

THE ENTERPRISE.

VOL. 13, NO. 45.

BIG SPRINGS, TEXAS, FRIDAY, AUGUST 4, 1911.

\$1.50 A YEAR

Coahoma News

Local and Personal News Items Gathered by our Special Correspondent.

W. J. Hollis of R— was, here Monday.

W. W. Lay is having a room added to his cottage.

Rev. Shive, occupied the pulpit at the Presbyterian Church Sunday.

Tom Bly has opened an Ice and Mellen depot in the Powell Market building.

Prof. P. G. George of Big Spring was in this end of the county recently, canvassing for the B. S. B. Academy.

Rev. B. G. Bly, will begin a protracted meeting near Roscoe, Sunday August the sixth.

W. W. Lay, has charge of the sales department of the Burton Lingo Co's Lumber yard at this place.

Rev. W. C. Hart and Jack Plant of Green Valley, was transacting business here Friday.

M. N. Brown cashier of the First State Bank, visited his big plantation near Salem one day last week.

Rev. Farris, closed a successful meeting at Center Point Sunday and left Monday for his home at Lorraine.

G. C. Holden, left Saturday night for Georgia, where he will spend several months with friends and relatives.

Miss Cora May Rowland, who has been visiting friends and relatives in this neighborhood returned Monday to her home in Colorado.

Rev. E. W. Shive, came in Saturday and will be the guest, during his stay, of his brother and sister, Mr. J. W. Shive and Mrs. Alice Owen.

R. V. Guthrie is on a deal with a Gentelman from Rising Star, to lease out his farm consisting of 1800 acres. This tract lays two miles north of Coahoma and has over 500 acres in cultivation with several sets of improvement. It is understood that about \$25,000 will be involved in the transaction.

It is understood, that the Big and Wooster Corporation, will install a 16 horse power gasoline engine in their big gin at this place, with which to operate a private light plant and air compressor. The latter, to furnish power to operate packers and for starting the big 70 horse power steam engine which pulls a battery of 4 70 saw steel jacket stands.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Tompkins and Mr. Tompkins. Father and Mother who have been visiting friends and relatives in this neighborhood for some time, left Tuesday morning for their home in Eastland county. The Tompkins were former citizens of this county, but moved to Eastland last fall and settled near Rising Star. They will return to this county as soon as crops are gathered and made permanently.

Premium Offer

To the person bringing us the largest water melon this season we will give one year's subscription to The Enterprise, and to the person bringing us the second largest melon we will give six months subscription.

Mr. H. Clay Reed and daughter, Miss Ethel and Gladys, returned Sunday night for Cleveland, on a visit to relatives and friends. They will visit in Kansas during the coming week.

Need of Sewerage

There is one thing the matter of public improvements that our town stands very much in need of at the present time, and that is a good sewerage system. There are several cess pools in town and those the hotels have filled up, so we are informed, and fail to answer the purpose for which they were intended. They do not carry away the refuse they were intended to and are a nuisance and a menace to the health of our town. A sewerage system is the only solution of the matter and the sooner we get sewerage the better.

A town cannot grow and be prosperous without the necessary improvements, and Big Springs has reached that stage in her progress where such things as good streets, sidewalks and sewerage are absolutely necessary. We should have sewerage by all means, as the town cannot be kept clean and healthy without it. Let's have sewerage.

Painful Accident

Lorin McDowell, who has been helping at round-up on his father's ranch recently, came near meeting with a serious accident Saturday night when on the trail with several hundred head of cattle enroute to a pasture south of Garden City. We did not learn the full particulars of the accident, but it seems that he—in company with Sterling and Jim Price, Jim Coleman and Ramon Loudamy—were cutting cattle from the herd preparatory to watering them when several tried to "get back." It was very dark and Lorin, in an attempt to turn the cattle, ran into a barbed wire fence and in so doing received some ugly cuts on his limb. He was taken to Garden City where a physician dressed the wounds. He was very painfully but not seriously hurt and it is thought that he will be able to resume his duties on the ranch in a few days.

Colts Win

The Colts went to Sweetwater the first of the week and defeated the fast team of that city by the score of 6 to 5. McPherson and Williamson each made a homer, 2 home runs were credited to the Sweetwater team.

Tipton retired in the 7th in favor of Sullivan. R H E
Colts, 6 8 0
Sweetwater, 5 7 3
battery for the Colts.—Tipton, Sullivan and Hughes. We failed to the Sweetwater battery

Value of Cotton Crops

Uncle Sam has just issued a Bulletin No. 111, on cotton productions, and is proud of the showing made by Texas. The Bulletin is a large 70 page pamphlet, and Texas leads in every phase of all subjects.

The report gives a comparison of the crops in the United States, by States, since 1903. The 1910 is the most valuable one on record, aggregating \$963,180,000, and the billion dollar mark is easily in sight for 1911.

The Texas Crop 1910, is valued at \$247,880,000, and of this amount, \$214,520,000 represent lint and \$33,360,000 the value of the seed. The 1910 crop is the most valuable crop ever produced in Texas, surpassing the 1906 crop, its nearest rival by \$24,330,000.

T. R. Long of Garden City was here Monday and said the farmers down there have the coons all up one tree.

Farm Exhibit For September 30th.

The Committee appointed by the Commercial Club have decided to have an exhibit, of Gardens, Orchard and Farm products of Howard County September 30th. These samples can be brought in and the committee will take care of them anytime. Most of the products exhibited will be sent to the Dallas Fair, the premium bales of cotton will be bought at the highest market price where no cash prizes are offered ribbons will be given.

- \$15 for best bale of cotton.
- \$10 for 2nd best bale of cotton.
- \$5 " 3rd " " " "
- Bales of cotton must not weigh less than 425 pounds and not over 525 pounds.
- \$25 for best display of farm products raised by farmer.
- \$10 for 2nd best.
- \$5 for third best.
- \$5 for the best 3 lots of alfalfa.
- \$3 for best dozen bundles of wheat.
- \$2 for 2nd best dozen bundles of wheat.
- \$3 for best dozen bundles of oats.
- \$2 for 2nd best dozen bundles of oats.
- \$2 for best 20 stalks of corn, any variety.
- \$2 for best 20 stalks of cotton any variety.
- \$2 for best bundle of millit.
- \$2 for best 100 heads of Kaffir corn.
- \$2 for best 100 heads of milo maze.
- \$2 for best bushel of sweet potatoes.
- \$3 for best display of broom corn.
- \$1 for largest watermelon.
- \$1 for largest pumpkin.

All products entered for prizes are to be the property of the Commercial Club to be entered at the Dallas Fair or any other fairs or exhibitions that body may see fit to send them. Let all our farmers get busy right now after these prizes by saving and bringing in their best crops. You may not only capture the prizes offered by the club but your efforts may land and bring to Howard county the prize offered by the Dallas Fair for the best exhibit of farm products of the counties in the state.

Federal Government Cotton Reports

The Federal Agricultural Department announces that during the season 1911-12, as heretofore, semi-monthly reports of cotton ginning, will be issued, and there will be four reports on the stocks and consumption of cotton.

Every farmer in Texas should have copies of these reports as the information will be valuable to the farmer in marketing his crops and can be secured free on application to the Bureau of the Census, Washington, D. C.

Cotton Acreage, 1910

Uncle Sam has just announced the acreage of cotton harvested from the 1910 crop which shows a total of 32,403,000 acres in the United States and of this acreage Texas has 10,060,000. The yield was 11,965,962 bales in the United States and 3,072,932 bales in Texas.

At 12:00 o'clock on the morning of the first day of this month the Wells-Fargo Express Company took over the business of Pacific Express Company and they concerns went out of business.

New Railroad For Texas

The Texas, Gulf & Northern Railway Company of Kendrick, has been incorporated with a capital of \$175,000 for the purpose of operating a line from Bovina to Midland, Texas. The new road will be 175 miles long and will traverse a rich section of the State. The Directors are A. Underwood of Honey Grove, D. Bedford, R. E. Underwood, N. Davis, Mike Lemester and J. M. Neely of Amarillo, and J. F. Sadler of Wetherford.

Legislative News Letter

Austin, Texas, Aug. 2 They're off at Austin with a wet track and fair weather. The re-distracting bill will give the jockeys a chance to show their talent and when the event is over, many a promising youngster will be left at the post. Likewise the appropriation bill will give the colts an opportunity of playing to the grandstand, as well as tax the wisdom of the judges in apportioning the prizes but the Governor has placed a handicap upon the field, which renders it absolutely free from danger.

The Legislature, like the harem skirt, is divided but will not fall the people are united but badly jolted, but we are rapidly approaching the day when Texas will aside her freakish customs and put on the robes of progress. The development of the magnificent resources of Texas should occupy the thought of those who desire to serve the public. In years gone by, many a patriotic Texan has lived in hopes that such a day would come, but they all died fasting. It is the misfortune of Texas that many of her distinguished citizens who are "foremost in a brawl and in all else the least of the Greeks" usually cast the political policies of state but the time has come when politicians who do not care to become wrapped in the merciless shroud of oblivion and then cast into the bin of forgetfulness must move the star of civilization Texas ward. God will forgive a politician everything except stupidity.

Congress will, in all probability designate at the present session the number of Congressmen in Texas is entitled to during the next decade and the work of forming Congressional districts will fall to the lot of the present session of the Legislature. The Legislature will also fix the number of state representatives and define the boundary line of each representative district. The state senatorial districts, while remaining the same in number, will undoubtedly undergo serious changes in their territory and when the work is completed, we will have a new constellation in the political firmament.

