

The Hereford Brand

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IRRIGATION WELLS FOR SURE CROPS

Shallow Water District Presents Favorable Conditions for Irrigation With Large Number of Wells

That irrigation by pumped wells has proven a reasonable success in the Hereford shallow water district as a matter of interest to every reader of the Brand. While the development of irrigation has been slow, yet, with those who have knowledge of such undertakings, the progress has been simply wonderful. This is the conclusion of those who have been away from Hereford for two or more years and have returned to see for themselves what has been done. They can judge of the progress even better than those who may be present every day.

Now, that farming under irrigation has been under way for a period of time sufficient to judge of the real efficiency of pumped wells, it would be profitable to summarize, no doubt, even to local people, and make a complete list of the number of wells in the district. The question is often asked: How many wells are in the Hereford country? This question should be one easily answered. Another question: What flow do the wells produce? Both of these questions are answered in the following tabular statement:

Distance from Town	Location of Wells	Gallons per Minute
3 Miles	Southeast	850
4 Miles	North	1600
3 1/2 Miles	Northeast	900
1 Mile	Northeast	1100
3 Miles	East	1100
1 1/2 Miles	South	1150
3 Miles	Southwest	1500
2 Miles	Southeast	1100
7 Miles	Northeast	1100
9 Miles	Northeast	1250
2 Miles	North	1100
5 Miles	Southeast	1000
16 Miles	Northeast	1000
2 Miles	North	1200
1 Mile	South	850
5 Miles	Northeast	1200
9 Miles	Northeast	1250
7 Miles	Northeast	1250
12 Miles	Northeast	1250
10 Miles	Northeast	1350
11 Miles	Northeast	1300
13 Miles	Northeast	1250
6 Miles	South	1000
9 Miles	West	1000
6 Miles	Northeast	500

Twenty-three of these wells were installed by D. L. McDonald, who was the first to undertake to place an irrigation well on the Plains of Texas. He has four wells on his farms near Hereford and is planning to put down another this winter.

It will be noticed that some of these wells fall below 1000 gallons per minute. It might appear that these wells were short in the amount of water, or that the supply was different, but such is not the case. The flow depends upon the amount of power attached to the pump and the kind of pump. For example, the Baby Well in South Hereford, just one mile from town, has a flow of 850 gallons, it having only a 20-h. p. engine. If the power should be doubled, the flow would increase accordingly. Since installing the first four wells, Mr. McDonald has not undertaken a small flow well, except the Baby Well. This accounts for the small size wells at the head of the list.

The last three wells were not put down by McDonald. These three wells have a different style of equipment, the last one being an endless bucket change arrangement.

This list of completed wells shows the number at twenty-five. There are some six other wells either under contract or contemplated and it is more than probable that all will be ready for the 1915 season.

The engines for the McDonald

type of well uses a special fuel-oil, which can be bought at a low price. Most of the engines installed do not have an electric arrangement for firing the charge, but this is effected by a simple head piece. The pumps are of the rotary style. The engines used vary in horse power rating according to the depth of the well and the amount of water desired ranging from 20 to 70 h. p.

The hole for the well is drilled, or rather bored, about 26 inches in diameter, and within this is placed steel casing 24 inches in diameter. The pump is suspended within this and the "bowl" of the pump placed at such a depth as to insure the flow wanted. Each well is fully equipped with engine, pump and accessories; a tower is erected for the use of the drillers and this is left standing; a house is also built over the well to protect the machinery. The Hereford irrigation plants are conceded to be the best equipped in the entire country.

These wells vary in depth to the water level from 30 feet to 90 feet, but are sunk into the water-bearing rock and sand to a sufficient depth to get a large in-flow of water—ranging from 100 to 190 feet from the surface of the ground to the extreme bottom of the hole. The average depth of the water below the surface is about 56 feet, taking the average of all the wells now in operation.

Prominent Citizen of Floydada Dies

Albert A. Newell, for some years prominently associated in business and social circles in Floydada, and for the past nine months senior member of the Newell-Liston Company, died Monday night at his home in East Floydada after an illness of ten days. The immediate cause of his death was tonsillitis, from which he suffered intensely.

Arrangements were made for the burial Tuesday afternoon and the funeral services were held at the Methodist church, of which he was a member, being a steward at the time of his death. Rev. G. W. Shearer, pastor of the church, conducted the services.

Mr. Newell was 44 years old at the time of his death, born February 21, 1871. He had lived in the country for several years, the greater part of which were spent in Floydada. During some years up to a short time ago, he was prominently known over the south plains as coal and grain dealer. During the past several months he had been a member of the Newell-Liston Co., owners of the Fair Store.

His wife and three small children survive him. His father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Newell, Sr., also survive him, living south of town. Besides these he has two brothers, L. H. Jr., and E. J. Newell, the latter of Hereford, and five sisters, living in various parts of the state, among these Mrs. L. H. Liston of this city.

Mr. Newell was a clean, progressive citizen. He had many friends who mourn with his relatives the untimely death of a good citizen.—Floyd County Hesperian.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Sherman returned Sunday night from Waco, where they had been visiting for ten days. Mr. Sherman was a delegate to the Masonic Grand Lodge and while there finished the work necessary to entitle him to a certificate, giving him authority to give instructions in the esoteric work. He and Mrs. Sherman enjoyed the stay in the central Texas city and made many new friends.

Mrs. Roy Stocking and children returned recently from a seven weeks' visit to relatives in Dallas. Josephene was seriously ill while there, but has entirely recovered. This item should have been mentioned last week, but was inadvertently overlooked.

"YOU'LL LIKE HEREFORD."

Hereford Merchants Display Pretty Show Windows.

More and more the merchants of this fair little city of the Plains are falling into the habits of the metropolitan stores. A walk along the main street will find many beautiful displays in the windows. Some of them show a really artistic eye that made them, others, however, merely show a collection of things. In many of the windows there is a design, a harmony of arrangement and a congruity of purpose, to show the idea in the mind of the one who built the display. Of course, there may be a purpose even in hanging a set of harness on a peg on the front of the store, but there is little beauty displayed. A pair of overalls spread out like a con skin on the walls of a shop may show that the merchants have overalls in stock or to sell, but a real artist can take a number of these useful articles and with a little aid from color and design make a window display that will stop every passer-by. Even hardware offers a good field for the exercise of that artistic talent; a grocery store has its advantages and so with all. Display windows are not only advantageous to the merchant as an advertisement, but serves as a source of pleasure to his prospective and actual customers. No merchant should neglect this important feature of his business, but don't let a coal stoker throw your merchandise into a window and then call it a "display."

The Story of Zudora.

Beginning this week, the Brand offers to the story loving readers, the moving picture story of Zudora. It was the intention to have begun the first installment last week, but on account of the failure to get the plates and copy in time, both the first and second installment are printed this week. The Star Theatre will show the reels for each installment on Tuesday following the publication on Friday. The first installment was shown last Tuesday and the way folks are talking about the pictures, this story will out-mystery the Million Dollar Mystery. It is by the same author and promises to be the greatest moving picture story ever shown on the canvass. The Brand feels happy to be able to present this story in the same way as it is done by the big metropolitan dailies. Read the story and then see the pictures.

Working for Endowment

Rev. J. R. Sharp of Tulsa, and Rev. W. M. Baker of Hereford, have been here this week soliciting subscriptions to the endowment of Trinity University, the State Presbyterian school at Waxahachie. The Texas Presbyterian synod has taken up the matter of raising \$325,000 as an endowment fund. Of this sum the trustees of the college have subscribed \$175,000 and the \$150,000 is asked from the members of the church. They received \$750 in subscriptions in Plainview. Rev. Sharp preached at the Presbyterian church Sunday morning and Rev. Baker at night.—Plainview News.

Petition For New Road.

A petition to have a new road opened up running direct from the stock pens north to connect with the Hasser road, was before the Commissioners this week. A number appeared before the board either to oppose or favor the road. It is argued that this road will make a direct line for the cattle to be driven to the stock pens and will be of great convenience to many.

A. L. Skeen and family have moved back to Hereford again and will try to make this their home permanently. They have a fine vineyard in South Hereford and he expects to extend it. He has been foreman for the Pecos Valley at Canyon.

Election Contests Filed at Farwell

Geo. T. Courtright and Mm. McCandish, defeated candidates in the recent county election for judge and clerk respectively, came down from Friona Wednesday and filed contest proceedings against elects Judge Jas. D. Hamlin and Clerk M. Dickson, alleging in the petition that the Farwell ballot box contained 123 fraudulent votes. Among the "fraudulent" votes recited in the petition were the names of a number of bona fide citizens who have been continuous residents of the county for the past seven and eight years. This is as amusing as it is pathetic, and it looks like a shame for people who claim to be clothed in their right minds to give up good money in a course so seemingly hopeless. In our opinion the money that must be given up in the prosecution of this case would be more wisely spent if given in exchange for white-faced yearnings or Panhandle land.

However, we freely admit that its none of our business. But if anybody has money to buy expensive automobiles, make showy campaigns and shell out fat attorney's fees to prosecute contest suits, and other expenses, etc., all of which helps out and puts money in circulation which would otherwise probably lay dormant—if they have money to spend after this reckless fashion—what in Sam Hill do they want with a county office?

We would not be surprised to hear, when it's all over, of a would-be politician going back to his wheat farm freely admitting that one of his legs is longer than it really ought to be, and that those he counted on as his best friends, had, in a round-about way, succeeded in getting his angora.—State Line Tribune.

Must Pay for the Paper

Judge Geo. Thomas, of Columbus, Neb., recently decided that if a man accepts a paper that is sent him he must pay for it. The decision was rendered in the case brought by the Columbus (Neb.) Telegram against a man for \$2.35. The Telegram had been sent to the man's home and he had accepted the paper. When called upon to pay for it, he refused and suit was brought. When Judge Thomas heard the evidence he instructed the jury to bring in a verdict for the Telegram. Judge Thomas ruled that the old common law principle that when a man received and used he was bound to pay for applied in this instance.—Ex.

U. D. C.'s Bazaar.

The bazaar held by the members of the U. D. C. in the Eljiston building last Friday and Saturday was well patronized. They had many desirable things to sell and it was not long before their stock was depleted. The "Little old woman who lived in a shoe" attracted a lot of attention and the children she had were soon all adopted by her little friends. These were cutely dressed dolls of different makes and sizes. Ethel Dunlap played this part and right well did she carry out her role.

Enjoys Social In Country Home.

The members of the Christian Endeavor Society of the Presbyterian church enjoyed a social hour at the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Boardman one day last week. The time was spent in conversation and such games as the wit and ingenuity of the members could invent, the charades being the most interesting part given. In these they had much fun and pleasure. Light refreshments were served by the hostess. All returned home feeling that it was good to be in this hospitable home.

Miss Nova White of Spring Lake spent the first part of the week in Hereford shopping. While here she visited with her friend, Mrs. J. L. Duncan.

Woodmen Have Good Time

Last Saturday night the W. O. W.'s had their annual election of officers. A good crowd was present and a lively interest taken in the choosing of the different officers. Almost a complete change was made in the ruling forces. Some new men were put in and others shifted to new places. The following were elected: Chas. E. Lester, C. C.; Troy Womble, advisor; W. W. Bennett, banker; C. L. Sullivan, clerk; D. W. Crawford, escort; Guy Smith watchman; Jno. P. Slaton, sentry, and J. P. Wood, manager. After the regular order of business had been completed, a social hour and oyster supper was enjoyed. J. M. Carroll furnished the fried oysters free, it was reported, and the crowd ate only 30 dozen; but it remained for Laffing Charlie Lester to win the honors, storing away two and one-half dozen, besides pickles, crackers, a bouquet of celery and four cups of coffee. He said he could have done better had he known what was up, but having eaten a big supper before he came to the lodge rooms, he could not do justice to the occasion, but then, after he had finished the oysters, he ordered "ham on." Mr. Lester is a little man but with large capacity. Another thing that will be well to mention is the organization of a membership contest with Troy Womble and Charlie Sullivan as captains of the opposing teams. The lodge was divided into two lines as it is done in a spelling match. The present membership is 171 and they hope to run it up to 200 or 250. A valuable addition has been made to the degree team in the person of Frank Quarry, who is now captain and will have charge of this feature of the lodge. He has had much valuable experience. The meeting Saturday night was most pleasant and profitable.

Drops to Sixteen

The predicted cold wave skipt Hereford, or rather jumped over as north and central Texas have been tied up most of the week with one of the coldest spells they have had in years. The thermometer dropt to only 16 above on Tuesday morning and since the cold has not been so severe. The cold snap has made some good skating for the boys, both young and old, and the lakes have been the scene of much pleasure.

Entertainment at Christian Church.

The missionary entertainment given at the Christian church Wednesday night gave a profitable lesson as to the needs of the mission fields, especially in India, as the little play, "As It Is In India," had to do with that country. The members of the endeavor societies, the smaller children and others near grown, took the parts under the efficient training of Mrs. Pratt. Before the play was given, Mrs. E. E. Ramsey, president of the auxiliary of the C. W. B. M.; conducted a short devotional exercise. At the close, an offering was taken for the cause of missions and a good sum obtained.

Young People Marry at Friona.

Last Sunday afternoon at Friona in the home of the bride's father, Miss Bernice Dugan was united in marriage to Mr. J. Frank Owen. The young couple came over to Hereford in the late afternoon and paid a visit to his father and mother here. The first of the week they returned to Friona where they will make their home.

Richards Buys Cloyd.

Frank Richards has bought out the interest of his partner, Elswick Cloyd, and will continue the business at the same place. He will have on hand a fresh supply of Christmas candies, and invites his friends to call when hungry or in need of anything in his line.

"YOU'LL LIKE HEREFORD!"

METHODIST HOLD DIST. CONFERENCE

Sweetwater Entertains Northwest Texas Conference; Good Year Shown by Reports; Appointments Made

The District Conference of Northwest Texas was held at Sweetwater last week, closing Sunday night when the appointments were announced. The reports read at the Conference were most encouraging and new plans were laid for another year's active work. Bishop McCoy presided. In the appointments, the Amarillo District, in which Hereford is located, fared well. There were some transfers from other districts and a few changes made in pastorates. Hereford, however, was fortunate in having the same pastor returned, as Rev. Henson has done a good work for the local church. Rev. Neal of Canyon, was made evangelist for the district.

Following is a complete list of the appointments for this district:

Amarillo District—E. E. Robinson, presiding elder; Amarillo, Polk Street, New Harris; Amarillo, Buchanan Street, H. B. Watts; Amarillo Mission, J. A. Travis, supply; Bovina, W. M. Pearce; Channing, B. L. Nance; Canyon, J. W. Wayne, Dalhart, W. M. Pope; Dumas, B. J. Osborn; Glazier, to be supplied; Hansford, N. W. Story; Hereford, J. R. Henson, D. W. Hawkins, supernumary; Higgins, Z. B. Pirtle; Ochiltree, J. H. Hicks, supply; Panhandle, W. H. Strong; Stratford, J. E. Eldridge; Textline, W. P. Edwards; Wildorado, G. T. Palmer; conference evangelist, F. M. Neal; district commissioner of education, New Harris.

High School Classes

The enrollment in the 10th and 11th grades of the High School this year is good, the senior class being the largest in the history of the school. Following is a complete list:

10th Grade—Homer Barnett, Jim Black, David Broadwell, Chas. Caylor, Jack Jones, Hamland Lambert, Albert Murchison, Mac Pitman, Miles Roberson, Wayne Wheeler, Perry Wheeler and Roy Gough; Mary Bradley, Nella Carter, Velma Green, Susie Lackey, Lelia Patton, Mary Lou Roberson, Ruth Sites, Temple Sites, Mary Farmer, Zula Wood and Winnie Warren.

