

KIMBLE COUNTY CITIZEN.

OF AND FOR KIMBLE COUNTY.

VOL. 7. NO. 40.

JUNCTION, TEXAS, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1911.

C. M. NICHOLS, Pub.

John M. Hankins' Drug Store HAS IT

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

CITY BARBER SHOP

BURT & RAGLAND, Proprietors

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

Hot and Cold Baths

Your Patronage Solicited

Don't Use a Scarecrow



To Drive Away the Mail Order Wolf

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



Let Us Be Your Waiter

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

MAKE YOUR APPEAL

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

The Buyers' Guide

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

YOUR DOLLAR

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

STORE NEWS

That is what your advertising is all about. It will be of interest to the public, and bring to you that increase of business you are looking for if you give us your store news to print.

J. F. Reid,

Lawyer and
Land Agent.

NOTARY PUBLIC

Your Business Solicited.
Office at Courthouse.

Junction, - - Texas

Your Printing

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

AN EXCELLENT ASSORTMENT
OF TYPE, GOOD PRESSES AND
TYPOGRAPHICAL ARTISTS

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

WE PRINT

SALE BILLS

AND PRINT THEM RIGHT

THINK ABOUT IT

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

Lovely White Hats



THIS is the whitest of white summers, and everywhere the preponderance of white gowns which millinery is displayed to the very best advantage. The greater number of hats are white also, but not entirely. Plume-laden or flower-laden, they are adorned with exquisite colors. Pink, in the coral, sea-shell and other delicate tones; blue in the natter and other grayish tints; lilac, rose, green and cerise, are favorites, and, just at the hour, yellow has put in an appearance. In any large gathering of women, out for the summer evening, these colors, in the liveliest of shades are scattered in a sea of white. For the entire costume, from shoes to chapeau, of the great majority is colorless, except for the trimmings on the hats.

Two very beautiful white hats are pictured here, which illustrate very clearly the foregoing. The small hat in white hair braid is decorated with a band of gray net on which a pattern in white beads is wrought. The transparency of the braid and delicacy of the net are adorable for mid-summer wear. Two flat rosettes simulate roses full blown and are made of a light weight ribbon in a wonderful shade of pink. The rosettes are joined by a bride of ribbon.

A rich hat in white hemp is covered with a plateau of princess lace which is fastened down with a twist of wide natter blue ribbon having a highly lustrous surface. Small blown garden roses with foliage and some mossy stems, provide the touch of color here. Nearly half the plateau of lace is folded both from the left side and tacked to the crown, leaving the hemp braid uncovered.

Scarfs of white down and down with ostrich border finish the mid-summer toilette, providing more warmth than one would imagine. In fact, they are quite equal to protecting the throat, even when their wearers are out until the "wee sma' hours," which are the coldest of the twenty-four.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

SANDWICHES EASY TO MAKE

When a Quantity is Required, as for a Picnic, Try the Following Method.

The picnic season—hence the sandwich season—is at hand. When quantities of these unfailing requisites are required, try the following plan and see how easily this trying work can be done. Cut the crusts from a loaf of bread with four strokes of a sharp knife—front, back and sides, then cut the crustless loaf in half, butter each half where you cut the loaf, slice piece of bread from each half, put in filling and the slices will exactly fit. Proceed, cutting one slice from each side of loaf. Wrap in waxed paper, and you will have dainty, symmetrical sandwiches when the luncheon basket is opened.

Place a napkin around the top of the pineapple, give it a twist, and the stem is removed. Lay pineapple on a board and with a sharp knife (silver is preferable) cut into slices. Pare each slice as you would an apple.

Changeable Taffeta Garments. Not many are yet seen, but they are expected to have a great run a little later on. One reason why they are not yet more in evidence is undoubtedly because of the price of the French chiffon qualities of which they are made. From \$2.50 to \$3.50 per yard is asked in the retail shops for these new taffetas. By another season domestic manufacturers will have popular-priced lines, but if one desires an exclusive silk gown for the present summer she should invest in one of changeable chiffon taffetas.

Of Fascinating Qualities. Frock of white echambré de soie with perchblow satin stripes. The simply designed bodice has a finely finished fichu drapery of Malines lace, finished at the top of the wide apricot velvet girdle by a rose of pale pink chiffon. The slightly gathered skirt is quaintly trimmed with three narrow ruffles of white taffeta.—Vogue.

DAINTY LITTLE FROCK.



This dainty dress is of white batiste elaborately trimmed with swiss embroidery and Valenciennes lace. The skirt is plaited; the blouse forms a sort of corset and the girdle is of ribbon fastened at the side with a cockade and long ends.

Striped Coat Set. Fine muslin, chiffon cloth, and marquisette are all used to make collar and cuff sets for short jackets. These, with eyelet embroidered batiste, have taken the place of Irish lace, which seems at a discount these days.

The striped coat sets are in any color that one wishes, not necessarily to match the suit. The collar is quite long, deep at the back, and finished with an edge of fluny lace or a hem of colored muslin or linen to match the stripes.

M. E. BLACKBURN Lawyer

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

ABSTRACTS OF TITLES OF KIMBLE COUNTY

W. KEVAN, Junction, Texas

JUNCTION-KERRVILLE

MAIL, PASSENGER AND EXPRESS

W. T. PETMECKY, Proprietor

ON ROAD EVERY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY

Leaves Junction and Kerrville simultaneously at 6:00 A. M.
Make connection in Kerrville with 5'clock train.

PASSENGER RATES

One Way \$4.00
Round Trip \$7.00

EXPRESS RATES

25 pounds and over One Cent per Pound
Under 25 pounds 25 Cents per Package

Passengers Now Carried Through the Same Day

WE WANT YOUR ORDERS AND WILL TREAT YOU RIGHT

Schreiner-Hodges Co.

General Merchandise.

RANCH SUPPLIES

We Buy Country Produce

Junction, - - Texas

HORACE E. WILSON

LAWYER

Will Practice in all State and U. S. Courts
Office at Junction State Bank Building.

H. REMSCHEL

Dealer In

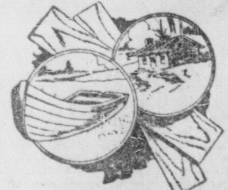
SASH, DOORS, LUMBER, MIXED PAINT
BLINDS, CEMENT

YARD NEAR DEPOT

Kerrville - - - Texas

For Land and Water Used

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



McMURRY LUMBER CO.

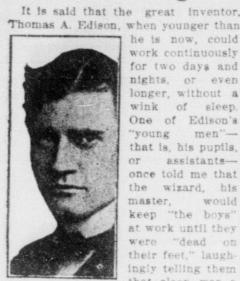
L. E. ALLER, Manager

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

SCIENCE OF HEALTH

By M. A. LANE, Sc. B.
Former Research Fellow in Physiology University of Illinois

Curing the Rest Habit



It is said that the great inventor, Thomas A. Edison, when younger than he is now, could work continuously for two days and nights, or even longer, without a wink of sleep. One of Edison's "young men"—that is, his pupils, or assistants—once told me that the wizard, his master, would keep "the boys" at work until they were "dead on their feet," laughingly telling them that sleep was a habit. "Look at me," he would say to them. "I never hanker after sleep. And then the drowsy assistants would sneak away and hide behind the balustrade in the warehouse in order to steal a nod or two while the tireless master was lost to the world in some abstraction of mind.

I repeat the story for what it is worth, but whether it is an exaggeration or not, Edison's well-known tirelessness suggests the thought that the time may come when long continued work will not be followed by fatigue. Why indeed should it? Why does a man feel tired after a hard day's labor?

The question seems a childish one, but a German physiologist not long ago put that very query to himself, not with the simplicity of a child, but with the deep knowledge which sees in the questions of children the most difficult problems of science.

That a man can feel tired without having exerted himself at all is a well known fact. It is a fact recognized by enterprising sellers of tonics guaranteed to cure that "tired feeling" which with diminished bodies, may have arisen from sleep. And it is a fact which would seem to prove that the sensation of fatigue is due to the presence

in the body of some substance that by its reaction on the nervous system produces the sensation in question. Such, in short, is the plain truth. Fatigue, or the sense of fatigue, is either a short time, but a present, of fatigue, and this sense of fatigue produced by the using up of certain materials in muscle and nerve and other tissues of the body, just as smoke and ashes are produced by the using up of fuel with the evolution of heat.

But if the sensation of fatigue is caused by the presence in the body of the toxin of fatigue, the body tries to neutralize this toxin—and actually does neutralize it—by the production of an anti-toxin for fatigue. When put to hard work the body grows tired after a short time, but it presently recuperates, while still at work. A man gets what we call his "second wind," and this "second wind," this refreshment of the body, is due to the quick production of the anti-toxin in question. The body begins to fight this poison of fatigue by producing a certain substance antagonistic to its perfect equilibrium. But push the labor further, drive the body on continuously in its work, and the toxin of fatigue is produced in such large quantities that it can no longer be conquered by its anti-toxin. Your mind is then "dead tired," and must "rest" until the fatigue poison can be thoroughly overcome by the accumulating anti-toxin, or anti-body, as it is technically called.

Our German scientist had all these well known facts in mind when he set to work by the experiment by which he hoped to make an anti-toxin for fatigue which he could administer artificially, and thus perhaps cure the rest habit altogether. The experiment and its results are interesting.

Taking a rabbit—one of those pliant and uncomplaining tools of the laboratory—a rabbit placed in a revolving cage, he made it work continuously until it was perfectly exhausted.

A Little Knock for the Aeroplane

It is curious how the bird idea has clung to the art and science of the flying machine in spite of all efforts to shake it off. We call it the art of aviation, and the artist we call an aviator. Making these two terms into English, the words have bird associations. Clearly then, if we are to be consistent in our etymology, we should call the flying machine itself "avian," the Latin word for bird.

And yet we do no such thing. We call the flying machine itself an aeroplane; and this word, with its two species of airplane and monoplane, is an excellent one for the purpose, because it means precisely what it says. The word plane as now used in this combination is not derived from the Greek word which means "wanderer," but from that which means "flat."

