

**SLATS' DIARY**  
BY ROSS FARQUHAR

Friday—Pa says that of they isent sum business comes in pritty soon they are going to half to close down for a wife at the noose paper witch he wirks up on. Ant Emmy sugested that they might try at Chaos and pa sed What is that and she sed she diddent Xackly no but she was offen reading orders about bringing orders out of Chaos. Saturday — well we went to a yung fokes party this after noon over at Blossoms across the crick and they wassent mutch fun outside of Benny Floss throwed up a cuple times.

Sunday—Eddy Blink is trying to get a job wirking for the government as a Statistishun oney he says he has to go his self personally and apply for the job becuz he dusent now how to spell it.

Munday—Jeff Plucker sed he cum very very near to Getting married 1 time sevril yrs. ago. he said he told a girl he new he wassent wirthy of her and all that and when he got threw tawking she agreed with him so he let it go that.

Tuesday—Ant Emmy says Annie Philitt has becum very popular so shully sence it becum noised about that she has nuthing mutch to wear.

Wednesday—since Hilbert Gawn has cum home from Collige he put a sine up in frunt of his house SCREEN ARTIST and cum to Find out he paints screen doors and etc.

Thursday—Pa was a telling ma that he is afrade his cuzzen Clarence is a little bit dissapointed with his marriage affares. His cuzzen Clarence thout it wood be nice to have a nice woman around the house to mend his Sox and now all she wirks at is trying to mend his cuzzen Clarences Ways.

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**FIRSP INSTALMENT**

Old Charley Thane snapped off the ignition with a thick, square finger. Cautiously, the decrepit car rolled forward into the only vacant space on the street and stopped, its front tires snugly against the curb. The curb was painted a faded red; and across the sidewalk was the entrance of the post office. Leaning his big forearms on the wheel, the old man gazed disinterestedly at the sidewalk glaring in the morning light of the Arizona sun. Behind him clattered the street traffic, its progress occasionally interrupted by the loose-jointed ringing of the semaphore suspended above the intersection half a block away.

A pair of legs clad in khaki serge trousers wandered casually to the front of the car. Old Charley's gaze awoke. "Mornin', Chief," he said moodily, lifting his eyes to the other's face.

"Howdy, Chet," replied the policeman in a soft drawl. He glanced speculatively at the car and inquired, "How's coughin' Lena a-feelin' her oats these days?"

Old Charley sighed. Leaving the car in gear, for the emergency brake had long ago retired from active service, he eased his unwieldy body to a standing position on the pavement and vindictively slammed the door. "Not so good, Buck. Not so good. Top half of the windshield fell out on the way in."

"A body'd think," remarked the policeman, nodding toward the yellowish stencil on the side of the car, "that so long as Uncle Sam's got his U. S. Mail brand on her he could afford to give the old girl a truss or somethin'."

Old Charley grunted assent and stepped upon the sidewalk. "Seem's like Congress just don't have the time to get 'round to anything important."

The two men remained motionless on the curb. At last the officer slightly shifted his position, then asked, "Anything new over your way?"

Old Charley considered carefully. "Things are mighty dry," he admitted.

His friend of fifty years nodded. "Grass got a bad deal last winter—bad as the year I lost out."

"Bad," corroborated Old Charley. "Dry spring so far, too. Come a dry summer, and us cattlemen'll do well by the buzzards." This burst of conversation had apparently exhausted

the two of further talk.

"What do you hear from the boy?" asked the officer suddenly.

Old Charley brightened. "Found a letter when I got in last night. Will's doin' fine, he tells me. Los Angeles real estate's as good a way to make money, as any, I reckon. He'll be comin' home in a month or two for quite a spell—thinks he can maybe stay over to help me work the cattle in the fall."

"He's goin' to forget to go back some of these days."

Old Charley's eyes shone, but he said cautiously, "Things might work out that way, sure enought."

The policeman looked into his friend's face. "That sign still up at the Dead Lantern?"

"Still up."

The two regarded each other for perhaps a minute. "Well," said the policeman. This single word expressed admirably that the policeman had been very much pleased to see his old friend; also, that he had enjoyed the conversation and hoped to see Thane again soon. Old Charley made com-

plete reciprocation with a nod, and left the glaring sidewalk for the somber light of the post office.

The place was crowded. Seven of the crowd had been in Arizona for more than ten years and eaph of these greeted the old man before he had disappeared behind the door which led through the rear wall of post boxes. One person thought it necessary to shake hands with Old Charley and this man stopped him with, "Hello, Sheriff!" Whereupon an elderly couple at the money order window exchanged a significant glance, and an old-timer—who never lost opportunity to lament the passing of the good old times—opined to a neighbor that, when Charley Thane was sheriff of this here county, sheriffs had a heap more to do with posses than foreclosure sales.

