

The Miami Chief.

Vol. 19

MIAMI, Roberts County, TEXAS, Thursday,

February, 25 1918.

No. 31

RED CROSS COLUMN

The Surgical Dressing work room will keep open house next Saturday from 2 to 4 p. m. and will be glad to have all visitors come and inspect their work, and extend to the doctors of our town a special invitation to pay them a visit. Everybody is invited to come, and we are going to look for many visitors during this week.

The organization of the work room is complete and the work is progressing nicely. More and still more work is in demand.

Since the inauguration of the Surgical Dressings Department there is need of more women to operate the machines in the department of Hospital garments so the suits may be all ready. Special calls are constantly coming from headquarters for a stated quota of certain articles which we are expected to furnish on schedule time.

We there fore appeal to the good women of the entire county to rally to the work and assist in making the best record possible for our Chapter in this the most pressing and important work that can engage our attention and if for only an hour help with the work, or what is better still try and find a way to spend a whole afternoon at least once a week.

All the yarn for sweaters is gone and there is more on the way and will be here. There is plenty of yarn for helmets and socks but needles are scarce. As soon as we can secure needles we are anxious to have a large number of knitters at work. There is a great demand for these articles. The following letter from Headquarters is very complimentary of our work already sent in. County Chairman.

St. Louis, Feb. 21st 1918.
Roberts County Chapter, American Red Cross,
Miami, Texas.

Attention Supervisor or Knitting:

The inspection department wishes to thank you for your box No. 1, of knitting which has been inspected and participating keeping up our knitting throughout the entire summer, so please do not relax on this particular branch. At present, we are greatly in need of socks, wristlets and helmets and shall be very glad if you assist in supply these three particular articles of work.

Thanking you for your co-operation and interest in the Red Cross, we remain

Very truly yours,
Katherine Buringau,
Chairman Standard Committee,
A. R. C. Bureau of Supplies.

Definite word has at last come con-

NOTICE OF ELECTION.

State of Texas, County of Roberts, Notice is hereby given that an election will be held on second Tuesday in April, 1918 same being 2, day of said month at the Court house in the City of Miami for the purpose of electing a Mayor and two Councilmen.

Mr. S. E. Fitzgerald has been appointed manager of said election, which shall be held in conformity with the general election laws of the State.

Dated this 28th day of February, 1918.

W. A. Dyer,
Mayor of the City of Miami, Roberts County Texas.

George Fletcher, Secy.

The play "After the Game," which was staged at the auditorium last Friday night by Mrs. John Webster's Music and Expression classes was well rendered. The girls exhibited with great alacrity the thorough drilling which they had received at the hands of their splendid teacher. A large, attentive audience was present and a neat sum was collected at the door.

Concerning the class in Surgical Dressings. And if we may believe the statement of those in authority the work of the entire class was really exceptional in thoroughness and accuracy. The exact grading of each member is not available just now, but by reason of very excellent work together with recommendation from the local chapter. Mrs. W. A. Dyer was appointed qualified instructor, and Mrs. John H. Kelley, permanent Chairman of the Surgical Dressing Department. These two together with the chairman of women's work have made the following appointments for general work next week.

MONDAY.

Mrs. W. A. Dyer, Captain.

Mrs. Jjim Koffer, Chairman.

TUESDAY.

Mrs. J. W. Burks, Captain.

WEDNESDAY.

Mrs. J. H. Kelley, Captain.

Miss Ophelia McAfee, Chairman.

THURSDAY.

Mrs. Jno. Newman, Captain.

Mrs. T. J. Boney, Chairman.

FRIDAY.

Mrs. J. D. Lard, Captain.

Mrs. J. A. Mead, Chairman.

SATURDAY.

Mrs. J. H. Kelley, Captain.

Mrs. Jno. Newman, Chairman.

Every woman interested in this much needed work is urgently requested to enroll for service on any one of these days and do not delay.

The Local Chapter wish to thank Mrs. A. E. Gething of Gray County for the donation of a splendid sweater of very beautiful design.

DIVISION PUBLICITY OFFICE

90th DIVISION, U. S. N. A.
Camp Travis, Texas, Feb. 19th 1918.

If there had only been two more men in the organization in question, the 359th Infantry would have had a company with its personnel insured for a cool million dollars. But there were only 198 men in this particular organization, and Uncle Sam will not insure soldiers for more than the \$10,000 policy which he has set as maximum. However, every man of those 198 signed up for the limit. That's the way they sell insurance at Camp Travis.

February 12th, set under the law as the last day of the insurance "drive," found every man in Camp Travis insured with the exception of 215, with policies written to a total of approximately \$260,000,000.00, while a something like one hundred and fifty different organizations were without a single uninsured man on their rolls.

The time limit for taking out insurance has been extended to April 12th, 1918, by recent congressional action, and the work that remains for the Division Insurance Office, under the direction of Captain Luther Hoffman, formerly of Denton, Texas, is to further present the matter of insurance to the few who have not yet taken advantage of the government provision for protection of the soldier and his dependents against the misfortunes of war.

"The co-operation of the officers of the command was magnificent," says Captain Hoffman, "and the parents and friends of the men did their part, too. We got many responses to our appeal to relatives to look out for the insurance of those in whom they were interested among the men of the camp."

The use of the moving picture in training of enlisted men and in presenting to them phases of the war as it is actually being carried on in Europe, illustrates the range of means made available at Camp Travis for making soldiers out of citizens in the minimum of time with the maximum of results. Nothing helps the enlisted man quite so much to visualize his own function in the war as the portrayal on the screen of how they are fighting and why they are fighting "over there." Accordingly the movie has taken its place as a regularly approved medium of instruction and information.

Pictures are shown of the battlefields of France, and the look on the face of the men as they come away after seeing with the camera's eye the devastation left in the wake of the Hun promises well for plenty of action when these Texas and Oklahoma lads take their places in the trenches on the other side. The men had heard something of the wantonness of German methods in conquering territory from lecturers and newspaper accounts, but the films of long rows of orchard trees felled out of spite and of village after village wrecked beyond description left no room for doubt.

Other pictures give in graphic detail the movements of drill, seeking to convey to the soldier the effect of the snap and precision which is constantly demanded of them by their officers during hours of instruction. A running comment on the pictures by an experienced drillmaster is conducted simultaneously, and the results have justified the experiment.

LAKETON ITEMS.

We are having some fine weather. Our wheat fields have begun to look green again.

A good many people were in town yesterday from the country. Those going in were, Bell Broadus, Evert Clement, Mason Davis and mother and G. G. Hollis and son.

A good many of the citizens are sowing oats.

Most of the sick people are well, few cases of measles are still in the country. That one thing that the rich and poor, good and bad have the same is measles, but we notice when they have it they all get good.

We had a large crowd out at Laketon last Saturday night to the Literary. And had the best program that they ever had on the question "Resolve that the Negro has received worse treatment at the hands of the White man than the Indian. After the smoke had cleared away and the decision of the judges taken two was for the Neg.

Eld. Reynolds filled his regular appointment at Laketon Sunday.

Eld. Lambert and Bro. J. W. Eller of Pampa was down to church Sunday.

Mrs. Vera Christopher spent Monday with Mrs. Williams.

MRS. GILMORE DIES 25TH.

Mrs. Josie Gilmore, wife of J. C. Gilmore died February 25th at their home in Wheeler County, after several weeks of hard sickness. Mrs. Gilmore was a fine Christian lady, having been a working member of the Baptist church for the past 15 years. She was born at Concord, Texas, Sept. 15th, 1784, and the family came to this country only a few months ago, purchasing a farm a few miles west of Mobeetie. They lived in Miami a few weeks before moving to the farm.

She leaves several brothers and sisters, and those who came to the funeral were, Mrs. M. E. Ray of Ochiltree, Mrs. Haret Lettelpage of Goldwait, Mrs. Rachel Winningham of Throckmartin and Mrs. R. L. Cathy of Hamilton. J. A. Jackson of Ochiltree also attended.

She leaves three little children, the youngest of which was only four weeks old.

Funeral services were held at the family residence conducted by Rev. N. E. Savage and the remains laid to rest in the Mobeetie cemetery. The family have been at a great expense the past few weeks, securing all the medical aid possible, and the good people of Mobeetie made up a nice purse of \$70 and gave to the heart-broken husband and children.

We have also been requested to say for the bereaved family and relatives, that the many kind deeds and courageous words offered by the many people in their neighborhood and at Mobeetie, that every act was appreciated, and will be ever remembered. A kind and loving wife and mother has gone to her home across the silent river, but sweet memories linger of a life well spent by one who bore the tribulations of this world without a murmur and was ever ready to do kindness to those in need.

THE 1918 CROP PROGRAM.

"Food is a first consideration in winning this war," says R. J. Parker, General Manager of Western Lines of the Santa Fe System. "This nation is not only called upon to feed itself and its soldiers, but must help feed the allies and neutral countries. In short upon America rests the responsibility to supply food to a large part of the world."

"This fact merits earnest thought at this time as we enter the 1918 crop season. We are already conserving food. But we must go much further by growing greater crops and producing more meat in 1918."

"However a material increase in food production requires well-planned and systematic husbandry in growing standard crops, best adapted to climate and other local conditions. In northwest Texas the sorghum, grain and forage are worthy of special attention this year. They deserve to be planted freely, whenever moisture conditions are favorable. Being a new country northwest Texas has abundant room for expansion of the cultivated area."

"Kafir, milo, and other sorghum grains are also gaining favor as a food for man. Better methods in milling these grains is stimulating their use as human food. This wider use of these grains warrants growing them on a much extended scale."

"Liberal crops of the sorghums will also bring naturally an increase in the production of beef, mutton, pork, poultry and dairy products. Pork and prok products are especially in demand for the army and navy. And northwest Texas is a superior live stock section."

"To finance increased production and provide a market calls for the fullest co-operation of the farmers, stockmen, bankers, business men and the railroads. And the Santa Fe aims to do its part by moving the products of this section to market promptly."

"The Santa Fe," Mr. Parker continued, "is in no sense shirking its duties as has been charged. On the contrary the Santa Fe is doing its utmost to maintain and improve efficiency to move war traffic and all the business of its patrons. The war must be won and the country be built up for use after the war is over. This critical time calls for the best efforts of every citizen to support the men at the front fully. And every extra pound of bread or meat northwest Texas produces in 1918 will be a factor in winning this war."

Tuesday, Meatless Day.

Wednesday-Wheatless Day.

Saturday-Porkless Day.

One Wheatless meal and one Meatless meal every day.

Less sugar all the time.

THE "IOWA" SEPARATORS.

THE "IOWA" CREAM SEPARATOR
the only Separator with patented
CURVED DISC BOWL

Outskimmed all Competing Separators
in the official Skimming Tests
World's Fair Exposition
1915

IT IS THE WORLD'S BEST BY TEST

FOR SALE BY

HERBERT C. HILL,
MARKET AND GROCERY

PHONE 83, FREE DELIVERY.

R. R. TIME TABLE

PASSENGER SCHEDULE.

WEST.

Train No. 21.....2:32 a. m.
Train No. 117.....8:13 p. m.

EAST.

Train No. 22.....2:48 p. m.
Train No. 114.....10:14 p. m.



OVER THE TOP.

With your quarters and dollars, yes, hundred dollar bills, purchase War Saving Certificates. You will become thrifty and also help win the war. There was never a time when America needed the lesson of thrift more than they do today. You can get this lesson and do a patriotic duty right now. Don't put it off, start today.

THE FIRST STATE BANK



MEAT MARKETS DOING BIT

Pursuant to the wishes of the food administration our two meat markets will be closed on Tuesday of each week. The practice started this week and will continue until further notice.

This applies to fresh killed meats or salt and dried meats to the town trade. Rural patrons who come to town on this day will be allowed to purchase, but are asked to help follow the rule as near as possible and assist our grocery stores and meat markets in helping to win the war.

WANTED, at the Servant Hotel a gallon of sweet milk and a gallon of butter milk every day. Let us know if you can supply us.
T. L. GraLan.

