

The Miami Chief.

14

MIAMI, Roberts County, TEXAS, AUGUST 24, 1912.

No. 4

MOST ANY BANK

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Cotton Seed Cake and Meal. POSTS: All Sizes. White Cedar,
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To Market your Grain and get Feed for your Stock. I now have a nice lot of Kaffir Corn and Alfalfa. Must say to my friends and customers, I appreciate our past relations, and feel that I am now better equipped to serve you than ever before.

J. W. PHILPOTT, Mngr.

Wilson Campaign Fund Grows.

Cleburne, Texas, Aug. 19.—Edge Cato Sells, National Committeeman from Texas, stated today that contributions to the Wilson campaign fund were constantly increasing. His mail today contained \$174. During the past week the amounts received from each contributor varied greatly, many sending \$1, quite a number \$5, a few \$10, and one W. B. Ward Jefferson sent \$100.

The Chief is only \$1 per year.

Offers Bonus for Railroad

Amarillo, Tex., Aug. 19.—Amarillo's Chamber of Commerce today entered an agreement to put up a cash bonus of \$50,000, a right of way through Potter County and grounds upon which to establish terminal facilities conditioned on the completion of the Texas, Kansas and Oklahoma Railway within a term of two years from the making of the contract. This road is to come into Amarillo from the north, crossing into the State at Texhoma.

Miami picnic, Aug. 28th.

Salvation Army Chief Is in Serious Condition.

London, Aug. 19.—The health of Gen. William Booth, commander in chief of the Salvation Army, is gradually becoming more alarming. The bulletin issued from the sick chamber tonight said:

"Gen. Booth's condition is less satisfactory. There is a further loss of nervous control, which is accompanied by some decline in strength."

The aged Salvationist was operated on in May last for the removal of a cataract in his left eye, and since that time he has been suffering from insomnia and weakness.

Branwell Booth, a son of the general and chief of staff of the Army, in an interview tonight said:

"The General's condition is very serious. He still has some reserve strength, but it has become greatly reduced during the last forty-eight hours and lack of nervous control is showing itself in a more marked manner than heretofore. There is less perception of surroundings, a failure of appetite and an increase of physical weakness, but, though the doctors are very doubtful, we still hope and pray for his recovery."

General Is Reported Sinking

New York, Aug. 19.—Salvation Army headquarters here announced today that Miss Evangeline Booth, daughter of William Booth, but received several private cable messages saying that her father was sinking. The text of the messages was not given out, but word of the General's death was expected, any time. This message was received at the headquarters by cable this afternoon:

"The General's condition has been very weak during the last week. Nervous system much debilitated. Although heart and lungs in good condition, there is grave cause for apprehension. Insomnia has been relieved, but it is feared advantages of his improvement were too long delayed."

"In times of calmness Gen Booth realizes seriousness of his break down, and spoke yesterday in very impressive manner of the promises of God. The chief of staff, Mrs. Booth, and Commander Lucy Heilberg are with him, and everything possible is being done to comfort him. Telegrams from every quarter have been received assuring him of united sympathy and resolute perseverance in the army's work."

Aged Woman Burned To Death.

Dayton, Ohio, Aug. 19.—Mrs. Rosella Crane, aged 75, was burned to death in her cottage near Lebanon today. The aged woman's clothing caught fire from a gasoline stove explosion and she died alone.

Mrs. Crane's death terminates the suit for annulment of her marriage with Delmer Crane, 21 years old, with whom she eloped to Newport, Ky., about three months ago.

Mrs. Crane advertised for a husband after the death of her first husband about a year ago. She met young Crane. They eloped and it is said she gave her new husband \$500. Then he left, leaving her alone. Mrs. Crane's two children, both grown, then had a guardian appointed for her. Then came the suit for annulment on the ground that Mrs. Crane was an imbecile at the time of her elopement.

Frozen Dainties! When you want a nice, cold, refreshing drink, visit our soda fountain. We study to please your palate, and always have something that will please your fancy on a hot day. Central Drug Store.

Summer Normal Board Of Examiners Adjourn.

Austin, Texas, Aug. 17.—The summer normal board of examiners, after having been in session for four weeks, has adjourned.

There were 6,589 applicants for certificates whose papers were graded by members of the board.

Before adjourning the board made the following report to State Superintendent of Public Instruction F. M. Bralley:

"We find gross irregularities and a great many cases of similarity of papers from the same summer normals among many colored and some few white summer normals. Therefore, we suggest that it would be wise to secure the passing by the next Legislature of a law forbidding applicants, against whom charges of collusion have been made and sustained by the State Board of Examiners, the privilege of entering another examination for a certificate for a period of at least two years."

"We find a noticeable weakness in the work of the larger summer normals of the State, and it was the opinion of this board that it is due to the size of the classes, hence we respectfully suggest that the State Superintendent require the conductors of said normals to enlarge their facilities to the end that class enrollment may be reduced to an efficient working basis."

"We find in smaller summer normals a dearth of cultural knowledge, the answer being narrow and bookish, which condition we believe is due to student-teachers trying to do the work of too many subjects with too limited equipment and faculty. Hence we suggest that it might be wise to further reduce the number of summer normals, as well as to limit the work of smaller summer normals to first and second grade subjects."

