The Brackett News-Mail

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BRACKETTVILLE, TEXAS FRIDAY DECEMBER 24 1926

NO. 43

THE SEASON'S

the midst of varied operations to 'make up the card. radiant dawn of the happiest of ought to be a great scrap. New Year's Days for them.

of expressing our appreciation and Dummy Mahan, in a rechalfor the volume of "good will" we lenge match. These two favorhave received during the year just drawing to a close. We are many fans. grateful to our many kind and indulgent friends wno through thick and thin have been with us throughout the year, and to whom we owe our continued extence here.

Always keeping in mind the thought that our work is never ended, we have done our best in every possible way to boost our community, and to help our fellow citizens make this a better town to live in. It never has been our intention to extol whatever good points we thought we might possess but to find them in others: we have sought to help those who stood in need with the means at our disposal. It was cheerfully given whether we were cast in the role of Good Samaritan, Atlas of our little world, prop, good 'amigo', door mat, or shock absorber.

At Christmas tide the bells are rung, garlands hung and the strain is lifted. 'Tis easier then to be merry, generous and kindhearted. But when the Christmas tree lights grow dim, ere we go back to the old life again listed men's race for two furlet's take a sprig of garland for longs, Enlisted men's steeple. happiness, a spray of holly for chase about 11 miles, and an ofcheer and kindness, and carry ficer's race of 31 furlongs. the Christmas spirit the long

year through.

Big Boxing Card On January 4th

One of the most promising of action boxing cards ever planned here, is scheduled for Tuesday, On threshold of another happy January 4th, at the Fort Clark Christmas Day, with the New Stadium. A big double bill, a Year just peeping around the corking semi-final, and two very corner, the News-Mail pauses in promising prelimineries go to

extend to our advertisers, sub- A double windup, of ten rounds scribers and other friends here each heads the card. Kid Lencho and elsewheres, our sincere com- a well known fighter of the pliments of the season! We wish Southwest, will meet Kid Irish them, in all sincereness, that McConnell, of Fort Clark, one of they enjoy in full measure this the cleverest and fastest of the Christmas Day, and see the fighters in this section. This

The other main event bout We also grasp the opportunity will be between Mike Patrola ites ought to bring out a great

the Fifth Cavalry, both fighters privately owned horse. of ability from Fort Clark.

Bart, another machine gunner.

The bouts will begin at the usual time, usual place, \$1.00.

Racing Card For New Year's Day

New Year's Day. will witness and weather permitting, the attendance from throughout this section should be the best of any the Fort Clark race track.

There are six races scheduled: three open and three for military participants.

The mititary races are an en-

Entries must be in the hands of Lieutenant Carr of the Fort Merry Christmas and Happy Clark Athletic Association by noon of Dec. 31, 1926.

Following our usual annual custom, which is in usage among many small town newspapers, there will be no edition of the the News-Mail next week. Our next regular issue will come out therefore on January 7th, 1927.

The week will be spent by the 'force' in clesning up the shop and handling several large orders of job work to be delivered be fore the first of the year. We will take any job work that may be brought in, and are ready to push it out. Give us your job

Better Stock in Kinney Connty

In addition to the fine horse that the Remount Association The semi-final, scheduled for has recently stationed at Fort Star Theatre six rounds, maybe, is between Clark, another fine young horse Snakes of the First Machine Gun has been brought into Kinney Spuadron and Dinty Moore of County, which, however, is a

The prelimineries will consist a fine thoroughbred of proven equipment in the form of a new old ones that have become leaky If you do not understand ail of two four round bouts, in which speed from the Juarez racetrack Gulbansen White House register and useless to most people. Here that you desire to know about Bob Fairley of the Machine Gun a few days ago. Horseman who ing piano. With one of the is a way to repair that galvanized doing the job, I shall be glad to meets Dixie Barker of the Fifth have seen the animal describe it largest and best selection Cavalry, and K. O. Williams, a as "beautiful"; and a desirable popular airs, latest numbers, Machine Gunner, takes Whitey type, for improving the horse has added considerably to the stock of this country.

the matter, said that the horse a motor-generator are part of business was simply a small side Mr. Oxton's program to better line, and that it was a bit of a the theatre equipment. hobby, which worked in nicely with the cattle business when andled on a small scale. The Macie Post Office again difficulties seemed to be in another good horse racing card, getting ranch hands who were conscientious knowing riders of good, young blooded horses. He also mentioned the chances of ever at a turf card yet staged at horse theft, which he seemed to think was very small in their case, since they got some horsethieves in Mexico several years ago, saw them in prison, and recovered the horses and saddles. He said: "That class of people know our willingness to spend money to get the men, and our property has been untouched since the little affair."

The Officers and Directors of

THE FIRST STATE BANK

of Brackettville, Tex., wish each and every one of it's Customers and Friends

A Merry Christmas

and

A Happy New Year

Gets New Piano

The Star Tneatre the past week entertainment of the patrons.

Mr. Beidler in commenting on The new Gulbransen piano and free from that tin taste.

Is Discontinued

The town of Macie was officialwhen the Post Office there was discontinued on account of lack of the Brackettville Office.

of this little Kinney County from falling off so readily. this year means the end of this of cement outside of the sand will be dealt with according to once thriving little community, and will not cost over three or the law.

Why Not Fix That

Millions of dollars are annually The Beidler Ranch brought in end received an addition to it's spent for new cisterns to replace cistern at a small expense and at give you mere details free of the same time keep it from ever charge and help you save from rusting out again and also keep your water cooler in summer and of cistern,

> Take an ordinary pick and punch the cistern full of holes every three or four inches from the outside. This leaves a rough apply your plaster. Now take The Annual Stockholders meetslowly, this allows the plaster to the meeting. This probably marks the end stick to the walls and keeps it

town as Mr. and Mrs. Joe Thur- Two men can put on two or man were practically the only in- three coats of plaster on an avhabitants left and they kept the erage cistern in a day's time. It The land known as the Toft Post Office going Their deaths will take say three or four sacks pasture is posted Trespassers

four dollars outside the labor and Leaky Cistern? you will really have a better cistern than a new one. I have fixed three and they are better now than when fixed, as cement gets harder with age.

\$40 to \$200 according to the size

Rev. Olin W. Nail, Brackettville, Texas.

Notice Of Annual inside to which you can easily Stockholder Meeting

three parts of good sand, the best ing of the First State Bank will you can get, and mix it with one be held in it's banking rooms in part cement and, mix well and Brackettville on Friday, Decemly wiped off the map Monday then put just enough water in it ber 31st, at 7:30 o'clock P. M. to make a good mortar of the for the purpose of electing a mixture. Apply this with an board of Directors to serve for of patronage. The effects were ordinary trowel, beginning at the ensuing year, and to transbrought here and turned over to the inside of the top. Let the act any and all other business Mrs. Edith Bursey, postmistress trowel move downward very that may properly come before

N. P. Petersen, President.

AMERRY CHISTMAS

and a

HAPPY 1927

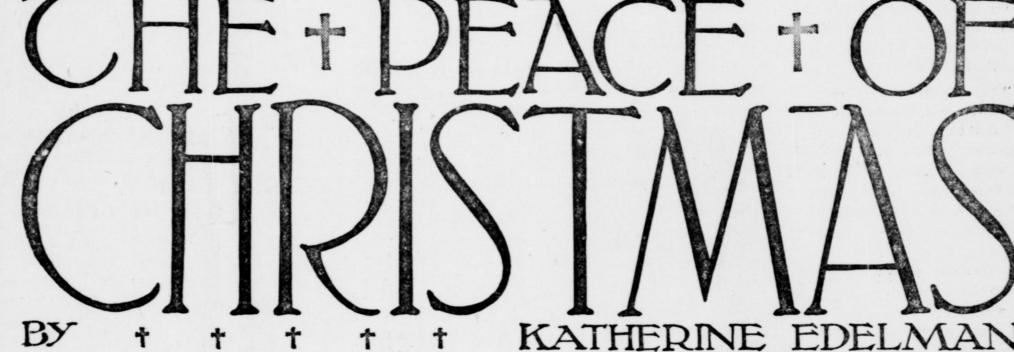
WHATEVER YOU WANT WE HAVE IT!



WHATEVER YOU WANT WE HAVE IT.







THE peace of Christmas time is all over the land, the blessed, holy peace that the angels first sang over the far-off hills of Judea and which has echoed and re-echoed with added strength through each succeeding year.

"EACE on Earth to men of good will." This is the secret of the peace that comes at Christmas time, for true and abiding peace can come only to men of good will, it can dwell in the heart only when all that is opposed to it has been driven out. And so it is that at this season, when man is at his very best, when his heart is filled deep with the spirit of love and service, of giving and doing, when everything of doubt and fear, of hatred and mistrust, of envy and malice, is cast out of his heart, this blessed and holy peace enters in and he knows a happiness so deep and sincere that it floods all his being, like sunshine flooding a darkened landscape.

PEACE—the word itself has a beautiful sound, a sweet cadence that delights the ear. It was a word that the Christ child used often when He grew to man's estate. Once He told His disciples: "Into whatsoever house you enter, say peace be to this house." What a wonderful salutation and how sweet it must have sounded falling from His lips!

Description of the peace of the peace of the peace. Christ came to give peace, and from heaven's throne today He bends to give peace to all who trust Him.

O have peace within the heart and home is to enjoy sincere and genuine happiness. Without it no joy can be really satisfying, no pleasure or gain worth while. With peace lacking there is always unrest in the soul, always an unsatisfied yearning no matter what else one may possess.

ODAY, when the earth is wrapped in this beautiful mantle of peace, when it is enfolding the world and binding men and women more closely in a brotherhood of love and service, when its influence is filling all hearts and leading them to ways of happiness, let each one of us pray and hope that this beautiful spirit of peace shall endure long after the Christmas time is past and gone.



mates?" he said.

one hand.

gasped Flint.

in' o' mun !"

bring up your light, too."

cat through the fingers of one hand

"Let me at mun," he muttered. "I'll

Bones brushed off the plum satin

flay mun, I will! I'll learn mun t'

murder sailormen. Five o' us, and-"

coat with one toe, and Murray's gaunt

white face smiled up at them, faintly

satirical, the snuff-box still clutched in

"_ me, 'tis so he looked ever!"

"'Tain't right nor natural," said

Bones. "He looks like he knowed we

was here-and couldn't harm him

"He'll look diffrent when I lash

mun," whined the man with the cat,

pushing past Black Dog. "Wait till

t' cat slices into t' back o' mun, cap'n.

'Twas Silver caught the poor fellow's

"No, no, Tom!" he cried. "Murray's

"Dead?" answered the man dazedly.

