

Wichita Daily Times.

VOLUME 2

WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS, THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1908

NUMBER 62

We can tell you about some investment chances in real estate that are not appeals to emotions—that are not "gamblers" in any sense of the word. Come to our office and investigate.

BEAN & STONE.

If you are a real estate owner in this city every tick of the clock adds something to the value of your holdings. Isn't there some satisfaction in that thought? Let us persuade you to make an investment.

BEAN & STONE.

KELLEY GOT 25 YEARS

MAILED CHARGED WITH ROBBERY OF W. W. DIEHL GETS LONG TERM IN PRISON.

A WHOLESOME EFFECT

Justice Being Meted Out to "Rollers" Should Stop These Crimes Here.

A wholesome warning may be taken by the fellows who practice the gentle art of "rolling" unsuspecting visitors in the city when they wander into the red light district, or where that district was formerly located, from the fate of W. F. Randle, who yesterday was sentenced to a term of five years for the robbery of a man named Cheney, and from the sentence of twenty-five years imposed upon J. T. Kelly today.

Kelly, it will be remembered, was charged with the robbing of W. W. Diehl, a Burk Burnett carpenter, on the evening of April 23rd.

Kelly was arrested on a freight train near Bellevue on the morning after the robbery and a part of the stolen property was found in his possession.

The jury, after being out about fifteen minutes this afternoon returned a verdict of guilty and assessed his punishment at twenty-five years imprisonment in the State penitentiary.

The trial of William Roosevelt, a negro, charged with assault with intent to murder, is set for tomorrow morning.

DONT'S FOR THE VOTERS IN SATURDAY'S PRIMARY.

"Dont's" for the voter and candidate are issued to put the voter on his guard, prescribed by the Terrell election law, as follows:

Any person who lends or contributes or offers or promises to lend or contribute or pay any money or other valuable thing to any voter, to influence the voting of another person, whether under the guise of a wager or otherwise, or to induce any voter to vote or refrain from voting at an election for or against any person or persons, or to induce such voter to go to the polls or to remain away from the polls at an election, or to induce such voter or other person to place or cause to be placed his name unlawfully on the certified list of qualified voters that is required to be furnished by the county tax collector, is guilty of a felony and on conviction shall be punished by confinement in the penitentiary not less than one year nor more than five years, and in addition shall forfeit any office to which he may have been elected at the election with reference to which such offense may have been committed and is rendered incapable of holding any office under the State of Texas.

Section 161. Any person who gives or offers to give any office, employment or thing of value, or promises to secure any office, thing of value or employment to or for a voter or for any other person to vote or refrain from voting at an election for or against any person, or for or against any proposition submitted at an election, or to obtain his certificate of exemption, is guilty of a felony and upon conviction shall be punished by confinement in the penitentiary not less than three nor more than five years, and in addition shall forfeit any office to which he may have been elected, and becomes ineligible to any office to which he may have been elected, and becomes ineligible to any other public office.

Section 162. The penalty prescribed in the last preceding section against those who violate any of its provisions shall be imposed upon anyone who receives or agrees to receive any money, gift, loan or other thing of value, for himself or any other person, for voting or agreeing to vote, for going or agreeing to go to the polls on election day, or for remaining away, agreeing to remain away from the polls on election day, or for refraining or agreeing to refrain from obtaining his poll tax receipt or certificate of exemption, or for obtaining or agreeing to obtain the same, or for voting, or agreeing to vote for or against any particular person or proposition submitted to a vote of the people.

Try it yourself and then you'll know that Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand coffee has no equal.

J. L. LEA, JR.

L. C. Mims of Ennis is in the city on business.

GERMAN CAR HAS LONG LEAD OVER AMERICAN.

By Associated Press. Egdkuben, Prussia, July 23.—The German car in the New York to Paris auto-race crossed the frontier this afternoon. The American car which left Moscow yesterday morning is about five hundred and fifty miles behind the German. The latter made 420 miles today.

UPHOLDING AUTHORITY.

Connors Would Have No Man on His Gang He Couldn't Lick. Success Magazine.

It was a score of years ago that W. J. Connors, now chairman of the New York democratic State committee, secured his first great freight-handling contract, and when the work was ready to start he appeared on the Ohio street dock and called a thousand burly "dock-wallopers" to order.

"Now," roared Connors, "yez are to worruk for me, and I want yez man here to understand what's what. I kin lick any man in the gang."

Nine hundred and ninety-nine swallowed the insult, but one huge double-fisted warrior moved unhesitatingly, and stepping from the line, he said: "You can't lick me, Jim Connors."

"I can't, can't I?" bellowed "Fingy." "No, ye can't," was the response.

"Oh, well; thin go to the office and git your money," said "Fingy." "I'll have no man in me gang that I can't lick."

A Four Foot Cucumber.

The many big stories now going the rounds of the press, especially of Central West Texas, mentioning extra fine specimen products of the farm, garden and orchard are proving to be wonderful eye-openers to the people of other sections. The same have pretended to doubt the veracity of some of the raisers. Captain Isham G. Harris does not propose to have his veracity questioned, so he brought in yesterday afternoon a sample of cucumbers grown on his ranch near Euola, which measured 4 feet 3 inches. Mr. Harris says that if any one doubts this proposition when they read this, to come to the 25,000 club and see the specimen for themselves. Further, that if they will go with him to the ranch he will show specimens of same that measure over 5 feet. This variety of cucumber is certainly a wonder, and although growing to such an enormous size, it retains its flavor as an average cucumber and is used for table use on the ranch where they are grown.—Ablene Reporter.

Judge J. W. Patterson of Decatur, for twenty consecutive years district judge in that district and a candidate for renomination without opposition, is in the city today in the interest of the candidacy of his fellow townsman, Judge R. E. Carswell, who is a candidate for nomination for associate justice of the court of civil appeals, to fill the unexpired term of Judge I. W. Stephens, resigned. Mr. Carswell has many supporters here and Judge Patterson is an able advocate of his candidacy.

The Methodist Meeting. Dr. Alderson will preach every afternoon from 2:30 to 3:30 at the Majestic during the remainder of the meeting. A good crowd attended the services at the Methodist church last night although the weather was threatening, and the sermon was one of the best delivered during the meeting.

New photo studio in Guggenheim building. All the latest style photos at reasonable prices. Work guaranteed. Have your picture made on postal cards. 62-3tp

JUDGE TAFT CONFERS WITH ROOSEVELT

By Associated Press. Washington, D. C., July 23.—Judge Taft passed through Washington early today on his way to Oyster Bay. He will reach Sagamore Hill this afternoon, when an important political conference is scheduled to take place.

President Returns From Newport. By Associated Press. Oyster Bay, N. Y., July 23.—The Mayflower, with President Roosevelt on board, arrived here from Newport this morning.

See that big feature picture tonight at the Majestic.

RACE WAR THREATENED

Louisiana Town Divided Into Hostile Armed Camps—Desperate Bandits Leave Trail of Dead in Boston

By Associated Press. Zatahany, La., July 23.—Sunrise this morning found this town divided into two armed camps with race hatred strained to a dangerous pitch.

During the night preparations were made for a race war of threatening proportions, but the night passed without actual fighting, and it is believed that a clash will be averted.

There were about five hundred people in the Italian camp.

The opposing camp is made up of about one hundred citizens of the town under command of Sheriff Sael.

The authorities believe that they will be able to handle the situation without further bloodshed.

By Associated Press. Boston, Mass., July 23.—Three deadly battles have taken place between three desperadoes, the police and a small army of citizens.

The first encounter took place late Tuesday night in a bar room. The second occurred last night in the streets of Jamaica Plain, a suburb, and in a third early this morning in a cemetery one of the bandits was killed and another was wounded, and a search is being made for him in the cemetery. The third desperado was captured last night.

In a flight of only a little over a mile and a half the desperadoes left behind them a trail of two dead and eleven wounded.

The three men are believed to be foreigners.

DAVIDSON RULES ON ELECTION QUESTION

Austin, Tex., July 23.—Attorney General Davidson rules that a voter may vote the affirmative or negative on both submission and local option. An opinion was given to John G. Willacy, anti-submission chairman, and reads as follows:

I have received your favor of July 22, wherein you desire to be advised as to whether or not the party voting against submission by the Thirty-First Legislature of a constitutional amendment to the people and at the same time voting for the system of local option and appropriate legislative enactment for the perfection of our local option laws, and erasing upon his ballot the opposing clauses; whether such ballot would be a legal ballot, and should be counted by the judges of the election.

"In reply thereto I beg to say that such a ballot would be a legal ballot and should be counted, because it unquestionably shows upon its face that the voter is, first, against the submission of such constitutional amendment; and, second, that he is for the perfecting of our system of local option laws as they apply to the various communities of the State, and as distinguished from State-wide prohibition.

"On the other hand, I am of the opinion that if the voter should vote for the submission by the legislature of such amendment and against the proposition of perfecting our local option laws, that ballot would also be a legal ballot and should be counted. Or, if the voter should erase from his ballot all but one of the four paragraphs contained on the ballot, then his ballot would be a legal one, and should be counted."

TODAY'S MARKETS.

Special to the Times. Port Worth, Tex., July 23.—The total cattle receipts today were 5,100 head.

Beef Steers—Receipts 500. Quality choice. Market slow, but prices were higher at \$3.00@3.25.

Butcher Cows—Receipts light. Quality fair. Market active and steady at \$2.25@3.50.

Calves—Receipts 2,500. Quality choice. Market active and steady at \$3.00@4.75.

Hogs—Receipts 900. Quality fair. Market active and higher at \$6.00@6.65.

George Mater, of the Mater-Magner Drug Company, returned last night from a short visit with relatives at Chanute, Kansas. Mr. Mater returns better satisfied than ever that Wichita Falls is the most prosperous spot on the map. He says that people here cannot realize the extent of the business depression until they get away from home. He says that there is still a financial stringency in Kansas and that this, coupled with poor prospects for a corn crop, makes business very dull.

Try our celebrated Crown butter from Kansas. It pleases everybody. KING & WHITE.

GOVERNMENT WILL CONTINUE FIGHT

Chicago, Ill., July 23.—Although the United States Circuit Court of Appeals today reversed and remanded the case of the government against the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, in which Judge Landis in the district court had imposed a fine of \$29,240,000, the government forces will continue the legal battle.

The government has thirty days in which to file a petition for a rehearing and it will be filed within the allotted time. In his opinion, which was concurred in by Judges Seaman and Baker, dealing with the "intent" feature of the case—a vital point—Judge Grosscup says:

"We should take up these subjects in the order stated, the first being whether a shipper can without error be convicted of accepting a concession from the lawful established rate, even though it is not shown as being on the matter of intent that the shipper at the time of accepting such concession knew what the published legal rate was—a view of the law that is embodied in the charge and carried out in the ruling, excluding certain proffered testimony, including that of one Edward Bogardus, who, being in charge of the traffic affairs of plaintiff, offered to testify that during that period he did not know anything about an 18c rate over the Alton; that his attention had never been called to any such rate by any person or by the examination of any document, and that it was his understanding and belief that, based on what he was told by one Holland, tariff clerk of the Alton railroad, that the rate over the Alton was 6c, and that such rate had been filed with the interstate commerce commission."

Judge Grosscup's opinion leaves little of the contention that each carload at the 6c rate constituted a separate offense. Even the shipments, of which there were about 500, could not be so considered under the ruling of the court. The fine should have been based on settlements between the railroad and the oil company. Of these there were just thirty-five. The maximum fine on this basis would amount to but \$720,000, and the minimum \$36,000.