TAKE CARE OF THE NICKLES



SOME DAY THEY MAY TAKE CARE OF YOU.
IT IS THE MIGHT OF THE NICKEL THAT MAKES THE RICHES OF TROLLY LINES OF AMERICA.
"PATIENCE AND PERSEVERANCE AVAILETH MUCH."
GIVE THE NICKEL A CHANCE AND THEY WILL MAKE YOU WEALTHY.
Wealth is for those who profit by our advice and have energy enough to act upon the same.

THE BANK OF MIAMI

(unincorporated)
Roberts County Depository

Are You Interested

Rent for one month equal \$15.00
Rent for one year equal \$180.00
Rent for seven years equal \$1,260.00
Or the price of a nice little home. Which do you own, a home or a bunch of rent receipts?

BE PATRIOTIC. SAVE YOUR RENT AND APPLY IT ON YOU A HOME. See me at once. I have some homes I can sell you just like paying rent.

OIL STOCK FOR SALE

Miami-Electra Oil & Gas Company stock
Alamogordo Oil and Gas Stock
Capital Oil and Gas Company Stock
Home Producers and Bedichek & Finley Stock.
This is all good stock and worth the money ask.

W. H. RHODES COMMISSION CO.

DENTIST
Dr. F. N. REYNOLDS
 "My Motto"
 First class work and careful operation. Special attention given to pyorrhea, (disease of the gums) and plate work.
 All work entrusted to my care will be appreciated and guaranteed. Can always be found in Smith & Burum bld. Miami Tex
 Phone 132
 Office hours 8-12 1-5

FARM AND RANCH LOANS
 ON LONG TIME EASY TERMS
 W. A. PALMER
 Canadian, - - - - Texas

DR. M. L. GUNN
 Physician and Surgeon
 Office at Central Drug Store
 Eyes tested and glasses fitted
 Miami - Texas

C. Coffee J. A. Holmes
COFFEE & HOLMES
 Lawyers,
 GENERAL PRACTICE
 OFFICE IN CHRISTOPHER BUILDING
 Miami - Texas.

 J. K. MCKENZIE
 Complete Abstract of land in Roberson county.
 Protect your property against fire and Tornado.
 AGENT FOR
 Leading fire insurance Companies.
 Phone 103

NOTICE. No hunting or wood hauling will be allowed on my ranch on Indian Creek. Please take notice of this as I positively forbid such.
 20-t f Ray L. Morrison.

MONEY TO LOAN
 On farm and ranch land or to BUY Vendors lien notes.
 Quick service
 L. B. ROBERTSON.

WANTED.
 Loans on improved farms and ranches. Long time, low rates, liberal options, Quick service. 2. t. f.
 Hoover and Roach, Groom, Texas.

Trees! Trees!
 When in town dont forget to place your order with J. W. Harrah for any kind of nursery stock Agt. Plainview Nursery

J. H. KELLEY, Phg. M. D.
 Physician and Surgeon
 Special attention given to Obstetrics and diseases of children.
 Office at Miami Drug Co
 -Phone 33 -

FRANK WILLIS
 Attorney-at-law,
 Will practice in all Courts.
 Room 18, Tubbs Bldg. Canadian. Tex

Keep Yourself Up to Scratch
Fortify Your System Before it is Weakened by Ills
 Don't wait until you are actually sick to take a laxative, you know "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." If you will just take LIV-VER-LAX regularly, it will keep you continually in the best possible shape, bright, energetic and happy. It is made of harmless vegetable matter, and by acting gently but effectively keeps the system cleared of poisons and ready to perform its best work.
 LIV-VER-LAX is sold under an absolute guarantee to give satisfaction, or money will be returned. For sale in 50c and \$1 bottles at
Central Drug Store

The Miami Chief.
 PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
 Entered at the postoffice at Miami, Texas, as second-class matter.
\$1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE
 L. G. Waggoner, Editor and Owner.
 Miami Texas.
 Thursday, Feb. 28th, 1918


 . . . This paper has enlisted with the government in the cause of America for the period of the war

ANNOUNCEMENTS
 We are authorized to announce the following names, subject to the action of the Democratic Primary, July 27th, 1918.
 For Tax Assessor
 W. A. DYER
 TOM PURSLEY
 For Sheriff and Tax Collector.
 L. A. COFFEE
 JACK WILSON
 JOHN H. SHORT
 J. R. WEBSTER
 J. P. MURRY
 R. J. CURTIS.
 For County Treasurer.
 J. B. SAUL
 G. G. FLETCHER
 MISS CORA McCLUNEY
 For County Judge
 J. K. MCKENZIE
 For County Commissioner, Prec 4.
 W. G. LYONS
 For County and District Clerk.
 M. M. CRAIG, Jr.
 For Representative 124th District.
 H. B. HILL

Young J. A. Hilburn, editor and Publisher of the Shamrock Texan left Saturday for the training camp. No information however was given as to who would take charge of his newspaper. Editor Hilburn tried several times in the past year to volunteer, at times when he was able to dispose of the paper, but failed on account of physical examination, but now the new rules were made for the selective service and he was accepted.

Many new customers are being added to the city water service. Our Electric Light plant has settled down to giving much better service and it is reported that things are looking much better for the plant than it did a few months ago. We understand that the Company who sold the city the engines, have promised to make the one good which went to the bad, and with a little more good luck, our plant will be a nice paying proposition for the city.
 A big force of men have been busy the past few weeks doing some grading on the road toward Greenlake. They have made several cuts and fills in the road leading up to the big hill, and will grade it. We understand that as soon as this work is completed, they will begin work on the big hill toward Mobeetie.

NOTICE. My office will be closed from Saturday night of this week to Wednesday noon of next week. I have been called out of town on business, and my office will be open again the same as usual after Wednesday.
 Dr. S. R. Boone.

The Army Recruiting Station at El Paso is in receipt of instructions from the Adjutant General reopening railway operating and maintenance regiments and urging that recruiting for these organizations be rushed.
 This is indicative of the rapid growth and near completion of Uncle Sam's transportation system in France. Engineer Regiments were the first forces of the United States to leave for France on our entrance into the War, to prepare for the American troops, and our transportation system in France is considered one of the most remarkable accomplishments of history. In addition, French railways that were badly depleted and in many cases destroyed have been rebuilt and improved by American railway men.
 Applicants accepted for these railway regiments will be sent for a brief period of training to Camps in New York and New Jersey in order that they may be sent overseas with the least possible delay when needed.

A PARABLE.
 The soldier threaded his weary way back to the Colonel's dug out. He had been in half a dozen skirmishes with the enemy in as many weeks. He was still intact, but scratched and wearied from crawling through barbed wire and in and out of shell craters.
 He entered the dugout and saluted with click of heels and hand to cap. "Colonel," he said I think I will have to quit. The battles are getting to be so many. It's rather too much of a good thing. I have given about all I can of time and blood and strength to this war. I am going home."
 No; the incident didn't happen. But why shouldn't it? There are lots of civilians here at home turning down such appeals as the Red Cross and the Liberty Loans because "the calls are so many."—Ex

NOTICE.
 My office has been moved to the lower floor of the Christopher Bldg.
 F. N. Reynolds, Dentist.

FLEMING'S TRANSFER LINE
 YOUR WORK SOLICITED
 All work Promptly Done and SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
 PHONE NO. 119
 Miami, - - - - Texas.

Hundreds of Thousands of WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARIES are in use by business men, engineers, bankers, judges, architects, physicians, farmers, teachers, librarians, clergymen, by successful men and women the world over.
Are You Equipped to Win?
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 G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Springfield, Mass.

"FORGET SELF; BE AMERICANS; DO YOUR PART"
 —William G. McAdoo.

RICH AND POOR, OLD AND YOUNG CAN SERVE AND MUST AID TO BRING VICTORY

"We have a great deal of money to raise and it cannot be raised by bankers alone.
 "The banks of this country have not the resources to sustain America's needs in this war and to enable America to extend to our Allies who are fighting with us the essential aid which they must have to enable them to go on with the war.
 "The rich people of this country alone cannot do it. The men of this country alone cannot do it. The women of this country alone cannot do it.
 "But all of us, the people of the United States, by disregarding partisanship, forgetting selfish interest, thinking only of the supremacy of the right and determined to vindicate the majesty of our ideals and to secure the safety of America and civilization, can do this great and splendid piece of work.
 "Our business these days is to think only in terms of America; to forget self; to forget ambition; to forget partisanship; to forget everything except right and justice and triumph for America's cause and the suppression forever of those infamous things which have cast civilization itself into the darkness during these last three horrible years.
 "Every man, woman and child in this country who wants to serve can serve and each can serve in a very simple and effective way. Every twenty-five cent piece invested in war savings stamps is a loan to your Government and every twenty-five cent piece will do something to help."—From speech delivered at Washington by William G. McAdoo, secretary of the United States Treasury.

STAMPS SHOULD BE IN ALL TEX. CASH DRAWERS
 The Government wants thrift and war savings stamps sold in every store, in every bank and in all places frequented by the public. To become an agent it is only necessary to obtain an application blank from the County Chairman or State Director of the National War Savings Committee, sign it and mail to the State Director at Dallas, Tex. Stamps may be obtained from the Federal Reserve Bank or through the local bank or postoffice. In becoming an agent there is no loss liability as the thrift stamps are always convertible into War Savings Stamps which are worth more every month and can be cashed at the postoffice at any time at what they cost plus interest.

"GINGER CARS" CARRY UNCLE SAM'S MESSAGE
 "Ginger cars," decorated with war savings signs, carrying literature and a flying squadron speaker, are now being sent to every town, community and schoolhouse in their counties by the chairmen of several South Texas subdivisions. At each place visited literature is distributed, agencies are designated, posters are hung up in the stores and public places and the speaker addresses the people and the school children.

\$91000000 Saved By December 31st
W.S.S.
\$2000 from every Person in Texas

WE CARRY
 Everything in stock that is carried by any first-class lumber yard. All kind of building material, Fence, Windmills, well casing, piping, paints, etc.
 CONSERVATION AND SERVICE OUR AIMS.
 COME AND SEE US
PANHANDLE LUMBER CO.

EVERYBODY LIKES GOOD EATABLES
 Belle 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 Everything Good to Eat, all Fresh and the Very Best. Particular Goods for Particular People.
 "Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon"

THE CENTRAL DRUG STORE,
 DRUGS and MEDICINES, Toilet articles, Etc.
 —C. S. SEIBER, Prop—
 JEWELRY, KODAKS AND SUPPLIES
 Miami - - - - Texas.

YOUR OLD PLOW.
 Can be fixed up just as well this winter, right now as it can in the spring when you need it. Let us suggest that you bring it in now. We don't care anything about the weather. We work just the same. Bring in your repair work and let us fix you up.
DUNIVEN BROTHERS

K. HICKMAN
 DEALER IN
 Windmills, Pipes, Casing
 Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware.
 "CANTON CLIPPER" FARM IMPLEMENTS & MACHINERY.
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 TIN SHOP IN CONNECTION. MIAMI

Bevo
 —is the new "cold bottle" to enjoy with the Lumerical "hot bird"
 —a soft drink in the driest sense, but the liveliest, nippest appetizer imaginable—served in the flavor of nutritive cereals and imported Gaazer hops. BEVO makes good things to eat taste even better—and it's healthful.
 ANHEUSER-BUSCH
 St. Louis, U.S.A.

