

KIMBLE COUNTY CITIZEN

OF AND FOR KIMBLE COUNTY

VOL. XXIV, NO. 4

JUNCTION, TEXAS, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1915

ESTABLISHED 1892

Schreiner-Hodges Co.

General Merchandise

RANCH SUPPLIES

We Buy Country Produce.

Junction, Texas.

HORACE E. WILSON, LAWYER

Will Practice in all State and U. S. Courts.

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LAWYER

Will Practice in all State and Federal Courts.

Abstracts of Titles of Kimble County.

F. M. Chase Co.

Sells Kimble County land in large or small tracts. Farm or Ranch lands on Cash or Credit. Any way to suit purchaser. If you want to buy or sell, tell me about it and let me help you. I am familiar with Kimble County lands and the information will cost you nothing.

JUNCTION-KERRVILLE AUTO MAIL LINE

ROY KEMP, Contractor.

Car leaves Junction Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Leaves Junction 6:00 a. m., arrives in Kerrville at 11 a. m. Car leaves Kerrville Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

Makes Connection With Evening Trains.

FARE: One way, \$5.00; round trip, \$9.00

All matters entrusted to me will receive very best attention

Teachers' Institute

The Kimble County Teachers Institute is in busy session here this week. The institute is being well attended, with very interesting and profitable meetings.

Night sessions were held in order to complete the program before Christmas.

A more full account of the proceedings will probably be given in our next issue.

Following are the teachers who are taking part and attending the institute.

Misses Austin Dorset, Grace Ray, Alice Heyman, Vida Anderson, Edna Hoggett, Jennie Johns, Henrietta Fairchild, Mary Holland, Stockton, Allie Skaggs, Lila May Baker, Lillian Randolph, Georgia Jarvis, Mattie Austin, Mahala Hall, Ramah Johnson, Jessie Woods, Winnie Reid, Jessie Cropper, Mary Linton Barr, Linnie Cox, Brewer, Leta Oliver, Jessie Weaver, Minnie Skaggs, Mrs. Bell, Messrs. Weaver H. Baker, A. C. Bierschwald, Orlan Stewart, A. C. Stewart, M. L. H. Baze, C. O. Britt, R. L. Morris.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to thank our good friends for their kind help and sympathy during the illness and death of our beloved son and brother.

May God bless each one of these dear friends.

Chas. Simon and Family.

JUNIOR LEAGUE PROGRAM.
Sunday Dec. 26th, 1915.

Subject, The Birth of Christ. Leader, Eva Wylie Jarvis. Roll call and Reading of Minutes. Scripture Reading, Luke 1, 7-23. By Leader.

Prayer.
Song, Dear Little Stranger. Recitation, Dorothy Rodgers. Reading, Macy Thompson. Solo, Blix Hankins. Recitation, Lillian Bissett. Paper, How I can Best Enjoy Christmas, Meri Blackburn. Song, A Way in a Manger. Recitation, Gussie Boone. Paper, How I can Help Others to Enjoy Christmas, Howard Blackburn. Duet, Mrs. Roberts and Mattie Hodges.

An exchange wants to know if there is such a thing as a eugenic baby lobster. We pass it up, but we do know of a bunch of lobsters who are neither babies nor eugenics.

President Wilson Weds

WASHINGTON, Dec. 18.—President Woodrow Wilson and Mrs. Edith Bolling Galt were married Saturday night at the home of the latter, 1308 Twentieth street, Northwest. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Herbert Scott Smith, rector of St. Margaret's Episcopal Church, assisted by Rev. J. H. Taylor, pastor of the Central Presbyterian, an, attended by the Wilson family.

After a day of fluctuating lights and shades and a wedding morning that broke in wild storm, the sun shone out and made possible the prediction that "happy will be the bride that the sun shines on."

President Wilson and his bride gave the police and the crowd the slip and did not go to the Union station. They motored in the direction of Alexandria, where their special car was due to arrive at 11:30.

After the departure, Secretary Tumulty made this formal statement on the ceremony:

"The wedding was marked with simplicity. It was just such a wedding as might have taken place at the home of the humblest American citizen."

Say You Saw It In

The Kimble County Citizen

If you want to help a bit. If you want to make a bit. If you want a blessing on your head. If you want to boost the town. Bring its claims renown—Just mention that you saw it in this Journal.

It will help the advertiser. It will show that you are wise. More considerate than the average man you meet. It is just a little favor. But it leaves a pleasant flavor. If you mention that you saw it in this sheet. You'll encourage local trade. And the home town merchant aid. While the editor will cut a merry caper. And the mail order concern. Smaller dividends will earn. If you mention that you saw it in this paper.

J. B. Van Eman has made equal suffrage legal in Kimble county. Every man, woman and child can cast votes for Mrs. Lily G. Nichols, and she'll appreciate it too.

HONOR ROLL Junction High School.

First Grade: Lonnie Baugh, Opal Jones, Marjorie Ragland, Dick Roone. Second Grade: Amy Blackburn, Elizabeth Thomas, Debs Boone, Carroll Dial, Harvey Lawler, Mattie Bitten.

Third Grade: Gussie Boone, Bernice Cheatham, Eunice Mueller, Margaret Oliver, Lura Taylor, Fae Taylor, Viola Tomlinson.

Fourth Grade: Francis Brannon, Emily Decher, Katy Wilson, Lillian Boone, Ben Buly Thomas.

Fifth Grade: Flora Mueller, Mary Thompson, Ura Walts, Ida Cowser, George Birell, Murr Hodges, Guy Mann, Howard Blackburn, Callie Dawson, Alice Dawson, Frank Quisenberry.

Sixth Grade: May Louise Prentice, Irene Chase.

Seventh Grade: Flora Becker, Mary Meradith, Hazel Randolph, Lydia Taylor, William Hope.

Eighth Grade: Cecil Martin, Emma Mae Hodges, Esther Mueller, Lucy Cowser, Ruth Willis.

Ninth Grade: Lyleless Jarvis, Felix Harrison, Bessie Quisenberry, Valeska Thompson.

Tenth Grade: Valma Cochran, Ida Mae Jarvis, Vera Livingston.

Eleventh Grade: Ruth Stevenson, Loma Kelley, Lottie Heyman, Flora Eckert, Effie Roy, Blackburn, Mattie Hodges, Allen Tobey.

Candidates Take Notice

Our announcement column will be open the first week in January. Rates for announcements: District \$10; County \$25; Precinct \$2.50. Cash MUST accompany names, no cut rates or promises taken.

Each candidate must write his own article, and sign his own name. A limit of 15 lines will be made; count 6 words to the line. All over fifteen lines will be charged at the regular rate of 5 cents per line.

IN MEMORY OF BUCKNER'S 33RD BIRTHDAY. A CASH SHOWER FOR BUCKNER'S ORPHANS HOME.

Many friends came on the 3rd day of January, 1915, to the cash shower for Buckner's Orphan Home. All churches, Sunday schools, ladies aid and individuals are requested to take a part in this cash shower. There will be open house on that day. Let all who cannot be there in person, send by mail their contributions in time for announcements of amounts sent in to be made on that day at the home.

Evangelist S. C. Bailey, of San Antonio, Field Representative of the Home, says it would be well for the friends of the Home to remember that the Home is some thirty thousand dollars in debt, that must be provided for by voluntary contributions.

Every dollar sent goes to the support of the more than six hundred orphan children sent to the Home for Protection, Support and Education from all parts of the State.

Very truly yours
S. C. Bailey.

THE CITIZEN is \$1.00 per year, and WORTH IT

GREETINGS!

Please accept our Holiday Greetings and cordial good wishes for your health and Prosperity during the coming year.

We are grateful for your past and expect to be better off in the days that are to come.

SAM MEL



Most Beautiful

Assortment of Gifts

Suitable for young and old. Better buy Early.

Mirrors
Nut Sets
Ink Wells
Pin Trays
Hand Bags
Cup Glasses
China Ware
Silverware
Stationery
Toa Sets
Gift Books
Pancy Calendars
Xmas Post Cards

Dolls
Toys
Games
Pictures
Glove Boxes
Carving Sets
Xmas Candles
Work Boxes
Military Brushes
Holly B-x-s
Handkerchief Boxes
Art Leather Goods
Japanese Work Boxes

Kelaks
Jewelry
Sewing Boxes
Cigar Boxes
Lavellers
Fountain Pens
China ware
Pie Holders
Pin Cushions
Shaving Sets
Salt and Pepper Sets
Community Silver
Christmas Decorations

Different Sorts of Christmas. Each stage in our progress from the stone to the grave has its different Christmas. Old age forgets itself, the joys which haunt its memories, and turn into the young creature's happiness with a relish second only to the child's. The grandmother no longer looks at the hoops or gingerbread snappers for herself, but she looks at the love and wonder upon the little faces who respond so readily to the objects of domestic manufacture. Between these generations stand the great, with their own lives of battle and responsibility and desire. Their Suggest games and gewgaws to pursue, it yet with a beginning of the change of olden living for themselves to living in their young.—Norman Hapgood in Collier's.

It was in New York, or rather, New Amsterdam, that Santa Claus made his first American appearance in something like the garb and manner now familiar to all of us. From the Netherlands the Kulkbeekers brought with them the Christmas of love and sympathy in relation of comradeship among neighbors and of festivity in the family.

THE CITIZEN
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—BY—
C. M. NICHOLS.
Subscription Rates.
One Copy one year.....\$1.00
Six months......50
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Entered at the post office Junction
Texas as second class matter.
Advertising rates made known upon
application.

Thanks—whether we get it or not.

"Santa! Yum, yum," says the kid.

A Merry Christmas and many more of them!

Come right on in, Santa. The chimney is wide open in our shop.

Go to church Christmas. It's good for you and won't hurt the church.

