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A proven mine that is shipping high grade ore and has a large tonnage of mill ore in sight.

Mill and cyanide plant are being assembled.

By October 1st mill should be completed and in operation, and at that time we expect to see the company making a net profit from shipping and milling ore of at least \$85,000 per month and the shares selling at several times the present market price.

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We would like to have at least 100 stockholders in Nevada.

The men working in the mine and the people of Beatty are buying. They know the property, and they are confident that it is going to develop into another big Nevada gold mine.

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in our opinion are the best mining investment on the market. We will sell you Golden Ace at 50c per share cash or at 52c per share on the installment plan, one-fourth cash and the balance in three equal monthly payments.

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Members Las Vegas Stock Exchange.

Copy of Engineer's Report on Golden Ace Mines on Request.

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AUTHORIZED CAPITAL \$2,000,000.00

A corporation organized to help build and finance Las Vegas during the rapid growth that is coming with the building of Boulder Dam.

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NOTICE \$25.00 REWARD

THE COLORADO RIVER EXPLORATION CO. will pay \$25.00 reward for information leading to arrest and conviction of any person dumping garbage or refuse of any kind on any of its lands.

W. F. McLALLEN, Secretary.

RIVAL WIVES by Anne Austin

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THIS HAS HAPPENED After working three years as private secretary to Attorney John Curtis Morgan, Nan Carroll discovers she is in love with Morgan and believes that it is a matter of honor for her to resign. Her resignation is temporarily postponed, however, because she believes Morgan is going to need a faithful secretary during his defense of Bert Crawford, a supposed friend, who is indicted for embezzlement of funds accumulated in a suspicious stock-selling scheme.

Nan distrusts Crawford and Iris Morgan, beautiful wife of the lawyer. Morgan has implicit faith in Crawford, but Nan is suspicious and by means of a listening-in device overhears a conversation between Crawford and his switch-board operator, Alice Belton, which takes place in Morgan's office. With a bribe, he "leaks" this witness so she will forget that he talked with the cashier of the bank approving the check young Roy Bland cashed before his disappearance.

Nan quickly types off the notes she took of the conversation she overheard and, after a conference in which the unsuspecting Morgan is delighted with Alice Belton's coached testimony, she confronts Crawford with the typed evidence of his perjury. Crawford asks her what her price is and she tells him that she will tell Morgan the truth unless he gives up Iris Morgan at once.

He at last agrees and Nan keeps her secret. Morgan defends Crawford so ably that every prediction is for an acquittal. Iris Morgan comes to the courtroom every day. Nan is beginning to wonder if she was wrong in suspecting Crawford of the embezzlement when Fate places in her hands absolute proof of his guilt.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XII It was Saturday morning the last day of the Crawford trial. Nan Carroll was at her desk before nine, although she had worked with Morgan until nearly twelve the night before, helping him to prepare his speech to the jury. Now, at last, the trial was over. The notes which he would require in making his summation and his plea for Crawford's acquittal were ready for him.

His tall, thin shadow loomed against the glass panel of the door, and as always at his approach Nan's heart leaped with painful joy. She straightened her tired shoulders, put on the cheerful, friendly grin that he liked. "Good morning, Mr. Morgan!"

Morgan grinned back at her, his eyes ringed with the circles of fatigue but sparkling with anticipated triumph. "I still live in hope of your getting your tongue twisted on that and saying: 'Good morning Mr. Morgan. Well, Nan, it's nearly over. Brainerd knows he's licked; I never heard him make such a wishy-washy speech before a jury as he made yesterday. But I'm not going to relax on my speech. Everything ready?"

"Everything," Nan smiled as she typed. "Good luck. The jury's going to have a treat. I'm glad the poor things will have a chance to get away by Christmas, though. You don't think they'll take long to reach a verdict, do you?"

"I doubt if the jury will be out an hour," Morgan assured her. "Why don't you come along to the courthouse with me? Iris is going to be there. This Saturday before Christmas, you know. No use working today."



"Why don't you come along to the courthouse with me? Iris is going to be there."

Now and then, as she worked, her eyes fell upon the package which Curt had brought her. Let it be there, silly thing!

"Nana, I wanna scissors and paste!" The little boy, a trifle subdued by her angry ignoring of his presence, began to follow her about the office, his voice plaintive and coaxing by turns. "Nana, I'm hungry. I wanna cup o' hot chocolate, Nana. Nana, I wanna go see Sandy Claus, Nana."

Nan shook him off resolutely. But when at last he gave up and sat huddled forlornly in one of the big chairs, tears slipping down cheeks that were always frighteningly pale, Nan was stricken with remorse and pity. After all, it was not the child's fault. He probably wished to be there as little as she wanted him, and no child of six could be expected to amuse himself in an office for two hours without help.

