



SYNOPSIS.

Challis Wrاندall is found murdered in a road house near New York. Mrs. Wrاندall is summoned from the city and identifies the body of the young woman who accompanied Wrاندall to the inn and subsequently disappeared. She is suspected.

Mrs. Wrاندall starts back for New York in an auto during a blinding snow storm. On the way she meets a young woman in the road who proves to be the woman who killed Wrاندall. Feeling that the girl had done her a service in ridding her of the man who though she loved him deeply, had caused her great sorrow, Mrs. Wrاندall determines to shield her and takes her to her own home.

Mrs. Wrاندall hears the story of Henry Castleton's life, except that portion that relates to Wrاندall. This and the story of the tragedy she finds that the girl over whom she offers a home, friendship and security from peril on account of the tragedy, Mrs. Wrاندall and her attend the funeral of Challis Wrاندall at the home of his parents, Sara Wrاندall and Hetty return to New York after an absence of a year in Europe.

Leslie Wrاندall, brother of Challis, makes himself useful to Sara and becomes greatly interested in Hetty. Sara sees in Leslie's infatuation possibility for revenge on the Wrاندalls and repairs for the wrongs she suffered at the hands of Challis Wrاندall by marrying his murderer into the family. Leslie, in company with his friend Brandon Booth, an artist, visits Sara at her country place. Leslie confesses to Sara that he is madly in love with Hetty. Sara arranges with Booth to paint a picture of Hetty. Booth has a haunting feeling that he has seen Hetty before.

Looking through a portfolio of pictures by an unknown English artist he finds one of Hetty. He speaks of her about it. Hetty declares it must be a picture of Hetty Glynn, an English actress who resembles her very much. Leslie Wrاندall becomes impatient and jealous over the picture painting and declares he is going to propose to Hetty at the first opportunity.

CHAPTER X.—Continued. He looked as though he expected nothing. He could only sit back and wonder why the deuce Sara meant by behaving like this.

"I fancy you must have gone about it very badly," she said, pursing her lips. "Badly?" he gasped. "Why—why, good heavens, Sara, I actually pleaded with her," he went on, quite pathetically. "All but got down on my knees to her. D—n me, if I can understand myself doing it either. I must have lost my head completely. Begged like a love-sick schoolboy! And she kept on saying no—no—no! And I, like a blithering ass, kept on telling her I couldn't live without her, that I'd make her happy, that she didn't know what she was saying, and— But, good Lord, she kept on saying no! Nothing but no! Do—do you think she meant to say no? Could it have been hysteria? She said it so often, over and over again, that it might have been hysteria. I never thought of that. I—"

"No, Leslie, it wasn't hysteria, you may be sure of that," she said liberally. "She meant it, old fellow." He sagged deeper in the chair. "I—I can't get it through my head," he muttered. "As I said before, you did it badly," she said. "You took too much for granted. Isn't that true?" "God knows I didn't expect her to refuse me," he exclaimed, glaring at her. "Would I have been such a fool as to ask her if I thought there was the remotest chance of being—?" The very thought of the word caused it to stick in his throat. He swallowed hard.

"You really love her?" she demanded. "Love her?" There was a sob in his voice. "I adore her, Sara. I can't live without her. And the worst of it is, I love her now more than I did before. Oh, it's appalling! It's horrible! What am I to do, Sara? What am I to do?" "Be a man for a little while, that's all," she said coolly. "Don't joke with me," he groaned. "Go to bed, and when you see her in the morning tell her that you understand. Thank her for what she has done for you. Be—"

"Thank her?" he almost shouted. "Yes; for destroying all that is detestable in you, Leslie—your self-conceit, your arrogance, your false notions concerning yourself—in a word, your egotism." He blinked incredulously. "Do you know what you're saying?" he gasped. She went on as if she hadn't heard him. "Assure her that she is to feel no compunction for what she has done, that you are content to be her loyal, devoted friend to the end of your days." "But, hang it, Sara, I love her!" "Don't let her suspect that you are humiliated. On the contrary, give her to understand that you are cleansed and glorified."

"What utter tommy—"

"Wait! Believe me, it is your only chance. You will have to learn some time that you can't ride roughshod among angels. Think it over, old fellow. You have had a good lesson. Profit by it." "You mean I'm to sit down and twirl my thumbs and let some other chap snap her up under my very nose? Well, I guess not!"

"Damn it all, Sara! She—She Turned Me Down!" "Not necessarily. If you take it manfully she may discover a new interest in you. Don't breathe a word of love to her. Go on as if nothing had happened. Don't forget that I told you in the beginning not to take no for an answer." He drooped once more, biting his lip. "I don't see how I can ever tell mother that she refused—"

"Why tell her?" she inquired, rising. His eyes brightened. "By Jove, I shan't," he exclaimed. "I am going up to the poor child now," she went on. "I dare say you have frightened her almost to death. Naturally she is in great distress. I shall try to convince her that her decision does not alter her position in this part. I depend on you to do your part, Leslie. Make it easy for her to stay on with me."

He mellowed to the verge of tears. "I can't keep on coming out here after this, as I've been doing, Sara." "Don't be silly! Of course you can. This will blow over." "Blow over?" he almost gasped. "I mean the first effects. Try being a martyr for a while, Leslie. It isn't a bad plan, I can assure you. It may interest you to know that Challis proposed to me three times before I accepted him, and yet I—I loved him from the beginning." "By Jove!" he exclaimed, coming to his feet with a new light in his eyes. The hollows in his cheeks seemed to fill out perceptibly. "Good night!"

"I say, Sara, dear, you'll help me a bit, won't you? I mean you'll talk it over with her and—"

"My sympathy is entirely with Miss Castleton," she said from the doorway. His jaw dropped. He was still ruminating over the callousness of the world in respect to lovers when she mounted the stairs and tapped firmly on Hetty's door.

Hetty Castleton was standing in the middle of her room when Sara entered. From her position it was evident that she had stopped short in her nervous, excited pacing of the floor. She was very pale, but there was a dogged, set expression about her mouth. "Come in, dear," she said, in a manner that showed she had been expecting the visit. "Have you seen him?"

Sara closed the door, and then stood with her back against it, regarding her agitated friend with serious, compassionate eyes. "Yes. He is terribly upset. It was a blow to him, Hetty." "I am sorry for him, Sara. He was so dreadfully in earnest. But, thank God, it is over!" She threw back her head and breathed deeply. "That horrible, horrible nightmare is ended. I suppose it had to be. But the mockery of it—think of it, Sara!—the damnable mockery of it!" "Poor old Leslie!" sighed the other. "Poor old Leslie!"

Hetty's eyes filled with tears. "Oh, I am sorry for him. He didn't deserve it. God in heaven, if he really knew everything! If he knew why I could not listen to him, why I almost screamed when he held my hands in his and begged—actually begged me to— Oh, it was ghastly, Sara!"

She covered her face with her hands, and swayed as if about to fall. Sara came quickly to her side. Putting an arm about the quivering shoulders, she led the girl to the broad window seat and threw open the blinds. "Don't speak of it, dearest—don't think of that. Sit here quietly in the air and pull yourself together. Let me talk to you. Let me tell you how deeply distressed I am, not only on your account, but his."

They were silent for a long time, the girl lying still and almost breathless against the other's shoulders. She was still wearing the delicate blue dinner gown, but in her fingers was the exquisite pearl necklace Sara had taken her for Christmas. She had given it off and had forgotten to drop it in her jewel box. "I suppose he will go up to the city early," she said monotonously. "Leslie is a better lover than you think, my dear," said Sara, looking out over the tops of the cedars. "He will not run away."

Hetty looked up in alarm. "You mean he will persist in—his attentions," she cried. "Oh, no. I don't believe you will find him to be the bugbear you imagine. He can take defeat like a man. He is devoted to you, he is devoted to me. Your decision no doubt wrecks his fondest hopes in life, but it doesn't make a weakening of him."

"I don't quite understand—"

"He is sustained by the belief that he has paid you the highest honor a man can pay to a woman. There is no reason why he should turn his back on you, as a sulky boy might do. No, my dear, I think you may count on him as your best, most loyal friend from this night on. He has just said to me that his greatest pain lies in the fear that you may not be willing to accept him as a simple, honest, unassuming friend since—"

"Oh, Sara, if he will only be that and nothing more!" cried the girl wistfully. Sara smiled confidently. "I fancy you haven't much to fear in that direction, my dear. It isn't in Leslie Wrاندall's make-up to court a second repulse. He is all pride. The blow it suffered tonight can't be repeated—at least, not by the same person."