11th Grade—Calvin Barnett, Cecil Cook, Travis Dameron, Gilbert Fox, Jowell Murchison, Jonathan Pitman and Buford Farmer; Myrtle Bennett, Verdie Buckner, Olive Buster, Juanita Caylor; N'Anna Elliott, Lota Fuqua, Elzina Mounts, Clessie Phillips, Bessie Robertson, Glenna Rutherford, Inez Ricketts, Goochie Siak, Grace Wilson, Mary Wood, Lollie and Vera Dillard.

Are You a Subscriber?

If you are not, this copy of the paper is an invitation to subscribe. If you own land or city property in this county, the Brand will keep you informed as to the progress of the country and its development. You will find the local events faithfully recorded. The price of the paper is only \$1.00 per year, always payable in advance. After you read this ad, mail us your check or money order for the proper amount and your name will be placed upon the mailing list. When the time is out, a notice will be sent to you and if no reply is received, the paper will be stopped. Send us your subscription before the New Year and get an even start with 1915.

Berry Orr accompanied Mrs. Orr and the children as far as Amarillo last Sunday, where they took the Denver to visit relatives and friends down in the state. He returned Sunday night.

Christmas Headquarters!

The Place to Get the Most

Ideal Holiday Gifts

Red Cedar Chests

What could any lady more desire than a handsome, moth and dust proof Cedar Chest? Prices on these handsome boxes for the holidays range from **\$11.95 to 22.50**

Comfort in the Sitting Room

What is more useful in the sitting room than a splendid, Leather, Spring-seat Rocker? **\$16.75** Leather Rocker, holiday price **\$12.50**
 11.50 Elegant Spring Seat Rocker **8.75**
 10.00 Good Spring Seat Rocker **6.50**
 5.00 Good Rocker, holiday price **3.75**

Buffets, Dining Tables, Dining Chairs

Suggest comfort. The satisfaction of owning good furniture, well designed and calculated to give you lasting good service.
\$40.00 Golden Oak Buffet **\$30.00**
 25.00 Round Pedestal Table **18.75**
 35.00 Set Leather Dining Chairs **13.00**

On Your Christmas Trip

Use one of our Trunks and Suit Cases, now on display in one of our windows. Especially priced for the holidays.
\$20 Extra fine Fiber Travelling Trunk **\$16.50**
 16.50 Good Fiber Trunk **12.50**
 10.00 Leather Suit Case **7.50**
 12.50 Fine Leather Hand Bag **10.00**

For the Little Folks: Gladden their little hearts with a nice little Rocker. We have them in many styles. Also high Chairs, Youth's Chairs and Baby Buggies and Baby Beds.

Make this a "safe and sane" Christmas by giving useful articles of

Furniture. Individualize your giving by selecting an article of beauty; the gift that pays a delicate compliment to the intelligence and culture of the recipient.

In anticipation of supplying you with just what you want in Holiday gifts, we have filled our store brimming full of articles that would make handsome as well as useful gifts. We have planned to make this an extraordinarily attractive sale and the way to make it most attractive is to make attractive prices. Upon visiting our store you can readily see that we are doing this. Don't fail to make our house your Christmas Headquarters. We have been asked by many ladies to call their husband's attention to certain articles of Furniture they wanted for Christmas. Some want a Kitchen Cabinet, some a nice Dresser, others a good Sewing Machine, still others a Bed Room Suit.

We Can Help You Solve the Christmas Gift Problem

E. B. Black Co.
 FURNITURE AND UNDERTAKING—HEREFORD, TEXAS

Snug as a Rug

No single item of furniture does more to lend the atmosphere of comfort and Christmas cheer to a room than do rugs.

\$25.00 Fine Axminster Rugs **\$18.75**
 16.75 Tapestry Brussels Rug **12.50**
 11.00 Wool Fiber Rug **8.45**
 37.50 Wilton Rug **27.50**

The Usefulness of a Library Table

In the sitting room appeals to many and they make ideal gifts. We have them in all woods and finishes.

\$27.50 Mahogany Library Table **\$19.75**
 22.50 Oak Library Table **16.50**
 13.75 Oak Library Table **9.75**
 12.50 Oak Library Table **8.78**

Globe-Wernicke Sectional Book Case

For your gift books. You take pride in them and there is no better way to care for them than with a Globe-Wernicke Sectional Book Case. It will grow as your book collection grows.

\$18.50 Mahogany **\$14.50**
 27.50 Art Mission style Golden Oak **22.50**

A NICE PIANO AND BENCH would make an ideal gift. All these articles are specially priced for our holiday sale. **A BRASS BED** and **ALL-COTTON MATTRESS** would be special articles of usefulness and would bring good cheer and comfort. These at 35 per cent discount for the holidays.

The Great Tenth Annual Knock-Out Sale

Is now going on and will continue till 10 p. m. DECEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

YOU may effect a big saving by doing your Xmas Shopping at the Knock-Out Sale as the prices are greatly reduced on everything in the store.



Millinery, Suits, Coats, Dresses, Shoes for the whole Family, Hosiery, Underwear, Corsets, Clothing for Men and Boys, Overcoats, Hats, Shirts, Dress Goods, Silks, Notions, Laces and Trimmings. You can't buy without saving and you can't save without buying at the

Tenth Annual Knock-Out Sale!



White & Kirk

The Place to Buy Shoes

502 POLK ST.

AMARILLO

New Words in Finance.

In America and especially in the South the whole subject of rural credits is so new that a few definitions may not be out of place.

RURAL CREDITS.

To begin with the term "rural credits" itself, Prof. T. J. Brooks gave our readers a good definition

of the phrase sometime ago—"a banking and currency system as well adapted to agriculture as our present system is to commercial business," providing (1) for long term payments on land, (2) short time credits on supplies so as to escape "time prices," and (3) provision for marketing crops so as to

avoid congestion and panics.

"A-MOR-TI-ZA-TION."

As for the term "amortization" (accented on the syllable "mor"), Judge Winston explained it quite happily by saying that it is just a big word our wise men have discovered meaning only "a plan for paying back money in broken doses." As an exchange puts it:

"For example, if a man borrows \$1,000 at 6 per cent, and agrees to pay \$70 a year to the lender, it is evident that the first year the interest paid will be \$60, and that the amount of principal extinguished will be \$10. The tenth year \$53.11 will be paid on interest and \$16.89 on principal, and so on, until, in thirty-four years, the entire debt is paid."

In other words, if you buy a \$1,000 farm, 6 per cent interest on the \$1,000 would be \$60 a year, and under present conditions you might pay this amount for thirty-four years and still owe as much as when you started. Under the amortization plan, however, by paying just \$10 more—that is to say, paying \$70 a year—for thirty-four years, you would pay all interest and principal, and own the place. Or let us give further illustrations on a farm bought under the amortization plan at 6 per cent interest: You could pay for it in sixteen years by paying \$100 a year, this \$100 covering interest, principal and rent. Or the place would be yours by you paying \$90 a year for nineteen years, or \$80 a year for twenty-four years, or \$75 a year for twenty-eight years. Of course for a \$2,000 farm, these annual payments would be twice the amounts here indicated, for a \$3,000 farm three times as much, and so on.

In Europe you can buy a home almost anywhere on this plan—the "amortization plan"—while at the same time, remember, you are left free to make bigger payments any time you wish, or pay off the whole debt at once if you wish. It is easy to see how such a plan would encourage home-ownership, and home-ownership is almost the basis of

civilization.—Stockman and Farmer.

HEREFORD MAN'S LUCKY FIND

Will Interest Readers of the Brand.

Those having the misfortune to suffer from backache, urinary disorders, gravel, dropsical swellings, rheumatic pains, or other kidney and bladder disorders, will read with gratification this encouraging statement by a Hereford man.

A. C. Barnhart, Miles Ave., Hereford, Texas, says: "I used Doan's Kidney Pills about a year ago when my kidneys were troubling me and they brought prompt relief. I have never been bothered by my kidneys since and I can say that Doan's Kidney Pills are permanent in their effect."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Barnhart had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y. 1t

Bibles and other books at Geo. E. Burns. 45-2t

Good brooms at The Fair for only 35 cents on Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays. 17tf

Christmas Apples.

I've got 'em; boxed or in bulk; winesaps, blacktwigs, Jonathons, etc., at Fallwell's grain store. G. W. Brumley. 1t

Land Leases

Blanks for making contracts for grass-land for sale at the Brand office. Gotten up especially for the Panhandle. tf

Cheap Shallow Water Land

For Sale—225 acres, 90 in cultivation, 7 miles south of Hereford, one mile south of Summerfield. Price \$2.00 per acre cash bonus, due the State \$14 due in 36 years at 5 per cent. It is Sec. 21, Blk. B, Castro Co. Write Ollie Purl, 109 Woodward Place, San Antonio, Texas. 36-4f

A Valuable Christmas Present.

Often a father or mother is troubled with making up their mind as to what would be a suitable present for their daughter or son. If they are grown, the little things that pleased them in childhood no longer attract. A little departure from the usual Christmas or New Year's present would be a business education, a training in bookkeeping or shorthand. The Brand has a scholarship in the best and widest known business college in Texas, The Tyler School, which can be bought at a reasonable figure. This scholarship will be better than gewgaws, smoking sets, or furbelows. And a scholarship is something, when used, will not wear out or get old, and the

longer it is used the better it gets. Buy this scholarship for your boy or girl. 46-2td

Cigars in holiday packages. Geo. E. Burns. 45-2t

Don't say drug store say Corner Drug Store. 1tf

Everybody is going to The Fair to buy Christmas gifts. 45-2t

Chattel mortgages and Bills of Sale for sale at the Brand office. 1f

"OCEANS OF WATER."

Stick Two Years With Indigestion. "Two years ago I was greatly benefited through using two or three bottles of Chamberlain's Tablets," writes Mrs. S. A. Keller, Elida, Ohio. "Before taking them I was sick for two years with indigestion." Sold by all dealers.—Advertisement.

Stoves!

Stoves!

Stoves!

The weather man says we will have a very cold winter.

It behooves everybody to get ready for it.

Our line of

Garland and Round Oak Heaters

Cannot be excelled. They afford that satisfaction you want in a stove and they have the lasting qualities.

Let us show you about our stoves and hundreds of other useful articles in our full and complete

Hardware Line

Garrison Bros.

Make Our Store Your Headquarters

CHRISTMAS HINTS

Wake Up and Take Notice

On December 23 and 24 We Purpose to Put On a "A KNOCK-OUT SALE"

FOR CASH on Men's and Boys' Clothing, and Ladies' and Misses' Coats, regardless of their values. Remember that this Knock-out Sale lasts only two days. Where you are not buying a prize for the other fellow to enjoy at your expense, but where you get the full value of your money.

And Beginning December 26th and continuing for the week ending with the year 1914, we will place

everything we have in our big store at such astoundingly low prices that you will feel that you have had the opportunity of your life. So don't fail to take up the rare chance that we are offering you. We have saved the best for the last.

Remember the dates.
Bring the CASH.

D. R. GASS & SON - Hereford

CHRISTMAS TALKS



Hello Santa!

"Please call at CARDWELL'S for your supply 'good things to eat,' as we want a good dinner for Christmas. Don't forget, now, and please bring plenty of goodies and also the groceries--the kind what Mama always buys at

Cardwell's

We've tried his score and we know you'll find everything you need to bring us for all of our dinners and breakfasts and suppers during Christmas. And Santa, don't forget the nuts and fruit and candy and so forth. Good bye."

Robert Malone and Miss Bettie Knight, popular young folks of Plainview, are to be married the 16th inst. The bride to be is a daughter of Light Knight, prominent banker and farmer.

Since the big fire at Dickens a few weeks ago, an effort is being made to have an election ordered and vote on the question of moving the county seat to Spur.

Miss Louise Donohoo of Plainview, Miss Artelle Kirk of Tullia, Dick Turner of Tullia and Roy Barnes of Childress were mixed up in an auto accident near Plainview the other day. The car turned completely over, badly bruising and cutting the boys, but fortunately the young ladies escaped without injury. Damage to the car was slight.

Roaring Springs citizens are planning to erect a new \$20,000 school building, they having outgrown the old one.

Daniel J. Stobaugh, well known farmer and real estate man of Amarillo, died one day recently, following an extended illness. Mr. Stobaugh was a native Texan, a deacon of the Baptist church, and had many warm friends.

John Gaitber and Miss Della Johnson, living near Carey, Hall county, were married the other day at Childress, despite strenuous objections on the part of parents. The young folks, who are prominent, had to resort to considerable strategy, but proved equal to the occasion in every respect.

G. W. Meiers of Lubbock was badly hurt last week when his head was crushed between two freight wagons. The injury may prove fatal, doctors say.

J. L. Stroud has been arrested at Amarillo, the charges being pandering, keeping a bawdy house and vagrancy.

C. W. Fowler of Amarillo has been arrested on a misdemeanor charge, in connection with running over little Louise Bordeaux in his auto during the Panhandle State Fair.

Texline citizens are taking steps

to have their town incorporated, for the purpose of getting police protection, better sanitary conditions and a stock law.

Up to the 25th, the O. A. & P. railroad had moved to market 2,670 head of cattle from points on their line during October.

J. O. Lane was arrested at Chillicothe last week on a bootlegging charge. He says his home is in Fort Worth.

Jay Jones of Glazier had his leg broken the other day. He was hauling cake, and while on the ground his team started unexpectedly, the wagon running over his leg.

The Riley murder case will be taken up in the district court at Lubbock Dec. 28th.

The Prohibition Situation.
Dallas, Dec. 15.—The attention of temperance forces is called to the following very important matters, and urges that they have immediate attention. Every one interested in the destruction of the liquor traffic ought to take a lively hand in these matters.

THE NATIONAL SITUATION.
The Sheppard-Hobson resolution to submit a Prohibition, Constitutional Amendment to the various states to be disposed of according to their judgment, will be voted on Dec. 22d. All that members of Congress are asked to do, is to refer the matter to the states for settlement. Every one who believes the National Government ought to go out of the liquor business, is urged to write his Senators and Congressmen immediately, to give their influence and vote to this proposition. What is done, must be done immediately. It will be a great thing for pastors throughout the State, to discuss the liquor question Sunday, December 20th, and urge their people to quick action.

AN OLD TRICK BEING PLAYED.
Developments in the contest for Speaker of the Thirty-fourth Texas Legislature, show that saloon forces, and some men elected as prohibitionists, are resorting to the old

saloon trick for the election of an anti-Speaker. Their plea is "Prohibition is not an issue, and we want a business administration." Good business men do not stand for wasting \$50,000,000 annually in saloons to State injury. These men have apparently centered on an aggressive anti-prohibitionist.

GET BUSY IMMEDIATELY.
It is up to the citizens of prohibition counties to see to it that their members represent their sentiment in this important matter. Prohibitionists in the separate counties, can protect themselves, and the Cause generally, when outsiders have no power to do so. In each prohibition county, reform forces ought to get together and demand that their representatives shall represent them on the prohibition question, as well as other things. Action ought to be had without delay.

