

# THE KERRVILLE ADVANCE

VOL. 5.

KERRVILLE, TEXAS, THURSDAY, DEC. 14, 1916

NO. 13

## Camp Verde Letter.

(Regular Correspondence)

The temperature was down to 16 Friday and some think a great deal of the grain is killed and the other will suffer unless it rains right away.

Mrs. W. J. Pipkins has gone on a visit to her daughter and brother at Pilot Point.

William McBryde and Ernest Hodges were Verde callers Saturday. Ed Blatherwick and Henry Hubble came in from the Medina Lake with a fine lot of fish.

H. G. Edens and A. McDonald will finish the road as far as the Verde Pass in a day or two. Del and George Reeves are doing the plowing.

Mrs. J. A. McBryde and daughter Miss Jennie visited on the Verde last week.

Mrs. A. H. Jones spent Monday in Camp Verde.

## Womans Auxiliary.

Womans Auxiliary of the First Baptist church will be entertained by Mrs. Robb Tuesday, Dec. 19.

Leader—Mrs. Hodges.

Hymn—Selected.

Prayer—Mrs. Clapp.

What an American saw in Asia—Mrs. R. S. Newman.

Sowing and Reaping—Mrs. J. T. Deering.

The Schools and the Nation—Miss Richards.

The Gibraltar of China—Mrs. Pouncey.

Evangelistic Movement Among the Students—Mrs. Robb.

A Students Answer—Mrs. A. G. Morriss.

Peking Medical College Process—Mrs. Riddle.

China's Women—Mrs. Burton.

The Christmas Offering—Mrs. K. Dewees.

Closing Prayer, Rev. J. B. Riddle.

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

## New Lumber Yard for Kerrville

Sid C. Peterson and C. W. Moore have established a new lumber yard on the old livery stable property adjoining Lee Mason's garage on Water street. They already have a lot of lumber on the ground and will get in new stock as fast as it can be shipped in until they have a full line of building material of every kind.

These gentlemen are too well known in this section to need any introduction from us. Mr. Peterson is a successful business man and a hustler who makes everything go that he turns his hands to. Mr. Moore has been in the lumber business so long that selling lumber is his second nature. He was formerly manager of the Hillyer-Deutsch Lumber Co. here and later organized the Citizens Lumber Co. and served as its manager until the company sold out to H. Renschel. Mr. Moore has made many friends throughout this entire section by his honesty and square dealing who will be glad to know that he is getting established in the business here again.

## W. O. W. Elect Officers.

At their regular meeting last Wednesday night the local W. O. W. Camp elected the following officers: L. A. Mosty, C. C.; W. T. Keusel, A. L.; A. W. Henke, Banker; T. B. Roebuck, Clerk; J. D. Motley, Esq.; G. B. Miller, Watchman; F. C. Krous, Sentry; T. A. Buckner, Manager. A public installation of officers will be held on Jan. 3.

## Card of Thanks.

We wish to offer our grateful thanks for the sympathy, help and beautiful floral offerings to all those who so kindly remembered us during our recent great sorrow. Mrs. L. E. King and Katharine.

## Honor Roll Primary Department.

The following names constitute the Honor Roll of Kerrville Public School in the Primary Department for the third month of the present term:

FIRST GRADE—Mrs. B. Mallory, teacher: Charlotte Carpenter, Hester Greer, Margaret Hanson, Lula Wesch, Thelma Taylor, Ethel Wilson, Edith Schulze, King Canfield, Bill Wilson.

SECOND GRADE—Miss Hilda Mosel, teacher: Anita Dietert, Emma Ruth Buckner, Gerald Potter, Ernest Radcliff, J. A. Kuykendall, Mabel Hopkins, Amy Mae Love.

THIRD GRADE—Teacher, Miss L. Burnett: Evelyn Goss, Chester Parsons, Valdes Wardlow, Tommie Lord Ruby Grantham, Albert Carraway, Jules Dubus, Gerald Dubus.

THIRD GRADE—Teacher, Mrs. J. L. Waller: Addison Buckner, Romeo Dabney, Lois Fawcett.

FOURTH GRADE—Mrs. J. L. Waller, teacher: Truman Pouncey, Flora Dietert.