"I am so sorry it had to be Leslie," murmured Hetty. "Be nice to him, Hetty. He deserves that much of you, to say the least. I should miss him if he found it impossible to come here on account of—"

"I wouldn't have that happen for the world," cried the girl in distress. "He is your dearest friend. Send me away, Sara, if you must. Don't let anything stand in the way of your friendship for Leslie. You depend on him for so much, dear. I can't bear the thought of—"

love. Better for me to lose all the others and still have you." The girl looked at her in wonder for a long time. "Oh, I know you mean it, Sara, but—but how can it be true?" "Put yourself in my place," was all that Sara said in reply, and her companion had no means of translating the sentence. She could only remain mute and wondering, her eyes fixed on that other mystery, the cameo face in the moon that hung high above the somber forest.

"Poor Leslie," murmured Sara, a long time afterward, a dreamy note in her voice. "I can't put him out of my thoughts. He will never get over it. I have never seen one so stricken and yet so brave. He would have been more than a husband to you, Hetty. It is in him to be a slave to the woman he loves. I know him well, poor boy."

Hetty was silent, brooding. Sara resumed her thoughtful observations. "Why should you let what happened months ago stand in the way of—?" She got no farther than that. With an exclamation of horror, the girl sprang away from her and glowered at her with dilated eyes. "My God, Sara!" she whispered hoarsely. "Are you mad?"

The other sighed. "I suppose you must think it of me," she said diametrically. "We are made differently, you and I. If I cared for a man, nothing in all this world could stand between me and him."

Hetty was still staring. "You don't mean to say you would have me marry Challis Wrاندall's brother?" she said, in a sort of stupefaction. Sara shook her head. "I mean this: you would be justified in permitting Leslie to glorify that which his brother desecrated; your womanhood, my dear."

"My God, Sara!" again fell in a hoarse whisper from the girl's lips. "I simply voice my point of view," explained Sara calmly. "As I said before, we look at things differently. I can't believe you mean what you said," cried Hetty. "Why—why, if I loved him with all my heart, soul and body I could not even think of— Oh, I shudder to think of it!"

"I love you," continued Sara, fixing her mysterious eyes on those of the girl, "and yet you took from me something more than a brother. I love you, knowing everything, and I am paying in full the debt he owes to you, Leslie, knowing nothing, is no less your debtor. All this is paradoxical, I know, my dear, but we must remember that while other people may be indebted to us, we also owe something to ourselves. We ought to take pay from ourselves. Please do not conclude that I am urging or even advising you to look with favor upon Leslie Wrاندall's honorable, sincere proposal of marriage. I am merely trying to convince you that you are entitled to all that any man can give you in this world of ours—we women all are, for that matter."

"I was sure that you couldn't ask me to marry him. I couldn't believe—"

"Forget what I have said, dearest, if it grieves you," cried Sara warmly. She arose and drew the girl close to her. "Kiss me, Hetty." Their lips met. The girl's eyes were closed, but Sara's were wide open and gleaming. "It is because I love you," she said softly, but she did not complete the sentence that burned in her brain. To herself she repeated: "It is because I love you that I would scourge you with Wrاندalls!"

"You are very good to me, Sara," sobbed Hetty. "You will be nice to Leslie?" "Yes, yes! If he will only let me be his friend."

"He asks no more than that. Now, you must go to bed." Suddenly, without warning, she held the girl tightly in her arms. Her breathing was quick, as of one moved by some sharp sensation of terror. When Hetty, in no little wonder, opened her eyes Sara's face was turned away, and she was looking over her shoulder as if cause for alarm had come from behind.

"What is it?" cried Hetty anxiously. She saw the look of dread in her companion's eyes, even as it began to fade. "I don't know," muttered Sara. "Something, I can't tell what, came over me. I thought some one was stealing up behind me. How silly of me."

"Ah," said Hetty, with an odd smile, "I can understand how you felt." "Hetty, will you take me in with you tonight?" whispered Sara nervously. "Let me sleep with you, I can't explain it, but I am afraid to be alone tonight." The girl's answer was a glad smile of acquiescence. "Come with me, then, to my bedroom while I change. I have the queerest feeling that some one is in my room. I don't want to be alone. Are you afraid?"

The Hollow of Her Hand

by George Barr McCutcheon

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CHAPTER XI.

In the Shadow of the Mill.

The next day but one was overcast. Far into the night Sara sat in the window of Hetty's dressing room, her chin sunk low in her hands, staring moodily into the now opaque night, her eyes somber and unblinking, her body as motionless as death itself. The cooling wind caressed her and whispered warnings into her unprotected ears, but she sat there unprotected against its chill, her nightdress damp with the mist that crept up with sinister stealth from the sea.

Leslie was to return from the wilds on the following day. Early in the morning Booth had telephoned to inquire if she did not want to go for a long walk with him before luncheon. The portrait was finished, but he could not afford to miss the morning hour with her. He said as much to her in pressing his invitation. "Tomorrow Leslie will be here and I shan't see as much of you as I'd like," he explained, rather wistfully. "There is a crowd, you know. I've got so used to having you all to myself, it's hard to break off suddenly."

"I will be ready at eleven," she said, and was instantly surprised to find that her voice rang with new life, new interest. The grayness seemed to lift from the view that stretched beyond the window; she even looked for the sun in her eagerness. It was then that she knew why the world had been bleaker than usual, even in its cloak of gray.

A little before eleven she set out briskly to intercept him at the gates. Unknown to her, Sara sat in her window, and viewed her departure with gloomy eyes. The world also was gray for her.

They came upon each other unexpectedly at a sharp turn in the avenue. Hetty colored with a sudden rush of confusion, and had all she could do to meet his eager, happy eyes as he stood over her and proclaimed his pleasure in jerky, awkward sentences. Then they walked on together, a strange eyness attending them. She experienced the faintness of breath that comes when the heart is filled with pleasant alarms. As for Booth, his blood sang. He thrilled with the joy of being near her, of the feel of her all about him, of the delicious feminine appeal that made her so wonderful to him. He wanted to crush her in his arms, to keep her there forever, to exert all of his brute physical strength so that she might never again be herself but a part of him.

They uttered commonplaces. The spell was on them. It would lift, but for the moment they were powerless to struggle against it. At length he saw the color fade from her cheeks; her eyes were able to meet his without the look in them that all men love. Then he seemed to get his feet on the ground again, and a strange, ineffably sweet sense of calm took possession of him.

"I must part you all over again," he said, suddenly breaking in on one of her remarks. "Just as you are today—an outdoor girl, a glorious outdoor girl in—"

"Stunning," was his brief comment. She was silent for a long time, long indeed that he turned to look at her. "A thoroughly decent, fair minded chap is Leslie Wrاندall," he pronounced, for want of something better to say. "Still, I'm bound to say I'm sorry he is coming home tomorrow."

"The red crept into her cheeks again. "I thought you were such pals," she said nervously. "I expect to be his best man if ever married," said he, whacking stone at the roadside with his walking stick. Then he looked up at her furtively and added, with a quizzical smile: "Unless something happens."

"What could happen?" "He might marry the girl I'm in love with, and, in that case, I'd have to be excused."

"Where shall we walk to this morning?" she asked abruptly. He drew closer to her in the roadway. "Is it too far to the old stone mill? That's where I first saw you, if you remember."

"Yes, let us go there," she said, her heart sank. She knew what was coming. Perhaps it were best to let it over with; to put it away with things that were to always be the lost treasures. It would mean the end of their companionship, the end of a love dream. She would have to love him: to tell him she did love him.

Coming to the jog in the broad roadway, they were striking off into a narrow road that led to the quiet old mill, long since abandoned in the forest glade beyond, when their attention was drawn to a motor car, which was slowing down for the turn in Sara's domain. A cloud of dust swept in the air far behind the machine. A bare-headed man on the seat beside the driver waved his hand to them, and two women in the tonneau bowed gravely. Both Hetty and Booth flushed uncomfortably, and hastened in their progress up the forest road.