"Buy a Cotton Mattress." 44tf

Hand painted china at The Fair 45-2t

Singer machines. E. B. Black Co. 44tf

Betts-Clark are agents for the Saturday Evening Post. 27tf

Federal casings and tubes at the Barnhart & Rice Garage. 35tf

The American Boy is the best paper for boys; give your subscription to Davis Elliott. 38tf

We have many useful articles that will make beautiful Christmas presents. Geo. E. Burns. 45-2t

Land Loans.
If you want some 10 per cent money on your land, write me at once. If school land it must be patented. E. S. Ireland, Dimmitt, Texas. 44tf

The Quinine That Does Not Affect The Head
Because of its tonic and laxative effect, FIVE-BROMO QUININE is better than ordinary Quinine and does not cause nervousness nor ringing in head. Remember the full name and look for the signature of E. W. GROVE, 25c.

You Need a Tonic

There are times in every woman's life when she needs a tonic to help her over the hard places. When that time comes to you, you know what tonic to take—Cardui, the woman's tonic. Cardui is composed of purely vegetable ingredients, which act gently, yet surely, on the weakened womanly organs, and helps build them back to strength and health. It has benefited thousands and thousands of weak, ailing women in its past half century of wonderful success, and it will do the same for you. You can't make a mistake in taking

CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

Miss Amelia Wilson, R. F. D. No. 4, Alma, Ark., says: "I think Cardui is the greatest medicine on earth, for women. Before I began to take Cardui, I was so weak and nervous, and had such awful dizzy spells and a poor appetite. Now I feel as well and as strong as I ever did, and can eat most anything." Begin taking Cardui today. Sold by all dealers.

Has Helped Thousands.

Panhandle News.
The State Line Tribune gives a vivid account of a "Buffalo Hunt," which was pulled off in that section recently. It is reported that one of Buffalo Jones' animals got away when his show was at Portales and that he was found and the natives turned out for a regular chase.
Ex-sheriff Roy Barber of Castro has moved to Bailey county to take up his residence. He owned a lot of steers and he drove them to his new ranch last week.
Memphis is at work on a new high school building. That town has never been one wit behind the best of the row on the Denver. Seventy-nine bales of cotton were

burned at Newlin, Texas, last week. The bales were on the shipping platform and are supposed to have been set by a spark from an engine.
G. W. Thompson, 82 years of age, a highly respected citizen of Memphis, died last week. He had been a useful man in his community.
J. W. Hamilton, superintendent of the public school of Memphis, died last Monday week from blood poisoning, caused by a scratch on his nose. He was also suffering from a severe attack of the tonsillitis.
Canyon is the first small town on the Plains to have an auto taxicab. It runs from the station to the hotels and to any place in town for the price.

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WILLIAMS BROS.

Essential Grocers

Phone 128

For that big, fine Christmas dinner you must have FINE GROCERIES.

If you've never traded with us buy your Christmas groceries from us. Then you will ever afterward be a regular customer.

Our groceries are PURE.

Buy them; try them; and you will come again for them.

Local and Personal

Santa Fe Time Table

WEST BOUND

No. 113 Lv. 9:55 a. m.

No. 117 " 11:20 p. m.

EAST BOUND

No. 118 Lv. 7:12 a. m.

No. 114 " 2:40 p. m.

O. B. Jackson of Vega, Texas, was in Hereford on business last Wednesday.

J. A. Bybee of Canyon was here Wednesday looking after some business matters.

Uncle John Gordon was on the sick list the other day, but has been better this week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Walker will leave today to spend the holidays at Waco visiting relatives.

Mrs. Karl Shirley, after a pleasant visit with friends and relatives down in Texas, has returned home.

Mrs. Frank Goodloe and child of Kansas came in Wednesday night to visit with homefolks during the holidays.

Atty. Carl Gilliland has been spending a week down in Texas, visiting Fort Worth and also points in Bowie county.

Mr. Seel of New Mexico, a prominent cattle raiser of that state, was here this week buying a bunch of fine Hereford bulls.

Lawrence Johnson, merchant and farmer of Summerfield, Texas, was in the city yesterday afternoon on business. His wounded hand, which he had the misfortune to get cut in a silo machine, is getting along as well as could be hoped.

Misses Mary and Clara Dunlap are here to spend the holidays from Southwestern University. They have done well in school.

Mrs. S. T. Shore arrived in the city Tuesday evening, coming by auto from Vega. She has been visiting her mother at San Jon, N. M.

Mrs. E. J. Creath of Sweetwater, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. W. Watson, for the past two months, has returned to her home.

Mrs. J. B. Comer and children of Clovis have come over to visit with relatives. They will visit at the Suggs home and also in the Higgins home.

D. R. Gass is posing as seer and prophet. He says that the Allies may continue the war for a long time, but that the Germans will eventually win.

Wm. Ruhl of Vega was in Hereford Wednesday doing his Santa Claus shopping. He found the merchants here able to furnish him with what he desired.

Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Ashbrook returned Wednesday night from Missouri, where they had been for some weeks on business and to visit with friends and relatives.

Mrs. Florence Miller of Missouri, who made her home in Hereford until a few years back, is visiting in the city. She still has some property interest in Hereford.

Mrs. D. L. McDonald was a caller at the Brand office this week. She came in to renew a subscription to the paper for her father, Jno. G. Rupright, of Van Wert, Ohio.

All kinds of racket goods at The Fair. 45-2t

A letter from Mr. Callens says that it has been raining at Phoenix since he has been there and has also been rather cold for that section. He hopes the change will help him.

We, the members of the E. T. Woodburn Chapter of the U. D. C., wish, in this way, to thank our friends of Hereford and vicinity, who so willingly contributed to our bazaar.

Jim Carroll, our new constable, made his first arrest the other day, and while, naturally, he is a little timid, armed with the authority of the law, he thinks he could haul in a desperado.

J. D. Thompson, who has been in Kansas looking after his farm in that state, returned home Monday night. He says that Kansas has raised a big crop this year and everything is prosperous.

Mrs. Bernice Harris of Vega, who has been suffering from fever, was brought to Hereford recently and placed under the care of local physicians. Her young child is being cared for by Mrs. Holloway, one of her neighbors at Vega.

Mrs. I. H. Spratt is in receipt of a box from her former Missouri home and the box contained a lot of Christmas cheer—a real ham, some real sausage, and likely a pig's tail and a bladder for the baby. We wish the homefolks would remember us at Christmas time.

Mrs. D. F. Bunch, after spending three weeks in Oklahoma visiting with friends and relatives, has returned home. Mr. and Mrs. Bunch are expecting a visit from their two sons, Will J. Bunch of Oklahoma and G. A. Bunch and wife of Denver, Colo. They will arrive about the 20th.

Wall paper. E. B. Black Co. 44tf
Cotton mattresses. E. B. Black Co. 44tf

A complete line of toys at The Fair. 45-2t

Burns says he still has a little Christmas left. 1t

Get some of the Harrison Fisher pictures at The Fair. 45-2t

All children's hats going at \$1.00. Mrs. Vogele, Millinery Parlor. 1t

Underwood typewriter for sale. Good condition. Phone 119. 1t

All who want Xmas turkey call three rings on 206. C. V. Walker. 1tp

We carry the best grades of lumber and our prices are always enuf lower to make it worth while. 46-2t Kemp Lumber Co.

**TAX COLLECTOR
74 YEARS OLD**

Expected to Resign on Account of Feebleness — Gained Strength and Twenty-four Pounds by Taking Vinol.

Corinth, Miss. — "I am a city tax collector and seventy-four years of age. I was in a weak, run-down condition so that I became exhausted by every little exertion. My druggist told me about Vinol, and I decided to take it. In a week I noticed considerable improvement; I continued its use and now I have gained twenty pounds in weight, and feel much stronger. I consider Vinol a fine tonic to create strength for old people." — J. A. PRICE, Corinth, Miss.

As one grows old their organs act more slowly and less effectually than in youth, circulation is poor, the blood gets thin, the appetite poor and digestion weak. Vinol, our delicious cod liver and iron tonic, is the ideal strengthener and body builder for old folks because it creates a good healthy appetite, strengthens digestion, enriches the blood, improves circulation and in this natural manner builds up, strengthens and invigorates feeble, run-down, nervous and aged people, and if it does not do all we say, we will pay back your money.

Corner Drug Store, Hereford, Texa

Burns says for the boys and girls to bring in their Blue Jay Coupons not later than December 24th, as the prizes will be awarded then.

When planning for your Christmas festivities, add to your list a fruit cake and few pounds of real good candy and you make no mistake. Can be had at the Bakery. 1t

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy—The Mothers' Favorite.

"I give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to my children when they have colds or coughs," writes Mrs. Verne Shaffer, Vandergrift, Pa. "It always helps them and is far superior to any other cough medicine I have used. I advise anyone in need of such a medicine to give it a trial." For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.



Before you buy your Christmas Presents, be sure to come to our store and let us show you through our big stock of goods suitable for presents, and most every article will make useful gifts and is something that most everyone can use. We will appreciate your trade and will assist you all we can in selecting presents; and packing, if you wish to send them away. Below we mention a few articles that may help you in selecting.

- Silk Waistings
- Initial Handkerchiefs
- Fancy Lace and Embroidered Handkerchiefs
- Kid Gloves
- Neckties (a big new line)
- Hair Ornaments
- Bar Pins and Ear Drops
- Child's Locket and Bracelets
- Beads and Neck Cords
- Stamped Linens
- Table Linens
- Black Cat Silk Hosiery
- Sweater Coats
- Furs and Scarfs
- Manicure Sets
- Hand Bags (a new line)
- Travelling Bags and Suit Cases
- Fine Shoes

- Ladies' and Children's Coats and Suits
- Dress Shirts
- Belts and Suspenders
- Men's Hats and Caps
- Men's and Boys' Suits
- Men's Silk Muffs
- Baby Blankets
- Felt and Leather House Shoes
- Perfumeries and Toilet Articles
- Fine Wool and Cotton Blankets
- Big line of Unbreakable Dolls
- Candies
- Fire Crackers
- Roman Candles and Sky Rockets
- Big line of 5c, 10c and 25c Goods
- We have a nice line of Rogers' Silverware premiums to be given away with each purchase. They make nice gifts. Ask for coupons with each purchase.

.. Geo. A. Stambaugh ..

BUFF ORPINGTON cockrells for sale. See Mrs. J. H. Bowers at Irwin place. 46-2t

LOST—Two black sow pigs. Finder please report any information to this office; reward. 46-2t

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

"OCEANS OF WATER,"

YOU'LL LIKE HEREFORD!

YOU'LL LIKE HEREFORD!



The Officers and Board

of Directors

...of...

The First National Bank

of Hereford

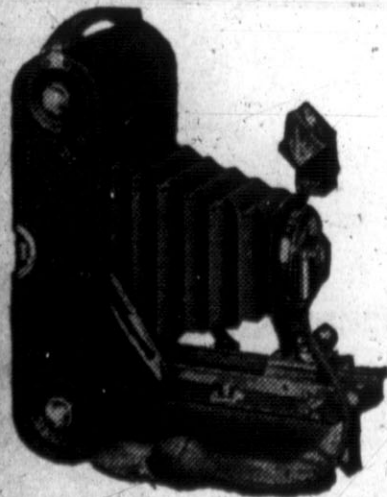
Extend Greetings of the season to their good friends and patrons and wish to express appreciation for the business they have entrusted to us during the past year. With best wishes for a Prosperous and Happy New Year.

Christmas
1914

New Year
1915

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak

On Christmas Morning



**A
Kodak**

The gift sensible, always interesting and forever fascinating

Anybody can Kodak

CORNER DRUG STORE

Williams Bros. Has Successful Business.
 We wish to thank the people of Hereford and surrounding country for the liberal patronage given us during the five months we have been in business. Our business has grown readily since the first day we opened our doors to the public, for which we feel thankful. We appreciate our patronage and solicit a continuance of your valued orders, and in return we promise to give you courteous treatment, fair dealing and our very best efforts to please. Again thanking you and wishing each of you a pleasant Xmas and a prosperous New Year, we are
 Very respectfully,
 Williams Bros.
 Sanitary Groceries. Phone 128

Findlay Findings.
 An old fashioned spelling match was held at the Rheasfield school house last Friday. A very short but interesting program preceded the spelling.
 Rev. Mrs. H. W. Hurlbut of Friona came out and preached at the Rheasfield school and the Terra Blanca Union Sunday school last Sunday.
 Carl Porth visited with his parents in Bovina Saturday and Sunday.
 Lovett Bros. moved a threshing machine through here on their way to New Mexico this week.
 Walter Farwell and R. L. Duke visited in this community one day last week.
 B. S. Lawrence has been hauling cake for W. E. Hicks.

Useful Presents.
 The Brand has for sale a few loose-leaf, index books, and card index cabinets for recipes. Nothing could make a more appreciated present for a friend than one of these books and the recipe cabinets would make a useful present to the housekeeper. 46-2t
 Lester Weaver's Dairy, Phone 6tf
 We want your building material business, and we promise you good material, courteous treatment and lower prices. Kemp Lumber Co. 46-2t
 For Sale at once at a bargain. One Standard make Piano, Beautiful Walnut Case, only used few months. Small payment down and Ten Dollars per month. Phone 252 or write Box 355 Hereford Texas. 2tp

Hicks Finds Lost Bull
 Sometime last spring, W. E. Hicks lost a valuable Hereford bull and could find no trace of him after diligent inquiry. After some six months he thought to try a Want Ad in the Brand. So he had a small ad running but still could not hear of him. The other day, some subscriber lost his paper on the way home and it blew over into a small field where the bull was pasturing. The good animal spied the paper and in looking over the pages, saw where he was wanted, so he sidled up to the fence with that copy of the Brand on his horn and waved it at Mr. Hicks as he passed in his auto. Whereupon, the owner took notice and is now again in possession of his property. It pays to advertise.
 We have the Christmas goods for grown up people. The Fair. 45-2t
 You can renew Holland's Magazine and the Farm & Ranch weekly at the Millinery Parlor, 3rd door south of the 1st State Bank. Mrs. Voegelé. 1t

OUR ENTIRE STOCK

Properly belongs to the Christmas Gift line. Think about it. Every article in our enormous stock has a place on the Christmas shopper's list. This insures you a better variety for the selection of appropriate and useful gifts than you will find elsewhere. You can find a present here ranging in price from the inexpensive article to a fine diamond and every article represents your money's worth. Our motto is a present for everybody and for every occasion. Here are a few suggestions:

Cut Glass	Silverware	Novelties
Sugar and Cream Sets	Knives and Forks	Ivory Toilet Sets
Water Sets	Tea Spoons	Ivory Manicure Sets
Bowls	Table Spoons	Ivory Hair Brushes
Vases	Berry Spoons	Ivory Military Brushes
Puff Boxes	Dessert Forks	Ivory Cloth and Hat Brushes
Jewel Boxes	Pie Forks	Ivory Jewel Boxes
Perfume Bottles	Salad Forks	Ivory Puff Boxes
Celery Trays	Child's Sets	Ivory Clocks
Nappies	Baby Spoons	Ivory Traveling Sets
Tooth Pick Holders	Dessert Sets	Silver Toilet Sets
Condiment Sets	Cream Ladles	Silver Manicure Sets
Ice Tea Glasses	Sugar Shells	Silver Military Brushes
Individual Salts	Butter Knives	Silver Cloth and Hat Brushes
Mustard Jars	Game Sets	Silver Shaving Sets
Syrup Pitchers	Carving Sets	Silver Match Safes
Punch Sets	Syrup Pitchers	Silver Tooth Brushes
Salt and Peppers	Chafing Dishes	Silver Vanity Cases
	Coffee Percolators	Silver Mesh Bags
	Baking Dishes	Silver Bockin Sets
	Soup Spoons	
	Pickle Forks	
	Casseroles	
	Ramekins	