THE YUKON TRAIL

An Alaskan Love Story

By WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE

Copyright, William Macleod Raine

ON THE WAY TO KAMATLAH, ELLIOT WANDERS FROM THE TRAIL AND FEARS HE CANNOT ESCAPE DEATH

Synopsis.—As a representative of the government Gordon Elliot is on his way to Alaska to investigate coal claims. On the boat he meets and becomes interested in a fellow passenger whom he learns is Sheba O'Neill, also "going in." Colby Macdonald, active head of the land-grabbing syndicate under investigation, comes aboard. Macdonald is attacked by mine laborers whom he had discharged, and the active intervention of Elliot probably saves his life. Elliot and Macdonald become in a measure friendly, though the latter does not know that Elliot is on a mission which threatens to spoil plans of Macdonald to acquire millions of dollars through the unlawful exploitation of immensely valuable coal fields. Elliot also "gets a line" on the position occupied by Wally Selfridge, Macdonald's right-hand man, who is returning from a visit to "the States," where he had gone in an effort to convince the authorities that there was nothing wrong in Macdonald's methods. Elliot secures an introduction to Miss O'Neill and while the boat is taking on freight the pair set out to climb a locally famous mountain. They venture too high and reach a position from which it is impossible for Miss O'Neill to go forward or turn back. Elliot leaves Sheba and at imminent peril of his life goes for assistance. He meets Macdonald, who had become alarmed for their safety, and they return and rescue Sheba. Landing at Kuskiak, Elliot finds that old friends of his, Mr. and Mrs. Paget, are the people whom Sheba has come to visit. Mrs. Paget is Sheba's cousin. At dinner Elliot reveals to Macdonald the object of his coming to Alaska. The two men, naturally antagonistic, now also become rivals for the hand of Sheba. Macdonald, foreseeing failure of his financial plans if Elliot learns the facts, sends Selfridge to Kamatlah to arrange matters so that Elliot will be deceived as to the true situation.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

The latter lady, Paris-shod and gloved, shook hands smilingly with the Scotch-Canadian. "Of course we're intruders in business hours, though you'll tell us we're not," she suggested. "I've just been reading the Transcontinental Magazine. A writer there says that you are a highway robber and a gambler. I know you're a robber because all the magazines say so. But are you only a big gambler?"

"He met her rallyer without the least embarrassment.

"Sure I gamble. Every time I take a chance I'm gambling. So does everybody else. We've got to take chances to live."

"How true and I never thought of it," heamed Mrs. Selfridge. "What a philosopher you are, Mr. Macdonald."

The Scotsman went on without paying any attention to her effervescence. "I've gambled ever since I was a kid. I bet I could cross Death valley and get out alive. That time I won. I bet it would rain down in Arizona before my cattle died. I lost. Another time I took a contract to run a tunnel. In my bid I bet I wouldn't run into rock. My bank went broke that trip. When I joined the Klondike rush I was backing my neck to stand up. Same thing when I located the Kamatlah field. The coal might be a poor quality. Maybe I couldn't interest the government would turn me down when I came to prove up. I was betting my last dollar against big odds. When I quit gambling it will be because I've quit living."

"And I suppose I'm a gambler, too?" Mrs. Mallory demanded with a little tilt of her handsome head.

"Of all the women I know you are the best gambler. It's born in you." Mrs. Mallory did not often indulge in the luxury of a blush, but she changed color now. This big, blunt man some-



"Feety-mile Swamp Ees a Monster That Swallows Men Alive."

"times had an uncanny divination. "Did he," she asked herself, "know what stake she was gambling for at Kuskiak?"

"You are too wise," she laughed with a touch of embarrassment very becoming. "But I suppose you are right. I like excitement."

"We all do. The only man who doesn't gamble is the convict in stripes, and the only reason he doesn't is that his chips are all gone. It's true that on the frontier play for bigger stakes. They back their bets with all they have got and put their lives on the line for good measure. But kids in the States all over the United States are

going to live easier because of the gamblers at the dropping of place."

She moved with slow grace toward the door, then over her shoulder flashed a sudden invitation at him. "Mrs. Selfridge and I are doing a little betting today. Big Chief Gambler. We're backing our luck that you two men will eat lunch with us at the Blue Bird Inn. Do we win?"

Macdonald reached for his hat promptly. "You win."

CHAPTER VII.

The End of the Passage. Wally Selfridge was a reliable business subordinate, even though he had slipped up in the matter of the appointment of Elliot. But when it came to facing the physical hardships of the North he was a malingering. The Kamatlah trip had to be taken because his chief had ordered it, but the little man shirked the journey in his heart just as he knew his soft muscles would shrink from the aches of the trail.

The part of the journey to be made by water was not so bad. Left to his own judgment, he would have gone to St. Michael's by boat and chartered a small steamer for the long trip along the coast through Bering sea. But this would take time, and Macdonald did not mean to let him waste a day. He was to leave the river boat at the big bend and pack across country to Kamatlah. It would be a rough, heavy trail. The mosquitoes would be a continual torment. The cooking would be poor. And at the end of the long trek there awaited him monotonous months in a wretched coal camp far from all the comforts of civilization. No wonder he grumbled.

But though he grumbled at home and at the club and on the street about his coming exile, Selfridge made no complaints to Macdonald. That man of steel had no sympathy with the yearnings for the fleshpots. He was used to driving himself through discomfort to his end, and he expected as much of his deputies. Wherefore Wally took the boat at the time scheduled and waved a dismal farewell to wife and friends assembled upon the wharf.

Elliot said good-by to the Pagets and Miss O'Neill ten days later. Diane was very frank with him.

"I hear you've been sleuthing around, Gordon, for facts about Colby Macdonald. I don't know what you have heard about him, but I hope you've got the sense to see how big a man he is and how much this country here owes him."

Gordon nodded agreement. "Yes, he's a big man."

"And he's good," added Sheba eagerly. "He never talks of it, but one finds out splendid things he has done."

The young man smiled, but not at all superciliously. He liked the stanch faith of the girl in her friend, even though his investigations had not led him to accept goodness as the outstanding quality of the Scotsman.

"I don't know what we would do without him," Diane went on. "Give him ten years and a free hand and Alaska will be fit for white people to live in. These attacks on him by newspapers and magazines are an outrage."

"It's plain that you are a partisan," charged Gordon gayly.

"I'm against looking up Alaska and throwing away the key, if that is what you mean by a partisan. We need this country opened up—the farms settled, the mines worked, the coal fields developed, railroads built."

"The Kuskiak chamber of commerce ought to send you out as a lecturer to change public opinion, Diane. You are one enthusiastic little booster for freedom of opportunity," laughed the young man.

tate pamphlet, but it's all true anyhow."

Gordon left Kuskiak as reluctantly as Wally Selfridge had done, though his reasons for not wanting to go were quite different. They centered about a dusky-eyed young woman whom he had seen for the first time a fortnight before. He would have denied even to himself that he was in love, but whenever he was alone his thoughts reverted to Sheba O'Neill.

At the big bend Gordon left the river boat for his cross-country trek. Near the roadhouse was an Indian village where he had expected to get a guide for the journey to Kamatlah. But the fishing season had begun, and the men had all gone down river to take part in it.

The old Frenchman who kept the trading-post and roadhouse advised Gordon not to attempt the tramp alone.

"The trail it ees what you call dangerous. Feety-Mile Swamp ees a monster that swallows men alive, monsieur. You wait one week—two week—tree week, and some one will turn up to take you through," he urged.

"But I can't wait. And I have an official map of the trail. Why can't I follow it without a guide?" Elliott wanted to know impatiently.

The post-trader shrugged. "Maybeso, monsieur—maybe not. Feety-Mile—it ees one devil of a trail. No chechaks are safe in there without a guide. I, Baptiste, know."

"Selfridge and his party went through a week ago. I can follow the tracks they left."

"But if it rains, monsieur, the tracks will vaneesh, n'est ce pas? Lose the way, and the little singing folk will swarm in clouds about monsieur while he stumbles through the swamp."

Elliot hesitated for the better part of a day, then came to an impulsive decision. He had a reliable map, and anyhow he had only to follow the tracks left by the Selfridge party. He turned his back upon the big river and plunged into the wilderness.

There came a night when he looked up into the stars of the deep, still sky and knew that he was hundreds of miles from any other human being. Never in all his life had he been so much alone. He was not afraid, but there was something awesome in a world so empty of his kind.

The tracks of the Selfridge party grew fainter after a night of rain. More rain fell, and they were obliterated altogether.

Gordon fished. He killed fresh game for his needs. Often he came on the tracks of moose and caribou. Sometimes, startled, they leaped into view quite close enough for a shot, but he used his rifle only to meet his wants.

The way led through valley and morass, across hills and mountains. It wandered in a sort of haphazard fashion through a sun-bathed universe washed clean of sordidness and meanness.

It was the seventh night out that Elliot suspected he was off the trail. Rain sluiced down in torrents and next day continued to pour from a dun sky. His own tracks were blotted out and he searched for the trail in vain. Before he knew it he was entangled in Fifty-Mile. His map showed him the morass stretched for fifty miles to the south, but he knew that it had been charted hurriedly by a surveying party which had made no extensive explorations. A good deal of this country was terra incognita. It ran vaguely into a No Man's Land unknown to the prospector.

The going was heavy. Gordon had to pick his way through the mossy swamp, leading the pack-horse by the bridle. Sometimes he was ankle-deep in water of a greenish slime. Again he had to drag the animal from the bog to a hummock of grass which gave a spongy footing. This would end in another quagmire of peat through which they must plow with the mud sucking at their feet. It was hard, wearing toll. There was nothing to do but keep moving. The young man staggered forward till dusk. Utterly exhausted, he camped for the night on a hillock of moss that rose like an island in the swamp.

Elliot traveled next day by the compass. He had food for three days more, but he knew that no living man had the strength to travel for so long in such a morass. It was near midday when he lost his horse. The animal had bogged down several times and Gordon had wasted much time and spent a good deal of needed energy in dragging it to firmer footing. This time the pony refused to answer the whip. Its master unloaded pack and saddle. He tried coaxing; he tried the whip.

"Come, Old-Timer. One plunge, and you'll make it yet," he urged.

The pack-horse turned upon him dumb eyes of reproach, struggled to free its limbs from the mud, and sank down helplessly. It had traveled its last yard on the long Alaska trails.

After the sound of the shot had died away, Gordon struggled with the pack to the nearest hummock. He cut holes in a gunny-sack to fit his shoulders and packed into it his blankets, a saucapan, the beans, the coffee, and the dimintished handful of flour. Into it went, too, the three slices of bacon that were left.

He hoisted the pack to his back and

slipped his arms through the slits he had made. Painfully he labored forward over the quivering peat. Sometimes he stumbled and went down into the oozing mud, minded to stay there and be done with the struggle. But the urge of life drove him to his feet again. It carried him for weary miles after he despaired of ever covering another hundred yards.

With old, half-forgotten signals from the football field he spurred his will. Perhaps his mind was already beginning to wander, though through it all he held steadily to the direction that alone could save him.

When at last he went down to stay it was in an exhaustion so complete that not even his indomitable will could lash him to his feet again. For an hour he lay in a stupor, never stirring even to fight the swarm of mosquitoes that buzzed about him.

Toward evening he sat up and undid the pack from his back. The matches, in a tin box wrapped carefully with oilskin, were still perfectly dry. Soon he had a fire going and coffee boiling in the frying-pan. From the tin cup he carried strung on his belt he drank the coffee. It went through him like strong liquor. He warmed some beans and fried himself a slice of bacon, sopping up the grease with a cold biscuit left over from the day before.

Again he slept for a few hours. He had wound his watch mechanically and it showed him four o'clock when he took up the trail once more. In Seattle and San Francisco people were still asleep and darkness was heavy over



"Come, Old-Timer. One Plunge and You'll Make It Yet."

the land. Here it had been day for a long time, ever since the summer sun, hidden for a while behind the low, distant hills, had come blazing forth again in a saddle between two peaks.

Gordon had reduced his pack by discarding a blanket, the frying-pan, and all the clothing he was not wearing. His rifle lay behind him in the swamp. He had cut to a minimum of safety what he was carrying, according to his judgment. But before long his last blanket was flung aside. He could not afford to carry an extra pound, for he knew he was running a race, the stakes of which were life and death.

Afternoon found him still staggering forward. The swamps were now behind him. He had won through at last by the narrowest margin possible. The ground was rising sharply toward the mountains. Across the range somewhere lay Kamatlah. But he was all in. With his food almost gone, a water supply uncertain, reserve strength exhausted, the chances of getting over the divide to safety were practically none.

He had come, so far as he could see, to the end of the passage.

CHAPTER VIII.

