



(Continued from last week)

Sabra was sufficiently shrewd and level-headed to take Sol Levy's advice. "You settle down running your paper, Sabra, and you won't need any oil wells. You can have the best-paying paper, and the most powerful in the southwest. Bigger than Houston or Dallas or San Antonio. Because Osage is going to be bigger and richer than any of them. You mark what I say. Hardly any oil in the town of Osage, but billions of barrels of oil all around it. This town won't be torn to pieces, then. It'll grow and grow. Five years from now it'll look like Chicago."

"Oh, Sol, how can that be?"  
"You'll see. There where the gambling tent stood with a mud hole in front of it a few years ago you'll see in another five years a skyscraper like those in New York."

She laughed at that.  
Just as she had known that Yancey had again left her on that night of the Mesal ceremony, so now she sensed that he would come back in the midst of this new insanity that had seized all Oklahoma. And come back he did, from God knows where, on the very crest of the oil wave, and bringing with him news that overshadowed his return. He entered as he had left, with no word of explanation, so bizarre as to cause everything else to fade into the background.

He came riding, as always, but it was a sorry enough nag that he bestrode this time; and his white sombrero was grimed and battered. The Prince Albert coat was spotted, the linen frayed, the whole figure covered with the heavy red dust of the trampled road. He must have ridden like an avenging angel, for his long black locks were damp, his eyes red rimmed. And when she saw this Don Quixote, so sullied, so shabby, her blood turned to water within her veins for pity.

She thought, it will always be like this as long as he lives, and each time he will be a little more broken, older, less and less the figure of splendor I married, until at last...

She only said, "Yancey," quietly. He was roaring, he was reeling with Jovian laughter as he strode into the Wigwam office where she sat at her neat orderly desk just as she had sat on that day years before. For a dreadful moment she thought that he was drunk or mad. He flung his soiled sombrero to the desk top, he swept her into his arms, he set her down.

"Sabra! Here's news for you, Jess! Heh, Jess! Where's that uneducated son of a printer's devil, Jess! Come in here! Gosh, I've been laughing so that I almost rolled off my horse!" He was strolling up and down as of old, his shabby coat tails spreading with the swing of his movements, the lean, eyes blood-shot, now still flashing with the fire that would burn until it consumed him.

"Oh, my children! More oil than anybody ever thought there was in any one spot in the world! And where? Where! On the Osage Indian reservation. It came in an hour ago, like the ocean. It makes every other field look like the Sahara. There never was such a joke! It's cosmic, it's terrible! How the gods must be roaring. Laughter unquenchable among the blessed gods!"

"Yancey dear, we're used to oil out here. It's an old story. Come now. Come home and have a hot bath and clean clothes." In her mind's eye she saw those fine white linen shirts of his all neatly stacked in the drawer, as he had left them.

For answer he reached out with one great arm and swept a pile of exchanges, copy paper, galley proofs, and clippings off the desk, while with the other hand he seized the typewriter by its steel bar and plumped it to the floor with a force that winged a protesting white and zinc from its startled inside. He had always seemed to use a typewriter. The black swathes of his beretion peered deeper into the paper's surface than any typewriter's metal teeth.

"Hot bath! Hot bath, honey! Do you realize what this means? Do you understand that two thousand Osage Indians, squatting in their raucous front of their miserable shanties, are now the richest nation in the world? In the world, I tell you. They were given that land—the barest, meanest desert land in the whole of the Oklahoma country. And the government of these United States said, 'There, you red dogs, take that and live on it. And if you can't live on it, then die on it.' God Almighty, I could die myself with laughing. Millions and millions of dollars. They're spattering, I tell you, all over the Osage reservation. There's no stopping that flow. Every buck and square on the Osage reservation is a millionaire. They own that land, and, by God, I'm going to see that no one takes it away from them!"

"Oh, Yancey, be careful!" He was driving his pencil across

the paper. "Send this out A. P. They tried to keep it dark when the flow came, but I'll show them. Sabra, kill your editorial lead, whatever it was. I'll write it. Make this your news lead, too. Listen. 'The landless starspan.' I cosmic joke, that was played on a double-edged game, sent bustling to the works today, then, with a roar that could be heard for miles around, thousands of barrels of oil shot into the air on the miserable desert land known as the Osage Indian reservation and occupied by those duped and wretched—!"