Our stock of China is very complete. We carry everything in Watches, Gold Jewelry, Cameo and Diamond Jewelry, etc. Our stock will offer many more suggestions. All Orders for Engraving Should be Placed as Early as Possible

W. H. RAY, JEWELER

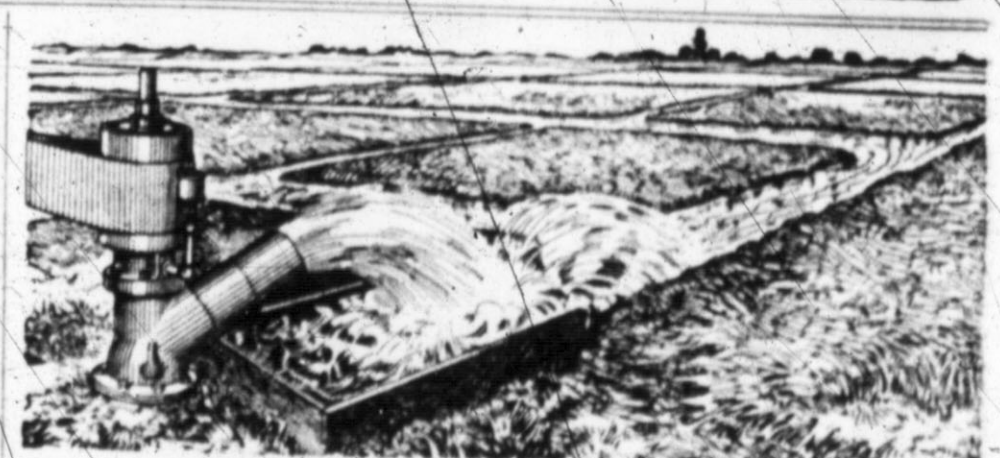
..We Have..
Plenty of Good Coal on Hand
 Also Feed, Hay, Flour and Corn Meal

We are handling Cotton Seed Cake and Meal, and some very nice Idaho Irish Potatoes, plenty of Pure Extracted Honey. We will have our Feed Mill ready for grinding next week and will be prepared to grind any kind of grain, or make Corn Meal and Graham Flour

Fallwell & Son
 PHONE 41

Millinery Parlor.
 Everyone who is indebted to me come and pay at once, I need the money. Mrs. N. C. Voegelé. 1t
 \$7.50 all cotton mattress relief price \$4.95. E. B. Back Co. 47tf
 Betts-Clark are agents for the Saturday Evening Post. 27tf
 We carry all sizes of plate glass, automobile windshields. 46-2t Kemp Lumber Co.
 We may not be the nearest to you, but we will come the nearest pleasing you. Betts & Clark. 14tf
 Get in line with the crowd and go to The Fair to do early shopping for Christmas. 45-2t

Stockholder's Meeting
 Notice is hereby given that the regular annual meeting of the Stockholders of the First State Bank and Trust Company of Hereford, will be held at the banking house of said corporation in the town of Hereford, Deaf Smith county, Texas, on the first Tuesday in January, 1915, the same being the 5th day of said month, between the hours of One and Five p. m. of said day.
 At such meeting one director shall be elected to act as director of the second class for said corporation and three directors shall be elected to act as directors of the third class, and any and all such other business shall be transacted as may properly come before such meeting.
 Witness my hand this, the 17th day of December, A. D. 1914.
 Henry Wilkinson,
 46-3t President.



Self-Starting Bessemers

Bessemer Oil Engines start with automatic self-starters just like an automobile engine—a one man easy job any time. Constructed stronger than a locomotive and simplicity itself. Designed especially for irrigating purposes and has made good right here at home—you know this. Your well should be driven with a Bessemer Oil Engine because its the cheapest power ever manufactured. We're willing to prove this by test any time and allow you to select the engine to be used.

D. L. McDonald
 OFFICE: Main Floor Court House

Look!

Money is not my object in moving to California for I think Hereford, and the surrounding country has a greater future than California. Therefore, I will trade the following scattering property I yet own for a body of land near Hereford:

L I S T E N

Two Good Lots in Beaumont, California
 Twelve lots in Clovis, New Mexico
 Fifteen lots in Dexter, New Mexico
 Two lots in Farwell, Texas
 Forty acres at San Jon, New Mexico
 Eighty acres in Bandera county, Texas

Thirteen vacant lots, my old church property and two nice little homes in Hereford; and two close in small farms. If interested see me here at once or write me after January 1st, at Santa Rosa, California. **A. H. Elliston**

Fire works at The Fair. 45-2t
 A nice line of pictures at The Fair. 45-2t
 Don't say drug store say Corner Drug Store. 1tf
 FOR SALE—A good male hog. See E. J. Newell two miles northeast from town. 46-2tp
 Kemp Lumber Co., is making some prices on cow shed lumber that are attractive. See them. 46-2t
 We are now carrying a supply of Federal casings and tubes. None better made. Barnhart & Rice. 35tf
 A big sale on French Curl Plumes, \$10.00 plumes at \$3.50; this you know is away below cost. Mrs. Voegelé. 1t
 When you need a glass, some cement or lime, a few posts or any thing in paint, telephone 98. 46-2t Kemp Lumber Co.
 Home made candy or a box of Vassar Package makes an ideal Christmas present. At the Hereford Bakery. 1t
 Christmas trees at a bargain; 4 to 6 feet high; nice for private use and decorating places of business. Phone the Hereford Nursery.

Hereford Nurseries

Growers and dealers in all kinds of Trees—Fruit, Shade and ornamental. 25 years in the nursery business in Texas. Have tested out over three hundred varieties of Fruit on the Plains in our own private experimental grounds.

L. P. LANDRUM, Manager
 For information and Catalog, address the Company, Hereford Tex.

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

Beats 'Em All.
 No chloride of lime or caustic used. All goods washed with new electric process. Only one place. Amarillo Steam Laundry, phone 197. T. M. Coulson, agent. 44-4t

Annual Visit of Santa Claus

IN keeping with his custom Santa Claus has again left his huge assortment of gifts for us to dispose of and you will be disappointed if you don't come to see our assortment before you make your purchases. Our assortment is the most complete we have ever shown. Besides our large assortment of toys we have some very beautiful designs in Cut Glass, Hand Painted China, etc.

CUT GLASS

Punch Bowls, Water Sets and Jugs, Fruit Bowls, Celery Dishes, Vases, Salt Sets, Nappies, etc.

Hand Painted China

Some Beautiful Designs in Berry Sets, Plates, Bowls etc.

Anso Cameras

A Superb Anso Camera makes a delightful gift.

Military Sets

In Sterling, Silver, Ebony and Ivory

Manicure Sets

We have some Handsome Sets finished in Sterling, Ebony, Pearl and Ivory, from \$1.50 to \$12.50 each

Toilet Sets

We have some Beautiful Combination Sets in Silver, and Ivory Travelling Sets, Collar Boxes and Bags, Comb and Brush Sets

Pipes and Cigars

Genuine Meerscham and French Briar Pipes. Cigars in \$1.00 and \$2.00 boxes

Pens

Parker's Lucky Curve makes a useful and very acceptable gift

Candies

Lowney's Chocolates from 10 cents to \$7.50 per box

Perfumes

Palmer's Triple Strength Perfumes are delightful

Books

The late Copyright Fiction and Leather Bound Volumes

Leather Goods

Some Beautiful Leather Folders and Cases

DOLLS

China, Rubber, Metal, Doll Heads, Cork Stuffed, Kid Bodies with Natural Hair and Eye Lashes. Campbell Kids, Bisque Dolls of every description from 10c to \$4.00

TOYLAND

Trains, automobiles, motorcycles, wagons, tool chests, trunks, buggies, dishes, tables, beds, chairs, china closets, carts, blocks, balls, pistols, tops, cats, dogs, horses, etc.

Xmas Cards, and Tags, Holly Boxes and Paper, Various Colored Wrapping Cords. Come and make your selections now

BETTS-CLARK, Druggists

GUNS-FIREWORKS

FIREWORKS:GUNS

News From the Churches

Baptist Young People's Union.
Sunday, Dec. 20, 1914.
President in charge.
Song.
Prayer.
Leader—Edna Hodges.
Song.
Scripture, Rom. 12:1—Emma Lee LeGrand.
Rom. 6:12-13—Helen Lambert.
1 Cor. 6:19-20—Emma Richards.
Heb. 13:15-16—Hope Owen.
1 Peter 2:5-1—Eddie Connell.
1 Peter 3:15—Caldwell Hicks.
What concretion is—By leader.
The will in concretion—Frank Jesse.
The necessity for clearness—Mr. Casteel.
Must be an unlimited concretion—Faith Smith.
Must seek to be blameless—Mrs. A. O. Thompson.
Depend upon God or we will fail—Earl Wilson.
Jr. C. E. Program.
A Christmas meeting.
Song.
Scripture reading, Luke 2:8-20—By leader.
Song—Joy to the World.
The Lord's prayer in concert—Lead by Ethel Rudd.
Recitation—Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem.
Roll call—Response why Xmas ought to be a happy time.
Minutes.
Offering with original Xmas stories.
Recitation, Charlie's Questions—Daniel Bell.
Mission study, Africa—Lucile Weems.
Circle of prayers, that we may seek to make others happy this Xmas time, that Jesus may come to many hearts which have not known him.
Song.
Mizpah.
Leader—Nora Ermine Beams.
The Junior Missionary Society—Song.

Prayer.
Roll call.
Payment of dues.
The children's song of Christmas—Jessie Anthony.
The Left Over Christmas Tree—William Black.
Shoes instead of Christmas stockings—Donelda Sites.
Bid him welcome—Annie Fitzhugh Parker.
One cannot always be a hero, but he can always be a man.
At the Presbyterian Church.
Next Sunday, the usual services will be held. Rev. Baker has returned from his trip in the interest of Trinity University. Sunday school at 9:45; preaching at 11 o'clock. The subject for the morning sermon will be "The Magi," and the discourse will bear upon Christmas. At night the subject will be found in the Seventh Commandment. The public is invited.
Presbyterian Sunday School Makes Liberal Donation.
After passing up the list advanced to forego the pleasure of a Christmas tree for the children, the Presbyterian Sunday school voted to give \$25 in cash to the relief of the Belgians. Individual members of the school have since added a good donation, the total amount to date being \$58.00. The funds were sent to the President of the United States, who is president of the Red Cross Society for this country.
Missionary Tea.
The ladies of the Presbyterian church will serve a missionary tea at the home of Mrs. Laird, Wednesday afternoon, December 30th, from 3 to 6 o'clock. Everyone cordially invited. 1f
Dr. Presly of the firm of Drs. Presly and Swearingin, specialists, Roswell, N. M., will be in Hereford at Dr. W. A. Price's office on the 12, 13 and 14 of each month to do eye, ear, nose and throat practice and to fit glasses. 11f

The Right Christmas Attitude

BEWARE of uttering pessimistic and cynical remarks about Christmas and Christmas joys. If only from motives of vanity, abstain from grumbling during the festive season, for nothing so surely fixes a person's age as disagreeable remarks about the utter futility and absurdity of keeping Christmas. However well preserved, however free from gray hair, wrinkles and other distressing marks of devouring Time, be quite sure that your Christmas attitude will not give you away. "Heigho for the holly! This life is most jolly!" is the correct attitude. It is the attitude of the child, and at Christmas time the immortal child which lurks in every human being wakes to life if we do not frighten it and allow it to creep back to its hiding place for want of encouragement. Grumpy, disagreeable people naturally do not like Christmas, because it shows them up.

Pure Candies.

The Hereford Bakery handles the best line of candies on the market. Besides the pure home-made kinds, they sell the famous Vassar Package Candies, the kind that pleases. In buying your Christmas candies, call at the Bakery; they have the largest stock from which to select and the purest, best kinds. Don't forget their Christmas fruit cakes.
A Christmas fruit cake completes the Christmas dinner. At the Hereford Bakery, made just right. 1f
Fish and oysters Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays at Miller's Hotel. He sells 'em cheap. 44-4f
Candy in Christmas packages. Geo. E. Burns. 45-2f

Castro County News.

Dec. 15.—Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Ely from Sunny Brook Farm, south of Hereford, are visiting friends and relatives in Dimmitt.

Frankie Kerr is very sick the last few days, the writer does not know the cause of her illness.

Commissioners' court sat in Dimmitt again this week.

Harvey Cash is on the sick list this week. He has not been in a very good condition for some time past and for the past two days has been confined to his bed.

Dixon Turner is working in the Dimmitt Mercantile thru the holidays.

Will Gilbreath from Tulia was in Dimmitt on business Saturday and Tuesday.

Judge Kerr made a trip to Bailey county this week to visit schools.

Jeff Gilbreath returned last week from Tennessee where he has been visiting acquaintances and relatives.

Brother Smith, who has been pastor of the Methodist congregation here for the past three years, was sent to Roaring Springs and Rev. Sharp will take his place.

Lee Conklin spent Saturday evening and Sunday in Dimmitt.

Sunday evening, instead of the regular sermon by pastor, the women of the Baptist Ladies' Aid Society occupied the hour in giving us an excellent missionary lesson. The service was well attended and much benefit was derived from the lesson. Throughout the whole hour came ringing appeals for laborers and means to gather the waiting harvest in the heathen lands.

Teachers institute will begin next Friday, the 18th, and hold over until the 23rd.

Rev. Triplett is aiding Kenneth Turner in the clerk's office this week.

Rea Gilbreath, formerly a merchant of Dimmitt, and Jess Shows passed thru Dimmitt going to their home in Tulia.

Frank Barber moved the post office this week into his building on the west side of the square.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Gollehon made a business trip to Hereford Monday.

Ralph Stapleton and George O'Brien made a business trip to Hereford last week.

Skating on the lake south of Dimmitt is nice. Come and skate with us.

A Good Time To Do It.

There is no better time to pay your subscription to your local paper than right now. The old year is closing and you should have a clear conscience with which to begin the New. If you owe for the Brand, pay now, and you will have an easy conscience and a good reputation for another 12 months. In order to remind you, notice is being mailed you. Kindly give this notice the attention a matter of business should have. If not convenient to call at this office, mail us your check, or hand the amount to Mr. Webb, who is our authorized collector.

Cedar chests. E. B. Black Co. 44f

Professionals and Business Cards

ASHBROOK & SUGGS

Fire, Life and Accident Insurance

All Kinds of Bonds Executed

We Are Specialists

On Fruit and Nut Trees

Shade and Ornamental Trees
Shrubs and Evergreens

Roses and Greenhouse Plants

Hereford Nursery Company

W. E. Dameron

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

HEREFORD, TEXAS

J. FRANK POTTS A. M. JONES

POTTS & JONES

BONDED ABSTRACTERS

Complete Abstract of Title to Deaf Smith County Lands.

Fire Insurance Written.

Deaf Smith County Maps for Sale



Christmas APPLES

I got 'em boxed or in bulk.

Winesaps

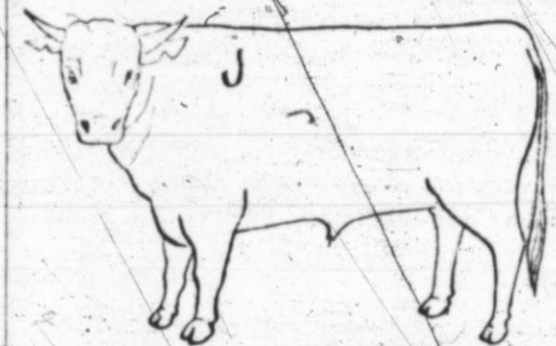
Blacktwigs

Pearmaid

Jonathans

At FALLWELL'S FEED STORE

G. W. Brumley



WILSON'S RANCH

BRANDS

Other Brands, XT on left side.