Chronic criticism of the short coming of others is an indication of even greater ones in yourself.

He who profits by the mistakes of others will make less mistakes himself for others to profit by.

The practical utility of the wireless has at last been clearly demonstrated. It kept us in daily touch with His Fordship.

In selecting his illustrious peace delegates Henry Ford overlooked one world wide celebrity in his omission of Jack Johnson.

The celebration of Christmas is presumed to be in honor of the birth of Christ, but quite of ten we slip a mental cog and it becomes a wild-jamboree in the service of the devil.

As has always been the custom of this paper there will be no issue for last week in December. Our next issue will be January 7. We wish to express our sincerest thanks to all our subscribers, patrons and friends for all favors received. The season's greetings to one and all. May your friendship be unbroken, your accumulations of cheerful recollections and affections many, and may the coming year bring to you, and to those whose happiness is yours, the best ever in health, happiness and prosperity.

Jno. R. Storms,
Attorney at Law.

Residential Life Bldg.
San Antonio, Texas.

**THE NEW
"KELVILLE"
SANITARIUM HOSPITAL.**
The latest and best of everything for the examination and treatment of diseases of all kinds by DRUG, SURGERY or by LATEST MEDICAL methods, as the case may require.
Rates very reasonable for grade of service rendered.

WM. LEE SECOR, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon in Charge.

Dr. P. H. Rogers

DENTIST
Office west side Courthouse square.
All work spot cash.



Old Santa Says: "Give Practical Xmas Gifts."

We Have Them.

Art Squares, Rugs, Mufflers, Ties, Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Shoes, Hose, Sweaters, Mufflers, and many other nice, practical gifts.
Christmas buying is an economical pleasure for you at

THE "GRAND LEADER,"
PHILIP JOSEPH, Prop.

"Prices Talk."

Death of a Year of Death

Since the time of the third century Christmas has been celebrated as a day of joy in honor of the birth of Christ, our only perfect man.

It has ever been our policy to speak of Christmas in tones of gentleness and love and compassion, and humility; in words of praise and thankfulness for the blessings of the year that would soon pass into history.

Now we approach the glorious Christmas day with feelings of sorrow and sadness, and regret, for we are soon to witness the death of a year of death.

Today, when we should revel in the joy of living, we are consumed with compassion for our brothers who are perishing in the blood soaked trenches of Europe.

We are weighed down with sorrow for the unfortunate women and children who must bear the burdens of the greatest and most destructive human blight the world has ever known.

Our hearts are saddened with regret that the meek and gentle spirit of the Nazarine is forgotten in a wild and bloody carnage of death and destruction.

Nineteen hundred and fifteen, a year of death, will soon reach its own fitting end—in death.

There comes a time in the life of every person when neither tongue nor pen can express the language of the heart!

It is so with us as we write of this Christmas day.

Our faces should be turned toward the Christ, yet in our vision we see the crimson stained fields of Europe, the famine ridden land of Mexico, the dying race of the Christian Armenians, on every hand the grim and terrible spectre of harsh, violent, sudden and agonizing death.

Death of a year of death! Farewell, 1915! May we never see your like again!

The columns of a newspaper are the publishers stock in trade. If they are of any value to a money making scheme they are worth paying for. The business man demands his price for his goods, the professional man and the laborer for their services, the farmer for his products and the preacher for his sermons—and they get it.

Is the editor not human, that the alone must be asked to advance without compensation the interests of undertakings founded and conducted upon a monetary consideration?

Or is he, like the horse, expected to give "something for nothing" to the end of his days.

Suppose you send this copy of THE CITIZEN to some friend elsewhere who might be attracted toward Kimphe.

A big reduction on all millinery at Mrs. Bock's.

New Year Chimes

By MINNA IRVING

Stop thief!
The old year goes
O'er the drifted snow,
And the gray old year hath brought me grief.
He hath stolen the bud and the dancing leaf,
And the dear little robin that used to sing
At my window sill in the balmy spring.
And the rapturous kisses my lover gave,
He hath hidden him, too, in a narrow grave.
Deep down from the light of the broad, blue sky,
And so through the rush of my tears I cry:
"Stop thief!"
As the old year goes
O'er the drifted snow,
For the gray old year hath brought me grief.

All hail!
The new year comes
With the beat of drums
And clangor of bells in the windy vale.
He bringeth the song of the nightingale,
And, what if his robe is fringed with snow,
The April buds on his bosom blow.
He sendeth a new love unto me
From an ancient country across the sea,
And far to the south we will sail away
Through the purple dusk of a perfumed May.
All hail!
The new year comes
With the beat of drums
And music of bells in the wintry vale.

BAD BUSINESS.

Honey Grove Signal: A Texas editor makes the statement that he has brought his winter wearables from the cigar box in which they were stored during the summer, and that he has a nice moth ball, as good as new, for sale at a bargain. Just like an editor. He will sell his moth ball on a low market, and next spring when moth ball prices are soaring skyward, he will pawn his cow in order to secure protection for his winter underwear.

If the editor in question were a competent business man he would eat his moth ball, or take it for a pill. To wish to sell it at heavy discount perhaps in order to secure a little Christmas money, indicates that editor's economic weakness as well as his intellectual inconsistency. Doubtless he editorially condemns agricultural persons who sell corn at fifty cents a bushel in the fall and buy it back at twice the price in the spring. Yet that policy he is making his own in the matter of the moth ball. The unprovocative farmer who pressed for a little money to pay for mail order mustard juice, sells corn at bargain counter is not a whit worse than the spendthrift editor who sells his mothball at fifty per cent reduction and buys a peanut at list prices.—State Press

LOST.

Monday, somewhere on the streets of Junction, crescent shape pin, set with three small pearls. Suitable reward for its return to Miss Dora Martin.

The Citizen is \$1.00 per year—and worth it.

Kindergarten Party

"Backward turn backward, O, time in your flight,
Make me a child again just for tonight."

The pretty Heyman home was the scene of a very merry occasion last Friday evening. What was known as "Kindergarten party" was given there for the Tenth and Eleventh grades. The guests wore children's clothing, played children's games, and acted generally as if they were children. "Grown-up" dignity was entirely ruled out, and all were "a happy bunch of children at play." The costumes and manners were mirthprovoking, and the evening was one of great hilarity and pleasure.

Died

Thursday morning Dec. 23rd. Louie Becker, age, 12 years, 3 months, 10 days, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Becker, died at their home in Junction, after an illness of several weeks with typhoid fever. Funeral services were conducted at the residence at 3:30 o'clock Thursday afternoon, by Rev. J. N. Campbell. Interment was made in Junction cemetery. The Citizen joins the many friends of the bereaved in extending sympathy in this time of trouble.

Died

Mr. C. L. Dunbar died at his home last Friday, and the remains were placed to rest in the Ceperas cemetery Saturday afternoon. Rev. Richard Mercer, assisted by Rev. C. W. Ely, conducted the funeral services, witnessed by many sorrowing friends. The Citizen joins in extending sympathy to the bereaved.

If you have friends or relatives coming in or going away we will thank you to call, phone or write The Citizen office. You like to read about others; others like to read about you. Every news item one gives us makes this paper just that much more interesting for the other steen hundred readers. And such favors are not forgotten by the editor.

For Sale:

1000 Angora 8-months Kids at \$2.50 per head.
200 Nannies bred by Riddell Bucks; sheared 6 lbs. this year; \$4.00 per head. F. O. B. Lordsburg, New Mexico.

E. C. DeMoss,
Lordsburg, N. M.

Wool and Mohair

Charles Schreiner,
BANKER
(UNINCORPORATED)

Makes Liberal Advances on Sheep, Goats, Wool and Mohair.

Individual Responsibility, Three Million Dollars

**WHEN YOU
COME TO
TOWN**



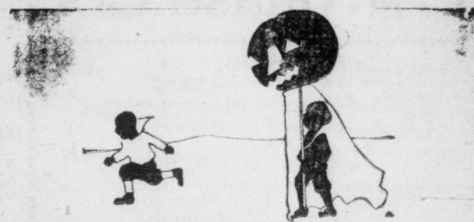
**Best Place
In Town For
Hardware**

**FOR THE
FARM**

**You Can't
Beat Our
Low Prices**

Mr. Farmer, in JUSTICE to YOURSELF, plan to buy your tools, nails, farming implements, household utensils, knives, etc., here. You'll get the VERY BEST at CHEAPEST PRICES. Our store is a MONEY SAVER. We send by PARCEL POST.

Junction Hardware Co.



Drug Store Movies:

"UNDER FALSE COLORS"

There are no imitation goods or drugs in our stock. We don't carry them and won't. Everything, from toothpicks to soda, is genuine. We put up our prescriptions exactly as directed by the doctor. We're not masqueraders.

J. A. Heyman's Drug Store.

JOHN F. REID,

LAWYER AND NOTARY PUBLIC

Will Practice in All the Civil Courts. No Criminal Business nor Divorce Cases Taken.

Hear ye! Hear ye!
The old town crier was in his day a most effective medium for distributing information. But he has been relegated to the scrap heap, along with the "Boy Wanted" placard.
Our want ads are the official town criers of this community.
The cost is little.

Citizen want ads bring results

MERRY

CHRIST'S coming inaugurated among men a new era of good will, and as a consequence thrones are tottering, chains are loosening, prison doors are opening and practical Christian beneficence is flooding the world with sunshine and life. It is with songs of gladness.—Rev. Dr. P. S. Henson.

HERE is that "glad tidings," that gospel of "great joy," which the angel spoke to the wondering shepherds—this announcement of God's love for man and man's sonship to God. And these "glad tidings" are for "all people," so the angel said. There is not a single soul to whom the tidings of Christmas come that is not assured of the love of the almighty and infinite Father.

