

The Kerrville Mountain Sun.

VOL. XXV.

KERRVILLE, KERR COUNTY, TEXAS, JANUARY 4, 1908.

NO. 29

Am repairing that
Watch you left
With me before
Christmas—Skiddoo

SELF, Jeweler and
Optician
Rock Drug and Jewelry Store

GEORGE BOWLES.

Discusses Music, Especially the Vocal
Variety, From a Non-Prof-
essional Viewpoint.



Music, according to the statement of some wise guy, who succeeded in making people believe he knew, "has power to soothe the savage breast." That old saw, or the modern idea of music, especially the vocal brand, one or the other, ought to be laid on the shelf. Every time I think of a self-respecting savage going up against the "vocal gyrations" of one of the modern Mme. Squallerinas, I think of Puck's bull.

According to the illustration that bull imagined that he was a pretty fierce proposition, himself. But one day he met his Waterloo. He was quietly grazing in the pasture where he lived, when upon looking up to rest his neck he saw a woman of most comely figure approaching him with an umbrella held before her face. The bovine gave a knowing wink and seemed to say, "Watch me put that woman up a tree." With that he started toward the woman and met her near the foot of a tree. Just then the lady removed the umbrella and disclosed a face that looked like it had been through the St. Cloud cyclone or a Christmas bargain day rush. The next picture showed the bull at the end of the top limb of the tree and reaching for more limb. I've known a few pretty fierce savages myself in time and I am willing to bet odds that one of these modern vocalists would never sing to one of 'em the second time if he saw her first.

Old Hank Simons came into town not long ago, after a three months total abstinence on an Edwards county ranch. Hank proceeded to get about three or four sheets-in-the-wind, and along about nine o'clock that night he ran up against the box-office at the opera house. He bought a ticket and went in to see the show. When he came down he went to the nearest thirst parlor in search of something to save his life. As Hank made a gurgling sound with the liquids, one of the gang asked him how he liked the show. The old cow puncher gravely contemplated the soap etchings on the glass behind the bar for a while and then said:

"Fellers, that surkis come blamed nigh makin' me plum sober. Yes, sir, it reminded me of the time when I was a tenderfoot and started up the trail to Dodge City,

Kansas, with a herd of steers. I recollect the night puffedly, an' I won't never ferget it. We was at the crossin' of the Cimarron river an' I was ridin' night herd. I had never heerd a wolf ontill that night. Along about midnight a gang of 'em, I thought they was about a thousand, broke out howling, an' mighty nigh skeered me to death. When that woman broke out to-night the whole thing came back so powerful plain that I could see the bunch-grass an' the dry-weather lightnin' in the east, jest as it was that night. Purty good show of the kind I guess, but 'twant much news to me." Then wiping his troubled face with a red cotton handkerchief the plainsman said: "Barkeep, save my life er-gin, that wer a powerful clost call I had to both skeered to death the second time by the same animile, at least it made the same kind of noise."

Now, it must be understood that this dissertation is purely non-professional. I never thought I was a musician, not even before I was old enough to know better, and if I had, Mrs. Bowles would have taken the conceit out of me. The last time I tried to sing was about two weeks after we were married. I was carrying in wood and singing a new and startling version of Annie Laurie, with the variations, at the same time trying to throw in "free gratis" some of the "double-semi-quivers" that I had heard a fool tenor singer from town jar loose from at the school exhibition a few weeks before. Mrs. Bowles came out on the back gallery and looked 'round, then she called me: "George," she said, "I wish you'd look and see if the cow lot gate's shut, I thought I heard it screaming just now."

That wounded my pride and I have never allowed anyone to have the pleasure of hearing the melody of my voice in song since, but like all people who cannot, or will not do a thing themselves, I am quite willing to believe I know how it ought to be done.

So much for the ridiculous view of the matter, but in all candor there must be a stopping place somewhere. In recent years people appear to have been very hard pressed something new and to have been constantly striving after something different. There is the same difference between real music and the noise that the cultivated (!) singers make, as there is between buckwheat cakes and honey and "sterilized breakfast food," or between a good slice of home-made ham and a piece of embalmed beef. It is different, that's a cinch, but I can't find a single dictionary that says "different" means "better."

I thought the young woman who played the organ at Sunday school when I was a boy was making music. I never knew until people of cultivated tastes (!) told me that there was no music in the singing of "Bethany," "The Star Spangled Banner," "America," "In the Star Light," "Kitty Wells," and hundreds of other songs that the poor heathens in America sang thirty years ago. With the preponderance of evidence against me I guess I'll have to admit that when our fatherly walked down a country lane in the early summer morning and came to an old farm-house, with its yard full of roses, the dew laden blossoms nodding a glad good morning to them over the

fence, the sound they heard was harsh noise, even if it did make their hearts thump to hear our mothers in the beauty and loveliness of maidenhood, as they went about the yard with arms full of roses, singing, "Don't you remember sweet Alice Ben Bolt." Oh, sacrilegious vandals, to ruthlessly tear up the foundation to our early ideas of music.

But still there is one mighty bulwark that I can take refuge behind, they can't find fault with the vibrations of the matchless silver strings that God has placed upon the Harp of Nature.

I have been told that I don't like the performances of Mme. Squallerina Yellerosa, because my ears are not attuned to it. No, thank God, they are not. I guess when your ears are attuned to a thing it sounds good to you. All right, my ears are attuned to some things that sound mighty pleasing to me, and I wouldn't trade them for the greatest opera ever written, and besides I don't have to go to an opera house and breathe bad air and the sickening scent of violet talcum powder in order to hear them. I can stand in my own yard in the early spring morning and hear the clink-clink-clink of the blacksmiths hammer far up the village street, I hear the hens clucking to their broods in the back yard, I can hear a baby laughing in my neighbor's yard, swallows twittering in the chimney. I can walk in the woods now when the rain is falling and hear the subdued pattering of the raindrops on the leaves, soft and gentle as whispered grief over a new made grave. (Or in summer when leaves are on the trees I can hear the drops like a glorious song of hope and promise as they patter on the verdant roof. The ripple of a waterfall on a tiny streamlet, the singing of birds at dawn that lifts the soul as if upon wings of prayer, the mournful note of the whip-poor-will at dusk that depresses the spirit and causes one to take a mental measure of himself in which he seems so small, while the world, the universe and nature appear so large. The dashing roar of old Ocean's waves upon a rugged beach, or the moaning of the winds in a forest of giant pines. These, all these, are music; yes, God's music, the songs a million angels sing in the far off naves of nature's grand cathedral. I don't know anything about music, perhaps, but I am satisfied to listen to the sweet sounds of nature, or to the simple ballads that children sang, when I was one of them.

Christmas Wedding.

A very happy event took place Tuesday, Christmas eve, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Gus Dietert, Rev. Aykroid Stoney of the Episcopal church, officiating, it being the marriage of Mr. Ernest Blain Sherman, a young man of New York and Miss Stella Irene Dietert of this city. Mr. Sherman, since here, has made a host of friends. Miss Stella was reared in this community and is deservedly popular. She looked very girlish and attractive in her beautiful wedding gown of white chiffon cloth trimmed with handsome lace. The wedding was a very quiet affair, only a few relatives and friends being present. Immediately after the ceremony a wedding luncheon was served, the table being prettily decorated with flowers in red, white and green and gave a pretty holiday effect.

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Chas. Schreiner, Banker
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Kerrville, Texas

WOMAN'S CLUB ENTERTAINS.

Organization Keeps Open House On New Year's Day at Home of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Schreiner.

Among the many pleasant social events that took place in Kerrville during the holidays, none quite equalled in perfect arrangement and pleasure giving good cheer, the "Open House" and luncheon given by the ladies of the Kerrville Woman's Club on New Year's Day from 3 to 5 p. m.

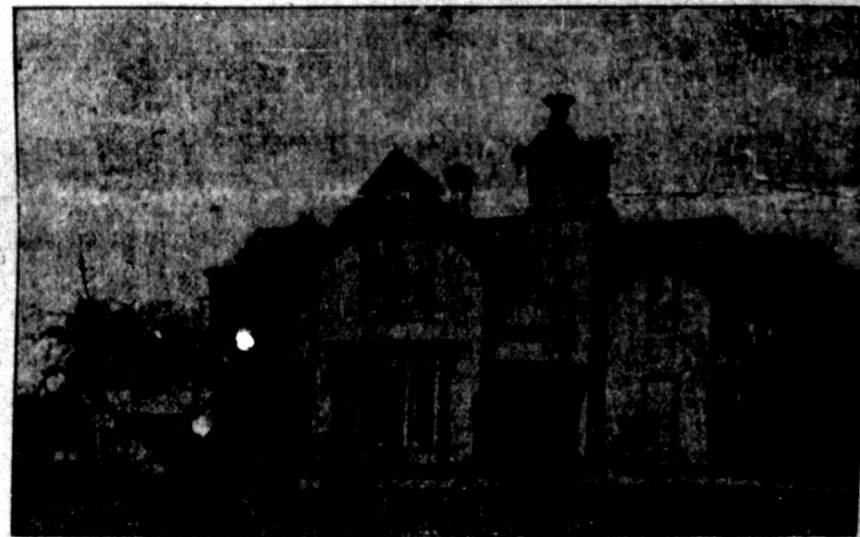
The rooms of the well appointed home of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Schreiner, where the entertainment was given, were decorated with

Holloday and Miss Scott.

