

THE KERRVILLE ADVANCE

VOL. 4.

KERRVILLE, TEXAS, THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1916

NO. 32

Camp Verde Letter.

(Regular Correspondence)
The Camp Verde school had an Easter Egg hunt Saturday after which the children rendered us quite an interesting program.

J. C. Baxter was among those attended the Farmers Institute at Comfort Friday.

Harvey Mosty and wife and Miss Opal Hodges passed through Camp Verde en route to the Medina lake for a few days fishing.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Montel visited his father on the creek Sunday.

Several of the Camp Verde people went up to the upper Verde school house and had the Sunbeam service and an Easter egg hunt afterwards. A nice time was reported.

Rev. J. S. Aaron preached us an interesting sermon Sunday.

Chester Dickey reports the second silo on the Bonnell ranch almost completed.

The Camp Verde school elected Floyd New as their delegate to the Farmers Institute at Austin in May.

Mr. Will Leigh and Miss Dalton of Center Point visited at the Bonnell ranch Sunday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Sutherland on the 25th a fine boy.

Johnnie and Lige Taylor were in Kerrville trading Monday.

Morris Hood of Center Point visited at the Z. B. Jackson ranch Tuesday.

Baptist Church Notes.

Having been appointed to preach at our fifth Sunday meeting at Morris Ranch next Sunday we will not have preaching at 11 o'clock but as I expect to get home Sunday in the afternoon we will have our regular services that night at 8 o'clock.

We give you and your friend a cordial invitation to be with us.

All the young peoples' meetings and the Sunday School, will be as usual. J. B. Riddle, Pastor.

Chas. Montague Dead

It is with regret we chronicle the death of our life-time friend, Mr. Charles Montague Sr. of Bandera, who died in a San Antonio hospital Tuesday morning. He was taken to San Antonio some weeks ago for treatment but had been in bad health for several years.

Mr. Montague was born in Fayetteville, N. C., in 1845 and moved to Bandera county in 1857. He served through the civil war in the Confederate army and afterwards served as County and District Clerk of Bandera County for 26 years. After retiring he was admitted to the bar and has been actively practicing law since that time. He was one of the best known men in this section and highly regarded by a host of friends.

Besides his wife he leaves ten children, as follows: Mrs. Rose Gardiner, Misses Margaret and Victoria Montague, and seven sons, John L. of El Paso, Charley Frank, Eugene, Bryan, Lawrence and Joseph.

The body was taken to Bandera for burial on Wednesday. Our sincere sympathy is extended to the bereaved family.

Bank Robbers at Last Caught.

The two bold men who robbed the Marble Falls Bank and killed the bank clerk some months ago have at last been caught and positively identified. They are Herbert and Lewis Dodd, aged 28 and 29. Judge Clarence Martin of Fredericksburg is given credit for conducting the investigation which led to the capture at Clarksville.

Prof. and Mrs. E. R. Dabney visited Mr. Dabney's parents at Willow City the latter part of the week.

Balanced Ration Chick Feed at Berry's

Gen. Sam Houston's Will.

We favor our readers this week with the last will of General Sam Houston, the "Father of Texas and hero of San Jacinto," for which interesting paper we are indebted to Judge J. R. Burnett, who for several years resided at Huntsville, where General Houston is buried. The will breathes a splendid Christian faith and beautiful devotion to his widow and the highest ideals for the education and training of his children.

General Houston was twice president of the Republic of Texas, Governor of the State and for many years was United States Senator. Before coming to Texas he was Governor of Tennessee and a warm friend of President Andrew Jackson. His great victory at San Jacinto on April 21, 1836, over Santa Anna, the Mexican general, and established the independence of Texas.

THE WILL

"In the name of God, the Father, Son and Holy Spirit. I, Sam Houston, of the county of Walker and State of Texas, being fully aware of the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death, do ordain and declare this my last will and testament.

"First. I will that all my just debts be paid out of my personal effects and think them sufficient without disposing of any of the family servants.

"Second. I bequeath my entire remaining estate to my beloved wife, Margaret, and our children, and I desire that they remain with her so long as she may remain in widowhood, and should she at any time marry, I desire that my daughters should be subject to her control so long as their minority lasts.

"Third. My will is that my sons should receive solid and useful education and that no portion of their time may be devoted to the study of abstract science. I greatly desire that they may possess a thorough knowledge of the English language with a good knowledge of the Latin language. I also request that they be instructed in the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and next to these that they be rendered thorough in a knowledge of geography and history. I wish my sons early taught an utter contempt for novels and light reading. In all that pertains to my sons I wish particular regard paid to their morals as well as to the character and morals of those with whom they may be associated or instructed.

"Fourth. I leave to my wife as executrix and to the following gentlemen as my executors, Thomas Gibbs, Thomas Caruthers, J. Carroll Smith and Anthony M. Branch, my much beloved friends, in whom I place entire confidence, to make

Methodist Church Notes.

A big attendance again at the Sunday school and a brief but appropriate Easter Program.

The selection by the ladies quartette at the morning service was greatly enjoyed. We hope to hear them again soon.

Fourteen were received into the church last Sunday. You may be sure the pastor rejoiced and his people with him.

Childrens day will be observed by an elaborate program and special offering Sunday morning May 7th.

You are cordially invited to be present at the morning and night services Sunday. The subject at 11 will be (God's Gracious Purpose) and at 8 o'clock (The Dagger in the Crucifix.)

S. W. Kemerer, Pastor.

such disposition of my personal and real estate as may seem to them best for the necessities and interests and welfare of my family.

"Fifth. To my dearly loved wife, Margaret, I confide the rearing, education and moral training of our sons and daughters.

"Sixth. To my eldest son, Sam Houston Jr., I bequeath my sword worn in the battle of San Jacinto, never to be drawn only in defense of the Constitution, the laws and liberties of my country. If any attempt should ever be made to assail one of them I wish it to be used in its vindication.

"Seventh. It is my will that my library should be left at the disposition of my dear wife.

"Eighth. To my dearly beloved wife I bequeath my watch and all my jewelry, subject to her disposition.

"Ninth. I hereby appoint my dearly beloved wife, Margaret, testamentary guardian of my children, their persons and estates, during minority, but should a wise providence through its insurmountable decree see fit to deprive our offspring of both parents and make them orphans indeed, it is hereby delegated to my executors who are hereby confirmed, J. Carroll Smith, Thomas Caruthers, Thomas Gibbs, and Anthony M. Branch, to make such disposition in regard to their welfare as they may think best calculated to carry out the designs as expressed in this my last will and testament.

"Tenth. And I direct and enjoin my executors that after the probate and registry of this my last will and return of inventory of my estate, the county or other court of probate have no further control over my executors or testamentary guardian of my estate.

Done at Huntsville the second day of April, 1863."

SAM HOUSTON.

Acknowledged in the presence of the undersigned and witnessed at his request. James R. Cox, W. H. Randolph, Jacob H. Banton, W. T. Robinson.

Special Religious Services at the Presbyterian Church.

Beginning next Sunday, April 30, and running through the week, there will be special services at the Presbyterian church.

We all admit that our religious interests are very important, but many of us are so busy with many things that we give no effort to cultivation. We are so busy or we are so tired or we can't go out at night and many other excuses, but have we noticed that if it is a business matter or a new picture show or some such interest we generally manage to get out.

Now, for this week, the members of the Presbyterian church and its Pastor are giving their time and best effort to give a helpful and interesting study of these things which mean so much to every interest of each individual and family and the general welfare of Kerrville. You are invited and will be cordially welcomed at each of these meetings.

The following are the subjects which will be discussed: Sunday Morning, Professors and Possessors, Sunday Evening, "An Ideal Congregation", Monday Evening, "What Is It To Me?", Tuesday Evening, "An Infalible Detective", Wednesday Evening, "He Didn't Know It was Loaded", Thursday Evening, "A Rusty Sword", Friday Evening, "No Incurables", Saturday Evening, "Bank Closed" Sunday Morning, "One body", Sunday Evening, "Almost Elected." The morning services at 11, evening at 8.

We want to help you and we need your help: come to every service and bring some one with you.

W. P. DICKEY, Pastor.

Texas Steam Laundry baskets go Monday and Tuesday each week, Agency at Adkins Barber Shop. Hats cleaned and blocked. W. C. Word, agent.

J. D. Jackson Dead.

After an illness during which he was confined to his bed for about one month, Mr. J. D. Jackson passed away last Saturday morning at one o'clock. He was tenderly nursed through his last illness by his devoted mother and sister, Mrs. I. J. Rudisill. Deceased was thirty five years of age and has been a citizen of Texas nearly all his life having been born in Louisiana. He was a good citizen, and faithful son and brother, and a member of the Christian church.

He leaves besides his mother and sister here, two sisters, Mrs. R. J. Lux of San Bernardino, Cal., and Mrs. S. N. Grant of Bolton La.

Religious services were held over the body Tuesday morning conducted by Dr. W. P. Dickey of the Presbyterian church, a number of sympathetic friends being present.

The body will be shipped back to Louisiana for interment.

The bereaved ones have the profound sympathy of many friends and our community will feel deeply the loss of a good citizen.

Indian Literary Society

A large crowd of pupils and patrons witnessed the splendid program given by the Indian Literary Society at the Tivy High School auditorium Thursday afternoon.

A comical dialogue by Hilda Hamilton and Floyd Conwill was well rendered and very laughable. Declamations, songs, and music were other interesting features.

This will be the last program before the final contest of the two societies on the 6th of May.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Allen, who have been making their home for some time with their daughter, Mrs. A. Emms, left Saturday for Gonzales to visit other relatives.

Why Not Have a Soda Fountain in Your Home?

Such a luxury is easily and simply obtainable by purchasing bottled soda water by the case. Order a case today and try this.

SODA EGG NOG

Beat up an egg with a teaspoonful of powdered sugar and add the contents of a half pint bottle of soda water of any desired flavor. Especially good with lemon soda or ginger ale. The entire egg may be used, or only the white of the egg, as preferred. A little lemon will improve it for some tastes.

Watch this space from week to week for directions for preparing other good home drinks.

PAMPELL'S
PHONE 6

Loans

are not Necessarily Reserved for Big Depositors.

The Small man, whether he be in the farming, stockraising or mercantile business is welcomed at this bank as a depositor, and has the encouragement which an always conservative bank may give the small but growing business.

FIRST STATE BANK

KERRVILLE, TEXAS

A GUARANTY FUND BANK

J. R. BURNETT,
PRESIDENT

E. H. PRESCOTT,
ACTIVE VICE PRESIDENT

A. B. WILLIAMSON, CASHIER.



There is only one reason why the Ford car so far out-sells all others. IT IS A BETTER CAR.

By all the tests of time and the greatest number and variety of uses and abuses, the Ford has demonstrated its superior worth.

The Ford must be judged independently of its price. It is surprisingly low in price--and so surprisingly high in value--because it is produced upon a scale so gigantic as to reduce the cost of manufacturing and distributing to a minimum.

LEE MASON & SON

"THE UNIVERSAL GARAGE"

Phone 154

PALM BEACH SUITS

Cleaned and Pressed

Phone 250 **50c** Phone 250

Special line of Summer Suits \$8.00 and up

See our samples and let us take your order for that suit today.

Model Tailoring Company

O'REILLY & BAILEY, Proprietors

FOR SALE

10-acre Riverside Homestead.
Right at City Limits. Small cash payment.
Balance easy terms.

R. A. DUNBAR

KERRVILLE AUTO LIVERY AND GARAGE

BECKMAN & RUFF

JITNEY SERVICE IN THE CITY

Trip Rates to Every Place where Cars can go. If you want to make a trip be sure to see us.

PHONE 115

KERRVILLE, TEXAS

GIRL COULD NOT WORK

How She Was Relieved from Pain by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Taunton, Mass.—"I had pains in both sides and when my periods came I had to stay at home from work and suffer for a long time. One day a woman came to our house and asked my mother why I was suffering. Mother told her that I suffered every month and she said, 'Why don't you buy a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?'" My mother bought it and the next month I was so well that I worked all the month without staying at home a day. I am in good health now and have told lots of girls about it."—Miss CLARICE MORIN, 22 Russell Street, Taunton, Mass.