Government Ready to Fight. In the event a rehearing is denied, the government may go to trial on the original indictment, containing 1,462 counts—an action which District Attorney Sims could be ready to take within two weeks—or upon any one of the several other indictments containing 4,422 counts. As a vast amount of work has been done on the case just decided, it is unlikely that an entirely new case will be instituted. The record of the present case contains over 1,500,000 words, and is estimated to have cost the government \$200,000.

Another move which may be made by the federal authorities is to transfer the prosecution from this jurisdiction either to the Western New York District or the Eastern Tennessee District. In these two districts the government investigation led to indictments containing about 2,000 counts against the Standard Oil Company.

NO WORD FROM PROPOSALS FOR POSTOFFICE SITES.

July 21st was the date set for opening proposals and bids for sites for the federal building in this city. These proposals were sent to Washington, and as yet no word has been received here concerning what has been done in the matter.

It is well understood that several property owners proposed sites to the government.

WATER BEING DRAINED FROM CRESCENT LAKE.

The drain leading from Crescent Lake to the Wichita river, which was completed several weeks ago and into which the water was turned soon after its completion, but was cut off because the water was carrying out too much dirt, was again opened yesterday and today most of the water had been drained out of the lake.

The culverts in some of the dumps for the streets built across the lake were not put in low enough to take out all the water and these will have to be lowered before the lake can be entirely drained.

The drain is doing its part of the work very nicely and as soon as the culverts can be lowered Crescent Lake can be kept permanently dry.

There is now some talk of the property owners interested putting a sand-pump in the river and filling up the bed of the lake for building lots. However, no definite arrangement for this undertaking have yet been made.

Wisconsin Democrats.

By Associated Press. Milwaukee, Wis., July 23.—T. M. McCleary of Platteville was made permanent chairman of the democratic State convention when it resumed its session today.

The platform urges the co-operation of the electors of that State irrespective of past party affiliations in the support of the eminent commoner, William J. Bryan, and his distinguished running mate, John W. Kern, and the policies of the democratic party.

One of the sights at Coney Island this year is Blondin, a trained elephant who wears the largest "merry widow" hat in the world. Blondin not only wears the greatest lid, but walks the tight rope as well. The hat, however, attracts the most attention. It measures 13 feet in circumference and is 4 1/2 feet in diameter. Blondin makes her entrance in the arena wearing this enormous hat and dances to the music of the "merry widow" waltz as a preliminary to her regular performance.

Alleged Murderer Arrested. By Associated Press. New York, July 23.—August Eberhard, the nephew of the Austrian woman who was shot to death Saturday evening near Hackensack, New Jersey, was taken into custody today by the police at Patterson.

He was found lying on the lawn in front of a farm house near that city, suffering from a wound in his leg. He did not deny his identity.

Only two more days and the election will be over. Then we will know who will be our next State and county officers. Every man who takes part in the primary is honor bound to support the nominee, therefore it is best not to be too extravagant in making statements derogatory to this or that candidate's character.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the First Methodist Episcopal church will hold a market on Saturday, July 25th, beginning at 10 a. m., at the Jordan furniture store. Come and buy chicken, bread, pies, cakes, etc., for your Sunday dinner. 63-1tp

BOMB EXPLODED ROBBERY IS MOTIVE

By Associated Press. Chicago, Ill., July 23.—A bomb was exploded in a tent here last night in which Governor Deenan was addressing a political meeting.

Men and women made a frantic rush for the entrance to the tent, while Governor Deenan and others on the platform tried vainly to stop the panic. When it was seen that no damage had been done a greater part of the audience returned to their seats.

It is believed that the bomb was exploded by robbers who intended to get in their work during the excitement following the explosion.

A DAY'S TRAGEDIES

SHOOTINGS AND TRAGEDIES ARE NUMEROUS IN TODAY'S DISPATCHES.

POLITICAL DIFFERENCES

Result in Shooting at Comanche in Which One Candidate Receives Fatal Injuries.

Special to the Times. Comanche, Tex., July 23.—E. C. Gaines shot J. W. Reese on the streets here at 9 o'clock this morning. Gaines fired his revolver several times, one bullet taking effect in Reese's right lung, inflicting what will probably be a fatal wound.

Both men were candidates for nomination in Saturday's primary, and political differences led to the shooting.

13-Year-Old Girl Commits Suicide.

Special to the Times. Dallas, Tex., July 23.—Eunice Byland, aged 13 years, killed herself today at the family home here by firing a bullet from a revolver through her brain. She left a note bidding her brothers and sisters farewell. No motive is known for the deed.

Farmer Shot Boy Who Threw Rocks.

Special to the Times. Temple, Tex., July 23.—George Cadell, aged 13 years, was fatally shot today at Sparks, five miles south of here, and Bracken Lewis, a farmer, is under arrest.

The Cadells are the sons of Lewis. Several boys threw rocks at Lewis as he was passing the house occupied by the Cadell family this morning, when he fired the shot which wounded young Cadell.

The citizens of this section are highly incensed.

Killed by a Boy Friend.

Louisville, Ky., July 23.—Phillip Hans, aged 22, today shot and killed Arthur Craft, his mother, and seriously wounded Mr. A. Craft, his mother. The boys were good friends and it is supposed that Hans was demented. He escaped.

STATE BOARD OF EDUCATION.

Meeting to Fix Apportionment for the Next Scholastic Year.

Austin, Tex., July 23.—The State Board of Education will meet Aug. 1 to fix the amount of the apportionment for the next scholastic year. It may not be able to decide upon the amount that day, but will do so within a few days thereafter, if not then. As has been stated, the amount was \$6 for each child within the scholastic age last year, or during the current scholastic period, and as the time draws near for the next apportionment to be made, there is renewed interest in what the amount is going to be. It is confidently asserted by friends of the administration that the apportionment will not be less than \$6, which was the record mark under the present system in Texas, which has been in vogue for years. The school men and patrons over the State cannot but be interested, particularly in view of the decision of the court knocking out the tax in independent school districts. However, if the constitutional amendment to permit common school districts to vote as much as \$6 tax is carried next November, the situation will be greatly relieved. At present the common school districts can vote but a 20c tax, the constitution limiting the amount. Independent districts had the privilege of voting a 75c tax, but the court's decision stopped the voting of tax and issuing of bonds by such districts.

EX-GOVERNOR LANHAM'S CONDITION IS BETTER.

Weatherford Herald. Information from the home of Governor Lanham today brings the very gratifying information of some improvement in the condition of the distinguished patient.

He has asked to see the newspapers, for the first time in several days, and seems to be brighter and cheery than usual. Dr. Howard Lanham, his son, is here from Waco, and is in constant attendance at the bedside of his father. The interest felt in Governor Lanham's condition throughout the State is quite marked; a number of telegrams of inquiry having been received.

Anyone who desires to see a real live side show freak should go to the Philadelphia Zoological gardens and visit the reptile house. A two-headed "monster" reposes within, and it is neither stuffed nor faked.

DO YOU WANT TO MAKE OR LOSE MONEY THIS SUMMER?

There is no good reason for any "summer dullness" in the stores of this city. That's a strong statement—but it's not nearly so strong as the one to follow. ¶ No store in this city ever suffered from summer dullness that was not directly traceable to its advertising policy—that was not inevitable on account of its advertising policy. This is a strong statement—but not so strong as the one to follow. ¶ You—if you who read this are a merchant in this city—have the absolute power to decide whether, during this summer, your store shall lag and lose ground, through encouraging the non-buying habit in the people—or shall keep as busy as in the so-called "busy seasons." You decide the matter one way or the other when you decide on how much or how little you will ADVERTISE during these summer months. ? ? ? ? ?

TO REALLY "GAIN GROUND" AT A TIME WHEN SOME STORES ARE LAGGING AND FALLING BACK IS NOT ONLY POSSIBLE—IT IS AN ASPIRATION WORTHY OF AN ENERGETIC MERCHANT WHO HAS THE HABIT OF ACCOMPLISHING HIS PURPOSE. : : :

Brown & Cranmer

ALL KINDS BUILDING MATERIAL AND GENERAL CONTRACTORS

NO TROUBLE TO FURNISH ESTIMATES.

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I. H. Roberts

General Contractor

Walks, Curbing, Steps,

Floors, Foundations,

Street Crossings,

Phone 504.

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WILL DO YOUR

BARBER WORK

To suit you; and can give you

Shave 4c
Shampoo 35c
Hair cutting 35c
Bath 25c

A HOT OR COLD BATH

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

New Open Sleeve is a Novelty of the Season.

Boston Traveler. Whether or not the sheath skirt, open to the knee at the side, brought out the new sleeve, which opens up the back to show the arm, the fact remains that the fashion is here.

It has only appeared on a few, but there is no reason why it should not be popular. It is exceedingly cool looking, and is not in any way against the conventions.

It is vastly better than the short elbow sleeve that girls wore last summer, with three-quarters of their arms left bare.

This opening is from the wrist to the shoulder, is used only on the tight sleeve and shows about two inches of the arm, across which opening is a series of buttonholes ending in little fancy buttons or left entirely plain.

This is not a pretty fashion for the street; neither was the elbow sleeve, or its venturesome rival, the sleeve cut off far above the elbow.

For the house gown, or for those worn for any and all hours, or evening occasion, the fashion is exceedingly pretty. It is not amiss on thin frocks for morning wear in the country or at summer resorts. Sleeves of this fashion used in jumper suits or colored muslin or linen are quite pretty.

The popularity of checked and striped colored muslins for day wear gives this sleeve a wide chance. Take, for instance, a smart little morning gown of violet and white striped muslin. The skirt is gored, snugly tucked into a perfect fit over the corset and finished at ankle length with two wide tucks.

The blouse is gathered in an old-fashioned way at the top and run into fine tucks from waist up to keep in the fullness, and gives it that trig look at the waist line which is now necessary.

There is a round yoke about four inches deep, which is attached to the muslin under a two-inch band of white beading, through which is run violet silk ribbon.

This yoke with its high stock is of sheer white organdy, with a ruching of lace at the top. The long wrinkled sleeves coming out from under the extension armhole edged with beading and ribbon are also of the organdy, open at the back.

Among Pretty Cheap Dresses.

Some neat dresses that will endure endless wear and considerable washing will be found among the light tinted French gingham and certainly the weaves are very pretty for the jumper suits or shirt waist patterns. The gingham can be wonderfully brightened this season with some fine embroidery, for notched embroidery appears on even the very finest linen dresses and is just as attractive for cheaper prints. A neat dress recently was made of white and blue checked gingham, with a large lay-down collar of white embroidery and a miniature yoke of embroidery at the front. The short sleeves showed scoop-shaped cuffs of embroidery that rested upon the baggy upper sleeve portion. The belt was of narrow white embroidery insertion and the front closed with three large white pearl buttons. The skirt closed down the front with three large buttons.

A cheap skirt can be made of corded white pique. It launders nicely and a pattern that would suit it well would be a gored shape, buttoned down the left front side with pearl buttons. The skirt need not cost more than 85 cents, for the material is cheap and wonderfully durable, being a much liked article for little boys' garments.

Joy at a Mile a Minute.

Some curiously inclined statistician has discovered that during the year 1908, merry-go-rounds, giant swings, figure eights, and other amusement devices, which depend upon speed for their patronage, will sell 9,545,000 rides. That is going some, even for Chicago.