What warrant is there for the association of the bird idea with that of the curious machines that are now swooping and circling through the air in the skies of all the nations? Has man, as a matter of fact, realized the longing of the psalmist, who sighed for the wings of a bird that he might fly away and be at rest?

I, for one, do not believe it; and I imagine that I would not be alone in my conviction were a poll taken of those who have some knowledge of the structure of and the work done by the nervous and muscular mechanisms that enable the bird to fly.

When you look at a hawk high up in the air, sailing with rigid outstretched wings, maintained in his glorious flight by the pressure between his wings and the atmosphere, you have before you the pretty and inspiring prototype of the buoyant aviator in his monoplane. Maybe, both, perhaps, rest upon the same mechanical principles, so far as the buoyancy is concerned. Both are, in their way, monoplanes. "But there," as Lord Byron said, "all likeness ends between the pair."

The bird is the absolute master of the situation. The aviator is absolutely at the mercy of it. The wing and tail of the bird respond to the will of the bird with the infinite nicety that mark the conduct of the arm, the hand and the fingers of a man when they move in response to the mandates sent down to them by their master, the brain. The bird's wing, apart from the plumage that makes it a plane, consists of millions of muscle fibers, each one of which is directly supplied by its own nerve-fiber, and these millions of nerve-fibers, in small sets of fibers are microscopically small connect up with other millions of nerve-fibers in the spinal cord of the bird, and these last connect up with still other millions of nerve fibers in the bird's brain, whose batteries are in certain groups of the almost countless cells of the gray matter.

Here we have a mechanism inimitably intricate; a thing very different from the crude screw of the aeroplane and its motive power of gasoline. I do not wish to be called a knocker,

and I am none. But a conservative habit of mind will dispose a man to look with considerable calmness on the antics of those foolish persons who directly fall into a passion of tears at their first sight of an aeroplane in flight. A conservative habit of mind will likewise dispose a man to have a little faith in the future of flying machines, so far as the "improvement" of the present genus of machine is at all concerned. The aeroplane was made possible by the invention of the high speed gasoline engine, which also made possible the dirigible balloon. There is positively no warrant whatever for the hectic hopes one hears expressed on all hands that the world will see "navies of the air" (worked by gasoline engines) replacing the navies of the sea, and the use of useful, railway freight cars, if there is any warrant in sound sense or sound science for the belief that gasoline engines will fill the sky with the merchant aeroplanes. It has not yet been publicly discussed.

The only future for the aeroplane is one in which the prophet who founds on fact and not on fancy can see ambitious and reckless young men rising in the air (as they do now) for exhibition purposes, and descending, in many cases, to the ground, to their certain death or permanent disability. Other and more hopeful predictions are for the most part pleasant dreams, which no earthly law can chase.

Whereas the future of the much discussed balloon is much the same to-day as it was when it was first launched more than a century ago by the French inventors.

But this is not saying that man will never be able to transfer all traffic from the surface of the earth to some considerable distance above it. On the contrary, there are in France a few bold scientists who are not afraid to suggest for human industry in general a future as far beyond the dreams of the aviators and their warmest friends as the light of the sun is beyond the illuminating power of a tall candle. It is held by these courageous men that what is called "matter"—that is, the weight of matter—is really nothing but electric discharge; that all the phenomena of matter are electric phenomena. And if we learn that what is called "matter" is really nothing but electric discharge, that all the phenomena of matter are electric phenomena. And if we learn that what is called "matter" is really nothing but electric discharge, that all the phenomena of matter are electric phenomena. And if we learn that what is called "matter" is really nothing but electric discharge, that all the phenomena of matter are electric phenomena.

(There is positively no limit to the fool things a rabbit will do, once it is fairly started on its way.) Then the experimenter drew off from this exhausted rabbit a quantity of serum which he injected into two fresh rabbits. These fresh rabbits he now placed in revolving cages, and, as a check, or "control" experiment, he at the same time placed two fresh un.injected rabbits in two other cages, and then put on the power.

Away went the revolving cages. Trust a rabbit for doing any desired quantity of purely unprofitable labor! But our experimenter found precisely what he was expecting. The injected rabbits were quickly exhausted, whereas the un.injected ones merrily whirled in their cages, both of them as fresh as a daisy and veritable gluttons for work.

The first point was proved. Inject into a fresh animal the serum of a fatigued animal, and the fresh animal is at once, without a stroke, or a wink of fatigue, in a degree that varies with the size of the dose. But the main object of the experiment was to produce an anti-toxin for fatigue; a serum that would make the rabbits immune to fatigue. The experimenter by repeatedly treating a fresh animal with increasing doses of serum from a fatigued animal, believed it possible that the body of the treated animal would react against the poison in such a way that new doses would have no effect. By taking the serum of this now immune animal and injecting it into the body of another and fresh animal, the experimenter hoped to make this last rabbit immune, and able to work as long as it pleased without fatigue. The experimenter by repeatedly treating a fresh animal with increasing doses of serum from a fatigued animal, believed it possible that the body of the treated animal would react against the poison in such a way that new doses would have no effect. By taking the serum of this now immune animal and injecting it into the body of another and fresh animal, the experimenter hoped to make this last rabbit immune, and able to work as long as it pleased without fatigue.

The results of the latter experiments do not seem to have been quite as satisfactory as were those of the former.

While the body of the injected rabbit would react to a certain degree against the injected poison, it would not react more vigorously than it did to the toxin of fatigue produced in the ordinary way by labor; at least the results in the second line of experiments were not what might be called startlingly encouraging.

And yet it is not to be expected that this patient German will let his idea go by default. The secret of success in all scientific research is a patience and a power of waiting that are almost godlike. In these desirable qualities the German mind excels all others; and the Germans therefore lead the world in this kind of unremunerative and slavish toil. But if he did not succeed at one coup in banishing fatigue from labor, our German has made a good start. No doubt in time an anti-toxin for fatigue will be discovered. No doubt the Edison of the future when he desires to work a week or two without resting will only be required to apply at necessary intervals to the nearest doctor for the injection of the few hundred "units" of the anti-toxin needed, and merrily start away. Nor is it to be imagined that he will permit his pupils and assistants to waste away valuable time behind the balustrade in the warehouse when a few advertising units will keep them whistling the sawyers of their work for three or four weeks at a time.

(Copyright, 1911, by the Columbia Press Syndicate.)

WAS SLEEPING WITH A BEAR

Curious Discovery Made by Lumberman, Whose Camp Bunk Was Roused by a Big Black Bear's Den.

When certain Maine lumbermen one autumn took possession of the camps they had occupied the winter before a lumberman named Jenkinson got one of the lower berths. He did not sleep with a bear. Ordinarily the lower berth is as comfortable as the upper one. The bottom of it, 18 inches from the ground, is made up of small poles, which are spaced evenly and quite thickly with fir boughs, and all one needs over him is a pair of blankets. In Jenkinson's bed, however, there seemed to be a good many "hulks."

Just outside the camp there stood a large birch tree. It was much agitated by the wind and hissing of snow. So did Jenkinson. He said the rest of that tree ran in under his bed, and that when the wind blew it would rise up and roll him over against his berthmate. Then the berthmate would punch him in the ribs, demanding to know why he was so restless. He would subsequently be much unhappy on all sides.

Finally things got so bad that Jenkinson vowed that if the boss did not cut down that birch he would leave. Therefore the tree was felled. That night, however, Jenkinson found himself rolled against the other man as usual.

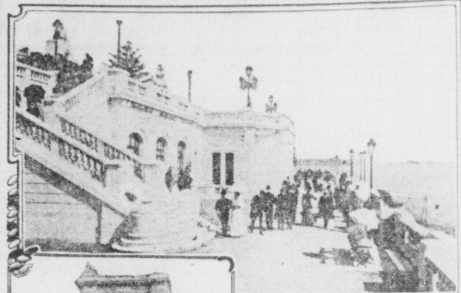
The unhappy woodman declared that this thing had gone far enough. He determined to find out what was under that particular part of his berth. The next morning, which was Sunday, after the man got up, Jenkinson dug the boughs back and pulled up the poles.

The mystery was then laid bare. First there appeared a huge, black bear and a pair of paws, then a body. A stampede among the men followed. A black bear, weighing about 200 pounds, crawled out and in less than a minute was in undisputed possession of the field. He did not seem to be very friendly to the people who had unrolled his den and waked him up.

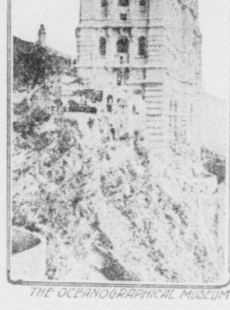
The men lassoed the bear and tried to keep him, but he made things so lively in the cook's range that he had to be shot.

Pity the Poor Pauper.
"Did you pay your fine?"
"Certainly not. I took the pauper's oath."
"And now?"
"Now I shall go to Paris to

THE WAY OF MONTE CARLO



ON THE TERRACE AT MONTE CARLO



THE OCEANOGRAPHICAL MUSEUM

HERE is nothing easier in this world than to criticize Monte Carlo. Morally, socially, ethically—it is an obvious target. But from the point of view of administration, Monte Carlo is beyond the critical range. For even the most carping can scarcely claim at perfection, and that is the word that best describes the government of that empire within a principality, which is Monte Carlo.

Monte Carlo, as it is understood, is the property of the Societe Anonyme des Bains de Mer at du Cercle des Etrangers de Monaco. The Bains de Mer exist, but the Societe Anonyme would possibly find difficulty in inducing their shareholders. They form, in fact, a more than ordinary concern of a very mighty organization, which consists of the one Cercle des Etrangers in the world where roulette and trente-et-quarante are played under conditions which, while assuring the success of the bankers, assure at the same time the security of the player from anything even approaching fraud.

Carlo is there to be "broken" and that the sensational feat of which Charles Coburn, the must-halt artist, sang many years ago is one really capable of accomplishment. As a matter of fact, the "bank" of Monte Carlo is anything but the fragile thing of some people's imagination. To "break" it consists merely in winning the cash allotted to each table at the commencement of play—\$2,500 in the percentage table, \$25,000 in that of trente-et-quarante, while the maximum allowed is 2,450, double that permitted at roulette. If the player be lucky enough to clean out a table—"break the bank" if you will—all that happens is to be kept for the fortunate loser over a certain table and obligating the banker in which the player shall stake, and that the occupation of a particular room in a hotel near the Casino brings fortune with it.

