

The Banner-Leader.

VOLUME NUMBER 31.

BALLINGER, TEXAS, FRIDAY, AUG. 16, 1912

NUMBER 47

Car MOON BROTHERS BUGGIES just received, they are beauties, let us show you.

Van Pelt, Kirk & Mack

TO THE DEMOCRATS OF TEXAS.

Now that our state primary is over, I feel free to invite the more active attention of Texas democrats to the pending national election.

I am sure that regardless of pre-convention preferences every democrat in Texas is gratified that our party is united a never before, and that we all rejoice in the fact that there are unmistakable indications that the nominees of the Baltimore convention will be triumphantly elected.

It is everywhere conceded that Texas has crowned herself with everlasting glory, both as the pioneer Wilson for President (state and), in the stalwart conduct of her delegation at the national convention. Unquestionably Texas was a dominant and possibly the determining factor certainly in other states, as much, was so potential.

We now have a nation with reputation to protect, and I know you all greatly desire that the almost unprecedented prestige thus acquired shall be fully and permanently sustained.

The candidacy of Governor Wilson must be continued in the spirit of his own splendid conduct, when he repudiated the proffered Ryan gold.

It requires a large amount of money to meet the legitimate expenses of a presidential campaign, and since ours is a struggle to restore a genuine people's government, we must look to the people not only for votes but for financial support.

To this end I now appeal to all Texas democrats to at once proceed to the raising of a contribution to the national campaign fund of such proportion as will be worthy of the greatest democratic state in the Union, a fund so large as to place the Lone Star State clear up to the top in the financial roll of honor, as we are now universally recognized to be in bringing about the nomination of Governor Wilson.

Experience has demonstrated that newspapers are the best medium of raising a popular campaign fund and I desire to earnestly request every Democratic newspaper and other publications in Texas interested in the election of Wilson and Marshall to at once actively enter

upon a campaign for the accomplishment of such a fund—asking for \$1.00 or other small donation. In addition to this procedure I shall forthwith undertake in other ways a systematic and aggressive campaign covering the entire state for that procurement of larger donations, and that no time may be lost and no one overlooked, I now invite the most prompt sending of same to me without further request. Let Texas do her full share in never ceasing effort to place a son of the Southland in the White House.

Woodrow Wilson will be the next president of the United States.

GATO SELLS.

National Committeeman for Texas, Cleburne, Texas, Aug. 8, 1912.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. R. J. Deens was born in Bu County Alabama September 8, 1851. She moved to Texas with her parents J. C. and Mrs. Mary Brogdon in 1875 and settled in Brazos County for a short time, then moved to Comanche the following winter where she was married to R. J. Deens on January the 23, 1877 and returned to Bryan, Brazos Co., the following year where they lived until they moved to Ballinger in January 1906.

She was collected at the age of eleven years and joined the Methodist church and has ever since lived a consistent Christian.

After being an invalid ten or twelve years and being confined to her bed 37 days she departed this life on August the 9, 1912 at the hour of 5:30 a. m. her patient sufferings and the clapping of her hands at the last moments most beautifully illustrates the reality of religion. Truly a mother in Israel has fallen. She leaves a husband, one daughter Mrs. Mary Harber (the only child) and a sister Mrs. Skains, who visited her during her last sickness with other relatives and a host of friends to mourn her departure from this world of woe.

May the Lord help the bereaved ones to be reconciled to His will, and to know that some day the summons will also come for them as it has for this one that has just passed over the chilly waters of death.

MAKING WAR ON FILTH

Clean-up Campaign Started in Wintling Way. Cash Prizes Offered for Largest Pile of Trash.

The City Council and Business League held a joint meeting Tuesday afternoon for the purpose of discussing, getting together and pushing to a successful end the clean-up campaign to be waged for the remainder of this month, and to be able to win the prize offered by Holland's magazine for the cleanest town in Texas.

After discussing the matter it was decided to divide the town into wards or districts, and to appoint a committee to superintend the work in each district. Jo Wilmoth, W. L. Ellis and Dr. E. R. Walker were appointed to work out the plan to work upon, and they called a meeting of the ladies at the library Tuesday night. Following is the plan adopted for pushing the work:

District No. 1. First street to Broadway, south of Sanat Fe railway—Mrs. Pilcher and Miss Gladys Collins.

District No. 2. Broadway to 40th street south of court house—Miss Mary Peckhaeck.

District No. 3. 40th street to the Colorado river—Mrs. M. C. Brad and Mrs. L. O. Wooten.

District No. 4. All east of Broadway north to Pou avenue—Mrs. C. S. Miller and Mrs. J. F. Stuart.

District No. 5. From Broadway to 40th street north to Pou avenue—Mrs. Clara Ransm and Mrs. J. H. Grant.

District No. 6. From 14th street to the Woodward avenue north to Pou avenue—Mrs. J. W. Powell and Mrs. Oscar Pearson.

District No. 7. From Pou avenue east of Broadway—Mrs. Chester Cherry and Mrs. W. A. Tally.

District No. 8. From Broadway to 10th street north of Pou avenue—Mrs. C. C. Cockrell and Mrs. C. J. Lynn.

District No. 9. From 14th street to Woodward avenue, north of Pou avenue—Mrs. J. E. Powell and Mrs. Donna Jackson.

300 To Be Given Away in 5 Days. Everybody in Ballinger is eligible to enter.

The city council assisted by the ladies of Ballinger are determined to have Ballinger the cleanest town in Texas and offer the following prizes, governed by rules found below.

\$10.00 for largest pile of trash.
\$7.50 for second largest pile of trash.

\$5.00 for the third largest pile of trash.

\$3.00 for fourth largest pile of trash.

\$2.00 for fifth largest pile of trash.

Rule 1. Contestants must register with J. R. Lusk, city secretary and receive a badge.

Rule 2. Contestants must reside in corporate limits of Ballinger.

Rule 3. Contestants may work singly or in "gangs."

Rule 4. Trash must be obtained from streets, alleys and walks within corporate limits exclusive city dump grounds or under rule 5.

Rule 5. Contestants will not be permitted to enter on private property occupied or unoccupied without first obtaining written permission from occupant, owner or agent. A violation of this rule will subject the violator to forfeit his right in the contest.

Rule 6. Contest will last for five days beginning at one o'clock a. m. Friday, August 16th and ending Wednesday, August 21st at midnight.

Rule 7. By the term trash is meant old tin cans, buckets, stoves pipe, baling wire, stoves, iron, glass, crockery, shoes, rubbers if fact all kinds of non combustible rubbish but does not include dirt or rocks.

For further information call on J. R. Lusk, city secretary.

WINTERS COUPLE WED.

Came to Abilene and Get Married and are Spending the Day Here.

T. H. Currie and Miss Elvie Graham of Winters were married at the A. & S. depot yesterday afternoon just after the arrival of the train from the south. Rev. O. E. Phillips of Winters, and who was preaching at Trent, came down and tied the nuptial knot for the young couple, and returned on the afternoon train to Trent. The bride and groom will spend the day today here and return home tomorrow—Abilene Reporter.

BALLINGER SCHOOL OPENS ON SEPTEMBER 23.

The teachers of the city school will join the county institute which will convene here on September 19 and for this reason the public schools will not open until Sept. 23. This is later than usual, but the weather will be getting cooler by that time and the pupils and teachers will be able to do better work.

NEWSPAPER MAN GETS FIRST BIRD COTTON.

W. A. Perry, who quit the newspaper business at Sweetwater first of this year and moved to Miles and is farming this year, pulled down the premium put up by the Miles merchants for the first bale of cotton for this year. Mr. Perry is a splendid newspaper man and he has his friends believing that he is a good farmer too. On account of failing to find a buyer for his newspaper at Sweetwater he is planning to return there at an early date and take charge of the business again.

WELL PLEASED WITH BALLINGER

Mr. Collier of Grum, Denton county, is here visiting his daughter, Mrs. J. L. Miller. Mr. Collier made the Banner Leader a very pleasant call and talked interestingly of conditions in this country and in his section of the state. He said that the Denton county had been blessed with eight inches of rain since the first of August, and that crops were pretty good. Mr. Collier expressed himself as being well pleased with Ballinger. He said he had traveled over twenty states during his life and that he did not remember ever seeing a town that was as well built and looked more modern in many ways than Ballinger. He was not out prospecting as he is well fixed in his old home, but he was favorably impressed with this county and said he enjoyed our climate and pleasant nights.

MAN HURT IN STORM DIES.

Fletcher Gatlin, one of the men who was injured in the storm at Norton about two weeks ago, died last Saturday. Walter Dorsett, the one who at first was thought to be the more seriously injured, is still in a critical condition, but there is hopes for his recovery. Harvey Bryant the third victim of the storm, is getting along very well.

COTTON CROP MOVING.

Theo. Kre, who lives down the Colorado river, brought in the second bale of cotton and captured the premium that was held back for the second bale. Quite a number of bales have been marketed here this week, and indications are that the crop will all be on the market early this year. The price took a tumble first of the week, falling to the tune of \$2.50 per bale in one day. The latest government report on the crop looks good for the bears.

Dr. W. B. Halley is in Galveston this week.

Arthur Willingham left Tuesday for his ranch in Crane county.

Fine line of Candies at the Olympia.

Miss Maurice Truly, of Coleman, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Carl Duann.

H. A. Cady is in Dallas this week attending the Republican convention.

Miss Mary Phillips attended the District Clerks convention at Temple last week and returned home last Saturday.

O. L. Parrish, our popular county clerk, attended the clerks' meeting at Temple and returned home Saturday.

Mrs. W. H. Cole who is here from Bryan visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Gustavous, will leave for her home tomorrow.

Prof. Wooten was here from Talpa first of the week arranging to move to Eldorado, where he will have charge of the school at that place another year.

Chas. S. Miller, H. Giesecke, Judge Jno. I. Guion and Jack McGregor are representing Runnels county at the State Democratic convention in San Antonio this week.

Charlie Judkins, of Odessa, was here for several days prospecting for a position. He failed to find what he wanted, got home sick and returned Monday. Mr. Judkins frequently visited the Banner Leader office while here. He is a pleasant gentleman and we regret that he could not arrange to become a citizen of our town.

Get An Ice Cream Soda, 5 cents at The Olympia.

Judge Doss, of Winters, was here yesterday.

We are serving the same high grade Ice Cream at hard time price 5 cents.

Olympia Confectionery.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Stephens returned first of the week from an over land trip to their old home at Hutto. They made the trip in their auto.

The Wedding bells will ring next Thursday, and one of Ballinger popular rail road men will leave with his bride for a trip to the Rocky Mountains.

SANTA FE TO CHANGE SCHEDULE.

While the official announcement has not been made it is reported that a change will be made in the Santa Fe Schedule in a few days. The reported change will give us another through train to Temple. The East bound train which leaves here at 1:05 p.m. to Brownwood will come through about 12 o'clock here and run thru to Temple.

\$7.50 TO CORPUS CHRISTI.

The Santa Fe will operate its first excursion from this place to Corpus Christi tomorrow and the very low rate of \$7.50 for the round trip with limit for return to next Tuesday will no doubt get some of the Ballinger pleasure seekers.

COUNTY SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION NEXT MONTH.

The County Sunday School Convention will convene at Winters Thursday Sept. 12 at 2:30 o'clock and will be in session for two days. The program is in the hands of the printers and will be sent out by Miss Jim Gilliam, the secretary next week.

All Sunday schools in the county are requested to send delegates and make this a grand meeting.

A JOKE ON THE "OLD MAN"

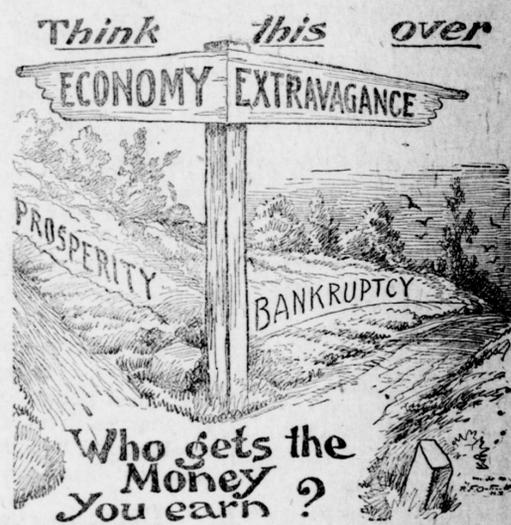
Old man Jones and his son John came to town the other day and sold their oats. They both received checks on the Farmers & Merchants State Bank, Ballinger. The old man said, "Just give me the cash on mine," while John deposited his receiving the usual deposit slip, and, being in his shirt sleeves, handed it over to "Dad" to keep for him and the father placed it, along with the money he had received, in his favorite pocket-book.

Unfortunately, while returning home, the pocket-book was lost and although they looked high and low for it, it could not be found. The money and deposit slip were both gone forever. John sympathized with his father over the money that was lost, but had no worry about his deposit slip as the Farmers & Merchants Bank books showed he had money with it, subject to check.

A credit with this bank is better than cash. Open an account at once.

The Farmers & Merchants State Bank

BALLINGER, TEXAS



Economy looks like an up-hill game when you first begin and sometimes it is an up-hill game; but it is the road to Prosperity and if you can persevere in your small economies you will find this out. Your extravagance does not draw interest.

Some day you will pay interest on your extravagance. If you put the money in the Bank now you can some day afford to buy the luxuries you crave without missing the money. Do your Banking with us.