Ranch at Arney, Castro County.

JNO. L. WILSON & SON

Hereford, Texas

In New "Easy-Opening-Box" BLACK WHITE TAN

2 IN 1

Brightens up millions of shoes daily

SHOE POLISHES

10¢

Safety First

The tread with the grip of a traction engine.

You will be satisfied with Goodrich Safety Treads—we guarantee them. And the extra thickness of the Goodrich Tough Rubber Tread at the point of contact guarantees extra wear.

Goodrich Safety Tread Tires

Let's get together—call or phone when in need of tires.

WAR

Prices on Tires

All Off

We are pleased to notify the users of the Goodrich Tires that the advance in prices added on account of the warring conditions in Europe and its consequent effect upon American business have been declared off and from now until further notice, the following prices will prevail:

30 x 3 1/2 Safety Tread	\$17.00
32 x 3 1/2 Safety Tread	18.10
33 x 4 Safety Tread	25.25
34 x 4 Safety Tread	26.05
36 x 5 Safety Tread	27.75

Remember also that we handle the GOODYEAR TIRES and the prices are right.

Our Garage is fully equipped to do any kind of Auto Repairing; can furnish Gas, Air, Oil, etc.

Tourists are invited to place their cars in our care for inspection. A few minutes spent at inspection may save you several hours valuable time on the road when miles from a station. We employ experts.

The Hereford Garage & Machine Works

C. H. DYAR, Prop.

"You'll Like Hereford—Oceans of Water."

Bringing Trade to Texas

From many countries scattered throughout the world the demand for the oil products of Texas comes in ever-increasing volume. Month after month large cargoes of oil in cases, barrels and bulk are shipped to ports throughout the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

Up among the snows, down on the equator, in the miasma districts of Africa, East of Suez throughout the mysterious Oriental countries; back of the Red Sea into Persia and Asia Minor, in the Balkans and other parts of Europe, from Panama to the Magellan Straits, the money starts back to Texas in payment for the manufactured oil products of The Texas Company.

Conducting all its manufacturing in the State of Texas, giving employment to thousands of workers in Texas and support to a score of industries, the growth of The Texas Company in the export field is bringing trade of many millions to this State from the whole world.

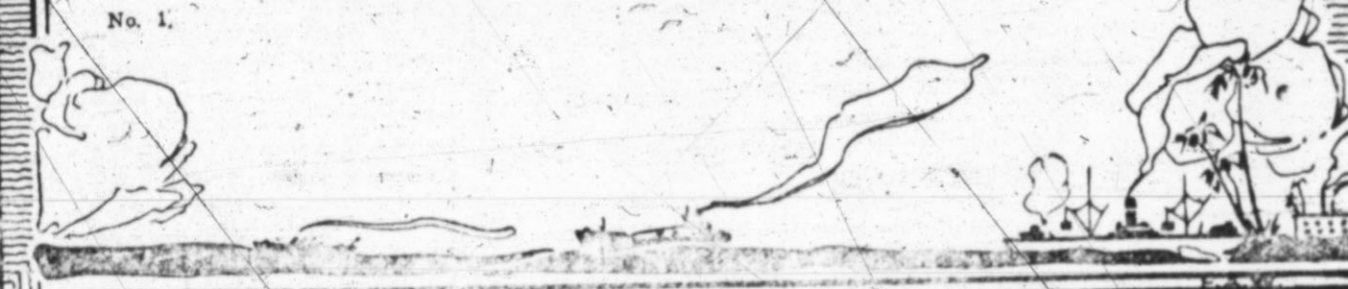
One thing made the growth possible—that one idea established by the founders of The Texas Company and carried out to this day—quality goods and adequate service.

Quality and service are bringing this enormous and rapidly increasing trade to the State. The quality and service which have made the five-pointed star and T emblem of The Texas Company known from the Atlantic Coast of America to the East of China.

You can secure this same quality and service in your town. A Texaco distributing station is at hand, our agent is ready to serve you.

Call on him, quality and service are of value to you as they are to the foreign users of oil. Take advantage of it by ordering from him.

The Texas Company
General Offices: Houston, Texas



monument and two pits, the S. E. corner of said survey No. 2, at 1484 varas to a mound and semi-circular trench; thence E. 616 varas to a rock mound one set in ground in W. line of survey No. 12, block K-14; thence N 33 degrees W. 1484 varas to the place of beginning.

Third tract: Being 160 acres of land on the waters of Tierra Blanca Creek, a tributary of Red River, about 21 miles S. 63 degrees E. from the center of the county, said land having been purchased and fully paid for in accordance with article No. 3930 Revised Statutes, to-wit: Beginning at a stone set in the ground the S. W. corner of survey No. 11, Block K-14 for B. S. & F.; thence W. 600 varas to a stone set in the ground in E. line of section No. 2, Block K-3 A. B. & M.; thence N. at 176 varas Tierra Blanca Creek at 1196 varas a mound and two pits the N. E. corner of said section No. 2, at 1520 varas a stone set in the ground and a semi-circular trench; thence E. 585 varas to mound and semi-circular trench, in W. line of survey No. 11, Block K-14; thence S. 33 degrees E. 1520 varas to the beginning.

Fourth tract: Being 160 acres of land about 7 miles N. E. from Hereford, and known as survey No. 2; beginning at a mound and semi-circular trench the N. W. corner of Matthew Wilson pre-emption survey; thence N. at 15 varas pass the N. E. corner of survey No. 3, block K-3 at 1161 varas a mound and semi-circular trench in the W. line of survey No. 9, Block K-14; thence S. 33 degrees E. 1611 varas a mound and semi-circular trench, the N. E. corner of the M. Wilson survey; thence W. 569 varas to the place of beginning.

Levied on as the property of Albert C. Gillis, P. L. Vasse and W. G. Bryant, to satisfy a judgment amounting to \$5,646.84, with interest thereon at the rate of 8 per cent per annum from November 3, 1914, and costs of suit, in favor of the Miners Bank of Cartersville, Mo.

Given under my hand this, the 7th day of December, 1914.

R. W. Baird, Sheriff,
45-3t Deaf Smith county, Texas.

Sheriff's Sale

State of Texas,
County of Deaf Smith

By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the Honorable District Court of Deaf Smith County, Texas, on the 28th day of November, 1914, by the Clerk thereof, in the case of The Miners Bank of Cartersville, Mo., vs. P. L. Vasse, et al., number 805, wherein the said The Miners Bank of Cartersville, Mo., is plaintiff, and P. L. Vasse, W. G. Bryant and Albert C. Gillis, are defendants, and to me, as Sheriff, directed and delivered, I will proceed to sell, within the hours prescribed by law for Sheriff's Sales, on the first Tuesday in January, 1915, it being the fifth day of said month, before the Court House door of said Deaf Smith County, in the city of Hereford, the following described property to-wit:

Situated in Deaf Smith county, Texas.
First tract: 160 acres of land about 21 miles S. 64 degrees E. from the center of the county, to-wit: Beginning at a stone set in the ground the N. W. corner of the J. W. Wills pre-emption, thence 266 varas to a mound and semi-circular trench whence a mound and four pits, the N. E. corner of survey No. 3, Block K-3, bears N. 15 varas; thence E. 569 varas to a mound and semi-circular trench in W. line survey No. 10, Block K-14; thence S. 33 degrees, E. 1181 varas, pass a mound and two pits the S. W. corner of said survey No. 10 at 1561 varas a mound and semi-circular trench; thence W. 585 varas to the place of beginning.

Second tract: Being 160 acres of land on the waters of the Tierra Blanca creek, a tributary of Red River, about 63 degrees E., 21 miles from the center of the county, by virtue of an affidavit made by said Hay, assignee of A. J. Bruding, assignee of said J. P. Plank before J. H. Perry, N. P. of Deaf Smith county, Texas, on Nov. 8, 1892 to-wit: Beginning at a stone monument, one stone set in the ground, the S. W. corner of survey No. 11, B. S. F. Block K-14; thence W. to stone set in the ground in the E. line of Section No. 2, block K-3 A. B. & M.; thence S. 704 varas, pass a

Given under my hand, this 7th day of December 1914.

R. W. Baird,
Sheriff Deaf Smith county, Texas.

Sheriff's Sale

State of Texas,
County of Deaf Smith

By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the Honorable District Court of Deaf Smith county, on the 28th day of November, 1914, by the Clerk thereof, in the case of the First National Bank of Hereford, vs. A. O. Thompson et al, Number 789, wherein the First National Bank of Hereford, is plaintiff, and A. O. Thompson, M. W. Sturdy, composing the partnership firm of A. O. Thompson Lumber Company, and J. W. Sturdy, are defendants,



Special Low Fares

CHRISTMAS and New Year Holiday rates to all points in Texas, selling dates Dec. 23-24-25 and 31, 1914 and Jan. 1, 1915. Final limit Jan. 4. One and one-third fare round trip.

HOLIDAY Excursions, points in Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, and to Baltimore, Md., Washington, D. C., Chicago, Ill., Kansas City and St. Louis, Mo., Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo and Trinidad, Colo. Tickets on sale Dec. 20-21-22, 1914. Limited for return to Jan. 18, 1915.

ROUND TRIP RATES in effect to various points in states named below: Alberta, Arizona, Arkansas, British Columbia, California, Cuba, District of Columbia, Idaho, Indiana, Iowa, Maryland, Michigan, Missouri, Montana, Nevada, New York, North Carolina, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Tennessee, Utah and Washington.

F. C. PARKINSON
AGENT

CHRISTMAS PHOTOS

Have your photos made now for Christmas. Do it now and avoid the rush of Christmas week and possible delay. There's nothing that pleases the "folks back home" better than a picture of the children or baby. Bring them in now.

McGHEE'S STUDIO
Phone 162 and make engagement.

The GIFT CIGARS

WILBUR D. NESBIT

Don't laugh! But she gave me cigars. Selected the things by their color. They came out in one of those jars. I think they were called the "Maud Miller."

I've read all these gift-cigar jokes. I know I must read them hereafter. Please wait for the place for the laughter.

Don't smile! But she bought them herself. I know how she talked to the dealer—she looked at each box on the shelf. And spoke of the wrapper as "pinner."



O, beautiful-looking were they—I think they were called the "Maud Miller."

Of course you think now of Ray. Unless, as I was, you are diller.

Don't grin! They were gilt and red bands.

She says that she never understood why smoking has charms that are myriads.

She says that it's cheating to see five cigars as I smoke I enjoy them. I know you are chinking with glee. And think that I wished to destroy them.

Now wait! Well, I sat down and smoked; she placed the ash tray on the table; I chuckled and subtly I looked.

"Maud Miller," you know, was the label.

Well, talk of your jokes on cigars! I said you might laugh when it ended. These came out to me of those jars—And, honestly now, they were splendid.

Couldn't Have. "Huh! I bet you didn't have a good time at your Christmas party yesterday" taunted Nilly.

"I bet I did," answered little Eddie.

"Aw, go say why ain't you sick today, if you did?"

"YOU'LL LIKE HEREFORD."

Mrs. McClain's Experience With Croup.

"When my boy, Ray, was small he was subject to croup, and I was always alarmed at such times. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy proved far better than any other for this trouble. It always relieved him quickly. I am never without it in the house for I know it is a positive cure for croup," writes Mrs. W. R. McClain, Blairsville, Pa. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

Want Ads

HIDES WANTED—Will pay highest cash price for all kinds of hides. Ezra Norton at Saddle Shop. 3tf

PIANO—A fine Emerson piano for sale at a bargain. See C. R. Moreman. 44-3td

YOUNG fillies for sale or to exchange for cattle. See Cy Orr at barber shop. 45-2t

TO TRADE—Automobile for feed. Address Box 128, Hereford. 35tf

MARES—Fifty high class brood mares for sale, 3 years old up, none dead old. All have been bred to the best Jacks on the Plains. Have offspring of mares and Jacks to show their breeding. Also No. 1, half Spanish Jack. Will sell separately or with mares. For further information write A. C. Elliott, Hereford, Texas. 37td

WANTED—Good Durham milk cow; must be giving milk or soon to be. See A. C. Elliott. 45-2t

WANTED to buy 50 good brood sows and 150 pigs and shoats from 30 to 150 lbs. Quote prices delivered at Sulphur Park. L. Gough. 45-3t

FOR SALE—1250 breeding ewes, no broken mouths, price \$3.50, immediate delivery. C. J. Mapes, Dimmitt, Tex. 45-2t

STRAYED—Small pig, last seen going west toward cemetery. Phone 119. 1t

FOR SALE—A nice laying 160 acres, 6 miles south of Hereford, Texas, being the N. W. 1/4 out of Survey No. 83, Block M7. Will take \$2,000 cash for a quick sale. No incumbrance. Address Box 33, Mercer, Mo. 46-2tp

WANTED—From two to four hundred head of cattle to winter. R. H. Norton. 46-2tp

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

LOST—Between town and Wink Valentine's ranch, small package of silk. Finder leave at Brand office. 1tp

TURKEYS—If you want a good, fat turkey for Christmas call Vern Witherspoon, phone 336. 44-2t

FOR RENT—If you have houses to rent, list them at Brand office. If they are not rented no charges will be made. 1t

COWS—Four Jersey cows, two calves, two coming fresh this fall, for sale. See W. M. Lightwald, Umbarger. 4tp

FOR SALE—My pony, buggy and harness; a small book case, a Phonograph and 28 records; a two burner oil stove, and 2 nice little homes on easy terms. A. H. Elliott. 2t

STRAYED—One white face bull with horns, 6 or 7 years old; branded on left hip. Send information to W. E. Hicks, Hereford. 1t

MULES—Three good mules, wagon, harness, farm implements, and feed for sale. See T. B. Kellow. 1t

FOR SALE—I am offering for sale part or all of my section, four miles S. W. of Hereford, described as follows:—Abstract no. 152, cert. no. 1242, survey no. 129, block M-F., no. acres 651. Please send bids by mail to Mrs. L. P. Hendricks, Madison, Wis. 3t

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him. NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 25 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.



ZUDORA

A Great Mystic Story by Harold McGrath

Copyright, 1914, by Harold McGrath

CHAPTER I

The Mystery of the Spotted Cellar.

ON the side of a rugged mountain a black velvet hole yawned. Rubble lay strewn all about the ledges. To a layman this rubble would have explained nothing; to a miner it would instantly have explained the nature of the hole. Presently a burly man emerged from the hole, squinting. He eyed the lump of quartz in his hand—always a little, but never quite enough gold to make it worth while. The prospector flung the quartz savagely upon the accumulating rubble and leaned disheartenedly against the log support to the entrance of the mine. His grubstake was fast dwindling, and in another four days he would have to hike some thirty-two miles to the nearest town, for supplies.

Done! He had paid \$500, every one of them earned at the risk of his neck, for this damnable hole in the ground. He filled and lit his pipe and fell to dreaming what he would do when he struck it rich.

By and by the dreams faded, and the bitter realities returned. He rose lamely and carefully picked his way down to the Irishman's shanty. The two of them shared their noon meals on pleasant days.

"How's she comin'?"

"Same old story," answered Trainor, erstwhile strong man of the Eclipse circus.

"Well, well; it's peggin' away that brings it. I got a lump t'day that don't look so bad. I should say that she'll run fifteen th' ton. I guess them wildcatters are th' chaps that make th' real spandulix—widders an' clerks an' childer."