Percentage of Profit Small.

While the average number loses his money at Monte Carlo, there are many who have won it. The average content with a reasonable percentage on his capital and is possessed of a strong head and a will of equal force has a very fair chance in his favor with the roulette or the bank. The percentage taken by the Casino is small—very small—compared with the terrible chances of the legitimate table, or the even more terrible loss levied on him who is foolish enough to risk his money on roulette, or bank, or any other of the games of chance. The average content with a reasonable percentage on his capital and is possessed of a strong head and a will of equal force has a very fair chance in his favor with the roulette or the bank. The percentage taken by the Casino is small—very small—compared with the terrible chances of the legitimate table, or the even more terrible loss levied on him who is foolish enough to risk his money on roulette, or bank, or any other of the games of chance.

Detectives Are Everywhere.

For one out of five of all the employees in the Casino of Monte Carlo, and there are over 1,000 in more or less a detective, and with reason. Accused to the casino, he is remembered, is free. One pays for it once inside the gaming rooms, maybe, but that is his own affair. Entry to the Casino is not open to all. The authorities stand either to lose or to win. That they win on the average is obvious; otherwise they would scarcely be able to pay 2,100,000 francs in dividends. But while they are content to win, they do their best to protect those who provide the winnings.

HE WROTE THE "OX" MINUET

Haydn the Composer Writes Music for Butcher and Receives Beef as Payment.

There is an excellent reason for the title attached to many pieces of music, some of these even classical selections. Most generally they are placed there as "honors" to some person or thing. Thus, again, some of the titles may have their origin in incidents about as important as the following.

Haydn one day received a visit from a butcher who said that himself and his daughters were admirers of Haydn's music, and as the young woman was soon to be married, he made bold to ask that the composer write a minuet for her wedding. King King Haydn consented and in a few days the man of meat obtained his music. Not long afterward Haydn was surprised to hear that same minuet played under his window. On looking out he saw a bunch of musicians forming a ring around the house, and tastefully decorated with flowers. About the butcher came up and presented the ox to Haydn, saying that for such excellent music he thought he ought to make the composer a present of the best ox in his possession. Ever after this little composition was called the "Ox" minuet—W. Francis Gates. Anecdotes of Great Musicians.

Inheritance.

"They say his father got his start in life by operating a three-card game at county fairs."
"I wonder if that accounts for the fact that he is a 170-100?"

WASTE OF WAR

By Rev. Samuel M. Dick
Pastor of Wesley M. E. Church, Minneapolis

TEXT—And he will judge between the nations and will decide concerning many peoples, and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.—Isaiah 2:4.

This prophecy is beginning to reach its fulfillment. When the awful cost in life and treasure is reckoned with, it is astonishing that sensible civilized men should ever resort to war to settle any question. There is another reason apart from its destructive character why war should not be resorted to. It never settles any question. The best it can do is to restate it and put it in another form. Take for illustration the Civil War in this country. Did it settle the slavery question? Not by any means, but if the amount of money that war cost us during its progress and for ten years since, had been expended among 175,000,000 people of this nation for industrial education and other civilizing agencies that race today would have been further advanced in the scale of progressive peoples than it will ever be today under the present circumstances.

Christ's kingdom does not come by the sword. It is within you. The patriotism of war rules the world with the sword. The patriotism of peace rules the world with an idea. The one is sectional and wins instant success; the other is quiet, moves unseen and its marks are seen only in generations. One is like a detritus, it moves the mass of iron by force applied in one place. The other is like a sunbeam, it moves the mass of iron by the unseen expansion of its molecules.

The maintenance of peace by pre-emptory war is out of harmony with the gospel, with reason, with ethics, with economics and with common sense and any institution that is out of harmony with all these things should be discontinued. The prophet says the nations shall not only settle down to the great industries of peace but that they shall not learn war any more. As long as peace is maintained, over-accumulating navies, the nations are learning war, and the progress of the world is checked. Given national industry, backed, preparedness for war and any trifle is sufficient to produce war. Given national industry, great prosperity on the one side of the globe and no armament and no provision of sufficiently grave to produce war.

The hope of preserving peace by increasing the navies of the world would hardly leave the world better than the hands of one nation. It would be like a matter of time when all nations but one would become bankrupt.

The foolishness of increasing armaments is seen in the experience of our own people. For the eight years preceding the Spanish war, our expenditures for the army were a total sum of \$1,100,000,000 per annum for the navy a little over \$700,000,000 per annum. For the eight years preceding 1911 the appropriations for the army were \$3,000,000 per annum and for the navy more than \$2,000,000 per annum. We are now spending for the army and navy the enormous sum of \$2,000,000,000 or 72 per cent of the entire revenue of the United States. If this increase alone in the army and navy were turned over to the industries which make goods, we would have a more advanced industrial and agricultural experiment station in this country than the United States and Great Britain have.

What would this mean to the people? Last year our farm products in this country were valued at \$1,100,000,000. With an experimental station conducted as Minnesota is conducting her work among the farmers in every county, with the best equipment to operate it, the average products of this country would nearly be doubled, and the entire building over other industry would soon follow. As it is now, we are spending at least \$150,000,000 annually for army and navy and the only necessary for reasonable life and health and therapy. For \$1,000,000,000 we might have if we follow the law of reason and common sense and had the amount of money to develop the resources of the country that we are now tooling away on war measures and getting absolutely nothing for it.

How long, oh how long, will this wickedness and senseless continue?

Abiding in Christ.

Abiding in Jesus is nothing but the giving up of one's self to be ruled and taught and led, and so resting in the arms of everlasting love and "rest." The fruit and the foretaste and the fellowship of God's own rest found in them who thus come to Jesus to abide in him. It is the peace of God, the great calm of the eternal world, that passeth all understanding, that keeps the heart and mind at rest. With this grace secured, we have strength for every duty, courage for every struggle, a blessing in every cross, and the joy of life eternal in death itself.—Rev. Andrew Murray.

Every pew in a crowded church has somebody in it who might become a power for the Lord, if he would only do what he could.

The Mountain Tops of Joy and Valleys of Depression

It is very pleasant at times to climb the mountain tops of joy and from some Mount Pisgah to view the landscape beneath. There is joy in so doing, and our souls feel refreshed. As a rule it is far superior than dwelling in the valleys of depression.

The mountain tops of joy are just the thing on which to take a joy-ride. It is my delight to tarry there and to enjoy the spiritual scenery. How delightful it is to leave all care behind and to take a bath in the solitude and grandeur of some mountain where your meditations are not disturbed and where only the whisperings of nature come to your heart and ears. There is joy on such mountain tops that cannot be expressed in words. Such a place is the place in which to sing the praises of God and count over his many mercies.

An hour spent there is most refreshing to both body and soul. If you do not believe me try it once, and in my word for it, you will be anxious to try it again.

Drawn Nearer to God.

But I am not certain if such enjoyment is as beneficial as the experiences often received in the valley of depression. It takes all kinds of situations to make strong men and women. In the valleys of depression there are many things that draw us nearer to God; our hearts are softened and we renew our intentions to live nearer to him. The valley of humility is a good place in which to grow in grace and cultivate repentance. What a beneficial change is brought about by internal examinations while dwelling in some valley. It is always well to know yourself, and what place is better calculated to do it than in the valley of humility? A residence for a short season in that valley has the effect of making the mountain tops more enjoyable when you get there. It is always after a severe storm that the sunshine is best appreciated. No real sorrows mean no real joys. Coming out of darkness into light is a pleasure we all enjoy. The shadows of troubles have their use, and blessed is the man or woman who can profit by them.

I know as well as any man how delightful it is to live on mountain tops; but, nevertheless, I have often felt that putting down spiritual pride and of making new resolutions to serve God more faithfully in the future. My tumble from a mountain of joy into some valley is not very pleasant, but it is yours to rise up again on pinions of faith and enjoy the luxuries again of being far away from the world and all of its sorrows and cares.

What you like and what is best for you are two different things. God knows best, so be content and trust him always.

Profit From Hard Lesson.

There are lessons to be learned both on the mountain tops of joy and in the valleys of depression. Learn your lessons well and profit from them. A change is good. To live always on the mountain tops of joy would stunt you, and to live continually in the valleys of depression would be injurious to you.

After bathing in the cold waters of depression what a happy charge it is to task on the hillsides of joy. The presence of Christ and to "save your mouth filled with praises."

As human beings we need changes, and it will be well with us if we can get into the habit of taking pleasantly all the circumstances that God sends us with.

Rejoice and be glad that you have enough to eat, clothing to wear and a home to reside in. Do not walk about with your head hung down, but lift up your eyes to Heaven and drink in all the pure pleasures that come your way. In this world, in the language of the negro hymn, you will be "Some times up and sometimes down," but do not get discouraged, knowing that your Father's hand is ever extended to keep you from falling.

In my old days my testimony is that goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my past life, and why should I not trust him the remaining days of my existence?

The Beam in Your Own Eye.

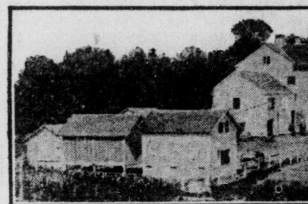
Humanity is inclined to creep on the judgment seat, and judges rashly or unjustly the character or conduct of others. It behooves us best to be bold and consider the beams in our own eyes, and look to Jesus who gives us the victory over all our weaknesses and failures by which we so often wound and weaken, or even cause our brethren or sisters to fall. Those who most successfully in advancing their own spiritual warfare are best fitted to be useful to others.—R. S. Shelly.

The Divorce Evil.

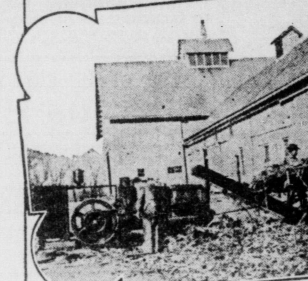
Who lessens the sacredness of the marriage strikes a blow at the bulwarks of national freedom. Who tears down the home, tears down the nation, and from present indications the divorce evil tends to accomplish this result.—Rev. A. Lewis, Congregationalist, Worcester, Mass.