Many a candidate who is afraid of silence as a child is of darkness will appear before the Legislature and harp until he busts his harp in producing unanswerable arguments and submitting proof as good as Dr. Cook's, showing why certain changes in districts should or should not be made. Political subdivisions are always made by politicians for politicians but the atmosphere in Texas is charged with development and he who dares to explore political caverns must carry with him the torch of progress.

Read our weekly news and watch the currents and cross-currents as they play upon the political arena at Austin.

Phone No. 1 for Drugs and Medicines—B. Reagan.

Chats With Farmers

H. S. Miller was in town Saturday and said he has fine crops of all kinds, feed stuff lots of it, cotton as fine as he ever saw. He threshed his wheat last week and it averaged 26 bushels per-acre, which would be considered a good yield anywhere.

J. S. Erwin, living 8 miles north of town, was here Saturday with a load of kaffir corn, and said he will make feed enough to run him three years, and has a very fine prospect for a good yield of cotton.

Mr. Whatley, who lives eight miles northwest of town, was the next man interviewed and is of the opinion that his cotton now has enough forms and bolls on it to make a half bale to the acre. Other crops in his locality are good and the farmers out there will be on the top rail this fall.

J. R. Perry of Moore was in Saturday with some fine peaches from his orchard and said that his crops of everything are just as good as could be asked for, and he will soon feasting upon Indian peaches and the best water melons that grow in West Texas.

Hart Phillips and H. W. Caylor of Glascock County believe in diversifying, and besides their fine field crops, they have been furnishing the local market with some very fine peaches and grapes fruits that cannot be excelled anywhere. Peaches, grapes plums, and apricots grow well anywhere in the Big Springs country.

D. B. Cox of the Knott country was here Monday and says that part of the country is right in the swim with the best crops they ever made up there, and he gave it as his opinion that lots of the cotton up there has forms and bolls enough on it now to make a bale per acre if it all matures.

Hail Tuesday evening did considerable damage to crops on the farms of Sam, Frank and James Cauble. A heavy rain fall accompanied the hail. The hail covered a strip of country about one mile wide and four miles long. The crop of Mr. Gregory suffered the most damages.

A. L. Wasson returned Saturday from a trip to Seattle, Washington, Portland, Oregon and other points in the great northwest, and says he saw very fine country and good towns.

W. T. Branon of Morris was here Monday and looked happy and prosperous. The happy look is characteristic of the Howard County farmers, owing to the fine crops they are making.

Mrs. W. A. Saunders, of Toledo, Ohio, who here on a visit to her sister, Mrs. O. B. Crawford, whom she had not see before in 25 years, made a trip to El Paso this week returning yesterday morning.

Mrs. Leon Harris and daughter, Miss Louise, who have been visiting in Goldthwaite, Brownwood, Ballinger, San Angelo and Bronte since leaving Lampasas, came in Wednesday night much to the delight of Mr. Harris.

W. J. Rice left Monday for Merkel where he will visit relatives a few days and then go to Montague County where he will spend several weeks with relatives.

J. A. Kinard will please accept our thanks for some fine elberta peaches which he left at our office Monday. He finds a ready sale for all he brings to town at \$2.00 per bushel.

T. & P. Shops Closed

Believed to Be Merely for Adjustment Under New Management.

Every machine shop, boiler shop, blacksmith shop and car repairing shop of the Texas & Pacific system was closed Monday night for an indefinite time. No reason was given for the order, but it is believed that it was because of the new management taking charge of the Texas & Pacific. Similar action was taken in closing the International & Great Northern shops following the new management of that road. The International & Great Northern shops were closed for one month.

One hundred or more men are out of employment in Big Spring. Just enough men to meet the emergency of running repairs are retained at the Big Spring shops.

Texas Industrial Notes

Greenville has voted an \$85,000 bond issue for the improvement of the city water works.

Clay County will vote on a \$200,000 bond issue for good roads on August 5th.

Charters representing over \$7,000,000 worth of newly organized Texas capital were filed with the secretary of state one day this week at Austin.

\$91,000 worth of new buildings are under construction at Pecos.

Sweetwater will soon lay 11 blocks of asphalt paving in the heart of the business section.

The Denton Traction Company is extending its lines for a distance of a mile and a half which will be completed within the next 3 months.

The total number of cases of mineral water shipped out from Mineral Wells for one month to various places were 12,330 or 153 996 bottles.

Thompson Bros. Lumber Company of Houston, has filed an amendment with the Secretary of State increasing its capital stock from \$800,000 to 1,300,000.

A \$50,000 dollar Federal building to be erected at Sulpher Springs.

The citizens of Fairview held an election for the purpose of voting bonds to build a new school house which carried.

Sherman is erecting another cotton gin which will be ready for the Fall crop.

The Amarillo Hill & Elevator Company has been incorporated with a capital stock of \$50,000.

The Naosahon Grain Company of Houston has been incorporated with a capital stock of \$10,000.

The Corsicana Cotton Mills has organized with a capital stock of \$100,000 and will manufacture flat cotton duck.

Wants Pros out of Party

According to a dispatch sent out from Austin July 28, Lieutenant Governor Davidson is willing to do something rash if the pros are not good. Here is what he is reported to have said:

Austin, July 28.—Lieut. Gov. Davidson, who arrived here today for the special session, authorized the statement that he believes the Texas Democratic party should expel the prohibitionists and leave them to organize a party of their own if they will not cease agitation.

He says that the prohibition question has been settled twice by the Democratic party which has both times gone against the statewide restrictions.

WE

Are Showing Early Autumn PATTERNS IN

Silks and Silk Marquizetts, both bordered and plain effects in beautiful colorings in Marquizetts.

ASK TO SEE THEM.

IF IT'S NOT GOOD I WILL MAKE IT GOOD.

F. F. GARY

Dry Goods and Groceries—Grain and Hay
BIG SPRINGS, TEXAS

Split Stove Wood

Either Oak or Mesquite.

WRIGHT & CO. PHONE 64

Local and Personal

Wm Hansen of Garden City was here yesterday.

The cleanest fountain in Big Spring at Reagan's Drug Store.

Capt. Bill Cushing of Kono has left for Monday.

The best equipped drug store in West Texas for your needs—Reagan's Drug Store.

Free ice water at Reagan's Drug Store.

W. H. Brennan of Seminole spent Tuesday here.

Dean's Cascara Laxative at Ward's.

Bring Morton your picture work satisfaction guaranteed. Phone 414.

If you are loose in your hair go to Thomas Bros. they will stop it falling out.

220 in the Shade

our Soda is as cold as the north pole.

WARD'S

The Price is The Thing.

Take

the prescription your doctor gives you to

WARD'S

"The Price is The Thing"

ROBERT FULTON

Steamed up the Hudson river August 11, 1807, on the Steamer Clermont. It was a great achievement and surprised people greatly.

TAKE A TRIP

to this store when you desire the highest grade in food values. Grocery Surprises in plenty await you. There are values greater than you will not see elsewhere. There are standard values that you cannot match.

LIGHT CRUST FLOUR, None Better.

Feed stuff of all kinds on hand.

Pool Brothers

BOTH PHONES 145 208 MAIN STREET

Kodaks at Ward's.

Fresh Candy. Ward.

Diamonds at Ward's.

Kiss Me Gum 5c at Ward's.

J. T. Brooks returned Sunday from a visit to his parents at Italy, Texas.

No mistake is made if you bring your prescription to Reagan's Drug Store.

W. E. Chaney, one of the pioneers of Glasscock County was here Monday.

Your patronage will be appreciated at Mortons Furniture and Hardware Store.

R. I. Rushing and family spent Sunday with friends in the Moore school community.

Reagan's Drug Store has always need the period of the farmer and his business has always been appreciated.

J. L. Cauble of Aquilla came in Saturday on a visit to his sons, I. B., Frank and J. P. Cauble.

You are cordially invited to come to Reagan's Drug Store—there to meet your friends and walk home.

Mrs G. W. Pope and son have gone to Alamogorda, New Mexico, on visit to her daughter, Mrs. Stanley G. Phillips.

Storage room for rent in the Ward basement as much as you like or as little as you want at reasonable rates.

The Transfiguration of Christ will be subject of the sermon at the Episcopal Church on Sunday morning.

See those trousers at \$6 and \$7 at Gibson's. They are a bargain. Come before they are all gone.

G. L. Brown, wife and daughters, Misses Ethel and Eula, have returned from California where they spent six weeks.

Mrs. Hancock of Abilene came in Tuesday night on a visit to her father and sister, J. F. Northington and Mrs. McCamley.

Dr. Parks of Kaufman was here yesterday to see his sister-in-law, Mrs. J. H. Mercer, who is suffering from a severe attack of pelagra.

J. D. Castle, who lives 8 miles northwest of town, was here Saturday and said that some fear of the boll worm is entertained in his neighborhood.

Quite a number of the local W. O. W. are attending the West Texas Log Rolling Association at Sweetwater which met there yesterday for a three days meeting.

WEST TEXAS NATIONAL BANK

County Depository Howard County

CAPITAL and SURPLUS . . . \$100,000.00
RESPONSIBILITY, Over . . . \$1,000,000.00

If you have an account with us, we thank you for it. If you have not, we would thank you for one. It is our desire to accommodate every customer needing any assistance. We guarantee to every depositor the safe return of their money. Visit this bank when you come to town. We are always glad to advise with you on any matters pertaining to your interests . . .

