

FREE - TAKE ONE - TAKE ANOTHER

Texoma Senior View

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The Bride Comes To Yellow Sky

An 1898 Western Short Story by American author Stephen Crane (1871-1900)



The great pullman was whirling onward with such dignity of motion that a glance from the window seemed simply to prove that the plains of Texas were pouring eastward. Vast flats of green grass, dull-hued spaces of mesquite and cactus, little groups of frame houses, woods of light and tender trees, all were sweeping into the east, sweeping over the horizon, a precipice.

A newly married pair had boarded this coach at San Antonio. The man's face was reddened from many days in the wind and sun, and a direct result of his new black clothes was that his brick-colored hands were constantly performing in a most conscious fashion. From time to time he looked down respectfully at his attire. He sat with a hand on each knee, like a man waiting in a barber's shop. The glances he devoted to other passengers were furtive and shy.

The bride was not pretty, nor was she very young. She wore a dress of blue cashmere, with small reservations of velvet here and there and with

steel buttons abounding. She continually twisted her head to regard her puff sleeves, very stiff, straight, and high. They embarrassed her. It was quite apparent that she had cooked, and that she expected to cook, dutifully. The blushes caused by the careless scrutiny of some passengers as she had entered the car were strange to see upon this plain, under-class countenance, which was drawn in placid, almost emotionless lines.

They were evidently very happy. "Ever been in a parlor-car before?" he asked, smiling with delight.

"No," she answered, "I never was. It's fine, ain't it?"

"Great! And then after a while we'll go forward to the diner and get a big layout. Finest meal in the world. Charge a dollar."

"Oh, do they?" cried the bride. "Charge a dollar? Why, that's too much - for us - ain't it, Jack?"

"Not this trip, anyhow," he answered bravely. "We're going to go the whole thing."

Later, he explained to her about the trains. "You see, it's a thousand miles from one end of Texas to the other, and this train runs right across it and

THE BRIDE COMES TO YELLOW SKY Continues on Page 2

Patients Best Choice Home Health

Understanding Home Health

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never stops but four times." He had the pride of an owner. He pointed out to her the dazzling fittings of the coach, and in truth her eyes opened wider as she contemplated the sea-green figured velvet, the shining brass, silver, and glass, the wood that gleamed as darkly brilliant as the surface of a pool of oil. At one end a bronze figure sturdily held a support for a separated chamber, and at convenient places on the ceiling were frescoes in olive and silver.

To the minds of the pair, their surroundings reflected the glory of their marriage that morning in San Antonio. This was the environment of their new estate, and the man's face in particular beamed with an elation that made him appear ridiculous to the negro porter. This individual at times surveyed them from afar with an amused and superior grin. On other occasions he bullied them with skill in ways that did not make it exactly plain to them that they were being bullied. He subtly used all the manners of the most unconquerable kind of snobbery. He oppressed them, but of this oppression they had small knowledge, and they speedily forgot that infrequently a number of travelers covered them with stares of derisive enjoyment. Historically there was supposed to be something infinitely humorous in their situation.

"We are due in Yellow Sky at 3:42," he said, looking tenderly into her eyes.

"Oh, are we?" she said, as if she had not been aware of it. To evince surprise at her husband's statement was part of her wifely amiability. She took from a pocket a little silver watch, and as she held it before her and stared at it with a frown of attention, the new husband's face shone.

"I bought it in San Anton' from a friend of mine," he told her gleefully.

"It's seventeen minutes past twelve," she said, looking up at him with a kind of shy and clumsy coquetry. A passenger, noting this play, grew excessively sardonic, and winked at himself in one of the numerous mirrors.

At last they went to the dining-car. Two rows of negro waiters, in glowing white suits, surveyed their entrance with the interest and also the equanimity of men who had been forewarned. The pair fell to the lot of a waiter who happened to feel pleasure in steering them through their meal. He viewed them with the manner of a fatherly pilot, his countenance radiant with benevolence. The patronage, entwined with the ordinary deference, was not plain to them. And yet, as they returned to their coach, they showed in their faces a sense of escape.

To the left, miles down a long purple slope, was a little ribbon of mist where moved the keening Rio Grande. The train was approaching it at an angle, and the apex was Yellow Sky. Presently it was apparent that, as the distance from Yellow Sky grew shorter, the husband became commensurately restless. His brick-red hands were more insistent in their prominence. Occasionally he was even rather absent-minded and far-away when the bride leaned forward and addressed him.

As a matter of truth, Jack Potter was beginning to find the shadow of a deed weigh upon him like a leaden slab. He, the town marshal of Yellow Sky, a man known, liked, and feared in his corner, a prominent person, had gone to San Antonio to meet a girl he believed he loved, and there, after the usual prayers, had actually induced her to marry him, without consulting Yellow Sky for any part of the transaction. He was now bringing his bride before an innocent and unsuspecting community.

Of course, people in Yellow Sky married as it pleased them, in accordance with a general custom; but such was Potter's thought of his duty to his friends, or of their idea of his duty, or of an unspoken form which does not control men in these matters, that he felt he was heinous. He had committed an extraordinary crime. Face to face with this girl in San Antonio, and spurred by his sharp impulse, he had gone headlong over all the social hedges. At San Antonio he was like a man hidden in the dark. A knife to sever any friendly duty, any form, was easy to his hand in that remote city. But the hour of Yellow Sky, the hour of daylight, was approaching.

He knew full well that his marriage was an important thing to his town. It could only be exceeded by the burning of the new hotel. His friends could not forgive him. Frequently he had reflected on the advisability of telling them by telegraph, but a new cowardice had been upon him. He feared to do it. And now the train was hurrying him toward a scene of amazement,

glee, and reproach. He glanced out of the window at the line of haze swinging slowly in towards the train.

Yellow Sky had a kind of brass band, which played painfully, to the delight of the populace. He laughed without heart as he thought of it. If the citizens could dream of his prospective arrival with his bride, they would parade the band at the station and escort them, amid cheers and laughing congratulations, to his adobe home.

He resolved that he would use all the devices of speed and plains-craft in making the journey from the station to his house. Once within that safe citadel he could issue some sort of a vocal bulletin, and then not go among the citizens until they had time to wear off a little of their enthusiasm.

The bride looked anxiously at him. "What's worrying you, Jack?"