The First National Bank

of Ballinger
Established 1886 U. S. Depository

STANDS AHEAD.

There is something about Hunt's Lightning Oil that no other Liniment possesses. Others may be good, but it is surely the best. It does all you recommend it for, and more. For Sprains it has no equal on earth. It stands ahead on my medicine shelf.

Very truly yours,
T. J. BROWNLOW.
Livingston, Tenn.

**DR. E. C. BASKIN
DENTIST**

Does for you what you need and no more, and does it right.

Office Over Reeves Printing Co.
Ballinger, Texas

M. C. Smith Isahm Wade
SMITH & WADE
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Office up-stairs
in C. A. Doose Building.
Examining Land Titles
A Specialty.

M. Kleberg, Jr.

Attorney-at-Law

Ballinger, - - Texas

Office over Ballinger State Bank and Trust Company

B. B. STONE J. B. WADE
STONE & WADE
Lawyers
General Practice
Office over Citizens National Bank

R. S. GRIGGS,
County Judge

Will practice in District and Higher Courts. Special attention given to deed writing, and examination of titles, etc.
Office at Court House.

THE BALLINGER JERSEY DAIRY

Is the place to get your Fresh Milk. The best grade of Jersey Cows in the country are the kind we milk and have give our Customers Rich Milk. Give us your order.

P. K. LAXSON, MGR.
Phone No. 210, Ballinger, Texas

B. F. Allen

The House Moving Man.

I am prepared with a new and up-to-date outfit to move your old house without damage. Work promptly done. Let me figure on the job.

Phone 227. B. F. ALLEN.

Harris & Harris
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

Corporation, Collections, and Land Litigation Specialties

OFFICE OVER BALLINGER STATE BANK AND TRUST CO.
BALLINGER, - TEXAS

Oscar Routh and Curtis Norman went to Galveston last Friday to see the sights.

Mrs. Zadie Royaly returned to Tampa Florida last Friday after a visit to her prents, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Royalty, and other relatives.

In every home where there is a baby there should also be a bottle of McGEE'S BABY ELIXIR. It may be needed at any time to correct sour stomach, wind colic, diarrhoea or summer complaint. It is a wholesome remedy, contains no opium, morphine or injurious drug of any kind. Price 25c and 50c per bottle. Sold by J. Y. Pearce.

H. K. Berry returned from Santa Anna last Friday where he attended the Log Rollers meeting. The next meeting will go to Brownwood.

MAD AT PAINT.

25c a gallon for paint is about \$2.50 on the average job, and lots of men waited last year for that; but they didn't reckon; they got mad; wouldn't pay it.

There are times to get mad and refuse to pay; but when one's property needs protecting is no time to get mad and not paint.

Besides, it costs more to get mad and wait than to paint. Getting mad doesn't do any good to your property; paint does it good by keeping out water; no water no rot; no paint, some water and rot; and a little rot is more than enough to make a man liberal toward his painter and paint.

Paint costs not a cent. All the paint in the world, so long as it keeps-out water, costs not a cent.

DEVOTE

Ballinger Lumber Co. sells it.

A TEXAS WONDER

The Texas Wonder cures kidney and bladder trouble, removes gravel, cures diabetes, weak and lame backs, rheumatism and all irregularity of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women, regulates bladder troubles in children. If not sold by your druggist, will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1.00. One small bottle is two months treatment and seldom fails to perfect a cure. Send for Texas testimonials. Dr. E. W. Hall, 2926 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo. Sold by druggists. 52 t

Dr. W. A. Gustavus, Dentist.
Over F. & M. State Bank. 11-11



If You Could Only See Yourself

in the Parisiana corset made specially for your size and proportions, see how this corset brings out your good points, covers up your weak ones, you would realize how nearly ideal your figure can be.

PARISIANA CORSETS

are made in 48 styles. Come in and ask for the style designed for your type of figure.

These wonderful shaping corsets are surprisingly low in price, \$1.00, \$2.00 and up.

They are guaranteed to hold their good shape and style or you will receive a new corset without charge. THE HUB, Exclusive Agents.

HOT WETHER IS QUICK TO AFFECT THE BOWELS

Well Known Fact That Extreme Heat Conduces to Chronic Constipation.

The disposition to eat cold food and indulge in iced drinks is one reason why constipation and diarrhoea is so prevalent in summer, and there is no time when people should more carefully avoid bowel disturbances, as much serious disease is directly traceable to these conditions. We need all of our strength to withstand the enervating effect of heat.

To regulate the bowels and quickly relieve even the most aggravated case of constipation, the combination of simple laxative herbs with pepin, known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is highly recommended by all who have ever used it. Unlike cathartics and violent purgatives, Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin acts gently on the stomach liver and bowels, without griping or other discomfort, bringing relief in an easy, natural manner. It can be used with perfect safety by the most delicate woman or child, and yet is equally effective for the strongest constitution. Mild, pleasant to take, and inexpensive, it is the ideal family laxative. By cleaning the bowel tract thoroughly and eliminating the foreign matter and poisons that irritate and inflame, it will quickly check summer diarrhoea and restore normal condition.

Druggists sell Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin for fifty cents a bottle a larger, family size costs one dollar. Get a bottle and keep it in the house; it will save many times its cost in doctor bills. A free trial bottle, postpaid, can be obtained by writing to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 406 Washington St., Monticello, Ill.

AN ORDINANCE.

Be it Ordained by the City Council of the City of Ballinger, Texas.

1. That it shall be unlawful for any person, firm or corporation to throw or cause to be thrown, to unload or cause to be unloaded any perishable matter in the way of vegetables, dead fowls, dead animals, dead dogs or other decayable matter in any portion of the city dumping grounds as now defined by ordinance, except in the ditch or ditches prepared by the city authorities for that purpose.

2. Any person, firm or corporation who shall violate the provisions of Article one hereof shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction shall be fined in any sum not to exceed twenty-five dollars.

3. That it shall be unlawful for any person, firm or corporation to throw or cause to be thrown, to unload or cause to be unloaded any nonperishable matter, such as tin cans, boxes, rags barrels, kegs, or other non decaying matter or trash in any portion of the city dumping grounds as now defined by ordinance, except in that portion of said dumping ground covered by the bed of Elm Creek and bed of small branch on the south side of said dumping grounds.

4. Any person, firm or corporation who shall violate the provisions of Article three hereof shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and on conviction shall be fined in any sum not to exceed twenty-five dollars.

Passed by the city council of the city of Ballinger at regular session on the 6th day of August 1912.
W. H. WEEKS, Mayor.

Attest:
J. R. Lusk, Sec.

THE FAIR

will run a Special Bargain Counter during August. There will be something new on it every day. We want you to come see our goods and prices, and are offering you a special inducement to come. You will have to come every day or miss some great bargains.

- 6 bars Castile Soap 25c
- No. 2 Galvanized Tub 59c
- 1 lb. Can Talcum Powder 15c
- 9 oz. bottle Hydrogen Perox 10c
- Extra Quality Broom 35c
- 17 oz. Ice Tea Goblets 75c
- 2 Palm Leaf Fans 5c
- High Grade Candy a Specialty at all times.

THE FAIR

Charlie Allen went to Brownwood last Saturday. His friends say that he went to see his girl, but we failed to learn the real mission.

J. M. Tindall returned last Saturday at noon from a two weeks trip to Oklahoma. He says things were looking good where he visited.

Sallow complexion comes from bilious impurities in the blood and the fault lies with the liver and bowels; they are torpid. The medicine that gives results in such cases is HERBINE. It is a fine liver stimulant and bowel regulator. Price 50. Sold by J. Y. Pearce.

Charlie Madden who has been manager for the Comenon Lumber Co. for the past year or more, has moved his family to San Antonio and he expects to locate some where in that section of the state.

If you sit in a cool draft when you are heated and get a stiff neck or lame back, you will be looking for something that will ease the pain. Fix your mind on BAL-LARD'S SNOW LINIMENT and don't be talked out of it because it is the best pain relieving liniment you can get anywhere. Price 25, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by J. Y. Pearce.

DEFEATED CANDIDATE GETS GOOD JOB.

Senator W. N. Adams of Brownwood, who was defeated in the race for State Treasurer, has been appointed superintendent of the Juvenile School of Correction at Gatesville and informs the Bulletin that he has accepted same and will leave tomorrow for that place to make arrangements for taking charge of the institution. It will mean that "Uncle Bill" will move his family there, which will cause much regret in Brownwood. However he does not give up his citizenship here and will return at the end of his term.

Senator Adams received notification yesterday that he had been appointed and today received, a mes age in reply to his message of acceptance that he could a same charge at his pleasure. The appointment is one that suits "Uncle Bill" because it is nearer in line with his life work than anything else he could have secured. It came unsolicited and of course is greatly appreciated by Mr. Adams. Governor Colquitt is a personal friend of Senator Adams and he knew that no man in Texas could fill the place to a better advantage than Senator Adams, therefore he made the appointment when the vacancy occurred this week.

Mr. Adams said this afternoon that he did not intend to move his family for a few weeks but that he would take charge at once. The position pays \$1800.00 a year, with house rent, lights, and a \$500.00 allowance for groceries. It is well worth having.—Brownwood Bulletin.

Mr. Adams was a candidate for State Treasure against our friend Edwards. This is a good place for him and he has more to be thankful for than many other defeated candidates. In fact he is elected.

BACK GIVES OUT.

Plenty of Ballinger Readers Have This Experience.

You tax the kidneys, overwork them— They can't keep up the continual strain.

The back gives out it aches and pains;

Urinary troubles set in. Don't wait longer, take Doan's Kidney Pills.

Ballinger people tell you how they act.

E. G. Smith, farmer, twelve miles south of Ballinger, Texas, says: "I had soreness in my back and was troubled by my kidneys for two years. I had difficulty in passing the kidney secretions. I felt miserable in every way and my health was very much run down. Doan's Kidney Pills were recommended to me and I began their use soon after I had taken them I felt their beneficial effects and when I had finished the box, I received a complete cure. I have had no return symptoms and can highly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to anyone having kidney trouble."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Wunderhose
CHATTANOOGA KNITTING MILLS

An old proverb says: "It matters not how fine her clothes be, a woman with an ill shaped stocking is not well dressed."

Wear Wunderhose and the Proverb has no meaning for you.

Every pair warranted.

BALLINGER DRY GOODS CO.

HAULING!

Give me a part of your hauling. Promptness is my motto.

W. R. BUSHONG

Phone No. 401 Ballinger, Texas

DELICATE APPETITES

need a variety to tempt them. This Store has, for many years, always lead in this respect.

Fresh vegetables, good butter, fruit and the very highest class of Groceries are always to be found in our store.

Many stores are short on the very thing you want, but we can always fill the bill.

A Trial Will Convince You

THE MILLER MERCANTILE COMPANY

708 Hutchings Avenue Ballinger Texas.
PHONE 66

Hall Hardware Co.

Hardware, Implements and Vehicles

Standard Implements, Windmills Studebaker and Schuttler Wagons

Hall Hardware Co.

IF IT IS LUMBER YOU WANT

The Ballinger Lumber Co is ready to fill your wants at the same old stand, with prices that are right. We carry a complete line of building supplies and mill-stuff. Call on us.

Telephone Number 65

CITATION BY PUBLICATION.

THE STATE OF TEXAS, To the Sheriff or any Constable of Runnels County—Greeting:

You are hereby commanded to summon Wm. J. Zachas by making publication of this Citation once in each week for four successive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in your County, if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in any newspaper published in the 35th Judicial District; but if there be no newspaper published in said Judicial District, then in a newspaper published in the nearest District to said 35th Judicial District, to appear at the next regular term of the District Court of Runnels County, to be held at the Court House thereof, in Ballinger, Texas, on the 1st Monday in October A. D. 1912, the same being the 7th day of October A. D. 1912, then and there to answer a petition filed in said Court on the 30th day of July A. D. 1912, in a suit, numbered on the docket of said Court No. 1467, wherein W. W. Sammons is Plaintiff, and Wm. J. Zachas is Defendant, and said petition alleging State of Texas, County of Runnels.—In The District Court of Runnels County, Texas. To the Hon. Jno. W. Goodwin, Judge of said Court—

Now comes W. W. Sammons, who resides in McCulloch County, Texas, hereinafter styled plaintiff, complaining of Wm. J. Zachas, whose residence is unknown to this plaintiff; and for cause of action represents to the court, that on the 7th day of December 1909, the defendant made, executed and delivered to one W. L. Womble his certain promissory note for the sum of three hundred dollars bearing date on the day aforesaid, due on the 7th day of December 1911 and payable to the order of said W. L. Womble, and bearing interest at the rate of 8 per cent per annum from date until paid and stipulating for 10 per cent on the amount of principal and interest then due as attorney's fees, in case suit is brought on same or if placed in the hands of an attorney for collection, whereby defendant became bound and liable to pay and promised to pay said Womble, the sum of money in said note specified, together with all interest and attorney's fees due thereon, according to the tenor and effect thereof.

That prior to the maturity of said note the plaintiff herein became the legal owner of same and is now the legal owner and holder of said note and vendors lien hereinafter described.

That said note was given as part payment of the following described real estate situated in Runnels Co. Texas, to wit: all of Lots Nos. 7 and 8 in Block No. 3 situated in Sunny Side Addition to the City of Ballinger; that said property was on the 7th day of December 1909, conveyed by said Womble to the defendant, by his deed of writing of that date, in consideration, among other things, of the note hereinafter described, and that in said deed of conveyance a vendor's lien was reserved therein to secure the payment of said note; that said note is long since past due and unpaid, and defendant though often requested, has failed and refused to pay said note, or any part thereof, but the same remains still due and unpaid.