The man was Leslie Wrاندall. His mother and sister were in the seat of the touring car. "Why—why, it was Leslie," cried Booth, looking over his shoulder at the rapidly receding car. "Shall I turn back, Miss Castleton?" "No," she cried instantly, with something like impatience in her voice. "And spoil our walk?" she added, the next breath, adding a nervous little laugh.

"It seems rather—" he began doubtfully. "Oh, let us have our day," she cried sharply, and led the way into the road. They came, in the course of a quarter of an hour, to the bridge over the mill race. Beyond, in the most shades, stood a dilapidated, century structure known as Rangely's mill, landmark with a history that included incidents of the Revolutionary war; when eager patriots held secret meetings inside its walls and plotted under the very noses of Tory adherents the crown.



She Made No Response.

shapely foot in an American walking shoe. He smiled and gave voice to a new thought. "By Jove, how much better looking our American shoes are than the kind they wear in London!" "Sara insists on American shoes, so long as I am with her. I don't think our boots are so villainous, do you?" "Just the same, I'm going to paint you again, boots and all. You—"

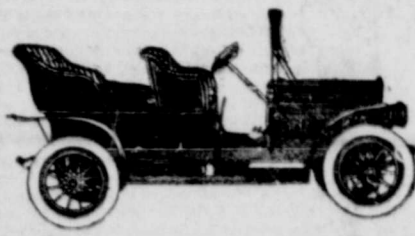
Perfectly Justifiable. A somewhat laggard and procrastinating student one Sunday even went to his instructor for aid in one of his studies, asking him if he thought it was wrong to study on Sunday. He was somewhat surprised to receive the reply, "If the Master is justified in pulling the ass out of the ditch on the Sabbath, was not the justifiable in trying to get him out?"

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row for efficient service and that he did not intend to limit his usefulness to preaching from the pulpit. Suing the action to the world, he accepted the position as agricultural demonstration agent of Ellis County and in this capacity will work in connection with the United States Department of Agriculture. As his membership is largely agricultural he purposes to assist them in increasing the value of their land and in the most scientific manner of raising products. In other words, he intends to set an example to live by, as well as religion to die by and purposes to be a worker in the vineyard as well as a teacher in the tabernacle.

Reports are out that some one has been prowling our town of late, peeping in at the windows, following people around over town, ect. If this be the case, let us urge the guilty party to refrain from such actions, for a continuance of such might send his soul across the great divide and have the green grass waving over his silent resting place. You have no right prowling around some ones premises nor following parties who happen to be up late at nights, and should it become necessary to shoot you down as a dog, you are paid for because you were not worth anything in the beginning. For ever abstain from such actions, for no one will give you any consideration more than a stray dog if you are located at their window and too they may be watching for you.

Man Found Hanging

Tuesday of this week a very peculiar occurrence happened in our town. H. E. Wee'esser was passing the Cau Rock theatre during the evening when no one was supposed to be within, and hearing a peculiar noise, looked in at a dim window and at a glimpse discovered a man hanging. The first thought was suicide or murder and he at once notified others and with brave hearts, strong efforts and heroic work, entrance was gained and the sight from within was even greater than murder and when light was had a man near the ceiling was in plain view who proved to be no other than Dock Parsley, doing the finest job of hanging paper that has ever been located in town, and stated that he had a fine line of samples on hand and could do other work equally as nice.—Adv.

Miss Eleanor Wilson, President Wilson's youngest daughter 23 years of age, was married to Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo, who is over 50 years of age and who has six grown children, some older than his new wife. This seems to be rather a strange mating for a young and accomplished, young woman to marry an old man like the Secretary of the Treasury. When Miss Wilson is in her prime her husband will be 70 years of age. Being the President's daughter Miss Wilson could have easily selected a handsome Congressman if she had desired to do so. But Mr. McAdoo is rich which sheds some light on this august occasion.

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ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

L. G. WAGGONER, Editor & Owner.

MIAMI, TEX., MAY 28, 1914.

Announcements

Subject to the action of the Democratic primary, July 25th, 1914.

- JUDGE 31 JUDICIAL DISTRICT
F. P. Creever
Newton P. Willis
- FOR TAX ASSESSOR
L. A. Coffey
L. G. Christopher
S. E. Fitzgerald
John Short
Homer Tolbert
- FOR COUNTY ATTORNEY
Troy Smith
J. A. Holmes
- FOR COUNTY JUDGE
J. E. Kinney
J. A. Meade
- FOR SHERIFF, TAX COLLECTOR
O. B. Hardin
- FOR COUNTY CLERK
J. K. McKenoe
- FOR COUNTY TREASURER
C. G. Kivlehen

Yes it is easy to fill up a newspaper, in fact we could fill up a dozen pages each week but the secret of success lies in filling up with something that the people want to read, and when you begin to fill things down, you are not going to have such a big bunch left

Here Is the Proof

Ben Pittman	796 writers, 30.4 per cent
Graham	212 writers, 15.3 per cent
Munson	86 writers, 5.4 per cent
Issac Pittman	67 writers, 4.2 per cent
All others	156 writers, 9.9 per cent

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It is our endeavor to never let an article go to the Chief that we do not think will interest some one, and although we have not the "Scrutinizing eyes of the Omnipotent" our ever endeavor is to continually please the public and always give them good clean reading matter.

A PROGRESSIVE PREACHER

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We have the Panhandle Mutual Life Insurance Co. filled to over 300 with two weeks work. Headquarters First State Bank. Durrett Bros. Agts.

It will cost you but very little to lay up \$1,000. in your home bank for your family, do it now! E. M. L. I. Co. Durrett Bros. Agts.

ICE

Delivered to your Refrigerator in any part of the City, every day, including Sunday. PRICES RIGHT.

PHONE 67 **Randall Patton**

Miss Lucile Ewing spent Sunday in Canadian.

The Cap Rock Theatre is being repaired this week.

Mrs. P. A. Rucker of Canadian is in our city today.

E. L. Henderson left Monday for a three weeks visit to Bowie.

Miss Maude Kirk left this week for Durham Okla.

A. W. Ganaway shipped a fine stallion to Blackwell this week.

H. C. Hill is having an addition built to his house this week.

J. W. Talley of Pampa is in our city this week looking after business.

J. A. Morrison paid for another years subscription to the Chief last week.

Mrs. Add Talley of Ochiltree came in Monday for a visit with her son, Ben Talley.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rasor drove their Ford to town yesterday and traded it for a new Buick Car.

Dr. P. L. Shelton reports arrival of a new boy at the J. Fleming home May 24th.

C. C. Gillis made a call Tuesday and had his name added to our mailing list.

Mr. and Mrs. Dave Payne and Miss Howard took dinner yesterday at the New Locke home in Miami.

Mrs. Carter who has been very low the last week is reported improving some.

Fairest Quarrels left Monday for Ft. Worth where he will spend a couple of weeks visiting.

A. B. McAfee renewed last week and is now in good standing for another twelve months.

J. Foreman was in the city Monday with a large smile over the crop prospects and handed us a dollar for the Chief another year.

Sheriff Christian of Hutchison county was in our city last week looking after business pertaining to his office.

Dr. A. Cole, F. P. Reid, J. R. Cox and Robt. McGregor of Mobeetie were in our city a few hours yesterday.

Chas. Hamilton of Kansas City passed through Miami last week enroute to Mobeetie for a months visit.

James Cook came in Monday from Ochiltree and states that he was moving back but was water bound on the other side of the Canadian.

Quite a number of parties have been out fishing this week, more parties than fish though if we get the returns correctly.

Geo. B. Dunn of Mobeetie unloaded a car of lumber here last week and had it hauled out to the Gageby Valley where E. A. Dunn is building a nice residence and will move out soon.

Mrs. Thos. O'Loughlin and Mrs. A. E. Gething left Tuesday morning for Amarillo where they attended the Episcopal conference this week.

The D. B. Stribling family moved yesterday to Pampa where they will make their home. It is with much regret that we lose them from our midst and Pampa may compliment herself over getting such a nice family.

Mason Davis went out fishing this week and says he likes very much to fish and pull the fish out of the water, but the most exciting and fascinating sport he enjoyed while out, was fishing a nice young lady out of the water whom had failed to balance herself on a log.

The Missionary Society met yesterday with Mrs. Severson with Mrs. Severson and Mrs. Lowry as Hostesses. It was a social meeting and an unusual large attendance was present and all had an extremely good time. Refreshments to suit the most refined taste were served.