In Trainor's life there had been but trifling monotonies. He had been a sailor in the south seas, a lumberjack in the north, a cowpuncher, a fireman on a north Atlantic liner. He had come from a poor but respectable Ohio family. His father nor his grandfather had ever stepped over the state boundary lines. But in him there was a reversion to the type of pioneer who had established the Trainor family when Ohio was a wilderness. He could not settle down; he must be on the move continually, and when at length he joined the circus he found that roaming, uncertain life much to his fancy. There he had met Mimi Keene, known on the handbills (for lithographs were far beyond the reach of this circus) as Mimi La France, world renowned tight rope walker. Remarkable as it might seem, these two loved each other fondly, and one day the lark to wander died in the man's heart, and he wanted a roof over his head, children about his knee and money in his purse. When the opportunity to go hunting for gold came he hesitated not an instant.

He had been hammering away at the grim, unyielding rocks for eight months, making only such trips to town as were necessary for food. Perhaps the rubble extracted represented a thousand dollars, perhaps less. He was discouraged.

One day he staggered out into the brilliant sunshine. A lump of quartz was clutched tightly in his hand. When he grew accustomed to the dazzling light he turned the stone over and over, his heart beating as it had never beaten before. There were veins in it—broad flakes of it—gold, gold, gold!

"Donovan! Donovan!" he cried. The old Irish prospector came out of his hole, blinking.

"I've got it! I've got it!"

Donovan snatched the quartz from the hand of his friend.

"Holy Virgin! Ye've struck it! It's all like that ye're a rich man. Man, man, there's a hundred dollars in that lump alone!"

Trainor collapsed on a pile of worthless rubble and laid his head on his arms. He had done it all in these few months. He was rich, rich! And all his dreams were going to come true! The Irishman gazed down at him ruefully, but philosophically.

"An' me that's been prospectin' twenty years an' ain't hit my pile yet! Well, God bless ye, man. I'm glad ye got it. An' now let's go take a look."

Like all men who suddenly stumble upon a virgin fortune, Trainor instantly began to plan how to protect it. He had some bank attorneys draw up papers leaving the mine to his wife, in case of her death to his child, to her husband. It was subtly understood that the brother-in-law, Keene, should never be able to touch it. These western bank attorneys were simple and honest men.

Before he had time to write to his wife Trainor was killed by a premature explosion. He was buried under the rubble his own hands had torn from the mountain's side, and the kindly Donovan started out to find the Eclipse circus.

The caravan was at that time 200 miles to the south, about to turn in for the winter. But Donovan found it. By mistake he ambled into the men's dressing tent. A young man with shrewd dark eyes and a sinister

twist to the corner of his lips laid his hand on Donovan's shoulder.

"How'd you get in here?"

"Why, I walked in," said Donovan amiably.

"Suppose you walk out again?"

"Keep yer hair on, bub. I'm here on business. I'm lookin' for Mimi La France, 's they call her outside. She walks tight rope."

"Well, I'm her brother. What do you want with her?"

"So ye'er Trainor's brother-in-law?"

"Trainor?" said the young man, a fire lighting his eyes. "Do you come from him?"

"Yes. An' my message is to his wife."

"Oh! That's his kid there."

"I don't say so! Well, kind o' looks like him."

"Here's my sister now."

Donovan saw a slight woman of pretty figure and comely features. She



A Huge Crystal Globe in Which Hassam All Saw the Past and the Future.

came through the flap which separated the women's dressing tent from the men's. She looked a bit tired and careworn. The old miner, having had but little to do with women folk, was not able to discern under the richly yellow glare of the lamps the air of distinction which marked Mimi Trainor as different from her kind. The Keene family had come from good stock, but had fallen in evil days. She ran in stantly to the baby.

"Here's a man from John. Mimi," said the brother carelessly.

The young woman rushed over to Donovan and began shaking his hands. How was her man? Had he struck it rich? Did he want her to quit and go to him?

Donovan began to swallow with difficulty. How was he going to tell her? He wanted to run away. He could now readily understand why Trainor had always talked of Mimi, Mimi, Mimi, until his Celtic ears had tired of the name. She was a good wife and a good mother for all that she was a circus performer. And here he was aiming to break her heart! Still, there was a bit of cynicism in his makeup. The new fortune might console her.

But it did not. On the contrary, when, half an hour after learning of the death of the man she loved, she mounted the wire, a vertigo seized her, she lost her balance and fell, and by the time she was back on her feet the big top she was dead.

For the first time in his wandering, futile life Frank Keene felt his throat contract and unbidden moisture fill his eyes. After a fashion he had loved his clean minded, loyal little sister, and now she was gone, leaving him with a baby on his hands, more adept in dealing from the bottom of the deck than from the top.

"How much is the mine worth?" he asked when the simple funeral was over.

"Lord knows," said Donovan. "But it's th' biggest strike in twenty years. But it's goin' to be tied up till this little chick's eighteen. Don't you worry, though. Th' lawyers 'll see to it that ye git enough t' take care o' th' child, eddick it, an' all that."

"What's the name of the mine?"

"Same as the kiddie's—Zudora."

The two separated, never to meet again.

The years passed. Keene dabbled in all manner of shady trades and finally set up as a Hindu mystic, a swami. He told fortunes, did crystal gazing, resurrected souls and as a byproduct played detective with more or less success. He rarely practiced this latter game except among his favored gulls. It was a simple matter to instruct some of his confederates to rob certain of his clients. It was equally a simple matter to recover the stolen objects for a suitable reward. Keene eventually became known to the cult as Hassam All, and under that name his fam-

grew. The checks from the Zudora were now applied wholly to the welfare of his niece.

The child grew. Her education began. She gave promise of great beauty, even in the lank and gawky age.

Hassam All had begun to love gold, the bright, shining metal—pot in the abstract, but in the concrete. To touch it with his fingers was transport. No symphony of Bach's was half so fine as the chink-chink of the coins, the eagle and the double eagle as they fell upon each other, slipping from his hands.

From her fifteenth birthday up to her eighteenth Zudora noted a subtle change in the manner of her uncle. He became coldly aloof, rarely touched her affectionately, was moody and tactful. Familiar as she was with all the paraphernalia of the mystic, she still retained unbounded faith in her uncle's powers. Indeed, he was a hypnotist of unusual power and was roughly skilled in the science of medicine. Zudora had practiced the former art until she was almost as proficient as her master. It never occurred to her that her uncle's means of existence were unethical and generally those of a cheat. Famous actresses and society women visited him, and not a few notable bankers and financiers came to him for advice. But the general public held Hassam All in tolerant contempt and the police with no little suspicion.

The inner shrine of this equivocal temple was draped with black velvet, and there were secret doors about which even Zudora knew nothing. There was the inevitable dais and before this a huge crystal globe in which Hassam All saw the past and the future as revealed by his victim. It was easy to draw the past, and it was not difficult to draw the future. The future in this globe was nearly always what the victim wished; hence the popularity of Hassam All, late of the Eclipse circus, faker and card sharp, chief of a band of most clever and ingenious criminals. And Zudora wandered in and out of this iniquitous maze as a wild dove might have flown over pestilential swamps, untouched and unknown.

As the miser grew stronger in Hassam All the evil thought previously referred to became more and more insistent. Zudora must die. When he faced this inevitability for the first time he was genuinely horrified. He was her uncle; her mother had been his sister; the girl was his flesh and blood. But the constant recurrence of an evil desire gradually lessens the abhorrence of it. Today in Hassam All's mind there remained no shreds of compunction, only a desire to accomplish the deed without in any manner directing suspicion toward him. So to this one object he now turned the brilliant powers of his abnormally evil mind. Zudora must die. But how?

In a few days she would be eighteen. On that day she would become enormously rich. He must rid himself of her before she had time to appreciate what the power of money meant. But how? In what subtle, cunning man-

ner that would make it impossible for the law to trace the deed to him? And there was another obstacle rising slowly, but surely and formidably, over the horizon—love. Youth and the necessity of love, these menaced the plans of Hassam All. He had tolerated this keen-eyed, clean lived young lawyer, John Storm, because he had in a way relieved him of the trial of finding entertainment for Zudora. The time had come for Storm to be sent about his business.

One night while he was dreaming over the past, marveling over the strange crust of cynicism which overlaid his sense of moral obligation, Hassam saw his way. Zudora was interested in detective work and had often

begged to be allowed to use her powers of logical deduction. Zudora should play the detective to her heart's content, and if she met with some terrible accident who would be the wiser? Twenty millions in gold!

His hands opened and shut spasmodically. Indistinctly he heard a rustle of petticoats. He opened his eyes to find his niece at his feet.

"Uncle, don't you know what day this is?" she asked.

"Why, it is Wednesday."

"Have you forgotten that this is my eighteenth birthday?"

"Eighteenth birthday! Good heavens, so it is, so it is!"

He laid his hand upon her dark head, but he did not look down into the youthful and beautiful face raised toward his own. His fingers unconsciously crept into the girl's hair, a trifle too strongly for an affectionate gesture.

"What is it?" she asked, drawing her head away quickly.

"A touch of rheumatism in my arm," he said intuitively. "You know it gives me a twinge once in so often. So you are eighteen years old?"

"And you said that on this day I was to come into a fortune."

"That is true. How much do you think it is?"

"Oh, perhaps \$50,000."

"Is it—lost?" she asked.

"No, my child, it is the terrible responsibility which is about to rest upon your young shoulders that makes me sad. Tomorrow morning your lawyers will inform you that you are one of the richest heiresses in America."

"Uncle, don't make fun of me!"

"I am telling you the truth. To date Zudora has turned out something like \$20,000,000. It was the express will of your father to have this kept quiet, so that you would not be bothered with fortune hunters. Girl, you will marry a duke or a prince. You will become a famous beauty. But my advice is this: That until my guardianship ceases—you will be twenty-one then—you will say nothing to any one about this fortune. It would make life unbearable for us both."

"I'll gladly agree to that," she said eagerly.

"Whenever you require a large sum of money you will write the attorney, and they will send it. Think of the notoriety, the busy reporters, the broken down nobles, indigent society folk!"

She laughed at the picture. He was right. If she desired peace and comfort she must keep this fortune away from the public eye.

"Zudora, there is one pleasant fancy you must, henceforth put entirely out of your mind."

"And what is that?"

"This fancy for John Storm. For all that you have inherited this vast sum of money, you are still under my guardianship for three years."

What Zudora would have replied to this half veiled demand will never be known. The bell rang, and shortly after that John Storm himself was ushered into the room. Hassam All nodded coldly, but the girl sprang to greet her lover.

"How's the case going?" she asked.

"Pretty well. I think I shall win out against Bienenreith."

"He hates you."

"No doubt of it. He'd like nothing better than to stick a knife in my back."

Hassam All's eyes narrowed. An idea had come to him.

"Mr. Keene," said Storm suddenly, "I know I have my way to make, but I can assure you that I can give Zudora all the material comforts she has known. I want Zudora for my wife."

"It is impossible," replied Hassam All.

"Impossible!" echoed the two young people.

"Absolutely," with growing coldness. "In the first place I am Zudora's guardian until she is twenty-one. Therefore I do not propose that she shall throw herself away on an ordinary lawyer."

"Sir," said Storm, "I do not quite like the tone you use."

"Indeed! Young man, I am not only her guardian, but I am also her flesh and blood uncle, and I do not propose that she shall bungle her future by a marriage to you."

Not a word about the millions. Zudora thought hard for a moment and concluded it might be wise to say nothing to her lover until she had this fortune under her hand.

"What if I promise never to marry any one else?" she said.

Hassam All shrugged. "Come, come; be sensible. Until you both get over this foolish idea I must request that Mr. Storm cease calling here."

"Very well, sir," said Storm angrily. "But I warn you that I shall see Zudora outside as often as she is kind enough to permit me. Good evening."

Storm sent Zudora a reassuring smile as he left the room.

"What in the world have you against John?" cried Zudora bewilderedly.

"I do not propose to see you support a fortune hunter," rather lamely.

"That's nonsense," she declared with spirit. "John tells the truth when he says he is able to take care of me."

"Still I forbid it, and legally it is my right."

"But I love him. I would not trade him for the greatest prince in Christendom, and if I cannot marry him I'll marry no one."

"Well, well," said Hassam All, apparently relenting; "if you take such a stand I'll compromise."

She gazed at him eagerly.

"Solve my next twenty cases and you can marry him; fall in any single case and you must renounce him."

Zudora agreed instantly, even joyously. For a long time she had been seized with the desire to play the detective, and her uncle had often admitted that her powers of logical deduction were remarkable in a woman who, philosophers claimed, was with

out the faculty of sustained reasoning.

There was little love lost between Storm and Bienenreith. They had clashed a dozen times during the past year, and once or twice they had almost come to blows. On the last day they came together in the courtroom just before the noon recess. Bienenreith threw discretion to the winds and hurled a low epithet at his rival, who swiftly retaliated by striking the German across the face with the brief he held in his hand.

A tremendous confusion ensued, and from her seat in the gallery Zudora viewed the scene with alarm. This man Bienenreith was an athletic bully. He had been in America but a few years, and he still held to the German view regarding a blow in the face. He hastily scribbled a note, which he

shoved toward Storm. The latter read it, shrugged and nodded affirmatively. All might have gone well but for the fact that an enterprising reporter found the discarded note and made a great scoop for his paper. Bienenreith had challenged Storm to a duel, and the latter had hotly agreed, despite the fact that he knew nothing of swords and was a very indifferent pistol shot.

And Hassam All found a way to dispose of John Storm.

And Zudora thought she had found a way to save him. She found him in the cellar, bravely trying to hit a bullseye target. It would have been laughable under any other circumstance. He was not to be swerved, however. And when she threatened him with the police he laughed. He knew the police of old. They would refuse to take the affair seriously. Storm laid down his revolver and took a drink of water. Then he picked up the revolver and began pegging away. Unobserved, she dragged the drinking water. There would be no duel that night.

The next morning Bienenreith was found dead in his library, strangled, and John Storm, in a dazed condition, disheveled, was arrested on the street, charged with murder.

Hassam All, in his capacity of criminal investigator, accompanied by Zudora, entered with the police the scene of the crime.

"Well, my child," said he, "here is your first case. Let us see if you can handle it." Zudora, having a double incentive, ran over to the dead man. On the floor she found a scarf-pin, some small change, and she noticed that his collar hung by the rear button. She hurriedly wrapped these three articles in her handkerchief. The peculiar green spots on this collar had aroused her curiosity.

She was very unhappy. The drug she had given her lover had not put him to sleep. It had merely sent him wandering about the streets throughout the night in a blank state of mind. He would not be able to account for his time, and she might plead in vain that she had given him a sleeping potion to keep him in his house until all chance to fight Bienenreith was gone.

Several days passed. Storm moped in his cell. Truth to tell, he wasn't sure that he hadn't killed his enemy. From the moment Zudora left him until he found himself in jail he could remember nothing. When she told him what she had done he smiled and forgave her.

"But you got me into a pretty pickle, little girl, and you'll have to get me out of it."

"I will."

The marks on the collar were pencil marks, and they bothered her. Often she found the collar vehemently from her, but she always went back to it. One day she found something on the floor in the library. At that moment she attached no significance to the find.

Zigzag pencil lines on the collar—how had they come there? Before the crime? That was not quite possible. The German had been scrupulously neat in his attire. She invariably sought what was known as the mystic room when confronted by any serious problem. No sound ever reached there. A green parrot swung on a perch. He was very old and was doubtless the repository of many a strange secret. Once he muttered, "Let's get him!" Zudora thought this rather odd and began quizzing the old bird. But he refused to speak further.