"In view of the fact that over 10,000 teachers of the State attend the summer normal institutes and summer schools and nearly \$500,000 is spent by these teachers annually in this way, and that the public schools of the State are dependent largely upon these institutions for teachers, we believe that the State should support the summer normal institutes to the end that they may be made efficient schools for the training of teachers for the public schools of the State."

Indian Prisoners Given Land in New Mexico.

Washington, Aug. 19.—The proposed release of the 257 Apache Indian prisoners of war at Fort Sill, Okla., held for participation with Chief Geronimo in the massacres of twenty-six years ago, brought on a fight in the senate today which defeated the conference report on the Indian appropriation bill. The bill carried an item of \$200,000 to transfer the prisoners to the Mescalero, N. M., Indian agency and provide them with lands.

Senators Fall and Cator of New Mexico and Smith of Arizona opposed the project. Senator Fall declared many descendants of families massacred by Geronimo lived near the agency. The New Mexico senators predicted outbreaks between the Indians and white settlers if the survivors of the band were allowed to become free settlers in New Mexico.

The "Never Substitutors." When you come to our store for anything you have seen advertised or something that has been recommended to you, you will be sure to get it and we will not ask you to buy something else "just as good," simply because we may make a little more money by selling you something you did not ask for. Central Drug Store.

We invite your attention to the following reasons for you to do business at this bank.

Because: our aim is to make this the People's Bank and if you are not already a customer, we invite you to become one.

Because: it is a strong, safe institution, chartered by the State of Texas, and under State supervision.

Because: its Officers and Directors are among the safest and most conservative business men in this community.

Because: this bank studies the needs of its customers and properly takes care of them, whether their business is large or small; no business too large for us to arrange to handle, none too small to receive our closest attention.

Because: systematic saving pays. A deposit account encourages saving. This bank receives deposits from \$1.00 up.

Because: the non-interest bearing and unsecured deposits of this bank are protected by "The State Bank Guaranty Fund."

Because: its dealings with "all customers are always confidential," and it is always ready to assist and advise.

Because: this bank is interested in the development of the country, and makes a specialty of taking care of stockmen's and farmers' accounts.

As a good business man and leading citizen of this section, we believe you will appreciate the equipment of this bank, and the experience of its officers, and on this basis we solicit your business, believing that we can handle it to your entire satisfaction.

Call on us whenever you are in town and let us serve you in any way and at any time.

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Miami, Texas

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Baker Perfect Wire, Woven

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MIAMI - TEXAS.

The Miami Chief.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

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

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

G. L. WREN
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Democratic Nominees,

For Sheriff and Tax Collector:—
O. B. HARDIN.

For Tax Assessor:—
L. A. COFFEE,
Candidate for re-election,
Second Term.

For County and District Clerk:—
J. K. MCKENZIE,
Candidate for re-election,
Second Term.

For County Judge:—
J. E. KINNEY,
Candidate for Re-election,
Second Term.

For County Treasurer:—
DAN KIVLEHEN

For Democratic Representative
124th Legislative District:—
R. L. TEMPLETON,
Wellington, Texas.

Candidates subject to Novem-
ber election.

For Sheriff and Tax Collector —
J. G. RAMSAY,
Candidate for re-election

For Tax Assessor —
TAS CROWSON.

For County Treasurer —
H. E. BAIRD,
Candidate for Re-election
Second Term

Most of the boys and men of Miami have something to do all the time, and all the girls and ladies are kept busy most all the time with household duties; hence we are a happy people. To the busy person time does not hang heavily upon his hands, but passes all too quickly for the work he has to accomplish. Work brings happiness; idleness brings disgrace. No day will close and leave us unhappy if it has been properly employed unless it be on account of disappointment, sickness or bereavement. The youth who keeps busy at something useful will never bring sorrow to their parents or friends on account of their waywardness. The idler is subject to greater temptations than the worker, and has a weaker will because idleness weakens the will, while work strengthens it. Be busy at something. Follow the good Longfellow's advice, and be up and do something with a heart for anything.

Gen. William Booth, to whom reference was made in the early part of this week, died latter at the advanced age of 83. We believe Gen. Booth was the best known man in the world, being the founder of the great Salvation Army, one of the greatest organized movements since the coming of Christ for the saving of human souls. He was the son of a Nottingham, Eng. carpenter. He was born in that city, April 10, 1829. He chose the work of the ministry at the age of 23; was placed on a circuit, but was not satisfied and longed for greater fields of usefulness and soon went into the evangelized work where he continued till 1865 when he established the Christian Mission, which was soon after changed to the Salvation Army. Gen. Booth began the gigantic task of organizing a regular army to fight sin. We give below a few figures to show how well he succeeded in his work. This army from a humble beginning in London has grown till it is now established in 56 countries and has 8,972 circles and societies established. The army has more than 20,

000 officers and employees. In almost every city of any size they have a band and maintain barracks where they dispense food and beds at a cheap rate. As an example of the material benefits of this great band, 6,327,249 persons are supplied with beds in a single year, while in the same length of time 12,000,000 are fed. Gen. Booth began preaching at an early age, his wife preached, all his children are preachers, workers and organizers, and his grandchildren are preachers. You may boast of your great military generals, but Gen. Booth will perhaps have more stars in his crown than they all put together. He set in motion such a great influence for good that it can never die. All honor to the man who spent his life in the service of his Maker.