When Old Charley returned to the street, carrying a large government mail sack weighted with two letters and a post card, a young couple and a five-year-old boy were standing uncertainly in the strip of shade close to his car. Discomfort and bewilderment enveloped the three as one person. The little boy was tightly moored to his mother's forefinger and the hand of the husband was very near that of his wife. Old Charley's lower lip bunched slightly with his thought of "Pshaw, now!" as he noted the face of the slender young man he had seen many such faces new to Arizona.

"Are you Ol—Mr.—Mr.—" the young man paused and looked toward the girl at his side.

"Phane," she supplied, "are you Mr. Thane?"

Old Charley smiled, his eyes on the girl. He observed to himself that she was pretty, high toned, and mighty warm. "Yes, he said aloud, "I am Old Charley Thane."

A tension relaxed. "We were told by a police officer," said the young man hesitantly, as though expecting his words to be cut short at any moment by a cough, "that you were going to a place called San Jorge, carrying the mail. We were told that you occasionally carry passengers."

Old Charley nodded. "Yes, I can take you out that way. Where 'bouts are you going? San Jorge is a pretty big valley."

The husband laughed shortly. "We are trying to get to a farm and the post office address is San Jorge."

"A ranch, dear, not a farm," said the girl, "a cow ranch—the Dead Lantern ranch."

The eyes of Old Charley narrowed incredulously. He hesitated for a moment. "Are you real certain it's the Dead Lantern you want to go to?"

The young man glanced inquiringly at his wife, then at Old Charley. "Why, yes—there is such a ranch, isn't there?"

"Yes, there's a Dead Lantern all right."

"The ranch we want to visit is called the Dead Lantern and the address was San Jorge," spoke the girl; "it was formerly owned by Mr. Harry Grey and a Mr. Snavelly. Mr. Grey died recently. Do you know of the place and can you take us there?"

"I go by the front gate, Ma'm."

"Excellent. Perhaps if we start soon we will be in time for luncheon? We can send in for our luggage later this afternoon, I suppose."

Old Charley did not miss the tone in which this was spoken. Also, he did not miss the fact that she regarded him as a taxi driver. "If you want to go," he supplied, "I'd be glad to take you, but it's eighty-five miles to the Dead Lantern and the road's nothin' to brag on. You can get them to put up a lunch for you in that ice cream parlor over there. And if we can get your baggage on this car we'd better do it. There's no machine on the Dead Lantern and I only make one trip a week."

"Eighty-five miles?" The girl caught her breath. "Surely there must be a train—isn't there a town nearer than this?"

"No'm. There's a spur track from Mexico that runs about thirty miles from the ranch but they only use it at cattle shippin' time."

The young woman looked from her husband to Old Charley. "Do you mean that this ranch is eighty-five miles out in the wilderness and there isn't even a machine on the place?" Her voice was tremulous.

"That's about the size of it, Ma'm."

"But how do they get to town?"

"They don't come in so very often."

"Kenneth—" The girl appealed to her husband with questioning eyes. For a long moment the two young people faced each other.

Then with a shrug of helplessness the husband turned to Old Charley. "We didn't understand how it would be. I expect we's better do as you suggest. We only have a small trunk and some bags—they're still at the station."

Old Charley nodded cheerfully. "Fine. If you'll give me the checks I can be getting the stuff loaded while you folks see about your lunches. I'm sorry I can't take you any nearer the ranch house than the gate, though. Are they expecting you?"

"Oh, yes. We wrote Mr. Snavelly some time ago that we intended to arrive to-day. It can't be so very far from the gate to the house, can it?"

"About five miles, I should judge."

"Good Lord!" The young man glanced curiously at the people on the sidewalk. "Well, then, I suppose we'd better telephone Mr. Snavelly and make sure that he will meet us. We've already tried to find his name in the directory—"

Old Charley shook his head. "The line stops about two miles after you leave town."

"No telephone?" The young man's brows puckered. "No—telephone—" he spoke slowly; the idea was quite new to him. "But how do people—" he paused and became more thoughtful. "Well, but say, Snavelly knows all this. Does know that you are the only means of transportation and that—do you have a regular day for making this trip?"

"Every Saturday."

"Well, then," he continued, pleased with his deductions, "Mr. Snavelly knows that we're coming on the same day you bring the mail and I'm sure he'll meet us. We're rather important visitors, you know," he finished with a half-embarrassed smile.