THEREFORE, premises considered, plaintiff prays that defendant be enjoined by publication in the manner as required by law, to answer herein that on final hearing he have judgment for his debt, interest, attorney's fees and costs of suit and foreclosure of his vendor's lien on the above and foregoing land and premises and for general relief.

Harris & Harris,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

Herein Faj Not, but have before said Court, at its aforesaid next regular term, this writ with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Given Under My Hand and the Seal of said Court, at office in Ballinger, Texas this the 30th day of July A. D. 1912.

Mary Phillips, Clerk.
Dist. Court, Runnels Co.

SAVED HIM

"It didn't kill me, but I think it would if it had no been for Hunt's Cure. I was tired, miserable and well nigh used up when I commenced using it for an old and severe case of Eczema. One application relieved and one box cured me. I believe Hunt's Cure will cure any form of itching known to mankind."

CLIFTON LAWRENCE.
Helema, O. T.

YOUNG MEN.

They Have Solved The Salary Question. Read How They Did It.

Fargo, Ark. "I owe all my success to the grand T. C. C. and I especially want to praise your station work. They work three operators here and the work is heavy it is a train register station. There are ten positions waiting for every operator you can turn out." J. W. Formby, Tallulah Falls, Ga. I was in the Tyler Commercial College just 56 days when I was able to copy accurately 28 words per minute. I am holding a splendid position, and can highly recommend the T. C. C. W. R. Ivie, Stoneham, Texas. "Soon after leaving T. C. C. I was drawing \$75 per month. I advise any person desiring a thorough training to enter the Tyler Commercial College." R. W. Cook, Dustin, Okla. "After attending your telegraphy departments three months, I am prepared to say that your work is thorough and complete. I find your station work identically the same as that used in railroad offices where I have worked." Frank Henry, Almore, Ala. "After leaving your school I have started into a good telegraphy position at \$70 per month. The T. C. C. has my best wishes." D. M. Carr, Kaw City, Okla. "Still have a good job with the A. T. & S. F. My brother is with the Missouri Pacific at Pittsburg, Kas. Best wishes for T. C. C." J. H. Keele, Houston, Miss. "I now have a good position with the T. O. M. & C. B. R. Co., and I give your good school credit for being able to hold it." M. E. Oliver, Brookeland, Texas. "I am now agent at my home town, drawing 71.50 per month, and a commission on Express and Western Union, which makes me a little better than \$100 per month. Leroy Bell, Bangs, Texas. "In August, 1911 I accepted a position as operator with the G. C. & S. F. Ry. Co. Your college is the place to learn telegraphy." U. S. Brannen, Elmer, Okla. "After studying telegraphy in Tyler Commercial College, I can say it is the very best, and I have advised many of my friends to take a course in it." J. W. Maxwell, Koo, Ark. "I attended the telegraphy department of Tyler Commercial College two and a half months at a total expense of \$90. I am now getting \$75 per month as agent at this place for the Cotton Belt R. R." B. F. Gleason, Midlothian, Texas. "I have a good position as operator, and am getting along nicely." R. M. Rodgers, Oklaunion, Texas. "I recommend the Tyler Commercial College to any one who wishes to enter the railway service. Their school of telegraphy and station work is the cheapest and shortest route to a good position." D. F. Carter, Paris, Texas. "I am still with the Texas Postal. You put me on the right road. I can't recommend the T. C. C. too highly. A few months in your school means success." J. B. Smallwood.

Young man, solve the salary question; Write today for catalogue of America's largest school of Book-keeping, Short-hand and Telegraphy Tyler Commercial College, Tyler, Texas.

Scott H. Mack had business in Comanche last Saturday.

R. T. Williams is in New York this week buying goods for the Higginbotham Currie Williams Co.

Mrs. C. W. John on returned to her home at Baird first of the week after a visit to friends here.

Mrs. T. L. Patterson and daughter returned last Friday from San Angelo where they attended the old soldiers reunion.

Mrs. Prescott and little daughter are here from Whitney with their husband and father who is acting as operator for the Western Union during Mrs. Wigle's vacation.

Chas. Dean and family left last Friday for Mr. Dean's old home in Iowa, where they will visit for a few weeks. Mr. Dean is the driver for the volunteer fire department but he arranged for some one to take his place during his absence.

If your child is pale and sickly, picks at the nose, starts in the sleep and grinds the teeth while sleeping, it is a sure sign of worms. A remedy for these parasites will be found in WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE. It not only clears out the worms, but it restores health and cheerfulness. Price 25c per bottle. Sold by J. Y. Pearce.

OIL POWER ON THE OCEAN

Success of Internal Combustion Engine May Cause Revolution in Shipping Industry.

A great revolution in the shipping industry probably unequalled in any period of its history, was predicted in a recent interview in London by Sir Marcus Samuel, head of the Shell Trading and Transport company, owing to the success of the internal combustion engine as a motive power for vessels.

"It insures," he said, "a saving in cost and a great saving of space, weight and crew. Cleanliness would be increased and also the comfort of passengers. It would insure safety from boiler explosions and spontaneous combustion and many other advantages."

"Those who argue about the increased cost of oil do not understand. You must remember that one ton of oil is equal to four tons of coal and that the larger power internal combustion engine makes for greater economy in using oil. I think it is a great pity the United States, with its immense oil resources, is not taking a more active part in the development of the internal combustion marine engine and that the largest oil company has not done more to encourage the trade."

"As an instance, this oil company went to Roumania, but from one point of view it was singularly unsuccessful. The production after some years' working reached an average of about fifteen thousand tons a month. We went there years later and our production is 50,000 tons a month. I have always maintained that the oil supply of the world is more likely to be met in the Borneo fields than in any other. There we have unlimited supplies, so the question of prohibitive cost need not enter into the reckonings of the maintenance of motor driven vessels."

SHE GAVE HER AGE AS 34

But the Witness Was Flustered and Told Her Bust Measurement by Mistake.

One of the court attaches tells of a rather amusing incident which occurred one day in municipal court. An important criminal case was pending. All the testimony was in, and the attorneys had finished their arguments. It was a tense moment. The court had turned to the jury and was about to make his final charge when a woman arose in the audience.

"Can I say a word?" she asked the judge. The court gave permission. The woman had been one of the chief witnesses for the defense.

"What effect would it have on my testimony if it became known that I told a falsehood on the witness stand?" she asked.

Attorneys for both sides leaped up and the jury looked startled.

"That all depends upon whether the testimony you furnished is material to the issue," said the court severely.

"But I couldn't help it," said the woman who was on the verge of tears.

"They made me so excited with their old questions. They asked me how old I was, and I said thirty-four, but I was so flustered that I gave my bust measurement." — Milwaukee Free Press.

Fashion a Shy Bird.

Fashion is a shy bird, and an observant critic has noticed that tailors are not advising the frock coat and fancy waistcoat, which are becoming unpopular because Mr. Seddon was so dressed in the dock. The passing of the frock coat will be welcomed by many, and by many who do not remember the execution of Mrs. Manning in 1849, who swung in black satin, and made that material unfashionable for many years. There is an opening for reformers who wish to change the fashions and are willing to go to the stake for their belief.

One can foresee a woman who will commit a murder in order to be hanged in a hobble skirt, so that there shall be no more hobble skirts in the fashionable world. And the enthusiastic vegetarian might kill some other donkey and die in leather boots, with the idea of bringing vegetable boots into fashion. There are many possibilities for the reformers who will consent to wear the wrong clothes on the right occasion.—London Chronicle.

World That Was New to Her.

Tommy Conovan, a property man in Cleveland, possesses among his personal "props" a number of amusing stories. This is one of them: "I used to be on the door at the Lyceum. One night when Joseph Murphy was playing there an old Irish lady approached with a ticket in her hand. Evidently she had never been in a playhouse before and was somewhat bewildered. She watched the line passing by me and listened as I called out 'upstairs' or 'downstairs' according to the tickets handed me. Finally she slowly approached and gave me her coupon.

"'Upstairs,' I called.

"'Whisper,' she said, as she leaned toward me, 'can you tell me on what floor I can see Joseph Murphy?'"

NOT THE AUSTRIAN EAGLE

Little Visitor to the Zoo Knew That That Bird Has Two Heads.

Never try to tell anything to a boy who has gone to these modern public schools. Why, those institutions of learning teach more things that you ever heard of when you were young, that you've never heard of since you were not young.

Here's a modern instance: A six-year-old boy was taken to the zoo last Sunday by his forty-year-old father. They saw the elephant, they saw the monkeys, they saw the ox. Finally they got to the ornithological collection. The kid noticed an interesting bird in the eagle cage, and he asked:

"Papa, what's that bird?"

"Papa looked at the label and replied, 'That is an Austrian eagle.'"

"'G'wan't," said the boy; "it ain't no such thing."

"'Yes it is—it says so in the catalogue.'"

"'I don't care what it says in the catalogue. I got eyes. This here bird ain't got but one head. Th' Austrian eagle has two heads, and I know fer I've saw a pitcher of it on flags!'"

As to Fate.

Corra Harris, author of "The Recording Angel," makes some keen observations on the destinies of human beings in general. One of the representative bits of her philosophy follows:

"The biography of humans is made up more of what they plan to do than of what they really achieve, if it is set down literally. You work hard with a certain aim in view. You purpose to arrive with your collateral all properly arranged for the event. It is clear sailing. Then fate takes the gripes and inadvertently kicks you under the fifth rib; and there you are, set back about ten years. Your grandmother died without leaving you the inheritance you had every reason to expect. You have to get up and make your own fortune. Or, the ballots are counted, and you are not elected. You have to run again. God sees to it that you do not butt the stars every time you fetch a surge. It is providential precaution against your destruction of the solar system."

Inclination to Get Into Ruts.

We are all too much inclined to get into ruts. For one thing it is easy. For another, some of us dislike doing the unusual for fear of being talked about or laughed at. Laziness, indifference, or self-consciousness holds us tight and fast in the same routine of living year in and year out.

Women shut themselves out of much that is live and vital by not joining some of the women's clubs that are now so important a part of life.

They are shutting out whole universes when they confine themselves to one line of reading.

Indeed, one can create many new worlds for herself by bringing into one's life new interests. It is one of the most effective ways of keeping young.

Englishman Norwegian Knight.

King Haakon of Norway has created Angus Watson of the firm of Angus Watson & Co. a first class knight of the Norwegian Order of St. Olaf, and has given him the insignia of the order.

This order, which is very rarely conferred except to Norwegians, has been given to Mr. Watson with the consent of the British sovereign.

This decoration has been granted as an acknowledgment of the services that Mr. Watson has been able to render the Norwegian fishing industry in various parts of the world in connection with the sale of the succulent fish which is familiar to all as "kipper."

Jungle's Low Comedian.

In the World's Work, Mr. Stewart Edward White writes:

"The whitestest is the Jekill and Hyde of the animal kingdom. His usual and familiar habit is that of a heavy, sluggish animal, like our venished bluenose. He stands solid and inert, his head down; he plods slowly forward in single file, his horns swinging, each foot planted deliberately. In short he is the personification of dignity, solid respectability, gravity of demeanor. But then all of a sudden, at any small interruption, he becomes the giddiest of created beings. Up goes his head and tail; he buck jumps, cavorts, gambols, kicks up his heels, and bounds stiff-legged, and generally performs like an irresponsible infant. To see a whole herd at once of these grave and reverend seigneurs suddenly blow up into such light-headed capers goes far to destroy one's faith in the stability of institutions."

Tailors as Literary Men.

One does not look for literary men among tailors, but none the less the trade can claim some illustrious names. John Stow, the antiquary and author of the "Survey of London," for instance, began life as a tailor, and another famous tailoring antiquary was John Speed, one of our early map makers and member of the Society of Antiquaries. And then there was Robert Hill, "the learned tailor," of Birmingham, who contrived to teach himself Greek and Hebrew and became famous as a writer of theological treatises. And George Meredith was born over the tailor's shop.

Barnum's Public.

P. T. Barnum's tent manager came to him one day and complained that he could not move the crowds from the big tent after the show.

Barnum considered a moment.

"Get Sam to stand near the door and yell out 'This way to the egress!'" He advised with twinkling eyes.—Short Stories.

An Appreciation.

We wish to thank our congressmen for a nifty package of garden seeds sent from Washington for our special use. It is nice to be thus remembered by one who is far away in a strange land, and it beats a picture postcard forty ways. There is a practical value to a package of congressional garden seeds which appeals. We had them cooked up for breakfast this morning, and, while they were fair, it must be remembered, that congress has gone Democratic recently, and the flavor of the garden seeds is bound to be somewhat more biting and pessimistic than formerly, but we thank the thoughtful congressman just the same. We have eaten his garden seeds several years, and they are all right.

Customs of Other Days.

Drinking tricks figured in diplomacy in the time of Henry VIII. Mrs. Henry Cust quotes the king's challenge to Hubertus, the representative of the Palgrave Frederick. He sent for two huge goblets, filled with wine and beer respectively, and gave the envoy his choice for a "drinking out" test. In vain Hubertus pleaded that his master had actually instituted a company of the golden ring to put down such contests, any member who broke the prohibition to lose his ring and give \$1 to the poor. Henry, anxious to prove that the Englishman was the better man, promised to find the forfeits himself and drank his beer at a draft, while it took the German four gulps to account for the wine.

