

KIMBLE COUNTY CITIZEN.

OF AND FOR KIMBLE COUNTY.

VOL. 7. NO. 35.

JUNCTION, TEXAS, FRIDAY, AUGUST 11, 1911.

C. M. NICHOLS, Pub.

John M. Hankins' Drug Store HAS IT

Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Fruits, Confections, Fishing Tackle, Post Cards, Books, Stationery, Magazines, School Supplies
PRESCRIPTIONS MY SPECIALTY
FINE PERFUMES TOILET REQUISITES
JUNCTION, TEXAS

CITY BARBER SHOP

BURT O. KAGLAND, Proprietors

Up-to-Date Hair Cutting and Shaving
Done with Neatness

Hot and Cold Baths Your Patronage Solicited

Don't Use a Scarecrow



To Drive Away the
Mail Order Wolf

You can drive him out quickly if you use the mail order houses' own weapon—advertising. Mail order concerns are spending thousands of dollars every week in order to get trade from the home merchants. Do you think for a minute they would keep it up if they didn't get the business? Don't take it for granted that every one within a radius of 25 miles knows what you have to sell, and what your prices are. Nine times out of ten your prices are lower, but the customer is influenced by the up-to-date advertising of the mail order house. Every article you advertise should be described and priced. You must tell your story in an interesting way, and when you want to reach the buyers of this community use the columns of this paper.



Let Us Be Your Waiter

We never tire of helping others when they ask for good job printing. We can tickle the most exacting typographic appetite. People who have partaken of our excellent service come back for a second serving. Our prices are the most reasonable, too, and you can always depend on us giving your orders the most prompt and careful attention. Call at this office and look over our samples.

MAKE YOUR APPEAL

to the public through the columns of this paper. With every issue it carries its message into the homes and lives of the people. Your competitor has his store news in this issue. Why don't you have yours? Don't blame the people for flocking to his store. They know what he has.

The Buyers' Guide

The firms whose names are represented in our advertising columns are worthy of the confidence of every person in the community who has money to spend. The fact that they advertise stamps them as enterprising, progressive men of business, a credit to our town, and deserving of support. Our advertising columns comprise a Buyers' Guide to fair dealing, good goods, honest prices.

YOUR DOLLAR

Will come back to you if you spend it at home. It is gone forever if you send it to the Mail-Order House. A glance through our advertising columns will give you an idea where it will buy the most.

STORE NEWS

That is what your advertising is for. It tells the public, and brings to you that increase of business you are looking for if you give us your store news to print.

J. F. Reid,

Lawyer and
Land Agent.

NOTARY PUBLIC

Your Business Solicited.

Office at Courthouse.

Junction, - - Texas

Your Printing

It should be a fit representative of your business, which means the high grade, artistic kind. That's the kind we do.

AN EXCELLENT ASSORTMENT
OF TYPE, GOOD PRESSES AND
TYPOGRAPHICAL ARTISTS

These represent our facilities for doing the kind of printing that will please you.

WE PRINT

SALE BILLS

AND PRINT THEM RIGHT

THINK ABOUT IT

About what the Home Paper means to you and yours. It means all the interesting news of the community, of your neighbors and friends, of the churches and schools, of everything in which you are directly interested. Don't you think the Home Paper is a good thing to have?



A CLASSIC NOTE.

"Archimedes," read the pupil, "leaped from his bath, shouting: 'Eureka! Eureka!'"
"One moment, James," the teacher says. "What is the meaning of 'Eureka?'"
"Eureka means 'I have found it!'"
"Very well. What has Archimedes found?"
James hesitates a moment, then ventures hopefully:
"The soap, mum."—Christian Intelligencer.

Not a Statue.

Father and son were walking the streets and passed a large park in which were many statues. One of them—the largest of all—was a woman. "Father, what is that?" asked the son, pointing to this particular one, which was inscribed "Woman." "That is not a statue, my son," answered the father. "It is but a figure of speech."—Life.

GAVE HIMSELF AWAY.



Miss Blyburn—Am I the first one you ever loved?
Lord Gettethocoyne—Yes; you're the first girl I ever knew who had all her money in her own name.

No Temptation.
"I don't indulge in games of chance," said William Finn.
"The reason why we'll now advance—He couldn't win."

Dark Outlook.
"I see a North Dakota man has patented a hammer with a loop of metal under the face of the head in which a nail can be held for starting it into place without danger of smashing the user's fingers," said the joke writer's wife.
"The first thing you know," said the joke writer, with a long face, "they'll leave nothing for us fellows to write about."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Glad Relief.
"Thank heaven, those bills are got rid of," said Bilkins, fervently, as he tore up a bundle of statements of account, dated October 1.
"All paid, eh?" said Mrs. Bilkins.
"Oh, no," said Bilkins. "The duplicates dated November 1 have come in, and I didn't have to keep them any longer."—Harper's Weekly.

Hubby's Experience.
Hubby—Is a man steady—no matter what it is—he will live to regret it.
Wife—During our courtship you used to steal kisses from me.
Hubby—Well, you heard what I said.—Smart Set.

Able Assistant.
"That's a fearfully profane parrot you have."
"Yes," replied the canalboat man, "but I've got to have some help in driving these mules."

Widely Separated.
Mrs. Highupp—The Judge decreed that they should be separated, never to see each other again.
Mrs. Blase—Are they?
Mrs. Highupp—Yes. They are living next door to each other in a New York apartment house now.—Puck.

Consoling.
"He always comes back from a funeral looking refreshed."
"Why so, do you suppose?"
"He probably compares himself with the deceased, who can't come back."

Waiting for It.
"Is that volume of your poems printed yet?"
"No, not yet."
"I wish there was some way of hurrying it up."
"Anxious to see it, eh?"
"Man, I'm nearly dead from insomnia!"

Noncommittal.
"So you've got into the bee-raising business. How are you getting along?"
"I was stung."

THE LAZY MAN.

He tried so hard to stay awake—His efforts were in vain; A little nap he still would take And soon would doze again.
His yawns enormous were to see, His languor was intense, That poor chap lacked the energy To sit upon a fence.
His balance there he could not keep, Without some effort made, So stretched him where the grass was deep And slumbered in the shade.

They Didn't See.

A trio of professional story tellers was off in a corner of the club, spinning yarns. Brown had just told a most unbelievable story, and the other two glanced at each other questioningly.
"Well, I assure you, gentlemen," said Brown, "if I hadn't seen it myself I shouldn't have believed it."
"Has—m—well," said one of the two doubtful ones, "you must remember, old man, that we didn't see it."—Lippincott's Magazine.

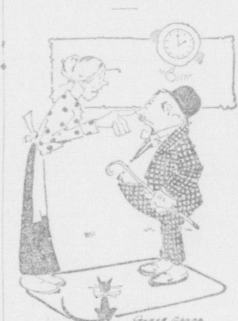
For instance.

"Every person should cultivate a spirit of optimism by hoping that things will soon take a turn for the better."
"No doubt. Still, there are times when a turn for the better seems impossible."
"What do you mean?"
"When a son of Italy is turning a wheezy hand-organ, every turn he makes seems to be a turn for the worse."
Too Deep for Him.
Tommy (looking at the gas meter)—Paw, how does this thing tell how much gas you have to pay for every month?
Mr. Tucker—Tommy, that is a great, inscrutable mystery. It is one of the things we have to accept on faith.

An Explanation.

"Gladya Maude seems to be greatly wrought up over the insurrection in Mexico."
"Yes. You see, a friend once sent her several souvenir postcards from the City of Mexico and that gives her a lively personal interest in what is going on down there."

JUST SUITED HIM.



Mrs. Stayhome—If you stay out another night until 12 o'clock, I'm going to leave you.
Mr. Stayhome—I wish you'd put that on paper.

Old Joke, New Twist.
Mrs. Hossey—Henry, when I hung up my harem skirt last night there was exactly \$2.89 in the right-hand pocket, and now I can find only \$1.85. What do you know about that?—Puck

Should Be a Limit.
"I saw Peckham today," remarked Nagget, "and he was very drunk."
"Well, there's some excuse for 'em," remarked Mrs. Nagget. "He lost his wife last week."
"No, but a man should be able to celebrate without making a hog of himself."—Catholic Standard and Times

His Experience.
"Is it cheap to advertise?"
"I think so. I know it's dull if you don't."

