THE KERRVILLE ADVANCE

VOL. 5. KERRVILLE, TEXAS, THURSDAY, DEC. 28, 1916 NO. 15

Students Home for Christmas

Kerrville is proud of her young people who are attending the various Universities and Colleges. They are a fine set of young men and women and of the quality that is bound to reflect credit upon our city and county. Of the number who have come home to spend the Christmas holidays with home folks, we have the names of the following:

State University, Miss Annie Mae Morriss, Miss Eloise Faulkner, Walter Buckner; Baylor University, Miss Josie B. Newman, David Robb and Elmer Deering; A. & M. College, Willie Dietert, Benno Wiedenfeld; State Medical University, Galveston, Gerald Walther, Payne Williamson; Southwestern University, Miss Mary Brambella; Southwest Texas Normal, Miss Ferrol Rawson: San Antonio Academy, Louis Comparette, Milton Pampell, Casper Real, Ernest Heinen; West Texas Military Academy, Dan Auld; St. Louis College, Louis and Francis Domiugues; St. Edwards College, Charles Kuesel.

Baptist Church Notes.

Brother Elmer Deering, our young preacher student in Baylor, preached for us Sunday night and gave us new inspiration by his splendid address,

On Christmas night I baptized four grown Mexican men and one girl for the Mexican Baptist church here. This was indeed a new experience for me. We are to have a fifth Sunday Meeting at Junction but our young people will have charge of the services here at both the morning and evening hour. The B. Y. P. U. will conduct the morning service, and the Girl's Auxiliary will have charge of the evening service.

With regards for those who have made us happy during the glad Christmas Tide, I wish for all a very happy and useful life.

J. B. RIDDLE, Pastor.

Bring us that old winter sut and let us clean and press it and you'll feel like you have a new suit.

Model Tailoring Co.

Camp Verde Letter.

(Regular Correspondence)

Mr. Ivey Rees and family spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Emmet Jones in San Antonio.

Mr. Jas. Gibson is here to spend the holidays with his sister, Mrs. Bessie Babb.

G. C. Sutherland and family are spending Christmas with Mrs. Sutherland's parents at Southton.

Bert Fine and family are here on a visit and expect to locate in our vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. John Reeves came in last week from near Midland. John says there is no place like Verde and will make his home here.

Grandma Norris who has been seriously ill with pneumonia is reported very much improved.

The Christmas tree at the school house was much enjoyed by the neighborhood. Everything went off orderly and the young folk enjoyed a party in the new room after the tree.

Mac Dozier and family spent last Sunday with his brother, P. H. Dozier, of this place.

W. R. Caldwell's brother and family of San Antonio spending the holidaye with him.

J. A. McBryde and family and Ernest Hodges came through Tuesday morning en route to the Medina lake to spend the day.

Quarantine Laws.

Nations are supposed to be sovereign—that is, to have the right to make their own laws, rules and regulations; and this sovereignty holds, in part, at least, for cities, towns and even rural communities. The right of self-preservation is inherent and imprescriptible, and nation, state, city or countryside has the right of quarantine, if the necessity for it really exists.

"Pigeons' Milk."

Anyone who, when a child, was sent to the store for "pigeons' milk" may console himself with the knowledge that the practical joke was on the practical person. For "pigeons' milk" is not a myth but a common term for a liquid secreted by these domesticated birds. It is made in the parental crop from half-digested grain and fed to the young, which come in pairs two or three times a year.—New York World.

Cancer and Poison Ivy.

The correspondent of a Syracuse (N. Y.) newspaper asserts that, to his knowledge, no cancer sufferer has ever been poisoned by poison ivy and lays claims, unless someone else can cite such a case, to the discovery of a cure. His cheerful assumption that whatever does not kill, cures, is at least refreshing.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Let us show you the new 300 candle power Kero-Safe light. Prettiest and safest light on the market.

Kerrville Furniture Co.

Nichols-Byas.

Mr. Roland V. Nichols and Miss Vera Byas were united in marriage at the home of the bride's father, Mr. Joe Byas, near Hunt at 3 p. m. Sunday Dec. 24. Rev. J. B. Riddle, pastor of the Kerrville Baptist Church, officiating. Both of these young people are members of prominent families of the upper Guadalupe and have many friends who will join us in extending them good wishss.

Methodist Church Notes.

"Methodist Union" will be the theme all day Sunday. In the morning at 11 a. m. the pastor will preach on "The Methodist Spirit" At 7:35 p. m. laymen will participate in a platform meeting and will speak on different phases of the questton. Good music and a warm welcome.

We had a fine Christmas spirit prevailing Sunday last, and the music by the choir and the solos by Miss Watters were greatly enjoyed.

S. W. KEMERER, Pastor.

Posted Notice.

All persons are hereby notified that my pastures are posted and no hunting will be allowed therein.

J. T. S. Gammon.

Perhaps you have forgotten the editor needs the money you owe him on subscription If you worked 52 weeks every year for a man you would expect your pay, even if it was the small sum of $1 or $1.50. If the paper is worth reading it is worth paying for, so come around and give us a lift. We need it to meet our honest obligations.

Improving.

The mere monologist, however clever, is universally voted a bore among us; the wit who wanted to crush people, like Samuel Rogers, we simply would not tolerate. All this is because we are kinder, and whether it means that we are less brilliant or not it certainly means that we are better mannered.

Daddy of Them All.

Jack, whose four years of life had been spent on the farm, visited his city cousins recently and was taken to see the strange creatures in a zoo. He insisted on running ahead of his elders, and when overtaken was brimming with questions about his discoveries. However, when he first saw an ostrich his amazement held him speechless. Then he turned and with a gasp exclaimed, "That's surely some duck!"

The "When and Where."

"When and where do you begin to train a child so that it will not tell lies and steal?" inquires a young mother of Nashville. The "when" is when the child is about eighteen months old. The "where" is located on the south side of the child when it is headed north, and half-way between its head and its heels.—Houston Post.

Joseph Raymond McVicker

Joseph Raymond McVicker was born in Humboth, Kan., in 1880. The greater part of his life was spent in Oswego and Kansas City. Twelve years ago his health began to fail and he, like many others, sought a better cllmate. He came to Texas where he has resided since, except two years which were spent in Arizona.

His health improved and he was married to Miss May Hatch May 29, 1909. He became a citizen of the Mt. Home community 7 years ago where he resided till the end came on Dec. 3, 1916.

He was a devout member of the Seventh Day Advent Church, an ardent temperance worker, a good citizen, a faithful friend and loving husband.

He leaves a wife, mother and brother who were with him during his last sickness. Loving hands did all that could be done for him.

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.

A FRIEND.

Senior Epworth League

Topic—Lessons to Learn from the Past.

Leader—Miss Maggie Sutton.

Song and Prayer.

Scripture Lesson (Eph 5 15-21)

Avoid Hasty Decisions—Lula McDoniel.

Song.

The Meaning of Disappointments—Virgie Storms.

The Offer of Opportunities—Mamie Sublett.

League Benediction.

Carload of new Pianos just received. See them on exhibition at the Kerrville Furniture Co.

G. M. Doyle, Piano Dealer.

Callaham-Ormsby

Mr. Joseph C. Callaham and Miss Ethel Ormsby were united in marriage last Sunday morning at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. G.R. Edmundson in Kerrville. Rev. J. B. Riddle officiating. The happy couple left immediately for their home at Pipe Creek.

Christian Endeavor Program

Program for Dec. 31.

Subject, "Lessons to Learn from the Past."

Leader—Jewel Paine.

Hymn, "Somebody is Looking to You."

Scripture lesson, Psalm 90.

Lessons to learn from the past—Edna Henke.

Beginning all over again—Annabel Dickey.

For our King—Mrs. Simmons.

A talk by Rev. J. W. Alfen

Close with prayer.

Resolutions of Respect.

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God to take from the forests of earthly endeavor our esteemed sovereign, L. E. King, who departed this life November 29, 1916; and

Whereas, in his death Cypress Camp No. 58, Woodmen of the world, and the community at large has suffered the loss of a loyal sovereign, a splendid citizen and a valuable friend, therefore.

Be it resolved, That the usual badge of mourning of the order be used for the required time, that this lodge, recognizing its loss and the bereavement of the family of the deceased sovereign, cause this resolution to be spread upon the minutes of the camp, a copy of the same sent to the family of Sovereign King, and also that it be published in the local papers.

A. W. Henke,
T. B. Roebck,
J. D. Motley,
Committee.

Notre Dame Institute

wishes her many friends a

Happy New Year

and adds the glad tidings that from January 1st

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From Kindergarten to Twelfth Grade inclusively.

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A Merry Christmas and Happy 1917.

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We appreciate their patronage and good will and invite them to make use of all the facilities of this Bank during the coming year.

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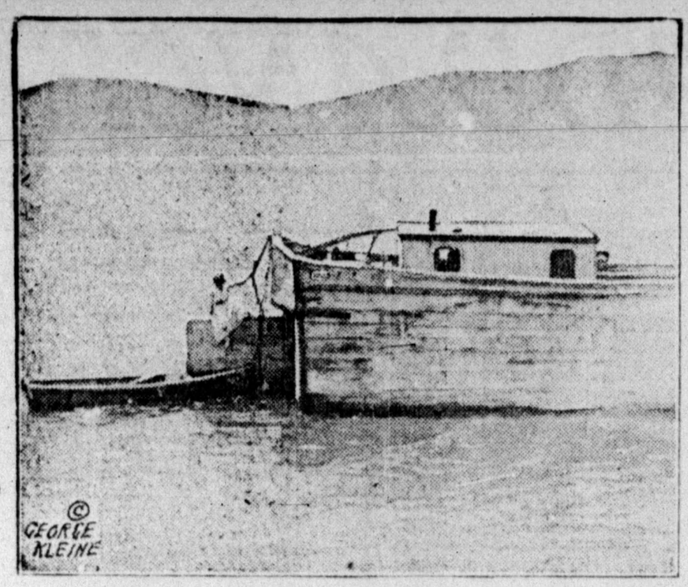
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THE STAR MARKET

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She Dropped Into the Skiff.

Gloria's Romance

by MR. and MRS. RUPERT HUGHES

Novelized From the Motion Picture Play of the Same Name by George Kleine

Copyright, 1916, by Adelaide M. Hughes

SYNOPSIS.

Pierpont Stafford, with his daughter Gloria, is wintering at Palm Beach. Gloria is a vivacious but willful young lady who chafes under the restraining hand of a governess from whom she repeatedly escapes. Her childish capers cause young Doctor Royce to fall in love with her. Becoming lost in the everglades she falls into the hands of the Seminole Indians. Gloria falls in love with her rescuer, Freneau. Five years later she leaves school and meets Freneau at the theater; he has forgotten Gloria. Later Freneau persuades her to forgive him. Gloria's sister-in-law, Lois, becomes intensely jealous and Doctor Royce discovers in her an ally. Freneau takes leave of Gloria. She sees from her window an attack made upon him. Doctor Royce convinces her it is delirium. A telegram followed by a letter, comes from Freneau. She replies but her telegrams are returned. She accidently sees the supposed suicide of Freneau reported in the paper. Gloria swears to find the murderer of her lover. Royce tells what he knows of Freneau to Mr. Stafford. They seek to prevent scandal from enveloping Gloria. She accuses them of conspiracy against her. Gloria sets about to run down Freneau's murderer. Royce warns Mulry to tell Gloria nothing. Gloria calls on Mulry and there sees Lois who is also worried. Gloria's suspicions are aroused. Royce endeavors to show her the difficulty she faces. Gloria goes to David's country home. She meets Mulry who flees at once. Gloria insists on going to Palm Beach. Again she sees Mulry there. He leaves for the North. She is recognized by her one-time captor, the young Indian chief. He tells her that Royce and not Freneau was her rescuer at that time. Gloria attends night court; she sees Mulry there, also the tramp who attacked Freneau. But Judge Freeman releases him. She follows the tramp when he leaves the court and falls into the hands of hold-up men. She finds herself in a low saloon dance hall, and is selected by one of the patrons as his partner. Doctor Royce, however, follows her and when he attempts a rescue, calls down a riot on their heads. The hall is raided and the crowd, including Gloria and Royce, is arrested and taken before Judge Freeman. The newspapers feature Gloria's arrest. Reporters surround the house. Casimir arrives with the child Gloria promised to adopt. She orders Royce to take Casimir's wife to the Stafford home. She follows Trask and lands on a houseboat to hear him accused of Freneau's murder.

SIXTEENTH EPISODE

A Modern Pirate

People who raise children are sure of a life of surprises. They would have more than they get if they could see everything that goes on.

Pierpont Stafford had been kept pretty well surprised of late by his daughter's actions. In his haste he had said that she was probably "on that canal barge in the river." He did not expect to be taken seriously by the fates. But there his daughter was, at least on another barge, miles farther up the stream but drifting downward. She was in command of the ship, at the tiller, trying to steer the bulky hulk.

When Gloria saw that the captain of the tug had noticed the slight detail of the parted hawser and the lost convoy she was vexed. When she saw the tugboat turning around to recapture the barge she felt that it would be hard to explain about the prisoners she had fastened down in the cabin. She supposed it was mutiny or something for a passenger to tie up captain, crew and cook, and change the course of the ship. She believed that people who did that were usually hung from the yardstick or something. She hoped that the old barge did not have such a thing on board.

The nearer the tug came the louder the pilot and the crew yelled at her and the less Gloria wanted to meet them. She had never met any tugmen and she felt no ambition to get into their social set. It was growing so dark by now that they could not see who was at the tiller, and they kept calling her: "Trask" or "Oh, Jed!"