"We can't use that, I tell you."  
"Why not?"  
"This isn't the Cimarron. It's the state of Oklahoma. That's the reason that's anarchy—"  
"It's the truth. It's history. I can prove it. They'll be down on those Osages like a pack of wolves. At least I'll let them know they're expected. I'll run the story, by God, as I want it run, and they can shoot me for it."  
"And I say you won't. You can't come in here like that. I'm editor of this paper."

He turned quickly and looked at her, the great head jutting out, the eyes like steel. "Who is?"  
"I am."  
Without a word he grasped her wrist and led her out, across the oil porch, down the steps, and into the street. There, on Pawhuska avenue, in the full glare of noon-day, he pointed to the weather-worn sign that he himself, aided by Jesse Kickey, had hung there almost twenty years before. She had had it repaired. She had never replaced it with another.

**THE OKLAHOMA WIGWAM**  
Yancey Cravat Prop. and Editor  
"When you take that down, Sabra, honey, and paint your own name up in my place, you'll be the editor of this newspaper. Until you do that, I am."

As they stood there, she in her neat blue serge, he in his crumpled and shabby attire, she knew that she never would do it.  
Young Cim came home from Colorado for the summer vacation, was caught up in the oil flood, and never went back. With his geological knowledge, slight as it was, and his familiarity with the region, he was shunted back and forth from one end of the state to the other. Curiously enough Cim, like his father, was more an on-looker than a participant in this fantastic spectacle. The quality of business acumen seemed to be lacking in both these men; or perhaps a certain mad fastidiousness in them kept them from taking part in the feverish fight. A hint of oil in this corner, a trace of oil in that,



"When you take that down, Sabra, Honey, you'll be the editor of this newspaper."

and the thousands were upon it, pushing, scrambling, nose to the ground, down on all-fours like pigs in a trough. A hundred times Yancey could have bought an oil lease share for a song. Head bobbing, his breast, his forehead over the lightning eyes, he shunged in different shoulders.

"I don't want the filthy muck," he said. "It stinks. Let the Indians have it. It's theirs. And the 'Big Boys' from the East—let them sweat and scheme for it. They know where Oklahoma is now, all right."

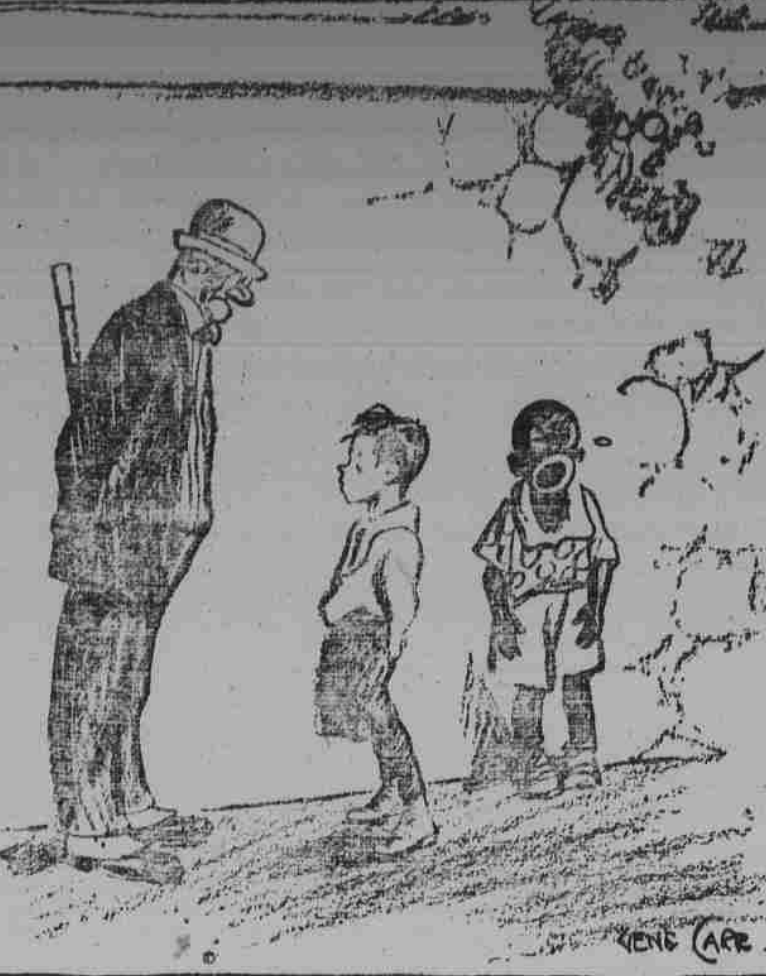
This coining and gouging had ceased to cause Sabra and the keen agony of earlier days. She knew now that their existence, so long as Yancey lived, would always be made up of just such unexplained absences and melodramatic homecomings. She had made up her mind to accept the inevitable.