Could Have Either.
The Bonder—I say, old man, wish you'd make a point of being in this evening. I—ah, want to see you about marryin' one of your gals.
The Major—With pleasure. Which do you want—the cook or the house maid—what?

A Gift.

"I regard conversation as a 'gift,' remarked the studious woman.
"It usually is," replied Miss Cayenne. "If people had to pay for it there would be much less of it."

M. E. BLACKBURN Lawyer

Will Practice in All State and Federal Courts
Abstracts of Titles of Kimble County.

ABSTRACTS OF TITLES OF KIMBLE COUNTY

W. KEVAN, Junction, Texas

JUNCTION-KERRVILLE

MAIL, PASSENGER AND EXPRESS

W. T. PETMECKY, Proprietor
ON ROAD EVERY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY
Leaves Junction and Kerrville simultaneously at 6:00 A. M.
Make connection in Kerrville with 5'clock train.

PASSENGER RATES
One Way \$4.00
Round Trip \$7.00

EXPRESS RATES
25 pounds and over One Cent per Pound
Under 25 pounds 25 Cents per Package
Passengers Now Carried Through the Same Day

WE WANT YOUR ORDERS AND WILL TREAT YOU RIGHT

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
Office at Junction State Bank Building.

H. REMSCHEL

Dealer In

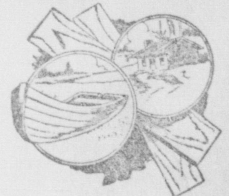
SASH, DOORS BLINDS LUMBER MIXED PAINT CEMENT

YARD NEAR DEPOT

Kerrville - - Texas

For Land and Water Used

We supply the best and most reliable Lumber. If you want to build a boat, we will provide the lumber, staunch and strong ready to stand the water test. If you want to build a home, we will supply you with the proper Timber in any lengths or sizes—all well-seasoned Lumber that is free from imperfections, and will not shrink or warp in the sun. And the prices will stand "all criticism."



McMURRY LUMBER CO.

L. E. ALLEN, Manager

FOR GOOD LUMBER ORDER FROM MISSION LUMBER CO., MENARD, TEXAS.

HALF MILLION TRUST COMPANY

HON. MONTA J. MOORE HEAD OF BIG FINANCIAL ORGANIZATION.

LOGATES IN HOUSTON

Success So Pronounced That It Was Decided to Make the Capital \$1,000,000 Instead of \$500,000 as First Intended.

(The Houston Post.)

Since the announcement of the organization of the American Trust Company the new concern has attracted a great deal of attention in financial circles. The officers of the company took possession of their new home on the first, where they will be found to transact the business with the subscribers of the company and to see their patrons. The home of this new institution is the place formerly occupied by the Tinker Bank and Trust Company and is one of the most convenient and valuable locations for a financial institution in the city.

This place was fitted up by the American National Bank and the fixtures are not excelled by the fixtures of any similar institution probably in the State. The new company is an addition to the financial institutions of the city of great value and will be given a generous welcome by our people. The board consists of some of the very strongest men financially in this State and their names give assurance that the institution will be wisely, safely and conservatively managed. The field for the new trust company is an inviting one and it comes into existence under happy and auspicious circumstances. It is a matter of interest to the public to know something of the principal officers of the company, the president, secretary and treasurer.

President a Strong Man.
Monta J. Moore, formerly of Cameron, is president. It is scarcely necessary to mention who he is because he is one of the best known men of the State and his special character and great ability is thoroughly recognized. Until he became a citizen of Houston he was engaged in his home city and generally throughout Central Texas in the general practice of law and is known to the bar and public generally as one of Texas' prominent lawyers and ablest advocates. In the courts in which he practiced, and with the bar, he established for himself an especial reputation as a wise and able counselor in business affairs. His manner and success in organizing the American Trust Company has made for him an enviable place in the financial circles. Indeed, it is at once plain along the side of men who do things. So quietly and tactfully did he plan and organize the company that few men knew what was taking place until the practical organization of the company was announced to the public. From the time the enterprise was undertaken until the directors met last Thursday, a period of just three months and one day, Mr. Moore secured a subscription to the stock of the company amounting to \$100,000. The readiness with which his friends entered into the enterprise is held a tribute to Mr. Moore of which he may well be proud.

Increased Stock to \$1,000,000.
When the directors met last Thursday they were so elated over the success of the enterprise that they unanimously resolved to increase the stock of the company to \$1,000,000 and they authorized the directors to at once after organization place the additional \$500,000 stock upon the market at a price of not less than \$125 per share. Mr. Moore's success was interpreted by the directors as a clear and unmistakable demand upon the part of the public for such an institution and with one accord they declared that Mr. Moore had fixed for himself in the financial circles of Texas an enviable place and that he had demonstrated the fact that he was capable of handling undertakings of almost any size.

N. B. Slick, the treasurer of the company, is an old Texas. His first experience in the banking business was in the city of Galveston as cashier of the Texas Bank and Insurance Company, which is now the Galveston National Bank. Afterwards he organized the American National Bank of Waco and was its cashier. In 1890 he organized and was president of the Southern National Bank in New Orleans, which is today the Illinois Bank and Trust Company. Afterward he organized the Standard National Bank at Pine Bluff, Ark., and held with it the position of cashier until 1905, when he organized the Citizens National Bank of Hot Springs, Ark., and filled the position with that institution of cashier. He was president of the Texas Bankers Association in 1887, and was first vice president of the Arkansas Bankers Association when he left that State, and is well known to the Texas and Arkansas bankers. Last year his old love for Texas reasserted itself and he removed from Arkansas to the city of Houston. He is one of the best known bank men in the State and is universally regarded as a veritable "watch dog" of the treasury of any institution to which he is attached.

Impressed With Houston's Future.
A. R. Sheffer has been a citizen of Houston only a few months, having

moved from New York to this place on account of the health of a member of his family. He really came to Texas to avoid the severe winters of the North, but after having been in Houston a short time he determined that this city has a great future and concluded to invest his money and cast his lot with us. An educated lawyer, he, however, has spent most of his life in financial circles. He has had nearly twenty years of experience in the bond and stock business in New York and Boston, having conducted his own houses in both of those cities. This particular line has given him large experience in handling such securities as timber bonds, railroad and municipal bonds, debentures and other securities specially desired by the Eastern markets, and his connection with the American Trust Company will doubtless prove of great value to that institution and a great convenience to our people.

Strong Board.
The directorate of the trust company will be John H. Kirby, president Kirby Lumber Company; R. C. Duff, vice president Orange Lumber Company; Dr. W. M. Brumby, medical director Equitable Life Insurance Company of San Antonio and formerly state health officer; R. B. Creager, United States collector of customs, Brownsville, Texas; J. D. Heffley, formerly president of the Jeffrey Hardware Company of Cameron, Texas; J. C. Tanberg, banker, Eau Claire, Wis.; E. G. Noble, general claim agent Texas and New Orleans Railway Company; L. P. Atmar, president First National Bank, Groveton, Texas; Monta J. Moore, attorney, Houston; Dr. E. W. Brown, of the Litcher-Moore Lumber Company, and Mr. P. Geiselman, director Houston National Exchange Bank.

The president and secretary will be in the new offices of the company where the subscribers to the stock of the company and the patrons may find them during the regular business hours.

Within only a short time the entire half million capital stock of the company will be subscribed and stock allotments will be made according to date the subscriptions are received at this office. Subscriptions will be accepted until enough stock has been paid in to cover the \$500,000 capital. The original stock issue may be had at \$100 per share, the second issue at not less than \$125.00 per share.

Thoughtful Child.
A little boy whose grandmother had just died wrote the following letter, which he duly posted: "Dear Angels—We have seen your grandma. Please give her a kiss for me, as she is short-winded and cannot blow a trumpet."—Vanity Fair.

Qualities That Command Success.
Vigilance in watching opportunity; tact and daring in seizing upon opportunity; force and persistence in crowding opportunity to its utmost of possible advantage—these are the essential virtues which most command success.—Fleiss.

Success.
Teacher—"You do not intend to make a profession of your study of music?" Pupil—"Dear me, no! I only want to learn to play to kill time."—Baltimore American.

Fish-Eating Germany.
The fishermen of the German Nation to eat all kinds of fish in all kinds of forms is supported by a lively propaganda on the part of our fishery interests, rapidly and steadily increasing.—Tagliche Rundschau.