What it will amount to for the country must foot up to an appalling total. Every country fair and picnic in Texas has its "flying-jenny." Every amusement park has its figure eight or kindred thrill. Americans who walk at a run; work at a trot and eat at a gallop must have speed when they take enjoyment; and the speedier it is the better they like it. In Chicago parks there were thirty-five different varieties of "rides" and thrills. Fort Worth can boast of no less than a dozen varieties, but they are proportionately patronized.

The mania for speed, for the fierce rush of air it brings, for the swings, dips, curves and leaps that come from

the average coasting device, is one that seizes hold of the average American with a grip stronger than any other known germ.

Old-fashioned amusements have to step aside. No longer do we get pleasure walking through a dime museum and gazing at the bearded lady or the living skeleton. We want to be carried and the faster the better.

Only a lingering remnant of old-fashioned fear and the expense of maintaining a balloon keeps hundreds of people from enjoying the thrill of a parachute drop. Autos which run only fifteen miles an hour have long ago been abandoned as out of date. It is an age of short cuts and quicker routes.

It is not much wonder that we have no Methusalehs nowadays. We want to live our lives quickly and be done with them. Because, as some latter-day philosopher has put it, we will be a long time dead.—Fort Worth Telegram.

To Advertisers.

In order to insure a change of ad on day of publication, advertisers MUST hand in copy not later than 9 a. m. It is impossible to make the change after that hour. By complying with this request, our advertising patrons will have but little complaint of the service rendered.

TIMES PUBLISHING CO.

The most expensive publication, with the least income, in New York City is the City Record, which will cost New York \$1,174,500 this year.

Swift's Premium nams are excellent for breakfast. We have some nice ones.

36-14 KING & WHITE.

J. H. PELLITT

The old Reliable Tailor

Has opened his tailor shop in the rooms upstairs over Tullis' paint shop and solicits your orders. If you like to be dressed then have him make you a suit. All work guaranteed.

Call and see my new Spring Sampler.
Cleaning and Repairing a Specialty
Suits Pressed for 50c
Coat Pressed for 35c
Pants Pressed for 15c
Suits Cleaned and Pressed \$1.50
Pants Cleaned and Pressed 50c
Ladies' Skirts Cleaned and Pressed 75c
Ladies' Skirts Pressed 35c

WARM WEATHER

At this season every housekeeper is racking her brain to think of something appetizing and easy to serve; the following suggestions may be of value.

TEA

Our Fancy Mixed Tea
Especially recommended for iced tea.
This is a pleasing combination, the proportions seem to be exactly right, for the users of this popular blend are constantly increasing.

GRAPE JUICE

Absolutely pure unfermented grape juice. Refreshing and healthful.

Maraschino Cherries

The addition of a Maraschino Cherry to a glass of lemonade makes it decidedly more inviting. Desirable too for ices.

OLIVES

We have the largest and hand-somest Olives packed.

Each one is perfect both in looks and flavor.

Also smaller and cheaper ones and a full line of stuffed Manzanillas.

Lobster and Shrimp

Both ready for the appetizing dish of salad.

No trouble.

Merely add the dressing.

And it's not necessary to make the mayonaisse at home.

The more critical you are the better pleased you will be with our salad dressing.

JELL-O

The daintiest and handiest desert article put on the market, as well as one of the most delicious. It is just the thing for this season of the year—so easily prepared—absolutely no trouble—add warm water and set aside to cool. It is capable of being made into more different, dainty, beautiful and toothsome desserts, with practically no work or trouble, by the addition of nuts, sliced fruits, wine, etc., than any dessert you can find. It comes in the seven popular flavors. We always keep a fresh supply on hand.

TRY IT. YOU'LL LIKE IT. EVERYBODY DOES

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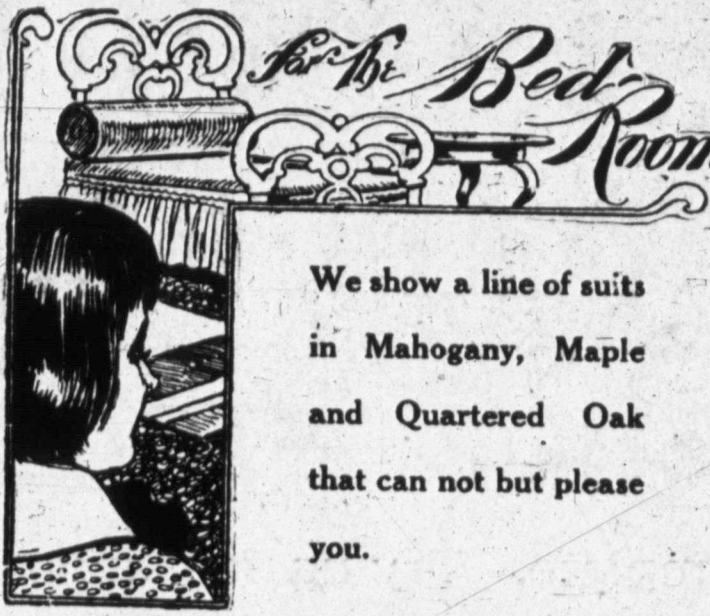
Corner Eighth street and Scott avenue. First class \$2.00 per day house. Everything new. Cool and well ventilated rooms. Hot and cold baths. Special attention to all patrons.
M. C. BROWN Proprietor.

DR. BOGER,

DENTIST.

Office in Kemp & Lasker Building over Postoffice. Hours from 8 a. m. to 12 m. and from 1 p. m. to 5 p. m.

We Deliver The Goods!



For the Bedroom

We show a line of suits in Mahogany, Maple and Quartered Oak that can not but please you.



At The Smallest Possible Cost

Now, that may seem a big statement, but here's why: Furniture prices can differ considerably. It takes larger quantity handling to make low prices, and big stocks to offer a good selection. 8 cars of New Furniture, in addition to our already large stock, gives you both of these advantages in trading at the

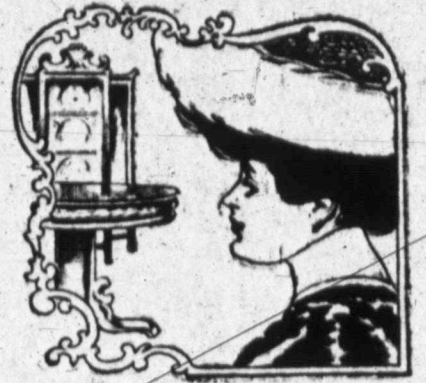
North Texas Furniture & Coffin Co

A big discount on refrigerators and all porch furniture. Don't overlook this splendid chance to get one of the best refrigerators made at this immense discount sale.

UNDERTAKERS

Watch our windows for things that will interest you

UNDERTAKERS



Our offerings in dining room Furniture is complete in every way. Dining tables, oak, 6 feet; 42 inches wide, highly polished; \$9.50 and up. 4' piece Mission Dining Suits from \$70.00 to \$1.35.

A Sweeping Cut in Linen Towels

We bought an unusually large stock of linen towels this year and our sales, while they have been very good, have not reduced our stock as much as we would like to reduce it at this season of the year, so we are going to make a big slash in prices until the lot is entirely gone.

Now don't make the mistake of thinking you can get these any time just because there is no time limit, for there is a limit and a close one on our stock of them, and the prices we quote are going to clean them up quick.

The towels are all genuine linen of good size, with either fringe or hem.

75c quality now48c
 \$1.25 quality, now89c
 \$1.50 quality, now\$1.15
 \$2.00 quality, now\$1.48

Nutt, Stevens and Hardeman

PHONE 198

Don't Close Your Building Contract

—Till you get our figures on both—
CONCRETE and LUMBER

PHONE 233 **Reed-Brown & Co.**

ROYAL COMPOSERS.

Henry VIII's Anthems Sung By Cathedral Choirs.

London Chronicle.

"The first of the English sovereigns who won fame as a composer was Henry VIII. Many of his anthems are sung today by cathedral choirs. He also wrote a melodious effusion, 'Now Fayre, Fayrest off Every Fayre,' to quote the original title, for the marriage of his sister Margaret with James IV of Scotland," said Miss Alys Loraine.

"Charles I was another composer, and I am including in my program his effective setting of Thomas Carew's poem, 'Mark How the Blushful Morn.' "I think everybody knows that Queen Victoria was a fine singer and a good pianist, and the late prince-consort was most zealous in popularizing the art in this country. The majority of Prince Albert's compositions have been collected and published. Of the present members of the royal family the most distinguished as a composer is Princess Henry of Battenburg.

"Turning aside to foreign courts, the German emperor has won some fame for his 'Song to Aegir,' which is included in my program. The late Duke Ernst II of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the brother of the prince consort, composed several operas.

"Marie Antoinette will be represented in the program by her setting of Florian's 'C'est Mon Ami' and from the many works of the Saxon monarch Anthony the Good, who died in 1836, I have chosen a song he composed in celebration of the birth of his nephew, Prince Clement.

"Who was the greatest royal composer? Well, I think that honor might fall to the nephew of Frederick the Great, who was killed at the Battle of Saalfeld."

Notice.

Conventions will be held in each voting precinct in the county at 2 o'clock on July 25th, 1908, for the purpose of electing delegates to the county convention to be held at the court house in Wichita Falls on Saturday the 1st day of August 1908, each precinct being entitled to one delegate for every 25 votes or a major fraction thereof east for the Democratic candidate for Governor at the last general election.

Witness my hand at Wichita Falls, Texas, this the 29th day of July, 1908.
 59-5t CHARLES C. HUFF,

SOME POSTSCRIPTS.

Of the 284,000 Indians left in the United States only 60,000 are full-blooded.

The amount of money in circulation per capita in the United States is a little over \$35.

The finances of Cape Colony have been hard hit by the depression in the diamond market.

Sixteen ounces of gold would be sufficient to gild a wire that would encircle the earth.

Notwithstanding there is an average of 225 deaths a day in New York City, the population is being increased by births alone 125 each twenty-four hours.

The name Mad Parliament was given to the parliament which assembled at Oxford in the year 1258, and broke out into open rebellion against Henry III.

New York has been having a large exodus of tip seekers during the last fortnight. They are going to the summer resorts to be ready to receive the tip givers who are preparing to follow them.

That celebrated Uvalde honey just received. It's fine.
 36-4t. KINC & WHITE.

R. M. Moore, with Bean & Stone only exclusive city real estate dealer in Wichita Falls. Ask him; probably he can tell you.
 285-tf

PLUMBING!

Mr. Frank Giles, formerly with the Wichita Plumbing Company, has bought an interest in the plumbing business of M. O. Moore & Co. We are now prepared to do all kinds of

Plumbing and Heating Work

promptly and correctly. Mr. Giles has had several years experience at the work. We guarantee all our work to be sanitary and satisfactory. We solicit and will appreciate your trade.

MOORE & GILES
 (Successors to M. O. Moore & Co.)
 Cor. Indiana Ave. and 10th St. Phone 66

Gasoline Stoves



We have a full line from a two burner to a cabinet range.

We have

**The Detroit Vapor Stove,
 The National New Process,
 The Insurance.**

Call and let us show you.

Robertson - Russell HARDWARE CO.