MODERN BARN AND STABLES

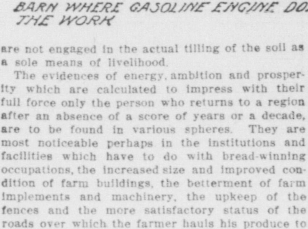
TRAVELER journeying today through any rural district in the United States and contrasting conditions with what prevailed in the same locality 20 years ago, or even ten years ago, is likely to be astonished by the improvement and development on every hand. There are very few farming communities of which this is not true, and probably in almost the same degree may the evidences of progress be noted in the small towns and villages where the inhabitants though indirectly dependent upon the agricultural industry



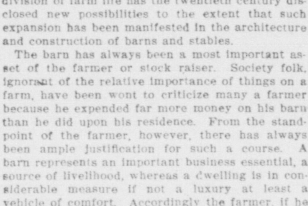
A MULTI-MILLIONAIRE'S BARN



A MODEL BARN OF A FARM OF SMALL SIZE



THE STABLE OF A WELL-TO-DO CITY RESIDENT



BARN WHERE GASOLINE ENGINE DOES THE WORK

are not engaged in the actual tilling of the soil as a sole means of livelihood. The evidences of energy, ambition and prosperity which are calculated to impress with their full force only the person who returns to a region after an absence of a score of years or a decade, are to be found in various spheres. They are most noticeable perhaps in the institutions and facilities which have to do with bread-winning occupations, the increased size and improved condition of farm buildings, the betterment of farm implements and machinery, the upkeep of the fences and the more satisfactory status of the roads over which the farmer hauls his produce to market. It is safe to say, however, that in no division of farm life has the twentieth century disclosed new possibilities to the extent that such expansion has been manifested in the architecture and construction of barns and stables.

The barn has always been a most important asset of the farmer or stock raiser. Society folk, ignorant of the relative importance of things on a farm, have been wont to criticize many a farmer because he expended far more money on his barn than he did upon his residence. From the standpoint of the farmer, however, there has always been ample justification for such a course. A barn represents an important business essential, a source of livelihood, whereas a dwelling is in considerable measure if not a luxury at least a vehicle of comfort. Accordingly the farmer, if he has the thrift and foresight and judgment for which his class are proverbial, is apt to argue, when setting up for himself, that it is the part of wisdom to procure the best possible facilities in the form of shelter for his crops and stock and to bide his time in indulging the longing for a fine house. And, be it added, the average rural housewife, particularly if she was raised on a farm, has readily concurred with her husband's view as to the wisdom of thus attending to business first and pleasure afterward.

Gradually it has come, about however, that in none save the most newly-developed sections of the country is there noticeable that old disparity between the appearance of the "farm home and its accompanying barn. The prosperity that has come to the American farmer in later years has been mainly responsible. With an opportunity to derive something like his proper share of the profits of his vocation he has "spruced up" things generally around the old homestead. Like as not he has invested in an automobile and a high-priced graphophone or a player-piano, but whether or not he has gone to the limit of luxuries in that direction he is pretty certain to have made the farm home worthy of his family and of his prosperous condition—either enlarging or rebuilding the old house or else putting up a new house that is modern in every respect.

But while these other adjuncts have been catching up with the farm barn it must not be supposed that the barn itself has been standing still in the march of progress. If we may express it that way, it is not so much that the present-day barn or stable is larger than its predecessor of a decade ago—except, of course, in the case of large estates or bonanza farms. On the contrary there seems to be some tendency to reduce the size of such buildings. This tendency, which is not yet by any means universal, is explained by various circumstances. For one thing it has become the fashion to provide various separate storage structures and outbuildings which take care of each part of the farm yield for which space had formerly to be provided in the barn. Then, too, the automobiles of the up-to-date farmer of today take up less space than did the various carriages, buggies, light wagons and carriage horses of the farmer in proportionately easy circumstances some years ago. But if country barns had not necessarily been following the example of city skyscrapers in grow-

ing bigger and bigger, they have undergone a wonderful transformation in durability, convenience or arrangement, etc. The farmer who can afford it nowadays is likely to put up a concrete barn with a slate roof—and in some localities the cost is very little more than a frame structure, to say nothing of the saving in upkeep, as for instance the expense of frequent paintings. Of course, the great argument in favor of the concrete structure is its fireproof character. The old-time farmer with no fire-fighting facilities always contended that he might as well put up a frame barn, because if the contents caught fire it was unlikely that the structure could be saved even if it was built of brick or stone. This may have been true to some extent in the old days, but it is not the condition nowadays. The thoroughly equipped farm in this generation has some fire-fighting equipment on the place and facilities for summoning more by rural telephone. The chances are ten to one that in a solid concrete barn, a fire, if the alarm be given in good season, can be localized or at least can be subdued ere it does much damage to the building. Furthermore, with electricity for lighting purposes—a condition that now prevails on hundreds of farms where there is water power on the place or a nearby trolley line—there is much less danger of fire in the barn than there was in the old days of lanterns.

Whereas, the new-fangled barn with all its fancy frills is an accomplished fact in many sections of the country, it should be noted that the old-fashioned frame barn—the kind that can be quickly constructed at modest expense—are yet being erected by the hundreds every year in the more recently developed sections and wherever we find ambitious young men launching out as farmers on a small capital. Indeed, many of the city

dweller who are joining the "back to the soil" movement are compelled to pin their faith to this form of structure because it is necessary for them to count the cost most carefully. And in some communities we still find, happily, a survival of that good old-fashioned, neighborly custom of conducting "barn raisings"—the generous scheme of co-operation whereby all men of the countryside devote their time and labor for a day to help the newcomer or the lately-married member of the community put up shelter for forage and stock. To look at it from the practical side, it may be said that the farmer who is making a start or, at least has small capital to invest, can provide a serviceable small barn (suasceptible of more or less enlargement) at an expense of from \$275 to \$450. An outlay of \$275 is calculated to provide a barn 24 by 24 feet and 16 feet high at the eaves. Such a structure would be divided into stable and carriage room. There would be room for three head of cattle and two horses, and the loft will hold approximately eight tons of hay. If prosperity comes to a farmer starting out with such a barn he has only to erect sheds on either side of the main structure to be enabled to increase the capacity of the structure to 15 head of stock or more.

For the sum of \$450 it is figured that a farmer can erect a barn 27 1/2 feet in size with a height of 12 feet at the eaves and about 30 feet at the peak. The first floor plan of such a barn provides for four horse stalls and three double cow stalls, with a shed with side open and intended to open into a small yard affords additional room for stock. A clear space 12 by 37 feet is left down through the implements as well as leaving room for a considerable amount of forage at the rear end. The loft will accommodate from 20 to 25 tons of hay and there is a granary about seven by eight feet in size. When the intention is to feed cattle or sheep it is recommended that the entire left side of the barn be left unlined, affording a shed 37 by 11 feet with feed racks along the inner side, which may be conveniently filled from the center space or from the loft, as desired.

Many farmers all over the country yet have a strong liking for what is known as the bank barn, where the structure is to be erected on the side of a hill. Many objections have been raised against this type of barn, but the experts of the United States department of agriculture declare that the objectionable features can be guarded against in construction. The principal objection always advanced is that a bank barn necessitates a basement level, which it is claimed by some persons is also certain to prove dark, damp, and unhealthy. Experts claim, however, that if there be selected a hillside sloping south and ample doors be provided, together with low windows, if at all possible, there will be ample ventilation and abundant north will protect the stabling from the cold. In stabling forage in this type of barn the teams can be driven in on the main floor without climbing a steep ascent, and hay and fodder put away on the same floor with a minimum of labor.

The wealthy proprietors of many of the luxurious estates which have been erected in the United States in increasing numbers of late years have erected barns and stables that have in many instances cost thousands of dollars each. As a rule living quarters are provided on the second floor of such a building for the coachman and stable employes.

In the towns and cities there is noticeable an even stronger inclination than in the country districts to erect concrete stables. The approved form of construction and the most thoroughly fireproof is the monolithic or solid concrete or else constructed of concrete blocks, but concrete by stucco on brick is also good and very economical. Finally, there is resort to concrete on metal lath by those who desire the most inexpensive form of concrete construction.

THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL of Pauline Kuzelska has just been celebrated by the women of Poland. It was Pauline Kuzelska who started the woman's rights movement in Poland. As a young girl she taught poor girls at home. Her pupils numbered 130 and she taught them in classes of four and five each. The second step in her work was to found the committee of the third sewing school, which soon outgrew its narrow bounds and became the Society of Woman's Work. This became the Woman's Mutual Aid society. Shortly after attending the Woman's Rights congress in Paris in 1839 she began to collect in her little drawing room women from all sections of her country. Here she started the Women Land Owners association, the Association of Bookkeepers and several other organizations of women. At the jubilee of the Polish authoress, Orzeszkowa, she organized the first Polish Women's congress. In 1895 she collected 4,000 signatures to a petition for municipal suffrage for women in Poland cities.

KEEP HOGS FREE FROM LICE

Common Cause of Thriftlessness in Young Pigs and Tends to Retard Fattening in Adults.

(By R. O. WEATHERSTONE.)
The hog louse is a common cause of thriftlessness in young pigs and when numerous, tends to retard fattening in adult hogs and injuriously affects brood sows and boars. It is advisable and profitable to keep swine free from lice at all ages and stages of their existence and development so far as possible. To this end their houses, pens and sleeping places should frequently be cleaned and disinfected, the woodwork white-washed, the bedding material kept fresh, clean and dry and the yards free from accumulations of litter and filth. It is impossible to keep hogs free from lice without maintaining sanitary conditions in their quarters and in attempting to rid them of these pests the treatment must include not only the hogs, but practically everything with which they come in contact daily.

To disinfect recently purchased hogs, that possibly may carry disease germs or vermin into the herd, wash them in a warm 2 per cent solution of coal tar dip and repeat the treatment in 10 days or two weeks; or apply the solution freely with a spray pump and rub it in with a brush. The addition of flowers of sulphur at the rate of 16 1/2 pounds to each 100 gallons of dip mixture renders the solution more effective and such a combination solution should be freely used for all forms of mange or chronic disease of the skin in hogs.