REFORM ye, then—so sounds the voice of the Eternal Spirit, the power back of evolution—reform ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand! So we may gird ourselves to every task of reform with new hope and fresh enthusiasm and ring our Christmas bells again.—Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton.

IT may be that in every gift with which at this blessed Christmas tide we gladden our children's hearts we are the Magi again offering treasure to the Holy Child. We may make it so. But richer gifts than these will be required. Our endurance shall be our gift to him who gave himself. Is there toll for us, that we may honor him? Is there self denial? Are there holy consecration and humble service, that shall make the world at last a spotless sacrifice to him who purchased it?

SO we keep Christmas because of its good tidings of great joy. The season of its occurrence is our ripest time. The north wind and the snow in that wind have made us what we are. It drove us to the hearth, to the sacred fires of the inner circle, to the building of the key-stone in the arch of our civilization, the home of the Christian man.—Rev. Dr. E. P. Cadman.

TODAY all institutions are beginning to imitate the wise men from the east, who brought to the Divine Child their gold and aromatic spices, their frankincense and treasure. Christ's estimate of the value of childhood has conquered the world. His thought of childhood is the very heart and genius of Christian civilization.—Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis.

MORNING, noon and night, for breakfast, dinner and supper, the first thing on awaking to sleep, every hour of every day of every week of every month of the year we want the spirit of Christmas, for it is the spirit of ministrations, of giving, of service, of doing for others.—Rev. Dr. Francis E. Clark.

AND did you ever think what a peculiarly blessed sound in the ears of those watching shepherds of the valley of Bethlehem was the announcement of the "Christ has come"? Ever since the gate of paradise was shut against our first parents his advent had been looked forward to as the hope of a lost world.

STILL there is call for strenuous endeavor and constant fight against evil without and within, as though God would remind us that there is no rest, that the true holiday (holy day, as it used to be written) is above at his right hand.—Rev. Dr. P. S. Henson.

The best protest against the abbreviation "Xmas" is the suggestion that it should be changed to "Xmas." Or, to most children, the day is "Xmas" and "Xmas," and to the grownups it is "Xmas."

The First Christmas Tree.
"The Christmas tree was introduced into England and thence into America by the Germans," said a dealer in toys. "I am going to sell Christmas trees this year, and recently I have been trying to find out who the man was who first brought the tree outside of its German motherland. I want to use this information in an advertisement, but I have not completed my researches yet. I have got as far back as the time of Henry VIII. I have copied in my notebook an account of a Christmas tree that was trimmed and set up before that king." The dealer then read aloud the following paragraph, pointing out, as he proceeded, the quaintness and charm of the old spelling: "Agyns the XII day of the daye of the Epiphanye, at nyght before the banquet in the Hall of Wyndesore, was a pagedant devised like a mountayne glistering by nyght, as tho' it had bene all of golde and set wth flowers; on the top of which mountayne was a tree of golde, the branches and bowes tryed with golde, spryde on every side about the mountayne with roses and pom-garrettes. The wyche mountayne was with vices (screws) brought up towards the kyng; and out of the same came a ladye apparylled in cloth of golde, and the children of honor called the beechmen, which were fresh disguised, and danced a morrice before the kyng; and that done, re-entred the mountayne; and then it was drawen backe, the wasall or banquet brought in, and so brake up Chris-

THE OLD CHRISTMAS HYMNS.

It is good to think of the old Christmas hymns again as the days approach; good to get out worn hymn books, the prettiest for the piano rack, with tunes as well as words, and play and sing them over, just as we should re-read, if pleasure and duty join hands, the story of Scripture and Manly's Gospel.

It is even good to recall the titles more or less familiar to all of us, according to our bringing up. There are "Hail to the Lord's Anointed," "As with gladness men of old did the guiding star behold," "Angels from the realms of glory," and "Hark, what men those holy voices," each retelling in rhythmical melody the story of the ancient chronicles.

In the little church where the flaring star poised a bit unsteadily over the white head of the beloved pastor, "Oh, come, all ye faithful," ushered in the day, and no matter how fast sped the minutes, how near the approach of the dinner hour, or how expectantly youngsters thought of unfired stockings, if the early morning service invited them there was always plenty of time for "Joy to the world, the Lord is come." When marshaled on the mighty plain, "Brightest and best of the sons of the morning," "Hark, the herald angels sing," "It came upon the midnight clear," and that best loved of all, "While shepherds watched their flocks by night."

SONG OF THE TREE.

Once out of midnight sweet with mystery
The wonder of all wonders came to be,
So shall the dawn a marvel make of me.
For when in all my beauty I am born
In the first glimmer of the Christmas morn,
Angels of innocence in mortal guise
Shall look and smile with their faithful eyes.
And, looking, see
A greater thing in me
Than the bare figure of a tree.
Behold in every limb
I thrill in praise of him
For whom I stand in memory.

Kings of the east and wise men three
Were brought to him rare frankincense
And gold, and myrror, and spices,
So do my balsamed branches when they stir.
In the warm air that moves about this room,
And render forth their homage in perfume.
Lift up your hearts, an O, careworn men!
Look up with glad, believing eyes again;
And, looking, see
A greater thing in me
Than the bare figure of a tree.
Behold in every limb
I thrill in praise of him
For whom I stand in memory. —Tom Daly.

The good old custom of hanging the mistletoe from the ceiling at the Christmas festivities is said to have its origin in the idea that since the plant did not have its roots in the ground part of it should ever be permitted to touch the earth.

Why We Hang Up Stockings.

The custom of hanging up the stocking on Christmas eve arose from an incident in the life of the good St. Nicholas. One day when he was away taken by a severe storm he took refuge in a convent, and the next day being Christmas he preached a sermon to the nuns which they liked so much that they asked him to come the next year and preach to them again. On his second visit, one day when he was away taken by a severe storm he took refuge in a convent, and the next day being Christmas he preached a sermon to the nuns which they liked so much that they asked him to come the next year and preach to them again. On his second visit, one day when he was away taken by a severe storm he took refuge in a convent, and the next day being Christmas he preached a sermon to the nuns which they liked so much that they asked him to come the next year and preach to them again.

In the making of mince pies, which form a part of a regular Christmas feast, mince was the only meat for four centuries used as a commemoration of the flocks that were watched on the holy night by the shepherds of Bethlehem. The spices were supposed to be suggestive of the wise men from the east, the land of spices.

Christmas of the Shetland Islands.

A scene less populous but not less striking is old Christmas eve, the 4th of January, when the children and young men of Lerwick, in the Shetland Islands, go a-guzzling. The children disguise themselves in strange dresses, parade the streets and invade the houses and shops begging for offerings. At 1 o'clock the young men, coarsely clad, drag blazing bar barrels through the town, blowing horns and cheering. At 8 o'clock in the morning they put off their grubby clothes and dressed in fantastic costumes go in groups to wish their friends the season's compliments.—Harper's Magazine.

Santa Claus was born ages ago, and he has been so busy ever since that he never has taken the time to study his family tree.

American children call him Santa Claus; the little Dutch folk, St. Nicholas; the French, Pere Noel; and the Germans, Prince Rupprecht or Kris Kringle. But they all mean the same thing.

Not only is costly gifts or rich rare food the Christmas gift, but the gift of love. One can tell another where it lies. The finding must be for one's self alone. I can only say to all little children, to all grownup children, to all who are looking back as well as to those who are looking forward, to them I can say with Tiny Tim, "God bless you each this happy Christmas time," and if you would be very sure to get it spending best make a real Christmas for somebody who might not have it but for you.—Kate Langley Bosher.

Christmas In The Farmhouse

When as a child you read stories of Christmas celebrations where the houses were decorated with holly and mistletoe and the people had such jolly times putting them up, didn't you look around your own house and wonder how that would look if trimmed with those same greens? And didn't you long to smell their spicy fragrance and to have a hand in putting them up where you thought they would look the best? And didn't you long to feel that peculiar Christmas spirit that is in the very air in cities and villages for more than a week before Christmas day itself? And then did you just settle back and say to yourself: "Well, it's no use."

"As long as I live on a farm Christmas must be just the same as it always has been—an exchange of gifts and afterward an unusually big dinner."

I want to tell you that you are mistaken—that you can have just those very same things, even bringing in the old time Yule log, if you are so fortunate as to have an open fire place in the farmhouse.

City people pay from 35 cents to \$1 for a small house Christmas tree, and every one who can afford it buys a tree every year for his children. How often do farmers' children have trees? And why not? Because the parents say, "We haven't gifts enough to make a pretty tree." Many people never put a gift on—simply make it a tree of beauty for the children. Strings of popcorn, wishbones and canes gilded, gold stars, anything bright and shiny hanging on a tree delights a child—a bag of popcorn with a few candles in it tastes five times as good if it has only once hung on a tree. Even if the gift must be underwear, shoes and things actually needed to wear, have them come as surprises, such as "Christmas" looking packages as possible. It is well to keep the Christmas spirit in the home.

It seems a pity for us country people, surrounded by these beautiful things deemed luxuries by our city friends, to make no use whatever of them and to let our lives become so commonplace. Christmas is not solely a day for gift giving and receiving and eating. It is a day for doing everything in your power to add to the joy of children—a day to remember the feeble and lonely old people—a day to think of the strangers and the poor. If you haven't money to spend for gifts for them you can give some of yourself and of your own home Christmas cheer. Christmas is a day to be an inspiration to enter, because the Christmas spirit they breathe forth. I trust the farm homes will not be lacking in Christmas beauty or Christmas cheer—that all of them will truly "keep Christmas."—Bertha G. Markham in Country Gentleman.

When the dawn creeps up from the darkly dimpled ocean Christmas morn and speeds brightly around the world, circling it with a gold-en girdle of light, myriads of bells in many lands awake and hurry us to stooping to stooping ring out the glad tidings that "The Messiah is King!"—Eloise Boorback in Craftsman.