Thousands of girls suffer in silence every month rather than consult a physician. If girls who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion would take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a safe and pure remedy made from roots and herbs, much suffering might be avoided.

Write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. (confidential) for free advice which will prove helpful.

Other Things, Though. Bill—Didn't your ocean trip take all of the ginger out of you? Jill—Ginger? I didn't eat any ginger!

Have Hanford's Balsam on hand for accidents. Adv.

Broke Poor Father. First Kid—We got a piano at our house. Second Kid—So've we. We got ours on the insolvent plan.

It always amuses a woman when she sees a man posing as a wise guy.

It Never Came Back

Backache Sufferer! Thousands will tell you what wonderful relief they have had from Doan's Kidney Pills. Not only relief, but lasting cures. If you are lame in the morning, have headache, dizzy spells and irregular kidney action, don't wait. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the best recommended special kidney remedy.

A Texas Case

Mrs. R. B. Brewer, Llano, Texas, says: "I was in bad shape with kidney trouble and was confined to bed. My back was so lame and sore I couldn't get around and dizzy spells were frequent. I had pains in my head, too. Nothing did me any good until I took Doan's Kidney Pills. They made my kidneys normal and I haven't had the least sign of kidney complaint since."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box. **DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.



How to get rid of eczema with Resinol

Resinol Ointment, with Resinol Soap, usually stops itching instantly. It quickly and easily heals distressing cases of eczema, rash or other tormenting skin or scalp eruption, and clears away pimples, redness, roughness and dandruff, even when other treatments have been useless.

Physicians have prescribed the Resinol treatment for over 20 years, for most forms of skin troubles, and for hemorrhoids, wounds, chafings, etc. Every druggist sells Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap.

TRY THE OLD RELIABLE WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC For MALARIA, CHILLS & FEVER. A FINE GENERAL STRENGTHENING TONIC.

Tutt's Pills stimulate the torpid liver, strengthen the digestive organs, regulate the bowels. A remedy for anti-bilious medicine. Elegantly sugar coated. Small dose. Price, 25c.

GALLSTONES Avoid operations. Positive remedy. (No cure)—Results sure. Write for our Big Book of Truth and Facts. No. 187. Gallstone Remedy Co., Dept. C-66, 219 S. Duane St., Chicago.

PREPARING SEED BED AND SOWING OATS



Disking Corn Stubble Before Sowing Oats.

(From the United States Department of Agriculture.) Oats usually follow a cultivated crop, such as corn or potatoes, hence it is not generally necessary to plow the land before sowing. Oats do well on fall-plowed land; but if the land has not been plowed in the fall, better yields are usually produced from sowing in a seedbed made by disking and harrowing than in one made by spring plowing. Early seeding for oats is very desirable. As a good seedbed can be made much more quickly with the disk harrow than with the plow on land that was in a cultivated crop last year, the saving in time is an advantage. Two diskings and one harrowing with the spike-toothed harrow will put clean land in good shape for sowing with the drill.

Oats grow best in a seedbed that has two or three inches of loose surface soil, but which is firm below that depth. This is another reason why disking is to be preferred to spring plowing, for there is not time for plowed land to settle before the seed is sown. Still another reason why the disk is better is that a field can be disked much more cheaply than it can be plowed, and the cheaper way of doing a job should always be chosen if it gives just as good results as the more expensive.

If the local supply of seed oats is of poor quality, care should be taken in getting a new stock for sowing. It is better to get this supply from points to the east or west than from points north or south, as the varieties are more likely to be those which may do well locally. Varieties which may be best two or three hundred miles to the north or south may not be at all suitable. If new seed is wanted, ask the county agent or the state experiment station where to get it and what varieties to buy.

If you have been growing a variety which does well in your locality it is better to sow well-cleaned seed of that variety grown on your own farm or in your county than to get seed from a distance. It takes oats a year or two to get used to the soil and climate in any locality, and they will not do their best until they become adapted to local conditions. If the oats grown locally were injured more or less last summer by rains after harvest, make a germination test and prove that they will not grow before you decide to send away for seed. If your oats are light and chaffy take out about two-thirds of the lightest of them with the fanning mill and use the other third for seed.

The idea that oats run out and that it is necessary to get new seed every few years is quite common, but it is not justified by the facts. There is no reason why a good variety of oats should not be just as good 20 years from now as it is now, if care is taken to keep it pure.

The seed should be cleaned and graded each year, taking out the weed seeds and the small kernels. It should also be treated for smut at least once in two or three years. If the seed is of good quality it will not pay to run it through the fanning mill more than once, to take out the small kernels and weed seeds. If the seed is poor or very weedy, running it through a second time and taking out two-thirds or more of the grain is well worth while.

The reason it is best to take out the small kernels is that they do not make as strong plants as the large ones. The weak plants from these small kernels usually produce little grain. If the kernels that are sown are all of about the same size the plants will be uniform, the crop will all ripen at the same time, and the yield will be better.

The best way to sow oats is with the grain drill. Drilling gives a more even stand than broadcast seeding, for all the seed is covered to about the same depth. In sowing broadcast, some of the seed may not be covered at all and some may be covered too deeply. Germination is better from drilled seed and the growth is more uniform throughout the season. In numerous tests at the experiment stations drilled oats have outyielded oats sown broadcast by several bushels to the acre. Better stands of grass and clover can also be obtained in drilled than in broadcast oats.

The best depth to sow oats varies with the soil and the season. In any case they should be covered with half an inch to an inch of moist soil. They should be sown deeper in sandy soils than in loams or clays. Deeper seeding is also necessary when the ground is dry than when it is moist. On the average the best depth is from one to one and one-half inches.

DAIRY

COST OF KEEPING A HEIFER

About the Surest Way to Avoid Any Possible Error Is to Keep Complete Set of Accounts.

We sometimes get the impression that the cost of keeping a horse or a cow is determined by the amount of feed consumed, plus the amount of labor expended, and possibly an interest charge. The government has published figures on the cost of raising, from birth, a two-year-old heifer which show that 65.6 per cent of the total cost was expended for feed, 12.9 per cent for labor, 5.9 per cent for interest, and 15.6 per cent for other charges, such as buildings, equipment, bedding, etc., or with a total expense of \$62.06. These items which might be called "other charges" amounted to \$9.72.

This emphasizes the need of caution in determining the cost of any single enterprise of the farm. Too frequently these "other charges" are omitted in reporting profits. About the surest way to avoid the possible error is to keep a complete set of accounts. Of course, there is some work attached to it but by adopting a simple direct entry method of bookkeeping it isn't such a bad job.

IMPORTANCE OF PURE WATER

Essential That Supply for Cows Be of Mild Temperature, Especially in Cold Weather.

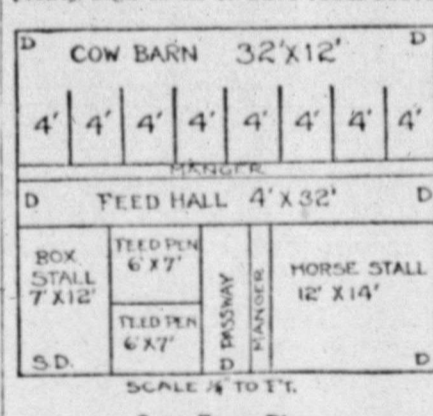
A large amount of water is needed by the average dairy cow for the upkeep of bodily functions. In addition to this, much more is needed in the production of milk as the latter contains 87 per cent of water. Practical dairymen have found that it is a good policy to provide the cow with plenty of good, clean water. That flowing through a muddy ditch is not suited for a dairy cow.

It is also important that the water be of a mild temperature, especially in cold weather. Ice water taken into the stomach of the cow causes a shock to the system that is not conducive to high milk production. The tempering of this cold water in the cow uses some of the energy that might be applied to other purposes. In the winter, freshly pumped water is much better than the cold water in the tank. Tank heaters aid in overcoming this trouble. A cow will drink a much larger quantity of warm water in the wintertime than of ice water.

CONSTRUCTION OF COW BARN

Foundation Should Be of Concrete and at Least Two Feet Above Ground—Illustration Explains.

Noticing a request for a small barn plan, I am sending a sketch of one I should build if I wanted one of that size, writes Andrew White of Missouri in Iowa Homestead. The foundation should be of concrete and should be plenty high so as to have room above.



Cow Barn Plan.

I would make the foundation at least two feet above ground, more would be better, thus saving the timbers from the manure, and use sixteen feet siding. The sketch is self-explanatory.

RIGHT PASTURE FOR CALVES

Most Young Animals Better Off in the Barn Than Fighting Flies in the Hot Fields.

(By R. M. WASHBURN) While it is very important that heifers should have free access to pasture during the second summer, to develop strong bodies, the calf need not have pasture the first summer. In fact, for calves born after the first of the year, pasturing may be a disadvantage. Most young calves in this country are better off chewing tender hay in the quiet and half-dark stable than fighting flies, panting from the heat, and cropping tough grass in the pasture.

VALUES OF THE DAIRY COWS

Animals Supply Cheapest and Most Wholesome Food for Family—Save Much on Food Bills.

The first reason for having good milk cows on the farm comes from the fact that they provide the cheapest, best and most wholesome food for the family. Their value is hard to estimate when we consider the amount saved on the bills. Their produce is a superior substitute for many foods necessarily purchased at high prices. In fact, there is no economic way of doing without plenty of good milk cows on the farm.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Hatherton In Use For Over Thirty Years **CASTORIA**

Watch Your Colts

War on Dirt. "What's this? Your house is all torn up. Things are a wreck." "My wife has started her house-cleaning offensive."

Same Thing. "Can you play the lyre?" "I can tell a good fish story."

For any sore use Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

IMITATION IS SINCEREST FLATTERY but like counterfeit money the imitation has not the worth of the original. Insist on "La Creole" Hair Dressing—it's the original. Darkens your hair in the natural way, but contains no dye. Price \$1.00—Adv.

When a man isn't capable of earning a living the only thing left for him to do is to get a political job or break into jail.

Every man thinks he could invent a lot of things that would startle the world if he didn't have to waste his time in trying to earn a living.

Kill the Flies Now and Prevent Disease. A DAISY FLY KILLER will do it. Kills thousands. Lasts all season. All dealers or six cent express paid for \$1. H. SOMERS, 150 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Adv.

Ask anybody about it—Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

Poor Substitute. "Mamma, won't you buy me a little puppy dog?" "No, Ethel. You've got that little sitted Aunt Mary gave you. Isn't that enough?"

It's a wonder that some of cupid's victims haven't turned and put him out of the running long ago.

"No, mamma. I don't like Kitty a bit. I tried to give her a bath this afternoon and she scratched me something awful."

A woman always has to get some other woman to help her keep a secret.

New Strength for Lame Backs and Worn-out Conditions

Dear Mr. Editor: I suffered from lame back and a tired, worn-out feeling. Was unable to stand erect and scarcely able to get around. It would usually come on at first with crick in small of my back. I took Anuric Tablets and my back commenced to get better. I did not have to walk doubled over as I did before using the "Anuric." It is the best remedy I have ever taken for what it is intended to relieve.

FROM GIRLHOOD TO OLD AGE WOMEN ARE HELPED

At the first symptoms of any derangement of the feminine organism at any period of life the one safe, really helpful remedy is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for every conceivable ailment and disease of a womanly nature. It is a woman's temperance medicine and its ingredients are published on wrapper.

NOTE:—When your kidneys get sluggish and clog, you suffer from backache, sick-headache, dizzy spells, or the twinges and pains of lumbago, rheumatism and gout. "Anuric" is the most powerful agent in dissolving uric acid, as hot water melts sugar. Ask the druggist for "Anuric," put up by Dr. Pierce, in 50-cent packages.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a true friend to women in times of trial and at times of pain when the organs are not performing their functions. For headache, backache, hot flashes, catarrhal conditions, bearing-down sensations, mental depression, dizziness, fainting spells, women should never fail to take this tried and true women's medicine.