To destroy lice a mixture of equal parts of kerosene and machine oil or one part of turpentine and two parts of machine oil, should be applied to every part of the hog by means of a rag or swab of cotton waste, or it may be applied along the back, from ears to tail, with a common machine oil can and allowed to ooze down the sides of the hog. Repeat the application in 10 days. As a remedy for lice on black hogs crude petroleum oil is successfully used. It is mixed with an equal amount of warm water and applied with a spray pump or brush. A repetition of the application, in 10 to 14 days, eradicates lice with certainty. Irritating applications, such as undiluted kerosene, cannot safely be used on pregnant sows, as abortion may follow their use.

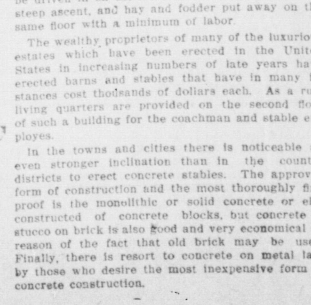
An open concrete bath 8 1/2 feet containing eight inches of water makes an excellent wallow. Oil or a coal tar dip poultice the water will keep swine free from lice and their skins in good condition.

HORSE AND CATTLE STABLE

Plan shown in illustration for Construction of Building to Accommodate 22 Animals.

An excellent plan is given in the illustration for the construction of a stable large enough to accommodate 16 head of cattle and 6 horses, together with hay mow, oat bin, manure shed and driveway.

It would be better not to build manure shed up against the barn, as it would be better for stock to have it a short distance from the barn. If the stalls are not large enough to suit, they can be lengthened and the barn widened accordingly. The sta-



Horse and Cattle Stable.

THE CITIZEN

Published Every Week. BY C. M. NICHOLS. Subscription Rates. One Copy one year, \$1.00. Six months, .60. Three months, .40.

Citation By Publication

THE STATE OF TEXAS. To the Sheriff or any Constable of Kimble County, GREETING: YOU ARE HEREBY COMMANDED. That by making Publication of this Citation in some newspaper published in Kimble County, if there be newspaper published in said county, (but if not, then in the nearest County where a newspaper is published), for four weeks previous to the return day hereof, you Summon Jas. W. Turman whose residence is unknown, to be and appear before the Hon. District Court, at the next regular term thereof, to be holden in the County of Kimble at the Court House thereof, in Junction, Texas, on the 16th day of October, 1911, File Number being 326, then and there to answer the Petition of Maud Turman filed in said Court, on the 31st day of August, A. D. 1911, against the said Jas. W. Turman and alleging in substance as follows, to-wit:

That plaintiff and defendant were legally married in the County of Kimble on the 7th day of December, 1898, that on or about the 15th day of June, 1910, defendant began to abuse plaintiff by cursing her and was guilty of such excesses and outrages as to render their living together insupportable; that from on or about the 15th day of July, 1910, the defendant abandoned her and has refused to care for or support her and their child to the beginning of this suit. That plaintiff was faithful to defendant and tried to do her duty as his wife; that there was born during the coverture of plaintiff and defendant one child, Loma Kate Turman, for the custody of which plaintiff sues.

HEREIN FAIL NOT, but have you then and there before said Court this Writ, with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same. Given under my hand and the seal of said Court, in Junction, Texas, this 4th day of September 1911. Attest: A. O. LAWLER, Clerk District Court Kimble Co., Texas.

The big industrial edition of the San Antonio Express is the best ever. It is a fine exposition of the country, its products and possibilities, all presented in a most attractive and interesting manner. This edition is of inestimable value to all this section of Texas, and we need more of such. All that is needed to bring this part of Texas into her own is the scattering of information concerning it. As with other things, so with the settlement and development of a country, information produces desire, and desire produces fulfillment. These extra editions give the information.

Roosevelt Roundup

Artie Joy was in Roosevelt Friday. Mr. Northcutt went to Sonora Friday. There was preaching at Cedar Hill Sunday. There was a big dance at Josh Heiring's Friday night. Miss Meta Patterson was in the city of Roosevelt Wednesday. We are glad to report little Joe Collier much better now. Willie Logan, from the Cedar Hill community, was in Roosevelt Friday. Wm. Griffey and family moved Saturday, to the Floyd Little place at the mouth of Bear Creek.

REGISTERED ANGORA BILLIES

FOR SALE Same stock as those that have won the following at the Kerrville Fair: 1st and 2d prizes for 1 year old Bucks 1st prize for yearling Doe 2d prize for Kid Doe 1st prize for best Exhibitors Flock

JAMES PRENTICE,

Bois D'arc Ranch North Llano Postoffice, Junction, Tex. Mrs. Ollie Westbrook, of Menard, came over Thursday to visit her sister, Mrs. E. B. Landrum. Mrs. Clyde Gardner, visited in Roosevelt a few days last week, guest at the E. B. Landrum home. Joe Goodall and daughters Misses Eunice and Eva left Monday for Brady and Paris Valley to visit relatives. What has become of Fuzz? BROWN EYES.

LOST

Small child's shoe, No. 2, lost Sunday night on Kerrville road between Junction and my home. If finder will return to Schreiner Hodges Co. store it will be very much appreciated by A. J. NEAL.

International Fair SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS Nov 3 to 12, 1911

OFFICIAL STATEMENT OF THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF THE JUNCTION STATE BANK

Table with financial data: Loans and Discounts, \$1,147,622.52; Real Estate, \$614,400; Overdrafts, \$600.46; Other Real Estate, \$1,000; Furniture and Fixtures, \$2,400; Due from Approved Reserves, \$8,977.81; Due from other Banks and Bankers, \$670.11; Cash Items, \$33,660; Currency, \$1,569.00; Specie, \$3,953.26; Other Resources, \$189.77; Interest in Guaranty Fund, \$39.50; Total, \$1,437,233.13.

LIABILITIES

Table with financial data: Capital Stock paid in, \$50,000.00; Surplus Fund, \$9,500.00; Undivided Profits, net, \$79.28; Due to Banks and Bankers, \$438.95; Individual Deposits subject to check, \$5,034.30; Time Certificates of Deposit, \$17,490.50; Cashiers' Checks, \$1,130.09; Bills Payable and Discounts, \$10,000.00; Other Liabilities as follows: Dividends Unpaid, \$50.00; Total, \$143,723.13.

STATE OF TEXAS. We, Horace E. Wilson as President, and Thomas S. Butler, a Vice-President of said bank, each of us, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief. HORACE E. WILSON, President. THOMAS S. BUTLER, Vice-Pres. Sworn and subscribed to before me this 9th day of September, A. D., nineteen hundred and eleven. WITNESS my hand and notarial seal on date last aforesaid. C. R. STEVENSON, Notary Public. EDWARD E. BOLT. ARTHUR L. MUDGE. J. W. BURK.

Business Change

C. W. Cross has sold his business property and stock of goods to W. H. Johnson. Consideration about \$8500. Deal was closed this week and Mr. Johnson will take charge at once. V. O. Copple brought in an old copy book this week which was used by his grandfather in 1825. It contains a part of the family history, several compositions, some school work of that time, and a portion of a paper "The Indiana Farmer" published at Salem, Indiana, and dated Friday, October 28, 1825. The old volume gives an interesting insight into the life in those days, and is a valued antique. The book is bound in flax cloth which was wove for it at that time.

Billies For Sale

I have some 35 head of Registered and Highgrade Billies for sale, which am offering cheap. In the lot am offering my South African Billie, Hobson, sired by No. 51577; also one Landrum Billie sired by No. 5628, and one California Buck. It will pay anyone wanting Bucks to see these. Prices right. Can be seen at my ranch 35 miles west of Junction. Ed Fowler

LISTEN

We represent the celebrated Baldwin Ellington and Howard pianos, all owned and controlled by the Baldwin Piano Co., Cincinnati, Ohio. We furnish the best action in our pianos that the world produces. Our instruments are high grade goods from every standpoint, and in prices and terms we defy competition. J. C. BOURLAND PIANO CO. Eden, Texas.

Why so many songs and poems have been written about dreams is a question that has never been definitely settled, still, every one who has a pleasant melody meets with public approval. "THE VALE OF DREAMS," a new song by Chas. E. Bar and Johann C. Schmidt, is at present very popular in New York and Boston. In fact it was in Boston that it first attained its popularity, by its rendition at a Boston Conservatory concert. A young contralto made her debut and instantly became famous by her rendition of "THE VALE OF DREAMS." It is really a high-class ballad and far above the average popular song. The publishers, Jerome H. Remick & Co., have of late years devoted considerable energy and money in trying to raise the standard of popular songs, and "THE GARDEN OF ROSES" by the same composers, also a high-class ballad, has actually outsold any of the popular songs in their catalogue.

Musical taste is improving, and while the people still love the rollicking songs of the vaudeville stage, they welcome the better class of songs in their homes. The first part of "THE VALE OF DREAMS" opens in a minor key, leading up to the refrain in major. Mr. Bert Sheridan, of the celebrated Rolifonians, is singing this song nightly to big applause.

CHORUS

Meet me in the vale of dreams, by the summer sea; There love's a far more gleaming; dear, Gleams for you and gleams for me. There our hearts will find repose, Neath the moon's fair beam; Meet me there beside the rose, In the vale of dreams.

Attacks School Principal

A severe attack on school principal, Chas. B. Allen, of Sylvania Ga., is thus told by him. "For more than three years," he writes "I suffered indescribable torture from rheumatism, liver and stomach trouble and diseased kidneys. All remedies failed until I used Electric Bitters, out four bottles of this wonderful remedy cured me completely." Such results are common. Thousands bless them for curing stomach trouble, female complaints, kidney disorders, biliousness and for new health and vigor. Try them. Only 50c at J. A. Heyman's.

Shear Sheep This Fall Says Sam Hill

"Shear your sheep this fall," is the advice given by Sam Hill and S. E. Couch, directors of the Wool-Growers Central Storage Company, who with Robert Massie, president of the company, and Mrs. Massie, returned Saturday afternoon from an extended trip in the east, including New York, Boston and other manufacturing and milling centres. Mr. Hill gives as a reason that the tariff situation will be the same for the next few months owing to the adjournment of the special session of congress without additional wool legislation; that the fall clip will have been disposed of by the time congress convenes in December for the regular session, and that the wool growers will be just so much ahead of the game.