"But 'ee promised I should ha' t' beat-

they died, an Job Pytchens is a-dyin'

"Ye can't beat a dead man, Tom,"

insisted the Walrus' captain. "'Tis

bad luck. And look at the good luck

"You Have Heard My Terms," I Sald,

we ha' had since we found Darby Mc-

Graw! I can tell ye, mates, I'm a-going

Bones growled assent, and Silver

"Aye, aye, cap'n; and if ye'll be

They all exchanged superstitious

"He were close to bein' more'n hu-

"They do say as how ye can chain

down a ha'nt by drivin' a stake through

the body," suggested Black Dog-and

he shook so that his torch scattered

"It's bad luck to mutilate the dead."

objected Flint. "No, no, we'll bury

"But 'ee promised I was t' beat mun,'

"How was I to know he'd be dead?"

returned Silver. "Don't ye take on so.

sobbed Tom Morphew. "I let 'ee in,

him quick and be done with it."

Long John, and 'ee promised!"

glances, and Bones said hoarsely-

guided by me ye'll lose no time in

puttin Murray underground."

to hang on to my luck."

man, weren't he?"

I'll cut t' grin off'n t' devil's face o'

arm as it was raised to strike.

out in the sand right now."

with a kind of lingering caress.

Porto Bello Gold

ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

answered. "And I doubt if we are like

to live much longer than you." The

fingers of one hand fluttered strangely.

"Tut, boy-never-lose hope, Win-

His colorless lips parted in a ghastly

smile at the shocked disbelief in my

"This-will be-end-of Flint, Kill

me-kill himself." His fingers flut-

vet-myself."

WNU Service

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CHAPTER XV—Continued -19-

"Murray's a goner, mates! Coupeau's shark-bait! There's only the two Buckskins left. Go easy wi' they Jameses. Naught for ye to fight about, James lads! We'll divide square with ye."

Men swirled toward us from all sides of the stockade, the James' crew mingled with the Walrus', and where our people fought at all 'twas faintheartedly and to no purpose. We were pressed back, and presently were put to it to avoid being surrounded.

"We go to der house, Bob," squeaked Peter. "Der James men don't fight for us no more."

He had Murray's limp body slung over one shoulder and still retained the iron barrel of his musket-the stock had been demolished; but he ran easily beside me through the sand.

We reached the blockhouse alone on the side opposite the door, and circled it cautiously, no little concerned for Moira's safety, for pistols were popping and cutlasses clashing in several directions close at hand. With the moon obscured we could not see a musket's length ahead, and as I turned in toward the black oblong of the doorway I tripped over a corpse.

"'Tis on your own head your death will be, my man," said a cool voice. "I can hear you fine, and if you're not after-"

"Moira!" I exclaimed.

"And is it you, Bob? Oh, blessed saints, but I'm that glad. I thought you were- Is that Peter?"

"Ja," said Peter. "And what will ye have on your shoulder? A dead man? Is it him ! shot a few minutes back?"

"'Tis Captain Murray," I answered. making way for Peter.

"Oh, Queen of Heaven! Sure, we're in bad case."

"We are," I assented grimly as I followed Peter inside. "Have you a light?"

She took a lanthorn from under a cloth, and its scanty rays played hideand-seek with the shadows over the rude log walls and the piles of rum barrels and kegs of hard-tack and the clumsy stack of treasure.

Peter laid my great-uncle gently upon the earthen floor-there was no softer bed-and began cutting away the garments from around the hilt of the knife, which was still fixed in his

"And why didn't you go with them?" I asked. She gave me an indignant

100k. "And be leaving the two of ye! I

am not that kind of friend. Bob." Peter looked up from his task.

"You got to watch dot door, Bob. Andt, Moira, you bring me some rum. Maybe Murray gets back his sense be-

I suddenly found myself unwilling to believe it could be so.

"He can't Peter!" "Ja," replied the Dutchman patient-

ly. "Pretty soon he goes. He bleeds I stumbled to the doorway with my

head in a whirl. Murray dying? 'Twas incredible! That tremendous personality, so masterful, so aloof. dominating all with whom he came in contact, saltily compounded of wickedness, greatness, wisdom and naive vanity! And explain it how you will. I suddenly discovered an admiration for him which had been growing for months beneath my surface resentment. Up to this momtnt I had detested him. But I choked now at the thought of his death. Whatever he was, he was no coward. And there was about his end in this sordid, haphazard fashion, stabbed by a blind man in the dark, a redeeming touch of high tragedy. He, whose ambitions had vaulted the stars, to perish by the hand of Pew! And in a moment when apparently he had snatched victory from defeat!

Mechanically I carried chests of gold and silver ingots from the heap of treasure and built a barricade across the doorway. But nothing came. Feet shush-shushed in the sand all around the blockhouse; voices called. questioned and argued; an occasional shot was fired-no more. Flint's triumph had been too amazingly complete for him to grasp, and evidently there were dissensions in the pirates' ranks as to what the next step should suffering upon all who trafficked in it?

The hour-glass we had fetched from the Royal James stood by the door, and | credit." I remember that I turned it twice before Peter tapped my shoulder. "He wants you," he said.

Murray lay with his head in Moira's lap. On his face was stamped a waxy pallor. His nostrils were sunken and pinched in. A crimson froth showed at the corner of his mouth. But his tawny eyes blazed with the unconquerable fire of his spirit. As I stooped terest fight we can and carry the secret he had come prepared to speak for over him a mocking gleam radiated with us." from their black depths, and his lips There was a gabble of protest at this. arrival that he was expected to occupy moved in almost voiceless speech. "Sorry, eh?" I nodded, and the

mockery became more pronounced. "Would have-won you-boy-intime." Moira wiped the dreadful bub-

bles from his lips. "You-won't-carry-out-plot?" he

"'Twould be dishonest to promise," I be your enemy."

tered again, and Moira whispered-"'Twill be his snuffbox he's after wanting, Bob." And as I fumbled for it in the wreck of his coat she added-

"But 'twill be his death does he use

it the once." I hesitated, but the look in his eyes impelled me to give it to him. "Good lad!"

And his fingers closed lovingly on the jeweled trinket, picking at the lid he was wont to click open and shut in moments of perplexity. The tawny eyes flirted toward Moira.

"Take care-maid-good blood-iner. Family, Robert-breeding-landmarks in- mad world."

"I'll do what I can," I promised, seeing he expected an answer. "Might do-worse-or more," he replied with the shadow of a smile. 'Pew's knife-kept you-being-duke

-Moira-" A pause whilst Moira wiped his

"A mad world," he repeated. "What will-Prince Charles-say?" His eyes clouded, and he murmured a snatch of song, one of those ranting Jacobite ballads that spread like wild-

fire after the '45-"Cope sent a challenge frae Dunbar,

'Charlie, meet me an yo daur'-' A coughing fit interrupted him, weakened him so I thought he was sped; but the ghostly voice went on with a hint of the gay, reckless tune:

"Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin' Or are your drums a-beatin' yet?

If ye waur waukin' I wad-His voice strengthened. "Ah, your royal highness! The procession is ordered-the heralds-wait-

ing-my lords-commons-" He struggled so to rise that to save him I propped him against my shoul-

"A glad day-this-and long coming. Do you use snuff-sir? 'Tis Rip-Rap

-a sound brand" He opened the box and raised a pinch to his nostrils.

"A glad day-sir-but a mad world." And so he died.

CHAPTER XVI

Prisoners

"Ahoy, the blockhouse!" "Dot's Flint," whispered Peter. "You talk to him, Bob, ja."

"What is it?" I shouted back. "Is Murray with ye?"

"He's dead," I answered after a moment of reflection.

"And that's - - lucky for him! Here's Tom Morphew ready to give him a taste of the cat."

A shrill howl echoed the words. "Don't 'ee believe mun, Cap'n Flint! 'Tis all a lie! And 'ee promised I

should ha' t' beatin' o' mun." "'Tis true," I said wearily. "After sunrise you can send in a man to see for himself."

"Ah!" jeered Flint. "But ye see I'm not waiting for sunup or moonset or aught else, my Buckskin. We know how many o' ye there are; and if ye don't surrender, why, we'll put a torch to the blockhouse and roast ye out. Fire won't hurt gold and silver, but

'tain't friendly to live meat." "'Twill cost you something first," I

"Not so much as ye might think." "Dot's right," squeaked Peter beside me. "Ja, you better make a bargain wit' him, Bob."

"A bargain," I repeated. "What on earth can we bargain with?" "Der treasure on der Dead Man's

Chest."

"But that is-" I turned to Moira.

"In a manner of speaking, that treasure is yours. 'Twas in your father's name, to be held in trust for others. Are you willing-"

"My faith, any cause will be the better without it," she interrupted. "What has it done but bring bloodshed and If it will just win us our lives, Bob, 'twill be the one good deed to its

"Time's runnin' short," shouted Flint, "If ye won't surrender we'll start the fagots."

"Suit yourself," I replied with as much confidence as I could muster. \$20 if he would give a talk at a char-"There are three of us here, and 'tis ity affair in a small town. He conwe know where the treasure lies on the Dead Man's Chest. If you won't even promise our lives we'll make the bit-

Flint's, among them Silver.

"Naught's been said o' slayin' ye," and we'll part friends."

Silver. "Cap'n Flint puts it straight. he found a \$20 bill, together with a are so managed that every one reflects There ain't a man of us would wish to note reading: "If you will give us your a part of its color and gloss on the of the cabin windows.

I looked hopelessly at Peter.

"What more can we win?" I asked. 'Tis a mockery to place credence in their promises."

"Ja," nodded Peter. "We don't trust 'em. But we know dot, Bob. We don't be fooled. Andt now anyway we get off alive. Afterward-"

He shrugged his mountainous shoul-

I called to Flint: "Mistress O'Donnell must have every consideration she is accustomed to, with decent lodging in the cabin and we two to attend her." "Gut me!" roared Flint. "D'ye think

we conduct a nunnery aboard the Walrus?" "I am thinking she is a young maid by her lone, which is hard enough, let

be she must dwell with pirates," I an-"There's Rule Four of our Articles," he sneered. "Ye will ha' heard it be-

fore. It should be assurance for any

maid." "You have heard my terms," I said. 'Take them or leave them. There's eight hundred thousand pounds to be gained from treating us kindly. If you do not so, as sure as I am here we will die, the three of us, before we yield you the secret-and you should know the years 'twill require to dig

over the Dead Man's Chest." "We'll take you," he replied illnaturedly. "And such a argufying swab I never listened to or will again, - my eyes. Are ye fixed in your mind,

Buckskin?"

