

Visit Our Great *Majestic Range Demonstration*
NOVEMBER 9th TO NOVEMBER 14th.

VAN PELT, KIRK & MACK

CENSUS BUREAU ANNOUNCES BIG GINNING GAIN

WASHINGTON, Oct. 26.—The census bureau this morning announced that 7,601,682 bales of cotton had been ginned from the 1914 crop up to October 18. This represents nearly a million bales increase over last year's crop at the same period of the year. In 1913 up to October 18, 6,973,518 bales had been ginned.

H. G. Hays, of the Walthall neighborhood, was in the city Wednesday on business and renewed with the Banner-Ledger for another year.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Abernathy of Garden City, returned home Wednesday at noon after a visit of several weeks to relatives in Ballinger. Mr. Abernathy was quite ill while here but we are glad to report him much better when he returned home.

15 Night Riders Arrested.

By United Press.
ARDMORE, Okla., Oct. 29.—Fifteen persons were arrested in Love county alone, charged with night riding, conspiring to damage and destroy property. Cotton growers are alarmed.

Germans Elated

BERLIN, Oct. 28.—Admitting that the German losses are heavy, and fighting the most desperate of any along the battle front, the war office expressed the greatest optimism of the ultimate success for the Germans of the campaign against the seacoast.

WHITE CAPS AT WORK IN WINGATE COUNTRY

A telephone message from Wingate early Thursday morning stated that efforts were being made by parties in that section of the county to free the country of the negroes that have been imported here to help pick the cotton crop.

Parties attacked a negro camp near Wingate Wednesday night, shot up the tent, where the negroes were sleeping and caused considerable fright among the negroes.

During the night some one posted notices over the neighborhood warning the negroes to leave the country. The negroes are taking the threats seriously and it is feared that further trouble will grow out of the attempt to run the negroes

out of the country. It is claimed that many of the negroes are still in debt to the farmers who paid the expenses of bringing them here to help pick the large cotton crop and not one-half of the crop has been picked. The farmers will protect the negroes, and do all they can to keep them on their farms until the cotton is out of the fields.

The officers at Ballinger were notified of the disturbances, and complaints will probably be filed against the guilty parties. The offense is a serious one, and will come up in Federal court, it being against the Federal law to attempt to run any one out of the country by violence or threats of violence.

Correspondent Estimates German Casualties in One Battle at 46,000 Soldiers

LONDON, Oct. 28.—The Daily mail's Rotterdam correspondent today in a wire estimated that the German losses are 16,000 killed, 30,000 wounded or prisoners in the fighting which culminated in their being shoved back north of the Yser river.

The Germans crossed by sheer weight, it was stated in the dis-

patch. Numbers of them progressed under machine and artillery fire which mowed the allied troops down rapidly, but were unable to dig themselves in before the allies bayoneted them back.

Hundreds of the wounded men drowned in the river. Both banks are today covered with the wounded men who fell in the battle.

Heavy Snow Hinders The Activities Of The Armies

PETROGRAD, Oct. 28.—A heavy snow halted the Russian pursuit on the Germans, it was stated here by the war office.

The Germans are therefore putting up a more determined resistance today all along the line of battle. The Austrians, however, are still unable to cross the San River.

A. J. ZAPPE

FOR CASH ONLY

Low cotton prices have caused us to put the following low prices on our goods.
High Patent Flour, sk., \$1.18
Extra High Patent Flour, a sack \$1.40
Belle of Wichita a sack \$1.65
14 pounds Sugar \$1.00
5 1-2 pounds Coffee \$1.00
Dry Salt Bacon, pound 15c

SPECIAL ON

Men's and Boys' Suits and Pants
\$25.00 Men's Suits \$17.50
\$20.00 Men's Suits \$14.00
\$15.00 Men's Suits \$12.50
\$12.50 Men's Suits \$9.50
Special Reduced Prices on Ladies' Suits and Skirts.
\$20.00 Ladies Suits \$13.98
\$15.00 Ladies Suits \$10.49
\$10.00 Ladies Suits \$7.98
\$2.00 Ladies Skirts \$1.49
\$1.50 Ladies Skirts \$1.23

A. J. ZAPPE

Premier of Japan Asks For fighters

TOKIO, Oct. 28.—Premier Okuma today urged the immediate expression of the Japanese army and navy to enable the government to act quickly in the event of any emergency which may arise.

It is expected that a new budget will contain large military appropriations.

Shelly Williams, of Hatchel, had business in Ballinger Tuesday afternoon.

FORTY NINE LIVES LOST IN MINE

ROYALTON, Ill., Oct. 29.—Nine more bodies were discovered this morning in the shafts of the coal mine in which an explosion occurred Tuesday morning near this city. This makes the total of bodies brought from the mine, forty-nine. Others were still missing last night.

ROYALTON, Oct. 28.—A total of forty-nine persons lost their lives in the explosion in a mine near this town yesterday morning, according to the number of charred bodies brought to the surface.

Forty-seven miners and two women have died.

The women who died were widows of men entombed in the shafts. They were in a critical condition for several hours, following the announcement that their husbands were imprisoned in the mine.

The fire which raged at the entrance of one of the shaft's was extinguished today by a crew which had worked hard since the outbreak of the blaze.

All but seven of the charred bodies have been identified. Of thirty injured, none will die from their wounds.

Officers are today investigating the cause of the accident.

NEGRO MURDERER BROUGHT HERE

The young negro, charged with killing another negro, on the Rosalee farm near Concho, last Friday night, was brought to Ballinger Wednesday afternoon and placed in the Ballinger jail. Sheriff Prewett, of Paint Rock brought the negro here, and he will be held here until his case can be disposed of.

The killing occurred in a negro camp on the Rosalee farm, and it was reported grew out of trouble which came up over some bedding but a later report says that crop shooting was back of the trouble. It seems that the sympathy of the negroes in the camp is with the negro that did the killing.

The negro left camp after the killing and was out several days before he was arrested, but when found was only five miles from where the killing took place.

PITCHED BATTLE

By United Press.
FORT SMITH, Oct. 29.—Eight unoccupied houses were destroyed by fire, according to a message received here this afternoon from the scene of the pitched battle.

A Deputy Federal Marshall battled with the incendiaries but the outcome of the shooting has not been learned here.

A strike of the union miners has been on there since April.

FORT SMITH, Oct. 29.—A pitched battle was today fought at Prairie Creek the scene of miners' troubles last July.

Wires are cut between the place and this city and details of the battle are not forthcoming.

NEGRO STABBED TO DEATH BY NEGRO WITH BUTCHER KNIFE

Sheriff Flynt received a phone message early Saturday morning asking him to look out for a negro wanted in Concho county for killing another negro Friday night.

Details of the killing are lacking, but it is known that the killing occurred on the farm of A. Rosalee near the Concho post office on the Concho river. Mr. Rosalee had a bunch of negroes picking cotton for him. Most of the negroes were brought here from Austin, and it is reported that those implicated in the trouble came from Austin.

The trouble came up some time during the night over a quilt, so the report says, and a young negro about seventeen years old, stabbed another negro with a butcher knife, and after the killing the young negro made his escape and is still at large.

The wounded negro died almost instantly, the stab from the knife being in a vital part of the body.

It is not known which direction the negro went after leaving the camp, but on account of there being few negroes in this country, and the bad weather making it rough out doors, it is thought that the negro will be apprehended before he gets out of the country.

P. N. Smith and brother E. D., of the Valley creek country, were among the business visitors in the city Wednesday.

C. J. Doerr of Miles, came in Tuesday afternoon to look after business in Ballinger a day or two.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mathews of Water Valley, who had been visiting his sister, Mrs. Joe Hill and other relatives the past few days, returned home Wednesday at noon.

THE WINTERS STATE BANK

of
WINTERS, TEXAS.

CAPITAL \$50,000
SURPLUS AND PROFITS \$8,000

Absolute safety for your money. Money to loan AT ALL TIMES at prevailing rates.

Established for seven years, with a record for honorable, liberal and courteous treatment and up-to-date business methods, we have earned the title.

"THE RELIABLE"

The Winters State Bank

Winters, Texas.

Capital \$50,000.00 Guaranty Fund Bank

THE OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS OF

The First National Bank

are keeping abreast of the times without deviating from sound Banking principles, are constantly adding to the value of the service they render to their customers. It is a matter of pride with us to make this Bank every year a more desirable depository for business men and women.

...THE...

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Member of Federal Reserve System.

**Don't
Spend
All You
Make!**

TO be successful, you must economize and there's no better way than to open a bank account and add to it as often as convenient. We solicit your account and can assure you of courteous treatment. This is one of the leading financial institutions of this County and its relations with its patrons in the past have been both pleasant and profitable, and it will endeavor to conduct its business along these lines in the future.

FARMERS & MERCHANTS STATE BANK

"FATHERS AND MOTHERS BANK"

Life Is Constant War
For Existence.

Nations Prepare for War in Time of Peace.

Individuals should safeguard against NEED in time of LARGE HARVESTS.

Save the fruits of your labor, by storing your unsaleable products under shelter.

Deposit Your Surplus Cash in the Bank
Which is Your Best Friend in Times of Need.

**Ballinger State Bank & Trust
Company**

"We take care of our customers"

Best Laxative For Children

When your baby is cross and fretful instead of the happy, laughing little dear you are accustomed to, in all probability the digestion has become deranged and the bowels need attention. Give it a mild laxative, dispel the irritability and bring back the happy content of babyhood. The very best laxative for children is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, because it contains no opiate or narcotic drug, is pleasant tasting and acts gently, but surely, without griping or other distress. Druggists sell Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin at fifty cents and one dollar a bottle. For a free trial bottle write to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 451 Washington St., Monticello, Ill.

MEETING CALLED OFF

The tabernacle meeting which was to be held this and next week is called in on account of the rain and cool nights, and will be held later on. C. M. HICKS.

Arthur Chatman of Milan county, who is visiting his uncle, W. G. Chatman and family, of South Ballinger, was among the visitors in Ballinger Tuesday.

J. F. Kuhn of Rowena, and F. Bloomer of Miles, were among the business visitors in Ballinger between trains Tuesday.

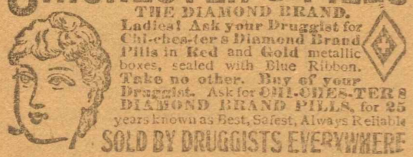
The Magic Washing Stick.

"All glory to the Magic Washing Stick—my clothes were as white as snow," writes Mrs. Sallie Cummings, Marquez, Texas. Not a soap or a washing powder but a peculiar article which makes dirty clothes clean and beautiful without a bit of rubbing. Sold by grocers and druggists, three 13c sticks for 25c, or by mail from A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Sherman, Texas.

CHARGED WITH MURDER TO GET MARRIAGE MONEY

MACON, Ill., Oct. 26.—Ray Pfanschmidt, in his second trial on the charge of murdering his family in order to obtain money to marry, was acquitted. The state supreme court set aside the first verdict which was against Pfanschmidt.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS



EARTHQUAKE REPORTED

LONDON, Oct. 26.—Several earthquakes are reported to have taken place in Turin. Many buildings were damaged. No casualties are reported.

Editor Kubela and F. Sommers of Rowena, had business in Ballinger between trains Monday.

For Sale.

One five passenger car in good shape, will take stock are cash. Apply to Ballinger Auto Co., G. W. Dean. 28-wtf

CURIOUS NEGRO WITH BAD COIN

Of course the big cotton crop and the hundreds of extra laborers spending their money is making things just a little prosperous in Ballinger, and five dollar gold pieces are nothing more than a regular medium of exchange.

However, before you ring these beautiful coins into your cash register you should go on the "better to be safe than sorry" plan, and put them to test.

There is at least one spurious "VD" gold coin stored away as a souvenir, and it cost the present owner of the coin \$4.95 in genuine money and a five cent sack of tobacco. It all happened because people do not think anything strange of handling all kinds of money—silver, greenback and gold in Ballinger at this particular time, when there is so much money growing on cotton stalks, and when a couple of thousand negroes, and nearly as many white people picking it off at such a rapid rate.

Under such conditions a negro can easily pick several five dollar gold pieces worth of silver, and it was a negro that stepped into the J. Y. Pearce drug store and called for a sack of smoking tobacco, tendering a five dollar gold piece in payment. The accommodating clerk accepted the v-d piece and returned the proper change—\$4.95.

As is the case with all spurious money, it must be put out of circulation some time some where, and this coin was detected as one not having the endorsement of Uncle Sam soon after it was received at this drug store.

The negro that passed the spurious money was one of the newcomers, and it is very probable that he will make his escape, as little attention was paid to him at the time of the transaction.

You should profit by the other fellow's experience and look twice before you give of your goods in exchange for gold of this denomination.

Apply Sloan's Freely For Lumbago

Your attacks of Lumbago are not nearly so hopeless as they seem. You can relieve them almost instantly by a simple application of Sloan's Liniment on the back and loins. Lumbago is a form of rheumatism, and yields perfectly to Sloan's, which penetrates quickly all in through the sore, tender muscles, limbers up the back and makes it feel fine. Get a bottle of Sloan's Liniment for 25 cents of any druggist and have it in the house—against colds, sore and swollen joints, rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, and like ailments. Your money back if not satisfied, but it does give almost instant relief.

G. W. White left Monday morning on a short business trip to Talpa.

Cures Old Sores, Other Remedies Won't Cure. The worst cases, no matter of how long standing, are cured by this wonderful, old reliable Dr. Foster's Antiseptic Healing Ointment. It relieves pain and heals at the same time. 25c, 50c, \$1.00

Texas State Fair DALLAS

OCT. 17th to NOV. 1st EXCURSION RATES DAILY VIA



Big Added Attraction 2000 U. S. TROOPS

Infantry—Cavalry—Artillery

Giving exhibitions every night and each Saturday, Sunday and Wednesday afternoon.

For full particulars write A. D. BELL GEO. D HUNTER Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt. Gen. Pass. Agt. DALLAS, TEXAS

P. O. VAULT DOOR GOES CRAZY

The local post office was short on supplies for several hours Monday all on account of the combination to the door of the big vault failing to respond to the proper twist of the combination knob.

The door was closed and the combination turned on as usual at the close of business on the previous day, and it is not known what caused the door to become locked.

It was necessary to dig through the wall between the bank vault and the post office vault, and remove the lock from the inside before the door could be opened.

SHORT CORN CROP PREDICTED FOR TEXAS.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 26.—The Texas corn crop of 1914 will be less than the one of 1913, but will exceed the average years yield of the past five years period by five million bushels, according to a report issued today by the United States Department of Agriculture. Based on conditions prevalent early in October, the 1914 yield will be around 125,400,000 bushels, according to the government experts. This is 2,000,000 bushels more than the estimates of September 1st showed. In 1913 Texas produced 163,200,000 bushels of corn, the largest yield since 1908, when the output was around 202,000,000 bushels. The average annual crop of the past five years period has been 120,286,000 bushels.

Mrs. H. L. Whitfield and baby, of Millersview, who had been visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. Fletcher and family of our city, the past few days returned home Monday at noon.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Davis of Miles, were among the visitors in Ballinger Monday.

BRONTE ACTIVITIES MAKE NEWSY ITEMS

(With credit to Enterprise) Roscoe Cameron, while playing in the seed house at the Caudle gin, stepped into the box containing the seed augur. His foot caught, but fortunately the happened to be running slack and was thrown off when the augur caught his foot. In the meantime the boy was yelling for help.

John Hutchinson fell from a box while attempting to repair the gutter at his home, and broke his shoulder and dislocated the cap. Mr. Hutchinson formerly lived in Ballinger.

Bunger Hennessey and his two sisters, Misses Hettie and Rosa, are the champion cotton pickers of this county, so far reporting. Bungler picked 601 in one day while Miss Hettie picked 555 and Miss Rosa picked 487. Another sister, Nellie, picked only one-half day and picked 300.

On last Tuesday fifteen boys picking cotton for Ollie Dear in a field of Ivey's Big Boll, gathered 6400 pounds of cotton, and walked half mile for dinner. The champions made the following individual records: W. S. Smith, of Cameron, 669; Lloyd Gann of Cameron, 663; Nolan Sikes of Reagan 613; Chas. Grant of Milano, 519; Sam Gough of Reagan, 500.

These boys came here nearly a month ago from Milan county and most of them have not lost a single day. They mean business when it comes to picking cotton.

Annie Lee Price is the champion child cotton picker of this part of the state. The child is only six years old and weighs only 42 pounds. Last Thursday she began picking at 8:20 and quit at 12 and started again at 1:46, and her pickings for the day totaled 153 pounds. Annie Lee is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Price.

Up to Thursday at noon Bronte cotton yards had received 3365 bales of cotton, and the three gins at Bronte had ginned 2755. Very little of the cotton is being sold.

Thieves stole five sacks of oats from a car that was being loaded for shipment this week. The officers trailed the wagon considerable distance, but failed to apprehend the robbers.

Suffered Twenty-One Years-- Finally Found Relief

Having suffered for twenty-one years with a pain in my side, I finally have found relief in Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. Injections of morphine were my only relief for short periods of time. I became so sick that I had to undergo a surgical operation in New Orleans, which benefited me for two years. When the same pain came back one day I was so sick that I gave up hopes of living. A friend advised me to try your Swamp-Root and I at once commenced using it. The first bottle did me so much good that I purchased two more bottles. I am now on my second bottle and am feeling like a new woman. I passed a gravel stone as large as a big red bean and several small ones. I have not had the least feeling of pain since taking your Swamp-Root and I feel it my duty to recommend this great medicine to all suffering humanity. Gratefully yours, MRS. JOSEPH CONSTANCE, Rapides Par. Echo, La. Personally appeared before me, this 15th day of July, 1911, Mrs. Joseph Constance, who subscribed the above statement and made oath that the same is true in substance and in fact. Wm. Morrow, Notary Public.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You.

Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a Sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidney and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention the weekly Banner-Ledger. Regular fifty cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Vanlandingham of the Spring Hill neighborhood, are rejoicing over the arrival of a fine baby girl born at their home Monday, Oct. 19th.

To Our Country Friends
The old Rock Stable is now the Leach Auto Works--a place where your car can get supplies of all kinds.
Special Attention to Hurried Calls.
LEACH AUTO WORKS
PHONE 69

NOTICE

Now is the time to make your application for land loans. I loan money on land in Runnels County at 8 percent interest and extend Vendors Lien Notes bearing 8 per cent interest, and charge no commission for placing your loans. For further information write or call on
H. Giesecke Ballinger, Texas.

H. L. WENDORF,
THE SADDLE AND HARNESS MAN
Everything in the leather goods line. All kinds of repairing done neatly and promptly. Shoe shop in connection.
Hutchings Ave. Ballinger, Texas

For Neat, Quick and Reliable Abstract Work See
Security Title Company
Blue Back Abstracts and Conveyancing.
For Lowest Interest Rates on Realty Loans and Land Bargains See
Chas. S. Miller.

DELICATE APPETITES

need a variety to tempt them. This Store has, for many years, always lead in this respect. Fresh vegetables, good butter, fruit and the very highest class of Groceries are always to be found in our store. Many stores are short on the very thing you want, but we can always fill the bill.
A Trial Will Convince You
THE MILLER MERCANTILE COMPANY
708 Hutchings Avenue Ballinger Texas.
PHONE 66

Hall Hardware Co.

Hardware, Implements and Vehicles
Standard Implements, Windmills
Studebaker and Schuttler Wagons
Hall Hardware Co.

We Gin While You Wait!

We have just thoroughly overhauled our entire gin plant and added new machinery and have just installed a new seed conveyor, and are doing good work and making splendid turn out. Give us a trial.
DAY GIN
Edwin Day, Manager. Next to river bridge

War or No War

We are still in a position to make you farm loans and take up and extend your vendors lien notes in the future just as we have heretofore done in the past.

No informal red tape proceedings. When you get your loans through us, we handle them right off the reel.

For further particulars call on, phone or write

C. A. Doose & Co.

Ballinger, Texas.

**GALOMEL IS MERCURY, IT SICKENS!
CLEAN LIVER AND BOWELS GENTLY**

Don't lose a day's work! If your liver is sluggish or bowels constipated take "Dodson's Liver Tone."

You're bilious! Your liver is sluggish! You feel lazy, dizzy and all knocked out. Your head is dull, your tongue is coated; breath bad; stomach sour and bowels constipated. But don't take salivating salomel. It makes you sick, you may lose a day's work.

Calomel is mercury or quicksilver which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel crashes into sour bile like dynamite, breaking it up. That's when you feel that awful nausea and cramping.

If you want to enjoy the nicest, gentlest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced just take a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone tonight. Your druggist or dealer sells you a 50 cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone under my personal money-back guar-

antee that each spoonful will clean your sluggish liver better than a dose of nasty calomel and that it won't make you sick.

Dodson's Liver Tone is real liver medicine. You'll know it next morning because you will wake up feeling fine, your liver will be working, your headache and dizziness gone, your stomach will be sweet and your bowels regular. You will feel like working; you'll be cheerful; full of vigor and ambition.

Dodson's Liver Tone is entirely vegetable, therefore harmless and can not salivate. Give it to your children. Millions of people are using Dodson's Liver Tone instead of dangerous calomel now. Your druggist will tell you that the sale of calomel is almost stopped entirely here.

CITY MARSHAL BUYS FORD.