Idle Children

In some quarters there is criticism of that clause in the educational plank of the San Antonio platform which would empower local trustees to compel idle children to attend school—not because it approves compulsion, but because it does not approve compulsion under all circumstances. In other words, complaint is made that the platform does not go far enough.

As a matter of philosophy, the state has the same right to compel the working child as to compel the idle child to attend school. Compulsory attendance rests upon a broader base than the precaution of keeping children out of mischief or of inculcating habits of industry and self improvement.

But progress in popular government, like reform in social conduct, cannot be accomplished in one act of legislation. The last two sessions of the legislature have considered bills for compulsory attendance and the bills failed. Legislators have not, on their own motion, come to recognize it as needful or wise, and the people have not yet expressed any positive desire for it. The subject has not been sufficiently discussed to develop a firm public opinion about it. For this reason the platform makers were wise in recommending only a local and limited application of the doctrine.

The average mind will perceive at once the importance of putting idle children in school, and the successful administration of that phase of the police power will develop in due time the larger conception of the state's duty to insist upon the education of all children.

Besides compulsory attendance upon the broad scale of great delicacy and difficulty. There are helpless families to be considered; there are children who must be supported while being educated, and there are varying local conditions which cannot be easily or instantly adjusted to a hard and fast programme. Our social and industrial life is very complex and any change in habit or established order will develop troublesome complications.

Beginning with idle children as the platform recommends, will enable us to proceed with the least friction, to escape many mistakes and to reach the ideal condition without the reaction that frequently besets hasty reform.—Ex.

TRUTHFUL TEXANS

All Persons Inclined to Prevaricate Should Move to Texas Where Truth Abounds.

To the persons who come to Texas, the things we have, speak in such thundering tones that they can hardly hear anything we say, but telling the truth is one of the strong points of the Texan.

In fact, it is almost impossible for a man to tell an untruth about the magnificent resources and wonderful possibilities of Texas. With all our efforts to describe them, the half has never been told. Many citizens, wholly unreliable in other states, have moved to Texas, where their imagination can revel in pine forests greater in area than the wheat fields of the Dakotas, roam in cotton fields as large as half the New England States, wander over 50,000,000 acres of virgin prairies, explore mountains of minerals and inspect the foundation timbers of the greatest civilization the world has ever known, and they become perfectly honest and highly respectable citizens. Any person who has the least inclination to prevaricate should come to Texas, where the realities so far exceed the wildest fancies of the most vivid imagination, that it is almost impossible to exaggerate.

In fact, the Texan is, as a rule, very modest in his statements and is so afraid of overestimating the advantages and possibilities of his country, that his conservatism is frequently mistaken for ignorance, and he unconsciously allows his intellect to suffer in order to avoid the remotest suspicion of his morals; but the completion of the Panama Canal will open up such wonderful possibilities that we shall speak out with more courage.

We Are Energetic as Well as Truthful.

There is no more progressive citizen on the globe than the native Texan. He is by nature an architect and by practice a builder. Out of raw prairies and a howling wilderness he has erected a magnificent empire; he found cotton a weak and struggling industry and made it the king of products. He has taken the Texas steer, a wild, reckless denizen of the plains, and made of him a commanding genius of the world's markets.

Was Once Term of Reproach.

"Prime minister" is one of the many terms in English which seem to have been slang at one time. It was first applied to Sir Robert Walpole, but in a reproachful sense. Feb. 11, 1742, after twenty years' tenure of office, Sir Robert resigned all his appointments. "Having invested me," he remarked, "with a kind of mock dignity and styled me prime minister, they impute to me an unpardonable abuse of that chimerical authority which they created and conferred." Such a personage as the prime minister or the premier is not even mentioned in the official table of precedence and is unknown to the written constitution of Great Britain.

The wrestling match which was at Miami, Aug. 17th, was fair and clean, but Fallis failed to throw Stark in the length of time he had set—he did not throw him at all, so Mr. Stark thought he was just as good a man as Mr. Fallis, as challenged him 2 best out of 3 for the championship of the world, a finish-up match, to be at Miami on August 28.

Comparing Men.

If a man six feet tall weighs 216 pounds, how much will a man of similar proportion 5 feet tall weigh? The answer is not 180 pounds.

We are receiving wrong answers to some of our problems. Perhaps your answer may be wrong. Don't fail to write us if you are in doubt. The following students were placed in exceptionally good positions last week: J. H. Watson was given the privilege of naming his own salary with a large cotton firm, Miss May Anthony with the Frisco railroad at Quanah, L. M. Gardner with a large dry-goods firm, Miss Mattie Perkins with an insurance company at Ft. Worth, J. B. Williams with a general Mercantile store, while several others accepted various positions. The position is easy if you attend the right school.

There Is No Calamity Like Ignorance.

Bowie Commercial College,
Bowse, Texas.

C. E. HARRIS & CO

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Staple and Fancy Groceries



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J. P. Anderson, Owner,
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We will make you the same prices and terms on Groceries offered by Kansas City, Omaha, or any mail order house, or any grocery peddler. Compare our prices and get the proof. C. E. Harris & Co.

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I am prepared to loan money on buy vendor's lien notes. See write J. W. Park, Mobeetie, Texas.