Gid Holt Goes Prospecting. As soon as Selfridge reached Kamatlah he began arranging the stage against the arrival of the government agent. His preparations were elaborate and thorough. A young engineer named Howland had been in charge of the development work, but Wally re-arranged his forces so as to let each dummy entryman handle the claim entered in his name. One or two men about whom he was doubtful he discharged and hurried out of the camp.

The company boarding house became a restaurant, above which was suspended a newly painted sign with the legend, "San Francisco Grill, J. Glynn, Proprietor." The store also passed temporarily into the hands of its manager. Miners moved from the barracks that had been built by Macdonald into hastily constructed cabins on the individual claims. Wally had always fancied himself as a stage manager for amateur theatricals. Now he justified his faith by transforming Kamatlah outwardly from a company camp to a mushroom one settled by wandering prospectors.

Gideon Holt alone was outside of all these activities and watched them with suspicion. He was an old-timer, sly but fearless, who hated Colby Macdonald with a bitter jealousy that could not be placated and he took no pains to hide the fact. He had happened to be in the vicinity prospecting when Macdonald had rushed his entries. Partly out of mere perversity and partly by reason of native shrewdness, old Holt had slipped in and located one of the best claims in the heart of the group. Nor had he been moved by persuasion, threats, or tentative offers to buy a relinquishment. He was obsti-

nate. He knew a good thing when he had it, and he meant to sit tight.

The adherents of the company might charge that Holt was cracked in the upper story, but none of them denied he was sharp as a street arab. He guessed that all this preparation was not for nothing. Kamatlah was being dressed up to impress somebody who would shortly arrive. The first thought of Holt was that a group of big capitalists might be coming to look over their investment. But he rejected this surmise. There would be no need to try any deception upon them.

Mail from Seattle reached camp once a month. Holt sat down before his stove to read one of the newspapers he had brought from the office. It was the P.-I. On the fifth page was a little story that gave him his clue.

ELLIOT TO INVESTIGATE MACDONALD COAL CLAIMS

The reopening of the controversy as to the Macdonald claims, which had been cleared for patent by Harold B. Winton, the Commissioner of the General Land Office, takes on another phase with the appointment of Gordon Elliot as special field agent to examine the validity of the holdings. The new field agent won a reputation by his work in unearthing the Oklahoma "Gold Brick" land frauds.

Elliot leaves Seattle in the Queen City Thursday for the North, where he will make a thorough investigation of the whole situation with a view to clearing up the matter definitely. If his report is favorable to the claimants the patents will be granted without further delay.

This was too good to keep. Holt pulled on his boots and went out to twist such of the enemy as he might meet. It chanced that the first of them was Selfridge, whom he had not seen since his arrival, though he knew the little man was in camp.

"How goes it, Holt? Fine and dandy, eh?" inquired Wally with the professional geniality he affected.

The old miner shook his head dolefully. "I done bust my laig, Mr. Selfish," he groaned. It was one of his pleasant ways to affect a difficulty of hearing and a dullness of understanding, so that he could legitimately call people by distorted versions of their names. "The old man don't amount to much nowadays."

"Nothing to that, Gid. You're younger than you ever were, judging by your looks."

"Then my looks lie to beat the devil, Mr. Selfish."

"My name is Selfridge," explained Wally, a trifle irritated.

Holt put a cupped hand to his ear anxiously. "Shellfish, did you say? That's right. How come I to forget? The old man's going pretty fast, Mr. Shellfish. No more memory than a jackrabbit. Say, Mr. Shellfish, what's the idee of all this here back-to-the-people movement, as the old sayin' is?"

"I don't know what you mean. And my name is Selfridge. I tell you," snapped the owner of that name.

"Course I ain't got no more sense than the law allows. I'm a buzzard haid, but me I kinder got to millin' it over and in respect to these here local improvements, as you might say, I'm doggoned if I sabe the whyfor."

"Just some business changes."

Holt showed his tobacco-stained teeth in a grin splanetic. "Oh. That's all. I didn't know but what you might be expecting a visitor."

Selfridge flashed a sharp sidelong glance at him. "What do you mean—a visitor?"

"I just got a notion mebbe you might be looking for one, Mr. Peelfrich. Like as not you ain't fixing up for this Gordon Elliot a-tail."

Wally had no come-back, unless it was one to retort in ironic admiration. "You're a wonder, Holt. Pity you don't start a detective bureau."

The old man went away cackling. If Selfridge had held any doubts before, he discarded them now. Holt would wreck the whole enterprise, were he given a chance. It would never do to let Elliot meet and talk with him. He knew too much, and he was eager to tell all he knew.

Macdonald's lieutenant got busy at once with plans to abduct Holt. "We'll send the old man off on a prospecting trip with some of the boys," explained Selfridge to Howland. "That way we'll kill two birds. He's back on his assessment work. The time limit will be up before he returns and we'll start a contest for the claim."

Howland made no comment. He was an engineer and not a politician. In his position it was impossible for him not to know that a good deal about the legal status of the Macdonald claims was irregular. But he was a firm believer in a wide-open Alaska. In the use of the territory by those who had settled it.

"Better arrange it with Big Bill, then, but don't tell me anything about it. I don't want to know the details," he told Selfridge.

Big Bill Macy accepted the job with a grin. He had never liked old Holt, anyhow. Besides, they were not going to do him any harm.

Holt was baking a match of sour-dough bread that evening when there came a knock at the cabin door. At sight of Big Bill and his two companions the prospector closed the oven and straightened with alert suspicion. He was not on visiting terms with any of these men. Why had they come to see him?

"We're going prospecting up Wild Goose creek, and we want you to go along, Gid," explained Macy. "You're an old sour-dough miner, and we-all agree we'd like to have you throw in with us. What say?"

The old miner's answer was direct but not flattering. "What do I want to go on a wild-goose mush with a bunch of bums for?" he shrilled.

Bill Macy scratched his hook nose and looked reproachfully at his host. At least Holt thought he was looking at him. One could not be sure, for Bill's eyes did not exactly track.

"What's the use of snapping at me like a turtle? Durden says Wild Goose looks fine. There's gold up there—heaps of it."

"Let it stay there, then. I ain't going. That's flat." Holt turned to adjust the damper of his stove.

"Oh, I don't know. I wouldn't say that," drawled Bill insolently.

The man at the stove caught the change in tone and turned quickly. He was too late. Macy had thrown himself forward and the weight of his body flung Holt against the wall. Before the miner could recover, the other two men were upon him. They bore him to the floor and in spite of his struggles tied his hand and foot.

Big Bill rose and looked down derisively at his prisoner. "Better change your mind and go with us, Holt. We'll spend a quiet month up at the headquarters of Wild Goose. Say you'll come along."

"What are you going to do with me?" demanded Holt.

"I reckon you need a church to fall on you before you can take a hint. Didn't I mention Wild Goose creek three or four times?" jeered his captor.

Holt made no further protest. He was furious, but at present quite helpless. However it went against the grain, he might as well give in until rebellion would do some good.

Ten minutes later the party was moving silently along the trail that led to the hills. The pack horse went first, in charge of George Holway. The prisoner walked next, his hands tied behind him. Big Bill followed, and the man he had called Dud brought up the rear.

Macy had released the hands of his prisoner so that he might have a chance to fight the mosquitoes, but he kept a wary eye upon him and never let him move more than a few feet from him. The trail grew steeper as it neared the head of the canyon till at last it climbed the left wall and emerged from the gulch to an uneven mesa.

The leader of the party looked at his watch. "Past midnight. We'll camp here, George, and see if we can't get rid of the 'skeeters.'"

They built smudge fires of green wood and on the lee side of these another one of dry sticks. Dud made coffee upon this and cooked bacon. While George chopped wood for the fires and boughs of small fir for bedding, Big Bill sat with a rifle across his knees just back of the prisoner.

"Gid's a shifty old cuss, and I ain't taking any chances," he explained aloud to Dud.

Holt was beginning to take the outrage philosophically. He slept peacefully while they took turns watching him. Just now there would be no chance to escape, but in a few days they would become careless. The habit of feeling that they had him securely would grow upon them. Then, reasoned Holt, his opportunity would come. One of the guards would take a chance. It was not reasonable to suppose that in the next week or two he would not catch them napping once for a short ten seconds.

There was, of course, just the possibility that they intended to murder him, but Holt could not associate Selfridge with anything so lawless. The man was too soft of fiber to carry through such a program, and as yet there was need of nothing so drastic. No, this kidnapping expedition would not run to murder. He would be set free in a few weeks, and if he told the true story of where he had been his foes would spread the report that he was insane in his hatred of Macdonald and imagined all sorts of persecutions.

They followed Wild Goose creek all next day, getting always closer to its headwaters near the divide. On the third day they crossed to the other side of the ridge and descended into a little mountain park.

The country was so much a primeval wilderness that a big bull moose stalked almost upon their camp before discovering the presence of a strange biped. Big Bill snatched up a rifle and took a shot which sent the intruder scampering.

From somewhere in the distance came a faint sound.

"What was that?" asked George.

"Sounded like a shot. Mebbe it was an echo," returned Dud.

"Come too late for an echo," Big Bill said.

Again faintly from some far corner of the basin the sound drifted. It was like the pop of a scarcely heard fire-cracker.

The men looked at one another and at their prisoner.

"Think we better break camp and drift?" asked Dud.

"No. We're in a little draw here—as good a hiding place as we'd be likely to find. Drive the horses into the brush, George. We'll sit tight."

Dud had been busy stamping out the campfire while Holway was driving the horses into the brush.

"Mebbe you had better get the camp things behind them big rocks," Macy conceded.

Even as he spoke there came the crack of a revolver almost at the entrance to the draw.

One of the men swore softly. The gimlet eyes of the old miner fastened on the spot where in another moment his hoped-for rescuers would appear.

Holt recognizes Elliot and the two overpower the kidnapers and reach Kamatlah. Elliot learns truth about coal land deals.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

None More So. "Is the woman I saw you talking to a fitting associate for you?" "She couldn't be more fitting. She's my dressmaker."

AN EDITOR WRITES ABOUT HIS OWN WEDDING.

H. O. Ward, editor of the Roaring Springs Report, formerly editor of the Dadsouville paper, recently married and wrote the occasion up as follows:

And It Came To Pass.

As most people expected, and we knew it would, there has been a change in the postmaster at Roaring Springs—not in the person, but in the name, and patrons will receive their mail at the same old hole.

During our somewhat varied career as a rural route editor we have written many obituaries and wedding accounts, and countless are the lines therein recorded, for which we will some day have to make answer, but this one occasion when we are going to tell the truth with Heaven and our own conscience looking on—

Mrs. Pearl Lyle Critch and the editor of the emblem of truth were completely married at the home of the bride, on Shinbone alley, in this city, at early candle lighting, Sunday February 8th, this year, (we will never forget the date and hope she does not).

The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. I. Smith, who took our last dollar and four bits of Canadian's announcement fee to apply on his automobile license.

The outdoor concert and main show were attended by a number of sympathizing friends of the bride.

The double ring ceremony was used. One she wears on the third phalanx of the third finger of her left hand. While the other encircles our swanlike throat.

The bride wore a creation of indescribable design and unsurpassable color and a bouquet of beautiful flowers from the Lubbock cemetery. We wore the same suit that accompanied us on the trip to the Ozark Trail meeting at Lawton, and a cream colored neck tie with complexion to match.

The bride is a native of Texas, having been born in Hood county when it was a part of Johnson. Her age is uncertain, but she has a brother just older than herself who was born in 1877, and one younger in 1885.

The price of our activity is of no consequence, as we never expect to see there voluntarily. The price of life was destroyed in the Lubbock fire, but we were old enough to go to the Centennial Exposition. However, our folks were living in Missouri at the time and didn't leave of it until the big show was all over. Spunking of Missouri, we existed in that old state for twelve years, but do not count that on our age and don't think the time keeper on high has it charged up against us—that's what makes us look so young.

We have both been married before, and are old enough to have known better, or at least what we are doing.

In explanation of the lady's apparent rashness in marrying us will say that it was done with the understanding that the relationship is to exist only until the country settles up and she can do better.

A number of beautiful presents were received, but not being familiar with some, or how to spell the names of others, we are afraid to publish the list.