"Drop your arms and bide where ye are, then. We're comin' in to look

Torches flickered around the circuit of the stockade, and as they drew nearer Peter and I tore down the barricade of treasure I had built across the doorway. Figures appeared in the wavy light, naked to the waist, scratched by the jungle growth: uncouth, grizzled faces lowered at us.

"Keep back," I warned them. "We'll let no man in until Captain Flint is

"Careful, ain't ye, Buckskin?" he mocked me from behind a clump of pirates. "Make way, shipmates. Ye'll all ha' a chance to see the treasure, soon or late, and we'll share in it equal and regular, accordin' to the Articles." The group split to make way for him, and he strode up to the door. Bones was with him, and Silver, and the man they called Black Dog, who carried a torch, as did Bones. And behind them all limped an awful creature, whose grimy face was a mask of pain, whose bare back and flanks were crisscrossed with festering welts. In one hand he held a cat-o'-nine-tails, the pendent rope lashes with their jagged

knots stained a dark claret hue. Bones flourished his torch as they entered the low door, and the light shone into every corner of the big hut.

"Is that Murray?" He pointed to the body that lay beneath the hacked remnants of the plum satin coat which served as shroud.

"Yes," I said, and Moira shrank betwixt Peter and me as they crowded forward, staring open-mouthed at the cold clay that represented the man they had so feared and hated.

"Gut me," swore Flint. "I never thought to see Andrew Murray lyin'

Silver's eyes glinted from his slab

in the drug store window are a her-

itage from the medieval days of

Lucrezia Borgia, when the drug store

was a convenient place to pick up

your favorite poison for some unat-

tractive dinner guest. The well known

red and white striped barber pole is a

reminiscence of the days when the

barber's principal occupation was

represented bandages. The three balls

over a pawnbroker's shop were the

imperial insignia of the Mongolian

conqueror, Timur the Lame, who in

1390 was called the Scourge of Eu-

rope. Later they were adopted by the

Medici family of Florence who, be-

fore they were dukes, princes of the

church, and kings, were the medieval

world's greatest wool merchants and

money lenders. A huge wooden boot

for a cobbler and a mammoth key for

Had Their Nerve

A well-known lecturer was promised

sented, and drove in a motor car for

twelve miles through a heavy rain-

storm to keep his engagement. Though

blood-letting and the white stripes zine.

Tom. We'li give ye a double handful CANCEL CALCULATION CANCEL CALCALON CALCALON CALCALON CANCEL CANCE

Ancient Trade Symbols Now Almost Forgotten The glowing red and green bottles I a locksmith were once familiar trade symbols for people who could not read. The classic wooden Indian. hacked out of a broken mast by some retired sailor, commemorated the fact that Indians first taught Sir Walter

Raleigh to smoke. But even tobacco

sellers now find it easier to attract

customers with more sophisticated

window displays .- Everybody's Maga

Not the Only One

"I see you have furnished rooms." said the man who had rung the bell "Ya," rejoined the foreign woman. pointing to the window card, "dere's

"Well, if you have one that's suitable I'd like to rent it for a while." "We no renta da rooms. My family take up all da house."

"Don't rent any? Why, then, have you that sign, 'Furnished Rooms,' in your window?"

"I'll dell you. Las' week dat woman next door she hang up a sign in her front window, and when I see dat I put up von, just to show da people dat she ain't da only voman in dis place dat have her rooms furnished."

How to Make a Poem

only half an hour he found upon his We should manage our thoughts in several others joining their voices to the platform for an hour, which he composing a poem as shepherds do did. The hall in which the affair was their flowers in making a garland: held was poorly lighted and drafty and first select the choicest, and then disdeclared Flint. "Give up the treasure, the lecturer was thankful when he pose them in the proper places, where was finally able to leave the platform. they give a luster to each other: like to say that we went promptly asleep "Aye, aye, Master Ormerod," called An envelope was handed him, and in it the feathers in Indian crowns, which and did not waken until the noon sun fee God will aid you in your efforts." next.-Pope.

But Morphew refused to be comforted. He limped from the hut, trail-

your back's well ye'll ha' a rare spree

wi' the yellow boys, eh?" "Let's have a look at him," spoke up Bones abruptly. "Here, Black Dog, The man with the sore back limped ing his whip behind him. after them, drawing the tails of his

"He don't figure much now, do he, o' onzas for what ye done, and when

"'Tisn't goold I want," he wept. "'Tis to lay my lash to t' back o' mun. Aye! Till he do be bloody raw, same as Job Pytchens and they other lads as is under sod. Oh, my pore back!"

There was an interval of silence after he was gone. "It's bad luck to touch the dead," reaffirmed Flint. "No, no, the thing to

do is to bury him quick. You take half a dozen men, Bill, and plant him anywhere-so's he's deep enough." "And what about the treasure?" called one of the men by the door.

"Aye, aye," chimed in a second. When do we shift it aboard and divvy up?" Flint stroked his chin, considering.

"Why, there's no hurry about the treasure, mates," he answered finally. "'Tis safe here. What we all need now is a dram o' rum and two watches below."

There was a general murmur of assent with this sentiment, and he crooked his finger at me.

"Come along, Buckskin. We'll put the three o' ye aboardship, out o' harm's way, seein' as ye're so precious o' your skins. Long John, I'll leave it to ye to guard the prisoners. Give the "Why? He beat me till I was like girl a stateroom for herself-less'n ve ' die. He beat three o' my mates till | might wish to share it, Buckskin?" he added with a leer that fetched a ruddy tide to Moira's cheeks.

But Flint himself snatched the cat Silver motioned us to precede him from the man's grasp with unaffected into the night, and as we passed out he gathered together a party of men who formed loosely around us.

> "If so be as ye'll give me your word to come peaceable, Master Ormerod, I can make things easier for ye," he offered when we were clear of the hut. "What do you say, Peter?" I asked the Dutchman.

> "Ja." "That's enough for me," announced Silver cheerfully. "And very sensible of ye, too, gentlemen. Not quite so fast. I'm only a crippled sailorman, and I ha' labored hard this night. Aye, it were such a seesaw o' fortune as kep' my heart a-poppin' in my throat. I thought ye had me on the stockade; but there's none like Pew wi' the knife, and he can smell his man when he can't see him. Well, well, who'd ha 's'posed when we met in New York we'd come to aught like this, Master Ormerod?"

> I lacked the heart to answer him and we stumbled through the woods in silence to the shore of the Anchorage. Here one of the Walrus' boats was launched, and we were rowed out to where she lay, her hull squatting like a rock in the quiet water. Men hailed us from her deck, a whip was sent down for Silver's convenience, and the rest of us climbed the side ladder. Moira as agile as any after her months at sea.

"Here we are, safe and snug on the old Walrus," remarked Silver, still aggressively cheery; "and them as is here can call theirselves fortunate. 'cause there's a plenty as ha' kept Murray company. Aye, blast me for a swab, but it ha' been a bloody night. Get for'ard, mates."

This to the men who had come off "I'll see to the pris'ners. Now then,

gentlemen-and mistress-you come along wi' me, and I'll make ye all as comf'table as if ye was in a Bristol

packet." He prodded a muscular forefinger

into my chest. "You mind that, Master Ormerod. You mind that Long John was your friend. 'Cause why, says you? Here's the Walrus, and here's a treasure, and here's Flint, and here's maybe twelvescore lads as don't all think alike, and here's Bill Bones-and here's me. A goodish bit might happen, my master. And who's to say what will start it a-happenin'? Not me! Nor who

might come out on top a'terward." And with a parting wink he stumped aft, crooking his finger in sign that we should follow him across the untidy

"Glory!" sniffed Moira, her nose in air. "This will be more the like of a stable than a ship."

She did not exaggerate. 'The Walrus was dirtier than she had been the night Peter and I were committed to her as hostage. Her decks were foul with grease and all manmer of filth; her paint was crocked and peeling; a cloud of flies buzzed around a tub of fish-guts which nobody would take the trouble to cast overside; from an open hatch poured a sour, acrid stench. A strange contrast with the Royal James!

Inside the companionway under the poop we tripped over the usual litter of broken bottles, pistol-flints and odds and ends of cast-off clothing. Silver balanced himself on his crutch against the wall, struck flint and steel to a slow-match and ignited the wick of a whale-oil lanthorn which depended from a hook. Holding this above his head, he surveyed the double line of stateroom doors, very similar to the plan of the cabin quarters of the

"Room for all," he pronounced. This here to larboard is Flint's, and Bones' berth's opposite. T'others are full o' junk, but ye can soon clear 'em out "

We did the best we could, which was very little, and then persuaded Molra to risk lying in the cleaner of the two rooms-we had chosen it for her because it had a bolt on the inside of the door and offered her a degree of privacy-while Peter and I berthed across the companionway, Peter on the the one cramped bunk. And I marvel was flooding through the grimy panes

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

No Cold

Fever headache or grippe

Colds break in a day for the millions who use Hill's. Headache and fever stop. La Grippe is checked. All in a way so reliable that druggists guarantee results. Colds are too important to treat in lesser ways.

Be Sure It's Price 30c CASCARA QUININE Get Red Box OMDE with portrait

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haarlem oil has been a worldwide remedy for kidney, liver and bladder disorders, rheumatism, lumbago and uric acid conditions.



correct internal troubles, stimulate vital organs. Three sizes. All druggists. Insist on the original genuine GOLD MEDAL.



Waiter-"What's the matter, Mister, you ook as though you weren't enjoying your

Diner-"I'm enjoying it well enough, only I'm thinking how I must suffer with indi-gestion afterwards. Wish I could eat every-thing I want as other folks do."

Waiter-"May I suggest the use of GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER?" A blessing to those with weak stomachs, constipation, nervous indigestion and similar disorders. When the stomach and bowels are in good working order good health usually prevails. When not in working order, use August Flower. 30c and 90c bottles, at all druggists. If you cannot get it, write to G. G. Green, Inc., Woodbury, N. J.

Stop the smarting and hasten the healing by prompt application of

Grove's

Tasteless

Chill Tonic For Pale, Delicate Women

ON'T NEGLEC inflamed eyelids or other eye irritations. You will find a soothing and safe find a soothing remedy in MITCHELL EYE SALVE. HALL & RUCKEL

and Children.

New York City druggists. Her Narrow Escape

at all

"Is your husband fond of golf?" "Fond of it? He told me the other day that I could consider myself lucky that he married me before he was introduced to the game."

Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" not only expels Worms or Tapeworm but cleans out the mucus in which they breed and tones up the digestion. One dose does it. Adv.

Sign in Oklahoma Restaurant-"If the steak is too tough, get out. This is no place for weaklings."-New Haven Register.