A delicious luncheon, appropriate to the season and the hour was served, Mrs. F. L. Fordtran, Mrs. A. Euderle, Miss Shelburne and Miss Weir, presiding over the tables in the beautifully decorated dining room. Fruit punch was served, Mrs. H. W. Morelock and Mrs. C. A. Schreiner, Jr., presiding at the punch bowl.

Misses Hattie Garrett and Leah McNealy receiving at the door and welcoming the guests as they arrived.

More than one hundred guests were invited, in addition to the Club members, almost all of whom were present. No greater throng of beautiful women, beautifully



RESIDENCE OF MR. AND MRS. A. C. SCHREINER
Where Reception Took Place.

golden yellow chrysanthemums and ivy—gold and green being the Club colors. The golden flowers appeared in great profusion, while climbing ivy ran riot on the walls and over the chandeliers. The Club colors, which appeared at every turn, were also worn by the ladies who were members of the Kerrville Woman's Club.

In the receiving line were, Mrs. A. C. Schreiner, Mrs. Geo. Morris, Mrs. S. F. Howard, Miss Georgie Shelburne, Miss Benners, Miss

gowned" has been seen at any social event in Kerrville. Throughout the crush of guests the merry laughter of happy men and women and the hearty wishes of "Happy New Year" prevailed. Every guest was happy and the ladies of the Club, especially the hostess, were well pleased at conferring so much pleasure in a single day.

Warm and sincere were the many expressions of pleasure given by the guests at parting from their entertainers.

A nicely decorated Christmas tree was in the hall which gave evidence that wedding bells and Christmas bells were linked in that happy home. The wedding couple will go to housekeeping in a cottage on Martin street near the bride's former home.—Val Verde County Herald.

Miss Dietert with her parents formerly resided here, and has many friends and relatives in this city who will wish her happiness and prosperity in her married life.

Crutcher-Hankins.

The interesting event of the week was the nuptials of Miss Margaret D. Hankins and Frank Sterling Crutcher. The wedding was solemnized at the home of the bride's mother, Rev. Mr. Bell, of the Methodist Church, officiating.

The beautiful parlors presented a charming appearance. The bride,

who is one of the loveliest women in the State, was unusually beautiful in her wedding gown of chiffon over cream satin. The only ornament she wore was a diamond brooch.

The groom has been connected with the Maverick-Clarke Litho Company for the past ten years and is a prominent citizen of this city.

The ceremony was followed by a supper, only the bridal party and family being present. The table was covered with cluny lace. Resting in the center was a mirror on which stood a cut glass vase filled with choice flowers. The wedding gifts lavished upon the bride were numerous and handsome.—San Antonio Gazette.

The bride, Miss Maggie Hankins, who is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Hankins, spent her childhood in Kerrville, and has many warm friends here, who will wish the newly married couple joy

LOCAL and PERSONAL

BY SUN REPORTERS.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Saenger, on New Year's day, a daughter.

Uncle Pat Smith, a venerable gentleman of the Johnson Fork section, spent last Saturday in the city.

For bargains in watches see J. B. Love at Music store. He has a full assortment of all kinds of watches.

Mrs. Geo. W. Biehn and daughter, Miss Irene, of Winchester, Ky., are in Kerrville to spend some time recuperating.

Henry Prather, who had been visiting his sister, Mrs. R. H. Burney, left Wednesday for his home at Palestine.

Judge R. H. Burney and son, Ivy, who had been spending the week in the mountains west of Kerrville on a hunt, returned Wednesday.

Ed Corkill, who had been spending the holidays in this city with his family, left Wednesday afternoon for his ranch in Duval county.

Suits Cleaned and Pressed.

I do all kinds of repairing and altering work promptly done. Ladies skirts cleaned.

S. Friedman,
THE TAILOR.
Mountain Street, Opp. Court House
KERRVILLE, TEXAS

Mrs. J. M. Hankins and children, of Junction, are in the city visiting Mrs. Hankins' mother, Mrs. Ed Corkill, on Mountain street.

If your watch needs repairing take it to J. B. Love at the Music store and have him fix it. He will mend it correctly and it will stay that way.

Mrs. Dr. A. A. Roberts and daughter, Esther, returned New Year's Day from Columbus, where they had been visiting friends and relatives for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Real kept open house to a party of friends on New Year's Day, and a most enjoyable time was had by their guests.

Rueben Vining and cousin, Cozy Vining, who had been visiting the former's brother, J. L. Vining, near the city, left last Sunday for San Antonio, where they will be for some time.

USE 'GOLDEN CROWN' FLOUR

THE CHEAPEST AND THE BEST FLOUR IN TEXAS.

Miss Mabel Davey, who had been spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Davey, left Monday for San Marcos, where she is attending school.

Mrs. K. H. Dewees, Chas. T. Dewees and Miss Kate Graves Dewees, who have been spending the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. J. T. S. Gammon, at The Oaks, have returned to their homes in San Antonio and Falls City.

Geo. Johnson, of Emporia, Kan., is sojourning in the city.

Dr. G. N. Harris of Center Point, spent the holidays with relatives near Kerrville.

Gustav Leeder of Comfort, was a visitor in Kerrville on Saturday of last week.

Misses Cornelia Baker and Lee Harriss spent several of the Christmas holidays at the ranch of Mr. and Mrs. Sid Peterson.

H. F. Holmes, of Emporia, Kan., arrived in Kerrville the first of the week and will spend the remainder of the winter here.

WANTED.—Passage to San Angelo via country. Will work or share expense. Address, S. A., Mountain Sun Office.

Morris Grauville is credited with slaying the largest wild turkey of the season, having killed a monster gobbler that weighed 34 pounds.

Dr. E. Galbraith leaves on Monday for Houston to attend the Missionary District Conference of the Episcopal Church to be held in that city. He will return to his office Friday.

Dr. Helt, superintendent of the anti saloon league, San Antonio district, will address the people of Kerrville next Sunday morning at the Methodist church and again at night at 7:30 o'clock at the Baptist church there will be a union service held. All the people of the community are invited to attend these services.

F. S. Ragland was in Kerrville several days this week. Mr. Ragland was driving a fine standard bred stallion that was a present from his brother, S. G. Ragland of the Santa Gertrudes ranch. The horse, whose name is Durwood, is a magnificent bay, perfect in form and having splendid action. His registry number is 36,860, in book 23, American trotting register.

Rev. Dr. D. W. Carter, presiding Elder of the San Antonio District of the Mexican border mission conference of the M. E. church South, spent several days in Kerrville the first of the week. Dr. Carter preached in Spanish at the Mexican school house Saturday night, Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and again at night to good congregations who took a deep interest in the service. An effort will be made to establish regular service.

Kerrville will have a real Wild West production Saturday, January 4, for Wiedemann's Big Show, "Kit Carson," will be here with their Cowboy Band, Rough Riders, Lasso Spinners, Bronco Busters and Western Plainsmen. They give a band concert and free exhibition on the main street at noon, and Free Bronco Busting in front of the tent just before the show at night. They offer \$25.00 to any one bringing a wild horse or mule that they cannot ride.

Died.

Mr. Jesse McCall, who came to Kerrville some time ago from McLoud, Okla., died in this city Saturday night last at 10 o'clock. The funeral took place on the following day and was conducted by the Masonic fraternity of which deceased was a member.

For Sale

Twenty-five bred ewes.
J. T. CLARK,
Ingram, Tex.

Wiedemann's Big Show. "KIT CARSON."

Tom Wiedemann's \$30,000 production of the Historical Wild West Melo Drama "Kit Carson" will exhibit at Kerrville, January 4, with all their Cowboys, Rough Riders, Bronco Busters, Lasso Throwers, etc. They offer \$25.00 reward to any one bringing a wild horse or mule to the tent at 6 p. m. that they cannot ride.

Christian Church Supper Postponed.

The supper to be given at G. A. Burnes' confectionary parlor by the ladies of the Christian Church, on Tuesday evening, January 7, has, for various reasons, been postponed until Wednesday evening, January 8. All are cordially invited.

Young People Entertained.

Quite a number of young people were enjoyably entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Scholl on Friday evening of last week. Games were played and refreshments served, and all expressed themselves as having spent a delightful evening.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Scholl, Mrs. Opperman, Misses Alida Scholl, Hazel Hamilton, Ruth Robinson, Sadie Lockett and Minnie Corkill, and Messrs. Henry Scholl, Clyde Coleman, Will Garrett, Cecil Robinson Will Nuenhoffer and Ed Koester.

Pleasant Christmas Party.

Last Thursday night the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Rees was thrown open to a few young people of Silver creek and vicinity. After a number of games suitable to the occasion, refreshments were served. Those invited were:

Mesdames W. D. Burney and Newt Whorton, Misses Lee Hodge, Florence Stanley, Cornelia Baker, Lee Harriss, Julia Hodge, Kate Vaughan and Bettie Hodge. Messrs Nick Hagens, Newt Whorton, Clifton Burney, Ivy Baker, Oliver Stanley, Will Stanley and Rob Cox.

MRS. TAYLOR ENTERTAINS.

Music Lovers Meet With Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Taylor and are Royally Entertained

On Monday evening of this week quite a number of music lovers met at the home of Mrs. and Mrs. J. W. Taylor and were royally entertained. The program was delightful from start to finish. An amusing feature of the evening was the songs and recitations rendered by Miss Kittie King, as was also the song rendered by Dr. E. Galbraith. Rev. Ellis created much laughter with several humorous recitations. Among others taking part in the program were: Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. King, Mesdames J. L. Pampell, J. W. Burney and F. Coleman and Mr. Hole.