We moved our shawl strap and shaving outfit up to the house and are trying to make ourselves at home.

If any of the details have been omitted in this narrative it has been due to excitement and inadvertent.

Other paper appreciating the situation are at liberty to reproduce this article without giving us credit either for it or getting married.

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 All work Promptly Done and
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LOOK OVER YOUR GLASSES.

There! That proves they DON'T FIT YOU. The kind we fit you with are made so you can see through them. So they correct your visual defect. So that they are of benefit to you. That's the reason for your own sake we ask you to let us fit you with glasses.

I will purchase your hides and furs at a good market price. See me before selling. H. C. HILL

FARM FOR SALE. My farm and equipment is now for sale. Being horses—mules and implements and far machinery. Will be off the market March 15th. P. 4. t. David E. Warner.

KAFFIR CORN BUNDLES FOR SALE. See W. A. DYER

Flashlight advertisement with image of a flashlight.

HIGHEST PRICES FOR FURS! Advertisement for fur sales.

I have SIX good lands for sale in large or small tracts lots of running water and fine grass. \$2.00 per acre cash balance long time 6 per cent interest. Also fine farm land from \$12.00 to \$20.00 per acre. \$2.00 cash balance long time 6 per cent interest. See me about this land. J. W. Burks, Special Agent, Miami Texas 21.



Sold and Guaranteed by CENTRAL DRUG STORE. Prices from \$7 to \$50, and the best watch in the world for the money. WILL SELL these watches on the installment plan to responsible parties with a small cash payment and the balance at \$5.00 per month.

A HINT TO THE AGED. If people past sixty years of age could be persuaded to go to bed as soon as they take cold and remain in bed for one or two days, they would recover much more quickly, especially if they take Chamberlains cough remedy. There would also be less danger of the cold being followed by any of the more serious diseases.

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We carry a full line of feed. Bran, Shorts, Corn Chops, Maize and Kaffir Chops, Cake Hay and Salt.

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FOR SALE. Weatherford Well Machine, good for 500 feet, has been used 10 months, nothing broke for worn out, 7 horse power engine, all on the same farm. One man can operate it. Four bits 4-5 and 6 inch, an earth socket, cost over \$8,000. Will take \$650.00. Terms 1/3 cash. C. W. Duan, Happy, Texas.

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FOR SALE, two nice coming 3 year 11 fillies. High grade stock. Harry A. Nelson.

I will purchase your hides and furs at a good market price. See me before selling. H. C. HILL

FARM FOR SALE. My farm and equipment is now for sale. Being horses—mules and implements and far machinery. Will be off the market March 15th. P. 4. t. David E. Warner.

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- Roy Crossan.
- Charlie Wells.
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- Jack Murry.
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FOR SALE. Big 4 engin, 30-60 tractor. First class condition. Harry A. Nelson.

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Did you ever think of the advantage and convenience of having a large lumber and building material stock right at your door, so to speak? If we enumerate here all the different things we can supply you and all in the best grades, you would be astonished. If we haven't got what you want we will order it for you. As we told you many times, we are here to serve you right.



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I am now prepared to give you the very best in a genuine good Shopmade 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

SPRING GOODS

We have received our line of Ladies Spring Coats, Suits and Skirts, Also a nice line of Shirt Waists in Georgette Crepe, Crepe de chine and Voiles in all colors.

Our mens department is complete and we would appreciate a look from you.

WE CAN PLEASE YOU IN SHOES.

W. E. STOCKER

EXCURSIONS

Santa Fe

Tickets on sale daily to Arkansas Falls—Brownville, Corpus Christi—Freeport, Marlin—Mineral Wells, Rockport—Port Lavaca, and many other Gulf Points. Ask about fares and other particulars.

J. M. KEFFER, Agent.

PURSLEY'S TRANSFER LINE

Solicit a liberal share of your dray work and hauling. All work given careful and prompt attention.

Miami, Texas

BARRETT & ALLEN
 Licensed Auctioneers

Make sales anywhere and positively guarantee satisfaction. Years of experience in the business and we know we can please you. Our terms are always right, and if our service is not right, it costs you nothing. For dates address H. M. Barrett, Pampa, or the Miami Chief.

Ford
 THE UNIVERSAL CAR TO THE PUBLIC.

Prices of Ford cars effective this date per Telegram of the 21st inst.

	F. O. B. Detroit	Freight and Ass. Chgs.	3 per cent Tax.	Total F. O. B. Miami.
Chassis	\$400.	\$12.55	\$10.55	\$423.10
Runabout	\$435.	\$12.50	\$11.45	\$458.90
Touring	\$450.	\$12.55	\$11.55	\$474.10
Couplet	\$560.	\$12.55	\$14.75	\$587.30
One Ton Truck	\$600.	\$12.55	\$15.75	\$628.30
Town car	\$645.	\$12.50	\$16.95	\$674.50
Sedan	\$695.	\$12.55	\$18.25	\$725.80

The above prices effect all unfilled orders.

J. A. COVEY & SONS, Authorized Agents

JUST RECEIVED, New caps, toboggans, stationery, gingham, school ribbons, and the prices are the best.

J. W. WELLS STORE.

JOIN CLASS NO. 2 in the Panhandle Mutual Insurance. You can get a \$1,000.00 policy for only \$5. See J. R. Durrett, Sec'y, at the First

S. D. PARK is making land loans now at 3 per cent instead of nine which has been the regular rate. SEE, PHONE OR WRITE HIM FOR LOANS

WE PLEDGE

**TO SERVE OUR COUNTRY
WE HAVE ENLISTED IN THE
UNITED STATES.
FOOD ADMINISTRATION.**

We pledge ourselves to give our customers the benefit of fair and moderate prices. Selling at no more than a reasonable profit above cost to us.

J. W. WELLS

Member of the United States Food Administration.

WE WILL MAKE YOU THE RIGHT PRICES ON

Bran,
Shorts
Pea Nut Mixed Feed
Pea Nut Mixed Feed
Salt and Coal
AND WANT TO PURCHASE YOUR
Second hand Cake, Bran and short sacks
See us before you buy or sell
If it is in our line of business.
WE WILL TREAT YOU RIGHT
U. S. STRADER GKAIN CO.

**SUBSTITUTE
FOODS**

Don't let the wheatless, meatless or sweetless days worry you in the least. We have prepared a line of **SUBSTITUTES** that will make you wish every day was a "less" day.

It will benefit you to get away from the old staples occasionally and go on a diet of fruits and vegetables, etc.

For the benefit of our customers on these days we have arranged to carry an extra large assortment of all kinds of **CANNED VEGETABLES AND DRIED AND CANNED FRUITS**

You will find here almost any fruit or vegetable you want and all of the very highest quality.

Come and let us help you conserve the wheat, meat, sugar, etc., and while so doing, really benefit your health.

**THE CASH GROCERY
COMPANY
PHONE 70.**

Eld. O. M. Reynolds assisted by his father will begin a series of meetings at Laketon middle of next week. Through Pickens and Webster, J. B. Hanks purchased a new Oakland car, which he is now driving. Dread Lee was over Monday from Mobeetie after cotton seed cake. J. R. Darrett and Byron Williams made a trip to Amarillo last of last week.

Mrs. W. R. Ewing and son Robert left Sunday for Ft. Worth on a few days visit. She intends also to visit her father at Terrell while away. W. L. Parton of Cladue was in Miami Monday looking after business matters and visiting a little with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Joe Kubik, Rev. and Mrs. H. P. Wilsford and Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Craig took dinner at the John Cunningham home Sunday.

Mrs. W. P. Ewing of Higgins visited her son, Judge Ewing and family part of last week. Mr. and Mrs. Jerome McCarley of Wheeler spent Sunday at the parental C. Coffee home.

Mrs. Blake Lee of Mobeetie is spending the week with her daughter, Mrs. L. G. Waggoner. Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Locke left last week for Mineral Wells where they expect to spend a month.

Carpenters are busy this week remodeling the lower floor of the Christopher Bros. Office building. When complete it will have three rooms and be occupied by Dr. Kelley and Dr. Reynolds. P. K. Burum was down Saturday from Panhandle visiting and transacting business.

W. H. Elliott of White Deer visited Miami friends Tuesday of this week. "Bill" says his wheat crop is looking fine, and that prospects are very bright for a bumper crop this year.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pursley made a trip to Shattuck, Oklahoma this week, returning Tuesday. Frank sold his automobile while there.

Mission Society met for Social day with Mrs. Severson as hostess. A Washington program was carried out with Clarence Gill as George Washington. Those not present certainly missed a good program. Meeting next Wednesday at the church. Every one welcome.

"Bill" Lee left last night for Wichita Falls where he will visit homefolks until he is called into service for Uncle Sam. "Bill" says he is ready to go, and has ask our local board to send him with the first quota leaving here, even though it does not reach him in regular rotation. He has been a trusted employee of W. E. Stockers for the past several months, and is leaving many friends here. W. A. Dyer will take his place in the store.

Mr. and Mrs. Vivian Kirksey lost their seven months old baby Sunday by death. Funeral services were held Monday at the Methodist church conducted by Rev. H. C. Hicks and the remains buried in the Miami cemetery Monday afternoon. The little one that came to bless the lives and make happy the days of its parents for so short a time has now gone to that better home, where it will never know the sorrows of this world. Mrs. A. E. Gething returned home Tuesday after a pleasant visit with Mrs. Thos. O'Loughlin, Mrs. Miles O'Loughlin, Mrs. A. B. McAfee and Mrs. Harley Talley. Mr. and Mrs. Harley Talley and Mrs. A. E. Gething visited Pampa Sunday.

Good Clean Alfalfa seed for sale at 15 cents per lb. F. O. B. Mobeetie. J. J. Long, Mobeetie, Texas.

Rev. C. N. N. Ferguson, presiding elder of the Amarillo District, will preach at the Methodist Church next Sunday, March 3. He will also hold Quarterly Conference on Saturday evening, March 2, at 7:30 in the church. All invited. Come hear a good sermon.

COUNTYLINE COUNTS.

This bright spring weahter is bringing on the new spring hats and making the wheat fields show up.

Mr. and Mrs. Daughette and family of Greenlake spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Springer.

Mrs. V. B. Christopher spent the week end at the Walter Davis home.

The Moore and McCaulby young people attended the box supper at Lone Star Friday night.

Mr. Urias Johnston, spent Saturday night at the Russell ranch.

Some of our young people attended the Literary at Laketon Saturday night.

Clarence Finch an dson, spent Sunday at the parental H. Russell home.

Misses Grace and Margie Christopher visited at the G. C. Springer home Monday morning.

This week is examination week at the Countyline school.

The following is our program for Literary next Saturday night:

Song—Hurrah for the Red, White and Blue, Robertson Sisters.

Instrumental music, Countyline Orchestra.

"How to Manage a Wife," Clyde Gray.

"How to Manage a Husband," Grace Christopher.

Song, It's a Long Way to Berlin, Countyline Quartette.

Reading—Turah Leedy.

Reading, Georgia Robertson.

Song—The Old Red School, Ina Moore and Burt Springer.

Reading, George Christopher.

Duet, My Sweethearts Somewhere-in-France, Grace and Margie Christopher.

Recitation, Gladys Moore.

Dialogue, The Teachers Trails, Levy McCauley and VVerna Fufifer.

Song, Don't Count Your Chickens, Countyline Quartette.

Miss Anna Wells visited the Misses Christopher this week.

J. F. Johnston and Miss Edith Mea took dinner at the G. C. Springer home Tuesday.

Countess.

Fine section of level land in Ochiltree, County. Located within three miles of the New Town Site of Perryton, on the Branch of the Santa Fe, now under construction. Price \$25.00 per acre. See or write me for particulars.

C. E. McLarty, 4 t e

NOTICE.

My office has been moved to the lower floor of the Christopher Bldg. F. N. Reynolds, Dentist

Single Comb Black Minorca Eggs for sale at \$1.25 per setting.

Mrs. Henry Gill.