THE KERRVILLE ADVANCE

Published Every Thursday at Kerrville, Texas, by T. A. Buckner.

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

Entered as second class matter at the postoffice at Kerrville, Texas.

The Attorney General's Race

It seem now that the greatest political fight to be pulled off this year is for the office of Attorney General of Texas. The same bunch of political pirates who bumfoosed the farmers into voting for a candidate of the brewers for governor two years ago are now after the scalp of our able attorney general, Honi B. F. Looney, who recently won the great victory in the suits against the brewers for using their slush funds to buy up poll tax receipts and otherwise corrupt our elections. As before, the fight is being waged from headquarters in Fort Worth and from the earmarks it is evinently the same organization now under the guise of a "great industrial association" known as the "Texas Economic League." The Texas newspapers that are getting a lot of free dope in the way of plate matter and free editorial matter disguised as being favorable to farmers and industrial progress, would do well to take warning. This matter is written, or most of it, by the same Arnold who sent out the Peter Radford matter two years ago which elected Ferguson at the behest of the brewers and liquor machine. General Looney's opponent is an avowed prohibitionist but he cannot go into office with clean hands if elected by the assistance of the "Economic League" which is the successor of the old "Texas Commercial Secretaries Association." An attack on Attorney General Looney sent out from this organization was published in Saturday's Waco Morning News. No one can read it who is at all familiar with the situation without discovering the "nigger in the woodpile."

A man may stand at the bar and drink in full view of passing boys, perhaps his own. He may smoke, cuss and tell dirty yarns on the streets every day for forty years until these habits become a part of his very being, and still hold himself up as a moralist capable of directing the habits and conduct of children, but with what degree of consistency or good effect we cannot comprehend. It's all right for "Pa" to give good advice but he should back it up with good example. If the "Pas" of Kerrville would live as clean lives and set as good example before their boys as the "Mas" do before their girls how much easier it would be to bring up a young manhood here of strong Christian character and good moral habits.

As the Senatorial race stands today the Advance is strongly in favor of Dr. S. P. Brooks. To our mind he is the biggest as well as the ablest man we have for this office and everybody knows he is honest and clean and has no political entanglements to hamper his usefulness in the National Senate. He is conducting a clean, honorable campaign and where he speaks he is greeted by large and enthusiastic crowds. It looks very much like a Brooks year to us. We hope to see him get the full vote of the prohibitionists of Kerr county as well as all antis who want to see the best man elected.

One good reason for keeping the boys off the streets is to save them from the bad example set by their daddies and other boys' daddies.

It is remarkable how some men can so easily discover so many indiscretions in the lives and habits of women and be so blind to the sins of men.

Yes, cheer up, speed up and pay up, is a good motto; but what if a fellow has a blow-out?

Take a look in the mirror.

Ex-Governor Colquitt in Kerrville

To an audience of some 200 at the court house Monday night Ex-Governor O. B. Colquitt delivered a lengthy speech in behalf of his candidacy for the U. S. Senate.

After being introduced by Ex-Senator Julius Real in a complimentary address of some ten minutes the Ex-Governor proceeded with a very mild and well-guarded presentation of himself and his past official record. He said he was opposed to prohibition and woman suffrage; he defended himself against criticisms of his enemies, took credit for all that has ever been done to place protection on the Mexican border; ridiculed and criticised President Wilson's policy toward Mexico; made fun of Bryan's ignorance and insinuated that it was he, Colquitt, who forced the Secretary to resign; referred to Germany in friendly terms but said not a friendly word for the United States' policy toward the European war. He said he pardoned 1700 boys and men out of the penitentiary while governor and then in speaking against National prohibition made a strong plea for local self government and against a centralized government. He said the pleading mothers who begged for pardon for their boys touched his sympathies and when they had served half their time he turned them out, but said nothing about turning the mothers away from his office disappointed and disheartened when they went to plead with him not to go on the stump against prohibition in 1911 and uphold the very thing that was the prime cause of most of the boys being in prison. He also did not mention "chicken salad" or his recent letter to the German editor in New York in which he asked said editor to write to German editors in Texas and the president of the German-American Alliance in support of his candidacy.

For Tax Assessor

We are authorized to announce EMMET H. NICHOLS as a candidate for the office of Tax Assessor of Kerr County at the next election.

E E

Importance of Letter "E."

"E" is one of the most important letters in the alphabet. I want to call your attention to the fact that E is never in war and always in peace. It is the beginning of existence, the commencement of ease and the end of trouble. Without it there would be no meat, no life, no heaven. It is the center of honesty, makes love perfect, and without it there would be no editors, devils, or news. It is in our saddles that are easy on your horse; in bridle that makes your horse proud, and in blankets of which we carry the best. It is in my name and the prices I make. It is in my Sanitary Buggies, the best in the land. Buy one and end your troubles.

E E

J. E. PALMER

LOWRY BUILDING KERRVILLE, TEXAS

A
B
C

ALWAYS BE CAREFUL

WHEN YOU BUY AN OIL STOVE

Be Sure You Buy a Clark Jewel



They are unexcelled in quality, design and finish. They are guaranteed to bake perfectly and be economical in the consumption of oil. When you want the best you will buy one. Let us tell you more about them.

PREPARED

We now have in a fine large shipment of 1916 CLARK JEWEL oil stoves. They have the same fine burner construction as last year. The burners are short and close to the top. The blue flame strikes the bottom of the vessel direct and gives quick results with little oil.

No More Sweating

"What are you going to in (or with) your kitchen this summer, Mary? Are you going to sweat over the old wood stove as you have done heretofore?"

"No, John, I am going down to the Fawcett Furniture Store and get myself one of those CLARK JEWEL oil stoves. I hear everybody talking about. They save oil and time."

W. A. Fawcett & Co.

Baptist Ladies' Aid.

The Baptist Ladies Aid will hold their regular Dollar Day meeting at the home of Mrs. Corkill, May 2.

Leader—Mrs. Buckner.
Subject—Christian Influence.
Scripture—1 Peter 2 Chapter.
Prayer—Mrs. Robb,
Song—No 37.
Christian Influence.—Mrs. Jack Moore.

Piano Solo—Mrs. Gammon
Solo—Mrs. L. W. McCoy.
Piano Solo—Miss Josie B. Newman.

Roll call respond with Dollar and Scripture verse.
Closing prayer—Bro. Riddle.

Farmers Institute

The next meeting of the Institute will be held at Kerrville May 6th at 2:30 p. m. The date has been so changed from the regular time on account of the time for sending the Kerr county boys on the trip to the A. & M. College being May 7th.

All members are urged to be present so that final arrangements may be made for this trip.

ARTHUR REAL, President.
MORITZ HOLEKAMP, Sec'y.

Cedar Wanted.

We want to buy ten car loads of cedar fence posts, size from 2 1/2 inches to 4 inches, common and straight. Mosel, Saenger & Co.

Dr. S. B. Cobb,
DENTIST

Office Over Schreiner's Bank
Res. Phone 219
Office Phone 237
KERRVILLE, TEXAS

DR. E. GALBRAITH
DENTIST

Office Opposite St. Charles
Office Phone 27
House Phone 63
KERRVILLE, TEXAS

Horace E. Wilson

LAWYER

316-17 STATE BANK BUILDING
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

The Convenient Medicine Cabinet

The old saying, "a stitch in time saves nine" is certainly true in case of accidents and sudden illness. Every home should be equipped with a supply of "First Aid Remedies."

Prompt and intelligent action before the physician arrives often averts the serious results which are apt to follow accidents or sudden ills. Camphor, Quinine, Mustard, Ginger, Pure Witch Hazel, Arnica, Sweet Oil, Liniments, Salves, Dioxogen, Court Plasters, Cotton, Bandages, Etc., Etc., are among the items which should be kept constantly on hand. Let us fit up your cabinet with a supply of such goods and you will be prepared for any emergency.

ROCK DRUG STORE

MISS IDA PFEUFFER, Proprietor

Special Low Rates

TO SAN ANTONIO

Account of Fiesta

On Sale April 24, Good to April 30th

S. A. & A. P. Railroad

L. D. LOWTHER, Local Agent, Kerrville.

Stockmen's
Hand Made Boots

IS MY SPECIALTY

We are especially equipped to turn out the best work and do all kinds of leather repairing.

First Class Shoe Repairing
and we do it promptly
J. Q. WHEELER
KERRVILLE, TEXAS

WE KEEP IT FOR YOU

Choice brands which appeal to the appetites of particular people are carefully selected for our trade.

BERRY'S

PHONE 1-8-2

Groceries and Produce

Local Notes

Rev. J. B. Riddle and J. T. S. Gammon made a business trip to San Antonio last Thursday.

Canned Rhubarb for pies.
C. C. Butt Grocery.

Miss Lena Saenger, who is teaching school at Stonewall spent the week end with her parents here.

Straw Hats for the boys at such low prices that the values will surprise you, at
H. Noll Stock Co.

Willie Dietert, a student of the A. & M. College, came home for the Easter Holidays.

Club House salad dressing is the best.
C. C. Butt Grocery.

Miss Cleo Cannon of Hunt is spending the week with her brother J. G. Cannon, and wife.

Mrs. J. H. Riley, who has been in Kerrville for several weeks as a guest of Mrs. T. A. Buckner, left yesterday for her home at Mart.

Commissioner Jas. Crotty, D. M. Painter and George Potts of Center Point were in Kerrville on business Saturday.

Cow wanted to milk for her feed. Apply at Advance office.

Ollie Clark, now of San Antonio, and his brother Ollie Clark of Ingram, called on the Advance while in town Saturday.

Fresh shipment breakfast bacon and hams at C. C. Butt Grocery.

Hal Peterson, Dan Auld and Joe Williams came up from the West Texas Military Academy to spend the Easter holidays with homefolks.

Why pay more? No matter whatever you wish to purchase, we guarantee our prices right or cheerfully return your money at
H. Noll Stock Co.

The Elite Theater in the Lowry building opened up Monday night with a big free show and a full house. Messrs Saucier and Leavell say they expect to run the best pictures they can get and at a regular price of 5 and 10c.

T. J. Nelson has gone on a few days trip to the coast.

Play Tennis and buy your Tennis Shoes at the
West Texas Supply Co.

Fresh Butter, Eggs and Poultry.
BERRY'S.

Miss Minnie Robinson of Center Point is visiting her sister, Mrs. T. W. Beard, of this city.

Best tomato pulp for soup, 5 cents a can at
C. C. Butt Grocery.

T. O. Stanley of the Wharton ranch on the divide was in the city Saturday and kindly remembered the Advance.

New lot of reels and all kinds of fishing tackle at
Kerrville Drug Co.

Misses Blanche Self and Lizzie Anderson are visiting with Mrs. Estrel Young on the Divide.

Violins, guitars, mandolins. Also sheet music at
Kerrville Drug Co.

Miss Elizabeth Fawcett finished the term of her school on the divide last Friday and has returned to her home in Gonzales county.

Latest style no-leak Parker fountain pens. Kerrville Drug Co.

J. W. Hargrave, a drygoods merchant of San Angelo, was in our city Monday, just too look at our town.

Don't depend upon fisherman's luck; use our fishing tackle.
Rock Drug Store.

Mrs. A. M. Morriss and Miss Annie Mae Morriss left today for Olney to visit Mrs. O. T. Anderson.

Nyal's Remedies, the best and the safest. Always guaranteed, at
Kerrville Drug Co.

Miss Eugenia Hodges returned Tuesday from Oklahoma where she has been visiting her sister Mrs. Salmon, all winter.

Jardinieres 15c to 50c each. New assortment at
H. Noll Stock Co.

District Judge R. H. Burney returned the first of the week from Uvalde where he closed the term of court Saturday.