It Wasn't a Plot.
"What do you think of the plot?" asked the theater manager. "That isn't a plot," replied the man who had paid two dollars to see the show. "That's a conspiracy."—Washington Star.

Real Possess of It.
"These banks of gardens of Babylon are said to have been 300 feet in the air." "Why did the king put them so high?" "Perhaps the neighboring kings kept chickens."—

Inevitably.
If a woman could by wishing make sure of going to heaven or being free from wrinkles she would decide to try to get to heaven some other way.

First Weighed.
The Marketeer—Aren't you wanting a good deal of that steak in trimming it? The Butcher—No, ma'am. I weighed it first.—Toledo Blade.

Man's Actual Necessities.
Ten cents a day is the amount actually required for food to sustain a human. The remainder of the money is spent for favoring.

Modern Ethics.
Do not kick a man when he is down. Turn him over and feel in the loose pocket.—Galveston News.

Of Course.
When our friends tell us we are too sensible to be flattered we know they are sincere.—Smart Net.

Some Consolation.
He who has little wealth has little cares.

John Henry Gets Excited

By GEORGE V. HOBART

One Sunday, I determined to forget all my troubles and take Peaches out buggy riding.

When I suggested the buggy ride to Peaches she was delighted, and I conveyed for the Ruridians livery stable to get staked to a horse.

"The livery man at Ruridians is named Henlopen Difenbangle, and he looks the part."

I judged from the excited manner in which he grabbed my deposit money that morning that he had a note falling due next day.

Then Henlopen shut his eyes, counted six, turned around twice, multiplied the day of the week by 19, subtracted 17, and the answer was a cream-colored horse with four pink feet and a frightened face, which looked at me sadly, sighed deeply and then backed up into the shafts of a buggy with red wheels and white sulphur springs.

The livery man said that the name of the horse was Parsifal, because it seemed to get better in German.

I drove Parsifal up to our modest home, and all the way there we ran neck and neck with a coal cart.

When I reached the gate I whistled for Peaches, because I was afraid to get out and leave Parsifal alone. He might go to sleep and fall down.

My wife came out, looked at the rig, and then went back in the house and bade everybody an affecting farewell.

We started off and we were racing along the road, passing a fence and overtaking a telegraph pole every once in a while, when suddenly we heard behind us a very insistent chuff-chuff-chuff.

"It's one of those Careless Wags," I whispered to Peaches, and then we both looked at Parsifal to see if there was a mental struggle going on in his forehead, but he was rushing onward with his head down, watching his feet to make sure they didn't slip on each other.

Chuff-chuff-chuff came the Torpedo Destroyer behind us, and I wrapped the reins around my wrist. In case Parsifal should get uneasy and want to print horseshoes all over that automobile.

The next minute the machine passed us, going at the rate of 14 car stables an hour, and as it did so Parsifal stopped still and seemed to be tilting his lips with suppressed emotion.

I looked him to proceed in English, in Spanish and Italian, and then in a pale blue language of my own, but he just stood there and bit his lips.

Then I took the reins, cracked the whip, checked a couple of business men the Japanese national anthem, and away we rushed like the wind—when it isn't blowing hard.

The horse flew by and we must have gone at least half a mile, when cooler Keweenaw Wagon came bounding towards us from the opposite direction.

In it was a happy party of ladies and gentlemen, who were laughing and chatting about some people they had just run over.

We were now over two miles from home, and suddenly we came across a big red Bubble which stood in front of a road-house, sneezing inwardly and sobbing with all its corrugated heart.

Parsifal saw the machine before we did.

We knew there must be an automobile somewhere near, because he stopped still and quietly passed away.

I jumped out and tried to lead him by the Coroner's Delight, but he planted his four feet in the middle of the road and refused to be coaxed.

I took that horse by the ear and whispered therein just what I thought about him, and he wouldn't talk back.

I told him my wife's honor was at stake, and he looked my wife over and his lips curled with an expression which seemed to say, "Impossible."

It was all of with us.

I rushed to the telephone and called up the liveryman, but before I could think of a word strong enough to fit the occasion he whispered over the wire: "I know your voice, Mr. Henry. I suppose Parsifal is waiting for you outside."

"My wife!" I could hear the liveryman saying. "Parsifal's hesitation must be the result of the epidemic of automobiles which is now raging over our country roads. The automobile has a strange effect on Parsifal. It seems to cover him with a pause and give him inflammation of the speed."

I thought of poor Peaches sitting out there in that blushing buggy, aching at a dreaming horse, while in front of her a Red Devil wagon complained intensely and shook his totemus at her, and once more I jotted that liveryman with a few verbal twisters.

"Don't get excited," he whispered back over the phone. "Parsifal is a new idea in horses. Whenever he meets an automobile he goes to sleep and tries to forget it. Isn't that better than running away and dragging you to a hospital? There must be something about an automobile that affects Parsifal's heart. I think it is the gasoline. The odor from the gasoline seems to paralyze his mind to the region of his memory and he forgets to move. Parsifal is a fine horse, but with a most lovable disposition, but when the air becomes charged with gasoline he forgets his duty and falls asleep at the wheel."

Parsifal only be a new idea in horses, but the next time I go buggy riding it will be in a street car.

When we reached home that afternoon I found a note from Lurch which cheered me up wonderfully.

The note read as follows: "Dear Mr. Henry, we had the machine fixed. It was all her fault. An engine that was broken down and was around all night with one horse-heel even to let the Major see his stockings for a mechanic."

Selfish watchman.

The next morning Uncle Peter's cold was much worse, but the little girls had cured his appetite. Not long ago about nine o'clock my friend Dave Terrence came in, and after I had finished had baked for him a couple of times Dave decided that the trouble was information of the lungs and he suggested that Uncle Peter should be a rubber band around his chest and rub his shoulder blades with essence.

Uncle Peter told his friend that he had no desire to become a human automobile, so Dave got out and kicked the piano on the stove and went home.

acute indigestion, nervous prostration, delirium tremens and a spavin on his off fetlock.

All this was caused by a rush of home-made medicine to his brain. Aunt Martha is a great believer in the simple life, so when Uncle Peter acquired a simple cold she got a simple move on and poured enough simple medicines into him to float a simple tug.

Every friend she had in the world suggested a different remedy, and she tried them all on Uncle Peter.

The cold got frightened and left on the second day, but a woman who was loyal to her friends, so Aunt Martha kept on spraying Uncle Peter's system with dandelion tea and tried peppermint until every microbe heard about him and dropped in to pay him a long visit.

The first thing Aunt Martha wanted to do was to rub Uncle Peter's chest with goose grease.

"Goose grease is such a noisy companion," Uncle Peter remonstrated. "Goose grease may be loud, but it is never vulgar," said Aunt Martha, and she went after it.

In about ten minutes she came back with the painful news that the only thing in the neighborhood which looked like a goose was a quill tooth-pick, and that was ungraceful.

"But, my dear," Aunt Martha whispered, "I have something just as good. I found this box of axle grease in the barn."

Uncle Peter shuddered and said nothing.

"My idea is to rub it on your chest and call it goose grease, because the moral effect will be the same," Aunt Martha told him.

Then that loving wife rubbed so much axle grease into Uncle Peter that for hours afterwards he thought he had a pair of shafts on him, and every time he saw a horse he felt like making fifty revolutions a minute.

Then Aunt Martha said to him: "Now, Peter, we could cure that cold in five minutes if we saw get a wooden stocking to the around your throat."

After a little she found out that the

Helopen Difenbangle, and his Love the Part.

she wrote stockings in our village was used by the great watchman.

The great watchman said that the little girls were so excited that they had twisted it up and down and around all night with one horse-heel even to let the Major see his stockings for a mechanic.

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A WOMAN AT CARDS DEFEATS BURGLAR

SAVES HER HOUSE FROM ROBBERY BY WINNING THREE GAMES OF "SEVEN UP."

SHE FAINTS AFTER HE GOES

Helena, Mont.—The remarkable ability of Mrs. Charles V. Holmes of this city to play "seven up" the other night prevented the robbery of her residence by a bold burglar and Knight's heart.

Mrs. Holmes was awakened shortly after midnight, while alone in the house, her husband being absent from the city, and went to the door in answer to the door bell, presumably to greet her returning spouse.