Refreshments consisting of sandwiches, cake, lemonade and chocolate, all of which were enjoyed.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. King, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Burney, Rev. and Mrs. J. E. Ellis, Rev. and Mrs. B. Galbraith, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Pampell, Mr. and Mrs. O. Rosenthal, Mesdames Garroway, F. Coleman, Misses Galbraith, Huntington, King, Messrs. E. Galbraith, S. H. Huntington, Clyde Coleman and Hole.

Mrs. Grubb Hamilton Entertains.

On Thursday evening, December twenty-sixth, a party was given by Mrs. Grubb Hamilton at her residence on Main street. The rooms were tastefully decorated in dark red and green, the predominant feature being a large bell of the former color, suspended from the ceiling. Dainty refreshments were served, after which games of an animated nature were indulged in and in the participation of which Miss Koester and Dr. Galbraith proved to be so irresistible as to carry off the prizes. At eleven o'clock the guests, after pronouncing the party a great success, returned home.

Wise Counsel From the South.

"I want to give some valuable advice to those who suffer with lame back and kidney trouble," says J. R. Blankenship, of Be Tenn. "I have proved to an absolute certainty that Electric Batters will positively cure this distressing condition. The first bottle gave me great relief and after taking a few more bottles, I am completely cured; so complete that it becomes a pleasure to recommend this great remedy." So under guarantee at Rock Drug Store. Price 50c.

Lost.

A small boy's dark colored overcoat in the city. Return to the office.

WANTED—To buy for cash small farm. Must be cheap. — EDWARD NOLTE, 720 Chestnut St., San Antonio, Texas.

Use Golden Crown Flour--It is the Best and Cheapest Flour in Texas.

Sheep For Sale.

I have 25 bred ewes for sale. Telephone No. 20.5r. 27 4t ALBERT REAL.

Trespass Notice.

I will prosecute parties found hunting with dog or gun in my pastures on Turtle creek. 11-17 WALTER REAL.

NOTICE.

I will prosecute anyone hunting with dogs or gun in the Reservoir pasture, North of town.

Chas. Schreiner.

WANTED Local representative for Kerrville and vicinity to look after renewals and increase subscription list of a prominent monthly magazine, on a salary and commission basis. Experience desirable, but not necessary. Good opportunity for right person. Address Publisher, Box 59, Station O, New York.

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YOUR DEALER SELLS THEM

"Ideal" and "Target" loaded with any Standard Bulk Smokeless.
 "Premier" and "High Gun" "Duss"
 "Referee" loaded with the famous "Semi-Smokeless."
 "League" loaded with best quality Black Powder.

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Leaves Houston 9:45 p. m. Arrives San Antonio 7:10 a. m.
 Leaves San Antonio 8:00 p. m. Arrives Houston 7:15 a. m.

Each train strictly up-to-date, wide vestibule, pintsize lighted, soft berth Pullman sleepers, free parlor car, one combination coach and one baggage car.

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ELLWOOD FENCE

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58 INCH
50 INCH
42 INCH
34 INCH
26 INCH
18 INCH

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2d—Each of these cables is tied to each other cable by a continuous heavy wire lapped tightly about every cable—not tied in a crooked "knot" or twist to weaken the strength of the wire at the binding point. (Wrap a wire around your finger and the wire is not weakened; tie a wire up in a hard knot and you cannot untie it without breaking, it is so much weakened.)

THAT IS ALL THERE IS TO ELLWOOD FENCE—

Heavy steel cables lapped about and held together by steel wire, forming uniform meshes. Simple, isn't it? No chance for weakness in any part: uniformly strong. The reasons for the superiority of ELLWOOD FENCE are not hard to find. This company owns and operates its own iron mines and furnaces; its own wire mills and six large fence factories—either one of the six being larger than any other fence factory in the world. These facts should be convincing.

We Handle ELLWOOD Fencing in Car Load Lots and Carry all Styles of Fencing and Gates. Come to see us, We'll talk Fence economy to You

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H. V. SCHOLL, Manager

Yard Near Depot,
P. O. Box 26, Phone 126. Kerrville, Texas

Citation by Publication.

THE STATE OF TEXAS,
To the Sheriff or any Constable of Kerr County, Greeting:

YOU ARE HEREBY COMMANDED TO SUMMON J. R. PATTERSON and the unknown heirs of J. R. PATTERSON, by making publication of this Citation once in each week for eight successive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in your County, to appear at the next regular term of the District Court of Kerr County, to be held at the Court House thereof, in Kerrville, on the first Monday in January, 1908, the same being the 6th day of January, 1908, then and there to answer a petition filed in said Court on the 6th day of November, 1907, in a suit, numbered on the Docket of said Court No. 730, wherein B. C. Richards is Plaintiff, and J. R. PATTERSON and the unknown heirs of J. R. PATTERSON are defendants.

Plaintiff sues in trespass to try title and to remove cloud therefrom and cancel deed and alleges generally that on the 30th day of August, 1890, he owned in fee simple and was lawfully seized and possessed of lot No. 125 in block No. 1, in the town of Kerrville, in Kerr County, Texas, a part of survey No. 116 in the name of B. F. CAGE. That said survey No. 116, situated in Kerr County, Texas, was patented by the State of Texas to said B. F. CAGE and descended from said B. F. CAGE, deceased, to his mother, and heir, Rebecca E. Beck and was by said Rebecca E. Beck and her husband, Abraham Beck, conveyed to A. O. Beck and was by said A. O. Beck conveyed to J. D. Brown, that said lot No. 125 in block No. 1 in Kerrville, Texas, is a part of said survey No. 116 and was by said J. D. Brown conveyed to C. C. Quinlan and by said C. C. Quinlan conveyed to Charles Schreiner and by said Charles Schreiner and R. H. Burney conveyed to plaintiff. That on said 30th day of August, 1890, plaintiff owned, possessed, and deraigned title to said lot No. 125, in Kerrville, Texas, under above chain of title from the State of Texas to himself. That by warranty deed, with vendor's lien, of date, August 30th, 1890, by plaintiff duly executed and acknowledged, plaintiff sold and conveyed to defendant, J. R. PATTERSON, said lot No. 125 in block No. 1, in Kerrville, Texas, for a consideration of \$500.00 then paid, and three promissory notes of even date with said deed for \$166.66 each, with interest at 8 per cent per annum from said date until paid, executed by said J. R. PATTERSON and payable to plaintiff's order at Kerrville, Kerr County, Texas, August 30, 1891, August 30, 1892 and August 30, 1893, respectively. That said deed executed by plaintiff to defendant for said lot No. 125, in Kerrville, Texas, expressly reserved a vendor's lien on said lot to secure said purchase money therefor, as evidenced by said notes. That said three promissory notes executed to plaintiff by said J. R. PATTERSON for said lot No. 125, each acknowledged a vendor's lien on said lot No. 125 to secure payment thereof. That said J. R. PATTERSON caused said deed executed to him by plaintiff for said lot No. 125, as aforesaid, to be placed upon the deed records of Kerr County, Texas. That

neither said J. R. PATTERSON nor any other said defendant, though often requested so to do, has ever paid said three promissory notes or either of them, or any part thereof, though all are long since past due and unpaid. That said three promissory notes are now wholly unpaid and long since past due and are now and have ever been in the ownership and possession of plaintiff. That by failure to pay said three notes executed by said J. R. PATTERSON, to plaintiff for purchase money of said lot No. 125, in Kerrville, Texas, as aforesaid, said J. R. PATTERSON and all other said defendants have forfeited and relinquished to plaintiff all right and title in said lot accruing to them or either of them under said deed from plaintiff to said J. R. PATTERSON for said lot No. 125 in Kerrville, Texas. That plaintiff now owns said lot No. 125, in block No. 1, in Kerrville, Texas, in fee simple, as he did on the 30th day of August, 1890, and by the same title thereto that he then held as above set out and has thereunder as such owner thereof resumed possession of said lot and now claims title thereto and holds the same entirely free from the operation of said deed therefor executed by him to said J. R. PATTERSON, as aforesaid, and now offers said three notes executed to him by said J. R. PATTERSON for said lot No. 125, as aforesaid, for cancellation by order of this Court and to be surrendered to defendants. That defendants are asserting some character of title and interest in said lot 125 under said deed therefor from plaintiff to said J. R. PATTERSON and are keeping said deed on the deed records of Kerr County, Texas, as aforesaid, and that said deed and said record thereof and said assertion by defendants of title and interest in said lot No. 125 thereunder constitute a cloud upon plaintiff's title to said lot, materially impair the value thereof, and hinder plaintiff in the free use and enjoyment thereof and are a great obstruction to the sale of said lot by plaintiff for its full and fair value to plaintiff's great damage.

Plaintiff prays that defendants be cited by publication as prescribed by law to answer this petition and that on hearing plaintiff have judgment against said defendants for the title and possession of said lot No. 125, in block No. 1, in Kerrville, Texas, and cancelling said deed executed by plaintiff to said J. R. PATTERSON for said lot, as aforesaid, and cancelling the said record of said deed in the deed records of Kerr County, Texas, and quieting plaintiff's title to said lot No. 125 and removing cloud cast thereon by defendants said claim of title thereon under said deed executed by plaintiff as aforesaid. Prayer is also made for general relief.

HEREIN FAIL NOT, but have you before said Court, at its aforesaid next regular term, this writ, with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

WITNESS J. M. HAMILTON, Clerk of the District Court of Kerr County.

Given under my hand and seal of said Court, at office in Kerrville, Texas, on the 6th day of November, 1907.