City Marshal McKay goes after the crooks in an auto—a Ford, and the violators of the city's laws will have to move in a hurry now if they make their get-away. Mr. McKay has just traded his horse and buggy to Mr. Cain, recently from Comanche, for the latter's Ford.

It Always Does the Work.

"I like Chamberlain's Cough Remedy better than any other," writes R. E. Roberts, Homer City, Pa. I have taken it off and on for years and it has never failed to give the desired results." For sale by all dealers.

J. G. Schooler left Monday afternoon to visit relatives and to look after business affairs at Goldthwaite a few days.

For Sale.

My place on 5th street, small cash payment, balance like rent. G. R. LAY, Waco, Texas. 28-4tv 4td sat

W. A. Taylor returned Sunday from a business visit to his old home at Roysse Texas, and en route he stopped at Dallas and attended the fair.

Wormy children are unhappy, puny and sickly. They can't be otherwise while worms eat away their strength and vitality. A few doses of White's Cream Vermifuge performs a marvelous transformation. Cheerfulness, strength and rosy bloom of health speedily return. Price 25c per bottle. Sold by The Walker Drug Co.

Mrs. W. A. Tyson and Mrs. Hugh Griffin and two children left Monday afternoon to visit relatives and friends at Comanche a few weeks.

G. W. Stewart and son Claude, of Mills county, who had been prospecting in our county, left for home Monday afternoon. Mr. Stewart was so well pleased that he bought a farm near Ballinger and will move here with his family as soon as he can wind up his affairs at his old home.

The Magic Washing Stick.

"The Magic Washing Stick is the finest thing in the world. Cleans the clothes without rubbing—makes the whitest clothes I ever saw. I cannot do without it anymore. All you say is true, it does all you say it will. I would give it for nothing I have ever used. Hope every lady will try it." writes Mrs. W. F. Gammill Ashdown, Ark. This peculiar article is sold by grocers and druggists, three 10c sticks for 25c or by mail from A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Sherman, Texas.

Among those who paid the Banner-Ledger office a pleasant visit this week, we note the names of M. C. Falls, of Route 2 out of Ballinger; Joe W. Lindly of route 2 out of Ballinger; A. J. Lange route out of Ballinger; and W. H. Monerief.

Fore SORE or WEAK EYES, use Dickey's Old Reliable Eye Water. Don't hurt. Feels good. w6-1-14 5m.

R. Gottschalk, one of the successful Valley creek farmers, was among the business visitors in Ballinger Monday and brought with him some splendid corn, two large ears to each stalk, which he raised on his place this season.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days

Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of Itching, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. The first application gives Ease and Rest. 30c.

**TOM MARTIN WRITES
FROM HARVARD**

Cambridge, Mass. Sept. 26, 1914
I arrived in Cambridge today and am now in my room in College House ready for business.

After leaving Washington yesterday a week ago, I visited Philadelphia. The road from Washington ran up the fringes of Chesapeake Bay to Baltimore. The country consists of yellow, and red, sandy soils, very thin, on a yellow clay foundation. Most of the country that has not been cleared for cultivation is covered with rank timber. Indeed some of the timber is as such even growth that it seems probable that many old fields have been allowed to go back to a state of nature. Some of the arms of the Chesapeake we crossed on long trestles. When the train was on these trestles, we could look down the Bay for miles, as far as the eye could reach, and clumps of tall timber connected by the more even younger growth of saplings covered the shores. These beautiful woodland scenes along the Bay shore were interspersed with small town and factories at frequent intervals.

Within an hour we reached Baltimore where we passed thru miles of flats or tenements. They reminded me a great deal of the structures of the Pueblo Indians in New Mexico; and the faces of the brick walls were honey-combed with windows, often filled with the heads of people leaning out to get a breath of fresh air, a ray of soot-begrimed sunshine, or to watch the trains pass, reminded me of the Cliff Dwellers of Arizona.

We did not stop long in Baltimore, but rushed on toward Philadelphia. The towns grew thicker and the woods thinner; and within about thirty minutes we were in Wilmington, Delaware. Here I caught sight of the Delaware Bay for the first time. At this point it was wider than the Mississippi River at St. Louis, and on its broad bosom floated many big ocean going steamers. Although it was morning and the sun was shining brightly from a perfectly clear sky, the view up the Delaware towards Philadelphia was obscured by a heavy haze lying low upon the water. This leaden strata was pierced by the masts and spars of many vessels; and a column of smoke of greater density, and darker hue revealed the presence of some sturdy tug towing a "tramp" or ocean freighter.

Just as I was recalling the story of how Washington had heroically led his little army of revolutionary patriots across the ice floes of the Delaware River to strike the British mercenaries, the Hessians, an unexpected blow, the train rai into the outskirts of Philadelphia. The traversing of solid blocks of flats need not be dwelt upon. Tenements are tenements in any large city. When the train reached that portion of town where the rent on every square foot of space was a valuable consideration it began to run on trestles above the roofs of the tenements or in tunnels under them. Finally it ran under the sheds of an enormous building on the east side of a fair sized river called the Schuylkill, and we were in Philadelphia.

The business section of any large city is not beautiful, but it is impressive—of labor and industry. Everybody and everything is in a great hurry to go somewhere in an opposite direction from where everybody else wants to go. And so it is in Philadelphia. After having with some difficulty surged through the crowd to a hotel, I put my grips in a room and started out to see the sights. I walked block after block eastward, towards the Delaware water-front, past large wholesale and retail houses of the same character as may be seen in Kansas City and St. Louis, with this difference: As I approached the river and the territory of the old city, I found here and there some very old brick buildings with steep, slate-shingled roofs, relics of the Quaker days of William Penn.

A policeman had just shown me the Betsy Ross House, and I was walking along a dirty dingy street of wholesale houses thinking, "I wonder where the cemetery is that contains Franklin's grave," when I noticed a bronze tablet set in a high brick fence, I was surprised to find that it contained a sketch of Franklin's life. Just to the right of the tblet there had been an opening made in the

masonry and an iron fence set in; and I had a good view of the grave, which was just inside. "Benjamin Deborah Franklin" was written on a slab covering the tomb, a very simple and plain affair with not even a monument at the head. But Franklin's name is his monument. A magnificent bronze statue surmounts the dome of the City Hall, the tallest building in Philadelphia. It can be seen for miles out side of the city, and Franklin's name is heard round the world. About eight years ago I read Franklin's Autobiography. It was the story of the struggles of a young journeyman printer from England getting a start in America. The name of his wife, Deborah, at once recalled the story of how Franklin had landed in Philadelphia with just money enough to buy three loaves of bread, two of which he put under his arms while he walked up the street chewing on the other. His pockets were full of shirts and socks. He was conscious of the fact, that he presented a truly ridiculous sight, and he saw a beautiful girl standing in a doorway going into fits of laughter at his funny appearance. Instead of getting angry, he was so struck with the beauty of the girl that he fell in love with her. He didn't begin his courtship just then, but waited until he got in better circumstances. Before many years he was able to convince her of his real worth, and, according to his account she was very glad, indeed, to get him. He was perhaps teasing Deborah when he wrote that in his autobiography. Be this as it may, I must confess that their simple grave in a lonely old church-yard in the heart of the business section of Philadelphia commanded greater veneration from me than did the magnificent marble tomb of General Grant perched upon the high bluffs of the beautiful Hudson in a wealthy residence district of New York City.

It is disgusting to me to see how the American people have gone monument-mad since the close of the Civil War. The streets and parks of the cities are filled with the monuments of the obscure military dead of the Civil War of the late Spanish-American War. Why not raise a few tablets or shafts to the men whose names have lived beyond the memory of their first grand children, and who are recognized in other than biased contemporary history, and by the people of the nation as a whole as great public benefactors? Why not commemorate the name of a banker who saved his country from distress in a financial crisis, of a man who invented riding plows, of the man who invented the first ice machine, or of the man who by their foresight have saved the farmers from distress in times of trouble? It would not be ungrateful for some western towns to commemorate the name of Col. Morgan. I shall write about Washington, D. C., at another time when I feel equal to the task. Here are a few excerpts from the Boston Evening Transcript (Republican) just to show you. "Mr. Wilson's complete fizzle may cause Europe, when she gets ready to employ a peace agent, to obtain an expert." "War in the East. Peace in the West!"—Democratic campaign book. That "West" evidently doesn't refer to Colorado." "What a difference it makes when the Southern cotton planters hoard and when the banks get it!" As ever your, TOM P. MARTIN.

Frank Chapman and J. C. Nix came in from Winters Wednesday at noon and will renovate the Globber old meat market place and will open up for business about the 1st of November, in the meat business.

WHAT INDIGESTION? WHO CARES? LISTEN

"Pape's Diapepsin" makes sour, gassy tomachs feel fine at once.


Time it! In five minutes all stomach distress will go. No indigestion, heartburn, sourness or belching of gas, acid, or eructations of undigested food, no dizziness, bloating, foul breath or headache.

Pape's Diapepsin is noted for its speed in regulating upset stomachs. It is the surest, quickest and most certain indigestion remedy in the whole world, and besides it is harmless. Millions of men and women now eat their favorite foods without fear—they know Pape's Diapepsin will save them from any stomach misery.

Please for your sake, get a large fifty-cent case of Papes Diapepsin from any drug store and put your stomach right. Don't keep on being miserable—life is too short—you are not here long, so make your stay agreeable. Eat what you like and digest it; enjoy it, without dread of rebellion in the stomach.

Pape's Diapepsin belongs in your home anyway. Should one of the family eat something which don't agree, with them, or in case of an attack of indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis or stomach derangement at day time or during the night, it is handy to give the quickest, surest relief known.

Mr. Sparks of Abilene, a former barber of Ballinger, passed through the city Wednesday at noon en route to Santa Anna where he expects to make his home.



Bischof

The Exclusive fur fabric Hindu Lynx

This soft, lustrous fur fabric is more than a novelty now—women everywhere have accepted it as the most beautiful and effective of fur fabrics. Bischof takes peculiar delight in designing this exclusive material into the most charming models. It is being produced this season in green, brown and blue, as well as black.

The illustration here can give you only a faint idea of its charm and distinction. To really appreciate the beauty of this lustrous, rich, silky material you must see it, feel it.

To enthuse over the wonderful skill with which that master designer, Bischof, has worked up every detail of finish in these garments, you must examine them.

And to realize how vastly becoming they will be on your figure, you must try them on. Every new feature of the season, including many of Bischof's own touches are embodied in these coats—they are the last word in fashion.

Come in and see them, try them on, pick yours from the number of beautiful styles we are showing.

HIGGINBOTHAM-CURRIE-WILLIAMS COMPANY



Five A.M. and the Fire is Out!!

Wow! Cold as the dickens! Why do you put up with such a nuisance? You don't have to—if you furnish your house with a

Cole's Original Hot Blast Heater



You build only one fire each winter. It is never out from Fall till Spring.

You get up and dress in rooms warmed with the fuel put in the night before.

This is not possible with other stoves.

Burns anything—soft coal, hard coal or wood.

Come in and see this great fire keeper and fuel saver.

See the name "Cole's" on the feed door of each stove. None genuine without it.



Higginbotham-Currie-Williams Company

THE BANNER-LEDGER

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY
THE BALLINGER PRINTING COMPANY

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A. W. SLEDGE, Editor
S. P. SHEPHERD, Business Mgr

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Troy Simpson.

Even the copious rain appeals
to the farmer to cut out cotton.

Unless the cotton market shows
an improvement Christmas shop-
ping is going to be late this year.

Great Britain has 1,200,000 new
recruits under training for next
spring's fighting. Just prepar-
ing for war in time of peace.

The dove of peace is having as
much trouble finding a landing in
Europe as Noah's dove had find-
ing dry land.

We don't believe that any body
of law makers can pass a law re-
ducing the fruits of the earth. Its
a matter the farmers must regu-
late for themselves. Cut out cot-
ton.

Even the bill collectors do a bet-
ter business in the fall than at any
other reason of the year, but the
low price of cotton is hurting their
business.

Local self government is no
doubt a fancy sentiment with
many, but had it ever occurred to
you that the federal laws are the
ones that are more effective and
respected?

A farmer that has cotton to
store away and which he can use
as collateral to borrow six per
cent money is not in such bad
shape. Think of the fellow that
made a crop failure this year.

While the republicans are giv-
ing the democratic administration
credit for the low price of cotton
they should also give him credit
for the good price of wool? Why
not?

We are 'agin' raising the gov-
ernor's salary as long as the leg-
islature makes appropriations cov-
ering his grocery bill, flunky hire
and "incidentals," amounting to
a grand total of over \$23,500.

The fact that cotton is not bring-
ing a good price is no consolation
for any loss sustained by bad
weather. Yet some farmers will
take this philosophical view of it
and get ready to plant another
big crop next year. If the stuff
has no value, why plant it?

The effort of Germany to get
American cotton through the
ports of Norway and Sweden in-
dicates that there remains a lit-
tle demand for the product that
is a drag on the American market.

Just so long as the farmer
spends his crop before he raises
it, just so long can he expect to
take whatever the buyer offers
him. The Southern farmers can
not hold cotton and fix the price
as long as they raise the stuff on a
credit.

This move to send a Christmas
ship to Europe is a good idea, but
we should not forget to look after
the poor children near our own
door. There are thousands of
children in the United States who
must depend on charity for their
Christmas goodies.

Despite the fact that the recent
rains were unwelcomed ones, and
came at a time when the farmers
were anxious for continuous sun-
shine, we dare say the splendid
season is worth a great deal more
to the country than the cost in
damage to cheap cotton.

Calamities are welcomed by the
man who has no desire to do the
right thing. There are men to-
day who are standing off their
creditors with the excuse of low
price cotton, when as a matter of
fact the price of cotton does not
regulate their income.

Wm. Lorimer and thirteen as-
sociates have been indicted by the
grand jury for getting away with
two and half million dollars of
the LaSalle Bank money at Chi-
cago. With this amount of mon-
ey we predict that the gentlemen
will have no trouble in proving
their innocence.

When the farmer is assured
that a bonded warehouse receipt
is as good as one of Uncle Sam's
green backs, provided the face
value of the receipt is some-
where equal to the cost of produc-
tion of the cotton, warehouses will
become useful to the farmer, but
not until then.

The Kansas City Journal says:
"In many southern districts cot-
ton is rotting on the stalks, plant-
ers refusing to harvest it unless
they can get a fair price. Which
is a most excellent way of making
a bad situation worse." Yes they
want the stuff out of the way so
they can plant another big crop
next year.

The excuse that has been offered
by some of the ladies, that cot-
ton goods draws up so when
washed, is no excuse for not wear-
ing cotton goods. That drawing
up business is in keeping with the
style. Cut 'em right to begin
with and the shrinkage will keep
pace with the style. Wear cotton
goods.

The Texas legislature sent the
cotton acreage bill over the same
route of the Texas bank bill. Gov.
Colquitt has certainly had a hard
time with his bunch of law mak-
ers. To say the least of it they
have not been very obedient to
our retiring governor.

There is a great cry going up
over Texas about the over supply
of cotton. We haven't heard any
complaint about the over supply
of silos, and there is lots of feed
going to waste in the fields. Its
funny that legislation is necessary
to make people do what is best for
them.

Its the same old complaint we
hear every time we have a few
days bad weather. We can't
travel on account of the roads.
Bad roads come in for much cus-
sing when it rains, and when the
dry weather comes we can get
along without them—a little bit,
but it's a mighty rocky road in
both dry and wet weather.

American made goods can be
preached into the minds of the peo-
ple a great deal easier than cotton
made goods. Cotton will never
take the place of dress for those
with the cash to buy what they
want, and America has the facili-
ties for making what the people
want. It should be manufacturing
America instead of America, the
country that imports her wares.

San Antonio has a move under-
way for the building of a Nation-
al Tubercular Sanitarium. The
proposed institution is to cost
one half million dollars and will
be maintained by the Masons of
this nation for the care and treat-
ment of their members and mem-
bers of Masonic families who are
victims of the great white Plague
Surely the world is growing bet-
ter.

The legislature did the wise
thing by voting down the acreage
bill. If the farmers want to work
themselves to death producing
something they can't sell, we say
that it is their business and no law
should be passed to prevent it.

Another exchange says that
high cost of living is being blamed
for increase race suicide. In
most cases it is not the cost but
the high living that brings about
the sudden end.

The European nations are buy-
ing army horses in the United
States, and information compiled
by the U. S. Government show
that the average price being paid
for horses is \$140. At the pre-
valing price for cotton one horse
is worth as much as five bales of
cotton. These simple figures
should teach the cotton growers
a lesson. It is claimed that the
United States and Russia own one-
half of the horses of the world.

It has been suggested that ev-
ery farmer in Texas buy one dol-
lar's worth of stock in a cotton
mill for every bale of cotton he
raised this year. That's not a
bad idea and it would bring to-
gether five million dollars for es-
tablishing cotton mills in Texas.
In substance it is a proposition to
tax each farmer one dollar per
bale on his cotton and issue him
stock to the same amount in the
mill.

Gov. Colquitt, in expressing his
regrets over the failure of his law
makers to carry out his bidding,
says that now a moratorium is the
only escape from disaster. Mora-
torium is nothing more than the
legal right to delay the payment
of a debt when due. To pass such
law in Texas would injure the
credit of the state, and it would
take several ten cent cotton crops
to overcome the reputation such a
law would give us.

According to the records kept
by the gate keepers at the State
Fair, at Dallas last Sunday, 112,
000 people passed into the fair
grounds, breaking the record for
Second Sunday attendance. The
Texas State Fair has long since
passed beyond the experimental
stage, and today it is attracting
the attention of the whole United
States. With such Sunday atten-
dance it is important that the di-
rectors keep the program free
from demoralizing tendencies.

Pessimism never spreads a ray
of hope, removes an obstacle from
the path of life or helps to keep
the wolf away from the porch.
There are people in this commu-
nity living almost in luxury who
would make you believe by their
grouchy disposition that the
world is going to the bow-wows
and that the old town is going to
be converted into an almshouse.
As a rule it is the greedy and not
the needy that does the knocking.

Americans must learn to live at
home. This applies to the nation
as well as to individuals. The
European war will teach our coun-
try a lesson that will be for our
good in the future. Those things
that we have been sending to for-
eign countries for must now be
manufactured at home or out of
our bill-of-fare. If the Southern
farmer can not get enough money
out of his cotton crop to buy his
meat with he must raise the meat
or do without. It is a blessing in
disguise for the cotton farmer.

When your enemies criticise you
and attempt to injure you with a
tongue coated with ill will, re-
member that Abraham Lincoln
said: "If I were to try to answer
all the attacks made on me, this
shop might as well be closed for
any other business. I do the very
best I know how—the very best I
can; and I mean to keep on doing
so until the end. If the end brings
me out all right, what is said
against me won't amount to any-
thing. If the end brings me out
wrong, ten thousand angels swear-
ing I was right would make no dif-
ference."

A lesson that should be im-
pressed upon the minds of every
farmer in the Southwest was por-
trayed upon the streets of Bal-
linger last Saturday, when a far-
mer stopped his wagon and began
to carve a porker he had just
butchered. An army of hungry
demizens crowded around the
wagon, and the farmer converted
his pig into cash just as fast as his
knife would work, and many were
turned away without being sup-
plied. At the same time wagons
loaded with cotton were standing
on the streets, and the owners of
the cotton claimed that they could
not sell the stuff. It's a simple
lesson.

President Wilson sent his per-
sonal check to Houston to pay for
a bale of cotton on the "buy-a-
bale-at ten" plan. The check was
only for \$49. The man that got
possession of the check refuses to
cash it, and says he is going to
keep it as a souvenir. The promi-
nent men of Houston, including
our good friend John Maddox,
covered the back of the check
with their endorsement, and now
the holder has been offered \$200
for it. We would write \$49
checks until our fingers become
as crooked as a rainbow for \$200.
The trouble with our checks—no-
body will accept them for any
amount, notwithstanding that our
checks make pretty souvenirs.

Commerce in the South is noth-
ing more nor less than a kind of
puss-in-the-corner game. The
credit system throughout the
South makes the whole business a
kind of a pass-it-on affair, and the
farmer is expected to start the
game when pay time comes
around. When the farmer pays
the retailer man, the retailer man
pays the wholesaler, and the whole-
saler pays the manufacturer, and
the producer of the commodities
that we spend our money for.
When the farmer renigs the whole
game is blocked. Truly the credit
system is the curse of our land
and is responsible for the great-
est of all booger-boos—low price
cotton.

People coming to Ballinger re-
port that business conditions at
places where they have been liv-
ing are bad. The larger cities of
the state are not as prosperous as
usual, on account of all develop-
ment and public improvement be-
ing at a standstill. The railroads
have been reducing their crews,
and activities in many lines have
been crippled on account of the
failure to move the cotton crop.
As a rule the three last months in
the year are the busy months
throughout the Southwest and
cotton growing country. The cot-
ton holding movement is making
it hard for the men who depend
on their daily labor for their sup-
port. We can not see relief until
the cotton situation is relieved or
until the European slaughter
house is cleared.