1,055 PRIZES IN ALL Enter the great Liquid Veneer Contest. All you have to do is write us in less than 150 words what you con-

sider the outstanding characteristic of Liquid Veneer, or tell us of an unusual use for Liquid Veneer. You may win the first prize of \$500 or one of the 1,054 other prizes. Three prominent business men will act as judges. Contest closes December 31st, 1926. But don't delay. Get necessary Entry Blank and full particulars from your dealer. If he can't supply you

write us. Don't miss this big oppor-Liquid Veneer is sold by hardware, furniture, drug, paint, grocery and

BUFFALO SPECIALTY COMPANY

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W. N. U., HOUSTON, NO. 51--1926.

Seasons Greeting:

2000

FRIENDS:

We appreciate your patronage and good will

We wish every one

A Merry Christmas

A Happy New Year

Clamp & Stadler Produce Co.

Local News

Mrs. Hans Petersen went to San Antonio Sunday for a few days visit,

Emil Schafer and Miss Alice Sims were married Tuesday, 21, Rev. Nail officiating.

town is home for the holidays. E. McIntosh.

J. M. Slator and son, Coleman, will spend Chistmaas with rela tives in San Antonio.

Miss Loraine Davis will spend ome of the Christmas holidays horses. ith friends in Elgin.

Marvin Coleman, operated upon for appendicitis last week at Del Rio, is improving nicely.

Glenn Willbern, who is teach- winter course, and will spend the Mrs. West were accompanied by ing in Southwestern at George- holidays with Capt. and Mrs. S Mr. and Mrs. Edward West and

Chas. Hoch Sunday joined his wife and son here, and will enjoy 2 weeks visiting relatives.

Miss Gertrude Zuehl left Wednesday for Corpus Christi where she will spend Christmas with relatives.

Cornell Veltmann, a student of St. Edwards, Austin, is home to spend the holidays with his parents

Miss Frances Wipff, associate editor of the West Texas News, spent Sunday with Mrs. J. E. Thompon.

Mrs. Mary McDonald left Wednesday afternoon for Eagle Pass to spend Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. T. R. McAlpin.

Gordon Denman, teacher and athletic coach at Lockney High School, came Saturday to spend Christmas with his parents,

Miss Harriette Martin returned this week from Westmoorland College, San Antonio, to spend the holidays with her parents.

Mrs. Edward Ward of Ft. Sam Houston is here to spend the holidays with Carl Kartes and family. Eddie arrives to morrow.

. It is learned that the annual Neighborhood Day roping contests and cowpony races will be held at Las Moras ranch sometime after January 1st. This is a local affair for Kinney County horsemen, intended to show up good points of well trained ranch

Mr. and Mrs. Fred West returned from San Antonio last Saturday to spend Sunday at home They returned to San Wallace Scales Jr., returned Antonio Mouday morning by this week from Sull Ross at Al. train, where they will repine, where he is taking the main for a few days. Mr. and daughter of New York.

Central Power & Light Co.

wish by these means to extend to the people of Brackettville and vicinity

Greetings of the Season

We appreciate the patronage and consideration shown us, and through courteous service will seek to merit your continued good will. We wish vou all

Merry Christmas

Happy New Year



C. L. ST. JOHN, MANAGER

THE SEASON'S GREETINGS:



Holiday Program



FRIDAY 24

Milton Sills in a First National

PARADISE

Christmas Night Buck Jones in a Fox **30 BELOW ZERO**

SUN. 26

Edward Everet Horton in an Universal

POKER FACES

MON. 27

Ken Maynard in a fast western THE GREY VULTURE

TUES. 28

Florence Vidor in a Paramount

THE POPULAR SIN Fred Humes in a Blue Streak Western

WED. 29

THE STOLEN RANCH

THURS, 30

THE THIRD DEGREE

Dolores Costello in Warner Bros.

FRIDAY 31

Geo.O Brien in a Fox Special FIG LEAVES

New Years Wallace Beery in Parmounts WE'RE IN THE NAVY NOW

SUN, Jan. 2

Hoot Gibson in a Universal THE SILENT RIDER

MON. 3

Bessie Love in a Fox Special

GOING CROOKED

TUES. 4

Lewis Stone and Doris Kenyon in 1st National THE BLONDE SAINT

WED. 5

JOM MIX in a Foz Special THE GREAT K & A TRAIN ROBBERY

Alma Rubens in a Fox Special THURS. 6

MARRIAGE LICENSE?

THE STAR THEATRE

With Christmas bells starting the joyful peal which takes one's knowledge of astromony back to the Star of Bethlehem and all that that radiant messenger of the skies has meant to the world: with the birth of a New Year almost at hand, Central Power and Light Company desires, as a every other season of the year, to be considered part and parcel of all the scores of communities where it renders public utility service. It rejoices with the developers of this territory because of what 1926 brought and it just as sincerely as can any worker here hopes 1927 will set a new standard on a higher level than any of the years behind have witnessed. It finds satisfaction in the thought that it has sought through every day of the dving year to do it's full share and carry it's full load. It is a de veloper and it cannot develop without the development of it's territory. It means to pull as it never pulled before throughout the next twelve months. It is happy because it has served and is ready to serve more It's en tire staff from top to botton feel the tug at the heartstrings which the holidays bring and declare from their souls that peace and good will form their league and maintain their covenant with the public. To all of you, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New

Central Power and Light Company: Frost National Bank Building, San Antonio, Texas.

THE NEWS-MAIL

futered as second-class matter No rember 22, 1906, at the Postoffice at Brackettville, Texas, under the Act of ongress, March 3, 1879.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY WILL W. PRICE, Proprietor SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 PER YEAR We Wish You

A Merry Christmas

and

A Happy New Year



Veltmann & Co Garage

EAT GOOD BREAD

WE pride ourselves on our wellcooked bread, our delicious pies and pastry.

BUT above all we pride ourselves on our clean methods of backing and selling.

ELECTRIC BAKERY

F. G. WILLIAMS, Prop.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

To Our Friends and Patrons

"There are days for sending merchandise And days to send a bill, But this one day of all the year We send you just

GOOD WILL

We've appreciated the business sent our way during 1926 -we have tried mighty hard to please you-and we hope to number you as a friend and customer in the years that are to come.

So here's a hearty "Thank You" for your good will in the past, and the best of good wishes for your prosperity. health and happiness in 1927.

Sincerely Yours,

Nipper Drug Co.

NEW YEAR HAPPY

Deason Service Station



We seem too busy every day, To say the thing we want to say; Our deepest thoughts we seem to hide, Until we reach the Christmas tide; 'Iis then we send to friends again In happy words the old refrain-

Merry Christmas

May this Christmas bring you all the many things your heart desires, and the New Year prove a full 12 months of Happiness and Prosperity.

Happy New Year

Merry, Merry Christmas and Happy, Happy New Year

The Candle Light Gift Shop

To Every One

GOOD DRINKS

Carbonated Beverages

That Satisfy the Thirst and have sure-nuf' Coolness

PHONE 6 **Brackett Grapico Bottling** Works

Happenings Social

Of Brackett and Fort Clark

BY MARY LOUISE THOMPSON

Announcements

Capt. and Mrs. A. E. McIntosh will entertain with a Christmas dinner party, Saturday the 25th.

mas day, having as their guests, Williams. Gen. and Mrs. LeRoy Eltinge, Miss Trotter, Maj. and Mrs. H. H. Smith, Mrs. Smith Sr, and Mrs. Sherill.

Dinner Party

Lieut. and Mrs. Jimmie Edmunds entertained with an informal dinner party Friday evedinner was followed by bridge at the Officer's Club.

Musical Recital

Mrs. J. M. Patton entertained on Wednesday afternoon with a short musical recital, presenting the younger pupils in her music class. The mothers of the young performers were present and a delightful hour was enjoyed by

The hostess served hot chocolate and cake and candy, assisted by Mrs. Hans Petersen and Mrs Frank Lane.

School Christmas Tree Events

The Yuledide spirit was mani fest in the School rooms Wednesday.

Christmaas tree events which included gifts to the pupils were staged in their respective grade rooms by Misses Sauer, Davis, Zuehl and Thurman and Mrs. Anna Dent.

The high school pupils used a large Christmas box in the auditorium as a 'proxy' for Santa.

Mrs. John Dooley, Miss Jones and Miss Filippone assisted in a big tree event held Wednesday evening in the auditorium for al Mexican school children by that P. T. A. branch.

Missionary Notes

Mrs. Covington and Mrs limmie Ballantyne entertained the members of the Missionary society Wednesday of last week, at Mrs. Covington's home.

A short business session was held, and a lesson from the new mission study was studied and discussed.

The hostesses served delicious John Rowe, U. C. Wood, St. John, Henry Lowe.

Happy Hour Class Is Entertained

Mrs. C. Kartes entertained the members of the Happy Hour Class and eight additional friends on Monday evening.

The rooms were prettily decorated with Christmas garlands, bells, flower and wreathes; table covers, napkins and tally cards also portrayed the Yuletide motif. Bridge was played at four tables, and each member of the club was presented with a handworked card table cover. Mrs. J. J. O'Mara played high score and received a bottle of bath crystals; Mrs, Anna Dent was given the cut prize, a cutex man-

presented with a fancy powder Delicious refreshments consist-

icure set, and Mrs. Jimmie Ballantyne received for low score

an embroidered guest towl.

Each of the visiting guests was

ing of a salad course, ice cream and cake were served to the Business Mgr....Agnes Fritter club members and the following guests: Mrs. J. J. O'Mara, Mrs. Tenth Grade Red Thurman Jimmie Ballantyne, Mrs. Anna Ninth Grade. Ethel Mae Stadler Dent Mrs. Victor Hirsch, Mrs. Maj. and Mrs. K. B. Edmunds E. Ward, Misses Minnie Baugh, will entertain at dinner on Christ- Emma Sauer and Grace Lee

Birthday Anniversary Party

Mrs. Alfred Bartberger entertained on Wednetday evening of Mrs. N. P. Petersen, whose and a great one. seventieth birthday anniversary fell on this day.

ning of last week, having as season gave occasion for a beau- making twelve scores to their their guests Cipt. and Mrs. A. tiful Christmas motif, which was six during the first quarter and E. McIntosh, Mrs. E. Y. Brown- carried out effectively in the de. ho'ding their lead, Many Braclee and Lieut. Ketchum. The tails and the scheme of decoration, Bright red poinsettas were pinned to the curtains, and lighted Christmas candles stood in mistletoe wreathes on the mantle? and piano; tall brass vases held! Miss Margaret Filippone, and sprays of lovely mistletoe, and Miss Mittie Jones entertained the tally cards portrayed a win- their mothers with a Mother ter scene in soft tones.

ers. arranged cleverly to form children in lovely costumes. the figure seventy, designating, thereby, the number of years the all present. Favors of poinsettas of the cake, and the eager pupils, were distributed to all by search for prizes in it, produced [Jennie Olvera and Mary Hinds. a wave of merriment. The honor guest was profuse in her expressions of appreciation, de claring this to be the happiest birthday of her long life.