OFFICERS:

G. L. BROWN, Pres't R. D. MATTHEWS, Cashier
R. D. MATTHEWS, V. P. BURTON BROWN, Asst. "
W. P. EDWARDS, V. P. F. S. MORRIS, "
W. R. COLE J. J. HAIR S. W. MOORE

WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS

The University of Texas

Co-Educational. Tuition Free. Annual Expenses \$180 and Upward. Session Opens Wednesday, September 27, 1911.

College of Arts—Courses for degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy.

Department of Education—Teachers' professional courses for elementary and permanent certificate.

Engineering Department—Degree courses in civil, electrical and mining engineering.

Law Department—Three year course for degree of Bachelor of Laws, with State license; course for degree of Master of Laws.

Summer School—University and normal courses; seven weeks every summer.

Department of Extension—Correspondence Division. Offers courses in various subjects. Students may enroll at any time. II. Public Discussion and Information Division. Furnishes bibliographies and traveling libraries on current problems. III. Lecture Division. Offers popular lectures by members of the University Faculty. For catalogue of any department, address

WILSON WILLIAMS, Registrar, University Station, Austin.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT

Session, eight months, opening September 27. Four-year course in medicine; two-year course in pharmacy; three year course in nursing. Thorough laboratory training. Exceptional clinical facilities in John Sealy Hospital. University Hall, a dormitory for women students of medicine. For catalogue, address

DEAN W. S. CARTER, Medical College, Galveston

Do not let your interest in the Sunday school work lag on account of the hot weather. There is a nice, big cool class room at the Christian church and you will be welcome each Sunday morning at 9:45.

Patronize home industry union tailors only.

J. O. Gibson.

CHURCH SERVICES

Methodist Church.

Sunday School at 9:45 a. m.
Preaching at 11 a. m.
Junior League at 4 p. m.
Senior at 5 p. m.
Preaching at 7:15 p. m.
Prayer meeting, Wednesday night at 8:15 p. m.
Choir practice Thursday night at 8:15 p. m.
Come and bring some one with you.

CHAS. W. HEARON, Pastor.

Episcopal Church.

Sunday School at 9:45 a. m.
Preaching at 11 a. m. and night service at 8:00 p. m.
Rev. A. D. Sanford, Rector.

Baptist Church Services

Sunday school 9:45 a. m.
Preaching 11 a. m. and 8:30 p. m.
Sunbeams, Mrs. Morrison 4:30 p. m.
Sr. Union 1:00 p. m.
Jr. Union 5:30 p. m.
Don't forget that you are invited to all these services.

At the Christian Church

Sunday school at 9:45.
Preaching at 11 a. m.
Preaching at 8:00 p. m.
All are invited to attend.
E. S. BLEDSOE, Pastor.

Regular services at the Presbyterian Church Sunday morning and evening at the usual hours.

Go to Thomas Brothers shop or your barber work. They are first-class workmen.

FOR RENT Four room house on east Second street, at \$6.50 per month. Apply at this office.

The BRONZE BELL

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE
AUTHOR OF "THE BRASS BOWL," ETC.
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

SYNOPSIS.

David Amber, starting for a duck-shooting visit with his friend, Quinn, comes upon a young lady equestrian who has been flung from her horse becoming frightened at the sudden appearance in the road of a burly Hindu. He declares he is Brian Lal Chatterji. The appointed mouthpiece of the Bell, addresses Amber as a man of high rank and presents a mysterious little bronze box. "The Token" into his hand, disappears in the wood. The girl calls Amber by name. He in turn addresses her as Miss Sophie Farrell, daughter of Col. Farrell of the British diplomatic service in India and visiting the Quains. Several nights later the Quain home is burglarized and the bronze box stolen. Amber and Quinn go hunting on an island and become lost and Amber is left marooned. He wanders about, finally reaches a cabin and recognizes as its occupant an old friend named Rutton, whom he last met in England, and who appears to be in hiding. When Miss Farrell is mentioned Rutton is strangely agitated. Chatterji appears and summons Rutton to a meeting of a mysterious body. Rutton produces a revolver, and dashes after Chatterji.

CHAPTER V. (Continued).

Suddenly Rutton started and wheeled round, every trace of excitement smoothed away. Meeting Amber's gaze he nodded as if casually, and said, "Oh, Amber," quietly, with an effect of faint surprise. Then he dropped heavily into a chair by the table.

"Well," he said slowly, "that is over."

Amber, without speaking, went to his side and touched his shoulder with that pitifully inadequate gesture of sympathy which men so frequently employ.

"I killed him," said Rutton dully.

"Yes," replied Amber. He was not surprised; he had apprehended the tragedy from the moment that Rutton had fled him.

After a bit Rutton turned to the table and drew an automatic pistol from his pocket, opening the magazine. Five cartridges remained in the clip, showing that two had been exploded. "I was not sure," he said thoughtfully, "how many times I had fired." His curiosity satisfied, he reloaded the weapon and returned it to his pocket. "He died like a dog," he said, "whimpering and blaspheming in the face of eternity."

It was sickening—the sound of the bullets tearing through his flesh. He shuddered.

"Didn't he resist?" Amber asked involuntarily.

"He tried to. I let him pop away with his revolver until it was empty. Then—"

"What made you wait?"

"I didn't care; it didn't matter. One of us had to die tonight; he should have known that when I refused to accompany him back to—"

I was hungry for his bullet more than for his life; I gave him every chance. But it had to be as it was. That was Fate."

With a wrench Amber pulled himself together. "Rutton," he demanded suddenly, "without premeditation, what are you going to do?"

"Do?" Rutton looked up, his eyes perplexed. "Why, what is there to do? Get away as best I can, I presume—seek another hole to hide in."

"But how about the law?"

"The law? Why need it ever be known—what has happened tonight? I can count on your silence—I have no need to ask. Doggott would die rather than betray me. He and I can dispose of it. No one comes here at this time of the year save hunting parties; and their eyes are not upon the ground. You will go your way in the morning. We'll clear out immediately after."

"You'd better take no chances."

Suddenly Rutton smote the table with his flat. "By Indur!" he swore strangely, his voice quivering with joy; "I had not thought of that!" He jumped up and began to move excitedly to and fro. "I am free! None but you and I know of the passing of the Token and the delivery of the message—none can possibly know for days, perhaps weeks. For so much time at least I am in no danger of—"

He shut his mouth like a trap on words that might have enlightened Amber.

"Of what?"

"Let me see: there are still waste places in the world where a man may lose himself. There's Canada—the Hudson bay region, Labrador.

A discreet knock sounded on the door in the partition, and it was opened gently. Doggott appeared on the threshold, pale and careworn. Rutton paused, facing him.

"Well?"

"Any orders, sir?"

"Yes; begin packing up. We leave tomorrow."

"Very good, sir."

Rutton replenished the fire and stood with his back to it, smiling almost happily. All evidence of remorse had disappeared. "Free!" he cried softly. "And by the simplest of solutions. Strange that I should never have thought before tonight of—"

He glanced carelessly toward the window; and it was as if his lips had been wiped clean of speech.

Amber turned, thrilling, his flesh creeping with the horror that he had divined in Rutton's transfixed gaze.

Outside the glass, that was lightly silvered with frost, something moved—

the spectral shadow of a turbaned head—moved and was stationary for the space of 20 heartbeats. Beneath the turban Amber seemed to see two eyes, wide staring and terribly alight. "God!" cried Rutton thickly, jerking forth his pistol.

The shadow vanished.

With a single thought Amber sprang upon Rutton, snatched the weapon from his nerveless fingers, and, leaping to the door, let himself out.

The snow had ceased; only the wind raved with untempered force. Cautiously, and, to be frank, a bit dismayed, Amber made a reconnaissance, circling the building, but discovered nothing to reward his pains. Only, before the window, through which he had seen the peering turbaned head, he found the impressions of two feet, rather deep and definite, toes pointing toward the house, as though some one had lingered there, looking in. The sight of them reassured him ridiculously.

"At least," he reflected, "disembodied spirits leave no footprints!"

He found Rutton precisely as he had left him, his very attitude an unuttered question.

"No," Amber told him, "he'd made a quick getaway. The marks of his feet were plain enough, outside the window, but he was gone, and—"

"Somehow I wasn't overkeen to follow him up."

"Right," said the elder man dejectedly. "I might have known Chatterji would not have come alone. So my crime was futile." He spoke without spirit, as if completely fagged, and moved slowly to the door.

"David, a little while ago I promised to ask your aid if ever the time should come when I might be free to do so; I said, 'That hour will never strike.' Yet already it is here; I need you. Will you help me?"

"You know that."

"I know. . . . One moment's patience, David." Rutton glanced at the clock. "Time for my medicine," he said; "that heart trouble I mentioned."

He drew from a waistcoat pocket a small silver tube, or phial, and uncorking this, measured out a certain number of drops into a silver spoon. As he swallowed the dose the phial slipped from his fingers and rang upon the hearthstone, spilling its contents in the ashes. A pungent and heady odor flavored the air.

"No matter," said Rutton indifferently. "I shan't need it again for some time." He picked up and restored the phial to his pocket. "Now let me think a bit." He took a quick turn up the room and down again.

"A mad dance," he observed thoughtfully: "this thing we call life. We meet and whirl saunder—notes in a sunbeam. Tonight Destiny chose to throw us together for a little space; tomorrow we shall be irrevocably parted, for all time."

"Don't say that, Rutton."

"It is so written, David." The man's smile was strangely placid. "After this night, we'll never meet. In the morning Doggott will ferry you over—"

"Shan't we go together?"

"No," said Rutton serenely; "I must leave before you."