A Happy Tree.

"Oh, look at me!"
Sung the Christmas tree—
A jolly young evergreen—
"I'm dressed up here
In the best of green,
And I'm anxious to be seen.
To grow in a wood
Is very good—
Of air you've a taste more—
But I declare
I cannot compare
To the Christmas tree
You may stand in the cold
Till a century old.
Not a blossom to speak of come,
But here in an hour
I'm all in flower!"
With merriment and merriment
I know so well—
And don't tell me
So much that I've come to burst;
There's a mystery hung
Or a secret swung
On each branch that I last to first.
How I'd love to shout
All my feelings out!
But I dare not cough;
And just that laugh
Of a great big laugh
Would shake all my candles off.
So I have to hide
All the fun inside.
Till I'm full as I can be.
Whatever I say
I'm king of the day!"
Sang the jolly Christmas tree.

On Christmas eve in Spain the poor man has his relations around him, over his humble "puchero" (stew); the rich man likewise. In Spain only blood relations eat and drink in the house as invited guests before Christmas eve or Christmas day.

CHRIST'S POOR AT CHRISTMAS.

One of the sweetest of all the Christmas traditions is prevalent in parts of Germany. Long ago a poor little clock-maker who loved above all things to go to church received a Christmas gift of a large red apple. He was so happy because he had something to give to the dear Christ Child. Hastening to the altar of the church, he placed the precious apple on the marble hands of the Babe in Mary's arms.

Instantly the tiny fingers closed over it and a smile of heavenly joy swept over the chubby face. This happened long ago, but the people in the vicinity still give to Christ through his poor at Christmas time, believing that the gift bestowed upon "one of the least of these" is received by the Christ Child himself, and rewarded by the same blessed smile which brought joy and comfort to the little clock-maker.

THE MISTLETOE.

With Christmas cheer the hall is bright.
At friendly feasts with wint'ers cold.
The mistletoe hangs from the ceiling tonight
To bind men and men, and young and old.
And winter sends for their delight
The children and the children glow.
And pines the glistering snow.
The mistletoe, the mistletoe,
The mistletoe, the mistletoe,
The mistletoe, the mistletoe!

Chance comes to our festive eyes,
Dear crimson-breasted holly sprigs!
There, Robin, too, the hall receives.
Children, whom our hearts love,
Who leaped among the crumpled leaves,
He cocked his head and sings "Hullo!"
The mistletoe, the mistletoe,
The mistletoe, the mistletoe,
The mistletoe, the mistletoe!

A kindly custom sanctions this
That's 'neath the mistletoe the wanton touch.
Who leaped among the crumpled leaves,
Look, Jenny, where I have you now!
Dear holly eyes, sweet lips, kiss!
Ah, cheeks can mock the holly's glow!
For what's below the mistletoe?
Ah, ha! Why, it is Cupid's bow!
Ah, ha! Why, it is Cupid's bow!
The Cupid of the Cupid's bow!

Santa In the City.

Santa Claus touched the button which summoned his foreman.
"Yes, sir," said the foreman, coming in from the shop.
"What are you working on?"
"This, sir,"
Santa Claus turned in his chair and regarded his foreman doubtfully.
"Don't fret," he exclaimed. "You mean doll houses."
"No, sir," the foreman answered.
These are for city distribution, where the children don't know anything about doll houses."—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

What They Did To Santa Claus

The children came down with a cheer
Their curly locks gleaming in burn and
They ran with delight where the gifts were
And, each a bottle of goodness they made.
They gazed on the tree with its glory of light,
Its tresses and bangles and ornaments bright.
They emptied their stockings and, dancing
Brought back the dear child world to mamma and me.

There were dolls with bright faces and
Books full of song,
Tin trunks of tin, blocks and bon-bons a throng.
And there by the chimney, with arms full of toys,
Stood Santa Claus watching the girls and the boys.

They slipped him—they rushed with a volley
They pulled off the wig and curled white hair
They pulled his eyes, gave his whiskers a twist,
And laughed at the shape of his chubby, fat fist.

They tore off his coat, rolled him over the
Jumped on his legs, banged his head against the door,
Pulled his nose till it cracked, pinched his cheeks with a vine,
And laughed till the tears made their bright eyes grow dim.

Then he burst with a thud, and again
Fell on his back, merry frolic and
On, on went the wild, merry frolic and
As they formed in battalions, while each
Bled brigade.

The Charm of Christmas.

There is something in the very season of the year that gives a charm to the festivity of Christmas. In the depth of winter, when Nature lies despoiled of her charms, wrapped in her shroud of spectral and gloomy, for our gratification to moral sources. Heart called to heart, and we draw our pleasures from the deep wells of living kindness which lie in the quiet recesses of our bosoms.—Washington Irving.

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CHRISTMAS CRACKERS.

Do "crackers" for shaking party gifts grow up to Christmas trees? And are "crackers" for shaking party gifts sent by mail some of the same? Are Yule logs sent from snow drifts by telegraph wires? And would you wish a festive season without them?

If Eve had tasted from holly twice a party given to weave Christmas life? Do you suppose that Adam would have called her "Christmas Eve"? St. Nicholas in autograph deltas police and have. Do you suppose that Adam would have called her "Christmas Eve"? St. Nicholas in autograph deltas police and have.

The Sentries' Christmas Dinner

Raymond P. Sanford, a robust and healthy undergraduate of Cornell, lived for scientific purposes on 85 cents a week, his food including butter milk, lentils, peanuts, raisins, cabbage, peppers, oatmeal and apples.

"I thrive on this fare," Mr. Sanford said. "I admit, however, that to stick to it takes will power. I have to govern my sybaritic propensities. I must not imitate the young sentries."

"There was once a Christmas massacre held in a European palace, you know, and a squad of young sentries stood guard out in the snow. 'Well, as the ball progressed the conduct of a certain guest disguised as a Santa Claus astonished and perplexed everybody. This Santa Claus would dance with the prettiest women for fifteen or twenty minutes, and then, hurrying to the buffet, he would drink a bottle of champagne and eat lobster salad, liver, caviar and sandwiches, truffled turkey—everything in sight."

"The host, after several hours of such gluttonous and intemperate conduct on the part of the Santa Claus guest, conferred with his butler and to his amazement learned that the offender had by actual computation devoured forty sandwiches, sixty loaves and eight quarts of lobster salad, while he had drunk thirty-one bottles of champagne and ninety glasses of punch."

"It seemed incredible! Yet there he was, as vigorous and fresh and sober as ever, now whistling contentedly in a petty master's ear, now rushing to the buffet for more wine and more lobster."

"Puzzled and vexed, the host took Santa Claus by the arm and led him into a recess."

"Show me your invitation card," he said.

"But Santa Claus, alas, had none. 'Then unmask!'"

"Softly the spurious guest obeyed. 'Why, you're one of the sentries!'"

"Yes, sir."

"He was indeed one of the sentries—one of the squad of sentries stationed outside in the snow."

"These young men had hired a cheap Santa Claus, and each, and each, one by one, had each enjoyed a brief but delightful share of the Christmas festivities—the dancing and lobster and champagne in the ballroom."—Washington Star.

The Griller Lamb.

Our kitchen's old round Christmas time! I can't see it in the great big pot. Its where the grillers—they can fume—An' when the grillers they can fume—I mean stand too near to stove.

"Cause 'spatters' might get on my nose. My mother thinks that things round there Would burn her little girl, I guess.

An' so I stay real close to her When she puts aprons round her waist And rolls 'er things out on a board. Sometimes she lets me have a taste."

An' then, you see, I'm helpin' too. I help her 'member she must make A lot of little cutlets round."

I like that kind of Christmas cake!

The lamb when he goes in 'er pot He's yellow, an' he looks all fat. But when they lift him out of it, 'W, he's all brown an' round an' fat! I have to wait till he's 'cooled off."

"For I can have my lamb to eat. An' mother she puts 'wood on him. 'Wif sugar—that's what makes him sweet."

An' after when my father comes, I get a lamb for him to see. My mother laughs at how he does. She says he's 'fat an' round an' fat. She don't like lamb in bed, I guess.

But father says to let me keep It round an' round an' round an' fat. An' that's the way I want to sleep!

—Marie Louise Tompkins in Harper's Weekly.

Fasting at Christmas.

When Cromwell ruled England he issued an edict against all festivities at Christmas. The festival was altogether abolished, and the display of holly and mistletoe and other emblems of the happy time held to be seditions.

In 1644 the Long parliament commanded that Christmas day should be observed as a strict fast, when all people should think over and deplore the great sin of which they and their forefathers had been guilty in making merry at that season.

This act so provoked the people that on the following natal day the law was violently resisted in many places. Though these scenes were disgraceful, they served their purpose and put an end to an unjust order.

When Charles II. regained the throne the populace once more made Christmas a time of rejoicing.

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CHRISTMAS DUSK.

Come, little boy, to mother's knee. The Christmas twilight trembles down With rose tints for the wondrous tree And rose glow for the snow clad town. And all is marvelous—but you. Most marvelous of all to me. For I may hold you as I do. As Mary held him on her knee.

And he was sweet and he was fair, As are all mothers' little boys. His lips, his eyes, his hair, To Mary were her chiefest joys. And she would sing to him as he sang while the sun dies in the west; I hear your weeping, sleepy baby, As Mary heard him in his nest.

And in the after years, I think, When he was treading sorrow's way And held the bitter cup to drink She brooded on the happy day When he ran singing through the room And found a hundred things to do To drive away all chance of gloom— And was a little boy like you.