J. M. HAMILTON,
Clerk, Dist. Court, Kerr County.
By M. L. HUDSPETH, Deputy.
Issued this 6th day of November, 1907.
J. M. HAMILTON, Clerk.
By M. L. HUDSPETH, Deputy.
Came to hand the 6th day of November, 1907, at 11:45 o'clock, a. m., and executed the same day by ordering publication hereof in the Mountain Sun for eight successive weeks previous to the return day hereof.

J. T. MOORE,
Sheriff, Kerr County,
By H. Y. STAUBT, Deputy.

Citation by Plaintiff.

THE STATE OF TEXAS
To the Sheriff or any Constable of Kerr County, Greeting:

YOU ARE HEREBY COMMANDED TO SUMMON HENRY SCHAFER by making publication of this Citation once in each week for four successive weeks previous to the return day hereof in some newspaper published in your County, if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in any newspaper published in the 38th Judicial District; but if there be no newspaper published in said Judicial District, then in a newspaper published in the nearest District to said 38th Judicial District to appear at the next regular term of the District Court of Kerr County, to be held at the Court House thereof, in Kerrville on the 1st Monday in January, 1908, the same being the 6th day of January, 1908, then and there to answer a petition filed in said Court on the 3rd day of December, 1908, in a suit, numbered on the Docket of said Court No. 736, wherein Mrs. Lee Schaffer, is Plaintiff, and Henry Schaffer, is Defendant, and said petition alleging:

That Plaintiff and Defendant were duly and legally married in Gillespie County, Texas, on September 4th, 1898. That they lived together as man and wife until February 6th, 1900; that soon after said marriage, Defendant commenced a course of harsh, tyrannical and cruel conduct toward Plaintiff, and would violently curse, swear at and abuse her and address all manner of cruel and approbrious epithets to her. Said petition alleges that upon an occasion, the 6th day of February, 1900, Defendant assaulted her and cruelly beat and bruised her, knocking her down and cursing her at the same time. Said petition further alleges that on said day Defendant left Plaintiff with the intention of abandonment and has since lived separate and apart from her for over the space of three years.

Plaintiff prays that Defendant be cited to answer, that she have judgment dissolving the marriage between them, that her former name of Brown be restored, for costs of suit and general relief.

HEREIN FAIL NOT, but have you before said Court, at its aforesaid next reg-

ular term, this writ, with your return, showing how you have executed the same.

WITNESS J. M. HAMILTON, Clerk of the District Court of Kerr County.

Given under my hand and seal of said Court, at office in Kerrville, this the 3rd day of December, 1907.

J. M. HAMILTON,
Clerk, Dist. Court, Kerr County.
By M. L. HUDSPETH, Deputy.
Issued this 3rd day of December, 1907.
J. M. HAMILTON, Clerk.
By M. L. HUDSPETH, Deputy.
Came to hand on the 3rd day of December, 1907, at 4 o'clock p. m., and I executed the within Citation, by publishing the same in the Mountain Sun, a newspaper published in the County of Kerr, once in each week for four successive weeks previous to the return day hereof.

J. T. MOORE,
Sheriff, Kerr County, Texas.

"To Keep Well"

The whole year through," writes L. A. Bartlett, of Rural Route 1, Guilford, Me., "I and my family use Dr. King's New Life Pills. They have proven most satisfactory to all of us." They tone the system and cure biliousness, malaria and constipation. Guaranteed by Rock Drug Store.

Peculiar Coincidence.

Mr. J. Lee Goss, died at his home near Center Point on the 19th day of last month. A few days prior to his death one of Mr. Goss' daughters wrote to a son, Mr. Fred Goss, who resides at Abbeville, La., stating that the father was in a hopeless condition. The following letter makes a statement sets forth a peculiar fact and a strange coincidence, even if no greater importance may be attached to it.

Abbeville, La., Dec. 18, '07.

Dear Mother:

When I returned Tuesday morn, I found Mary's letter awaiting me and by noon received the doctor's telegram. It was then to late to get another train until today, and I find it will take 31 running hours to miss connections of of Norwinline train were united in matrimony 5 to 8 Barker officiating. Report weeks has both couples a happy consideration and knowing the nature of pneumonia, I felt that it would be almost hopeless to get there before the crisis. If there could be any hopes of reaching home before papa dies, I would spare nothing, but I would rather not come at all than to get there after it was too late. I would feel worse than if I had not gone at all. And in a case of this kind, I can do no one any good by coming. We all know the inevitable. Only the intervention of a Creator's providence can change the course now.

I slept but very little last night, and about a few minutes of 3:00 o'clock I was awakened by a dream. I thought I could see papa down in the field in one of his favorite attitudes with his hands behind him, in his vest, looking for something, but it got away from him. Some time ago, a month or six weeks, I had a very strange dream, and I couldn't get it out of my mind for some time. It seemed that a grave was being re-excavated, and I could see the decayed remains of the occupant, and some how it seemed that it was my own mother's. I don't believe in omens, and such things, but I have come to believe there is in the spirit world, beings that might be trying to communicate with us mortals, but we, being only mortal can not understand their signs.

In our bereavement, we can only find consolation in a Redeemer that we know knows better than we, and who does all things for good, and also makes it possible to bear up under such ordeals.

This is all I can write now. If there is anything I can do for you in any way, please let me know, and I will do what I can.

Yours lovingly,
Fred.

How to Cure Chills.

"To enjoy freedom from chills," writes John Kemp, East Otisfield, Me., "I apply Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Have also used it for salt rheum with excellent results." Guaranteed for sores, indolent ulcers, piles, burns, wounds, frost bites and skin diseases. 25c at Rock Drug Store.

The Mountain Sun.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
...BY...

J. E. GRINSTEAD
West Water Street, Kerrville, Texas.

\$1.00 PER YEAR

Entered at the postoffice in Kerrville, Texas, for transportation through the mails as second-class matter. Advertising rates made known on application.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Seemingly, it is necessary for a newspaper to have a "heavy" editorial on New Year's. We are of "light build" and not much at handling heavy junk, but here goes for a "heavy editorial." The first part is expressly for the craft and will not be much appreciated by "the laity," and "none to speak of" by those for whom it is intended.

What peculiar psychical force is responsible for the New Year's editorial is, perhaps, unknown. However, almost every newspaper, especially the country weeklies, have such articles. As a rule they are merely a combination of words that indicate nothing, unless it is that the writer has indulged in too much liquid celebration, or has over-fed and suffers from billiousness and consequent sad reveries over the demise of this late year.

Occasionally one is refreshed by reading a New Year's editorial that is "different." For instance, one publisher may feel a little guilty on account of not having given his patrons the worth of their money, and he, therefore, writes in an apologetic tone; they should quit it—a self-respecting thief should never apologize to the people he has robbed. On the other hand, occasionally, some fellow who has strained a point and spent three dollars for a single column newspaper half tone of the court house, public well and the bank that has a mortgage on his plant, gets cheery and writes of the "great improvements that have been made during the year that's just passed into history." This class of newspapers should also be a little careful about publishing such stereotyped junk, unless they have taken a census of the mental calibre of their patrons and know that there is an overwhelming majority of fools among them.

There is another thing that is prone to appear in the columns of the New Year's number of the country weekly in its callow youth and that is a lot of promises as to what wonderful things will be done during the coming year. True enough, "hope springs eternal in the human breast," but there is no use exciting an undue amount of it in the breasts of the people who have already, very probably, been working their hope factories over time for several years in a vain effort to make themselves believe that the paper will be better next year. If the paper is really to be made better, make it so, and the people will find it out.

Another peculiar turn of the average editorial mind at New Year's is to say a great deal about the man that don't advertise and the subscriber that don't pay. Let them alone; the man who won't advertise will go broke and the fellow who owes three years' subscription and won't pay will go to hell for being a thief, if he don't prove that the newspaper ought to have lost the money for having no more sense than to let the account run that long. It is always accounts that are perfectly safe (?) that we lose.

"Finally, my brethren, be ye of

one mind." Make a plan for 1908 and stick to it; you will then be as hard to skin as a poor yearling in March, will respect yourself, and your family and others, who are not too well acquainted with you, will respect you.

To our patrons we will say that though the Sun is the embodied spirit of all the newspapers that have labored in this field through their fitful careers and passed into the "journalistic happy hunting ground," yet the name, "The Mountain Sun," was first blazoned upon her banners eight years ago on the 25th day of last month, and we got a letter from a fellow in New York the other day saying that he still possessed a copy of that "yellow-backed" Christmas edition. Since that day it has been under the same management, and the same man has been running it and running it all alone, because our "constituency" has more sense about knowing that they don't know how to run a newspaper, than any set of folks in America, and we love them for it.

"The paper has a new head this week and for the first time calls itself 'The Kerrville Mountain Sun.'" This was done because everybody, now-a-days, is in a hurry, or pretends to be, and have not time to look at the date line to see where the paper came from.

"The Sun" is a pretty fair average Texas weekly. We have worked at it steadily for eight years trying all the time to make it a little better. We do not deserve all the credit for what the paper is; the men who established the first paper and succeeded to its management from time to time laid a foundation of broken Washington had presses, broken religious vows and brains, put in place by much toil upon which the Sun today stands. Nor is what the paper is today due entirely to their efforts and ours; the people who have patiently paid the subscription price all these years, the men who have advertised, the friends of the paper have been a prime factor in its success. Even the "Sun's" enemies have been of great value in this respect; their spiteful behaviour, their petty reasons for dislike, and the hopelessly small minority of the people they represent, makes our friends look strong and wise and good, and last of all knowing why we have enemies makes us glad we have them.