Instead she faced the blue barrel of a big revolver and was sternly told to throw up her hands and keep her mouth shut, both of which she did. The robber entered the reception room as the woman backed in and closed and unlocked the door behind him.

Then, keeping his unswerving hostess well under cover, he calmly removed his coat and got out a bag with which he intended to carry off the plunder.

At this juncture Mrs. Holmes, who was in her night dress and half dead with fright, regained her self-possession and in a voice which had but few notes of warning in it asked her "robber" if he would not like a "bit of something" as an "eye opener" before beginning the ransacking of the house.

The robber, accepting the invitation, sat down at the dining room table, where he took up a card from a drawer of his pocket. Mrs. Holmes then begged him not to rob her of her silverware.

The robber, who was in his night dress and half dead with fright, regained her self-possession and in a voice which had but few notes of warning in it asked her "robber" if he would not like a "bit of something" as an "eye opener" before beginning the ransacking of the house.

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I Tried to Lead Him by the Coroner's Delight, but He Planted His Four Feet in the Middle of the Road and Refused to Be Coaxed.



Helopen Difenbangle, and his Love the Part.



Woman Defeats Burglar at Cards.

NEEDLE APPEARS AT ANKLE

An Indiana Woman Says It Is One She Swallowed Eighteen Years Ago.

Louisville, Ind.—While Mrs. Peter Whalen was pulling off her stocking her hand was pricked and she found the point of a needle protruding from her ankle.

Mrs. Whalen says that 18 years ago she became excited while holding a needle in her mouth and that when the excitement was over she could not find the needle. During recent years she has had pains in her left leg which she thought were from rheumatism. She now believes these pains were from the needle which it worked its way down to her ankle.

The DICKENS

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

SYNOPSIS.

David Amber, starting for a duck-shooting party with his friend, Quain, comes upon a young lady who has been dismounted by her horse becoming frightened at the sudden appearance in the road of a burly Hindu. He declares he is Richard Lal Chatterjee, the appointed mouthpiece of the bell, addresses Amber and Quain, and disappears in a twinkling. The girl's name is Sophie Farrel, daughter of the British diplomatic service in India and visiting the Quain home in England and the Quain home and Amber and Quain go hunting on an island and become lost. Amber is left marooned. He wanders about, finally reaches a cabin and recognizes as its occupant an old friend named Rutton, whom he last met in London and who appears to be in hiding. When Miss Farrel is mentioned, Amber is strangely excited. Chatterjee appears and summons Rutton to a meeting of a mysterious body. Rutton seizes a revolver and Amber and Sophie escape. He returns wildly excited, says he has killed the Hindu, takes poison, and when dying asks Amber to take Sophie on a mysterious errand. Amber decides to leave at once for India. He writes a note to Sophie, a letter to Mr. Labertouche, a scientific friend in Calcutta, and a quicker note to Amber. Upon arriving he finds a note awaiting him. It directs Amber to meet his friend at a certain place.

CHAPTER VIII. (Continued.)

"Who?" Her glance was penetrating. "Oh, he's yours for you." She nodded, lifting a shrill voice. "Gerge, O Gerge! 'Ere's that Yankee." With a bare red elbow she indicated the further end of the room. "You'll find 'im down there," she said, her look not unkindly.

Amber thanked her quietly, and, extracting himself from the press around the bar, made his way in the direction indicated. A couple of billiard tables with a small mob of on-lookers hindered him, but by main strength and diplomacy he wormed his way past and reached the rear of the room. There were fewer loaves here and he had little hesitation about selecting from an attendant circle of waiters the genuine of the dinner. Honest George himself, a fat and burly ruffian who filled to overflowing the inadequate accommodation of an arm-chair. Sitting thus enthroned in his shirt-sleeves, his greasy and unshaven red face radiating a sort of low good-humor that was belied by the cold cunning of his little eyes, he fulfilled admirably the requirements of the role he played self-assert.

"Is 'ee you?" he asked Amber. "You're a 'ell of a jobber, ain't you? Mister Ambercum, 'ee's been 'ytn' for you 'is 'ere home. 'Know the 'y 'upstair'?"

His tone was volubrious enough to fix upon Amber the attention of the knot of loafers round the arm-chair. Amber felt himself under the particular regard of a dozen pair of eyes, all of low good-humor that was belied by the cold cunning of his little eyes, he fulfilled admirably the requirements of the role he played self-assert.

"No," said Amber, and Honest George led the way out into a small, flagged well between towering black walls and left him at the threshold of a second doorway. "Two flights up, the door at the top," he said; "knock twice and then twice." And without waiting for an answer he lurched heavily back to his own establishment.

Amber watched his broad back fill the dimly lighted doorway opposite and disappear of two minds whether or not to turn tail and run. Suspicion enough in the beginning, the affair had now an expanding evil smell—a repulsive fragrance—as was the actual effluvia of the premises.

With a shrug, at length, he took his courage in his hands—and his life, too, for all he knew to the contrary—and moved on into the blackness, groping his way cautiously down a short corridor, his fingers on either side brushing walls of rotten plaster. He had absolutely nothing to guide him beyond the grim's terse instructions. Underfoot the flooring seemed to sag and creak, it creaked hollowly. At length he stumbled against an obstruction, halted, and lighted a match.

The instant flame showed him a flight of stairs, leading up to darkness. With a drumming heart he began to ascend, counting 21 steps ere his feet failed to find another. Then groping again, one hand encountered a balustrade, with this for guide he turned and followed it until it began to slant upwards. This time he counted 18 steps, before his eyes, rising

above the level of the upper floor, discovered to him this line of light, bright along the threshold of a door. He began to breathe more freely, yet apprehension kept him strung up to a high tension of nerves.

He knocked the door loudly—one double knock followed by another. From within a voice called cheerfully, in English, "Come in." He fumbled for the knob, found and turned it, and entered a small, low-ceiled chamber, very cozy with lamp-light, and simply furnished with a single chair, a chapeau, a waterjug, a large mirror, and beneath the latter a dressing-table littered with a collection of toilet gear, cosmetics and bottles, which would have done credit to an actress.

There was but a single person in the room and he occupied the chair before the dressing table. As Amber came in he rose, a middle-aged man in a suit of pink tulle, very dirty. In one hand something caught the light, glittering.

"Oh, Mister Amber, I believe?" he gurgled, oily and affable. "Believe me, most charmed to make acquaintance." And he laughed agreeably.

But Amber's face had darkened. With an oath he sprang back, threw his weight against the door, and with his left hand shot the bolt, while his right whipped from his pocket Rutton's automatic pistol.

"Drop that gun, you monkey!" he cried, shrilly. "I was afraid of this, but I think you and I'll have an accounting before any one else gets in here."

CHAPTER IX.

Pink satin. Shaking with rage, Amber stood for a long moment with pistol poised and eyes wary; then, bewildered, he slowly lowered the weapon. "Well," he observed, "I'm damned. 'Tis a pity. For the glittering thing he had mistaken for a revolver lay at his feet; and it was nothing more nor less than a shoehorn. While as for the babu, he had dropped back into the chair and given way to a ruse but resented the farcicalness of gentry about laughter.

"'Tis a 'ell," said Amber; "and if I'm not mistaken, you're Labertouche."

With a struggle the babu overcame his emotion. "I am, my dear fellow, I am," he gasped. "And I owe you an apology. Upon my word, I'd forgotten; one grows so accustomed to living the parts in these masquerades, after a time, that one forgets. Forgive me." He offered a hand which Amber grasped warmly in a thankful relief. "I'm really delighted to meet you," continued Labertouche, cordially. "Any man who knows India can't help being glad to meet the author of 'The Peoples of the Hindu Kush'."

"You did frighten me," Amber confessed, smiling. "I didn't know what to expect—or suspect. Certainly,"—with a glance round the inconspicuously furnished room—"I never looked forward to anything like this—or you, in that get-up."

"You wouldn't, you know," Labertouche admitted, gravely. "I might have warned you in my note, but that was a risky thing, at best. I feared to go into detail—it might have fallen into the wrong hands."

"Whose?" demanded Amber.