So drop your tears and let us sing The song that heart and home have blent. For love is more than anything And life is work and play and bent. And Mary's was the mother heart. A heart of love all fair and true. That into tender throbs could beat For just a little boy like mine.

Across the years I reach to her And touch her hair and empty hands. Down all the ages seems to stir A message that she understands. The subtle rapture that I keep Shrouded in the veils of time, When I may hold you in my arms, As Mary held him on her knee.

—Wilbur D. Nesbit in Harper's Weekly.

Before the birth of Christ

the ancient Romans indulged at the midwinter season in a long festival from which it is supposed that many of the present day traditions sprung. Presents were given and received. An expression of mutual brotherhood was shown in the custom of the masters and their slaves exchanging places and the former waiting upon the latter.

Dixie's Neisy Christmas.

In lower latitudes, where the weather bureau makes even no pretense at supplying snow, says the New York Sun, the celebration of Christmas takes on a different manifestation. South of Washington Christmas has always been the day of great noise, the day set apart for the clangor of bells, the shrilling of trumpets, above all else the firecracker.

In the social conditions of the south before the revolution the day of noise and crash of gunpowder was the 5th of November, on which day all loyal subjects were adjured to "remember, remember the gunpowder treason and plot." The celebration of this holiday was a day of sobriety out of doors, of lavish hospitality within.

What more natural, then, than to postpone the racket of gunpowder day until the next holiday in course and to give Christmas an outdoor element which it had never possessed?

Diffident Sorts of Christmas.

Each stage in our progress from the cradle to the grave has its diffident Christmas. Old age forgets itself, the ghosts which haunt its memories, and enters into the young creature's happiness with a relish second only to the child's. The grandmother no longer wishes sleds or hoops or gingerbread monkeys for herself, but she looks with love and wonder upon the little things who regard so callously these objects of domestic manufacture.

Between these generations stand the parents, with their own lives of bustle and responsibility and desire, their own games and gewgaws to pursue, but yet with a beginning of the change from living for themselves to living in their young.—Norman Hapgood in Collier's.

It was in New York, or

rather New Amsterdam, that Santa Claus made his first American appearance in some thing like the garb and usage now familiar to all of us. From the Netherlands the Knickerbockers brought with them the Christmas of love and sympathy in religion, of comradeship among neighbors and of festivity in the family.

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John Henry on Christmas Presents

By GEORGE V. HOBART



AY! Did you ever take what little was left and start out to buy friend wife a Christmas token?

A quaint pastime, it is not?

Well, to make a long story lose its cunning, I clinked a few iron men together one morning recently and found out to find something new and nifty in the gift line for Peaches.

I was breezing for a department store when I ran across Hep Hardy, limping in the direction of a taxicab stand.

"Up late, aren't you, Hep?" I inquired, glancing at the Waterbury.

"I sure am running behind my schedule this morning, John. Hep wheezed.

"Accident?"

"What's the matter? Fuse blow out and leave you with my favorite band-aid in darkness?" I ventured.

"Nix," he answered, "I interpolated a new step in the Tango about five this a. m. and my parther, an impulsive little thing from Spokane, didn't get my signal, with the result that she stepped on me and lost one of her French heels somewhere between my ankle and my instep. I had to wait till a Doctor Shop was open so he could probe for it. The medicine peddler found it all right and my left wheel is a bit wobbly, but I'll be in the roped arena tonight when the bell rings, clamoring for my favorite rag you can bet on that, John, old pal."

"The dance bug has you for fair, hasn't it, Hep?" I laughed.

"Not at all," Hep came back, "but like a lot of other ginks who have been going through life with stop shoulders and plantation feet I've suddenly discovered how to be graceful and I have to stay up all night to see if other people notice it. Where are you going?"

"I'm going down to see one of those stores and make a fool out of fifty dollars—little Christmas present for Peaches," I answered.

"Fifty dollars!" Hep sneered. "Say, John, if I had a wife, and we were speaking to each other, fifty dollars wouldn't buy the ribbon around the bundle. Fifty dollars! You make a noise like a pike."

"Sure!" I snapped back. "If you had a wife you'd take her down to your favorite jewelry store and let the clerks throw diamonds at her till they felt exhausted. But I'm just a regular



A Lot of Eager Dames Were Pawing Over Some Chinchilla Ribbon.

human being, working for a living, and every time I see a hundred dollar bill I get red in the face and want a drink of water. You know, Hep, my father didn't spend his life wrapping it up in bundles and throwing it into an iron woodshed against the time I became old enough to use it as a torch!"

"Say!" chirped Hep, who hadn't paid the slightest attention to what I was saying, "why don't you get her an emerald necklace? Some idea—what? I saw one the other day for \$3.99. Wait a minute! I'll give you a card to the manager."

"Give it to the chauffeur," I said as I pushed Hep into the taxi. "By the time he gets you some you'll owe him enough to buy emeralds."

Then I left my hat and moseyed off for a department store to get a Christmas present for friend wife.

Say! did you ever get tangled up in

one of those department store mobs and have a crowd of perfect ladies use you for a doorman?

I got miffed!

They certainly taught me the flutter-kick, all right!

At the door a nice young man with a pink necktie and a quick forehead bowed to me.

"What do you wish?" he asked.

"Well," I said, "I'm down here to get a Christmas present for friend wife. I would like something which would afford her great pleasure when I give it to her and which I could use afterward as a penwiper or a fishing rod."

"Second floor—in the right—take the elevator," said the man.

Did you ever try to take an elevator in a department store and find that 2,943 other American citizens and citizenesses were also trying to take the same elevator?

How sweet it is to mingle in the arms of utter strangers and to feel the pressure of a foot we never hope to meet again!

I was standing by one of the counters on the second floor when a shrill voice crept up over a few bales of dry



The Pale Young Woman Fainted.

goods and said, "Are you a buyer or a händler?"

"I am looking for a Christmas present for friend wife," I answered. "I want to get something that will look swell on the parlor table and may be used later on as a tobacco jar or a trouser stretcher!"

"Fourth floor—to the left—take the elevator!" said the shrill voice, but shriller.

With bowed head I walked away.

I began to feel sorry for friend wife. Nobody seemed to be very much interested whether she got a Christmas present or not.

On the fourth floor I stopped at a counter where a lot of eager dames were pawing over some chinchilla ribbon and chaffed over it.

It reminded me of the way an emotionist hen digs up a grub in the garden.

I entered the excitement of the game for about ten minutes and then I said to the clerk behind the counter who was refereeing the match, "Can you tell me where I can buy a sterling silver Christmas present for friend wife, which I could use afterward as a night key or a bath sponge?"

"Fifth floor—to the rear—take the elevator," said the clerk.

On the fifth floor I went over to a table where a young lady was selling "The Life and Liberator of Andrew Carnegie" at four dollars a month and fifty cents a week, and in three years it is yours if you don't lose the receipts.

She gave me a glad smile and I felt a thrill of encouragement.

"Excuse me," I said, "but I am looking for a Christmas present for friend wife which will make all the neighborhood jealous, and which I can use afterward as an ash receiver or a pocket flask."

The young lady cut out the giggles and pointed to the northeast.

I went over there.

To my surprise I found another counter.

A pale young woman was behind it. I was just about to ask her the fatal question when a young man wearing a rattlesnake expression on his face rushed up and said to the pale young lady behind the counter, "I am looking for a suitable present for a young lady friend of mine with golden brown hair. Could you please suggest something?"

The pale young woman showed her teeth and answered him in a low, rumbling voice, and the man went away.

Then came an old lady who said: "I bought some organdie dress goods for a shirt waist last Tuesday, and I would like to exchange them for a mustache box for my daughter's little boy, Freddie, if you please."

The pale young woman again showed her teeth and the old lady ducked for cover.

After about fifty people had rushed up to the pale young woman and then rushed away again, I went over and spoke to her.

"I am looking," I said, "for a Christmas present for friend wife. I want

to get something that will give her a great amount of pleasure and which I can use later on as a pipe cleaner or a pair of suspenders."

The pale young woman frowned, so I moved over.

At another counter another young lady said to me: "Have you been waiting?"

"No," I replied, "I have been stopped down and walked on, but I have not yet been waited on."

"What do you wish?" inquired the young woman.

"I am looking for a Christmas present for friend wife," he said. "I want to buy her something that will bring great joy to her heart, and which I might use afterward as a pair of slippers or a shaving mug."

The young lady caught up with her dreamy eyes and held me up against the wall.

"You," she screamed, "you complete a total of 25,993 people who have been in this department store today without knowing what they are doing here, and I refuse to be a human encyclopedia for the sake of eight dollars a week. Go on, now; throw yourself into second speed and climb the hill!"

I began to apologize, but she reached down under the counter and pulled out a club.

"This," she said, with a wild look in her side lamps, "this is happy Yuletide, but, nevertheless, the next guy that leaves his brains at home and tries to make me tell him what is a good Christmas present for his wife will get a bitter wallop across the forehead!"

The girl was right, so I went home without a present.

I suppose I'll have to take Hep's tip and get those emeralds after all.

But first I'll go down to the delicatessen store and see if there's anything there.

THE MYSTERY OF CHRISTMAS

One Day of the Year That All Other Days Are Learning to Envy and Imitate.

It seems to me that always, as the 25th of December commenced to shorten, the white, fleecy snow began to fall, says a writer in the Craftsman. When the street lamps flickered up like candles on an altar, they cast on a world that was white. The strife of the city was muted. Cars went by, but you had to peer out through the blinds to know that they were passing; they made no sound. An atmosphere of gentleness had descended. Everyone in the house went about with electricity as though planning some secret kindness.