AGENTS for the John Deere and Rock Island Farm Implements

A STRIKING LESSON

In the danger of permitting poor plumbing is bound to come sooner or later. The toilet gets out of order, taps leak, water pipes seep at the connections, the sewer gets choked up—a hundred and one things happen which ought not to, and would not happen if your plumbing was perfect. Send for us when you want a good plumber. Our work is guaranteed.

A. L. TOMPKINS, The Plumber.



SUBSCRIBE FOR THE DAILY TIMES

Are You Fond of Salmon?

1 Pound
 Talls
 25c

THERE IS BUT ONE

Best Salmon—That is Royal Chinook. The best salmon is not red, as most people believe, but is pink. If you use it once you will use no other.

3-4 Pound
 Ovals
 25c

RICHELIEU BRAND

is the best grade of the Royal Chinook. It is spring catch and carefully packed. Nothing but the very best being used for this brand. To try it is to use it.

1-2 Pound
 Flats
 15c

EVERY CAN GUARANTEED.

Phone 64

Trevathan & Bland

Phone 64

Officers and Directors:

Frank Kell, President; Ed Howard, V. P. and Gen'l Mgr; G. D. Anderson, Sec'y and Treas; R. E. Huff, Wiley Blair, T. C. Thatcher, N. Henderson.

Subscription Rates:

By the year (mail or carrier) \$5.00; By the month (mail or carrier) .50; By the week (mail or carrier) .15

Telephones:

Residence 111; Business Office 167

Entered at the Postoffice at Wichita Falls as second-class mail matter.

Ed Howard, General Manager; B. D. Donnell, City Editor.

Wichita Falls, Texas, July 23rd, 1906.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

- For Representative 105th District, G. E. HAMILTON of Childress. For District Attorney, 30th Jud. Dist.: P. A. MARTIN of Graam. For County Judge: M. F. YEAGER. For Sheriff and Tax Collector: A. M. DAVIS. J. W. WALKUP. For District and County Clerk: W. A. REID. For County Treasurer: TOM W. McHAM. For County Tax Assessor: W. J. BULLOCK. J. P. JONES. For Constable, Precinct No. 1: PETE RANDOLPH. For County Attorney: T. B. GREENWOOD. For County Commissioner, Pre. No. 1: D. E. THOMAS.

There are many fairly good citizens who, when they go to the polls on next Saturday, would like to register a protest against the administration of Governor Campbell. In doing this, many will cast their ballots for a man who is but little known in public life.

Senator Bailey will not reach Texas until after the primary election.

Straws show which way the wind is coming from, but it is not always a safe proposition to bet on "straw" votes. They are being taken all over the State on the governorship race and most of them show that "Democratic Bob" has got Governor Campbell going. In this connection, however, it might be well to remember the "straw" votes taken during the Hogg-Clarke campaign, which showed that the crowd who were determined to "Turn Texas Loose" had old "By-Gatlings" beat like a deer in a walk, but it was different when the votes were counted. The man who supported Hogg in that campaign did the real voting, and let the other fellow carry on the straw voting. At any rate, the fellow who puts his faith exclusively to a straw vote and puts up his money against the other fellow's generally knows better than to do the same thing over again.

Candidate Williams should bring suit for damages against some papers now publishing what purports to be "the best photo ever printed of the village blacksmith." They resemble very much some of the photos we often see which have printed just below them the words, "before taking."

The indications are that the race for governor will be very, very close and that the losing side will bolt the action of the majority, organize a "rump" convention and run their favorite through to the November election.

Ex-Governor W. L. Douglas of Massachusetts is slated for the chairmanship of the National Democratic Executive Committee.

Orient to Cross Denver Tracks.

Austin, Tex., July 23.—The railroad commission today authorized the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient to cross the tracks of the Fort Worth and Denver at Chillicothe at grade. The Orient had been located to cross Red river near Byers, but the citizens of Chillicothe donated a grade of some twelve miles and the route was changed to cross the river at that place and go through the town. A new location was required, but the aggregate mileage is about the same. The commission also authorized the Beaumont and Great Northern to cross the Houston East and West Texas at grade at Livingston. The new line is just completed from Trinity, through Onalaska to Livingston, a distance of thirty-three miles.

Bonus Raised for Railroad.

San Angelo, Tex., July 21.—Ed P. Eason of Winters was in the city this week and reports that the citizens of

his town have complied with the demands of Morgan Jones and raised a bonus of \$50,000 and right of way for fifteen miles to secure the Abilene and San Angelo railroad. The committee is now ready to sign up with Mr. Jones and it looks like there will be something doing shortly in that section of Runnels county.

Get your syrup from KING & WHITE.

The Place to Buy Your DRUGS!

is the place where you get what you want, at the right price and the purest that can be had. E. S. Morris & Co., successors to the Robertson Drug Store, carry the largest stock of drugs and Druggists' Sundries in Wichita Falls. They have just received a large shipment of new and up-to-date stationery, just the kind to please you. A large stock of fine imported perfumes and toilet waters to select from. Your patronage cheerfully solicited.

E. S. MORRIS & CO

Plumbing

I have had 17 years practical experience in the plumbing business and am the only practical man in the plumbing and heating business in this city. Will be glad to figure with you on anything in my line. Will give a strict guarantee, if necessary, on all work. We can furnish you with goods made by any of the leading manufacturers of the United States. Am now making a special price of \$22.50 on Porcelain Bath Tubs, which can't be bought for the money by any of my competitors. Will open up for the present at Abbott Paint Co. corner of Eighth street and Ohio avenue.

W. W. Coleman.

A REMNANT OF ABOUT 350

Men's and Boy's Hats

WORTH FROM \$2.00 TO \$3.00 EACH

YOUR CHOICE FOR \$1

OUR SHOE STOCK

is almost complete. Try us for ladies, misses, and children's shoes :: :: ::

New Belts, Bags and Purses

We have just received a new line of the new fall styles in the above line. Give us a call. Yours to please,

W. E. Skeen

Postmaster O. T. Bacon. American National Insurance Co., Galveston, Texas.

Gentlemen:—I had the pleasure of meeting your representative, whom I found to be a most thorough gentleman, and also a thorough insurance man. I had explained to me the policy now being written by the American National Insurance Company, and I candidly say it is one of the best—and so strongly did I think so, that I took a policy for \$5,000. I consider it the best of all I have, and I carry several. I am glad to see the strong men of Texas taking stock and pushing this company, as there is nothing like keeping Texas money at home. Be sure to keep the good work going, and also keep your agent at work in this part of the State, where he will not only help your company, but my friends also. Yours truly, OTIS T. BACON.

Wichita Mill & Elevator Company.

I am much pleased to have investigated your company and I consider it a favor to be able to become a policy holder in your company.

In view of the upheaval in insurance matters in New York City recently, it has demonstrated to me that the time has now come for a great insurance company in Texas, so the people of Texas can retain their premiums at home, instead of sending them outside the borders of our State. Your company assisted by such men as you have associated with you in this company, is sufficient guarantee to anyone seeking a policy, that the money will be paid to his family after he is dead and gone.

Yours very truly, FRANK KELL, President

Office of County and District Clerk.

Wichita Falls, Texas.

Your representative called on me today and explained the fine policy you are now issuing. It is a pleasure to me to take a policy in your company as I think the American National deserves the liberal patronage it is receiving among the representative men of our State.

It indicates a worthy desire to patronize a first-class home company and thus keep Texas money at home. Very truly yours, W. A. REID, County and District Clerk.

TEXAS MONEY IN TEXAS

Insurance Premiums kept in Texas earn from 8 to 10 per cent for policy holders. Insurance Premiums kept in Texas develop Texas Institutions.

Which Will You Choose?

TEXAS MONEY IN NEW YORK

Insurance Premiums sent to New York earn 4 to 6 per cent for policy holders. Insurance Premiums sent to New York develop frenzied financiers.

Which Will You Choose?

IF YOU LIVE IN TEXAS BE A TEXAS CITIZEN!

Texas, at last, is awake to the folly of patronizing foreign insurance companies. The Double Indemnity policy of The American National contains EVERY desirable feature of eastern policies and many others not contained therein.

It is What You are Looking For—Get the Best

Whaley Mill and Elevator Co, Gainesville, Texas.

I have \$26,000 of insurance in foreign companies. If it was to do over again, I would place it in home companies. J. C. WHALEY.

City National Bank.

In my judgment, this company is managed by some of the most wide-awake progressive business men in our State; not only men of high character, but of strong financial ability.

I am personally acquainted with several of the officers, and I believe The American National Life Insurance Company has a great future and deserves the patronage of all citizens of Texas. J. A. KEMP, President, Wichita Falls, Texas.

The American Nat'l. Insurance Co. OF GALVESTON

MORA C. CLARK, General Agt.

Present Address, Wichita Falls, Texas

Office of the City Council:

Wichita Falls, Texas.

A representative of the American National Insurance Co., called on me today, and after showing me the advantages in the life insurance business with your home company, had no trouble in interesting me to the extent of a \$5,000 policy. In this connection I beg to say that you have in your company the very proposition in the way of life insurance that I have wished for for the last ten years. And I can state to you frankly that I believe the people of Texas will appreciate the fact that you people in organizing this company have done a great work for the people throughout the whole state.

Yours very truly, T. B. NOBLE, Mayor.

Coleman-Lysaght-Blair Company.

As stated to you personally a few weeks ago, I believe that your Texas company is a better proposition for one to insure in than any of the old line Eastern companies, for several reasons.

The first of many reasons is that the gentlemen who are officers and directors of the American National Insurance Company are thoroughly known to the people of Texas to be clear, clean-cut, honest business men.

Another reason is that the premiums paid to the Texas Company will be invested in Texas.

It is a pleasure for me to take out a policy with your company today.

WILEY BLAIR, Sect'y. and Gen'l. Manager.

Wichita Falls, Texas

I have taken a policy in the American National Insurance Co., and I think it the most liberal contract I have ever known. I think your company as a Texas institution, deserve encouragement and support.

Yours truly, JAS. T. MONTGOMERY, Attorney-at-Law.

Burnside & Walker, Physicians and Surgeons. Wichita Falls, Texas.

Enclosed you will find my check for premiums, also acknowledge receipt of my policy, which I consider the best one I have out of five others I have had for some time.

Yours very truly, W. H. WALKER, M. D.

You Can't Wear



A STYLISH DRESS CORRECTLY

UNLESS YOU HAVE THE
RIGHT CORSET

Beneath it.—*Henderson and American Lady* are particularly recommended by the leading ladies' tailors for beauty of design, style and comfort

The New "Fashion Form" Models give the graceful, rounded, tapering waist effect that is usually produced only by the finest French Corsets. We are showing them in a wide range of styles and prices. It will give us pleasure to demonstrate to you some of their many points of superiority. :: :: :: ::

P. H. PENNINGTON CO.

"WE SELL IT FOR LESS"

Indiana Avenue.

Wichita Falls, Texas

FURNITURE

When you think of Furniture, think of "The Jourdan Furniture Co.;"—when you think of The Jourdan Furniture Co., think of Furniture. When you want the best and the most your money will buy, you know where to go. Everything new and the prices right at our house. ::; Yours for biz,

W. F. JOURDAN

The Home Furnishers

FURNITURE CO.

The Home Furnishers

WANT ADS.

