

The Recital

Friday night of last week Mrs. Daniel Rees gave a musical recital of her pupils. The affair was extremely well attended, the auditorium being crowded to the limit and the program was extra well rendered, highly entertaining all present in the most pleasing manner. Among other things deserving special mention was the quartet composed of Geo. and Ed Lard, Robt. Elkins and Flake George. The boys sang some fine songs and we like to encourage them to keep up their practice, everybody enjoys a good quartet. At the close of the performance the several piano and violin pupils made Mrs. Rees a present of a purse containing a ticket to a Wichita Kansas theatre at which Paderewski will play Feb. 2, and the round trip railroad fare. Many nice pieces were played during the recital and one really has to hear the many piano players in Miami play before realizing that there were so much talent here.

Big Clearance Sale.

Grand Removal of Seasonable Goods

The Entire Stock of
J. R. Webster

Has been placed in the hands of the Co-Operative Sales Company to be sold regardless of cost or value.

Statement to the Public

On Friday January 16th at 8 a. m. the doors will be open on the Greatest Sale Event at Miami. We must raise a certain amount of money. No Reserve. Buy all you want. **The guarantee of the store and Company on everything.**

W. H. BLOOD, Manager.

Miami Country Enjoys Plenty

(Amarillo Daily News has the following to say about Miami.)

(By G. R. CALDWELL)

MIAMI, Texas, Jan. 5.—Miami—the seat of Roberts county—is all right for a great many reasons—one of which is that she never gets left.

No matter what may be in sight—stock shipping, grain marketing, cotton marketing, educational or church development, mercantile expansion, public or private building, sun shining, snow falling or rain pouring—Miami and Roberts County always "catch on."

STOCK SHIPPING

Miami has long been recorded as one of the heaviest and surest stock shippers of the Santa Fe Panhandle railroad system—a present instance being the marketing in the last few months of 20 cars of hogs—with as many more to be soon shipped.

GRAIN MARKETING

Always a grain shipper, Miami, in 1912 marketed nearly one-half million bushels of wheat—together with a great deal of other grains, both small and large.

COTTON COUNTING

Miami is the buying and railroad shipping point for the great Mobeetic-Wheeler county, cotton region. Last year 500 bales of

this cotton were marketed from Miami, in 1912 about 1500 bales were loaded out—while advices from Mobeetic indicate that Miami shipment of Wheeler county cotton this year may reach two thousand bales.

EDUCATIONAL AND CHURCH DEVELOPMENT

Miami has a thirty thousand dollar public school building, figures which include a seven thousand dollar auditorium and has four good church buildings, one of which, the Baptist, will be replaced this year by a ten thousand dollar edifice.

The Miami high school will be university affiliated this year.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS

Miami's public buildings include a \$50,000 courthouse, two structurally and financially solid banks, a commodious opera house, a good grist mill, four grain elevators which, with their various attachments, aggregate a construction cost of twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars and represent a total storage and grain handling capacity of thirty-five thousand bushels.

Miami also has the good Cap Rock, Survant and Fitch hotels

(Continued on page five)

Peoples MEAT Market And Produce House

We buy and pay cash for Hides, Furs, Poultry and Eggs and at all times have a nice line of fresh and salted meats.

Your Patronage Solicited.

PHONE NO. 18

McCracken & Seiber

Business Changes

Monday of this week a deal was made between R. L. McLaren and Henry Gill, J. W. Philpott and Logan Coffee, Mr. McLaren selling to the latter three gentlemen, his drygoods and grocery stock in Miami.

Mr. McLaren states that he will move but where too he knows not and we regret very much to lose him for he is a fine man with which to do business and has been enjoying an exceptionally good business here but still we wish him success wherever he may go. The new firm needs no introduction to the people of Miami as they are already recognized as leading business men of our town and will no doubt enjoy a fine business. The new store will be run under the firm name of T. H. Gill & Co.

Man Accidently Shoots Wife

Kelley Gragg, a young farmer residing near LeForse, accidentally shot and instantly killed his

wife in their home at 5 o'clock Tuesday morning.

Gragg had been out in the farm yard and located a polecat. Entering the house he took up his shotgun with the intention to go and kill the animal. Breaking the gun to see whether it was loaded, and finding two shells in it the man closed the gun, when it was discharged, the full charge taking effect under the wife's left shoulder, causing instant death.

Besides the husband, there are two girls surviving the mother, aged four and six years respectively.

Funeral services took place in Shamrock Tuesday afternoon.

Homer Tolbert Much Better

The many friends of Homer Tolbert will be glad to learn that he is much improved and will likely be able to be out of the hospital at Amarillo soon and able to return home.

Appendicitis Alarming. Four Cases for Miami

It seems that Miami is doomed to Appendicitis of late. There are now four cases in the hospitals at Amarillo and Sherman. Mrs. A. M. Jones was took to Amarillo Tuesday night, having taken sick Saturday night and Miss Maggie Turner took sick Tuesday night and was took up there Yesterday morning. Just what is the cause of so many cases is being discussed on every corner but it seems that no one can figure out a cause. However it seems that Miami is getting more than her share this Summer, Fall and Winter.

Dr. and Mrs. Kelley and Mr. Jones accompanied Mrs. Jones to Amarillo and Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Christopher and Dr. Gunn went with Miss Turner.



There is a book that as long as it is open its pages never lose interest, and each entry provides and proves its growing interest. The book is small but mighty, for it is a bank book.

THE First State Bank Of Miami



A Real Bank For Depositors.

OPPORTUNITY Is knocking at your door

WHY CONTINUE TO SNUB HER?

WHY NOT HEED HER ADVICE

There is no success without nerve. Screw up your nerve, and START AN ACCOUNT HERE TODAY

The Bank of Miami

(Unincorporated)

ROBERTS COUNTY DEPOSITORY

Auction Sale

Of the Higgins Jewelry & Music Co. at Miami Jan. 19 at 2 and 7 p. m.

We are closing out and now is the time to buy Watches, Clocks, Silverwear and Jewelry at your own price. You know our line and reputation and we stand back of this sale, Come and buy at your own price. Nothing reserved.

HIGGINS JEWELRY & MUSIC CO. Owners.
Col. E. M. Baum, Auctioneer.

AT H. T. GILL & CO.

On Commercial Street

You will find Henry Gill tipping his hat and Logan Coffee wrapping up the cheapest and best goods in town. Come and get the "American Lady" best soft wheat flour at \$3.10 per hundred and other things too numerous to mention at prices in proportion. Our

Motto is "satisfied customers" and we will Appreciate Your Patronage.

H. T. Gill & Co.

Miami,

Texas.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Dr. H. H. Litcher* of **Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA**

At Church in Holland.
In many parts of Holland men still wear their hats in church. Moreover, smoking in church is not considered irreverent by the Dutch when service is not in progress, and it is said, even the ministers sometimes indulge in this practice.

Altogether, Dutch Protestantism is, it would seem, from a certain standpoint, a comfortable form of religion. One may keep his hat on in church which saves him many a chill; he may talk freely and in his natural voice, not in a whisper; he has a neat housemaid in a white cap and apron to show him to his pew or to offer him a chair; and he has nice drab pews of painted deal all around him and a cheerful "two-decker" pulpit above.

Of Course Not.
Jinks—There goes Simpkins. He has a perfect wife. We ought to consult him, he surely knows how to manage a wife.
Blinks—Useless; no man would give away a valuable secret like that.

THICK, GLOSSY HAIR FREE FROM DANDRUFF
Girls! Beautify Your Hair! Make It Soft, Fluffy and Luxuriant—Try the Moist Cloth.

Try as you will, after an application of Danderine, you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most, will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is immediate and amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable luster, softness and luxuriance, the beauty and shimmer of true hair health.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all. Adv.

Stern Duty.
"Well, little boy, do you want to buy some candy?"
"Sure I do, but I gotta buy soap."—Life.

That Was Her Business.
"How did that manœuvre ever manage to marry that old millionaire?"
"She just nailed him, I guess."

The Secret of Health is Elimination of Waste

Every business man knows how difficult it is to keep the pigeon holes and drawers of his desk free from the accumulation of useless papers. Every housewife knows how difficult it is to keep her home free from the accumulation of all manner of useless things. So it is with the body. It is difficult to keep it free from the accumulation of waste matter. Unless the waste is promptly eliminated the machinery of the body soon becomes clogged. This is the beginning of most human ills.

DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY
(In Tablet or Liquid Form)

Assists the stomach in the proper digestion of food, which is turned into health-sustaining blood and all poisonous waste matter is speedily disposed of through Nature's channels. It makes men and women clear-headed and able-bodied—restores to them the health and strength of youth. Now is the time for your rejuvenation. Send 50 cents for a trial box of this medicine.

Send 31 one-cent stamps for Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser—1008 pages—worth 52. Always handy in case of family illness. Address: D. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.

Caught.
Mrs. Peck—John Henry, did you mail that letter?
J. Henry—Yes, my dear, I—er—held it in my hand all the way to the mail box. I didn't even put it in my pocket, I remember distinctly, because—
Mrs. Peck—That will do, John Henry. I gave you no letter to mail.
—Judge.

"CASCARETS" FOR A BILIOUS LIVER

For sick headache, bad breath, Sour Stomach and constipation.

Get a 10-cent box now. No odds how bad your liver, stomach or bowels; how much your head aches, how miserable and uncomfortable you are from constipation, indigestion, biliousness and sluggish bowels—you always get the desired results with Cascarets.

Don't let your stomach, liver and bowels make you miserable. Take Cascarets to-night; put an end to the headache, biliousness, dizziness, nervousness, sick, sour, gassy stomach, backache and all other distresses; cleanse your inside organs of all the bile, gases and constipated matter which is producing the misery.

A 10-cent box means health, happiness and a clear head for months. No more days of gloom and distress if you will take a Cascaret now and then. All stores sell Cascarets. Don't forget the children—their little insides need a cleansing, too. Adv.

No Cure for Cancer Yet.
In his annual report Dr. E. F. Bashford, general superintendent of research in the laboratories of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund, told the members of the society that during the past year there had been 12 claims to the discovery of a cure for cancer. All of these had been investigated and no justification for any one of these claims had been obtained. Doctor Bashford also said women were more liable to cancer than men. In England and Wales in 1910 the death rate from cancer was 856 per 1,000,000 for men and 1,070 for women.

As the London Times says editorially in commenting upon this report: "The only reasonable expectation of curing cancer still rests upon its complete removal by the surgeon at the earliest possible time after it is discovered."—Medical Record.

The Whitewasher.
Crawford—What are the duties of a coroner?
Crabshaw—When there's an accident he must always find a reason to show that nobody was to blame.

CONCILIATION PLAN AT CALUMET FAILS

SOLICITOR DENSMORE OF DEPARTMENT OF LABOR ANNOUNCES HIS EFFORTS.

MINE OWNERS ARE BLAMED

Declares Their Refusal to Recognize the Union Blocked Plans to Settle Strike.

Houghton, Mich.—Efforts to end the strike of copper miners by conciliation has failed. John B. Densmore of the department of labor so announced after a final effort to bring the warring interests together. He did not hesitate to blame his failure in settling the trouble on the uncompromising attitude of the mine owners. The rock that split the negotiations and shattered hopes of peace was the question of recognition of the union. "In a nutshell the question was whether the union men should go back to work with or without discrimination. The companies refused to do anything but discriminate against members of the union," said Mr. Densmore.

Big Rapids, Mich.—Gov. Woodbridge N. Ferris has left for the upper Michigan copper country to study conditions there and to see if he, as governor, can not find some means whereby the miners' strike can be settled. He has notified James V. Cunningham, state labor commissioner, to start at once for Calumet, and it is expected the commissioner will join the governor at Saginaw en route to the strike district.

MEETING WITH LIND A MYSTERY

President's Envoy Returns to Mexico With Visit Little Cleared.

Pass Christian, Miss.—With the departure of the scout cruiser Chester bearing John Lind, the president's envoy, back to Mexico to continue his observations of Mexican affairs the mystery that has enveloped Mr. Lind's visit to President Wilson only was partially cleared.

Just why the nation's chief executive decided not to permit Mr. Lind to have any "shore leave" and took upon himself the inconvenience of being transhipped four times at sea has not been explained. President Wilson volunteered no explanation but one of the suppositions current is that he did not wish the special envoy to be subjected to the inquisition of the newspaper correspondents. Another theory is that the president desired to show Mexico that there is no change in the American policy and no actual interruption of Mr. Lind's mission to Mexico.

Strikes Gas in Two Days.

Groesbeck, Texas.—T. Frank Smith brought in another dry gas well for the Southern Oil and Gas Company, on the Kennedy ranch, near here. The well is 580 feet deep and is making from 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 cubic feet per day. This is the second well brought in on this tract within two weeks. This well was started on Monday, being finished in two days. Mr. Smith will sink three more wells at once in the same territory. With three companies operating in this field much interest is being shown in the gas business.

Large Diamond is Found.

New York.—Diamond dealers here have heard with interest that a new big diamond has made its appearance in London. It is a stone of the first water, weighing 178½ carats, and was found by an English digger named Bowker at Drogoveld, South Africa.

Minerals of Texas Increase \$4,000,000

Washington, D. C.—The United States geological survey has just issued its report of the Texas mineral production of 1912, and shows petroleum has first place, the value of the oil output in 1912 constituting more than one-third of the total mineral production of the state. The production increased from 9,526,474 barrels, valued at \$6,554,552, in 1911, to 11,735,957 barrels, valued at \$8,852,713, in 1912. Second is coal, the production amounting to 2,188,612 short tons, valued at \$3,655,744, in 1912, against 1,974,593 short tons, valued at \$3,273,288 in 1911. The only other minerals which contribute as much as \$1,000,000 to the total value are clay, cement, natural gas and asphalt. The clay products of Texas were valued at \$2,886,068 in 1912, against \$2,659,919 in 1911. The total value of the mineral production of Texas increased from \$18,798,837 in 1911 to \$22,797,015 in 1912, an advance of \$4,000,000.

Will Ask Congress For Flood Relief.

Houston, Texas.—Congress will be asked to contribute \$200,000 to furnish seed for the 1914 cotton and corn crop in the districts in Texas recently swept by flood. The people generally will be asked to contribute an additional \$100,000 to be spent in the districts for feed, distribution to be under the direction of the National Red Cross. The decision for an appeal to congress and a further appeal to the people was decided upon at a meeting of the executive committee of the relief committee.