And then the night and the trying to keep awake till Santa Claus should come. And the waking up, with the frost weaving patterns on the panes. Somewhere far away a harp was being played and a cornet was challenging the silence. Then they played an accompaniment to the most beautiful legend in the world. At first, dreamily, you tried to remember why for once the darkness was not frightening, and then, "Ah, it's Christmas!" As you turned, your feet made the paper crack, and at the end of the bed you were too content and happy even to look at your presents. Why was it that next day everybody and everything was different? The air was full of bells singing riotously. Every one, for this one day, ceased to think of his own happiness and found happiness in bringing cheerfulness to others. The stern girl which is fixed between children and grown-ups had vanished; there were all grown-ups somewhere. In your childish heart you wondered why every day couldn't be made a day of kindness.

And that wonder of a child's heart is the Christmas message. Once a year, by a divine conspiracy, all the ships of our hopes and fears turn back from their voyages to the harbor of kindness. They are borne back on the crest of a white tide of mysticism that sweeps round the world. A truth of God is declared to all fighters, and men and women walk as children through a world that is kind. They commence to give and cease to annex; they act in the belief that God is in his heaven. The spirit of one tremendous white day of unselfishness, which gradually some other days in the year are learning to envy and imitate.

Why We Burn Candles.

The custom of burning candles on the Christmas tree comes from two sources. The Romans burned candles at the feast of Saturn as a sign of good cheer, while the Jews burned candles during the feast of the Dedication, which happened to fall about the same time as that of Saturn in the Roman calendar. It is a subtle possibility that for this reason there would have been many candles burning all over Palestine about the time of the birth of Christ, and from this comes the term "Feast of Lights," which is the name used in the Greek church for Christmas day.

A Christmas Hint.

To those who may have become tired of the old-fashioned games usual at Christmas the following may be found suitable.

Hunt up a lot of poor people that have not got any Christmas dinner and go and give them one.

N. B.—This game may be played by any number of persons.

Welcome to Christmas!

Christmas, crown o' the year! Golden clasp to its round of light and shadow. Truly the bells of it shall ring out, "Plague I banish, peace I bring!" Welcome it royally. Spread out for soul and sense a feast of good things.—Martha McWilliams.

Santa Mike— A Christmas Convict Story

By T. C. BRIDGES



AS THE December night closed across the desolate moor, the snow ceased falling, the clouds broke, and a brilliant moon shed its silver light across the wide stretches of rolling whiteness. With the change, it began to freeze fiercely, coating the sodden drifts with a crisp film of ice.

Every step Mike Dempsey's tired feet broke through this coating, and sank deep into soft stuff beneath, making the traveling so terribly hard that, in spite of the bitter cold, perspiration stood in beads on his thin, brown face.

He was breathing hard, and evidently desperately weary, yet he never stopped for a moment, though now and then, as he plowed his way onward, he would turn his head and cast an apprehensive glance back over his shoulder.

Had anyone been near enough to watch him, they would easily have understood his haste. The drab livery plentifully bespattered with broad arrows marked him as one of the state's unwilling guests. As a matter of fact, Mike Dempsey had been for the last three years a prison inmate, and it was with the intention of escaping hospitality that he had, a few hours previously, "done a bunk" under cover of the sudden snowstorm.

"I've puzzled them screws, that's a waning thing sure," he muttered to himself, and in spite of his fatigue a slight chuckle escaped his thin lips. "But faith, I've puzzled myself, too, and I don't know where I am no more than Adam."

"If I could only get a landmark of some sort!" he went on. "Eh! I did find my road to the railway, I'd win clear. Mike Dempsey wasn't a savvy sinner years for nothing."

He crunched his slow way across a flat valley, jumped a little brook and pushed up the steep slope beyond.

A gleam of light in the next valley attracted his attention. It came from a lighted window, and there was something comforting to the lonely fugitive in the red glow cast upon the glittering snow. Without hesitation, he started downhill toward it.

Presently he was cautiously approaching a small house, which stood in a tiny garden surrounded by a low dry-stone wall. There was a gate in front, but Mike preferred to approach



It Was a Man Lying Flat on His Face.

from the back, and clambering gingerly over the wall crept up to the window from which the light came.

Raising himself till his head was on a level with the sill, he peered through the uncurtained window into a barely furnished living room, lighted by a great fire of glowing turf.

A couch stood in one corner, on which lay a young man whose bare head showed him to be the victim of some accident. On a chair beside him sat a sweet-faced woman, and on the bare earthen hearth played two children—a curly-haired boy of about seven, and a chubby girl a year or so younger.

But what arrested Mike's attention was a little fir tree, not more than four feet high, which stood planted in an old bucket, on the table in the middle of the room.

For a moment it puzzled Mike. Then he gave a little gasp.

"Beggar, if it ain't a Christmas tree! Why, this Christmas eve, I do believe, though, faith, I'd lost track of the date in the one stone fig on the hill. But where's the presents? 'Tis as bare as me own pocket," he went on wonderingly.

At that moment the boy got up, and going forward to the woman, pulled at her dress to attract her attention.

"Mike, is Santa Claus coming? He's awful late. We shan't have no Kismas tree if he doesn't come soon."

"It's the snow, dearie," explained the mother. "Such a bad storm that I expect he was late in starting. But now it's cleared up, I daroos he'll be here soon."

Her words were cheery, but Mike stood the anxious glance she gave her husband.

"Go out and see if William's in sight yet, Alice," said the man. "He ought to have been here an hour ago. I only hope nothing has happened to the poor old fellow."

Mike dropped on hands and knees behind the angle of the wall as the door opened, and the woman stood on the threshold looking out down the empty snowed valley.

Somewhat the pathos of the bare little Christmas tree and the anxious family appeared to his hardened old soul, and when the door closed again he rose to his feet, and instead of following out his first intention and entering the house to demand food and clothes, climbed the wall again and made off down the valley.

"If William's coming this way, there'll be a road of sorts," he said to himself.

And sure enough there was. Though covered deep in snow, he found that there was a path down the valley, which he had little doubt would lead eventually to the main road to town.

He had gone another mile when a dark patch in the snow straight ahead attracted his attention, and he caught his breath sharply as he stopped beside it.

For it was a man lying flat on his face, and, judging by the snow which almost covered his body, he had been there in the same position for some time. Beside him lay a half-filled sack, also covered with snow.

Mike gave a sharp glance around. The moonlight horizon was still bare. He stooped and turned the man over.

"Dead!" he muttered. "Dead and cold!" as he laid his hand against the chill cheek.

For a moment he stood staring at the dead man's face, which was that of a little old man, wizened and bearded, and very much of Mike's own type and build.

Then, like a flash, it came to the convict that here at last was his chance, and a thrill shot through his weary frame.

He'll need them duds any more he's murdered, and dropping on his knees in the snow, he began with trembling fingers to strip the dead man of his clothes.

They were worn and old, but to Mike as precious as broadcloth, for once he was rid of his convict garb he had multiplied his chances of escape a hundredfold.

Not till he had completed the whole change of costume down to boots and hat, and had buried his broad arrows deep in a neighboring drift, did Mike bethink himself of the sack.

He unfastened it up eagerly, hoping it might contain food, and turned the contents out upon the snow.

A small drum, a bag of lead soldiers, a clasp-doll, a box of wafers, and one of crackers, and a couple of packets of sweets. Not an article of the lot, which had cost 25 cents, and the value of the whole not five dollars.

Mike stood and stared at them. The box of soldiers had fallen open. He stooped and picked up the little painted figures, and replaced them carefully.

"So 'twas poor old Santa Claus," he muttered. "And the children will be waiting on him. 'Twas hard luck indeed!"

Again he bent down and quickly buried everything back into the sack. He laid this by the dead body, and turning on his heel, walked rapidly away.

He could not be more than four or five miles from the town now, and with his knowledge of railway matters it would be easy enough to stow away in a truck, and lying under a tarpaulin he carried scores of miles away from the hated prison. Besides there was money in his trousers pockets. Only a little, but plenty to buy food and drink, a clay pipe, and a plug of tobacco.

Mike's mouth watered as he thought of a square meal.

He tried to keep his thoughts on the prospect of the almost forgotten luxury, yet, somehow it was difficult. The picture seen through the cottage window kept rising before his mind, and though he did his best to thrust it aside, the effort was unavailing.

Long years ago Mike had a home or over a wife and a baby. Wife and baby both had died, swept away in a week by an epidemic of diphtheria, and that had been the beginning of the Irish navvy's downfall. But he had never forgotten them, and tonight they seemed strangely near him.

A sound between a grunt and a groan burst from his lips; he stopped and looked back.

"'Tis a fool ye are, Mike Dempsey!" he exclaimed aloud. "Gilt along wid ye, and don't be delaying for the screws to land ye!"

Again he started forward, but more slowly than before, and he had not gone a hundred yards before once more he came to a dead end. He

"'Tis no use," he groaned. "I'll just run back an' lave 'em things at the door. There'll be time to reach town by midnight."

The bitter wind was in his face as he turned back up the hill, but now Mike did not hesitate for a moment. Head down, he hurried onwards, and presently was again beside the corpse of Santa Claus' frozen messenger.

Without a glance at the body he snatched up the sack, flung it over his shoulder, and continued his way up the valley.

The glow from the lighted window threw its red beam across the snow as he rounded the curve and came within sight of the lonely cottage and a corresponding glow warmed Mike's heart as he thought of the pleasure of the children when they found their long-delayed Christmas gifts.

Seeing no sign of life, he stopped in at the front gate, and, stepping very quietly up the path, gained the door, dropped his sack, and, giving one sharp tap, turned the bolt.

But he had not counted on the eager children, and before he could get round



"All Right," He Said Sullenly, "I'll Come Quiet."

the angle of the house curly-locks came flying after him.

"William, where is Santa Claus?" piped the childish treble.

"It ain't William, sonny. Tell your mammy as William's got lost, and I brought the things instead. Now I've got to go, for I'm in a mighty hurry."