See our pretty line of stationery. Good enough for anybody and the latest styles. Kerrville Drug Co.

Rev. B. Schleifer has gone to Mason to attend the Synod of the Lutheran church at this district. Mrs. Schleifer and the baby will visit at Harper during his absence.

Our new shoe department has been a big winner from the start, a money-saver for our customers. Better shoes, new styles, lower prices, at
H. Noll Stock Co.

Miss Dora Nimitz came home from Medina where she is teaching to spend the Easter holidays. Miss Nimitz will teach in the Kerrville school next term.

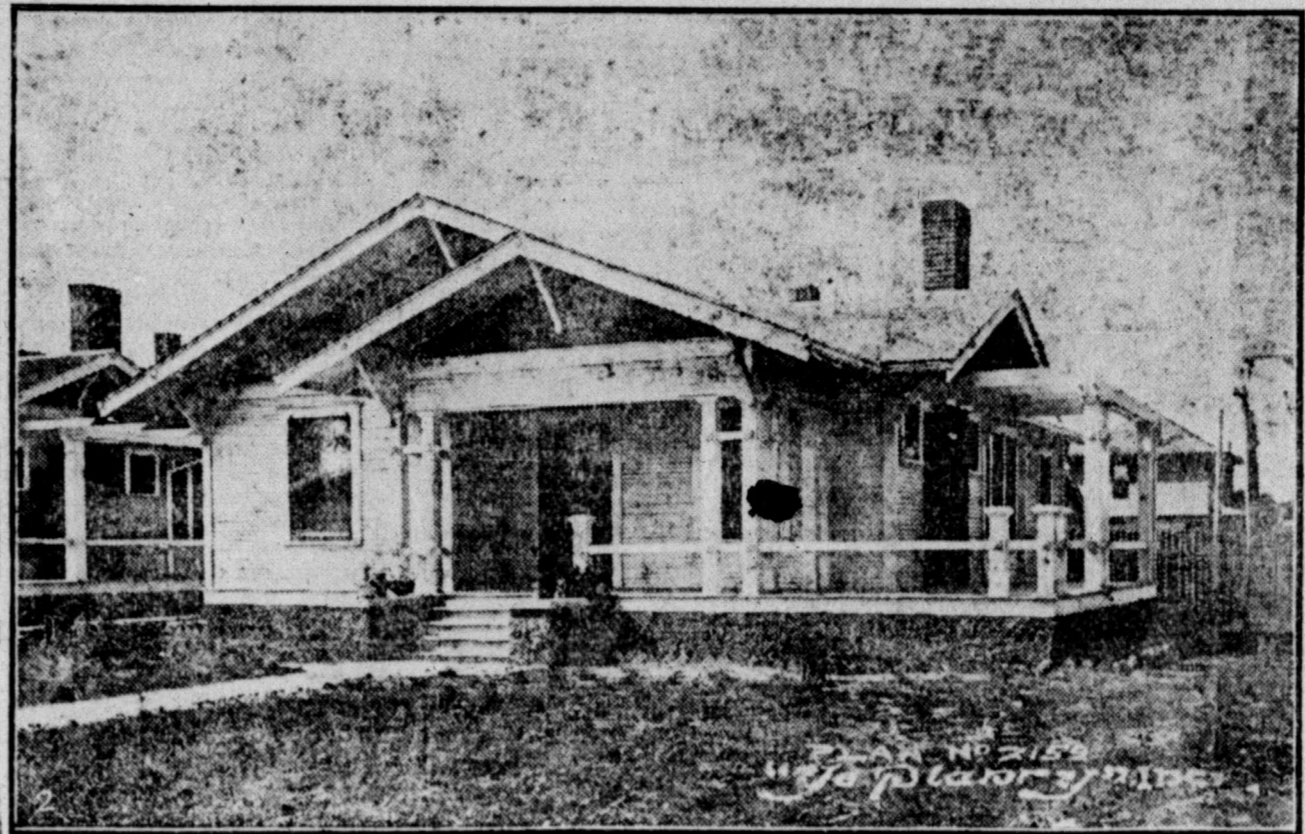
FOR RENT--The Tivy wood yard fully equipped. Apply at yard or phone 212.

Ed. and Airs Morriss were down from their ranches at Big Paint and spent Sunday and Monday here. They report stock conditions fine out there.

Why pay more? Better goods, more goods for less money. If not satisfied your money back, at
H. Noll Stock Co.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Fawcett are receiving the congratulations of friends over the arrival of a fine boy at their home Wednesday morning April 26.

Build Good Homes



The word HOME should appeal to every one. Think of the pleasure and comfort of owning one of nice homes we build. In planning your future home see book of plans at our office.

HILLYER-DEUTSCH LUMBER COMPANY

Dealers in Building Material Hardware and Paint
R. NAGEL, Manager Near SAP Depot KERRVILLE, TEXAS

Mosel, Saenger & Co.

DEALERS IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
Cedar Logs, Posts, Etc.

Comfortable Camp Yard with water Free to All.

Clay St. Near R. R. Depot KERRVILLE, TEXAS

Fire And Tornado Insurance

Am representing Seven of the best and strongest companies doing business, in Texas.

\$2,000,000 CAPITAL STOCK

Protect your homes, business, automobiles, cotton, wool, etc. Country property also insured.

MAIN STREET, KERRVILLE, TEX. GILBERT C. STORMS

Pennant Oil Stoves and Fireless Cooker Combined.

Short Burners, Close up to the Vessel. Burns only Kerosene Oil.

Make your cooking a pleasure during the hot summer time by buying one of these fine stoves. Call and let us show you the splendid advantages of the fireless cooker feature.

Other popular makes, both oil and gasoline stoves with from two to five burners, such as the Quickmeal gasoline range, etc.

Refrigerator Time is Here.

We have a full line of the best makes in stock of all sizes. Be sure to call and see our stock and get our prices.

Kerrville Furniture Co

E. S. PIERCE, Proprietor

PAMPELL'S OPERA HOUSE

W. C. BERGER, MGR.

Built Up to a Standard Not Down to a Price.

THURSDAY, APRIL 27.

Pearl White, Creighton Hale and Sheldon Lewis in
The Fifth Episode of the greatest serial ever made, "THE IRON CLAW." 5 and 15c

FRIDAY, APRIL 28.

Paramount Pictures Company presents MISS CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD in a screaming Farce Comedy, "JANE." 10 and 20c

SATURDAY, APRIL 29

William Fox presents Cooper Cliffe and Dorothy Green in "A PARISIAN ROMANCE" 10 and 20 cents.

TUESDAY

Paramount Pictures Co. presents LOU TELLEGEN in "THE UNKNOWN" 10 and 20c

When better pictures are made we will show them.

Mrs. Joe McCurdy and little daughter Lois came over from Bandera Monday and will spend a few days here and then go on to Port Arthur to join her husband who is there.

See our new Dress Goods, Voiles, Organdies and Tub Silks.
West Texas Supply Co.

Barney Klein, Chester Stapp, Jim Priour, and Misses Tillie Leinweber and Mona Snodgrass, all Tivy High School pupils, attended the picnic on the Divide Friday, returning to town Sunday evening.

The members of the Junior B. Y. P. U. enjoyed a picnic and Easter egg hunt at the Gus Schreiner crossing on the river Saturday. There were 26 present and a very pleasant time was reported.

Miss Vela Burney has returned from Uvalde where she went to attend the wedding of her brother Ivey and remained over on a visit of several days.

Was your cake heavy? Was your pie crust tough? It's the flour. Ask for "Queen of the Pantry" at Berry's. It costs 1c more per cake, but it's worth it. Sold in any quantity.

S. B. Ford was here Saturday on his return to San Antonio from a trip up to his old ranch on the river. Mr. Ford intimated that he might soon be a resident of Kerrville again.

The week of union services at the five protestant churches of the city were attended by large audiences each night and the preaching and religious association of these gatherings were a great inspiration and social and spiritual uplift to those who attended.

To Republicans of Kerr County:

Under the call of the Chairman of the State Republican executive committee you are requested to meet in your respective Justice precincts on Saturday May 6th at 2 p. m. to elect delegates to a county convention to be held in Kerrville Tuesday May 9th at 2 p. m. to elect delegates to the State Convention to be held in Fort Worth May 28 and the District Convention to be held in Boerne on May 13th. Each precinct will have one vote in the county convention for each five votes or majority fraction thereof cast for Phillips for Governor in 1914.

Pre. No. 1 will meet at Kerrville; Pre. No. 2 at Center Point; Pre. No. 3 at Cypress School House; Pre. No. 4 at Ingram.

W. H. BONNELL,
Chm. Rep. Co. Ex. Com. Kerr Co.

For the Farm—Household remedies, stock and poultry remedies.
Rock Drug Store.

CAREY-IZED ROCK SALT
prevents waste
insures proper salting

The Ideal Stock Salt

clean, refined, kiln-dried, compressed under enormous hydraulic pressure. No waste—will not crumble, scale—not affected by rain—cannot be trampled into the ground by stock.

THE QUALITY OF ANY PRODUCT IS EVIDENCED BY VOLUME OF SALES

A dealer-customer, tells the story better than we can tell it:
"The box of Carey-ized Rock Salt was sent me in my car last month gave such satisfaction, I ordered a full car and it is going fast. This is the best stock salt I have ever been able to get. It gives perfect satisfaction—only handled and absolutely no waste. What the stockmen like most in it does not make the horses sneeze and stands up under all kinds of weather.—O. C. Downard, Telling, Texas."

Carey-ized Sulphurized Rock Salt
Contains the proper amount of sulphur for a blood purifier and tonic. It should be fed at regular intervals to keep stock in prime condition and perfect health.

GRAND SALINE SALT COMPANY,
Grand Saline, Texas.

FREE SALT Coupon
Grand Saline Salt Co., Grand Saline, Texas:
Dear Sirs—Send me a prepaid, free sample of—Carey-ized-Sulphurized Rock Salt.
Name..... P. O..... State.....

For Sale by West Texas Supply Co., Kerrville

The IRON CLAW

by Arthur Stringer

Author of "THE OCCASIONAL OFFENDER," "THE WIRE TAPPERS," "GUN RUNNERS," ETC. Novelized from THE PATHE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME.

SYNOPSIS.

On Windward Island Pallidori intrigues Mrs. Golden into an appearance of evil which causes Golden to capture and torture the Italian by branding his face and crushing his hand. Pallidori opens the dyke gates and floods the island and in the general rush to escape the flood kidnaps Golden's six-year-old daughter, Margery. Twelve years later in New York a Masked One calling himself "the Hammer of God" rescues an eighteen-year-old girl from the cadet Casavanti, to whom Julius Legar has delivered her, and takes her to the home of Enoch Golden, millionaire, whence she is recaptured by Legar. Legar and Stein are discovered by Manley, Golden's secretary, setting fire to Golden's buildings, but escape. Margery's mother fruitlessly implores Enoch Golden to find their daughter. The Masked One again takes Margery away from Legar. Legar loots the Third National bank, but again the Laughing Mask frustrates his plans.

SIXTH EPISODE

THE SPOTTED WARNING

Enoch Golden had never formed the habit of talking others into his confidence. And when events came into his life which seemed to leave him more and more dependent on his immediate associates he betrayed an occasional tendency to focus his nebulous resentment against that situation on the exasperatingly imperturbable figure of David Manley.

"Young man," he said, fixing his secretary with a steely eye, "I came to this decision twenty long years ago, and nothing is going to change it. That woman was sent from my home, and she will never enter it again."

Manley, looking down at the note still held in his hand, thought of the troubled and tear-stained face of the girl who had so recently clung to his arm and asked him to plead her cause. And the memory of Margery Golden brought fresh courage to him.

"But this woman who was once your own wife is only asking for a glimpse of her own daughter again. Surely that is asking little enough!"

"And I repeat that I won't allow it. I have saved my daughter from the dangers that woman's wrong surrounded her with. I have saved her from—"

"Have you?" interrupted Manley, deliberately meeting the older man's stare.