Smiling at him for the first time that morning, she hastened to get out the old battered typewriter which had been relegated to the status of plaything; set it on the edge of a table, added paper, scissors, paste pot and colored crayons. Then, because his tearful smile touched her heart, she drew a big, not very clever picture of Santa Claus stepping into a chimney with his pack on his back.

"Now you draw one just like it for Nan," she told him. "I've got to work, honey."

He was so quiet, so happily busy for the next hour that Nan, with the cockiness of a girl who has never had a child to rear, congratulated herself: "You just have to be firm with them. He's good as gold since I disciplined him."

It was nearly noon when his utter silence made her apprehensive. Turning in her revolving desk chair, she saw that the child had fallen asleep, his head flopped over the curved arm of the big chair. Smiling, she tiptoed to him, wondering how she could make him more comfortable without waking him. As she stood considering beside the table at which he had been crawling, cutting and pasting, her eyes swept over the litter he had made.

The letter trembled in Nan's hand, and for a sick, dizzy moment she thought she was going to faint. Then the necessity for action steadied her. "There was no doubt at all that she held in her hand what any court would accept as a confession of Bert Crawford's guilt. How little Curtis Morgan had come to have it did not matter; he'd probably taken it from his mother's handbag while thieving, like the conscienceless magpie that he was, for small coins with which to satisfy some of his innumerable wants. But what did matter was what was she to do with it? A confession, a confession of guilt from the man whom Morgan was even then pleading with a jury to acquit! What would Morgan himself do, if the damning letter had come into his hands?"

"I learned, even while the jury was out debating a case of mine, that my client was guilty. I'd turn my evidence over to the district attorney and have the jury re-called." Morgan had said to her once.

Well—now it had arisen. And John Curtis Morgan, who held honor dearer than life, was at this moment trying to convince a jury that it should acquit a man who was a thief and entirely without honor. If she withheld the letter now, when there was still time for Morgan to use it against the man who had betrayed him, and he learned that she had withheld it, he would never forgive her. But—if she turned it over to Morgan, he would have no recourse but to use it and by so doing to publish his wife's faithlessness to the world.

The thought of Morgan going through the Gehennas of sensational publicity, as well as through the deeper hell of knowing himself betrayed by wife and friend, nauseated her. But if she destroyed this letter and allowed Bert Crawford to be acquitted, the world and Morgan both would soon know that Iris Morgan was an unfaithful wife. For there could be no doubt now that the two—Crawford and Iris—were planning to elope when the trial was over.

But wait! Some doubt perhaps! Crawford was a confessed lady-killer, as Morgan had jokingly called him. Was it possible that he cared no more deeply for Iris than for Alice Belton, that he had merely been "using" his lawyer's wife as he had "used" Alice Belton, the little switch-board operator?

But why was she wasting time in debate? John Curtis Morgan had a right to this letter, to the shameful, incriminating information it held, no matter how much his having it might hurt him. And she had no right to withhold it a moment longer. She would rather die than be the messenger that brought it to him, but there was no longer any choice—with honor.

(To Be Continued)

LEGAL NOTICES

AMERICAN AGAR COMPANY, Rooms 3, 4 and 6, Clark Building, No. 16 Fremont Street, Las Vegas, Clark County, Nevada and corner of Hancock and Harshay Streets, San Diego, San Diego County, California.

There is delinquent upon the following described stock, on account of assessment levied on the 20th day of June, 1929, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

Table with columns: Name, Number of Certificate, Number of Shares, Amount. Lists shareholders like Anderson, Eva N. 5 5 \$15.00.

Table with columns: Name, Number of Certificate, Number of Shares, Amount. Lists shareholders like Boyer, H. R. 25 10 30.00.

Table with columns: Name, Number of Certificate, Number of Shares, Amount. Lists shareholders like Boyer, Elizabeth 27 25 75.00.

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COMMON STOCK Anderson, Eva N. 6 5 15.00. Arnold, Elizabeth 345 1 3.00.

PROBATE CASE NO. 325 In the Tenth Judicial District Court of the State of Nevada, in and for the County of Clark.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT Joseph S. Smith, having filed in this Court a document purporting to be the last will and testament of Dora S. Smith, deceased, and a petition, praying that the same be admitted to probate, the hearing thereof has been fixed by said Court for Monday, the 29th day of July, 1929, at ten o'clock A. M. of said day, at the Court House, in the City of Las Vegas, County of Clark; and all persons interested in the said estate are notified that there and there to appear and show cause, if any they have, why said will should not be admitted to probate and said petitioner appointed Executor thereof.

Dated July 15, A. D. 1929. (Court Seal) WM. L. SCOTT, Clerk. By DOROTHY KEELER, Deputy Clerk.

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