EX-ATTORNEY GENERAL DEAD

Judge J. H. McLeary Dies in Military Hospital at Washington.

Washington.—Judge J. H. McLeary, formerly of San Antonio, Texas, but since the Spanish-American war associate justice of the supreme court of Porto Rico, died at a military hospital in this city.

Judge McLeary was born in Tennessee July 27, 1845, and moved to Texas in his youth. He served in the Confederate army; afterward practiced law in San Antonio; served in the state legislature and was elected attorney general of the state. He served in the Spanish-American war as major and judge advocate on the staff of Gen. Lawton, and at the close of the war was appointed an associate justice of the supreme court of Porto Rico by President McKinley.

Little Girl Killed by Gravel Slide.

Dallas, Texas.—Alice Smalley, aged 9, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Smalley, Oak Cliff, was killed in a gravel pit when a bank of sand and gravel 14 feet high fell on her, burying her five feet deep. Although her right temple was badly bruised a physician who was called said the death resulted from suffocation. Alice and her brother had been made very happy by a present of some white rabbits. A nice pen had been built for the pets, and they have gone to the gravel pit to get some gravel and sand to make the floor of the pen clean and dry.

BRYAN FOR NO MEXICAN WAR.

Declares: "I Pray God That He Help Me to Make It Unnecessary."

Lincoln, Neb.—In speaking Sunday on a semi-religious subject, William J. Bryan, secretary of state, stopped in the middle of a discussion foreign to the Mexican situation and exclaimed: "The peace movement—God speed it in its passage around the world. I pray God that he may help me to make it unnecessary that this government shall go to war with Mexico. I do not want men to die before guns for their country—I want them to live for their country."

Other than this fervid declaration the secretary of state did not touch on governmental affairs.

TROOPS DEPORT MOTHER JONES

Trinidad, Colo.—Acting under orders from Adj. Gen. John Chase Sunday, a detail of the state militia met "Mother" Mary Jones on her arrival here from El Paso, ordered her to return aboard a train and accompanied her as far as Walsenburg, the limit of the military zone.

The military authorities had learned that she intended to stop at Trinidad to exhort the strikers, and deeming her presence undesirable in the city, Gen. Chase ordered her deported. Should she return, he said she will be arrested by the military authorities. The presence at the station here of more citizens than militiamen on the arrival of "Mother" Jones led to an early report that the soldiers' presence was to protect her from indignities.

Sir Lionel Carden Will Leave Mexico

London.—Officials of the foreign office will not discuss the transfer of Sir Lionel Carden, British minister to Mexico, to a like post in Brazil, and were considerably surprised to discover that the intentions of the government had leaked out. It generally is understood the government takes much the same view as the public, that the minister has not been entirely discreet in handling the situation in Mexico, although the government does not believe he had done anything to justify severe criticism.

Schriber Corn is a Substitute.

Washington, D. C.—A sorghum designed as "Schriber corn" has been extensively advertised in Oklahoma during the past summer and fall. Numerous inquiries have been addressed to the United States department of agriculture regarding it. According to those promoting this crop it was produced by crossing two or three strains of sorghum secured in Southern Europe and Northern India. Samples of this sorghum on exhibit at the International Dry Land congress, Tulsa, Okla., last October, as well as head samples submitted to the department of agriculture at different times, were indistinguishable from feterrita, a sorghum secured by the department from Khartoum, Sudan, in 1906, and now distributed quite widely over Oklahoma, Kansas and Texas. Feterrita is very different from any other known sorghum and there is no reason to believe that Schriber corn differs from it in any way. Seed of feterrita can be purchased at reasonable rates and there is no need for farmers to pay a fancy price for it under another name.

Federals at Ojinaga Are Bottled Up.

Presidio, Texas.—The Northern division of the Mexican Federal army at Ojinaga, Mex., with its 11 generals, other officers and about 4,000 soldiers, after a merciless three days' attack by Gen. Ortega's 6,000 Carrancistas, Thursday night appeared ready to flee in disorder across the river into the United States. Major McNamee, commanding the border patrol, so advised the United States army officials.

"PALS"

GOOD DIGESTION AND GOOD HEALTH

Are you really "acquainted" with them?

Are you in "daily" touch with a keen appetite?

Do you know the pleasure of eating without distress?

Is your liver active and the bowels regular?

If you cannot truly answer "Yes,"—you should try

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

IT WILL HELP YOU BACK TO HEALTH. START TODAY

SPELLING STUCK THE JURY

Point of Information They Wanted Involved No Great Legal Knowledge, if Judge Had It.

Here is one that was told at a tea given by Miss Geraldine Farrar, the singer, when one of the party referred to the judiciary and the peculiar cases that frequently come before the courts:

"Some time ago there was a homicide case in a western court in which there was considerable doubt as to the guilt of the accused. The trial judge seemed to share the popular belief:

"Gentlemen of the jury," said he, in concluding his charge, "if the evidence, in your minds, shows that pneumonia was the cause of the man's death, you cannot convict the prisoner."

"Whereat the jury retired and in about ten minutes the constable returned and presented himself before the judge.

"Your honor," he remarked, "the gentlemen of the jury want some information."

"On what point of evidence?" asked the judge.

"None, judge," was the rejoinder of the constable. "They want to know how to spell 'pneumonia.'"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

How He Made It Out.

Mrs. Jones and Johnny had only a few minutes ago boarded the train when the conductor called for "tickets." Mrs. Jones immediately produced hers.

"How old is your boy, madam?" Quick as a flash Johnny was down between the seats on his head and the mother replied, "Six years old." As this procedure was not understood, and as Johnny looked too large for six years, the conductor said, "I did not understand you, madam." Johnny grinned and spoke out proudly, "Don't you know that nine turned upside down is six?"

Just an Accident.

Bill—Was he ever in a railroad accident?
Jill—Yes, but he came out all right.
"What was it?"
"He proposed marriage to a girl on a train and she refused him."

SKIN CLEARED.

By Simple Change in Food.

It has been said by a physician that most diseases are the result of indigestion.

There's undoubtedly much truth in the statement, even to the cause of many unsightly eruptions, which many suppose can be removed by applying some remedy on the outside.

By changing her food a Kan. girl was relieved of an eczema which was a great annoyance to her. She writes: "For five months I was suffering with an eruption on my face and hands which our doctor called eczema and which caused me a great deal of inconvenience. The suffering was almost unbearable.

The medicine I took only gave me temporary relief. One day I happened to read somewhere that eczema was caused by indigestion. Then I read that many persons had been relieved of indigestion by eating Grape-Nuts.

"I decided to try it. I liked the taste of the food and was particularly pleased to notice that my digestion was improving and that the eruption was disappearing as if by magic. I had at last found, in this great food, something that reached my trouble.

"When I find a victim of this affliction I remember my own former suffering and advise a trial of Grape-Nuts food instead of medicines." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

One of the Many.

Briggs—Rogers claims to be an agnostic, doesn't he?
Griggs—Only as to religion; as to everything else he knows it all.

Calumet the Secret of Economy

The high cost of living nowadays, and the way prices are steadily climbing skywards, is making economy in the kitchen even more important than it was in the good old days of our thirty ancestors. But how to achieve economy? There's the rub!

In many lines, it depends almost entirely on the housewife's knowledge of foods and on her watchfulness—but fortunately, in one line, baking, economy can be made almost automatic by the use of the famous Calumet Baking Powder.

Economy in baking, as every good cook knows, depends not so much on economy in buying the materials used as for the success of her bakings. Failures mean waste—bigger losses by far than the savings she makes in buying. And the fact that Calumet absolutely prevents failures and makes every baking successful has made it the favorite of every cook that wishes to be economical. In other words, Calumet is the secret of economy in baking.

It is the purest, too—attested by hundreds of leading physicians—and as for its general quality, it is enough to say that Calumet has received the highest awards at two World's Pure Food Expositions—one in Chicago, Ill., and the other in Paris, France, in March, 1912. Adv.

Newfoundland has for several years steadily increased its agricultural production.

Rheumatism Is Torture

Many pains that pass as rheumatism are due to weak kidneys—to the failure of the kidneys to drive off uric acid thoroughly.

When you suffer achy, bad joints, backache, too, dizziness and some urinary disturbances, get Doan's Kidney Pills, the remedy that is recommended by over 150,000 people in many different lands to drive out the uric acid which is the cause of backache, rheumatism and lumbago.

Here's proof. A SOUTH DAKOTA CASE

W. R. Smart, Belle Fourche, S. D., writes: "Rheumatism caused me terrible suffering. I had to give up work. I had to be lifted around and was perfectly helpless. Doan's Kidney Pills acted like magic in driving away the rheumatism. It soon left me entirely and I haven't had an attack since."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

35 BUSHELS PER ACRE was the yield of WHEAT

160 Acres
WESTERN CANADA FREE

On many farms in Western Canada in 1912, some yields being reported as high as 50 bushels per acre. In fact, 100 bushels were recorded in some districts for oats, and 50 bushels for barley and from 10 to 20 bushels for flax. J. Keys arrived in Canada 2 years ago from Denmark with very little means. He homesteaded, worked hard and now the owner of 200 acres of land, in 1913 had a crop of 200 acres, which will realize him about \$4,000. His wheat weighed 55 lbs. to the bushel and averaged over 35 bushels to the acre.

Thousands of similar instances might be related of the homesteaders in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

The crop of 1913 was an abundant one everywhere in Western Canada.

Ask for descriptive literature and reduced railway rates. Apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or G. A. COOK, 125 W. 4th STREET, KANSAS CITY, MO.

Canadian Government Agent

SUDAN GRASS—Chief hay producer. Seed and information from F. E. Whinnock, Lubbock, Texas.

PISO'S REMEDY

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

Miami Country Enjoys Plenty

(Amarillo Daily News has the following to say about Miami.)

(By G. R. CALDWELL)
(Continued from front page)
and the popular Home Bakery and Restaurant—the bakery being of modern equipment.

MERCANTILE EXPANSION
Miami now draws trade and traffic from about a 15-mile surrounding and is yearly expanding her mercantile radius. Her business buildings are chiefly brick or stone and are alike extensive and expensive.

The commodious Locke garage and the five thousand dollar residence bungalow of District Attorney Ewing are late city building additions, while several new handsome residences are now in arrangement process.

ALMOST PHENOMENAL WHEAT PROMISE

In present promise this year's Miami region wheat harvest almost approaches the phenomenal. J. W. Philpott—prominent elevator and general grain man estimates that twenty-five thousand acres of luxuriantly growing winter wheat are now immediately tributary to Miami. Year before last eighteen thousand acres of Miami region winter wheat produced four hundred and fifty thousand bushels or an average of 25 bushels per acre. The present crop conditions are more favorable than were those of the same period for the great harvest of year before last while the wheat area is increased by seven thousand acres—facts which if reinforced by anything like a favorable spring early summer will give the Miami region this year of possibilities not bounded by even a round million of bushels. The wheat sowing for this season's harvest comprises the Turkey Red and the Russian Karakoff—both of these varieties being already tested and proven as prolific local producers.

Practically all the now growing wheat is being used for stock pasturing which, in itself, will amply refund all seed and sowing expenses.

THE CHIEF'S OPINION

The Miami Chief—Miami's alike able and conservative newspaper—speaks as follows:
"Our wheat prospect could not be brighter—the grain promising from 40 to 50 bushels per acre. Pasturing of the wheat fields will pay for the seed."

In addition to its wheat, the Miami region this year will have heavy row foodstuff and oat acreage.

Peanut culture is annually increasing—one farmer having last year 250 acres. This product is chiefly used for hog fattening, bringing, however, in the open market \$1.75 per bushel.

The furniture for the superb new courthouse cost four thousand dollars—over two thousand of which was for the magnificent apportioned district court chamber.

The additional necessary equipment for Miami high school state university affiliated is now in purchase process. These public schools have an enrollment of over 300.

CIVIC UTILITIES

Miami has lately completed a half mile of new sidewalks, while this year's possibilities include water, sewerage, electric light and ice plants.

ADDITIONAL GOOD THINGS

In addition to her many other good things Miami has now two telephone systems, handsomely appointed new postoffice quarters, and the excellent weekly Miami Chief—Editor Waggoner being at once a personal hustler and public helper.

BIG POULTRY BUSINESS

The city has the McCracken and Seiber and the J. C. Studer poultry houses, which have ship-

ped since October an aggregate of over four thousand dollars worth of poultry, turkeys being purchased from farmers by the wagon loads.

Miami is to develop into one of the biggest of Panhandle poultry shippers, as the railroad handles the product of the Mobeetic, end Wheeler country, as well as of the Miami region proper.

The Miami Telephone Co., under the able and energetic management of T. R. Saxon, has now 130 phones and is steadily spreading its alike rural and urban radius.

The long well deserved erection at Miami of a modern passenger depot by the Santa Fe railroad is still in abeyance.

The receipts of the Miami post-office last year was over three thousand dollars. A rural route is now in materialization process.

CITATION BY PUBLICATION THE STATE OF TEXAS,

To the Sheriff or any Constable of Roberts County—GREETING:

You are hereby commanded that you summon by making publication of this Citation in some Newspaper published in the County of Roberts if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in any newspaper published in the thirty-first judicial district, but if there be no newspaper published in said judicial district, then in a newspaper published in the nearest district to said thirty-first judicial district for four weeks previous to the return day hereof, William C. Wells, whose residence is unknown, to be and appear before the Hon. District Court, at the next regular term thereof to be holden in the County of Roberts at the Court House thereof, in Miami, Roberts County, Texas, on the ninth day of February A. D. One thousand nine hundred and fourteen then and there to answer a petition filed in said court, on the third day of January A. D. 1914, in a suit numbered on the docket of said Court No. 478, wherein The Bank of Minden, of the city of Minden, State of Louisiana, a corporation is plaintiff and William C. Wells and W. E. Bass are defendants. The nature of the plaintiff's demands being as follows, to wit: That on Feb. 2, 1912, the Minden Fruit and Truck Co., Ltd., by deed of that date conveyed to William C. Wells section 64, Block B1, certificate 15-3139, H & G. N. Ry Co. Grantee, located in Roberts County, Texas, in consideration among other things of one promissory note for \$3550.00, of even date with said deed, due February 2, 1913, with 8 per cent interest from date until maturity, 10 per cent interest after maturity, providing for 10 per cent attorney fees if placed in the hands of an attorney for collection; said note executed, endorsed and delivered by William C. Wells, payable to "Myself"; and which said note was transferred to plaintiff by regular order of transfer in due course and that it is now the legal and equitable owner and holder of said note. That said note was given for part of the purchase money of said land and a vendor's lien was retained in said deed above mentioned to secure the payment of same. That said W. E. Bass is claiming some interest in said land but plaintiff has no knowledge of the extent of said interest. That said note is long past due and is unpaid, both principal and interest, and defendants though often requested have refused to pay same and said note remains unpaid. Said note being payable at Bank of Minden, Minden, La. Said note endorsed on back: "W. C. Wells" "William C. Wells." Wherefore plaintiff prays for its debt, interest, attorney fee, cost of suit, and foreclosure of its lien on said land, that the same being sold according to law, and that purchaser thereof be placed in possession within 30 days after sale.