At length Gloria decided that she was not needed any longer. She had noted a little boat bobbing along after the barge and she felt that she might as well capture that. It was more nearly her size. She would be safer alone on a skiff than on the barge when the tugmen released that fiend of a Trask. He had planned to kill her before she tied him up. He would certainly do no less now that he had escaped. Jed had evidently picked himself up from the rocking-chair trap, untied Trask and unmuffled Nell. The three had been pounding and howling for some time. The hatch held for a while, but they were going at it now with something as heavy as a battering ram. It would yield soon surely and then where would she be?

She ran to the edge of the barge and hauled in on the painter attached to the little boat. The barge was swishing in the tide and it was trying to run over the skiff. But Gloria had no other avenue of escape. She hung across the edge of the barge and dropped into the skiff. Her aim was not very accurate and the river nearly got her. But she sat down quickly and steadied herself and the boat. She began to ply the oars with great eagerness, but little progress.

At length she noticed that she had forgotten to cast off. She ran to the bow and had to untie the painter. The wet knots were torture to her delicate hands, but at last she was free and the boat fell away from the barge. The



She Did Not Exchange Information for Hospitality.

river was dark and menacing, and its current was like some invisible genl dragging the skiff away to its lair. Still, when Gloria saw the tug come alongside the barge and make fast, and saw Trask, Jed and Nell dash up the companionway and meet the tughands on the deck, she felt that the current would be kinder to her than the men would have been.

What explanation Trask and Jed made she could not imagine. Evidently it was not a good one, for the crew from the tugboat gesticulated violently and it looked as if there would be a big fight. Gloria hoped that they all would throw one another overboard.

The tugboat crew went back to their quarters. Trask ran back to stare at Gloria. He shook his fist at her and she rowed faster. But the barge moved northward, following the puffing tug.

Gloria breathed a sigh of relief at her escape. Then she realized that after all Trask had also escaped. She was so angry at this cancellation of her success that she started to row back after the barge. What she would have done had she overtaken it she did not stop to think. The current prevented the possibility of knowing. The Hudson streaming into the sea carried Gloria with it in spite of all her efforts at the oars. She gave up at length and devoted all her energies to rowing ashore. The nearer shore was the farther from her, because a landing on the west bank would compel a lengthy roundabout to fetch her to her home on the east bank.

She rowed for the New York shore and crept toward it slowly, though the boat turned southerly so fast that she feared to be swept on down to the city's crowded water pavements. It was lonely out there on the dark river. Her arms ached with fatigue, her silken hands were pouching with blisters.

Finally she felt the keel grate and she landed on a rocky point. She forgot the little dinghy and it slipped back and danced on down the river to some unknown fate. Gloria felt better on the firm earth and she grew angry again. She stared at the barge, now a mere smudge on the vague horizon.

She whispered to herself: "I'll get him yet, and he won't get away!"

Gloria thought of her father's yacht. She believed that it had been recently put into commission. If only she had it now! But it was loafing at anchor in the river at her father's country home, the last she had heard of it.

To get a yacht! That was her small requirement now. She must get home to get it. She plunged along till she came to a lonely road. After a time a farmer appeared driving a wagonload of empty milk cans. Gloria envied him his throne on the high seat. He was the rich one now and she the pauper. He called out: "Have a lift, miss? How fur ye goin'?"

"I'm going as far as you'll take me, please."

"Get in, then, miss, and we'll jog along."

The farmer was naturally anxious to know what errand his guest was on, but she did not exchange information for hospitality. She grew so impatient for faster progress that when the farmer came to his own lane and turned into it she was glad to get down and walk.

Gloria trudged till she was worn out. All the motors she saw seemed to be going the wrong way. When finally she heard one coming behind her she was so delighted that she turned and held out her hands. She wanted to embrace the driver for being so kind as to be going her way.

Anybody looks well coming to a rescue, but the young man driving the southbound automobile was too good looking for his own comfort or anyone else's. He accepted Gloria as a passenger with more enthusiasm than she relished. He jumped to the ground, lifted his hat, assisted Gloria into the front seat, and took his place beside her. He shot the car forward with a swagger and his compliments began to puff out of him. Gloria endured a number of his flatteries because she needed his motor, but she grew angrier, and when he began to call her "Cutie" she decided that his usefulness had ceased to exist. One of the twain simply had to get out and walk. Gloria was sure that it was not to be herself. She plotted carefully how to throw this new skipper overboard. The victim helped her to an idea by leaning close to her and murmuring: "Kind of cozy, Cutie, huh?"

"Very," said Gloria, foaming at his impudence.

"We make a great team, huh?"

"Great," said Gloria.

"Atta girl," said the youth and slid his left arm around her.

Glora laughed harshly and somehow managed to knock the hat off her wooer's head. The wind whipped it back and the driver shut off the engine and threw on his emergency brake.

"So sorry," said Gloria, smiling in the dark.

"At's all right, Cutie," said the young man. "Back in a minute."

He slid from his place and ran back along the road for his hat. Gloria had been studying his methods of running the car and comparing it with his own. As soon as the driver started back Gloria pressed the self-starter button and put the car into motion.

The man heard the engine sputter and he yelled, "Hey!" thinking the gasoline to blame. He was sure that he had forgotten to stop his engine and he was afraid that the car was running away with its pretty passenger. He ran after it, forgetting his hat in his alarm, lest Gloria be dashed to pieces on the side of the road. The clean way the car leaped across the hill and the hand Gloria waved in farewell reassured him as to her safety, but filled him with disgust and with fear that she were some new type of automobile thief.

Gloria's conscience was clear. The young impertinent had earned his punishment. The walk would do him good. She would restore his car to him by hunting up the owner of its number when she had time. If necessary, her father could buy the car. It was a nice car. She loved its appetite for miles and fed it well. And finally it brought her back to her home.

As she ran in through the gates she almost collided with her father's car. The piercing searchlight blinded her until she heard his voice from behind it. He welcomed her to his arms and was so glad to have her safely there again that it was several minutes before he began to scold her.

She asked him to hush, please, as she had no time to waste and she wanted to borrow his yacht and its entire crew for a while. Pierpont refused the loan with all the severity of a bank president, but Gloria calmly sent for the sailing master and in the presence of her father gave him orders to be ready as soon as she had her long-delayed dinner.

Doctor Royce and Judge Freeman were at the house. They sat with Gloria while she told them of her adventures as she ate a hastily reassembled dinner. She said to Doctor Royce: "I am surprised, Stephen, at your leaving me alone by myself to solve my new problems. Of course, you didn't know where I was going, but you usually manage to arrive in the knick of time. You ought to have been there."

"I wish I had been there," Royce replied. His heart ached at the sight of her beauty and at the adventurous spirit which sent her tender body into so much danger with so few resources.

"I won't let you quit my sight again, Gloria," he said and stared with such idolatry that she felt afraid that he was loving her too well.

"Then you will come along and help me to capture the man who killed my Beloved Dick?"

"All right, captain," said Royce with a plucky smile, though her allusion to Freneau cut him to the quick.

Judge Freeman seemed to be agitated by the plan Gloria outlined for the pursuit and capture of Trask. "You must not permit this, Pierpont," he protested, anxiously. "Your daughter has no legal right to arrest the man Trask. If she should capture him she would have to turn him over to the authorities and she would have to face a public explanation."

Gloria retorted with vigor: "You had him, judge, and you said that he slipped out of your fingers. Now you advise me not to go after him again. You let him escape once and want me to let him escape a second time. Why, I do not know. Why don't you tell me why?"

Judge Freeman looked away guiltily. His eyes turned to Pierpont and his answer was to him and not to Gloria.

"You must realize, Pierpont, that such a cruise is no place for a girl of Gloria's position and breeding."

"That's true," said Pierpont. "It's all off, Gloria."

"No, it isn't!" Gloria cried. "If you don't help me to catch that fiend I'll get the police after him."

"What police?" Pierpont laughed. "The local chief? He couldn't capture a snail."

"The man is out of his jurisdiction, anyway," said the Judge. "It would be quite a complicated process getting the fellow arrested and he would probably be hard to find."

"My way is a very simple way," said Gloria. "Instead of sending, go! That's a good motto. But the judge will neither send nor go, and once more I want to ask him why?"

The judge was not used to being cross-examined and he bore it illy. He faltered:

"Some day you'll know and you'll realize that I acted for your peace of mind."

"My piece of mind depends on capturing that man!" Gloria answered curtly, "and anybody that wants to can come along now."

Royce saluted and waited for orders. Pierpont decided to go. Judge Free-



She Could Throw the Wheel Over to the Queen's Taste.

man refused and repeated his warnings, but Gloria would not even tell him good-by. She, her father and Royce went down to the yacht landing and were carried aboard in a little boat, the oars flashing in the moonlight and the sailors coming handsomely alongside.

It was splendid to feel the deck underfoot. Gloria chuckled at the contrast between the yacht and the canal boat. She rejoiced in the famous speed of the engines and she could imagine the prow slicing the waves in pursuit of the lumbering barge. She was on a racehorse and she was chasing an ox. But racehorses are delicate giants and so are race cars and racing yachts. This sea rover declined to rove. There



Pierpont Decided to Go.

was engine trouble in the works and the captain brought the hateful news that the yacht could not budge for several hours. Gloria was bitterly disappointed and completely baffled.

"It's the old story of the tortoise and the hare," she grumbled. "While we are sleeping here the barge is moving along every moment. We'll never find it. It'll get away for keeps this time."

"Never despair," said Royce stupidly.

"Don't speak to me," said Gloria. She flounced away to the stern deck to be by herself. Then the soft breeze blew away her anger and her furies. In spite of herself she fell asleep. Her father came to urge her to go to her berth, but she refused to stir.

"You'd better sell this old tub and buy a motor boat," she said.

Later Gloria was half-awakened by a little chill. She was too cold to say where she was and too drowsy to move. She saw a shadowy figure tiptoeing up. She knew that a steamer rug was gently laid over her. Half a-dream, she murmured, "Thank you, Stephen."

She did not know whether he heard her or not.

When she awoke the yacht was redeeming its lost reputation. It was hastening up the river at a splendid gait. The sun was just crossing the eastern wall of hills.

Gloria went to her stateroom to bathe and dress for a new and busy day. Breakfast was served on deck, and the Palisades slid back with encouraging rapidity.

Before Gloria had finished her breakfast a tug, towing a barge, was sighted on the northern edge of the water. Gloria went to the pilot house to stimulate the pursuit. She had great fun calling down the tube to the engineer to go as fast as possible and then still faster. She tried to hurry the pilot, too, but he explained that he could not increase the speed by turning his wheel. Gloria asked him numberless questions and made him teach her how to steer the yacht. At first he helped, but soon she could throw the wheel over to the queen's taste.

Gradually the barge grew larger and larger and its ugliness more distinct. The men on the tug paid no heed to the yacht following closely. But Gloria saw a gaunt figure on the barge watching anxiously. Soon he was distinguishable as Trask. Gloria left the pilot house and went forward to make sure. She recognized him as he recognized her. She called to him to surrender. He laughed. Then she saw that he had a rifle in his hand.

Trask had been mystified beyond endurance by the whole transaction. He had left Freneau's body in the moonlit snows in front of the Soldiers' and Sailors' monument on Riverside drive. He had watched the papers for days, expecting to read in each one an account of the finding of the body.

He had been driven frantic with anxiety by the silence of the journals. He had begun almost to wonder if he had really killed his man or only dreamed it, when suddenly the headlines had flared out with the statement that Freneau's body had been found in the lower bay, miles below the spot on Riverside drive where he had left it empty of soul.

He had cudgeled his brain trying to conceive who could have disposed of the evidence of his crime and with what motive. The papers said that Freneau had committed suicide, and nobody disputed it.

Trask had begun to grow used to the hope that his crime was to go undiscovered, to remain another of the many instances that disprove the old fallacy, "Murder will out." It seemed safe for him to return to his business as bargeman, yet he had no sooner entered his own cabin than a strange girl appeared, unexplained, and charged him with the murder. She avowed, in fact, that she had seen him do the deed.

Then she escaped, but after that nothing occurred to hamper Trask's northward voyage in his canal boat. His night was sleepless, however. He started up dozens of times, seeing Gloria's little white finger pointing at him, hearing her cry out again:

"You killed him! I saw you!"

The daybreak found him stretched out at the stern of the canal boat, looking south for some possible avenger. He saw the yacht swooping up the stream long before Gloria made him out. He seemed to feel that the uncanny speed of the boat meant business. So he hunted out his old rifle and kept his eyes on the yacht, as it joined with relentless persistence. Finally he made out Gloria on the prow, pointing at him.

Now Trask felt assured that Gloria was a witch. She had appeared in his cabin, then vanished, only to reappear with a posse of yachtsmen. He felt that he had been a fool to let her dupe



She Murmured, "Thank You, Stephen!"

him when he was alone. Now she had a little army and navy of her own. But if he got rid of her he would be rid of the only witness against him. So he reasoned with a madman's logic. He leveled his rifle at Gloria. He took careful aim. He fired!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Jim Was Ahead of Him.

"It's so strange," sighed the omnibus conductor, "how, when two boys start out with equal chances, one of them is bound to forge ahead. There was Jim. He and I were the best of friends in youth. But look at me now. Equal as our chances were, Jim is ahead."

"What is he doing?" asked the gentleman sitting near the door.

"He's the driver of this 'ere 'bus," came the answer. "Did I give ye yer ticket, please."

Had It Marked.

A New Orleans cotton broker employed a young woman stenographer who was an acutely incorrect speller. She was so competent in every other way, he bought her a dictionary and advised her to use it regularly.