Several games of bridge were enjoyed, and prizes were awarded as follows; Birthday cake, Mrs. Petersen: high score prize, Miss Gertrude Zuehl, an address book; low score prize, Miss Bess Zuehl, a lovely belt pin; consolation, Mrs. Margaret Fritter, a

pair of Christmas candles. The hostess served delicious refreshments, the special feature

of which was a poinsetta salad. The guests included Mrs. N. P. Petersen. Mrs. H. Petersen Mrs. Emily Wickham Lee, Mrs. John Dooley, Mrs. Margaret Fritter, Mrs. Edith Bursey, Mrs. Carl Kartes, Mrs. A. Williams. Misses Emma Bartberger, Bess and Gertrude Zuehl Loraine Davis, Minnie Baugh, Mittie Jones, Elsie Sauer and Jessie

A Midwinter Horse Show

The Midwinter Fort Clark hot chocolate, coffee and cake to Horse Show will be staged at the the following ladies: Mesdames Post Horseshow arena on Satur-W. W. Nipper, Dan Fritter, day, January 8th, 1927, with the following program:

1 Enlisted men's mount, judging for appearance, condition and general performance.

2 Best Turned Out Officer's

3 Enlisted Men's Jumping. Six to eight jumps, 3 feet to 3 feet 4 inches in height.

4 Ladies' Jumping, course of six jumps. 5 Mounted Wrestling, by en-

6 Novice Jumpers. 7 Stick and Ball Race

listed men.

8 Ladies' Saddle Horse, 9 Officers' Jumping.

This annual Midwinter Horse Show always attracts a number of people interested in horses and sports in general.

SAFE

for over 100 years HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO.

See L. A. NEASE

High School Happenings

This Column is edited by the Pupils of the English Classes of the Brackett High School

The Staff Assistants

Eighth Grade. Roland Williams

Brackett vs. Uvalde The High School boys and girls made a trip to Uvalde Saturday to play the Uvalde teams of basketball,

The Brackett boys won their game by a score of 8-6. It was last week in honor of her mother, a hard fought game throughout

The girls' game began at three o'clock, Brackett winning 27-18, The approaching Yuletide Agnes got the start on them by kett people went over for the

Mothers Entertained

The pupils of Mrs. J. Dooley, Goose program, Friday Dec. 17. A delightful feature of the A dozen girls dressed as goose evening's entertainment was the 'girls sang songs while the little presentation of a beautiful birth- folk of Mother Goose stories day cake to the honoree. The came on to the stage. Little Boy large white cake was surmount- Blue, Little Bo Peep and other ed by red candles in green hold- characteos were represented by

The program was enjoyed by honoree has ilved. The cutting in baskets, made by 3rd. grade

Parent's Day

Parent's Day was held in the school Friday, Dec. 17. to enable parents to become acquainted with the work being done. The pupils were dismissed at 2:30 and 'open house' was observed.

In each grade room many posters, maps, drawings were ar ranged. The high school held numerous spelling tabs, notebooks, and sample problems on

display in the English Room. We regret, however, that only a tew parents were present. An other display will be given be-

fore the year is over which will be so big and interesting that the parents can not afford to miss it.



A high speed starting motor, **AutomaticHeat** Control and Thermostatic Circulation Control are three Buick features which mean easier starting and smoother performance 365 days a year.

Buy a Buick. You will enjoy driving it!

The Greatest

Built

Adams Motor Co., DEL RIO TEXAS.

D. R. Stallknecht

Agent

FIRE and all other forms of Insurance

EATING

That concerns us all. Our concern is to supply good, well-cooked and appetizing foods, cooked clean and served clean. Convince yourself!

The Henze Cafe

Look Your Best!

Let This Barber Shop Help You!

And Remember We are LAUNDRY AGENTS





ACK had not been home in seven years. quickly enough in the sport, ready to enter into everythe way that thing, eager to try. years will go, but now that he was back, it seemed as though they had tle. been longer. He had missed so much.

things had changed. Of course, there a fine kind of greeting!" were changes in the looks of the town.

automobiles. pulled the sleighs over the crisp win- ful now instead of tom-boyish. covered streets. There had been au- fashions and customs it kept apace. tomobiles used in that winter of seven years past but they had not been predominant. The sleighs had a chance. home and then came around for a

Now the sleighs were quite missing. | nice chat with you?" The automobiles had charge. He wondered if he stayed away for late," she said, "or only for a moment another seven years if he would see at any rate. I should be there now to lights from airplanes and hear them buzzing over the buildings. Yet, even

if he did, he did not feel as though the place would really change. There was something about the town that would never change. They might build more modern shops, airplane landings might take the places of so many garages as the garages had taken the places of blacksmith

shops, but the essential qualities of the town would never change. Always Christmas would be Christmas here with its holly-filled windows, its wreaths over doors, its trees for Christmas lining the main street. Doubtless that was the way Christmas would always be in many places. But here it would seem more important. Christmas would be deep in the whole heart of the town which always

did seem different here from that of any other place.

big and open at this season of the

He remembered the Christmas be-Christmas trees in the streets, crisp | for me." snow and Christmas greetings.

But it hadn't been the same. Christmas seemed to belong so much more he had felt a little lonely and a little | Eve activities. out of it. But here he had no feeling of loneliness. Even though he was just back and as yet had met few of the people he knew and had vaguely recognized some who were grown up now | they, in stories?" who had been children before he left, he did not feel out of it.

he was at home and he was happy where I must go." and loneliness had been banished from his heart in a gloriously complete ful refrain, almost like a melody. "I fashion

He had gone home as soon as he had arrived. And now he had come up to get the mail. It was not that cards and boxes of cigars and neckties and such would be sent to his business address, for it was not until the last minute that he had been sure he could make the long trip and reach home in



It Surely Was Wonderful to be Back Again.

time for Christmas Eve. His telegram had come before him, but his presents had already been sent out, and his mail would be waiting for him at his office. To be sure, he knew the family would quickly and marvelously find little gifts to put at his place on the Christmas gift table. But the going for the mail was simply a desire to do what he had always done, to mingle with the people, to see his own towns-

It surely was wonderful to be back he had dreamed it would be. How lucky that the train had been on time and he had been able to have a long Christmas Eve.

Christmas trains, he thought, should always be on time, Moments at Christmas mean so much.

He was leaving the post office. He had seen a number of people he knew. Just outside he met a group of men who had been graduated from high l

school in his class. They were picking up some of the now falling snow and throwing snowballs at a group of

laughing, red-cheeked girls. "You remember them," he was told. And then it was explained to him that these grown-up young people were the

youngsters of seven years ago. He joined in the snowball battle. Evidently he was a good shot, for a loud shriek from one of the girls proclaimed that fact.

"Oh, oh, that's not fair! Your snowball went right into my face. Lucky it was fresh snow or I'd have finished you!"

"I'm so sorry," he said to her and recognized her then as that nice little Adams kid he used to teach to balance on her bicycle and whose school bag he sometimes carried home for her. She had been younger than he but They had gone she had always been such a good lit-

"I'm Jack, you remember me. don't

you, Connie?" Constance Adams gasped just a lit-

"Why, of course I do!" she exclaimed. "But I didn't expect to find It was not that you hitting me with snowballs. That's

How beautifully she had changed. There were few sleighs lined up along All her same nice essential qualities the main street; instead there were seemed just the same, but her changes were merely additional attributes. He had been thinking how the She dressed with more taste than she Bleigh-bells would jingle as the horses | had when a youngster, she was grace-

ter snow. But instead of sleigh-bells | She was like the town. In its spirit, there were the sounds of firm rubber its homeyness would always be the tires creaking over the frozen, snow- same, no matter with what succeeding "Look here," he said abruptly. "would you mind if I left the mail

"I won't be home until ever so



expanded and became so generous and It Was Late When They Got Back to Her House.

Probably because it was, Christmas | get the baskets with the presents. I haven't delivered any of my gifts yet." "Couldn't I come, too?"

"Indeed yes, you'd be a great help fore. There had been gayly decorated in carrying the baskets. I always did shops, hurried, happy shoppers, lighted like school-bags and baskets carried She looked up at him and laughed.

The general snowballing had stopped. Groups were going off toto his own home. In that other place | gether, all bent on their Christmas "I'll be obliging," Constance said.

"You take the mail down and I'll be ready as soon as you come. I won't keep you waiting. They do that, don't

She stopped, a little embarrassed. "Besides I want to get through," she They might not recognize him, but added firmly. "I've so many places

It sounded in his ears like a beautiwon't keep you waiting. I won't keep you waiting."

He said it over and over again to himself. Nor did he keep her waiting. he expected any mail. His Christmas | He was there in scarcely any time at all. His family had understood. They had seemed happy that he had found himself so quickly at home in the town. It was what they had dimly feared he would not be.

around Christmas presents in baskets. What, "Yes, only Santa Claus knows n wishing people Christmas cheer and noliday greetings, in having doors plums." pened to one where a whiff of balsam and shadows of firelight sent a glow for Christmas. It was a busy time

soul. got back to her house. He supposed and wreaths to make, and bells to he should wait. He supposed he should fix, and fresh candles to put in the keep quiet-for a little longer than candle-sticks-red candles at this this. But he couldn't. Besides, it time of the year. was Christmas and at Christmas, feel-One wasn't ashamed of sentiment, one this cheer went forth. didn't barricade one's affections.

but I do," he began. "I knew at once. been there, unrealized perhaps, but of spirit they could do a great deal in others-all nice enough-but you!

"I wish I'd made a hit with something other than a snowball!" he ended.

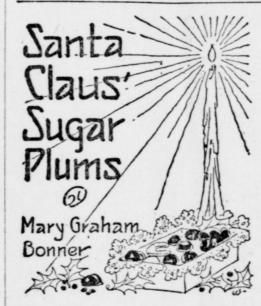
in so many of the older boys' and girls' games."

me that you wouldn't keep me wait- den? ing?" "Well, maybe I could," she said,

it, too! Merry Christmas, old dear!" taken them in when they had arrived. "Only six years older, young smarty, but she had not opened them. but Merry Christmas just the same!" sparkle and twinkle that Christmas simple, but one was from Billy and that was necessary! Eve as it never had before.