Domestic Science.

The Chicago woman who advertised for a domestic, and offered a weekly auto ride as one of the inducements, got but one reply. She was requested to send a photograph of the chauffeur so that it could be determined whether the place was as attractive as desired. As the lady's husband himself drives the car the photograph was not sent, and there is search in other directions for a domestic. It would seem from this that the service must have more than ordinary inducements these days, and then doesn't suit some.

Mother's Diagnosis.

Speaking of mothers, a Squirrel Hill matron is an object of considerable solicitude just now on the part of a couple of young Pittsburgers, although she doesn't know it. The young man called, and this was the first question he asked:

"Have you spoken of our love to your mother as yet?"

"The girl shook her head.

"Not as yet," she whispered.

"Has she noticed nothing?"

"She has noticed that I've been acting queerly of late, but she thinks it's just biliousness."—Pittsburg Post.

BREAD OF VIKINGS FOUND

Made From Pine Bark and Pea Meat. It Was Discovered in Gothland.

An interesting find was made at Ljunga, Gothland, by Dr. Schnitger, professor at Stockholm university. This is some bread that dates from the time of Vikings.

Microscopical examination has shown this bread to be made from pine bark and pea meat, thus proving the fact that peas were grown in Sweden as far back as a thousand years ago.

Archeological excavation has so far brought to light only a few specimens of bread dating from ancient or prehistoric times. The few loaves excavated in Egypt and in Swiss lake dwellings are of the highest archeological interest.

In the northern countries only one or two finds of this kind have so far been made, foremost among which should be mentioned a corn meal loaf dating from the fourth century A. D., which was discovered by Dr. Schnitger in 1898 in connection with the excavation of Boberg castle.—Scientific American.

Sort of Blanket Ballot.

Senator Lee S. Overman of North Carolina has a colored maid servant that has been in his family since the days of slavery. She is a loyal servant, and thinks that "Mahstah Lee" represents all that is best in human-kind.

When Overman was running for the senate the first time, Mrs. Overman had a telephone connection with the legislative chamber at Raleigh, and got the news of each ballot as it was taken. The old colored mammy didn't know what a ballot was, but she caught the idea that the more Overman got the better his wife was pleased. That night she was overheard praying aloud in her room:

"'Oh, Lawd,' she said, 'take Mahstah Lee in the hollow of yo' han' and jes' covah him with them 'ere ballots, whatever they is, and make him get dah.'"

Pride of the Tenements.

The social worker's fifth floor protegee, on the occasion of the former's third visit, said:

"When you come again won't you please carry a box of paints or an easel or something like that to make folks think you are an artist?"

"Why?" the visitor exclaimed.

"'Because,'" said the woman, "I have told all these other women in the building, who have been rubbering and inquiring about you, that you come here to give my little girl painting lessons, and I want you to help back me up in it."

Popular Rate Excursion to CORPUS CHRISTI



will, on Saturday, August 17

sell round trip tickets to Corpus Christi at extremely low fares

Round trip tickets will be on sale for trains arriving at Corpus Christi evening of Saturday, August 17, and morning of Sunday, August 18. Tickets will be limited to Tuesday, August 20, 1912, for final return.

Rate from Ballinger \$7.90
Rate from Talpa \$7.60
Rate from Rowena \$7.90

A. H. Wigle, Agent
G. C. & S. F. Ry. Company,
Ballinger, Texas.

A. C. Nixon, of Georgia is here on a visit to his brother, G. B. Nixon.

For soreness of the muscles, whether induced by violent exercise or injury, there is nothing better than Chamberlain's Liniment. This liniment also relieves rheumatic pains. For sale by all dealers.

B. G. Sweet, a Brownwood land man, has business here last Saturday.

Constipation is the starting point for many serious diseases. To be healthy keep the bowels active and regular. HERBINE will remove all accumulations in the bowels and put the system in prime condition. Price 50c. Sold by J. Y. Pearce.

Rev. J. J. Justice returned last Friday from Burnett where he conducted a very successful revival.

If you are a housewife you cannot reasonably hope to be healthy or beautiful by washing dishes, sweeping and doing household all day, and crawling into bed dead tired at night. You must get out into the open air and sunlight. If you do this every day and keep your stomach and bowels in good order by taking Chamberlain's Tablets when needed, you should become both healthy and beautiful. For sale by all dealers.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND. Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metal cases, each with this picture. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist, or for 14c per box a Diamond Brand Pills, for 25c from Brown, N. B. Co., Boston. Always obtainable. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

OLD ABE MARTIN IN FLESH

Says He Never Heard of Kin Hubbard, But Knew All the Family.

"It ain't s'much what yuh do es where yuh are when yuh do it."

He was Abe Martin in the flesh from his brogan square-toed shoes to the three hairs awry at the crown of his head and his homely philosophy.

"'Hullo there, Abe,'" said Deputy Prosecutor McCarty, scanning in astonishment the bearded figure. "How'd you get into police court?"

Judge Collins looked him over from head to foot. Abe grinned good naturedly and continued:

"'Fer instance, if I'd took three drinks down home nobody's 'bout much 'bout it—up here I 'nd'n'pils the y'lice arrest me an' I ain' got a thing agin 'em fer it, nuther.'"

The semblance to Abe Martin was so striking in outline that some one believed he had found the original, the artist creator's original.

"'Do you know Kin Hubbard?'"

"'Sure, I know all the Hubbards down 't Clayton—mighty nice folks, tew. Who'd yuh say—Kin. They ain' none of 'em named Kin—not as I knows of.'"

He denied strenuously being from Brown county. He was from Healdsburg, he said.

"'An m'name's like my daddy before me. An we're plain farmers. I don't know where folks get this Abe Martin, they all call me. I ain' never read nothin' 'bout no president or congressman uf their name. Some one said his picture wuz in the paper, but I ain't never seen it.'"

And Judge Collins dismissed the charge of drunkenness and let him go.

The YELLOW LETTER

BY
WILLIAM JOHNSTON
Illustrations
BY
V. L. BARNES

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Harding Kent calls on Louise Farrish to propose marriage and finds the house in great excitement over the attempted suicide of her sister Katharine. Kent starts an investigation and finds that Hugh Crandall, suitor for Katharine, who had been forbidden the house by General Farrish, had talked with Katharine over the telephone just before she shot herself. A torn piece of yellow paper is found, at sight of which General Farrish is stricken with paralysis.

CHAPTER II—Kent discovers that Crandall has left town hurriedly. An drew Elser, an aged banker, commits suicide about the same time as Katharine attempted her life.

CHAPTER III—A yellow envelope is found in Elser's room. Postoffice Inspector Davis, Kent's friend, takes up the case.

CHAPTER IV—Kent is convinced that Crandall is at the bottom of the mystery.

CHAPTER V—Kent and Davis search Crandall's room and find an address, "Lock Box 17, Ardway, N. J." Kent goes to Ardway to investigate and becomes suspicious of a "Henry Cook."

CHAPTER VI—A woman commits suicide at the Ardway Hotel. A yellow letter also figures in this case.

CHAPTER VII—Kent calls Louise on the long distance telephone and finds that she had just been called by Crandall from the same booth. "Cook" disappears. The Ardway postmaster is missing.

CHAPTER VIII—Inspector Davis arrives at Ardway and takes up the investigation. He discovers that the dead woman is Sarah Sackett of Bridgeport. Louise telephones Kent imploring him to drop the investigation.

CHAPTER IX—Kent returns to New York to get an explanation from Louise. He finds the body of a woman in Central Park and more yellow letters. He sees Crandall, whom he recognizes as "Cook," enter the Farrish home.

CHAPTER X—Louise again implores Kent to drop the investigation and refuses to give any explanation. Later Kent sees Crandall and Louise in an automobile.

CHAPTER XI.

More Discoveries.

The worse the injury the less it hurts at the moment. I once saw a man with both legs cut off laughing and joking with the men who pulled him from under a car. Though he died in ten minutes, I doubt if he suffered half as much as if he had bumped his head or had run a splinter under his thumb-nail. It is when you are mortally hurt and live that the pain becomes so terrible.

In the few minutes I had had with Louise I had not realized the depth of the wound in my heart her conduct toward me had made. Even when I saw her dash away from me in an automobile, pained though I was that our interview should have been cut short, I still did not comprehend what a terrible blow it was that had befallen me. It was the sight as I left the ferry of the automobile dashing by, with Louise—the woman I loved—seated beside Hugh Crandall, that gave new poignancy to my pain, that added to the fires of jealousy, that made me understand to the full the dire import of what had happened.

Louise had lied to me. Crandall had been in the house. She had seen him. She had left me to join him. She had even deserted her helpless sister and her dying father to go with him. And all the while her lips had protested that no one had been in the house but the doctors and nurses.

As I paced the platform and paced it back again, waiting two weary hours for an Ardway train, as I sat for two unending hours more in the long ride through New Jersey, like a poisoned knife, cutting my heart to shreds and cutting the shreds again, the thought kept coming back to me over and over: "She lied to me."

Quarter a man alive, pour molten metal into his eyeballs, feed him salt fish and cut off water, bury him alive in quicklime, devise what torture you will and double it, the pain and agony can not equal that which comes to a man who, believing in and trusting and loving a woman with his whole heart, is forced to admit to himself that she has deceived him—that she has lied to him. In those awful hours I came to know the seven hells. I went through all of them.

Only one ray of comfort came to me. As I had asked myself "Why did she lie?" I found myself believing that she had done so, not of her own free will, but impelled by some motive so powerful that she could not resist it. That it was the influence of Crandall I could not doubt. He had so preyed on her fears for her father and sister, perhaps on her fear for me, that he had induced her to try to persuade me to give up my investigation and had made her promise to accompany him on some doubtful secret mission.

"It is not my secret." I recalled the piteous cry my entreaties had wrung from her lips, and found the logical explanation of it in her having been terrorized by that villain, Crandall. If I could have found him at the moment I could have killed him with my naked hands.

Yet even though I was convinced that Louise had lied to me, I began to feel that whatever she had done, whatever she was now doing, was in the belief that she was acting for the best for her dear ones, for me.

My duty to her, my duty to myself, I reasoned, demanded that I do my

utmost to solve the hideous mystery and free her from the fear that I was sure was responsible for her strange actions. I swung off the train at Ardway and hastened to the hotel, eager to tell Davis what I had learned about the movements of Hugh Crandall, but Davis was not there. All that I could learn was that he had hired a horse and buggy early in the morning and had driven off in the direction taken by Crandall the day before.

"If he is following Crandall's trail," said I to myself, "he is just a day too late."

So long as Davis was not about I decided I might as well see if the missing postmaster had been found. As I walked up the street I could not help thinking how dumfounded Davis would be when he returned from his fruitless chase for Crandall and listened to my tale of Crandall's actions. While he had advised against my return to the city, he would have to admit that it had not been without result.

As I entered the post-office I found that Miss Cox was still in charge. Approaching the letter window, I bade her good afternoon and asked if there was any news of the missing postmaster. It was late in the afternoon and the last mail for the day having been distributed, she sat crocheting. She motioned to me to come around to the rear door.

"How about it?" I asked as I entered the office, "has anything been heard of Rouser?"

She shook her head.

"That's about the eighty-ninth time I've answered that question to-day. Seems like the whole town was in here wanting to know."

"Has the post-office inspector been here?"

"He was in here this morning and made just the routine examination. He

didn't ask no questions, though I understand he has been sleuthing around up to Widow Smith's, where Charlie Rouser boards. If he's looking for anything wrong with Charlie's accounts it's my private opinion that he ain't going to find it. I've been all over the books twice today and there ain't anything out of the way."

"Have you any idea where all that money came from that we found behind the cash-drawer?"

"No, and I don't see that it's any of my affair. His books is right, and his stamps and his stamped envelopes is all accounted for. Maybe he made it in Wall street, or maybe somebody left it there with him for safe-keeping."

As I recalled Davis' parting instructions to me when I had first come out to Ardway, I was more and more surprised that he had not investigated further at the post-office. He had seemed to think that the clue to this whole mystery would be found there, and he had particularly charged me to find out to whom Lock Box No. 17 had been rented. I decided to ask Miss Cox if she knew anything about it.

"Seventeen has never been rented as long as I have had anything to do with the office. It is away off there in the corner where it is hard to see into. There's always been more boxes than there was any call for. Not one of them in the lower row ever has been rented, even in summer, when there's a lot of city folks out here."

"Do you ever remember of seeing any mail addressed to that box?"

She worked industriously at her crocheting for a minute or two before replying and then, putting it aside, said thoughtfully:

"It's funny that you should have asked me that."

"Why?"

"I don't know that I've any business telling you," said Miss Cox, as she debated with herself whether or not she was talking too much, "but I am as anxious as anybody to find out what's become of Charlie Rouser, and from what I've seen of you I guess you're a sight more likely to find him than Jim Dodds, the constable. If I wasn't sure in my own mind that Charlie hadn't done nothing out of the way, I don't know as I'd even be telling you about it. But since you've asked me, I guess I will."

She hesitated, studying my face as if trying to read there whether or not I meant harm to the missing postmaster. I tried not to exhibit undue interest, though inwardly I felt quite jubilant. I was certain that I was on the track of important revelations.