ABOUT CONSTIPATION

Certain articles of diet tend to check movements of the bowels. The most common of these are cheese, tea and boiled milk. On the other hand raw fruits, especially apples and bananas, also graham bread promote the movement of the bowels. When the bowels are badly constipated however, the sure way is to take one or two Chamberlain's Tablets immediately.

FOR RENT: A residence in Miami. Near the school uilding. See J. W. Wells.

LAND BARGAINS

SNAP IN SMALL GRAY COUNTY RANCH IN FOUR MILES OF RAILROAD TOWN.

1600 acres splendid grazing land, good per cent farming land. Two splendid wells and wind mills; good fence; house and fair improvements; tight land with good coat of grass; one and three fourth miles of school. Possession. Price \$12.50 per acre. Half cash terms on balance.

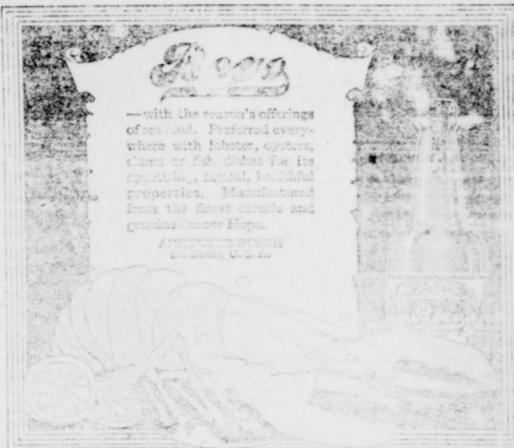
CHEAP GRASS PROPOSITION.

320 acres for sale, nearly perfect plains land, with well and wind mill, house and other out buildings which carries three sections of Plains Lease land. Whole ranch fenced and cross fenced and carries two hundred head of cattle, average price of lease 9 cents per acre per year, located in Moore county, 20 miles south of Stratford. Price on 320 acres \$18.00 patented. Some terms and immediate possession on entire ranch.

W. L. PARTON

OFFICE FIRST NAT'L BANK, CLAUDE, TEXAS

The Chief \$1.50 Per Year.



save

1-wheat

use more corn

2-meat

use more fish & beans

3-fats

use just enough

4-sugar

use syrups

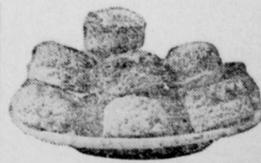
**and serve
the cause of freedom**

U. S. FOOD ADMINISTRATION

DELICIOUS CORN MUFFINS.



WHEATLESS BISCUITS.



Here's an old fashioned recipe for corn muffins that has recently been revived and used with unusual success in several of the larger New York hotels: To make three and a half dozen muffins take one quart milk, six ounces butter substitute, twelve ounces of light syrup or honey, four eggs, pinch of salt, two ounces baking powder, one and a half pounds cornmeal and one and a half pounds rye flour. The butter and syrup should be thoroughly mixed; then add the eggs gradually. Pour in the milk and add the rye flour mixed with cornmeal and baking powder.

Parched cornmeal is the feature of these excellent wheatless biscuits. First, the cornmeal—one-half a cup—is put in a shallow pan placed in the oven and stirred frequently until it is a delicate brown. The other ingredients are a teaspoon of salt, a cup of peanut butter and one and a half cups of water. Mix the peanut butter, water and salt and heat. While this mixture is hot stir in the meal which should also be hot. Beat thoroughly. The dough should be of such consistency that it can be dropped from a spoon. Bake in small cakes in an ungreased pan. This makes 16 biscuits, each of which contains one-sixth of an ounce of protein.



**HURRY;
THE KAISER WONT WAIT**

EAT SKINNER'S THE BEST MACARONI

GARGET or CAKED UDDER in COWS

"He planted a kiss on her cheek."

Watch Your Skin Improve.

Knicker—What is the only solution of the servant problem?

Important to Mothers

SOAP IS STRONGLY ALKALINE

JUST WHY IS A GUINEA HEN?

Question is Asked by Writer Who Evidently Has No Great Likings for the Breed.

Whoever designed the guinea hen

Nature did herself a dreadful injustice

A group of guineas running to keep

Woe to the politician whose nerve

German women must pay \$3.00 a pair

Edited.

The romantic maiden made the following

Nothing could exceed her anger and mortification

WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY

True Blue.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, at a luncheon

"He is a true-blue American for fair,"

THIS IS THE AGE OF YOUTH.

Even if a woman is as young as she

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

Sheep Will Thrive on Less Grain Than

Sheep can be successfully wintered

Montana will expand wheat

When Your Eyes Need Care

FARM POULTRY

MATING AND BREEDING PLAN

Quality and Not Quantity Counts

As quality and not quantity, is what

been called, and you know to be good

It is very important to look after

So, although it may seem less

FOR CONTROL OF BILLBOARDING

Whittierization of the Country

In most of Europe, and in the

Results of City Gardens.

The Pittsburgh Vacant Lot Garden

Two metallurgical experts who were

Whale Meat Cheaper Than Beef.

WHOLE MEAT CHEAPER THAN BEEF.

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WHOLE MEAT CHEAPER THAN BEEF.

HOME TOWN HELPS

Prospective Home Builder Can Not

To the inexperienced home-builder

Estimates of any sort are dangerous

There are three kinds of estimates

Carefully drawn specifications

So, although it may seem less

WHOLE MEAT CHEAPER THAN BEEF.

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WHOLE MEAT CHEAPER THAN BEEF.

ALMOST FRANTIC

Mrs. C. Anderson, 4104 W. 22nd

"I felt tired and weak and had

Nothing seemed to help me and I

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box

Cuticura Soap is

Smyser's Dentists

WHOLE MEAT CHEAPER THAN BEEF.

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FARM STOCK

SELLING BREEDERS FOR MEAT

Officials of Department of Agriculture

Breeding stocks of hogs are being

Boar of Good Type.

ture declare that the situation is

COST OF MAINTAINING HERD

Serious Problem Confronting Cattle

A serious problem that confronts the

With the judicious use of straw,

HOG IS GOOD CORN HUSKER

Animals Make More Gain From Corn

The pigs are good corn huskers

AMPLE EXERCISE FOR SWINE

Fattening Hog Should Be Limited to

Fattening hogs make the greatest

FEEDS FOR WINTERING EWES

Sheep Will Thrive on Less Grain Than

Sheep can be successfully wintered

Montana will expand wheat

When Your Eyes Need Care

WHOLE MEAT CHEAPER THAN BEEF.

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WHOLE MEAT CHEAPER THAN BEEF.

DOCTOR URGED AN OPERATION

Instead I took Lydia E. Pink-

Baltimore, Md.—"Nearly four years

work is a pleasure. I tell all my friends

It is only natural for any woman to

For Constipation

will set you right over night.

Purely Vegetable

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

Will restore color to the faces of

POWERFUL, PENETRATING LINIMENT

Quickly healing and soothing

HUNT'S LIGHTNING OIL

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

A Kitchen Paradox.

IMITATION IS SINCEREST FLATTERY

Show the pessimist a silver lining

BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP

will quiet your cough, soothe the

The Cause.

"My son has some grit in him, I

Colds Cause Headache and Grip

Montana will expand wheat

When Your Eyes Need Care

WHOLE MEAT CHEAPER THAN BEEF.

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FOOD CONTROLLER OF CANADA GIVES WARNING

Food Production Should Be Increased at All Costs.

In his letter to the public on the 1st of January, Hon. W. J. Hanna, Canada's Food Controller, says:— "Authoritative information has reached me that food shortage in Europe is terribly real, and only the sternest resolve on the part of the producers, and equally stern economies on the part of all as consumers, can possibly save the situation.

"France last year had a crop between one-third and one-half that of a normal year. Women did the work of draught animals in a determined effort to make the impoverished soil of France produce every possible ounce of food. They now look to us to make up their deficiency of essential supplies.

"The harvest in Italy was far below normal and will require much larger supplies to feed her people until next harvest.

"It is impossible for the allies to spare many cargo carriers to transport foodstuffs from India, Australia, New Zealand and even the Argentine Republic. This means that the allied nations are practically dependent upon North America to supply them with the food which must be forthcoming if the fighting suffering is to be avoided and the fighting efficiency of the armies maintained.

"On December 1, the United States had not a single bushel of wheat for export, after allowance was made for domestic requirements on the basis of normal consumption, and the United States Food Administration is endeavoring to bring about a reduction of 20 per cent in home consumption of wheat and flour. This would release 100,000,000 bushels for export, but the Allies will require nearly five times that amount before the 1918 harvest.

Canada is the only country in the world, practically accessible to the Allies under present conditions of shipping shortage, which has an actual exportable surplus of wheat after allowance for normal home requirements. The surplus today is not more than 110,000,000 bushels. A reduction of 20 per cent in our normal consumption would save an additional 10,000,000 bushels for export. The outlook for production of food stuffs in Europe next year is distinctly unfavorable.

"Such is the situation—grave beyond anything that we thought possible a few months ago. Unless our people are aroused to a realization of what the world shortage means to us, to our soldiers and to our Allies, and of the terrible possibilities which it entails, disaster is inevitable.

"Production, too, must be increased to the greatest possible extent. Present war conditions demand extraordinary efforts, and every man, woman, boy or girl who can produce food has a national duty to do so.

"I am confident that when the people of this country realize that the food situation is of utmost gravity they will willingly adjust themselves to the necessities of the case and make whatever sacrifices may be required. The call which is made upon them is in the name of the Canadian soldiers at the front, the allied armies, and the

civilian populations of the allied nations who have already made food sacrifices to an extent little realized by the people of this country."

Here is an appeal made by a man, upon whom rests the great responsibility of assisting in providing food for the allies and the soldiers at the front, who are fighting the battles in mud and blood. It cannot be ignored. At home we are living in luxury and extravagance inclined to idleness and forgetfulness. This must cease. We must save and produce. Our lands must be filled no matter where it may be, in Canada or the United States. It is our duty to cultivate. Splendid opportunities in the United States are open for further cultivation of lands. Western Canada also offers opportunities in high producing lands at low prices. Decide for yourself where you can do the most good, on land in the United States or in Canada, and get to work quickly.—Advertisement.

Hooray!

Husband—At last I have an army contract. The dogs of war have chased the wolf from the door.

OLD PRESCRIPTION FOR WEAK KIDNEYS

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plain—the article did not fulfill the promises of the manufacturer. This applies more particularly to a medicine. A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been benefited, to those who are in need of it.

A prominent druggist says, "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, for in almost every case it shows excellent results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy that I know of has so large a sale."

According to sworn statements and verified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact that, so many people claim, it fulfills almost every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder ailments, corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism.

You may receive a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by Parcel Post. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents; also mention this paper. Large and medium size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

The savage worships a demigod, not a demijohn.

Business is a mantle that covers a multitude of queer transactions.

Costs Less and Kills That Cold

HILL'S CASCARA QUININE

The standard cold cure for 20 years—in tablet form—safe, sure, no opiates—cures cold in 24 hours—grip in 3 days. Money-back guarantee. Get the genuine box with Red Top and Mr. Hill's picture on it. 6 Cents less, gives more, saves money. 24 Tablets for 25c.

At Any Drug Store

A FIGHT FOR LIFE

It has been fight or die for many of us in the past and the lucky people are those who have suffered, but who are now well because they heeded nature's warning signal in time to correct their troubles with that wonderful new discovery of Dr. Pierce's called "An-Uric." You should promptly heed these warnings, some of which are dizzy spells, headache, irregularity of the urine or the point at twinges of rheumatism, sciatica or lumbago. To delay may make possible the dangerous forms of kidney disease, such as stone in the bladder.

Tells of Marvelous Herbal Medicines

Flush, Kan.—"I was sick for six months, had three different doctors, even went under an operation and then was not any better, only worse in some respects. I felt as if I would go crazy, had so much pain in my head and back, up my spinal column. I could not sleep without sleeping powders, and I could not eat but what I would blot up and be in pain. Had so much gas on my stomach it kept me belching almost all the time. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and in just a few days could see quite an improvement. Then I got the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and took them both as directed on the bottles. I took seven bottles in all and now I am feeling like myself again. I am a fisher while I only weighed 93 pounds, last spring. I feel sure if I had only taken Dr. Pierce's medicines when I first took sick I would never have needed the operation."—MRS. CHARLIE BARR.