We have no promises to make for 1908. If anything is attempted that is plainly not for the public good we are going to say so. If a good word can be said for anything or anybody in our territory we will say it. We want it distinctly understood that if any humble citizen desires to have an opinion upon an important matter at variance with our own we will not circulate a petition to get him into an idiot asylum. There is always a possibility that the other fellow might be right.

It is winter, flowers are exceedingly high, and the country is in the throes of a financial panic; besides there are wedding's and parties to be written up so we will throw no bouquets at ourself or at our patrons. We are satisfied with what the people know about us—that is that they know so little—and they know us well enough to know that if we didn't like them for neighbors and friends we'd have moved long ago. If you can all be happy it makes little difference whether you are prosperous or not, so we merely wish the press and the people a Happy New Year.

One of the big dailies heads an article "busy day for Taft." If

the Secretary is going to be a candidate for the presidency the papers might just as well keep that head standing.

There is a lot of prohibition talk just now. One would think last year's drouth would hold the country for a while.

A French scientist has declared jealousy a disease. Must be a stomach disorder, people with brains don't have it.

The papers are full of stuff about the "rent war" in certain places. The worst rent war we know anything about is that of the "rents" in our best trousers.

Somebody said, "Life is like a game of grab." Well, suppose it is; as a general thing if a fellow fails to get what he grabs at he has another grab coming.

When a man reaches the conclusion that all who disagree with him are hopelessly wrong, he has succeeded also in showing the world how little he knows, and how little machinery he has to learn with.

Wonder what that fool thief, who stole the \$100,000 picture from a French church, will do with it. Seems to us that an intelligent thief would have stolen a link of sausages instead.

Don't growl at your condition in life and the troubles you've had and are going to have. Suppose you were up against the proposition that Gov. Sparks of Nevada, has been wrestling with recently.

It is all right to take a horse over the course a time or two before the race, but it is beginning to look as if some of the political racers of Texas will be badly "winded" before the bugle to start is sounded.

The first fellow who crawls upon the rostrum and gives public utterance to the statement that if elected he will try to prevent financial panics, should either be sent to the penitentiary for life, or put in a padded cell in the nearest insane asylum.

Roosevelt is advocating the raising of the president's salary from \$50,000 to \$100,000 a year. Ex-president Cleveland is out with a strong story in the advocacy of pensioning ex-presidents. If both these schemes carry, working at being president will be a pretty good business.

There is a "big bilin'" of political booms just now about ready to "stir off." The weekly press of Texas, if the publishers do their plain duty to themselves, will not only withhold their support from every man who voted, or in any way assisted, to deprive them of the right to exchange advertising space for railroad transportation, but will wage relentless war on every mother's son of them.

It is stated in a dispatch that "the mothers of Vienna, exasperated by the continued advance in prices of meats have boycotted the butchers." We don't know anything about how many mothers the city of Vienna has, nor have we looked up the date of it's birth, but it is certain that if these venerable dames keep up the boycott long there will be a horrible shrinkage in the waist measure of their offspring.

Georgia went dry on New Year's day, and according to the accepted rule will be dry all the year. We would have liked much to see the smile worn by Brother Elam Christian of the Marietta, (Ga.) Courier on that day. Brother Elam is a prohibitionist printer who, strange as it may seem, will not get drunk, even to celebrate a prohibition victory.

The bankers are roasting the farmers for not turning their jottions loose. It is to be feared that the farmers will get enough "seed for regret" out of their action in the matter, without having the men of other vocations jumping onto them about it. Nobody but a soured old maid, without hope of bettering her condition would say, "I told you so."

Congress, it is said, will tinker

with the financial problem. That will not be remarkable. That body "tinkers" with a great many things. Tinkering is about all any legislative body is likely to do with that problem.

There is considerable talk just now about the possibility of Governor Campbell calling a special session of the legislature. There are not many people in Texas who want such action taken, and still fewer who would probably be benefited by the action of that body on financial matters, should it meet.

It is said that a sheep "gives up" quicker than any other animal, and that a sick sheep don't try to get well. The result is that a sick sheep nearly always dies. It is poor policy to live under a constant strain of apprehension. Look cheerful, smile when you meet your neighbors. Nobody admires the courage of a sheep. Who wants to be a sheep anyway.

WE NEVER

Buy second hand bottles, nor do we dispense medicines in them. It is most dangerous, as frequently bottles are picked up around doctors' offices and taken to a drug store and sold. You can best imagine what might have been in them. You don't have to demand accuracy, purity and elegance from us, that is our motto. Yours for business,

ROCK DRUG STORE

PAUL REVERE WAS A RIDER
PAUL KRUGER WAS A PATRIOT, BUT

PAUL JONES

IS THE BEST AND PUREST WHISKEY MADE

THE DEPOT SALOON

HERMAN MOSEL, Prop.

FINE WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS

SOLE AGENT FOR PAUL JONES WHISKEY

KERRVILLE

TEXAS

H. KUENEMANN,

DEALER IN

LUMBER, Shingles, Sash, Doors

Blinds, Posts, Brackets, Etc.

ROBERT SAENGER, Manager

Yards Beyond Depot.

Office at Mosel & Saenger's Store

Kerrville, Tex.

HIXSON & CO.

LIVERY, FEED AND SALE STABLE

First-Class

Turnouts

Single or

Double



Nice Gentle

Saddle

Horse for

Ladies or

Gents

Cater Especially to Drummers

HOME NEWS.

Interesting Items From Town and County.

Fresh onion sets at T. F. W. Dietert & Bro.

C. D. Stokes and son, W. Y. Stokes, of Lampasas, spent several days in Kerrville this week.

Mrs. H. V. Scholl left Thursday for Lockhart and New Braunfels on a ten days' visit to relatives.

Chas. Rawson left last Sunday for Nashville, Tenn., where he will enter the medical department of Vanderbilt college.

Dr. A. V. Duncan, of Blanco, was in Kerrville the first of the week, a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Mosel. Dr. Duncan was on the way to Rock Springs to visit relatives.

Ernest Schwethelm has turned chicken financier. Mr. Schwethelm recently purchased two cockrels that were prize winners at the San Antonio Fair. The birds are of the Plymouth Rock breed.

Dr. Edward Galbraith,



Dentist

Office Next to Rawson's Drug Store
Kerrville, Texas.

WANTED.—Employment on ranch, farm or at active business or shipping work, by young, single man, experienced in business and handling men. First-class moral and business references; no lung trouble. Phone 57. Address D. H. K., Box 233, Kerrville, Tex.

Married.

Mr. J. A. Salmon and Miss Velma Hodges were married at the home of the bride's parents, this city, on New Year's Day at three o'clock, p. m.

The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Hodges, and is a most popular and lovable young woman. Mr. Salmon is an employe of the M. K. & T. Railroad in its freight department.

Mr. and Mrs. Salmon left immediately after the ceremony for their new home at Atoka, Okla., followed by the good wishes of a host of friends.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank the people of Kerrville and surrounding country for their very generous patronage during last year. The Kerrville Nursery is a home institution and are here to stay, and the patronage we received last year is showing that the people believe in home enterprises. The fruit business has just sprung into prominence, and is being rapidly developed in this country, and we are now prepared to furnish all kinds of trees and shrubs of new varieties, that are well adapted to this country. Again, thanking the people for a good patronage in 1907. We are very respectfully,
THE KERRVILLE NURSERY.

New Year's Ball.

The New Year's ball given to the young people by the Dancing Club of this city, was certainly a marked success in every way.

At eight-thirty o'clock the committee on arrangements announced all in readiness, and all formed in line for the grand march, led by Miss Nannie Allen and Mr. Louis Schreiner.

From this moment until the wee hours of the morning all was gaiety. So quickly did the time pass that when at 12:00 o'clock the lights went out and the city fire alarm rang out upon the still night announcing the arrival of the New Year, merry confusion reigned and New Year's greetings were mingled with expressions of happy surprise.

Punch was served by Mrs. Geo. Morris, Mrs. Dr. F. L. Fordtran and Mrs. W. W. Allen, and all of the other members of the club, including Mrs. H. Weis, president, Mrs. L. Schreiner, Mrs. Chas. Real, Mrs. John Pampell and Mrs. W. Re I were present.

To the club the young people are indebted for an evening of perfect enjoyment.

Tacky Party.

As a genuine mirth provoker and producer of joy and Holiday jollity the "Tacky Party" at the country home of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. S. Gammon on Monday of this week, had all the entertainments of the season bested by a good many lengths. Every guests seemed to have given much profound study to the matter of making somebody—or everybody—laugh. There were no costumes in the party not worthy of the attention of a connoisseur in the art of by gone fashions, but all went down like a house of cards before Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Newman, who were arrayed as "Josier Allen" and "Josier Allen's wife." They won the prize in a walk.

Mr. and Mrs. Gammon, who are splendid entertainers, regaled their guests with food appropriate to the occasion. When the time came to say good night each guest could truthfully say, "I never had so much fun in my life."

Delightful Afternoon Tea.

An afternoon tea was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Rosenthal, Thursday afternoon, in honor of Mrs. E. L. King, of Laredo, who is visiting in the city. The house was beautifully decorated throughout for the occasion, but the arrangement of the dining room was a rare work of art. That could only be brought about by perfect taste and the deft touch of a master hand the perfect appointment of the table was especially beautiful. Three rare candelabra illuminated the festal scene. The favors at each plate were tulip blooms and that flower also contributed largely to the beauty of the decorations.

Charles Schreiner Co.,

Kerrville, Texas,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

And Leaders in Low Prices.

Agents for Samson and Aermoter Windmills Collins' Pump, Jacks, Moline Disc Plows, Deering Harvesters and Springfield and Studebaker Wagons and Vehicles.