Near the dais stood a mechanical affair constructed something after the manner of a pin wheel. It consisted of two tubes of glass, which revolved in opposite directions, filled with a brilliant, diffusing violet light. This little invention was Hassam All's own

Today Zudora tried it on the green parrot, but the whirling lights simply tumbled the bird off his perch. She picked him up and revived him and soon forgot all about him in the renewed interest in the spotted collar. Idly she imitated the marks with the stub of pencil. . . . And then, as if the whole world had suddenly lighted up, Zudora at last understood how Bienenreith had come to his death.

When the trial began it looked very bad for John Storm. The altercation with the decedent in court was reviewed, the dueling challenge, their previous enmity, the twelve unaccountable hours. In the balcony Hassam All and the man Burns watched the proceedings with something more than normal interest. When the jury finally received the judge's instructions every one conceded that John Storm was a lost man; nothing could save him from the chair.

Suddenly up the aisle toward the judge's desk came a veiled woman.

"Stop!" she cried. "It was I—I!"

Then she fainted. The judge, the attorneys, the reporters, the spectators, all rose in their amazement. A woman! After the tableau came confusion and chaos. The judge signed to the jury to return to their chairs.

Storm, despite the deputy sheriffs, pushed his way to the woman's side and swiftly raised the veil.

"Zudora?" He turned resolutely to the judge. "Your honor, there is some mistake. This young woman has had nothing to do with the death of Bienenreith. It is utterly impossible."

"That remains to be seen, Mr. Storm. Return to the docket if you please!"

"But she is innocent!"

"Deputies!" called the judge sternly. He was sorry for Storm, but duty was duty none the less.

The court was eventually cleared. Storm was taken back to his cell. Hassam All and Burns went away together. Immediately Zudora sought the office of the district attorney, whom she found haranguing with the counsel for the defense.

"If I can convince you two gentlemen, will that be sufficient?" she asked.

"It will," affirmed the district attorney. "But why can't you give us the man's name now?" he asked.

"To tell his name now would spoil everything," declared Zudora. "I have no evidence at this moment that would hold in law, but I'll guarantee to place it in your hands before midnight. You two will come secretly to my house, and I will secrete you behind some curtains, and there you will hear the evidence from the man's own lips."

"Very well," said the district attorney. "But I warn you that any kind of oriental humbugery will not pass as evidence."

"Do you see this pencil?" she asked, exhibiting a stub.

"Yes."

"It is the one. It is green, indelible, not a common, everyday pencil. The criminal held this stub in his hand while strangling Bienenreith. Why none of us shall know unless he can be made to tell."

At 9 o'clock a man entered the mystic room. He looked puzzled.

"You wished to see me?" he said to Zudora.

"Yes. Please sit down, Mr. Burns."

Above, unbeknown to either, the deep lined face of Hassam All appeared. In his hand he held a revolver with a Maxim silencer. As has been said, the mystic room possessed a dozen secret exits. From this upper one it was Hassam All's habit to take stock of his victims before meeting them personally. He waited.

Zudora began to ask aimless questions. Burns eyed her restlessly. Suddenly she sprang the trap. She held up the pencil.

"This is yours. I saw you writing with it. It fell to the floor, where I found it. It is the same pencil that marked the collar of Bienenreith in his death struggles."

Burns jumped to his feet. Zudora did likewise, throwing on the power

which set the god Hypnos in motion. Burns tried to look away, but could not. Suddenly he screamed and began to grovel.

"Yes, I killed him! But another!"

He stopped, choked, made a spring for the violet light and received the full charge of electricity. There was a terrific flash, and Burns stumbled and fell at Zudora's feet. The attorneys rushed in from behind the curtains. But Burns was dead.

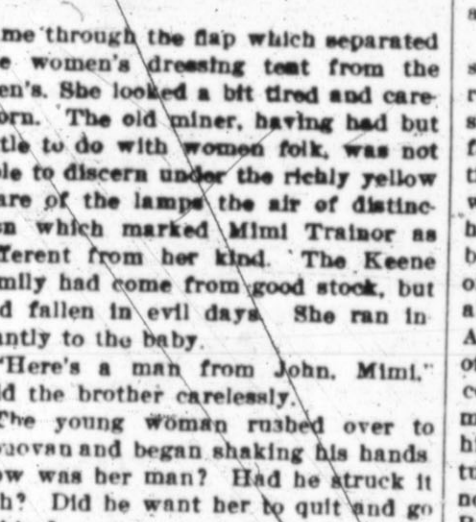
Hassam All withdrew his head like a cobra that had concluded not to strike. He had lost a tool who, perhaps, had known too much. But the significant fact remained that John Storm was still in his way.

And Zudora had won her first case.

[To be continued.]



Zudora Ran Over to the Dead Man.



A Huge Crystal Globe in Which Hassam All Saw the Past and the Future.



Striking the German Across the Face.



"Yes, I killed him, but another"



ZUDORA

A Great Mystic Story by Harold McGrath

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SYNOPSIS.

Zudora is left an orphan at an early age. Her father is killed in a gold mine. Zudora and the fortune from the mine, which grows to be worth \$20,000,000, are left in the guardianship of Frank Keene, Zudora's mother's brother. Zudora, giving promise of great beauty, reaches the age of eighteen. The uncle, who has set himself up as a Hindu mystic and is known as Hassam Ali, decides that Zudora must die before she can have a chance to come into possession of her money, so that it may be left to him, the next of kin. Hassam Ali sees an obstacle to his scheme in the person of John Storm, a young lawyer, for whom Zudora has taken a fancy, and he commands the girl to put the man out of her mind. Zudora insists that if she cannot marry Storm she will marry no one.

"Well, well," says Hassam Ali, "if you take such a stand I'll compromise. Solve my next twenty cases and you can marry him; fall in a single case and you must renounce him."

Zudora, using the knowledge gained from years of association with her uncle, unravels a baffling mystery and wins her first case—a case in which John Storm is saved from being convicted of a murder instigated by Hassam Ali himself.

CHAPTER II.

The Sleeping House Mystery.

THE clearing of John Storm was a nine days' wonder. In court Hassam Ali testified that Burns had been seeking some facts regarding the past and that he, Hassam Ali, had succeeded in aiding him to a certain extent. But the name of Bienreith had never been mentioned during those seances. He could not imagine why Burns had committed the crime. There was no evidence to be found that the two men had ever exchanged a word. He was rather confounded at the turn of events. The broken phrase "but another" was as much a mystery to him as to the court. It was inexplicable. Hassam Ali received a good deal of contemptuous grilling from the district attorney, but the witness answered every question calmly and in detail. He admitted that he was a disciple of the Hindu cult; admitted that he had the gift of second sight at times. There were many who could testify to this Hassam Ali finally left the witness chair with honors in his favor.

A subsequent investigation by the police revealed nothing to his discredit so far as the law was concerned. His past, from the circus days to the present day, was an open book. In deed, Hassam Ali was himself the instigator of this research. He wanted it definitely understood that while his cult was not looked upon favorably by the police, he was not the object of any justifiable suspicion. His grave air, his unflinching patience under the gibes of the interrogator, his frankness, all won him at least the respect of his detractors.

The man Burns was buried at the expense of the city, and what was known as the Bienreith case went into the public archives as one more unsolvable mystery.

It was remarked, however, among his associates that John Storm lost a deal of his impetuosity and that in his subsequent cases he was no longer brilliant and erratic, but calm and steady, always extremely well fortified within his facts.

New York city has without doubt the most conglomerate population of any city in the world. The only alien race which does not find habitat in New York is the Aztec, and that is merely because the Aztec is extinct. And each race has quietly formed a city of its own within the greater city. There are Little Italy, the Ghettos, Chinatown and heaven knows how many others, all familiar to sightseers. But there is a lot going on in New York among these aliens that even the police never hear about except by poorest accident. Who can say he knows the heart of Chinatown unless he actively belongs to it?

On a certain night two weeks after the Bienreith case, recorded in the preceding chapter, Zudora heard the clock chime the hour of 9. She went upstairs to her room and threw up the shade for a final glance at the heavens and paused in amazement. Coming toward the house was the strangest procession she had ever seen. Turbans, flowing robes and white pantaloons here in this workaday city of New York! She rubbed her eyes as if striving to awake. She looked again. They were trooping silently up the steps. She next heard the thunder of the knocker, which nobody used in these days of electric buttons. She then became alive to the fact that this was reality. She reached the head of the stairs just as her uncle's Hindu servant, Amed, opened the door. He bowed deeply and ceremoniously. He was dressed a good deal like his strange visitors.

Zudora came down the stairs undecided as to whether she was frightened or merely upset. The man who was evidently the leader of this strange caravan advanced toward Zudora.

"I wish," he said in broken English, "to see him who is called Hassam Ali, the giver of light."

"Oh, you wish to see my uncle?" said Zudora, greatly relieved.

"And thou art his daughter?"
 "His niece. I will call him."
 She left the hallway and sought the mystic room, where she found Hassam Ali crouched over his globe. He looked up impatiently.

"Well?"
 "Some Hindus to see you, uncle."
 "Hindus, at this time of night? Why didn't you send Amed to me? It lowers you in his opinion to take upon yourself to do this work. Hindus—what can they want, I wonder?"

"I'm sure I don't know nor care"—a bit angry at being rebuffed by her uncle.

When Hassam Ali stood before his guests there was some time wasted in genuflections.

"You are Hassam Ali, the man who sees?"

"I am."

"Your servant here recommended you to us. Sahib, we are in the midst of a strange mystery. In our abode the god of sleep comes suddenly and unawares. Our own god seems to have forgotten us. This dread thing comes almost instantly, and we are taken in sleep no matter what pose we are in. That we are here tonight and not under the evil god's influence is due to the fact that we waited outside the octagonal room."

"The octagonal room," repeated Hassam Ali thoughtfully.

"You are known to us as a great yogi, a seer into the future. Will you aid us to find out what causes this dreaded sleep? Our religious ceremonies are being interfered with."

All this was in an English that was only fairly understandable. Here and there Hassam Ali's man interpolated the right word.

"You will accompany us, Huzoor?"

Hassam Ali smiled and nodded. Here was an adventure that rather appealed to him. More than that, it would banish from his mind, at least temporarily, certain psychological agencies which were making their power felt more and more strongly as the days went by.

"I must go, too, uncle," said Zudora.

"Hurry, then. I should like to see these people before they come out of their trance."

They went away to get their wraps. Before going downstairs again Zudora

She became childishly inquisitive. She moved about the recumbent figures, and suddenly she came upon what looked for all the world like the sleeping beauty of the fairy tale. The sleeping woman was beautiful in the accepted sense of the Caucasian race. Her skin was as light as Zudora's own, which generally wore a slight tan, due to her out of door habits. Near the young woman lay the figure of a fine looking native. Zudora surmised that these sleeping people had been in the midst of some solemn ceremony, possibly a wedding, when overtaken. The ensemble resembled nothing so much as a prearranged tableau such as she had often played at school.

"Who is this beautiful woman?" asked Hassam Ali, as keenly interested as Zudora.

"She is our ruler, our princess. Al!" he murmured, darting toward Zudora, who was now stooping over the sleeping beauty. "The memsahib must not touch!"

"But"—began Zudora.

"The memsahib's touch would defile her," said the man stolidly.

Meantime an idea had come to Hassam Ali. He was beginning to sense a peculiar heaviness about his eyes, and he realized with alarm that this mysterious sleep was overtaking him. Quietly and unobserved he slipped from the room and managed after some difficulty and some explanations to reach the street. Zudora was there alone. If she was clever enough she might extricate herself, if not—well, that was Hassam Ali's idea.

Zudora went on with her visual investigations, quite oblivious to the fact that her uncle had deserted her. The strange idols fascinated her, especially the heroic one before which were grouped the sleepers. It was a monster, a man's body with an elephant's head. As she gazed up at its sinister little eyes she began to see things as through a film of rain. It seemed as if some invisible hands were forcing her down, down. There was no feeling of alarm, no sense of danger, just a grateful, dreamy sensation, not unlike that of going to bed after some strenuous physical exertion. The oddest part of it was that she was conscious of making no effort to fight off this sleep. As she felt she clutched in her hand a little ivory figure, a small elephant which had evidently escaped the fingers of the princess when she succumbed.

Now there had grown in John Storm's heart an orientalism, doubtless engendered by his frequency at the house of Hassam Ali. It consisted of a poignant sense of danger to Zudora in those moments when she really was in danger. He could not have analyzed this sensation, but he immediately surrendered to it. He was this night in the act of retiring when this sense came to him. He at once went to his desk and wrote a note, which he attached to a quarter of an hour the bird returned. The message had not been received. Storm got into his topcoat and hat and hurried over to the Keene place. Amed answered his ring, but hesitated to admit the man his master had forbidden the house.

"Where is your mistress?" demanded Storm.

"She is out, sahib."

"Where?"

"I cannot tell you," said the servant gradually closing the door.

But Storm was in no mood for parrying. He resolutely pushed his way in. In his hand there was an automaton.

"You will tell me where she has gone or I'll kill you!" he said, making no effort to lower his voice.

"Sahib, Hassam Ali will kill me if I tell you," warned Amed.

"I don't care what he'll do, but I know what I'll do if you don't answer me. Where has she gone?"

The curtains stirred a little, but neither Storm nor the servant noticed this. Hassam Ali peered forth cautiously.

The servant saw in Storm's eyes a species of madness, and he was quite certain that Sahib Storm would shoot him, as he said. Rapidly he recounted what had taken place.

"You can take me there just as soon as you can."

"Very well, sahib. But it will be the death of us both in the end!"

The curtains fell back gently. Hassam Ali returned to his globe smiling both of them!

Storm was greatly astonished when the Hindu told him that he must be blindfolded. He refused emphatically.

"Very well, sahib. Shoot. I cannot take you where the memsahib is with out blindfolding you."

Storm saw that the man was in earnest, so after much grumbling and warning, he submitted to be blindfolded. Half an hour later the bandage was taken from his eyes.

"Where is she?" he whispered to his guide.

"That, sahib, is for you to find out," and with that Amed turned away quickly.

Storm resolutely moved forward until he came upon the form of the sleeping princess. He was rather awed in spite of his democratic assurance. What in heaven's name was going on here? Where was he? In Hindustan, in the middle of a mad dream? Suddenly, even as he gazed, the woman on the rug before the idol stirred and sighed. Her dark, sloelike eyes opened. Storm stooped and raised her to her feet.

"Is Zudora here?" he asked.

Zudora lay almost at his feet, but he had not recognized her, due to the outlandish costume.

The princess looked at him bewilderingly, shaking her head. Presently



He Was Overcome and Taken Away From the Octagonal Room.

she spoke softly, but so far as his knowing the intent of the liquid words it might as well have been the wind moving through the treetops.

The handsome native who had been lying at the side of the princess now opened his eyes, saw the strange white man talking or trying to talk to the princess. The stupor left him almost instantly. He sprang to his feet, a victor's looking knife in his hand.

"Fierlight!" he shouted. Which means a foreigner.

Others came to life at the same moment, and John Storm found himself in a predicament little to his liking. He was strong and sturdy, but he was no match for the dozen or so like the East Indians. He was overcome and taken away from the octagonal room. He was cast into a steel dungeon in the basement of the house.

The sleeping mystery of this house had its ebb and flow evidently. Zudora awoke without any abnormal effect for her short sleep, and the men who had gone to Hassam Ali's house also awoke. Nabok Shan demanded of them who this white girl was. Were they, he asked, trying to kidnap her? They groveled and hastily explained that she was the niece of the celebrated Hassam Ali and that she might be able to break the power of the sudden sleep by discovering how it was accomplished.