"I expect you are," came a jarring voice, and a blue-uniformed man carrying a carbine stepped out from the dark shadow round the corner, followed instantly by a second.

Mike gave one glance around. *See* he was cornered. The wall cut off escape.

"All right," he said sullenly. "I'll come quiet."

"You'd better," retorted the warder, whose temper long hours in the snow had not improved.

"Mammy, the policemen have took Santa Claus," cried the little lad.

Mike glanced up. The boy's mother was standing by, her face blank with amazement.

"What does this mean?" she cried. "Is it William?"

"No, missus, he's changed his name since running, missus," replied the warder. "He was Michael Dempsey when he bunked from Moorlands just after dinner."

"But I don't understand. He's got William Croker's clothes on, and he's brought the things from Ashampton that William went to fetch."

The other warder—a grizzled, elderly man—shook his head.

"You've got me, missus. I don't know what his little game is no more than you."

"Most like he has murdered William," put in the younger warder surlily.

"He said William was lost, mammy," explained the boy, "so he's brought the things instead. And here they is, all safe."

"Best make a clean breast of it, Dempsey," suggested the elder warder.

"Go and find out yourself," flashed the old convict. "William's down the valley there."

"You take the chap into the house, George," said the older warder. "I'll go down and see."

"I found William," he said briefly. "He's froze to death. Dempsey took his clothes, but he didn't have no hand in killing him."

"Then, in the name of sense, what did he come back here for instead of skimming out?" inquired the younger warder, in blank surprise.

"He came to bring our Kismas presents," explained curly-locks. "He told me so."

"Well, of all the everlasting fools," gasped the junior warder.

His senior wheeled on him sharply. "A good thing it were there were a few more fools of that kind in Moorlands. Ay—and outside, too!"

He turned to Mike.

"Come along, Dempsey," he said in a more kindly tone. "I'll see as the governor knows how it was we come to take you. And I reckon your playing Santa Claus won't do you no harm in his eyes, any more than it has in

Merry Xmas

Happy New Year

For 17 Years

We have enjoyed the liberal patronage of the people of this country. Some began trading with us when we first opened our place of business, others began later, and so on and on, has our business prospered, with never a change, but always looking after the interests of our many customers.

SERVICE AND QUALITY

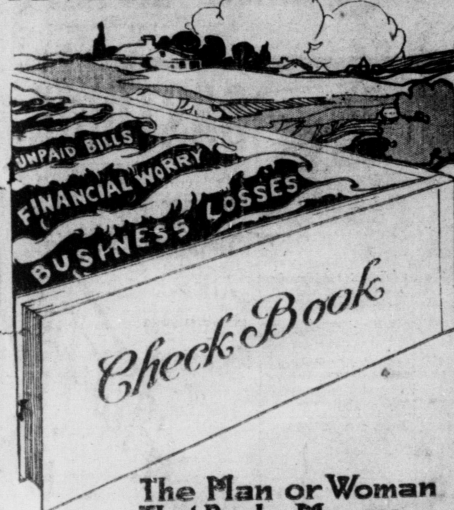
is what we are looking for always. We want your confidence and esteem. We know that our methods will be of benefit to you, and what benefits you benefits us. Become one of our customers if you are not already one. Place your confidence in a house that endeavors to please, and that looks out for your interests. We wish throughout all the coming New Year an abundance of Happiness and Prosperity for you.

Alex J. Hamer Company.

PHONE 11

JUNCTION, TEXAS

A WALL THAT HOLDS



The Man or Woman That Banks Money Piles Up a Store of Comfort and Prosperity

Junction State Bank

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS
\$80,000.00

Reduce Your Grocery Bill

How?

Come here and look over our goods and prices. Your Question will then be answered to YOUR satisfaction.

CITY GROCERY CO.

Your subscription may be due

Uncle Henry Merr was among the ranchman in town Saturday

F. H. Dunk was in town Wednesday looking for Santa Claus.

Miss Olive Dodson returned Monday from a trip to San Antonio.

Wanted—13 loads of wood on subscription at The Citizen office.

G. W. Farmer and Asa Farmer were circulating in the county capitol Saturday.

Fletcher and Joe Gardner of Roosevelt spent several days in Junction town this week.

Please BRING OR SEND all votes to Mrs. Nichols on TODAY 24th. Christmas Eve day.

Dr. A. L. Jones, optician of Brownwood, spent Monday and Tuesday in our city with his practice.

Clay Holland and sister Miss Mary Holland were here from the McKavett community a few days the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Kettner and Mrs. E. W. Schroeder returned Monday to their home in Mason after a pleasant visit with relatives and friends in Junction.

Walter Buck who is this year attending Horological school at Peoria, Ill., came in Monday to spend the holidays at the home of his parents Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Buck.

GO TO

THE
MISSION
LUMBER
COMPANY.

MENARD, TEXAS

FOR

LUMBER
SHINGLES
SASH DOORS
GLASS
ANY SIZE

Ad Merr was among the visiting ranchmen in the city Saturday.

Bring your fare to City Grocery where you will get highest prices paid.

Julius Hayman who is attending State University is home for the holidays.

Improve your stock and poultry business by using Watkin's stock and poultry tonic.

Pie peaches, apples, grapes and Blackberries in gallon cans 65c. at City Grocery

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Atchison left Tuesday for Gainesville to spend the holidays with relatives

Van Eman contest closes TODAY; be sure to bring all votes to Mrs. Nichols TODAY.

Shewitt G. R. Ivy and attorney Coke R. Stevenson made a business trip to Kerrville Tuesday.

A handy good sewing machine for sale at a bargain if taken at once—Apply at this office.

Misses Ola and Leona Phillips of Johnson Fork were among the holiday shoppers in Junction Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Browning of Brownwood are in the city to spend the holidays with relatives.

"Where did you get that nice fit in a new suit?"
"Simon, the tailor, of course."

Seaton Prentice and Jack Patterson, two Kimble boys who are in school in San Antonio, arrived home Tuesday to spend the Xmas vacation.

If you intend dipping try Watkin's fluid dip; satisfaction guaranteed.

Miss Dorothy Mudge and brother Fred who are attending school in the Alamo City came in Sunday to spend the holidays at home.

A "Tacky party" for the little folks was given at the Roy Blackburn home Friday night. It was a time of great merriment for all.

S. P. Bennett and son were in the Kimble capitol on business Saturday and Mr. Bennett came around and put a Christmas grin on us with another subscription dollar.

Everybody be sure and bring or send all votes to Mrs. Nichols to reach her by afternoon of 24th of this month as the contest closes on that day.

Ernest and Henry Hamer came in Tuesday from school at San Antonio, to spend the holidays at home. They were accompanied by their grandmother Mrs. Johanna Hamer, and aunt, Miss Minnie Hamer, of San Antonio who are guests at the A. J. Hamer home.

Get some of those "Kimble Gimmes Souvenirs" to send to your friends elsewhere. Heyman has them.

Clarence Jetton returned Sunday from a visit of some time in Hallettsville, Texas. He was accompanied home by his sister Mrs. C. M. Barnes, of Hallettsville, also Mr. and Mrs. Boyd Jetton of Kerrville. They are here to spend Xmas at the home of their mother Mrs. L. H. Jetton.

Screen wire rabbit and chicken wire all kinds of wire at Junction Hardware Co.

The candy sale by the Episcopal Guild ladies, held in the rear of the Junction State Bank Tuesday and Wednesday, was very successful. A fine variety of delicious homemade candies was arranged in inviting display, and the ladies enjoyed a splendid patronage. More than twenty dollars was realized.

On Christmas Eve, the Baptist and Methodist churches in Junction all are invited.

The Watkins' man has a big stock of goods now; see him for Extracts, Spices, Medicines, Toilet articles.

Mrs. M. E. Blackburn entertained the ninth grade pupils at the palatial Blackburn home Friday evening, and all report a very enjoyable time indeed.

Want some GOOD EIGHT HOURS?

On Christmas Eve, the Baptist and Methodist churches in Junction all are invited.

THE MAXWELL CAR

1916 Model Full Five-Passenger. Low first cost; low up-keep. High-class car. One man top, demountable rims, electric starter, lights and horn. Clutch and flywheel enclosed. Clutch runs in oil; car can't start with jerk. Immediate delivery. No trouble to get repairs. Price complete delivered, \$685. Call for demonstration.

REESE & WEAVER,

LOCAL AGENTS, JUNCTION, TEXAS.

JUNCTION—MENARD AUTO AND PASSENGER LINE

J. R. PETTITT CONTRACTOR

Car leaves Junction 6:30 a. m., arrives at Menard 10:30 a. m. Car leaves Menard 12:00 m., arrives at Junction 4:00 p. m. Makes connection with Frisco trains.

FARE \$3.00 ONE WAY, \$5.00 ROUND TRIP

Daily trips, except Sunday. Mail, Passenger and Express



Santa Claus

has arrived

J. B. VAN EMAN'S

Tri-cycles Doll Buggies
Dolls

Xmas Decorations Children's Chairs

Our Complete Christmas Stock Is Now on Display. Better Buy Early

ELECTRIC LIGHTS

will add wonderfully to the enjoyment of your home life this winter. We do expert wiring and installing of lights, etc.

WE SELL all kinds of electrical supplies, from a bulb to the highest priced reading lamp or dome. Let us figure with you.

JUNCTION ICE AND ELECTRIC CO.

QUICKER BETTER

Joe H. Ramsey,
Contractor and Builder

No Job Too Large to Do, or Too Small To Be Appreciated. I Take No Cheap Contracts and use unexperienced help, but Use First-Class and Experienced Workmen throughout My Building. Let Me Figure With You.

M. C. REESE S. H. WEAVER, JR.

REESE & WEAVER.