"Without Doggott?"

"Without Doggott; I wish him to go with you."

"Where?"

"On the errand I am going to ask you to do for me. You are free to leave this country for several months."

"Quite. I corrected the final galley of my 'Analysis of Sanskrit Literature' just before I came down. Now I've nothing on my mind—or hands. Go on."

"Wait." Rutton went a second time to the leather trunk, lifted the lid, and came back with two small parcels. The one, which appeared to contain documents of some sort, he cast negligently on the fire, with the air of one who destroys that which is no longer of value to him. It caught immediately and began to flame and smoke and smoulder. The other was several inches square and flat, wrapped in plain paper, without a superscription, and sealed with several heavy blobs of red wax.

Rutton drew a chair close to Amber and sat down, breaking the seals methodically.

"You shall go on a long journey, David," he said slowly—"a long journey, to a far land, where you shall brave perils that I may not warn you against. It will put your friendship to the test."

"I'm ready."

The elder man ripped the cover from the packet, exposing the back of what seemed to be a photograph. Holding this to the light, its face invisible to Amber, he studied it for several minutes, in silence, a tender light kindling in his eyes to soften the almost ascetic austerity of his expression. "In the end, if you live, you shall win rich reward," he said at length. He placed the photograph face down upon the table.

"How—a reward?"

"The love of a woman worthy of you, David."

"But—!" In consternation Amber rose, almost knocking over his chair. "But—Great Scott, man!"

"Bear with me, David, for yet a little while," Rutton begged. "Sit down."

"All right, but—!" Amber resumed his seat, starting.

"You and Doggott are to seek her out, wherever she may be, and rescue her from what may be worse than death. And it shall come to pass that you shall love one another and marry and live happily ever after—just as though you were a prince and she an enchanted princess in a fairy tale, David."

"I must say you seem pretty damn sure about it!"

"It must be so, David; it shall be so! I am an old man—older than you think, perhaps—and with age there sometimes comes something strange akin to the gift of second-sight. So I know it will be so, though you think me a madman."

"I don't, indeed, but you—"

"Well! I give it up." Amber laughed uneasily. "Go on. Where's this maiden in distress?"

"In India—I'm not sure just where. You'll find her, however."

"And then—?"

"Then you are to bring her home with you, without delay."

"But suppose—"

"You must win her first; then she will come gladly."

"But I've just told you I loved another woman, Rutton, and besides—"

"You mean the Miss Farrell you mentioned?"

"Yes!—"

"That will be no obstacle."

"What! How in thunder do you know it won't?" Amber expostulated. A faint suspicion of the truth quickened his wits. "Who is this woman you want me to marry?"

"My daughter."

"Your daughter!"

"My only child, David."

"Then why won't my love for Miss Farrell interfere?"

"Because," said Rutton slowly, "my daughter and Miss Farrell are the same. . . . No; listen to me; I'm not raving. Here is my proof—her latest photograph." He put it into Amber's hands.

Dazed, the younger man stared

blankly at the likeness of the woman he loved; it was unquestionably she. He gasped, trembling, astounded. "Sophia. . . ." he said thickly, coloring hotly. He was conscious of a tightening of his throat muscles, making speech a matter of difficulty. "But—but—" he stammered.

"Her mother," said Rutton softly, looking away, "was a Russian noblewoman. Sophia is Farrell's daughter by adoption only. Farrell was once my closest friend. When my wife died . . ." He covered his eyes with his hand and remained silent for a few seconds. "When Sophia was left motherless, an infant in arms, Farrell offered to adopt her. Because I became, about that time, aware of this horror that has poisoned my life—something of which you have seen something tonight—I accepted on condition that the truth be never revealed to her. It cost me the friendship of Farrell; he was then but lately married—and I thought it dangerous to be seen with him too much. I left England, having settled upon my daughter the best part of my fortune, retaining only enough for my needs. From that day I never saw her or heard from Farrell. Yet I knew I could trust him. Last summer, when my daughter was presented at court, I was in London; I discovered the name of her photographer and bribed him to sell me this." He indicated the photograph.

"And she doesn't know!"

"She must never know." Rutton leaned forward and caught Amber's hand in a compelling grasp. "Remember that! Whatever you do, my name must never pass your lips—with reference to herself, at least. No one must even suspect that you know me—"

"Farrell knows of all."

"Sophia knows that now," said Amber. "Quain and I spoke of you one night, but the name made no impression on her. I'm sure of that."

"That is good; Farrell has been true. Now . . . you will go to India?"

"I will go," Amber promised.

"You will be kind to her, and true, David? You'll love her faithfully and make her love you?"

"I'll do my best," said the young man humbly.

"It must be so—she must be taught to love you. It is essential, imperative, that she marry you and leave India with you without a day's delay."

Amber sat back in his chair, breathing quickly, his mouth tense. "I'll do my best. But Rutton, why? Won't you tell me? Shouldn't I know—who am to be her husband, her protector?"

"Not from me. I am bound by an oath, David. Some day it may be that you will know. Perhaps not. You may guess what you will—you have much to go on. But from me, nothing. Now, let us settle the details. I've very little time." He glanced again at the shoddy tin clock, with a slight but noticeable shiver.

"How's that? It's hours till morning."

"I shall never see the dawn, David," said Rutton quietly.

"What—?"

"I have but ten minutes more of life. . . . If you must know—in a word: poison. . . . That I be saved a blacker sin, David!"

"You mean that medicine—the silver phial?" Amber stammered, sick with horror.

"Yes. Don't be alarmed; it's slow but sure and painless, dear boy. It works infallibly within half an hour. There'll be no agony—merely the drawing of the curtain. Best of all, it leaves no traces; a diagnostician would call it heart-failure. And thus I escape that." He nodded coolly toward the door.

"But this must not be, Rutton!" Amber rose suddenly, pushing back his chair. "Something must be done. Doggott—"

"Not so loud, please—you might alarm him. After this all over, call him. But now—it's useless; the thing is done; there's no known antidote. Be kind to me, David, in this hour of mine extremity. There's much still to be said between us . . . and in



Studied it for Several Minutes, in Silence.

seven minutes more . . ."

Rutton retained his clutch upon Amber's hand; and his eyes, their luster dimmed, held Amber's, pitiful, passionate, inexorable in their entreaty. Amber sat down, his soul shaken with the pity of it.

"Ah-h!" sighed Rutton. Relieved, the tension relaxed; he released Amber's hand; his body sank a little in the chair. Becoming conscious of this, he pulled himself together.

"Enter India by way of Calcutta," he said in a dull and heavy voice.

"There, in the Machus bazar, you will find a goldsmith and money lender called Dhoia Baksh. Go to him secretly, show him the ring—the Token. He will understand and do all in his power to aid you, should there be any trouble about your leaving with Sophia. To no one else in India are you to mention my name. Deny me, if taxed with knowing me. Do you understand?"

"No. Why?"

"Never mind—but remember these two things: you do not know me and you must under no circumstances have anything to do with the police. They could do nothing to help you; on the other hand, to be seen with them, to have it known that you communicate with them, would be the equivalent of a nail upon your death warrant. You remember the money lender's name?"

"Dhoia Baksh of the Machu bazar."

"Trust him—and trust Doggott."

"Four minutes more!"

"Rutton!" cried Amber in a broken voice. Cold sweat broke out upon his forehead.

The man smiled feebly. "Believe me, this is the better way—the only way. . . . Some day you may meet a little chap named Labretouche—a queer fish I once knew in Calcutta. But I advise you to be gone now. But if you should meet him, tell him that you've seen his B-Fornula work seawisely in one instance at least. You see, he's dabbling in alchemy and astrology and a lot of uncommon parables—a collector by pro-

feccion, he never seemed to have any practice to speak of—and he invented this stuff and named it the B-Fornula." Rutton tapped the silver phial in his waistcoat pocket, smiling feebly. "He was a good little man. . . . Two minutes. Strange how little one cares, when it's inevitable."

He ceased to speak and closed his eyes. A great stiffness made itself felt within the room. In the other, Doggott was silent—probably asleep. It was close upon two in the morning.

"Amber," said Rutton suddenly and very clearly, "you'll find a will in my dispatch box. Doggott is to have all I possess. The emerald ring—the Token—I give to you."

"Yes, I—"

"Your hand. . . . Mine is cold? No! I fancied it was." With the man drowsily. And later: "Sophia. You will be kind to her, David?"

"On my faith!"

Rutton's fingers tightened cruelly upon his, then relaxed suddenly. He began to nod, his chin drooping toward his breast.

"The Gateway . . . the Bell"

The words were no more than whispers—dying on lips that stilled as they spoke.

For a long time Amber sat unmoving, his fingers imprisoned in that quiet, cooling grasp, his thoughts astray in a black mist of mourning and bewilderment.

Out of doors something made a circuit of the cabin, like a beast of the night, stealthy footsteps muffled by the snow: pad—pad—pad.

In the emerald ring on Amber's finger the deathless fire leaped and pulsed.

CHAPTER VI.

Red Dawn.

Presently Amber rose and quietly exchanged dressing gown and slippers for his own shooting jacket and boots—which by now were dry, thanks to Doggott's thoughtfulness in placing them near the fire.

The shabby tin clock had droned through 30 minutes since Rutton had spoken his last word. In that interval, sitting face to face, and for a little time hand in hand, with the man to whom he had pledged his honor, Amber had thought deeply, carefully weighing ways and means; nor did he move until he believed his plans mature and definite.