Mrs. W. R. Ewing and son Robert spent Tuesday night at the Joe Snyers ranch.

Misses Lucile Ewing and Cathrine Daughtee made a trip to the Snyers Bros. ranch yesterday morning.

Miss Pauline Baird came in this week from Denton where she has been attending the C. I. A.

Samuel Edge was a very pleasant visitor with the Chief force this morning and while in renewed and had the paper sent to Mrs. M. H. Baird, Woodward, Okla.

S. E. Eitzgerald moved yesterday to the residence recently vacated by A. M. Jones. Dr. M. L. Gunn will occupy the residence on the corner near the church.

Word received from Hutchison county states that M. G. Mathis is making the race for county Judge with very bright prospects of being elected. Luck to you M. G. your Miami friends will vote for you.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Nelson are inviting all their friends to their home Friday night of next week for a social entertainment. Mr. Nelson states everyone is invited, both friends of his and their friends.

Mrs. B. F. Jackson left Friday of last week for Denton where she will attend the graduating exercises of the College of Industrial Arts in which her daughter Miss Florrie will be a participant. They will be home in a few days.

The Revival meeting at the auditorium this week is progressing very nicely and a very unusual large attendance is had both at the day and night services. Rev. E. C. Pender is preaching some very strong bible and puts it up in very proper style.

Saturday is Memorial day, and one in which we should not forget to honor the dead. The Silent City is where we will all soon cast our lot but while living we should pay due tribute to all who have gone that way. On pages six and seven of this weeks Chief will be found some nice poems on decorating the graves of our dead heroes.

Considerable has been done on the Presbyterian church the last week, completely remodeling the front and pointing the foundation. The church will be repainted soon. This work may be credited to the good ladies of that church, who raised the funds to do the work and of course, as usual, the men are ready to do the bossing of the job.

Last Tuesday night the High School graduates were entertained at the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. George. The first part of the evening they were conducted by the hostess to the picture show where reserved seats had been secured. Three reels were shown, all very good, the last reel causing much laughter. Then the merry party returned to Mr. Georges residence where delicious refreshments were served consisting of Cake, Strawberries and cream. A delightful evening was spent.

Our country correspondants all failed on us this week, and we hope that they will make up next.

F. P. Greever came in today from canvassing trip in Wheeler county. Judge says prospects are fine and he feels confident of victory.

Harry Craig is here visiting his brother, M. M.

NOTICE. There has been some parties plowing sod and hauling it off the town Site Companies land without our permission and we wish to give due notice that it must be stopped. The Miami Town Site Co. 444tp Per Samuel Edge

DENTIST

Dr. Meek will be in Miami, Tuesday of next week, June 2nd, at the Fitch Hotel.

Fresh and Cold

That is the way you will find everything around our way. Fruits, Candies, Cigars and Confections. GIVE US A CALL

Fred Chisum, Owner

For all kinds of fencing material, posts, wire and hog fences, poultry and Rabbit fence, see the White House Lbr. Co.

Why we sell Star brand Shoes. "Star Brand Shoes are better"

When you see a man with a car he can afford, big or little, driving along a fine road with his wife beside him, his mother and children in the tonneau—do you really think he would be a better, more usefull citizen if he put that motor money in some bonds and let his mother, wife and children sit in doors with their noses pressed against the glass, watching other motors go by. If not get buisy and buy a car from Locke.

23 Specialty faticions make Star Brand Shoes.

Rockvale Lump, Rockvale Nut and Dawson Pea Coal at the White House.

A good pasture for stock, will take 50 to 75 head.

Wm. Cotton.

10,000 Shoe Makers make Star Brand Shoes.

The white house Lbr. Co. has just unloaded the finest car of cedar posts ever unloaded in Miami.

18,000 Dealers sell Star Brand Shoes.

S. C. Osborne & Co. Miami Texas.

Investigate our line get our prices, you will find that we are always in the lead and prices right. White House Lbr. Co.

Postively no bathing in my tank north of town. Intruders will be severely dealt with. 43tf. Joe Smyres.

GOOD TEAM FOR SALE I have some good work teams for sale on time with good notes also some second hand horse collars. 43tf W. F. Patton

A very neat little residence most conveniently located for rent Ask T. M. Cunningham.

All kinds of stock feed and chicken feed for sale at Christopher Bros

Try a sack of white Lilac flour and you will continue to use Lilac

I have some extra good hereford males for sale, all registered stuff and two years old. Prices are right on this stuff and you may see it at my place Southeast of town. 434t M. McCauley.

Mrs. Will Tandy bought a player piano from the Smith Music Co., Canadian.

ANY one in need of an up to date conveyance, such as an auto or Ford, give Locke a chance and if he does not please you, you cannot be pleased.

Figure that house, barn, granary, or header barge bill with the white House Lumber Co: Good grade at the right prices.

Screen the house, and keep out the dirty, disease carrying house fly, The White House Lbr. Co. has the screens in a variety of sizes grades and prices.

With each one pound of good steal cut coffee purchased from Locke Bros, you will receive an excellent piece of china.

We are factory representatives for the famous H. P. Nelson Player Pianos price \$650.00. We challenge our competitors to place any player piano by ours in your home that doesn't cost over \$1000.00 and if he can demonstrate where it is superior in any respect, we will sell you ours at half price. We go into the factories annually and try them all, and thats why we make the above statement. EARL B. SMITH MUSIC COMPANY, Canadian.

Boot & Shoe Maker.

I am now prepared to give you the very best in a genuine good Shoppmade boot or shoe. All styles and kinds for your own fancy. Also do general repairing on boots and shoes. Work guaranteed on everything. Give me a call and lets get acquainted.

MAIL

ORDERS

Given prompt and careful attention. Shop across street from Wagon yard. Come In.

ALBERT WILDE

Miami, Texas.

FOR SALE

Some good work stuff including 4 teams of mules, 1 team of mares and 2 teams of geldings Will sell on time if good security is given. Any one wanting any of these inquire of Ira McNeil. 42tf.

PAMPA MUTUAL HAIL ASSOCIATION

For hail insurance on growing crops, see H. A. Talley, Miami, Tex. 42 tf. O. A. Barrett, Sec.

Save money by buying your work clothes overalls, shirts shoes jumpers underwear and all your Drygoods at Osborne & Co's "Best by every test" Bull Dog Overalls at Osbornes Cash Store.

FOR SALE

My Poland China male also some young hogs. 30tf J. P. Wright.

HAIL INSURANCE

I represent the Pampa Mutual Hail Association and will be glad to meet you and talk this over. No loss no premium to pay. Investigate. It is better to keep our money at home. 40tf W. C. Christopher.

See those Bull Dog Overalls at Osbornes Cash Store.

LOST

A Poland China sow, weight about 250 lbs. color black estrayed from my place April 22. 41tf. H. K. Kitchen.

11,000,000 shipment last year. Moral. Star brand Shoes are bettet 7,000,000 pairs worn last year.

For sacked or bulk corn and all kinds of feed see Christopher

CANADA'S PLACE AS A PRODUCER

Canada Is Getting a Great Many Americans.

"Three young provinces, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta," says a New York financial journal, "have already made Winnipeg one of the greatest primary wheat markets of the world. In 1904 they raised 58,000,000 bushels of wheat. Five years later they produced 150,000,000 bushels. In 1913 the crop approximated 200,000,000 bushels. At the present rate of progress Canada must soon pass France and India, and stand third in the line of wheat producers. Ultimately it will dispute with Russia and the United States for the first position. Wheat has been the pioneer of our development. Undoubtedly it will prove the same with Canada. In the last calendar year our trade with Canada amounted to 497 million dollars. Only with two countries—the United Kingdom and Germany—is our trade greater. No vivid imagination is needed to see what the future development of Canada means to the people of the United States.

The influx of American settlers to the Canadian prairies is now in full swing. Within the past few days over 80 of those arrived at Bassano carrying with them effects and capital to the value of \$160,000. Fifty settlers from Oregon arrived in Alberta a few days ago; while 15 families of settlers from the state of Colorado arrived at Calgary on their journey northwards. The goods and personal effects of this party filled 20 box cars. Of live stock alone they had 175 horses, 15 cows and 2,000 head of poultry. Another class of settler has arrived at Peers, 110 miles west of Edmonton, where no fewer than 200 German farmers have taken up land. These are from good farming families and brought with them a large amount of capital.