"Let me see," she continued, "it was a week ago Tuesday—no, it was Wednesday, for I went over to my sister's Tuesday and Mr. Rouser left word for me, and I found it waiting for me

when I came back. He asked me to come over and take the office for the day. I was surprised when I come over here to open up to find him here, for I'd understood that he was going to be gone all day. He explained that he didn't have to go till after the mail was in, and he stayed here and helped me sort. There was a lot of mail that day, people round here are great for answering advertisements and getting circulars. Besides that, some of them get-quick concerns have got hold of our telephone subscribers' book and there's always a lot of mailing stock letters. There was no less than four good-sized bundles of letters from New York. Rouser was sorting

the letters and I was handing the second class and the papers. I got through with that and picked up the last bundle of letters. In it was no less than six letters addressed to Lock Box 17. 'Seventeen's rented at last,' says I, thinking it funny that I didn't know the name of them, Henry Malcolm Stewart. Who's got it? 'I'll take charge of them,' says he, taking the letters right out of my hand before I had a chance to look at the postmarks or anything. I noticed, too, that he didn't put them in the box, but jammed them into his pocket along with a lot of other letters he had. I couldn't say who the other letters was addressed to, for I didn't get a chance to see them. They might have been his own, for all I know. But I couldn't help thinking that the only reason he'd waited till the mail was distributed was to get hold of them Lock Box 17 letters. As soon as he got them he went away, and he didn't come back till after closing time."

"Have you any idea where he went?"

"When I come over here that day I supposed he was going to the city, but a few minutes after he left the office I saw him driving past in one of the lively rigs."

"Which direction did he go?" I asked, feeling more and more sure that I had struck the right trail. In all probability this young fellow in the post-office was merely an innocent tool of Crandall. He had driven off somewhere to meet Crandall and give him the Lock Box 17 letters, for I was convinced that Stewart was merely an alias of the villain who had been sending out the yellow letters. If I could learn where the postmaster had gone on this visit, I might be able to find him now.

"Every time Charlie Rouser goes driving," said Miss Cox, "he always goes that way," indicating the opposite direction from the station. "I shouldn't be surprised in the least if he was keeping company with some farmer's daughter."

A sudden light came into her eyes and a smile of satisfaction spread over her face.

"Land alive, I never thought of it before," she exclaimed, "but I'd bet anything he's gone off to get married."

"Hardly likely," said I. "He wouldn't go off and leave the office unguarded without telling any one. And he wouldn't leave five thousand dollars lying there in the drawer."

"That's just what he would do. I'll bet he had a wife of some sort and the minute he got the money in his hands he just couldn't wait to go and tell the girl."

"Somebody would have known if he got a horse at the livery stable, wouldn't they?"

"Oh, that's neither here nor there. He might have gone on his bicycle. He generally keeps it over there in the corner, and it ain't there now."

"It might be up at his boarding-house."

"It came to me that if Davis had thought it worth while to go to the Widow Smith's to make inquiries, it might be worth my while, too. After asking Miss Cox for directions, I told her I was going to see if Rouser's wheel was missing, and made my way up one of the side streets to the boarding-house. Davis' visit evidently had ruffled the widow. I found her in anything but a communicative mood."

"If you're another of those detective men coming prying around here," she said, "you might just as well get out. I've said all I'm going to say, and that's all there is to it."

"Please don't mistake me for a detective," I said as pleasantly as I could. "I'm—a friend of Miss Cox down to the post-office and we were wondering whether Charlie had taken his bicycle when he went away, and Miss Cox thought you might know."

"If you're a friend of Jennie Cox," said Mrs. Smith, "I guess I'd be likely to know it, being her own cousin and knowing as well as I know my own face that she hasn't had a man friend for eleven years, since Aleck Thompson died. As for Charlie Rouser going away on his bicycle, I don't know nothing about it. All I know is his wheel ain't here, but he never kept it here anyway. He always kept it down to the post-office."

With that she slammed the door in my face, but I went away well satisfied. As I walked down the dusty path of the so-called street toward the hotel I reviewed all I had learned and was delighted to think how amazed Davis would be when I presented my facts gathered in the last twenty-four hours, which were these:

Hugh Crandall was aware that he was on his trail.

Unable to learn anything from Louise over the telephone, he had dared to go to the Parrish home.

He had so intimidated Louise that she had asked me to withdraw at once from the inquiry.

Acting on her fears, he had persuaded her to accompany him to some place in New Jersey.

Lock Box 17 was used for the mail of some one who had taken the alias of Henry Malcolm Stewart.

At the mall that came to that address was taken care of by Charlie Rouser, the postmaster.

Rouser was in the habit of going at frequent intervals—either on his bicycle or in a buggy out on the road that led away from the station.

Rouser, when he disappeared, undoubtedly had gone away on his bicycle.

Everything, to my mind, pointed to his having gone to meet Crandall.

How to account for the fact that Rouser had not returned was still a poser to me, but as I reviewed Crandall's connection with the chain of persons who had been driven to death I found myself believing that it was not at all out of the range of possibility for Crandall to have made away with Rouser for fear of betrayal. From all I had learned about the missing postmaster, I was convinced that he was weak rather than vicious, and I felt that he probably was an innocent party to the nefarious plot of the yellow letters. Davis' story that it was a crime of two persons, after all, was only a theory. When the mystery was cleared up I was positive that the only criminal who would be uncovered would be Hugh Crandall. I shuddered as I recalled that Louise even now was somewhere with him, not exactly alone, to be sure, for the car was driven by her chauffeur, but still it was a most disconcerting thought.

As I approached the hotel I saw a buggy stop before it, the occupants of which were Davis and the constable. As Davis dismounted I heard him say to the constable:

"Tonight at eight."

"I'll be on hand, you bet," said the constable as he drove off.

I quickened my steps and overtook Davis just as he started up the stairs to his room.

"I've got some great news for you," I whispered and went on up with him. The minute he got into the room he flung himself on the bed, as if utterly worn out, and lighted a cigarette. I had expected that he would be eager to question me but this did not seem to be the case. He lay there with eyes half closed as if unaware of my presence.

Annoyed as I was at his seeming indifference, I was sure that when I told him my amazing news about Crandall and my discoveries about the postmaster he would be effectually aroused. I took it for granted that his mood was due to despondency over his failure to find either of them.

"I have seen Hugh Crandall twice, no, three times, today," I said by way of beginning, "and I have found out how Rouser went when he left the post office."

"Yes," he said absent-mindedly.

"What's more," I cried impatiently, "I know who had Lock Box No. 17. I know what was done with the mail that came to that address."

Davis, without answering me, reached for another cigarette, lighting it from the butt he had been smoking. His nonchalant indifference grated on my nerves and I lost my temper.

"Confound it, Kent," he said with considerable asperity, "I was so busy thinking out something I really didn't hear what you said. Sit down and tell me all about it."

Mollified by his apology, I sat down on the foot of the bed and told him the story of my day, how I had seen a man going into the Farrish home and had recognized him later as Hugh Crandall, or at least as the man who had registered at the hotel as Cook; how I had been barred from the house; how I had discovered another yellow-letter suicide in the park; how, when I returned to the Farrish home after Crandall had left, Louise had told me to go off in her automobile after insisting that I drop the investigation; how I had seen her again, crossing the ferry with Crandall in the machine; how I had returned to Ardway and had learned that Lock Box 17 was held in the name of Henry Malcolm Stewart; how the missing postmaster himself had been in the habit of putting the mail that came to that address into his own pocket and going off with it, and finally, how Miss Cox and I had determined that when

he disappeared he had gone off on his bicycle.

"From all I have learned," I said in conclusion, "I am convinced that Rouser was the tool—in all probability the innocent tool—of Hugh Crandall in carrying out his nefarious schemes. Crandall apparently had him take the Lock Box 17 mail to some agreed meeting-place. It would not surprise me in the least if Crandall, finding himself in danger of exposure, had made away with the postmaster. I am convinced that Crandall is aware

that he is being watched. In his desperation he had the hardihood to visit the Farrish home and to abstract that fragment of the yellow letter, lest it should be used as evidence against him. I am convinced, too, that he has succeeded in terrorizing Louise by the same methods that he used with her sister, so that she is trying to dissuade me from pursuing Crandall.

Rouser, when he left the post office, went away on his wheel on the road that leads from the station. If you follow that road with me, perhaps we can find him. Pretty good for one day's work, don't you think?"

"Not bad," said Davis. "If only you would not persist in mistaking your own deductions for facts; but you overlooked the most important fact."

"What do you mean?"

"You didn't happen to find out from Miss Cox or from the Widow Smith, did you, whether or not the missing postmaster was left-handed?"

"What's that got to do with it?" I cried, convinced that as usual he was amusing himself at my expense.

"Much more than you think," he answered gravely. "It was the knowledge that the criminal must, or at least one of the pair, must have been a left-handed man that gave me one of the most important clues in this case."

"Confound you and your clues!" I exclaimed. "Where have they led you? What more do you know about this chain of crime than when we started?"

He listened unruffled to my tirade and as I finished remarked calmly:

"I only know this much: Constable Dodds and I are going out at eight o'clock tonight to arrest the missing postmaster and his accomplice. I know where they both are, or where they will be tonight. You may come with us if you wish. And now I am going to get a couple of hours' sleep. I expect we will have a rather busy night of it."

As he concluded his amazing statement he rolled over on his side and closed his eyes, and in a few seconds was apparently fast asleep.

CHAPTER XII.

The Ride in the Dark.

Not since my early boyhood has the terrible fear of darkness come over me as it did that night at eight as the three of us set out from Ardway. The mystery of the journey, too, added to its terrors. I had not seen Davis after his startling announcement of his nocturnal mission until he came into the hotel dining-room for supper. All through the meal he had laughed and chatted on all sorts of immaterial subjects, influenced undoubtedly by the fact that there were several others seated at the table with us. There had been no opportunity for private conversation between us before we left the hotel together a little before eight for a side street where Dodds, the constable, was waiting for us with a vehicle.

We had lingered at the table until all the others had left. Just as we got up, Louise turned to me and in a hardly perceptible tone asked:

"Have you got that revolver I gave you?"

"It's up-stairs," I answered, in the same undertone. "Do you want it?"

"No," he said significantly, touching his hip pocket, "but you may."

I hastened up-stairs to get the weapon and when I returned he was waiting for me at the door and hurried me around the corner and into the back-board. With Dodds crowded in between us we drove along the street leading away from the station and soon struck what is locally known as the Plank Road, skirting a chain of hills which the residents dignify by the name of mountains. So precipitous and rocky are these that little effort had been made to cultivate them and the habitations are few and far between. There seemed to be practically no travel at night. We encountered only one vehicle of any sort, and that was about two miles out from Ardway, when we heard an automobile in the distance behind us.

"Turn out," whispered Davis to Dodds, "and stop until it has passed us."

The constable drew in under the shade of some trees. It was pitch dark, the only light coming from an ancient lantern hung over the dashboard. As the automobile came nearer Davis unbooked the lantern and holding it down between his legs shielded it with the folds of a long raincoat he was wearing. The automobile dashed by us, apparently unaware of our presence.

"All right," said Davis, as soon as it had vanished in the distance, "go on."

Dodds drove on in silence for perhaps two miles farther. We passed a little stone cottage nestling in a clearing under the hill.

"It's just beyond here," said Davis, a note of inquiry in his voice.

"Yep," said the constable, "Miller's Lane, they call it."

Though in my city eyes there was no sign of a road, Dodds, about three hundred yards beyond the cottage, pulled the horse sharply to the right and we began ascending a rocky lane that led almost straight up the hill.

"Wait a minute," said Davis, and the constable checked the horse. Jumping out quickly the inspector seized the lantern and dropping back a few paces began making what appeared to be a minute examination of the road.

"Taint much of a road," the constable whispered to me while we waited. "It's only used for logging, though when we come up here this afternoon there was automobile tracks both going and coming."

"Any idea who made them?" I asked.

"Nope, but I guess he knows," with a gesture in the direction of the lantern light.

Just then Davis reined us, hanging the lantern over the dashboard again. Instead of resuming his seat, he knelt on the floor of the buckboard, peering down at the road as it was dimly revealed by the lantern.

"Go ahead slowly," he ordered.

As Dodds clucked to the horse I leaned down beside Davis and asked: "What did you find?"

"Just what I expected. The automobile is somewhere ahead of us."

"Whose is it?"

"I don't know yet."

My curiosity would be denied no longer. Hitherto I had kept silent, hoping that Davis would confide in me the object of our strange journey.

"Whom are we coming out here after?" I asked.

"The postmaster and his accomplice, of course."

"Who is his accomplice?"

"I'm afraid I misstated the case," said Davis with a grim chuckle. "The postmaster is the accomplice. The other is the master criminal."

"Who is the other?" I persisted. "Is it Hugh Crandall?"

He was silent for a moment before answering. I attributed it to hesitation in admitting that he had been wrong and I right, and it was with considerable satisfaction that I finally heard him answer: "I should not be surprised if we found Crandall somewhere in the vicinity."

He continued to peer down into the road as the horse struggled up the hill till we came to a comparatively level plateau.

"Stop here," he called out authoritatively.

"The deserted cottage is at least a mile farther on," vouchsafed the constable.

"We'll walk it," said Davis. "We cannot take any chances of the wheels being heard."

"Dodds pulled off the road and fastened the horse to a tree. Again taking the lantern Davis made a search of the road, finally returning the lantern to its place, after carefully extinguishing it.

"Come on this way, as quietly as you can," he directed.