(Q. 1926, Western Newspaper Union





MT HAD always been such a nice, 2 deceptive way in which to speak of specially delicious and delectable sweets-sugar plums.

Her grandmother had called candles and candied fruits and luscious bonbons "sugar plums." And she had always, because she liked candied fruits so particularly, called them "sugar plums."

It had been seventeen years since Rose had first remembered hearing of "sugar plums." She had been three then, and her grandmother had said



Rose Had Been Very Busy Cetting Ready for Christmas.

in the wise, wise way that grandmoth-What a gay thing that was-taking er always had of knowing what was how to get the choicest of sugar

Rose was very busy getting ready over one's whole heart and mind and in the family. There were mince pies to be made and plum puddings, and It was late, very late, when they almonds to salt, and fudge to make,

It was a time for general cheer, and ings weren't supposed to be hidden. from Rose's family a great share of

It was not that they were wealthy. "Connie, you may say I don't know. They were, in fact, the opposite.

But it was their great satisfaction I think I've always known. It has that by hard work and great energy you know even as a kid you were un- a small way for every one with whom usual. You weren't like any of the they came in contact at this season of the year.

Every present, no matter how simple, was prettily wrapped. There was was a dear. And they had mistletoe, no condescension in their giving. To too, and Billy was grabbing her and "I'm rather glad it was with a snow- them it was a big part of their Christ- was saying: oall," Constance answered slowly. "It mas delight that they knew so many was like getting back at once to the people with whom they could share know you like sugar plums; and, anydays when I was a child and you were their Christmas sacrifices and the re- way, I had in mind a diamond ring, so nice to me and let me be included sult of the late hours they kept for but just thought I'd speak to you about weeks before Christmas in their innu- it first." merable small preparations. Saving "I'd like to include you, to exclu- was always such fun throughout the

Christmas morning for Rose to un- cause Billy was just a dear. very seriously, "and maybe I'd mean wrap. They were for her and she had

She was curious about these pres-And the old town just seemed to ents. She knew they would be quite the last-and, after all, that was all one was from Joe, and both Billy and

as it were, for Rose's acceptance of engagements, for her favors.

She liked Billy much better than she did Joe. She knew that Billy liked her. She knew that Joe liked her, too. She felt that Joe would always make her very comfortable, would always be very kind, very dutiful, and that she would always have reduction because it was so ugly. to be dutiful, too.

Of course, that was all right. But she felt that with Billy she would crying?" she asked. more of a duty.

Yet Joe was more reliable, he was trifles. less irresponsible, less spontaneous, and so much more exact. But Billy was such a dear!

they were there, all right, even if she arranged like snow. couldn't name them.

lights and finally went to bed.

to keep Billy's to the last, the way inable. she had done with things when she was a child.

a long time-how much he thought of her, what a good wife he knew she would be-of that, he said, he was would make her, he was quite sure, a good husband.

Then there was a word about the present. He had not known what to give her this year; he knew she had positions now were, were the only things he could give her, but his mother had suggested a very complete sewing-box.

There was no note with Billy's present. Just a card upon which he had written:

"I think you like these 'sugar plum' things. Merry Christmas." It was a wholly unreasonably large box of candied fruit.

Later Billy himself came around. What a dear he was! Oh, yes, Billy



"Crazy Present I Gave You," Billy Was Saying.

"Crazy present I gave you, but I

Billy had his own ideas. "Sugar

plums." Joe had consulted his mothsively include you, in my whole life," early autumn. Of what fun was sav- er and there had been a sewing box. again. Wonderful beyond even what he said gently. "Couldn't you tell ing if it were all to be forever hid- Oh, she couldn't tell just why, perhaps, but she did love Billy and she that you have. Allow me to enter and berry. The leaves are nearer There were two presents awaiting didn't love Joe. Perhaps it was be-"The 'sugar plums' win," she said,

and I'd love the diamond ring." Billy didn't quite understand the first part of her sentence, but he did

(Q. 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)





HEY did not have very much money. In fact, they had very little. If you had peered into Ma Grady's worn pockhave seen only a a few stray coppers. This represented three months' careful

saving for Christmas. The Gradys were poor and there were seven of them. Pa Grady was killed in an acci- packages, her face rosy with the cold. dent three years ago, since when Ma Grady and Susie and Bill had worked hard to keep the family together. But all the hardship in the world could not dampen the spirits of that fighting family.

Susie Grady was a plucky fifteen, and got small jobs of looking after the neighbors' babies, or coming in as a mother's helper. Bill Grady was twelve. He picked up odd quarters in all sorts of clever ways. Ma Grady, that rosy, smiling, battling woman, had her big arms in the suds from Joe had lately been running a race, morning until night. She did the washings of half the town.

And so Christmas Eve came. And Ma Grady stepped down to where the stores were and expended her two dollars and a few coppers on gifts for her family. In the meantime Susie and Bill were busy about a Christmas tree. Bill had bought it at a great

Susie paused in draping a bit of tinsel on a branch. "Don't you hear a

want to make him so very happy, and "Haven't got time to listen to the with Joe, that it would be so much | wind," growled Bill, who was feeling too important to be bothered with

Susie went on with her work.

Then-"But I do hear something, sure as the world!" she insisted. Bill She could label all Joe's good grunted and stood off to squint up points. Billy's were less tangible, but his eyes at some cotton he had just

"It's a scratching sound and a She helped her mother with the last whine. I'm going to see." Susie Christmas Eve touches, covered the slipped into the hall. She opened the fire over with ashes, put out the door. There, shivering on the sill, was the coldest, littlest dog she had ever The next morning she opened Joe's seen in her life. It had long, silken present first. Somehow she wanted ears and the biggest brown eyes imag-

"Why, you poor little beastle!" Susie gathered him up in her arms. There was a little note with Joe's A grateful pink tongue lapped her present, telling her what she knew face. A cold little body pressed he had been wanting to tell her for against her warm neck. She hurried back to the Christmas tree.

"Look! Look what I've found!" Bill came over to examine the dog. confident. And he hoped she would be "Cute little feller, ain't he?" he conof the same opinion about him. He ceded. "Guess he's one o' them newfangled kind: a Chinese Pekingese. Ye've had a hard time, Norah, and

Wonder why he came to our door?" The children stood patting the new all of those things which, as their squirming with delight. The Christmas tree was forgotten.

"Don't get him to barking or it will wake up the other kids!" warned

For balf an hour the two children played with the small stranger. Bill and Susie had never seen such a



The Two Children Played With the Small Stranger.

friendly little creature. They began to think of him as their own . . . as a Christmas gift come especially for them.

A loud rapping on the door. A rapping as of a cane knocked smartly against the panels. "Mercy!" said Susie, "who's that?"

And she flew to answer it. "Have you seen?" asked a man's voice, a deep, businesslike voice, "a small dog about here?"

"Why-" stammered Susie, "why-A sharp little bark from the other

"Ah," said the stranger, "I perceive known as toyon or Christmas retrieve my property.' Before Susie could say a word the

big man had pushed by her and was

Bill had the dog tight in his arms. There was an expression on the boy's face of dogged determination. He looked as though nothing in the world

could separate him from this newfound happiness.

"Yes," said the stranger, "that is the little fellow. He got away from me white I was giving him a walk. The mistress would be wild if I lost him. I'll have to teach him a lesson." He

reached the dog. "No, no!" cried Bill. "We found him and took him in. He's ours!" "Why, Bill," said Susie, "you mustn't

speak that way!" The man laughed. "I don't wonder you want him-he's a cute little tyke. But I must take him back home. I'm to drive the family to a party tonight and I'm late now."

But Bill relinquished his hold of the dog not a whit. "You can't have him!

He's mine!" As the big man in a driver's livery took a step forward his glance fell on a framed photograph. For an instant he blinked very fast. Then he scrutinized the picture more closely. His formal speech lapsed into natural exetbook you would pression. "By gorry if that ain't the spittin' image of me oldest brother

two-dollar bill and Tim. Tim Grady, or I'm a liar!" Bill and Susie stood spellbound. The little dog made a snuffling sound

with his nose. Just at this moment who should come puffing in the door but Mrs. Grady herself, her arms laden with "Mother!" screamed Bill and Susie at once, "mother! Here's a man who

lost a little dog" Mrs. Grady set her bundles on a chair and came in. The very breath of clean outdoors came with her.

"Mrs. Grady," said the man, "could your name be Norah Finnegan?" Mrs. Grady smiled. "It could-and

"Well," said the man, and a queer, shy look passed over his face, "maybe you won't be welcoming me-but I'm-I'm Tim's youngest brother, Tom. I ran away from home when I was six-



"Could Your Name Be Nora Finne-

gan?" He Asked. the country. Just came to work for Mrs. Platt in October-right here in this town. I lost track of my familybut I did hear about Tim's death. I was in California then. I'm awful ashamed-"

The heart of Mrs. Grady was a large one. She forgot as easily as she forgave. And it took her only a few minutes to make this big youngest brother

of her husband very much at home. "You was always his favorite," she said, "and he used to worry about you a lot. Are ye married?"

"No," confessed Tom Grady, "not I. And by the livin' soul of St. Patrick, I'll lend a shoulder in this house! you've done a fine job by the kids. It'll be grand to come here my nights treasure. And the wee dog made tiny off. I was feelin' terrible lonesome snortings of pleasure, wriggling and this Christmas. I have most of the day tomorrow and you bet I'll hike it over here as fast as I can. Will ye invite me?"

Susie slipped a shy hand into her new uncle's big fist. Bill moved nearer, his eyes round with bewilderment. He still held the little dog tight in his arms. "Can you bring the

dog to visit, too?" he asked. "I don't know about that, but I do know that I can buy another dog just like him for a lad I've just found-

a boy by the name of Bill." The Gradys had a merry Christmas -the merriest Christmas for years. Big Tom romped with the children like a boy. And barking away with all his exuberant might was a brown and white dog with large eyes and a plume of a tail-"To Bill with a Merry Christmas from his Uncle Tom" had been on the tag that came with the new puppy.

"Bedad, a fine day!" sighed Mrs. Grady. "'Tis maybe I can give up a dozen washin's or so and tend to me family. That Tom is a whale of a lad for helpin'."

(C. 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

化表表表表表表表表 化表 CHRISTMAS HOLLY

HERE are four kinds of Christmas holly, two of which are not in reality a true holly. First, native American holly, grown along the eastern ? and southern Atlantic coast from Cape Cod to Texas for about 50 to 100 miles inland. Second, European holly (more glossy and a larger leafed), grown in Oregon for Christmas decoration. Third, California holly; this is not a true holly. California holly is like the mountain laurel, and the plant is grown along the coast of California and in the in the room where the Christmas tree of foothills. Fourth, Oregon holly, or Oregon grape; the leaf is similar to the true holly, but it is not a holly. It is the native barberry.