The American people are credit-
ed with being the most pessimistic
folks on earth. They are given to
looking on the ugly side of things
while other nations more fortun-
ate are making the best of life.
At the present time there is no
nation that is enjoying richer
blessings than our own people;
yet there is a cry of hard times
and an epidemic of pessimism
prevailing the whole country. Es-
pecially in our own county have
the people been wonderfully bless-
ed during the year 1914. All
crops planted have brought forth
a bountiful yield. We are enjoy-
ing health, and there is a job for
every man that wants to work.
Yea, it is even better than we
deserve, and truly our apprecia-
tion is lacking.

Eight Ballinger boys in one
bunch attracted our attention to-
day. The boys were loafing on
the streets, spending their time in
idleness, looking at the bill boards
and prowling around town during
the hours when they should have
been in the school room. The
boys we judge to be between
eight and fourteen years old, the
period in life when school days
are the most valuable to them.
These boys are just boys, and are
doing just as their parents or
guardians permit them to do.
Who is responsible? Don't you
think that compulsory education
law would be a good thing for
such people. Ignorance breeds
crime and years to come tax pay-
ers must foot the bill.

For Trade—An ice book contain-
ing coupons entitle the holder
to about two hundred pounds of
ice. Will take same amount in
coal for the book, and deliver the
book if party deliver the coal. See
the editor.—Ballinger Ledger.

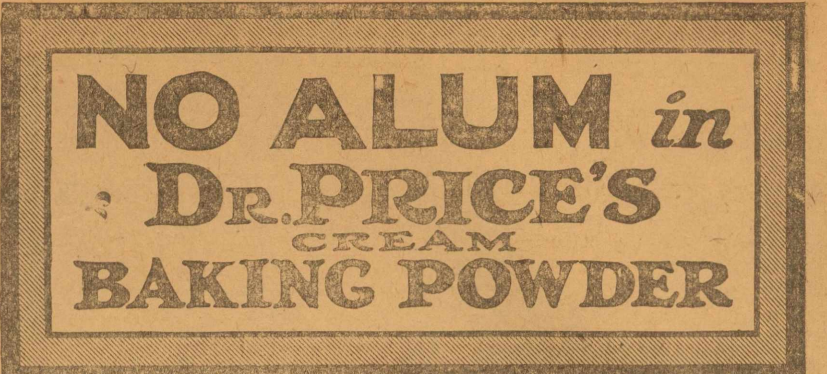
Isn't that just like an editor
always trying to get his money
back upon his investments? On
such a small proposition it looks
as if the editor of the Ballinger
Ledger might have taken his ice
book out into the highways and
byways and have given it to the
poor.—Temple Telegram.

Yes, that's just like the charity
of some people. Help the poor by
giving something the poor have
no earthly use for and which has
been discarded by the "rich."
What would the poor do with an
ice book with winter coming to-
wards them at a two-forty gait?
The Telegram editor may ease his
conscience by giving the poor his
discarded ice book but we don't
believe St. Peter will recognize
such deeds of charity.

The papers announce that
"Aunt Mollie Bailey" has quit
the show business and retired to
her farm near Houston. Aunt
Mollie, is 74 years old and has
earned a good rest, which we hope
she will find in the quiet of her
farm. She is known to more peo-
ple perhaps than any person en-
gaged in the show business in the
South. A spy in the Confederate
army, she was constantly on the
move during her younger days,
and soon after the war she began
traveling with her show. Any ex-
Confederate has always been wel-
comed at the doors of her tents
without money or price. She has
also given much to charity and
has furnished the funds for the
erection of two churches.—Honey
Grove Sentinel.

Aunt Molly is so unlike most
show people that she has won the
love, admiration and respect of
thousands of Texans who have
gone to her show year in and year
out just because it was Aunt Mol-
ly's show. If she found quiet and
peace on her farm at Houston
many Texans will heave a sigh of
relief, for Aunt Molly's path
has not been strewn with roses
these past ten years.—Brenham
Banner.

Perhaps that was a false report
circulated here some time ago to
the effect that Aunt Mollie was
destitute and was appealing to



charity for help. We didn't be-
lieve the report when it reached
us.

"Man proposes and God dis-
poses." The only trouble with
the people of the South is they
figured on making a lot of money
this year and it hurts not to do it.
Nobody is suffering or in want
and the need of the country is for
people to go about their business
in the usual way. So far as Tay-
lor county and this section of
Texas are concerned there is no
need for anything but thanksgiv-
ing.—Abilene Reporter.

The principal reason why the
cotton sections are in distress is
because the farmers are in debt,
and the principal reason they're in
debt is because they raised a cot-
ton crop to the exclusion of crops
that meant meat and bread, mar-
ket or no market. The individual
farmer who thinks he can support
his family and make money put-
ting in most of his time raising a
cotton crop will find after years
of trial that he has one chance in
a hundred to accomplish what he
is trying to do.—Bonham News.

In the fertile land of the great
Southwest it is easy to produce
too much of any one thing when
only that one thing is planted. We
do not believe it is a wise idea to
blame cotton with all of the trou-
ble that is confronting the coun-
try. Plant the entire country in
feed crops and feed will go tum-
bling down. Mix it, and profit by
the mixing. Diversify, that's the
word.

THE TEXAS HORSE IN BAT- TLE.

The Texas horse is one of the
first to answer the bugle call of
the European war. A Greek
steamship, Petritis, loaded 1,000
Texas horses at Galveston recent-
ly, which was the first of a con-
signment of 10,000 animals for
Great Britain's army which were
exported through the port of
Galveston during the month of
October.

The Texas horse as a utility ani-
mal, excels that of any other
state in the Union. He has plow-
ed our fields, fought our battles
and is the most faithful of ani-
mal kind. His reputation has
extended to other countries and
he is now going to perform the
services for foreign nations which
he has so faithfully fulfilled at
home.

PURELY HOT AIR.

There is no reason why cotton
should not be 12 cents to 15 cents
per pound in 1915.—Fort Worth
Record.

If the Record really believes
this why does it advocate a re-
duction in the acreage for next
year? If cotton is going to bring
12 to 15 cents the farmers should
plant more of it. And the Re-
cord knows that if it can succeed
in convincing the farmers that
cotton is likely to bring 15 cents
next fall the acreage will not be
reduced enough that you can tell
it. The truth is the Fort Worth
paper knows no more about what
cotton will bring next fall than
you and I know; and all we know
is that if there is another big
surplus raised the stuff will
scarcely be worth gathering and
hauling to the market.—Santa
Anna News.

IT COSTS \$95.00 TO GET SICK

Sickness costs Texans \$15,000,
000 annually, and the average cost
per case of illness is \$95.00, ac-
cording to Dr. M. M. Carrick, the
famous clean town expert. In dis-
cussing this gigantic loss recently
Dr. Carrick said:

"There is an economic side to
the question of sickness that
should be considered, as well as
that of the inconvenience, loss of
time and suffering it entails. The
needless and senseless drain upon
the public for the care and main-
tenance of the sick from prevent-
able diseases should cease. It
was this aspect of the problem
that induced Gladstone, Bismarck,
Disraeli and other far-seeing
statesmen to incorporate into the
laws for their respective govern-
ments the statement: 'The care of
the public health is the first and
highest duty of statesmen.'"

A TEXAS WONDER

The Texas Wonder cures kid-
ney and bladder troubles, dis-
solves gravel, cures diabetes, weak
and lame backs, rheumatism, and
bladder in both men and women.
Regulates bladder troubles in
children. If not sold by your
druggist, will be sent by mail on
receipt of \$1.00. One small bottle
is two month's treatment, and sel-
dom fails to perfect a cure. Texas
testimonials with each bottle. Dr.
E. W. Hall, 2926 Olive Street, St.
Louis, Mo Sold by druggists.

Sid Oliver of the Wilmett
country, was transacting business
in Ballinger Tuesday.

Gorn Comes Off as Easy as You Please!

"Gets-It" Being Used by Millions!
It is the first time that a real, sure-as-fate corn cure has ever been discovered. "GETS-IT" is the new



Find the Lady Who Uses the World's Greatest Corn-Cure, "GETS-IT."

corn-cure, based on an entirely new principle. It is a new, different formula, never successfully imitated. It makes corns shrivel and then vanish. Two drops do the work. You don't bundle up your toe any more with sticky tape and plasters that press down on the poor corn—no more flesh-eating salves that don't "stay put," no more hacking at corns with knives or razors, no more bleeding or danger of blood poison. No more limping around for days with sore corns, no more corn pains. "GETS-IT" is now the biggest-selling corn cure in the world. Use it on any hard or soft corn, wart, callus or bunions. Tonight's the night. "GETS-IT" is sold by druggists everywhere, 25 cents a bottle, or sent direct by E. Lawrence & Co., Chicago.

"GETS-IT" sold in Ballinger by J. Y. Pearce, The Walker Drug Co. and City Drug Store.

LYCEUM BILL FOR MONDAY NIGHT AT THE CARNEGIE

The first attraction of the lyceum course which is scheduled to show here this winter, will make its appearance at the Carnegie Library, Monday, November 2. The attraction is composed of Josef Konecny and Company.

Efforts are being made by the local managers of the show to have as large attendance as possible on the night of the concert. It has been several years since Ballinger has been treated with a lyceum course and every effort is being put forth to draw a representative crowd to hear the artists who are with the Josef Konecny Company.

Josef Konecny, known the world over as "A Wizard of the Violin," is declared to predestined to great triumphs. In the words of "El Mercantil," Manila, P. I., on an advance sheet, "Everything about the man brings back to me recollections of the most renowned violinists that I have ever heard."

Traveling with the Josef Konecny Company is Martha Stelzl, soprano, who has a beautiful voice of wide range and great sustaining power. Miss Stelzl comes from a musical family and she herself has concertized in almost every part of the United States and Canada. She has been actively engaged in musical work for the past several years.

Miss Mary Trus, pianiste, is a graduate of the William Sherwood school. Since taking up professional work on the stage she has proven herself a pianist of splendid charm, according to advance notices sent here.

The artists will be at the Carnegie Library one night only, Monday, November 2.

Hopeless Lung Trouble Cured

Many recoveries from Lung Troubles are due to Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar Honey. It strengthens the Lungs, checks the Cough and gives relief at once.—Mr. W. S. Wilkins, Gates, N. C., writes: "I used Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey in a case given up as hopeless and it affected a complete cure." Get a bottle of Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey. If your cough is dry and hacking let it trickle down the throat, and you will surely get relief. Only 25c. at your Druggist.

Dr. E. C. Baskin returned home Sunday at noon from Athens, Texas, where he visited his brother and looked after business. Dr. Baskin stopped at Dallas and took in the fair while en route home.

Calvin Allison, one of the successful irrigation farmers up the river, was looking after business affairs in Ballinger Monday and remembered the Banner-Ledger with a renewal.

Rev. R. R. Rives visited Norton Sunday and preached for the Presbyterian congregation at that place. Rev. Rives will preach every fourth Sunday for the Norton church.

Why the German-Americans are Not Celebrating German Day This Year.

The following article from the pen of W. A. Trenckmann is reproduced from the Das Wochenblatt, a German paper published at Austin and edited by Mr. Trenckmann. Mr. Trenckmann is a brother-in-law of Chas. S. Miller, of this city.

We are reproducing the article at the request of Mr. Miller. Mr. Miller says that it reflects the views of the Germans of Texas:

Two hundred and thirty-one years ago, on October 6, thirteen German families from Crefeld in the Palatinate landed at Philadelphia and immediately after settled Germantown in Pennsylvania. They left an unhappy land that had been devastated year after year by the armies of Louis XIV of France. They came to find a spot where they might worship their God and gather the fruits of their fields without fear of foragers, and fire and flame, and William Penn bade them welcome.

Thousands and hundreds of thousands and finally millions of German stock came after them, until today there is not a township in the land where men and women of German blood have not toiled in the upbuilding of their country, and not a battlefield where German blood has not been shed for freedom and our flag, until those of German birth or descent number fifteen, or perhaps twenty millions.

In sincere gratitude for the greater liberties and opportunities which we found here, for many years the German-Americans have been accustomed to make this anniversary of the landing of our "Pilgrim Fathers" a high holiday, not a German holiday, but a day given to expression of American patriotism. In this year but few celebrations of this kind have taken place, and certainly the cause is not that we love the Republic less, nor because we have grown ashamed of our German descent. No, indeed, for at this time the Americans of German blood and worthy of that blood, are all of one mind. We love and honor Germany and her people more than we ever did before. We know that the Germans went into this struggle, not in haste, nor in anger, nor ambitious scheming for conquest, but regretfully and prayerfully. That with full appreciation of the dangers before them, they have unsheathed the sword, determined not to place it within the scabbard until they can make peace with honor and as a nation among nations. We know that the Germans are not making war for aggrandizement, but for the preservation of national honor and national union; that for them it is not a war of kings, but a war of the people.

Being thoroughly imbued with the principles of Democracy, many of us were wont to regret that our kinsmen across the seas should be content to remain under kingly rule, and we fretted to see them bearing patiently the burdens of "German militarism." Today we understand that between Russia on one side and France on the other, with England determined to work Germany's downfall for reasons purely financial, a constitutional monarchy was a necessity, and that the German emperor performed a sacred duty when he endeavored to carry Germany's fighting strength to the highest pitch, for in this way alone could he hope to preserve lasting peace that he longed for, that the German industries needed. We know that however the fortunes of war may go, no dishonor will come upon the German name. That two years ago, when Germany submitted to humiliation rather than enter into war with France, Russia and Great Britain, then ready, as they were this year to fall upon her if she did not relinquish her treaty rights in Morocco, German men and women down to the very babes resolved that they would not submit again; that they would die fighting a world in arms, rather than permit the united empire for which their fathers had been hoping and working and fighting for a century, to be reduced to disgraceful impotency once more. We hope and trust that their determination will prevail in the end. Yet Germany may fall, as Sparta fell, and as the South African republics fell but a short while ago; but if she does, those who seek to crush her will have paid so dear a price that they will have no cause for rejoicing. They may, perhaps, conquer the soil of

Germany, but never her people. German brain and brawn will never be pressed into the service of Russian autocracy, nor of English plutocracy. The allies may devise a devastated land, but those who survive of her people will seek freedom under other suns. Conquered or victorious, we will have no cause to blush for Germany.

Surely it was not necessary to abandon the celebration of this day to exemplify the impartial neutrality of the American nation, for the Germans are the only one of the triballelements that go in to the great national melting pot, who have taken their first advent into America for their special holiday. They have never shown ill will towards their fellow citizens who came from other lands, and the American of French descent who loves fair France, and the British-American who glories in the power and wealth of Albion would have to think less of us if our sympathies were not with Germany in her death struggle.

Naturally our hearts are heavy, and we are not in humor for public rejoicing at a time when there is so much sorrow and suffering in Germany, when we see many nations bent on crushing her to the ground. But there is another cause, that is brought before us every day, that explains why the celebration of German day is going by default in so many places, or, if held, serves but one purpose, to bring us together to allay the suffering of the wounded and to alleviate the distress of widows and orphans, as far as we may, by giving our mite to the Red Cross. But we feel that we ourselves have received a hurt, and believe that it was without warrant.

There are many here who have no special liking for the German-Americans, and I will not try to analyze here whether our faults or our virtues have brought upon us the cordial dislike of some. But even among those who like us least, few will deny that, as a rule, the Germans are as industrious, thrifty, law abiding and gentle hearted as any other element of American citizenship and that they have fulfilled every duty to their adopted land. Those who know American history, will recall that the Germans of Mecklenburg County in North Carolina, were the first to draft a declaration of independence from British rule. The leaders of the American revolution bear witness that "There are no Tories among the Germans" and no part of the population of the original thirteen colonies proved as unanimous, none more self-sacrificing in the support of American freedom than the German colonists of Pennsylvania New York and the South. The names of Nikolaus Hercheimer, the "Hero of Oriskany, of De Kalb, who died at Camden, and of Baron Steuben, are yet unforgotten. And since then, on every battlefield German-Americans have given their lifeblood for the cause of freedom and to uphold the constitution and the American flag. And certainly they have not defaulted in that other great duty of citizenship, the proper use of the franchise, for they can always be relied upon to cast their ballots against official corruption and to maintain the spirit of the declaration of Independence and keep inviolate the American Constitution. We have often been told by public men, even such as were not seeking office, that we were valued as good and patriotic citizens. We were proud and happy to be called good American citizens and we trusted that our fellow citizens of different descent recognize us as such.

We have been rudely disturbed in this comforting belief. When the war broke out we were shocked to find the American newspapers with a few notable exceptions ready to place the blame on Germany and confidently expecting that she would soon receive deserved punishment by being "wiped off the map." Those of us, however, who had observed the systematic manner in which the real rulers of Great Britain for more than a decade had been poisoning the minds of our fellow citizens, as well as those of all other non-German peoples, against Germany, through news agencies largely or absolutely under their control, were not surprised. It was but to be expected that the campaign started by mistranslating the official title of the German emperor: "Kriegsherr" which

signifies commander of the army and have considerable effect. But we hoped that when it becomes evident that the league against Germany in fact had existed for twelve years, that Russia had armies ready for the invasion of both Austria and Germany while the German emperor was seeking rest in Norwegian waters; that Belgium had really never been neutral land, but that she had built her fortifications under the direction of French engineers and on the German frontier, not against France, and that English troops landed in Ostend a day before England declared war and her navy gathered at Spithead weeks in advance, that these misguided moulders of public opinion would see and correct an injustice. Thus far, in most instances, we have hoped in vain. Then came reports of German inefficiency cowardice and, worse than all these, reports of German atrocities, which, if true, would have made our children blush for their German names. And to this day, though ten weeks of war certainly have proven that the Germans are putting up a soldier's fight, newspapers seem still to be willing to rehash such stories, and if this is the case there must be many who like them or even believe in them.

Then we must ask the question of ourselves: Why do our fellow citizens place faith in reports that have been shown, up as fabrications, by the very logic of events? Have we proven arrant cowards, or fools here, that our fellow citizens should believe that "The Germans cannot stand cold steel," or that they are driven on by their officers in mass formation against impregnable positions, only to be mowed down like grain before the reaper? Have we ever shown the traits of brutality and dishonesty, that they should believe that German soldiers, and officers too, should take delight in wanton murder and rapine? Must they not know that our kinsmen across the sea are much like us, and even more law abiding since it is palpable that among those that leave their native land there always is a proportion of those who leave it for their country's good? Must they not know that the history of modern times does not afford a single instance of "German atrocities," that even in more barbarous times the Germans have never made war on women and children, but only upon those who met them with arms in hand? That the German colonists in this country, even though hundreds of them were brutally butchered in the frontier settlements of the North and East by savages led on by British officers, did not commit one atrocity in return? Ought men qualify to become editors of daily papers not to be sufficiently versed in modern history to know that in the struggle between France and Germany in 1870-71, the German soldier who took one penny's worth from a French peasant feloniously was immediately stripped of his uniform to be shot by a firing squad, and that Germany, even in this supreme struggle can call upon sufficient volunteers from every station in life, not to permit a pilferer or brute in human form to fight for her? Are we so worthless or depraved that but few American newspapers, and southern papers, too, have found a word of protest against the employment of Negro and Arab hirelings, of Pathan and Sikh and Mongolian to help to "crush the Germans"?

These questions, that we must ask ourselves today, bring chagrin to our hearts, or indignation. If our fellow citizens of different tribal blood side with the countries from which they came, and hope for the victory of the Allies, we can not quarrel with them, for they are doing as we do. If they desire to see Germany and Austria, as the weaker in numbers, defeated quickly and "brought to their knees" so that the price of cotton may go up, without reference to the justness of their cause, that is their business and it is purely a business proposition. But at this time, when in other years we were accustomed to show our gratitude to our country, and our devotion to the American flag, we ask them as our fellow citizens, as our neighbors whom we have believed our friends: "Do not permit your love for other countries or dislike for Germany to carry you so far that you do injustice to us by accepting as true, evil reports of our kinsmen from sources that have proven untrustworthy; that reflect on our brothers who are fighting for their liberty, their national honor, their very existence against overwhelming odds."

"Fair play" has always been considered the motto of Americans

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS
Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher
The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

and as Americans we feel that all Americans should consider carefully before they condemn, or judge hastily of Germany whose men are dying by thousands and whose women are carrying daggers in their bosoms so that they may find death if a Cossack invasion should enter their villages.

To those who in these days of sorrow, when our hearts are heavy have shown kind consideration to our feelings, who have tried to be just and impartial, our hearts go out in gratitude, and we feel a right to ask or all: "Give us fair play."

STOPS HEADACHE OR NEURALGIA AT ONCE

Don't suffer! Get a 10 cent package of Dr. James' Headache Powders

You can clear your head and relieve a dull splitting or violent throbbing headache in a moment with a Dr. James' Headache Powder. This old-time headache relief acts almost magically. Send some one to the drug store now for a dime package and a few moments after you take a powder you will wonder what became of the headache, neuralgia and pain. Stop suffering—it's needless. Be sure you get what you ask for.

Haywood Miller, Wm. Ledford, and Sam Virgil, of Talpa, were among the business visitors in Ballinger Saturday between trains.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Hays of the Waltham neighborhood, were shopping in Ballinger Saturday afternoon.

HUSBAND RESCUED DESPAIRING WIFE

After Four Years of Discouraging Conditions, Mrs. Bullock Gave Up in Despair. Husband Came to Rescue.