"I've got this," I said, showing him the little pocket electric light with which I had explored the post office.

"Do you want it?"

"Keep it in your pocket. We may need it, but it is better not to show a light if we can avoid it."

I put it back in my pocket and took the precaution of placing the revolver Davis had given me in the side-pocket of my coat where it would be more easily available. Davis moved off soundlessly through the clearing with the constable, I close at his heels. There was more light here than there had been on the shaded road, but even so we could see hardly twenty feet ahead of us.

"This ain't the direction of the cottage," whispered Dodds.

"I know. I want to find something else first," Davis explained, keeping straight on through the darkness, like a hound on a fresh scent.

He moved rapidly forward for a hundred and fifty yards and then brought us up short with a sharp "Hist." As we strained our eyes into blackness we made out the shape of an automobile just ahead. Its lights had been extinguished and its engine was dead.

"Wait here," Davis again commanded as he crept silently toward it to make sure that the tonneau was unoccupied. He was back with us in a minute.

"Let me have that lamp of yours, Kent," he whispered, at the same time lighting a cigarette.

"Is that safe?" I exclaimed in surprise, amazed that he would dare to smoke when he had been taking such precautions against our being discovered.

"Sure," he replied laconically. "Whoever was in that automobile is at least half a mile away by now. The glass on the front lamps is nearly cold. I want to see the number, though. We may find it useful."

Taking my little electric lamp he advanced toward the machine again, flashing the light for a second on the number, and then peering by its light into the tonneau, exclaiming as he straightened up: "I thought so."

It was safe for him to smoke, the constable and I felt that it was safe for us, too, to relax our precautions, and together we had advanced until we were beside him.

"What did you find?" I asked, wondering at his exclamation.

"What I expected," he replied enigmatically.

The manner of his answer provoked me and I determined then and there to have it out with him.

"Look here, Davis," I said. "I



"Has Anything Been Heard of Rouser?"



The Minute He Got Into the Room He Flung Himself on the Bed.

brought you into this case and I do not like the way you have acted about it. I have freely told you everything I have discovered and have aided you in every way I can. Before I go a step farther on this trip I want to know more about it.

"What is it you wish to know?" he asked. The constable edged nearer for fear he might miss something of our conversation.

"First, where are we going?" "To what is known as the deserted cottage, about a half mile farther on, at the edge of this clearing, a shack that was built for a shelter for lumbermen or quarrymen—which was it, Dods?"

"Built for one and used by t'other," the constable replied, "but 'tain't been used by either, so far as I know, for a dozen years."

"How do you know the missing postmaster is there?" "Traced him."

"Bicycle tracks," he answered with a chuckle. "You were not the only person who discovered that Rouser, when he disappeared, went on bicycle. In fact, Kent, you are a little slow as a detective. By the time you had ascertained that much, I ascertained where the bicycle tracks led to and had even gone so far as to have Dods get warrants for Rouser and his accomplice."

"I still do not see how you got evidence enough to get a warrant for Crandall. Did you find him out here with the missing postmaster?"

"I didn't say I had a warrant for Crandall," replied the inspector sharply. "Did you ever hear of a John Doe warrant?"

"How do you know they are out here now?" I asked. "We'll soon find out. Come on," he answered, starting across the clearing almost at a dog-trot.

There were many more questions I wanted to put to him, but there was no opportunity, and, besides, I doubted much if he would have answered them. At first he made little effort to move quietly, but after we had gone a quarter of a mile or more he called back in a whisper, "Quietly now."

We had come to a path which led us through a short thick growth of underbrush. As noiselessly as Indians following a trail we felt our way along, silence broken now and then by the sound of a bough bent back, or a twig snapped.

Soon the path brought us on some rising ground. Not fifty yards ahead of us appeared the deserted cottage.

"That's it," whispered Dods. "Shh!" answered Davis. "Wait here!"

We stopped there just at the edge of the underbrush, peering into the darkness, straining our eyes to see and our ears to hear. From the one window in the side of the one-story log hut a dim light shone, proving that the place was either occupied or had been very recently. As we became more and more accustomed to the darkness I could see that there were apparently two patas, the one on which we were standing and another leading off at about right angle.

As we looked and listened I heard a sharp crack, like the breaking of a twig that had been stepped on.

The sound, so far as I could judge, came from the other path, apparently a hundred feet away from the cottage. I turned toward Davis and saw that he, too, had heard it. He was standing with his whole body tense, his head bent forward a little as if ready to spring at any instant. Almost unconsciously my hand went into my pocket and brought out my revolver. I felt that affairs were rapidly approaching a crisis.

As we listened, another sound came to our ears. At first indistinct, it quickly took the rhythm of footsteps hurrying along the path, a man walking rapidly, I decided. The hurrying footsteps came nearer and nearer. Davis now was crouching like a runner about to make a hundred-yard dash.

It was only a minute of suspense and yet the effect on my nerves was indescribable. I wanted to scream like a hysterical girl; I wanted to run, forward or back, it made no difference; I wanted to do something, anything—anything but stand there and wait in the darkness.

All of a sudden the form of a man hurrying along the other path became visible. He seemed to be carrying something. Davis took two or three noiseless steps forward and stopped abruptly. From the shadows, from nowhere it seemed, the figure of another man appeared directly in the path of the one.

"Hold on here!" it said, or something like that.

With a curse the first man dropped whatever he was carrying and started to run. The second man started after him. With not more than ten paces between them the pursued man suddenly wheeled. A revolver flashed and the pursuer with a muttered curse fell headlong in the path. The hunted man turned and, with headlong speed, plunged down the path.

At the revolver shot Davis had leaped forward, and, needless to say, Dods and I were not far behind him. Fast as the fugitive was vanishing Davis was even faster. With the movement of a trained runner he, the wily inspector, quickly outdistanced Dods and myself and was close on the heels of his man.

As I ran breathless behind him, hoping to arrive in time to help him in his capture, I saw the man ahead halt and turn. Instinctively I knew he was about to shoot again, and, raising the revolver I had been carrying all the while, without even trying to aim, I fired in his direction just as I saw the flash from his revolver.

There was hardly a second between the two reports and then— A woman shrieked.

I turned sick with horror. There

could be no mistaking it. It was the voice of Louise Farrish. With overwhelming dismay it came to me that I had shot the woman I loved. Too stunned to move I stood there. My whole body seemed turned to stone. My arms hung helpless at my sides. My legs refused to move. My mouth was fever-dry and my tongue lay lifeless. Yet my vision, I recall, seemed clear and strong, penetrating the darkness as if it had been broad day. I seemed to see, as if the sight belonged to some one else, some one outside myself. I saw the inspector and constable, both apparently unhurt by the shots, dash on in pursuit. I saw a man's figure rise up from the path. I seemed to hear him call out: "Louise, Louise, where are you? Are you hurt?"

There was no answer. Almost I had persuaded myself that the strain on my nerves, the horror of the night and the shock of the shooting had given me a hallucination, that the woman's shriek I had heard was but a phantasm of a fevered brain, when the figure I had seen rise from the path, dashed into the thicket, repeating its agonized cry of "Louise, Louise, where are you?"

At the sound, life came again into me. I dashed my revolver to the ground and sprang after him. I found him bending over an unconscious form on the ground. Just as I reached the spot he had lighted a match. He lifted it to see my face, and as he did so I saw that the woman lying there apparently lifeless was indeed my Louise.

Overwhelmed with anguish and remorse, I flung myself beside her, entreating her forgiveness. The other man shoved me roughly aside.

"Don't be a fool," he exclaimed. "She's shot! She's killed!" I cried. "I shot her!"

"I tell you she has only fainted," he cried angrily. "Help me carry her over there by the window."

Together we lifted her and bore her gently to the side of the cottage, where we laid her on the ground. Joy surged in my heart as I saw and heard that she was still breathing, joy that was not even abated when I saw by the window light that my companion was none other than Hugh Crandall.

But just then all other thoughts were driven out of my head by the sight of a thin stream of blood trickling down the sleeve of Louise's automobile coat.

"I tell you she is shot. See," I cried, all my anguish coming back anew.

With trembling hands I helped Crandall cut away her sleeve, dreading all the time to see and know the worst.

"It's only a scratch," said Crandall, with a sigh of relief.

Across her rounded arm was a reddening gash where the bullet had cut its way through the tender flesh. While my head told me that Crandall was right, that it was only a flesh wound and not in the least dangerous, in my heart I still felt little better than a murderer. Three inches to the right, and the bullet from my revolver would have stilled her heart for ever.

She opened her eyes and stared at us in a puzzled way.

"Why, Harding, dear," she said in feeble surprise, "are you here—here with Mr. Crandall?"

For answer I bent and kissed her. What mattered it if Hugh Crandall was the criminal? What mattered it if the chain of mystery was still unsolved? What mattered it if the author of the yellow letters had escaped from the inspector? Louise lived! She loved me!

Davis and the constable came running up the path, panting from their chase, but empty-handed.

"Is she hurt?" asked Davis as he saw the three of us grouped under the window.

"A flesh wound, not at all dangerous," Crandall answered, while I knelt there caressing Louise's hair and whispering softly to her.

"How about you?" asked Davis.

"He didn't hit me," Crandall answered with a short laugh. "I tumbled over the bucket of milk he was carrying and dropped when he saw me. Didn't you get him?"

"He's safe," answered the inspector.



"A Flesh Wound, Not at All Dangerous," Crandall Answered.

"He ran plump over the edge of a precipice in the dark. We heard the thud of his body on the rocks below. He must have been instantly killed. We'll get the body in the morning. He must have fallen two hundred feet."

"A good two hundred," the constable added as Davis turned to peer in the window of the hut.

"And inside there," said the inspector after a minute's survey of the interior, "is the other one, the master criminal—safe enough for the present."

"Why," said the constable, who had

followed the inspector's example in looking through the window, "why, that's Aleck Young."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

MUD CREEK NEWS.

Dear Editor:— As you were so kind to publish my other letter will write again. It is still dry here.

The health of the community is very good. The feed is about all harvested.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Fuller made a flying trip to Crews Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. and L. N. Hinson were the guests of W. S. Alcorn and family Wednesday.

Miss Willie Hale visited at Mr. Fullers Thursday.

Mr. Will Pearce the pioneer cow buyer shipped a mixed car of cattle to Fort Worth Saturday.

Mr. Schwarz and daughter Ruby visited Mrs. Patterson Friday eve.

Miss Jewel Campbell of Long Branch is visiting at Mr. Perry's this week.

Mr. W. M. Brister and family left Sunday for San Angelo to visit relatives.

The Baptist meeting closed here Saturday night with two additions to the church.

Bros. E. P. Morgan and L. E. Hurt who conducted the meeting here left Saturday night for their homes.

progress at Crews. We are hoping a grand revival.

The Christian meeting at Crews closed Sunday night with but a few addition to the church.

Mr. Joe Brister and family visited at Mr. Alcorn, Sunday evening.

Everybody is invited to attend the Holiness meeting commencing Friday night on Mud Creek near Mr. Pearce's and also a Christian meeting at Dietz the same time.

For fear the editor has a pig to eat the letters up will close for fear he will get me. You can look for me next week for I am coming.

"Parrott."

Phone us your order for Ice Cream we'll deliver it to your residence.

Olympia Conf etory.

ALL NIGHT BRIDGE.

Mrs. Francis Pearce whose entertainments are always unique and original gave an all night Bridge party to a number of her friends on last Tuesday night.

Five tables were arranged on the porch for the players, and at nine o'clock the invited friends assembled and the contest of games began which were to last till early dawn.

At the midnight hour a Dutch lunch was served and thoroughly enjoyed.

Mrs. Ralph Risser was found to have made high score and was presented with a pair of silk hose, while Mrs. D. Reeder was given the consolation prize, a deck of cards.

Interest and enthusiasm never for a moment lagged throughout the remainder of the night, but rather increased till the day began.

Mrs. B. B. Stone won high score for the latter half of the night and was rewarded for her skill with an angel cake.

Miss Franc Baker was given a tea cake for having made low score.

At six o'clock a dainty and delicious breakfast was served in the dining room, after which the guests departed with many expressions of thanks to the clever hostess for this happy event.

Those present were: Mesdames: H. H. Thomson, Geo. Holeman, Clara Ransom, D. Reeder, B. B. Stone, U. P. Milton, Paul Trimier, Jno. Weeks, B. A. Risser, Jno Hopkin, Ira Hubdy. — Cash of Abilene and Misses Neil Guion, May Penn Franc Baker, Maggie Underwood, Nelle Alexander, Kate Ray Ward, Ann Van Doran.



Thru Sleepers to Denver

Leave Fort Worth 8:25 a. m. and 11:20 a. m. Arrive at Denver following evening.

Fred Harvey Meals Enroute

Ask for our beautiful free booklet, "A Colorado Summer."

A. H. Wigle, Agent G. C. & S. F. Ry. Company, Ballinger, Texas.

BAND CONCERT SUNDAY.

The local band will give a concert in the Court House park Sunday afternoon from 5 to 6:30 o'clock playing sacred music. This is the first concert of the kind for the band boys and if sufficient encouraged they will probably give others.

Constipation is the starting point for many serious diseases. To be healthy keep the bowels active and regular. HERBINE will remove all accumulations in the bowels and put the system in prime condition. Price 50c. Sold by J. Y. Pearce.