"Where is this man Hassam Ali, then?" demanded Nabok Shan, who had grown very suspicious.

"Huzoor, we know not. Maybe he overcame us, we were by the sleep. But this memsahib is clever and may help us."

"Who was this man I just sent to the dungeon?"

"We know not."
 "Well, you speak the accursed English tongue. Question her and learn what she has to say. And on your heads be it if there is any sign of treachery."

"It is just," said the leader of the men who had brought Zudora.

They then proceeded to squat down upon the rug, and Zudora plied her questions and culled a story which ran somewhat as follows:

It began in southern India. A certain native prince had in his extreme youth, as is customary in India, become betrothed to the little princess of a neighboring state. There were great festivities, not to say extravagant ones, in honor of the event. When the girl became a young woman and the boy a young man the marriage ceremony was brought about, but not consummated, for the simple fact that a prince of still another principality had seen the princess and had determined to make her his own regardless of the possibility of throwing the three states into a tribal war. The British raj might interfere; but not until a good deal of damage was wrought. The rival prince was Nabok Shan, a brave, hardy and none too scrupulous chieftain. He succeeded in carrying off the princess, but he was beset by so many trials that he fled from India to America with the bulk of his treasure and the purloined princess. The house with its oriental trappings had been the property of an uncle, who had chosen America because his neck had been in danger.

"But the mystery is this, memsahib. It is written that the marriage ceremony shall take place before our god, the elephant headed, and always when we begin the ceremony we are thus strangely overcome by sleep. Solve this riddle for us and my master will pay you well." The spokesman addressed a few words to Nabok Shan.

The prince smiled and dangled a rope of superb pearls before the girl, intimating that in the event of her success they would become hers.

Now, Zudora did not seek monetary reward, but she was well beyond her years in understanding the oriental

mind, due to the several years that her uncle had employed Hindus as servants. If she signified that she asked for no reward these dark eyed men would instantly begin to suspect her, and once they suspected her her life would not be worth a snap of the fingers. Besides, it would not be such a very hard ordeal to accept such a magnificent gift. So she told the leader to say to Nabok Shan that she hoped to solve the mystery for the sake of the pearls, being a normal woman. But she must have free run of the house. This was agreed, but under no circumstance must she leave without being blindfolded, and, moreover, she must remain that night.

Zudora accepted the conditions philosophically. She never wore Nabok Shan's rope of pearls however.

She would have liked very much, though, to acquaint her lover with her whereabouts. Her uncle's disappearance puzzled her. But perhaps he had already begun his investigations. The night passed uneventfully. Those who slept did so naturally. Zudora, however, wandered in and out among the curious alcoves and quaint balconies. She peered behind the grotesque statues into the fountain. Whenever the ceremony began sleep came. This fact kept ringing through her mind. She just must solve it. It would be another step toward her lover and happiness. One thing she ascertained for future use and this was the exit more or less carefully guarded. She might have to take to her heels.

And all the while in the steel dungeon below, Storm saw the walls slowly, and relentlessly contract. He had beaten upon the unfeeling steel until his knuckles bled. He had shouted until his lungs hurt, and smaller and smaller grew his prison. He recalled a certain tale by Poe and touched the metal from time to time to see if it were growing hot. But it was evident that he was to be crushed only, not incarcerated.

Morning came. The feast of the night, before was resumed. Nautch girls danced; musicians played the sad and wailing music of the east. Zudora had quietly wet her handkerchief in the basin of the fountain, and at the moment the ceremony began held the wet cambric to her nose. She showed her foresight in this, for shortly after the music began the people in the octagonal room fell to nodding and from nodding into peaceful sleep. Even with the aid of the dampened handkerchief Zudora could not wholly escape the subtle and amazing narcotic. She struggled blindly toward the exit. How she managed to reach the street was something she could never remember.

She was mighty glad to get back to New York again, for she had been 12,000 miles away in spirit if not in fact. Still, she determined to return and solve the riddle. She had already formed a campaign. What simple fools these orientals were in some respects!

Hassam Ali concealed his astonishment. Yet something deep down in

his soul told him that she would return.

"But how did you escape, uncle?"

"They waited you," he said glibly. "They blindfolded me again and sent me about my business. What did you learn?"

"Enough to determine me to see what I can do. Of course it is a colossal trick of some sort, but it would not be wise to suggest that. It must be proved."

"My child, this is altogether a strange business. These orientals are quick to distrust. If they find you gone when they wake up it is quite likely they will try to kill you."

"I've made up my mind."

Then she ran upstairs. She was anxious to send a message to Storm by the carrier pigeon. She wrote a short note explaining the situation and liberally bribed the bird and naturally read the message. She scribbled on the back of this message and informed her uncle's sweetheart that he had left the house in haste the night before and had not yet returned. The return of the pigeon left Zudora in a fair state of excitement. She immediately set out for Storm's apartments, but the housekeeper could add nothing further than that Mr. Storm had sent a pigeon to her, and it had come back with the note.

Zudora returned home and quizzed her uncle, but, of course, he plausibly denied having seen Storm. Surprisingly she plied the Hindu servant. This man secretly worshiped the young memsahib, and by and by she got the facts from him. So! She had not only to solve the mystery of the sleeping house, but to save her lover also. He

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would be without a mission in that fantastic house, and it was quite likely that he would be made to suffer for his audacity.

Bravely she set out for the house of Nabok Shan and boldly she demanded admittance. The servant at the door recognized her, but it took a bribe to open the door wide enough for her to slip through.

The persistent ceremony was being started again. To Zudora it would have been laughable but for the new tragedy underneath. The man who had brought her to the house originally finally disclosed to her what had been done to Storm. His death had been decided on.

As Zudora gazed wildly about the room she saw a man in a garb quite different from that worn by those in the octagonal room. She stole up to where he stood and covertly watched him and became suddenly conscious of the desire to sleep. She breathed through her handkerchief, never letting her glance waver from the hidden man. He turned, smiling ironically, and she saw him raise a stone in the flooring. He disappeared into a pit, letting the stone fall carefully into place.

Sleep had again attacked those determined upon the ceremony. One would think that they would have at least given her some chance to investigate before proceeding again in an endeavor which had so many times proved a failure. This very sleep, however, gave her freedom of action. She stole from the octagonal room, found the stone, raised it and discovered a tunnel. It was not the safest tunnel in the world, but with John's life hanging in the balance she accepted her chances. The tunnel led to a room under the cellar. This room bewildered her far more than the octagonal one. There was a large vat, which had the appearance of a distillation vat, with many little pipes leading up from it. The men gathered about this strange contrivance were evidently of a different caste from those in the upper room. A tall, graceful young man seemed to be directing the others. One of them, however, saw the shadow by the door, drew his knife and stole quietly up to the girl. She was caught!

"Ready witted," she asked, "do you speak English?"

The man paused. He nodded grudgingly.

"I am a friend. I would save your princess. I would defeat Nabok Shan. My lover is hidden somewhere in this house. Save him, and I will save the princess."

The man turned to see if his comrades had observed him. They were all busy with the vat.

"I will go with the memsahib. If she has had she shall die."

"I agree to that."

Once home she ran upstairs for her automatic. When she came down again the stranger had vanished. Amed refused to speak and Hassam Ali did not know what she was talking about.

"He came in behind me," she declared.

"Then he took to his heels the moment your back was turned. Over her shoulder to Amed Hassam Ali sent a terrible glance, and Amed knew that death awaited him if he opened his lips. He was still breathing heavily from the struggle."

Zudora left the house more deeply puzzled than ever.

Two hours later she had cleared up the mystery of the sleeping house and rescued Storm from his dreadful prison.

The fact that the ceremony could take place only before an elephant headed god made it a simple game to the enemies of Nabok Shan. Zudora did not go to the octagonal room, but proceeded directly to the secret chamber. For some brief moment death stared her in the eyes, but she spoke bravely. In return for the liberation of her lover she declared that with the aid of some man she would bring the princess down from them. The young prince struck his forehead in rage. He had never thought of such a thing. His new aim had been to free Nabok Shan from the house and then to seize his betrothed.

When the princess awoke the next time she found her true lover gazing down at her eyes. Then they started out in search of Storm, and they were just in time. The steel chamber had become a hot, coffin-shaped three feet square and eight feet 40 Storm was in bad shape, but hot and water and an hour or so of the latter air revived him.

"Will you be good to carry?" he said to Zudora.

"Yes."

"You promise never to go anywhere without first sending the pigeon?"

"Yes."

"And now what the dickens made those chaps go to sleep?"

She explained. The vat was a brew of an oriental narcotic, the vapor of which superinduced sleep. It was quite transitory and harmless. The pipes led to all the pipant trunks, and each time the ceremony began the vapor was liberated at a signal from the watcher above.

"That's the oriental mind, John. They cannot go at anything in a straightforward way. It must be all mystery and trickery."

"Do you know, Zudora?" he said ruminatively.

"Know what?"

"That I've an idea we'll be married before the year is out!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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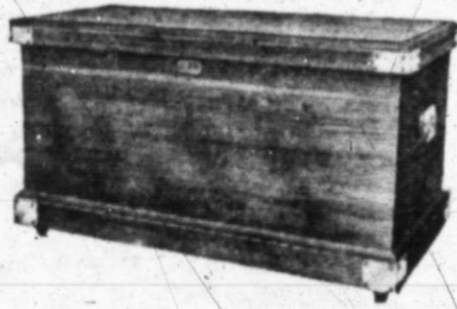
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The Hereford Brand

(A NEWS PAPER)

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Any erroneous statement affecting the character or reputation of any individual or firm which may appear in The Brand, will be gladly corrected upon being brought to the attention of the publishers.

THAT the Amarillo officers became suspicious of four Chaldeans shows that the officers of that city took more care than most of the other towns in Texas in examining their credentials. They found that these foreigners were working a smooth game on the "easies" of this country. They did a good business in Hereford, but when they got to Amarillo their game was well up and they were lodged in jail.

IF TEXAS can still have 150 more saloons under the new law governing the number, it appears that there should be no end of applications. The bootlegger in the different "dry" towns would find the business safer if not more profitable. Just why the number should be regulated by the scholastic population is not known, unless it be that as the saloon must get its recruits from the ranks of the school boys and they do not care to have an over number of saloons as this would cut their dividends into too many parts.

WHICH BAR?

The next legislature will be asked to pass a law giving to Wichita county another district court. There is more business than one court can handle, and this has been true for more than a year. Perhaps there is not quite enough business for two

courts, but Wichita Falls is growing rapidly, and if the kind of business that keeps district courts grinding grows in proportion to the city and county, it will not be a great while until there will be sufficient business for two district courts. At any rate, members of the Wichita Bar Association are of that way of thinking and they ought to know.—Wichita Times.

If it is the saloon bar association at Wichita Falls that is demanding two courts, then the saloon men are proving their contention: That saloons make more business. Then there will be three bar associations at Wichita—the lawyer's bar association, the saloon bars and the jail bars.

IT APPEARS that some of our friends who read the Brand occasionally have misunderstood the article about a saloon in Hereford. In the first place, The Brand has never, under the present management, advocated a saloon for Hereford or any other town. In the second place, the article referred to was an arraignment and a severe criticism of the position of the advocates of the saloon but written in ironical style. The Brand is not responsible for the inability of some folks to understand the uses of the English language. The entire thing was written to call attention to the fact that there is entirely too much whisky being shipped into Hereford, and it is being used for no beneficial purpose, if there is such a thing. Some of our young men are going to the bad as a result. Our express office is fast becoming a wholesale whisky shop. The agent cannot control the situation as he has nothing to do with the shipments and is only tracking the law in the conduct of the business. Those who would criticise the editor of the Brand for calling attention to the need (?) of a saloon for Hereford, has, perhaps, as good a record on this score as his critics. He was fighting saloons and whisky drinking when some of them were training before the brass bars. This is no new thing with him and some of

the new converts to prohibition, and some who still order their whisky by the mail order route, would be surprised to know what the people are saying about them; but The Brand throws the mantle of charity over them and hides their wickedness from the sight of their friends.

The Best Editorials.

We trust that the agitation by the lead-pencil farmers for a larger acreage in small grain will not have the effect of increasing the activity of the sowers of wild oats.

One trouble about experience is that about the time you have laid in a large supply at high prices you find that the market has gone off, and that you can't turn it into cash even at a discount.

Another reason why the titewad is so justly unpopular is because he lacks public spirit; he kicks and raises a row about paying for the public improvements that we progressive citizens, who pay little taxes, vote upon him.

Our idea of a hypocrite is a fellow who poses as a patriot because he is helping to pay the democratic "war-tax" by buying beer from the mail-order houses, but can't buy Christmas presents for his children because of the war-price on cotton.
 —Estelline News.

"When You Get Home."

Under this caption, the editor of The Daily Texan, the student publication of the University of Texas and the first university daily in the South, gives away to his recollections and his imagination in the following vivid description of what might be true, when the students get home:

Pretty soon you'll be going home. You'll step off the train, expecting the town band to be ready, and instead will find that the train gets there at night, like a 'not, and that the little depot platform is untenanted save for a sleepy station agent and a livery stable "hand" who takes the mail up town. If you can't induce the latter to let you ride up to the house in his "hack" you strike out afoot, across vacant lots and around the lumber yards and tiner's shop, lugging the while a

suit-case guaranteed to be extra light, but belying the guarantee pound upon pound as you get further on your way. By the light of a sickly street lamp which sags drunkenly from an overhead post arm, you observe in the business part of town that Jenkins has moved his harness shop and that Dad's All Night Joint is a very sleepy looking restaurant at 2 a. m.

Of course, the folks will be expecting you on the next day, and of course you will have trouble with the new gate fastener that they have put on since you left, and, of course, too, the pup—now grown to twice his size last fall—will muddy up your new eight dollar trousers while you are skinning your knuckles on the front door. At last the door will open, but not until father has told mother that it is nothing but the pup scratching himself, and until mother says it's you, and until father says it isn't, and mother says she is going to see. But the door does open, just a crack at first, and then it opens wide, and your hat is

knocked off and you get kissed on your eye and get hugged and asked forty questions—then you're home.

But don't you swell up. Don't you put on airs. A man with a home like that ought to feel humble. He ought to feel very humble—because, you see, it's so very hard to be worthy of it.—Daily (U. of T.) Texan.

Public Take Notice.

Sulphur Park is posted and is not a public hunting ground. No one is allowed to hunt inside the inclosure except those having annual permits and they are requested to present permit at the house before hunting. Our stock and crops must be protected.
 Respectfully,
 L. Gough.
 45-3t

Christmas Apples.

I've got 'em; boxed or in bulk, winesaps, blacktwigs, Jonathons, etc., at Fallwell's grain store. G. W. Brumley.
 It

A sale on all millinery to make room for Spring stock. Mrs. Vogele. 1t

Your boy will watch for his copy of the "American Boy" with interest; no better paper for them. Price \$1.00 per year. Davis Elliott will accept your subscriptions. 38tf

Millinery Parlor.

Everyone who is indebted to me come and pay at once, I need the money. Mrs. N. C. Vogele. 1t

For Quick Sale

600 lbs. second hand, nearly new, galvanized selvidge wire, 1,250 lbs. No. 14 smoth wire. A. H. Ellington. 46-2t

Special War Bulletin.

The enemy dead by the millions. New electric process used with deadly effect. Amarillo Steam Laundry, phone 197. T. M. Coulson, agent. 44-4t

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