The next morning, when he came down to his office he noticed that to protect the new book from the constant wear she was expected to give it she had covered the backs with cloth, and across the cover she had written: "Dictionery."

THE LONE STAR RANGER

A Thrilling Texas Border Story

By ZANE GREY

SYNOPSIS.

—10—

The time of the story: about 1875. The place: The Texas cow country. The chief character: Buckley Duane, a young man who has inherited a lust to kill, which he suppresses. In self-defense he shoots dead a drunken bully and is forced to flee to the wild country where he joins Bland's outlaw band. Euchre, an amiable rascal, tells him about Jennie, a young girl who had been abducted and sold to Bland for a bad fate. They determine to rescue the girl and restore her to civilization. Euchre has just reconnoitered, and is reporting the outlook to Buck. Euchre is killed. Buck kills Bland and is dangerously wounded by Mrs. Bland, but escapes with Jennie. Jennie is abducted. Buck never sees her again, but kills her abductor. Duane barely escapes death at the hands of lynchers for a crime he never committed. He goes to see Captain MacNelly of the Rangers, who hands him a pardon on condition that he join the Rangers and assist in breaking up the outlaws. Duane accepts and goes to the outlaw headquarters on a secret mission. He meets Colonel Longstreth, mayor of Fairdale, and Miss Ray Longstreth and her cousin, Ruth. There is something suspicious about Longstreth.

CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

Miss Longstreth rose white as her dress. The young women present stared in astonishment, if they were not equally perturbed. There were cowboys present who suddenly grew intent and still. By these things Duane gathered that his appearance must be disconcerting. He was panting. He wore no hat or coat. His big gunsheath showed plainly at his hip.

Sight of Miss Longstreth had an unaccountable effect upon Duane. He was plunged into confusion. For the moment he saw no one but her.

"Miss Longstreth—I came—to search—your house," panted Duane.

"Search my house!" exclaimed Miss Longstreth; and red succeeded the white in her cheeks. She appeared astonished and angry. "What for? Why, how dare you! This is unwarrantable!"

"A man—Bo Snecker—assaulted and robbed Jim Laramie," replied Duane, hurriedly. "I chased Snecker here—saw him run into this house."

"Here? Oh, sir, you must be mistaken. We have seen no one. In the absence of my father I'm mistress here. I'll not permit you to search."

Lawson appeared to come out of his astonishment. He stepped forward.

"Ray, don't be bothered now," he said, to his cousin. "This fellow's making a bluff. I'll settle him. See here, mister, you clear out!"

"I want Snecker. He's here, and I'm going to get him," replied Duane, quietly.

"Bah! That's all a bluff," sneered Lawson. "I'm on to your game. You just wanted an excuse to break in here—to see my cousin again. When you saw the company you invented that excuse. Now, be off, or it 'll be the worse for you."

Duane felt his face burn with a tide of hot blood. Almost he felt that he was guilty of such motive. Had he not been unable to put this Ray Longstreth out of his mind? There seemed to be scorn in her eyes now. And somehow that checked his embarrassment.

"Miss Longstreth, will you let me search the house?" he asked.

"No."

"Then—I regret to say—I'll do so without your permission."

"You'll not dare!" she flashed. She stood erect, her bosom swelling.

"Pardon me—yes, I will."

"Who are you?" she demanded suddenly.

"I'm a Texas Ranger," replied Duane.

"A Texas Ranger!" she echoed.

Floyd Lawson's dark face turned pale.

"Miss Longstreth, I don't need warrants to search houses," said Duane. "I'm sorry to annoy you. I'd prefer to have your permission. A ruffian has taken refuge here—in your father's house. He's hidden somewhere. May I look for him?"

"If you are indeed a ranger."

Duane produced his papers. Miss Longstreth haughtily refused to look at them.

"Miss Longstreth, I've come to make Fairdale a safer, cleaner, better place for women and children. I don't wonder at your resentment. But to doubt me—insult me. Some day you may be sorry."

Floyd Lawson made a violent motion with his hands.

"All stuff! Cousin, go on with your party. I'll take a couple of cowboys and go with this—this Texas Ranger."

"Thanks," said Duane coolly, as he eyed Lawson. "Perhaps you'll be able to find Snecker quicker than I could."

"What do you mean?" demanded Lawson, and now he grew livid. Evidently he was a man of quick passions.

"Don't quarrel," said Miss Longstreth. "Floyd you go with him. Please hurry. I'll be nervous till—the man's found or you're sure there's not one."

They started with several cowboys to search the house. It struck Duane more than forcibly that Lawson tried to keep in the lead. It was Duane who peered into a dark corner and then, with a gun leveled, said "Come out!"

He came forth into the flare—a tall, slim, dark-faced youth, wearing sombrero, blouse and trousers. Duane collared him before any of the others could move and held the gun close enough to make him shrink. He peered into Duane's face, then into that of the cowboy next to him, then into Lawson's and if ever in Duane's life he beheld relief it was then. That was all Duane needed to know, but he meant to find out more if he could.

"Who 're you?" asked Duane, quietly.

"Bo Snecker," he said.

"Ranger, what 'll you do with him?" Lawson queried, as if uncertain, now the capture was made.

"I'll see to that," replied Duane, and he pushed Snecker in front of him out into the court.

Duane had suddenly conceived the idea of taking Snecker before Mayor Longstreth in the court.

When Duane arrived at the hall where court was held there were other men there, a dozen or more, and it seemed excited; evidently, news of Duane had preceded him. Longstreth sat at a table on a platform. Near him sat a thick-set grizzled man, with deep eyes, and this was Hanford Owens, county judge. To the right stood a tall, angular, yellow-faced fellow with a drooping sandy mustache. Conspicuous on his vest was a huge silver shield. This was Gorsech, one of Longstreth's sheriffs. There were four other men whom Duane knew by sight, several faces were familiar, and half a dozen strangers, all dusty horsemen.

Longstreth pounded hard on the table to be heard. Mayor or not, he was unable at once to quell the excitement. Gradually, however, it subsided, and from the last few utterances before quiet was restored Duane gathered that he had intruded upon some kind of a meeting in the hall.

"What 'd you break in here for," demanded Longstreth.

"Isn't this the court? Aren't you the mayor of Fairdale?" interrogated Duane. His voice was clear and loud, almost piercing.

"Yes," replied Longstreth. Like flint he seemed, yet Duane felt his intense interest.

"I've arrested a criminal," said Duane.

"Arrested a criminal!" ejaculated Longstreth. "You? Who are you?"

"I'm a ranger," replied Duane.

A significant silence ensued.

"I charge Snecker with assault on Laramie and attempted robbery—if not murder. He's had a shady past here, as this court will know if it keeps a record."

"What's this I hear about you, Bo? Get up and speak for yourself," said Longstreth, gruffly.

Snecker got up, not without a furtive glance at Duane, and he had shuffled forward a few steps toward the mayor. He had an evil front, but not the boldness even of a rustler.

"It ain't so, Longstreth," he began loudly. "I went in Laramie's place fer grub. Some feller I never seen before come in from the hall an' hit Laramie an' wrastled him on the floor. I went out. Then this big ranger chased me an' fetched me here. I didn't do nothin'. This ranger's hankerin' to arrest somebody. That's my hunch, Longstreth."

Longstreth said something in an undertone to Judge Owens, and that worthy nodded his great bushy head.

"Bo, you're discharged," said Longstreth, bluntly. "Now the rest of you clear out of here."

He absolutely ignored the ranger. That was his rebuff to Duane—his slap in the face to an interfering ranger service. If Longstreth was



"That's a Lie, Longstreth."

crooked he certainly had magnificent nerve. Duane almost decided he was above suspicion. But his nonchalance, his air of finality, his authoritative assurance—these to Duane's keen and practised eyes were in significant contrast to a certain tenseness of line about the mouth and a slow paling of his olive skin.

Then the prisoner, Snecker, with a cough that broke the spell of silence, shuffled a couple of steps toward the door.

"Hold on!" called Duane. The call halted Snecker, as if it had been a bullet.

"Longstreth, I saw Snecker attack Laramie," said Duane, his voice still ringing. "What has the court to say to that?"

"The court has this to say. West of the Pecos we'll not aid any ranger service. We don't want you out here. Fairdale doesn't need you."

"That's a lie, Longstreth," retorted Duane. "I've letters from Fairdale citizens all begging for ranger service."

Longstreth turned white. The veins corded at his temples. He appeared about to burst into rage. He was at a loss for quick reply.

Floyd Lawson rushed in and up to the table. The blood showed black and thick in his face; his utterance was incoherent, his uncontrollable outbreak of temper seemed out of all proportion to any cause he should reasonably have had for anger. Longstreth shoved him back with a curse and a warning glare.

"Where's your warrant to arrest Snecker?" shouted Longstreth.

"I don't need warrants to make arrests, Longstreth, you're ignorant of the power of Texas Rangers."

"You'll come none of your damned ranger stunts out here. I'll block you."

That passionate reply of Longstreth's was the signal Duane had been waiting for. He had helped on the crisis. He wanted to force Longstreth's hand and show the town his stand.

Duane backed clear of everybody.

"Men! I call on you all!" cried Duane, piercingly. "I call on you to witness the arrest of a criminal prevented by Longstreth, mayor of Fairdale. It will be recorded in the report to the Adjutant-General at Austin. Longstreth, you'll never prevent another arrest."

Longstreth sat white with working jaw.

"Longstreth," said Duane, in a voice that carried far and held those who heard. "An honest citizen of Fairdale can now see what's plain. In the two years you've been mayor you've never arrested one rustler. Strange, when Fairdale's a nest for rustlers! You've never sent a prisoner to Del Rio, let alone to Austin. You have no jail. There have been nine murders during your office—innumerable street-fights and hold-ups. Not one arrest! There have been lawsuits in your court—suits over waterrights, cattle deals, property lines. Strange how in these lawsuits you or Lawson or other men close to you were always involved! Strange how it seems the law was stretched to favor your interest!"

Duane paused in his cold, ringing speech. In the silence, both outside and inside the hall, could be heard the deep breathing of agitated men. Longstreth was indeed a study. Yet did he betray anything but rage at this interloper.

"Longstreth, here's plain talk for you and Fairdale," went on Duane. "I don't accuse you and your court of dishonesty. I say strange! Law here has been a farce. The motive behind all this laxity isn't plain to me—yet. But I call your hand!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

Duane left the hall, elbowed his way through the crowd, and went down the street. He was certain that on the faces of some men he had seen ill-concealed wonder and satisfaction. He had struck some kind of a hot trail, and he meant to see where it led. It was by no means unlikely that Cheseldine might be at the other end. Duane controlled a mounting eagerness. But ever and anon it was shot through with a remembrance of Ray Longstreth. He suspected her father of being not what he pretended. He was troubled.

Upon returning to the inn he found Laramie there, apparently none the worse for his injury.

"How are you, Laramie?" he asked. "That was a good crack Snecker gave you."

"I ain't accusin' Bo," remonstrated Laramie, with eyes that made Duane thoughtful.

"Well, I accuse him. I caught him—took him to Longstreth's court. But they let him go."

Laramie appeared to be agitated by this intimation of friendship.

"See here, Laramie," went on Duane, "in some parts of Texas it's policy to be close-mouthed. Policy and health-preserving! Between ourselves, I want you to know I lean on your side of the fence."

Laramie gave a quick start. Presently Duane turned and frankly met his gaze. He had startled Laramie out of his habitual set taciturnity; but even as he looked the light that might have been amaze and joy faded out of his face, leaving it the same old mask. Still Duane had seen enough. Like a bloodhound he had a scent.

"Talking about work, Laramie, who'd you say Snecker worked for?"

"When he works at all, which sure ain't often, he rides for Longstreth."

"Humph! Seems to me that Longstreth's the whole circus round Fairdale. I was surprised to hear some one say Longstreth owned the Hope So joint."

"He owns considerable property hereabouts," replied Laramie, constrainedly.

"Humph again! Laramie, like every other fellow I met in this town, you're afraid to open your trap about Longstreth. Get me straight, Laramie. For cause I'd throw a gun on him just as quick as on any rustler in Pecos."

"Talk's cheap," replied Laramie, making light of his bluster, but the red was deepe in his face.

"Sure. I know that," Duane said. "And usually I don't talk. Then it's not well known that Longstreth owns the Hope So?"

"Reckon it's known in Pecos, all right. But Longstreth's name isn't connected with the Hope So. Blandy runs the place."

"That Blandy. His faro game's crooked, or I'm a locoed bronch. That Hope So place ought to be run by a good fellow like you, Laramie."

"Thanks," replied he; and Duane imagined his voice a little husky. "Didn't you hear I used to—run it? I built the place, owned it for eleven years."

"Well, I'll be doggoned." It was indeed Duane's turn to be surprised, and with the surprise came a glimmering. "I'm sorry you're not there now. Did you sell out?"

"No. Just lost the place."

Laramie was bursting for relief now—to talk, to tell. Sympathy had made him soft. "It was two years ago—two years last March," he went on. "I was in a big cattle deal with Longstreth. We got the stock—an' my share, eighteen hundred head, was rustled off. I owed Longstreth He pressed me. It came to a lawsuit—an' I—was ruined."

It hurt Duane to look at Laramie. He was white, and tears rolled down his cheeks. Duane saw the bitterness, the defeat, the agony of the man. But the reason he did not openly accuse Longstreth, the secret of his reticence and fear—these Duane thought best to try to learn at some later time.

"Hard luck! It certainly was tough," Duane said. "But you're a good loser. And the wheel turns! Now, Laramie, here's what. I need your advice. I've got a little money. But before I lose it I want to invest some. Buy some stock, or buy an interest in some rancher's herd. Sure you must know a couple of men above suspicion."