She did not mind that Yancey spent much time on the oil fields. He knew the men he called the "Big Boys" from the East and they often sought him out for his company, which they found amusing, and for a certain regional wisdom that they considered valuable. He despised them and spent

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Relieves a Headache or Neuralgia in 30 minutes, checks a Cold the first day, and checks Malaria in three days.  
**666 Salve for Baby's Cold**

JUST HUMANS

By DENE CARR



"What's His Trouble?"  
"A Kid Just Said to Him He's So Dark that Lightnin' Bugs Follow Him in th' Day Time!"

most of his time with the pumpers and roost-abouts, drillers and tool dressers and shooters—a hard drinking, hard-talking, hard-fighting crew. In his white sombrero and his outdated Prince Albert and his high-heeled boots he was known as a picturesque character. Years of heavy drinking were taking their toll on the magnificent body and mind. The long locks showed a streak of gray.

Local men who once had looked and admired him began to patronize him or to laugh at him, tolerantly. Many of them were rich now, counting their riches not in thousands but in millions. They had owned a piece of Oklahoma land, or a piece of a piece of dirt, and suddenly, through no act of theirs, it was worth a weight in diamonds. Pat Leary, the premier little Irish lawyer who had once been a second-hand in the early days of the building of the Santa Fe road, was now so rich through his vast oil holdings that his Indian wife, Creek Nave, was considered a quaint and picturesque note by the eyes of eastern operators who came down on oil business.

After the first small excitement of it Sabra Cravat relinquished the hope of making sudden millions as other luckier had done. Her land had yielded no oil, she owned no oil leases. It was a curious fact that Sabra still quoted it in Osage and had actually become a power in the state. The paper was read, respected, and feared throughout the Southwest. It was read with pride by Osage, civic minded that no oil was rich enough to stain the faces of the Oklahoma Wigwam. Though few realized it, and though Sabra herself never admitted it, it was Yancey who had made this true. He neglected it for years together, but he always turned up in a crisis, whether political, economic, or social, to hurl his barbed editorials at the heads of the offenders, to sting with the poison of his ridicule. He championed the Indians, he denounced the oil kings, he exposed the land thieves. He was afraid of nothing. He would absent himself for six months. The Wigwam would run along smoothly, placidly. He would return, torch in hand, and again set fire to the paper until the town, the county, the state were ablaze. The Osages came to him with their legal problems, and he advised them soundly and took a minimum fee. He seemed always to sense an important happening from afar and to emerge, growing like an old lion, from his hidden jungle lair, broken, mangy, but fighting, the fine eyes still alive, the magnificent head still as menacing as that of a buffalo charging him. He had, on one occasion, come back just in time to learn of Dixie Lee's death.

Dixie had struck oil and had retired a rich woman. She had closed her house and gone to Oklahoma City, and there she bought a house in a decent neighborhood and adopted a baby girl. She had come to Kansas City for it, and though she had engaged a capable and somewhat bewildered nurse on that trip, Dixie herself carried the child home in her arms, its head close against the expensive satin bosom.