HEREIN FAIL NOT, And have you before said court, on the said first day of the next term thereof, this writ, with your endorsement thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Given under my hand and seal of said court, at office in Miami, Texas, this, the thirtieth day of January A. D. 1914.

J. K. McKenzie
L. S.
Clerk District Court Roberts County Texas. By Myrtle Swartzon Deputy.

Dr. and Mrs. Kelley returned last night and reported that Mrs. Jones stood the operation fine and they thought she would be well in due course of time.

Dr. Gunn also returned and reported that the operation had been performed on Miss Turner and that she was resting well.

Rev. P. G. Hoffman of Panhandle is here today shaking hands with old friends. Rev. Hoffman took the opportunity to compliment the Chief very highly under the new management.

Mrs. Kuhn came in from her visit this week.

Ray Morrison has a little son that has been quite sick this week.

Jim Fryer of Canadian was here Monday visiting at the Dave Lard home.

Mrs. Will Carter came in Friday from Amarillo where she has been for an operation for appendicitis.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Talley of Pampa were here Monday and Tuesday of this week visiting their son Harley.

Newt and Clarence Locke and Geo. Lard went to McLean and Absecon Sunday to deliver Ford cars.

Eight chapters of a new serial story appears in this issue of the Chief. "The Marshall" is a good story, begin this week and get the full story. Two full pages this week, pages three and six.

Mrs. W. R. Ewing and five of her piano pupils have purchased tickets to the Paderewski performance in Wichita Feb. 2. This with Mrs. Rees and some her pupils will make quite a nice representation for Miami.

A case attracting some attention in the County court this week was that of I. A. McNeil vs. S. K. Ry. Co. of Texas for damages on account of personal injury to the defendants wife in June. Damages asked for were \$975, but the defendant made a non-suit of the case.

MISSIONARY NOTES

The Missionary Society of the M. E. Church met Wednesday 14th in the home of Mrs. B. F. Jackson. Quite a number were present and a very interesting lesson on the 4th chapter of Luke was discussed. The Social service will be held at the home of Mrs. Locke Wednesday 28 Mesdames Locke and Newman as hostesses. Press Reporter.

POSTOFFICE NOTICE

The Postoffice will be open on Sundays from 7:30 to 8:30 a. m. only.

Do your money Order, registry and parcel post business before 5 p. m.

Mail your letters before 6 p. m. to insure them going out that day.

Yours Respectfully,
Ad pd. J. W. Whatley P. M.

LOST

A mud chain for automobile between town and C. F. Monson's, under please return to Dr. M. L. Gunn.

D. W. Wright of Canadian is in town today.

W. W. Haseloff of Amarillo is in town today.

Mrs. M. Sauls is on the sick list this week.

S. D. Park of Mobeetic went to Pampa yesterday.

M. Sauls is adding a new porch and room to his dwelling.

Sheriff Tipp of Canadian came down this morning and returned on the noon train.

Mr. and Mrs. Lute Seiber and daughter are in Amarillo this week having some dental work done.

C. M. Hockett left this morning for Inola, Okla. Where he will work in the oil field for a while.

Carl Brooks has been in the city this week.

A. J. Rogers was in the city Monday.

Bob Gilman, L. G. Dana and Zeke Simpson came in this week.

Grand Pa Davis is able to be out a little now.

Mrs. Ivy Pursley spent last week in Miami with her son Doc.

Ben Lord of Pampa was in the city Friday on business.

Misses Mary and Lurean Nelson came in last week from an extended visit in South Texas.

Gilbert Atlee Eldridge will lecture here Jan. 24, filling the fourth number of the Lyceum course.

By Williams left Tuesday for Temple where he will be operated on for appendicitis.

The Chief office turned out a large number of bills this week for J. R. Webster's sale.

W. E. STOCKER
Rockvale, Domino and Niggerhead coal in all SIZES. POST, COTTON SEED CAKE AND MEAL. LUMP And crushed Rock Salt
NEW AND USED SACKS

FOR SALE
FINE MALTESE JACK, 4 yrs old, about 15 1-2 hands high, eligible to registration. Well known in Miami and can be seen at Miami Wagon Yard.
80 x 150 feet land opposite N. W. corner Public School building, fine level corner lot east front.
Also have pair good work mules about ten years old for sale cheap.
M. FRANKLESS REID, Miami, Texas.

For warmth and comfort you'll need **HEAVY CLOTHES**—if you buy from us you'll have the satisfaction of having style as well; at prices no higher than if you bought left-over goods.



WINTER

S. C. Osborne & Co.

J. F. Johnston left Tuesday for Yokham County on a business trip.

Mr. Erwin of Canadian was in the city this week.

W. H. Elliott made a business trip to Hereford this week.

Atty. J. C. Dail made the round trip to Canadian Friday.

J. T. Hood left yesterday for Midland where he has a position and will remain until spring.

W. D. Stockstill shipped two cars of hogs to Ft. Worth markets Saturday evening. T. R. Saxon went with them.

And to be sure Dave Lard has the mumps. Mr. Lard has been escaping them for some time but his time came at last.

Dr. A. Cole and W. D. Lee of Mobeetic came over yesterday in the Doctors car. The Doctor is on his way to Arkansas on a professional call.

H. C. Brown had his repair shop hauled to Mobeetic Tuesday and will go over immediately to open up his shop. The family will remain here for a time.

Fayette Yokely of Canadian is on the ranch seeing after the cattle while Clyde Cash is at home having the mumps.

Word received from W. S. Martin states that his wife is improving some and that if no unexpected turn comes she will soon be able to be up.

Strong Bros. of Kansas have been here this week prospecting with H. F. Simmons. They seem well pleased with the country and will probably locate here.

R. R. Hammond of Chicago was here first of the week visiting his brother and looking after his interest in the ranch.

GOOD BREEDING IMPORTANT

Live Stock Industry of Texas Built Up by Improved Blood.

The Fat Stock Show at Fort Worth, November 22-28, is one of the most potential agencies that is working for the upbuilding of the Texas livestock industry. It points out the pathway of progress to feeders and breeders and presents living lessons of profits and actual demonstrations of the advantages of higher types in classes and breeds. The scarcity of the world's meat supply has brought the livestock industry into the limelight and the necessity for increasing the herds and improving the grades is one of the most important economic problems of the day.

The Texas steer of a quarter of a century ago, compared with the present thoroughbred, presents the most convincing argument in favor of good breeding the world possesses. From wild, dangerous and worthless beasts of the plains, they have become cultured, docile and profitable. These dumb brutes have so completely mastered the science of breeding that they have remodeled their shape, reformed their habits and rebuilt their character. Each generation has contributed toward the uplift of the breed, until today the cattle have more purple blood in their veins than any other family of the animal kingdom.

They can teach the human race many lessons in the science of improved lineage. By carefully conforming to the laws of nature, they have bred out deformities of flesh and blood. Their blood, which once made weak and scrubby stock, now produces rich and powerful thoroughbreds. Each breed is known by the color it keeps, by its distinct type and purpose in life.

This work has been accomplished largely through the instrumentality of the National Feeders' and Breeders' Show, which holds its Eighteenth annual meeting at Fort Worth on November 22-28, and new models and higher standards will be taught at the coming convention. During this time each annual meeting has gauged and registered the advancement of the livestock industry of Texas and it is here the leaders of all classes and breeds assemble to report progress to the management. Each year has been one of glorious triumph but, none will eclipse the present aggregation of thoroughbreds.

THE TEXAS STEER

A Record of Progress Made by the Cattle Industry.

Like the Indian, the longhorn steer has been compelled to give way to civilization and he is now used principally in staging moving picture plays, as the star performer in wild west shows and posing before the camera for picture card souvenirs.

Our endless ranges have been cut up into innumerable small stock farms, the cattle barons have given way to farmers and quality has taken the place of quantity in the livestock industry of the state.

The market demands quality and the Texas steer has shown his ability to master the world's markets and his products fill the nation's larder.

Texas cattle have advanced more rapidly in value than those of any other state in the Union during the past twenty years. The federal census reports show that we had 8,011,195 head in 1890 valued at \$75,327,582 or \$9.40 per head, and in 1910 we had 7,139,400 head valued at \$128,957,404 or a value of \$19.46 each. We show a decrease of 871,795 in number and an increase in value of \$10.06 per head. On January 1st, 1913, we had 12,327,000 head of livestock in the state classifying as follows: Cattle 6,056,000, horses 1,181,000, mules 724,000, hogs 2,493,000, sheep and goats 2,073,000. We have four head of livestock per capita. We have more cattle than any other state in the Union and take first rank in the number of mules. The value of our livestock production per annum approximates \$148,000,000 and the value of meat consumed \$130,000,000, leaving a net deficit of \$20,000,000. The principal loss is on hogs. We consume \$24,000,000 more of pork than we produce, and in leather we suffer a loss of \$17,000,000, although we show a gain of \$28,000,000 in cattle.

The cowboy has been pushed back across the plains. Royal blood has entered the veins of the Texas steer and a marvelous transformation has taken place in the cattle industry of the state. We now have the best grade of cattle in the world and select stock from our farms and ranches will be on exhibition at the Fat Stock Show in Fort Worth, November 22-28.

The MARSHAL

by MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS
ILLUSTRATIONS by ELLSWORTH YOUNG

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SYNOPSIS.

Francois Beaupre, a peasant lute of three years, after an amusing incident in which Marshal Ney figures, is made a Chevalier of France by the Emperor Napoleon, in the home of the lad's parents in the village of Vieques, France, where the emperor had briefly stopped to hold a council of war. Napoleon prophesied that the boy might one day be a marshal of France under another Bonaparte. At the age of ten Francois meets a stranger who is astonished when the boy tells him of his ambition. Francois visits General Baron Gaspard Gourgaud, who with Alixe, his seven-year-old daughter, lives at the chateau. A soldier of the Empire under Napoleon, he fires the boy's imagination with stories of his campaigns.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

"Tiens! We will play again for another bottle," he announced with a bit of swagger. He was conscious of a right to spend silver in treating his friends, with that fat purse in his pocket.

"No," spoke the stranger—Duplessis, he had said his name was. "No. I have drunk enough. However, if you feel desirous at taking the small sum of money at my hands—it is a good game—La rams—let us play for the franc which the bottle would cost. Eh bien?"

Again they played, this time doubling the amount, and again Francois gained, and again and again, till he felt ashamed in carrying away all this money of a new acquaintance, and at the same time a cock-sureness that so lucky a devil as Beaupre might well lose a little and stop at the right amount. The excitement of cards and excitement of wine met in a heady mixture; Duplessis drank little, though Francois urged it on him. The luck began to change; now and then the stranger won, now and then Beaupre, yet more often now the stranger, till at length Francois was playing not with the desire to lose, but with a hope to gain back something at least of the considerable sum which he had lost. Before this he had gone into his pocket and brought out that honorable nine hundred francs, and had thrown one louis d'or after another on the black table, and lost one after another. Yet his confidence was still strong—luck would turn—this was his lucky day. And now he would not regret carrying away the stranger's money. He began to feel a fierce eagerness to get the better of this antagonist became so formidable. And a horrible nervousness was creeping over him at the dim vision of a thought—a thought kept resolutely on the confines of his consciousness, yet persistently pushing forward—the thought that it might be that he could not win the money back.

"Double!" he shouted promptly as he lost again.

And he lost again. The nine hundred francs were gone; he gave a note now, on his stock, and again he lost. A deathly sickening sensation had gripped him and was holding him.

In silence, with a crowd of silent men, who in some way had come to know what was happening, standing about them, the two played the last round. And Francois lost.

In silence he signed the note which gave to the stranger his house and furniture and land, all that he had in the world.

CHAPTER VI.

Work and Hope.

The next day a sheriff and his clerk came and fixed red seals to the house and to everything in it which locked, and Claire watched in a deep quiet, the baby in her arms.

Something had been said already of



The Nine Hundred Francs Were Gone.

sending the children to this or that uncle or aunt—there would in a short time be no home and no living for them until the broken father could gather himself and begin again. Little Francois resolved that he would not go. He would stay with his father and prove that eleven was not too young to make money. As he stood watching the sheriff who moved gloomily about his unwelcome duty he was aware of a horse's hoofs beating down the road, and he turned. In the midst of his grief it was interesting to see the Baron-General Gourgaud coming on his bay mare Lesitte. The general drew up beside him and looked at him sternly.

"Where is your father?" he shot at him, and threw a leg over and vaulted off and flung the mare's reins to the lad, and swung into the great entry and through the open door into the cottage.

Francois, though broken-hearted, was but eleven, and it was a proud thing to hold the seigneur's horse and pleasant to see the spirited beast paw the earth as he held her. He was so entranced with this occupation that he forgot his bruised life and his lost career entirely. For fifteen minutes he forgot, and the other children gathered around him, and he ordered them away from the horse and felt himself its guardian and an important person, with complete satisfaction.

And at that, out of the house came the seigneur, big and black-browed and solid of tread, and with him that broken-hearted father whose face recalled all the tragedy.

"Francois," his father spoke, more gently than ever he had spoken before. "I have taken your future from you, my son. The seigneur wishes to give it back. He wishes to make you his child. Your mother consents—and I—I consent." His father's arm was about his neck. The general's abrupt voice took up the statement.