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SEE W. M. COTTON OF
Miami, Texas

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Life Insurance

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Galveston



The Chalice of Courage

Being the Story of Certain Persons Who Drank of it and Conquered
A Romance of Colorado
By **Cyrus Townsend Brady**
Author of "The King and the Queen," "The Island of Regeneration," "The Better Man," "Hearts and the Highway," "As the Sparks Fly Upward," etc.
Illustrations by **Elsworth Young**
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SYNOPSIS.

Enid Maitland, a frank, free and unspoiled young Philadelphia girl, is taken to the Colorado mountains by her uncle, Robert Maitland, James Armstrong, Maitland's protégé, falls in love with her. His persistent wooing through the girl, but she hesitates, and Armstrong goes east on business without a definite answer. Enid hears the story of a mining engineer, Newbold, whose wife fell off a cliff and was so seriously hurt that he was compelled to shoot her to prevent her being eaten by wolves while he went for help. Kirby, the old guide who tells the story, gives Enid a package of letters which he says were found on the dead woman's body. She reads the letters and is bathed in mountain stream Enid is attacked by a bear, which is mysteriously shot. A storm adds to the girl's terror. A sudden deluge transforms brook into raging torrent, which sweeps Enid into gorge, where she is rescued by a mountain hermit after a thrilling experience. Campers in great confusion upon discovering Enid's absence when the storm breaks. Maitland and Old Kirby go in search of the girl. Enid discovers that her ankle is sprained and that she is unable to walk. Her mysterious rescuer carries her to his camp. Enid goes to sleep in the strange man's bunk. Miner cooks breakfast for Enid, after which they go on four of inspection. The hermit tells Enid of his unsuccessful attempt to find the Maitland campers. He admits hermit falls in love with Enid. The man comes to a realization of his love for her, but naturally in that strange solitude the relations of the girl and her rescuer become unnatural and strained. The stranger tells of a wife he had who is dead, and says he has sworn to ever cherish her memory by living in solitude. Enid, however, confesses her love for each other. She learns that he is the man who killed his wife in the mountain. Enid discovers the writer of the letters to Newbold's wife to have been James Armstrong. Newbold decides to start to the settlement for help.

CHAPTER XVII—(Continued).

"Nothing," said the woman, never shrinking back an inch, facing him with all the courage and daring with which a Goddess might look upon a man. "Nothing but my weakness and your strength."

"Yes, that's it, but do not count too much upon the one or the other. Great God, how can I keep away from you; life on the old terms is insupportable. I must go."

"And where?"

"Anywhere, so it be away."

"And when?"

"Now."

"It would be death in the snow and in the mountains tonight. No, no, you cannot go."

"Well, tomorrow then. It will be fair, I can't take you with me, but I must go alone to the settlements, I must tell your friends you are here, alive, well. I shall find men to come back and get you. What I cannot do alone numbers together may effect. They can carry you over the worst of the trails, you shall be restored to your people, to your world again, you can forget me."

"And do you think," asked the woman, "that I could ever forget you?"

"I don't know."

"And will you forget me?"

"Not so long as life throbs in my veins, and beyond."

"And I too," was the return.

"So be it. You won't be afraid to stay here alone, now?"

"No, not since you love me," was the noble answer. "I suppose I must; there is no other way, we could not go on as before. And you will come back to me as quickly as you can with the others?"

"I shall not come back; I will give them the direction, they can find you without me. When I say goodbye to you tomorrow it shall be forever."

"And I swear to you," asserted the woman in quick desperation, "if you do not come back they shall have nothing to carry from here but my dead body."

"And how will you prevent my going?"

"I can't. But I will follow you on my hands and knees in the snow until I freeze and die unless I have your promise."

"You have beaten me," said the man hopelessly. "You always do. Honor, what is it? Pride, what is it? Self-respect, what is it? Say the word and I am at your feet, I put the past behind me."

"I don't say the word," answered the woman bravely, white faced, pale lipped, but resolute. "To be yours, to have you mine, is the greatest desire of my heart, but not in the cowardly way, not at the expense of honor, of self-respect—no not that way. Courage, my friend, God will show us the way, and meantime good night."

"I shall start in the morning."

"Yes," she nodded reluctantly but knowing it had to be, "but you won't go without bidding me good bye."

"No."

"Good night then," she said extending her hand.

"Good night," he whispered hoarsely and refused it, backing away. "I don't dare to take it. I don't dare to touch you again. I love you so, my only salvation is to keep away."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Strength of the Weak.

Although Enid Maitland had spoken bravely enough while he was there,

when she was alone her feet sank into the depths as she contemplated the dreadful and unsolvable dilemma in which these two lovers found themselves so unwittingly and inextricably involved. It was indeed a curious and bewildering situation. Passionate adoration for the other rose in each breast like the surging tide of a mighty sea, and like that tide upon the shore it broke upon conventions, ideas, ideals and obligations intangible to the naked eye, but as real as those iron coasts that have withstood the waves' assaults since the world's morning.

The man had shaped his life upon a mistake. He believed absolutely in the unquestioned devotion of a woman to whom he had been forced to mete out death in an unprecedented and terrible manner. His unwillingness to derogate by his own conduct from the standard of devotion which he believed had inhabited his wife's bosom, made it impossible for him to allow the real love that had come into his heart for this new woman to have free course; honor, pride and self-respect scourged him just in proportion to his passion for Enid Maitland.