No one knew what she had used to pull the wool over the eyes of the Kansas City authorities. She never could have done it in Oklahoma. She had had the child almost a year when the women of Osage got wind of it. They say she took it out herself in its perambulator daily, and perhaps some one recognized her on the

street, though she looked like any plump and respectable matron now, in her rich quiet dress and her pince nez, a little gray showing in the black abundant hair.

Sabra Cravat heard of it. Mrs. Wyatt, Mrs. Do., Mrs. Pack.  
They took the child away from her by law. Six months later Dixie Lee died; the sentimental said of a broken heart. It was Yancey Cravat who wrote her obituary.

Dixie Lee, for years one of the most prominent citizens of Osage and a pioneer in the early days of Oklahoma, having made the run in '89, one of the few women who had the courage to enter that historic and terrible race, is dead.  
"She was murdered by the good women of Osage."  
The story was a nine-days' wonder even in that melodramatic state. Sabra read it, white faced. The circulation of the Wigwam took another bound upward.  
"Some day," said Osage, over its afternoon paper, "somebody is going to come along and shoot old Cimarron."  
"I should think his wife would save them trouble," some one suggested.

**FRANKLIN SHOE SHOP SAYS:**  
Break, break, the sunshine is glaring.  
Its morning rays of light,  
While we are still repairing  
Your shoes from morn till night.  
—Troy Horn

**FRANKLIN SHOE SHOP**  
Opposite Courthouse  
"We Buy and Sell"  
BOX 212 Troy F. Horne

If Yancey's sporadic contributions increased the paper's circulation it was Sabra's steady drive that maintained it. It was a gigantic task to keep up with the changes that were sweeping over Osage and all of Oklahoma. Yet the columns of the Wigwam recorded these changes in its news columns, in its editorial pages, in its personal and local items and its advertisements, as faithfully as on the day of its first issue when Yancey had told them who killed Pegler. Perhaps it was because Sabra, even during Yancey's many absences, felt that the paper must be prepared any day to meet his scathing eye.

Strange items began to appear daily in the paper's columns—strange to the eye not interested in oil; but there was no such eye in Oklahoma, nor, for that matter, in the whole Southwest. Cryptic though these items might be to dwellers in other parts of the United States, they were of more absorbing interest to Oklahomans than front-page stories of war, romance, intrigue, royalty, crime.

(Continued next week)

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That's short and to the point, but just as true as the days are long. If you have been a regular wearer of "Star Brands," you know. If you haven't, then there's a surprise coming when you step into your first pair.

**JOS. ASHEAR**  
WE CLOTHE THE FAMILY

More farmers ought to carry more insurance and better insurance, economists say, particularly insurance against serious damage to growing crops.

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Full size metal bed with folding springs and 45-pound all-cotton mattress in attractive covering.  
**\$12.50**

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TOTAL .. \$17.50

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| Gilt Edge Shorts, 75 lbs..... \$1.15                                 | Corn Hearts (100 lbs.)..... \$1.65   |
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| <b>FLOUR—</b>  | Prize Winner ..... 55c               |
| Log Cabin, plain or self ris. 59c                                    | Half bushel Corn Meal..... 50c       |
| Dunlop's Best—all guaranteed 69c                                     |                                      |
| <b>COFFEE</b>  |                                      |
| 4-lb. pail Golden Rio..... 73c                                       | Maxwell House, 3 lbs. \$1.00—lb. 33c |
| 4-lb. pail Horse Shoe Bend..... 79c                                  | Peck fresh ground..... 98c           |
| Corn Flakes..... 2 for 15c   | Canning Powders, 5c..... 6 for 25c   |
| Silver Flake Oats..... 3 for 25c                                     | Pickling Spices, 10c..... 3 for 25c  |
| Malt Syrup, Milwaukee Maid—60c value—Very Special..... 39c           |                                      |
| Laundry Soap, full size..... 8 for 25c                               | Pound Bar Laundry Soap..... 5c       |
| Toilet Soap..... 3 bars for 10c                                      | Tar Soap, 3c..... 2 for 5c           |
| Catsup, 8 oz. 10c..... 14 oz. 15c                                    | Home-made Mayonnaise, 1/2 Pt. 20c    |
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