If you are a housewife you cannot reasonably hope to be healthy or beautiful by washing dishes, sweeping and doing housework all day, and crawling into bed dead tired at night. You must get out into the open air and sunlight. If you do this every day and keep your stomach and bowels in good order by taking Chamberlain's Tablets when needed, you should become both healthy and beautiful. For sale by all dealers.

The best and fre hest line of Cigars in town at The Olympia.

Rev. E. V. Cox is assisting in a revival in Brown county this week.

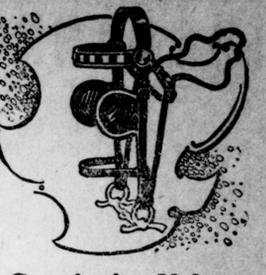
Buy it now. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is almost certain to be needed before the summer is over. Buy it now and be prepared for such an emergency. For sale by all dealers.

B. F. Kaufman, of Fort Worth, is here this week installing about \$2000 worth of new laundry machinery for W. A. Talley at the Home Steam Laundry. Mr Talley is going pretty strong and keeping right in the lead of the procession and his washfactory is a credit to the town.

The most delicious Ice Cream in town 5 cents at The Olympia.

If your child is pale and sickly, picks at the food, starts in the sleep and grinds the teeth while sleeping, it is a sure sign of worms. A remedy for these parasites will be found in WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE. It not only clears out the worms, but it restores health and cheerfulness. Price 25c per bottle. Sold by J. Y. Pearce.

For soreness of the muscles, whether induced by violent exercise or injury, there is nothing better than Chamberlain's Liniment. This liniment also relieves rheumatic pains. For sale by all dealers.



Convincing Values

in Horse Goods this week. All the best grades of Harness most moderately priced. Single, Express or

Delivery Harness made to stand long usage. Double Trucking or Driving Harness. Either Nickel or Brass Mountings. If you are about to buy new Harness, you should investigate our stock and prices.

H. L. WENDORF Ballinger, Texas Shoe Repairing in Connection.

Advertisement for Wilbourn's Studio, featuring a photograph of a man and text: "Father really ought to have his picture taken—he hasn't had a photograph since that funny looking one in the cut-away coat that he was married in. (Twas a noon wedding, you know.) Yes, mother says 'twas a good one of him as he looked then, but really, for the sake of the family, there should be one of him as he looks now." "There's a photographer in your town. Wilbourn's Studio"

Advertisement for San Angelo Preparatory School and San Angelo Business College. Text: "SAN ANGELO PREPARATORY SCHOOL Intermediate and High School branches, Latin, Greek, Spanish, Mathematics, English, History, Science, Music, Bookkeeping, Banking, Shorthand, Typewriting, Penmanship, Commercial Law, Etc. Our courses of study are elective, progressive practical and thorough. We prepare pupils for college, teachers' examination and business. Number of pupils limited. Enroll now for next session. The Literary School opens Sept. 2, 1912. The Business College has no vacation. Special coaching in any subject during the summer. A STRONG FACULTY HAS BEEN EMPLOYED." Phone 689 Wesley A. Smith, President. San Angelo Business Colege

Advertisement for The Young Men and A. E. Anderson & Co. Tailors—Chicago. Text: "The Young Men are right. They want good tailoring. They want it at a fair price. They want it to be so attractive that their critical friends will be disappointed and their sensible friends well pleased." "A. E. Anderson & Co. Tailors—Chicago" "supply just that kind of tailoring—tailoring that will stand the test of criticism wherever you go." "It must—for every feature of the business is handled by men who are experts, and who work under the best conditions." C. C. GILLIAM Representative, Ballinger

THE BANNER-LEADER

Published Every Friday by THE BANNER-LEADER PUBLISHING CO.

C. P. SHEPHERD, Business Mgr. A. W. SLEDGE, Editor
MRS. C. P. SHEPHERD, Society Editor

There is one Runnels county crop that never fails.

Did Ballinger fly the track in the Clean up race? The inspector is headed this way.

There is no place like home after a man takes his vacation trip, and returns satisfied to take life as it comes to him for another season.

Ballinger "Jimbo's" are now on the market and the express company will do a good business for awhile. The large melons are shipped to all parts of the state by express.

Some of our contemporaries are inclined to rub the fur the wrong way on the defeated candidates. Don't do it boys, many of them deserve congratulation for the splendid score they made.

Texas railroads report a big increase in travel for the months just closed over the same month last year. The local agent of the Santa Fe reports the same for the local office, which indicates that times are better all over Texas.

Something like \$1,500,000.00 was spent by candidates in the primary campaign in Texas. Of course the defeated candidates spent the greater part of this amount because they were more defeated candidates than successful ones, but it is an ill wind that does not blow good to some one, and the million and half dollars put in circulation helps the boys out all along the line.

Five murderers were hung in Chicago in one day, practically at the same time. The brutality of the law was thus brought home to the people so forcibly that it made such an impression on them that the news papers said that the result would be that the capital punishment statute might be abolished in the state of Illinois. It has always seemed to us that capital punishment is a relic of barbarism, and that a Christian nation could find a better way of dealing with their human derelicts. There is much greater punishment in confinement behind dull, strong walls than in death, for death is soon over. As long as there is life there is a chance to restore to the world the fallen body and as long as it is alive it can be used for some good purposes, such as making great state highways or in other fields where they do not come in direct competition with honest labor. This is a very deep question, and the moment one enters upon it he has to come in conflict with the ancient custom, and also with the selfishness and the cupidity of humanity. The calling for convicts calls for the most serious thought of every good citizen. If we are Christians, men's souls concern us; if we are heathens, they do not; death ends all, and there is the end of it. We feel that the world is growing better despite the many crimes all over the land, for it must be remembered that the country is much more thickly populated, and the means of distributing the happiness of the world have become greatly improved. While the world is growing more humanitarian and the brotherhood of man is being more thoroughly understood, there is a diminution of the sentiment that would demand a man's life for crime. There must, of course, be punishment; society must be protected from criminals, and the lawless must be restrained, but nothing is to be gained by taking the life of any one, and his death prevents any further chance to teach the offender that there is a better way.—Cleburne Enterprise.

"A knowledge of how to make a living is better than four diplomas in dead languages."—The Caxton. This is one of the most impressive facts that we have seen written in a long time, and it is tritely expressed. What the world is craving is a practical education. Tens of thousands of hungry mouths are crying for bread, all because they do not know how to make a living, in this day skilled labor. If one is able, it is a most satisfactory thing that he secure all the knowledge that he can, for there is a satisfaction that comes with information. But when one considers

that the great majority of the children never get beyond the high school, and many of them never pass the grammar grades, one can realize that it is very vital that what they are taught prepares them to earn a living. The average high school only fits a child to commence to learn something that will produce enough dollars to provide food and clothing, whereas, while the literary course is being pursued, it can be so arranged that the children can be taught trades and useful occupations. The world is demanding skilled labor more than ever before and it is not fair to the child that during the years that he can spare for information, that he be not given at least the fundamentals of some trade, so that as soon as he leaves the school and commences the battle of life, he can start to earning something. In this age of high priced land, farming is called for a great deal of information along scientific lines that was not necessary a generation ago in this country. The state has one agricultural and mechanical college, but how many are there who can attend its sessions? There should be a department of agriculture in the public schools, where the boys can learn something of scientific farming. One reason why so many children want to leave the farm is because the schools of the country all tend to educate them away from the farm, and do not teach them anything about the value and the advantages of agriculture. We are learning a great deal as we go along, and the time will come when dead languages will be set aside for practical things of life, and the children will be taught something useful instead.—Cleburne Enterprise.

THINGS NOT TO BE OBSCURED

There are several ragged and ugly political things that ought to be forever condemned at this year's election.

One of them is the disgraceful use of money even in primary campaigns. The publicity that a national law and some state laws now require has so far been only partly successful. A bought primary is a double crime.

Another is the old scandal of Republican patronage in the Southern States. Until the party rids itself of the disgrace of southern delegates to its national conventions (bought by money, or by patronage, or by promises), the party and southern political character will continue to degrade our national life. The subject smells to heaven.

Another is the degradation of the presidential office such as we have witnessed at the hands of a president and of a former president. There ought to be a way whereby the conscience and the self-respect of the nation may be unmistakably heard this year in condemnation of these things.

All these are bad methods—degrading methods. There are also two large subjects of national policy two big principles—that the election ought to throw some decisive light on. No large question of principle had a fair hearing during the period of personal noise that preceded the conventions.

The most pressing big subject, of course, is the tariff. At the last congressional election the people voted unmistakably for a downward revision. They have not yet got it. Another such vote is necessary. If this subject be obscured at the election by personal and mere party wrangles, we shall make little real progress by this year's contest. In fact, personal wrangling has so far played a hinderingly conspicuous part in the campaign to the loss of sober thinking and sane action.

The other great principle that the voice of the nation ought to be heard on is the governmental relation to business, but there seems small chance that this will happen. If the people at the coming general election, at which incidentally we choose a president, should give a decisive command about the tariff and about the government's relation to business, we should be paid for all the trouble and interruption of the summer.—World's Work.

RETURNED TO BALLINGER.

E. V. Cox, chaplain of the Mountain Remnant Brigade, left for his home in Ballinger Friday afternoon. He was requested before leaving to preach the same sermon at the reunion in Llano next year that he preached here Wednesday night.—San Angelo Standard.

MRS. LUCY DEENS.

After an illness extending over several weeks Mrs. Lucy Deens, wife of R. J. Deens, died at her home at 808 Ninth Street Friday morning at 5:30 o'clock. Funeral services were conducted from the family residence Saturday morning at ten o'clock. Rev. E. V. Cox, conducted the service, and interment was made in the Ballinger cemetery. Deceased was a true Christian woman and member of the Methodist church. She leaves behind to grieve a loving husband and a number of children. The Banner-Leader joins the many friends of the family in sympathy.

MRS. C. B. LAXSON DEAD.

Mrs. Agness Laxson, wife of C. B. Laxson, died at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Reese, at five o'clock last Saturday morning, and was buried in the Ballinger cemetery Saturday afternoon at five o'clock.

Deceased grew from childhood in Ballinger, and up to a year ago spent the most of her life here. The family moved to Ft. Stockton, and recently returned here on a visit and were en route home when Mrs. Laxson became ill at San Angelo and they returned here. All that physicians and loving hands could do to prolong life was done, but death was the victor and a good wife and mother has gone to another world.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Bion Adkins from the parents home on Hutchings Ave and the remains interred in the Ballinger cemetery. A host of friends attended the funeral and they are many who join in sympathy for the bereaved loved ones. WHEN OPPORTUNITY CAME.

Our wife is gone. Gone to see our mother in law. Gone back to the old home and the real cream. Back to the old oaken bucket and the mud pies of memory. We are not saying this to make other men envious whose wives are not gone. But it is a sort of whistle to keep our courage up. For a long time the opportunity to hang out all night and make a monkey of our selves has looked good. Now with no restraint on our conduct, no tearful wife waiting to throw her hooks into our hair, no one to lie to, no one to pacify with artful inventions, no person to care a whoop whether we go to the bug house or not, now that the very hour and moment is pregnant with witchery and our horoscope is psychologically correct for a riotous period of debauchery, we get sleepy at 8:30 and mope off to bed like a mollusk. It's enough to drive an ostentatious drunkard to the Keeley Institute. Solo has lost its charms and highballs are mockery. We do not want to play poker or lie up suds or do any of the disreputable things that a few years ago seemed so entrancing. If things had panned out as anticipated we would be an actor in the jollification drama in lead of its playwright.—Hornish's Monthly.

SAD TRAGEDY NEAR VOSS.

A most deplorable accidental tragedy was enacted in the home of C. A. Duncanson, who lives about six miles west of Voss, on July 27th. The eight-year old son of Mr. Duncanson was killed with a 22-gauge rifle in the hands of a small brother, about four-years-old.

The body of the deceased boy was not found until several hours after the tragedy occurred and the cause of his death was not known until examination of his body revealed the bullet wound. It was at first supposed that he came to his death by an accidental fall, but later investigation revealed a bullet wound and upon investigation the target rifle was found to have been discharged. The little fellow who fired the gun it is stated, had left the premises and was playing with other children when the tragedy was discovered.—Coleman Democrat.

Mrs. Scott Mack is visiting her parents in San Angelo this week.

J. B. Alivis, at one time a Ballinger merchant, was here last Friday, en route to South Texas where he goes to investigate the cotton situation and will probably remain in that section and buy cotton for a while. He reports things in the Weatherford country in pretty good shape.

MOVING TO NORTH DAKOTA.

Claud Woods left last Friday with his family for North Dakota where he goes to make his home. Claud still owns his home here and as he was raised in this county we predict that he will get home sick and return in less than twelve months. He has a brother in North Dakota and it is at the solicitation of his brother that he will try his fortune in that state.

OLDEST BUSINESS IN BALLINGER MOVES TO WINTER.

Perhaps the oldest business in Ballinger pulled up and left last Thursday for Winters. That business is that known as the Pink Hub bar and barber shop. This shop has been occupying one stand in Ballinger for twenty-six years, and up to about a year ago was owned by Pink Hubbard. The shop occupied the only wooden shack on the main street of Ballinger.