He laughed again. "I'm not worrying, girl. I'm only thinking of Yellow Sky." She flushed in comprehension.

A sense of mutual guilt invaded their minds and developed a finer tenderness. They looked at each other with eyes softly aglow. But Potter often laughed the same nervous laugh. The flush upon the bride's face seemed quite permanent.

The traitor to the feelings of Yellow Sky narrowly watched the speeding landscape. "We're nearly there," he said.

Presently the porter came and announced the proximity of Potter's home. He held a brush in his hand and, with all his airy superiority gone, he brushed Potter's new clothes as the latter slowly turned this way and that way. Potter fumbled out a coin and gave it to the porter, as he had seen others do. It was a heavy and muscle-bound business, as that of a man shoeing his first horse.

The porter took their bag, and as the train began to slow they moved forward to the hooded platform of the car. Presently the two engines and their long string of coaches rushed into the station of Yellow Sky.

"They have to take water here," said Potter, from a constricted throat and in mournful cadence, as one announcing death. Before the train stopped, his eye had swept the length of the platform, and he was glad and astonished to see there was none upon it but the station-agent, who, with a slightly hurried and anxious air, was walking toward the water-tanks. When the train had halted, the porter alighted first and placed in position a little temporary step.

"Come on, girl," said Potter hoarsely. As he helped her down they each laughed on a false note. He took the bag from the negro, and bade his wife cling to his arm. As they slunk rapidly away, his hang-dog glance perceived that they were unloading the two trunks, and also that the station-agent far ahead near the baggage-car had turned and was running toward him, making gestures. He laughed, and groaned as he laughed, when he noted the first effect of his marital bliss upon Yellow Sky. He gripped his wife's arm firmly to his side, and they fled. Behind them the porter stood chuckling fatuously.

IL THE California Express on the Southern Railway was due at Yellow Sky in twenty-one minutes. There were six men at the bar of the "Weary Gentleman" saloon. One was a drummer who talked a great deal and rapidly; three were Texans who did not care to talk at that time; and two were Mexican sheep-herders who did not talk as a general practice in the "Weary Gentleman" saloon. The barkeeper's dog lay on the board walk that crossed in front of the door. His head was on his paws, and he glanced drowsily here and there with the constant vigilance of a dog that is kicked on occasion. Across the sandy street were some vivid green grass plots, so wonderful in appearance amid the sands that burned near them in a blazing sun that they caused a doubt in the mind. They exactly resembled the grass mats used to represent lawns on the stage. At the cooler end of the railway station a man without a coat sat in a tilted chair and smoked his pipe. The fresh-cut bank of the Rio Grande circled near the town, and there could be seen beyond it a great, plum-colored plain of mesquite.

Save for the busy drummer and his companions in the saloon, Yellow Sky was dozing. The new-comer leaned gracefully upon the bar, and recited

THE BRIDE COMES TO YELLOW SKY Continues on Page 7

WORDSEARCH

- | | |
|----------|------------|
| COOPER | FISHOIL |
| CORPSE | SEARCHERS |
| WEARY | MIGHTY |
| SADDLES | WALLACH |
| WILSON | ZORRO |
| SOCKS | YUMA |
| SINGING | WAYNE |
| POTTER | ARMY |
| BOLIVIA | SHOOTIST |
| SHANGHAI | ALAMO |
| GRIT | MAROON |
| PECK | TUCO |
| FISTFUL | CHAPLIN |
| CHAN | DRUMMER |
| WHISKY | EXPRESS |
| CRANE | EASTWOOD |
| EARP | STAGECOACH |
| FORD | IOWA |



Water Displacement #40 Who Knew?

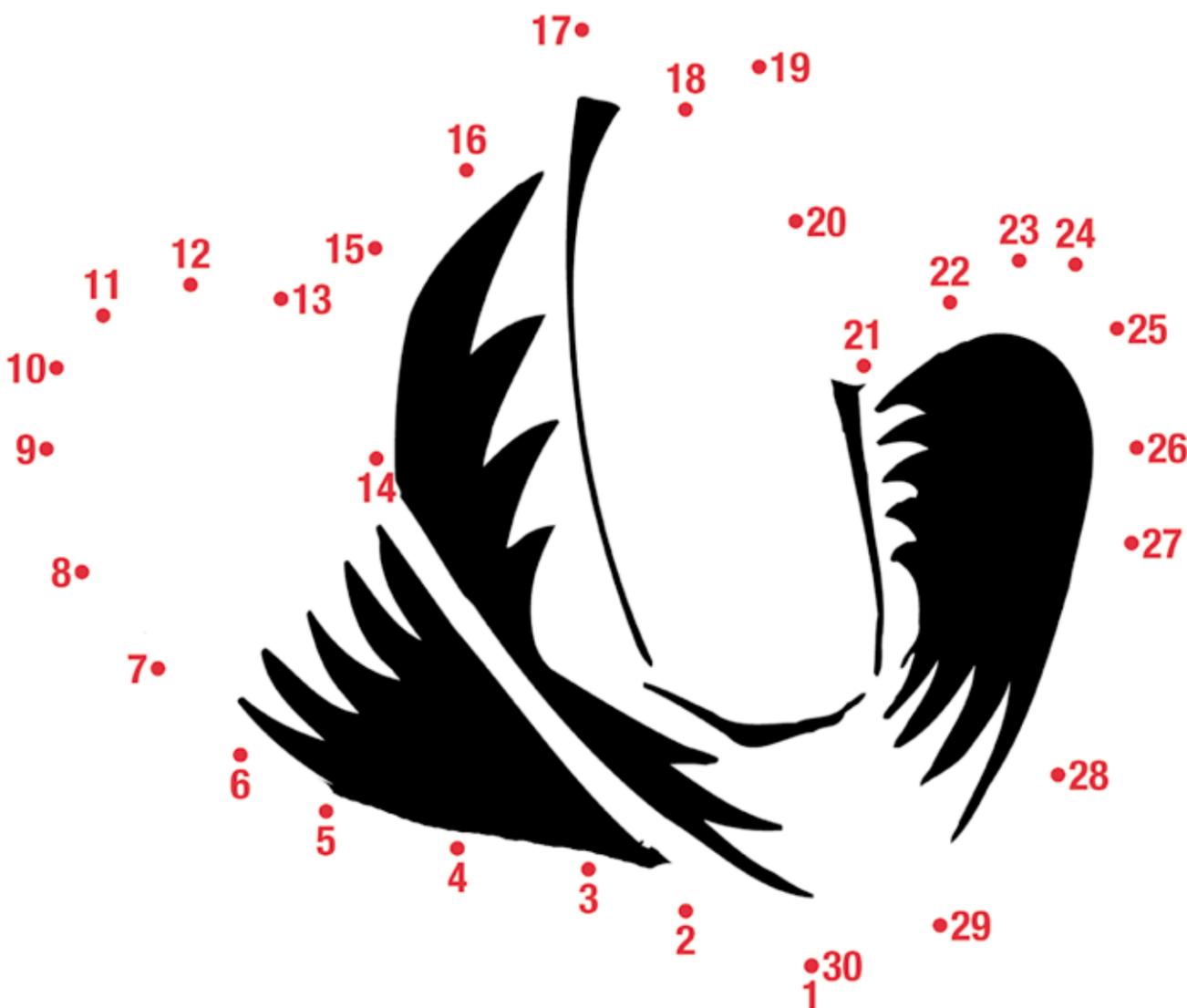
The product began from a search for a rust preventative solvent and degreaser to protect missile parts. WD-40 was created in 1953, by three technicians at the San Diego Rocket Chemical Company. Its name comes from the project that was to find a 'Water Displacement' Compound. They were finally successful for a formulation, with their 40th attempt, thus WD-40. The Convair Company bought it in bulk to protect their atlas missile parts. Ken East, one of the original founders, says there is nothing in WD-40 that would hurt you.

