Oak Grove, former pastor of the deceased, conducting the services. Dr. Welch had been a member of the church for several years. Surviving are his widow and several children, several grandchildren and a host of relatives and friends.

Poplar Cove

Our Sunday school at the Baptist church is improving. Miss Carolyn Nolen and two brothers; Quince Corpening, Miss Mary Alice and Virginia Oliver went cherry hunting Wednesday but were not very successful. "Aunt" Mary Pendergrass has been on the sick list but is improving a little. Miss Mary Alice and Virginia Oliver were visiting Mrs. Earlie Christie a few days last week. Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Sanders and little son and Miss Pearl Hastings were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Judson Dills Saturday and Sunday of the past week. Miss Dixie Corpening has been a visitor at Franklin, attending the Bible school the past week. Mr. George Williamson is on the sick list.

Hot Weather Specials

Ice Cold Bottled Drinks

Watermelons On Ice

Sandwiches and Lots of Things Good To Eat

Let's Meet at Lake Emory Stores and Have a Good Time

Lake Emory Stores, Inc.
ANDY REID, MGR. ROUTE 4, FRANKLIN, N. C.

HIGDONVILLE

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Russell and some other friends, from Gastonia, were visiting Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Moses and Olney Moses last weekend and went to Highlands and viewed some of the scenery. They were very much impressed with the beauties of Western North Carolina.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Hulme, of Atlanta, who have been visiting Mrs. Hulme's parents, returned to their home Saturday. Mrs. Hulme gave a delightful party last Friday night in honor of her grandson, Moses Hulme. Quite a number of young folks gave some good plays. Music was furnished by Mr. Ed Carpenter, Weimer Young, Lyman Corbin and brother. Miss Christine Higdon and Mavis Young visited Miss Ruby Ammons at T. P. Moses' Sunday night. The B. Y. P. U. at Higdonville is progressing nicely.

NOTICE OF SALE

North Carolina, Macon County.

Whereas power of sale was vested in the undersigned Trustee by deed of trust from R. A. Patton to G. A. Jones, Trustee, dated October 29, 1929 and registered in the office of the Register of Deeds for Macon County in Book S-4, page 255, to secure the payment of one thousand dollars, and whereas default having been made in the payment of said amount and the undersigned trustee having been made in the payment of said amount and the undersigned trustee having been requested to exercise the power vested in him by said deed of trust, I will therefore by virtue of power of sale by said deed of trust in me vested on Monday, July 13, 1931 at twelve o'clock noon sell at the court house door in Franklin, North Carolina, at public auction to the highest bidder for cash the following property:

All the land described in a deed from Margaret R. Angel, Mortgagee to R. A. Patton, dated, October 29, 1929, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Macon County in Deed Book S-4, page 20.

This the 9th day of June, 1931
G. A. JONES,
Trustee.

NOTICE OF SALE

North Carolina, Macon County.

By virtue of the power of sale vested in J. H. Stockton, trustee, by a deed of trust from Charlie Burgess and wife Carrie Burgess and one note for \$56.18 with interest from October 1, 1930, said deed of trust being dated October 1, 1930, and recorded in Book No. 31, page 400, Office of the Register of Deeds for Macon County. And default having been made in the payment of the said note as called for in the said deed of

trust, and there now being due the sum of \$56.18 with interest from October 1, 1930, and the person to whom the said money is due have demanded that the aforesaid trustee foreclose and the undersigned will on July 22, 1931, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon at the court house door in the town of Franklin, Macon County, at 12 o'clock M., for cash to satisfy the said note and deed of trust on the following tract of land in Franklin Township, Macon County: Being all of the lands described in a deed from Mrs. R. S. Sutton to Charlie Burgess, said deed being date of March 12, 1929, and recorded in Book Q-4 of deeds, page 357 records of Macon County, to which deed as so recorded references is hereby made

and had for a more definite description of the lands to be hereby sold.
This 22nd day of June, 1931.
J. H. STOCKTON, Trustee.
J25-4c-RDS-Jul16

WE THANK YOU

For every pair of shoes you bring We hope you heed the call, This little song we try to sing, We thank you one and all.

FRANKLIN SHOE SHOP

Opposite Courthouse
"We Buy and Sell"
BOX 212 Troy F. Horne

COME TO FRANKLIN FOR THE Fourth of July

You Will Find a Hearty Welcome Everywhere, Especially AT THE Franklin Service Station Gasoline — Oil — Tires — Service



DANCE

and MAKE MERRY this FOURTH OF JULY

Carl Masters

And His Ten Piece Orchestra From Atlanta Will Play from 8 O'clock till Midnight at the

Scott Griffin Hotel

Come and Dance to the Irresistable Music of these Master Syncopaters
Script \$1.50 Script \$1.50

Cause For Celebration

When You Come to Town for the 4th Make Your Trip a Profitable As Well As a Pleasant One
Look At Our Saturday Specials

Men's and Ladies' Hose For Saturday only 2 prs. for 15c	36-Inch Prints For summer frocks—fast to wash 10c yd.	Good Brooms Four-string—easily worth 50c each For 25c each
Men's Heavy Overalls New shipment—worth \$1.00 pair 69c pr. Saturday Only	Men's Sunday Shirts New Shipment—all colors—worth \$1.00 to \$1.25 For only 69c ea.	4,500 Yds. Sheeting 36 inches wide—in various grades—at prices unheard of See Them and Save Money
Ladies' Rayon Hose In all shades—strictly firsts 2 prs. for 35c	Men's Work Shoes New shipment just received \$1.48 pr.	Ladies' Sunday Shoes Straps or Oxfords Look! \$1.48 pr.

Have just received a new shipment of men's suits. Come take a look at them. They are money-saving buys

Make Our Store Your Headquarters On the Fourth Roomy, Convenient Ladies' Rest Room Provided

JOE ASHEAR

"WE CLOTHE THE FAMILY"