C. O. HARRIS RETURNS FROM THE NORTH.

Judge C. O. Harris returned from a two weeks trip through the North last Saturday night. He spent most of the time at Indianapolis. He says he experienced some unusually cold weather while at Indianapolis, and people had to dig up their winter clothing. It was a freak spell of weather for this season of the year. Judge Harris reports fine crop and extra fine fruit crops in the North and the country in good shape. On his return home he was in a bad wreck while traveling on the Frisco near Fayetteville, Ark. The engine and three cars left the track while making about fifty miles an hour. The cars turned over and one car was thrown fifty feet from the track. Fortunately no one was killed. The fireman was seriously burned from escaping steam, having been caught under his engine.

Judge Harris was a delegate to the Bull Moose convention which recently met at Chicago, but on account of being sick at the time he could not attend. He says that Roosevelt is strong in the North and many predict that he will defeat Taft in the November election, "but I hardly think so" said Judge Harris.

HELPED TO BUILD FORT CONCHO.

Among the visitors to the reunion during the past week were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Seipp of Maverick, Runnels county. Mr. Seipp is one of the Germans who has seen this section of the country develop from a cow pasture to that of a farming section and has witnessed many stirring scenes.

He is one of the men who helped to build old Fort Concho, in 1867, and worked at the saw mills on the North Concho that sawed up the Pecan trees that went into the structures.

Mr. Seipp delights in telling of his trekking it across the country over the old Chisholm trail from Llano to Kansas with big herds of cattle in 1870.

"We used to cross the Red river going to Kansas at the old Red river station," said Mr. Seipp. "I want to say we used to have a goodly company of youngsters in those days. Among some of the number who were with me on the trail in those days were Wilhelm Fritz, Wilhelm Koltmann, Diedrich Koltmann, Bernhard Durs, and Jacob Durst, of them alive. We thought it was hard, but it was pleasant then."

"While at work at the saw mill getting out timber we had a raid from the Indians and one of our soldiers were brought into camp scalped by the red devils."

"For a time I was with the hay-makers and worked for Mr. Milsbaugh at what is now known as Miles station. We hay makers held a reunion several years ago and went over those old times. It was the last work that I did for Uncle Samuel. I worked at old Fort McKavitt, Fort Mason and was for a time in the ranger service on the border."

While in San Angelo this old fellow and his wife were the guests of Henry Rodermund, Charlie Zenker and Henry Schueck.—San Angelo Standard.

Blood Was Wrong

All women, who suffer from the aches and pains, due to female ailments, are urged to try Cardui, the reliable, scientific, tonic remedy, for women. Cardui acts promptly, yet gently, and without bad effects, on the womanly system, relieving pain, building up strength, regulating the system, and toning up the nerves. During the past half century, thousands of ladies have written to tell of the quick curative results they obtained, from the use of this well-known medicine.

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Mrs. Jane Callehan suffered from womanly trouble for nearly ten years. In a letter from Whiteville, N. C., she says: "I was not able to do my own housework. My stomach was weak, and my blood was wrong. I had back-ache, and was very weak. I tried several doctors, but they did me no good. I used Cardui for 3 or 4 months, and now I am in the best health I have ever been. I can never praise Cardui enough." It is the best tonic, for women.

Whether seriously sick, or simply weak, try Cardui. Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent free. J 53

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PASTOR RUSSELL AND BILLY SUNDAY DISAGREE ON HELL-FIRE.

The "Anti-Hell-Fire and Brimstone" Resolution Adopted in Washington, D. C. Draws the Fire of Clergymen Everywhere.

(By the Religious Perambulator, and Reporter for the I. B. S. A.)
The not Mid Summer Convention of the International Bible Students at Glen Echo Park, Washington, D. C., in passing their now famous resolution, made so big a noise about "Hell-Fire and Brimstone" that the old ecclesiastical line-up was thoroughly routed and put to flight, and an entirely new formation of forces is now in the making. It surely was a big gun that was fired from Glen Echo into the camp of the stand-patters, and the noise will echo and re-echo throughout the ecclesiastical activity for some time to come.

Gen. Wm. P. Hall, U. S. A., a brave Indian fighter of the past in calling for the public repudiation of the hell-fire theory, claimed that to do so would create a situation in America that would enable thousands of Ministers to publicly declare what they freely admit privately. The desired repudiation was made and the general spontaneous response from Ministers of all denominations vindicates the General as an excellent tactician.

The present general repudiation of the hell-fire theory by the clergy of the Evangelical Alliance will no doubt be considered by the public as a startling admission, and is in striking contrast with the opinion still held by ninety per cent. of the people who were reared under and taught by these same clergy. The impressions gained in childhood from the Ministers that the Bible was authority for the fire-and-brimstone hell will be hard to erase. It is acknowledged that seventy-five per cent. of the people reared under sectarian instruction, when arriving at the age of discretion, discard as unchristian and unreasonable the hell-fire mythology of the Middle Ages, and as they believe that the Bible responsible for the doctrine, they have respect for the Bible and for the Church, and discard both and join the big congregation composed of free-thinking Christians and skeptics.

The mid-summer resolutions repudiating and relegating to the ash heap the red-hot hell fire denotation, so wonderfully described by Milton and Dante, and pictured by Gustave Doré, will probably be likened unto Shakespeare's "Mid-summer Night's Dream" by Billy Sunday, Gypsy Smith and their kind. It's tough on these gentlemen, too, this stage of their illustrious career, to be deprived of their "hell-fire-works" and brimstone; their only argument, their undying howl, ever, will be a sweet note for the Men and Religion Congress people, who have declared against "imperial Evangelism."

For among the hundreds of recently published expressions from leading clergymen of all denominations on the Washington "anti-hell-fire" Resolution we quote:

Canon Henson of Westminster Abbey, in confirming repudiation of the eternal torment doctrine of the dark ages, said: "I think the American religion is generations behind us, although I don't say that individual American divines aren't the equals of ours."

The famous R. J. Campbell, of London, representing the Non-Confessional view, said: "This seems to me to be a very belated pronouncement. I don't know any clergyman here who believes in eternal punishment; nor do I think and educated clergyman has done so for many years."

Rev. Arthur L. Odell, a St. Louis pastor, said: "I do not know of any Presbyterian minister who believes or preaches this idea. Of course, this literal hell was an idea widely held in earlier years, but the church is breaking away from many of the conceptions of past ages."

Archbishop Glennon, although evading the direct question, leaves the impression that the Catholic clergy believe in literal hell. He said: "It's too hot to talk about such a subject today. As to whether Catholic clergymen preach hell fire, I will say that we preach the faith, and our faith is the faith of the church."

Rev. David S. Phelan, Editor Western Watchman, stated: "Catholic priests do not preach a hell of fire. The church has not taken a definite position on the subject."

Rev. Dr. James W. Lee, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South,

stated: "I do not believe in a fire and brimstone hell, and I think I have never heard but one sermon in which that belief was expressed, and that was down in Georgia years ago."

Rabbi Adolph Rosentreter is quoted as saying with emphasis: "The resolution passed by the Bible Students at Washington ought to have been passed 1500 years ago. I do not believe in a literal hell of ours. Orthodox Jews do not hold that idea."

The "Christian Leader and Way" prints the following: "The American Association for Bible Study has solemnly stated that there is no hell. A conference of English ministers has adopted the same view. A few days ago the Ministerial Association of Marietta solemnly promulgated or indorsed a like doctrine in other words, the authorities of the Christian churches seem to agree that the old Biblical conception of a hell of unending torment of fire and brimstone, is illogical and unchristian."

Pastor Russell of London and Brooklyn Tabernacles says: "If the Bible does teach that Eternal Torment is the fate of all except the saints, it should be preached, ye thundered, weekly, daily, hourly. If it does not so teach the fact should be made known and the foul stain dishonoring God's holy name removed."

Until the passing of the Washington Resolution few ministers could safely publicly repudiate the hell-fire error, lest they be charged by other ministers with seeking personal notoriety, as a sort of unwritten code of ethics in Ministerial Associations forbids individual action on this and kindred matters. Now that the theological atmosphere has been cleared of a discrediting and deterring fallacy the clergy feels relieved, and it is hoped by many that, stranded Christians, and possibly some skeptics, may be gained to denominational activities.

Many I. B. S. A. delegates were most positive in their statements that the vast majority of clergymen were in hearty agreement with the Resolution of the I. B. S. A. on the hell-fire myth, and that they would gladly go wherever it afforded opportunity to afford a response more than justified their claims. However, there is no hope expressed that Billy Sunday and Pastor Russell will agree.

Pastor Russell, President of the International Bible Students Association, in the past has practically stood alone in the line light on the anti-hell-fire platform and withstood severe and unjust criticism. Now that leading clergymen of many denominations have mounted the same platform he will henceforth be only one of a galaxy of preachers to have the brand of battle against literal fire-and-brimstone adherents.

Progressive ministers do not expect to find the battlefield vacated by the stand-patters. It would be expecting too much to hope that all clergymen would get into the bend wagon immediately, and a few ministers of wealthy and prominent congregations will not willingly admit past errors, fearing that such an admission would cause laymen to disesteem them. These stand-pat ministers would like to bring about a country-wide onslaught against Pastor Russell and all other anti-hell-fire preachers.

Progressives, however, are not to be deterred by this minority element, which is evidently not in sympathy with the common need, and as a result the people inside and outside of all churches will, through the statements of ministers published in the press, learn that the Bible does not teach the unreasonable doctrine of a literal lake of fire and brimstone.

The Resolution as adopted in Washington follows:

RESOLVED: That it is the sense of the International Bible Students delegates here assembled, that we do not find the Bible to teach the doctrine of a literal "hell fire" or place of "fire and brimstone" for the punishment of the wicked; but that secular history of formation of the creeds of the Middle Ages reveals the fact that for various reasons, either wisely or unwisely, the doctrine of torment in "hell-fire" was added to the Gospel as taught by Jesus and the Twelve Apostles, necessitating many ridiculous interpretations of the Lord's parables. We, therefore, now unreservedly repudiate as thoroughly unscriptural the teaching of a place, state or condition of a literal "lake of fire and brimstone" for the torment of the wicked; and further, we believe



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from many personal testimonials that the vast majority of ministers of all Protestant denominations have privately repudiated the "hell-fire" theory, but have for supposedly good reasons hesitated to fully inform their congregation; and, further, we believe, on this account (thousands and perhaps tens of thousands and are being driven into skepticism or infidelity; therefore, it is further:

RESOLVED: That we appeal to every minister in the United States to publish in his local newspaper, over his own signature, a statement declaring whether or not he believe the Bible teaches the doctrine of a literal lake of fire and brimstone as a place, state or condition for the eternal punishment of the wicked, and that every Editor of a newspaper in the United States be requested to invite the ministers of his constituency to avail themselves of his columns for their statements. We believe that in this one act, the can just now serve their readers better than in any other way; and be it further:

RESOLVED: That the Secretary of this Convention be instructed and authorized to mail a printed copy of this Resolution to every Minister and Editor in the United States. After a general and full discussion, the matter was put to a vote, and unanimously adopted by the Association.

RURAL HIGH SCHOOL LAW DEFENDED BY BRALLEY.

Austin, Texas, Aug. 9.—Due to the severe criticism to which the new rural high school law has been subjected, Prof. F. M. Bralley champion of this act, has made public a statement in which he not only defends this statute, but in which he shows that the law is a good one. These are the reasons a signed by the state superintendent as to why the act is beneficial:

I. It authorizes the county board of education, after conferring with the district school trustees and the county superintendent, to classify the public schools of the rural districts. To classify a school is to carefully consider the educational needs of the children of the district and then to prescribe a classification that will conserve and promote those interests. Under no circumstances can a child of schoolable age be deprived of his right to attend a public free school; and in the classification of a school if the county board of education should limit the number of grades of work below that of the classification of some individual child, then it becomes the imperative duty of the county board of education to provide

for that advanced child to attend a school of proper classification in a convenient or adjacent school district. However, if there be no school of proper classification in a convenient or adjacent school district, then the county board of education must classify the school of the district in which the advanced child lives so that said child can attend the school of the district of its residence. In this way no child of schoolable age or school will suffer in the least, but every child of schoolable age and every country school in Texas will be benefited by this classification.

Consolidations Authorized.
2. It authorizes the consolidation of two or more small districts, where practicable into one large district, in which may be maintained with business economy one or more schools; one of which should offer high school instruction. This consolidation, however, can not be made without the consent of a majority of the trustees of each district affected; and the district trustees may be relied upon to represent public sentiment and the public welfare in this matter.

3. It authorizes the county board of education to prescribe a course of study for use in all the country public schools of the county, and thus establishes interrelation and systematic co-operation among all the country schools, and enables parents and trustees to judge more accurately the work of the children. In this way study and sure progress is made from year to year, and the old-time policy of going over and over again the same work each year by the children in the country schools is abolished.

4. It encourages district school trustees to discontinue the antiquated, foolish policy of demanding one teacher to give daily instruction to from 60 to 85 children in from 40 to 50 different classes of from 3:15 to ten minutes each in length, and encourages district school trustees to employ a sufficient number of teachers for each school to enable the school to be organized on a program that will guarantee efficient instruction to the children and personal attention to their needs. This may require the levying of a local school maintenance tax; but who will deny it is worth while?

Keels Boys on Farms.
5. It encourages the building up of high schools in the country districts in which may be effectively taught industrial as well as other subjects and it thus makes unnecessary and inadvisable for parents residing on the farm to either send their children away to the city high school or to move from the farm

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tempting to teach subjects with which he is not familiar to children who know as much as or more than the teacher himself knows. It is, therefore but reasonable and just that district, county and state authorities co-operate in furnishing well prepared teachers for the children of the country schools.

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