Some uses for WD-40:

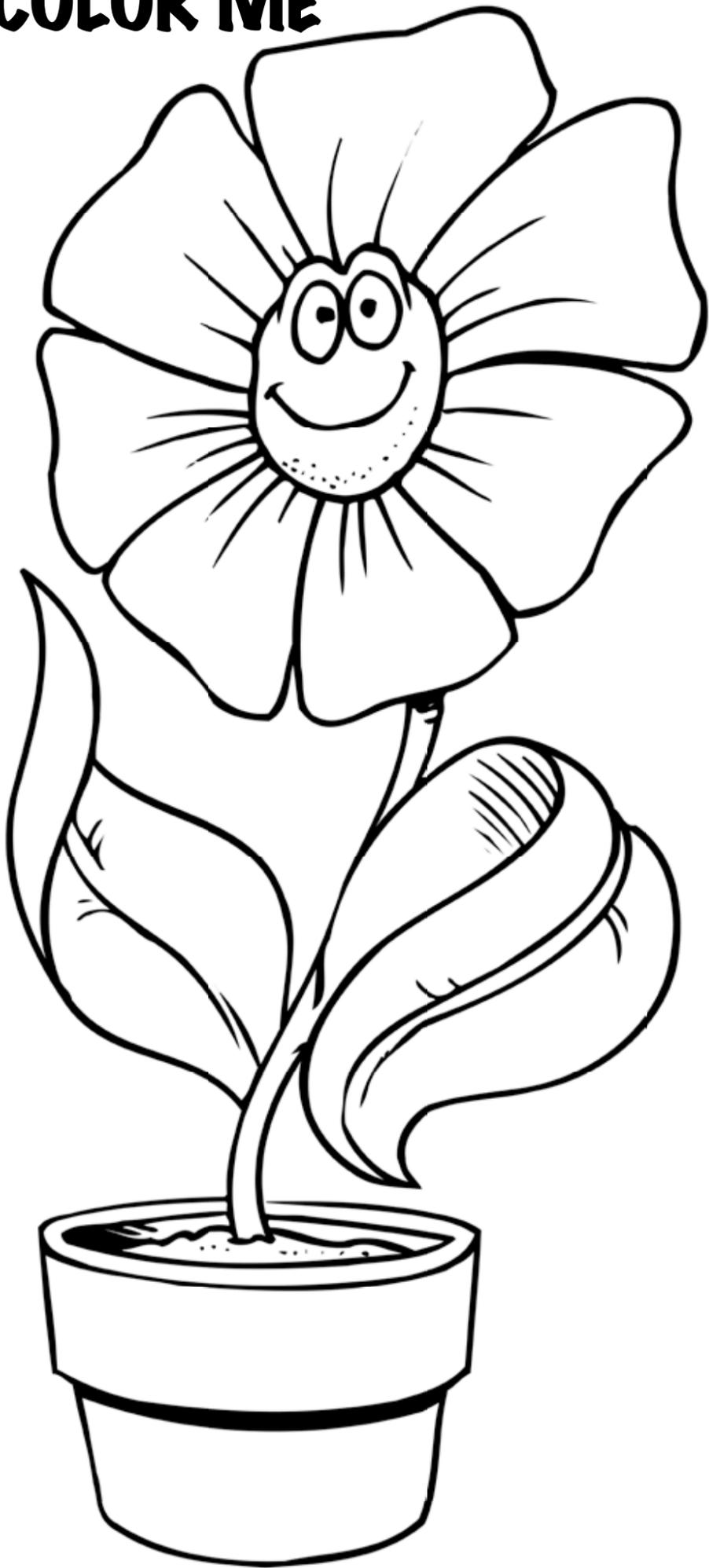
- Protects silver from tarnishing
- Removes road tar and grime from cars
- Cleans and lubricates guitar strings
- Restores and cleans chalkboards
- Removes lipstick stains
- Loosens stubborn zippers
- Untangles jewellery chains
- Removes stains from stainless steel sinks
- Cleans dirt & grime from barbecue grills
- Removes tomato stains from clothing
- Keeps shower doors free of water spots
- Camouflages scratches in marble
- Keeps scissors working smoothly
- Lubricates noisy door hinges on doors
- Remove bug guts from your car
- Lubricates everything
- Removes crayons marks from walls
- Restores and cleans auto dashboards
- Removes grease splatters from stovetops
- Keeps bathroom mirror from fogging
- Removes all traces of duct tape

As to that Basic, Main Ingredient...
It's FISH OIL.