By the time Old Charley had returned with a small steamer trunk, lashed on the rack and three bags and a guitar case on the floor of the car, the little family was waiting.

The family rode in the back seat, crowded together in recognition of the strangeness of their surroundings. Shortly after the outskirts of the town had been passed, Old Charley heard the young man's voice raised with forced cheerfulness. "Were you ever on an ungraded road before, Ruth? I don't believe I ever was."

For a long time this scrap of conversation lingered in the mind of the old man.

As the miles crawled by, Old Charley settled into a physical and

spiritual comfort. Although he never thought about it he always felt so, after the town had ebbed away and the desert flowed in.

By now all trace of man-made things had vanished. Only the road was left, lying straight to the southwest like a thin wedge, its point in the range of distant mountains which looked as though they had been recently thrown along the horizon by a plow. On either side the desert lay—a sky-bound ocean of gray-green and weathered brown. Far to the right jutted a single butte—craggy, barren utterly alone. The air, thin, unbelievably clear, was a thing of blinding light and quivering heat—a parched thing which drew moisture from the lips and made the skin like dry paper.

A fence of three strands of barbed wire joined the road from the direction of the butte and followed mile after mile. Then came a gate, and fastened to a post near-by, a wooden box with a tin can on top. Old Charley turned from the road and stopped within easy reaching distance and opening the sack trans-

ferred the post card.

A few miles farther on Old Charley turned to the side of the road and stopped the engine. "Hungry?" he asked facing around.

"Do yop want to eat here?" asked the girl, as she glanced about with eyes narrowed to slits against the brilliant light. "Can't we go on until we come to a stream or a tree—anywhere out of this awful heat?"

"I'm mighty sorry," replied the old man, conscious of a certain quivering under the pettishness of her voice, "but I'm afraid this is the best we can do. There ain't no trees on this road—'ceptin' a mesquite or two—and a stream's plumb impossible. If we kept on in this directoin the first water we'd strike would be the Gulf of California."

The girl shrank back in the seat; her eyes darted over the desolate landscape as though imploring it to produce a tree, a house, an animal—anything familiar. She said nothing.

"Well, I can stand a little food," remarked the young man cheerfully, "and Dave, here, has already started on the lunch." He spoke to his wife, as Old Charley busied himself with a package of sandwiches. "We're finding things a deal different than we expected, aren't we, Ruth? There's something about all this I like though—"

he swept his arm toward the skyline; then opening the door, stepped out and stood beside the car. He faced the distant butte, now slightly behind them. "You know, this air is positively wonderful!" He tried to take a deep breath into his ruined lungs, but choked, and it was a full minute before he could speak again. "Anyway" he grinned weakly, "this air was certainly made to breathe."

(Continued next week)

Eight tons of pine tree caterpillars were collected from trees stripped by those pests in the district plantations, states the 1932 annual report of the Hong Kong Botanical Forestry Department.

The teacher asked his class to write what they knew about the Moors. One boy's effort was as follows:

"The Moors are a wild tribe of people who invented the Moorish style of architecture—hence the term Owen Moor, which means I.O.U. When the Moors are out of work they become shieks. Dartmoor—where people break stones as they've nothing else to do—is situated on the lonely moors, so that the locals may not be worried by the housing problem."

**VILLAGE OF RICHMOND HILL**

**Treasurer's Sale of Land in Arrears of Taxes**

By virtue of a Warrant issued by the Reeve of the Village of Richmond Hill, dated the 27th day of July 1933, and to me directed, commanding me to proceed with the collection of the arrears of taxes together with the fees and expenses, I hereby give notice that the list of lands liable to be sold has been prepared and is being published in the "Ontario Gazette" under dates of Aug. 19th, Aug. 26th, Sept. 2nd and Sept. 9th, 1933, and that, unless the said arrears of taxes and costs are sooner paid, I shall, on the 6th day of December 1933 proceed to sell the said lands to discharge the said arrears of taxes and the charges thereon.

The sale will be held on the above date at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon in the Municipal Hall in the Village of Richmond Hill. Copies of said list may be had at my office. Dated at Richmond Hill A. J. HUME, August 10th, 1933 Village Treas.

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"There's something about all this I like though," said Kenneth

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For Finest Quality Hand Tailored Clothes  
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It will well pay to put in your supply of Coal or Coke before Sept. 1st, as the mine prices advance 50c. per ton on above date. We also have genuine Welsh Cobbles and Blower Coal. We can save you money also on Welsh coal as prices will advance on it. Cut Hard Wood, also Cut Slabs, Glutin Meal and Sugared Vim for your dairy stock.  
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