"Thank God I do," he replied, feelingly. "Frank Morton an' Si Zimmer, my friends an' neighbors all my prosperous days, an' friends still. You can gamble on Frank an' Si. But if you want advice from me—don't invest money in stock now."

"Why?"

"Because any new feller buyin' stock these days will be rustled quicker 'n he can say Jack Robinson. The old ranchers are wise an' sore. They'd fight if they—"

"What?" Duane put in as he paused. "What 'd make them fight?"

"A leader!"

"Howdy thar, Jim" boomed a big voice.

A man of great bulk, with a ruddy, merry face, entered the room.

"Hello, Morton," replied Laramie. "I'd introduce you to my guest here, but I don't know his name."

"Haw! Haw! That's all right. Few men out hyar go by their right names."

"Say, Morton," put in Duane, "Laramie gave me a hunch you'd be a good man to tie to. Now, I've a little money and before I lose it I'd like to invest it in stock."

Morton smiled broadly.

"I'm on the square," Duane said, bluntly. "If you fellows never size up your neighbors any better than you have sized me—well, you won't get any richer."

It was enjoyment for Duane to make his remarks to these men pregnant with meaning. Morton showed his pleasure, his interest, but his faith held aloof.

"Wal, stranger, to come out flat-footed, you'd be foolish to buy cattle now. Better go back across the Pecos where the rustlers ain't so strong."

"All I hear is rustlers, Morton," replied Duane, with impatience. "You see, I haven't ever lived long in a rustler-run county. Who heads the gang, anyway?"

Morton looked at Duane with a curiously amused smile, then snapped his big jaw as if to shut in impulsive words.

"Look here, Morton. It stands to reason, no matter how strong these rustlers are, how hidden their work, however involved with supposedly honest men—they can't last. There are a lot of men around Fairdale who 're afraid of their shadows—afraid to be out after dark—afraid to open their mouths. But you're not one. What you need out here is some new blood. Savvy what I mean?"

"Wal, I reckon I do," he replied, looking as if a storm had blown over him. "Stranger, I'll look you up the next time I come to town."

Then he went out.

Laramie had eyes like flint striking fire. He breathed a deep breath and looked around the room before his gaze fixed again on Duane.

"Wal," he replied, speaking low. "You've picked the right men. Now, who in the hell are you?"

Reaching into the inside pocket of his buckskin vest, Duane turned the lining out. A star-shaped bright silver object flashed as he shoved it, pocket and all, under Jim's hard eyes.

"Ranger!" he whispered, cracking the table with his fist. "You sure rung true to me."

"Laramie, do you know who's boss of this secret gang of rustlers hereabouts?" asked Duane, bluntly. It was characteristic of him to come sharp to the point. His voice—something deep, easy, cool about him—seemed to steady Laramie.

"No," replied Laramie.

"Does anybody know?" went on Duane.

"Wal, I reckon there's not one honest native who knows."

"But you have suspicions?"

"We have."

"Have you any idea whether Cheseldine and his gang are associated with this gang here?"

"Lord knows. I've always suspected them bein' the same gang. None of us ever seen Cheseldine—an' thet's strange when Knell, Poggin, Panhandle Smith, Blossom Kane, and Fletcher, they all ride here often. No, Poggin doesn't come here often. But the others' do. Fer thet matter, they're around all over west of the Pecos."

"Now I'm puzzled over this," said Duane. "Why do men—apparently honest men—seem to be so close-mouthed here? Is that a fact, or only my impression?"

"It's sure a fact," replied Laramie, darkly. "Men have lost cattle an' property in Fairdale—lost them honestly or otherwise, as hasn't been proved. An' in some cases when they talked—hinted a little—they was



Lawson Staggered Backward.

found dead. Apparently held up an' robbed. But dead. Dead men don't talk! That's why we're close-mouthed."

The ranger was about to speak again when the clatter of hoofs interrupted him. Horses halted out in front, and one rider got down. Floyd Lawson entered. He called for tobacco.

If his visit surprised Laramie he did not show any evidence. But Lawson showed rage as he saw the ranger, and then a dark glint flitted from the eyes that shifted from Duane to Laramie and back again. Duane leaned easily against the counter.

"Say, that was a bad break of yours," Lawson said. "If you come fooling around the ranch again there'll be hell."

It seemed strange that a man who had lived west of the Pecos for ten years could not see in Duane something which forbade that kind of talk. It certainly was not nerve Lawson showed; men of courage were seldom intolerant. With the matchless nerve that characterized the great gunmen of the day there was a cool, unobtrusive manner, a speech brief, almost gentle, certainly courteous. Lawson was a hot-headed Louisianian of French extraction; a man, evidently, who had never been crossed in any thing, and who was strong, brutal, passionate, which qualities in the face of a situation like this made him simply a fool.

"You're right. But not the kind you think," Duane retorted, his voice sharp and cold.

"Ray Longstreth wouldn't stoop to know a dirty blood-tracker like you," said Lawson hotly. He did not seem to have a deliberate intention to rouse Duane; the man was simply rancorous, jealous. "I'll call you right. You cheap bluffer! You four-flush! You damned interfering, conceited ranger!"

"Lawson, I'll not take offense, because you seem to be championing your beautiful cousin," replied Duane, in slow speech. "But let me return your compliment. You're a fine Southerner! Why, you're only a four-flush—a cheap bull-headed rustler!"

Duane hissed the last word. Then for him there was the truth in Lawson's working passion-blackened face.

Lawson jerked, moved, meant to draw. But how slow! Duane lunged forward. His long arm swept up. And Lawson staggered backward, knocking table and chairs, to fall hard, in a half-sitting posture against the wall.

"Don't draw!" warned Duane.

"Lawson, git away from your gun!" yelled Laramie.

But Lawson was crazed with fury. He tugged at his hip, his face corded with purple welts, malignant, murderous. Duane kicked the gun out of his hand. Lawson got up, raging, and rushed out.

Laramie lifted his shaking hands.

"What 'd you wing him for?" he wailed. "He was drawin' on you. Kickin' men like him won't do out here."

"That bull-headed fool will roar and butt himself with all his gang right into our hands. He's just the man I've needed to meet."

"If Lawson's the man you think he is he'll begin thet secret underground business. Why, Lawson won't sleep of nights now. He an' Longstreth have always been after me."

"Laramie, what are your eyes for?" demanded Duane. "Watch out. And now here. See your friend Morton. Tell him this game grows hot. Together you approach four or five men you know well and can absolutely trust. I may need your help."

Then Duane went from place to place, corner to corner, bar to bar, watching, listening, recording. The excitement had preceded him, and speculation was rife. He thought best to keep out of it. After dark he stole up to Longstreth's ranch. The evening was warm; the doors were open; and in the twilight the only lamps that had been lit were in Longstreth's big sitting-room, at the far end of the house. When a buckboard drove up and Longstreth and Lawson alighted, Duane was well hidden in the bushes, so well screened that he could get but a fleeting glimpse of Longstreth as he went in. For all Duane could see, he appeared to be a calm and quiet man, intense beneath the surface, with an air of dignity under insult. Duane's chance to observe Lawson was lost. They went into the house without speaking and closed the door.

At the other end of the porch, close under a window, was an offset between step and wall, and there in the shadow Duane hid. So Duane waited there in the darkness with patience born of many hours of hiding.

Presently a lamp was lit; and Duane heard the swish of skirts.

"Something's happened surely, Ruth," he heard Miss Longstreth say, anxiously. "Papa just met me in the hall and didn't speak. He seemed pale, worried."

"Cousin Floyd looked like a thunder-cloud," said Ruth. "For once he didn't try to kiss me. Something's happened."

"Oh, dear! Ruth, what can we do? These are wild men. Floyd makes life miserable for me. And he teases you unmer—"

"I don't call it teasing. Floyd wants to spoon," declared Ruth, emphatically. "He'd run after any woman."

"A fine compliment for me, Cousin Ruth," laughed Ray.

"I don't care," replied Ruth, stubbornly. "It's so. He's mushy. And when he's been drinking and tries to kiss me—I hate him!"

There were steps on the hall floor.

"Hello, girls!" sounded out Lawson's voice, minus its usual gayety.

"Floyd, what's the matter?" asked Ray, presently. "I never saw papa as he is to-night, nor you so—so worried. Tell me, what has happened?"

"We had to submit to a damnable outrage," replied Lawson, passionately, as if the sound of his voice augmented his feeling. "Listen, girls; I'll tell you about it." He coughed, cleared his throat in a way that betrayed he had been drinking.

Duane sank deeper into the shadow of his covert, and, stiffening his muscles for a protracted spell of rigidity, prepared to listen with all acuteness and intensity. Just one word from this Lawson, inadvertently uttered in a moment of passion, might be the word Duane needed for his clue.

"It happened at the town hall," began Lawson, rapidly. "Your father and Judge Owens and I were there in consultation with three ranchers from out of town. Then that damned ranger stalked in dragging Snecker, the fellow who hid here in the house. He had arrested Snecker for alleged assault on a restaurant-keeper named Laramie. Snecker being obviously innocent, he was discharged. Then this ranger began shouting insults. Law was a farce in Fairdale. The court was a farce. There was no law. Your father was afraid of the rustlers, highwaymen, murderers. He was afraid or—he just let them alone. He used his office to cheat ranchers and cattlemen in lawsuits. All this the ranger yelled for everyone to hear. A damnable outrage. Your father, Ray, insulted in his own court by a rowdy ranger!"

"Oh!" cried Ray Longstreth, in mingled distress and anger.

"The ranger service wants to rule western Texas," went on Lawson. "These rangers are all a low set. This is one of the worst of the lot. He's to be feared. He would kill. If your father had made the least move he would have shot him. He's a cold-nerved devil—the born gunman. My God, any instant I expected to see your father fall dead at my feet!"

"Oh, Floyd! The unspeakable ruffian!" cried Ray Longstreth, passionately.

"What do you care for the insinuations of such a man?" said Ray Longstreth, her voice now deep and rich with feeling. "After a moment's thought no one will be influenced by them. Do not worry, Floyd. Tell papa not to worry. Surely after all these years he can't be injured in reputation by—by an adventurer."

"Yes, he can be injured," replied Floyd, quickly. "The frontier is a queer place. There are many bitter men here—men who have failed at ranching. And your father has been wonderfully successful. The ranger has dropped poison, and it 'll spread."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Chance for an Invention

There are dolls which say 'Mamma" and "Papa." Why doesn't someone invent a golf ball that will say 'Here I am?"—Indianapolis Star.

THE KERRVILLE ADVANCE

T. A. BUCKNER, Editor and Prop.
Mrs. Hattie Buckner, Associate Editor

SUBSCRIPTION $1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

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

The New Year

As we enter upon the new year next Monday we want to thank all our friends and patrons for their loyal patronage and the kind words they have spoken of the Advance during the past year. We expect to maintain our policy of condemning the wrong and upholding the right, as far as is in our power and might to do so. Our churches and schools are matters of first consideration next to the home life of our people. We shall do what we can to foster the welfare of these holy institutions. All that hinders or attempts to dethrone these bulwarks of human liberty and progress shall have no quarters with us. If the good people will give us their continued good will and financial support we shall be able to continue tne warfare, but without it we shall fail. So the Advance is at your service for everything that is good for Kerrville and Kerr county. We wish you one and all a happy and prosperous 1917.

THE EDITORS.

There are still a few benighted individuals who think that the proper way to "celebrate" Christmas is to order a gallon of bad whiskey and get on a disgusting spree. If the officers do their duty the streets and alleys of this place will be cleared of such rubish during the approching holidays, and the county jail will be fairly well filled. —Santa Anna News.

What do you think of the booze business as an asset to this community, anyway? We would like to hear the answer from the conscientious heart of every true citizen of Kerr County.

A Pleasant Christmas

Kerrville experienced a very pleasant Christmas. The day was warm and delightful. There were many family reunions and many visitors to and from Kerrville for the festive occasion. The usual Christmas trees were held at the various churches ending with the one at the Baptist church Tuesday night at which a splendid program was rendered by the Sunday School pupils.

On Saturday and again on Monday there were a number of drunk men on the streets who were a disgrace to themselves and to our fair city. It is safe to say if it hadn't been for booze there would not have been a ripple to mar the pleasure and happiness of the Christmastide. But some men will get drunk and make fools of themselves as long as the stuff is made and sold. And the pity of it, some boys yet minors, buy it and drink it, notwithstanding the rigid law against selling to minors.

Oh, how much sadness! How much misery and woe comes in the wake of this monster curse of the ages, made by man and sold to his fellows for the money that can be made out of it. And when will the people rise up in their might and put a stop to it in Kerrville?

A little girl complained to her mother that her stomach ached. "Why, it is empty--that is all that ails it. Put something in it and you'll be all right," answered the mother.

A little while after the minister called and during the visit complained of a headache when up spoke the child: "It is empty, put something in it and you'll feel better."

Valuable Jerusalem Artichoke.

It appears from Professor Strakosch's figures that the most efficient of all economic plants is the Jerusalem artichoke. This justly valued vegetable produces on an acre of good land about 7,127 pounds of starch and other digestible substances. It takes from the soil incidentally $26 worth of material. But the difference between consumption and production, in terms of value, is $116.

Calvin George's Body Found In the River

After a search lasting from Sunday until today, Thursday, at 11 o'clock, the body of Calvin George was fished from the big pond above the Kerrville mill dam. It was taken to John Ward's undertaking establishment, careful investigation by Drs. Fowler of Ingram and Palmer of Kerrville, Judge Turner, the coroner, gave his opinion that he came to his death by drowning. The body nor clothing showed no signs of violence.