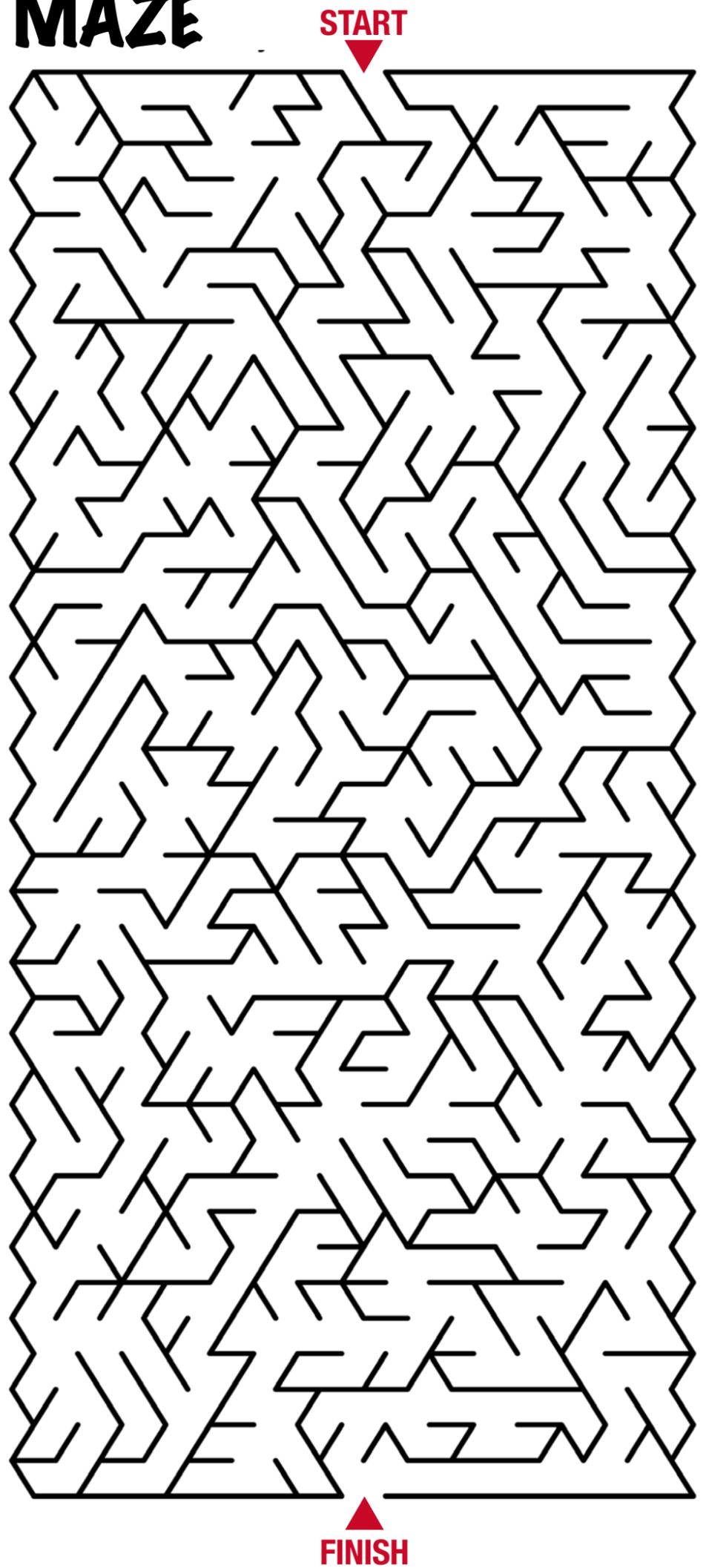
CONNECT-THE-DOTS



COLOR ME



MAZE



WORD JUMBLE

Answers on Page 6

- | | | |
|---------------|-----------------|------------------|
| 1. UETR _____ | 6. ROROZ _____ | 11. SIHKYW _____ |
| 2. TIRG _____ | 7. NEAWY _____ | 12. TYGHIM _____ |
| 3. MYAR _____ | 8. AMLOA _____ | 13. NOROAM _____ |
| 4. PRAE _____ | 9. NAECR _____ | 14. YOCWOB _____ |
| 5. AMUY _____ | 10. KSCOS _____ | 15. TETROP _____ |



A Big THANK YOU to the wonderful volunteers and staff at Meals on Wheels Texoma for providing distribution for Senior View!

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
1	2 Chicken Enchilada Bake, Salsa Spanish Rice Yellow Squash Crackers Hot Cinnamon Pears	3 Beef Pepper Steak Garlic Mashed Potatoes Capri Vegetables Wheat Roll Fresh Fruit	4 Chicken Salad on Lettuce Potato Salad Three Bean Salad Wheat Bread Chocolate Chip Cookie	5 Battered Cod Wedge Buttered Rice Lemon Broccoli Tarter Sauce Wheat Roll Snickerdoodle	6 BBQ Beef On Bun Spicy Pinto Beans Fresh Fruit	7
8 	9 Oriental Cherry Chicken, Fluffy Rice Broccoli Florets Wheat Bread Mandarin Orange Fluff	10 Lemon Baked Tilapia Blackeyed Peas Seasoned Spinach Wheat Roll Fresh Fruit	11 Chili Calico Corn Cornbread Lemon Pudding	12 Chicken Fried Steak w/Gravy Mashed Potatoes Green Beans Wheat Bread Marble Cake	13 Santa Fe Pork Cubes Buttered Noodles Spicy Carrots Wheat Bread Fresh Fruit	14 
15	16 Chicken Tenders Garlic Mashed Potatoes Cream Gravy Vegetable Medley Wheat Bread Oatmeal Cookie	17 Beef Lasagna Zucchini Garlic Bread Fresh Fruit	18 Turkey Rice Casserole Green Peas w/Red Pepper, Calico Corn Dinner Roll Banana Pudding w/ Wafers	19 Beef Enchiladas Spanish Rice Pinto Beans Salsa Pineapple Cream Cake	20 Chicken Patty on Bun Old Fashion Potato Salad Lettuce, Tomato, Pickle & Onion Fresh Fruit	21 
22	23 Meatballs w/Gravy Buttered Rice Vegetable Medley Dinner Roll Sugar Cookie	24 Ham & Beans Turnip Greens Cornbread Fresh Fruit	25 Turkey Tetrizzini Peas & Carrots Garlic Breadstick Cherry Cake	26 BBQ Chicken Herbed Corn Green Beans w/ Onions Wheat Bread Pineapple Pudding	27 Baked Fish Black-eyed Peas Mexican Squash Tartar Sauce Wheat Bread Fresh Fruit	28
29 	30 CLOSED 	31 Beef Tips in Gravy w/Egg Noodles Tuscan Vegetables Wheat Bread Fresh Fruit				

FOOD SAFETY AT THE FAIR

Even though livestock shown at a county fair is raised locally, it may have the same levels of E. Coli contamination as commercially raised livestock. E. Coli has even been found in flies at the county fair. (E. Coli is also a problem at petting zoos.) E. Coli can be life threatening to children and older people. Always wash your hands properly after being around farm animals.