But before he could take one step toward redeeming his word to Rutton, he had many cares to dispose of. In the but, Rutton lay dead of poison; somewhere among the dunes the babu lay in his blood, shot to death—foully murdered, the world would say. Should these things become known, he would be detained indefinitely in Nekomis as a witness—if, indeed, he escaped a graver charge.

It was, then, with a mind burdened with black anxiety that he went to arouse Doggott.

"Mr. Rutton is dead, Doggott," he managed to say with some difficulty. Doggott exclaimed beneath his breath. "Dead!" he cried in a tone of daze. In two strides he had left Amber and was kneeling by Rutton's side. The most cursory examination, however, sufficed to resolve his every doubt.

"Dead!" whispered the servant. He rose and stood swaying, his lips a-tremble, his eyes blinking through a mist, his head bowed. "It always was uncommon good to me, Mr. Amber," he said brokenly. "It's a bit 'ard, comin' this w'y. 'Ow—'ow did it—?" He broke down completely for a time.

When he had himself in more control Amber told him as briefly as possible of the head at the window and of its sequel—Rutton's despairing suicide.

Doggott listened in silence, nodding his comprehension. "I've always looked for it, sir," he commented. "It'd warned me never to touch that silver tube; 'e never said poison, but I suspected, 'e being blue and melancholy-like, by fits and turns—'e never told me why."

Then, reverently, they took up the body and laid it out upon the hammock-bed. Doggott arranging the limbs and closing the eyes before spreading a sheet over the rigid form.

"And now, what, Mr. Amber?" he asked.

"Mr. Rutton spoke of a dispatch box, Doggott. You know where to find it?"

"Yes, sir."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Salutary Example.

Every legal expedient for delay having been exhausted, and their appeal for executive clemency having been made in vain to the president, five wealthy Alabama lumbermen have entered the federal prison at Atlanta to serve penal sentences for the crime of poignage. Pity will be extended to the families of these men, but the great itself cannot be regarded as one of the most important and significant in the whole course of the recent awakening of the public conscience. It is a demonstration to the country that only by holding to personal accountability the man responsible for violation of the law and respect and obedience to law be enforced. The fatality of five as a punishment in such cases has been shown, but it will only require a few such applications of the law as in these Alabama convictions to instill a wholesome regard for law everywhere.—Exchange.

Cautionary Note.

"Funny, wasn't it, how that lecture warmed up to his subject."

"Why not?"

"Because it was an cold storage."

Ballinger's American.

HEADACHE is just a symptom. It is Nature's way of showing a derangement of the stomach, liver or bowels. Help Nature with the best system-cleaning tonic, OXIDINE—a bottle proves. The Specific for Malaria, Chills and Fever, and a reliable remedy for all diseases due to disordered liver, stomach, bowels and kidneys. 50c At Your Druggist. THE BUREAU DRUG CO., Waco, Texas.

The Wretchedness of Constipation Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliouness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

THEY CHEATED AT CARDS Experienced Shopper, Who Was Wise, Put Huhby Onto Facts of the Case. Speaking of family poker parties this really happened: A young married couple attended such a session at the home of a neighbor the other night. And when this young couple got home, the female end of the sketch said: "Jim, I hate to say anything about the Halls—they seem to be nice people. But I'm afraid they cheat at cards."

"Nonsense!"

"I knew you'd say that, and it's dear of you to be so unsuspecting. But—well, what was the price of the chips, tonight? Five cents each? That's what I thought. Jim, I examined those chips carefully, and they're the very same thing that I could have bought at Jones' store for a dollar a hundred in all three colors, too!"

A Distinction. Mrs. Gaddy—There are some distinctions in life which are very pushing to me. Professor Fundt—Like what, for instance? Mrs. Gaddy—When you write everything bad and mean in a man's life in a book for everybody to read, it is biography; but when you just tell the same things to a few people on a front porch, it's gossip.

Look Before You Leap. Agitated Old Gent—Quick! My daughter is overboard! Save her, and she shall be your wife! Blame Person—Wait till the waves roll her over and I can see her face!—Puck.

LUCKY MISTAKE. Grocer Sent Pkg. of Postum and Opened the Eyes of the Family. A lady writes from Brookline, Mass.: "A package of Postum was sent me one day by mistake. "I notified the grocer, but finding that there was no coffee for breakfast next morning I prepared some of the Postum, following the directions very carefully. "It was an immediate success in my family, and from that day we have used it constantly, parents and children, too—for my three rosy youngsters are allowed to drink it freely at breakfast and luncheon. They think it delicious, and I would have a nuttin on my hands should I omit the beloved beverage. "My husband used to have a very delicate stomach while we were using coffee, but to our surprise his stomach has grown strong and entirely well since we quit coffee and have been on Postum. "Noting the good effects in my family I wrote to my sister, who was a coffee toper, and after much persuasion got her to try Postum. "She was prejudiced against it at first, but when she presently found that all the ailments that coffee gave her left and she got well quickly she became and remains a thorough and enthusiastic Postum convert. "Her nerves, which had become shattered by the use of coffee have grown healthy again, and today she is a new woman, thanks to Postum. "Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich., and the "cuss why" will be found in the great little book, "The Road to Wellville," which comes in Postum.

Have you read the above letter? A new and superior form of Postum. They are prepared from the best of natural ingredients.

Farmers' Educational and Co-Operative Union of America

Masters of Experience
to the Progressive Agriculturist

An unprincipled man is like a nail that cannot go straight. The wise man knows when he has struck before he gets it. When a man goes to church and finds a sign that he is dreaming of heaven. A man who is always changing friends never finds one that just suits him. It takes a real Christian to drive his nails through the mudholes and arrive at the church in an exalted frame of mind. The "mealy little" potatoes may look just as good as the better sort; and then again they may—and probably will—not. A pessimist is a man who prefers to stay at home and sort potatoes while the boss and the rest of the crowd goes fishing. Why not use the co-operative grocery or co-operative store as a center for the collection of branded and co-operatively sold eggs? There are some folks so blue-blooded that they can't see anything but a better-up meadow save a chance to get an attack of rheumatism. Teach the boys not to shoot the doves they are the police and scavengers of our grass and grain fields, and very few of them are guilty, as charged, of chicken stealing. "Dear God" a man who was lucky? That you know a man who was a hard worker either with his hands or his brain, or both. Luck consists in being ready when the opportunity comes and making the most of it. There is no other kind of luck.

ONE OF BEST INVESTMENTS

President Barrett Advocates Helping Max Who is Down, Whether Member of Union or Not.

To the Officers and Members of the Farmers' Union: If more men had helped each other out of rough places since the world began, civilization and Christianity would be much farther advanced than they are.

The obligation to help the man who is down and out is one of the most sacred—and it isn't confined to your fellow-member in the Farmers' Union. In the first place you don't know when you may be in the same boat yourself, and in need of assistance. In the second, by helping to get a man on his feet you're saving yourself the expense of having to help him or his family. So the proposition cuts from the business as well as the philanthropic end.

In this country of quick changes, the man you give a lift to today may tomorrow be in position to help you or the organization. So it's good policy, as well as a plain matter of duty. I don't think I ever saw a man so far gone in meanness that I wouldn't try my best to give him even a little ray of light. The man on the woman who is cast out by society with the cry of "Unclean, Unclean!" is the man and the woman who most need help.

You are not going to roll your hands by picking people up out of the mire. You're much more likely to get your soul, and lose some good opportunity in life by falling to do it.

One of the most beautiful features about some of the secret orders is that they never desert a member, no matter how far he has strayed from the pathway. That ought to be the motto of every member of the Farmers' Union, from the biggest leaders down to the newest joiners.

We have a good deal of that spirit here in the organization. The more we encourage it, the more we enhance the prestige of the order, and live up to the principles upon which it is founded.

CHAS. S. BARRETT, Union City, Ga.

FISH GROWTH OF ALL CROPS

Should Be Done by Frequent and Shallow Cultivation—Increased Yields Will Result.

(By G. H. ALFORD.) The growth of every crop should be pushed now by frequent and shallow cultivation. Kill the grass and weeds in the sprout and keep the surface covered with a fine soil mulch to conserve the soil moisture. There has been a steady increase in the yield of cotton, corn, and other crops in all of the southern states, but the yield is far below what it ought to be. The average is still below one-half bushel of cotton per acre. The average yield ought to be at least one bushel per acre. If the land is thoroughly prepared, good seed planted, and the crop given frequent and shallow cultivation the yields will be more than satisfactory.

Every farmer in the south will find cotton closer in the cotton at work, the succeeding crop will stand eloquently of its growth as a fertilizer. The crimson clover with new ground phosphate will be the best and most economical way to increase the yields of crops in the south.

EXALL ON BETTER FARMING

People Must be Taught Absolute Necessity of Returning All Fertilizers to Soil.

In the address of the president of the Texas Industrial Congress at its late meeting, Col. Henry Exall spoke, in part, as follows:

"The population of Europe and America at the beginning of the nineteenth century was about 180 million; it is now over 450 million. The population of the United States in 1800 was seven million; it is now almost 100 million. The opening up of this new country, with its rich soil, so cheapened food production that the population increased by leaps and bounds, and despite the Civil war, with the consequent destruction of life and property, and its paralyzing effect upon progress, our population has grown from thirty million in 1860 to ninety-two million in 1910—300 per cent in fifty years. At the same rate of increase we will have 226 million people to feed in 1960. In this connection it is well to remember that despite the fact that within the past forty years we have put into cultivation the major part of the great prairie plains, the richest body of land of like fertility on the face of the earth, comprising what is known as the Mississippi valley, and including the black belt in Illinois, and west through Iowa and the Dakotas, and southwest through Kansas, Nebraska, Oklahoma, and Texas, and notwithstanding the fact that great improvements have been made for cultivating and harvesting crops, and great advance has been made in seed selection, and some improvement in cultural methods, so little has been done to conserve the fertility of the earth; so constantly have we mined, rather than farmed it; subtracting from it, without adding to it, that the average crop of corn and wheat combined per acre in the United States is less than it was forty years ago. The population is increasing at a terrible rate, and production is constantly decreasing. The grain acreage increase for the past ten years has been about twenty-three per cent; the production has increased about thirty-five per cent, but the consumption has increased sixty per cent.