"Will you come and live with me in the chateau, Monsieur the Marshal?" he demanded roughly, kindly. "I will treat you as a son—you shall learn to ride a horse and shoot a gun and be a soldier. You shall fit yourself for the part which we know must be played one day. Will you come?"

For a moment it seemed to Francois that heaven had opened and a miracle of joy come down; then it flashed to his mind that this dazzling gift had a price. With a whole soul Francois cast away the brilliant dream and hardly felt an effort.

"I thank you a thousand times, my seigneur," he answered with decision. "I cannot go with you. I must stay and work for my father and my mother."

There was silence for a minute in the sunshiny garden; the children had wandered away; the men did not speak; one heard only the more Lisette whom Francois held, who stamped her light forefoot and whinnied impatiently. Then the general's grave voice sounded, more gravely than ever.

"Francois, you own a fine lad," he threw at the drooping peasant. "I would like to have him for mine. Since I cannot, I shall try at least to be his friend. Monsieur the Marshal, it must be as you say. But come to see me at the chateau soon. I shall have things to talk over with you."

On a morning Francois was busy at the new garden, digging beds for the plants which the neighbors had eagerly given them, and which, put in the ground now, in the autumn, would rise above them in brightness next spring.

Into this contentment came, galloping gloriously, hoof beats of a horse. The busy spade, several sizes too big, stopped, and Francois leaned his chin on the handle, the boy out of drawing for the tool. The general stopped, which was a heavenly surprise to Francois each time that it happened.

"Good morning, marshal. Will you ask your mother if I may speak to her?"

"Mother, mother, the seigneur wishes you," Francois whispered piercingly, but Claire was already on the little front walk by the new garden.

In a moment she stood at the gate in her fresh calico dress, with a white fichu over her head, and the big man towered and growled sentences friendly. Then the general trotted with jingling stirrup down the village street and Claire stood with eyes following for a moment.

"What did the seigneur say, my mother?" Francois demanded. "Did he say I might come to the chateau tomorrow? May I? Am I to know what the general said, my mother?"

After his father came home to dinner he knew. He was to go each morning to the chateau and do work in copying for the general. The general was writing a book, nothing less than a history of Napoleon himself. The boy's great dreamy eyes glowed.

So the little lad, in his clean, patched, peasant clothes, went up to the chateau the next morning serious and important, and was given a table and a corner in the library and words to copy which thrilled his soul.

Often the general talked to him. "Eh bien, there, the marshal!" would come thundering from the great table across the room; and the scribe would drop his pen and scuttle over the dim wide place.

"Yes, Monsieur the Seigneur. I am here."

"Listen then, my soldier. I am uncertain if this that I have written is of importance. It is interesting to me, because Gaspard Gourgaud was there, yet I do not wish to ram Gaspard Gourgaud down a reader's throat."

detailed accounts of early service in both; it was exact, accurate. For five minutes the general read this; then his black eyebrows lifted and he glared over the paper.

"You find it interesting?" he demanded.

Francois, lips compressed, shook his head firmly. "No, my Seigneur. Not at all."

"I agree with you," the general said, and sorted the papers over and laid some away. Selecting a sheet or two, he began to read again.

"Over the frozen roads the worn army still trudged; every form of misery trudged with them. Hunger was there, and cold, and suffering of wounds, and suffering of lack of clothing; more than this, there was the constant dread of attack from flying bands of Cossacks. From time to time frightful explosions made one turn one's head—it was the caissons exploded by order of the Emperor that they might no longer encumber us. The snow fell. The Emperor marched on foot with us. Staff in hand, wrapped in a large loose cloak, a furred Russian cap on his head, he walked in



The Little Figure Had Sprung Up, and Stood, Threatening.

the midst of his household, encouraging with a word, with a smile, every one who came near him.

"There were many adventures which showed the souls of men shining through the nightmare of this horrible time. Many noble deeds were done, many heartbreaking ones. One which was both happening to me. There was an Italian officer in the corps under Prince Eugene, who had been my comrade when I was on the staff of Lannes; his name was Zappi—the Marquis Zappi. On the day after the dreadful passing of the Beresina River, I suddenly felt my strength go—I could walk no longer. A sick loathing seized me, and I groaned and dragged my heavy feet forward, to stay with my friends even a few steps more. And with that an arm was around me suddenly, and I heard Zappi's quiet voice.

"Keep up your courage, comrade; we are going to see our homes yet," he said. "I shall take care of you. Look—and I looked, and he had a sledge with fur robes on it. I never knew where he got it—from some deserted Russian house, I suppose. He put me on the sledge and wrapped me in the furs and gave me brandy from his flask. For Zappi had done a clever thing. He had made a bargain with some Jesuits near Polotsk, where he had camped for a while, that his men should cut and beat the wheat necessary on condition that he should have a part of the brandy for them. He had kept some of his share yet, and it saved my life that day, the brandy of the monks of Polotsk."

"There was a thick fog several days later, and out of it, and out of the wood we must pass, rushed with wild cries a cloud of mounted Cossacks across the road within twenty paces of the Emperor himself. But General Rapp dashed forward at the head of two mounted squadrons of chasseurs and grenadiers of the guard who always followed the Emperor, and the Cossacks were put to flight. I was in charge; I was serving temporarily in the place of one of Rapp's officers, because, on account of my late weakness, it was thought well that I should be on horseback. So it happened that, as the skirmish finished, I saw coming toward me a figure in a furred coat and cap, brandishing a Cossack lance—rushing toward the Emperor. I dashed down on the mad Cossack, as I thought him, and passed my great saber through his body. And the man fell, and as he fell the fur cap went off and he groaned and looked up at me with dying eyes—it was Zappi."

"Ah!" the little figure had sprung up and stood, fists clenched, threatening. One would have thought it was this second that the general had sabbred Zappi.

"May I live a moment?" the general inquired. "Till I explain. Zappi did not die."

"Ah!" again. And Francois sank relieved on the stool, yet with stern eyes still on the general's face. The general laid the papers aside.

"Not he. He had seized the lance from a Russian whom he had killed—it was most imprudent, especially in the dress he wore, which did not show the French uniform underneath. It was my turn then to play nurse. He was placed in one of the carriages of the Emperor, and I cared for him as my own brother, and he came through it all, and went back to Italy, to his home."

The general's deep-set eyes were gazing now above Francois' head out through the narrow window where the boy's table stood, across the mountain slope, to the blue distance.

"Alessandro, my friend," he spoke in his gruff tones, yet softly, "shall we see each other again? So close through that black time, so far apart now in the peace of our homes! Those warm hands which cared for me when I was freezing and dying in Russia—I shall touch them perhaps never again, never again!"

CHAPTER VII.

The Crown of Friendship.

In the claw-footed, carved, old mahogany desk of a Virginia house, in a drawer where are packets of yellowed letters tied up and labeled, is a letter written years later, referring to that earlier time in France. Perhaps this bit of the chronicle of Francois Beaupre could not be told so vividly as in these words of Francois written from his prison. He begins with the account of an adventure, of a ride for life.

"So, dear Alixe," he finishes this—the detailed story of his capture—"down went the poor horse, and over his head I spun into the ditch with a bump on the skull which dazed me. And when I came to there were the heavy Austrians around me, gazing to see the Prince. And only Francois Beaupre to see, which they found out pretty promptly, as I have told you before, and also how I defied them."

"In a great danger they say one's mind works with smoothness and at leisure. It was so during that ride, for I followed out as I dashed along, hearing the shouts of the men back of me, the whole train of circumstances from one of those mornings with Coq in the park, to this adventure of life and death. It was the morning—you will know before I say it—when Jean Philippe Molson, in his lovely purple clothes, came mincing down the graveled drive, as if afraid of spoiling his good shoes—and I think he was—to the seigneur, who taught us to ride Coq. Do you remember how your father thundered at him?"

"A strange monsieur to see me? Impossible! I am engaged. Tell him I will not see him."

"And Jean Philippe smiling, for all of them understood the seigneur, and saying gently, 'Yes, my Seigneur,' turned away with the message. And your father shouted after him: 'Stop! Come back here! What do you mean by that? Bring the monsieur to me.' And the purple clothes disappeared and appeared again in a few minutes gleaming in the sun against the gray old walls—I can see it all now, Alixe—like a large violet blossom of a strange flower. And behind Jean Philippe was a tall man in a long traveling cloak, and behind him a tall little boy. And as they came the seigneur turned to go to meet them, and stopped and stared. And the monsieur in the cloak stopped and stared; and you, mounted on Coq,

fitting into our life and become dear to us, the big, beautiful, silent lad. And how then, because of the death of the marquis, Pietro had come under the charge of your father, the seigneur, and how he and I went away together to the military school, always more and more like brothers and—all the rest, I need not recite those things to you, yet I like to do it. My thoughts, in that wild dangerous moment, seemed to go in detail through all, from the morning that the Marquis Zappi arrived with his little son at the chateau, through the ten years of our life together, to my coming into Italy as his secretary—and from that, by a rapid step, to this castle prison."

The rest of the letter belongs to a later part of the story. That little Pietro Zappi should be led into the narrative by the hand of his closest friend was the object for which the letter was introduced, and that accomplished, the course of history bends back to the quiet Valley of Delesmontes and the children growing up under the shadows of the castle towers.

The general, sitting in his library the morning after the arrival chronicled in the quoted letter, stared at his old friend from under his heavy brows as if trying vigorously to convince himself of his presence. The marquis, an Italian of North Italy, tall and proud and quiet, had the air more of a student than of a soldier. A little the air, also, of an invalid, for he stooped and walked languidly, and a cough caught him at times. He was talking, on that morning in the library, while the general listened; it was not the usual order of things.

"So you see, Gaspard," the marquis went on in his quiet reticent way, "that I have believed in our old friendship. I have taken for granted a welcome for my boy—I could not have done it with another man. The voyage to America and my stay there will last, it may be a year. I have brought Pietro to leave him with you if you will have him."

"This old officer of Napoleon had, after all his battles and killings, the simplicity and the heart of his own little girl. But he cleared his throat hurriedly with a bravado of carelessness, and before the marquis could do more than smile at him wistfully, he went on:

"It is all settled; there was no need of a word; Pietro is my son till you claim him from me, and glad enough I am to get him for as long as I may. I have a lien on a very good manner of boy already, young Francois Beaupre, whom I wished to adopt, but the lad would not give up his parents. And that makes me more eager for another. They will play better together and work better together, and they will be a good brace of brothers for my Alixe."

"Your Alixe," the marquis spoke reflectively. "She is a charming person, that little woman of yours."

"Alessandro, shall I tell you what flashed into my head before you and Pietro had been here an hour?"

"I saw the children—your boy and my girl—together as if lifelong playmates over the big books in the window-seat there, and it came to me that it would be a joy to crown one's life if—later on—He stopped and gazed inquiringly at the calm blue eyes which met his.

"Yes," the marquis answered quietly. "It would be that—the crown of our friendship, if some day they might love each other."

CHAPTER VIII.

For Always.

Claire listened with serious calm eyes as her son told his story when he came home on the day of the new arrival at the castle.

him all the world was kindly, with different manners of kindness. The manner of the marquis was graver than other people's, perhaps—what then? The kindness was undoubtedly there below the gravity. And it was this monsieur who had saved the life of the seigneur; that, after all, was the whole matter. Francois wasted little time thinking of other people's feeling toward himself. He was much too busy with a joyful wonder of his own at the ever new goodness of his world. To the marquis, who hardly noticed him, he proceeded to constitute himself a shadow. At the first sign of a service to be done he was up and at it; always quicker, always more intelligent than the footman.

"You have thrown a charm over my boy, Francois, Alessandro," the general said, well pleased. And the marquis answered thoughtfully:

"It is a boy out of the common, I believe, Gaspard. At first I thought it a mistake that you should raise a child of his class to the place you have given him, but I see that you understand what you are about. He is worthy of a good fate."

The day came when, on the next morning, the Marquis Zappi was due to start on his long journey to America. Out on the lawn, in the shadow of the beech trees he sat and watched his son playing ball with little Alixe. Then he was aware of Francois standing before him. The boy held something in his closed hand, and with that he opened his fingers and stretched it to the marquis. The marquis looked inquiringly at the yellow metal.

"What is this?" he asked; he was

"Yes, Monsieur, the Marquis, Always," prepared now to be surprised by this boy about once in so often, so he simply suspended judgment at a thing unexpected.

"It is for you, Monsieur the Marquis," Francois smiled radiantly and continued to present the ten-franc piece. "It is my own; the seigneur gave it to me on my birthday, and my father said it was to be mine to do with as I chose. I choose to give it to you, Monsieur the Marquis. So that you may have plenty of money—I know well what it is not to have enough money."

The brown fist was outstretched, the gold piece glittering in it, and still the marquis stared speechless. Never in his life had any one presumed to offer him money. He looked up at the face of the little peasant; it shone with peace and good will; he put out his hand and took the gold piece and looked at it a long minute, and drew a leather case from his pocket and placed it within carefully, and put it away.

"Thank you, Francois," said the marquis. And then he considered again the shining little face. "Why have you done this, Francois?" he asked. "Why do you always—do so much for me?"

"That thing in Russia, for my seigneur. When you saved the life of my seigneur."

"Oh," said the marquis and stared down at the boy anxiously explaining. "I have been afraid that I could never show you how I thanked you for the life of my seigneur. But I will do more. I will be a friend of Pietro. He is six months younger than I; I can teach him how to take care and how to fight and how to take care of himself. And I will, because of that thing you did. Because, too, I think well of Pietro and besides because of your kindness to me."

"My kindness to you?"

"Yes, Monsieur the Marquis—because you have been so kind to me."

And the marquis, in the silence of his soul, was ashamed.

The next day he went. As they stood, gathered in the big carved doorway, he told them all goodby and lifted his boy and held him without a word. As he set him down he turned toward the carriage, but in a flash he turned back as if by a sudden inspiration, and laid a hand on little Francois' shoulder.

"You will remember that you promised to be a friend to Pietro, Francois?"

"Yes, Monsieur the Marquis, always," the child answered gravely.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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(TO BE CONTINUED)

The MARSHAL

By MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELLSWORTH YOUNG

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CHAPTER I.