Plan ahead what you are going to eat at the fair. Even though fairs are only once a year, people also tend to overeat at Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's, Super Bowl parties, Easter, 4th of July, and birthdays. Fair food can be very high in calories and fat. A tenderloin sandwich contains about 720 calories and 40 grams of fat, an elephant ear 1,070 calories and 61 grams of fat, and funnel cakes 1,340 calories and 56 grams of fat. Instead of these high-fat foods, ask for lemonade with half the sugar, corn without butter, and order grilled rather than fried meats.



Senior Nutrition & Health NEWS

When there is not enough money for all the bills, the food budget often suffers. Budget cooking begins with the wise use of leftovers. When you can, buy a large cut of meat and cook it all at once. Use a portion of it at one meal. Then use the rest in other recipes. For example, if pork is left from a roast, use it next in chop suey, stir-fry, or tacos.

Find new recipes for foods left over. Use chicken chunks in a pasta salad or ground beef in tamale pie. Grind leftover turkey for meatloaf, or use pork cubes on a homemade pizza. Handle leftovers with care. If they spoil, money is wasted. Cover food, chill, then use or freeze within two days.



Meat is often the most costly part of a meal. To stretch meat dishes, add grain products, such as rice or noodles. For example, serve a chicken stir-fry over rice or creamed turkey over noodles. Vegetables and fruits also extend meat dishes. Add lettuce, green peppers, tomatoes, or celery to small amounts of tuna, chicken,

Combine fruits, such as apples and pineapple, with meat to make such dishes as ham and fried apples, or sweet and sour pork. Extend soups, casseroles, and stews by adding lentils, pinto, or navy beans. Eggs and cheese will also replace or extend a small amount of meat. Add shredded cheese to soups, sandwiches, or casseroles, and hard-boiled eggs to salads.

To lower food costs:

- Plan several days or a week of menus. Then you can read newspaper ads for weekly specials, cut coupons, and buy foods in season.
- Make a shopping list. Use coupons only for foods you're going to use in your menus.
- Don't shop when you are hungry. Stick to your list unless you find a product just as good that costs less. Buy store brands when possible. Limit grocery trips. The more you shop, the more you are tempted to buy things not needed.
- Buy fewer ready-to-eat foods, bakery items, snack foods, and soft drinks. These foods usually cost more. Homemade is often less expensive.

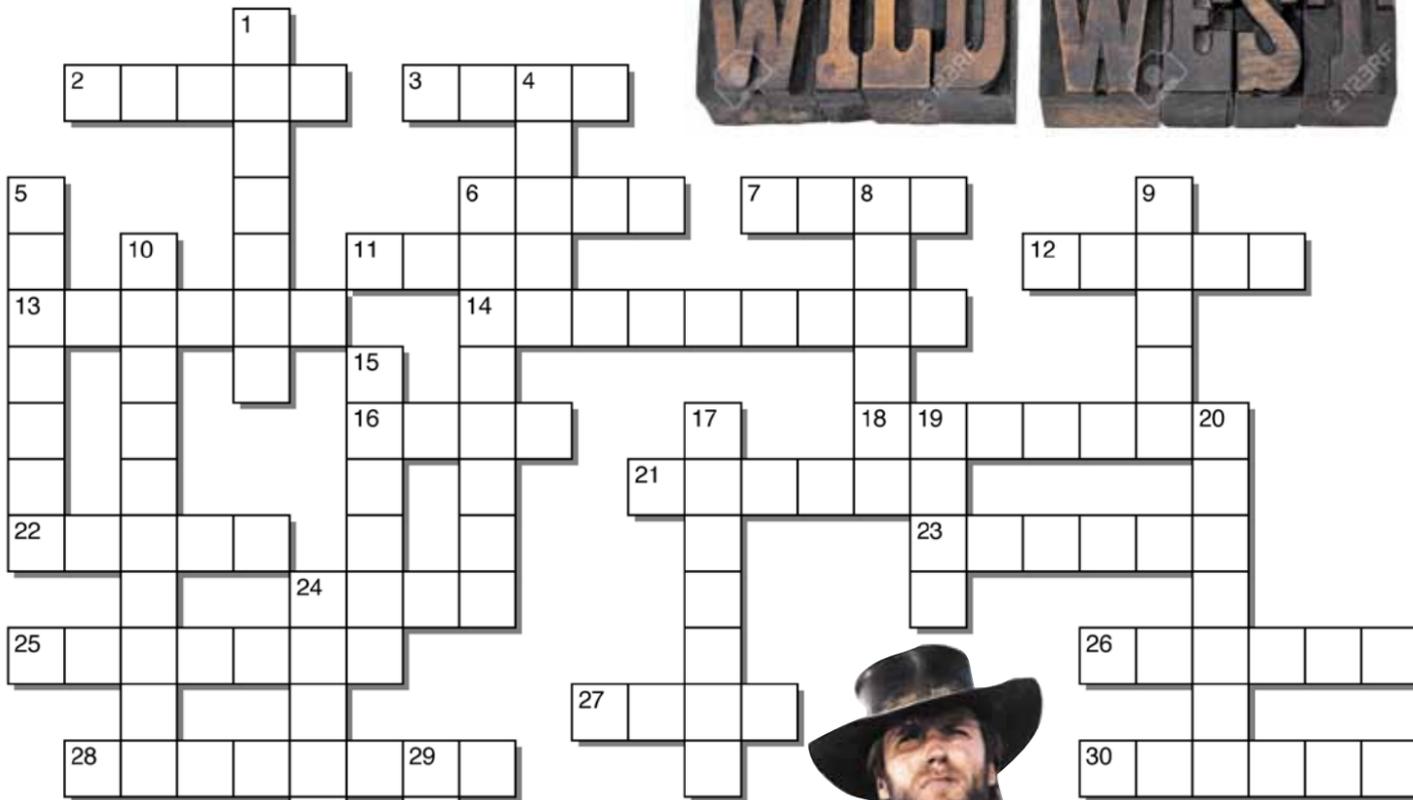
SPAGHETTI PIE

- 1 tablespoon margarine
- 1/3 cup grated Parmesan cheese
- 1 beaten egg
- 1 pound lean ground beef
- 1/3 cup chopped onions
- 1 cup canned diced tomatoes
- 1 (6-ounce) can tomato paste
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 1 teaspoon oregano
- 1 teaspoon garlic powder
- 1/4 cup lowfat cottage cheese, drained
- 1/2 cup mozzarella cheese, shredded