Pasteurs' Vaccine for Blackleg.

HAPPY CENTER POINT.

Dr. and Mrs. M. Alexander, who have been here from Tennessee spending the holidays, returned to their home Wednesday.

Miss Lucile Hunnapp came up from San Antonio this week and is the guest of Miss Clara Leigh.

Miss Charle Barleman has returned to San Antonio to finish the school session.

Judge H. M. Burney came down from his ranch Tuesday to sign some new currency for the First National Bank. Its a good thing to have a National Bank in town when panics come around, for they issue their own money and your Uncle Sam makes it good as gold.

Ivy Langford passed through here Saturday from his home at Bandera on his way to San Antonio to finish his business training.

Miss Janie Rees took vacation and spent the season with home folks.

Miss Mary Brophy has treated the Center Point Hotel to a new addition and much inside improvement.

Although it is more than a week past, people have not yet stopped talking of the play "Elma," at the Christian church. The little folks were indeed well trained and gave us more than an hour of real delight.

The Christmas trees this season were more beautiful than ever before and seemed to have more presents and to make more children happy than usual. Judging from newspaper talk, Happy Center Point has more cause to be thankful than towns in many other sections where the money panic interfered with Santa Claus. Indeed, this valley is a delightful place to live in.

The boys in red came down from Kerrville Wednesday and played a game of ball. Some good playing was done on both sides. The score was 4 to 5 in favor of Center Point. Come again boys.

A-MERI-CUS-

Recreation Hall.

The contest for prize cues at Walther & Arnold's amusement hall ended on December 31 and resulted as follows: At billiards, Dr. R. L. Denman won with 22 points, his nearest competitors being Judge C. C. Lockett, 20 points and D. H. Huntington, 18 points. At call shot A. H. Moore made the phenomenal run of 26 points, remarkable at this style of game, the second man having but 15. At nigger billiards J. W. Taylor succeeded in scoring 50 points, far ahead of anything heretofore achieved in these rooms. The management will continue to offer prizes for good playing during the ensuing year and to make this pleasure resort among the most respectable and enjoyable in the state.

INGRAM.

Well, Christmas is over, and the old year is gone. Everyone reported a good time.

Sam Haynes and Mr. Spears passed through Ingram last Monday on their route to Mountain Home.

Miss Lizzie Nichols, who has been visiting relatives in Arizona, returned home last Tuesday; she reports a very nice time.

Well, Calf Run Girl, I hope Santa Claus brought you your present.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Leinweber attended the Zumwalt-Sublett wedding and in fact dinner.

Miss Ada Dowdy has been on the sick list this week.

The Ingram school will start Monday.

Miss Lela Crenshaw, who has been out on the divide teaching school, returned Monday.

There will be a leap year ball given at Geo. Dowdy's hall Saturday night, January 4. So girls get your buggy and horse engaged for the boys will expect you to come after them.

The sunshine has been nice but I am afraid it won't be that way long.

Mr. and Mrs. Steve Crenshaw, who spent Christmas day at Harper, returned home last Thursday.

Miss Addie Denton returned last Sunday to her school in San Antonio.

Miss Jessie Denton, Edith and John Leinweber, attended the ball on Turtle creek and report a nice time.

RED BONNET.

TURTLE CREEK.

We have had a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Miss Rosa Hunter started her school Monday morning with a fine attendance.

We had a fine dance at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Barton Saturday night.

George Lowrance of the divide, spent Christmas with Mr. Gibbens and family of Linn Prong ranch.

Harry Williams is enlarging his house.

Miss Dollie Lamb spent a few days on Wallis creek.

Miss Vida Gibbens will return to her school Thursday.

Mr. Gerlach of San Antonio, spent a few days with F. B. Denton this week.

Addie Denton returned to her school Tuesday.

Mrs. Rees spent the day with Mrs. Will Ridgeway Sunday.

Clark Burks is improving now; we hope he will soon be up and with us again.

W. P. Cowden spent a few days with his daughter, Mrs. Lamb, of Wallis creek this week.

Fred Real spent Christmas with his parents and will return Friday to his school.

Miss Ona Hunter is on the sick list this week.

John Russell of Medina attended the ball given at the Real hall Christmas night.

Mrs. Nancy Norwood visited her mother last Friday.

Oscar Strohoecker killed his third big buck the other day.

Mr. and Mrs. Heimann of Comfort, spent a few days with Mr. Strohoecker this week.

Mrs. Oscar Strohoecker spent New Year's day in our part.

Will ring off and let some one else have space.

CALF RUN GIRL.

HARPER.

Christmas passed very quietly and pleasantly, and we have a bright, pleasant day to usher in the New Year. On last Thursday morning at Fredericksburg, Louis Bierschwale and Miss Gertrude Fiedler were married, arriving here in the evening a sumptuous supper was tendered them at the home of the bride's parents, and later a ball at the hall.

On Thursday evening of last week at the home of D. C. Barker, Mr. Kosler of Travis county, and Miss Donnie Bohr, of Noxville vicinity, were united in matrimony, Justice Barker officiating. Reporter wishes both couples a happy and prosperous future.

The stork has been quite active here since last report. Leaving on Xmas morning a boy and girl with Mr. and Mrs. Goldman, and on Saturday a girl with Mr. and Mrs. A. Barker, and a boy with Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Rogers.

Rich Bierschwale has bought a half interest in A. B. Barker's hardware business, and A. B. Barker has purchased a half interest in Rich Bierschwale's ranch about three miles from here.

Chas. Spencer and wife and Free McDonald and family are here from Schleicher county.

Judge Kelley and Mr. Dietert, of Kerrville, were here on business last week.

The post office inspector was doing our burg this week, his presence seemed of interest to some of our citizens.

Mr. Geo. Morris, of Kerrville, is here.

Mrs. P. D. Swift is home again after a stay of several months in Waco.

Dr. Merritt has a very sick child, it's condition is somewhat improved today.

REPORTER.

Leap Year Ball.

On New Year's night the young ladies of Kerrville's social set, gave a Leap Year ball, complimentary to the Married Women's Dancing Club, at Pampell's Hall. There was a galaxy of beauties there that would have been a rare revel for an artist. The ladies "did the handsome" by inviting the men, escorting them to the ball and then asking them to dance. If the young women of this city continue to prosecute the prerogatives allowed them by the Leap Year rule as industriously throughout 1908 as they did on that occasion, there will be neither maid nor bachelor left.

The attendance upon the occasion was very large and presented a splendid picture of smiling happy young people, who passed every moment in pleasure from the "Happy New Year" that announced the arrival of the first guest until the last good-night was said.

J. R. BURNETT President T. F. W. DIETERT, Vice-Pres. H. HOLL, Cashier. MCOLLUM BURNETT, Asst. Cashier.

FIRST STATE BANK OF KERRVILLE.

CAPITAL STOCK, \$25,000.00

This Bank offers the best endeavors of a splendidly equipped and well managed institution, and is prepared to extend to its customers at all times the fullest accommodations consistent with existing conditions.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS.

Opposite Opera House and St. Charles Hotel

FUNNY THINGS

FROM THE PAPERS.

It makes a man feel all cut up to be run over by a train.—Ex.

"Young man, don't you know that it's better to be alone than in bad company!" "Yes, sir. Good-by, sir."—Cleveland Plain-dealer.

"Does your son profit by your example? Does he imitate your successes and avoid your mistakes?"

"Naw. He wants to get married."—Ex.

Said She—"I never saw a more easy-going, harmless and inoffensive couple than George and Mollie."

Said He—"They will surely be happy if they marry each other."

Said She—"Because why?"

Said He—"It would be a safely match."—Ex.

A Happy Citizen.

Here is the cheering prospect of a Georgia philosopher, who exclaims:

"Ten acres in cotton, fifteen in watermelons, fine hopes of hog and hominy—and Rockefeller would give a million dollars for my appetite!"—Ex.

A Motto.

A Detroit business man has this motto on his desk:

2 many highballs
will
Drive you to the 3 balls.

In an Asylum.

A newspaper man was making the round of the insane asylum. One of the inmates mistook him for a recent arrival.

"What makes you crazy?"

"I was trying to make money running a weekly newspaper," replied the editor to humor the demented one.

"Rats, you're not crazy; you are just a plain d—d fool," was the lunatic's comment.—Ex.

Same Dose.

Jackson is the kind of man who is always seeking gratuitous advice. Not long ago he met a well known physician at a dinner-party.

"Do you know, doctor," he said, "as soon as there was a chance, 'I know a man who suffers so desperately from neuralgia that at times he can do nothing but howl with pain. What would you do in that case?"

"Well, I suppose," deliberated the medical man, "I should howl with pain, too."—Ex.

Blank!

A New Orleans woman, well-known for her work for charity, recently accepted an invitation to speak at an antituberculosis meeting. On the platform she found herself seated between a bishop and a rabbi, and the tone of the meeting seemed to be rendered extremely solemn by the combination.

In order to lighten the solemnity, she said, turning to the rabbi, "Do you know, I feel as if I were a leaf between the Old and the New Testaments."

The rabbi turned a sad-eyed glance upon her.

"Yes, ma'am," he said, "and if you will recall, that page is usually a blank one."—Ex.

Nothing But Business.

Forty-seven letters were received at our postoffice one day last week. The postmaster general's department at Ottawa is seriously thinking of adding a lean-to to the present premises. Visitors to Midnapore stand aghast at the amount of business transacted in this office.—Midnapore (Albusta) Gazette.

The Trouble With Carr.