Mr. Hill is confident that the coming session of congress will include some interesting legislation affecting the wool interest as it is thought that the commission appointed by President Taft to inquire into the wool situation will have completed its report by that time and that congress generally will be in a position to know the exact status of affairs, and be able to reach more easily, a proper solution of the question.

Mr. Hill believes that short wool will bring a higher price this fall and that Texas short wool will take the precedence over the California clip, which is the only other state in the union producing a fall clip worth considering. Mr. Hill and Mr. Couch will both shear their sheep this fall and will urge other sheep growers in this section to do like wise.

While on the eastern trip which was devoted exclusively to studying the wool situation, Mr. Hill, Mr. Couch and Mr. Massie got closer in touch with the actual manufacturers and users of raw wool than ever before. Relations were also strengthened with the wool commission merchants who are vitally interested in conditions in West Texas.—San Angelo Standard.

WANTED—Forty-five to fifty thousand acre, unnumbered ranch proposition direct from owner to exchange for 6000 acres of highly improved land in one of the very best, black land counties in Central Texas. Practical by the entire 6000 acres is in a high state of cultivation, ideally located in the most densely populated farming section in Texas and convenient to county-seat towns, railroads, market, schools, churches, gins, etc. No inflated price will be considered; ranch submitted must be on a cash basis, as the farm in question is priced at actual cash value and can be sold off in 100 acre farms for more than the price asked. If interested submit a full description of your property, with all details as to location, improvements, price, etc. Lock Box 216, Temple, Texas.

Kills a Murderer

A merciless murderer is appendicitis, with many victims, but Dr. King's New Life Pills kill it by prevention. They gently stimulate stomach, liver and bowels, preventing that clogging that invites appendicitis, curing constipation, headache, biliousness, Chills, 25c at J. A. Heyman's.

Are't they beauties?

Those new samples at the Junction Tailor Shop. Come see them!

Digestion and Assimilation

It is not the quantity of food taken but the amount digested and assimilated that gives strength and vitality to the system. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets invigorate the stomach and liver and enable them to perform their functions naturally. For sale by all dealers.

Charles Schreiner

KERRVILLE, TEXAS.

BANK AND

Commission Merchant

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

A. M. REESE,

London, Texas.

—BREEDER OF—

REGISTERED HEREFORD CATTLE

BULLS FOR SALE.

SAN ANGELO BUSINESS COLLEGE

trains young men and women thoroughly for business. Civil service and all Commercial Branches. Positions paying \$50 or more GUARANTEED to Graduates of complete Commercial Course. Write for catalog and terms.

Estimates and Bond Furnished.

Joe H. Ramsey,

CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER

If you are going to build, I can please you, and will appreciate the privilege of figuring with you. JUNCTION, TEXAS

Citation by Publication

THE STATE OF TEXAS.

To the Sheriff or any constable of Kimble County, GREETING: You are hereby commanded that by making publication of this citation in some newspaper published in the county of Kimble, if there be a newspaper published in said county, (but if not, then in the nearest county where a newspaper is published) for four weeks previous to the return day hereof, you Summon Will R. Adkins, whose residence is unknown, to be and appear before the Hon. District Court, at the next regular term thereof to be holden in the County of Kimble at the Court House thereof, in Junction, Texas on the 16th day of October, 1911, File No. being 327, then and there to answer the petition of Ellen T. Adkins, filed in said court on the 11th day of September, A. D. 1911, against the said Will R. Adkins and alleging in substance as follows, to-wit:

That plaintiff is not an actual bona fide inhabitant of the county of Kimble in the State of Texas, and has been for six months next preceding the filing of this suit a resident in the said county of Kimble.

That on or about the 21st day of November, A. D. 1906, plaintiff and defendant were married, in Lincoln County, New Mexico. That after the marriage of plaintiff and defendant as aforesaid, plaintiff discovered that the defendant was a confirmed drunkard and spent his time in drinking and in idleness, and failed to provide for plaintiff, but on the contrary plaintiff had to work at hard manual labor in order to support herself and her husband; that defendant when drinking was very abusive to plaintiff, frequently cursing her and applying the opprobrious epithets that about two years after the said marriage, plaintiff and defendant moved to Ballinger, Runnels County, Texas, where they continued to reside until about the 15th day of September, 1899. That defendant's abusive treat-

ment continued after their removal to Texas the defendant continuing his habits of excessive drinking and failing to make any provision for the support of plaintiff.

That defendant continued abusive and outrageous conduct, which came insupportable to plaintiff and greatly affected her health, and that on the day and date last aforesaid she separated from defendant and refused to live with him any longer. That defendant thereupon went to Illinois where he was living when she last heard from him, which was on or about the 15th day of April, A. D. 1903, but that since that time she has been unable to learn anything relative to his whereabouts. Premises considered, plaintiff prays that defendant be cited as required by law, and that on hearing of this case, she have judgment dissolving the bonds of marriage heretofore existing between herself and defendant, for cost of suit, and for such other and further relief, legal and equitable, as she may in the premises be entitled to.

HEREIN FAIL NOT, but have you then and there before said court this writ, with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Given under my hand and seal of said court, in Junction, Texas this the 12th day of September, 1911.

A. O. LAWLER, Ck. Dist. Court Kimble Co. Tex.

John S. Durst, Deputy.

For Sale

Small, well-improved irrigated farm; 10 acres set in alfalfa; all alfalfa land. Small payment down; will take goats for first; good terms on balance. Place joins the town of Junction; Apply to O. R. Wallace, Owner

Or to The Citizen office.

Boom the Home Town and make money, too. Start a Bank. Let's collect money. We will send a book free. The town shows every step. No experience needed, only a few weeks' practice. PAPER & SON, PHILA., PA.

The BRONZE BELL

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE
AUTHOR OF "THE BRASS BOWL" ETC.
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS
COPYRIGHT BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

SYNOPSIS.

David Amber, starting for a duck-shooting visit with his friend, Quain, comes upon a young lady aquarman who has been dispossessed by her horse becoming frightened at the sudden appearance in the road of a burly Hindu. Amber declares for Behari Lal Chatterji. The appointed month of the Raj's address Amber as a man of high rank and presenting a mysterious little bronze box. The girl, who calls Amber by name, in turn addresses him as Miss Sanyal. He in turn addresses her as Miss Sanyal. Farrell, daughter of Col. Farrell of the British diplomatic service in India, and visiting the Quain. Several nights later the Quain home is burglarized and the bronze box stolen. Amber and Quain jump on an island and become lost and Amber is left marooned. He wanders about, finally reaches a cabin and recognizes as the occupant an old friend named Burton, whom he last met in England, and who appears to be a Hindu. When Miss Farrell mentioned Burton he strangely agitated. Chatterji appears and summons Burton. Burton seizes a revolver and chases Amber. Amber is killed. The Hindu, takes possession and when Amber asks Amber to go to India on a mysterious errand, Amber decides to leave at once for India. On the way he sends a letter to Mr. Labertouche, a scientific friend in Calcutta by a quail runner. Upon arriving he finds a note awaiting him. It directs Amber to a friend at a certain place. The latter tells him he knows his mission is to get Miss Farrell out of the city and to bring her to the disposal of the Token to a money-lender. He mistakes Amber for a quail runner. Labertouche catches him to start for the town, and on the way he meets Miss Sanyal, on the way he meets Miss Sanyal to become his wife.

CHAPTER XIV.

Over the Water.

Ram Nath, patient and impassive as ever, had the tonga waiting for Amber before the Residency. Excited beyond words, the American permitted himself to be driven off through Kuttarup's intricate network of streets and backways toward a destination of which he knew as little as he cared. He was a guest of the state, officially domiciled in the designated house of hospitality without special permission obtained through the efforts of the Resident, he could sleep in no other spot in the city but in a palatial house. He was indifferent, absolutely, the matter interested him as scantily—which is to say not at all—as did the fact that an escort of troops of the state, very well accoutred and disciplined, followed the tonga with a great jangling of steel and rattle of brass.

Alighting in the compound, Amber disbursed a few rupees to the troopers, paid off Ram Nath—who was swift to drive off city-wards in mad haste lest the gates be shut upon him for the night—and entered the bungalow. An aged, talkative, and amiable khamamah met him at the threshold with expressions of exaggerated respect, no doubt genuine enough, and followed him, a mumbled shadow, as the Virginian made a brief round of inspection.

Standing between the road and the water, the resthouse proved to be moderately spacious and clean; on the lake front it opened upon a marble porch, or landing stage, its lip lapped by whispering ripples of the lake. Amber went out upon this to discover, separated from him by little more than half a mile of black water, the choicely white wall of the Raj Mahal climbing in dim majesty to the stars.

The Virginian remained long in rapt wondering contemplation of it, until the wind blowing across the waters had chilled him to the point of shivering. When he turned indoors to his bed, but he was to have little rest that night. The khamamah who attended him had hardly turned over his light when Amber was disturbed by the noise of an angry altercation in the compound. He arose and went in dressing gown and slippers went to investigate, and found Ram Nath in violent dispute with the sergeant of the escort—which, it appeared, had bullied a fire and carried round it in the compound; a circumstance which furnished food for thought.

Amber began to suspect that the troops had been furnished as a guard of honor that of espionage less in formal courtesy than in demonstration of the unswerving vigilance of the Eye—kindly assisted by the Maharaja of Khandawar.

A man who, warmed by the ardor of his first love, feels suddenly the shadow death falling cold upon him, is apt to neglect nothing. Amber considered that he had given Ram Nath no commission of any sort, and bent an attentive ear to the communication which the tonga-wallah insisted upon making to him.

Ram Nath had returned, he asserted, solely for the purpose of informing Amber in accordance with his desires.

"The telegraph office for which you enquired, sahib, stands just within the Gateway of the Elephants," he announced. "The telegraph here will be on duty very early in the morning, should you desire still to send the message."

"Oh, yes," said Amber indifferently. "I forgot. Thanks." He returned to his chamber with spirits considerably higher. Ram Nath had not winked this time, but the fact was indisputable that Amber had not expressed any interest whatever in the location of the telegraph office.