How To Fix:

1. Cook spaghetti. Drain. Add margarine and Parmesan to hot spaghetti. Set aside.
2. In bowl, combine egg, beef, and onion. Form small meatballs. Cook in skillet.
3. In sauce pan, combine tomatoes, tomato paste, sugar, oregano, and garlic. Cook 10 minutes.
4. Put spaghetti in bottom of baking dish. Add sauce and then meatballs. Combine cottage and mozzarella cheeses. Spread on top. Bake at 350° F, until melted. Serves 8. (367 calories and 21 fat grams per serving)

CROSSWORD



Across

2. Don Diego Vega was the real name of which outlaw?
3. Gregory ___ plays the lead in the 1958 western, *The Big Country*.
6. The actor Tom Mix was good friends with Wyatt _____.
7. In the movie *The Good, The Bad and The Ugly*, what was the Ugly's name?
11. *Shanghai Noon* is a comedy western movie featuring Jackie _____.
12. The name of the saloon in *The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky* is *The _____ Gentleman*.
13. In the short story *The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky*, the name of the Sheriff is Jack _____.
14. *The _____* (1956) is widely regarded as John Wayne's finest and most complex performance.
16. John Wayne was born in Winterset, _____.
18. *Blazing _____* is one of the most famous western parodies.
21. In the 1952 film *High Noon*, Gary _____ plays the main character.
22. In *Dances With Wolves* John Dunbar named the wolf he met Two _____.
23. What color is Scratchy Wilson's shirt in *The Bride Comes To Yellow Sky*.
24. Robert _____ killed Jesse James.
25. *The Gold Rush* was directed by Charles _____.
26. The movie *Unforgiven* takes place in a town called Big _____.
27. John Wayne received a Best Actor Oscar for the 1969 movie *True _____*.
28. John Wayne's last film was *The _____* (1976).
30. The *High and The _____* is one of John Wayne's most popular roles.
31. 3:10 is when the train leaves to _____.
33. *The _____* is one of two films John Wayne directed.
34. What is the main ingredient in WD-40?

Down

1. The _____ hid behind the bar with the bartender in the short story *The Bride Comes To Yellow Sky*.
4. Stephen _____ wrote the short story *The Bride Comes To Yellow Sky*.
5. The California _____ is the name of the train in the short story *The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky*.
6. Clint _____ played the outlaw Josey Wales.
8. John Wayne played the role of a _____ in the 1931 movie *The Deceiver*.
9. John _____ played J.B. Brooks in the movie, *The Shootist*.
10. The 1939 movie _____ provided John Wayne with his breakthrough role.
15. Scratchy _____ is the name of the drunk gunslinger in *The Bride Comes To Yellow Sky*.
17. To what country did Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid flee?
19. *The Outlaw Josey Wales* (1976) was advertised with the tagline "...an _____ of one."
20. John Wayne was one of the first _____ Cowboys of film.
24. The Rojos and Baxters were the two families at war in *A _____ of Dollars*.
29. _____ *Knights* is the sequel to the comedy western *Shanghai Noon* and is set in 19th century London.
32. Eli _____ played the Ugly in the movie *The Good, The Bad and The Ugly*.

MARCH
CROSSWORD
ANSWERS

Across

- 2 ICARUS
- 5 HAWAII
- 6 FRANCE
- 9 TORNADOS
- 11 SWEET
- 12 APPLE
- 14 NOTHING
- 16 CRUST
- 17 JAPAN
- 18 WILLIS
- 20 METEOROLOGY
- 21 FEDERAL
- 22 ARKANSAS
- 24 KENTUCKY
- 25 ALCOHOL
- 27 SMITS
- 30 EUCALYPTUS
- 31 SHARKS
- 34 FIVE
- 36 DECEMBER
- 39 BURTON
- 43 TEXAS
- 44 LAVA
- 45 FOUR
- 46 GEOTHERMAL

Down

- 1 HORTON
- 3 CHINA
- 4 CANCER
- 6 FLOWERS
- 7 VIETNAM
- 8 CHICAGO
- 10 POLTERGEIST
- 13 PRISONS
- 15 ONE
- 16 CITRIC
- 17 JELLYFISH
- 19 ICE
- 23 KILAUEA
- 24 KRYPTONITE
- 26 OXYGEN
- 28 MUSTARD
- 29 BASKETBALL
- 32 PIANO
- 33 BEDROCK
- 35 FOOTBALL
- 37 CUBA
- 38 BARK
- 40 USA
- 41 NIXON
- 42 DIARY

Answers to Word Jumble on Page 4

- | | | |
|---------|-----------|------------|
| 1. TRUE | 6. ZORRO | 11. WHISKY |
| 2. GRIT | 7. WAYNE | 12. MIGHTY |
| 3. ARMY | 8. ALAMO | 13. MAROON |
| 4. EARP | 9. CRANE | 14. COWBOY |
| 5. YUMA | 10. SOCKS | 15. POTTER |

many tales with the confidence of a bard who has come upon a new field. — and at the moment that the old man fell down stairs with the bureau in his arms, the old woman was coming up with two scuttles of coal, and, of course —

The drummer's tale was interrupted by a young man who suddenly appeared in the open door. He cried: "Scratchy Wilson's drunk, and has turned loose with both hands." The two Mexicans at once set down their glasses and faded out of the rear entrance of the saloon.

The drummer, innocent and jocular, answered: "All right, old man. S'pose he has. Come in and have a drink, anyhow."