WANTED—Washing at 1306 Twelfth street. Charges reasonable. 60-26tc

FOR RENT—Nicely furnished room, corner 9th and Bluff. Apply Box 395. 61-3t

WANTED—Nice, gentle saddle pony. Apply to T. W. McHam at Panhandle implement company. 59-6tc

FOR RENT—Rooms for light housekeeping. Apply at 710, Scott and Ninth street. 61-3tc

FOR RENT—Five-room house, close in. Address J. W. Henderson, Box 25, Wichita Falls, Texas. 55-4tc

FOR SALE—The finest lot in the city, 50x250 feet, cheap. W. W. Jackson. 63-4f

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms, Southern exposure, for bed-rooms or light housekeeping. Apply 907 Travis. 56-4f

FOR SALE—One 4-year-old brood mare, gentle, broke to ride only. Address or call on Sam Raley, R. F. D. No. 2. 61-3tc

FOR SALE—Several houses, 3, 4 and 5 rooms. Also some extra good bargains in lots. See H. C. McGlasson. 61-4tp

WANTED—Stock to pasture. Fine grass and clear water. One mile from city limits. R. H. Suter, R. R. No. 1. 27-62t

WANTED—Manager for branch office we wish to locate here in Wichita Falls. Address, with reference, The Morris Wholesale House, Cincinnati, Ohio. 61-26tc

FOR SALE—Very cheap, 7 acres of land and five-room house, just at edge of city limits. Terms—\$900 cash or \$1,000 on time. Address "A," care of Times for further particulars. 48-26tc

FOR SALE—Residence lots close in. Splendid lot for rooming house. Will build homes to suit purchasers. Half cash, balance in small payments. Apply to Myles O'Reilly, Room 10, Guggenheim building. 63-6tc

Advertising Rates.

On and after June 1st the following rates will be charged for advertising: 1 to 5 inches, 1st insertion.....15c Each subsequent insertion.....10c 5 to 10 inches, 1st insertion.....12 1/2c Each subsequent insertion.....7 1/2c 10 to 20 inches, 1st insertion.....10c Each subsequent insertion.....7 1/2c Local advertising, 5c per line each and every insertion.

Classified Ads—1 cent per word for first insertion and 1/2 cent per word for each subsequent insertion.

These rates will apply to all advertising except those having yearly contracts, upon which a liberal discount will be made.

THE TIMES PUBLISHING CO.

Farmers Bank Trust Co.

Capital \$75,000

You are entitled to absolute safety and efficient service in the transaction of your banking business.

NO BANK can offer greater safety or better service than this bank. Your business will be appreciated and will receive our very best attention.

FARMERS BANK & TRUST COMPANY
Wichita Falls, Texas.

HEATH

Storage & Transfer Company

Ware House and office corner 12th St. and Ohio Ave.

Phone 132

Receivers and forwarders of merchandise. House - hold goods moved and stored.

LAKE MANGISHLAK.

Its Strongly Perfumed Waters Are Mauve in Color.

"Grasse, clinging to its Alp, high above the Mediterranean, is supposed to give the stranger a headache on account of its perfume," said a perfumer. "Grasse makes the world's perfumes. You see mountains of flowers there, as in a milling country you see mountains of wheat. The odor is powerful, but as far as headaches—no."

"But in the Caspian district there is a lake so strongly perfumed that if the stranger boats on it or swims in it he really gets a headache. This lake's banks are of white salt crystals. Its waters are mauve in color, and from it an odor of violets is exhaled."

"It is Lake Mangishlak. I visited it to see if I couldn't bottle it up and put it on the perfume market. No go."

"You see, it is the presence of the seaweed, *Polydestrya violacea* that gives the lake its hue and smell. When you bottle the waters the seaweed atoms after a few days die and rot. Then the odor changes from violet to—pah!"

"But if you are ever in the Caspian visit the Mangishlak peninsula and take a look at the lake. It is in its way as curious as the asphalt lakes of South America."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

SHE WAS INSULTED.

The Sting in the Letter That Came For Her Husband.

"Harry, love," said Mrs. Knew to her husband when he entered his home a few evenings ago, "I've been dreadfully insulted."

"Insulted?" repeated Mr. Knew indignantly. "By whom?"

"By your mother."

"My mother, Flora? Nonsense, dear. She's the kindest woman in the world. And how could she insult you? She isn't here; she's miles away."

"But, Harry, she did insult me," persisted Flora, "and it was done in a letter."

"Show it to me."

"I'll tell you about it. A letter came for you this morning addressed in your mother's handwriting, and so, of course, I opened it."

"Of course," said Mr. Knew dryly. "It was written to you all the way through, you understand?"

"Yes, I understand that, but where does the insult to you come in?"

"In the postscript. When I read along to that it said, 'Dear Flora—Don't fail to give this letter to Harry; I want him to have it.' Now, tell me, wasn't that an insult?"—Pearson's Weekly.

Why He Fretted.

Amateur Sportsman (after shooting his best friend)—Too bad, too bad! But I thought you were a deer. The Victim—Don't fret. Amateur Sportsman—Don't fret! Why, man, I promised my wife a pair of horns.—Illustrated Bits.

What's the Use?

"Ought we not to do something more for the preservation of our forests?"

"Oh, what's the use?" answered Senator Sorghum impatiently. "Trees can't vote."—Washington Star.

His Dream.

Towne—Do you believe in dreams? Browne—I used to, but I don't any more. Towne—Not as superstitious as you were, eh? Browne—Oh, it wasn't a question of superstition. I was in love with one once, and she jilted me.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Notice.

Owing to a change in drivers, some of the patrons of the Durham Dairy have been overlooked. I will be glad to have any such persons notify me when the wagon falls to call. Phone 183. THE DURHAM DAIRY, N. M. Curry, Prop. 62-5tc

One-Thousand-Pound Hogs.

Fort Hill, Ok., July 22.—A 1,000-pound hog is the record shipment made recently by Ronald Dunn, a farmer living on the Little Beaver, near Lawton. Mr. Dunn shipped a carload, all the lot being extremely large, but one tipped the scales, at an even 1,000 pounds.

Club House lobster is the very thing for salads. 25c per can. 63-2t J. L. LEA, JR.

Don't miss the program tonight at that cool and comfortably seated place of amusement, The Majestic. 10c.

Have your pictures made at Beatty's studio, Guggenheim building. 62-3tp

Good Advice.

Keep your shirt on for a few days now and the primary election will be over. After next Saturday, if you want to fear that garment in sorrow over the defeat of your candidate, you will be privileged to do so without any form of interference. But just now, keep cool under the collar and don't tear your shirt.—Weatherford Herald.

John W. Groves, president of the First National Bank of Olney, and his two brothers, Messrs. Henry and Joe, were in the city today on their return home from Leonard, Texas, where they have been to attend a reunion of the Groves family. Mr. Groves says that it has been thirty years since they all ate at the same table together.

See Benson for signs and Boyle for house painting. 20-4f

COOL OFF

A New Suit of Clothes

Just of itself, is cool. It's the atmosphere of newness and cleanliness. Then when you select one of those dainty ladies weight in July Suitsing you

Push the mercury down 5 to 10 degrees lower

Try it today. We have a splendid line of these cool fabrics to show you, and they cost so little that you really ought to have a suit made from one of them.

SMITH & WINSETT
TAILORS
726 Ohio Avenue.

Ziegler's

TIN SHOP

Pure Water

These Days is an Item Worth Considering.

We furnish everything necessary to catch and deliver rain water from the time it falls on your roof until you place it to your lips pure and clear. ::

We Know How.

Better SEE US About it.



EVERYTHING IN HARDWARE

Maxwell's Hardware

721 OHIO AVENUE.

Plumbing

Steam and Hot Water Heating estimates made free. All kinds of Plumbing repairing done by practical plumbers. We also carry in stock the Eclipse and the Roberts natural stone germ proof Filters. Located at city hall building Phone 306.

WICHITA PLUMBING CO.

Our Telephone Numbers are 232 and 432

We want every woman in Wichita Falls who really wants perfect grocery service to ring us up and let us tell them about our new Telephone Call List service.

It has become so popular already that we have installed another phone to take care of it and so as not to interfere with our telephone calls.

Every particular housekeeper in the city should give it at least a trial—if you have a phone. It costs nothing extra and saves lots of time, bother and worry, besides giving you new ideas for your table.

NUTT, STEVENS & HARDEMAN

Wichita Falls, Texas. Phones 432 and 232

Hay Baling Ties

The best way to save your hay and straw is to ball it. We have just received a large supply of Hay Ties in a car to Wichita Falls and are able to supply any reasonable demand at the right prices.

TEAM HARNESS AND BUGGY HARNESS

We have received a new line of up-to-now Harness, Collars, Bridles, Horse Covers, Fly Nets Etc.

JOB LOTS OF HORSE COLLARS

To close out at less than factory cost. These are good collars, but slight, snap we will pay you to investigate.

VULCANITE ASPHALT ROOFING

The best and cheapest Roof to use. Let us show you.

GUNNEY REFRIGERATORS

A few popular sizes to close out at reduced prices.

QUICK MEAL GASOLINE STOVES

Our line of Hardware is up to date. We want to show you.

KERR & HURSH

J. S. Mayfield Lumber Co.

Building Material

Corrugated Iron, Barbwire, Nails, E. c.

LET US FIGURE ON YOUR BILL

610-18 Indiana Avenue

Phone 26

INSURANCE

OF ALL KINDS

Anderson & Patterson

Phone 87. Lory Bldg., 7th St. Wichita Falls, Texas

Some Clever Short Stories

Every Cloud Has Its Silver Lining.

Boston Post.
One afternoon Mrs. Murphy appeared at the settlement house, all dressed up in her best bonnet and shawl. A huge black and blue spot disfigured one side of her face, however, and one eye was nearly closed.

"Why, Mrs. Murphy, what is the matter?" cried one of the teachers, and then, realizing that she might have asked a tactless question, she hastily turned it off by saying: "Well, cheer up, you might be worse off."
"Sure and I might," responded the indignant Mrs. Murphy. "I might not be married at all."

Revealed.

Pearson's Weekly.
An insurance agent was trying to induce a hard man to deal with to take out a policy on his house. After listening to him for an hour, while he painted in vivid colors the extreme danger of fire consuming the house, the hard man to deal with said:
"Do you really think it likely that my house will burn down within the time that the policy will run?"

"Certainly," replied the agent. "Have I not been trying all this time to convince you that I do?"

"Then," said the hard man to deal with, "why is your company so anxious to bet me money that it will not?"
The agent was silent and thoughtful for a moment; then he drew the other apart into an unfrequented place, and whispered in his ear:

"My friend, I will impart to you a dark secret. Years ago the company disgraced me before my sweetheart. Under an assumed name I have wormed myself into its service for revenge, and, as there is a heaven above us, I will have its heart's blood!"

A Cynical View of Trial by Jury.

"The Allen," said a New York politician, "took a cynical view of mankind. For one thing he did not believe in trial by jury. Humanity, he would say, was too corrupt to admit of your getting twelve good men and true in a jury box together. Then he would tell his ham story," according to the Washington Star.

"A chap, the story ran, was indicted for stealing a multitude of hams—some six or seven hundred.

"The trial came. The evidence against the chap was overwhelming. His lawyer leaned to him and whispered:

"You are a gone goose. There is nothing for me to do."

"But the prisoner smiled and replied, 'Just get up there, please, and make a speech abusing all the witnesses. Considering the size of your fee, you lose heart pretty quickly.'

"So the lawyer made a most abusive speech. But the judge summed up powerfully against the ham stealer. After an absence of five minutes, however, the jury brought in a verdict of 'not guilty.'