Any retort the older man was about to utter remained unspoken, for at that moment a soft-treading footman entered the room and crossed to the desk with a salver of mail in his hand. Manley, looking up, eyed that servant resentfully, and with a touch of suspicion. This intruder, he promptly surmised, was a new figure in the household retinue.

"Be so good as to knock when you enter this room," was the young secretary's sharp command.

"Very good, sir," answered the new footman, scarcely raising his eyes.

"H'h!" Golden scoffed, looking up from the letter which he had just opened. "Since you're so ready to ask favors, here's another friend to ask them for. Here's the captain of the circle you're so ready to champion! But instead of asking favors you see, he demands them!"

He tossed the folded sheet angrily across the desk top. Manley took it up and read it.

"Your happiness hangs on one small scrap of paper. That paper is the portion of the Windward Island chart



Traces the Telephone Circuits.

which you still hold. Unless this is delivered to me, and delivered as I have already directed, the Spotted Warning will come to your daughter Margery. And the meaning of the Spotted Warning you already understand. JULES LEGAR."

"And what do you intend to do?" asked Manley, still staring down at his strange note.

"Do you suppose," retorted Golden, with a slightly tremulous frown already on the brow, "that I'm going to empty my safe to every blackleg who bandies about a catch-word that belongs to little Italy?"

"But what earthly use is this piece of chart to you?" asked the younger man.

"It's use to me is not the point at issue," doggedly retorted the older man.

"But one point at issue is at least the safety of your daughter," contended Manley, remembering only too well the events of the immediate past.

"And that, young man, is a responsibility which still rests on my own shoulders," was Golden's curt retort as the new footman stepped into the room in answer to his summons. "Tell Miss Margery to come here at once."

As Margery quietly stepped into the room Golden stared at her for a moment and then sank back into his chair.

"What is the Spotted Warning?" he suddenly demanded.

The girl, with her troubled eyes bent on the grimed face of her father, did not speak at once.

"The Spotted Warning?" she repeated, in a little more than a whisper.

"Yes, what is that supposed to mean?"

"It is a warning of death," was the girl's quietly enunciated reply. Manley could detect the tremor that sped through her body. "And it means that you have been hearing from Legar again!"

"But what does Legar mean by it?" asked Manley. "Why should he use such a phrase?"

"It is a warning that comes to the person who is about to die. It is a message of warning, spotted black. It is the last word they send. And I have heard them say it has never failed—never once!"

But the indomitable old fighter at the desk was once more on his feet.

"That Sicilian black magic stuff can't intimidate me," he thundered out.

He turned to his daughter. "Until this Calabrian brigand farce is played out, I'm going to send you into the country."

"But where are you sending me?" asked the girl.

"I'm going to send you out to your Aunt Agatha's on Long Island!" was his curt response as he swung about to his secretary. "And while Margery's getting her things together, Manley, you send Train, the chauffeur, here to me for his instructions."

Manley, promptly crossing to the door, was startled to find the figure of the new footman standing close beside it as it was swung open.

Ten minutes later, when Manley returned to the library with Train at his heels, he found Enoch Golden staring down at a sheet of paper lying on his desk. At the center of this paper stood a large black blot.

"It's the Spotted Warning," said Golden, his heavy face furrowed with a trouble deeper than he was willing to admit. "But how, in God's name, did it get here?"

Manley, after staring at the strangely-spotted sheet, stared even more intently at the ceiling directly above the point where the paper lay on the desk-top. A momentary look of satisfaction flitted across his face as Golden turned to him with a crisp command to precede Margery to Cedarton and there explain both the reasons for her visit and the precautions to be exercised during that visit.

"And as for you, Train," continued the red-eyed old millionaire, turning to his chauffeur, "I want you to take my daughter out to Cedarton as quickly as your car and the speed laws will let you carry her. There are special reasons for this, remember. And from the moment you leave this house, don't let anything or anybody stop you."

Thirty minutes later Margery Golden, surrounded by her bags, sat back in the swaying automobile, puzzled over this new and unexpected turn in the tide of events. And as mile by mile swam by beneath the hurrying wheels, the keen-eyed man in the driving seat found a load lifted from his own shoulders.

Yet at the next turn in the road his light-heartedness suddenly departed from that keen-eyed driver. For as he took this turn and speeded up along a dustless stretch of open highway, he saw a figure run out to the middle of the road. It was not the fact that this figure stood directly in his path that most disturbed him. It was the discovery, as he drew down on it, that this figure wore a yellow band of cloth across the eyes, with a moon-shaped apron falling almost to the end of the nose, that brought the redoubtable Train's heart suddenly up in his mouth. But even while that figure remained stubbornly and directly in his path, motioning for him to stop, he remembered his orders. Instead of slackening his speed, in fact, he increased it, increased it to the limit of the engine's power. And he would surely have ridden down that would-be interceptor had not the latter, at the last moment, leaped quickly aside.

Margery Golden, as he did so, half arose in her seat, for she, too, had caught sight of that mysteriously-shadowed face.

"But that was the Laughing Mask!" she cried aloud, in wonder, as they swept on.

A little later she was startled by a

quick cry of warning bursting from the driver's throat. Staring ahead, she saw that still another effort was being made to intercept them. This time it was a man with a red flag. Instead of stopping, the car swept past the man so close that its fender-end slapped against the flagstick itself as he repeated his lusty shout of command. But that command was more or less lost on Train, a little dizzy now with the sheer drunkenness of speed.

"Stop!" mocked the driver as he raced on. "I'm going to stop for nothing this side of hell!"

Yet that valiant boast was little more than the articulation of mortal pride so often preluding mortal disaster. For, bearing down on them along that lonely stretch of roadway they could already see a second car. The point about this car that worried Train was that it was not approaching them as a well-behaved car should approach a comrade vehicle, but vermiculated drunkenly from one side of the road to the other. Even Margery, as she leaned forward, puzzling over these strange movements, realized that peril was involved in passing a vehicle so uncertain of its course. At the same time, too, she could hear from far behind her the prolonged and warning cry of an auto horn, wailing disturbingly through the quiet air of the late afternoon.

The next moment the two cars had met, head-on.

There was a crash of metal and glass, a rending of honey-comb radiators and coppered fenders.

What happened after that for all time remained strangely like a dream to Margery. She remembered seeing Train lying close beside his wrecked car, with the blood trickling from his wrist and staining his whipcord uniform. She remembered seeing other figures, even more helpless looking. But most of all she remembered how one of these figures, pulling himself together, had slowly risen to his feet. As he did so he turned half-stupidly about and stared down at her. And the moment she saw that pallid yet triumphant face she knew that it was Legar. She knew that he was confronting her, that he was slowly but determinedly making his way towards her. And she knew that in another moment she would have been their prisoner again had not a sudden and unlooked-for interruption taken place.

This interruption came in the form of a flying roadster, with a masked figure leaning low out from its running board as it swept down on them. She remembered the sudden shout of the men, the sudden clutch of the

servants' telephone below stairs. Part of that guarded conversation was carried on by Wrench, the new footman, and much of it had to do with the very situation so disturbing the aged millionaire in the room above. For it was Legar explaining that a masked stranger at the last moment had snatched the girl from their hands and had apparently carried her off to some hiding place of his own. This was followed by the command to deliver still another message to Enoch Golden, with the final warning that every wire leading into the Golden house must be cut as soon as possible.

The new footman, in obedience to the orders, quietly traced out the telephone circuits to the basement and there severed the wires with a pair of scissors purloined for the purpose from Mlle. Celestine's workbag. Then, watching his chance, he carefully penned a note, wording it as Legar had duly instructed him to do. Then he returned to the neighborhood of the library door, with his ferretlike alertness masked under his customary immobility of face.

It was not until his restless master discovered the telephone wires to be dead, and went storming through the house to determine the reason for this misadventure that Wrench realized his chance had come. Slipping into the deserted library on the pretext of adjusting the rugs, he stopped before the rosewood table, hesitated a moment, and then lifted the heavily-chased lid of Golden's cigar case and dropped the note inside. A moment later he had left the room, unobserved and unsuspected.

It did not take many minutes of waiting to confirm the wisdom of Wrench's movement. For Enoch Golden, striding restlessly back into his library, sank with a sigh of weariness into the armchair beside the rosewood table. For a moment or two he stared abstractedly and unhappily about him. Then, with still another sigh, he reached out and lifted the heavily-chased lid of silver. His fingers, instead of coming in contact with a perfectly corseted in gold, rustled against a sheet of paper. Automatically he picked it up and unfolded it.

Written on that mysterious sheet he found the following:

"To fight me further in this is useless. And unless you open your eyes to this fact it will soon be worse than useless. It will be fatal. I repeat that I want your half of that chart. If you want your daughter to live, want her sent back to you, take that chart to the twenty-fourth floor of the Central Tower building, within the next hour,

and hand it to the man in the black ulster who will be waiting there. No trickery can succeed. And this is your last chance! JULES LEGAR."

Silently the beaten man stared down at this strange missive. Slowly as he did so, the last of his once iron will melted away.

He rose heavily from his chair and crossed to the vault. From this vault he took the map, the time-yellowed square of manilla about which so many of the sorrows and troubles of all his life seemed to revolve. Then, calling for his hat and coat and ordering a car, he tremblingly made ready for his midnight visit of capitulation to the Central Tower building.

While these events were taking place, however, there was one member of the Golden household who remained far from inactive. When David Manley so abruptly left a tranquil bungalow at Cedarton and so stealthily pushed his way through the shrubbery surrounding that bungalow, it was because he had made the sudden discovery that Legar himself was in the neighborhood. Nor was it hard for him to guess the reason for that master-criminal's invasion of those sequestered grounds. And Manley, promptly deciding to stalk the stalker himself, was rewarded by overhearing enough of Legar's plans, as the latter hurriedly issued his instructions to two of his confederates near the roadside, to realize the necessity of at once getting in touch with Enoch Golden. Whatever happened, he felt, it was his duty to warn Margery's father that Legar himself had acknowledged his ignorance of the girl's whereabouts and had expressed his intention of tricking the chart out of its present owner's hands.

Ten minutes of frantic efforts at a telephone booth in the nearby village, however, convinced Manley of the impossibility of getting in touch with Golden by wire.

Manley's first thought, in his dilemma, was to commandeer some nearby car. Yet nothing but a racer, he remembered as he snatched out his watch, could get him to the Central Tower building in time.

His next thought, however, took him tearing down the village street, like a madman. For the name of "Cedarton" had brought into his mind yet another name, the name of "Bobby Ewart." And Bobby Ewart, who had his workshop and hangar on the southerly outskirts of that village, had been the first of the Raquet club members to forsake automobiles for aviation, and startle Long Island by his early morning hydroplane maneuvers over suburban golf courses and country homes. He had been the first civilian volunteer for the federal air scouts and at San Diego had twice broken his own altitude record established at Pensacola, and was now immured in the mysterious task of fashioning a stabilizer for monoplane, a stabilizer, Manley remembered, which was receiving sympathetic attention from certain navy officials in Washington.

Instead of finding this same intrepid Bobby poring over blue prints of stabilizer parts however, the breathless Manley found his old-time friend in a rattle chair tranquilly playing chess with his maiden aunt. In two minutes the breathless newcomer had explained to the somewhat astounded young chess player a situation which brought a brighter light into the latter's boyish eyes.

"The point is," cried Manley, "could you get me there? Could you make a landing at night?"

They were already on their feet again, running for the hangar.

"Yes, I can get you there! But what have we got to make a landing on?"

"The main building of the Central tower stops at the eighteenth story. That gives us a flat roof of several hundred yards. Could you make it on that?"

"Not unless it was lighted!" explained Ewart, shouting for his mechanic as he rounded the gloomy corner of the hangar itself.

"But it is lighted," Manley told himself. "It gets the light from the tower itself, and the whole cornice line is strung with electric, the same as the Singer building!"