The Prophecy.

Half a dozen high, little French voices floated shrilly out into the garden, on a sunshiny morning of 1829 from the great entry of an old farmhouse in the valley under the Jura mountains. The grandmother, sitting white-capped in the center of the hubbub, heard one more willingly than the others, for not only was Francois her best loved, but also the story he asked for was the story she liked to tell.

Smiling, the grandmother began: "You must know, my children, that it was on a day in the month of May, in the year 1813, that he came. You, Lucie, and you, Pierre, and Marie, were not born, only Francois and Tomas. Francois was the older—not quite three years old. The mother had gone to care for your Aunt Lucie, who was ill, and I kept the house for your father. It was the year of the great conscription, when the emperor took all the men to fight, not only the strong ones, but the boys, and the old and infirm, if they might but drag themselves at the tail of a regiment. So the few men who were not under the flag were sorely needed by their families, for it was necessary, if the women and children were not to starve, that some should stay to work in the fields. Your father was of the few who had escaped in our village of Viqueux.

"One morning a man appeared in the village and said that Napoleon would pass this way within a few hours.

"Outside I heard the neighbors calling the same two words—'Napoleon comes'—one called it to another. If the trumpet of the angel sounded the end of the world, they could not have had more fear. Then your father kissed me, and kneeled and held you, Francois, and Tomas, in his arms, and I saw tears, but he was brave—but yes, 'Courage, little mother,' he said, 'for me and for the babies. Courage.'

"And at that your father, who was my little lad once, you know, my dears, had gone, and I stood with an ache where my heart should have been, and for a moment I was stupid and could not think.

"As I stood so, like a blow there was a rush of galloping horses in a shower of noise down the street, and my heart stopped, for the horses drew up at this house. So that I was still in the middle of the floor when the door opened.

"It opened, that door there, and against the light I saw men crowding in the entry. They wore uniforms of bright colors, and swords hung at their sides, and on their heads were hats with trimmings of gold. Then I saw—'Napoleon.' With a step toward me he spoke in a kind voice, half smiling.

"Madame," he said, "will you let us use this room and this table for an hour? You shall not be disturbed in your work."

"I made my courtesy to these great gentlemen as I had been taught, and I found myself saying quite easily to his majesty the emperor, as easily as if I talked to Monsieur le Cure, to whom I was accustomed, that he was welcome; that I would serve him gladly if he wished to command me. And then I left them. I went into the kitchen and began to get dinner, but I was so dazed that I could not seem to make the soup as usual. When, suddenly, I heard a child cry, and with no thought then but of my babies, I flew to the door of the great room and stood looking, for I could not pass the sentinel.

"Among the officers in their uniforms there lay on the floor little Francois in his night-dress, and all the officers looked at him and laughed. The child, sleeping in the farther room, had waked at the voices, and had climbed down from his crib and toddled out to see. The glitter of the uniforms must have pleased him, and as they all bent over the papers on the table he had pulled at the sword of one whom I afterward knew to be the great Marshal Ney. He wore a dark coat all heavy with gold lace, my children, and white pantaloons and high shining black boots, and across his breast a scarlet ribbon. He sat next the emperor. The marshal, turning sharply at the tug, knocked the little one over. It was then Francois cried out.

"Napoleon himself who spoke as I peered under the sentinel's arm. He shook his finger at his officer.

"'Marshal, Marshal,' he cried, 'are you not too quick to overthrow so young a soldier, so full of love for arms?'

"The emperor seemed to joke, for he laughed a little, yet there was a sound in his voice as if some part was serious. He turned sharply to the mayor. 'What is the child's name?'

"The mayor was our friend and knew the babies. Francois Beaupre, sire," he answered tremblingly.

"The emperor gave a short nod. 'Make him kneel,' he said. 'Marshal, your sword.'

"It was still for a moment, and all the officers stood up silent, and then the emperor took the marshal's sword and struck the baby's shoulder a light blow with the flat of it.

"'Rise, Chevalier Francois Beaupre,' he said clearly, and in the pause he added, with a look in his eyes as if he gazed forward: 'Some day, perhaps, a marshal of France under another Bonaparte.'

CHAPTER II.

The Stranger.

On an afternoon in July in the year of 1829, Francois, being ten years old and a dreamer, came alone through the gate and sat down with his short legs dangling over an ancient wall, fifteen feet sheer down. He sat there, quite comfortable and secure, and kicked his heels, and thought of his brilliant future, and also of the story of the great dog and the treasure. The tradition ran that ages back, in the time of Caesar, fifty years after Christ, a Roman governor in this Gallic province had built a formidable castle on this hill outside the village. The castle had great granaries to hold the grain which the governor tortured from the peasants and sent to Rome to sell. So he grew rich, by oppression, and the gold wrung from the people he piled in cellars deep in his castle. When it came to be a great amount he sent far to the north and got a huge dog, and this dog he trained to a terrible ferocity, so that anyone coming near in the long underground corridors where he guarded the treasure was sure to be torn in pieces, except always the governor.

For years things went on in this way, the governor grinding the peasants, and the giant dog guarding him and his treasure, till at last there came a thunderbolt—the governor was sent for to come to Rome to give an account of the riches which he had kept from the emperor. He had to go, but he left the dog in charge, and the night after he was gone the peasantry gathered and set fire to the chateau and burned it to the ground, and the dog and the treasure were buried in it, and there they are to this day. The people of Viqueux believe that if a man will go to dig that treasure and will stay till midnight, that at twelve exactly a colossal dog will rise from the ruined stones and come, breathing flames; in his mouth will be the key of the treasure-vault, and back of him will stand the ghost of the Roman governor wrapped in white, his face covered. And if the man will be bold enough to take the key from the flaming mouth, then dog and governor will vanish in a clap of thunder, and in front of the daring one will rise the door of the treasure-vault, and he may turn the key and go in and help himself.

Francois considered, and, feeling no fear in his soul, decided that he was the man destined to take the key out of the dog's mouth and get the treasure, which he would at once transfer intact to his mother. He had no need for treasure; there were things more important. It was for him to become a marshal of France. Napoleon had said so; it must be so; but he should like, on the way to this goal, to face the dog and take the key and give his mother the treasure.

In the gaiety of the thought, and feeling both ambitious all but accomplished by this decision, he lifted himself on the palms of his hands and kicked out lightly over the abyss. As



"Rise, Chevalier Francois Beaupre!"

he kicked there was a sudden strong grip on his shoulder; he was jerked backward and rolled on the grass.

"Are you tired of life at this age, and then?" a strident voice demanded, and Francois lay on his back and regarded, wondering, at ease, the bronzed lined face of a big man standing over him.

"He has the vertigo! He is lost!" The dark blot clung against the gliding. Then suddenly it moved, began to make a slow way downward, and a long sigh, like a ripple on water, ran through the ranks of people. No one spoke; all the eyes watched the little figure slip down, down the unseen ladder in the air. At last it was at the bottom; it disappeared into the trapdoor. Every one began to talk volubly at once; a woman cried for joy, then a child spoke in a high voice.

"See," she said shrilly, "the mother of Francois goes to meet him!"

Le Claire was far down the street, gliding toward that church door

which was under the steeple. As she reached it the little lad came out, his face flushed, his eyes shining with excitement and triumph. She took his hand gently, hardly looking at him, and turned so, quietly, without a word of either joy or reproof, her face impassive. She had got her boy again from the dead, it seemed to Claire and those first moments were beyond words or embraces. To touch his warm hand was enough. The man on the bay horse, trotting slowly along, saw the meeting.

"It is a woman out of the common, that one," he spoke aloud. "She rules herself and the boy." And the boy looked up as he came and smiled and tugged at his cap with the hand which his mother did not hold.

"Good morning, m'sieur," he said with friendliness, and the rider stared. "Sacre bleu!" he flung back in his strong sudden voice. "It is my friend, the marshal. Was it you, then, glued up there? Yet another fashion to play with death, eh? Nom d'un chien! You have a star of good luck—you are saved for something great, it must be."

"M'sieur the Marshal," he flung at Francois. "Come and see me in the chateau."

There was a clatter of galloping hoofs; the bay mare and her rider were far down the street.

"Who is it, my mother—the fierce gentleman?" Francois asked.

"You are fortunate today, Francois," Claire answered him. "The good God has saved your life from a very great foolishness, and also I think you have made a friend. It is the new seigneur."

CHAPTER III.

Without Fear.

The glider was at work gliding the great ball on top of the church steeple. Every twenty years this had to be done, and it was an event in the village. Moreover, it was dangerous, and, like all dangers, fascinating.

The boys of Viqueux stood in groups in the street with their heads bent back, watching the tiny figure of a man that crept up an invisible ladder far in the air, lashed to the side of the steeple. Up and up it went, like a fly, crawling on the fleche, and there was a sinking feeling in each boy's stomach which was delightful, to think how at any moment that creeping black spot which was the glider might fall down, down, and be dashed to pieces.

Achille Dufour suggested, "Even Francois would not dare climb that ladder to the ball. Dare you?"

The great brown eyes of Francois turned about the group; the boys waited eagerly for his answer. It was always this one who led into the dangerous places; always this one who went a bit further when the others' courage failed.

"I dare," said Francois. Then the dark heads came together in an uneasy mass, and there was whispering.

At the dinner-hour that day several mothers of the village remarked that their small lads were restless, not intent as usual on the black bread and the soup of chopped vegetables and the green beans—all anxious to finish and get away. Only the mother of Francois, however, reasoned from this that mischief was brewing. When the slim, wiry, little figure slipped from the table and out through the open door, she rose and followed and stood in the great entry watching him race across the field toward the church. He veered but once in his straight path—to turn to the Pripoteaux cottage, where the glider lodged while in Viqueux.

"How soon will one be at work up there again?" he asked through the window of Auguste Pripoteaux sitting at his dinner, and the man answered good-naturedly:

"It may be in half an hour, my boy. Not sooner." And Francois raced on.

By this time a boy here and a boy there had stolen from their dinner tables and were gathering in groups down the street, but the elders paid no attention. Francois disappeared into the church; the boys began to grow breathless.

"It will take some minutes for the stairs," one said, and they waited. Two minutes, three, perhaps five; something rose out of the trap-door leading to the platform from which the steeple sprang—a figure, looking very small so far up above them. Instantly it attached itself, like a crawling fly, to the side of the steeple; it moved upward. Henri Dufour, below in the street, jumped as a hand gripped his arm. He looked up frightened at La Claire.

"Is that my Francois?" she demanded sternly, but the boy did not need to answer.

With that, by degrees people came from the cottages as at some mysterious warning and stood silent, afraid to breathe, watching the little figure creeping up, up the dizzy narrowing peak of the church steeple. A rider galloped down the road; seeing the groups, he pulled in his bay horse and his eyes followed the upward glance of the whole village.

"Who is it?" he flung at the nearest knot of peasants; his voice was abrupt and commanding.

The men pulled off their caps, and one answered respectfully: "It is little Francois Beaupre, my seigneur; it is a child who has no fear; he is almost at the top, but we dread it when he descends."

"Mon dieu!" the man on horseback growled. "If he looks down he is lost; the lad is a born hero or a born lunatic."

The crawling spot up there showed dark in the sunlight against the new gliding of the ball. It stopped; the blot was fixed for a second; another second. From the crowd rose gasps, and excited broken sentences.

"He has the vertigo! He is lost!" The dark blot clung against the gliding. Then suddenly it moved, began to make a slow way downward, and a long sigh, like a ripple on water, ran through the ranks of people. No one spoke; all the eyes watched the little figure slip down, down the unseen ladder in the air. At last it was at the bottom; it disappeared into the trapdoor. Every one began to talk volubly at once; a woman cried for joy, then a child spoke in a high voice.

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CHAPTER IV.

Coming to His Own.

Six years ago, before Waterloo, Napoleon had given the new chateau of Viqueux and its lands to general the Baron Gaspard Gourgaud, whom he had before then fashioned into a very good pattern of a soldier out of material left over from the old aristocracy. Viqueux lay in the Valley Delesmontes—"of the mountains"—a league from the little city Delesmontes, whose six thousand inhabitants constituted it the chief city of this valley of the Jura. Over Viqueux hung the mountain called Le Rose, behind Le Rose loomed that greater mountain called Le Rameux; back of Le Rameux rolled the Jura range.

The Baron-General Gourgaud, taking possession of the chateau in this month of July, thought it lucky he had not seen this domain of his before, else the vision would have turned his heart from his duty. After a full career almost in boyhood—for the Cross of the Legion of Honor had come to him at twenty-four—after service in the Spanish and Austrian campaigns and diplomatic missions; after saving the emperor's life at Moscow; after Waterloo, Napoleon had chosen him as one of three officers to go with him to St. Helena. The chateau and estate of Viqueux had been given to him by the emperor after that brave and lucky moment at Moscow when, the first man to enter the Kremlin, he had snatched the match from a mass of gunpowder which would a moment later have blown up both officers and emperor.

Ten years before he had married; four years after that his wife had died, and the daughter she left was now a girl of seven, a fair type of girl.

"You are perfect in every way but one, Alixe," he said, as he swung her high to kiss her. "You are—"

"I know," the little girl interrupted, comrade-like. "But I do not wish to be a boy, father. I would then grow to be a great fierce person with a mustache—like you. Imagine me, father, with a mustache," and the two laughed together.

"Father, father!" Alixe dashed into the library.

"There is a queer, little, village boy—but a good boy, father. He has brought you a bunch of lettuce—such white fat lettuce! Will you see him? He is a very good boy."

"Alixe, you are impayable," the general groaned. "I am your plaything! Yes, send for all the village—that will help me with my writing."

Alixe, ignoring sarcasm, had flown. In a minute she was back and led by the hand Francois.

"Ah!" the general greeted him sternly. "My friend, the marshal! You have already begun the attack on my chateau, it seems?"

"No, my seigneur," the boy answered gravely. "Not yet. I bring you some salad as a present. It is from my mother's garden. I chose the best."

"I thank you," said the general with seriousness. "I am not sure if your mother will thank you equally. It is a good present."

Francois was gratified. Le Claire had this morning sent him to the gardens with a wide margin of time, and the inspiration had come as he looked down the gleaming row of white lettuce that he would take a tribute and make the visit which the seigneur had asked him to make.