"Well, I can't understand it," said the prisoner's lawyer, as he left the court arm in arm with his client.

"I can," said the other, with his calm smile. "Every man on that jury had one of the hams."

High Finance.

"I have a bookkeeper in my office who is evidently destined to be one of our future captains of finance, all right," a broker remarked the other day, says Harper's Weekly. "He is a good clerk, but of late he has been late several times and I had to call him down.

"You have been late three times already this week," I said. "What is the matter—oversleeping yourself?"

"No, sir; and I am very sorry," he answered. "I will try not to let it happen again. It has been due to the fact that I have been walking to the office instead of riding."

"Think the exercise does you good?" I asked him.

"No, sir; rather a matter of economy," he explained. "Even small sums count to me, you see, and I have already saved enough to have my shoes re-soled."

Pa's Discards.

Miss Lillian B. Hill, an advertising expert, said, at a clothiers' banquet, L. Grand Rapids, according to the Kansas City Times: "I am glad you clothiers now advertise, now print pictures of men's and boys' fashions. Thus you smarten up the country and help to abolish the cutting down of the father's clothes for the son. I remember

how, in the distant past, my little brother rushed whimpering into my room one night, 'Oh, dear, pa's had his beard shaved off, and now I guess I've got to wear the old red fling.'

A Sympathetic Helper.

On a recent visit to the Gonzaga memorial home for orphan girls in Germantown, Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia told this story on himself, says the Philadelphia Inquirer:

"Having an attack of rheumatism from which he suffers greatly at times, the archbishop, while seated on a bench in Logan square, attempted to arise, but found it impossible to do so. A small boy, with evening papers under his arm, saw the prelate struggling to get on his feet, and, without any ceremony pushed him in the back, which assisted him to stand erect.

"Thank you, my dear little man," said the archbishop.

"Oh, don't mention it; when I see a man full I gives him a lift. I pushes my father along the same way when he's drunk."

Where They Forget.

"Bernard Shaw's recent refusal of a thousand-dollar prize," said a Chicago editor, to the Record-Herald, "is only another instance of this great writer's originality. He thinks differently from the rest of us, and usually he thinks better.

"On every subject he thinks. Once, in the rooms of the Fabian society, overlooking the fresh green slopes of the Law Courts Gardens in London, I heard him express his thoughts about English public schools.

"He attacked those schools. He said you learned nothing in them. He told of a young peer to whom a certain master at Eton said:

"I am ashamed of you, unable to work out so simple a problem! Your younger brother did it correctly an hour ago."

"I am sorry, sir," the boy replied, 'but you must remember that my brother hasn't been at Eton as long as I have.'

Eminently Practical.

The manager of the combination refreshment and music hall was grumpy on Tuesday morning, says the New York Times. One of the first persons he interviewed was the leader of the new orchestra.

"What do you mean," he said, "by such spilling as you favored us with last night?"

The conductor was floored by the unexpected attack.

"I don't understand," he said. "My men played well. I'll bet a \$10 bill that they produced the best music that was ever heard inside this music hall. The applause of the audience proved that."

"That's just what I'm complaining about," growled the manager. "They played too well. It isn't profitable—not to me, at any rate—to play too well in a place of this kind. Extraordinarily good music cuts down sales. I want you to furnish good music, of course, something bright and catchy; but when the orchestra outdoes itself people get so interested that they just listen and forget to order drinks. Custom fell off 10 per cent last night, in spite of the record crowd, all on account of your men's expert fiddling. Hereafter, lower your standard to a level that will not charm away thirst."

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To Wichita Falls, Daily—

Leave Frederick 9:00 a. m.

Arrive Wichita Falls 12:20 p. m.

Wichita Falls and Southern.

Leaves Wichita Falls 3:10 p. m.

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THE PORT OF MISSING MEN

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON.
Author of "The House of a Thousand Candles"

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Chapter XXIV

THE ATTACK IN THE ROAD.

HERE'S an abandoned lumber camp down here if I'm not mistaken, and if we've made the right turns we ought to be south of Lamar and near the railroad."

Armitage passed his rein to Claiborne and plunged down the steep road to reconnoiter.

"It's a strange business," Claiborne muttered, half aloud.

The cool air of the ridge sobered him, but he reviewed the events of the night without regret. Every young officer in the service would envy him this adventure. He was so intent with the thought that he hummed reveille and was about to rebuke himself for unsoldierly behavior on duty when Armitage whistled for him to advance.

"It's all right; they haven't passed yet. I met a railroad track walker down there, and he said he had seen no one between here and Lamar. Now they're handicapped by the big country horse they had to take for that Serbian devil, and we can push them as hard as we like. We must get them beyond Lamar before we crowd them, and don't forget that we want to drive them into my land for the round up. I'm afraid we're going to have a wet morning."

They rode abreast beside the railroad through the narrow gap. A long freight train rumbled and rattled by, and a little later they passed a coal shaft, where a begrimed night shift loaded cars under flaring torches.

"Their message to Winkler is still on this side of the Atlantic," said Armitage, "but Winkler is in a strong room by this time if the existing powers at Vienna are what they ought to be. I've done my best to get him there. The message would only help the case against him if they sent it."

Claiborne groaned mockingly. "I suppose I'll know what it's all about when I read it in the morning papers. I like the game well enough, but it might be more amusing to know what I'm fighting for."

"You enlisted without reading the articles of war, and you've got to take the consequences. You've done what you set out to do, you've found me, and you're traveling with me over the Virginia mountains to report my capture to Baron von Marhof. On the way you are going to assist in another affair that will be equally to your credit, and then if all goes well with us I'm going to give myself the pleasure of allowing M. Chauvenet to tell you exactly who I am. The incident appeals to my sense of humor. I assure you I have one. Of course if I were not a person of very great distinction Chauvenet and his friend Durand would not have crossed the ocean and brought with them a professional assassin, skilled in the use of smothering and knifing, to do away with me. You are in luck to be alive. We are dangerously near the same size and build and in the dark, on horseback."

"That was funny. I knew that if I ran for it they'd plug me for sure and that if I waited until they saw their mistake they would be afraid to kill me. Ugh! I still taste the red soil of the Old Dominion."

"Come, captain, let us give the horses a chance to prove their blood. These roads will be paste in a few hours."

The dawn was breaking sullenly, and out of a gray, low hanging mist a light rain fell in the soft, monotonous fashion of mountain rain. Much of the time it was necessary to maintain single file, and Armitage rode ahead. The fog grew thicker as they advanced, but they did not lessen their pace, which had now dropped to a steady trot.

Suddenly, as they swept on beyond Lamar, they hear the beat of hoofs and halted.

"Bully for us! We've cut in ahead of them! Can you count them, Claiborne?"

"There are three horses all right enough, and they're forcing the beasts. What's the word?"

"Drive them back! Ready—here we go!" roared Armitage in a voice intended to be heard.

They yelled at the top of their voices as they charged, plunging into the advancing trio after a forty yard gallop.

"Not later than Friday—back you go!" shouted Armitage and laughed aloud at the enemy's rout. One of the horses—it seemed from its rider's yells to be Chauvenet's—turned and bolted, and the others followed back the way they had come.

Soon they dropped their pace to a trot, but the trio continued to fly before them.

"They're rattled," said Claiborne, "and the fog isn't helping them any."

"We're getting close to my place," said Armitage, and as he spoke two shots fired in rapid succession cracked faintly through the fog, and they jerked up their horses.

"It's Oscar! He's a good way ahead if I judge the shots right."

"If he turns them back, we ought to see their horses in a moment," observed Claiborne. "The fog makes sounds. The road's pretty level in here."

"We must let them out of it and into my territory for safety. We're within a mile of the gate, and we ought to be able to crowd them into that long open strip where the fences are down. Hang the fog!"

The agreed signal of two shots reached them again, but clearer, like drum taps, and was immediately answered by scattering shots. A moment later, as the two riders moved forward at a walk, a sharp volley rang out quite clearly, and they heard shots and the crack of revolvers again.

"By George, they're coming! Here we go!"

They put their horses to the gallop and rode swiftly through the fog. The beat of hoofs was now perfectly audible ahead of them, and they heard quite distinctly a single revolver snap twice.

"Oscar has them on the run. Bully for Oscar! They're getting close. Thank the Lord for this level stretch! Now howl and let 'em go!"

They went forward, with a yell that broke wildly and chokingly on the gray cloak of fog, their horses' hoofs pounding dully on the earthen road. The rain had almost ceased, but enough had fallen to soften the ground.

"They're terribly brave or horribly scared, from their speed!" shouted Claiborne. "Now for it!"

They rose in their stirrups and charged, yelling lustily, riding neck and neck toward the unseen foe, and with their horses at their highest pace, they broke upon the mounted trio that now rode upon them grayly out of the mist.

There was a mad snorting and shrinking of horses. One of the animals turned and tried to bolt, and his rider, struggling to control him, added to the confusion. The fog shut them in with each other, and Armitage and Claiborne, having flung back their own horses at the onset, had an instant's glimpse of Chauvenet trying to swing his horse into the road, of Zmal half turning as his horse reared to listen for the foe behind and of Durand's impassive white face as he steadied his horse with his left hand and leveled a revolver at Armitage with his right.

With a cry Claiborne put spurs to his horse and drove him forward upon Durand. His hand knocked the leveled revolver flying into the fog. Then Zmal fired twice, and Chauvenet's frightened horse, panic-stricken at the shots, reared, swung round and dashed back the way he had come, and Durand and Zmal followed.

The three disappeared into the mist, and Armitage and Claiborne shook themselves together and quieted their horses.

"That was too close for fun. Are you all there?" asked Armitage.

"Still in it, but Chauvenet's friend won't miss every time. There's murder in his eye. The big fellow seemed to be trying to shoot his own horse."

"Oh, he's a knife and sack man and clumsy with the gun."

They moved slowly forward now, and Armitage sent his horse across the rough ditch at the roadside to get his bearings. The fog seemed at the point of breaking, and the mass about them shifted and drifted in the growing light.

"This is my land, sure enough. Lord, man, I wish you'd get out of this fog and go home. You see, they're an ugly lot and don't use toy pistols."

"Remember the potato sack! That's my watchword," laughed Claiborne.

They rode with their eyes straight ahead, peering through the breaking, floating mist. It was now so clear and light that they could see the wood at either hand, though fifty yards ahead in every direction the fog still lay like a barricade.

"I should value a change of regiment," observed Armitage. "There was an advantage in armor—your duds might get rusty on a damp excursion, but your shirt wouldn't stick to your hide."

"Who cares? Those devils are pretty quiet, and the little sergeant is about due to bump into them again."

They had come to a gradual turn in the road at a point where a steep wooded incline swept up on the left. On the right lay the old hunting preserve and Armitage's bungalow. As they drew into the curve they heard a revolver crack twice, as before, followed by answering shots and cries and the thump of hoofs.

"Obef! Oscar has struck them again. Steady now! Watch your horse!" And Armitage raised his arm, high above his head and fired twice as a warning to Oscar.

The distance between the contending parties was shorter now than at the first meeting, and Armitage and Claiborne bent forward in their saddles, talking softly to their horses, that had danced wildly at Armitage's shots.

"Lord, if we can crowd them in here now and back to the Port!"

"There!"