"Ten years ago we produced about 500 million bushels of wheat and exported thirty-seven and a half per cent of it; now we produce 700 million bushels of wheat and export seventeen per cent. In the same time our corn crop has grown from two and a half billion bushels to two and three-quarter billion bushels, but the home demand has so increased that our exports have fallen from nine to three per cent. For all these reasons we have been in the proud position of having corn and wheat for sale, and cheap food for all our people, but unless we immediately and radically change our agricultural methods we will, within the next few years, be buyers of food. The pertinent question is: 'Who will have it for sale at anything like reasonable prices?'

"It behooves us, therefore, to save and to use every particle of fertilizing matter that is within our reach. The nitrogen, phosphorus and potash in the stalks from 100 bushels of corn are worth, in carload lots today, if we had to buy it, \$10.55. The same mineral elements in the stalks from a bale of cotton are worth \$9.65. As a rule, we burn both, and temporarily destroy the usefulness of the land upon which the fires are lighted. We are not only clipping the coupons, but we are cutting into the body of the bonds.

"The people must be taught the absolute necessity of returning everything possible in the line of fertilizers to the soil; protecting it from washing by terracing, and plowing around instead of up and down the slopes. They must be taught to thoroughly prepare the lands before planting the carefully selected seed, and by constant shallow mulch cultivation to keep down the weeds. They must not lay by and leave their crops, but must be taught to know that as the stalk grows larger it has more live weight to sustain, and it needs more nourishment. Cultivation should continue until the crop is positively made. The rule has been to lay by the crop and leave it to fight the suckers, weeds, dry, parched earth and hot winds alone, when its life-work is yet to be accomplished.

"If this one last item mentioned, namely, not to lay by and leave the crop, but to keep a soft mulch on top of the ground, and the crop entirely free from weeds and suckers until the grains are hard upon the stalk, were literally put into effect, it would add millions of dollars to the value of the crop in the state this year."

Giving Small Ones a Chance.

Two or three feeding coops or pens should be provided for the chickens and other poultry at this time. Each of these coops should be provided with different sized openings for the admission of the different sized young. The young will soon learn to run to their own coops at feeding time, and thus will not be trampled on by the older chicks and grown fowls. Many chicks are made lame, and not a few killed when all the flock is fed together.

Don't Speculate.

Let us not engage in hazardous speculation in stock and grain margins. Twenty chances to one we will be financially ruined if we do. Let us not act in the capacity of lambs forever.

The OUTDOOR WOMAN

By Ruth Alexander Pepple

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ARCHERY A FAVORITE SPORT FOR WOMEN



A LESSON IN HORSEMANSHIP HANDLING THE REINS



WITHIN the past few years representatives of outdoor sports among the women of this country have multiplied and increased to a greater extent than in any previous era. Although in the years past there have been a few devotees of the more strenuous sports and recreations, the modern woman has just begun to realize all that outdoor life means to her, and the benefits she may derive thereby.

A great number of the women who are today living a life of health and pleasure in the outdoor world have developed from timid, feeble beings of no physique whatever, whose only so-called pleasures were found over cards and other social functions the nature of which not only sap the physical, but impair the mental vitality as well. These women date their convalescent period from the time these enervating pastimes were abandoned for a life free from petty worries and cares—the life of the great outdoors.

What a blessing it would be to womankind if more husbands and brothers, being sportsmen themselves, would say oftener: "Come, go with me into the woodland's cool retreat, to the clear lake where lurk the wily bass, and the air is filled with the fragrance of growing things," or perhaps, "Come where Bob White is hiding in the lonely willow swale."

As a rule, man is, or has been, a selfish creature where sport is concerned, and until recent years has considered his work well done when after a fortunate day of sport he came home, glowing with exercise and vigor bringing the fish or game for the "meek and humble" wife to prepare. But mankind also is beginning to "see the error of his ways," and each season there are more and more recruits to the army of happy men who have fitted their wives out with all necessary equipment for the life outdoors, whether to meet the requirements of the gentle art of angling or the more exerting though not less congenial recreation with the gun.

In the United States, those women who have asserted themselves, either for their inherent love for nature, or the acquired attachment that invariably springs up—the result of close communion with nature—have proven the equal, and not infrequently the superior of man contestants, in games that try the utmost skill and endurance in his or her special sport. To the woman who has, as she will probably express it, "lost her health," and whose strength and courage with which to combat every-day tribulations is fast deserting her, the one physician who can answer every time as positive to a permanent cure is old Doctor Outdoors, and his prescriptions are many and varied. This physician will never advise a timid, nervous woman to go for the first time, armed with shotgun, nor would he tell a woman who never had held before a more formidable weapon than a "straight flush" to start out after big game without some preliminary instructions in this line. The first advice would be: Learn to love the outer world, cultivate a "taste for natural beauty, learn to look, learn to listen, learn to walk correctly, to tread the woodland paths lightly, and learn to breathe, fully and freely expanding, exhaling, till the blood coursing merrily through every vein brings a warm glow to cheeks that have long been pinched and faded.

are rapid. Some animal has passed that way. As the twigs alone, and not the branches being mutilated, you know the animal has not rushed by in fright, and the nipped leaves higher up will indicate the leisurely passage of some herbivorous animal, and if you feel inclined to follow this trail you will be rewarded in the end by finding a stray horse, as at first surmised. Not big game, far from it, but you have learned one lesson in the book of woodcraft, which is only a page of the many volumes yet in store for the earnest student. It may have been smaller tracks that have claimed your attention, tracks that are visible in the soft earth. Learn to distinguish those of a rabbit from those of the squirrel has made. This is easy if you will remember that in running the rabbit places both fore feet close together and spreads the hind feet apart, while the squirrel places all feet at nearly equal distance apart. In using the olfactory sense you can stand perfectly still and tell what trees or bush is in blossom.

Truly, one season spent out of doors in cultivation and close observation will be of more real benefit than years over books. These things, then, are the first rudiments toward that higher education, the education of the outdoor woman. Perhaps the most important thing to be considered during the preparatory stage is the clothing to be worn, for without comfortable attire, advanced lessons will be of little real benefit. Although the outing costume varies with the individual taste, and also with the expense to be considered, still the most popular and the one universally adapted to most needs is a suit consisting of a plain short skirt worn over knickerbockers, a coat of the same material, which may be made plain for camping purposes alone, or supplied with the proper pockets for hunting and fishing. A soft flannel shirt will be found more convenient than a waist, and stout shoes worn with leggings are lighter and less fatiguing than the high top boots, although they may be worn to advantage in colder weather or where there is a rough tramp to be taken. A soft felt hat, or cap with generous visor to protect the eyes completes the costume.

After simplicity, durability is an item to be considered. Strong, serviceable duck, canvas and khaki cloth are durable and easily cleaned, but of recent years whole suits of waterproof material can be had at such reasonable cost that it is folly and a greater expense to make one's outing garments at home.

Cultivate a love for nature, which you can do with neither rod nor gun, the use of which implements of pleasure should come after the first rudiments are mastered. With new strength and nerve gained through a life out of doors will also come new courage and confidence. In some respects the prevailing variety of sport is characteristic of that portion of country wherein it is most indulged. In the southern and some of the eastern states, fox hunting is one of the most popular of recreations, as the physical features and topography of the country make it the natural home of the fox, red and gray; and in the sunny south for generations fox hounds have been bred with the exhilaration of the chase in view; horses have been judiciously bred in order to keep up with the hounds; and who may say but that the beauty of the famous women, especially of Kentucky, has not been

established through generations of riding to hounds in the open air, for it is a sport that is indulged in to a great extent by women, and it is worthy of note that they have proved to be the most fearless as well as most graceful of riders.

In the wilder portions of the west, where the turbulent broncho and the fiery mustang hold supreme sway, riding is one of the prevalent modes of enjoyment, although in a very different manner from that of riding to hounds, for the western horsewoman differs as much from the cultivated horsewoman of the south and east as the broncho differs from the thoroughbred; and yet the daughters of the west are fearless riders, many of whom are expert ropers and spend their spare moments in the healthful, albeit rude, atmosphere of the camp.

Archery claims many devotees who are very enthusiastic over their favorite pastime, but as yet the game of William Tell has not gained national pre-eminence. It seems to be growing in popularity, however.

More than a century before our beloved Isaac Walton had published his immortal work, "The Complete Angler," another book was written on the subject so dear to the heart of the angler—this by a venerable dame, Julianna Berners. It was called "Treatise of Fysshynge wyth an Angle," and even in that remote time (1496) there must have been the same existing charm of outdoor life and proof that a woman might profit by this recreation either beside still waters or running stream, as demonstrated in the old dame's words: "It nedde be the dysporte of fysshynge wyth an angle that causeth a long life, and a merry." And truly, what life can be more full of the sweet, seductive charm than an outing beside a running brook?