Who Do I Give This Car To? YOU?

On April 13, 1918

I am Going to Give Away Two Automobiles

I have been giving away automobiles for a long time. Now I'm going to give away two more. Send me the coupon down in the corner and I'll tell you about it.

\$1500 in Rewards

- 1st—Overland Touring Car
- 2nd—Ford Touring Car
- 3rd—Diamond Ring
- 4th—Victor Talking Machine
- 5th—Eaton Folding Knoch
- 6th—Eaton Folding Knoch
- 7th—Eaton Folding Knoch
- 8th—Eaton Folding Knoch
- 9th—Eaton Folding Knoch
- 10th—Eaton Folding Knoch

DO IT NOW!

THE REWARD MAN

P. O. Box 1632 Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me full information about the automobiles you are giving away. The signing of this coupon does not obligate me in any way.

Name _____

P.O. _____

State _____ R. F. D. _____ Box _____

The Reward Man, Philadelphia, Pa.

What Well Dressed Women Will Wear



WHIMSICAL STYLES IN SLEEPING GARMENTS.

Having undertaken the wearing of pajamas women proceeded to feminize them. They have developed these sensible sleeping garments into many dainty conceptions of the original and have produced, in the process, attractive new sleeping garments that are neither pajamas nor nightgowns. There are one-piece and two-piece pajamas, pajamas with slipover mandarin collars and others with short jackets like that shown in the picture. Wash satin, crepe de chine and georgette go to make up these very modern conceptions of the originally plain and practical pajamas. They are called boudoir pajamas; those with jackets or mandarin collars proving the most dignified and becoming of the several designs.

If one determines upon silk for sleeping garments the soft texture of wash satin and crepe de chine, and the sheerness of georgette along with their dainty colorings, are sure to inspire gay and frivolous affairs like that shown in the picture. Nearly all the boudoir pajamas, however, are less fanciful than these which exaggerate the style in order to call attention to it. The pantalettes are of plain satin with crepe georgette set in at the sides between front and back pieces tied together with satin ribbon bows. The short jacket of satin has sleeves of plaited georgette ending in a ruffle with a ribbon band above it. The collar is of ribbon lengthened into the ends.

Nothing less colorful and fine than bedroom slippers of ribbon would do to

month in the year. Sometimes it happens that she must choose a new one just between seasons, as in February or January. Winter suits are offered at bargain prices then, and early spring styles have appeared, enticingly new and tempting. The shopper is torn between two minds, and no one can settle the matter for her. It must be decided by the climate she lives in, the kind of service she requires of the suit, becomingness of the styles and other personal matters.

Winter and spring styles compare notes in the two suits shown here. At the left an advance model for spring reveals a trim affair of dark-colored cloth, with a plain skirt that does not commit itself to the very narrow style which has been considerably heralded. The coat approves the conservation of wool by being short, enforcing its opinion especially in the back of the garment, which is shorter than the front. This is a fine model for a slender figure, with a yoke to the shoulders and the front and back attached to it, plaited at the sides. The coat sleeves broaden the figure by means of a little fullness at the top. There is a narrow belt and springtime touches in light buttons, in an over-collar of white satin and insert of white in the V-shaped cut-out on the plain cuffs.

A suit of duvety at the right, trimmed with chinchilla fur, commends itself for either the northern or southern winter, and has much dis-



WINTER AND SPRING STYLES COMPARE NOTES.

wear with the magnificence of these pajamas, and they are hardly to be imagined without an attendant cap of lace and ribbon. These extravagant luxuries require accessories to match themselves in daintiness.

Nervous Headaches Four Bottles of Peruna Made Me Well

Mrs Effie Hill, Blanchester, Ohio, writes as follows: "I cannot tell how much I suffered in the past twelve years. I have been treated by physicians and no relief only for a short time. I was in such a condition from nervous headaches, such heavy feeling as if my brain was pressing down, and so nervous I could not get my rest at night. Would have sinking spells and then so weak that I could not do my work. I began to take Peruna. Have taken four bottles of Peruna and have gained in strength and flesh, and can say I am a well

I Cannot Thank You Enough For My Recovery

woman. I cannot thank you enough for my recovery."

Those who object to liquid medicines can secure Peruna tablets.

OLD-FASHIONED WIFE BEST DENTIST'S IDEA OF HUMOR

Nat Goodwin, Who Has Had Experience, Furnishes Specifications for the Ideal Woman.

Seems Mean to Invite a Man to Lunch and Then Fix Him So He Can't Eat.

The business of being a woman would be very simple, Nat Goodwin believes. If we took a tip from Mrs. Antediluvian Ancestor. That lady made the family cave a magnet. Within its walls her master never knew boredom. Few neighbors could coax him forth, even for a game of skullbones. His mate served him with beauty, wit, wisdom, comfort and what not. Every replica of his image was trained to add to the household interest. In short, Mr. Ancestor had a "home."

"That is all man wants today," Mr. Goodwin says, "That is what he means when he clamors for 'the old-fashioned woman.'"

"It bores me to tears to talk of matrimony," Mr. Goodwin added. "My attitude is that of a confirmed optimist. My own record proves that hope conquers experience. "I am very old-fashioned in my ideas, if I have any. I think a woman ought to do everything she can to make herself beautiful and intelligent, useful and interesting, and then make herself subservient to her home. That is what my mother did. I got both my ideal and my optimism from her."

War and the "Weather Man."

In this war the "weather man," the meteorologist, has come into his own. No one laughs at him now. His information is desired by the artillery officer who has to know the temperature of the air and its moisture content, the strength of the wind at different levels, and the like, in order that he may aim his gun. When the temperature is hovering about the freezing point, the staff wish to know if the improvised roads will be frozen sufficiently to permit the movement of guns or motortrucks. The captains of the air squadrons must know the condition of the atmosphere up to heights of 20,000 feet. The importance of the information may be judged from the fact that we were asked repeatedly if there was not some way by which the American weather reports could be kept from reaching Germany. Our reply had to be that, with Mexico where it was, nothing could be done.—Joseph S. Ames, in the Atlantic.

Keep Busy. Flatbush—I'm afraid I'll get stale on my garden work during the winter. Bensonhurst—For why? Haven't you got a snow shovel?—Yonkers Statesman.

COVETED BY ALL. but possessed by few—a beautiful head of hair. If yours is streaked with gray, or is harsh and stiff, you can restore it to its former beauty and luster by using "La Creole" Hair Dressing. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

His Choice. "Is he making any special claim for exemption?" "No. Says he'd rather die in battle than live the rest of his life as a liar."

As long as a man is of a forgiving disposition a woman doesn't care whether he pays his debts or not.

Britain is developing a new system of school hygiene.

It was noon when we dropped into the dentist's office. The doctor greeted us cordially as we fell into his chair and prepared to submit ourselves to torture.

There was the usual clatter of instruments on the white tray as we opened our jaws and the dentist peered into them. This time his object of attention was the cavity from which he had recently extracted a tooth.

"What are you going to do after I get through?" said the doctor mildly. "Between his fist and his mirror we blurted out something about lunch."

"Go to lunch with me, will you?" We nodded our assent and then it happened. Something that felt as big as a crowbar is and was as sharp as a new safety razor blade is supposed to be went up into the roof of our mouth. When we landed down again on the chair and the pain had eased off a trifle we started to laugh.

"You're good," we exclaimed. "Invite a man to lunch, and then fix him so he can't eat."—Detroit Free Press.

Oyster Fishing by Submarine.

Mr. Simon Lake, the father of the modern submarine, has suggested the use of the submarine for polar exploration, for ferrying supplies across ice-bound rivers, for seeking sunken treasure, and for dredging oysters.

Experiments have demonstrated to Mr. Lake's satisfaction that when the submarine is at the bottom of the ocean, the oysters can be sucked up into it on the vacuum cleaner principle. When traversing good ground, the submarine will suck up 5,000 bushels of oysters in an hour. This means that in one hour a mass of oysters will be collected which, if compactly piled, would require a cylinder one and three-quarters mile long to hold it. The idea should be particularly useful to the pearl-oyster fishers, as of Ceylon, for instance.

Obviously. "Come on," said the first flea as he hopped from the brown bear's foreleg; "come over and join me at a short game of golf."

"Golf," exclaimed the second flea, hastily taking a bite of hyena; "where in the realm of Barnum are we going to play golf?"

"Why," said the first flea, "over on the lynx, of course."—Jack o' Lantern.

Inadvertent Boasting. "Do you believe in heredity?" "Of course I do," replied the gentle egotist. "Why, I've got one of the brightest boys you ever saw."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One little Pellet for a laxative, three for a cathartic. Ad.

Jokes. "Casey is me pertickler friend. O'd have ye know." "G'wan! If he was pertickler he wouldn't be yer frind."

But Are These Legal Tenders? "Buy your food with thought," says a Hoover bulletin. "Pay your taxes with a smile," runs a revenue slogan.—Boston Transcript.

British women are taking up the shoe-repairing trade.

To Prevent Grip

Fortify the System Against Winter Cold

The strong withstand the Winter Cold Better than the Weak. If your Blood is not in a healthy condition and does not circulate properly, your system will not be able to withstand the Winter Cold. Old people who are feeble and younger people who are weak, will be strengthened and enabled to go through the cold weather by taking regularly

Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic

Contains the well-known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It purifies and enriches the blood and builds up the whole system, thus fortifying the system against colds and grip. Price 60c.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

Julius Bottomley

LET US ORDER
YOUR EASTER SUIT



Our new samples are here, and we would not attempt to say how many different samples we had, or how much cloth there was in each sample, but we can please you in any color or shade, grade, style or price in men's clothing.

OUR SAMPLES ARE HERE EVERY DAY and any old time you want to pick a suit, with a guarantee of fit and satisfaction, with prices just right, come to see us.

Our prices range from \$11.00 to \$60. per suit. Our Ed. V. Price line is not excelled by any tailoring company on earth. Come in and let us order for you.

Our other Spring goods are here, including the very latest in men's Oxfords, Shirts, Ties, etc. If men wear it, we have it.



THE TOGGERY

PRICE CLOTHING is equaled in quality only by WALK-OVERSHOES

It will be a lot cheaper to give your message to the public through the Chief Advertising Column than it will be to mail out circulars... Let us figure with you about it.

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Anything in the Printing Line. We can supply your needs if it is anything less than blank books, and we have a few of them. We can do your commercial printing as well as it can be done. Give us your orders for Letterheads, Envelops, Bill heads, Statements, Blank Notes, Posters, Wedding announcements, etc.

Your work will be done correctly and promptly if the order is placed with

The Miami Chief

- BAPTIST**
H. P. WILSFORD, PASTOR.
Sunday School, 9:45 A. M.
Preaching 11: a. m. and 8 p. m.
- AFTERNOON**
2:30 P. M. Sunbeam Band
3 P. M., Junior Class,
Mrs. Wilsford, teacher
- 8:30 P. M. Preaching Service.
MIDWEEK SERVICES
Monday 8:30 p.m. Normal Class, H. P. Wilsford, Teacher.
- Wednesday 4 P. M. B. W. M. W., Mrs. Rhodes, President.
Wednesday 8:30, Prayer Meeting.
We extend an invitation to one and all to come and worship with us, at any and all of our services.
- METHODIST**
J. H. HICKKS, Pastor.
Sunday School every Sunday at 10:00 o'clock. J. K. McKenzie, S. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 P. M.
- Prayermeeting every Wednesday evening at 7.
- Choir practice Thursday evening at 7, Mrs. W. R. Ewing, Leader
Womans Mission Society every Wednesday at 4 p. m., Mrs. J. W. Burks, President.
- You are urged to be with us in all of our services for we want you to attend and take part.
- PRESBYTERIAN**
CHAS. E. PITTS, Pastor
Preaching every first and third Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.
- Sunday School every Sunday at 10 A. M., L. B. Robertson, Supt.
You will always find an easy pew; an interesting service, and a hearty welcome at any and all of our services. Come with us and we will do you good.
- CHURCH OF CHRIST**
O. M. REYNOLDS, Minister
Sunday School Every Sunday at 10 A. M. and communion service at 11 A. M.
Preaching every second and fourth Sundays at 11 a. m. and at 7 p. m. every fourth Sunday.