Then a curious picture disclosed itself just at the edge of the vapor as though it were a curtain through which actors in a drama emerged upon a stage. Zmal and Chauvenet flashed into view suddenly, and close behind them Oscar, yelling like mad. He drove his horse between the two men, threw himself flat, as Zmal fired at him and turned and waved his hat and laughed at them; then just before his horse reached Claiborne and Armitage he checked its speed abruptly, flung it about and then charged back, still yelling, upon the amazed foe.

"He's crazy; he's gone clean out of his head!" muttered Claiborne, restraining his horse with difficulty. "What do you make of it?"

"He's having fun with them. He's just rattling them to warm himself up, the little beggar. I didn't know it was in him."

Back went Oscar toward the two horsemen he had passed less than a minute before, still yelling, and this time he discharged his revolver with seeming unconcern for the value of ammunition, and as he again dashed between them and back through the gray curtain Armitage gave the word, and he and Claiborne swept on at a gallop.

Durand was out of sight, and Chauvenet turned and looked behind him uneasily; then he spoke sharply to Zmal. Oscar's wild ride back and forth had demoralized the horses, which were snorting and plunging wildly. As Armitage and Claiborne advanced Chauvenet spoke again to Zmal and drew his own revolver.

"Oh, for a saber now!" growled Claiborne.

But it was not a moment for speculation or regret. Both sides were perfectly silent as Claiborne, leading slightly, with Armitage pressing close at his left, galloped toward the two men who faced them at the gray wall of mist. They bore to the left with a view of crowding the two horsemen off the road and into the preserve, and as they neared them they heard cries through the mist and rapid hoof beats, and Durand's horse leaped the ditch at the roadside just before it reached Chauvenet and Zmal, and ran away through the rough underbrush into the wood. Oscar close behind and silent now, grimly intent on his business.

The revolvers of Zmal and Chauvenet cracked together, and they, too, turned their horses into the wood, and away they all went, leaving the road clear.

"My horse got it that time!" shouted Claiborne.

"So did I," replied Armitage. "But never you mind, old man, we've got them cornered now."

Claiborne glanced at Armitage and saw his right hand, still holding his revolver, go to his shoulder.

"Much damage?"

"It struck a hard place, but I am still fit."

The blood streamed from the neck of Claiborne's horse, which threw up its head and snorted in pain, but kept bravely on at the trot in which Armitage had set the pace.

"Poor devil! We'll have a reckoning pretty soon," cried Armitage cheerily. "No kingdom is worth a good horse."

"They advanced at a trot toward the Port."

"You'll be shot any minute now, but we're in good shape and on our own soil, with those cannon between us and a gap they won't care to drop into. I'm off for the gate. You wait here, and if Oscar fires the signal give the answer."

Armitage galloped off to the right and Claiborne jumped from his horse just as the wounded animal trembled for a moment, sank to its knees and rolled over dead.

Armitage galloped off to the right and Claiborne jumped from his horse just as the wounded animal trembled for a moment, sank to its knees and rolled over dead.

Chapter XXV

THE PORT OF MISSING MEN.

CLAIBORNE climbed upon a rock to get his bearings, and as he gazed off through the wood a bullet sang close to his head, and he saw a man slipping away through the underbrush a hundred yards ahead of him. He threw up his rifle and fired after the retreating figure, jerked the lever spitefully and waited. In a few minutes Oscar rode alertly out of the wood at his left.

"It was better for us a dead horse than a dead man—yes?" was the little sergeant's comment. "We shall come back for the saddle and bridle."

"Humph! Where do you think those men are?"

"Behind some rocks near the edge of the gap. It is a poor position."

"I'm not sure of that. They'll escape across the old bridge."

"No. A sparrow would shake it down. Three men at once—that would not need our bullets!"

Far away to the right two reports in quick succession gave news of Armitage.

"It's the signal that he's got between them and the gate. Swing around to the left, and I will go straight to the big clearing and meet you."

"You will have my horse—yes?" Oscar began to dismount.

"No. I do well enough this way. Forward! The word is to keep them between us and the gap until we can sit on them."

The mist was fast disappearing and swirling away under a sharp wind, and the sunlight broke warmly upon the drenched wood. Claiborne started through the wet undergrowth at a dog trot. Armitage, he judged, was about half a mile away, and to make their line complete Oscar should traverse an equal distance. The soldier blood in Claiborne warmed at the prospect of a definite contest. He grinned as it occurred to him that he had won the distinction of having a horse shot under him in an open road fight almost without sight of the dome of the capital.

The brush grew thinner and the trees fewer, and he dropped down and crawled presently to the shelter of a bowlder, from which he could look out upon the open and fairly level field known as the Port of Missing Men.

As he looked about he saw Armitage, his horse at a walk, ride slowly out of the wood at his right. Claiborne jumped up and waved his hat, and a rifle ball flicked his coat collar as though an unseen hand had tried to brush a bit of dust from it. As he turned toward the marksman behind the cedars three shots, fired in a volley, hummed about him.

Then it was very still, with the Sabbath stillness of early morning in the hills, and he heard faintly the mechanical click and snap of the rifles of Chauvenet's party

as they expelled their exploded cartridges and refilled their magazines.

"They're not so bad—bad luck to them!" he muttered. "I'll be ripe for the little brown men after I get through with this," and Claiborne laughed a little and watched Armitage's slow advance into the open.

The trio behind the barricade had not yet seen the man they had crossed the sea to kill, as the line of his approach closely paralleled the long irregular wall with its fringe of cedars, but they knew from Claiborne's signal that he was there. The men had picked their horses back of the little fort, and Claiborne commended their good generalship and wondered what sort of beings they were to risk so much upon so wild an adventure.

Armitage rode out farther into the opening, and Claiborne, with his eyes on the barricade, saw a man lean forward through the cedars in an effort to take aim at the horseman. Claiborne drew up his own rifle and blazed away. Bits of stone spurted into the air below the target's elbow, and the man dropped back out of sight without firing.

"I've never been the same since that fever," growled Claiborne and snapped out the shell spitefully and watched for another chance.

Being directly in front of the barricade he was in a position to cover Armitage's advance, and Oscar meanwhile had taken his cue from Armitage and ridden slowly into the field from the left. The men behind the cedars fired now from within the inclosure at both men without exposing themselves, but their shots flew wild, and the two horsemen rode up to Claiborne, who had emptied his rifle into the cedars and was reloading.

"They are all together again, are they?" asked Armitage, pausing a few yards from Claiborne's rock, his eyes upon the barricade.

"The gentleman with the curly hair—I drove him in. He is a poor shot—yes?"

Oscar tightened his belt and waited for orders, while Armitage and Claiborne conferred in quick pointed sentences.

"Shall we risk a rush or starve them out? I'd like to try hunger on them," said Armitage.

"They'll all sneak off over the bridge tonight if we pen them up. If they all go at once they'll break it down, and we'll lose our quarry. But you want to capture them—alive?"

"I certainly do," Armitage replied and turned to laugh at Oscar, who had fired at the barricade from the back of his horse, which was resenting the indignity by trying to throw his rider.

The enemy now concentrated a sharp fire upon Armitage, whose horse snorted and pawed the ground as the balls cut the air and earth.

"For God's sake get off that horse, Armitage!" bawled out Claiborne, rising upon the rock. "There's no use in wasting yourself that way."

"My arm aches, and I've got to do something. Let's try storming them, just for fun. It's a cavalry stunt, Claiborne, and you can play being the artillery that's supporting our advance. Fall away there, Oscar, about forty yards, and we'll race for it to the wall and over. That barricade isn't as stiff as it looks from this side. I know all about it. There are great chunks out of it that can't be seen from this side."

"Thank me for that, Armitage. I tumbled down a good many yards of it when I crawled up here as a kid."

He lay hooting with pain.

Servian when he found Oscar at his heels.

Get off that horse, I tell you! You've got a hole in you now! Get down!"

"You make me tired, Claiborne. This beautiful row will all be over in a few minutes. I never intended to waste much time on those fellows when I got them where I wanted them."

His left arm hung quite limp at his side, and his face was very white. He had dropped his rifle in the road at the moment the ball struck his shoulder, but he still carried his revolver. He nodded to Oscar, and they both galloped forward over the open ground, making straight for the cedar covert.

Claiborne was instantly up and away between the two riders. Their bold advance evidently surprised the trio beyond the barricade, who shouted hurried commands to one another as they distributed themselves along the wall and awaited the onslaught. Then they grew still and lay low out of sight as the silent riders approached. The hoofs of the onrushing horses rang now and then on the harsh outcropping rock and here and there struck fire. Armitage sat erect and steady in his saddle, his horse speeding on in great bounds toward the barricade. His lips moved in a curious stiff fashion, as though he were ill, muttering:

"For Austria! For Austria! He bade me do something for the empire!"

Beyond the cedars the trio held their fire, watching with fascinated eyes the two riders, every instant drawing closer, and the runner who followed them.

"They can't jump this! They'll veer off before they get here," shouted Chauvenet to his comrades. "Wait till they check their horses for the turn."

"We are fools. They have got us trapped." And Durand's hands shook as he restlessly fingered a revolver. The big Servian crouched on his knees near by, his finger on the trigger of his rifle. All three were hatless and unkempt. The wound in Zmal's scalp had broken out afresh, and he had twisted a colored handkerchief about it to stay the bleeding. A hundred yards away the waterfall splashed down the defile, and its faint murmur reached them. A wild dove rose ahead of Armitage and flew straight before him over the barricade. The silence grew tense as the horses galloped nearer. The men behind the cedar lined wall heard only the hollow thump of hoofs and Claiborne's voice calling to Armitage and Oscar to warn them of his whereabouts.

But the eyes of the three conspirators were fixed on Armitage. It was his life they sought. The others did not greatly matter. And so John Armitage rode across the little plain where the lost legion had camped for a year at the end of a great war, and as he rode on the defenders of the bowlder barricade saw his white face and noted the useless arm hanging and swaying and felt in spite of themselves the strength of his tall, erect figure.

Chauvenet, watching the silent rider, said aloud, speaking in German, so that Zmal understood:

"It is in the blood. He is like a king."

But they could not hear the words that John Armitage kept saying over and over again as he crossed the field:

"He bade me do something for Austria—for Austria!"

"He is brave, but he is a great fool. When he turns his horse we will fire on him," said Zmal.

Their eyes were upon Armitage, and in their intentness they failed to note the increasing pace of Oscar's horse, which was spurring slowly ahead. When they saw that he would first make the sweep which they assumed to be the contemplated strategy of the charging party they leveled their arms at him, believing that he must soon check his horse. But on he rode, bending forward a little, his rifle held across the saddle in front of him.

"Take him first," cried Chauvenet. "Then be ready for Armitage!"

Oscar was now turning his horse, but toward them and across Armitage's path, with the deliberate purpose of taking the first fire. Before him rose the cedars that concealed the line of wall, and he saw the blue barrels of the waiting rifles. With a great spurt of speed he cut in ahead of Armitage swiftly and neatly; then on, without a break or pause—not heeding Armitage's cries—on and still on, till twenty, then ten feet lay between him and the wall, at a place where the cedar barrier was thinnest. Then, as his horse crouched and rose, three rifles cracked as one. With a great crash the horse struck the wall and tumbled, rearing and plunging, through the tough cedar boughs. An instant later, near the same spot, Armitage, with better luck clearing the wall, was borne on through the confused line. When he flung himself down and ran back Claiborne had not yet appeared.