"That, my dear man, is what we're here to find out—if we can. Just all down, we shall have to have quite a bit of talk." He scratched a piece of gaily-colored native garments of one end of the chapeau and motioned Amber to the chair. At the same time he fished a clear case out of some recess and handed it to Amber. "These are good," he remarked, opening the case and offering it to Amber; "I don't smoke anything half so good when at work. The native tobacco is admirable, you know—quite three-fourths first."

"At work?" questioned Amber, clipping the end of his cigar and lighting it. "You don't mean to say you travel round in those clothes?"

"But I do. It's business with me—though few people know it. Quain didn't, only I had a chance, one day, to tell him some rather startling facts about native life. This sort of thing, done properly, gives a man insight into a lot of unusual things."

Labertouche pushed his cigar into a glow and leaned back, clasping one knee with two brown hands and reclining up at the low, discolored ceiling. And Amber, looking him over, was amazed by the absolute fidelity of his makeup; the brownish stain on face and hands, the bright patent leather boots, the open work coat, the shirt which his fingers were showing, which his shapely, baggy, soiled garments—all were hopelessly unobtrusive.

"And if I don't know properly?"

"Oh, then—" Labertouche laughed, hitting his shoulder expressively. "No Englishman incapable of being up to a disguise has ever tried it more than once in India; very few, have lived to tell of the experiment."

"You're connected with the police?" Amber's brows contracted as a re-

membered Rutton's emphatic prohibition.

But Quain had not failed to mention that. "Officially, no," said Labertouche readily. "Now and again, of course, I run across a bit of valuable information; and then, somehow, indirectly, the police get wind of it. But this going fancy in an amateur way is simply my hobby; I've been at it for years—and very successfully, too. Of course, it'll have its end. One's bound to slip up eventually. You can train yourself to live the life of the native, but you can't train your mind to think as he thinks. That's how the mistakes happen. Some day . . ." He sighed, not in the least unhappily. . . . "Some day I'll dodge into this hole, or another that I know of, put on somebody else's rags—say, these I'm wearing—and inconspicuously become a mysterious disappearance. That's how it'll be with all of us who go in for this sort of thing. But it's like opium, you know; you try it the first time for the lack of it; the end is tragedy."

Amber drew a long breath, his eyes glistening with wonder and admiration of the man. "You don't mean to tell me you run such risks for the pure love of it?"

"Well . . . perhaps not altogether. But we needn't go into details, need we?" Labertouche's smile rebuked the rebuke of its sting. "The opium simile is a very good one, though I say it who shouldn't. One acquires a taste for the forbidden, and one tries a little room like this from an unprincipled blackguard like Honest George, and insensibly one goes deeper and deeper until one gets beyond one's depth. That is all. It explains me sufficiently. And," he chuckled, "you'd never have known it if your case hadn't been exceptional."

"It is, I think," Amber's expression became anxious. "I want to know what you think of it—now Quain's told you. And, I say, what did you mean by 'news of the East'?"

"News of the Farrel's—father and daughter, of course," Labertouche's eyes twinkled.

"But how in the name of all that's strange—?"

"I don't connect Rutton with the Farrel's!" At first by simple inference. You were charged with a secret errand, demanding the utmost haste, by Rutton; your first thought was to

leak out about native unrest in India."

"Surely you don't mean—?"

"I assuredly do mean that the Second Maitry intends," declared Labertouche solemnly. "Such, at least, is my belief, and such is the belief of every thinking man in India who is at all informed. The entire country is undermined with conspiracy and sedition, day after day a vast, silent, underground movement goes on, fermenting rebellion against the English rule. The worst of it is, there's no stopping it, no way of scotching the serpent. His heels are myriad, seemingly, and yet—I don't know since yesterday, I have hoped that through you we might eventually strike to the heart of the movement."

"Through me?" cried Amber, startled.

Labertouche smiled. "Just so. The information you have already brought us is invaluable. Have you thought of the significance of Chatterjee's Message of the Bell?"

"Even now," Amber quoted mechanically. "The Gateway of Swords ravens wide, that he who is without fear may pass within; to the end that the Body be purged of the Scarlet Evil." He shook his head mystified.

"No, I don't understand."

"It's as simple," urged Labertouche, "as the Gateway of Swords. I don't place that yet. But the 'Body'—plainly that is India; the 'Scarlet Evil'—could anything more fittingly describe English rule from the native point of view?"

Amber felt of his head solitarily.

"And yet," he averred plaintively, "it doesn't feel like wood."

enthroned, and for a little time ruled Chandwar. It was then that I knew him. He was continually dissatisfied, however, and after a year or two disappeared. It was rumored that he'd struck a bargain with his prime minister, one Saig Singh. At all events Saig Singh contrived to usurp the throne, government offering no objection. Rutton turned up eventually in Russia and married a woman there who died in childbirth—twenty years ago, perhaps. The child did not survive its mother . . ."

Labertouche paused deliberately, his glance searching Amber's face. "So the report ran, at least," he concluded, quietly.

"How do you know all this?" Amber countered, evasively.

"Government watches his wards very tenderly," said Labertouche, with a grin. "Besides, India's a great place for gossip. . . . And then," he pursued tenaciously, "I remembered something else. I recalled that Rutton had one very close friend, an Englishman named Farrel—"

"For the girl's sake," said Amber, twisting his hands together.

"For her sake, I pledge my word," said Amber.

"I'm not," confessed Labertouche; "but I am a member of the Indian secret service—not officially connected with the police, observe—and I know a deal that you don't. I think, in short, I can place my finger on the reason why Rutton was so concerned to get his daughter out of the country."

Amber looked his question.

"You read the papers, don't you, in America?"

"Rather," Amber smiled.

"You're surely not so blind as to miss the occasional reports that

Labertouche laughed gently. "Now, tonight you'll learn something from this Dick Babb—something important, undoubtedly. May I see this ring—this token?"

Unbuttoning his shirt, Amber produced the Eye from the chamois bag. Labertouche studied it for a long time in silence, returning it with an air of deep perturbation.

"The thing is strange to me," he said. "For the present we may dismiss it as simply what it pretends to be—a token, a sign by which one man may know another. . . . Wear it, but turn the stone in; and keep your hands in your pockets when we're outside."

Amber obeyed. "We'll be going now."

Labertouche rose, throwing away his cigar and stamping out its fire.

"But the Farrel's?"

"Forgive me; I had forgotten. The Farrel's are at Darjeeling, where the Colonel is stationed just now—happily for him."

"Then," said Amber, with decision, "I leave for Darjeeling tomorrow morning."

"I know no reason why you shouldn't," agreed Labertouche. "If anything turns up I'll contrive to let you know." He looked Amber up and down with a glance that took in every detail. "I'm sorry," he observed, "you couldn't have managed to look a trace shabbier. Still, a touch here and there, you'd do excellently well as a sailor on a spree."

"As bad as that?"

"Oah, my dear fellow!—It was now the babu speaking, while he hopped around Amber with his head cocked to one side, like an inquisitive jack-daw, now and again darting forward to peck at him with hands that nervously but deftly arranged details of his attire to please a taste fastidious and exacting in such matters—"Oah, dear fellow, surely you appreciate the danger of venturing into native quarters in European dress? As regular out-and-out sahib, I am meaning, of course. It is permissible for riff-raff, sailors and Tommies from the fort, to sneak on, to indulge in debauchery among natives, but first-class sahib—Oah, noah! You would be mobbed in no-time-at-all, where we are going."

"All right; I guess I can play the part, babu. At least, I've plenty of 'atmosphere.' Amber laughed, mentioning the incident of the peg he had not consumed over Honest George's bar.

"I had noticed that; a happy accident, indeed. I think—Labertouche stepped back to look Amber over again—I think you will almost do. One moment."

He seized Amber's hat and, dashing it violently to the floor, deliberately stamped it out of shape; when restored to its owner it had aged five years in less than half an hour. Amber laughed, mentioning the incident of the peg he had not consumed over Honest George's bar.

"You'll do," chuckled Labertouche approvingly. "Just run your hands into your trousers pockets without unbuttoning your coat, and shuffle along as if nocturnal rambles in the slums of Calcutta were an every-day thing to you. If you're spoken to, don't betray the roach familiarity with the vernacular. You know about the limit of the average Tommy's vocabulary; don't go beyond it." He unbolted and locked the door by which Amber had entered, putting the key in his pocket, and turned to a second door across the room. "You see me this way; I chose this place because it's a regular rabbit warren, with half a dozen entrances and exits. I'll leave you in a passage leading to the bazaar. Wait in the doorway until you see me stroll past; give me thirty yards lead and follow. Keep in the middle of the way, avoid a crowd as the plague, and don't lose sight of me. I'll step in front of Dohli Bakh's shop long enough to light a cheroot and go on without looking back. When you comes out I'll be waiting for you. If we lose one another, get back to your hotel as quickly as possible. I may send you word. If I don't, I shall understand you've taken the first morning train for Darjeeling. I think that's all."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Marriage Black List.