"I rather like your friend," Mrs. Page said, graciously, after Carr had gone home. "He is good looking and agreeable, but you can't call him a brilliant conversationalist. The Lawton girls talked all round him."

"Unfortunately," replied Mr. Page, "Carr cannot talk on a subject unless he knows something about it."—Ex.

No Use For a Trunk.

An Irishman had just landed and was walking along when he was accosted by a barker for a trunk store.

"Don't you want to buy a trunk?" he asked.

"What for?" asked the new arrival.

"To put your clothes in," answered the barker with wisdom. "What! And go naked!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Strange Stranger.

"There was a queer man here yesterday—a powerful queer man," remarked the landlord of the tavern at Polkville, Ark. "He was big and portly and loud-voiced, and pretty considerably red-

nosed, and so soon as he had registered I says, 'Going to stay with us a few days, Colonel?' and blamed if he didn't r'ar back and say, 'I'm no Colonel, sir, and never was one! Some kind of a durned crank or crazy reform teller, I betcha!'—Puck.

The Way to the Station.

A party of automobilists were touring through Virginia. An accident the car forced them to take a train home. As they walked down the road seeking some one from whom they could inquire their way, they met an old darkey.

"Will you kindly direct us to the railroad station?" one of the party asked.

"Cert'n'y, sir," he responded. "Keep a-goin' right down dis road till yo gets to where two mo' roads branches out. Den yo' take de lef' one an' keep on a-goin' till yo' gets to where de ole postoffice uster be."—Success Magazine.

Maintaining His Dignity.

Even the elevator boy has to draw the line somewhere, to prevent his being made too common. The maid who announced to the guest waiting at the door that "she didn't hear her until she had rung three times," meets her match in the elevator boy described by a writer in the New York Evening Post.

"If any one calls, Percy, while I am out, tell him to wait. I shall be right back," said the woman to the apartment house elevator boy.

There was no answer. "Did you hear me? Why don't you answer?" asked the woman, with some heat.

"I never answers, ma'am, unless I doesn't hear, and then I says, 'What?'"—Ex.

Those New England people who are backing the discharged negro soldier in his law suit against the government on account of his discharge from service for being implicated in the Brownsville riot, are giving a beautiful object lesson of the fact that some people will not only go out of their way, but will pay good money for an opportunity to act the fool.

Cured of Lung Trouble.

"It is now eleven years since I had a narrow escape from consumption," writes C. O. Floyd, a leading business man of Kershaw, S. C. "I had run down in weight to 135 pounds, and coughing was constant, both by day and by night. Finally I began taking Dr. King's New Discovery, and continued this for about six months, when my cough and lung trouble were entirely gone and I was restored to my normal weight, 170 pounds." Thousands of persons are healed every year. Guaranteed at Rock Drug Store. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

Use Golden Crown

Flour--It is the Best and Cheapest Flour in Texas.

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Diseases of lungs and throat, appendages of eye, stomach and intestines, children, skin, genito urinary, and all conditions of acuteness.

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We carry the Best Grade of Corn, Oats, Bran and Corn chops Alfalfa, Johnson Grass, Sorghum Cane and Prairie Hay

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Even if they are not very fine give one a look of respectability. When we do your laundry work it is done right. If we could not do the best class of work we would not do any

Our Big Basket

Leaves Kerrville every week on Tuesday and returns Friday. Your laundry will be called for and delivered free. Have your laundry ready by Monday evening.

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Regular Meals 25c

STOREY & LOVE, Props.

WHEN YOU WANT

A Good Square Meal
An Afternoon Lunch
or a Hot Dish of Chili
the place to go is to

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 Is an old German proverb which always holds good!
 There is genuine health in OUR NEW
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 beer, for there is no purer beer brewed and our motto is: "Not how cheap, but how good." Nothing but the Very Best Malt and the Finest Imported Hops, in connection with the purest German distilled water are used in the manufacture of same. It is aged in steel Enamelled Glass tanks in a sterilized atmosphere; the malt is a food and the hops a tonic; consequently a health promoter.
 We do not ask you to drink our beer on account of encouraging and fostering a "Home" industry alone, but lay stress on the fact that we have absolutely a superior article.
 Lay prejudice aside, try it, and be convinced!
 San Antonio Brewing Association

JOE SAPPINGTON

BELIEVES A FIERY SPEECH AT CLOSE OF BOGGY SCHOOL.

If I had been born some twenty years prior to the Civil war, instead of at its beginning, the result of the war might have been different and it might have been General Grant who surrendered at Appomattox, instead of General Lee. The war began to rankle in my young bosom before I quit shedding my milk teeth and has continued to rankle more or less up to the present. However, the older I get the calmer I become, and I have at last made up my mind to abide by the terms of peace that were entered into by General Grant and Lee some forty odd years ago. The first open attack I ever made against the North, was in a public speech I delivered at the close of the Boggy Creek school on the 10th day of May, 1874. That was by far the bitterest speech ever delivered before or since in the Boggy Creek neighborhood and is still remembered by a few of the old settlers with a shudder, who happened to be present when I delivered it. It is a thousand wonders that it did not bring on another bloody conflict between the North and South. It must have been an inspiring scene to see one "so young and fair" (1) as I was standing before that audience barefooted with a sore toe and hurling epithets at every man, woman and child living north of the Mason and Dixon line. While delivering that speech strong men turned pale and some of them became so affected that they left before I finished speaking. When I told how the Yankees had run Sid Morgan's pa into a canebrake and kept him there until the war was over, and how he had caught rheumatism from exposure, Sid's pa became so affected that he grabbed his hat and rushed out of the house. Jeff Williams' pa was affected identically the same way, when I told how the Yankees had cut him off from fighting them until the war was over. But the most exciting thing took place when I reached down into the pockets of my jean pantaloons and produced a battered piece of lead and held it high above my head and asked the audience to guess where it was found. No one could guess. I then yelled with all my might, "The doctors cut it out of Uncle Hiram Jackson's heel, where he was shot by an old low down Yankee." When I said this Uncle Hiram arose in great haste and excitedly explained to the cheering audience that he had been shot in the knee while facing the enemy and the ball ranged downward and lodged in the heel. I wound up my speech by shaking my fist in a vehement manner at the North and daring General Grant and his cohorts to come back and fight us again. I think that speech had a tendency to awe the people of the North. They knew that I was trying to pull off another war, and cause rivers of blood to flow, by the way I hurled the gauge of battle at them. General Grant must have become alarmed at my attitude towards the national government also, for it was only a short time after my Boggy Creek speech until he left hurriedly with his family for a tour of the world. Grant had had all of war he wanted, and, being a far-seeing man, he was not long in making up his mind to get away from the United States, after hearing of that public attack I had made on the government. His idea was to leave the country and give me time to cool

down so as not plunge the country into another Civil war—and he was right.

Father also got uneasy about my zeal for the "Lost Cause" when he was told about the speech I made at the school house, and like General Grant,—he, too, was tired of war and proceeding to throw himself into the breach I had made. However, father was less cautious than was General Grant in dealing with the situation. He was more drastic and went right to the seat of war. He not only went to the seat of war, but he took me out behind the smoke-house and went to the seat of my little Humbolt jeans pants with an old-fashioned quirt that had a couple of knots in its caudal appendage.

The dark war clouds that had been hovering over the Boggy Creek community ever since I made my assault against the government, disappeared immediately after father's intervention on the side of peace and the dove and olive branch were again borne triumphantly aloft by the people. My warlike spirit had received quite a jolt from the rude manner in which father had wooed me back into the peaceful walks of life and for awhile I took but little interest in the things pertaining to war.

However, my patriotism was not dead but smouldering, for in less than three weeks from the time father had so abruptly reconciled me to the United States government I had organized a secret society that I named the "Yankee Haters," with headquarters in the loft of Sid Morgan's barn. The object of this organization was to whip and kill Yankees, protect the weak and helpless, rob trains, fight Indians and niggers and otherwise promote the interest and welfare of the country in general. The charter members of the Yankee Haters were composed of the following brave spirits:

Joe Sappington, founder of the order and general boss, aged 11; Sid Morgan, aged 12; Bob Jones, age 10; Chris Nolan, age 9.

The Yankee Haters were bound to secrecy by an iron clad oath, and instant death without trial, was the portion of the member divulging any of its secrets or place of meeting. Each member had to bring some deadly weapon with him at each meeting, as it was not known at what time the Grand Yankee Hater (I was he)—who was the whole cheese of the order, would call on the members to go forth without a moment's warning, and kill a Yankee, rob a train, hang a nigger or rescue a fair maiden from the savage Indians. I am indeed sorry that I have forgotten most of the secret work of the Y. H., and sincerely regret, too, that I know not the whereabouts of any of its members. However, I shall proceed to give the reader all the secret work I can remember at this present day.

To enter the lodge room when it was in session you climbed the ladder to the hole in the loft floor and gave 63 raps with the knuckle of the left hand on the floor of the loft; these raps were answered by the guard in the loft, by giving 69 raps with the knuckles of the right hand. You were then permitted to crawl into the loft, after which you deposited your weapon in the "armory," which was a potato barrel in the center of the floor. The obligation was solemn and brief. I did all of the obligating myself and did it in such an impressive manner that the candidate never forgot it. Among the various things that the candidate was required to do, was to slay Yankees, hang niggers, protect the weak, rob trains and fight school teach-

ers. I have forgotten the grip and all the rest of the recognition signs of the Y. H. The distress call was "mad-dog" spelled backwards, and any member hearing the distress cry was supposed to go in a high lode to the rescue and when he got there to begin cutting and shooting with all his might with out asking questions. The above is about all the secret work that I can now recall. The motto of the order was "Death to all Yankees." There was a patriotic poem that the candidate was required to repeat, that I forgot to mention awhile ago. The poem went something like this:

"Jeff Davis rides a fine horse,
 Lincoln rides a mule,
 Jeff Davis was a smart man,
 Lincoln was a fool."