The more he loved her, the more ashamed he was. By a curious combination of circumstances, Enid Maitland knew the truth; she knew that from one point of view the woman had been entirely unworthy the reverence in which her husband held her memory. She knew that his wife had not loved him at all, that her whole heart had been given to another man, that what Newbold had mistaken for a passionate desire for his society because there was no satisfaction in life for the wife away from him, was due to a fear lest without his protection she should be unable to resist the appeal of the other man which her heart seconded so powerfully. If it were only that Newbold would not be false to the obligation of the other woman's devotion, Enid might have solved the problem in a moment.

It was not so simple, however. The fact that Newbold cherished this memory, the fact that this other woman had fought so desperately, had tried so hard not to give way, entitled her to Enid Maitland's admiration and demanded her highest consideration as well. Chance, or Providence, had put her in possession of this woman's secret. It was as if she had been caught inadvertently eavesdropping. She could not in honor make use of what she had overheard, as it were; she could not blacken the other woman's memory, she could not enlighten this man at the expense of his dead wife's reputation.

Although she longed for him as much as he longed for her, although her love for him amazed her by its depth and intensity, even to bring her happiness, commensurate with her feeling, she could not betray her dead sister. The imposts of honor, how hard they are to sustain when they conflict with love and longing.

Enid Maitland was naturally not a little thrown off her balance by the situation and the power that was hers. What she could not do herself she could not allow anyone else to do. The obligation upon her must be extended to others. Old Kirby had no right to the woman's secret any more than she; he must be silenced. Armstrong, the only other being who was privy to the truth, must be silenced too.

One thing at least arose out of the sea of trouble in a tangible way; she was done with Armstrong. Even if she had not so loved Newbold that she could scarcely give a thought to any other human being, she was done with Armstrong.

A singular situation! Armstrong had loved another woman, so had Newbold; and the latter had even married this other woman, yet she was quite willing to forgive Newbold, she made every excuse for him, she made none for Armstrong. She was an eminently sane, just person, yet as she thought of the situation her anger against Armstrong grew hotter and hotter. It was a safety valve to her feelings, although she did not realize it. After all, Armstrong's actions rendered her a certain service; if she could get over the objection in her soul, if she could ever satisfy her sense of honor and duty and obligation, she could settle the question at once. She had only to show the letters to Newbold and to say: "These were written by the man of the picture; it was he, and not you, your wife loved," and Newbold would take her to his heart instantly.

These thoughts were not without a certain comfort to her. All the compensation of self sacrifice is in its realization. That she could and did not somehow ennoble her love for him. Even women are alloyed with base metal. In the powerful and universal appeal of this man to her, she rejoiced at whatever was of the soul, rather than of the body. To possess power, to refrain from using

ideas and his ideals, or he must inevitably take the woman.

How frightful was the battle that raged within his bosom! Sometimes in his despair he thought that he would have been glad if he and she had gone down together in the dark waters before all this came upon him. The floods of which the heavens had emptied themselves had borne her to him. Oh if they had only swept him out of life with its trouble, its trials, its anxieties, its obligations, its impossibilities. If they had gone together! And then he knew that he was glad even for the torture, because he had seen her, because he had loved her, and because she had loved him.

He marveled at himself curiously, and in a detached way. There was a woman who loved him, who had confessed it boldly and innocently, there was none to say him nay. The woman who stood between him had been dead five years. The world knew nothing, cared nothing; they could go out together; he could take her, she would come. On the impulse he turned and ran to the door and beat upon it. Her voice bade him enter, and he came in.

Her heart yearned to him. She was shocked, appalled at the torture she saw upon his face. Had he been laid upon the rack, and every joint pulled from its sockets, he could not have been more white and agonized.

"I give up," he cried. "What are honor and self respect to me? I want

you. I have put the past behind. You love me, and I, I am yours with every fiber of my being. Great God! Let us cast aside these foolish quixotic scruples that have kept us apart. If a man's thoughts declare his guilt, I am already disloyal to the other woman; deeply, entirely so. I have betrayed her, shamed her, abandoned her. Let me have some reward for what I have gone through. You love me; come to me."

"No," answered the woman, and no task ever laid upon her had been harder than that. "I do love you. I will not deny it. Every part of me responds to your appeal. I should be so happy that I cannot even think of it, if I could put my hand in your own, if I could lay my head upon your shoulder, if I could feel your heart beat against mine, if I could give myself up to you, I would be so glad, so glad. But it cannot be, not now."

"Why not?" pleaded the man.

He was by her side, his arm went around her. She did not resist physically. It would have been useless. She only laid her slender hand upon his broad breast and threw her head back and looked at him.

"See," she said, "how helpless I am, how weak in your hands. Every voice in my heart bids me give way. If I insist I can deny you nothing. I am

helpless, alone, but it must not be. I know you better than you know yourself. You will not take advantage of affection so unbounded, of weakness so pitiable."

Was it the wisdom of calculation, or was it the wisdom of instinct by which she chose her course? Resistance would have been unavailing, in weakness was her strength.

Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth! Yes, that was true. She knew it now, if never before, and so did he.

Slowly the man released her. She did not even then draw away from him. She stood with her hand still on his breast. She could feel the beating of his heart beneath her fingers.

"I am right," she said softly. "It kills me to deny you anything. My hearts yearns toward you. Why should I deny it? It is my glory, not my shame."