General Gourgaud brought down his

list on a table so that it rattled and Francois started—but not Alixe.

"Sabre de bois!" he threw at the two children. "You have ruined my morning between you. I meant to finish those cursed chapters this morning. But let them wait. Having the honor to receive a visit from an officer of high rank, the least I can do is to entertain him. What amusement do you prefer, M'sieur the Marshal? I am at your service."

It was natural to Francois to believe every one kindly; he accepted with simplicity, if with slight surprise, the general's speech.

"The seigneur has fought battles under the great emperor himself?" the boy asked in an awed tone.

"Yes," came the abrupt answer. "Think!" whispered the French boy. "To have fought under the emperor!" And the old soldier's heart thrilled suddenly. The child went on. "If the seigneur would tell me a story of one fight—of just one!"

"Ratisbon, Ratisbon!" clamored Alixe, and she scrambled over the arm of his chair to her father's knee and her hand went around his neck. "Tell about Ratisbon and the ditch and the ladders, father."

"Halt!" ordered the general. "I have not a week to talk. But I will tell about Ratisbon if you wish."

The deep voice stopped, then went on again. "The Austrians held Ratisbon and the bridge across the Danube river. The emperor wished to take the town and that bridge. Marshal Lannes was ordered to do it. You see, my children, the walls were very old but filled with Austrian artillery, and there was infantry on the parapets. An old ditch lay under the walls, a large ditch, dry, but twenty feet high and fifty feet wide. All the bottom of it was a vegetable garden. To take that town it was necessary to go down into that ditch and climb up again to the walls, and all the time one would be under fire from the Austrians on the walls—do you understand that, children? Very well. Twice the marshal asked for fifty volunteers to take the ladders and place them in the ditch. Twice one hundred men sprang forward, and it was necessary to choose the fifty. Twice they dashed out, carrying the ladders, from behind the great stone barn which had covered them, and each time the detail was wiped out—fifty men wiped out. It was like that, my children, the fight at Ratisbon."

"The emperor!" Francois breathed—"the emperor was there!"

Probably nothing, which had not to do with his daughter, could have touched General Gourgaud as did that tribute.

"Sapristi!" he growled. "The arm of the little corporal reaches a long way. The child has not even seen him, and voila, he loves him."

"The child's face flushed. 'But yes, my seigneur,' Francois spoke quickly. 'But yes, I have seen the emperor.' 'You have seen Napoleon?' The general was surprised. 'How is that?'

In a boyish fashion, in homely language of his class, yet with that dramatic instinct which is characteristic of French, Francois told his tale as his grandmother had told it to him and to his brothers and sisters—the tale which the children called "Napoleon Comes." The general listened with a sincere interest.

"My boy," he addressed the lad, "I do not know the law—I am a soldier."

"Come and see me in the Chateau."

Yet by his idea you are chevalier, created so by the act of the most powerful monarch who ever ruled France—by our Emperor Napoleon. The time may come when, as the emperor said, you may be a marshal of France under another Bonaparte. But that is a small thing if the time comes when you may help another Bonaparte to come to his right, to rule over France. It is that of which you must think till the hour strikes, and then it is that which you must give your life for."

Little Francois, the visionary, the hero worshiper, trembled. "I will do it, my seigneur," he said, frightened yet inspired, lifted into a tremendous dizzying atmosphere. And with that a secret which he had told no one, not even his mother, broke forth. "My seigneur, a strange thing happens

sometimes—I have dreams—yet they are not dreams—in broad daylight. I see things—I hear voices—which are not of our village. Three times I saw a long road up a mountain, and over the mountain was a large star. I saw it three times, and once a voice said 'It is the star of the Bonapartes, but also your star, Francois. Follow it.'

The general was a hard-headed person for all his cult of Napoleon, and vision-seeing appeared to him nonsense. He pook-pooked at once the idea of a star divided between the house of Bonaparte and a small peasant. "Your mother had better put a wet cloth in your cap," he advised. "Fareyou—seeing stars in midday! Some one-legged old fighter has been gabbling before you about the star of the Bonapartes, and that and a touch of sunstroke in this heat, it may be, have turned you silly. Let me hear no more of stars, but keep at your lesson and learn to be—"

With that he was aware that the boy did not hear him. The light figure was on tiptoes—the large eyes stared at the wall, and the child spoke in an uninflected voice as if something muffled spoke through him.

"I see the star," he said. "I see it through a window where there are iron bars. . . . Ah!" The interjection was in the boy's natural accent, and he shivered violently. "Ugh!" His teeth chattered and he looked about vaguely. "It is like an icehouse. I do not like those dreams; they make me so cold. Seigneur, it is late; my mother will not be pleased. And I must stop at the garden and pick the vegetables for supper—carrots and peas. I must hurry to get the peas and carrots."

Little Alixe, clutching her father's thumb, watched as the boy disappeared. Then, to the general's astonishment, she began to sob. "I—I don't know," she answered his quick question. "But I—I think it is because I am sorry the little boy was so cold."

CHAPTER V.

A Game of Cards.

Francois Beaupre—Le Francois of Viqueux—sober, laborious, had in him a certain pig-headedness, and also a vein of the gambler which had swollen with use; yet because it had so far brought him only good luck the neighbors called this good judgment. He was a dealer in working oxen; he bought and raised and sold them, and only his wife knew what chances he often took in buying young heaves. It was a simple solid form of speculation, yet it was that.

On a day in September he left Viqueux early in the morning to drive to the market in Delesmontes, a league distant, two pairs of oxen which he had bought as calves for almost nothing from poor stock out of a farm leagues away. He had fed and trained and cared for them till now they were all well set-up and powerful and smooth-working—ready to sell for a good price. At the market he found that there were few oxen to be disposed of, none which compared to his, and his ideas of value went up—he would get nine hundred francs for them, which delayed the sale.

So it came to be, by the time his bargain was closed, three o'clock in the afternoon, and he had had no dinner. With the cattle off his hands and the money in his pocket he felt a sense of leisure and of wealth. Hungry as a wolf he felt also, and he turned into the inn of Delesmontes, where the sign of a huge bear, cut out of tin and painted black, swung before the door.

A waitress approached him—a sommeliere—trim in her short calico skirt and white apron, her hair done in the picturesque fashion of the place. The girl took his order; as she turned to go a man just coming in knocked against her, and apologizing with many words, caught sight of Francois. "Good day!" he saluted him heartily. "Good day, Monsieur Beaupre," and Francois, friendly always, answered "Good day," but with a reserve, for he did not recall the man. "You don't remember me? That is natural, for we met but once. Yet I have not forgotten you. It was at the house of my cousin, Paul Noirjean of Devillier."

Now Paul Noirjean was an old acquaintance and a solid man, and though Beaupre did not see him often, living six leagues away, he respected him highly. A cousin of his was to be considered, and Francois was embarrassed that his memory could not focus on the meeting. He tried to cover this with cordiality, and invited the stranger to share his meal.

"Not at all, not at all," the other answered. "Yet we must have a bottle of wine together, but it shall be my bottle."

Francois objected; the man insisted. At length: "See, we will play cards for that bottle," the unknown man suggested, and the cards were brought, and a game of La Rams—euchre—was in progress in two minutes.

Meanwhile the wine had come, and Francois, a touch more generous and more cordial for it, was genially sorry when he won and the stranger must pay.

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Lumpkin-Thomas Hospital

606 TYLER STREET AMARILLO, TEXAS

A modern Brick Building, especially equipped for the care of gynecological and surgical patients. Pathological and X-ray laboratory. Graduate nurses only.

DRS. LUMPKIN & THOMAS Mrs. N. H. Tudor, Matron
Attending Surgeons



DON'T BLAME THE STOVE
The chances are that the Stove is doing the best it can with the Coal that you have provided. But if you are not getting satisfactory results why not try some Coal from the White House Lumber Company.
Best McAllester Lump and Nut, Dawson Pea and Dawson Nut.
Yes and we have some Rockvale Lump too, if that is what you want. Any kind you want and all prices from \$6.50 to \$10.00 Per Ton. Give us a trial.
WHITE HOUSE LUMBER COMPANY

MONEY,
To Loan on Land or I
Will buy Land Notes.
S. D. PARK MOBEETIE, TEXAS.

A PLEASURE TO SERVE YOU
WHAT YOU WANT WHEN YOU WANT IT
The Miami Drug Co.
The "Rexall" Store
PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY
Open Sunday 8:00 to 10:00 A. M.; 2:30 to 7:00 P. M.
MIAMI - Phone No. 33 - TEXAS.



Automobile Service

To Mobeetie and Other Points, or Trips About the Country.

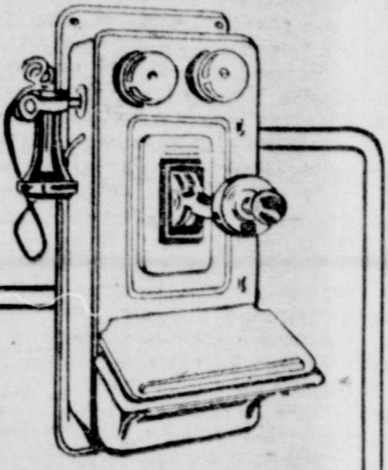
DAILY MAIL LINE between Miami and Mobeetie

For Either of the Above See

S. E. FITZGERALD
Proprietor

Livery, Feed & Sale Stable

Miami - - Texas.



THE JOY OF HOME

The entire household revolves around the Telephone. Neighbors, friends, market, doctor, and store can be reached in an instant by the home having Telephone service.

THE RURAL TELEPHONE

Provides this home necessity and pleasure at very low cost to people who live in the country.

Apply to our nearest Manager or write to

THE Southwestern Telegraph and Telephone Co. DALLAS, TEXAS



The Miami Chief.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Entered at the postoffice at Miami, Texas, as second-class matter.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

L. G. WAGGONER, Editor & Owner.

MIAMI, TEX. JANUARY 15, 1914.

Announcements

FOR TAX ASSESSOR

L. A. Coffee
L. G. Christopher
S. E. Fitzgerald
John Short

FOR COUNTY ATTORNEY

Troy Smith
J. A. Holmes

FOR COUNTY JUDGE

J. E. Kinney

FOR SHERIFF, TAX COLLECTOR

O. B. Hardin

FOR COUNTY CLERK

J. K. McKenzie

FOR COUNTY TREASURER

Dan Kivliehen

The pretty weather we have had lately is making the wheat grow very fast and the stock is getting in fine shape. Our wheat pasturage is saving a big feed bill this winter. Verily the Miami country stays ahead.

Do not forget to plant those trees. The cost is very small for a few trees and the pleasure is quite a lot. No town of Miami's size can afford to let up on tree planting. Let's make our town the most beautiful tree town to be seen along the Santa Fe railroad.

One case of Appendicitis a day is a pretty bad record for a small town like Miami and if it does not stop pretty soon there will not be enough people left to take care of the sick ones. We ask our postmaster what was the cause and he said it was something they were getting out of the Chief.

Some men owe the grandeur of their lives to their tremendous difficulties; others who had fortune and ease at their command don't amount to shucks nohow.

Don't be afraid of a live commercial club which is calculated to do the town much good and cannot possibly do us any harm

"For the love of money is the root of all evil; which while some coveted after, they have erred from the Faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows".

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction to keep himself unspotted from the world".

There are many flattering lies told to where there is a malicious one scattered as poison. But if the man in danger calls you a liar don't get excited. His digestion may be bad and it true it is not the first one told and to cause a disturbance it is so near the truth that it would take a joint debate forever perhaps to settle the matter.

"Wake up. Wake up."

The Miami Chief has changed hands again. Miami is a good town but as much as can hardly be said for its paper. The sheet changes management every three months, but we hope the present editor will not only prove a "sticker" but accorded generous support.—Ochiltree-Eagle-Investigator.

For the love of all that is good, Bro. Purcell, are you just now learning that the Miami Chief has changed hands. That happened July 1st, 1913, and if you know so much about the town and Newspaper as you would infer you should keep a closer tab on what is going among your neighbors. You can bet that the present editor is a sticker, as to the support we are getting we refer you to the advertising columns. Read the Chief every week and keep up with the times.

Election time is again drawing near, and as yet we have heard of no candidates for Commissioners, the most important office in the county? Our Commissioners should be men that are progressive, yet not too much so, and to divide the line just right it takes a good man.

Our present Commissioners have shown their ability and put up a nice court house, a credit to the whole Panhandle. Let's get a good set of County Commissioners, and too, men that live in ROBERTS COUNTY. It matters not how much interest a man may have in this county, if he does not continually live and keep his family here, his greatest interest must then be some where else. This county has a good citizenship and has plenty of good men that will make fine commissioners that live in this county, lets elect them to the honored position.

PERSONALITY AS AN ASSET

A pleasing personality is of untold value. It is a perpetual delight and inspiration to everybody who comes in contact with it. Such a personality is capital.

Very few people ever come to your home, or ever see your stocks and bonds and lands, and interest in steamship lines or corporations; but your personality you carry with you everywhere. It is your letter of credit. You stand or fall by it.

What indescribable wealth is packed into some fine, beautiful personality we meet now and then?

No matter how deformed your body may be, it is possible for you to throw such a wealth of character—of love—of sweetness—of light—into you face that all doors will fly open to you and you will be welcomed everywhere without introduction. A beautiful, sweet heart the superb personality of the soul, belongs to everybody. We all feel that we are personally related to one who has these, though we have never been in-

duced to him. The coldest hearts are warmed, and the stubbornest natures yield, under the charm of a beautiful soul.

To be able to throw the search light of superb personality before us, wherever we go through life, and to leave a trail of sunshine and blessing behind us, to be loved because we scatter flowers of good cheer wherever we move, is an infinitely greater achievement—a grander work—than to pile up millions of cold, unsympathetic, mean hard dollars.—Ex.

Miami Lodge No. 48, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, meet in their own Hall each Tuesday night.
J. C. Dial, N. G.
Roy Trowbridge, Secy.

THE HOG A REVENUE PRODUCER

Pork and Its Products Increasing in Demand.

The razor-back hog has been forced by the thoroughbreds to flee to the mountains and the distance they have traveled each year is measured and recorded by the judges of the Ft. Worth Fat Stock Show. For eighteen years the National Feeders' and Breeders' have held the tape line of progress on this industry and the exhibits on November 22-28 promise to more nearly approach perfection and extend through a much wider range of breeds than any previous exhibits.