Take a warm day in early spring when all nature is awakening from her long winter sleep. Go away off "far from the maddening crowd" to some sequestered nook where the trees are beginning to wear their green dress of the season, and where the lark sings. Take with you the light rod and little coxer, and try your luck with the finny tribe. It is not all luck, however, and it is interesting as well as instructive to note under what conditions the greatest amount of success in angling can be attained.

From a practical viewpoint, angling has much to recommend it as an enjoyable means of recreation, as the sport need not be made an expensive one, although with angling as with all other sports, it may be made as expensive as one would wish, according to the richness of the outfit to be employed and enjoyed. Many an old fisherman, and any little boy will tell you that he can catch more fish using a pole cut from a neighboring tree, with home-made tackle, than with the most elaborate set of bamboo rods and flys ever manufactured.

Trap shooting is a great sport and claims a number of women devotees in this country as well as abroad; it is said that Queen Margharita of Italy is an adept with both shotgun and rifle, trap shooting being her favorite diversion.

Gradually, but persistently the outdoor woman and lover of this means of recreation is asserting herself, and at present time plans are under way to perfect an organization composed of the women trap shooters of the United States. At the head of this movement is one of the most enthusiastic and able representatives of trap shooting among the fair sex. More than ever women are beginning to realize how much outdoor life means to them, and they will soon find that no one but the doctor has a kick coming if they spend their vacation in the wilderness or on the plains.

My advice is "Throw your powder rags and medicine bags to the first stray goat you meet and come with me into the open," thereby placing your name upon the great roster as an outdoor woman.

Howard County Lands for Sale.

640 acres. 2 sets of improvements, 225 acres in cultivation, all fenced, land all good. Price \$12.00 per acre, easy terms.

200 acres, all good smooth land all fenced. Price twelve dollars.

640 acres all good red sandy cat-claw land. Price eleven dollars per acre. Will cut the land at same price, make terms to suit. Have a number of good places to sell worth the money, several desirable places in Big Springs, can sell on easy terms.

If you want to rent a place in town see me.

If you want to buy a place in town see me.

If you want to buy a farm in Howard county see me.

If I can't suit you then see the other fellow.

J. F. Northington.

Dr. E. H. Happel

DENTIST

Office over First National Bank. Big Springs, Texas.

For Sale or Trade

One section of land 17 miles south of town, will sell or trade. Has 6-room house, good well and windmill, 100 acres in cultivation, all fenced. Will take some Big Springs property or Howard county land. For further particulars inquire at this office.

The South's Greatest Newspaper

The Semi-weekly Record, Fort Worth, Texas

In addition to subscribing for your home paper, which you cannot well afford to be without, you must have a high class general newspaper.

As a trustworthy family paper, The Semi-Weekly Fort Worth Record has no superior. It isn't for any limited set of people; it's for every member of every family. If you don't find something of interest in a particular issue—well, the editor looks on that issue as a failure. In addition to printing all the news of the day in concise form, The Record has special features for each member of the family. The remarkable growth of The Record is the best evidence of its merits.

By subscribing through this office you can get The Fort Worth Semi-Weekly Record together with The Enterprise both papers one year for only Two Dollars, or a six-page wall map will be included for only 15c extra. Accept this remarkable offer today.

Try our Letourneaux tonix and genuine shampoo, we guarantee it. Thomas Bros.

Tabernacle Meeting

You are invited to attend a series of meetings at Coahoma beginning August 18, 1911.

We believe in a Salvation that saves from sin and satisfies, a satisfaction that enables us to please God in this life, and to enjoy His presence in eternity.

The following or other scriptural subjects will be preached during the meeting:

- The Gospel, what it is and what it does.
- The atonement, sin and its effects.
- Everlasting punishment of the wicked.
- Eternal happiness of the righteous.
- Purity and unity of the church.
- Justification. Sanctification.
- How to get and keep in favor with God.

The Gospel will be preached in its simplicity. You will be able to understand it. For you to miss these meetings may mean for you to miss heaven. COME.

Meetings will be held at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. and on Sunday at 11 a. m., 3:30 and 8 p. m.

THE ENTERPRISE

W. V. ERVIN, Editor.

Big Springs, Texas

Entered at the Big Springs, Texas, Post Office as Second-Class Matter.

SUBSCRIPTION. \$1.50 A YEAR

In a campaign for civic improvement, the women are most valuable assets, and with the least possible encouragement the women are not only willing, but glad to take up a movement for "a city beautiful."

Help the farmer by creating a market for his products, and thus putting more money into circulation. Encourage the farmer to raise better crops, breed better stock and to become more self-reliant. Help him to learn to farm more by brain and less by brawn.

The merchant has elaborate show windows, and a decorated store in order to bring trade to that store. On the same principle, good streets, permanent sidewalks, attractive yards, both front and back, draw people to a city or town. In addition to the business features, there is of course a satisfying civic pride when these things are attained.

No one is obliged to live where he is not suited. If one hasn't an encouraging word for the business enterprise and institutions of his town, he should shut up and "go way back and sit down." If things don't suit you move to where they will. A growler and sorehead in a town is an enterprise killer every time. If you'd pay a town to denate him \$5.00 and tell him to move.

Don't grumble. The most unfortunate class of people living upon this green earth are the grumblers. They rob home of its joys, society of its dues, and themselves of the best things of life. From the days the children of Israel "grumbled" and were sent on their tedious wanderings "for forty years in the wilderness," up to the present hour the world has been full of grumblers. It is "too hot" or "too cold," "too wet" or "dry." People in reasonable circumstances have visions of the poor house, while the rich grumble that they can't get rich faster.—Exchange.

MOVED

We have moved to the Masonic Building, (north room), where we will be glad to have our friends call on us.

As in the past our aim will be to give the best goods for the price asked. We are always mindful of our patrons' interests when making our purchases that we may be able to give a high-grade merchandise at as low prices as the market affords.

Thanking you one and all for past favors and hoping to merit your favor in future, we are

Respectfully,

A. P. McDONALD & CO

To hear one everlasting growl and complaint proceeding from what is aptly called a "chronic kicker," to have every agreeable thought chased away by this evil spirit of disputatiousness, is more than flesh and blood can stand. This would be a better world if the people who lose their tempers would never find them again. It is always so easy to fall into evil, but often it requires hard work to gain a sure footing in a refined circle.

The old reliable—The Reagan Drug Store. It has been your friend for many years, it will remain your friend for many years to come.

The Water Problem

Water is one of the most abundant and essential elements of nature and the life and happiness of the people and the success of all lines of industry depend upon quality, cost and durability of our water supply.

Ever since the days when Moses smote the rocks and water gushed forth to quench the thirst of the children of Israel, the people have murmured for water. In time of drouth it is the custom of the people of the rural districts to pray for rain and of the inhabitants of cities to curse the waterworks. Irrigation is solving the problem in agriculture in the arid regions of the state and pure artesian water is available for most cities. Nature has done her part by depositing vast lakes of pure water beneath the surface and numerous rivers traverse the state, offering an abundance of surface water to the cities and it is merely an engineering problem of watering the cities of Texas.

A permanent source of water is one of the most important questions confronting many growing cities in the state and one which may be by common consent, postponed, but, Banquo's ghost, it will rise up again with increased frightfulness.

Solve the water problem and solve it now.

Good Roads.

Prosperity follows good roads as commerce follows the flag, and no community has advanced far in civilization that has not improved its public highways. The condition of the public road and the commodities handled usually gauge the progress and development of communities. Get in line and build good roads.

Texas Needs Capital.

Texas cannot be developed with home capital and if this generation purposes to develop the state, we must get men and money from the outside, and an invitation to homeseekers and capitalists is cordially extended.

An editor away for a while left his paper in charge of a minister. During the minister's stay in the sanatorium the following letter came from a subscriber: "I know very well I paid my subscription the last time. If I get any more such letters from you as I got last week, I'll come in and maul h'l out of you." The minister answered: "I have been trying to get that out of the editor for ten years, and if you will come down and maul it out of him, then my dear sir, I have about twenty members of my church I will get you to operate on."

Nyal's Tooth Cream, Ward's.

Guy Mercer came in Saturday, having been called here by the illness of his mother.

M. A. Churchill returned last night from Sweetwater where he spent two days on business.

Thomas Brothers shop is the place to go for first-class tonorial work. Try them if you are not already a customer.

J. A. Davis will please accept our thanks for a fine water melon which he presented this office with yesterday morning. The eating of it was highly enjoyed by the entire force.

SEE

J. D. McDonald is opening up his racket and hardware store in the Lester building, under the Woodman Hall, and this will be the place to make your nickels and dimes go along ways.

FOR RENT Four room house on east Second street, at \$8.50 per month. Apply at this office.

IT'S ALWAYS BAD

The Best of Backs are Bad When They Ache, and Big Spring People Know It

A bad back is always bad. Bad at night when bedtime comes, Just as bad in the morning. Ever try Doan's Kidney Pills for it? Know they cure backache—cure every kidney ill? If you don't, some Big Springs people do.

Read a case of it: Theodore Scholz, Big Springs, Texas, says: "Doan's Kidney Pills cured me of a severe attack of kidney trouble after everything else had failed to give me relief. I could do very little work, as the result of a lame and aching back, and the kidney secretions were too frequent in passage, causing me much annoyance, especially at night. Doan's Kidney Pills, procured at J. L. Ward's Drug Store, rid me of my trouble, and I believe they will do the same for other sufferers."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cts. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agent for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

WE ARE PREPARED

To take care of your every want in our line, for our stock is second to none in the West and our clerks are proprietors all being interested in the advancement of our store, and further we have two registered men who have made the drug business a life study.

