

## 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, 1½ miles northeast of Green's Fork, on Thursday. It was one of the sale occasions when everybody seems to be in good spirits and bent on having a pleasant sociable 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 breeching harness cost John Hicks \$87.50.

## Hogs Average Well

Of the 127 head of hogs on offer, \$8 were spring shoats, weighing 75 to 1,000 pounds. These bought \$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 \$56 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.

Everything 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.

**A mother's problem—what food gives back the energy a child uses up daily?**

**CHILDREN** use up a tremendous amount of energy every day. Every mother of a healthy, sturdy youngster will testify to this. Children need richly nourishing food to supply this energy, and also to supply food for growth.

The selection of this food is your most important duty. You cannot give too much care to this matter. Grape-Nuts, the rich, wholesome cereal, made from whole wheat flour and malted barley, with milk or cream, supplies very necessary requirements for the growing child.

If you want to help your children to be rosy, sturdy, full of vitality and vigor, give them plenty of delicious Grape-Nuts, crisp, sweet and satisfying.

Go to your grocer today and get a package of health-building Grape-Nuts. Give the youngsters this invigorating food with milk or cream, and see how they will thrive on it and grow strong, robust and sturdy.

**Grape-Nuts—the Body Builder**  
"There's a Reason"

**VIGRAN'S**  
Ladies' Shop  
FOR BETTER VALUES

Try a Loaf of  
Zwissler's Salt Rising Bread  
It's Great

Pocket and Butcher Knives,  
etc.

IRVIN REED & SON

### 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 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 he could be assured that Moriarty was freed, from Professor Moriarty he would cheerfully bring his own career to a conclusion.

"I think that I may go so far as to say, Watson, that I have not lived wholly in vain," he remarked. "If my record were closed tonight I could still survey it with equanimity. The air of London is the sweeter for my presence. In over a thousand cases I am not aware that I have ever used my powers upon the wrong side. Of late I have been tempted to look into the problems furnished by nature rather than those more superficial ones for which our artificial state of society is responsible. Your memoirs will draw to an end, Watson, upon the day that I crown my career by the capture or extinction of the most dangerous and capable criminal in Europe."

I shall be brief, and yet exact, in the little which remains for me to tell. It is not a subject on which I would willingly dwell, and yet I am conscious that a duty devolves upon me to omit no detail.

It was on the 3d of May that we reached the little village of Meiringen, where we put up at the Englisher Hof, then kept by Peter Steiler the elder. Our landlord was an intelligent man, and spoke excellent English, having served for three years as waiter at the Grosvenor Hotel in London. At his advice, on the afternoon of the 4th we set off together with the intention of crossing the hills and spending the night at the hamlet of Rosenau. We had strict injunctions, however, on no account to pass the falls of Reichenbach, which are about half-way up the hill, without making a small detour to see them.

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 creaming, 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.

The path has been cut half-way round the fall to afford a complete view, but it ends abruptly, and the traveler has to return as he came. We had turned to do so when we saw a Swiss lad come running along it with a letter in his hand. It bore the mark of the hotel which we had just left, and was addressed to me by the landlord. It appeared that within a very few minutes of our leaving, an English lady had arrived who was in the last stage of consumption. She had wintered at Davos Platz, and was journeying now to join her friends at Lucerne, when a sudden hemorrhage had overtaken her. It was thought that she could hardly live a few hours, but it would be a great consolation to her to see an English doctor, and, if I would only return, etc. The good Steiler assured me in a postscript that he would himself look upon my compliance as a very great favor, since the lady absolutely refused to see a Swiss physician, and he could not but feel that he was incurring a great responsibility.

The appeal was one which could not be resisted. I had to return, and, as I did so, I met Holmes, who had been sent to see what had become of me. He was still in his coat and hat, and was carrying a large pocketbook. He stopped me and said: "Watson, I have not lived wholly in vain," he remarked. "If my record were closed tonight I could still survey it with equanimity. The air of London is the sweeter for my presence. In over a thousand cases I am not aware that I have ever used my powers upon the wrong side. Of late I have been tempted to look into the problems furnished by nature rather than those more superficial ones for which our artificial state of society is responsible. Your memoirs will draw to an end, Watson, upon the day that I crown my career by the capture or extinction of the most dangerous and capable criminal in Europe."

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