No other animal ever made such concessions to the market as has the hog. He has given half his life to meet the demand for young stock and has surrendered the freedom of forests for the shackles of the pen where fat can be produced with the greatest economy. The human race has made no such sacrifices for success as has this dumb brute.

The new hog has become so popular with the housewife that we consume all of our home production and ship in \$24,000,000 of pork and its products per annum. He is one of the best revenue producers in the animal kingdom, and has shown an increase in value per head during the past five years of \$2.50. The statistics of the Federal Department of Agriculture pay a glowing tribute to the growing popularity of the Texas hog, and show a decrease of approximately a million head in number and an increase of over \$2,000,000 in aggregate value. We are traveling rapidly on the road of extermination of the swine industry in Texas, and the National Breeders' will make an exhibit at the Fat Stock Show that will seek to turn the tide. It is one of the missions of the management to balance production and consumption, and no more effective methods can be employed to encourage hog raising than to exhibit the leaders of the swine family to the farmers of Texas.

King Cotton has had the audacity to counterfeit some of the by-products of the hog, but Uncle Sam caught him in the act and passed a pure food law and the subjects of the king are now compelled to march under their own flag and parade under their own colors.

THE CENTRAL DRUG STORE,

DRUGS and MEDICINES, Toilet articles, Etc.

—C. S. SEIBER, Prop—

JEWELER AND WATCH REPAIRER.

Miami - - - Texas.

W. W. DAVIS & CO

Head Quarters For Guns

Ammunition

Heating Stoves

Cooking Stoves

And Ranges

Shelf And

HEAVY HARDWARE

ROUND TRIP ALL YEAR TOURIST FARES



To following Texas Health Resorts; Brownsville, Collegeport, Corpus Christi, Hubbard, Minner Mineral Wells, Palacios, Port O'Connor, Rock Port. Tickets on sale daily, limited days for return passage, no stop overs allowed.

Take the Santa Fe all the way, with first class equipment, best service and rock ballast bed, which insures comfort. Full particulars application.

J. E. MARSHALL, Agent, Miami.

160 Acre Farm For sale

Commencing with this issue of the Miami Chief. (Oct. 23, 1913) I will offer my FARM 8 miles southeast of Miami, now being farmed by Mr. Carruth and subject to his lease.

Price \$35 per acre \$5600

NOTICE This price will be reduced \$150 per week until sold. As I have no agents I reserve the right to suspend reduction one week at a time, while investigating conditional offers.

Write for particulars and easy terms while waiting for price to suit you. I advise you to wire acceptance, this is a case of "first Comes, first served."

My price this week is \$4100.

Price reduction suspended this week.

Geo. D. HENRY

336 Bales ave. Kansas city, Mo.

52 Doses of CHIEF for \$

OTHER! LOOK AT CHILD'S TONGUE

cross, feverish, constipated, give "California Syrup of Figs"

...narrative today saves a sick child ... Children simply will not ... the time from play to empty their ... which become clogged up with ... liver gets sluggish; stomach ...

Dummies Arrested. Dummies used by a Pathe director ... as an auto wreck at South River, N. J. ... the distinction of being shot at and ...

AS, DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION

Pape's Diapepsin settles sour, gassy stomachs in five minutes—Time It!

You don't want a slow remedy when your stomach is bad—or an uncertain ... or a harmful one—your stomach ...

Keep this perfect stomach doctor in your home—keep it handy—get a large ... case from any dealer and ...

Indians First "Cubists" (?) "Lone Star," art instructor in the ... United States Indian service, claims ...

ECZEMA IN WATER BLISTERS

468 Congress St., Chicago, Ill.—"My ... eczema broke out like little water ... blisters. Each one was full of water ...

"I used what they call — and it ... stopped the itch but it got worse. ... Then I used —. In all I had the ...

Easy Money. "You can't fool all the people all the ... time," announced the investigator. ...

Putnam Fadeless Dyes do not stain the hands. Adv.

TEXAS BREVITIES

The turkey crop in the Copperas Cove section has netted farmers about \$20,000 this season.

On January 10 Sulphur Springs citizens will vote on the issuance of \$50,000 paving bonds.

At a depth of 580 feet, a big dry gasser was discovered on the Kennedy farm, near Groesbeck, last week.

Contract has been let by the city of Brownwood for the erection of a filtering plant with a capacity of 1,000,000 gallons daily.

Plans are being made to irrigate 50,000 acres of arid land near San Angelo. The property in question is a part of the old W. W. Wade ranch.

The Cleburne street railway is planning to erect a large power plant. A site is being searched for and other preliminary arrangements being made.

A stock company has been organized at Texarkana with a capital of \$20,000. The purpose of the new company is to promote an annual county fair. Grounds have been secured for this purpose and will be put in condition immediately.

According to information a railway terminal postoffice will be established at Denison at once. Solid cars of mail will be shipped to this postoffice, where it will break bulk. The new office will require a force of about ten clerks.

The Central West Texas Fair association has been organized at Abilene with a capital stock of \$20,000 and will immediately begin the erection of buildings on the fair grounds.

The St. Louis and Southwestern Railway Company has begun the erection of a coal chute at Commerce, which will cost \$10,000 when completed. The new chute has been made necessary because of the increased importance of that city at a terminal point.

A move is on foot at Gainesville to get a good road bond election called in that county and the petition has been signed by the necessary 50 taxpayers. The amount to be voted on is \$700,000.

Officials of the Southern Rice Growers' association say that the recent floods caused a loss to the rice growers in the Beaumont section of about 225,000 sacks. The total yield will be nearly 5,700,000 sacks.

Temple citizens have succeeded in getting a good road bond election called for Jan. 15, when they will vote on the issuance of \$600,000 in bonds.

The asphalt mine at Uvalde is to be worked on a much larger scale than at present. This action was taken after several asphalt experts visited the mine and declared it contained the best paving material afforded.

Work will begin at an early date on the new reservoir to be constructed at Sulphur Springs. All preliminary arrangement for the project, which will have a capacity of 1,000,000 gallons, have been completed and the inclement weather is the only drawback.

The Brenham furniture factory, which represents an investment of \$150,000, will resume work at an early date. The factory will begin work under the direction of a firm of Michigan capitalists.

What is said to be the last shipment of iron ore from the fields in East Texas, arrived at Philadelphia last week. A 10,000,000 steel plant is to be erected on the Texas coast at Texas City in the near future and it is thought that this plant will handle the entire Texas output.

It is expected there will be a great deal of oil development at San Angelo in the near future. During the last few weeks a number of agents of unknown concerns have been securing mineral leases on lands in this part of West Texas.

A \$160,000 bond issue recently held Kleburg carried by a good majority. Of this amount, \$125,000 will be used in constructing a courthouse and jail and the remaining \$35,000 for the erection of a county hospital.

Goldthwaite officials are busy moving into their new quarters as the result of the completion of the new \$75,000 courthouse at that place.

The silo exhibition will be one of the big features of the Sixth National Corn exposition in Dallas, Feb. 10-24, according to F. K. McGinnis, who is in charge of the concessions. Mr. McGinnis also states that Canada is manifesting great interest in the exposition, having reserved large spaces in the principal buildings.

ALBERTA CROP YIELDS

At MacLeod, Alta., weather conditions were excellent all through the season. Ninety per cent. of the wheat up to Oct. 1st graded No. 1, the only No. 2 being fall wheat. The yield ranged from 20 to 40 bushels per acre, with an average of 28. Oats yielded well, and barley about 60 bushels.

Inverary is a new district in Alberta. Here wheat graded No. 2 and some of it went 50 bushels to the acre, oats going about 75 bushels.

Lethbridge correspondent says: "In the Monarch district the yield on summer fallow is averaging thirty-five bushels, a large percentage No. 1 northern."

"All spring grains are yielding better than expected in the Milk river district, south. A 300 acre field of Marquis wheat gave 41 1/2 bushels. "Experimental farm results on grain sown on irrigated land place 'Red Five' wheat in the banner position, with a yield of 59.40 bushels per acre. Oats yielded 122 bushels to the acre.

"John Turner of Lethbridge grew barley that went 60 bushels to the acre. "Red Five averages in weight from 60 to 68 pounds, and at Rosthern the Marquis wheat will run as high as 64 pounds to the bushel, while a sample of Marquis wheat at Arcola weighed no less than 68 pounds to the bushel. This variety is grading No. 1 hard.

Calgary, Alta., Oct. 8.—The problem of handling Alberta's big grain crop is becoming a serious one, and there is a congestion at many points in southern Alberta. One thousand cars could be used immediately. The C. P. R. prepared for a normal year, while the yield of grain was everywhere abnormal, with an increased acreage of about 23 per cent.

Moose Jaw, Sask., returns show some remarkable yields. Bassano, Alta., Sept. 25, '13—Individual record crops grown in Alberta include 1,300 acre field of spring wheat grown near Bassano which went thirty-five bushels to the acre and weighed sixty-six pounds to the bushel.

Noble, Alta., Oct. 1, '13—All records for the largest shipment of grain by one farmer will be broken this year if the estimate of C. S. Noble of Noble, Alberta, proves correct. Mr. Noble has notified the Canadian Pacific Railway here that he will have 350,000 bushels of grain, chiefly barley and oats, ready for shipment very shortly.

L. Anderson Smith, writing to a friend in the Old Country, located at Killam, Alberta, says: "Anyone taking up land will find Alberta an ideal province. The soil is a rich black loam, varying from 6 to 12 inches in depth. The land here in this district is not wholly open prairie. At intervals, sometimes closely, sometimes widely scattered, there are small plots of poplar and willows. These generally grow round some small depression in the land, and the snow drifts here in the winter and melts in the spring filling these sloughs (province "slaws") with soft water. Nearly all these sloughs have old buffalo tracks to them, for it was from them that they always got their water. The poplars are very useful for building barns and hen-houses. Wild grasses are plentiful, while tame grasses, such as timothy, brome and western rye grass do remarkably well.

"And Again, My Brethren!" A certain small girl, wearily listening to a long sermon by a minister who had the odd habit of drawing in his breath with an odd whistle, whispered to her mother that she wanted to go home. The mother, expecting the discourse to end, momentarily, refused permission. The third time this happened the mother said, "I think he will stop now in a minute." To this the child answered in a clear, high voice, "No, mother, he isn't going to stop. I thought so now for three times, but he has gone and blowed himself up again."

TOBACCO CURE FREE Do you wish to quit cigarettes, cigars, pipe, smoking or snuff? Write THE TOBACCO CLEANSE COMPANY, WICHITA, KANSAS, and receive bottle of Tobacco Cleanse by return mail. Preparation very simple to use, acts on nerves at point where tobacco enters system. Will not injure or form habit. Endorsed by Scientists, guaranteed by Manufacturer, under U. S. Pure Food Law. Will remove taste for tobacco in any form or your money refunded. Enclose 35c to pay postage, bottle and packing. Adv.

He Came Up. Bill—Where did he learn to dive? Jill—Oh, he's a self-made diver. Didn't you notice he just came up from the bottom?"

Undoubtedly a Tip. "Was it a genuine tip Rawson gave you on the stock market?" "I guess it was; it made me lose my balance."

Coughs and Colds cannot hold out against Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops. A single dose gives relief—3c at all Druggists.

A lot of so called society leaders are never heard of until they figure in some sort of scandal.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 3c a bottle, adv.

A great deal of what passes for dignity is nothing but genuine laziness.

Some people prefer popular songs to real music.

SNOW REALLY A BLESSING

Denver Newspaper Rejoices at the Remarkable Fall of "the Beautiful" Throughout the State.

It has been said before. Let it be said again. The snow that you swept from your walks, that sifted down your callars, that got into your hair, your eyes, your tempers, is worth a million dollars to the agriculturists of Colorado. To the dry farmer who plows it into his soil it will bring rewards in a next year's bank account. Lying in the mountains it will flow down the ditches to the irrigators next season. On ranch, in orchard and truck garden it means moisture and money. To the city it means health that always comes from seasonable weather. Wade through it with a smile on your lips, shovel it with song in your heart, roll it into balls and throw at your neighbor with a laugh and a cheery word. It spells temporary inconvenience and future prosperity—and a white Christmas for the public tree that brought all Denver—all Colorado—into that new, better, greater, get-together bond of friendship and work.—Denver Times.

Park for Millionaires. Plans for the transformation at an enormous cost of the 14,000-acre Palos Verdes ranch, overlooking Los Angeles harbor and the Catalina channel, into one of the most magnificent residential parks in the nation for American millionaires, are being made. Frank A. Vanderbilt of the National City Bank of New York and his associates recently purchased the tract for \$1,750,000 for this purpose. The plans are they now stand promise to involve an expenditure of \$5,000,000.

Good Bowels Are An Aid to Growth

Growing Children Need a Mild Laxative to Foster Regular Bowel Movement.



MARIE DEY

As a child grows older it requires more and more personal attention from the mother, and as the functions of the bowels are of the utmost importance to health, great attention should be paid to them. Diet is of great importance, and the mother should watch the effect of certain foods. A food will constipate one and not another, and so we have a healthy food like eggs causing biliousness to thousands, and a wholesome fruit like bananas constipating many. It is also to be considered that the child is growing, and great changes are taking place in the young man or young woman. The system has not yet settled itself to its later routine.

A very valuable remedy at this stage, and one which every growing boy and girl should be given often or occasionally, according to the individual circumstances, is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. This is a laxative and tonic combined, so mild that it is given to little babies, and yet equally effective in the most robust constitution. At the first sign of a tendency to constipation give a small dose of Syrup Pepsin at night on retiring, and prompt action will follow in the morning. It not only acts on the stomach and bowels but its tonic properties build up and strengthen the system generally, which is an opinion shared by Mr. John Dey of Bloomfield, N. J. He has a large family and at ages where the growth and development

must be watched. Little Marie has thrived especially well on Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Mr. Dey considers it the right laxative for young and old and has found none better for young children. The use of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin will teach you to avoid cathartics, salts and pills, as they are too harsh for the majority and their effect is only temporary. Syrup Pepsin brings permanent results, and it can be conveniently obtained at any drug-gist at fifty cents and one dollar a bottle. Results are always guaranteed or money will be refunded. Families wishing to try a free sample bottle can obtain it postpaid by addressing Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 203 Washington St., Monticello, Ill. A postal card with your name and address on it will do.