Patron, Ky.—In an interesting letter from this place, Mrs. Bettie Bullock writes as follows: "I suffered for four years, with womanly troubles, and during this time, I could only sit up for a little while, and could not walk anywhere at all. At times, I would have severe pains in my left side. The doctor was called in, and his treatment relieved me for a while, but I was soon confined to my bed again. After that, nothing seemed to do me any good.

NAZARINE ASSEMBLY WILL BEGIN WITH PROTRACTED MEETING

The District Assembly of the Nazarene church will convene in Ballinger on November 18th. On November 4th a protracted meeting will begin and continue until the convening of the assembly.

Rev. John Robert and wife, and Rev. J. P. Roberts and two orphan girls of Pilot Point, will conduct the meeting, Rev. John Roberts having charge and being assisted by other parties named.

A large number of delegates are expected here for the assembly and the local members of the Nazarene church are making preparations for the convening of the assembly. Rev. Wells stated that the protracted meeting would be held at the church, but a place for holding the assembly had not been selected.

The Magic Washing Stick.
"I cannot speak highly enough in praise of the Magic Washing Stick. It saves half the labor in washing. Makes the clothes sweet clean and white as snow without the use of rubboard," writes Mrs. R. M. Cardwell, Forney, Texas. Sold by grocers and druggists three 10c sticks for 25c or by mail from A. B. Richards, Medicine Co., Sherman, Texas.

Lee Evans, one of the successful young farmers up the river, was transacting business in Ballinger Saturday and handed us a dollar to keep the Banner-Ledger coming, and says each number is interesting reading.

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper. — 146

**PORT ARTHUR MAN FINDS HEALTH
IN WONDERFUL STOMACH REMEDY**

Sufferer Is Restored and Makes Remarkable Gain in Weight on Few Doses.

J. F. Stoneburner of Port Arthur, Texas, suffered from stomach ailments for a long time. He fell off in weight and took treatment without apparent benefit. He tried physician after physician until he almost lost hope.

He took Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy, then wrote:

"I have taken all of your wonderful stomach remedy and got results from it. I have gained in weight since starting on your remedy—twenty-one pounds so far. I was under the care of five doctors for about six months before I got your medicine. I am entirely well."

Mr. Stoneburner's experience is typical of that of the thousands

who have taken Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy. Thousands of letters from people who have appreciated its wonderful benefits come from all parts of the country.

Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy clears the digestive tract of mucoid accretions and removes poisonous matter. It brings swift relief to sufferers from stomach, liver and bowel troubles. Many say that it has saved them from dangerous operations and many are sure it saved their lives.

Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy clears the digestive tract of mucoid accretions and removes poisonous matter. It brings swift relief to sufferers from stomach, liver and bowel ailments. Many declare that it has saved their lives and many tell of having escaped dangerous operations by its use.

**JAIL DELIVERY
FLUSTRATED IN
NICK OF TIME**

Three prisoners confined in the Ballinger jail were ready to leave the jail by descending a rope made from blankets late Wednesday afternoon, when an officer appeared on the scene and frustrated the attempt.

A Mexican, charged with cutting another Mexican in Concho county, a white man charged with theft and a negro charged with burglary were in jail, and were allowed the privilege of the run-around, when in some manner they unlocked the door which let them out into the hall where an open window afforded them an avenue of escape. With blankets tied together they were ready to climb to the ground when Jack McKay, city marshal, visited the jail and discovered the attempt just in time to prevent the delivery.

The prisoners were put through a thorough grilling, one at a time, in an effort to learn how they opened the door, and the negro told the officers that the Mexican picked the lock open with a wire.

The prisoners were placed in their cells, and will not be allowed so much liberty in the future.

**"SYRUP OF FIGS" FOR
CONSTIPATED CHILD**

Delicious "Fruit Laxative" can't Harm tender little stomach, liver and bowels.

Every mother realizes, after giving her children "California Syrup of Figs" that this is their ideal laxative, because they love its pleasant taste and it thoroughly cleanses the tender little stomach, liver and bowels without griping.

When cross, irritable, feverish or breath is bad, stomach sour, look at the tongue, mother! If coated, give a teaspoonful of this harmless "fruit laxative," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. When its little system is full of cold, throat sore, has stomach-ache, diarrhea, indigestion, colic,—remember, a good "inside cleansing" should always be the first treatment given.

Millions of mothers keep "California Syrup of Figs" handy; they know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child tomorrow. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups printed on the bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here, so don't be fooled. Get the genuine, made by "California Fig Syrup Company."

SPRING HILL NEWS

Cotton picking was progressing fine until it rained, but most of the people will soon be able to be back in fields again.

Health in our community is good.

Some of the cotton pickers have returned home owing to the inclemency of the weather.

Mr. and Mrs. Vanlandingham are the proud parents of a fine girl at their home. Both are doing well.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Aycock have returned home after a visit to his parents.

Miss Kate Zachary of Dry Ridge is visiting her sister.

Mr. and Mrs. Owen Aycock have a fine boy at their home. Both are getting along nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrews have moved to San Angelo.

Preaching every night at Spring Hill school house by Rev. Hieks of the church of God. Every one be sure and be at Sunday school at 3 o'clock Sunday evening.

—KNOX—

Neuralgia of the face, shoulder hands, or feet requires a powerful remedy that will penetrate the flesh. Ballard's Snow Liniment possesses that power. Rubbed in where the pain is felt is all that is necessary to relieve suffering and restore normal conditions. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by The Walker Drug Co.

THE SECREST HOTEL

**IN SPEIDEL BUILDING
NEAR COURT HOUSE SQUARE.**

We are endeavoring to maintain the good reputation made by Mr. Secrest.

W. E. THORPE, Manager.

LOSS ON COTTON

IN OPEN YARDS

It is estimated by cotton dealers that the loss sustained on cotton stored in the local yards by the recent rain would build at least two warehouses of a capacity of one thousand bales each.

A comparison has been made between the yard cotton and that stored in the Farmers Union Warehouse, and it is not necessary that a man be an expert in the handling of cotton to see the difference. The cotton in the warehouse is dry and makes a good sample, while that in the yard is covered with damaged cotton wherever the cotton is not protected with secure wrapping, and when the damaged cotton is removed it figures a loss that would more than pay the storage on the cotton when placed in a warehouse.

The warehouse now under construction is being built by the merchants and business men, and it is believed that the experiment will be so successful that the farmers will demand more storage room for their cotton, and will aid in financing and building other warehouses.

Toned Up Whale System

"Chamberlain's Tablets have done more for me than I ever dared hope for," writes Mrs. Esther Mae Baker, Spencerport, N. Y. "I used several bottles of these tablets a few months ago. They not only cured me of bilious attacks, sick headaches and that tired out feeling, but toned up my whole system." For sale by all dealers.

R. S. Bowden, of the Maverick country, was looking after business affairs in Ballinger Wednesday.

CITY MEAT MARKET

We always handle the very best meats of all kinds that the market affords, and your orders promptly attended to at all hours. We will buy your stock and hides from you at top prices, when you have anything to sell. We guarantee first-class meats and we handle the same in a sanitary way. Your orders appreciated. City Meat Market, Telephone 185

STANLEY CAMERON, Prop dwtf.

JONES-NORTHINGTON

Mr. Henry Jones and Miss Bessie Northington were made man and wife Thursday at high noon at the First Presbyterian church, Rev. R. M. Hammock officiating.

The beautiful and impressive ceremony was solemnized in the presence of the intimate friends and relatives of the contracting parties and the happy couple left on the afternoon train to attend the fair at Dallas a few days.

These are two of Ballinger's favorite young people and a host of friends join The Ledger in congratulations and best wishes for the happy young couple.

Your Fall Cold Needs Attention

No use to fuss and try to wear it out. It will wear you instead. Take Dr. King's New Discovery, relief follows quickly. It checks your cold and soothes your cough away. Pleasant, Antiseptic and Healing. Children like it. Get a 50c bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and keep it in the house "Our family Cough and Cold Doctor" writes Lewis Chamberlain, Manchester, Ohio. Money back if not satisfied, but it nearly always helps.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Walden of the Crews country, are the proud parents of a baby girl, born to them Monday night, Oct. 26th.

**BAD COLD? HEADACHE
AND NOSE STUFFED**

"Pape's Cold Compound" ends colds and grippe in a Few Hours.

Take "Pape's Cold Compound" every two hours until you have taken three doses, then all grippe misery goes and your cold will be broken. It promptly opens your clogged-up nostrils and the air passages of the head; stops nasty discharge or nose running; relieves the headache, dullness, feverishness, sore throat, sneezing, soreness and stiffness.

Don't stay stuffed up! Quit blowing and snuffing. Ease your throbbing head—nothing else in the world gives such prompt relief as "Pape's Cold Compound," which costs only 25 cents at any drug store. It acts without assistance, tastes nice, and causes no inconvenience. Accept no substitute.

**PECAN CROP SHORT
QUALITY GOOD**

Ed Coffee was here from the forks of the Concho and Colorado rivers Tuesday with a load of pecans which he sold to local buyers.

Mr. Coffee lives in a territory that produces many pecans when the crop is good, but this is an off year for the pecan crop, and very few trees produced the popular nut.

While the crop is light this year the nuts are well matured and of an unusually fine flavor, and far superior in quality to the big crop that was raised throughout this section last year.

"BLOOD WILL TELL"

The Heroes of the War.

"Blood will tell," is an axiom that in all the ages has never been gainsaid. Every man who does a brave, heroic act carries within his veins a quality of blood that urges and sustains him. No matter whether he inherits it from a long line of famous ancestors or from the sound and healthy constitution of his immediate parents, whose only distinction is honorable toil and a simple virtuous life.

It matters little where or how you obtain it, but it matters all the world that by some means you possess good blood. Good blood is first, last and always the making of manly men and womanly women. It is the source of all courage, virtue and happiness.

A new man can be made out of one that's "used-up," bilious and dyspeptic. It's done by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It starts the torpid liver into healthful action, purifies and enriches the blood, cleanses, repairs, and strengthens the system, and restores health and vigor. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it sets at work all the processes of digestion and nutrition, and builds up flesh and strength. It's the only Blood and Liver Remedy that's guaranteed, in every case, to benefit or cure. If it doesn't do all that's claimed for it, the money is promptly refunded. But it keeps its promise—that's the reason it can be sold in this way.

It is not a secret remedy for its ingredients are printed on wrapper.

You only pay for the good you get.

"Discovery" strengthens Weak Lungs, relieves Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Sever Coughs, and Kindred Affections.

FREE. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, bound in cloth, is sent free on receipt of \$1 one-cent stamps to pay expense of wrapping and mailing only. Address: Doctor Pierce, Invalids Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

Misses Edna and Eric Routh returned home Monday at noon from Dallas where they attended the fair a few days and also visited their sister at Fort Worth before returning home.

**Keep Your Stomach
and Liver Healthy**

A vigorous stomach, perfect working liver and regular acting bowels is guaranteed if you will use Dr. King's New Life Pills. They insure good digestion, correct constipation and have an excellent tonic effect on the whole system—Purify your blood and rid you of all body poisons thru the bowels. Only 25c. at your Druggist.

**DR. HALLEY
DECLARES
BIG MEET
BE BEST
EVER HELD**

According to Dr. W. B. Halley of Ballinger, no association or organization ever met in Ballinger which surpasses that of the coming meeting of the Fourth District Medical Society, meeting here Nov. 3 and 4. Also Dr. Halley says that the Ballinger meeting will be the largest in the history of the association. Reports received from the members of the Society are to the effect that practically every one will be at the Ballinger meeting next Tuesday and Wednesday.

"The Fourth District Medical Society," said Dr. Halley today, "which convenes in Ballinger next Tuesday is to be the largest gathering in the history of the association. The medical profession is now working under a thorough system of organization. The county, the district and the state associations are organized and placed under the rules of the National American Medical Association.

"To become a member, one must be a legitimate practitioner, either in the general line, or special lines. No one can be a member of the district society without being a member of the county society, and to be a member of the state society, one must be a member of the district society. To become a member of the National Medical Association one must be a member of a state Association. In the deliberations of the society which convenes here next week, only members have the privilege of the floor, except by invitation or by the consent of the society.

"At this Ballinger meeting, will be the foremost men in the profession of this district, state and nation. Subjects that are of vital interest both to the profession and to the laity, will be discussed. It would be a source of much pleasure to the association and its faculty, to those of the profession of this city, to have the citizenship of Ballinger attend all the sessions. And we would like to urge that the citizens of Ballinger attend as many of the sessions as possible for many of these lectures will be illustrated with lantern slides and moving pictures.

"Tuesday evening will be given over to social intercourse, the climax of which will be a banquet which will be at the Central Hotel. The committee in charge of the banquet are now most active and a royal good time is in store for all those who may attend."

The banquet, Dr. Halley, explained, is a compliment from the drug men of Ballinger, and therefore is an assured good one."

The attending physicians of the meeting are expected to begin arriving in Ballinger Monday and will remain here until Wednesday night and Thursday.

**RUB RHEUMATIC PAIN
FROM ACHING JOINTS**

Rub Pain right out with small trial bottle of old "St. Jacob's Oil."

Stop "dosing" Rheumatism.

It's pain only; not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacob's Oil" right on the "tender spot," and by the time you say "Jack Robinson—out" comes the rheumatic pain and distress. "St. Jacob's Oil" is a harmless rheumatism liniment which never disappoints and doesn't burn the skin. It takes pain, soreness, and stiffness from aching joints, muscles and bones; tops sciatica, lumbago, backache and neuralgia.

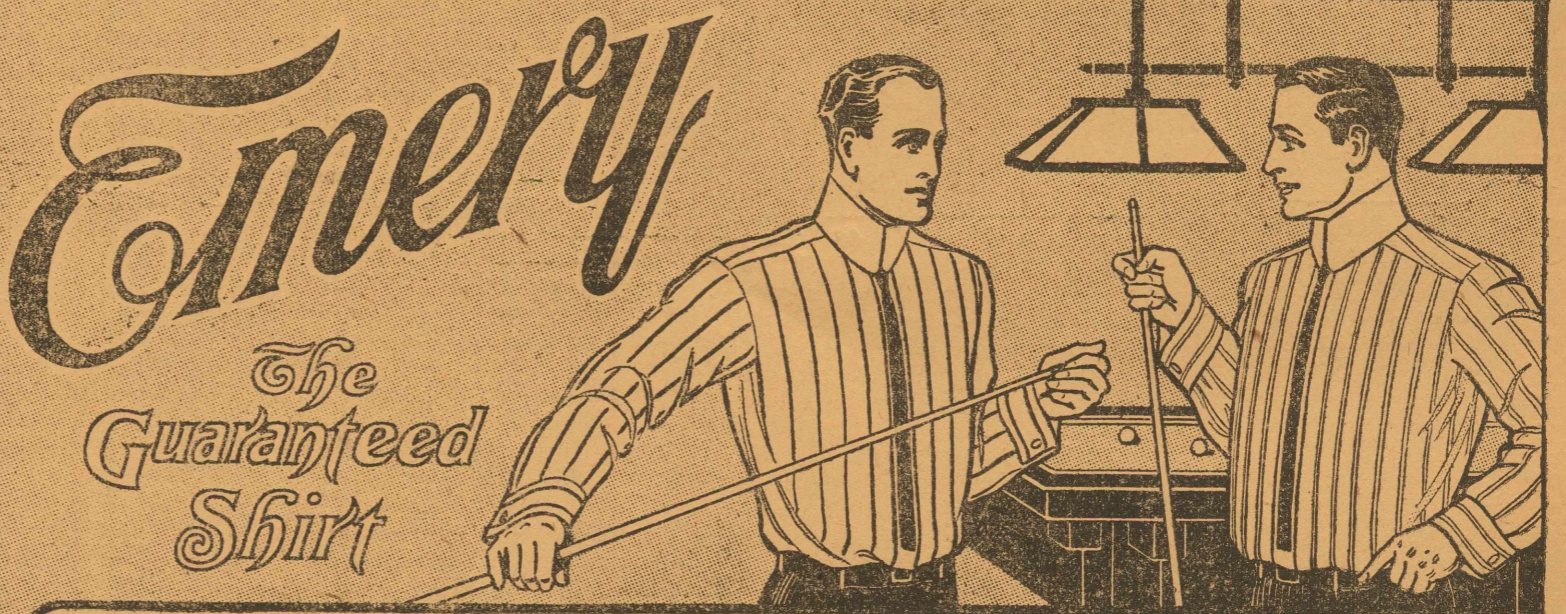
Linger up! Get a small trial bottle of old-time, honest "St. Jacob's Oil" from any drug store, and in a moment, you'll be free from pains, aches and stiffness. Don't suffer! Rub rheumatism away.

For Sale.

Seed wheat, oats and barley go to Missouri Milling Co., Ballinger. 28-dwtf

Inigorating to the Pale and Sickly
The Old Standard general strengthening tonic, GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC, drives out malaria, enriches the blood, and builds up the system. A true tonic. For adults and children. 50c

Binder twine 11c per pound.
Schawe Grocery Co. dwtf



The new **Emery** Shirt styles are here.

They're the finest we have ever shown—a selection of new and exclusive color effects—the season's most wanted patterns. Come in and look 'em over.

These shirts are cut and proved by an individual system—every shirt measures exactly as marked. Sleeves are different lengths to fit all men. Body is cut in proportion to neck size and on generous lines that insure custom comfort. Neck-bands are pre-shrunk—they can't shrink any more. Made only of the most dependable, tested-fast fabrics.

Fit, comfort, color, wear—GUARANTEED.

"A new shirt for one that fails"—Emery.

Higginbotham-Currie-Williams Company

\$8.00 Set of ALUMINUM WARE or Granite and Copperware Free with every Majestic Range Sold

Special Demonstration and Sale

\$8.00 Set of Granite and Copper Ware As Illustrated Below Or Aluminum Ware Free with every Majestic Range Sold

GREAT MAJESTIC RANGES

ONE WEEK ONLY

NOVEMBER 9th to NOVEMBER 14th

ONE WEEK ONLY

SAVE \$8.00

As a special inducement during our demonstration week only, with every Majestic Range sold (prices always the same) we will give free one handsome set of ware as illustrated here or a special set of Aluminum Ware.

Every piece of this ware is the best of its kind. Not a piece that is not needed in every kitchen. It cannot possibly be bought for less than \$8.00. This ware is on exhibition at our store. Don't fail to see it.

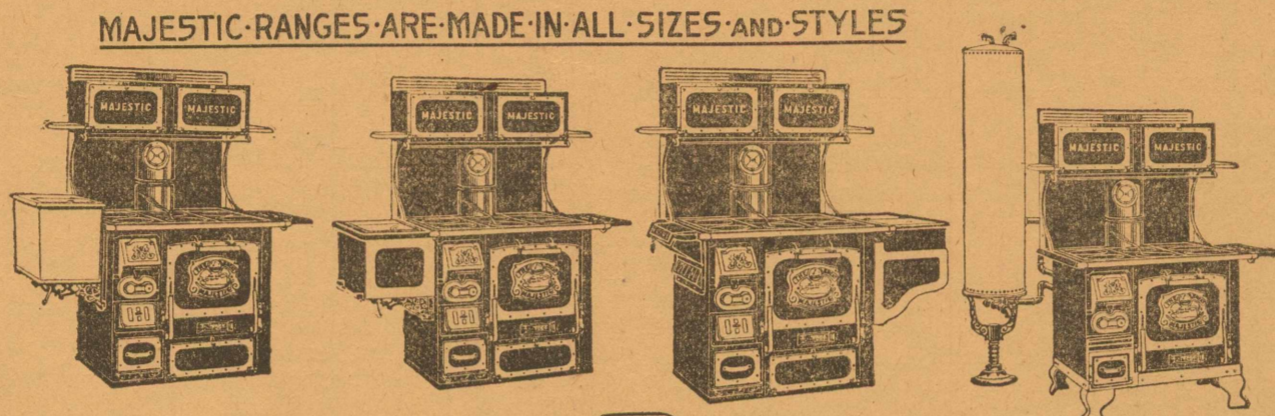
Which Shall It Be?

Do you intend to continue laboring, burning valuable fuel and destroying high-priced food with the old worn-out cook stove. You know that old stoves eat up a lot of fuel each year. You know you have trouble in getting it to bake just right, in fact, spoil a batch of bread every once in a while—you know it costs considerably for yearly repairs. Stop and think and figure. Wouldn't it pay you to buy a good range—a range with a reputation.

The Great Majestic Malleable and Charcoal Iron Range

You make no mistake in buying the great MAJESTIC it's the range with the reputation—ask your neighbors. Then, too, it's made just right and of the right kind of material—Malleable and Charcoal iron—riveted together practically air tight—lined with pure asbestos—parts being malleable can't break—has a movable reservoir and an oven that doesn't warp—that's why the Majestic uses so little fuel, bakes just right every day in the year (brown bread just right all over without turning), heats 15 gallons of water while breakfast is cooking—properly handled lasts a lifetime and costs practically nothing for repairs.

Don't buy the range you expect to last a lifetime "unsight unseen;" you'll be sure to be disappointed. Come to our store during demonstration week, see the great Majestic—have its many exclusive features explained—find out why the Majestic is 300 per cent stronger than other ranges where most ranges are weakest.