Ewart's finger, touching a button, threw a white flood across the vaulted roof of the building. A touch on another button sent the great doors swinging open. Manley looked at his watch. Then he shook his head.

"It's too late," he proclaimed. But Ewart and his mechanic were already at work on the wide-winged monstrosity nested under its metal roof like a pterodactyl in a cave.

"Get aboard," commanded Ewart. "We're going to try for it anyway!" He turned to his helper. "Hey, Brown, throw my friend up that fur coat of yours!"

"But what speed can you get out of this machine?" asked Manley as he clambered aboard the chassis and struggled with his seat-straps.

Ewart, who had been stooping over his engines, looked up.

"I got one hundred and four an hour out of her this morning," he off-handedly announced. "But I think I can push her up to one hundred and ten."

Manley's heart beat faster.

"Then there's a chance!" he cried. "A fighting chance."

A sudden sense of chill caused Manley to clutch for the fur coat thrown in at his feet, and struggle into it. As he did so the earth seemed suddenly to fall away from him. Villages became spangled checker-boards of lights. Highways became winding strings of pearls.

Manley forgot the chilliness striking into his bones. He forgot Margery Golden and Legar. He forgot the origin of his mission that brought him winging through the midnight heavens. He forgot the fact of his own puny existence and the trivial ends to which it had been given over. All these he forgot, completely and utterly, until Ewart, sweeping out along the twinkling shore lights of South Brooklyn, circled north again where the brazen figure of Liberty guarded the upper bay, and dropped lower where that tapering point of gloom along Battery park posed like a ship's prow into the tides of the Atlantic. They were still planing down, gently, like a settling sea bird, with the tilted planes veering a little westward to escape the beetling skyscrapers along the canyon of lower Broadway.

Manley thought, for a moment, that Ewart had misjudged his position. Then he felt sure that Ewart had also misjudged his height, that his stabilizing fin was already too low to clear the flat roof that abutted the light-strewn tower itself.

But Ewart, obviously, knew what he was about. For he took that oblong of flat gloom outlined in electric with a gentle upward undulation like the upward swoop of a bluebird alighting on a maple tree. Into that artful upward swoop was absorbed much of their momentum, for Ewart had plainly remembered that their running space was limited. But even with this precaution there remained a perilous paucity of runway, for before the bounding and quivering organism of Uffel and steel and canvas came to a stop it lurched head-on into a wall of the tower itself.

Manley could hear the crash of glass as the damper plane at the nose of the quivering chassis brought up short against one of the tower windows. He was dimly aware of half-tumbling and half-climbing through a network of wooden studs and steel piano-wire stays and cross-guys. He was vaguely conscious of Ewart calling out that everything was all right, that there was

no damage when a half-hour's work couldn't patch up.

But Manley, in truth, was thinking little of either Ewart or his flier. All his thoughts, as he climbed frantically up through the broken tower window, were revolving about the problem as to whether or not he was too late. And that all-vital question still obsessed him as he mounted the iron treads of the stairway leading to the tower top, pausing up flight after flight until his lungs seemed bursting for want of air, and his over-driven heart beat drumlike against his ribcage. And as he reached the top and flung out through the narrow door opening

They fought with gasps and grunts on the campanile-like balcony crowning that skyscraping structure, he knew, even as he saw two figures standing there before him, that he was too late.

That much he knew, even before he caught at enough breath to call out a warning to Enoch Golden or swing about and spring for the second figure already shrinking back in the shadow of the once-columned cupola. For in the hand of the second figure Manley had already caught sight of a tell-tale sheet of paper. It was a yellowed and time-worn scrap of paper, and little more, but to Manley it had become the emblem and pennon of a desperate cause, a flag to be rallied round and fought for, to the last ditch and the last gasp, as harried soldiers fight through the smoke of battle for their colors.

And Manley, as he clinched with Legar's stalwart emissary, fought for it. Nor was his opponent one to be deceived. The two men fought along the crest of that midnight tower as two mountain lions might fight along the brink of an Andean precipice. They fought with gasps and grunts, with strange guttural sounds, with teeth bared and face distorted, blind to the blows that were given and taken, unconscious of the fact that the very paper for which they were fighting had already fallen to the cupola floor, and from there had been blown by the north wind to the furthest edge of the cornice circling the stone column supports.

Golden himself was already reaching for that paper when Legar's confederate caught sight of it, broke from Manley's grasp and dove bodily for where it lay. Manley, a second later, followed him. There, half astride the balustrade of coppered wood painted to look like marble, the fight was renewed. Each crouched low as he fought, drunkenly conscious now of the abyss that yawned so close to his feet. But still they fought.

Then a second breath of night breeze, sighing through the tower top, carried the paper slowly along the cornice edge. It was Legar's man who saw it as it moved. He wrenched away, twisted about, and caught at it as it fell. But already he was too late. It lifted with the wind, drifted and added slowly about in the moonlight, and floated swashily down into the darker canyon of Broadway, where it was soon lost to sight.

But neither Manley nor his enemy saw that descent, for Legar's man as he lurched suddenly forward threw all his weight on the outstanding copper cornice, painted white to look like marble. And it was a cornice made only for ornamentation, and not for support. For its fastenings surrendered to the strain of that suddenly imposed weight and the buckling segment of copper swayed outward as the desperately-clinging fingers clutched at its edges.

Manley, hanging to the balustrade with one arm, reached out to grasp that buckling strip of metal to which a helpless man was hanging sheer over space. He caught at it, even as Golden caught at his straining shoulders to hold him steady.

But a law, stronger than the will of man, seemed to suck the metal slowly, inevitably, out of the clutch of his tired fingers. Then the last fastenings gave, the strained and twisted sheet-metal tore slowly way, and the black shadow of a man fell like a plummet to the iron and stone of Broadway, three hundred feet below.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



"It is a Warning of Death!" Was the Girl's Reply.



They Fought With Gasps and Grunts.

Manley, hanging to the balustrade with one arm, reached out to grasp that buckling strip of metal to which a helpless man was hanging sheer over space. He caught at it, even as Golden caught at his straining shoulders to hold him steady.

But a law, stronger than the will of man, seemed to suck the metal slowly, inevitably, out of the clutch of his tired fingers. Then the last fastenings gave, the strained and twisted sheet-metal tore slowly way, and the black shadow of a man fell like a plummet to the iron and stone of Broadway, three hundred feet below.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Glass Bo... Open sl... morning... poison... Those of... feel dull... splitting... foot... look and... by wash... from the... water each... We show... a glass of... spoonful of... it to flush... kidneys an... previous dr... bile and po... ing, sweete... tire ailme... more food... The acti... and hot w... is wonderf... out all the... waste and... splendid ap... is said to... the roses... cheeks... stone phos... your drug... is sufficien... bothered y... vation, stom... a real enti... ternal sank... assured the... feel better... Adv... A Water... received a... him from... with 20 ad... to which h... filthy luc... flight of th... peri would... a Fokker... IF HAIR... GRA... Here's G... Dan... That bes... glossy hair... ing a mix... phur. You... makes or... fades, turn... applicatio... phur onis... drefold... Don't be... you can... proved by... dents for... ready for... Sage and... can alway... back the... your hair... Every... Sulphur... darkens... body can... You sim... brush w... the hair... time; by... disappea... cation it... appears... ready-to-... full toile... sire dar... ance. It... mitigate... Adv... Alas... derstan... of the... Kidn... Some... Dr. Kil... ward n... to give... From th... of your... sufficient... Swamp... dies. F... the me... in this... are alw... 202 Pe... Jan. 11... Dr. Bin... Frove... Seml... Hingh... tic. I... also... matter... der... this p... dollar... Mo... as in... -lined...

Glass of Hot Water Before Breakfast a Splendid Habit

Open sluices of the system each morning and wash away the poisonous, stagnant matter.

Those of us who are accustomed to feel dull and heavy when we arise; splitting headache, stuffy from a cold, foul tongue, nasty breath, acid stomach, lame back, can, instead, both look and feel as fresh as a daisy always by washing the poisons and toxins from the body with phosphated hot water each morning.

We should drink, before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to flush from the stomach, liver, kidneys and ten yards of bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and poisonous toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

The action of limestone phosphate and hot water on an empty stomach is wonderfully invigorating. It cleans out all the sour fermentations, gases, waste and acidity and gives one a splendid appetite for breakfast and it is said to be but a little while until the roses begin to appear in the cheeks. A quarter pound of limestone phosphate will cost very little at your drugstore from the store, but is sufficient to make anyone who is bothered with biliousness, constipation, stomach trouble or rheumatism a real enthusiast on the subject of internal sanitation. Try it and you are assured that you will look better and feel better in every way shortly.—Adv.

Gold Dust by Mail.

A Watertown (N. Y.) man has just received a bag of gold dust, mailed to him from Klondike in 1889, three tags with 20 addresses showing the lengths to which he had gone to prevent that filthy luer's overtaking him. The flight of the average man from such a peril would make a glacier look like a Fokker airplane.

IF HAIR IS TURNING GRAY, USE SAGE TEA

Here's Grandmother's Recipe to Darken and Beautify Faded Hair.

That beautiful, even shade of dark, glossy hair can only be had by brewing a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray or streaked, just an application or two of Sage and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundredfold.

Don't bother to prepare the mixture; you can get this famous old recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients for 50 cents a large bottle, all ready for use. It is called Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound. This can always be depended upon to bring back the natural color and lustre of your hair.

Everybody uses "Wyeth's" Sage and Sulphur Compound now because it darkens so naturally and evenly nobody can tell it has been applied. You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair has disappeared, and after another application it becomes beautifully dark and appears glossy and lustrous. This ready-to-use preparation is a delightful toilet requisite for those who desire dark hair and a youthful appearance. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.—Adv.

Alas for the intellect when the understanding is limited only by the size of the feet!

Kidney Medicine That Stands the Highest

Some twelve years ago I began handling Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and we have heard nothing but praise for it as it seems to give entire satisfaction in every instance. From the manner in which customers speak of your remedy, we have learned to place sufficient confidence in it to recommend Swamp-Root above all other kidney remedies. From the demand I judge it to be the most generally used kidney medicine in this country, and reports regarding it are always favorable.

Very truly yours, C. H. MCCOY, JR., South Heights Pharmacy, 202 Porter St., San Antonio, Texas, Jan. 11th, 1915.

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 kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

Money talks, but it doesn't say half as much as the wife of a man who de-clines to give up.

IN THIS TALE JACK LONDON'S SEA EXPERIENCE IS USED WITH ALL THE POWER OF HIS VIRILE PEN

SYNOPSIS.

Humphrey Van Weyden, critic and dilettante, finds himself aboard the sailing schooner "The Ghost" with Captain Wolf Larsen, bound to Japan waters. The cabin makes him can't boy "for the good of his soul." The cabin cook, Mudge, is a jealous and hates him. Wolf has a sea-sick man and makes it the basis for a philippic discussion with Humphrey. Cook and Humphrey meet at each other. Humphrey's intimacy with Wolf increases. A party of brandy-brutes loose in the ship. Wolf proves himself the master brute. Humphrey, despite his protest, is made mate on the ship and proceeds by his consent in a blow that he has learned "to stand on his own legs." Two men desert the vessel in one of the small boats. A young woman and four men, survivors of a steamer wreck, are rescued from a small boat. The deserters are sighted, but Wolf stands away and leaves them to drown. Maud Brewster, the rescued girl, and Van Weyden and they know each other's work. They talk together of a world alien to Wolf. Maud sees Mudge's love for her and his lot bitten off by a shark as he is hauled aboard. She begins to realize her danger at the hands of Wolf. Weyden realizes that he loves Maud. Wolf's brother, Death Larsen, comes on the sealing grounds in the steam sealer "Macedonia" and hampers Wolf's boats so stealing his catch. Death Larsen "hogs" the sea again and Wolf captures one of his boats with its men.

CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

He dropped down to the deck and rested his rifle across the rail. The bullets he had received had traveled nearly a mile, but by now we had cut that distance in half. He fired three careful shots. At the third the boat steerer let loose his steering-ear and crumpled up in the bottom of the boat. "I guess that'll fix them," Wolf Larsen said, rising to his feet. "I couldn't afford to let the hunter have it, and there is a chance the boat-puller doesn't know how to steer. In which case, the hunter cannot steer and shoot at the same time."

His reasoning was justified, for the boat rushed at once into the wind and the hunter sprang aft to take the boat-steerer's place. There was no more shooting, though the rifles were still cracking merrily from the other boats.

The hunter had managed to get the boat before the wind again, but we ran down upon it, going at least two feet to its one. A hundred yards away, I saw the boat-puller pass a rifle to the hunter. Wolf Larsen went amidships and took the coil of the throat-halyards and took the coil of the throat-halyards from its pin. Then he peered over the rail with leveled rifle. Twice I saw the hunter let go the steering-ear with one hand, reach for his rifle, and hesitate. We were now alongside and toaming past.

"Here, you!" Wolf Larsen cried suddenly to the boat-puller. "Take a turn!"

At the same time he flung the coil of rope. It struck fairly, nearly knocking the man over, but he did not obey. Instead, he looked to his hunter for orders. The hunter, in turn, was in a quandary. His rifle was between his knees, but if he let go the steering-ear in order to shoot, the boat would sweep around and collide with the schooner. Also he saw Wolf Larsen's rifle bearing upon him and knew he would be shot ere he could get his rifle into play.

"Take a turn," he said quietly to the man.

The boat-puller obeyed, taking a turn around the little forward thwart and paying the line as it jerked taut. The boat sheered out with a rush, and the hunter steadied it to a parallel course some twenty feet from the side of the Ghost.

"Now get that sail down and come alongside!" Wolf Larsen ordered.

Once aboard the two prisoners hoisted in the boat and under Wolf Larsen's direction carried the wounded boat-steerer down into the fore-castle.

"If our five boats do as well as you and I have done, we'll have a pretty full crew," Wolf Larsen said to me.

"The man you shot—he is, I hope," Maud Brewster quavered.

"In the shoulder," he answered. "Nothing serious. Mr. Van Weyden will pull him around as good as ever in three or four weeks."

"But he won't pull those chaps around, from the look of it," he added, pointing at the Macedonia's third boat, for which I had been steering and which was now nearly abreast of us. "That's Horner's and Smoke's work. I told them we wanted live men, not carcasses. But the joy of shooting to hit is a most compelling thing. When once you've learned how to shoot, ever experienced it. Mr. Van Weyden?"

I shook my head and regarded their work. It had indeed been bloody, for they had drawn off and joined our other three boats in the attack on the remaining two of the enemy. The deserted boat was in the trough of the sea, rolling drunkenly across each comber, its loose spitsail out at right angles to it and fluttering and flapping in the wind. The hunter and boat-puller were both lying awkwardly in the bottom, but the boat-steerer lay across the gunwale, half in and half out, his arms trailing in the water and his head rolling from side to side.

"Don't look, Miss Brewster, please don't look," I had begged of her, and I was glad that she had minded me and been spared the sight.

"Head right into the bunch, Mr. Van Weyden," was Wolf Larsen's command.

As he drew nearer, the firing ceased.



The SEA WOLF BY JACK LONDON

and we saw that the fight was over. The remaining two boats had been captured by our five, and the seven were grouped together waiting to be picked up.

"Look at that!" I cried involuntarily, pointing to the northeast.

The blot of smoke which indicated the Macedonia's position had reappeared.

"Yes, I've been watching it," was Wolf Larsen's calm reply. He measured the distance away to the fog bank and for an instant paused to feel the weight of the wind on his cheek. "Well make it, I think; but you can depend upon it that blessed brother of mine has twigg'd our little game and is just a-humping for us. Ah, look at that!"

The blot of smoke had suddenly grown larger, and it was very black.

"I'll beat you out, though, brother mine," he chuckled. "I'll beat you out, and I hope you no worse than that you rack your old engines into scrap."

CHAPTER XXII.

When we have to, a hasty though orderly confusion reigned. The boats came aboard from every side at once. As fast as the prisoners came over the rail they were marshaled forward into the fore-castle by our hunters while our sailors hoisted in the boats, pell-mell, dropping them anywhere up on the deck and not stopping to lash them. We were already under way all sails set and drawing, and the sheets being slack'd off for a wind abeam, as the last boat lifted clear of the water and swung in the tackle.

There was need for haste. The Macedonia's belching the blackest of smoke from her funnel, was charging down upon us from out of the north east. Neglecting the boats that remained to her, she had altered her course so as to anticipate ours. She was not running straight for us, but ahead of us. Our courses were converging like the sides of an angle, the vertex of which was at the edge of the fog-bank. It was there, or not at all, that the Macedonia could hope to catch us. The hope for the Ghost lay in that she should pass that point before the Macedonia arrived at it.

"Better get your rifles, you fellows," Wolf Larsen called to our hunters; and the five men lifted the lee rail guns in hand, and waited.

The Macedonia was now but a mile away, the black smoke pouring from her funnel at a right angle, so madly she raced, pounding through the sea at a seventeen-knot gait—"Sky-hooting through the brine," as Wolf Larsen quoted while gazing at her. We were not making more than nine knots, but the fog-bank was very near.

A puff of smoke broke from the Macedonia's deck, we heard a heavy report, and a round hole took form in the stretched canvas of our mainsail. They were shooting at us with one of the small cannon which rumor had said they carried on board. Our men, clustering amidships, waved their hats and raised a derisive cheer. Azzah there was a puff of smoke and a loud report, this time the cannon ball striking not more than twenty feet astern and glancing twice from sea to sea to windward ere it sank.

But there was no rifle-firing for the reason that all their hunters were out in the boats or our prisoners. When the two vessels were half a mile apart, a third shot made another hole in our mainsail. Then we entered the fog: it was about us, veiling and hiding us in its dense wet gauze.

The sudden transition was startling. The moment before we had been leaping through the sunshine, the clear sky above us, the sea breaking and rolling wide to the horizon and a ship, vomiting smoke and fire and iron missiles, rushing madly upon us. And at once, as in an instant's leap, the sun was blotted out, there was no sky, even our mastsheads were lost to view, and our horizon was such as tear-blinded eyes may see.

It was weird, strangely weird. I looked at Maud Brewster and knew that she was similarly affected. Then I looked at Wolf Larsen, but there was nothing subjective about his state of consciousness. His whole concern was with the immediate, objective present. He still held the wheel, and I felt that he was timing time, reckoning the passage of the minutes with each forward lunge and leeward roll of the Ghost.

"Go forward and hard-a-lee without any noise," he said to me in a low voice. "Clew up the topsails first. See men at all the sheets. Let there be no rattling of blocks, no sound of voices. No noise, understand, no noise."

When all was ready, the word "hard-alee" was passed forward to me from man to man; and the Ghost heeled about on the port tack with practically no noise at all. And what little there was—the slapping of a few reefpoints and the creaking of a sheave in a block or two—was ghostly under the hollow echoing pall in which we were swathed.

We had scarcely filled away, it seemed, when the fog thinned abruptly and we were again in the sunshine, the wide-stretching sea breaking before us to the skyline. But the ocean was

bare. No wrathful Macedonia broke its surface nor blackened the sky with her smoke.

Wolf Larsen at once squared away and ran down along the rim of the fog-bank. His trick was obvious. He had entered the fog to windward of the steamer, and while the steamer had blindly driven on into the fog in the chance of catching him he had come about and out of his shelter and was now running down to re-enter to leeward. Successful in this, the old simile of the needle in the haystack would be mild indeed compared with his brother's chance of finding him.

He did not run long. Jibing the fore and main sails and setting the topsails again, we headed back into the bank. As we entered I could have sworn I saw a vague bulk emerging to windward. I looked quickly at Wolf Larsen. Already we were ourselves buried in the fog, but he nodded his head. He, too, had seen it—the Macedonia, guessing his maneuver and falling by a moment in anticipating it. There was no doubt that we had escaped unseen.

"I'd give five hundred dollars, though," Wolf Larsen said, "just to be aboard the Macedonia for five minutes, listening to my brother curse."

"And now, Mr. Van Weyden," he said to me when he had been relieved from the wheel, "we must make these newcomers welcome. Serve out plenty of whiskey to the hunters and see that a few bottles slip forward. I'll wager every man Jack of them is over the side tomorrow, hunting for Wolf Larsen as contentedly as ever they hunted for Death Larsen."

Wolf Larsen took the distribution of the whiskey off my hands, and the bottles began to make their appearance while I worked over the fresh batch of wounded men in the fore-castle. I had seen whisky drunk, but never as these



The Macedonia Was Now but a Mile Away.

men drank it, from pannikins and mugs, and from the bottles—great brimming drinks, each one of which was in itself a debauch. But they did not stop at one or two. They drank and drank, and ever the bottles slipped forward and they drank more.

The steerage, where were two wounded hunters, was a repetition of the fore-castle, except that Wolf Larsen was not being cursed; and it was with a great relief that I again emerged on deck and went aft to the cabin. Supper was ready, and Wolf Larsen and Maud were waiting for me.

While all his ship was getting drunk as fast as it could be remained sober. He did not drop of liquor passed his lips. He did not dare it under the circumstances, for he had only Louis and me to depend upon, and Louis was even now at the wheel. We were sailing on through the fog without a lookout and without lights. That Wolf Larsen had turned the liquor loose among his men surprised me, but he evidently knew their psychology and the best method of cementing in cordiality what had begun in bloodshed.

His victory over Death Larsen seemed to have had a remarkable effect upon him. The previous evening he had reasoned himself into the blues and I had been waiting momentarily for one of his characteristic outbursts. Yet he discovered himself in splendid trim when I entered the cabin. He had had no headaches for weeks, his eyes were clear blue as the sky, his bronze was beautiful with perfect health; life swelled through his veins in full and magnificent food. While waiting for me he had engaged Maud in animated discussion. He seemed voluble, prone to speech as I had never seen him before. The discussion was on love-aid, as usual, his was the sheer materialistic side, and Maud's was the idealistic. For myself, beyond a word or so of suggestion or correction now and again, I took no part.

He was brilliant, but so was Maud, and for some time I lost the thread of the conversation through studying her face as she talked. It was a fact that rarely displayed color, but tonight it

was flushed and vivacious. Her wit was playing keenly, and she was enjoying the tilt as much as Wolf Larsen, and he was enjoying it hugely. For some reason, though I know not why, in the argument, so utterly had I lost it in the contemplation of one stray brown lock of Maud's hair, he quoted from Ibsen at Tintagel, where she says:

Blessed am I beyond women even here, That beyond all born women is my sin. And perfect my transgression.

As he had read pessimism into Omar, so now he read triumph, stinging triumph and exultation, into Swinburne's lines. And he read rightly, and he read well. He had hardly ceased reading when Louis put his head into the companionway and whispered down:

"Be easy, will ye? The fog's lifted, an' 'tis the port light in a steamer that's crosin' our bow this blessed minute."

Wolf Larsen sprang on deck, and so swiftly that by the time we followed him he had pulled the steering-rod over the drunken clamor and was on his way forward to close the fore-castle-scuttle. The fog, though it remained, had lifted high, where it obscured the stars and made the night quite black. Directly ahead of us I could see a bright red light and a white light, and I could hear the pulsing of a steamer's engines. Beyond a doubt it was the Macedonia.

Wolf Larsen had returned to the poop, and we stood in a silent group, watching the lights rapidly cross our bow.

"Lucky for me he doesn't carry a searchlight," Wolf Larsen said.

"What if I should cry out loudly?" I queried in a whisper.

"It would be all up," he answered. "But have you thought upon what would immediately happen?"

Before I had time to express any desire to know, he had me by the throat with his gorilla grip, and by a faint quiver of the muscles—a hint, as it were—he suggested to me the twist that would surely have broken my neck. The next moment he had released me and we were gazing at the Macedonia's lights.