This poem closed the initiation and the member was now entitled to all the benefits and privileges of the order.

From the small beginning of four members the Y. H. grew to a membership of seven before it went out of business and if it had not been so particular about who it took in for members it would at least have had two members. No one was allowed to come into the order who was under 8 or over 13 years old and everybody had to be in sound bodily health, and bring some deadly weapon at each and every meeting. The second meeting. The second meeting after the Y. H. had been organized, we had to turn down the application of Tug Moore on account of his health. Tug was 9 years old, but he had allowed cats to sleep with him and they had sucked his breath and had stunted his growth. We all hated to turn down Tug's application on account of his having a 5-foot sword that he had stolen from his father and which he had brought along with him. But our constitution was as plain as the nose on your hand and said that the applicant had to be in sound bodily health, and every member of the Y. H. knew that cats had been sucking Tug's breath ever since he was 2 years old. Then there was the application of Jeff Williams that met with the same fate of Tug's. Now Jeff was 10 years old and had whipped every boy of his size at the Bobby Creek school, besides he chewed tobacco and cursed like a man filled the bill to a dot in every particular but he had no deadly weapons, not even a pocket knife, and we had to vote his application down. What else could we do under our by-laws and constitution? The constitution said every member must have a deadly weapon and here comes Jeff without even a pocket knife handle. Jeff swore that he was going to join the Y. H. even if he didn't have any deadly weapon or whip every one of us. He tried to come through the hole in the loft, but every time he stuck his head through the hole we hit with a barrel stave. He acted the dog all the way round and not only took the ladder away so we could not get out of the loft, but he went out in the lot and threw rocks at us through the cracks in the barn and came in an inch of crippling two or three "Yankee Haters." Some of the members wanted to shoot Jeff, but we didn't have a gun or pistol in the armory that would shoot. Sid Morgan had his pa's old army pistol but both hammers were gone. Chris Nolan had a musket but both tubes were blown out, besides the dirt doobers had filled the barrel with mud, and the rest of the deadly (!) weapons in the arsenal were dirks, swords and butcher knives.

Jeff kept up his bombardment (Continued on last page.)

THE FAMOUS

NEXT DOOR TO POSTOFFICE

TELEPHONE NO. 67

NOT FOR US

It is supposed by many people that a dull time at the beginning of the year is an absolute necessity. We do not think so. People must eat, and wear clothes; we have them to sell. We want the trade and are making prices that will get patronage from all thrifty people who desire to protect their pocket books. Our stock is not run down, nor do we intend that it shall be. We do not expect a

A DULL TIME

Oscar Rosenthal, Prop.

Kerrville

Texas

JOE SAPPINGTON

until nearly sundown and after he left Sid called his ma and had her put the ladder back in place so we could get out of the lodge room. We tried to initiate Same Stone into the mysteries of the Yankee Haters while Jeff was thrown rocks at us from the outside, but he disturbed us so that we had to cut out some of the most impressive part of the ceremony. The poem was left off and we forget to instruct the candidate how to work himself into the lodge room when it was in session, and Sam was so badly rattled that he couldn't remember whether he had promised under pain of death to kill Yankees or attend Sunday school.

At each meeting the Grand Yankee Hater would propound the following question to the assembled Yankee Haters:

"Does any member know of any Yankee that needs killing?"

This question had been asked in all due solemnity at each meeting without response from any member, until the first meeting after Jeff had tried to join, when Bob Jones arose and said that he had just learned that Roy Howard's stepmother's second cousin was a Yankee also. Bob's statement created the wildest excitement in the ranks of the Y. H. and some of the more hot-headed members wanted to go at once and mail Roy's head off. But as "Grand Yankee Hater" I felt it incumbent on me to counsel moderation, and deliver a short address to the members. In that address I told them that no member of the order hated a Yankee any worse than I did, and after investigation if it appeared that Roy's kinsman was a sure enough Yankee, that I would at-

tend to Roy myself, and would never let up on him until I had mauled all the Yankee out of him. I then appointed Sid Morgan and Sam Stone as a committee to go at once to Roy's house and ask him if the report was true and to report back to the Yankee Haters instant, or words to that effect. Sid and Sam rushed up to the armory and seized the two deadly weapons that belonged to them, which consisted of an army cap and ball six shooter with both hammers gone, and a large butcher knife. Roy lived only about a half of a mile away, and it would not take the committee but a few minutes to get there and investigate his case, as Sam and Sid had left the lodge room on a dead run for his house. But they had not been gone five minutes before they came dashing up the ladder into the lodge out of breath, with Jeff Williams and Tug Moore right at their heels. Jeff and Tug had been laying in wait for some member of the Y. H. to come along, and when the committee came running by them, they took out after them and chunked them back into the barn. They took the ladder down again and then began to chunk us with rocks and dare us to come down and fight them. They called us cowards and stood out in plain view and invited us to shoot, and drew lines and dared us to cross them, and double dog dared us, and to add insult to injury they finally called us "gal" boys. Even that little old Tug Moore, the boy we voted out on account of his strength being sapped by cats sucking his breath, dared any two of us to come out and fight him. But as Grand Yankee Hater I couldn't afford to go and mix up in a common fight for it would have lowered my dignity, but I told the other Yan-

kee Haters that they had my permission to sally out and fight Jeff and Tug; but they declined on the grounds that the constitution of the Y. H. said nothing about fighting ordinary enemies and they did not care to violate the constitution. But luckily for the order, while we were being cursed, dared, besieged and bombarded Jeff's pa came by in his wagon and made Jeff get in it. After Jeff had gone we held a hurried council of war and invited Tug to bring the ladder back and come up into the loft and be initiated. Poor Tug had no better sense than to walk into the trap, and the moment he set foot in our lodge room, every Yankee Hater jumped on him and tried to kill him with his fist. His yells soon brought Sid's ma to the scene, which was all that kept us from beating him to death.

Sid's mother forbid us meeting in the barn any more and the result was that another secret order had taken its place in that long line of "defuncts" that is always increasing by the Utopian dreams of man.

Whether or not Roy's stepmother's second cousin was a Yankee, was never learned, as far as I knew. Poor Roy died of consumption when he was about 20 years old, and the last time I heard of Jeff Williams he was sheriff in some county out in Wyoming, and Tug Moore, the boy whose vitality had been so seriously impaired by cats, was killed in a barroom brawl at Roswell, N. M., just a few years ago. Fate has decreed that I should tread only the peaceful walks of life, and what might have been the greatest military genius of the age, had his environments been different, will in all human probability go to his last resting place, a plain unassuming American citizen unknown to fame.—Joe Sappington's remarks in Arrow.

Center Point Socially.

LEAGUE ENTERTAINMENT.

Nightly social functions have kept Center Point busy the past week, but a most notable one was when the Eworth Leaguers entertained the "old folks" at the residence of Mr. F. F. Cooke on New Year's afternoon from two o'clock until five. This praiseworthy action on the part of the younger set afforded many an old friend a few real pleasant hours, of which they would have been deprived. Bluebonnet unfortunately (?) was too young (?) to be included as a guest, so a detailed description cannot be given.

Suffice it to say when the Leaguers attempt anything it is never half done. Enjoyable in every detail was that delightful gathering long to be cherished in time's scrapbook, of one at least, who accepted their hospitality.

AN XMAS LUNCHEON.

Overshadowing all other events of the smart set in society, was Mrs. Barleman's entertaining the Pricillas at the residence of Mr. F. F. Cooke. An elaborate table decorated with holly, lit by Xmas candles in a shaded dining room, made the exquisite appointments of china, cut glass and Xmas decorations a veritable holiday scene.

In the center of the table was a Christmas tree loaded with souvenirs for each guest and most delicious cake, with de la creme chocolate, constituted the luncheon scheme. When the time came for parting many expressions were left with the gracious hostess and her able assistant, Miss Cooke, as-

uring both of appreciation of pleasant afternoon.

A DAINY LUNCHEON.

A pretty ante-nuptial was given Dec. 23th by the bride-elect, Miss Eula Babb, at her country home to girl friends.

Those present were: Misses Clara Leigh, Lessie Richardson, Lula Caldwell, Sweet Moore, Mabel Caldwell, Lessie Walker, Eunice Caldwell, Mamie Nelson and Frances Moore. Each girl carried a lovely present, that rejoiced the heart of the expectant house-wife. At the table the place-cards were decorated with forget-me-nots—a very appropriate souvenir—"Lest we forget" our childhood friend.

Misses Nelson and Caldwell gave the toasts, which provoked much merriment, as did the cutting of the bride's cake, each girl eager (?) to secure the ring. Miss Lula Caldwell was the lucky winner. Cake was distributed in tiny boxes tied with white ribbon to each girl to dream on. Altogether this dainty affair was a loving farewell for Eula's young friends, who will no doubt, remember with loving regret that she has passed out of her happy childhood home, to mingle in other scenes, other loves, but not to be forgotten by those left behind. Delightful refreshments, consisting of salads, cake and chocolate were a pleasant finale to this dainty luncheon.

BLUEBONNETS.

Card of Thanks.

I wish to thank the people of Kerrville and especially the Masonic Lodge for many kindnesses shown me during the sickness and death of my brother, Jesse McCall. I shall ever remember them.

MORTON McCALL.

VOL. XX

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