"There is nothing above love like ours," he pleaded, wondering what marvelous mastery she exercised that she stopped him by a hand's touch, a whispered word, a faith.

"No; love is life, love is God, but even God himself is under obligations of righteousness. For me to come to you now, to marry you now, to be your wife, would be unholy. There would not be that perfect confidence between us that must endure in that revelation. Your honor and mine, your self respect and mine, would interpose, if I can't have you with a clear conscience, if you can't come to me in the same way, we are better apart. Although it kills me, although life without you seems nothing, I would rather not live it, we are better apart. I can't be your wife until—"

"Until what and until when?" demanded Newbold.

"I don't know," said the woman, "but I believe that somewhere, somehow, we shall find a way out of our difficulty. There is a way," she said a little incautiously. "I know it."

"Show it to me."

"No, I cannot."

"What prevents?"

The same thing which prevents you: honor, loyalty."

"To a man?"

"To a woman."

"I do not understand."

"No, but you will some day." She smiled at him. "See," she said, "through my tears I can smile at you, though my heart is breaking. I know that in God's good time this will work itself out."

"I can't wait for God. I want you now," persisted the other.

"Hush, don't say that," answered the woman, for a moment laying her hand on his lips. "But I forgive you. I know how you suffer."

The man could say nothing, do nothing. He stared at her a moment and his hand went to his throat as if he were choking.

"Unworthy," he said hoarsely, "unworthy of the past, unworthy of the present, unworthy of the future. May God forgive me, I never can."

"He will forgive you, never fear," answered Enid gently.

"And you?" asked her lover. "I have ruined your life."

"No, you have ennobled it. Let nothing ever make you forget that. Wherever you are and whatever you do, and whatever you may have been, I love you, and I shall love you to the end. Now must go, it is so late, I can't stand any more. I throw myself on your mercy again, I grow weaker and weaker before you; as you are a man, as you are stronger, save me from myself. If you were to take me again in your arms," she went on steadily, "I know not how I could drive you back. For God's sake, if you love me—"

That was the hardest thing he had ever done, to turn and go out of the room, out of her sight, and leave her standing there with eyes shining, with pulses throbbing, with breath coming fast, with bosom panting. Once more, and at a touch she might have yielded!

him in obedience to some higher law, is perhaps to pay oneself the most flattering of compliments. There was a satisfaction to her soul in this which was yet denied him.

Her action was quite different from his. She was putting away happiness which she might have had in compliance with a higher law than that which bids humanity enjoy. It was flattering to her mind. In his case, it was otherwise; he had no consciousness that he was a victim of misplaced trust, of misinterpreted action. He thought the woman for whom he was putting away happiness was almost as worthy, if infinitely less desirable, as the woman whom he now loved.

Every sting of outrage, every feeling of shame, every fear of disloyalty, scourged him. She could glory in it; he was ashamed, humiliated, broken.

She heard him savagely walking up and down the other room, restlessly impelled by the same Erinyes which of old scourged Orestes; the violator of the laws of moral being drove him on. These malign Eumenides held him in their hands. He was bound and helpless, rage as he might in one moment, pray as he did in another, no light came into the whirling darkness of his torn, tempest tossed, driven soul. The irresistible impulse and the immovable body the philosophers puzzled over were exemplified in him. Whilst he almost hated the new woman,



She Stood With Her Hand Still on His Breast.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Challenge of the Range.

Mr. James Armstrong sat at his desk before the west window in his private room in one of the tallest buildings in Denver. His suite of offices was situated on one of the top floors, and from it he had a clear and unobstructed view of the mighty range over the intervening house tops and other buildings. The earth was covered with snow. It had fallen steadily through the night, but with the dawn the air had cleared and the sun had come out brightly, although it was very cold.

Letters, papers, documents, the demands of a business extensive and varied, were left unnoticed. He sat with his elbow on the desk, his head on his hand, looking moodily at the range. In the month that had elapsed since he had received news of Enid Maitland's disappearance he had sat often in that way, in that place, staring at

the range, a prey to most depressing reflections, heavy hearted and desolate indeed.

After that memorable interview with Mr. Stephen Maitland in Philadelphia he had deemed it proper to await there the arrival of Mr. Maitland. A brief interview with that distracted gentleman had left him in possession of all the facts of the case. As Robert Maitland said, after presentation of the story, the situation was quite hopeless. Even Armstrong reluctantly admitted that her uncle and old Kirby had done everything that was possible for the rescue or discovery of the girl.

Therefore the two despondent gentlemen had shortly after returned to their western homes. Robert Maitland in this instance being accompanied by his brother Stephen. The latter never knew how much his daughter had been to him until this evil had befallen her. Robert Maitland had promised to inaugurate a thorough and extensive search to solve the mystery of her death, which he was certain, in the spring, when the weather permitted humanity to have free course through the mountains.

Mr. Stephen Maitland found a certain melancholy satisfaction in being at least near the place where neither he nor any one had any doubt but that his daughter's remains lay hid beneath the snow or ice on the mountainside, the freezing cold. Robert Maitland had no other idea than that Enid's body was in the lake. He intended to drain it—an engineering task of great difficulty—and yet he intended also, to search the hills for miles on either side of the main stream down which she had gone, for she might possibly have strayed away and died of starvation and exposure, rather than drowning. At any rate, he would leave nothing undone to discover her.