The story of the passing of this young man, a son of Mr. I. S. George of Ingram, is sad indeed. He came to Kerrville last Saturday with a number of other young men of Ingram and was seen here by several people at different times during the afernoon in a very much intoxicated condition. When on Sunday morning he had not come home it caused some uneasiness, but it was thought he might have gone away. But as the days passed, a thorough investigation confirmed the belief that he had met with some serious or violent end. A large number of citizens from Ingram spent practically the entire week here searching. On this morning the gates of the dam were lowered and after the water went down about four feet the body was hooked and pulled to the surface at a point opposite Schreiner's camp yard. This point is under a steep bluff and it is hard for a sober man, to get down the hill. The bank opposite where the body was found is not steep, but slopes gradually. The body was about 40 feet from the bank.

So far as is known the young man had no enemies and was well liked by all who knew him. Those most closely associated with him had not heard him express any suicidal intentions.

It is indeed a sad occurrence and one in which the mystery of it may never be solved.

The deceased would have been 21 years old the 28th of Jan. 1917.



We carry a full line of the best makes of Stock Saddle. They fit the horse and make riding a pleasure. We also carry a nice line of Navajo and other blankets, harness and leather sundries. Don't forget our Buggies, etc. See our line of Guaranteed Auto Tires and Casings.

J. E. PALMER
LOWRY BUILDING KERRVILLE, TEXAS

Happy New Year

¶ We wish to express our appreciation for the good patronage you have given us during 1916 and hope that 1917 will be a happy and prosperous year for all.

W. A. Fawcett & Co.

Catholic Church Notes

(By Father Kemper)

Notre Dame Institute reopens on Tuesday January second with reduced tuition rates advertised in this paper. The Christmas entertainment for the American children was of a private nature in the Music Hall of St. Mary's Convent last Friday; but the performance at Our Lady of the Guadalupe School was for the general public. A large audience enjoyed the Spanish and English songs, recitations and dramatic sketches. Many visitors expressed their surprise at the marvelous improvement made by the Mexican boys at this free Christian school.

The program for New Year's day is just like Sunday, namely mass at the Guadalupe church with Spanish sermon at 8:30 a. m. and at St. Mary's there will be high mass with with explanation of the Gospel at 10:15 a. m. Bible Class will be conducted on Sunday 2:30 p.m. and this is not merely for the regular Sunday School children but also for anyone who wishes to come.

The editor and family and Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Staudt went over and took Christmas dinner with Grandma Mayfield at the old home near Medina. It was a family reunion and a splendid, old-time dinner was served. There was present 33 and all wish they might get to take dinner with Grandma again.

FOR SALE—My farm of 160 acres, 5 miles from Center Point on Spring Creek. All under sheep-proof fence, 30 acres in cultivation, more tillable. Apply to owner,
L. J. Vasbinder, Center Point, Tex.

We have a $50 scholarship in Draughns Business College that we will sell at less than half price. See us at once for it will be sold soon.

The Advance is now $1.50 a year.

Happy New Year

We are thankful to our friends and patrons for the good business we have received the past year and wish one and all happiness and prosperity during 1917.

Palace Barber Shop
MARTIN MOOS, Prop'r

THE KERRVILLE DRUG COMPANY

Extends to All Best Wishes for

THE NEW YEAR

1917

Your Patronage in the Future will be Appreciated as it has been in the Past.

New Year's Greeting

I wish my customers and friends, including every resident in "Good Old Kerrville and Kerr County," a Happy and Prosperous 1917

S. P. Benton
THE SHOE MAN

Local Notes

Mr. A. Emms and family are in Gonzales County spending the holidays with friends.

Bulk Sweet Pickles, Sho am fine.
C. C. Butt Grocery.

Mr. and Mrs. Claud Richardson of San Antonio spent Sunday and Monday visiting friends in Kerrville.

Garland Heaters for wood and coal and for wood only. Also sheet iron and box heaters of all kinds.
Kerrville Furniture Co.

Mrs L. D. Lowther has as holiday visitors her sisters, Miss Ella Evans of Rockport and Miss Corrie Evans of Olmeta.

Bulk Peanut Butter. the very best Grade.
C. C. Butt Grocery

T. E. Leonard of Cameron is here on a visit to his uncle, Z. Leonard.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Farrer and [illegible] Maggie Scallorn were here [illegible] week from Medina Lake doing [illegible]stmas shopping.

Mrs. A. H. Moore is visiting her sister, Mrs. E. J. Arnim at Shiner, Texas for a month.

I have a few left on hand suits for sale at a bargain.
Bailey, the Tailor.

W. H. Furr was in town Friday from Japonica and gave the Advance an appreciated lift.

Have your clothes cleaned and pressed by the Model Tailoring Co.

T. S. Middleton, a prominent merchant of Waxahachie, spent the past week here visiting the family of Mr. A. B. Embray.

Club House Catsup The best yet. C. C. Butt Grocery.

Mrs. Leonard Rawson and baby will leave tomorrow for El Paso to join Mr. Rawson who has regular employment there.

Misses and Children's all wool knitted Sport Caps, new stock. at
West Texas Supply Co.

Mrs. August Braeutigam has gone on a visit to relatives at Marquiz, Texas.

We wish all the People of Kerrville and the Hill Country

A Happy and Prosperous 1917

We thank you for your trade the past year

BERRY'S
Groceries and Produce

To Our Friends and Customers:

We wish to thank you for your generous patronage during 1916 and wish you every one a Happy and Prosperous 1917.

Mosel, Saenger & Co.

G. E. Edmundson and family left this week to make their home at Almeda, Harris county.

It's worth your while to trade with us. Just try and see.
C. C. Butt Grocery.

Miss. Rosita Holdsworth is at home from her school at Pipe Creek to spend the holidays.

This being the first of the year would be a fine time to square up your subscription to the Advance.

We pay highest market prices for turkeys, chickens and eggs.
Mosel, Saenger & Co.

J. T. Clark was among the visitors from Ingram Tuesday.

Miss Lee Owens, on her way home to Center Point from her school at Reservation for the holidays, was a pleasant caller at this office Saturday.

Miss Ella Glause has gone to Moulton to spend the Christmas holidays with her mother at Moulton.

Resolved to get the best at the lowest price with the best service by trading with
C. C. Butt Grocery.

Rev. S.F. Marsh has accepted the call of the Baptist church at Junction and is moving up there this week.

Ladies and Misses Plush Sport Caps, all colors. at
West Texas Supply Co.

Rev. R. A. Cohron left yesterday morning for Junction to attend the Baptist Fifth Sunday meeting.

A Happy and Prosperous New Year to all.
C. C. Butt Grocery.

Mr.Mrs.H.Wieters of San Antonio were the guests of Miss Ruth Mosel the past week.

J. & P. Coats and Jap Silk crochet thread, new lot just in at
West Texas Supply Co.

Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Benton took Christmas dinner with their daughter, Mrs. Davis in San Antonio, and visited there for severs! days.

Cedar Wanted.
Bring us all kinds of cedar. We need it at once.
Mosel, Saenger & Co.

Gus Sproul and Henry Duderstadt of Mountain Home were in town Tuesday.

Don't forget that we pay highest market prices for all country produce. Mosel, Saenger & Co.

R. J. Ridley and family of Sonora and G. D. Cox and family of Bandera were Kerrville visitors Tuesday.

Selected goose feather pillows at
Kerrville Furniture Co.

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

For Sale—One McKaskey Bookkeeping system complete. Apply at
Mosel Saenger & Co.

Mr. L. L. Carter and family of Buda are spending the week here with Mrs. Carter's parents Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McDoniel.

Scissors, Scissors, Scissors, sharpened free by J. A. Jackson, the new Jeweler.

Miss Irene Lewis of San Antonio was the guest of the Misses Welge last Friday and Saturday.

Rev. T. C. Lee, now attending the San Marcos Baptist Academy, is also preaching to the Baptist church at Pfleugerville and also at Thrall.

Beautiful line of Box Paper at
Kerrville Drug Co.

We Thank You

¶ As we cross the threshold of a new year, we wish to thank those who have honored us with their coniidence and trade during the year that is passing out. We strive always to protect and promote the interests of our friends and customers in every way and are gratfied to note the generous response which this policy brings.

¶ We extend to all sincere wishes for a happy, healthy and prosperous New Year,

Rock Drug Store

County Clerk J. R. Leavell issued marriage license last week to Chester Mosel of Morris Ranch and Miss Minda Fairchild of Harper.

A. S. Burton, Vice President of the First State Bank and his mother went to Victoria to spend Christmas holidays with relatives.

Mrs. Nat Sandherr and children have returned to their home at Junction after a pleasant visit with her sister Mrs. T.C. Johnston at this place.

E. E. Sawyer and family arrived early this week from their summer home in Maine and have reoccupied their winter home in Sonora, Texas. —Sonora New Era.

Miss Mary Russell, teaching at Big Foot, and Miss Floweree Russell, teaching near Bandera, are spending the week here with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J.W. Russell.

Clarence Jetton who has for some months passed been employed in Kerrville, has accepted a position as head mechanic at the Eastman Garage.—Junction Citizen.

Miss Genie Hodges who is teaching near Harper is spending the week here with home folks.

Miss Mary McKay is at home for a few days from her school at the Dee Hughes school house.

Misses Susan Moore and Maggie Sutton teachers in the Medina high School are at home this week.

Mrs. Sarah Storms of Center Point spent Christmas day in Kerrville with her grand son, Gilbert C. Storms, and family.

Mrs. J. M. Everheart and family left yesterday for Bells, Texas, their former home, where they will reside. The departure of this good family will be a distinct loss to our citizenship.

Charley Culpepper, a ministerial student in Baylor Utiversity whose home is at Floresville, was here yesterday visiting his sister, Mrs. E. E. Cox.

Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Berry spent Christmas and visited several days with relatives in San Antonio.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. McRae and children of San Antonio spent the holidays here visiting their sister, Mrs. E. B. Elam.

S. H. Huntington was up from San Antonio Sunday and says he and Mr. Berger are making things hum in the moving picture business in the city.

Dr. J. W. Merritt, one of the Advance's old stand-by friends from Center Point, dropped in on us Friday and extended his subscription for another year ahead. He and his son Hubert, a Southwestern University student, came up to meet Miss Lessie on her way home for the holiday vacation from Willow City where she is teaching.

Misses Reba and Willie Wright returning to their home at Junction for the holidays from the Southwest Texas Normal, were the guests last Wednesday of their aunt, Mrs. J. E. Grinstead.

Miss Helen Carr, principal of the High school at Orange, is spending the holidays at the home of her brother, Tom Carr, at this place.

McCollum Burnett and family of San Antonio came up Sunday and took Christmas dinner with Judge Burnett and family, returning to their home Tuesday.

Mrs. C. A Meyer and two daughters, Misses Margaret and Etta, of San Antonio, came up to spend the Christmas holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert C. Storms.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hamilton had as their guests the past week, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Roth and Mrs. H. F. Scholl and little son of New Braunfels and their son, Clyde, of Pharr.

Ira Kuykendall went last week to Fredericksburg and bought several hundred head of goats from R. Maier & Son and 500 head from Capt. Geo. Zenner of White Oak. Mr. Kuybendall will drive these goats out to his Edwards county ranch.

Chevrolet Cars

I have secured the contract for the sale of Chevrolet cars. Have a complete line of parts on hand and will maintain a Chevrolet service station at the Star Garage under new management free of charge to Chevrolet purchasers under the 90 day guarantee.

The "Four-Ninety" Model Touring and Roadster, $490. Cheapest electrically equippod car in the world. Have two on hand now and expect a carload in soon.
P. J. DOMINGUES.

Miss Clara Smith who is teaching in the Elgin schools is spending the holiday week with her father and brothers in Kerrville. She has as her guest Miss Bettie Schramm of Granger.

Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Hodges have as their guests this week, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Scoggins and two daughters, and Mr. aud Mrs. D. Deaton of Waelder, Thos. Cardwell and Mr. and Mrs. Ansel Scoggins and baby of Gonzales.

Cedar Wanted.
Bring us all kinds of cedar. We need it at once.
Mosel, Saenger & Co.

HAPPY NEW YEAR

We extend to one and all the Seasons Greetings and wish you a Happy and Prosperous 1917.

Hillyer-Deutsch Lumber Co.
R. NAGEL, Manager

PAMPELL'S THEATER
FRIDAY JAN. 12th

Beginning of our new Serial Picture
"Lass of the Lumberlands"
A wonderfully interesting photo play by great actors

Open House to Everybody on that night.

Come and Enjoy the Show free of charge

CALOMEL IS MERCURY, IT SICKENS! STOP USING SALIVATING DRUG

Don't Lose a Day's Work! If Your Liver Is Sluggish or Bowels Constipated Take "Dodson's Liver Tone."—It's Fine!

You're bilious! Your liver is sluggish! You feel lazy, dizzy and all knocked out. Your head is dull, your tongue is coated; breath bad; stomach sour and bowels constipated. But don't take salivating calomel. It makes you sick, you may lose a day's work.

Calomel is mercury or quicksilver which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel crashes into sour bile like dynamite, breaking it up. That's when you feel that awful nausea and cramping.

If you want to enjoy the nicest, gentlest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced just take a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone. Your druggist or dealer sells you a 50-cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone under my personal money-back guarantee that each spoonful will clean your sluggish liver better than a dose of nasty calomel and that it won't make you sick.

Dodson's Liver Tone is real liver medicine. You'll know it next morning because you will wake up feeling fine, your liver will be working, your headache and dizziness gone, your stomach will be sweet and your bowels regular. You will feel like working; you'll be cheerful; full of vigor and ambition.