"What if I should cry out?" Maud asked.

"I like you too well to hurt you," he said softly—nay, there was a tenderness and a caress in his voice that made me wince. "But don't do it, just the same, for I'd promptly break Mr. Van Weyden's neck."

"Then she has my permission to cry out," I said defiantly.

"I hardly think you'll care to sacrifice the Dean of American Letters the Second," he sneered.

We spoke no more, though we had become too used to one another for the silence to be awkward; and when the red light and the white had disappeared we returned to the cabin to finish the interrupted supper.

If ever Wolf Larsen attained the summit of living, he attained it then. From time to time I forsook my own thoughts to follow him, and I followed in amazement, mastered for the moment by his remarkable intellect, under the spell of his passion, for he was preaching the passion of revolt. It was in evitable that Milton's Lucifer should be instanced, and the keenness with which Wolf Larsen analyzed and depicted the character was a revelation of his stifled genius. It reminded me of Taine, yet I knew the man had never heard of that brilliant though dangerous thinker.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Stevenson as a German Spy.

It is interesting, says the London Chronicle, to recall that Stevenson has recorded his imprisonment in France as a German spy, so foreign looking was he in appearance. Andrew Lang found his appearance at twenty-eight was anything but that of a Scotsman, and the same difficulty pursued the novelist through life, more especially on the continent.

"It is a great thing, believe me," he wrote in the Inland Voyage, "to present a good normal type of the nation you belong to," and, as he says in the same chapter, "I might come from any part of the globe, it seems, except from where I do."

Salt Water Improves Coal.

In recovering cargoes of coal from sunken vessels it has been discovered that the combustion of coal is improved by submergence in salt water. Coal subjected to the action of sea-water for a number of years will burn almost entirely away, leaving only a small amount of ash and no clinkers. Crates of coal, each holding approximately two tons, were submerged by the British admiralty in 1903, and at different times since certain of them have been raised and experiments conducted. The tests all have been in favor of the salt-water treatment.

Her Political Views.

"Jane, I have discovered that our new cook has decided views about the policy in the East." "John, what do you mean?" "She believes in the gradual disruption of China."

Be Reasonable With Your Stomach

Don't overload it when it is weak—rather help it back to its normal condition and thus avoid a spell of Indigestion, Constipation, Biliousness and weakness. Try

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

You will find it of great assistance. Get the genuine.

Kindred Thoughts.

"Do you know, John," remarked Mrs. Jaggs, as her liege lord stambled upstairs, "that I've been awake for hours waiting for you to come home from the club."

"If that ain't just like a woman," growled Jaggs, "here I've been at the club for hours waiting for you to go to sleep."

LADIES CAN WEAR SHOES

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder for the feet. Shaken into shoes and used in foot-bath Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight shoes feel easy, and gives instant relief to corns and bunions. Try it today. Sold everywhere. See FOR PRICES trial package. Address: Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. Adv.

Much More Refined.

"Do you mean to say the finger of suspicion is pointed at Mrs. Gadder?" "Oh, dear no! That is never done in our set. But when she appears there is a perceptible lifting of eyebrows."



FOR 35 years Alabastine has been the choice of housewives who take particular pride in the decoration of their homes.

For 35 years Alabastine has been sold everywhere by paint, hardware, drug, and general stores. It is known by dealers and users alike as the "tint beautiful" for walls and ceilings.

Alabastine is a dry powder that mixes perfectly in cold water. You can apply it yourself, or your local painter will do the work reasonably. Be sure that you get Alabastine brought on the job in properly labeled packages.

Free Color Plans. The best decorators advise the use of stencils to produce contrasting wall and ceiling borders. Ordinarily, stencils cost from 10 cents to \$5.00 each, but if you will write for the free "Alabastine Packet," containing hand-colored prints of 12 of the very latest stencil effects, we will tell you how you can have your choice of these and 500 others at practically no expense. Write today for this absolutely free decorating service.

Alabastine Co., 321 Cassville Rd., Grand Rapids, Mich.

ASK FOR AND GET

SKINNER'S MACARONI

THE HIGHEST QUALITY. Save the trademark signature of Paul F. Skinner from all packages and exchange free for Onada Community Silverware. Write today for free 36-page recipe book and full information.

SKINNER MFG. CO., OMAHA, U.S.A. LARGEST MACARONI FACTORY IN AMERICA

Agents Attention!

We furnish you goods that sell every day in the year, in any neighborhood, to every man or woman, white or colored. This is the chance of a lifetime to get in business, where even an inexperienced person can make \$10 a day handling our goods and we positively refund your money for all goods you do not sell. Send stamped envelope for full particulars. APEX MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 812 E. Main Street, Richmond, Va.

Texas Directory

GENERAL HARDWARE AND SUPPLIES. Contractors' Supplies, Builders' Hardware, Etc. Prices and Information furnished on request. PEDEN IRON & STEEL CO., HOUSTON, SAN ANTONIO

PATENTS

Obtained and trademarks and copyrights registered. Write for Inventor's Guide-Book. Office at 709 Kress Bldg., Houston, Tex. Phone Fren. 4780.

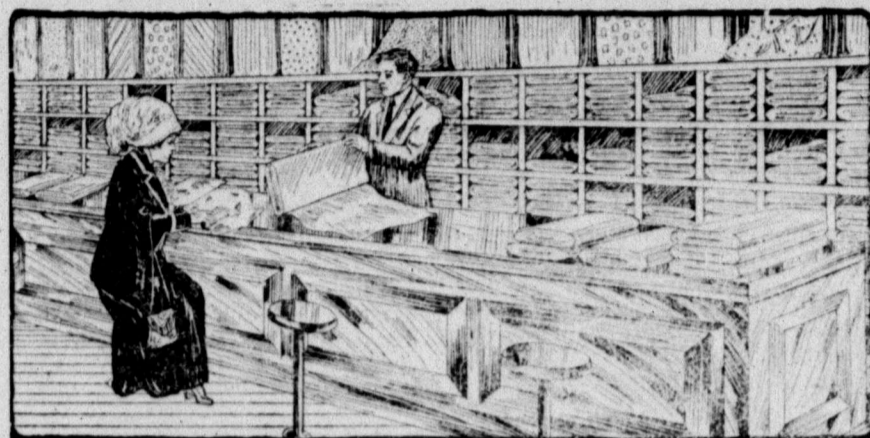
HARDWAY & CATHEY

FURLONG'S SECRET SERVICE COMPANY, INC., HOUSTON, TEXAS. General Offices, St. Louis, Mo. Operates for Individuals, Firms and Corporations. W. N. U., HOUSTON, NO. 16-1915.

Fine Showing of Spring Goods



A CHOICE SELECTION
of Ladies and Misses Pumps and
Low Quarters at Reduced Prices.
Former Prices \$2.50 to \$4.00, now \$1 to \$2.75
BEAUTIFUL LINE of SPRING SHOES
in Latest Styles Just Arrived.



Our stock is now resplendent with all that
is late and new, in obedience to
FASHION'S CALL
A seasonable showing with goods marked
at season end prices.

Highest Prices Paid for Country Produce

WEST TEXAS SUPPLY COMPANY

Store and Warehouse at Welge's Old Stand, Kerrville, Texas

FOR
**Pure Milk, Cream,
Buttermilk**
Telephone 79

Lewis Dairy

**More Men Than Women Have
Appendicitis**

Surgeons state men are slightly more subject to appendicitis than women. Kerrville people should know that a few doses of simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as mixed in Adler-i-ka, often relieves or prevents appendicitis. This mixture removes such surprising foul matter that one spoonful relieves almost any case constipation, sour stomach gas. The instant, easy action of Adler-i-ka is surprising.
For sale by Kerrville Drug Co.

Wool and Mohair Wanted.

I am in the market for wool and mohair. Will buy for cash or will make advances when stored in the warehouse.
H. Welge,
Kerrville, Texas.

PARSONS & BAYLOR,
Plumbers and Tanners
Parsons Building
Phone 10

Ingram Locals.

(Regular Correspondence)
The hail did a little damage to gardens in this neighborhood Sunday night.
Mr. Ed. Lackey has been doing some improving on his residence on the Lackey ranch.
The picnic was well attended Saturday on the new school site. The little folks had a fine time hunting the Easter eggs that were hidden in the early part of the day. There was plenty of good eats and plenty left after all were filled. Judge Wallace made a splendid address to the patrons in afternoon along the line of better schools.
John Leinweber is making some improvements on his house, adding two or three rooms.
The dance at the school house was attended by many from Kerrville.
Chas. Archer came in from the Divide last week to spend a few days at home.
Mr. and Mrs. Meadows, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Nichols and Mr. and Mrs. Orris Garland visited Mr. Will Nichols and family on Goat Creek Sunday.
T. J. Moore with a bunch of men has just completed an automobile road out to his ranch.
Grandma Prestige was quite ill Monday.
The boys have begun to get the baseball fever again. Look out!

Scholarship for Sale.

We have a \$50 scholarship in the Draughon Business College, San Antonio, which we will sell at a greatly reduced price. THE ADVANCE.

For Rent—Two unfurnished rooms in rear of my office.
Gilbert C. Storms.

For Sale or Trade—My place of 130 acres on Guadalupe river between Center Point and Kerrville. 70 acres in cultivation. Good improvements. Apply to H. G. Edens, owner, R. R. 1, Kerrville, Texas.

Presbyterian League.

Leader, Alois Remschel.
Devotional by leader.
Subject—Using Sunday.
The Sabbath, a reminder—Annie Claire Enderlie.
Sabbath work.—Mabel Thorburn.
Sabbath fellowship—Dorothy Doyle.
The Sabbath a delight—James Myers.
Young man who would not work on Sunday.—David Williams.
Hymn—Savour like a shepherd lead us.
Reason why men go to church—Annabel Dickey.
Reasons why people do not go to church—Laura Henke.
Opposition to God inconsistent—Ruth Garrett.
To day if ye will hear his voice—Kathryn King.
Hymn—Where he leads I will follow.
Repeat the fourth commandment in concert.
Close with prayer.

Baptist Young People Union

The following is the program for Sunday April the 30.
Subject—The Missionary doctor.
Leader—Mabel Deering.
Introduction—Leader.
Reading by—Gordon Robb.
Scripture Reading—Mrs. Howard.
Reading by—Earl Cantwell.
Reading by—Mrs. Butt.
Reading—Mrs. Newman.
Reading—Raleigh Sammons.
Reading—Gertie Inscore.
Reading—Miss Dobbin.
Every one is invited to attend this service beginning at 6:45.

Best quality of all kinds of dried fruits at C. C. Butt Grocery.

Place For Sale Cheap

Two large lots, well, good house, conveniently located. Good neighborhood, in a desirable part of town. If you are looking for a bargain, see
R. A. HOLLAND.
At Berry's grocery store.

Phone 31

P. O. Box 331

Gilbert C. Storms

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Office at Kerrville, Texas
Practice in all courts. Abstracts of Land
Titles made on short notice.

THE STAR MARKET

C. L. BIEHLER, Prop.

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING AT LOWEST PRICES

Free Delivery

PHONE 162

Southern Pacific

LOUISIANA AND TEXAS LINES

FIVE TRAINS DAILY

Between NEW ORLEANS and HOUSTON.

THREE TRAINS DAILY

Between NEW ORLEANS and SAN ANTONIO.

DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE

Between New Orleans, Houston, San Antonio, El Paso and California.

THROUGH PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS

New Orleans to all above-mentioned points and to Galveston, Dallas, Fort Worth and Colorado Locations.

DINING CARS

On All through Trains.

THREE TRAINS DAILY

Between HOUSTON and DALLAS.

TWO TRAINS DAILY

Between Houston, Fort Worth, Waco and Austin.

TWO TRAINS DAILY

Between Houston and Shreveport.

CAFE OBSERVATION CARS

Between Houston and Dallas.