He had strenuously opposed Armstrong's recklessly expressed intention of going into the mountains immediately to search for her. Armstrong was not easily moved from his purpose he entertained, or lightly to be hindered from attempting any enterprise that he projected, but by the time the party reached Denver the winter had set in, and even he realized the futility of any immediate search for a dead body lost in the mountains. Admitting that Enid was dead, the conclusions were sound, of course.

The others pointed out to Armstrong that if the woman they all loved had by any fortunate chance escaped the cloudburst, she must inevitably have perished from cold, starvation and exposure in the mountain long since. There was scarcely a possibility that she could have escaped the flood, but if she had, it would only be devoted to death a little later. If she was not in the lake, what remained of her would be in some lateral canon. It would be impossible to discover her body in the deep snows until the spring and the warm weather came. When the snows melted what was concealed would be revealed. Alone, she could do nothing. And admitting again that Enid was alone, this conclusion was as sound as the other.

Now no one had the faintest hope that Enid Maitland was yet alive, except, perhaps, her father, Mr. Stephen Maitland. They could not convince him, he was so old and set in his opinions and so utterly unfamiliar with the conditions that they tried to describe to him, that he clung to his belief in spite of all, and finally they let him take such comfort as he could from his vain hope without any further attempt at contradiction.

In spite of all the arguments, however, Mr. James Armstrong was not satisfied. He was as hopeless as the rest, but his temperament would not permit him to accept the inevitable calmly. It was barely possible that she might not be dead, and that she might not be alone. There was scarce up enough possibility of this to justify a suspicion, but that is not saying there was none at all.

Day after day he had sat in his office denying himself to everyone and refusing to consider anything, brooding over the situation. He loved Enid Maitland, he loved her before, and now that he had lost her, he loved her still more.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Daniel and the Lions.

And it came to pass that Daniel was cast into the den of lions by order of King Darius.

Early the next morning King Darius went to the den, rolled away the stone, and called out: "Do the lions bite?"

"Not unreasonably," replied Daniel who was well up in the legal vernacular of the day.

"Good," ejaculated King Darius as he rolled back the stone. Thereupon he went forth and proclaimed to the multitude that the lion question had been solved—Puck.



The Chalice of Courage

Being the Story of Certain Persons Who Drank of it and Conquered
A Romance of Colorado
By Cyrus Townsend Brady

Author of "The King and the Flan," "The Island of Regeneration," "The Better Man," "Hearts and the Highway," "As the Sparks Fly Upward," etc.

Illustrations by Elsworth Young
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SYNOPSIS.

Enid Maitland, a frank, free and unspoiled young Philadelphia girl, is taken to the Colorado mountains by her uncle, Robert Maitland, James Armstrong, Maitland's protégé, falls in love with her. His persistent wooing thrills the girl, but she hesitates, and Armstrong goes east on business without a definite answer. Enid hears the story of a mining venture near Newbold, whose wife fell off a cliff and was so seriously hurt that he was compelled to leave her to prevent her being eaten by wolves while he went for help. Kirkby, the old guide who tells the story, gives Enid a package of letters which he says were found on the dead woman's body. She reads the letters and at Kirkby's request keeps them. While bathing in mountain stream Enid is attacked by a bear, which is mysteriously shot. A storm adds to the girl's terror. A sudden deluge transforms brook into raging torrent, which sweeps Enid into gorge, where she is rescued by a mountain hermit after a thrilling experience. Campers in great confusion upon discovering Enid's absence when the storm breaks, Maitland and Old Kirkby go in search of the girl. Enid discovers that her ankle is sprained and that she is unable to walk. Her mysterious rescuer carries her to his camp. Enid goes to sleep in the strange man's bunk. Minor cooks breakfast for Enid, after which they go on tour of inspection. The hermit tells Enid of his unsuccessful attempt to find the Maitland campers. He admits that he is also from Philadelphia. The hermit falls in love with Enid. The man comes to a realization of his love for her, but naturally in that strange solitude the relations of the girl and her rescuer become unnatural and strange. The stranger tells of a wife he had who is dead, and says he has sworn to ever cherish her memory by living in solitude. He and Enid, however, confess their love for each other. She learns that he is the man who killed his wife in the mountains. Enid discovers the writer of the letters to Newbold's wife to have been James Armstrong. Newbold decides to start to the settlement for help.

CHAPTER XVII—(Continued).
"Nothing," said the woman, never shrinking back an inch, facing him with all the courage and daring with which a Goddess might look upon a man. "Nothing but my weakness and your strength."

"Yes, that's it, but do not count too much upon the one or the other. Great God, how can I keep away from you; life on the old terms is insupportable. I must go."

"And where?"
"Anywhere, so it be away."

"And when?"
"Now."

"It would be death in the snow and in the mountains tonight. No, no, you cannot go."
"Well, tomorrow then. It will be fair, I can't take you with me, but I must go alone to the settlements. I must tell your friends you are here, alive, well. I shall find men to come back and get you. What I cannot do alone numbers together may effect. They can carry you over the worst of the trails, you shall be restored to your people, to your world again, you can forget me."

"And do you think," asked the woman, "that I could ever forget you?"
"I don't know."

"And will you forget me?"
"Not so long as life throbs in my veins, and beyond."

"And I too," was the return.
"So be it. You won't be afraid to stay here alone, now?"