Then in South Western Saskatchewan, there are large numbers settling, these from the United States predominating, while in the northern and central portions of all these provinces, the settlement of new people is going on steadily. Early in April, Peter Goertz arrived in Cardiff after a six-day journey from McPherson, Kansas. Mr. Goertz who had purchased land here was in charge of a party of 38 people from the same part of Kansas and they came through with a special train which included all their stock and implements. The equipment was all Rock Island cars, and was the first full immigrant train ever sent out by that railroad. The farms purchased by the members of the party are amongst the best in the district.

When the Panama exposition opens next year any of the three transcontinental lines in Canada will make convenient means of transport for those going to visit, and in doing so agricultural districts of Western Canada can be seen, and ocular demonstration given those who have heard but not before seen, of that which has attracted so many hundreds of thousands of American settlers.—Advertisement.

The Inference.

"Are you a policeman?" asked one paying guest of another at a charity picnic dinner.

"No," said the other. "Why do you ask?"

"Merely, that I noticed," said the first speaker, glancing at the section of fried chicken in the other's fingers, "that you are pulling a tough joint."

Wants to See Things.

"Poor old Jaggsby is off the water wagon again."

"I can't help admiring his frankness, though."

"He doesn't try to excuse himself?"

"No. He merely says he prefers a scenic route."—Baltimore Sun.

The Button Doctor.

During the short seven years of her life, little Florence Louise had become duly impressed with the prevalence of specialists in the medical profession.

One day, after returning from a visit to a small playmate, she calmly announced:

"Rena swallowed a button."

"Are you worried about her?" she was asked.

"Oh, she will get along all right," Florence Louise complacently replied. "They sent for a regular button doctor."

Limited Intentions.

"How do you propose to support my daughter, sir?"

"I didn't propose to her to support her at all. I only proposed to her to marry me."—Rebooth Sunday Herald.

Proving the Punch.

Skids—You think his story has a real punch to it?

Skittles—Sure thing! You ought to have seen the way it put me to sleep.—Puck.

Disasters.

"My baldness dates from that terrible year."

"Oh, yes! 1870."

"What do you mean by 1870? I speak of the year I was married."—Le Rire (Paris).

A Success.

"Was the go to church movement a success in your neighborhood?"

"Yes, indeed. Our church was as full as it is when they are serving something to eat."—Detroit Free Press.

MEMORIAL DAY



SURVIVOR OF THE "DUCHESS" SUGAR

COVER them over with beautiful flowers, Deck them with garlands, those brothers of ours, Lying so silent, by night and by day, Sleeping the years of their manhood away. Give them the meed they have won in the past; Give them the honors their future forecast; Give them the chaplets they won in the strife; Give them the laurels they lost with their life.

Cover them over, yes, cover them over, Parent and husband, brother and lover, Crown in your hearts those dead heroes of ours, Cover them over with beautiful flowers. Cover the hearts that have beaten so high, Beaten with hopes that were doomed but to die; Hearts that have burned in the heat of the fray, Hearts that have yearned for the home far away. Once they were glowing with friendship and love, Now their great souls have gone soaring above; Bravely their blood to the Nation they gave, There in her bosom they found them a grave. Cover the thousands who sleep far away,



SHERIDAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA

Sleep where their friends cannot find them today, They who in mountain and hillside and dell, Rest where they wearied and lie where they fell. Softly the grass blades creep round their repose, Softly above them the wild flow'ret blows; Zephyrs of freedom fly gently o'erhead, Whispering prayers for the patriot dead. When the long years have rolled away, E'en to the dawn of earth's funeral day, When at the Angel's loud trumpet tread, Rise up the faces and forms of the dead; When the great world its last judgment awaits; When the blue sky shall fling open its gates; When the great columns march silently through, Past the Great Captain for final review. Blessings for garlands shall cover them over, Parent and husband, brother and lover; God will reward those dead heroes of ours, Cover them over with beautiful flowers. —Will Carleton.

OUR FALLEN HEROES.

The angel of the nation's peace Has wreathed with flowers the battle drum; We see the fruiting fields increase Where sound of war no more shall come. The swallow skims the Tennessee, Soft winds play o'er the Rapidan; There only echo notes of glee, Where gleaned a mighty army's van! Fair Chattanooga's wooded slope, With summer airs is lightly stirred, And many a heart is warm with hope Where once the deep-mouthed gun was heard.

The blue Potomac stainless rolls, And Mission-Ridge is gemmed with fern; On many a height sleep gallant souls And still the blooming years return. Thank God! unseen to outward eye, But felt in every freeman's breast, From graves where fallen comrades lie Ascends at Nature's wise behest,

With springing grass and blossoms new, A prayer to bless the nation's life, To freedom's flower give brighter hue, And hide the awful stains of strife, O, boys in blue, we turn to you, The scarred and mangled who survive; No more we meet in grand review— But all the arts of freedom thrive.

Still glows the jewel on its shrine, Won where the James now tranquil rolls; A wreath for all, the glory thine, And memory of heroic souls! —George Bancroft Griffith.

COMPANY "K"

There's a cap in the closet, Old, tattered and gray, Of very slight value— Intrinsic, they say; But a crown, jewel-studded, Could not buy it today, With its letters of honor, Brave "Co. K."

The head that it sheltered Needs shelter no more; Dead heroes make holy The trinkets they wore. So, like chaplets of honor, Of laurel and bay, Seems the cap of the soldier Marked "Co. K."

Bright eyes have looked calmly, Its visor beneath, O'er the work of the Reaper, Grim harvester, Death! Let the muster roll meager So mournfully say How, foremost in danger Went "Co. K."

Whose footsteps unbroken Came up to the town, Where rampart and bastion Looked threateningly down? Who, closing up the breaches, Still kept on their way, Till guns, downward pointed, Faced "Co. K."

Who faltered or shivered? Who shunned battle's stroke? Whose fire was uncertain? Whose battle line broke? Go ask it of history Years from today And the record will tell you Not "Co. K."

Though my darling is sleeping Today with the dead, And daisies and clover Bloom over his head, I smile through my tears, As I lay it away, The battle-worn cap Marked "Co. K." —Unidentified.

HEAVY LOSS IN HOTEL FIRES

Figures Show Much Need for the Institution of the "Safety First" Idea in Such Places.

Safety Engineering calls attention to the fact that in the first 92 days of this year there were 162 hotel fires in the United States and Canada. On the average a hotel went partially or completely up in smoke every 13 1/4 hours during the period of three months. The property loss totaled

about \$4,500,000, or about \$50,000 a day.

Turning to the human side, the figures show that fifty-four persons were killed in these fires, not including all who may have died later as a result of injuries. On the average a human being was killed or injured every twenty hours. On every one of these 92 days from 50 to 100 persons were routed out in panic, and a large proportion of them had narrow escapes from death.

The lessons, of course, are obvious.

and so often repeated that it seems hopeless to keep hammering at them. Briefly they are: First, better construction; second, better fire prevention methods; third, better systems of extinguishing fires and of alarming guests. The "safety first" crusade might with advantage be extended to the hotels.

Allowing for losses in slack season, three-quarters of the women workers in New York city receive less than \$400 a year.

TEXAS BREVITIES

The Austin American is the title of a new daily paper which will make its appearance in the field of journalism June 1.

The business men in Mabank are strong advocates of good roads and have succeeded in raising a fund of \$2,544 to be used in improving all highways entering Mabank. Work will be started shortly.

Practically all arrangements have been completed for the construction of the combination county and railroad bridge across the Brazos river at Freeport, connecting Freeport and Velasco.

The Posttex Cotton Mills, which were recently opened at Post City, report a splendid business, and are receiving orders daily from various sections of the state for their products.

Work on the bay shore loop of the Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio railroad is being rushed and will probably be ready for operation about the middle of August. This road will branch off from the main line at a point one-half mile from La Porte and will again connect with the main road at Seabrook. The road will be 13 miles long and will be traversed by motor cars.

There were 238,010 head of livestock received on the Fort Worth market during April, according to a report issued by the Fort Worth Stockyards company. Compared with the receipts for the same month of 1913 this is a decrease of a little more than 4,000 head, which is attributed principally to the heavy rains in the various sections of the state and crippled transportation facilities.