The habit of inquiring at private detective offices as to the means and mode of life of any young man who is under consideration as a suitable husband by the relatives of a girl whom he wishes to marry leads to some curious complications in Asia and Hungary. Young men deep in debt are inscribed on the so-called "black list" at the inquiry office.

Good parts are, on the other hand, put down on the "white list." Five young Hungarians are reported who were involved in debt to such an extent that the only possibility of retrieving their fortunes lay in making rich marriages, formed a kind of company for the purpose of finding wives. Each was to be provided with a rich bride, preferably an American heiress, as his turn came.

A Woman's Rule.

Mrs. Bernhard, at a supper in New York, smiled sympathetically over the story of a young actor who had applied vainly for the post of secretary to a rich widow.

"He failed, I understand," said Mrs. Bernhard, "because he didn't wear the best clothes. Now a young girl, applying for a secretarial position to an elderly millionaire, would never make such a mistake as that."

"I believe, do you know, that the one great difference between men and women is this:

"When an important step is to be taken a man asks, 'What shall I say?'—a woman, 'What shall I put on?'"

mother, and rushing to the porch she attacked the dog. When she had released her hold upon him, the animal was so spent that it sank upon the porch, and had to be thrown into the street. Later it was able to make its escape.

Hook and Line for Rodents

Using Cheese as Bait, Mulatto Lad Hauls Sixty-Seven Rats From Their Holes.

New Rochelle, N. Y.—For the first time in 50 years the city hall of New Rochelle is free of rats, and all the officials here have rendered thanks to eleven-year-old Harrison Lee, a mulatto boy, who was taken from his home in Baltimore by two negro polio "sharks" and deserted here.

A few days ago he watched the city hall cat's ineffectual attempts to catch rats, and the lad got a bright idea. Rigging up a fishing tackle, baited with cheese, he poked it down the rat hole and for three days fished for rats. He caught 67 rodents of all sizes and sizes, until one big fellow stole bait, hook, sinker, line and all.

Chief Timmons says the sport was as good as trout fishing. The rats were mighty game, and some were so big, little Harrison would have to "holer for a cop" to help him land the whopper. But the biggest rat of all stole the bait six times. Harbison placed a large piece of Limburger cheese on the edge of the hole. Then

he waited with the patience of a cat. Harrison had a club and the rat nosed for the cheese. The little negro killed it like a seal on an iceberg.

The boy was taken to the colored orphan asylum at Riverdale and Chief Timmons gave him a little gold watch as a reward for his distinguished services as a rat annihilator. Not a rat has since been seen in the city hall.

At Cucumbers and Ice Cream.

New York—Minnie Hopper is dead. The girl ate cucumbers and then a quantity of ice cream. She was taken ill soon afterwards, and a doctor diagnosed the case as one of ptomaine poisoning.

Grafts Frogskin on Boy.

St. Louis, Mo.—Thomas Resford, five years old, is the only person known to have a frogskin leg. He was severely burned and when skin grafting became necessary the surgeon used the skin of bullfrogs. The boy is almost well.

MOTHER CHOKES DOG TILL IT RELEASES BOY

SEIZES ANIMAL BY THE NECK AND FORCES IT TO LET GO ITS GRASP.

Philadelphia, Pa.—When a big dog seized Patrick McMurilo, four years old, by the arm with its teeth the lad's mother seized the animal by the neck and choked it until it was forced to release its grasp. The boy was taken to the Samaritan hospital, where it was found that his arm and fingers had been severely torn. The doctors cauterized the wounds.

Patrick was playing on the porch of his home, when a vagrant dog ran up the steps. The little fellow ran to the dog and began patting its head. With a savage growl the dog embedded its teeth in the boy's hand. The lad's screams attracted the boy's



Saves Child From Dog.

mother, and rushing to the porch she attacked the dog. When she had released her hold upon him, the animal was so spent that it sank upon the porch, and had to be thrown into the street. Later it was able to make its escape.

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Fishing for Rats.

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Stood for a Long Moment With Pistol Poised and Eyes Wary.

THE CITIZEN

Published Every Week.

—BY—

C. M. NICHOLS.

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 11, 1911

We learn that there are three men in Kimble who have made no appearance at the Junction barbecue. We should like to have a group picture of them.

Cuts and bruises may be healed in about one third the time required by the usual treatment by applying Chamberlain's Liniment. It is an antiseptic and such injuries to heal without maturation. This liniment also relieves soreness of the muscles and rheumatic pains. For sale by all dealers.

M. S. Nichols wants to figure with you on that monument you are thinking of buying. He represents one of the best companies in the state. He is an old hand at the business, traveled in the work for years, and can figure close and give you best prices and terms on all kinds of monuments, marble or granite. Iron fencing best prices, best quality. See him for anything in this line.

The Citizen—Job Work

BIDS WANTED

for 12 cords 20-inch oak wood for school. Let bids be in by 25.

Junction School Board.

Annual Meeting of Stockholders

Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Junction State Bank will be held at office of said Bank on the 28th day of August 1911, the same being the 4th Monday in said month, at 2 p. m., for the purpose of electing directors for the ensuing year, and transacting such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

DOG'S COMPANY SIGN OF LUCK

Cleveland Business Man Welcomed Association and Incidentally Points Out a Moral.

"One of the most embarrassing predicaments I ever found myself in happened to me to-day," said a Cleveland business man. "I was trudging around in the mud and mire, trying to elbow my way among the crowds and save from destruction a valuable piece of cut glass, when a poor dog, wet, cold and no doubt hungry looked up in my face and evidently saw something to encourage him to follow me.

"Go where I would, all day that dog was at my heels, and, having no time to attend to his wants and no place to give him shelter, I tried to lose him, but it was no use. From my childhood I have been taught to regard it as a sign of good luck to be followed by a strange dog, and even now, after half a century's experience of life, that same idea clings to me. As a last recourse, I went to a restaurant and bought ten cents' worth of scraps which I placed in an empty hallway for my companion, and left him to eat it while I made my escape.

"Now, the moral of my little story is this: If a child is taught to be kind and considerate to the poor, uncomplaining dumb animals, that contribute so much to our pleasure and welfare, he will continue to practice it all his life. If he were taught that it is cruel to whip a horse, or kick a dog or throw rocks at birds, there would be less suffering in the world, for it is certain that the person who willfully inflicts pain upon a helpless animal will do the same to his fellow-man when there is nothing to deter or prevent him."

We have a complete stock of ammunition and solicit your trade. Come and see us.—Muel-ler & Loren Jordan Co.

Special Meeting O. E. S. Chapter No. 497

Wednesday evening, August 10, the Grand Matron of the State of Texas will be with us. All members are requested to be present. Visiting members fraternally invited.

By order of the Worthy Matron Minnie Riley, Sec'y.

Seemed to Give Him a New Stomach
"I suffered intensely after eating and no medicine or treatment I tried seemed to do any good," writes H. M. Youngpeters, editor of The Sun, Lake View, Ohio. "The first few doses of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets gave me surprising relief and the second bottle seemed to give me a new stomach and perfectly good health." For sale by all dealers.

LOST—At the Junction barbecue, one small child's locket marked D. H. and O. H. Finder please leave same at this office and oblige, Mrs. Ora Kelley.

Oliver and Stephens Picnic

On Tuesday, 1st, the families of J. H. Stephen and Y. P. Oliver met in one of the many pretty groves on the banks of the Llano, on the Oliver ranch, the occasion being the reunion of the Stephens family.

