

GOOD CHEER IN AIR AS SIMPKINS SALE; GETS \$3,500 TOTAL

By WILLIAM R. SANBORN

There was a note of cheer in the air at the Frank Simpkins farm sale, 1 1/2 miles northeast of Green's Fork, on Thursday. It was one of the rare occasions when everybody seems to be in good spirits and bent on having a pleasant social time, regardless of how much or how little they may buy.

The settlements were made by William Thomas Steers, of the Green's Fork bank, and who volunteered the information that the "crowd was the largest he had noted at any farm sale within a year." Mr. Simpkins is going to Florida for a rest and change, and Mr. Steers said that the Simpkins family will be missed by the entire community.

A. D. Smith, who is now to occupy the farm, purchased all the grain, hay and standing corn on the place on private terms, and these were not listed in the sale. But in spite of this large deduction of assets, Mr. Steers gives the net of the sale at \$3,500.

An Old-Fashioned Sale

Farmers describe the sale as approaching the old-fashioned kind, which were so numerous prior to the depression. The bidding was quite spirited and competitive and that prices averaged well up toward real values, is the general verdict. Alfred Smith, living near Whitewater, paid \$315 for one of the farm teams, which was considered well worth the money. John Nicholson got a gelding at \$169, an odd figure which no one overtopped. Cows brought from \$40 to \$60, as the sales sheets showed.

An outstanding feature of the sale was the prices paid for good farm implements and the incidental offerings. For example, a double set of breeding harness cost John Hicks \$87.50.

Hogs Average Well

Of the 127 head of hogs on offer, 80 were spring shoats, weighing 75 to 1,000 pounds. These brought \$9.20 to \$10.65, in pen lots as assorted in sizes. The demand for brood sows was snappy. The five Durocs with pigs at side ranged at \$50 to \$55 each, while the bunch of grade sows, due to farrow shortly, sold around \$38 and up, with a few exceptions.

The fact that a lot of household goods were on sale attracted the ladies, many of whom were present and who bid among themselves for numerous articles. The ladies of the M. E. Aid society of Green's Fork provided an appetizing lunch, which was so quickly disposed of that fresh supplies were rushed in by auto before all were taken care of. Hindman and Weddle cried the sale.

Over 75 Pennsy Rooters

Accompany Local Team

The Richmond division of the Pennsylvania sent practically 75 to 100 rooters to the athletic meet at Denison, O., Friday night, accompanied by the division band.

Every thing is all set for the big day at the Ohio city, and from all indications there will be some lively competition.

CONFERS ON WORLD'S SERIES.

CLEVELAND, Sept. 23.—Leslie O'Connor, secretary to Judge K. M. Landis, commissioner of baseball, conferred with Business Manager E. S. Barnard, of the Cleveland baseball club today. Arrangements for the world's series in this city in the event the Indians win the American League pennant were discussed.

The Final Problem

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

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PART THREE

For a charming week we wandered up the valley of the Rhine, and then, branching off at Leuk, we made our way over the Gemmi Pass, still deep in snow, and so, by way of Interlaken, to Meiringen. It was a lovely trip, the dainty green of the spring below, the virgin white of the winter above; but it was clear to me that never for one instant did Holmes forget the shadow which lay across him. In the homely Alpine villages or in the lonely mountain passes, I could still tell by his quick glancing eyes and his sharp scrutiny of every face that he passed us, that he was well convinced that, walk where we would, we could not walk ourselves clear of the danger which was dogging our footsteps.

Once, I remember, as we passed over the Gemmi, and walked along the border of the melancholy Daubensee, a large rock which had been dislodged from the ridge upon our right clattered down and roared into the lake behind us. In an instant Holmes had raced up on the ridge, and standing upon a lofty pinnacle, craned his neck in every direction. It was in vain that our guide assured him that a fall of stones was a common chance in the springtime at that spot. He said nothing, but he smiled at me with the air of a man who sees the fulfillment of that which he had expected.

And yet for all his watchfulness he was never depressed. On the contrary, I can never recollect having seen him in such exuberant spirits. Again and again he recurred to the fact that if he could be assured that society was freed from Professor Moriarty he would cheerfully bring his own career to a conclusion.

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It is, indeed, a fearful place. The torrent, swollen by the melting snow, plunges into a tremendous abyss from which the spray rolls up like the smoke from a burning house. The shaft into which the river hurls itself is an immense chasm, lined by glistening coalblack rock, and narrowing into a creasing, boiling pit of incalculable depth, which brims over and shoots the stream onward over its jagged lip. The long sweep of green water roaring forever down, and the thick flickering curtain of spray hissing forever upward, turn a man giddy with their constant whirl and clamor. We stood near the edge peering down at the gleam of the breaking water far below us against the black rocks, and listening to the half-human shout which came booming up with the spray out of the abyss.

be ignored. It was impossible to refuse the request of a fellow-countryman dying in a strange land. Yet I had my scruples about leaving Holmes. It was finally agreed, however, that he should retain the young Swiss messenger with him as guide and companion while I returned to Meiringen. My friend would stay some little time at the fall, he said, and would then walk slowly over the hill to Rosenlauri, where I was to rejoin him in the evening. As I turned away I saw Holmes, with his back against a rock and his arms folded, gazing down at the rush of the waters. It was the last that I was ever destined to see of him in this world.

When I was near the bottom of the descent I looked back. It was impossible, from that position, to see the fall, but I could see the curving path which winds over the shoulder of the hill and leads to it. Along this a man was, I remember, walking very rapidly. I could see his black figure clearly outlined against the green behind him. I noted him, and the energy with which he walked, but he passed from my mind again as I hurried on upon my errand.

It may have been a little over an hour before I reached Meiringen. Old

Steiler was standing at the porch of his hotel.

Tomorrow—"The Final Problem" continued.

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