Col. C. J. Crane, commander of the Ninth infantry camp at Laredo, gave out an interview to the press in which he advises Mexicans who have been securing arms and ammunition recently and arming themselves, ostensibly for protection, but probably for other purposes, to desist from the practice. In the interview he states what is liable to result to those people in the event of hostilities between this country and Mexico.

A number of big land owners in the Trinity valley are preparing to solve the "tenant question" and have placed about a million acres of their land at the disposal of the 220,000 tenant farmers in Texas. The land will be cut up into small farms and sold to farmers at a nominal cost. The purchaser is given forty years to pay for the tract and does not need to pay anything the first year.

Building activities continue in the nine principal cities of Texas, unabated, according to a report just issued by the Texas Business Men's association, and during the month of April construction licenses in these places totalled \$2,393,135. This is an increase over the permits issued during the same period of last year of \$30,381.

The new nurses' home at Galveston, building funds for which were provided by the last legislature, will be called the Rebecca Sealy nurses' home. It takes the place of a very old and dilapidated wooden building, and will furnish accommodations for many women who are studying nursing at the medical department of the University of Texas.

A big celebration was held at Cisco recently which marked completion of the natural gas pipe line to that place from the Moran field, a distance of 18 miles.

The highest price ever paid for calves on the Fort Worth market since its establishment was recorded recently when parties of Bridgeport sold 85 vealers to a commission company for \$9.50 per cwt. straight through. The calves averaged 145 pounds each.

The annual shipment of Texas onions to northern and eastern markets is now on and shippers in the principal onion districts reports many carloads of this product en route to northern and eastern consumers.

Officials of the Lone Star Gas Company at Petrolia have been notified that a large pumping plant will be erected there in the immediate future. A 20-mile extension of the 16-inch main will be made across the Red river to the Duncan field, where the company has extensive gas holdings.

Texas ranks second with the other states in the number of homes built during the past decade, according to a report by the census bureau. Texas has been building on an average of seven homes every working day in the year and during the past census decade a total of 203,443 homes were built. This includes both urban and rural residences. There are now 779,177 homes in Texas, while ten years ago there were only 575,734, and Texas now ranks fifth with the other states in this respect.

New York's taxable property, of and state, is valued at \$11,392,720,51

Keep Hanford's Balsam in your stable. Adv.

Its Natural Suggestions. "Here's a good work on chirology. I notice it has a good many foot notes."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels and cure constipation. Adv.

Small Measure. She—I'm afraid young Jones is going to hide his light under a bushel. He—Under a gill, you mean.

Cynical. "What I am, I owe to my wife." "Well, take my advice and don't pay the debt. She made a mess of the job."

Same Thing. "So Julia came up to the scrawl without a whimper. She's a duck girl." "Yes, she's game."

Stick to Your Intentions. Don't put off getting Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh until something happens. Get it now and be prepared for accidents. You will find frequent use for it in your home and in your stable for cuts, burns, bruises and any so any lameness. Adv.

Sizing Up Louis. There recently came to a fashionable shoe shop in Chicago a daughter of a man whose wealth has been acquired within very recent years. The young woman was disposed to patronize the clerk, and rejected a number of "classy" slippers he produced for her approval. Finally she said, "I think, perhaps, I shall take the two pairs. But Louis XV heels are too high for me. Give me a size lower, say—perhaps Louis XIII will high enough."—Harper's.

Queen Poor Conversationalist. Queen Mary is a poor conversationalist. On some one being brought to her it is said she will begin to talk with remarkable felicity, setting forth with ease and delighting her. Then, all of a sudden, she suddenly ceases, an acute silence succeeds and the other does not know what to break the pause or slip away. The fact is the queen talks well by direct concentration; this does not last until the end of the conversation and once the thread is broken, she grows abstracted, thinking of something else.

Resistance to Electricity. Great prominence is given here reports of experiments by Dr. Von Pfungen of Vienna, showing the effective resistance of the human body against an electric current. Normally the resistance averages from 70,000 to 80,000 ohms. In a morning, owing to the accumulation of food residue in the intestines the resistance amounts to 180,000 ohms; persons suffering from nervous activity it decreases to 5,000 ohms; even to 1,000 ohms in cases of hysteria.

Von Pfungen's experiments are described as proving the off-observant fact that the effect of an electric shock when it is expected is much less serious than when it is unexpected. Electricians are psychically protected against any shocks they receive.

Von Pfungen also measured a man being's emotional feelings by electric current. An art student, gripping a carbon electric connection with a galvanometer. To begin with his electrical resistance was 60 ohms, but when he began to turn leaves of an album of pictures, galvanometer started to oscillate downward. A reproduction of Donatello's "David" brought the student's resistance down to 38,000 ohms, Murillo's "St. Francis" to 20,000, the one swinging lower as the student became more interested.—Paris Cable to New York American.

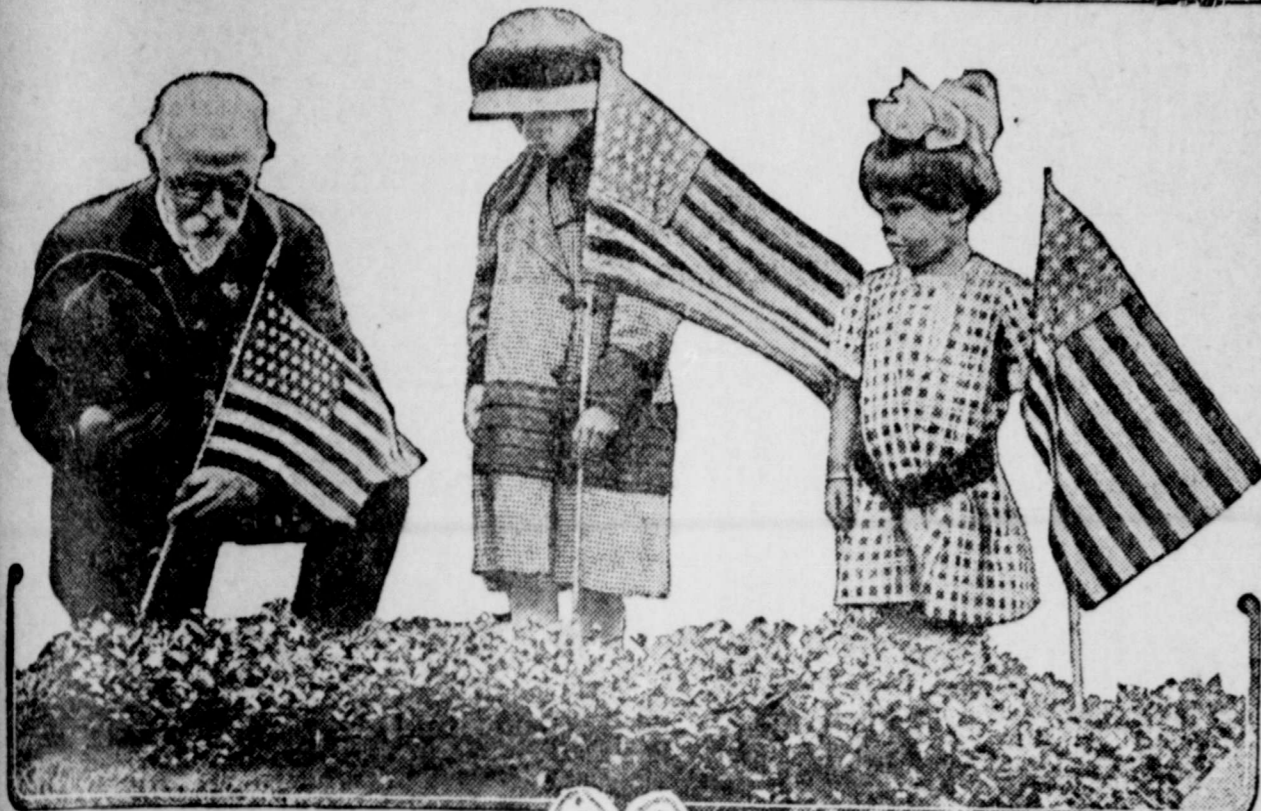
DID THE WORK Grew Strong on Right Food

You can't grow strong by merely exercising. You must have food—kind you can digest and assimilate. Unless the food you eat is digested it adds to the burden the digestive organs have naturally to carry. Often means a nervous breakdown. "About a year ago," writes a lady, "I had quite a serious nervous breakdown caused, as I believed, by overwork and worry. I also suffered untold misery from dyspepsia. "First I gave up my position, then tried to find a remedy for my trouble, something that would make me strong and strong, something to rest my stomach and build up my nervous system and brain. "I tried one kind of medicine after another, but nothing seemed to me. "Finally a friend suggested chlorophyll and recommended Grape-Nuts. With little or no faith in it, I tried it. That was eight months ago and I have never been without it since. "Grape-Nuts did the work. It has me grow strong and well. Grape-Nuts put new life into me, built up my whole system and made another whole of me!"