But the information had made such an obvious cleft in every skull in the room that the drummer was obliged to see its importance. All had become instantly solemn. "Say," said he, mystified, "what is this?" His three companions made the introductory gesture of eloquent speech, but the young man at the door forestalled them.

"It means, my friend," he answered, as he came into the saloon, "that for the next two hours this town won't be a health resort."

The barkeeper went to the door and locked and barred it. Reaching out of the window, he pulled in heavy wooden shutters and barred them. Immediately a solemn, chapel-like gloom was upon the place. The drummer was looking from one to another.

"But, say," he cried, "what is this, anyhow? You don't mean there is going to be a gun-fight?"

"Don't know whether there'll be a fight or not," answered one man grimly. "But there'll be some shootin' — some good shootin'."

The young man who had warned them waved his hand. "Oh, there'll be a fight fast enough if anyone wants it. Anybody can get a fight out there in the street. There's a fight just waiting."

The drummer seemed to be swayed between the interest of a foreigner and a perception of personal danger.

"What did you say his name was?" he asked.

"Scratchy Wilson," they answered in chorus.

"And will he kill anybody? What are you going to do? Does this happen often? Does he rampage around like this once a week or so? Can he break in that door?"

"No, he can't break down that door," replied the barkeeper. "He's tried it three times. But when he comes you'd better lay down on the floor, stranger. He's dead sure to shoot at it, and a bullet may come through."

Thereafter the drummer kept a strict eye upon the door. The time had not yet been called for him to hug the floor, but, as a minor precaution, he sidled near to the wall. "Will he kill anybody?" he said again.

The men laughed low and scornfully at the question.

"He's out to shoot, and he's out for trouble. Don't see any good in experimentin' with him."

"But what do you do in a case like this? What do you do?"

A man responded: "Why, he and Jack Potter —"

"But," in chorus, the other men interrupted, "Jack Potter's in San Anton'."

"Well, who is he? What's he got to do with it?"

"Oh, he's the town marshal. He goes out and fights Scratchy when he gets on one of these tears."

"Wow," said the drummer, mopping his brow. "Nice job he's got."

The voices had toned away to mere whisperings. The drummer wished to ask further questions which were born of an increasing anxiety and bewilderment; but when he attempted them, the men merely looked at him in irritation and motioned him to remain silent. A tense waiting hush was upon them. In the deep shadows of the room their eyes shone as they listened for sounds from the street. One man made three gestures at the barkeeper, and the latter, moving like a ghost, handed him a glass and a bottle. The man poured a full glass of whisky, and set down the bottle noiselessly. He gulped the whisky in a swallow, and turned again toward the door in immovable silence. The drummer saw that the barkeeper, without a sound, had taken a Winchester from beneath the bar. Later he saw this individual beckoning to him, so he tiptoed across the room.

"You better come with me back of the bar."

"No, thanks," said the drummer, perspiring. "I'd rather be where I can make a break for the back door."

Whereupon the man of bottles made a kindly but peremptory gesture. The drummer obeyed it, and finding himself seated on a box with his head below the level of the bar, balm was laid upon

his soul at sight of various zinc and copper fittings that bore a resemblance to armor-plate. The barkeeper took a seat comfortably upon an adjacent box.

"You see," he whispered, "this here Scratchy Wilson is a wonder with a gun — a perfect wonder — and when he goes on the war trail, we hunt our holes — naturally. He's about the last one of the old gang that used to hang out along the river all right — here. He's a terror when he's drunk. When he's sober he's kind of simple — wouldn't hurt a fly — nicest fellow in town. But when he's drunk — whoo!"

There were periods of stillness. "I wish Jack Potter was back from San Anton'," said the barkeeper. "He shot Wilson up once — in the leg — and he would sail in and pull out the kinks in this thing."

Presently they heard from a distance the sound of a shot, followed by three wild yowls. It instantly removed a bond from the men in the darkened saloon. There was a shuffling of feet. They looked at each other. "Here he comes," they said.

III. A MAN in a maroon-colored flannel shirt, which had been purchased for purposes of decoration and made, principally, by some Jewish women on the east side of New York, rounded a corner and walked into the middle of the main street of Yellow Sky. In either hand the man held a long, heavy, blue-black revolver. Often he yelled, and these cries rang through a semblance of a deserted village, shrilly flying over the roofs in a volume that seemed to have no relation to the ordinary vocal strength of a man. It was as if the surrounding stillness formed the arch of a tomb over him. These cries of ferocious challenge rang against walls of silence. And his boots had red tops with gilded imprints, of the kind beloved in winter by little sledding boys on the hillsides of New England.

The man's face flamed in a rage begot of whisky. His eyes, rolling and yet keen for ambush, hunted the still doorways and windows. He walked with the creeping movement of the midnight cat. As it occurred to him, he roared menacing information. The long revolvers in his hands were as easy as straws; they were moved with an electric swiftness. The little fingers of each hand played sometimes in a musician's way. Plain from the low collar of the shirt, the cords of his neck straightened and sank, straightened and sank, as passion moved him. The only sounds were his terrible invitations. The calm adobes preserved their demeanor at the passing of this small thing in the middle of the street.

There was no offer of fight; no offer of fight. The man called to the sky. There were no attractions. He bellowed and fumed and swayed his revolvers here and everywhere.

The dog of the barkeeper of the "Weary Gentleman" saloon had not appreciated the advance of events. He yet lay dozing in front of his master's door. At sight of the dog, the man paused and raised his revolver humorously. At sight of the man, the dog sprang up and walked diagonally away, with a sullen head, and growling. The man yelled, and the dog broke into a gallop. As it was about to enter an alley, there was a loud noise, a whistling, and something spat the ground directly before it. The dog screamed, and, wheeling in terror, galloped headlong in a new direction. Again there was a noise, a whistling, and sand was kicked viciously before it. Fear-stricken, the dog turned and flurried like an animal in a pen. The man stood laughing, his weapons at his hips.

Ultimately the man was attracted by the closed door of the "Weary Gentleman" saloon. He went to it, and hammering with a revolver, demanded drink.

The door remaining imperturbable, he picked a bit of paper from the walk

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and nailed it to the framework with a knife. He then turned his back contemptuously upon this popular resort, and walking to the opposite side of the street, and spinning there on his heel quickly and lithely, fired at the bit of paper. He missed it by a half inch. He swore at himself, and went away. Later, he comfortably fusilladed the windows of his most intimate friend. The man was playing with this town. It was a toy for him.