MAJESTIC RANGES ARE MADE IN ALL SIZES AND STYLES

ON-LEGS IF DESIRED

MAJESTIC NEVER-BURN COOKER-STEAMER-CULLENDER-AND-DRAINER-HEAVY STAMPED IRON-MARBLEIZED KETTLE-18 OZ. ALL-COPPER-TEA-KETTLE-14 OZ. ALL-COPPER-COFFEE-POT



HEAVY-MARBLEIZED-FUNNING-PAN-1-LARGE-NEVER-BURN-WIRED-DIPPING-PAN-2-SMALL-NEVER-BURN-WIRED-DIPPING-PANS-2-SMALL-DRIP-PANS-CAN-ALSO-BE-USED-AS-ROASTER

OR A SPECIAL SET OF ALUMINUM WARE FREE

CHILDREN

Souvenir Day—100 Tango Hoops Free Tuesday, between 3 and 5

The first 100 boys and girls who present to THE MAJESTIC RANGE SALESMAN at our store, between 3 and 5 p. m. Tuesday, written answers to the following questions, will receive a "TANGO HOOP" Souvenir Free.

- 1.—What range is your mother now using?
- 2.—Do you know of anyone needing a new range? Who?
- 3.—Why should the GREAT MAJESTIC RANGE be in every kitchen?

\$1.00 Articles Free

The one giving neatest and best answer to the last question may select any \$1.00 article from our stock, in addition to the SOUVENIR.

Don't be discouraged if you are not one of the 100 to get a Tango Hoop Souvenir. You will get a MAJESTIC PUZZLE CARD. Something for all the boys and girls.

Don't fail to get one of these Tango Hoops. It's a new and wonderful toy—amuses the old as well as the young. The Hoop dances forward, hesitates and returns to the operator. Children it's great and will be the talk of the town.

Be sure to have your answers ready to hand in at our store TUESDAY AFTERNOON, between 3 and 5. They must be written answers—OTHERWISE YOU WILL NOT get a souvenir.

SPECIAL: All during this week a special demonstrator direct from the Majestic Factory will be glad to show you "all about ranges" show you why the Majestic is the best range on earth at any price.

Come, if You Intend to Buy or Not
Education lies in knowing things—know why the oven of a range is heated—know how the water is heated—why the Majestic uses so little fuel—know how a range is made inside and outside. This education may serve you in the future. Don't overlook a chance to know things shown by one who knows.

Don't Overlook The Date This Is a Special Invitation To You And Your Friends And Neighbors

VAN PELT, KIRK & MACK

Ballinger, Texas

COTTON WAREHOUSE SITE SELECTED

An ideal site has been selected for the Merchants and Business Men's Cotton Warehouse, and the ground is being cleared off and the material placed on the site and work will be rapidly pushed.

The warehouse will be located Northwest of the compress on the Santa Fe right-of-way, and between the Stuart cotton yard and the compress. The location is above high water mark and is on the side of an incline that makes it easy to drain the water around the building and keeping the dirt floor of the warehouse dry.

The building to be erected will afford storage room for between 1,000 and 1,200 bales of cotton, and it is believed that it will be rapidly filled to its capacity when it is completed.

The land upon which the warehouse is being built is the property of the Santa Fe. The Santa Fe is cooperating in the enterprise by giving the use of the land.

Actual construction of the large cotton warehouse near the cotton compress will commence the latter part of this week. The placing of material on the ground will in all probability be completed by Friday, and the first work in construction the building will start Saturday.

A change has been made in awarding the contract. J. A. Kelley originally got the job of building the house but because of some differences which arose over the work, the contract was nullified and awarded to D. C. Claypool. It is now quite probable that Mr. Kelley will take over that part of the contract for the construction

of the pillars, which may be made of concrete. This feature is left to the discretion of the contractor who has not as yet decided whether the pillars will be made of concrete or cressote blocks. It is understood that the work can be done with concrete much cheaper and as substantial.

GIRLS! DRAW A MOIST CLOTH THROUGH HAIR

Try this! Hair gets thick glossy, wavy and beautiful at once.

Immediate?—Yes! Certainly!—that's the joy of it. Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant and appears as soft, lustrous and beautiful as a young girl's after a Danderine hair cleanse. Just try this—moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt or excessive oil, and in just a few moments you have doubled the beauty of your hair. A delightful surprise awaits those whose hair has been neglected as is scraggy, faded, dry, brittle or thin. Besides beautifying the hair, Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff; cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, forever stopping itching and falling hair, but what will please you most will be after a few week's use, when you see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair growing all over the scalp. If you care for pretty, soft hair, and lots of it, surely get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter and just try it.

Cash Talks At Schawe Grocery Co.

7 bars laundry soap 25c. 3 boxes matches 10c. M. H. and B. 3lbs. cans coffee 96c. Faultless starch per package 7c. High Patent Flour, per sack \$1.20; Extra High Patent, flour \$1.38. 3 lb. cans tomatoes 11c. 2 lb. cans tomatoes 7 1-2c. 1 dozen V. C. sugar corn 96c dozen. 1 dozen hominy 96c dozen. 4 lbs. Pea Berry coffee \$1.00. 5lbs blended coffee \$1.00. Salt pork bacon, per pound 15 1-2 cents. 28-dwtf

TRESSPASS NOTICE

You are hereby warned not to trasspass on my ranch on the Concho in wise contrary to law, in the way of fishing, hunting, cutting wood, or gathering pecans, etc. You will take due notice or will be prosecuted as the law directs.

GODFREY MASSEY, wtf Concho county, Tex

Ed Coffee of the Leaday country, and G. Clayton of the Benoit country, were looking after business affairs in Ballinger Tuesday.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years
Always bears the Signature of *Parke & Sons*

BALLINGER YARDS WILL RECEIVE 25,000 BALES

Cotton is again rolling in at a rapid rate after a few days suspension on account of the rain. Up to last night the two yards here had weighed a little more than seven thousand bales. The Stuart yards receipts totaled 4,600 while the Farmers Union yard books showed 2400 weighed in at that place.

It is estimated by those who have made frequent visits to the country, and who have been keeping pretty close tab on the cotton movements, that Ballinger will crowd the 25,000 bales mark for the present season. It is believed by many that the cotton is in the country to bring the receipts up to this mark, but the low price is causing the staple to move slow. Many farmers are hauling their cotton from the gin to their homes, and carrying the risk themselves, while some are placing their holdings in the local yards, and taking out insurance.

Why Not Publish It?

When you want a fact to become generally known, the right way is to publish it. Mrs. Joseph Kallans, Peru, Ind., was troubled with belching, sour stomach and frequent headaches. She writes, "I feel it my duty to tell others what Chamberlain's Tablets have done for me. They have helped my digestion and regulated my bowels. Since using them I have been entirely well." For sale by all dealers.

FOR SALE—Horse, phaeton and harness. Apply to E. C. Allison at Hall Hardware Co., or phone 209. 29-2d Itw

Mr. C. A. Zachary and three children of Miles, who had been visiting Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Vanlandingham of the Spring Hill neighborhood, returned home Monday at noon.

YOUR CONSTIPATED, BILIOUS!-CASCARETS

Tonight! Clean your bowels and end Headaches, Colds and Sour Stomach.

Get a 10-cent box now.

No odds how bad your liver, stomach or bowels; how much your head aches, how miserable and uncomfortable you are from constipation, indigestion, biliousness and sluggish bowels—you always get the desired results with Cascarets.

Don't let your stomach, liver and bowels make you miserable. Take Cascarets tonight; put an end to the headache, biliousness, dizziness, nervousness, sick, sour, gassy stomach, backache and all other distress; cleanse your inside organs of all the bile, gases and constipated matter which is producing the misery.

A 10-cent box means health, happiness and a clear head for months. No more days of gloom and distress if you will take a Cascaret now and then. All druggists sell Cascarets. Don't forget the children—their little indies need a gentle cleansing, too.

FOR SALE—Red Rust Proof Oats at A. J. Zappe's. 1td Itw

For Sale. Seed wheat, oats and barley go to Missouri Milling Co., Ballinger. 28-dwtf

SHOOTS WIFE'S ARM OFF, THEN KILLS CHILDREN AND SELF

GALESBURG, Ill., Oct. 28.—Will Stromberg, a confectioner, who had trouble with his family, went home early this morning with a shot gun to kill his wife. He escaped after a part of her arm had been blown off.

Stromberg then killed his three children and himself.

For Sale.

Seed wheat, oats and barley go to Missouri Milling Co., Ballinger. 28-dwtf

RETURNS WITH BRIDE

J. G. Schooler stole a march on his Ballinger friends and returned home Tuesday afternoon and brought his bride with him. He was married at Goldthwaite Tuesday morning. The Ledger joins friends in congratulations and best wishes for the happy young couple.

Flour, meal and feed now in stock. Can deliver. The Highest Grade of Oklahoma flour \$1.65. Next \$1.50, next \$1.40 High Texas Patent \$1.20

Good Oklahoma bran \$1.35. **ROARK, The Feed Man.** 28-3td Itw

Ade Montgomery of San Angelo, who had been visiting relatives and friends in the Crews country the past week or two, passed through Ballinger enroute home Tuesday afternoon.

A Happy Home(Read What Peruna Did)
Mrs. James F. Summitt, No. 1005
East Eighth St., Muscatine, Iowa,
writes:

"My health was so miserable for years that I was practically an invalid. We had no family, owing to my ill health. I was induced to give Peruna a trial, and found very quickly that it was helping me.



I am now well and Happy. We have a Baby Boy. He is our first and only child.

"I am now well and happy. We have a baby boy, which we believe is the direct consequence of my improved health. He is our first and only child, and if Peruna had not cured me of my ailments we should never have had him. I hope every suffering woman will give Peruna a trial, the same as I have."

Those who object to liquid medicines can now procure Peruna Tablets.

RECEIVES LETTER FROM BROTHER IN ENGLAND

Express Agent H. G. Stokes is in receipt of a letter from his brother, written in London, England, and dated Oct. 12th. The letter tells briefly of conditions in that country and says from out ward appearances things are going on in London as usual, and says that the war is dragging with nothing decisive reported from Belgium and France. The letter gives the names of Mr. Stokes' nephews who are in the army, and says that the Stokes family is well represented at the front. In forecasting the outcome of the conflict, the letter says: "The job will be a long one, but the end of it will be a kicking for Master Wilhelm."

Enclosed in the letter was a paper giving an account of a Brotherhood meeting, at which Mr. Stokes' brother was one of the principle speakers, and says: "W. R. Stokes delivered an interesting address on his chosen subject. He said that in seeking to divert their minds for a little while from his terrible question of war, it was well that should remember that 'The Lord reigneth.' They lived in a wonderful world, a beautiful world, full of interest, full of fairy lights of exquisite beauty, yet how few realized this as they might do. Everything above and around them was full of interest to those who had eyes to see. The stars that shone over them were the same as their first parents gazed on when entered and when they left their paradise. Mr. Stokes put his many illustrations in a most lucid manner, and the address was listened to with rapt attention and was recorded well deserved applause."

Only One "BROMO QUININE"

To get the genuine, call for full name, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of E. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day. Stops cough and headache, and works of cold. 25c.

BROKERS TOLD "MOVE ON."

NEW YORK, Oct. 26.—Police told brokers today "move on" thus putting the curb market out of business.

48,000 SOLDIERS OF UNITED STATES ARE ON GUARD

WASHINGTON, Oct. 27.—It was announced today that the marines at Vera Cruz total 2,300; the regular army at Vera Cruz 3,000; soldiers on the Texas and Mexican border 22,600; regulars in Hawaii 7,000, and in the Philippines 12,600. All of them are on guard duty, it was declared.

Rev. Hunt, evangelist for the Christian church for this district with headquarters at Coleman, preached at the Christian church Sunday and remained over for a few days work with the local congregation of that church.

AUTO TOLL ROAD 800 MILES LONG

There has been filed at Austin the charter of the Dallas & Southwestern Motorway Co. The company has been formed for the purpose of constructing and maintaining a toll auto road extending from a point on the Red River to Del Rio, a distance of about 800 miles.

This is the first toll road in Texas, and will be a case where the fellow that dances must pay the tiddler. Tourist traveling in autos across Texas will gladly pay the price for the privilege of traveling over the good road. It will save them money in the long run, as wear and waste of autos is much greater on rough roads than on good roads, to say nothing of the difference in the pleasure of traveling.

The incorporators are G. W. Smithson, B. Casey, W. M. Smith, Geo. L. Maddis, T. M. Elkins, L. W. Garreston, R. B. Pryon, Dallas; A. B. Stone of Fayetteville, Ark.; and J. B. Christensen, of Somerville County.

The proposed road will pass through the counties of Dallas, Tarrant, Johnson, Somerville, Erath, Bosque, Hamilton, Mills, Coryell, Lampasas, San Saba, Burnet, Llano, Mason, Kimble, Edwards, Kinney and Val Verde. Another road is to extend from Dallas, through Denton, Collin, Rockwall, Hunt, Hopkins, Delta, Lamar and Fannin Counties to a point on Red River county.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured. by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When the tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENNY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for Constipation.

NEXT TUESDAY GENERAL ELECTION DAY

On November third you will have an opportunity to go to the polls and vote a straight Democratic ticket or a straight ticket of some other party. Or if you are not tied to any particular party you can vote a mixed ticket, scratching the names that do not sound good to you.

It has been said that the lack of interest at the polls on general election days is responsible for the strength of the socialist party in Texas. Most democrats take it as a matter of fact that there is no use to go to the polls and vote in the general election, as the primary names the officers. This is true, with few exceptions, but the strength of the Democratic party in Texas and other Southern states, where practically the same laws are in force, is not measured by the primary vote, but by the general election vote, hence it is important that every democrat should go to the polls and vote on November third.

At the election to be held November third there are three amendments to be adopted or rejected. If the amendments are adopted it means that they will become laws. If you are opposed to the amendments you will have no kick coming if you remain away from the polls and the laws are placed on the statute books. If you are in favor of the amendments and they fail to carry on account of your having failed to go and vote for them you can not lay the fault at another's door.

Look up your poll tax receipt and be loyal to your party and your country and let us show the full strength of all parties represented in the county at the coming election.

When your food does not digest well and you feel "blue," tired and discouraged, you should use a little Herbine at bedtime. It opens the bowels, purifies the system and restores a fine feeling of health and energy. Price 50c. Sold by the Walker Drug Co.

LOOKING TO THE U.S. FOR MARKET AND CAPITAL

WASHINGTON, D. C. Oct. 23.—That Latin American countries are looking to the United States for the capital and the market for their products which they formerly found in Europe is emphasized in "Statements on the Latin American Trade Situation," a pamphlet just issued by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the Department of Commerce, giving the addresses made by representatives of Latin American countries at a conference with American business men recently held in Washington. The pamphlet, issued as Miscellaneous Series No. 18 contains the statements made by the ministers from Bolivia, Uruguay, Peru, and

Cuba to the United States, the consuls general of Costa Rica and Colombia in New York, the minister from Ecuador to England and others, besides the opening remarks of Secretary of State William J. Bryan, and a statement by Secretary of Commerce William C. Redfield. Many obstacles to the development of Latin American trade with the United States were commented on, notably the matter of credits and that of a proper understanding of the Latin American way of doing business on the part of business men in the United States. The pamphlet is for sale by the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, for 5 cents.

WILL DEAL DIRECT WITH THE SOUTH

Fred W. Greber this morning received a communication from Munson Havens, secretary of the Cleveland, Ohio, Chamber of Commerce, relative to the proposition recently made by Mr. Greber while in that city with a view to financing the distress cotton of the South. Mr. Greber proposed that the large firms and wealthy people of the North make subscriptions to "hundred bale clubs" whose money would be invested in Southern distress cotton through the agency of the commercial organizations of the north and south.

Mr. Havens after spending several days working on the proposition, states in his letter that several large subscriptions have been received by the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce, to be used as suggested by Mr. Greber. Mr. Havens says, however, that most of the large firms of the north prefer to buy cotton thru southern business organizations with which they are thoroughly acquainted and whose dealings have proven satisfactory, rather than place their investments in the hands of the commercial organizations.—Brownwood Bulletin.

The Magic Washing Stick. "The Magic Washing Stick is just fine. It did just what you said it would do and the clothes were so nice and white with all the hard rubbing left off," writes Mrs. Sarah Goodale, Preston, Texas. The Magic Stick is not a soap nor a washing powder. Sold by grocers and druggists, three 10c sticks for 25c, or by mail from A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Sherman, Texas.

15,000 BALES OF COTTON LEFT NEW YORK TUESDAY

NEW YORK, Oct. 27.—More than 15,000 bales of cotton were shipped from this point today for Europe. The Germans are buying cotton since England announced that she would not consider cotton as a contraband of war.

J. C. Stokes of Waco, who had been visiting his brother Geo. M. Stokes and family and looking after the interest of his firm the past few days left for the East Monday afternoon.

Stop coughing! you rack the lungs and worry the body. Ballard's Horhound Syrup checks irritation, heals the lungs and restores comfortable breathing. Price 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by the Walker Drug Co.

Tad Richards of the Winters country, was among the business visitors in Ballinger Tuesday.

W. S. Maddox of the Norton country, was supplying in Ballinger Tuesday and says the recent rains did very little damage to the cotton crops in his section and says cotton picking will open up as lively as ever in a day or two.

Wanted. A location for irrigation on the Colorado or Concho river, or tributary. Write me at Bronte, Texas. R. L. Richter. 23-27w

GOTTON PICKER ROBS HOTEL GUESTS

The long period of burglaries in San Angelo without the capture of a single suspect was broken Friday morning when Sheriff Allen caught a robber almost red handed. The man confessed.

Friday two strangers arrived in San Angelo and registered at the Herriman hotel. Some time after midnight the rooms of several of the guests were entered and robbed, some of the doors being locked. Guy Middleton lost a pocket-book with six cents in it. J. H. McBride had his trousers pockets rifled of cash amounting to between \$12 and \$13. Joe Webb an employe of the Webb Auto Company, missed pieces of jewelry and several neckties.

In the morning when the crime was discovered Sheriff Allen was immediately notified and getting the description of the two men had registered for the night and had left early in the morning he began a hasty search for the suspects. They were found at the Santa Fe station ready to return to the cotton fields. The leader, Roman Walla, a Bohemian, aged 23 years, was first searched and all of the stolen property was found in his possession, including the pocket book with the six cents. His companion, another Bohemian was searched but nothing was found and he was released.

Walla when taken into custody stated that he was from Williamson county and had been picking cotton near Rowena. When landed behind the bars he confessed to the crime.—San Angelo Standard.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters advertised Oct. 24, 1914.

Bassett, George
Beauchamp, J. B.
Bidwell, Lee
Calloway, Mrs. Annie
Coster, John
Dawson, John
Engelking, R. A.
Foster, Bailey
Fulps, Berry (2)
Gray, Leff
Hayerland, F.
Harrington, Murley
Hargrove, Bennie
Hudson, Robert
Johnson, Wallace
Johnston, Henry
Keynon, W. W.
Lindley, J. A.
Long, Bryan
Mantooth, Roy
Paver, Comma
Riley, Albert
Robertson, Milton
Stribling, Ben
Strickland, S. Y. (2)
Taylor, W. M.
Walls, Marlin
Warren, J. T.
West, R. J.

When calling for the above letters please say "Advertised" and give the date of this list. After two weeks these letters will be sent to the dead-letter-office.

James J. Erwin P. M.

John H. Webb of the Pony creek country, and J. B. Bass of the Norton country, were among the business visitors in Ballinger Tuesday.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.

CONSTIPATION

Is the cause of much misery and expense. It clogs the vital organs with impurities and brings on a general break-down of health.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

Is a bowel regulator of the greatest merit. It relieves the bowels mildly yet thoroughly and extends its cleansing and strengthening influence to every part of the body.

Get the Genuine with the Figure "3" in Red on Front Label. Sold by Druggists. Price \$1.00 per bottle.

COTTON SOAKING PICKING CHECKED

Report on the rainfall from over the section of country extending from Brownwood to San Angelo and from Abilene to Brady, indicates that the country has received from two to three inches of rain within the last two days, the fall being between two and three inches from all points reporting within the above territory.

The rainfall at Ballinger amounted to one inch up to Thursday, and one and six-tenths inches fell Thursday night, and it continued to rain slow throughout the day Friday, making about three inches rainfall for the week.

This season is plentiful for grain planting. If the rain should check now, however, it will be several days before the work in the cotton field can be resumed and during the wet days there are two or three thousand extra laborers in this county on dead expense.

While the rain will damage cotton to some extent, if the farmers will use proper precaution in picking, and not allow the pickers to pick the dirty cotton from the ground and mix it with that picked from the stalk, the good sample can be maintained and the low grade prevented. An extra picker should follow the squad of pickers in the field and his duty should be to pick the dirty cotton from the ground, and in this way keep the cotton from becoming mixed.

The buyers are very positive in their statement that they can not pay anything for low grade cotton. There is no market for it at any price.

What Would You Do?

There are many times when one man questions another's actions and motives. Men act differently under different circumstances, do right now if you had a severe cold? Could you do better than to take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy? It is highly recommended by people who have used it for years and know its value. Mrs. O. E. Sargent, Peru, Ind., says: "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is worth its weight in gold and I take pleasure in recommending it." For sale by all dealers.

TO WED

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Thompson have issued invitations for the approving marriage of their daughter, Miss Mary, to Mr. Oscar H. Douglass, which takes place at the Hatchel Methodist place at the Hatchel Methodist church on Wednesday evening, November fourth. The bride is one of the most popular young ladies of the Hatchel country, and the groom is a prominent young man of Ballinger, and is connected with the Ballinger Cotton Oil Company.