Name given by Postum Co., Creek, Mich. Read "The Role of Wellville," in page "There's a son."

Ever read the above letter? One appears from time to time, one genuine, true, and full of interest.

All Honor to the Sleeping Heroes



Sleep on, brave hearts, and take your rest,
 A hundred million strong and free
 Shall guard in each heroic breast
 Your pure and priceless legacy.
 'Twas not in vain, O noble band,
 Your blood imbued Columbia's sod,
 United now her children stand—
 One flag, one country, and one God.



Memorial Day from the Lighter Side

By S. E. KISER

AMBITION.

"Well, my little man," said the teacher as he patted the boy on the head, "I hope you are going to grow up to be a great man."



"I want to be a good and patriotic man, like those heroes marching past. I can be no greater earthly glory than they have won. I hope we may have another war, but if we do, I am sure you will be ready to fight for your country. Don't you see that you may, when you are an old man, be loved and honored as those brave old men who are marching past are loved and honored?"

GENEROSITY.

"Why do we have Memorial day?" asked the teacher.

"I know," said Willie.

"Please let us hear your explanation," said the men who own automobiles and show that they are not too proud to let the old soldiers ride in them, if they are all dusty."

ONE KIND.

"What is a paradox?" asked the teacher.

"A paradox, my child, is a politician who on Memorial day address without the occasion to try to further his political interests."

THE MODERN IDEA.

"Dearest," he said, "will you go with me to the cemetery to scatter flowers on the graves of the heroes?"

"Oh, I don't like to go to cemeteries. They are so depressing."

"Very well. We might go for a nice long drive into the country. All nature is at its best now."

"Why do you suggest such stupid things? Can't we go to an automobile race or something where there will be a chance that somebody will be smashed up? I want to be thrilled."

NO JOY FOR HIM.

"Do you have to work on Memorial day?"

"No."

"That's fine. I suppose you're glad to have a holiday."

"I would be if I didn't have the rheumatism in my right shoulder. I won't be able to bat or pitch."

IN HIS WAY.

"Never forget, my child," said the millionaire, "that your grandfather was a hero."

"What did grandfather do to become a hero?"

"He fought for three years in the greatest war the world has ever seen."

"Was he a general?"

"No."

"A colonel?"

"No."

"A captain?"

"No, he was a private soldier, but you must not forget that one who



fight in the ranks may be as great a hero as the highest officer."

"Was grandfather as great as you are?"

"Oh, no, he wasn't as great as I am. You see people can read my name on the billboards all over our broad land; but in his way he was a good deal of a man."

HIS MADDEST, MERRIEST DAY.

If you're waking call me early, call me early, mother, dear; Tomorrow'll be the gladdest day of all this glorious year. The maddest, merriest day, mother, that I may ever see.

So knock upon my door, mother, until you waken me.

I've oiled my motorcycle—it will be a holiday— I'll make it hot for chickens that linger in my way:



I may run over children or old people, mother dear, But it will be the greatest day that we have had this year.

Let others hear the speeches the orators shall make, But I'll be smashing records—I've thrown away my brakes; So call me early, mother; let me eat and get away To help to spread the terrors that mark Memorial day.

SHOULD BE FOREVER SET APART.

Something catches the spectator in the throat and moistens the eyes when the old veterans pass by. On ordinary days they are our fellow citizens, doing their work in the world in shop and store and public office; on Memorial day they are a priesthood of patriotism, keeping alive among us the holiness of a noble cause.

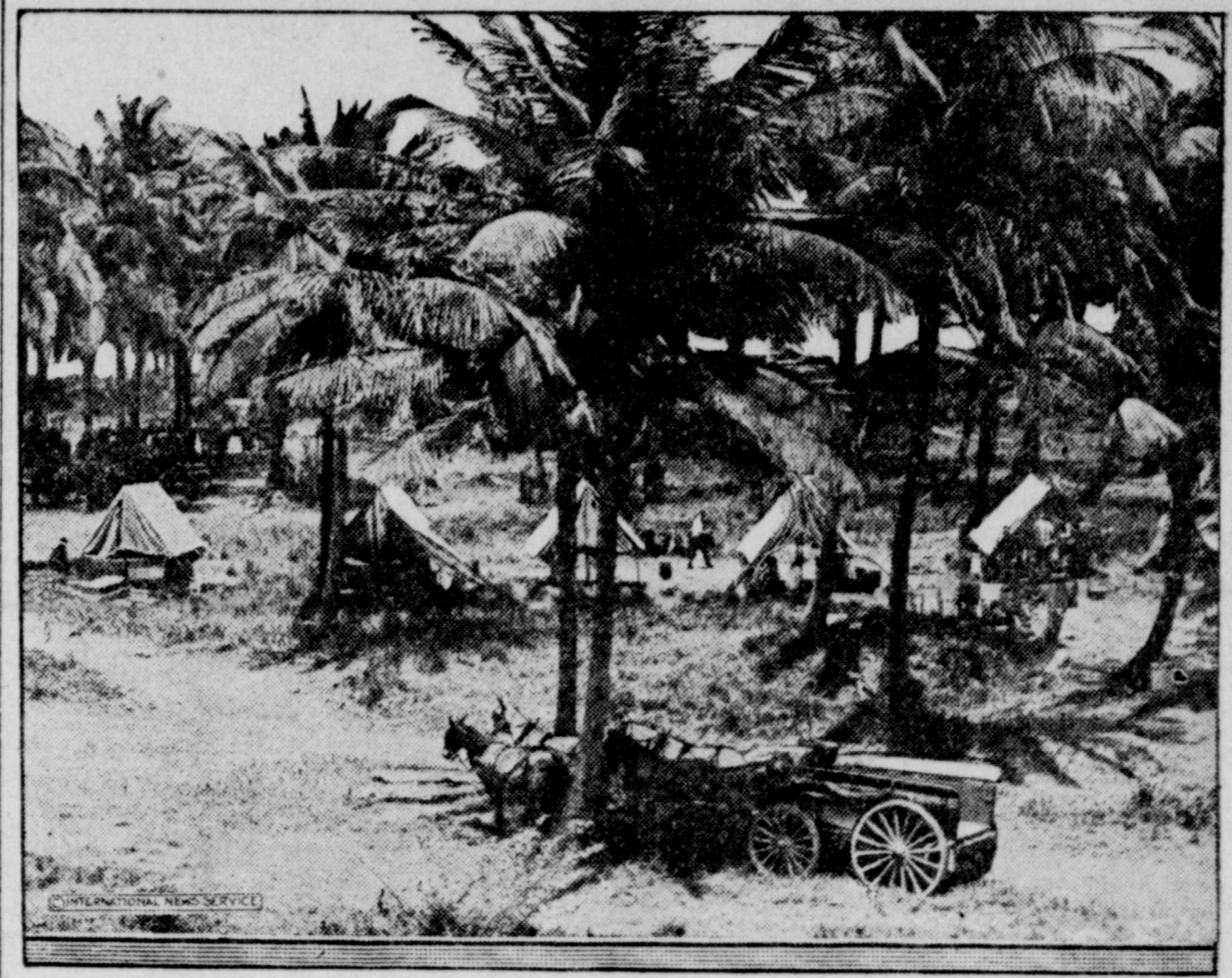
Now, if ever, is the time to do what we can while these enthusiasts are still with us to perpetuate the teachings of the day. The least that can be done is to fix among the traditions of our common schools that Memorial day shall be set apart forever as a time for the cultivation of patriotism. It should be a matter of duty as well as of pleasure, and preparation should be made early to instill the lesson.

WHILE THEY STILL MAY WORK.

Their heads are white, their steps are slow, Their shoulders droop, their eyes are dim; Ah, once they, too, were blithe and slim And dreamed of fame and cared for show! With youth's high hopes and cheeks aglow, And pride such as he knightly claim They marched to plunge within the flame That roared and ruined, long ago.