Women Everywhere

Praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Women from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from all sections of this great country, no city so large, no village so small but that some woman has written words of thanks for health restored by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. No woman who is suffering from the ills peculiar to her sex should rest until she has given this famous remedy a trial. Is it not reasonable to believe that what it did for these women it will do for any sick woman?

Wonderful Case of Mrs. Stephenson, on the Pacific Coast.

INDEPENDENCE, OREGON.—"I was sick with what four doctors called Nervous Prostration, was treated by them for several years, would be better for a while then back in the old way again. I had palpitation of the heart very bad, fainting spells, and was so nervous that a spoon dropping to the floor would nearly kill me, could not lift the lightest weight without making me sick; in fact was about as sick and miserable as a person could be. I saw your medicines advertised and thought I would try them, and am so thankful I did for they helped me at once. I took about a dozen bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and also used the Sensitive Wash. Since then I have used them whenever I felt sick. Your remedies are the only doctor I employ. You are at liberty to publish this letter."—Mrs. W. STEPHENSON, Independence, Oregon.

A Grateful Atlantic Coast Woman.

HODGSON, ME.—"I feel it a duty I owe to all suffering women to tell what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. One year ago I found myself a terrible sufferer. I had pains in both sides and such a soreness I could scarcely straighten up at times. My back ached, I had no appetite and was so nervous I could not sleep, then I would be so tired mornings that I could scarcely get around. It seemed almost impossible to move or do a bit of work and I thought I never would be any better until I submitted to an operation. I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and soon felt like a new woman. I had no pains, slept well, had good appetite and was fat and could do almost all my own work for a family of four. I shall always feel that I owe my good health to your medicine."—Mrs. HAYWARD SOWERS, Hodgson, Maine.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No one sick with woman's ailments does justice to herself if she does not try this famous medicine made from roots and herbs, it has restored so many suffering women to health. Write to LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. (CONFIDENTIAL) LYNN, MASS., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.



All in the Family. "Then you don't think Banks is fond of his wife?" "Not so fond as he is of her husband."

Defined. Payton—Has he got a marrying income? Parker—Yes, one that necessitates wedding a rich girl immediately.

Take a close look at the people you meet every day, and rejoice that you were not born a cannibal.

The man who is placed on a pedestal must take a certain amount of pride in his very loneliness.

No, Alonzo, a girl isn't necessarily a modern Venus just because she has an offhanded way.

We earnestly commend these men who are too busy making good to nurse a grrouch.

STOCKMEN! It pays to ship your cattle, hogs and sheep to us. 25 YEARS' EXPERIENCE Live salesmen, personal attention to selling, billing and weighing. Top Prices. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Try us with your next consignment. Write or Wire for information. F. W. FLATO COMMISSION COMPANY 6-12-14 Live Stock Exchange Building, KANSAS CITY, MO.

Guernsey Cows The breed who have established a reputation for economical production. Write for facts. GUERNSEY CLUB, Box X, Peterboro, N. H.

FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS. I have a list of 1000 names of people who have suffered from kidney, bladder, nervous diseases, chronic watery eyes, green eye discharges, piles, hemorrhoids, etc. Write for my FREE book. THE MOST INSTRUCTIVE MEDICAL BOOK EVER WRITTEN. TELL ME WHAT YOUR DISEASE IS AND I WILL TELL YOU THE BEST REMEDY FOR IT. THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY. No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100. Write for my FREE book. THE MOST INSTRUCTIVE MEDICAL BOOK EVER WRITTEN. TELL ME WHAT YOUR DISEASE IS AND I WILL TELL YOU THE BEST REMEDY FOR IT. THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY. 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For any kind of hauling phone No. 66.

Ten copies music \$1.00. Higgins Jewelry and Music Co. Higgins Texas.

Walter Cook, Sells pianos, organs and sheet music.

For any kind of hauling call phone No. 66.

Money to Loan.

If you want money on farms or ranches, write or phone me at Canadian. W. A. Palmer, Att'y.

Send me your watch if it needs repairing, I will make it run right. Walter Cook, Higgins, Texas.

WALTER COOK

Expert Watch Maker
21 years experience. Send us your work, we will get it back to you promptly and guarantee it. HIGGINS. TEXAS

If you want hauling of any kind, get Emory Black, the Drayman. Phone 46.

Get McCrackens and Seibers price at the Peoples Meat Market before you sell your chickens and turkeys.

DR. M. L. GUNN

Physician and Surgeon

Office at Central Drug Store

Miami - Texas

Boot & Shoe Maker.

ALBERT WILDE shoe and bootmaker is now located in Miami permanently and has now opened up his shop. All work guaranteed satisfactory and first class. Across street from wagon yard leave your orders for boots. All styles and kinds made to order. Also general repairing on boots and shoes. Prices reasonable. Give me a call and lets get acquainted. Mail orders given special attention. 20.tf. Miami Texas.

FOR SALE, two good young milch cows with young calves. Inquire of Noah Harwell. 24.tf.

Money Loned

ON FARMS AND RANCHES. H. J. NEWMAN. 24.tf. MIAMI, TEXAS.

Fire

Protect your Self by Insuring your property with the AETNA or SPRINGFIELD. 24.tf. H. J. Newman Agt.

Don't fail to be on hand Monday at the big Auction Sale of the Higgins Jewelry and Music Co. Finest line of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware ever shown in the Panhandle. We are closing out and you buy at your own price. Terms strictly cash. Remember the date, Jan 19th, at 2 to 7 p. m. Higgins Jewelry & Music Co. Col. E. M. Beum, Auctioneer.

For Sale

I am over stocked on sheep and want to sell 100 head, they are the big sheepshire kind, bred to Lamb April 1st. Will give time to responsible purchasers, will sell in lots if I can dispose of the full number. Call on or address, C. Coffee. Miami, Texas. 2tp

FOR SALE, One excellent Jersey milch cow. W. C. Draper. 1 tp.

Don't forget to leave your orders for fruit and shade trees at the Home Bakery. J. W. Harrah, agent for Plainview Nursery.

LOST, a bundle of automobile tools somewhere in town, finder please return to H. J. Newman.

RECITAL

Mrs. Dan Rees' Music Pupils
Auditorium Jan. 9th 1914

"A dream of the South"	Lincoln.
Mrs. Thos. J. Boney.	
"Dolly stop weeping"	Eldridge.
Lois Wells.	
"Sparks"	Boome.
Lettie and Rhoda Rees.	
"Old Farmer Slow"	Geibel.
Bob Elkins, Geo. and Ed Lard, Flake George.	
"Dance of the Wood Sprites"	Forman.
Leigh Patton.	
"Havanna"	Kendel & Paley.
Mrs. W. H. Rhodes.	
"Valse Impromptu"	Rathbun.
Alp's Lard.	
"When Papa's Sick"	
Agnes Thompson.	
"Silver Spring"	Mason.
Mrs. J. W. Wells.	
"To Have, To Hold, To Love."	Ball
Lettie Rees.	
"Diabolo"	Downs.
Mrs. L. N. Auten.	
"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep"	Stede.
Bob Elkins, Geo. and Ed Lard, Flake George.	
"La Scintillate"	Gaertner.
Zella George.	
"The Quarrel"	Webb.
Violet Rees,* Osborne Anderson.*	
"The Hatchet Brigade"	Wittwer.
Miss Hudsbeth.	
"Sweethearts Ever"	Engelmann.
Aurelia Robertson.	
"Irma Mazurka"	Pieroni.
Toenie Severson.*	
"You are the Sweetheart of all My Dreams"	Touree.
Mrs. W. H. Rhodes.	
"The Owl Critic"	
Zella George.	
"With the Angels in Heaven"	Goetze.
Lella McDonald.	
"Merry Little Gypsies"	Bristow.
Louis* and Elsie Johnson,* Ailine George,* Joe Rees.*	
"Before the Wedding"	Necke.
Valma Black.	
"Tableau" "Liberty."	
* First term pupils.	

Green Lake Items

Mr. Cantrell took a load of chickens to Miami last week. Jones Seitz is on the sick list this week.

Chris Chisum is feeding some cattle for Bud McChristian.

W. E. Davis went to Pampa Monday.

Jerrand Ramsay and Mr. Lawrence is out doing some tanking for Jerrand.

Mr. and Mrs. Carruth had quite a 42 party Tuesday. Homer Kitchen, Mr. Brauder and Erve Black were among the guests.

Homer Allen went to Miami Thursday.

Lee Kitchen went over to Tom Kirkseys Wednesday night to a 42 party.

Harve Patton is braking sod while the ground is in fine shape. W. D. Jordan was up to Erve Blacks Wednesday looking after his steers.

Mrs. Will Wright's father, mother and sister are here from New Mexico.

W. E. Davis's mother and sister are out from Pampa for a few days.

Ervin Pursley is out with his Grandma Pursley for a week.

J. E. Seitz and wife went to Miami Wednesday.

Mrs. Kitchen returned home from Ft. Worth where she has been visiting her son.

Claud Ledrick is thrashing this week.

Laketon Items.

The rain and snow of the latter part of 1913 has forever placed a tombstone over the drouth.

Our wheat is looking fine and some of our best farmers are prophesying 30 to 35 bushels. Hope they are true prophets.

The mumps have invaded our peaceful homes and many are the victims they have captured. Uncle Josh has a chance in the

ring there.

The Laketon Library is about to die a natural death. We should revive it, we have the talent, all we need is to get our shoulders to the wheel and start her to rolling. Who knows but what through this society we might turn out a President, Senator, Congressman or some other man of renowned ability.

Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler Paris gave a singing Sunday night. Sweet music swelled the breeze. All expressed themselves as having a fine time.

Uncle Josh.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

Miami Homestead No. 1606
Brotherhood of American Yeomen.
Meet on Every 1st Friday Night.
J. M. GRIGSBY, Foreman.
ROY TROWBRIDGE, Correspondent.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Bible School meets promptly at 10 o'clock every Lord's Day; suitable classes for all ages. You are invited to attend.—Geo. Wilks, Supt.
Preaching every 2nd Sunday at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M.—S. A. McPherson, Pastor.

METHODIST CHURCH—Preaching every 2nd and 4th Sunday at eleven o'clock. Sunday School at 10 o'clock.
CHURCH OF GOD—Meets to practice singing every Friday evening at 7 p. m. Bible lesson every first day of the week at 10 a. m. Preaching on 1st and 3rd Sundays of each month.

Miami Lodge No. 336
K of P. meet the night of the 1st and 3rd Thurs days of each month.

J. L. Seiber, C. C.
N. S. Locke, K. of R. & S.

Red Deer Camp, M. W. A.

No. 13193
Meet 4th Thursday night of each month
Oscar Ryan, V. C.
T. F. Mashburn, Clerk

Special Notice

Having sold my grocery store to the new firm H. T. Gill & Co., I wish to very heartily thank the many good people of Miami for their liberal patronage given me while in business in your town. Would say further that all accounts are now due and you find me at the store and I will be glad to have all who owe me to please call and settle at once as I am desirous of getting all the business straight.

For the new firm I would ask that you give them a good share of your trade for I am sure that you find them ready and willing to serve you in a satisfactory manner and they will make special efforts to give you the best treatment that is possible to give.

Yours Very Truly,
R. L. McLaren.

J. H. KELLEY, Pgh. M. D.

Physician and Surgeon

Special attention given to Obstetrics and diseases of children.

Office at Miami Drug Co.
-Phone 33-

See
Kivlehen & Short
at the
Sanitary Barber Shop
for

Shaves, Hair Cuts and all Barber Work in first-class Style.
Also High class bath Accomodations

PICTURE FRAMES

I have anything in this line you could want and want your job.
LET'S FIGGER

ROY TROWBRIDGE
Miami, Tex.

P. L. SHELTON

Physician and Surgeon

Office at Commercial Hotel.

-MIAMI - TEXAS-

W. R. EWING, J. C. Dial

EWING & DIAL

Attorneys-At-Law,
CIVIL COURT PRACTICE
OFFICE IN CUNNINGHAM BUILDING
Miami - Texas.



EDGAR is a thoroughbred Poland China and will make the season at my place just South of Coffee Addition. Don't bring any sick sows. J. P. Wright.

PASSENGER TRAIN TIME CARD
(Southern Kansas Railway of Texas)
17—West Bound.....7:12 p. m. daily
113—West Bound.....5:30 a. m. daily
118—East Bound.....11:07 a. m. daily
114—East Bound.....6:35 p. m. daily

Miami Council No. 1783
OF
Knights & Ladies SECURITY
Meet on Every 4th Monday night.
J. E. MARSHAL, President
Mrs W. R. EWING, Financier.

K. HICKMAN
DEALER IN
Windmills, Pipes, Casing
Hardware, Stoves,
and **Tinware.**
"CANTON CLIPPER" FARM
IMPLEMENTS & MACHINERY.
Galvanized Tanks, Troughs, Metallic Well Curbing, etc., made to Order
FIN SHOP IN CONNECTION. **MIAMI - TEXAS.**

Studer's Market
WILL BUY
Your Poultry, Eggs, Hides and Furs and pay you the cash. Get our market prices before you sell. We get a daily market price.
Phone 83

W. H. RHODES
DEALER IN
Rockvale and Niggerhead coal, Grain
Feed and Cottonseed Cake.
Get my prices before buying
MIAMI - TEXAS

Everybody Likes Good Eatables.
Bell of Wichita Flour will please and alton Steel cut Coffee is the best, with every other article their equal is what you will find at
G. M. MOON'S.
A Complete line of everthing good to eat, all Fresh and the very best. Particular goods for particular people. Fresh stock pure Ribbon cane syrup
IN BARRELS, bring your jug.

The Common Sense SILO
Best, Cheapest And Strongest.
CALL AND SEE MODEL
FOR SALE BY
Panhandle Lumber co
MIAMI - TEXAS.

READ THE CHIEF, \$1

H. M. BARRETT
Auctioneer and Sale Crier
4 years experience. Stock Sales a specialty
See the Chief, or L. B. Robertson
FOR DATES