WE WANT YOUR TRADE

and are now making a stronger effort to reach you in your wants than ever before.

COME TO US

for your Drugs, Stationery, Brushes, Perfumes and Sundries.

Biles & Gentry Prescription Druggists

Nyal's Tooth Ease 25 cents at Ward's.

Miss Velma Wasson is visiting friends in Colorado.

Fayrose Complexion Powder, 50c guaranteed. Ward.

Mrs. Roy Thomas, who has been quite sick, is able to be up.

The West Texas Odd Fellow's Association meets at Colorado on the 8th and 9th.

Sidney Davis has our thanks for a nice water melon which he left at our office this morning.

For Sale.

Unlimited scholarship in the Big Springs Business Academy will sell it or trade for a horse or good milk cow. This is the only scholarship of this kind that is for sale in this school and no more will be issued. Inquire at this office.

Thomas Brothers union barber shop will appreciate your patronage and guarantee good work.

For Sale—Two nice lots in the Cole & Strayhorn addition. Inquire at this office.

Sprains require careful treatment. Keep quiet and apply Chamberlain's Liniment freely. It will remove the soreness and quickly restore the parts to a healthy condition. For sale by all dealers.

DR. I. E. SMITH

SPECIALIST
EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT. GLASSES FITTED
OFFICE HOURS:
9 to 12 A. M. 1:30 to 5 P. M.
OFFICE NORTH OF COURT HOUSE
BIG SPRINGS TEXAS

CITY CHILI PARLOR

Chili, Enchiladas, Chili and Eggs and Nice Tamales Every Day.
M. GONZALEZ Proprietor

OLD HATS

Cleaned, Blocked and made to look like new by
J. W. Atkins
the Hatter
Located in Building Formerly Occupied by the Union Bakery.

Start a Home Now and Join the Ranks of the Independents

Never has it been easier to build than right now; and there is no enterprise more worthy than home building. It opens the purse strings of the banker quicker than anything else, because it means that you have decided to become a part of the community in which you live. Thus almost before you start you find the ownership of a home carries a significance. Start it today—you'll be glad if you do and sorry if you don't. When you're ready to talk lumber we'll be waiting for you, because we have just the lumber you will need, besides a lot of suggestions that may be helpful to you without any extra charge.

Special Clubbing

Offer Every intelligent man wants to keep up with the news of his own community and county. Therefore he needs a good local newspaper. He also needs a paper of general news, and for state, national and world-wide happenings, he will find that

The Semi-Weekly Farm News

has no superior. The secret of its great success is that it gives the farmer and his family just what they need in the way of a family newspaper. In addition to its general news and agricultural features, it has special pages for the wife, the boys and the girls. It gives the latest market reports and publishes more special crop reports during the year than any other paper.

For \$2.25 Cash in Advance

we will send THE SEMI-WEEKLY FARM NEWS and THE ENTERPRISE, both for one year. This means you will get a total of 156 copies. It's a combination which can't be beat and you will secure your money's worth many times over.

Burton-Lingo Co.

How Does This Strike You?

THE ENTERPRISE One year,	\$1.50
Fort Worth Semi-Weekly Record,	1.00
6-Page Wall Chart, with 1910 census, worth	3.00
Total	\$5.50

Hand us \$2.25 in CASH and the Goods are yours. Send orders to
THE ENTERPRISE

Patronize Home Industry

We are now in our new concrete building with ample floor space for all our up-to-date machinery, and are now prepared to do the Laundry Work for Big Springs in prompt and satisfactory manner. We are prepared to handle all work instructed to us and guarantee to turn out as good work as any laundry in the state. Visit us in our new quarters.

Home Steam Laundry

Phone 17°

Big Springs, Tex.

"IT'S DOG-ON GOOD FEED."



Comments the customer as he notices his horses and cattle becoming sleeker, healthier, happier every day. Then he realizes that our statements about the quality of our hay, oats, corn, bran, alfalfa and "trico" are not mere idle talk, but facts. Follow his example and note results.

C. F. Morris Phone 250

Mrs. Ben Fatheree and Miss Dona Gill went to Big Springs today. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. O'Brien and children are visiting at Big Springs this week.

Miss Bernice Lee and little sister, Naomi, of Big Springs are visiting at the home of A. J. Gallimore this week.

Rev. Father Filliung, who has been pastor of the Catholic church at this place four years, will leave this evening to take up his new appointment at Dallas. During his stay here he has labored faithfully, and made many friends among the Protestants.—Stanton Reporter.

Do you believe in the "Golden Rule?" If so it will pay you to do your trading at Reagan's Drug Store.

Cut glass, Ward's.

Silverware, Ward's.

Nyal's Face Cream, Ward's.

Try one of Thomas Bros. Cruid Oil Shampoo will do your scalp good.

Mrs. Julia Ward, who left last week for an extended visit with her children at Big Springs and Colorado, writes home that she is having a splendid time.—Pecos Times.

Now is the time to buy your trousers. I will make you a pair of \$9.00 trousers for \$7.00. Will sell them at any price to make room for my fall goods. J. O. Gibson.

Storm at Abilene

Abilene, Texas, Aug. 1.—Last night's wind, rain and hail storm which swept Abilene, Hamlin, Roscoe and the surrounding territory, cost one life, the serious injury of a half dozen others and \$500,000 damage to property. Four counties were touched by the storm—Nolan, Scurry, Jones and Taylor. The last named suffered more than the others, with one man dead and with \$200,000 loss in Abilene. In fact the damage was confined mainly to the towns, crops escaping.

Vernon Milner, the 21-year-old son of T. A. Milner, a farmer living four miles east of here on Lytle creek, was caught under the falling roof of the barn and was crushed to death before his father and brothers could rescue him from the wreckage.

W. W. Johnson, cashier of the Continental State Bank at Hamlin, was struck by a plate glass window and seriously injured. Other less serious accidents are reported in Abilene and Hamlin.

Dozens of narrow escapes are reported in Abilene and the vicinity. H. J. Williamson, residing on a farm three miles north of Abilene, left his house and hurried into the storm cellar a minute before the wind overturned and lightning struck his dwelling. Had he and the members of his family remained indoors, they would undoubtedly have been killed.

The storm broke in Abilene at 6 o'clock when it began to abate. The wind, rain and hail came from the east, and today scarcely an east window in Abilene contains a solid pane of glass. The rain measured three and three-quarter inches.

Daylight this morning showed drifts of hail twelve inches deep in sheltered places. The loss here is principally in the business section. First, the terrific hail and wind would smash out the skylights in stores and permit the solid sheets of rain to pour in upon the goods.

Several horses and cows were killed, and practically every church in the city was damaged; the Grace hotel suffered a \$6,000 loss. On Lytle Lake, the house of a farmer by the name of Cunningham was carried fifty yards and deposited in the water. Cunningham, the owner, alone in the house, was forced to swim fifty yards and reached dry land more dead than alive. Rescuers found him this morning.

Several houses were blown off the blocks at Hamlin and the Presbyterian church was badly damaged.

Considerable damage was done at Roscoe, Hermleigh and Wastella. The storm last night was the heaviest in years and the damage to property was very heavy.

In the roping contest at Muskogee, Oklahoma, last week, Clay McGonagill of Monument, New Mexico, won back the world's championship and the \$1,000 prize by roping and tying eleven steers in 4 minutes and 51 seconds, defeating R. L. Gentry of Council, Oklahoma, who tied ten steers in 4 minutes and 58 seconds.

In New Quarters

G. D. Griffice & Son now occupy their new building on the east side of Runnels street, have all their machinery in position, have a nice clean shop, well lighted and are better prepared than ever to do work on short notice, and invite the public to call on them when in need of blacksmithing or woodwork.

Lost

Pocket book containing lodge receipts and \$25.00 in money. Finder return to Thomson at T. & P. Ice Co. office and get reward.

Thomas Brothers Guarantee to cure any case of dandruff if we don't it won't cost you one cent.

Happiest Girl in Lincoln

A Lincoln, Neb., girl writes, "I had been ailing for some time with chronic constipation and stomach trouble. I began taking Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and in three days I was able to be up and got better right along. I am the proudest girl in Lincoln to find such a good medicine." For sale by all dealers.

Nyal's Iron Tonic, Ward's.

J. J. Hair and family have returned from a stay of several weeks in California.

Right in your busiest season when you have the least time to spare you are most likely to take diarrhoea and loose several days time, unless you have Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy at hand and take a dose on the first appearance of the disease. For sale by all dealers.

For summer diarrhoea in children always give Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and castor oil, and a speedy cure is Certain. For sale by all dealers.

Mrs. Bert Simpson left this afternoon on a visit to her brother, Joe Ward, at Big Springs and her sister, Mrs. Arbutnot at Colorado. She will be greatly missed by her large circle of Pecos friends.—Pecos Daily Times, Aug. 2nd.

Never leave home on a journey without a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It is almost certain to be needed and cannot be obtained when board the cars or steamships. For sale by all dealers.

If you want a shave you will find the Thomas Bros. at the little Gem Barber Shop.

Nyal's Toothache Drops at Ward's.

What's the Use of Raising Cain

After you have made a bad bargain, and some slick storekeeper has "stuck" you on a purchase? Wise buyers have their eyes open, and know what is being sold them. Patrons of this store can afford to take chances, because they know I never have anything else but bargains as compared with the values offered elsewhere. To prove this, just try me once.

S. R. MORTON,

New and 2nd-hand Goods.

Phone 414.