BY MARION R. REAGAN AM HEATON decided it was

high time he did somethingsomething, big. Here he was on the far side of forty, no money, no social position-for chauffeurs were little more than servants, he thoughtand no wife or family. He was even in more desperate straits. He was enamoured of the young widow, a woman about thirty-six, for whom he was working. He was alternately taken with fits of despair and hope about Mrs. Allan. More frequently it was despair, however, for he couldn't imagine anyone so charming and so rich as Mrs. Allan caring anything for him. But there were times when she smiled at him with special graciousness and talked to him for a longer time than was actually necessary for the transaction of the business in hand, and his hopes rose. After al! many women had married their chauffeurs. He was not bad

looking. In fact he had always had a reputation for being something of a Beau Brummel. He comforted himself with the thought that there were worse men, certainly.

Christmas was approaching and he racked his brain to know how he could buy Mrs. Allan something that would really be worthy of her. He carefully gathered to-

gether every cent he had in the world--sixty dollars-and bought a neat little watch he had noticed in a nearby jeweler's window.

Christmas Eve he called at the jeweler's for his purchase, put the little package safely in his pocket, and started off into the crowded street. At the corner some one was making a speech. There was an enormous number of people gathered, and it was difficult to pass. Finally Heaton reached the other side of the street, and continued his walk. He put his hand into his pocket to warm it a little and was shocked to find-could it be possible?-the little packagegone! Wildly he ran back through the crowd, looking on the street for it and asking people if they had seen it. Of course it was all useless. It was merely the usual case of the Christmas time pickpocket. He was insanely angry. He must have it. It meant everything to him. Ordinarily the most honest man in the world, he was completely overcome with the desire to get back-in any way-the equivalent of what he had lost. Someone had robbed him; he would rob somebody else.

A little ahead of him he saw a well-dressed woman, her arms full of packages. Without thinking, he went straight towards her, to slip one of them. Simultaneously another man was seized with the same idea. Their hands met. The woman turned sharply. The other man had the package in his hand. Heaton struck him in the face and a fight followed, a fight | you to have your glasses changed?"

RECEIRE CHECKER GIFTS AT CHRISTMAS

IFTS at Christmas time were common in medieval times. Accounts tell of the lers' guild sending out gratis to every one a special sort of candles which were burned with the Yule log to light the houses for the coming of a supernatural visitor. Bakers also sent out "Yule cakes." Gradually the sentiment of "Peace on earth, good will to men" and the celebration of the spirit by general gifts seems to have spread through the other guilds, and finally to have become general.

BE SECULIAR SECULIAR

in which Heaton pursued, the other trying to flee. The woman, panicky, was screaming for the police. Soon several policeman appeared and the man was caught. Heaton forgot that he, too, had been trying to rob the woman. To everyone, even to himself, his case was

clearly that of the righteous man pursuing the

At the police station, Heaton for the first time came face to face with the robbed woman. They both registered surprise.

"Mrs. Allan!" "Oh, Mr. Heaton, it was you, then, who so nobly helped me. 'm so grateful!" was weak from the excite-

ment of the adventure and leaned comfortably on Heaton's arm.

The thief was given a preliminary hearing. Examination showed he had a whole pocketful of articles he had taken in the crowd. Among the things found was the little watch Heaton had bought for Mrs. Allan.

"I shall have the jeweler who sold me that prove it is mine," said Heaton when he saw it, "or rather yours," he added, turning to Mrs. Allan. "It was to have been your Christmas

"Oh, how wonderful of you," exclaimed Mrs. Allan, her eyes showing clearly how much she thought of the gift, and more of the giver.

They say the gossips talked quite a ittle when some weeks later they earned that Mrs. Allan had married her chauffeur. But they say, too, that the couple were so completely happy they didn't mind the talking a bit. (©, 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

Christmas Shopping



'Emma, I can't see where I'm-' "Well, how many times have I told



T WAS his first Christmas in the city. He could not afford to go home, nor could he have gone if in a store, and had to work Christmas Eve till ten o'clock. The last train for his home town left at three in the afternoon. And there was no use going up on Christmas day for just an hour; five hours each way on the of "two flights up; -th door." train, total fare over ten dollars, for one hour at home; one-third of a was an exception to furnished room travagance. So he had sent his mother for his first absence from home on Christmas day. He thought the nightgowns would delight her; she had never had a silk one, and from the way that silk ones were displayed in the city shops, he was sure they were the thing to wear. The night gowns he had sent her, the hankies he had sent his sisters, and the ties for his brothers, had completely emptied his pockets. He always had been generous, but he enjoyed depriving himself for the happiness of others. His generosity this time, however, had gone too far, for he had nothing left with which to buy a gift for Mrs. Addison.

Mrs. Addison was a young widow whom he had met recently in the city. She was a very beautiful woman, and had been most kind to him. He had already been to her small apartment several times to have supper with her and her jolly, foreign-acting father, and sometimes they had all gone to a "movie" together afterwards. But she had never let him pay for their tickets, and he had never done anything to recompense her for her kindness to



him. said, and he believed her. But he really wanted to take her something nice for Christmas. If only he had kept one of the nightgowns he had sent his mother. But no, that would have been too pretentious and too personal. He must give her something very beautiful, to be sure, but nothing extravagant, even if he could. She wouldn't like that. What was he to

For lunch the day before Christmas he had a sandwich and a soda at a ning down her cheeks. Poor old man, to gaze longingly in the shop windows | reau, among the meager toilet things on the avenue. Such pretty things, he thought he had never seen before- small one, and as desolate and bare fewelry, clothing, novelties for the de- as the room. The poor, proud old light of women. They seemed just creature had Christmas in his heart. made for Mrs. Addison. But a dollar She would give him a surprise. was all the money he could spare, and what could you get for that? The chases and laid them, gayly tied with boudoir lamp he wanted cost five dol- red ribbons and bits of holly, on the lars, the desk set eight; and even a foot of his bed. She hung the stark decent box of candy would be two dol- little tree with bags of candy and all

turned the corner and hurried to his own store to so grudgingly dole out know. Bless him. to others the things he could not buy himself-for her.

That night he returned to his room | had popped her empty-handed and mournful. But his head out of the fatigue was so ereat, sleep soon qui- front parlor door eted his sorrow.

It was late Christmas morning when he awoke, but there was still time to slick himself up and get to Mrs. Addi-



son's for breakfast at eleven. How original of her to invite him for Christ- of sugar from her mas breakfast, and at eleven, too! He appreciated those extra hours of sleep. She certainly was a dear.

meant he would not have to eat again | would cancel the obligation. . till night, and then just a simple supper. And THAT meant he saved the price of a Christmas dinner-another dollar! But two dollars-what could quickly as it came. And then, suddenly, his eyes saw the beautiful flowers he was watering. They were paper white narcissus he had bought a few weeks before at the "five and ten." The four bulbs and the bowl had cost only a quarter, and here they were with two beautiful sprays of fragrant bloom and one fat bud just ready to break its covering. Their fragrance filled the room. Their beauty would grace any home; yes, even hers. His Christmas shopping problem was solved. He would buy some candy at the corner drug store, and give it with the flowers he had grown himself. Oh, what a jolly breakfast party they would have!

An Ill Omen

In the Balkans it is believed that to die on Christmas Day is of il! omen as

A Christmas Dish Eels baked and rolled in laurel leaf

are a favorite Christmas dish in Italy.



EOPLE who call on the inmates of furnished rooms either wait in the hall while the footsteps he had had the money. He was clerk | that brought the means of ingress go upstairs and become responsible for knocks somewhere in the darkness, or go downstairs into oblivion, leaving the caller to a personally conducted tour of exploration for the discovery

The top floor at Mrs. Cawthorn's week's pay! No, that would be ex- rules, for two of the doors stood wide open all day. The one in front, facing two pink silk nightgowns as a solace north, disclosed a tiny, desolate room containing a narrow iron bed, a chair, a bureau furnished with meager toilet fittings, a trunk, and a corner curtained off for a wardrobe.

The door opposite disclosed an entirely different interior. In one window a bird in a brass cage sang above

blooming plants and in the other an old lady sat in a rocking chair, when she was not peering out into the hall, or leaning over the banisters, or trotting about on visits. Every morning

precisely at 7:45 the door of the north room opened and a little, weazened shabby old man pulled the corner of the trunk forward to keep it so. Then he hung a very small empty alu-

minum milk can on his wrist, put its cover in his pocket, took up a neatly tied package of refuse and went away. Mis' Bascomb got his story from the servant the morning she arrived and found him a case after her own heart. He was Amos Binks; he had lived in that room for ten years.

very busy making presents and planning surprises and treats among her multitudinous friends, but every time she passed Binks' door her heart ached for him, and so the days passed and it was Christmas Eve.

She had been out shopping all morning: her arms were full of bundles and her heart of plans; but she glanced, as she always did, at Binks' door, and what she saw there brought her to an abrupt stop with tears rundrug store. That left him 20 minutes poor old man! On the miserable buthere stood a Christmas tree, a very

She selected the choicest of her pursorts of jolly trifles, chuckling over must get back to work, so wearily he parted to replenish her stock for to- freight cars were loaded and moved.

That morning as he was going out the little woman with three children

and asked if she might leave her Christmas tree in his room so the children would not see it.

"It's the last place in the world anyone would look to find a Christmas tree," she said.

Binks had borrowed three lumps when he had a cold and he had worried about having to buy a Breakfast at eleven! Why, that whole half pound to return it. This

"If you don't make any mess," he said sourly and went out.

He had forgotten all about the tree when he returned that evening and he do with that, and all the stores he was even more than usually dour closed? His enthusiasm waned as and bitter, for he could not avoid givpartner and the janitor of the office building. It was one of the penalties of wealth. Thank goodness, no one at the rooming house had the ghost of an idea that he wasn't poor Amos build up your upset, disordered stom-Binks, although he was Amos Binks, ach and make it so strong and vigorthe millionaire.

He stopped in the doorway of his room in a paralysis of amazement when he saw the tree and the presents, and then a smile infinitely sly and sneering broke over his face. He glanced at Mis' Bascomb's door; it was closed, but he understood and chuckled. He heard steps coming doubt help you. stealthily upstairs, the little woman and carried it out to her.

"It's in my way," he said testily. The day after Christmas he deposited regards one's place in the after-death to his own credit at the bank \$6.50 which he had intended to spend on Christmas presents until Mis' Bascomb gave him enough to go round, and keep a nice warm pair of socks for himself.