Land, Live Stock, Automobile and Insurance Agents.

Our Motto: A Fair and Square Deal For All.

Your Business Solicited.

OFFICE AT FRITZ HOTEL, JUNCTION, TEXAS

COKE R. STEVENSON.

LAWYER

County Attorney of Kimble County, Texas.

Will practice in any Civil Cases as well as Criminal.

Office in Court House, Junction, Texas.

About Meat

Any old kind of teeth will do when you eat the meat that we sell.

Ring No. 82. Your order will come in a hurry.

Favorite Meat Market

HARRISON & BODE, Proprietors.

Clothes that Fit. Service that Pleases.

When you buy clothes from us they are IT.
When you buy clothes from us they FIT.
When you buy from us the quality is UP.
When you buy from us the price is DOWN.
When we clean or press clothes it's done RIGHT.

CLEANING, PRESSING, ALTERING, REPAIRING

W. H. SIMON, "Fit-U-Best" Tailor.

Is Marriage a Failure?

No, not if you secure your wedding cards at The Citizen office

TRESPASS NOTICE.

All hunters will please to keep out of pastures controlled by Andrew Paterson and Rennie during season.

And, Paterson and Rennie.

Kimble County Citizen and the—

SEMI-WEEKLY

San Antonio Express.....\$1.75
Houston Post.....\$1.75
Dallas News.....\$1.75
Austin Statesman.....\$1.75
Fort Worth Record.....\$1.75

They'll please your friends and they'll boast the best county on the map. What? Those "Kimble Climes Souvenirs." The Citizen has just put out a series of choice photographs of beautiful local views "where the humid Llanos flow." Eight lovely views, and a healthy Kimble boost to each series. Get some of each kind.

Quality Paint

We have a full stock of Simmons' and Masury's Paints. See us for prices.

Junction Hardware Co.

New Phone 404.
Old Phone Crockett 684.

Jno. R. Storms.

Attorney at Law.

Prudential Life Bldg.
San Antonio, Texas.

THE NEW KERRVILLE SANITARIUM HOSPITAL.

The latest and best of everything for the examination and treatment of diseases of all kinds by DRUGS, SURGERY, or by DRUGLESS methods, as the case may require.

W. H. LEESECOH, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon in Charge.

Dr. P. H. Rogers



DENTIST

When west side Courthouse square
All work spot cash

There is none tenderer, none juicier, none better, nothing as satisfying.

Read every one of the want ads. They may contain just what you are looking for.

FOR SALE.

400 head good stock goats; not culls.

S. P. Bennett.

Just try the Citizen on Job Printing. You'll be pleased.

The Ladies of the Episcopal Guild will give a supper on first Tuesday of the regular court week

THIS IS NO JOKE.

I desire it distinctly understood that I have no liquor of any kind on my cars. Please do not ask. It's out of my line of business.

J. R. PEAUD.

The price of the Ford 5 Passenger Touring Car is \$477.15; Runabout \$427.15 delivered. Get yours now. Junction Hardware Co. Agents.

WE HANDLE:

Standard Mowers.
Standard Rakes.
Standard Planters.
Standard Cultivators.
In short a full line of the well known Standard Implements on hand now. Get yours now. JUNCTION HARDWARE CO

SUPPOSE

Suppose you send this copy of THE CITIZEN to some friend elsewhere who might be attracted toward Kimble.

The Citizen is \$1.00 per year and worth it.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years
Always bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. H. H. H.*

COUGHS AND COLDS ARE DANGEROUS.

Few of us realize the danger of Coughs and Colds. We consider them common and harmless ailments. However statistics tell us every third person dies of a lung ailment. Dangerous Bronchial and Lung diseases follow a neglected cold. As your body struggles against cold germs, no better can be had than Dr. King's New Discovery. Its merit has been tested by old and young. In use over 45 years. Get a bottle to day. Avoid the risk of serious lung ailments. Druggists.

Everyone likes nice local views to send their friends. Those "Kimble Climes Souvenirs" just prepared by The Citizen office are just what you want. They may be secured at J. A. Heyman's Drug Store, at J. B. Van Eman's, or at the Citizen office. You'll like the views.

SURE SIGNS OF A TORPID LIVER.

If you have spells of dizziness, headaches, biliousness or constipation, look to your liver for the cause. You can get relief by taking Fo-Du-Lax. It acts quickly on the liver, helps it to discharge the poison and tone up the system. Helps the stomach too. Only 50c. at Druggists.

Want some GOOD LIGHT BREAD? Lone Star Restaurant has it.

COLDS NEED ATTENTION.

Internal throat and chest troubles produce inflammation, irritation, swelling, or soreness and unless checked at once, are likely to lead to serious trouble. Caught in time Dr. Bell's Pine Tar-Honey Lozenges the phlegm and destroys the germs which have settled in the throat or chest. It is soothing and healing. Pine is antiseptic; honey is soothing. Both together possess excellent medicinal qualities for fighting cold germs. Insist on Dr. Bell's

Don't Gamble On Cotton

The south fed himself in 1915 and as a consequence produced small cotton crop which sold at satisfactory prices. A big crop the year before sold at poor prices, and, without feed or food, put Texas in the hole. We had the same war in 1914 as in 1915 and we are likely to have it for a year longer. The difference in results is the difference between food-feed cotton farming and cotton farming.

The man who relies upon all cotton farming is speculating on weather, boll weevil and war. That's a desperate chance. The man who relies upon food and feed crops for his sustenance and makes cotton his surplus will have something for paying debts, or for accumulation, whether cotton sells for 15 or 5 cents.

The cotton crop of 1915 was fully five million bales less than the crop of 1914, and it proved to be all that the world would buy at profitable prices. If the war continues there will not be demand for any more cotton than was produced in 1915 even if the war ends, the exhaustion of Europe will be so complete that the spinning industry will not become normal for many months.

Food-feed-cotton farming is Safe Farming.
All cotton farming is a gamble. Don't gamble.

ARE YOUR KIDNEYS SICK.

Many Junction People Have Kept Well by Keeping Their Kidneys Well.

The first symptom of kidney trouble may be only a slight pain in the back, a feeling of stiffness or soreness in the loins, or annoying irregularity of the urinary passages. Urine is of the discolored and perhaps sedimented gathers soon standing. Next may come a dull, throbbing back ache, sharp, knife-like pains, headaches, dizziness and in many cases, lameness when arising in the morning. No one can afford to delay until these troubles become serious. Begin using Doan's Kidney Pills, the tried and tested kidney remedy that has won the praise of thousands. Junction readers should find convincing proof of merit in the following statement. It's from a resident of this locality.

J. S. Osbourne, Llano, Texas says: "The action of my kidneys was irregular, and I had to get up frequently at night to pass the kidney secretions, which broke my rest. I used Doan's Kidney Pills and found them to be all that is claimed for them. They did me more good than any other kidney medicine I had ever taken and gave me great relief."
Price 50c. at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Osbourne had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props. Buffalo, N. Y.

TELEPHONE NOTICE.

We have made a rate of \$15.00 per year in advance by taking this rate you can talk over all our lines in country; but if you go through a switch board anywhere else you will have to pay. This rate begins Jan. 1st, 1916 if you don't want this rate you can the old rate of \$12.00 in advance or \$15.00 per year. We are trying to give the people better service have installed a new switch board and are going to put up cable and are fixing up lines. Thanking one and all for their business.

Respectfully
Junction Telephone Co.,
T. B. Reynolds Man'g.

STRICTLY CASH.

The public will please take notice that all fares on my car line are strictly cash—and no stutering. Appreciate your business, but can absolutely make no credit to anyone. Rate to Menard \$3 one way, \$5 round trip.
J. R. Pettitt.

The ladies of the Junction Cemetery Aid Society wishes to notify the public that on account of gates being left open, and stock of all kinds getting in, the sex kon was forced to lock the big gate. Entrance may be gained through the smaller one. Please fasten carefully. Also Commissioner's Court has authorized us to say they have set aside Mexican burial grounds on the ten acres purchased from E. Holkamp.

Collect 'n Their Christmas Din

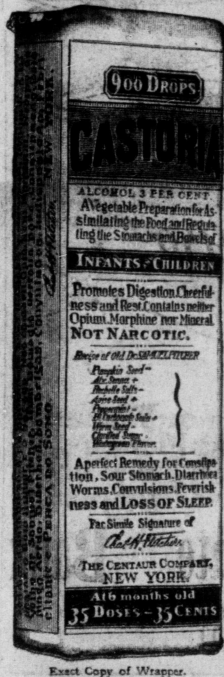


"Sh! Let's See What She'll Do!"

It is Time to Consider Monuments

and before you buy we want you to consider the monuments we sell. A little time spent in investigation now will save you many dollars when pay day comes. Let us bring our designs and figure with you. Why send your order away from home when we can please you better for less money?

C. M. NICHOLS.



CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria

Always Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. H. H. H.
In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

HUSBAND RESCUED DESPAIRING WIFE

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

I had gotten so weak I could not stand, and I gave up in despair. At last, my husband got me a bottle of Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I commenced taking it. From the very first dose, I could tell it was helping me. I can now walk two miles without tiring me, and am doing all my work."

If you are all run down from womanly troubles, don't give up in despair. Try Cardui, the woman's tonic. It has helped more than a million women, in its 50 years of continuous success, and should surely help you, too. Your druggist has sold Cardui for years. He knows what it will do. Ask him. He will recommend it. Begin taking Cardui today.

Catron, Ky.—In an interesting letter from this place, Mrs. Bettie Bullock writes as follows: "I suffered for four years, with womanly troubles, and during this time, I could only sit up for a little while, and could not walk anywhere at all. At times, I would have severe pains in my left side.

The doctor was called in, and his treatment relieved me for a while, but it was