Mrs. Timberlake and little boy, of San Saba, Mrs. John Livingstone and six children, of Harper, Mrs. Julia Bili and little Mildred, and Sid Stephens of Grand Falls, Bob, Tiel and Cleve Stephen, of Imperial, California, Jim Stephen, of Menard County, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Stephen and two children, of Julian, California, and Miss Minnie Stephen of Junction, and the father and mother made 21 present. The Oliver family, including Mrs. Oliver's sister, Miss Jennie Oliver, of Berkeley, Cal., were already on the grounds with watermelons galore. The pleasure of once more standing under the shading limbs of the fine pecan trees and listening to the ripple of the waters of the old Llano was discussed for some time. Then came the arrangements for pictures. I would not dare call the father and mother venerable, for surrounded by the 8 sons, splendid specimens of manhood, and 4 daughters, each of which have the impress of a true mother's training, they looked as young and happy as when these young men and women were prattling children.

A Successful Fishing Trip

A few days ago the writer and family, R. A. Pickens and family and Mr. Jones and family went down the Llano for a few days outing. We were well equipped for the occasion and killed a few hundred squirrels and caught several thousand pounds of fish, more or less.

All did fine except R. A. Pickens. He being in delicate health and not used to having much to satisfy his wishes and wants of stomach, overdid the eating act and the result was a bad case of stomach trouble. By having the proper remedy along we saved his life by a narrow escape. Mr. Jones didn't grow much straight up but he widened out about eighteen inches more than before taking. J. F. Reid joined us Wednesday evening and spent the night with us. Judging from the time it took him to eat and the amount of food he consumed we are willing to testify that he is hollow from head to foot. We will give bill of fare he tangled up with Thursday morning for breakfast: Seven squirrel, nine pounds of fish, sixteen biscuit, two loaves of bread, and five cups of coffee. He ate all of this and then called it a moderate breakfast. J. F. says his stomach is in fine working order and all it needs is just a chance to demonstrate what it can do. After enjoying his breakfast and commenting upon the good eatables he took his gun and went into the bottoms. His hunt was a success and he was delighted over the capture of a fine turkey gobbler, but after making investigation was astonished to find that the gobbler was wearing a fine little bell. Now, Mr. Editor, while we are making these statements we are not being sworn nor kissing the Bible, but we believe they are about correct—more or less.

Yours from the happy hunting grounds, Subscriber.

Henceforth all new schoolrooms in Boston, according to a statement made by the Boston Globe, will be provided with an open-air room. "The pupil who is backward on account of health," the Globe adds, "will no longer be at so great a disadvantage as formerly in the struggle for life and education." The open-air room is a boon to a certain class of pupils, undoubtedly, but the average child would be benefited to a much greater degree if means could be found to maintain an even temperature in all parts of the school building, so that the boy or girl who studies in one room and recites in another would not endanger his or her health by passing suddenly from an overheated room to one that was too cold, or the reverse. It would also be a great improvement if the individual prejudices of teachers on the subject of heat and cold could be eradicated, and they could be taught to consult the feelings of their pupils as well as their own in regulating the temperature. Here is a reform that might well engage the attention of Boston's most zealous educators.

AMERICAN MONKEYS.

The whole simian family is divided by naturalists into two main groups, one of which is restricted entirely to the old world and the other exclusively inhabits the new; and it is worth noting that only in the invigorating, invention breeding air of the new world have monkeys thought of using their tails as an extra hand. Not all American monkeys are prehensile tailed, any more than all human Americans invent typewriters or gramophones; but no prehensile tailed monkeys exist elsewhere. It is only an American monkey, again, one of the sakis, which has learned to use its hand as a drinking cup, to avoid dipping it, it is supposed, its luxuriant beard in the water. All the old world species continue to mess their chins and faces by thrusting their muzzles down into the streams or pools.

Charles Schreiner

KERRVILLE, TEXAS.

BANK AND

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A General Banking Business Transacted. Solicits the Accounts of Merchants, Farmers and Stockmen.

A. M. REESE,

London, Texas.

—BREEDER OF—

REGISTERED HEREFORD CATTLE

BULLS FOR SALE.

Letter to E. A. Loeffler

Junction, Texas.
Dear Sir: Messrs Leacham & Edelin, Grafton, W. Va. had been selling a paint which they thought well of; and this had occurred.

They had sold a customer 18 gallons of it to paint his house. A few years later they sold the same man Devco lead-and-zinc the same number of gallons to paint the same house. He had 7 gallons left.

The point of the tale is: 11 gallons Devco paints an 18 gallon house.

Of course that isn't all. Why does 11 gallons Devco go as far as 18 gallons of other paint? Because it is all paint, all true, no sham, and full measure.

But that isn't all. Devco lasts longer. No, no; you haven't got to wait ten years to find that out. Ten thousand people know it. We've got their names. Our agents know them; they think a heap of Devco. There's no difficulty in showing your townspeople what to expect of Devco. \$10 will paint a \$15 house; and the paint'll last twice as long.

Yours truly,

F. W. Devco & Co.
New York

Alex J. Hamer Co. sells our paint.

Roosevelt Roundup

Wm Grifey went to Junction Saturday

Mr. Leifeste went to Sonora Saturday called there by a phone message which said that Mr. Leifeste was sick. We are glad to learn he is now much improved.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wilson left Monday to visit relatives near Fredonia.

Mr. and Mrs. Buck Gardner and little daughter Jamie are visiting relatives and friends here this week.

There will be preaching at Roosevelt next Sunday.

Miss Georgia Allison is visiting friends in Junction this week. Oscar Weaver was in Roosevelt Sunday.

We learn that Rev. Jim Cross, of Junction, will preach at Roosevelt August 20th, at 11 o'clock. Everybody come.

We are sorry to report Mrs. Simon on the sick list this week. Nearly everyone near Roosevelt is getting ready to attend the big Junction barbecue.

There is some hot weather up here and it is somewhat dry.

I will ring off by asking the other correspondents to come again. Adieu.
BROWN EYES.

SALE ON

Star Brand Shoes

GUARANTEED TO BE ALL LEATHER

In order to get them advertised and get the people to wearing them I am going to give you my profit on as many pairs as you want; you will find a 15 per cent discount on them for 30 days.

A \$5 shoe will cost you \$4.25; \$4 shoe for \$3.40; \$2.99 will buy a regular \$3.40 seller.

15 Per Cent Discount on all shoes in the House.

Also, you will find Gingham at 9 cents per yard, Table Linen, something nice, now 40 cents per yd.

You will find a big discount on everything I carry in stock. Come and see for yourself.

These prices last from

August 15th to Sept. 30

Truly yours,

E. M. Browning.

Lumber Lumber LUMBER

We are headquarters for all kinds of Lumber Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, Shingles, Lime Cement, Brick, Paints, Oils, Glass, and all other kinds of Building Material.

If you are figuring on building, be sure to send us your estimate. Our prices are RIGHT and our goods are GOOD.

Mission Lumber Co., MENARD TEXAS.

Lumber, Shingles, Cement, Paints, Oils, and Varnishes for you.

It is your trade we want. We will make it to your interest if you will allow us the privilege of estimating your wants. Don't fail to figure with us if you want to buy your material cheap.

W. C. BOWMAN LUMBER COMPANY

MENARD, TEXAS. ON THE RIVER BANK

ALWAYS FIRST — TO GO TO — ALWAYS BEST

WILL HANKINS FOR BARGAINS

In Drygoods and Groceries.

Where you can buy at wholesale prices in the retail way. I want your business and bid for it with the very Best Quality of Goods at the Lowest Prices. A Special Sale For Cash Every Monday.

ALWAYS FIRST — SEE — ALWAYS BEST

WILL HANKINS

"THE PLACE OF QUALITY AND PRICE."

If it needs repairing, take it to

R. BECKER BLACKSMITH

He can fix it for you

All Kinds of Machinery Repairing and Blacksmithing Done with Promptness and with Accuracy.

Guarantees All Work.

Life Saved at Death's Door

"Newly felt so near my grave" writes W. R. Patterson, of Wellington, Tex., "as when a frightful cough and lung trouble pulled me down to 100 pounds, in spite of doctor's treatment for two years. My father, mother and two sisters died of consumption, and that I am alive today is due solely to Dr. King's New Discovery, which completely cured me. Now I weigh 187 pounds and have been well and strong for years." Quick, safe, sure, it's the best remedy on earth for coughs, colds, croup, asthma, croup, and all throat and lung troubles, 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by J. A. Heyman.