(Q. 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

Help Kidneys By Drinking More Water

Take Salts to Flush Kidneys and Help Neutralize Irritating Acids

Kidney and bladder irritations often result from acidity, says a noted authority. The Midneys help filter this acid from the blood and pass it on to the bladder, where it may remain to irritate and inflame, causing a burning, scalding sensation, or setting up an irritation at the neck of the bladder, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night. The sufferer is in constant dread; the water passes sometimes with a scalding sensation and is very profuse; again, there is difficulty in voiding it.

Bladder weakness, most folks call it because they can't control urination. While it is extremely annoying and sometimes very painful, this is often one of the most simple ailments to overcome. Begin drinking lots of soft water, also get about four ounces of Jad Salts from your pharmacist and take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast. Continue this for two or three days. This will help neutralize the acids in the system so they no longer are a source of irritation to the bladder and urinary organs, which then act normal

Jad Salts is inexpensive, and is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and is used by thousands of folks who are subject to urinary disorders caused by acid irritation. Jad Salts causes no bad effects whatever.

Here you have a pleasant, effervescent lithia-water drink which may quickly relieve your bladder irritation.

Remembering Kindness

Forget each kindness done to others but remember each kindness received. It is better to give than to receive, but it is best always to show appreciation. Gratitude marks a person properly disposed.-Grit.

"DANDELION BUTTER COLOR"

A harmless vegetable butter color used by millions for 50 years. Drug Johnson Oil Burner Mfg. Co., Muncie, Ind. stores and general stores sell bottles of "Dandelion" for 35 cents .- Adv.

Had Seen Another

A little girl, aged four, was on a visit to a country residence. One evening she was taken to see the garden

"Oh, auntie," she said, "we have got a moon just like that in our garden."-Tit-Bits.

Culticura for Pimply Faces. To remove pimples and blackheads smear them with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Once clear keep your skin clear by using them for daily toilet purposes. Don't fail to include Cuticura Taleum. Advertisement.

Progress of Railroads

In one week in the year 1925 American railroads loaded and moved 1,124,436 cars of freight. During a The jeweler's clock warned him he his surprise and delight as she de- week the year previous 1,112,345 morrow's festivities. He would never During the record week 162,397 cars

Stop Croup in 15 Minutes

Croup usually comes suddenly-at midnight-without warning. Be prepared to open the dangerously clogged throat at once. Have on hand this phythroat at once. Have on hand this physician's prescription which often brings relief in 15 minutes—no vomiting. Used in millions of homes for 35 years. The quickest known relief for Coughs, Colds and Whooping Cough. If you have children get a bottle of this timetried remedy—Dr. Drake's Glessco—from your druggist. Only 50c a bottle.—Adv.

Odd Characters, Husbands!

Mrs. Biggs-Husbands are certainly odd, aren't they? Mrs. Diggs-Yes, indeed, Mine gets

mad every holiday because I make him go out to enjoy life.

Today's Big Offer to All When You Catch Cold Who Have Stomach Agony

Read About This Generous Money Back Guarantee

When you have any trouble with your stomach such as gas, heaviness and distention, why fool with things which at best can only give relief. Why not get a medicine that will ous that it will do its work without

Such a medicine is Dare's Mentha Pepsin, a delightful elixir that is sold by your local dealer and druggists everywhere with the distinct understanding that if it doesn't greatly help you your money will be gladly returned. It has helped thousands-it will no

coming for the tree! He stripped it Babies cry most when they realize of its decorations with hasty fingers that they look like some of their relatives.

STANDARD FOR 50 YEARS



A Fine Tonic. Builds You Up Prevents and Relieves Fever-Dengue Malaria-Chills and



THROAT Take a little "Vaseline" Jelly several times a day and at bedtime. Tasteless and odorless. Soothes and heals. Will not upset you. CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO. PETROLEUM JELLY



States mail positions, \$135 to \$225 monthly, write for free particulars. JAMES COLE-MAN, 1904 Spain, New Orleans, La.

E. J. Hart & Co., Ltd., New Orleans

88 years.

DEALERS WANTED, all or part time, to sell "Oilking" Oil Burners and Oil Heaters. Burners for Ranges, Heaters, Furnaces, etc. Will successfully burn a low grade oil, crank-case drainings. Thousand in use. All Burners guaranteed. Experience



HINDERCORNS Removes Corns, Callouses, etc., stops all pain, ensures comfort to the feet, makes walking easy. Ice by mail or at Drug-gists. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.



Swans by the Thousands

happy, free from constipation

A SAFE, DEPENDABLE LAXATIVE

Because of a ban on hunting swans in the past ten years, there are more than fifteen thousand swans in waters along the coast of Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina.-Missouri Game and Fish News.

A torpid liver prevents proper food assimilation. Tone up your liver with Wright's Ind. Vegetable Pills. 372 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

Not Exactly

Customer-I'd like to see the cashier of the bank about buying some bonds. He isn't out of bonds, do you

Teller-No sir, he's out on bond

Rub On Musterole Musterole is easy to apply and works

right away. It may prevent a cold from turning into "fu" or pneumonia. It does all the good work of grandmother's mustard plaster.

Musterole is a clean, white ointment. made of oil of mustard and other home simples. It is recommended by many doctors and nurses. Try Musterole for sore throat, cold on the chest, rheur atism, lumbago, pleurisy, stiff neck, bronchitis, asthma, neuralgia, congestion, pains and aches of the back and joints. sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chill frosted feet-colds of all sorts. To Mothers: Musterole is also

made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole. Jars & Tubes



METHODIST CHURCH

Sunday School, 9:45 A. M. Preaching Service, 10:45 A. M. Epworth League, 6:45 P. M. Preaching Service, 1:30 P. M. Mid-week Service, Wednesday

Olin W. Nail, Pastor.

CATHOLIC CHURCH

7:00 P. M.

Sunday Mass at the Parish Church at 7:50 a.m. Sunday Mass at the Ft. Clark Service Club at 9:00 a.m.

month the Mass will be at Spof- No permits issued to anyone. ford instead of Fort Clark.

Mass 7 a.m. during the week. Rosary and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament on Eundays at 7 p.m.

Rev. Ericson, Rector.

Episcopal Church

9:30 a.m., Sunday School. Evening Prayer and sermon on the second and fourth Sunday evenings in each month by the Missioner. Come, and worship with us.

F. H. Stallknecht, Missioner.

Spofford Baptist Church Sunday School every Sunday, 10 A. M.

Preaching Service 11 A. M. Second and fourth Sundays. D. M York, Pastor.

BLUE BUGS

Martin's Poultry Tone for the purposes of hunting, to Bug-infested chickens. Paint inside hen house thoroughly with hogs will be prosecuted to the "Martin's Roost Paint" kill and keep awas Insects. Guaranteed by

Patersen & Co.

No tresspassing

The Kemper ranch is posted. No fishing, hunting, or otherwise! trespassing will be allowed. No permits issued.

A L. Wickham

I hereby notify the public that

All violations will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. No 8...... 3:15 P M W. G. Lackev.

POSTED

be allowed.

The pastures known as the blue! Sermon in Spanish one Sunday water hole and battle grounds

Joe Bradford.

Posted

All of our pastures in Kinney County are posted according to law, and any one found hunting or trepassing will be prosecuted according to law. No remits will be given.

Jackson and Locke by S. E Causey (foreman).

Trespass Notice

Notice is hereby given that al hunting, hog hunting or other wise trespassing, is strictly forbidden on the premises controlled by C. Y. Slator. All violators will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

9 25-26. C. Y. Sirtor.

Trespass Notice.

or other Poultry Insects? Feed and controlled by the undersign- Ballantyne Secretary. fishing, cutting wood or hunting full extent of the law. There

camping parties. A. M. Slator.

Keepin' up with the

World News

Read

San Antonio Express

Arrives 7 a. m.

deli ered 75c per month

S A. Evening News

Effective Nov 14th, 1926, at Spofford, Texas.

Rail Road Time Table NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC SOUTHERN PACIFIC MAIN LINE

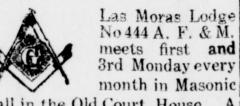
WEST BOUND no trespassing of any kind will No 101 (dont stop) 6:15 A M EAST BOUND

> No 102 (dont stop) . . 11:49 P M No 104 9:57 A M EAGLE PASS BRANCH

> > NORTH BOUND

Every first Sunday of the or otherwise trespassing allowed. No 228...... 9:10 P M SOUTH BOUND No 225 3:30 PM No 227......5:10 AM

SOCIETIES



3rd Monday every month in Masonic Hall in the Old Court House. A ordial invitation to all visiting Brethren. Frank Lane, Worshipful Master: Will. W. Price, Secretary.



The Brackettville Chapter No. 60 Orde of The Eastern Star meets on the first and

third Tuesdays of each month at 8. p. m. Visiting members are band instrument manufacturers are Notice is hereby given that all cordially invited. Miss Elsie trespassers on the ranch owned Sauer, W. M. Mrs. Minnie



Las Moras Camp Filippone Hall

will be no permits issued to Visiting Sovereigns invited to attend. A. Lopez, C. C. O. B.

NEW R R SCHEDULE BAND IS BETTER THAN THE 'GANG'

Why United States Is Becoming Most Musical Nation in World.

Radio, the phonograph and the pub-He school band are conspiring to make the United States the most mu-

With the ether wave charged with melodies-with the phonograph bringing into the living room the gayety of the million-dollar jazz band-and with son regarding the post of first cornetist in the High School band as o position as vital as that held by the



quarterback of the football eleven, the such as they have never before known

No. 2383 W. O. W to blow its own horn, in the actual meets every Mon- sense of the phrase," says Mr. Greenday night in the leaf. "The creative spirit is lifting its head and today the United States is

knowledge that he is creating music than he could possibly feel from the strains of the modern masters, arti ficially reproduced.

Music as a Vocation.

"Our schools have been developed ities to extend the same opportunity

Parents are learning that the band is better than the 'gang' for their

"Music is a mental stimulant. survey recently conducted in the that children who had studied music averaged considerably higher in al lines of school activities.

Music Lures High School Students

One in Three of Denver Pupils Trained by Private Instructors

Elkhart, Ind .- More boys and girls ing music today than ever before. Information reaching the Conn Music Center here indicates an unusually

C. Kendel, director of music in the Denver schools, showed that 623 were studying music under private instruc

There are 3,292 musical instruments in the families from which these boys and girls come, and in 61 of the homes there is a definite musical organiza-

per cent of the Denver children, dance music by 20 per cent, instrumental by 19 per cent, band music by 17 per cent and focal by 14 per cent

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