Paul Michaelis of the Hatchel country, was transacting business in Ballinger Monday.

CONCHO PRISONER IN BALLINGER JAIL

In a fight that took place at Millersview last Sunday, one Mexican seriously cut another with a razor, and the latest reports from the wounded Mexican says that while he is still living he is in a critical condition.

The Concho County officers has tended to the scene of the trouble, and captured the Mexican who did the carving and brought him to Ballinger where he is being held to await developments in the case.

Concho county is without a jail and when their citizens go wrong it is necessary to carry them to some adjoining county for safe keeping. In such cases the Ballinger jail is the most convenient and is used for prisoners from our neighbor county on the South.

When the chest feels on fire and the throat burns, you have indigestion, and you need Herbine to get rid of the disagreeable feeling. It drives out badly digested food, strengthens the stomach and purifies the bowels. Price 50c. Sold by the Walker Drug Co.

D. P. Holliday, the prominent young farmer of the Hatchel country, was a pleasant caller at The Ledger office this week. Mr. Holliday has the paper addressed to his mother changed to Abilene and ordered the paper sent to his address for a year.

Mrs. John Dunn, who had been visiting with her daughter, Mrs. Barnhill and family of Sterling City, returned home Monday afternoon.

Chas. S. Miller is at home from Dallas, where he attended the fair and met with Texans bankers in a conference held for the purpose of discussing the cotton financing proposition.

How To Give Quinine To Children.

FEBRILINE is the trade-mark name given to an Improved Quinine. It is a Tasteless Syrup, pleasant to take and does not disturb the stomach. Children take it and never know it is Quinine. Also especially adapted to adults who cannot take ordinary Quinine. Does not nauseate nor cause nervousness nor ringing in the head. Try it the next time you need Quinine for any purpose. Ask for 2-ounce original package. This name FEBRILINE is blown in bottle. 25 cents.

METHODISTS PLAN TO RAISE \$5,000,000

WASHINGTON, Oct. 27.—Many bishops and high officials of the Methodist Episcopal church met here today for a three day conference to plan raising \$5,000,000 from the eastern conference for the support of aged widows and children of deceased pastors. Addresses will be made by Speaker Clark and about fifteen bishops in behalf of the campaign. Men familiar with similar work from the Protestant Episcopal, Presbyterian, Northern and Southern Baptist, and Congressional Churches, and Methodist Episcopal Church South will tell of the manner in which they take care of retired ministers.

Scrubs Fatten Quickly

You want your pigs to eat as much as possible when you fatten them. Give them a great variety of feed, keep the appetite keen and the digestion in good order, and you will obtain the desired result; especially if you mix with the grain ration a dose of

Bee Dee STOCK MEDICINE

Whets the appetite—Helps digestion.

I put some scrubby-looking hogs in the pen to fatten and gave them Bee Dee STOCK MEDICINE in their feed. I soon had fine, healthy-looking hogs, which netted me over 500 pounds.
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The Trey
O'Hearts

By
Louis Joseph Vance.

A novelized version of the
Motion Picture Drama of
the same name produced
by Universal Film Co.

CHAPTER V.

The Hunted Man.

That day was hot and windless with an unclouded sky—a day of brass and burning.

Long before any sound audible to human ears disturbed the noonday hush, a bobcat sunning on a log in a glade to which no trail led, pricked ears, rose, glanced over shoulder with a snarl and—of a sudden was no more there.

Perhaps two minutes later a succession of remote crashings began to be heard, a cumulative volume of sounds made by some heavy body forcing by main strength through the underbrush, and ceased only when a man broke into the clearing, pulled up, stood for an instant swaying, then reeled to a seat on the log, pillowing his head on arms folded across his knees and shuddering uncontrollably in all his limbs. He was a young man who had been and would again be very personable. Just now he wore the look of one hounded by furies. His face was crimson with congested blood and streaked with sweat and grief; bluish veins throbbled in high relief upon his temples; his lips were cracked and swollen, his eyes haggard, his hands torn and bleeding. His shirt and trousers and "cruisers" were wrecks, the latter scorched, charred, and broken in a dozen places. Woods equipment he

had none beyond a hunting knife belted at the small of his back. All else had been either consumed in the forest fire or stolen by his Indian guide—who had subsequently died while attempting to murder his employer.

Since that event, the man had succeeded in losing himself completely. In seeking shelter from the thunderstorm, he had lost touch with his only known and none too clearly located landmarks. Then, after a night passed without a fire in the lee of a ragged bluff, he had waked to discover the sun rising in the west and the rest of the universe sympathetically upside-down; and aimlessly ever since he had stumbled and blundered in the maze of those grimly reticent fastnesses, for the last few hours haunted by a fear of falling reason—possessed by a notion that he was dogged by furtive enemies—and within the last hour the puppet of blind, witless panic.

But even as he strove to calm himself and rest, the feeling that something was peering at him from behind a mask of undergrowth grew intolerably acute.

At length he jumped up, glared wildly at the spot where that something no longer was, flung himself frantically through the brush in pursuit of it, and—found nothing.

With a great effort he pulled himself together, clamped his teeth upon the promise not again to give way to hallucinations, and turned back to the clearing.

There, upon the log on which he had rested, he found—but refused to believe he saw—a playing card, a Trey of hearts, face up in the sun-glare.

With a gesture of horror, Alan Law fled the place.

While the sounds of his flight were still loud, a grinning half-breed guide stole like a shadow to the log, laughed derisively after the fugitive, picked up and pocketed the card, and set out in tireless, cat-footed pursuit.

An hour later, topping a ridge of rising ground, Alan caught from the hollow on its farther side the music of clashing waters. Tortured by thirst, he began at once to descend in reckless haste.

What was at first a gentle slope covered with waist-deep brush and carpeted with leaf-mold, grew swiftly more declivitous, a mossy hillside, as steep as a roof, bare of underbrush, and sparsely sown with small cedars through whose ranks cool blue water twinkled far below.

The shelving moss-beds afforded treacherous footing; Alan was glad now and then of the support of a cedar, but these grew ever smaller, and more widely spaced and were not always convenient to his hand. He came abruptly and at headlong pace within sight of the eaves of a cliff—and precisely then the hillside seemed to slip from under him.

His heels flourished in the air, his back thumped a bed of pebbles thinly overgrown with moss. The stones gave, the moss-skin broke, he began to slide—grasped at random a youngish cedar which stayed him imperceptibly, coming away with all its puny roots—caught at another, no more substantial—and amid a shower of loose stones shot out over the edge and down a drop of more than thirty feet.

He was instantaneously aware of

the sun, a molten ball wheeling madly in the cup of the turquoise sky. Then dark waters closed over him.

He came up struggling and gasping, and struck out for something dark that rode the waters near at hand—something vaguely resembling a canoe.

But his strength was largely spent, his breath had been driven out of him by the force of the fall, and he had swallowed much water—while the field of his consciousness was stricken with confusion.

Within a stroke of an outstretched paddle, he flung up a hand and went down again.

Instantly one occupant of the canoe, a young and very beautiful woman in a man's hunting clothes, spoke a sharp word of command and, as her guide steadied the vessel with his paddle, rose in her place so surely that she scarcely disturbed the nice balance of the little craft, and curved her lithe body over the bow, head-foremost into the pool.

Mr. Law had, in point of fact, endured more than he knew; more than even a weathered woodsman could have borne without suffering. Forty-eight hours of such heavy woods-walking as he had put in to escape the forest fire, would have served to prostrate almost any man; add to this (ignoring a dozen other mental, nervous and physical strains) merely the fact that he had been half-drowned.

He experienced a little fever, a little delirium, then blank slumbers of exhaustion.

He awoke in dark of night, wholly unaware that thirty-six hours had passed since his fall. This last, however, and events that had gone before, he recalled with tolerable clearness—allowing for the sluggishness of a drowsy mind. Other memories, more vague, of gentle ministering hands, of a face by turns an angel's, a flower's, a fiend's, and a dear woman's, troubled him even less materially. He was already sane enough to allow he had probably been a bit out of his head, and since it seemed he had been saved and cared for, he found no reason to quarrel with present circumstances.

Still, he would have been grateful for some explanation of certain phenomena which still haunted him—such as a faint, elusive scent of roses with a vague but importunate sense of a woman's presence in that darkened room—things manifestly absurd. . . .

With some difficulty, from a dry throat, he spoke, or rather whispered: "Water!"

In response he heard someone move over a creaking floor. A sulphur match spluttered infamously. A candle caught fire, silhouette—illusion, of course!—the figure of a woman in hunting shirt and skirt. Water splashed noisily. Alan became aware of someone who stood at his side, one hand offering a glass to his lips, the other gently raising his head that he might drink with ease.

Draining the glass, he breathed his thanks and sank back, retaining his grasp on the wrist of that unreal hand. It suffered him without resistance. The hallucination even went so far as to say, in a woman's soft accents:

"You are better, Alan?"

He sighed incredulously: "Rose!"

The voice responded: "Yes!" Then the perfume of roses grew still more strong, seeming to fan his cheek like a woman's warm breath. And a miracle came to pass; for Mr. Law, who realized poignantly that all this was sheer, downright nonsense, distinctly felt lips like velvet caress his forehead.

He closed his eyes, tightened his grasp on that hand of phantasy, and muttered rather inarticulately:

"The voice asked: 'What is it, dear?'"

He responded: "Delirium. . . . But I like it. . . . Let me rave!"

Then again he slept.

CHAPTER VI.

Disclosures.

In a little corner office, soberly furnished, on the topmost floor of one of lower Manhattan's loftiest office-towers, a little mouse-brown man sat over a big mahogany desk; a little man of big affairs, sole steward of one of America's most formidable fortunes.

Precisely at eleven minutes past noon (or at the identical instant chosen by Alan Law to catapult over the edge of a cliff in northern Maine) the muted signal of the little man's desk telephone clicked and, eagerly lifting receiver to ear, he nodded with a smile and said in accents of some relief:

"Ask her to come in at once, please."

Jumping up, he placed a chair in intimate juxtaposition with his own; and the door opened, and a young woman entered.

The mouse-brown man bowed. "Miss Rose Trine?" he murmured with a great deal of deference.

The young woman returned his bow with a show of perplexity: "Mr. Digby?"

"You are kind to come in response to my—ah—unconventional invitation," said the little man. "Won't you—ah—sit down?"

She said, "Thank you," gravely, and took the chair he indicated. And Mr. Digby, with an admiration he made no effort to conceal, examined the fair face turned so candidly to him.

"It is quite comprehensible," he said diffidently—"if you will permit me to say so—now that one sees you, Miss Trine, it is quite comprehensible why my employer—ah—feels toward you as he does."

The girl flushed. "Mr. Law has told you?"

"I have the honor to be his nearest

friend, this side the water, as well as his man of business."

He paused with an embarrassed gesture. "So I have ventured to request this—ah—surfeitful appointment in order to—ah—take the further liberty of asking whether you have recently sent Alan a message?"

Her look of surprise was answer enough, but she confirmed it with vigorous denial: "I have not communicated with Mr. Law in more than a year!"

"Precisely as I thought," Mr. Digby nodded. "None the less, Mr. Law not long since received what purported to be a message from you; in fact—a rose." And as Miss Trine sat forward with a start of dismay, he added: "I have the information over Mr. Law's signature—a letter received ten days ago—from Quebec."

"Alan in America!" the girl cried in undisguised distress.

"He came in response to—ah—the message of the rose."

"But I did not send it!"

"I felt sure of that, because," said Mr. Digby, watching her narrowly—"because of something that accompanied the rose, a symbol of another significance altogether—a playing card, a Trey of hearts."

Her eyes were blank. He pursued with openly sincere reluctance: "I must tell you, I see, that a Trey of hearts invariably foresees an attempt by your father on the life of Alan's father."

With a stricken cry the girl crouched back in the chair and covered her face with her hands.

"That is why I sent for you," Mr. Digby pursued hastily, as if in hope of getting quickly over a most unhappy business. "Alan's letter, written and posted on the steamer, reached me within twenty-four hours of his arrival in Quebec, and detailed his scheme to enter the United States secretly—as he puts it, 'by the back door,' by way of northern Maine—and promised advice by telegraph as soon as he reached Moosehead Lake. He should have wired me ere this, I am told by those who know the country he was to cross. Frankly, I am anxious about the boy!"

"And I!" the girl exclaimed pitifully. "To think that he should be brought into such peril through me!"

"You can tell me nothing?"

"Nothing—as yet. I did not dream of this—much less that the message of the rose was known to any but Alan and myself. I cannot understand!"

"Then I may tell you this much more, that your father maintains a very efficient corps of secret agents."

"You think he spied upon me?" the girl flamed with indignation.

"I know he did," Mr. Digby permitted himself a quiet smile. "It has seemed my business, in the service of my employer, to employ agents of my own. There is no doubt that your father sent you to Europe for the sole purpose of having you meet Alan."

"Oh!" she protested. "But what earthly motive—?"

"That Alan might be won back to America through you—and so—"

There was no need to finish out his sentence. The girl was silent, pale and staring with wide eyes, visibly mustering her wits to cope with this emergency.

"I may depend on you," Mr. Digby suggested, "to advise me if you find out anything?"

"For even more," The girl rose and extended a hand whose grasp was firm



"Oh, Come, Come!" She Cried Wildly,

and vital on his fingers. A fine spirit of resolve set her countenance aglow. "You may count on me for action on my own part, if I find circumstances warrant it. I promised not to marry Alan because of the feud between our fathers—but not to stand by and see him sacrificed. Tell me how I may communicate secretly with you—and let me go as soon as possible!"

CHAPTER VII.

The Mutineer.

Within the hour Rose Trine stood before her father in that somber room wherein he wore out his crippled days. In that place of silence and shadows whose sinister color-scheme of crimson and black was the true livery of his monomania—his passion for vengeance that alone kept warm the em-

bers of life in that wasted and moveless frame.

An impish malice glimmered in his sunken eyes as he kept her waiting upon his pleasure. And when at length he decided to speak, it was with a ring of hateful irony in that strangely sonorous voice of his.

"Rose," he said slowly—"my daughter!—I am told you have today been guilty of an act of disloyalty to me."

She said coolly: "You had me spied upon."

"Naturally, with every reason to question your loyalty, I had you watched."

She waited a significant moment, then dropped an impassive monosyllable into the silence: "Well?"

"You have visited the man Digby, servant and friend of the man I hate—and you love."

She said, without expression: "Yes."

"Repeat what passed between you."

"I shall not, but on one condition."

"And that is—?"

"Tell me first whether it was you who sent the rose to Alan Law—and more, where Judith has been during the last fortnight?"

"I shall tell you nothing, my child. Repeat!"—the resonant voice rang with inflexible purpose—"repeat what the man Digby told you!"

The girl was silent. He endured her stare for a long minute, a spark of rage kindling to flame the evil old eyes. Then his one living member that had power to serve his iron will, a hand like the claw of a bird of prey, moved toward a row of buttons sunk in the writing-bed of his desk.

"I warn you I have ways to make you speak—"

With a quick movement the girl bent over and prisoned the bony wrist in her strong fingers. With her other hand, at the same time, she whipped open an upper drawer of the desk and took from it a revolver which she placed at a safe distance.

"To the contrary," she said quietly, "you will remember that the time has passed when you could have me punished for disobedience. You will call nobody: if interrupted, I shan't hesitate to defend myself. And now—laying hold of the back of his chair, she moved it some distance from the desk—"you may as well be quiet while I find for myself what I wish to know."

For a moment he watched in silence as she bent over the desk, rummaging its drawers. Then with an infuriated gesture of his left hand, he began to curse her.

She shuddered a little as the black oaths blistered his thin old lips, dedicating her and all she loved to sin, infamy and sorrow; but nothing could stay her in her purpose. He was breathless and exhausted when she straightened up with an exclamation of satisfaction, studied intently for a moment a sheaf of papers, and thrust them hastily into her hand-bag, together with the revolver.

Then touching the push-button which released a secret and little-used door, without a backward glance she slipped from the room and, closing the door securely, within another minute had made her way unseen from the house.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Incredible Thing.

Broad daylight, the top of a morning as rare as ever broke upon the north country: Alan Law opening bewildered eyes to realize the substance of a dream come true.

True it proved itself, at least, in part. He lay between blankets upon a couch of balsam fans, in a corner of somebody's camp—a log structure, weather-proof, rudely but adequately furnished. His clothing, rough-dried but neatly mended, lay upon a chair at his side.

He rose and dressed in haste, at once exulting in his sense of complete rest and renewed well-being, a prey to hints of an extraordinary appetite, and provoked by signs that seemed to bear out the weirdest flights of his delirious fancies.

There were apparently indisputable evidences of a woman's recent presence in the camp: blankets neatly folded upon a second bed of aromatic balsam in the farther corner; an effect of orderliness not common with guides; a pair of dainty buckskin gauntlets depending from a nail in the wall; and—he stood staring wittlessly at it for more than a minute—in an old preserve jar on the table, a single rose, warm and red, dew upon its petals!

There was also fire in the cook stove, with a plentiful display of things to cook; but despite his hunger Alan didn't stop for that, but rushed to the door and threw it open and himself out into the sunshine, only to pause, dashed, chagrined, mystified.

There was no other living thing in sight but a loon that sported far up the river and saluted him with a shriek of mocking laughter.

The place was a cleft in the hills, a table of level land some few acres in area, bounded on one hand, beneath the cliff from which he had dropped, by a rushing river fat with recent rains; on the other by a second cliff of equal height. Upstream the water curved round the shoulder of a towering hill, downstream the cliffs closed upon it until it roared through a narrow gorge.

Near the camp, upon a strip of shelving beach that bordered the river where it widened into a deep, dark pool, two canoes were drawn up, bottoms to the sun. Dense thickets of pines, oaks, and balsams hedged in the clearing.

He was, it seemed, to be left severely to himself, that day; when he had cooked and made way with an enormous breakfast, Alan found nothing better to do till time for luncheon

than to explore this pocket domain.

He feasted famously again at noon; whiled away several hours vainly whipping the pools with rod and tackle found in the camp, for trout that he really didn't hope would rise beneath that blazing sun; and toward three o'clock lounged back to his aromatic couch for a nap.

The western sun had thrown a deep, cool shadow across the cove when he was awakened by importunate hands and a voice of magic.

Rose Trine was kneeling beside him, clutching his shoulders, calling on him by name—distracted by an inexplicable anxiety.

He wasted no time discriminating between dream and reality, but gathered both into his arms. And for a moment she rested there unresisting, sobbing quietly.

"What is it? What is it, dearest?" he questioned, kissing her tears away.

"To find you all right. . . . I was so afraid!" she cried brokenly.

"Of what? Wasn't I all right when you left me here this morning?"

She disengaged with an effort, rose, and looked down strangely at him.

"I did not leave you here this morning, Alan. I wasn't here—"

That brought him to his own feet in a jiffy. "You were not!" he stammered. "Then who—?"

"Judith," she stated with conviction. "Impossible! You don't understand."

The girl shook her head. "Yet I know: Judith was here until this



Precipitating Both Into That Savage Welter.

morning. I tell you I know—I saw her only a few hours ago. She passed us in a canoe with one of her guides, while we watched in hiding on the banks. Not that alone, but another of her guides told me she was here with you. She had sent him to South Portage for quinine. He stopped there to get drunk—and that's how my guide managed to worm the information from him."

Alan passed a hand across his eyes. "I don't understand," he said dully. "It doesn't seem possible she could—"

A shot interrupted him, the report of a rifle from a considerable distance upstream, echoed and re-echoed by the cliffs. And at this, clutching frantically at his arm, the girl drew him through the door and down toward the river.

"Oh, come, come!" she cried wildly. "There's no time!"

"But, why? What was that?"

"Judith is returning. I left my guide up the trail to signal us. Don't you know what it means if we don't manage to escape before she gets here?"

"But how?"

"According to the guide the river's the only way other than the trail!"

"The current is too strong. They could follow—pot us at leisure from the banks."

"But downstream—the current with us—"

"Those rapids?"

"We must shoot them!"

"Can it be done?"

"It must be!"

Two more shots put a period to his doubts and drove it home. He offered no further objection, but turned at once to launch one of the canoes.

As soon as it was in the water, Rose took her place in the bow, paddle in hand, and Alan was about to step in astern when a fourth shot sounded and a bullet kicked up turf within a dozen feet. A glance discovered two figures debouching into the clearing. He dropped into place and, planting paddle in shallows, sent the canoe well out with a vigorous thrust.

Two strokes took it to the middle of the pool where immediately the current caught the little craft in its urgent grasp and sped it smoothly through more narrow and higher banks. A moment more and the mouth of the gorge was yawning for them.

With the clean balance of an experienced canoeist, Alan rose to his feet for an instantaneous reconnaissance both forward and astern. He looked back first, and groaned in his heart to see the sharp prow of the second canoe glide out from the banks. He looked ahead and groaned aloud. The rapids were a wilderness of shouting waters, white and green, worse than anything he had anticipated or ever dreamed of.

But there was now no escaping that ordeal. The canoe was already spinning between walls where the water ran deep and fast with a glassy surface.