Oscar had crashed through at a point held by Durand, who was struck down by the horse's fore feet. He lay bowling with pain, with the hind quarters of the prostrate beast across his legs. Armitage, running back toward the wall, kicked the revolver from his hand and left him. Zmal had started to run as Oscar gained the wall, and Chauvenet's curses did not halt the Servian when he found Oscar at his heels.

Chauvenet stood impassively by the wall, his revolver raised and covering Armitage, who walked slowly and doggedly toward him. The pallor in Armitage's face gave him an unearthly look. He

He lay hooting with pain.

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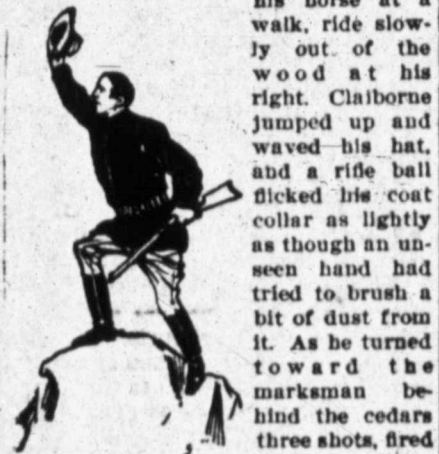
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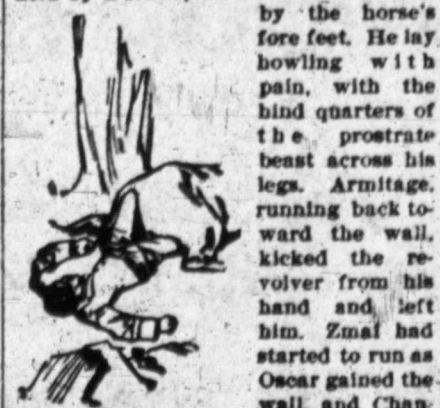
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Claiborne jumped up and waved his hat.



Claiborne jumped just as the wounded animal rolled over dead.



He lay hooting with pain.

Servian when he found Oscar at his heels.

Chauvenet stood impassively by the wall, his revolver raised and covering Armitage, who walked slowly and doggedly toward him. The pallor in Armitage's face gave him an unearthly look. He

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Vertical text on the left margin, including "nie", "con rant", "tal", "cut-k.", "orks", "lies", "NY", "Workmen service.", "op", "CITY", "Wichita Falls, Texas".

PERSONAL MENTION

L. F. Wilson of Kansas City was here today on business.

Morton Hudson of Archer City was here on business today.

R. H. McDavid of Archer City was here yesterday on business.

Mr. J. F. Ross of Waxahachie is in the city attending district court.

Mrs. R. B. Statton returned this afternoon from a visit to Fort Worth.

Joe Bowers of Holliday is in the city looking after business matters.

C. E. Harkrider, a prominent business man of Fort Worth, is in the city.

Mrs. Mattie Bateman of Electra was transacting business in the city today.

H. B. Havener and little daughter, Lucy, left this afternoon for Henrietta to visit relatives.

F. T. Webb, manager for the Lyon & Gray Lumber Company of Petrolia, was in the city today.

W. H. Cox, formerly a business man of this city, but now of Temple, Oklahoma, was in the city today.

S. H. Frieze of New Braunfels, Texas, is in the city visiting his brother, W. E. Frieze, and family.

Mrs. J. W. Field of Kell City, Oklahoma, was in the city today visiting her daughter, Mrs. M. G. Seaville.

Miss Mary Eubanks of Fort Worth arrived in the city this afternoon on a visit to her friend, Mrs. D. M. Perkins.

J. A. Kemp and his mother and Mrs. M. M. Addicks and children left this afternoon for Colorado Springs, Colorado.

H. W. Wood, manager of the local office of the Wells Fargo Express Company, is enjoying a two weeks vacation from work.

C. A. Souter of Fort Worth, who has been in this city for the past two months looking after his property here left this afternoon for home.

Dr. C. F. Ball, dean of the Bible class in the Simmons college at Abilene, was in the city today en route to Amarillo to the Palo Duro Canyon Association.

Rev. C. W. Dunn and wife of Henrietta passed through the city today en route to Olney, where Rev. Dunn goes to conduct a revival for the Cumberland Presbyterian church.

Mrs. A. L. Huey has returned from McAlester, Oklahoma, where she went several weeks ago to take care of the sick child of one of Mr. Huey's brothers.

John W. Harris and Mr. Silvers came down last night from Kansas City with a party of prospectors to look over the Club ranch in Archer county.

Mrs. T. W. Roberts, who has been quite sick for the past two months, was taken to a sanitarium at Fort Worth this morning, Mr. Roberts and Dr. Guest accompanying her.

Charles Steffen Smith and his younger sister and brother, Hattie and Raymond, left this morning for Newman, Georgia, where they go to make their future home with their grandmother.

Mrs. O. L. Clark of Burk Burnett, accompanied by Mrs. J. G. Hardin, was here today en route to Goodnight, where they will spend several weeks, after which they will go to Colorado for the benefit of Mrs. Clark's health.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Coughlin of Guthrie, Oklahoma, are expected to arrive here tonight and will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Marcus while in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Coughlin formerly resided in this city and while here made many friends who will be glad of the opportunity of meeting them again and will make their visit a pleasant one.

THE PORT OF MISSING MEN

(Continued From Page 1.)

self to a pace of which his wavering limbs were incapable. At the moment that Claiborne sprang upon the wall behind Chauvenet Armitage swerved and stumbled, then swayed from side to side like a drunken man. His left arm swung limp at his side, and his revolver remained undrawn in his belt. His gray felt hat was twitched to one side of his head, adding a grotesque touch to the impression of drunkenness, and he was talking aloud:

"Shoot me, Mr. Chauvenet. Go on and shoot me. I am John Armitage, and I live in Montana, where real people are. Go on and shoot! Winkler's in jail, and the jig's up, and the empire and the silly king are safe. Go on and shoot, I tell you!"

He had stumbled on until he was within a dozen steps of Chauvenet, who lifted his revolver until it covered Armitage's head.

"Drop that gun! Drop it quick!" And Dick Claiborne swung the butt of his rifle high and brought it down with a crash on Chauvenet's head; then Armitage paused and glanced about and laughed.

It was Claiborne who freed Durand from the dead horse, which had received the shots fired at Oscar the moment he rose at the wall. The fight was quite knocked out of the conspirator, and he swore under his breath, cursing the unconscious Chauvenet and the missing Zmal and the ill fortune of the fight.

"It's all over but the shouting. What's next?" demanded Claiborne.

"Tie him up and tie the other one up," said Armitage, starting about queerly. "Where the devil is Oscar?"

"He's after the big fellow. You're badly fussed, old man. We've got to get out of this and fix you up."

"I'm all right. I've got a hole in my shoulder that feels as big and hot as a blast furnace. But we've got them nailed, and it's all right, old man."

Durand continued to curse things visible and invisible as he rubbed his leg, while Claiborne watched him impatiently.

"If you start to run, I'll certainly kill you, monsieur."

"We have met, my dear sir, under unfortunate circumstances. You should not take it too much to heart about the potato sack. It was the fault of my dear colleagues. Ah, Armitage, you look rather ill, but I trust you will harbor no harsh feelings."

Armitage did not look at him. His eyes were upon the protrude figure of

Chauvenet, who seemed to be staring at his wife. He moaned and opened his eyes.

"Search him, Claiborne, to make sure. Then get him on his legs and pinion his arms and tie the gentlemen together. The bridge on that dead horse is quite the thing."

"But, messieurs," began Durand, who was striving to recover his composure. "It is unnecessary. My friend and I are quite willing to give you every assurance of our peaceable intentions."

"I don't question it," laughed Claiborne.

"But, my dear sir, in America, even in delightful America, the law will protect the citizens of another country."

"It will, indeed," and Claiborne grinned, put his revolver into Armitage's hand and proceeded to cut the reins from the dead horse.

"In America such amiable scoundrels as you are given the freedom of cities and little children scatter flowers in their path. You ought to write for the funny papers, monsieur."

"I trust your wounds are not serious, my dear Armitage."

Armitage, sitting on a bowlder, turned his eyes wearily upon Durand, whose wrists Claiborne was knotting together with a strap. The officer spun the man around viciously.

"You beast, if you address Mr. Armitage again I'll choke you!"

Chauvenet, sitting up and staring dully about, was greeted ironically by Durand:

"Prisoners, my dearest Jules; prisoners, do you understand? Will you please arrange with dear Armitage to let us go home and be good?"

Claiborne emptied the contents of Durand's pockets upon the ground and tossed a flask to Armitage.

"We will discuss matters at the bungalow. They always go to the nearest farmhouse to sign the treaty of peace. Let us do everything according to the best traditions."

A moment later Oscar ran in from the direction of the gap to find the work done and the party ready to leave.

"Where is the Servian?" demanded Armitage.

The soldier saluted, glanced from Chauvenet to Durand and from Claiborne to Armitage.

"He will not come back," said the sergeant quietly.

"That is bad," remarked Armitage.

"Take my horse and ride down to Storm Springs and tell Baron von Marhof and Judge Claiborne that Captain Claiborne has found John Armitage and that he presents his compliments and wishes them to come to Mr. Armitage's house at once. Tell them that Captain Claiborne sent you and that he wants them to come back with you immediately."

"But Armitage—not Marhof—for God's sake, not Marhof!" Chauvenet staggered to his feet, and his voice choked as he muttered his appeal. "Not Marhof!"

"We can fix this among ourselves—just wait a little till we can talk over our affairs. You have quite the wrong impression of us, I assure you, messieurs," protested Durand.

"That is your misfortune. Thanks for the brandy, M. Durand. I feel quite restored," said Armitage, rising. And the color swept into his face, and he spoke with quick decision.

"Oh, Claiborne, will you kindly give me the time?"

Claiborne laughed. It was a laugh of real relief at the change in Armitage's tone.

"It's a quarter of 7. This little scrap didn't take as much time as you thought it would."

Oscar had mounted Armitage's horse, and Claiborne stopped him as he rode past on his way to the road.

"After you deliver Mr. Armitage's message, get a doctor and tell him to be in a hurry about getting here."

"No!" began Armitage. "Good Lord, no! We are not going to advertise this mess. You will spoil it all. I don't propose to be arrested and put in jail, and a doctor would blab it all. I tell you, no!"

"Oscar, go to the hotel at the Springs and ask for Dr. Bledsoe. He's an army surgeon on leave. Tell him I want him to bring his tools and come to me at the bungalow. Now go!"

The conspirators' horses were brought

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up, and Claiborne put Armitage upon the best of them.

"Don't treat me as though I were a sick priest! I tell you, I feel bully! If the prisoners will kindly walk ahead of us we'll graciously ride behind. Or we might put them both on one horse. Forward!"

Chauvenet and Durand, as they marched ahead of their captors, divided their time between execrating each other and trying to make terms with Armitage. The thought of being haled before Baron von Marhof gave them great concern.

"Wait a few hours, Armitage. Let us sit down and talk it all over. We're not as black as your imagination paints us!"

"Save your breath! You've had your fun so far, and now I'm going to have mine. You fellows are all right to sit in dark rooms and plot murder and treason, but you're not made for work in the open. Forward!"

They were a worn company that drew up at the empty bungalow, where the lamp and candles flickered eerily. On the table still lay the sword, the cloak, the silver box, the insignia of noble orders.

(To be Continued.)

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