Dodson's Liver Tone is entirely vegetable, therefore harmless and cannot salivate. Give it to your children! Millions of people are using Dodson's Liver Tone instead of dangerous calomel now. Your druggist will tell you that the sale of calomel is almost stopped entirely here.—Adv.

Remedy for Bee Sting.

When stung by a bee rub off the sting instead of pulling it out with the nails, which forces more poison into the wound. Apply ammonia to the wound, for this will give immediate relief.

Her Recommendation.

Lady—Did you get a recommendation from your mistress?

Applicant—Yes, ma'am.

Lady—Where is it?

Applicant—Sure, it wasn't worth keeping, ma'am.—London Ideas.

THOUSANDS HAVE KIDNEY TROUBLE AND DON'T KNOW IT

Weak and unhealthy kidneys cause so much sickness and suffering and when through neglect or other causes kidney trouble is permitted to continue, serious results may be expected.

Your other organs may need attention—but your kidneys should have attention first because their work is most important.

If you feel that your kidneys are the cause of your sickness or run down condition commence taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, because if it proves to be the remedy you need and your kidneys begin to improve they will help all the other organs to health.

Prevalency of Kidney Disease.

Most people do not realize the alarming increase and remarkable prevalency of kidney disease. While kidney disorders are among the most common diseases that prevail, they are almost the last recognized by patients, *who usually content themselves with doctoring the effects*, while the *original disease* constantly undermines the system.

A Trial Will Convince Anyone.

Thousands of people have testified that the mild and immediate effect of Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, is soon realized and that it stands the highest for its remarkable results in the most distressing cases.

Symptoms of Kidney Trouble.

Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything but if you suffer from annoying bladder troubles, frequently passing water night and day, smarting or irritation in passing, brick-dust or sediment, headache, backache, lame back, dizziness, poor digestion, sleeplessness, nervousness, heart disturbance due to bad kidney trouble, skin eruptions from bad blood, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, bloating, irritability, worn-out feeling, lack of ambition, may be loss of flesh or sallow complexion, kidney trouble in its worst form may be stealing upon you.

Swamp-Root Is Pleasant to Take.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at all drug stores.

SPECIAL NOTE—You may obtain a sample size bottle of Swamp-Root by enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. This gives you the opportunity to prove the remarkable merit of this medicine. They will also send you a book of valuable information, containing many of the thousands of grateful letters received from men and women who say they found Swamp-Root to be just the remedy needed in kidney, liver and bladder troubles. The value and success of Swamp-Root are so well known that our readers are advised to send for a sample size bottle. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing be sure and mention this paper.



Honest Jim, you don't need a cocktail. What your stomach wants is a couple of doses of GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER—lots of the boys use it to sweeten their stomachs and carry off the miserable stuff in their bowels—it stops nervousness and headache, makes you feel like a new man. Slip 'round to the drug store and try it. It will get you side into you. I know from experience.—Remember the name

Green's August Flower

Most men think they need a cocktail or a drink when their stomach is out of order and they "feel bad" with nervous indigestion, or constipation. What they really do need is two or three doses of "AUGUST FLOWER" which quickly restores the stomach, cleansing the whole system generally.

TYPHOID is no more necessary than Smallpox. Army experience has demonstrated the almost miraculous efficacy, and harmlessness, of Antityphoid Vaccination. Be vaccinated NOW by your physician, you and your family. It is more vital than house insurance. Ask your physician, druggist, or send for "Have you had Typhoid?" telling of Typhoid Vaccine, results from us, and danger from Typhoid Carriers. THE CUTTER LABORATORY, BERKELEY, CAL. PRODUCERS VACCINES & SERUMS UNDER U. S. GOV. LICENSE

SAVE DEALER'S PROFIT ON ARTISTIC HAND PAINTED CHINA

Cup and Saucer $1.00 6 Cups and Saucers $5.00
1 Plate for ..... $1.00 6 Plates $5.00
Beautiful rose design with gold band. Money refunded if not satisfactory and returned intact within ten days. PORCELAIN ART STUDIO, 1027 EAST 47th STREET, DEPT. C, CHICAGO, ILL.

Contraries.

"I've got it in for Smith."

"Yes, I heard you were out with him."

DON'T SNIFFLE!

You can rid yourself of that cold in the head by taking Laxative Quinidine Tablets. Price 25c. Also used in cases of La Grippe and for severe headaches. Remember that.—Adv.

Safety First.

Newlyrich (to his social mentor)—Tell me what not to do next, Bud. I'm twisted already.

The occasional use of Roman Eye Balsam at night upon retiring will prevent and relieve tired eyes, watery eyes, and eye strain. Adv.

A pound-box of candy will win a girl quicker than a 100-line poem.

TORTURING SKIN TROUBLES

That Itch, Burn and Disfigure Healed by Cuticura. Trial Free.

Bathe with plenty of Cuticura Soap and hot water to cleanse and purify. Dry lightly and apply Cuticura Ointment to soothe and heal. This stops itching instantly, clears away pimples, removes dandruff and scalp irritations, and heals red, rough, sore hands.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Say the right thing at the right time and some fool will envy you.

WINCHESTER



"LEADER" AND "REPEATER" SHOT SHELLS

For the high flyers, or the low flyers, "Leader" and "Repeater" shells have the reach, spread and penetration. Their great sale is due to these qualities, which insure a full bag. Made in many gauges and loads.

BE SURE TO ASK FOR THE W BRAND

IMPORTANCE OF PLANTING AND THINNING



CROP OF CORN FOLLOWING ALFALFA.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

A successful planting of corn, a satisfactory stand of plants, and a profitable yield are largely assured by getting the seedbed in perfect condition for early planting and then waiting to plant until the soil is warm and moist.

There are many questions concerning implements, methods, distance between rows, thickness of planting, etc., that should be definitely settled before planting time. These questions are governed to a large degree by local conditions.

A distance of 3.3 feet between corn rows is suggested for the majority of cases. Some two-row planters are more easily adjusted to three feet four inches, which is equally satisfactory. More space is required for tall-growing than for smaller varieties. It is well to drop somewhat more kernels than the number of stalks desired. On good soil this familiar saying may be profitably followed: "One for the blackbird, one for the crow, one for the cutworm, and three for to grow." One secret of a good corn crop consists in having the proper stand of stalks, each one of which yields well. On poor land and also in very dry sections larger grain yields can be secured with a thin stand of stalks. Under such conditions, however, some other crop can usually be grown more profitably than corn, for corn requires much moisture and fertility. Where the annual rainfall is less than 25 inches a thin stand of stalks is preferable unless moisture is supplied from some source other than rain. Where soil moisture is likely to be deficient during the silking period a stalk for each 20 inches of row (the rows being 3.3 feet apart) is sufficient and will make possible a yield of 113 bushels per acre if the stalks average a pound of grain each.

Record Yields.

With an abundance of fertility and soil moisture throughout the silking period a stalk for each 12 inches of row will make possible a yield of 188 bushels per acre, the stalks averaging one



Poor Field of Corn.

pound of grain each. With rich soil and ample rainfall 12,000 or more stalks to the acre are necessary for obtaining record yields.

In planting corn in hills practically all corn planters drop all the kernels of the hill in a bunch. Bunch planting results in unnecessary crowding both above and below ground, weakening the stalks and reducing the yield. Kernel-spaced checking combines the advantages and overcomes the disadvantages of drilling and checking, and there is need for an implement that will combine the advantages of kernel spacing and hill checking.

Planting by hand has some advantages, but the labor saved by the use of planters is so great that for profitable corn growing their use is indispensable. Moreover, if the seed is in proper condition any good planter can be made to cover corn as satisfactorily as it can be done with a hoe; and seed ears having kernels of uniform size be selected and the small and misshapen kernels at the extremities of the ears be rejected, good modern corn-planting machines can be made to drop with sufficient accuracy for practical purposes. However, the yield depends to such an extent upon the proper number of stalks and their even distribution that too much stress can hardly be placed upon the necessity for selecting seed ears having kernels of uniform size and plates for the planter that will drop the right number at the required distance. Every spring the planter should be thoroughly tested and adjusted until it will drop accurately the seed to be used. The kernels of different kinds of corn vary so much in size and shape that it is necessary to adjust the planter to each kind of corn to be planted. These are some of the many essentials that can be attended to before the rush of planting time arrives.

Use of Checkrower.

Perhaps more corn is now planted by means of a checkrower than by any other device. This implement is adjustable, so that the spacing of the rows and the distance between the plants or hills in the row can be regulated to suit the requirements of the soil. By means of a wire chain stretched across a field one man and team can plant in straight rows in both directions across the field 12 or 15 acres per day, thus admitting of cross-cultivation. Corn planted in this way can be kept free from weeds and well cultivated without costly hoeing or cutting of the weeds. A summary of numerous tests made by various state experiment stations shows that there is practically no difference in yield of corn planted in hills of several stalks each or drilled so that the stalks stand separately in the rows, provided there is the same number of stalks per acre in each case. The former system facilitates cultivation, and the latter provides for a more equal distribution of roots throughout the soil. Checkrowers are best adapted to large and comparatively level fields free from trees or stumps. Hillsides and sloping ground cannot be planted in checks without increasing the liability to soil washing.

Depth to Plant.

The proper depth to plant must be governed by the quality and moisture of the soil. If the soil is a stiff, heavy clay containing plenty of moisture at planting time, one inch is sufficiently deep; but if it is a light, open, dry soil, three or four inches is a satisfactory depth. If the corn is planted deeper than four inches much of the food supply stored in the seed will be consumed before the young plant can reach the surface and expand its leaves. Plants cannot be made to send their roots deeply into the soil by planting the seed deeply. They can be better fortified against dry weather by planting a furrow, covering it slightly, and then gradually cultivating the furrow full of soil as the plants grow. This requires some care, however, as the furrows should not be filled to any great depth until the plants have attained a height of two feet or more and have established their root system at the desired depth. This method of planting is especially well adapted to deep soils where dry weather is likely to prevail during the middle or latter part of the growing season. The lister, the implement with which a large part of the corn is planted in the prairie states, fulfills the requirements of this method of planting.

Some successful growers of corn have found it profitable to use a two-row marker set the same width as their checkrower. The checkrower follows in the deep furrows, thus securing all the advantages of both listing and checking.

Replanting seldom increases the grain yield. Cultivating up the first planting and planting the entire field the second time is better than replanting a poor stand.

Thinning.

For highly profitable crops heavy planting and thinning are advisable, though not always practicable in extensive planting. Thinning should be performed as soon as the stalks are too hard for cutworms to cut off and before they are a foot tall. A flattened broomstick or a similar stick to which is fastened a flattened piece of iron, like a two-inch chisel, is of great assistance in thinning, as it is necessary to remove the stalks below the surface of the ground to prevent further growth. Slightly more stalks than a perfect stand should be retained, so that injured, diseased, or feeble stalks can be removed later without reducing the stand below that required for the best grain yield. Such stalks should be considered as weeds and removed as soon as their inferiority is evident.

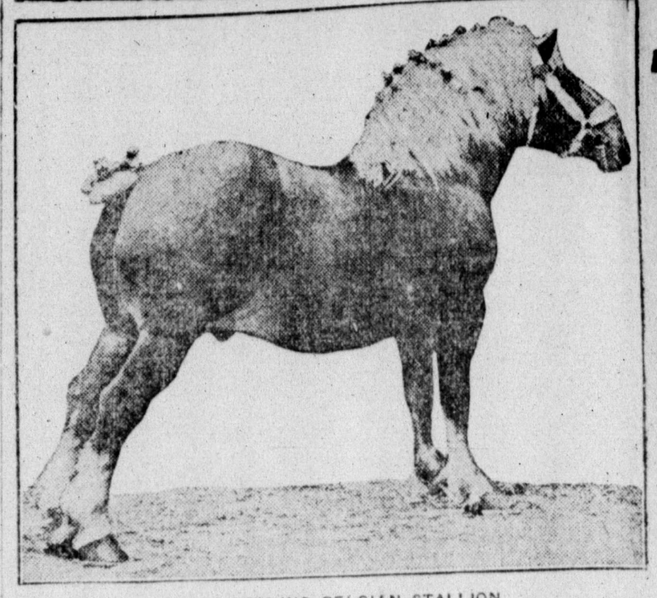
LOOKING INTO NEAR FUTURE

Crops Are Being Harvested Without Any Thought as to Putting Fertility Into Soil.

Does the question of conserving soil fertility mean anything to you? Do the western farmers appreciate the fact that it is only a question of time until the lands must receive artificial fertilizing to make them produce paying crops?

Crop after crop is being harvested on many farms without a thought as to putting any of the fertility back into the soil and so prolong the productiveness of the land and stave off the time when commercial fertilizers must be bought.

STIMULATE INTEREST IN BETTER HORSES



PRIZE-WINNING BELGIAN STALLION.

(From the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Colt shows are proving a great aid in stimulating interest in the breeding of high-class horses. Next to community horse breeders' associations and state stallion license laws there is, perhaps, no other factor that will so materially assist in the improvement of the horses of the country. It is only in recent years that impetus has been given to this very important feature in connection with the rapidly growing movement for better horses.

At the present time colt shows are an annual event in many districts of a number of the states, chiefly where stallion license laws are in effect. As an illustration of the popularity of these shows and the keen interest manifested in them by the people of the farming communities, it is reported that in 1915 no less than 25 colt shows were held in the state of Minnesota alone. In some sections these shows are held in the spring, but in a majority of cases the fall of the year is selected. The latter season appears to be preferable for a number of reasons. At that time the heaviest part of the farm work is about over; and with more time to spare, farmers will take a greater interest in the event and the object for which it is held.