"No, not since you love me," was the noble answer. "I suppose I must; there is no other way, we could not go on as before. And you will come back to me as quickly as you can with the others?"

"I shall not come back; I will give them the direction, you can find you without me. When I say goodbye to you tomorrow it shall be forever."

"And I swear to you," asserted the woman in quick desperation, "if you do not come back they shall have nothing to carry from here but my dead body."

"And how will you prevent my going?"
"I can't. But I will follow you on my hands and knees in the snow until I freeze and die unless I have your promise."

"You have beaten me," said the man hopelessly. "You always do. Honor, what is it? Pride, what is it? Self-respect, what is it? Say the word and I am at your feet, I put the past behind me."

"I don't say the word," answered the woman bravely, white faced, pale lipped, but resolute. "To be yours, to have you mine, is the greatest desire of my heart, but not in the coward's way, not at the expense of honor, of self-respect—not that way. Courage, my friend, God will show us the way, and meantime good night."

"I shall start in the morning."

"Yes," she nodded reluctantly but knowing it had to be, "but you won't go without bidding me good bye."

"No."

"Good night," she said, turning to describe for the Chief.

when she was alone her feet sank into the depths as she contemplated the dreadful and unsolvable dilemma in which these two lovers found themselves so unwittingly and inextricably involved. It was indeed a curious and bewildering situation. Passionate adoration for the other rose in each breast like the surging tide of a mighty sea, and like that tide upon the shore it broke upon conventions, ideas, ideals and obligations intangible to the naked eye, but as real as those iron coasts that have withstood the waves' assaults since the world's morning.

The man had shaped his life upon a mistake. He believed absolutely in the unquestioned devotion of a woman to whom he had been forced to mete out death in an unprecedented and terrible manner. His unwillingness to derogate by his own conduct from the standard of devotion which he believed had inhabited his wife's bosom, made it impossible for him to allow the real love that had come into his heart for this new woman to have free course; honor, pride and self-respect scourged him just in proportion to his passion for Enid Maitland.

The more he loved her, the more ashamed he was. By a curious combination of circumstances, Enid Maitland knew the truth; she knew that from one point of view the woman had been entirely unworthy the reverence in which her husband held her memory. She knew that his wife had not loved him at all, that her whole heart had been given to another man, that what Newbold had mistaken for a passionate desire for his society because there was no satisfaction in life for the wife away from him, was due to a fear lest without his protection she should be unable to resist the appeal of the other man which her heart seconded so powerfully. If it were only that Newbold would not be false to the obligation of the other woman's devotion, Enid might have solved the problem in a moment.

It was not so simple, however. The fact that Newbold cherished this memory, the fact that this other woman had fought so desperately, had tried so hard not to give way, entitled her to Enid Maitland's admiration and demanded her highest consideration as well. Chance, or Providence, had put her in possession of this woman's secret. It was as if she had been caught inadvertently eavesdropping. She could not in honor make use of what she had overheard, as it were; she could not blacken the other woman's memory, she could not enlighten this man at the expense of his dead wife's reputation.

Although she longed for him as much as he longed for her, although her love for him amazed her by its depth and intensity, even to bring her happiness, commensurate with her feeling, she could not betray her dead sister. The imposts of honor, how hard they are to sustain when they conflict with love and longing.

Enid Maitland was naturally not a little thrown off her balance by the situation and the power that was hers. What she could not do herself she could not allow anyone else to do. The obligation upon her must be extended to others. Old Kirkby had no right to the woman's secret any more than she; he must be silenced. Armstrong, the only other being who was privy to the truth, must be silenced too.

One thing at least arose out of the sea of trouble in a tangible way; she was done with Armstrong. Even if she had not so loved Newbold that she could scarcely give a thought to any other human being, she was done with Armstrong.

A singular situation! Armstrong had loved another woman, so had Newbold; and the latter had even married this other woman, yet she was quite willing to forgive Newbold, she made every excuse for him, she made none for Armstrong. She was an eminently sane, just person, yet as she thought of the situation her anger against Armstrong grew hotter and hotter. It was a safety valve to her feelings, although she did not realize it. After all, Armstrong's actions rendered her a certain service; if she could get over the objection in her soul, if she could ever satisfy her sense of honor and duty and obligation, she could settle the question at once. She had only to show the letters to Newbold and to say: "These were written by Armstrong; look at the picture; it was he, and I loved," and New-

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"I give up," he cried. "What are honor and self respect to me? I want



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an, whilst he yet that he did not the other cant. Indeed he kn Enid Maitland h they are torpid. The medicine that gives results in such cases is Herbine. It is a fine liver stimulant and bowel regulator. Price 50c. Sold by Central Drug Store.

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Very truly yours,
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Bites of poisonous insects that cause the flesh to swell up must be treated with a healing antiseptic that will counteract the poison and heal the wound. Ballard's Snow Liniment answers every requirement in such cases. Price 25c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by Central Drug Store.

Severe Rheumatism.

Grove Hill, Ala; Hunt's Lightning Oil cured my wife of a severe case of Rheumatism and my friend of toothache. I surely believe it is good for all you claim for it.—A. R. Stringer, 25 & 50c a bottle.

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It is equally effective in the flesh ailments of animals. It mends the blooded stock value it highly for two reasons: It mends and wounds quickly, and leaves no disfiguring scars.
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