Wondering if the telegraph baby by any chance were pink stuff, he dropped off on the decision that he would need to send a message the first thing in the morning.

Some time later he was a second time awakened by further disputation in the compound. The troopers were squabbling amongst themselves; he was able to make this much out in spite of the fact that the sepoy, recruited exclusively from the native population of Khandawar, spoke a patois of Hindi so corrupt that even an expert in Oriental languages would experience difficulty in trying to interpret it. Amber did not weary himself with the task, but presently lifted up his voice and demanded silence, desiring to be informed if his sleep was to be continually broken by the bickering of sons of mothers without names. There followed instantaneous silence, broken by a chuckle and an appreciative "Shabash!" and nothing more.

Amber snuggled down again upon his pillow and soothed himself with the feel of the pistol that his fingers grasped beneath the clothes.

Footfalls and hushed voices in the bungalow were responsible for the next interruption. Amber came to with a start and found himself sitting up on the edge of the charpoy, with a dreamy impression that two people had been standing over him and had just left the room, escaping by way of the khamamah's quarters. He rubbed the sleep from his eyes and went out to reconnoitre vigorously with the khamamah. The latter naturally professed complete ignorance of the visitation and dwelt with such insistence upon the plausibility of dreams that Amber lost patience and kicked him grievously, so that he complained with a loud voice and cast himself at the sahib's feet, declaring that he was but as the dust beneath them and that Amber was his father and mother and the light of the Universe besides.

Somewhat mollified and reflecting, at the same time that this was all but a part of the game, to be expected by those who patronize resthouses of the beaten roads of travel, the Virginian returned to his charpoy and immediately lapsed into a singularly disquieting dream. He was strolling by the border of the lake when a cool swan in and hailed him in English; and when he stooped to look the cool lifted an A. D. T. messenger boy's cap and pleaded with him to sign his name in a little black book, promising that if he did so, it would be free to do his disguise and he Labertouche again. So Amber signed "Pink Saffin" in the book and the cool stood up and said: "I'm not Labertouche at all, but Ram Nath, and Ram Nath is only another name for Haz Dyal Burton, and besides you had better come away at once, for the Eye thou dost wear upon thy finger never sleeps and it's only a paste Token anyway." Hearing which, Amber caught the cool by the leg and found that he had grasped the arm of Salig Singh, whose eyes were both monstrous emeralds without any whites whatever. And Salig Singh tapped him on the shoulder and began to say over and over again in a whispering tone:

But here Amber another time found himself wide-awake and sitting up, his left hand gripping the wrist of a native and his right holding his pistol steadily leveled at the native's breast. While the voice he heard was real and no figment of a dream-dreamed imagination, for the man was whispering earnestly and repeatedly:

"Hasten, hazor, for the night doth wane and the hour is at hand."

"What devilry's this?" Amber demanded sharply, with a threatening gesture.

But the native neither attempted to free himself nor to evade the pistol's mouth. "Have patience, hazor," he begged earnestly, "and make no disturbance. It is late and the sepoy sleep; if you will be circumspect and are not afraid—"

"Who are you?"

"I was to say, 'I come from you know whom,' hazor."

"That all?"

"In the matter of a certain photograph, hazor."

"By thunder!" Labertouche's name was on Amber's lips, but he repressed it. "Wait a bit." He gulped down the last drops of sleep. "Let me think and—"

"This last was an afterthought. As it came to him he dropped the pistol by his side and felt for matches in the pocket of his coat, which hung over the back of a bedside chair. Flung over the side, he noisefully and, as the tiny flame broadened, drew his captive nearer.

It was a fat, mean, wicked face that stood out against the darkness, an ochre-tinted face with a wide, lonesome mouth and protruding eyes, that blinked nervously into his. But he had never seen it before.

"Who are you?" He cast away the match as its flame died and snatched up his weapon.

"I was to say—"

"I heard that once. What's your name?"

"Hazor, it was charged upon me to say, 'I come from you know whom.'"

"The devil it was. . . Well, what do you want?"

"I was to say, 'Hasten, hazor, for the night doth wane and the hour is at hand.'"

"I've heard that, too. You mean you're to lead me to somebody, somewhere—you can't say where?"

"Aye, hazor, even so."

"Get over there, in the corner, while I think this over, and don't move or I'll make you a present of a nice young bullet, Dulla Dad."

"That is as Allah will; only remember, hazor, the injunction for haste."

The man, a small stunted Mohammedan, sidled furtively over to the spot indicated and waited there, cringing and supplicating Amber with eloquent gestures. The Virginian watched him closely until comforted by the reflection that had murder been the object, he had been a dead man long before he began to dress.

"Only Labertouche would have to communicate with me by such stealth," he considered. "Besides, that reference to the photograph—"

He slipped hurriedly into his clothing and ostentatiously dropped the pistol into his right-hand coat-pocket. "I'm ready," he told the man. "Lead the way; and remember, if there's any treachery afoot, you'll be the first to suffer for it, Dulla Dad."

The Mohammedan bowed submissively. "Be it so, my lord," he said in Hindi, and, moving noiselessly with unshed feet, glided through the door which opened upon the bund, Amber close behind him.

In the water at their feet a light boat was gently tooting the marble boat. Dulla Dad, squatting, drew it broadside to the steps and motioned Amber to enter. The Virginian boarded it gingerly, seating himself at the stern. Dulla Dad dropped in forward and pushed off. The boat moved out upon the bosom of the lake with scarce a sound, and the native, grasping a double-bladed paddle, dipped it gently and sent the frail craft flying onward with long, swift, and powerful strokes, guiding it directly toward the walls of the Raj Mahal.

Two-thirds of the way across the Virginian surrendered to his mistrust and drew his pistol. "Dulla Dad," he said gently, and the man ceased paddling with a shudder—"Dulla Dad, you're taking me to the palace."

"Yes, hazor; that is true," the native answered, his voice quavering. "Who awaits me there? Answer quickly!"

"Hazor, it is not wise to speak a name upon the water, where voices travel far."

"Dulla Dad!"

hear them. At least the native was human and . . . this experience wasn't, hardly. . . He leaned toward the man, eyes aching with the futile strain of striving to penetrate the blackness. He could see nothing more definite than shadows. The boat more definite motionless on the tide, as if suspended in an abyss of night, fathomless and empty.

"Well, what now?" he demanded harshly. "Be careful, Dulla Dad."

"We are arrived, hazor," said the native calmly. "If you will be pleased to step ashore, having care lest you overturn the boat, the steps are on your left."

"Where?" "Oh! In Amber's tentative hand, groping in obscurity, fell upon a slab of stone, smooth and slippery, but solid. "You mean here?"

"Aye, hazor!"

"And what next?"

"I am to wait to conduct you back to your place of rest."

"Um? You are, ah?" Amber, doubtful, tried the stone again; it was substantial enough; only the boat rocked. He struck a match; the short-lived flame afforded him a feeble, unsatisfactory impression of a long, narrow, vaulted chamber, whereof the floor was half water, half stone. There was a landing to the left, a rather narrow ledge, with a low, heavy door, bossed with iron, in the wall beyond.

Shaking his head, he lifted himself cautiously on the boat. "You stay right here, Dulla Dad," he warned the native, "until I see what happens. If I catch you trying to get away—the boat'll show up nicely against the opening, you know—I'll give you cause for repentance."

"I am here, hazor. Turn you and knock upon the door thus"—rapping the gunwale of the boat—three times.

Amber obeyed, wrought up now to so high a pitch of excitement and suspense that he could hardly have with-drawn had he wished to and been able to force Dulla Dad to heed him. As he knuckled the third signal, the door swung slowly inward, disclosing in a dim glow of light, stone walls—a bare stone chamber illuminated by a single iron lamp hanging in chains from the ceiling. Across the room a dark entry opened upon a passageway equally dark.

By the door a servant stood, his attitude deferential. As the Virginian's gaze fell upon him he saluted respectfully.

Amber entered, his eyes quick, his right hand in his pocket and grateful for the cold caress of nickle-plated steel, his body poised lightly and tensely upon the balls of his feet—in a word, ready. Prepared against the worst he was hopeful of the best; apprehensive, he reminded himself that he had first met Labertouche under auspices hardly more promising than these.

The clang of the door closing behind him rang hollowly in the stillness. The warden moved past him to the entrance of the corridor. Amber held him with a sharp question. "Am I to wait here?"

"For a moment, heaven-born!" He disappeared.

Without a sound a door at Amber's elbow that had escaped his cursory notice, so cunningly was it fitted in the wall, swung open, and a remembered voice boomed in his ears, not without a certain ardorous infection: "Welcome, my lord, welcome to Khandawar!"

feet; then, with a fangle of spur, Salig Singh leaped up and stood at a distance of two paces, his head high, his black eyes glittering ominously with the light of the sinister brilliance of his vibrating emerald cigarette.

"My lord," he cried angrily. "Are these words to use to one who offers thee his heart and hand? Is this insolence to be suffered by a Rajput, a son of Kings?"

"As for that," returned Amber steadily, giving him look for look, "your grandfather was a bunia and you are a—"

"Oh! In Amber's tentative hand, groping in obscurity, fell upon a slab of stone, smooth and slippery, but solid. "You mean here?"

"Aye, hazor!"

"And what next?"

"I am to wait to conduct you back to your place of rest."

"Um? You are, ah?" Amber, doubtful, tried the stone again; it was substantial enough; only the boat rocked. He struck a match; the short-lived flame afforded him a feeble, unsatisfactory impression of a long, narrow, vaulted chamber, whereof the floor was half water, half stone. There was a landing to the left, a rather narrow ledge, with a low, heavy door, bossed with iron, in the wall beyond.

Shaking his head, he lifted himself cautiously on the boat. "You stay right here, Dulla Dad," he warned the native, "until I see what happens. If I catch you trying to get away—the boat'll show up nicely against the opening, you know—I'll give you cause for repentance."

"I am here, hazor. Turn you and knock upon the door thus"—rapping the gunwale of the boat—three times.