The next instant it was in the jaws; and the man settled down to work with grim determination, pitting courage and strength and experience against the ravening waters that tore at the canoe on every hand, whose mad clamor beat back and forth between the walls of the gorge like vast bellowsings of infernal mirth.

He fought like one possessed. There was never an instant's grace for judgment or execution; the one must be synchronous with the other, both instantaneous, or else—destruction.

The canoe wove this way and that like an insane shuttle threading some satanic loom. Now it hesitated, nuzzling a gigantic boulder over which the water wore a pale green and glistening hood, now in the space of a heartbeat it shot forward twice its length through a sea of creaking waves, now plunged wildly toward what promised instant annihilation and cheated that only by the timely plunge of a paddle, guided by luck or instinct or both.

The one ray of hope in Alan's mind, when he surveyed before committing himself and the woman he loved to that hideous gauntlet, sprang from the fact that, however rough, the rapids were short. Now, when he had been in their grasp a minute, he seemed to have been there hours.

His laborings were tremendous, unbelievable, inspired. In the end they were all but successful. The goal of safety was within thirty seconds' more of quick, hard work, when Alan's paddle broke and the canoe swung broadside to a boulder, turned turtle and precipitated both headlong into that savage welter.

As the next few minutes passed he was fighting like a mad thing against overwhelming odds. Then, of a sudden, he found himself rejected, spewed forth from the cataract and swimming mechanically in the smooth water of a wide pool beyond the lowermost eddy, the canoe floating bottom up near by, and Rose supporting herself with one hand on it.

Her eyes met his, clear with the sanity of her adorable courage.

He floundered to her side, panted instructions to transfer her hand to his shoulder, and struck out for the nearer shore.

Both found footing at the same time and waded out, to collapse, exhausted, against the bank.

Then, with a sickening qualm, Alan remembered the pursuit. He rose and looked up the rapid just in time to view the last swift quarter of the canoe's descent: Judith in the bow, motionless, a rifle across her knees, in the stern an Indian guide kneeling and fighting the waters with scarcely perceptible effort in contrast with Alan's supreme struggles.

Like a living thing the canoe seemed to gather itself together, to poise, to leap with all its strength; it hurdled the eddy in a bound, took the still water with a mighty splash, and shot downstream at diminished speed, the Indian furiously backing water.

As though that had been the one moment she had lived for, Judith lifted her rifle and brought it to bear—upon her sister.

With a cry of horror, Alan flung himself before Rose, a living shield, anticipating nothing but immediate death. This was not accorded him. For a breathless instant the woman in



They Found a Footing.

the canoe stared along the sights, then lowered her weapon and, turning, spoke indistinguishably to the guide, who instantly began to ply a brisk paddle.

The canoe sped on, vanished swiftly round a bend.

After a long time, Alan voiced his unmitigated amazement:

"Why—in the name of heaven! Why—?"

The girl said dully: "Don't you know?" And when he shook his head, "Her guide told me you had saved her life on the dam at Spirit Lake. Now do you see?"

His countenance was blank with wonder: "Gratitude?"

Rose smiled wearily: "Not gratitude alone, but something more terrible. . . ." She rose and held out her hand. "Not that I can blame her. . . . But come; if we strike through here we will, I think, pick up a trail that will bring us to Black Beaver settlement by dark."

CHAPTER IX.

Forewarned.

The thing was managed with an ingenuity that Alan termed devilish—it was indisputably Machiavellian.

The lovers had come down from the North in hot haste and the shadow of death. Two days of steady traveling by canoe, by woods trail, by lake steamer—forty-eight hours of fatigue and strain eased by not one instant's relaxation from the high tension of vigilance upon which their very lives depended—wore to a culmination through this tedious afternoon on the train from Moosehead—a trap of physical torment only made possible by Alan's luck in securing, through sheer accident, two parlor-car reservations turned back at the last moment before leaving Kineo station.

No matter—the longest afternoon must have its evening: the pokiest of trains comes the more surely to its destination; in another hour or two they would be in Portland—free at last to draw breath of ease in a land of law, order and sane living.

As if in answer to this thought, the train slowed down with whistling brakes to the last hill-station, and as the trucks groaned and moved anew, a lot of a boy came galloping down the aisle, brandishing two yellow envelopes and blating like a stray calf: "Mista Lawr! Mista Lawr! Telegrams for Mista Lawr!"

Alan had been expecting at every station a prepaid reply to his wire for reservations on the night express from Portland to New York.

But why two envelopes superscribed "Mr. A. Law, Kineo train southbound, Oakland Sta.?"

He tore one open, unfolded the inclosure, and grunted disgust with its curt advice, opened the other and caught his breath sharply as he withdrew—part way only—a playing card, a tray of hearts.

Thrusting it back quickly, he clapped both envelopes together, tore them into a hundred fragments, and scattered them from the window. But the fiendish wind whisked one small scrap back—and only one!—into the lap of the woman he loved.

Vainly he prayed that she might be asleep. The silken lashes trembled on her cheeks and lifted slightly, disclosing the dark glimmer of questioning eyes. And as she clipped the scrap of cardboard between thumb and forefinger he bent forward and silently took it from her—one corner of the tray of hearts, but inevitably a corner bearing the figure "3" above a heart.

"The Pullman agent at Portland wires no reservations available on any New York train in the next thirty-six hours," he said with lowered voice.

"Couldn't we possibly catch the New York boat tonight?"

He shook a grim head. "No—I looked that up first. It leaves before we get in."

She said, "Too bad," abstractedly, reclosed her eyes, and apparently lapsed anew into semi-somnolence—but without deceiving him who could well guess what poignant anxiety gnawed at her heart.

He could have ground his teeth in exasperation—the impish insolence of that warning, timed so precisely to set their nerves on edge at the very mo-



He Could Have Ground His Teeth in Exasperation.

ment when they were congratulating themselves upon the approach of a respite!

The sheer insanity of the whole damnable business!

The grim, wild absurdity of it! To think that this was America, this the twentieth century, the apex of the highest form of civilization the world had ever known—and still a man could be hunted from pillar to post, haunted with threats, harried with attempts at assassination in a hundred forms—and that by a slip of a girl with the cunning of a madwoman, the heart of a thug, the face of a charming child—the face of the woman that sat beside him, duplicating its every perfect feature so nearly that even he who loved the one could scarcely distinguish her from the other but by instinct, intuition, blind guesswork.

He nodded heavy-hearted confirmation of a surmise slowly settling into conviction in his mind, that such cunning, such purpose and pertinacity could not possibly spring from a mind well balanced, that the woman, Judith Trine, sister to the Rose he loved so well, was as mad as that monomaniac, her father, who sat helpless in his

cell of silence and shadows in New York, day after day, eating his heart out with impatience for the word that his vengeance had been consummated by the daughter whom he had inspired to execute it.

An hour late, in dusk of evening, the train lumbered into Portland station; and, heart in mouth, Alan helped Rose from the steps, shouldered a way for her through the crowd, and almost lifted her into a taxicab.

"Best hotel in town," he demanded. "And be quick about it—for a double tip."

He communicated his one desperate scheme to the girl en route, receiving her indorsement of it. So, having registered for her and seen her safely to the door of the best available room in the house within ready call of the public lobby and office, he washed up, gulped a hasty meal—which Rose had declined to share, pleading fatigue—and hurried away into the night with the negro driver of a public hack, picked up haphazard at some distance from the hotel, for his guide.

CHAPTER X.

Fortuity.

He wasted the better part of an hour in fruitless and perhaps ill-advised inquiries; then his luck, such as it was, led him on suspicion down a poorly lighted wharf, at the extreme end of which he discovered a lonely young man perched atop a pile, hands in pockets, gaze turned to a tide whereon, now black night had fallen, pallid wreaths of yachts swung just visibly beneath uneasy riding-lights.

"Pardon me," Alan ventured, "but perhaps you can help me out—"

"You've come to the wrong shop, my friend," the young man interposed with morose civility; "I couldn't help anybody out of anything—the way I am now."

"I'm sorry," said Alan, "but I thought possibly you might know where I could find a seaworthy boat to charter."

The young man slipped smartly down from his perch. "If you don't look sharp," he said ominously, "you'll charter the Seaventure." He waved his hand toward a vessel moored alongside the wharf; "There she is, and a better boat you won't find anywhere—schooner-rigged, fifty feet over all, twenty-five horsepower, motor auxiliary, two staterooms—all ready for as long a coastwise cruise as you care to take. Come aboard."

He led briskly across the wharf, down a gangplank, then aft along the deck to a companionway, by which the two men gained a comfortable and roomy cabin, bright with fresh white enamel.

Here the light of the cabin lamp revealed to Alan's searching scrutiny a person of sturdy build and independent carriage, with a roughly modeled, good-humored face, reddish hair, and steady though twinkling blue eyes.

"Name, Barcus," the young man introduced himself cheerfully; "christened Thomas. Nativity, American. State of life, flat broke. That's the rub," he laughed, and shrugged, shamed. "I found myself hard up this spring with this boat on my hands, sunk every cent I had—and then some—fitting out on an oral charter with a moneyed blighter in New York, who was to have met me here a fortnight since. He didn't—and here I am, in pawn to the ship chandler, desperate enough for anything."

"How much do you owe?"

"Upwards of a hundred."

"Say I advanced that amount—when can we sail?"

The young man reflected briefly. "There's something so engagingly idiotic about this proceeding," he observed wistfully. "I've got the strangest kind of a hunch it's going to go through. Pay my bills, and we can be off inside an hour. That is—"

He checked with an exclamation of dismay, chafallen. "I may have some trouble scaring up a crew at short notice. I had two men engaged, but last week they got tired doing nothing for nothing and left me flat."

"Then that's settled," Alan said. "I know boats; I'll be your crew—and the better satisfied to have nobody else aboard."

The eyes of Mr. Barcus clouded. "See here, my headlong friend, what's your little game, anyway? I don't mind playing the fool on the high seas, but I'll be no party to a kidnaping or—"

"It's an elopement," Alan interrupted on inspiration. "We've simply got to get clear of Portland by midnight." "You're on!" Barcus agreed promptly, his face clearing. "God only knows why I believe you, but I do—and here's my hand!"

CHAPTER XI.

Blue Water.

Anxiety ate like an acid at Alan's heart. If this shift to the sea might be thought a desperate venture, he was a weathered salt-water man and undismayed; nothing would have been more to his liking than a brisk coastwise cruise in an able boat—under auspices less forbidding.

But when he re-entered the hotel one surprising thing happened that gave him new heart—momentarily it seemed almost as if his luck had turned. For, as he paused by the desk of the cashier to demand his bill, the elevator gate opened and Rose came out eagerly to meet him with an eager air of hope that masked measurably the signs of fatigue.

"I worried so I couldn't rest," she told him guardedly as he drew her aside; "so I arose and got ready, and watched from the window till I saw you drive up."

He acquainted her briefly with his fortune.

But she seemed unable to echo his confidence or even to overcome the heaviness of her spirits when their cab, without misadventure, set them down at the wharf.

Here, Alan had feared, was the crucial point of danger—if the influence of the tray of hearts was to bring disaster upon them it would be here, in the hush and darkness of this deserted water front. And he bore himself most warily as he helped the girl from the car and to the gangplank of



Lingered Watchfully on Deck.

the Seaventure. But nothing happened; while Mr. Barcus was as good as his word. Alan had barely set foot on deck, following the girl, when the gangplank came aboard with a clatter, and the Seaventure swung away from the wharf.

Until the distance was too great for even a flying leap Alan lingered watchfully on deck.

At length, satisfied that all was well, he returned to the cabin.

"All right," he nodded; "we're clear of that lot, apparently; nobody but the



She Whips Out a Gun as Big as a Cannon.

three of us aboard. Now you'd best turn in. This is evidently to be your stateroom, this one to port, and you'll have a long night's sleep to make up for what you've gone through—dearest."

He drew nearer, dropping his voice tenderly. And of a sudden, with a little low cry, the girl came into his arms and clung passionately to him.

"But you?" she murmured. "You need rest as much as I! What about you?"

"Oh, no I don't," he contended. "Besides I'll have plenty of time to rest, up once we're fairly at sea. Barcus and I stand watch and watch, of course. There's nothing for you to do but be completely at your ease. But—you must let me go."

Eyes half-closed, her head thrown back, she seemed to suffer his kiss rather than to respond, then turned nastily away to her stateroom—leaving him staring with wonder at her strangeness.

By midnight the Seaventure was spinning swiftly south-southeast, close reefed to a snoring sou'west wind—the fixed white eye of Portland head light fast falling astern.

CHAPTER XII.

Down the Cape.

At four o'clock, or shortly after, Alan was awakened by boot-heels pounding imperatively overhead, and went on deck again, to stand both dog-watches—saw the sun lift up smiling over a world of tumbled blue water, crossed the wake of a Cunard liner inbound for Boston, raised and overhauled a graceful but businesslike fisherman (from Gloucester, Barcus opined when called to stand his trick at eight) and saw it a mile or two astern when—still aching with fatigue—he was free to return to his berth for another four-hour rest.

This time misguided consideration induced Barcus to let his crew sleep through the first afternoon watch. Six bells were ringing when, in drowsy apprehension that something had gone suddenly and radically wrong, Alan waked.

He was on deck again almost before he rubbed the sleepiness from his eyes, emerging abruptly from the half-light of the cabin to a dazzle of sunlight that filled the cup of day with rarefied gold, even as he passed from conviction of security to realization of immediate and extraordinary peril.

His first glance discovered the wheel deserted, the woman with back to him standing at the taffrail, Barcus—nowhere to be seen. The second confirmed his surmise that the Seaventure had come up into the wind, and now was yawing off wildly into the trough of a stiff if not heavy sea. A third showed him, to his amazement, the Gloucester fisherman—overhauled with such ease that morning and now, by rights, well down the northern horizon—not two miles distant, and standing squarely for the smaller vessel.

Bewildered, he darted to the girl's side, with a shout, demanding to know what was the matter. She turned to him a face he hardly recognized—but still he didn't understand. The inevitable inference seemed a thing unthinkable; his brain faltered when asked to credit it. Only when he saw her tearing frantically at the painter, striving to cast it off and with it the dory towing a hundred feet or so astern, and when another wondering glance had discovered the head and shoulders of Mr. Barcus rising over the stern of the dory as he strove to lift himself out of the water—only then did Alan begin to appreciate what had happened.

Even so, it was with the feeling that all the world and himself as well had gone stark, raving mad, that he seized the girl and, despite her struggles, tore her away from the rail before she had succeeded in unknitting the painter.

"Rose!" he cried stupidly. "Rose! What's the matter with you? Don't you see what you're doing?"

Defiance inflamed her countenance and accents. "Can't you ever say anything but 'Rose! Rose! Rose!' Is there no other name that means anything to you? Can't you understand how intolerable it is to me? I love you no less than she—better than she

ever dreamed of loving you—because I hate you, too! What is love that is no more than love? Can't you understand?"

"Judith!" he cried in a voice of stupefaction. "But—Good Lord!—how did you get aboard? Where's Rose?"

"Where you'll not find her easily again," the woman angrily retorted. "Trust me for that!"

"What do you mean?" Illumination came in a blinding flash. "Do you mean it was you—you whom I brought aboard last night?"

"Who else?"

"You waylaid her here in the hotel, substituted yourself for her, deceived me into thinking you—!"

"Of course," she said simply. "Why not? When I saw her sleeping there—the mirror of myself, completely at my mercy—what else should I think of than to take her place with the man I loved? I knew you'd never know the difference—at least I was fool enough for the moment to believe I could stand being loved by you in her name! It was only today, when I'd had time to think, that I realized how impossible that was!"

A sudden slap of the mainsail boom athwartships and a simultaneous cry from over the stern roused Alan from his consternation to fresh appreciation of the emergency. With scant consideration he hustled the woman to the companionway and below, slammed its doors and closed her in with the sliding hatch—all in a breath—then sprang to the taffrail, just in time to lend a helping hand sorely wanted by Mr. Barcus in his efforts to climb aboard, after he had pulled the dory up under the stern by its painter.

He came over the rail in a towering temper.

"I hope you'll pardon the apparent impertinence," he suggested acidly, as soon as able to articulate coherently—"but may I inquire if that

bloody-minded vixen is your blushing bride-to-be?"

Alan shook a helpless head. The thing defied reasonable explanation. He made a feeble stammer at it without much satisfaction either to himself or to the outraged Barcus.

"No—it's all a damnable mistake! She's her sister—I mean, the right girl's sister—and her precise double—fooled me—not quite right in the head, I'm afraid."

"You may well be afraid, you poor flat!" Mr. Barcus snapped. "D'you know what she did? Threw me overboard! Fact! Came on deck a while ago, sweet as peaches—and all of a sudden whips out a gun as big as a cannon, points it at my head and orders me to luff into the wind. Before I could make sure I wasn't dreaming, she had fired twice—in the air—a signal to that blessed fisherman astern there—at least, they answered with two toots of a power whistle and changed course to run up to us. Look how she's gained already!"

"But how did she happen to throw you overboard?"

"Happen nothing!" Barcus snapped, getting to his feet. "She did it a purpose—flew at me like a wildcat, and before I knew what was up—I was slammed backwards over the rail."

"I can't tell you how sorry I am," Alan responded gravely. "There's more to tell—but one thing to be done first."

"And that?" Mr. Barcus inquired suspiciously.

"To get rid of the lady," Alan announced firmly. "Make that fisherman a present of the woman in the case. You don't mind parting with the dory in a good cause—if I pay for it?"

"Take it for nothing," Barcus grumbled. "Cheap at the price!"

He took Alan's place, watching him with a sardonic eye as he drew the tender in under the leeward quarter, made it fast, and reopened the companionway.

As the girl came on deck without other invitation, in a sullen rage that only heightened her wonderful loveliness, Alan noted that her first look was for him, of untempered malignity; her second, for Barcus, with a curling lip; her third, astern, with a glimmer of satisfaction as she recognized how well the fisherman had drawn up on the Seaventure.

"Friends of yours, I infer?" Alan inquired civilly.

Judith nodded.

"Then it would save us some trouble—yourself included—if you'll be good enough to step into the dory without a struggle."

Without a word, Judith stepped to the rail and, as Barcus luffed, swung herself overside into the dory.

Immediately Alan cast off, and as the little boat sheered off, Barcus, with a sigh of relief, brought the Seaventure once more back upon her course.

For some few minutes there was silence between the two men, while the tender dropped swiftly astern, the woman plying a brisk pair of oars.

Then, suddenly elevating his nose, Barcus sniffed audibly. "Here," he said sharply, "relieve me for a minute, will you? I want to go forward and have a look at that motor."

In the time that he remained invisible between decks the fisherman luffed, picked up the dory and its occupant, and came round again in open chase of the Seaventure.

When Barcus reappeared it was with a grave face.

"The devil and the deep Sea," he observed obscurely, coming aft, "from all their works, good Lord deliver us!"

"What's the trouble now?"

"Nothing much—only your playful little friend has been up to another of her light-hearted tricks. . . . If you should happen to want a smoke or anything to eat when you go below, just find a mirror and kiss yourself good-by before striking the match. The drain-cocks of both fuel tanks have been opened, and there are upwards of a hundred and fifty gallons of highly explosive gasoline sloshing around in the bilge!"

CHAPTER XIII.

No Quarter.

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Barcus indulgently, breaking a long silence. "Very interesting. Very interesting, indeed. I've seldom listened to a more entertaining life-history, my poor young friend. But I tell you candidly, as man to man, I don't believe one word of it. It's all d— a foolishness!"

His voice took on a plaintive accent. "Particularly this!" he expostulated, and waved an indignant hand, compassing their plight.

"The rest of your adventures are reasonable enough," he said, "they won my credulity—and I'm a native of Missouri. But this last chapter is impossible. And that's flat. It couldn't happen—and has. And there, in a manner of speaking, we are!"

Against the western horizon a long, low-lying strip of sand dunes rested like a bar of purple cloud between the crimson afterglow of sunset in the sky and the ensanguined sea that mirrored it.

The wind had gone down with the sun, leaving the Seaventure becalmed—her motor long since inert for want of fuel—in shoal water a mile or so off the desolate and barren coast that Mr. Barcus in his efforts to climb aboard, after he had pulled the dory up under the stern by its painter.

He came over the rail in a towering temper.

"I hope you'll pardon the apparent impertinence," he suggested acidly, as soon as able to articulate coherently—"but may I inquire if that

as it grew still more dark she lowered a small boat that theretofore had swung in davits. A little later a faint numbing noise drifted across the tide.

"Power tender," the owner of the Seaventure interpreted. "Coming to call, I presume. Sociable lot. What I can't make out is why they seem to think it necessary to tow our dory back. Uneasy conscience, maybe—what?"

He lowered the binoculars and glanced inquiringly at his employer, who grunted his disgust, and said no more.

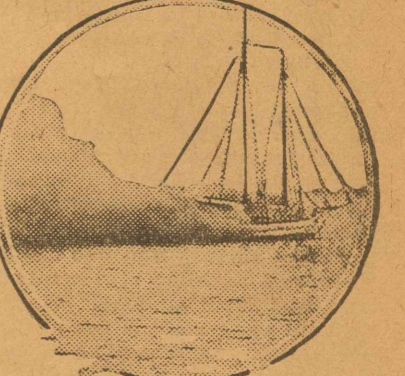
"Don't take it so hard, old top," Barcus advised with a change of note from irony to sympathy. Then he rose and dived down the companionway, presently to reappear with a megaphone and a double-barreled shotgun.