**Buddy's
Ghost**

By Walter Joseph Delaney

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"Eight o'clock, Buddy—time for bed," remarked Mr. Bolton.
"I don't want to go yet, Pa. Please don't stay up till Jimmy is ready?"
"No, Buddy; Jimmy has his lessons to get and it may take him two hours."
"Well, can't somebody come up in the hall with a light and wait till I get undressed?" pleaded Buddy.
"Why, Buddy? Whatever is the matter with you this evening? You've forgotten around for the last hour as if you were on a hot griddle," spoke his mother.
"Huh! Should think I would!" muttered Buddy.
"He can't get his snowhouse in the yard off'n his mind," piped Jimmy.
"He's been going to the window to look out at it every two minutes."
Buddy's eyes expressed a queer glare, for just now he was distinctly edging away from the window. His spinstor aunt, Miss Cordella, spoke up in her kind, patient way:
"Perhaps Buddy is worrying for fear a thaw will come and undo all his hard work on his Esquimaux hut."
"No, I ain't," dissembled the lad mumbly.
"Well, Buddy, I'll come and sit in the old lumber room next to yours and



Resembled Some Rugged Laplander.

set the lamp in the hall till you get tucked in and sound asleep."
"I wouldn't humor the boy that way, if I were you, sister," said Buddy's mother.
"Oh, boys have their nervous whims, just like us older ones," replied tolerant and indulgent Aunt Cordella.
The good soul was right, and Buddy made a confidant of her as they went up the stairs.
"Aunt Cordella, they'd all tease me but you, and laugh at me, but I saw a ghost out of the window in the yard."
"Oh, Buddy?" rallied his aunt.
"Yes, sir, twice!" asserted Buddy in an awesome way.
"Nonsense, Buddy! What particular shape did this wandering spirit of yours take?"
"He was an Esquimaux," asserted Buddy, solemnly. "He had a big bear-skin robe all over him. First he was dodging behind the ice but we built yesterday. Next time I saw him at the window. He had his face close to the pane and he was looking in. He was looking straight at you, oh, sure he was!"
"Dear me!" fluttered Aunt Cordella, with a little shiver. She had no belief in ghosts, but Buddy's seriousness had begun to affect her. "It was probably some of your playmates dressed up in the old buffalo robe your father loaned you," she said. "Come, Buddy, pop into bed now," and she placed the lamp at the head of the stairs so that it shed its rays into Buddy's room.
Then Miss Cordella went down the hall and entered an old storeroom and went to the window and looked out at the snowhouse, and swept the garden space with her glance.
"What foolish notions children get," she murmured. "Oh, coming in here reminds me I must get another hank of yarn," added this indefatigable knitter.
She fumbled around on the shelf where she supposed a certain box containing the yarn was located, and could not find it in the dark. Going to the door she took a match out of a box tacked to its inside frame, kept always full. Aunt Cordella flared the match, found the yarn and dropped the match as Buddy called out, in a tone muffled because he probably was hiding his head under the bedclothes:
"All right, Auntie—I'm in."
As the last member of the family went upstairs to bed there crept out through the small semicircular door of the snowhouse a human figure. It was that of a man who was enveloped

in the buffalo robe and resembled some rugged Laplander. He edged to the shelter of some trees and stood there motionless. His eyes were fixed on the window of the only one of the upper rooms which had a light in it. It was that of Aunt Cordella. She came to the window in full view and pulled down the shade. The watcher uttered a deep sigh. Now he retreated towards the hut and sat down on a snow hummock.
"They have all gone to bed," he soliloquized. "It's safe for me to venture. She has left the window up from the bottom a few inches for ventilation, and the space is big enough to pass the letter through."
The man now removed the robe from his shoulders, thrust it out of view inside the snow hut and took from his pocket a sealed envelope. This he placed between his teeth, approached the house and began a hand-over-hand, careful and noiseless ascent of a broad trellis which very nearly traversed the entire side of the house. Inch by inch he clambered, until his face was opposite the open window space. He freed one hand to remove the letter from his teeth and slipped it through the aperture.
The stranger was about to descend when a sudden glow crossed his face. It died down, then suddenly it flared up more brilliantly than before. Curious, and at the same time somewhat startled, the man threw back his head to obtain a clearer range of vision. It was to discover a heap of rubbish in the storeroom which Aunt Cordella had visited two hours previous bursting in to a blaze.
The man was deft and agile. He rapidly marked a course sideways towards the window of the lumber room. The smoldering and blazing heaps in the apartment told him that here was no casual problem to deal with. He braced his feet as he got directly opposite the window. He could not lift the sash from the outside.
"Fire! Fire! Fire!" he yelled at the top of his voice, intent on arousing the sleeping inmates of the house. Then he gave his body a forcible, forward lurch. It impelled him through the lower frame of the window with a heavy crash, carrying the splintered sash with him.
The man landed on the floor inside amid a shower of putty, glass and wood. He was speedily on his feet. He kept up his shouting, but doubly active the while. Some smoking bits of carpet he lifted and flung through the window out upon the snow-covered ground. A mass of old papers and magazines the stuff had covered burst forth into vivid flame. He was scorched, half blinded, breathless, but he kept on throwing out the blazing rubbish about him.
Now he wavered and uttered choking gasps. He felt that the smoke, cinders and heat were about to overcome him. He was about to abandon the unequal battle when he noticed two tin-jacketed cans, the outside of which were smoking and shooting out spasmodic streaks of flame.
"Kerosene, gasoline!" he panted desperately, and dashed at them. One after the other they hurtled through the window. Then a great blaze of light outside and an echoing explosion. The brave fire-fighter staggered towards the door. He threw the weight of his powerful frame against it. The door gave way. He went with it prostrate in the hall, and over him, attracted to the spot by his warning cries and the accompanying commotion, scrambled Mr. Porter.
Then the calls of the latter brought all hands under the roof to the scene. It was an exciting five minutes, while Mr. Porter beat out the flames and the other members of the household brought water and dashed it on the dying embers.
Mr. Porter carried the insensible man on his shoulders into a vacant bedroom. At a glance he saw that this incidental savior of his property, and probably of life, was seriously burned. Buddy hurried on his clothes and ran for a doctor.
It was daylight when Aunt Cordella found the letter lying on the floor of her room. She opened it to regard its contents with dilating eyes and a quickly paling face. A romance five years dead, the details of which she had never imparted to a single soul, was revived with a strangeness and force that made her sway to the point of fainting.
"I am all through with the drink," it read. "I am a changed man, have made my way in the world and am driven to see you, if only at a distance, once more. Of course you have long since forgotten me, but if my penitence and my redemption appeal to you in the slightest degree send me a single line to the address I give and I will hasten to see you openly."
What her answer would be, the glowing eyes, the kiss she bestowed upon those cherished written lines, her tears, presaged clearly. She was called by her brother into the hall.
"The doctor says our patient will be all right in a day or two, and is comfortably resting now," Mr. Porter said. "Will you sit by him, Cordella, until mother gets breakfast over?"
Randolph Waters looked up from the couch upon which he lay as Cordella entered the room. She made no pretense of affection, or shyness, or aversion.
"Randolph!" she said, and sat down beside him and caressed the bandaged hand. "You were the ghost little Buddy saw at the window? You just in time discovered the fire my carelessness caused?"
He smiled an assent, hope and comfort compassing him. She leaned towards him and kissed him on the cheek.
"That is the answer to your letter," said Aunt Cordella simply.

THE MISSING WILL

By MARIE HAMMOND.

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"Well, my children, I've made my will."
Boyd Hartley looked interested and his wife, Nettie, curious. Both, however, were too eager to welcome their visitor to think of anything outside of kindly attentions. Boyd helped his wife's uncle remove his overcoat, while Nettie placed his tall silk hat and cane upon the hat rack.
"Yes, sir," resumed Uncle William Cass, as they led him into the bright and cozy sitting room and he sniffed the evening meal appetizingly. "I just went to Mr. Byrd, my lawyer, and had the matter settled once for all."
Ever since they were married, every Tuesday evening Mr. Cass had come to visit his dead wife's niece and her husband. He would take supper with them and usually stay all night. Boyd was not earning a large salary, and every Wednesday the old man would return the compliment by sending them a hamper of provisions. The evening passed in the pleasant home of the attentive couple who really cared for him unselfishly, was a marked event in the routine of Uncle William. He seemed happy and relieved, almost jolly, upon this special evening. He declared that supper had never tasted so good, and when Nettie placed him in the most comfortable arm chair in the house and started the talking machine, the old man sank back with a sigh of comfort and peaceful enjoyment.
"I'll help Nettie get the dishes out of the way, uncle," said Boyd, "so we can be together right away," and joined his wife in her usual task. Brisk and active, Nettie had her part of the work done before her less able assistant had finished putting away the knives and forks. She removed her apron and ran into the sitting room.
"Now for a nice evening, uncle," Boyd heard her say, and then there was a wild scream.
"What is it, Nettie?" spoke Boyd, startled.
"Oh, Boyd! Come here! Come here!" gasped Nettie in a frightened voice.
Uncle William lay back in the chair, motionless. There was a set smile upon his face, but he was dead. The old man had passed away without a struggle amid the homage of honest, loyal hearts and rare home comfort.
They hurried him from their own little home, Martin Evans' was there, sullen looking and bored. The lawyer called the day after the funeral. Recently Nettie had taken the old gold-headed cane and the familiar silk hat of her uncle and stored them away, as precious relics, in an unused wardrobe in the attic. Mr. Byrd was very serious when he informed Nettie that they had been unable to find the will.
"It was sealed, attested and witnessed at my office the day of his death," he said. "I do not know all the contents, but I am aware of the general legacies my client planned to make. We have searched his safety deposit box, at the old home, but have discovered no trace of the will."
Finally Martin Evans made application to the court as nearest of kin of the deceased and was awarded the estate. His spendthrift policy began at once to develop. He squandered what was left of a liquid character, then he mortgaged the store building. He would have done the same with the homestead and farm, but Mr. Byrd said:
"You can draw the income from the farm and live in the old home, but I will not consent to any loan or sale. I hear you have farmed out that poor little outcast child you agreed to care for, and have put him in charge of a wretched couple addicted to drink and who are abusive to the child."
Boyd sought out Evans.
"See here, Evans," he said, "I've a favor to ask of you."
"If it's to borrow or beg, don't waste your time," growled Evans.
"It is neither. Nettie is lonesome, we love children, and if you will turn little Alan over to us legally we will adopt him."
"Will I? Sure!" said Evans. "Good riddance to bad rubbish."
Little Alan was a welcome delight to the childless couple. He thrived mightily under loving care and comfort. He was eight years old when one day, his active investigating spirit one day, his active investigating spirit one day, his active investigating spirit one day, he led him to ransack the garret. He located the cherished cane and silk hat in the old wardrobe. Nettie, returning home from a neighbor's, with consternation observed Alan prying, leading down the street a square distant, a band of urchins, Uncle William's high hat was on his head, Uncle William's cane in his hand. She hurried her steps, but before she reached the culprit a crowd of other boys appeared, deprived little Alan of his spoils and proceeded to institute a game of "shin-ite," using the hat for the ball and the cane as the club. That evening Nettie detailed the circumstance of the hour. Boyd examined the hat.
"Pretty badly stove in, and inside band torn loose. I think you can see that up, Nettie. Hello!"
"What is it, Boyd?" inquired his wife, as Boyd, turning back the sweat-band revealed a folded paper it had held in place. He opened it carefully, for its folded edges were creased and soiled. Then his eyes snapped.
"Nettie," he said animatedly, "it's Uncle William's will!"
It was a vengeful trick of fate, that the little outcast Martin Evans had turned adrift should be the means of divesting him of the inheritance unlawfully appropriated.