Their heads are white, their steps are slow, They dream the hero's dreams no more; The cheers that were so sweet before Have ceased to cause their cheeks to glow! Ah, why not, while they still may know, Bestow the love and give the praise They earned in those terrific days When Valor fought a valiant foe!

AMERICAN SOLDIERS CAMPING UNDER PALMS



This photograph of an American outpost near Vera Cruz shows that not all the soldiers down there are unpleasantly situated.

MOUNTAIN ARTILLERY ON WAY TO AN OUTPOST



This is a battery of United States mountain artillery on the march to one of the outposts near Vera Cruz.

ARMY SIGNAL STATION AT LA TREJOR



United States army signal station at La Trejor, where the waterworks from which Vera Cruz draws its supply is guarded by our soldiers.

HOME FROM THE JUNGLES



Col. Theodore Roosevelt as he appeared on the deck of the steamer that brought him home from his long and arduous exploring trip in South America.

Bug Eats Smoke.

In a recent informal discussion of smelting and its troubles, an expert spoke of the "sulphur bug," an insect, which, according to his statement, thrives with plenty of sulphur smoke, and has a remarkable knack of getting on the back of the smelter's neck when both his hands are occupied. Another smelter said he had noted them in California, where they had annoyed the Shasta county operators, but had not been known elsewhere in the state until Shasta county ores were shipped to San Francisco bay points, when they had appeared there. Apparently no entomologist has yet passed on the genus and species of this insect.—Engineering and Mining Journal.

Accomplishment Missing.

"Your boy has all sorts of athletic training."

"Yes," replied Farmer Cornstossel.

"But there's one line o' physical culture he has missed. I wish I could send him to some gymnasium where he could learn to swing a scythe without lookin' like he was goin' to cut off both his feet."

Why They Take 'Em.

Skids—We are off to spend a nice quiet holiday in the mountains.

Skittles—Why the gramophone and b'njo?

Skids—Oh, they're just to break the darned stillness of the evenings.—Puck.

Sought Information.

Following Frank Mayo's wonderful success in "Davy Crockett" in this country, he took his play to London, where, because it dealt with rural characters of western America, it failed to succeed. After the first night performance in London Mayo was approached by an English theatrical man.

"I say, old chap," he began, "you said something in the play about b'ar meat. In this country a bar is either made of wood or iron. What may I ask, do you mean?"

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A Boston Cooking Cup will be given Free to every lady buying a 25 ounce, 25c can of Health Club Baking Powder on or after May 1st from your groceryman.

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Q.—In 1 Samuel 15:3 the prophet quotes God as saying: "Go now and smite Amalek and utterly destroy all that they have, and spare them not; but slay both man and woman, infant and sucking, ox and sheep, camel and ass." Does anyone believe that God gave such a command? (H. M. T.)

Answer.—If the reliability of Samuel's course be questioned, then every thing else that Samuel did and said would be equally subject to criticism and rejection, for if he deceived on one occasion, what guarantee have we that he did not deceive on all occasions? To the contrary, we have the assurance of the apostles that Samuel was a prophet of the Lord. He is named with David by St. Paul (Hebrews 11:32), and again in Acts 13:20, while the Lord through Jeremiah the prophet, classed Samuel as one of the chief of the prophets, ranking him next to Moses, saying: "Though Moses and Saul stood before me" to plead the cause I would not repent (Jeremiah 15:1). Whoever, therefore, undertakes to find fault with this text is practically finding fault with the entire Bible and is branding himself as an unbeliever in it and its teachings. And by the time the Bible has been repudiated as the standard of authority before the mind, it leaves us without any standard of judgment except what each individual may possess by nature. Thus the tendency of higher critics is to rationalism, under which each man makes his own god, his own religion, his own hopes, his own fears.

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The best Coal that can be had, and an assortment of posts. Call and see us and our prices will sell you the stuff.
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Trade Locals
One million two hundred fifty thousand tires for this years production of Ford cars is the estimate made by the officials at the Ford factory in Highland Park Michigan.
With 400 sets of tires to the freight car it will require approximately 781 cars or a train about 5 and 1/2 miles long to carry the years tire supply to the Ford factory.
One of the visitors at the factory recently figured out that if every tire recycled at the Ford factory this year travels its course 5,000 miles and this is the conservative estimate of the life of a tire on a Ford, the year's supply of tires will have traveled a total distance of 6,250,000,000 miles or 250,000 times around the world before the last one is scrapped.

TEXAS FACTS
PRINTING AND PUBLISHING INDUSTRY.
There are 4,198 persons engaged in the printing and publishing industry of Texas.
The printing and publishing industry of Texas represents a capital investment of \$9,127,000.
Texas has 1,067 printing and publishing establishments.
Printing and publishing houses are the predominating class of manufacturing establishments in Texas.
Texas has 814 weekly papers and 95 daily papers. We rank second with other states.
We have 22 semi-weekly papers.
The first newspaper ever published in Texas was the Houston Telegraph. It was established by Gail Borden in 1836. It is now defunct.
A Texas newspaper man invented condensed milk.
The oldest newspaper now being published in Texas is the Galveston News. It was established in 1843.
The Circulation of Texas newspapers is 5 papers per family, per issue.
There are 57 foreign publications issued in Texas.
The combined circulation of Texas publications is 5,000,000 per issue.
Thirty-five Texas papers issue Sunday editions.
In 1930 Texas had 5 tri-weekly and 29 weekly papers.

Q.—There were two thieves crucified with our Lord. What will become of the one that did not ask to be with Him in His kingdom? (J. D. W.)
Answer.—The two thieves crucified with our Lord will be in paradise with all the remainder of mankind, except the church of this Gospel age. Both thieves will be under the rule of Christ's Kingdom, the object of which will be the restoration of the earth and its inhabitants to their former perfection lost in Adam. The penitent thief, however, will have the advantage of the other, because, instead of hardening his heart and joining with the rabble in reviling our Lord during His dying moments, his heart was softened. This insures us that in paradise, blessed under the kingdom rule, he will find less to trouble against, and thus will require fewer corrective stripes than the impenitent thief. As the reward of the church will be everlasting, spiritual life, hence to the willful transgressors against light and knowledge the penalty will be second death. So also will be the judgment of the world in its trial. At its conclusion—the end of the thousand years, every member of the race will be subject to severe trials, to test his heart loyalty to the Lord. All who stand the tests will be ushered into the everlasting state, while all who prove lacking of the fullest loyalty to the Lord and to righteousness will be destroyed in the second death, as it is written, "It shall come to pass that every soul that will not obey that prophet shall be utterly destroyed from among the people" (Acts 3:23).
Q.—Where has Jesus been since His ascension and why does He delay His return? (O. M.)
Answer.—The coming of Jesus as the sacrifice and ransom for sinners, was just long enough in advance of the blessing and restoring time to allow for the selection of His "little flock" of "joint heirs." This will account to some for the apparent delay on God's part in giving the blessings promised, and provided for, in the ransom. The blessings will come in due time, as at first planned, though, for a glorious purpose, the price was secured longer beforehand than men would have expected.
The Apostle Peter informs us that Jesus has been absent from earth—in the heaven—during all the intervening time from His ascension to the beginning of the times of restitution. His kingdom reign—"whom the heaven must retain until the times of restitution of all things," etc. (Acts 3:21). Since the Scriptures thus teach that the object of our Lord's second advent is the restitution of all things, and that at the time of His appearing the nations are so far from being converted as to be angry (Revelation 11:18) and in opposition, it must be admitted either that the church will fail to accomplish her mission, and that the plan of God will be thus far frustrated, or else, as the Bible shows, that the conversion of the world in the present age was not expected, but that the church's mission has been to preach the gospel in all the world for a witness, and to prepare herself under divine direction for her great future work. God has not yet by any means exhausted His power for the world's conversion. Nay, more: He has not yet even attempted the conversion of the world. Those who claim that Jehovah has been trying for six thousand years to convert the world, and failing all the time, must find it difficult to reconcile such fables with the Bible assurance that all God's purposes shall be accomplished, and that His word shall not return unto Him void, but shall prosper in the thing whereto it is sent (Isaiah 55:11). The fact that the world has not yet been converted, and that the knowledge of the Lord has not yet filled the earth, is a proof that God has not yet sent His word on that mission.
Get busy and help make the big 4th of July celebration.