Billies For Sale

I have some 35 head of Registered and Highgrade Billies for sale, which am offering cheap. In the lot am offering my South African Billie, Hobson, sired by No. 51877; also one Landrum Billie sired by No. 5028, and one California Buck. It will pay anyone wanting Bucks to see these. Prices right. Can be seen at my ranch 35 miles west of Junction, Ed Fowler

READ THIS

Sayman's Vegetable Wonder Soap is the best soap for the bath and toilet purposes ever sold in Junction. It is an absolutely pure natural soap containing the root of the soap plant, Nature's substitute for soap. Is made without the use of animal fats, fillers or coloring matter and is matchless for the skin, scalp and complexion. Endorsed by the medical profession and public. Sayman's Healing Salve is the best and purest that money can buy. It is an antiseptic salve possessing remarkable healing powers and purifying properties that we can recommend to the most skeptical and especially to those afflicted with various forms of skin diseases and old sores.

Price of salve or soap, 25c per box. For sale by

MRS. S. S. JOBES
Junction, Texas.

PROTRACTED MEETING
A revival meeting conducted by Rev. J. A. Carter, Baptist minister of Rocksprings, will begin at Evergreen Friday night before 2d Sunday in August. Come

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

GENERAL DIRECTORY

COUNTY OFFICERS
Judge..... W. A. Spencer
Clerk..... A. O. Lawler
Sheriff and Tax Collector I. O. Weldon
Treasurer..... J. A. Brown
Assessor..... O. C. Reid
Surveyor..... R. M. Stevenson
County Attorney..... J. F. Reid

COMMISSIONERS
Precinct No. 1..... Y. P. Oliver
Precinct No. 2..... John A. Cowsett
Precinct No. 3..... J. S. Whitewood
Precinct No. 4..... G. W. Hodges

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
Precinct No. 1..... T. J. Meredith
Precinct No. 4..... J. B. Reese

MAIL ROUTES
KERRVILLE
Leaves Junction daily at 6 a. m. arrives in Kerrville same day at 6 p. m.
Leaves Kerrville daily at 6:00 p. m. arrives in Junction next day at 6 a. m.
Embry & Petnecky, Contractors.

MASON
Leaves Junction daily except Sunday 8 a. m., arrives in Junction daily except Sunday at 8 p. m. J. L. Bruce contractor

TELEGRAPH
Leaves Junction Thursdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 7 a. m.
Arrives in Junction Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 6 p. m. J. B. Meredith, contractor.

CHURCHES

METHODIST
First Sunday, Bible, Second Sunday Junction, Third and Fifth Sunday Copperas, Fourth Sunday morning and afternoon Gentry. Evening at Junction. Sunday school 9.45. Prayer meeting Thursday night.
BAPTIST—Sunday School 9.30 a. m. Services First and Third Sunday in each month, morning and night. Prayer meeting Wednesday night. Rev. H. Jeffry Pastor.

EPISCOPAL—Services Third Sunday in each month, 11 a. m. Other services by appointment. Rev. Richard Mercer, Pastor.
CHRISTIAN—Services Fourth Sunday in each month, morning and night
PRESBYTERIAN—Services every Fourth Saturday night and every Fourth Sunday, 11 a. m. and afternoon at 2:30.

Best Job Work.—Citizen office

It's a pressing engagement—when Sanders gets the iron on hat suit of yours. He knows how.

It's a pressing engagement—when Sanders gets the iron on hat suit of yours. He knows how.

It's a pressing engagement—when Sanders gets the iron on hat suit of yours. He knows how.

Lumber Lumber Lumber

We are now located at Menard with a complete stock of building material, and by fair dealing, courteous treatment, and best grades of material we hope to merit a reasonable part of your business in our line. Don't buy before getting our prices.

HARDIN & JONES

Buy it now. Now is the time to buy a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It is almost certain to be needed before the summer is over. This remedy has no superior. For sale by all dealers.

J. N. FRAZIER
BOOTMAKER,
MENARD, TEXAS

I guarantee satisfaction to any man from Cape Cod to the Pecos.

Repairing a Specialty.
Shop near Post Office.

J. F. REID,
Lawyer and Land Agent;
NOTARY PUBLIC

Your Business Solicited
Office at Courthouse

Junction, Texas

The Texas Negro

The Texas negro is primarily a farmer and the race has made little progress in commerce, mechanics, science and art. Freedom has carried with it responsibilities which have weighed heavily upon the colored race and after a lapse of half a century of freedom they are still the "drawers of water and the hewers of stone." The young are dependent upon the white man for their education and the aged and infirm are his wards.

The Slave Negro.
In 1860 there were 158,095 slaves in Texas, rendered for assessment at \$106,688,920, giving an average value per slave all ages of \$672.71. The assessed value of all land in Texas at that time was \$122,294,764. The slaves were almost equal in value to all farm property, constituting 36 per cent of the taxable wealth of the state. The state and county revenues derived from taxing slaves annually was approximately \$1,000,000.

Taking into consideration the per cent of true value of property rendered for assessment in 1860, and the rate of interest prevailing at that time, we find the negroes of all ages producing a net revenue of \$109 each per annum. Since the war the colored race in Texas has been able to accumulate approximately \$75,000,000, which is equivalent to \$2 each per annum while masters of their own destinies against a net production of \$100 per annum when under the direct supervision of the white man.

The Free Negro.
In 1860 the census shows 626,772 negroes in Texas. They owned 65,236 farms, valued at \$56,239,210. Their farms averaged fifty-nine acres each, although fifty-five negroes owned 1,000 acres and over. Over 38 per cent of our negro farmers raise cotton and 18.4 per cent of all the farmers in Texas are negroes.

There are 154,473 negro children of schoolable age in Texas who receive from our state school fund 56 per annum per scholar. We have 2,471 negro schoolhouses and the education of the negro costs \$1,000,000 per annum. The average salary of the teacher in colored schools is \$42.85. The school tax paid on property owned by the negro is approximately \$60,000 per annum leaving a net amount of \$340,000 per annum given to the negro annually for educational purposes.

The educational and industrial advantages of the negro in Texas exceed those of any other state.

LUMBER

Our stock is as complete as any in the west, and the quality is the best that can be obtained in the markets. Everything in staple lumber, and a big assortment of doors and windows, ranging in quality from medium grades to the best made. We also carry a full line of screen doors and windows, and on everything you will find our prices the lowest in the west. Let us figure on your bill.

MENARD LUMBER CO.

DR. JOS. GREER,
"THE NORTH SIDE ADDITION MAN,"
—DEALER IN—
Menard County Dirt
Menard Texas

Adolph Beyer,
Blacksmith and Wheelwright.
Horseshoeing a Specialty
Courteous Treatment and Reasonable Prices.
Northeast Corner Square
Menardville, Texas.

STERLING HOTEL
MENARD TEXAS,
This house has just been remodeled and refurnished, and we are prepared to do a first-class Hotel business. Nice clean rooms and first class fare.
Mrs. Jos Greer

BEITEL LUMBER CO.

H. V. SCHOLL, Manager,
DEALERS IN
LUMBER AND BUILDERS MATERIAL
CLOSE ESTIMATES ON LARGE BILLS
ELWOOD FENCE
YARD NEAR DEPOT. PHONE 26
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KERRVILLE, TEX.

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 his firm. Wadding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

CHAMBERLAIN'S COLIC, CHOLERA AND DIARRHOEA REMEDY.
A few doses of this remedy will invariably cure an ordinary attack of diarrhoea. It can always be depended upon, even in the most severe attacks of cramp colic and cholera morbus. It is equally successful for summer diarrhoea and cholera infantum in children, and is the means of saving the lives of many children each year. When reduced with water and sweetened it is pleasant to take. Every man of a family should keep this remedy in his home. Buy it at this price, 25c. LAMSON BROS., CHICAGO, ILL.

Falls Victim to Thieves
S. W. Bands, of Coal City, Ala. has a justifiable grievance. Two thieves stole his health for twelve years. They were a liver and kidney trouble. Then Dr. King's New Life Pills throttled them. He's well now. Unrivaled for Constipation, Malaria, Headache, Dyspepsia. 25c. J. A. Heyman.

Electric Bitters
Succeed when everything else fails. In nervous prostration and female weaknesses they are the supreme remedy, as thousands have testified. **FOR KIDNEY, LIVER AND STOMACH TROUBLE** It is the best medicine ever sold over a druggist's counter.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS WITH DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY
FOR COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES. **GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.**