Feature of County Event.

These exhibitions are invariably held independent of the county fair, although there is apparently no reason why a show of this kind could not be made an important and outstanding feature of the annual county event.

In some instances these shows were inaugurated with simply one class for grade draft foals and have gradually grown until the classification is almost as complete as that of the state fair.



Superior Farm Team.

However, such a large classification is not possible in most localities, as the larger amount of money necessary cannot be raised. The best plan, and the most beneficial one, perhaps, would be to hold an exhibition for weanlings and yearlings only. If the community or district has a fairly large number of purebred horses, separate classes could be provided for purebreds and grades.

The question of having classes for both light and heavy horses will depend upon whether sufficient attention is being given to the production of both classes.

Financing an Exhibition.

In securing the necessary funds to finance such an exhibition as a colt show a number of different plans have been suggested. In Minnesota one show is financed by the stallion owners, each giving $25 in cash prizes, to be divided among the colts sired by his stallion. Another plan is to have the County Horse Breeders' association or the various farmers' clubs contribute sufficient money to finance the show, while still another scheme is for the local bank or banks to furnish the money for premiums and other expenses.

However, the most popular and common method is to go among the business men of the community and secure subscriptions in sufficient amount to pay all expenses of the show.

All premiums should be designated by neat, but inexpensive ribbons on which are printed the name of the show, the year, and the classes to which they belong.

Suitable Trophy.

While the premiums in the individual classes should consist of cash awards, it is suggested that the championship prize consist of a suitable trophy rather than money. This trophy need not necessarily be expensive. It should, however, be something lasting, to which the holder can point with pride. Any breeder would be glad to possess something of this kind, the true value of which is in what it represents.

The securing of competent men to act as judges is an important consideration. This problem probably can be solved comparatively easily by taking up the matter with the animal husbandry division of the state agricultural college or with the stallion registration board. Either of these bodies probably will be willing to co-operate with the local committee and furnish efficient judges for the show.

Improvement in Quality.

When once established, it will be found that the annual colt show will do much to bring about an improvement in the quality of the horses raised in the community. These exhibitions, held preferably at the county seat, will afford possible prospective buyers an opportunity to learn something of the class of horses being produced in the locality, and the community will thus be benefited by the fact that it will eventually have established itself as a market for horses that will readily sell at good prices.

There is every reason to believe that the practice of holding annual colt shows will become more general. The fact that they have increased considerably in the past few years is evidence that they have not only proved popular but profitable as well.

The movement through the country today is not for more horses, but rather for better horses. Whatever the future demand may be, the man raising the better class of horses will receive the higher price.

DEFECTIVE HORSES IN PUBLIC SERVICE

Agricultural Department Collects Data Regarding Unsoundness of Stallions.

(From the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Reports received from 13 of the states having laws regulating the public service of stallions show the following percentages of unsoundness in stallions out of 2,640 reported cases:

	Per cent
Side bone	9
Laryngeal hemiplegia (roaring)	1
Bone spavin	11
Defective or curby hocks	7
Periodic ophthalmia	6
Cataract	4
Spavin (not classified)	3
Bog spavin	6
Ring bone	4
Stringhalt	3

The remaining 9 per cent consisted of such defects as chorea, general unsoundness, faulty conformation, and scattering imperfections.

These figures do not represent individual stallions, but indicate the number of cases of unsoundness. For instance, a single stallion may be affected with two or more physical defects and others with but one. A report from all the states having stallion license laws could not be secured, as in several no record is kept, but the figures given may be accepted as reasonably offering an index to the most common physical defects among public service stallions.

In some of these states certain diseases and unsoundness disqualify a stallion for service, while in others the stallion may stand, but the condition of soundness must be noted on the license certificate, a copy of which is required to be posted at the place where the stallion is being stood for service.

PROPER TRAINING FOR COLT

Accustom It to Eating Grain Before Taking From Mother—Should Be Halter Broken.

We never yet have weaned a colt but that it was used to eating grain before being taken from its mother, consequently there was practically no loss in flesh or growing, says a writer in an exchange.

We also have each colt halter broken by the time it is ready to be weaned.

This thing of letting colts run until two and three years old before putting a halter on them is not good business.

Ask for and Get
SKINNER'S
THE HIGHEST QUALITY
MACARONI
36 Page Recipe Book Free
SKINNER MFG. CO., OMAHA, U.S.A.
LARGEST MACARONI FACTORY IN AMERICA

PENSIONS for surviving U.S. soldiers of INDIAN WAR service and their widows also WAR WITH SPAIN their widows and children under 16. Inquire of Nathan Bickford, 945 La. Ave., Washington, D. C.

LADIES-GIRLS-BOYS We will send by return mail six highly colored postals and large illustrated catalog of novelties if you will send us your address. Townes Novelty Co., Dept. D. S. Richmond, Va.

Texas Directory

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

McCANE'S DETECTIVE AGENCY
HOUSTON, TEXAS
Expert Civil and Criminal Investigators.
MALE AND FEMALE OPERATIVES.

COTTON
We handle cotton on consignment only and have the finest concrete warehouses with almost unlimited capacity, where your cotton will be absolutely free from all weather damage. Highest classifications and lowest interest rates on money advanced. Write us for full particulars.
GOHLMAN, LESTER & CO.
The oldest and largest exclusive cotton factors in Texas.
HOUSTON, TEXAS

Disease Decimates Birds.

Forty-five thousand dead ducks, victims of wild duck disease, were picked up on one marsh near Great Salt lake.

To Drive Out Malaria And Build Up The System
Take the Old Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS chill TONIC. You know what you are taking, as the formula is printed on every label, showing it is Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out malaria, the Iron builds up the system. 50 cents.

Made a Mess of It.

During a social evening a woman sang for the guests. One of the guests turned to a meek-looking little man sitting at his side and said:

"How awful! Who can she be?"

"She?" replied the man addressed, "she is my wife."

"Oh, I b-b-beg your pardon!" stuttered the other. "She's really a—I know she'd sing beautifully if she made a better selection of her music. Who do you suppose wrote that song?"

"I am the author of that song," replied the meek-looking little man.—Tit-Bits.

Mr. Gloom's Triumph.

On the day following election that well-known hater of his species, J. Fuller Gloom, went about sternly demanding to be informed with whom Splendor K. Billinger served as vice president, and spreading humiliation among the patriots who squirmingly confessed, after vainly trying to change the subject, that they did not know.—Kansas City Star.

Discouraging.

"What did your governor think of your proposition to go into business with him?" asked the first college graduate.

"He didn't seem much impressed," answered the second college graduate. "He said he didn't see how the firm could use me unless they decided to open a dancing academy as a sort of side line."



Childish Craving
—for something sweet finds pleasant realization in the pure, wholesome, wheat and barley food
Grape-Nuts
No danger of upsetting the stomach—and remember, Grape-Nuts is a true food, good for any meal or between meals.
"There's a Reason"

EFFICIENCY IN HOME

This Is New Study Taken Up by Uncle Sam.

Government Experts Have Ventured Into Business of Teaching Scientific Housekeeping to Women.

Uncle Sam has turned his big paternal hand to domestic science. Not exactly that the spread of woman suffrage has driven him from other pursuits into the home, but, having been successful in agriculture, in industry, in commerce, and in most supplementary activities, our common relative has looked to the home and found there many opportunities for tuning up its efficiency.

Much has been said and written about the two standards of efficiency—business efficiency and home efficiency. And the concensus of opinion has been that, could home efficiency be brought to the level of that of the office, woman's position would be bettered more quickly than by any of the economic and legal panaceas promulgated from some quarters.

The government has become interested in the situation and ventured into the business of teaching scientific housekeeping to the women of the land. Beginning with the proper arrangement and equipment of the home, the government has investigated the entire subject of food and its method of preparation, and taken the home and covered it from the standpoint of health and comfort and designed its construction with economy and convenience as the standard.

On account of the difference in homes, due to various incomes and various sized households, no single series of rules could be laid down. What the government has done is to offer general suggestions for raising the efficiency of the home and the housewife.

One of the most piquant suggestions offered is that the housewife consider her home as a factory for the production of family comfort; for creating means of eating, sleeping, resting and enjoying social diversions. For this purpose, tools must be provided; and such implements should be chosen as will make possible the housewife's doing her various tasks with the greatest celerity and minimum of labor.

The combination of beauty with utility and practicality is one of the first essentials. In a home where the cultural, moral and congenial effects on those who occupy it must be considered, beauty often may be united with utility. Fittings should include beauty, necessity and convenience. For instance, in the selection of table linen, furniture, upholstery and various other articles, this combination can be made effective.

Here's Way Uncle Sam Orders Grayfish Cooked

The culinary policy of the administration in the matter of grayfish was announced by Secretary of Commerce Redfield after very careful and painstaking consideration of the subject.

The recipe is this:

Grayfish hash—One can grayfish, one pint boiled potatoes, in small pieces; one teaspoonful butter, salt and pepper. Flake the fish and mix with the proper ingredients. Place in a buttered frying pan and stir until thoroughly heated throughout; then leave long enough to brown on the bottom. Turn on a platter, brown side up.

GUARDS FILIPINOS' HEALTH

Uncle Sam Has Greatly Reduced the Death Rate in the Islands Since American Occupation.

Some of the most interesting investigative work that has been carried on by Uncle Sam's public health service has been that in the Philippine islands. The progress of sanitation there, the experts say, may best be thought of by classifying it into two periods: First, the period of elimination of the graver epidemic diseases, and, second, the period of constructive sanitation.

The first period, or that of the elimination of grave epidemic diseases, extended from the beginning of the American occupation to and including the year 1908. The second period, or that of constructive sanitation, began in 1909, when investigations were begun with a view to improving the general water supply of the islands. Artesian wells were decided upon, and therefore the supply today, in large measure, is through such wells.

In Pasig, with 14,752 inhabitants, a commission was formed to look both into the water supply and into the health of the people. The mortality, per thousand inhabitants, was, during the year 1914 (the latest statistics available) 36.64 as compared with 82.4 in 1909. The high rate in 1909, however, was due to the presence of cholera, which did not exist in 1914. Eliminating cholera, therefore, in order to place the two rates upon the same basis, the corrected rate for 1909 was shown to be 68.2 per thousand per annum.

As a result of the work of the commission much sanitary legislation has been enacted and the towns on the islands are in much better sanitary condition than before our occupation.



The One-Piece Gown for Afternoon.

If you are looking about for a pretty model for an afternoon gown it almost goes without saying that you want a smart one-piece straight-hanging frock. There are many materials that provide a choice for making it, but satin or chiffon velvet, or both combined, lie uppermost in the mind, if the dress is to be elegant rather than practical.

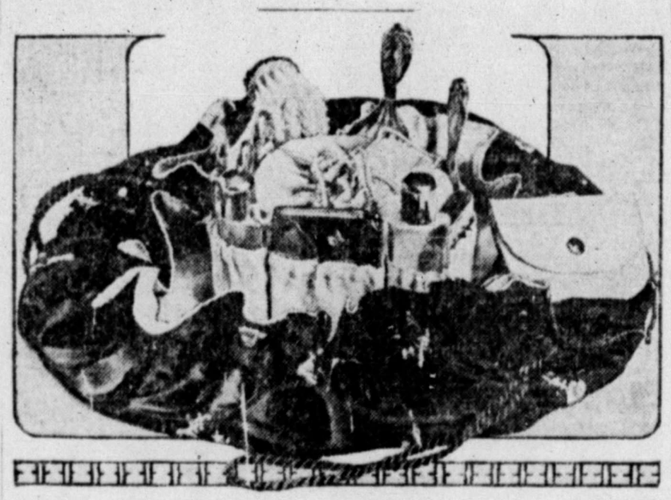
The one-piece dress offers the designer the best of opportunities for making effective combinations of materials. Serge and satin, and other cloths with satin or velvet, crepe with velvet, or fur and cloths with fur-fabrics, are a few that have been made so successfully that they pave the way to many more.

A lovely combination of satin and chiffon velvet is shown in the picture. In this the chiffon velvet is cut in redingote style over satin that has the effect of an underdress. A panel of satin, from collar to hem, is defined on the edges, with small velvet-covered buttons, set about an inch apart. The dress has a long waistline and a narrow velvet belt edged with fur. The belt terminates at each side of the front panel, where it is fastened to the dress with a large velvet button.

A small plaited cape of velvet, finished with a narrow banding of fur, falls to the shoulders. This is a feature which marks this dress a design for the slender figure. The straight satin sleeves have deep cuffs of tucked chiffon, which come far down over the hands, and the high satin collar is edged with the same material. This model is better for the very slender figure than those that have no definition of the waistline.

Millinery Note.

A note to be remembered by the home milliner is that should one decide to use wax flowers there should be a few of the silk posies mixed in with them. Otherwise the trimming would be too stiff.



Week-End Traveling Bag.

A new bag for a lady's toilet articles, when she goes traveling, is very clever. It is a made-at-home affair of heavy silk, plain or figured, lined with silk or cloth in a contrasting color. It is circular and draws upon a silk cord. Upon opening it, all the toilet requisites are discovered very tidily and cozily arranged. This particular bag may be made in miniature, with complete fittings, like an amplified vanity bag, and it is a treasure for the overnight visit.

A round powder box, enclosed in a small bag, is attached to the center of the circular piece of silk. This small bag closes with a silk cord and provides support for several compartments that are ranged about it. These compartments contain all those things which are necessary to milady's toilet, including a small hairbrush and comb, hand mirror, toothbrush and paste in a glass holder, toilet powder, clothes brush, scissors, and needlecase.