But still there was no offer of fight. The name of Jack Potter, his ancient antagonist, entered his mind, and he concluded that it would be a glad thing if he should go to Potter's house and by bombardment induce him to come out and fight. He moved in the direction of his desire, chanting Apache scalp-music.

When he arrived at it, Potter's house presented the same still front as had the other adobes. Taking up a strategic position, the man howled a challenge. But this house regarded him as might a great stone god. It gave no sign. After a decent wait, the man howled further challenges, mingling with them wonderful epithets.

Presently there came the spectacle of a man churning himself into deepest rage over the immobility of a house. He fumed at it as the winter wind attacks a prairie cabin in the North. To the distance there should have gone the sound of a tumult like the fighting of 200 Mexicans. As necessity bade him, he paused for breath or to reload his revolvers.

IV POTTER and his bride walked sheepishly and with speed. Sometimes they laughed together shamefacedly and low.

"Next corner, dear," he said finally.

They put forth the efforts of a pair walking bowed against a strong wind. Potter was about to raise a finger to point the first appearance of the new home when, as they circled the corner, they came face to face with a man in a maroon-colored shirt who was feverishly pushing cartridges into a large revolver. Upon the instant the man dropped his revolver to the ground, and, like lightning, whipped another from its holster. The second weapon was aimed at the bridegroom's chest.

There was silence. Potter's mouth seemed to be merely a grave for his tongue. He exhibited an instinct to at once loosen his arm from the woman's grip, and he dropped the bag to the sand. As for the bride, her face had gone as yellow as old cloth. She was a slave to hideous rites gazing at the apparitional snake.

The two men faced each other at a distance of three paces. He of the revolver smiled with a new and quiet ferocity.

"Tried to sneak up on me," he said. "Tried to sneak up on me!" His eyes grew more baleful. As Potter made a slight movement, the man thrust his revolver venomously forward. "No, don't you do it, Jack Potter. Don't you move a finger toward a gun just yet. Don't you move an eyelash. The time has come for me to settle with you, and I'm goin' to do it my own way and loaf along with no interferin'. So if you don't want a gun bent on you, just mind what I tell you."

Potter looked at his enemy. "I ain't got a gun on me, Scratchy," he said. "Honest, I ain't." He was stiffening and steadying, but yet somewhere at the back of his mind a vision of the Pullman floated, the sea-green figured velvet, the shining brass, silver, and glass, the wood that gleamed as darkly brilliant as the surface of a pool of oil – all the glory of the marriage, the environment of the new estate. "You know I fight when it comes to fighting, Scratchy Wilson, but I ain't got a gun on me. You'll have to do all the shootin' yourself."



His enemy's face went livid. He stepped forward and lashed his weapon to and fro before Potter's chest. "Don't you tell me you ain't got no gun on you, you whelp. Don't tell me no lie like that. There ain't a man in Texas ever seen you without no gun. Don't take me for no kid." His eyes blazed with light, and his throat worked like a pump.

"I ain't takin' you for no kid," answered Potter. His heels had not moved an inch backward. "I'm takin' you for a — — fool. I tell you I ain't got a gun, and I ain't. If you're goin' to shoot me up, you better begin now. You'll never get a chance like this again."

So much enforced reasoning had told on Wilson's rage. He was calmer. "If you ain't got a gun, why ain't you got a gun?" he sneered. "Been to Sunday-school?"

"I ain't got a gun because I've just come from San Anton' with my wife. I'm married," said Potter. "And if I'd thought there was going to be any galoots like you prowling around when I brought my wife home, I'd had a gun, and don't you forget it."

"Married!" said Scratchy, not at all comprehending.

"Yes, married. I'm married," said Potter distinctly.

"Married?" said Scratchy. Seemingly for the first time he saw the drooping, drowning woman at the other man's side. "No!" he said. He was like a creature allowed a glimpse of another world. He moved a pace backward, and his arm with the revolver dropped to his side. "Is this the lady?" he asked.

"Yes, this is the lady," answered Potter.

There was another period of silence.

"Well," said Wilson at last, slowly, "I s'pose it's all off now."

"It's all off if you say so, Scratchy. You know I didn't make the trouble." Potter lifted his valise.

"Well, I 'low it's off, Jack," said Wilson. He was looking at the ground. "Married!" He was not a student of chivalry; it was merely that in the presence of this foreign condition he was a simple child of the earlier plains. He picked up his starboard revolver, and placing both weapons in their holsters, he went away. His feet made funnel-shaped tracks in the heavy sand.

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HDL and LDL Cholesterol

High-density lipoprotein (HDL) and low-density lipoprotein (LDL) are types of cholesterol in the body. They are often called the "good" and "bad" fats. LDLs, often called "bad" fats carry cholesterol from the liver to the rest of the body. When there is too much LDL in the blood, it is deposited in the walls of the coronary arteries and other arteries in the body. The deposits are called plaque. Plaque can narrow arteries and result in a heart attack or stroke.

High-density lipoproteins, or HDLs, are often called the "good" fats. HDLs bloodstream and carry it back to the liver to be eliminated.



Senior Nutrition & Health NEWS

High levels of LDL can be a risk factor for heart disease, heart attack, or stroke. Lifestyle changes that can change your LDL numbers include increased exercise and weight loss, if needed.

Ask your health care provider to explain your LDL and HDL numbers and your risks factors. If there is a family history of heart disease or high cholesterol levels, medications may be needed. Always take medicines exactly as directed by your health care provider.

HIVES

Hives are an allergic skin reaction. They appear on the skin as raised white areas surrounded by reddened areas. Hives itch intensely. Hives can occur suddenly and last a few hours to a few days, or be chronic and last for years. If hives occur often, it may be wise to search for their cause.



Hives can be caused by many factors. The most common foods that may cause hives are nuts, eggs, shellfish, milk, and cheese. Medications, such as vitamins and aspirin, cause hives in some people. Infections (nose and throat infections especially) can trigger hives. And sometimes strong emotions, such as anger and stress, cause hives.

Contact your health care provider if you or a family member develops hives. An antihistamine may be prescribed. Try to relieve the itching with calamine lotion. Sometimes intense scratching of the area causes a skin infection.