"No cutting-out parties in this outfit," he explained, grinning amiably. "None of that old stuff, revised to suit your infatuated female friend—once aboard the lugger and the man is mine!"

Stationing himself at the seaward rail, whose figure would show in sharp silhouette against the glowing sunset sky, he brandished the shotgun at arm's length above his head, and bellowed stertorously through the megaphone:

"Keep off! Keep off! This means you! Come within gunshot and I'll blow your fool heads off!"

Putting aside the megaphone, he sat down again. "Not that I'd dare fire this blunderbuss," he confided, "with



Flames Licked Out All Over the Schooner.

this reek of gasoline; but just for moral effect. Phew-w! I'd give a dollar for a breath of clean air; I've inhaled so much gas in the last few hours I'm dry-cleaned down to my silly old toes!"

Gaining no response from Alan, he observed critically: "Chatty little customer, your are," and resumed the binoculars.

For thirty minutes nothing happened, other than that the sound of the fisherman's launch was stilled. It rested motionless in the waters, two figures mysteriously busy in the cockpit, the Seaventure's dory trailing behind it on a long painter.

Gradually these details became blurred, and were blotted out by the closing shadows. The afterglow in the west grew cool and faint. The crimson waters darkened, to mauve, to violet, to a translucent green, to blackness. Far up the coast two white eyes, peering over the horizon, stared steadfastly through the dark. "Chatham lights," Barcus said they were.

Abruptly he dropped the glasses and jumped up. "Hear that!" he cried.

Now the humming of the motor was again audible and growing louder with every instant; and Alan, getting to his feet in turn, infected with the excitement of Barcus, could just make out at some distance a dark shadow beneath the dim, spluttering glimmer of light, that moved swiftly and steadily toward the Seaventure.

"What the devil!" he demanded, puzzled.

"You uttered a mouthful when you said 'devil!' Barcus commented, grasping his arm and hurrying him to the landward side of the vessel. "Quick—kick off your shoes—get set for a mile-long swim! Devil's work, all right!" he panted, hastily divesting himself of shoes and outer garments. "I couldn't make out what they were up to till I saw them lash the wheel, light the fuse, start the motor, and take to the dory. They've made on grand little torpedo boat out of that tender—"

He sprang upon the rail, steadying himself with a stay. "Ready?" he asked. "Look sharp!"

By way of answer, Alan joined him; the two had dived as one, entering the water with a single splash, and coming to the surface a good ten yards from the Seaventure. For the next several seconds they were swimming frantically, and not until three hundred feet or more separated them from the schooner did either dare pause for breath or a backward glance.

Then the impact of the launch against the Seaventure's side rang out across the waters, and with a husky roar the launch blew up, spewing skywards a widespread fan of flame. Over the Seaventure, as this flamed and died, pale fire seemed to hover like a tremendous pall of phosphorescence, a weird and ghastly glare that suddenly descended to the decks. There followed a crackling noise, a sound as of the labored breathing of a giant; and bright flames, orange, crimson, violet and gold, licked out all over the schooner, from stem to stern, from deck to topmast.

It seemed several minutes that she burned in this wise—it was probably not so long—before her decks blew up and the flames swept roaring to the sky.

By the time Alan and Barcus, swimming steadily, had gained a shoal which permitted them footing in waist-deep waters, the Seaventure had burned to the water's edge.

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**FOURTH MEDICAL SOCIETY
 TO MEET HERE NOV. 3-4**

The regular annual meeting of the Fourth Medical Society of the State of Texas, which will be held in Ballinger from November 3 to 4, will be one of the greatest conventions ever held in this part of the state, according to Ballinger physicians who were instrumental in bringing to this city the meeting. Plans have already been made and perfected for the meeting, and programs issued.

The officers of the Fourth Medical Society in their statement regarding this meeting, declare that they feel proud of the program arranged for Ballinger, for it is made up of papers from prominent men who will give scientific and practical instructions for those attending. Among the prominent medical authorities who will attend the meeting is Dr. Paul Gronerud of Chicago, who will discuss the topic, "Goitre Operation, with Lantern Slide Demonstration." Other men prominent in the medical profession will come here from all the leading points in Texas.

The officers of the Society are Dr. John W. Ellis of Lampasas, president; Dr. J. M. Horn of Brownwood, secretary-treasurer; and Dr. S. C. Parsons of San Angelo, counselor.

The meeting will be called to order in the auditorium of the Carnegie Library at 9:30 on the morning of Tuesday, November 3. The invocation following will be delivered by Rev. W. B. Adkins, pastor of the Ninth Street Baptist church. Judge Marcellus Kleberg will deliver in behalf of Ballinger and her residents the welcome address. Following Judge Keberg will be an address by Dr. T. E. Mangum, in which he will welcome the visiting physicians to the city in behalf of the medical society of Runnels County. The response will be delivered by Dr. R. H. Cochran of Coleman. Following the reading of the minutes the program proper will commence.

The meeting of the Fourth Medical Society of Texas was brought to Ballinger principally through the efforts of Dr. W. B. Halley of this city who attended the last annual session. A strong fight was made by this Ballinger man along with a few friends for bringing the meet to Ballinger in 1914, which finally culminated in success.

Through the past several months, the Runnels County Medical Society has been working hard on an entertainment program for the visiting physicians during their stay in the city. Several social events are now being planned by the body for the visitors. Among the most important is a banquet which will be tendered them on one of the evenings of the stay in the city, probably the last day.

The tentative menu is as follows:

Salted peanuts, mints, oyster soup, crotons, olives, sweet pickles, turkey with good old turkey dressing, cranberry sauce, coffee, potato chips, celery, sour pickles, dressed chicken salad, ice cream and cake.

Dr. A. S. Love of the Halley and Love Sanitarium is among the Ballinger physicians who will open discussions after papers have been read. Dr. Love, following the reading of a paper on "The Post Operative Gynecological Patient" by Dr. J. P. McNulty of San Angelo, will open the discussion.

The meeting of the Society in Ballinger has been divided into four sections; the morning and evening sessions of the two days. The morning of the first day will be consumed in opening the meeting. At 1:30 in the afternoon, the general medicine section will be conducted by a score or more physicians from all parts of Texas. The forenoon session of the second day's meeting has been designated as the surgical section, in which papers will be read, concerning the performing of operations. The eye, ear and throat section will be conducted in the afternoon session of Wednesday, November 4.

The following is the program as arranged:

General Medicine Section.
 1. President's address—Dr. J. W. Ellis of Lampasas, Texas.
 2. "The Colloidal Gold Reaction of Lange" by Dr. E. F. Cooke of Houston, Texas. Discussion opened by Dr. J. J. Terrell of Temple.

3. "Spinal Diseases" by Dr. John S. Turner of Dallas. Discussion opened by Dr. John McIntosh of San Antonio.
 4. "Tubercular Cervical Adenitis, with Lantern Slide Demonstration" by Dr. F. P. Miller of El Paso. Discussion opened by Dr. Boyd Cornick of San Angelo.
 5. "Report of Cases" by Dr. J. B. Shelmore of Dallas.
 6. "Cerebro Spinal Syphilis" by Dr. Thos. Dorbandt of San Antonio. Discussion opened by Dr. J. E. Robinson of Temple.
 7. Subject unannounced by Dr. J. B. McKnight of Carlsbad.
 8. "Eugenics" by Dr. T. R. Sealey of Santa Anna. Discussion led by Dr. L. Mackeckney of Wichita Falls.
 9. "Some Suggestions to Tubercular Patients" by Dr. J. B. Townsen of Lometa. Discussion opened by Dr. I. T. Clemons of Comanche.

10. "Higher Medical Education—an Obligation upon the State" by Dr. John T. Moore of Houston. Discussion opened by Dr. A. C. DeLong of San Angelo.
 11. "Roentgen Rays, contribution to Medical Progress" by Dr. Geo. D. Bonds, of Fort Worth. Discussion opened by Dr. M. L. Chapman of Temple.
 12. "How About the Twilight Sleep?" by Dr. W. M. Strozier of Santa Anna. Discussion opened by Dr. E. L. Howard of Brownwood.
 13. "Diphtheria and Its Treatment" by Dr. C. M. Alexander of Coleman. Discussion opened by Dr. J. W. McCarver of Brownwood.
 14. "The County Medical Library" by Dr. S. E. Parsons of San Angelo. Discussion opened by Dr. J. G. McGall of Brady.
 15. "The Medical Treatment of Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers," by Dr. H. G. Walcott of Dallas. Discussion led by Dr. L. T. Griffin of Cisco.

Surgical Section.
 1. "The treatment of Enlarged Prostate" by Dr. H. R. Dudgeon of Waco. Discussion opened by Dr. Z. T. Scott of Austin.
 2. "Some Observations on Prostatectomy—Case Reports" by Dr. F. C. Walshe of San Antonio. Discussion opened by Dr. L. P. Allison of Brownwood.
 3. Subject unannounced by Dr. R. R. White, of Temple.
 4. "Remarks on Surgery of Spinal Tuberculosis" by Dr. Chas. S. Venable of San Antonio. Discussion opened by Dr. T. T. Jackson of San Antonio.
 5. "Acute Perforating Duodenal Ulcer, with Report of Cases" by Dr. L. W. Pollock of Temple. Discussion opened by Dr. N. J. Phoenix of Colorado.
 6. "The Post Operative Gynecological Patient" by Dr. J. P. McNulty of San Antonio. Discussion opened by Dr. A. S. Love of Ballinger.
 7. "Goitre" by Dr. J. S. Hixon of San Angelo. Discussion opened by Dr. J. H. McLean of Fort Worth.
 8. "Surgery of the Gall Bladder" by Dr. J. S. McCulvey of Temple. Discussion opened by Dr. Frank C. Beall of Fort Worth.
 9. "Varicocele of the Broad Ligament—with Report of Cases" by Dr. W. L. Crosthwaite of Waco. Discussion opened by Dr. W. A. Durringer of Fort Worth.
 10. "Diagnosis of Some Obscure Kidney Lesions" by Dr. Chas. H. Harris of Fort Worth. Discussion opened by Dr. A. C. Scott of Temple.
 11. "Goitre Operation with Lantern Slide Demonstration" by Dr. Paul Gronerud of Chicago. Discussion opened by Dr. I. C. Chase of Fort Worth.
 12. "Diseases of the Pelvic Cavity—with Report of Cases" by Dr. R. J. Alexander of Waco. Discussion opened by O. L. Norsworthy of Houston.

Ear, Nose and Throat Section
 1. "Tridectomy in Chronic Glaucoma" by Dr. P. E. Suchs of Austin. Discussion opened by Dr. Geo. S. McReynolds of Temple.
 2. "Some important Phases on the Conservation of Vision" by Dr. Jno. O. McReynolds of Dallas. Discussion opened by Dr. W. H. Thompson of Fort Worth.
 3. Subject unannounced by Dr. T. K. Proctor of San Angelo.
 4. "Deflection of Nasal Septum—Its Importance and Treatment" by Dr. A. L. Anderson of Brownwood. Discussion opened by Dr. H. T. Aynesworth of Waco.
 5. "Squint, with Observations

on the Care and Correction of Same" by Dr. E. H. Carey of Dallas. Discussion opened by Dr. J. M. Woodson of Temple.
 6. Subject unannounced by Dr. E. W. Vaughn of Lampasas.

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 Price 50c at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Beard had. Foster-Milbourn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

ACTIVE AT 84
 WASHINGTON, Oct. 24.—Old age will be regarded some time as a "curable" complaint according to Mrs. Belya A. Lockwood, lawyer, suffragist, philosopher and once candidate for President of the United States, who today celebrated her 84th birthday anniversary.

CLUB MEMBERS MAKE REPORT.
 Ballinger, Texas, 10, 16, 1914. To The Club Members of Runnels County:
 I am very much gratified with the success of our club members and the progress they have made during the first year. I have received up to the present time something over 50 reports and there is many outstanding reports that I would be pleased to have yet. I wish to state that Miss Mary Phillips gave \$5.00 in cash as first prize to the one making the best net gain cost considered in the pig club. And that prize was won by Bert Wyle of Hatchel, Texas. I wish to thank Miss Mary for the interest manifested in behalf of the youngsters. Lets have a few more enterprising people like this, and we will put Runnels County on the map again. The future of our country depends upon these young people and lets help them, and lend them all the encouragement we can. Our club work this year will consist of cotton, maize, feterita, kaffir, and oern. You may take your choice, there will be prizes given in all alike. All that wish to enter the contest for 1915, break your land good and deep and be ready to join the band.
 Very truly yours,
 GEO. P. McLELLAND, Agt.



Neuralgia
 There is no need to suffer the annoying, excruciating pain of neuralgia; Sloan's Liniment laid on gently will soothe the aching head like magic. Don't delay. Try it at once.
 Hear What Others Say
 "I have been a sufferer with Neuralgia for several years and have tried different Liniments, but Sloan's Liniment is the best Liniment for Neuralgia on earth. I have tried it successfully; it has never failed."—F. H. Williams, Augusta, Ark.
 Mrs. Ruth C. Claypool, Independence, Mo., writes: "A friend of mine told us about your Liniment. We have been using it for 13 years and think there is nothing like it. We use it on everything, sores, cuts, burns, bruises, sore throat, headaches and on everything else. We can't get along without it. We think it is the best Liniment made."
SLOAN'S LINIMENT
 is the best remedy for rheumatism, backache, sore throat and sprains.
 At all dealers, 25c.
 Send four cents in stamps for a TRIAL BOTTLE
 Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Inc.
 Dept. B. Philadelphia, Pa.

**NEGROES FIGHT,
 CUT EACH OTHER
 NEAR ROWENA**

Becoming angry over some trivial matter, two negro cotton pickers engaged in a cutting affray near Rowena, Saturday, according to a telephone message received by Sheriff J. P. Flynt late on the afternoon for the engagement. The negro who was carved upon is not considered in a serious condition, the report says, and the matter was taken up in the justice court.

**SUCCEEDS HUSBAND
 AS TREASURER**
 T. F. Tomerlin died at his home in Paint Rock last Sunday. Mr. Tomerlin was the nominee for county treasurer on the democratic ticket and the executive committee met this week to fill the vacancy on the ticket to be voted on at the November election. The widow of Mr. Tomerlin was nominated to succeed her husband. Mrs. Tomerlin is the daughter of M. Barbee.

**LAND VALUES MAKE
 WONDERFUL INCREASE**
 Robert Bailey has returned from the Fort Worth Fat Stock Show and speaks of it in glowing terms. Mr. Bailey owns a 120-acre farm adjacent to the packing houses in North Fort Worth, and while attending the show sold 11 acres of the farm for \$3300 and 4 acres for \$1500. Forty-eight hundred dollars is what Mr. Bailey paid for the entire 120 acres a few years ago. Mr. Bailey still owns 105 acres of the farm. Judging from the above, Mr. Bailey proves himself to be somewhat of a financier.—San Angelo Standard.
 Mr. Bailey is the father of Mrs. Scott H. Mack, and is well known in Ballinger, making his visits here to his daughter frequently.

Bronchial Coughs
 The prostrating cough tears down your strength.
 The clogged air-tubes directly affect your lungs and speedily lead to pleurisy, pneumonia, consumption.
 SCOTT'S EMULSION overcomes bronchitis in an easy, natural way. Its curative OIL-FOOD soothes the inflamed membranes, relieves the cold that causes the trouble, and every drop helps to strengthen your lungs.
 All Druggists Have It
 REFUSE SUBSTITUTES
 SCOTT & BOWNE, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

This Store's Splendid Stocks Of Winter Merchandise

Are immensely greater and finer than we've ever had before. As well as this store served you last Autumn, it can serve you doubly better this Autumn. Stocks are several thousand dollars greater. Marvelous in extent and variety.

There isn't room here for a penny's worth of trash—every bit of merchandise is of the sort that stands the test of reliability and fashion—at moderate prices—typical of this store.

So now while stocks are at their fullest and best—with everything in home needs and personal requirements, we urge you to make your selections of whatever is demanded for the colder days that are fast approaching.

Smart Tailored Suits

Of Quality and Distinction

Garments that are raised above the level of the ordinary because of their good fabrics—their youthful lines—their clever designing, and tasteful trimming.

For women of moderate purse who desire apparel that has style as well as for women who demand ultra-fine apparel in exclusive modes—the garment section offers splendid choosing

Big Range of Styles at \$10.00, \$12.50 \$15.00 and up.



Winsome Winter Frocks

A great collection of the favored modes both wool and silk long coat frocks that possess an indescribable charm showing every material and color. Moderately priced \$2.98 to \$39.50.

Pretty New Kimonos, Warm and Neat

Made of finest quality flannelette in pretty colorings and patterns. Neatly made and daintily trimmed.

SPECIAL AT \$1.00 TO \$5.00

Separate Skirts

OF UNUSUAL TAILORED ELEGANCE

Showing the newer models in serges, poplins, chuddah, gabardines, etc. Plain tailored or Russian tunic models. Some with smart yoke effects. Others have wide crushed girdles.

Prices range from \$2.50 \$3.50, \$4, \$5 and up

CLEVER NEW HATS

Copies of higher priced models, that combine Parisene chic with American charm, producing creations of immeasurable attractiveness and originality.

It doesn't cost more to have a trimming "just right" it means no added expense to secure harmony in coloring—it requires only taste and the milliners who trimmed these hats possessed that quality to a high degree.



Prices \$1.00 to \$15.00

Specials 1090 yards fancy trimming. Value 20c to 50c unusual offer at the yard 10c	Specials 1500 yards open-work embroidery 8 to 12 inches wide. Values 15 to 20c now 10c	Specials 100 full bolts fancy dress gingham worth 8 1-2c the yard now 7 1-2c	Specials 100 Pair 10-4 Cotton Blankets, pair 98c. 75 Quilts values \$1.25 now 98c	Dress Goods and Silks It's utterly impossible to describe the charm of these new fabrics. There are so many that are entirely new in texture and coloring—they must be seen to be appreciated. Every new material is here, and very moderately priced.	Specials 100 Boy's double breasted suits real values \$3.50 Sizes 8 to 16 only \$2.50	Specials 200 pair of men's mixed wool trousers all sizes \$2.00 and \$2.50 values now \$1.50	Specials 50 men's all wool suits assorted colors values up to \$18.00 extra special at \$9.95	Specials 100 pairs boy's all leather shoes actually worth \$2.50. Choice \$1.95
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\$25,000 Stock Of Clothing, Furnishings and Shoes!

Suits

For Men and Young Men

Very rarely do men leave our department without buying. Not that we have such "clever" salesmen who strongly urge our patrons to buy. It's because of the intrinsic merit of the suits—their fine appearance—their thorough tailoring. Our superb showing includes fine blue serges and all manner of stripes, checks and novelty mixtures as well as the plain and staple weaves and shades. English; semi-English and conservative styles—a model to suit the individual taste of every particular man. \$5.95 to \$25.00.

Have You Seen the New Hats?

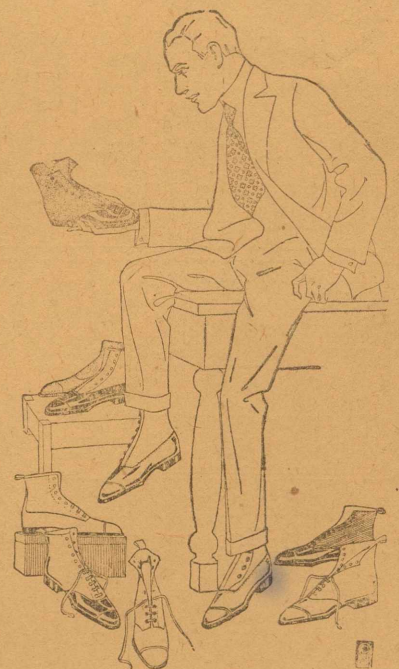
It's not alone how much better you look, but it's the improved feeling that comes with a new hat. That makes you want a different hat three times or four times a year. We have a new line this fall and they have the style you'll like and a quality which makes you like them. Come in and get under one—the price will not break you.

Complete Line of Furnishings!

Better Shoes

For Men, Women, Children

Two every day mistakes are made in buying shoes. We are constantly hearing of these mistakes, from those who made them before they found our quality-footwear. Some made the mistake of sacrificing style to gain that comfort which a tender foot demands. But most people make this mistake—they deny themselves some degree of comfort to have their feet smartly dressed.



The footwear which we sell combines in the highest degree these two great footwear qualities—style and comfort. We pay more for the shoes we sell than do most stores, and make less profit on them. We demand better materials and better workmanship—and our prices are in most cases lower than you find in the average store.

Our Prices are Reasonable.

Women's Women's all leather shoes \$1.50 Dutchess Shoes \$2.50 and \$3.50 Wickert Shoes \$4.00 and \$5.00	Men's Work Shoes \$1.95 to \$3.50 Beacon shoes \$3.50 and \$4.00 Howard and Foster shoe \$4.00 and \$5.00	Children's Vici kid shoes 3 to 5 at 50c School shoes 5 to 8 at \$1.00 Mrs. King's dress shoes \$1.50 to \$3.50
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HIGDON-MELTON-JACKSON CO.
THE STORE AHEAD IN BALLINGER

Ballinger,
Lampasas.
Teague