

Thursday's Markets

Wheat		
Club, sacked	98c	
Forty Fold, sacked	98c	
Red, sacked	98c	
..(Market unsettled, prices subject)..		
All bulk wheat 2c per bushel less.		
Oats, per 100	\$1.45	
Barley, per 100	\$1.75	
Beans		
Whites, per 100	\$6.30—\$6.35	
Reds, per 100	\$5.35	
Kidneys, per 100	\$6.50	
Eggs, per dozen		22c
Butter, per pound	35c	
Butterfat	33c	

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MODERNE BEAUTY SHOP
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HAPPENINGS AT CAMERON
Wednesday evening dinner guests at the home of Miss Emma Hartung and Mrs. Ida Silflow were Mr. and Mrs. Otto Schoeffler, Herbert Brunseik, Ted Mielke, Viola McCoy, Herbert, Ernest and Lawrence Schwarz. Bill Brammer, Walter Koepf and Rev. Meske spent Thursday evening at the home of Miss Henningsen and Mrs. Kennedy.

The Ladies Aid met Thursday for an all-day quilting session. Hostesses for the day were Mrs. A. O. Wegner and Mrs. F. W. Silflow.

A pinochle party was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Schoeffler Friday evening. High scores went to Mrs. Ida Stoneburner and Willard Schoeffler. Low prizes to Mrs. Wilbert Brunseik and Lyle Harrison. The "Galloping Goose," also going to Mrs. Ida Stoneburner.

Mrs. Ida Silflow returned to her home Thursday, after spending most of the winter with her daughter, Mrs. A. O. Wegner.

Sunday dinner guests at the Gus Kruger home were Mrs. Ida Silflow, Carl Kruger, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Glenn and son Elden, Mr. and Mrs. Wilbert Brunseik, Rev. Meske, Mrs. Meske, Mrs. Kennedy and Miss Henningsen, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Blum and Kenneth Slead.

Mrs. John Groh of Spokane is visiting for a few days at the Carl L. Wegner home.

Mrs. Otto Silflow entertained at a quilting "bee" Tuesday. Those present were Mrs. Fred Silflow, Mrs. Herman Blum, Mrs. Gus Kruger, Rosalie Kruger, Mrs. Wilbert Brunseik, Mrs. Carl Koepf, Mrs. Kennedy, Mrs. Ida Newman and Mrs. Ida Silflow.

If it wasn't for "the party of the first part" and "the party of the second part" a lot of lawyers in this country would starve to death.

SALE OF STOCK
Taken up, one light red yearling heifer with horn. Underbit left ear. No visible brands or other marks. Unless claimed and damages paid, the animal will be sold for keep and claims, by constable, at public auction, on the Bert McAntire place, 10 miles east of Kendrick, on Saturday, March 6, 1937, at 2 o'clock p. m. E. R. BROWN, Constable. 7-3

GET UP NIGHTS DUE TO BLADDER IRRITATION?
It's not normal. It's nature's "Danger Signal." Make this 25c test. Use buchu leaves, juniper oil, and 6 other drugs, made into little green tablets called Bukets. Flush out excess acids and impurities. Excess acids can cause irritation resulting in getting up nights, scanty flow, frequent desire, burning, backache, and leg pains. Just say Bukets to your druggist. In four days if not pleased your 25c will be refunded. Red Cross Pharmacy.

WANT ADS
FOR SALE—Two 2-year-old colts; 1 3-year-old and 1 7-year-old mare; 1926 Chevrolet coupe; some farm machinery. August Meyer, Southwick. 9-2x
WANT TO BUY—Gentle work horse, weight about 1200. Eugene Elliott. 9-2x
FOR SALE—65 Barred Rocks and R. I. Red laying pullets. Phone 622. 9-2x
FOR SALE—4 turkey hens. Light Narraganset; also Bronze Tom. A. E. Janes. 9-3
FOR SALE—23 pigs, 10 to 11 weeks old; \$5.00 each. Apply Steiner Ringsage, Park, Idaho. 8-2
FOR SALE—One 10-20 McCormick-Deering tractor and plow. Fairfield Bros., Kendrick. 7-1f
FOR SALE—80 acres close to Southwick. Sell cheap if taken at once. Route 2, Box 141 Clarkston, Wash. 6-4
FOR SALE—Brood sows, to farrow latter part of March. Call L. A. Grinolds. 6-1f
Try a small "For Sale" ad. They are good workers.

Wolves End a Feud

Substitute a Sho-Nuff Romance in the Mountains When They Trap Girl and Boy in the Darkness



The wolves kept up their hellish cries and circled nearer and nearer, their yellow eyes gleaming through the darkness.

By WILLIAM HORNE
SINCE the first Hartley killed the first Vaughn in 1869 at a whisky still on the Little Tennessee River in the Smoky Mountains of North Carolina and started the bloody Vaughn-Hartley feud that has taken a toll of a dozen lives, there has been no let-up in the bitter hatred between the two clans until that dark night a few weeks ago when Fate took a hand in the form of a pack of hungry, bloodthirsty timber wolves in the fastness of the Smokies.

It was near sundown when young Tom Vaughn tucked the squirrels he had killed into his belt and started down the narrow, winding trail that led into the gap to his home two miles south on the edge of Lake Santeelah.

Suddenly from off in the darkness came the howl like that of a dog. Tom Vaughn stopped in the path. It came again, and this time it was answered by another dismal, wild call father away. Timber wolves!

Hears Woman Scream.
The eerie cries came again, this time seemingly closer together. With these came a third cry—a cry so shrill and so piercing and so terror-filled that Tom Vaughn gasped and crouched low in the trail. For this third cry was the scream of a terrified woman, and it came from the darkness scarcely a hundred yards off to the right.

The listening man opened his mouth and gave a long, piercing yell that echoed hollowly back from the invisible cliffs behind him. He strained his ears, listening, and presently his call was answered.

He called again, his voice lowered: "Where are y'?" The answer came from the dark: "Right by th' creek—who is it?"

Soon he stood looking down into the white face of a girl. In that thick blackness he could not tell her identity. So he leaned over and peered at the light patch in the darkness.

"It's me," he answered, trying to pierce the dark with his eyes. "Tom Vaughn. Who air y'?"

There was no answer from the prone figure against the bole of the tree at Tom Vaughn's feet; merely a gasp of surprise.

Feud in the Blood.
"Who air y'?" He leaned down and peered at the white blob that was the girl's face. "Air y' hurt?"

"My ankle," came the final answer, now in a voice that was slightly husky and just a bit harsh. "It's broke, but I don't need no help o' yore's. Tom Vaughn—"

The boy gasped his surprise and slowly straightened up stiffly. "Marian—Hartley—" he whispered, hoarsely, anger welling up in his voice.

"I fell down from that rock," she said then, and her voice trembled. "Jest when did y' do hit?" he asked.

"Long afore sundown," she answered, "but don't ye mind, Tom Vaughn. I don't need airy bit o' help from no Vaughn." Her voice was trembling with hate, and at these words the boy slowly stood up, his lips tight against the retort he was about to make.

Then he turned and looked down at the dim form against the tree bole. "Hartley er no Hartley," he said in a tight-lipped voice, "I got t' git ye out o' hyah, Marian Hartley. These varmints is gittin' plumb bad, an' unless I kin strike up er fire, they'll shore git to us 'fore daylight."

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