The arrangement is so complete and compact that there is still room for a soft nightdress of batiste or silk, extra handkerchiefs, etc. The smaller bags will not carry these, but are marvels in space arrangement. All the fittings are little, but everything that is really needed finds a place. Even when brought down to the "irreducible minimum" there are quite a number of things that the week-end or overnight visitor can't do without.

The week-end bag can be made of other fabrics than silk. Cretonne and other heavy printed cottons, lined with rubberized cloth, are just as good looking and altogether practical. It is merely more luxurious when made of silk, and therefore more feminine.

Cork Carpet for Nursery.

The ideal nursery floor is covered with cork carpet, and it is as well to lay this betimes, because at first it has rather an objectionable smell, which wears off after it has been in use. Cork carpet is warm and clean; it can be wiped over with a damp cloth each day, which keeps it sweet and fresh and it is quite warm to the touch so that a child is not chilled when sitting on it. A few small rugs can be thrown over it at convenient spaces.

Wonderful Hair Tonic.

Steep one ounce of tea in a cup of boiling water, then let it settle and strain; add borax, one dram; rosewater, two ounces; glycerin, one and one-half ounce; bay rum, one pint; cantharides, one-quarter ounce. Mix thoroughly in a large bottle and use daily.

Trained Evening Coat.

Evening coats made of rich brocades and oriental metal embroidery are being made with long panel trains edged with the same fur which outlines the arm slits and provides the collars. The linings of these coats are usually of soft solid-color satins.

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

Lots of men would be unable to borrow trouble if they had to give security.

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*
In Use for Over 30 Years.
Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

The man who borrows trouble, as a rule has to go off his own farm to find it.

DON'T PUT IT OFF.
If you are suffering from Dizziness, Headaches, Biliousness, Constipation or Sour Stomach, take one BOND'S LIVER PILL at bedtime tonight. You will wake up well, without any unpleasant "after effects." BOND'S PILLS are sold on their genuine merit, and never fail to please those who use them for Malarial troubles. They are Small, Mild, Safe, Inexpensive. 25c All Druggists.—Adv.

The laxative properties of fruits and vegetables are not destroyed by canning them.

You never can know how superior to other preparations in promptness and efficiency is Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" until you have tried it once. A single dose cleans out Worms or Tapeworm. Adv.

The ripe fruit of the common green elder is often used for pies, sauce, syrup and wine.

ON FIRST SYMPTOMS
use "Renovine" and be cured. Do not wait until the heart organ is beyond repair. "Renovine" is the heart and nerve tonic. Price 50c and $1.00.—Adv.

A hot-water heating system for a six-room house will cost about $275 to $300.

FOR TETTER, SCALY FACE ERUPTION
Use Tetterine. It is also an absolute cure for Eczema, Ringworm, Erysipelas, Infant's Sore Head and all other itching cutaneous diseases. It gives instant relief and effects permanent cures.

"After thirty years experience in the drug business, I can truthfully say that I have never seen a remedy equal to Tetterine for Skin diseases. A few applications have made a complete cure of Tetter on hands, which I had almost despaired of ever curing. I also find it unequaled for chapped and rough skin." Boland E. Hall, Druggist, Macon, Ga.

Tetterine, 50 cents at druggists or by mail from J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga. Adv.

To join in a dispute between neighbors is human, but to stay out of it is divine.

Anuric cures Backache, Lumbago, Rheumatism. Send 10c. Dr. V. M. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for large trial package.—Adv.

It takes the women folks to make things go about the house, and it doesn't take them long either.

BREAD WITHOUT SALT IS TASTELESS
A medicine chest without Magic Arnica Liniment is useless. Best of all liniments for sprains, swellings, bruises, rheumatism and neuralgia. Three sizes, 25c, 50c and $1.00.—Adv.

After doing an honest day's work the workman likes to look a square meal in the face.

For reaching flies on ceilings there has been invented a long-handled swatter, operated by a spring.

Indigestion produces disagreeable and sometimes alarming symptoms. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills stimulate the digestive processes to function naturally. Adv.

As a new convenience for housewives a mop and floor brush have been combined on one handle.

The Quinine That Does Not Affect The Head
Because of its tonic and laxative effect, Laxative Bromo Quinine can be taken by anyone without causing nervousness or ringing in the head. There is only one "Bromo Quinine." E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Valuable Farm Implement.

A German farm implement does the work of a plow, disk harrow and roller in a single trip over a field.

A RIGID
Adherence
TO SIMPLE HEALTH RULES
is really necessary in order to promote and maintain health
The digestion must be kept normal, the liver active and the bowels regular
When Help is Needed—TRY
HOSTETTER'S
Stomach Bitters

Found Valuable Coin.

John Walker dug out of a potato hill in Chittenden, Vt., a United States silver coin dated 1803.

A HINT TO WISE WOMEN.
Don't suffer torture when all female troubles will vanish in thin air after using "Femenina." Price 50c and $1.00.—Adv.

A tennis racquet frame that can be converted into a campstool has been invented.

CAPUDINE
—For Headaches—
Try it and be convinced. Good for aches in back and limbs also—Assists Nature to get right and stay so. It's Liquid—easy to take.—Adv.

A patent has been granted for a trunk that also can be used as a bathtub.

A Mother's Burden
A mother who suffers kidney trouble, finds it hard to keep up her daily work. Lameness, backache, sharp pains when stooping and "blue", nervous or dizzy spells, make home life dreary. Active kidneys bring back vigor, health and a pleasure in family duties. If the kidneys are weak try a box of Doan's Kidney Pills.
A Texas Case

Mrs. R. H. Mann, 210 Locust St., Big Spring, Tex., says: "I was troubled terribly by my kidneys. My back was so weak that when I sat down for awhile, I could hardly get up again. I could do no lifting and could hardly stoop. I had a constant, dull ache through my loins and was annoyed by my kidneys not acting right. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me as soon as I took them and continued use cured me."
"Every Picture Tells a Story"
Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

DRIVE PAIN AWAY!
With Hunt's Lightning Oil.
Rheumatism, neuralgia, sore muscles, headaches, cuts, burns and bruises vanish as if by magic when Lightning Oil is applied to affected parts. No other liniment brings such quick and soothing relief. Get a bottle of this wonderful home remedy today. Druggists sell it at 50 cents the bottle, or the A. B. RICHARDS MEDICINE CO., Dept. Z, Sherman, Texas, will send it on receipt of price.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

Drugless Face Wash Removes that greasy, shiny look from your skin; keeps it soft white and beautiful; costs few pennies to make. Recipe, sample and directions, 25c. HEINZ CO., LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

New York's Latest Song Hit "My Darling Since We Have Been Married." 25c a copy. Duncan, 338 Shelton Ave., New Haven, Ct.

W. N. U., HOUSTON, NO. 51—1916.

TO PREVENT OLD AGE COMING TOO SOON!
"Toxic poisons in the blood are thrown out by the kidneys. The kidneys act as filters for such poisons. If we wish to prevent old age coming too soon and increase our chances for a long life, we should drink plenty of pure water and take a little Anuric," says the famous Dr. Pierce of Buffalo, N. Y.
When suffering from backache, frequent or scanty urine, rheumatic pains here or there, or that constant tired, worn-out feeling, the simple way to overcome these disorders is merely to obtain a little Anuric from your nearest druggist and you will quickly notice the grand results. You will find it many times more potent than lithia, and that it dissolves uric acid as hot water does sugar.

A Texas Woman

San Antonio, Texas.—"I have used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and Golden Medical Discovery and find both fine medicines. I recommend the 'Golden Medical Discovery, as a blood tonic and the 'Favorite Prescription' for women that are in ill health and need a woman's tonic. Try these remedies and you will never regret it."—MRS. W. B. REYNOLDS, 706 Sharon St., San Antonio, Texas.
Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the best little liver pills because entirely vegetable. No calomel. All druggists sell them.—Adv.

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC
Sold for 47 years. For Malaria, Chills and Fever. Also a Fine General Strengthening Tonic. 50c and $1.00 at all Drug Stores

Happy New Year

To All Our Friends and Customers

We Thank you for your patronage the past year.

WEST TEXAS SUPPLY COMPANY

Highest Prices Paid for Country Produce

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

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JEWELER

Jewelry and Watch Repairing. All work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.

Window in Elite Tailor Shop

KERRVILLE, TEXAS

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KERRVILLE, - - - - TEXAS

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LAWYER

816-17 STATE BANK BUILDING

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

Stockmen's Hand Made Boots

IS MY SPECIALTY

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

First Class Shoe Repairing and we do it promptly

J. Q. WHEELER

KERRVILLE, TEXAS

Religious Notice.

St. Peter's Episcopal Church. Holy Communion 1st. Sunday 10:30 a. m.

Morning Prayer and sermon 2nd and 4th. Sundays 10:30.

Morris Ranch 3rd. Sundays 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

J. S. Johnston, Pastor.

COAL! COAL!

We have on hand a supply of the best, clean coal which we will sell at $8 00 per ton, delivered. Phone us your order today.

Kerrville Light & Power Co.

For Sale—Two trained wolf hounds and three puppies large enough to train. Apply to J. M. Hatch, Japonica, Texas.

Good Books at Cost

A lot of Bibles and other good books belonging to the Medina River Baptist Association are on sale at the C. C. Butt Grocery store. They will be sold at and below cost to close them out. Go and see them.

Suited Her Exactly.

The Sympathetic Friend—"Is he a good doctor?" The Chronic Invalid—"Oh, splendid. I have been employing him three months and he has already told me I have most all the diseases there are."—Buffalo Express.

Excellent Advice.

I came across the following clipping from a medical journal which had been hidden away in a box: "Talk less, breathe more; eat less, chew more; ride less, walk more; clothe less, bathe more; worry less, work more; waste less, give more; write less, read more; preach less, practice more." A whole sermon in one period. We have been hammered into a belief that deep breathing is the source of good health or of good lungs at least, and the gospel of fresh air is preached everywhere on the globe, I reckon.—Exchange.

Obedient Youngster.

One cold winter's day a little boy was sent to the store by his mother, one of her last instructions to him being not to forget to put on his mittens. He ran off to the store and had waited a while, the storekeeper being busy with other customers, when all of a sudden he started for the door. The storekeeper called to him, asking him why he was leaving. The youngster, just going out the door, called back, "I must hurry home, 'cause I forgot my mittens."

Those Small Berths.

Fat Passenger—"There is no danger that anyone will pry into these berths, is there?" Pullman Porter—"Lan' sakes no, mam. On de contrary, we generally has to pry folks out of dem."—Judge.

Make Tests of Foreign Woods.

The wood utilization and preservation studies of the United States department of agriculture have been broadened to include tests of foreign woods of commercial importance to American industries.

KERRVILLE AUTO LIVERY AND GARAGE

WM. BECKMAN

JITNEY SERVICE IN THE CITY

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

PHONE 115 KERRVILLE, TEXAS

KERRVILLE

Is the county seat of Kerr County, has a population of about 2500. is situated 70 miles northwesterly from San Antonio, and is the terminus of the Kerrville branch of the S. A. & A. P. railroad. It has two daily trains to and from San Antonio, and daily mail route, carrying passengers in autos, to Ingram, Junction, Rock Springs Harper and other places north and west of Kerrville, and also a daily line to Fredericksburg. From Kerrville to Fredericksburg is 25 miles; to Bandera and Medina City, 25 miles; to Junction 60 miles; Rocksprings 80 miles, Harper 21 miles.

Kerrville has electric lights and a splendid system of water works. The sum of $20,000 has been spent on the streets and $40,000 has been spent for road improvements in this precinct.

The elevation at Kerrville is 1,750 feet. The Guadalupe river, which heads 30 miles north of Kerrville, runs through the city. On the east side where the city is located, there are high bluffs on the river, and on the west side is a fertile and beautiful valley, and mountains surround the city on the east and west. The Guadalupe valley is occupied by thrifty farmers and ranchmen, and the mountain regions, among which there is considerable valley, creek and arable land, there are large ranches of cattle, horses, sheep and goats, all of which do well in the Kerrville country. The land generally is well wooded, principally with live oak, Spanish oak and cedar, and the range is good, and water excellent.

Our farmers grow wheat, oats and all other small grain, cane and alfalfa, cotton and corn, and fruit and vegetables do well. Kerrville is one of the largest wool markets in the state, and large quantities of wool, mohair, cotton, oats, cattle, etc., are shipped from this point.

The climate of the Kerrville country is unsurpassed. The winters are short and generally mild and invigorating owing to the dryness of the climate and the prevalence of sunshine. The summers are cool and delightful, and the mountain air is pure and bracing. Game abounds in the Kerrville country, and fishing in the Guadalupe, especially north of Kerrville, is good. Kerrville and the adjoining towns are popular resorts for health and recreation.

The Kerrville Commercial Club, any of the different Realty Companies os any of our citizens, will be pleased to give prospective residents or visitorr further information.

Developing Interest in Study.

The conscious student must fight off distracting thoughts and fatigue. When he becomes interested in his study, however, the subconscious brain takes hold. The best ways to develop interest are by collateral reading, original thought on the subject and conversation with those who are interested.

Mosel, Saenger & Co.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Cedar Logs, Posts, Etc.

Comfortable Camp Yard with water Free to All.

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

BRISCOE

Electric Lights and Starter. The Most Luxuriant small car on the market

$680 Delivered Here

A. E. SELF, Agent

FIRE, HAIL, TORNADO, AUTOMOBILE

INSURANCE

I represent some of the best companies doing business in America. Your Insurance will have prompt and careful attention if placed with me. I solicit your business.

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Practice in all courts. Abstracts of Land Titles made on short notice.