Amber obeyed, wrought up now to so high a pitch of excitement and suspense that he could hardly have with-drawn had he wished to and been able to force Dulla Dad to heed him. As he knuckled the third signal, the door swung slowly inward, disclosing in a dim glow of light, stone walls—a bare stone chamber illuminated by a single iron lamp hanging in chains from the ceiling. Across the room a dark entry opened upon a passageway equally dark.

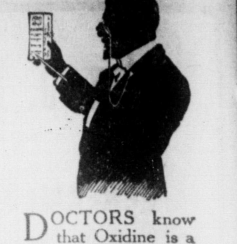
By the door a servant stood, his attitude deferential. As the Virginian's gaze fell upon him he saluted respectfully.

Amber entered, his eyes quick, his right hand in his pocket and grateful for the cold caress of nickle-plated steel, his body poised lightly and tensely upon the balls of his feet—in a word, ready. Prepared against the worst he was hopeful of the best; apprehensive, he reminded himself that he had first met Labertouche under auspices hardly more promising than these.

The clang of the door closing behind him rang hollowly in the stillness. The warden moved past him to the entrance of the corridor. Amber held him with a sharp question. "Am I to wait here?"

"For a moment, heaven-born!" He disappeared.

Without a sound a door at Amber's elbow that had escaped his cursory notice, so cunningly was it fitted in the wall, swung open, and a remembered voice boomed in his ears, not without a certain ardorous infection: "Welcome, my lord, welcome to Khandawar!"



DOCTORS know that Oxidine is a most dependable system-cleansing tonic.

Most useful in stirring up lazy livers, sluggish bowels and kidneys, weak stomachs. Its effects are quick, safe, sure and permanent.

OXIDINE
—a bottle proves.

The specific for Malaria, Chills and Fever and all diseases of the liver, stomach, bowels and kidneys.

50c. At Your Druggists
200 N. W. 10th St., WACO, TEXAS.

Make the Liver Do its Duty
Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
Genuine must bear Signature

Thompson's Eye Water
HAD CAUGHT THEM.

To Be a Good Cook.
To be a good cook means the knowledge of all fruits, herbs, balm and spices, and of all that is heating and cooling in soups and gravies, savory in season, it means cleanliness, inventiveness, watchfulness, willingness and readiness of appliance. It means the economy of your great-grandmother and the science of modern chemistry. It means much testing and no wasting. It means English thoroughness. French art and Italian hospitality. It means to know that you are to be perfectly and always ladies (and gents), and you are to see that everything has something nice to eat."

AT THE PARSONAGE.
Coffee Runs Riot No Longer.

"While I was a child I had a serious time of it while we were coffee drinkers.

"I began to enquire among my parishioners and found to my astonishment that numbers of them use Postum in place of coffee. Many of the parsons have become enthusiastic champions of Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

THE AW BAC

Cured by Vegetable

Morton's forest two

had sore stand tight I was co- vice 1 foot- table (or more the had an own wo- I think a praise it in WOODARD

Backward weakens have been the root of E-Fink's

Write Lynn, Your I confide

Get G T and with a patient Sick most ly, in count It's Roc Res

You 25

If You Dicke it tel

DICKEY PATEN BIZNESS

TU KO account PHOTO

P obt rg, Gu Lon and HA

Is J. Spec Pota the HO 18 B

T fo M r in in

Lumber Lumber LUMBER

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

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

Mission Lumber Co., MENARD TEXAS.

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

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

W. C. BOWMAN LUMBER COMPANY

MENARD, TEXAS. ON THE RIVER BANK

ALWAYS FIRST TO GO TO ALWAYS BEST

WILL HANKINS FOR BARGAINS

In Drygoods and Groceries.

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

ALWAYS FIRST TO GO TO ALWAYS BEST

WILL HANKINS

"THE PLACE OF QUALITY AND PRICE."

If it needs repairing, take it to

R. BECKER BLACKSMITH

Chopper, Better, Quicker Horse-shoeing a Specialty

He can fix it for you

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

Guarantees All Work.

A Fierce Night Alarm is the hoarse startling cough of a child, suddenly attacked by croup. Often it aroused Lewis Chamblin, of Manchester, O. (R. No. 2) for their four children were greatly subject to croup. "Sometimes in severe attacks," he wrote, "we were afraid they would die, but since we proved what a certain remedy Dr. King's New Discovery is we have no fear. We rely on it for croup and for coughs, colds or any throat or lung trouble." So do thousands of others. So may you. Asthma, Hay Fever, La Grippe, Whooping Cough, Hemorrhages, before it. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Sold by J. A. Heyman.

Why not let THE CITIZEN do that Job Work?

Has Millions of Friends.

Would you like to number your friends by millions as Buckle's Salve does? Its uses in the past forty years. Its best for sores, ulcers, scalds, sprains, and sores.

READ THIS

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

Price of salve or soap, 25c per box. For sale by **MRS. S. S. JOBES** Junction, Texas.

Electric Bitters

Succeed when everything else fails. In nervous prostration and female weakness they are the supreme remedy, as thousands have testified.

FOR KIDNEY, LIVER AND STOMACH TROUBLE

It is the best medicine ever sold over a druggist's counter.

SAM BREWER'S TRIP TO MEXICO

We left Sabinal on the 25th of June, and went by way of Eagle Pass, Monterey and Arguelles, eighty miles from Tampico. The rainy season being on, the roads were very heavy. Consequently only one hack was there to carry passengers to Nicotencal, a distance of 14 miles. Two Mexican boys and T. W. Wooley and I were headed for the same town. The Mexican boys beat us to the hack and made a deal for passage; when we approached he said, "I cannot take any more," so there we were; no one to take us, no house to stop at, nothing but a depot. We folded up our pants very high, took our grips in one hand and our perspiration rag in the other and gave signal to "forward, march." Five miles journey brought us to a large ranch owned by an American. I made myself known and put up a regular Philadelphia lawyer's speech about spending the night with him. He began that old tale "Gentlemen, I haven't this, and I haven't that." We told him that anything would do, just so he would let us stay. We spent the night with him and had a fine night's rest.

We were ready to go on our journey when a white tenant, a Mr. Johnson made his appearance. He agreed to take us to the ranch for a certain sum, and we were soon on our way behind a mule team. About 8 miles on further we met W. E. Schultz and E. W. Brewer and shortly transferred from a hack to a wagon and went on our way rejoicing, and arrived at the ranch about night. The next morning I wanted to ride about the place but the rain would not permit. The houses are built of doxy pressed into blocks and laid like brick. The roofs are covered with palm leaves. Some of the palm logs are used as building material. Some walls are built of concrete and roofs of sheet iron. Fruit trees such as oranges and lemons grow in the yard. In the afternoon of the first day I took a look over the farm which was planted in corn, beans, sugar cane, bananas, and a grass.

Next day we went to the Rio. The stream was as clear as crystal and as cold as ice. We had been there a week when some thirty prospectors came down. We surely had a time trying to find a place for them to sleep. They bedded up in a bed; it was a laughable affair. The prospectors bought over 6000 acres of land when they were off.

Some of us planned a trip to the mountains. We packed 2 horses with a camping outfit and turned our march toward the mountains which were eight miles away; from there it was 4 miles up the mountains to Dr. Cameron's where we expected to spend the night. We had to go up 4000 feet on an angle of 45 degrees. When we arrived at the Doctor's place we were surely tired. As soon as night came we had to put on our coats, and wrap up in quilts to keep warm. The next morning the Doctor agreed to join us and take 2 Mexican guides along to carry the provisions. Each of us took a quilt in a small roll, strapped up on our backs and took our guns and marched for the high mountains. Every man being loaded we only went up about 2000 feet, which was a distance of about 4 miles on the way. We killed some pheasants and had a barbecue for supper. That night we spent in a cave near a large stream of water. The next days travel took us through a park where any amount of large timber grows. I stepped one pine log that was 120 feet to the first limb. The timber is classified as follows: Sweet gum, Pine, Hickory, Walnut, Cedar, Red Oak, White Oak and many other kinds. That night was spent by the side of a high bluff where the water came down in a terrific rush. We were in a hurry to get to a bear range so we spurred up and got among the black tail deer. One of the boys happened to slay one for supper, and of course this was quite a treat for us. We were then about 7000 feet above sea level. The next day we reached 8000 feet. We pitched camps close to an old pen where a large spring came out of the mountains. When I took a look at the spring to my great surprise there was a bear's track as large as my foot. Some of us got dinner and started the Mexicans to the Joy a Salas ranch for more supplies, while the others of the party prepared for a bear hunt. We hunted all evening, but in vain. The most exciting thing, however, was a storm and rain. That night

LUMBER

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

MENARD LUMBER CO.

DR. JOS. GREER.

"THE NORTH SIDE ADDITION MAN."

DEALER IN

Menard County Dirt

Menard TEXAS

THE **STERLING HOTEL**

MENARD TEXAS.

This house has just been Remodeled and Refurnished, and we are prepared to do a first-class Hotel business. Nice clean rooms and first class fare.

Mrs. Jos. Greer

Adolph Beyer, Blacksmith and Wheelwright.

Horseshoeing a Specialty. Courteous Treatment and Reasonable Prices.

Northeast Corner Square Menardville, Texas.

BEITEL LUMBER CO.

H. V. SCHOLL, Manager.

DEALERS IN

LUMBER AND BUILDERS MATERIAL

CLOSE ESTIMATES ON LARGE BILLS

ELWOOD FENCE

YARD NEAR DEPOT. PHONE 26. P. O. BOX 136. KERRVILLE, TEX.

They never grub this land. They cut the timber down, let it lay until dry, then burn.

All the rest I'll tell when I come.

S. A. BREWER.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

CHAMBERLAIN'S GOLDEN ROYAL DIARRHOEA REMEDY

A few doses of this remedy will invariably cure an ordinary attack of diarrhoea.

It can always be depended upon, even in the more serious attacks of cramp colic and cholera morbus. It is equally successful for cholera diarrhoea and cholera infantum in children, and is the means of saving the lives of many children each year. When reduced with water and sweetened it is pleasant to take. Every man of a family should have this remedy in his house. They should have it.

Price, 25c. LARGES SIZE, 50c.

THE CITIZEN, - \$1 per year

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH **DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY**

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES

GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.