FOURTH GRADE—Miss Nimitz, teacher: Arthur Dietert, Milton Hansen, Roy Leazar, Jasper Moore, Herman Rees, King Richie, Egerton Robb, Harrell Osborne, Anna Belle Council, Margaret Everheart, Ida Dell Hamilton, Lucile McCoy, Alice Moore, Leona Rotge.

## Christian Endgavor Program

Subject Big jobs awaiting us. Leader—Mabel Thorburn. Hymn More Like the Master. Bible reading Exodus 3: 1 to 14. Big jobs awaiting us—Mrs. Simmons.

Joshua's job—Jewel Paine.

Do your best with your present obligations—Edna Henke.

Doing our best—Mary C. Williams.

A talk by our Missionary—Rev. J. W. Allen from Luebo, Africa. Close with prayer.

## Cedar Wanted.

Bring us all kinds of cedar. We need it at once.

Mosel, Saenger & Co.

W. S. Mayfield and son Tarlton of Center Point were Kerrville visitors Saturday.

FOR RENT—A house for rent, nice location, sleeping porch, electric lights. Good location to take roomers or boarders if parties should wish to. Price reasonable. See Walter Jarmon at his home next to the Williams Hotel.

The Woodmen Circle will have a special meeting next Monday to elect officers for the coming year. All members are requested to be present.

## Center Point Letter

Regular Correspondence:

Mrs. G. W. Harwell of San Antonio is visiting here. The guest of Mrs. T. A. McBryde.

Otto Dozier has returned home from a visit in North Texas.

J. R. Herndon made a business trip to San Antonio Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Waters of Rusk are here visiting their son S. J. Waters.

Hurley Euler, corporal in the Texas National guard now stationed at Corpus Christi is at home on a sixty day furlough to study for examination for Second Lieutenant in the U. S. Army.

Chas. Crotty and wife left for their home in La Porte last week after an extended visit here to relatives and friends.

Miss Bessie Nowlin, who is teaching the Turtle creek school spent Saturday and Sunday here at home.

R. and C. Davis, R. Stanley and wife of Hill County, John and T. M. Chappell of Stockdale were here last week enroute to the Medina Lake. They were joined here by Estrell White.

D. Brouhston and Jim Jones made a business trip to Kerrville Thursday.

William McBryde and Sam Hodges returned home from San Antonio last Saturday.

J. A. McBryde attended the Masonic Grand Lodge at Waco last week.

Geo. Walker and L. Davenport made a business trip to Kerrville last Monday.

## Senior Epworth League

Program for Dec. 17

Topic—Defy Evil.

Leader—Mamie Sublett.

Song, Prayer.

Scripture, II Kings 21: 15-22.

Biblical Examples of Defiers of Evil: Moses, Gideon and Esther. Ina Coleman.

Daniel and his Friends—Lucile Palmer.

Peter, John and Paul—Lula McDaniel.

Song, Modern Defiers of Evil—Virgie Storms.

What makes a man Defy Evil—Frith Everett.

Song, Benediction.

For Sale—One McKaskey Book-keeping system complete. Apply at Mosel Saenger & Co.

Dainty writing paper makes an excellent Christmas present. Our Stationery stock is up to date. See the special holiday boxes.

Rock Drug Store.

## Bought San Antonio Theater.

W. C. Berger, who has been manager of Pampell's Theater for the past year, and S. H. Huntington have decided to branch out in the moving picture business and have purchased the Pearl Theater on Houston Street, San Antonio, having made the purchase the first of the week.

Mr. Berger talking of the plans for Pampell's Theater assured the writer that Kerrville would not be slighted, he still retaining the Kerrville house, booking same in conjunction with his San Antonio interests, thereby assuring the show-going people of Kerrville the same good run of high class pictures as heretofore. He further said, "There will be several surprises for the Kerrville folks in this line, to be announced later."

## Thermos Bottles and Cases, Sterno Cooking sets at

PAMPELL'S.

Glema Hicks of Tarpley brought his wool to this market last Thursday. He kindly remembered the editor with a renewal subscription.

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

G. M. Doyle, Piano Dealer.

Rev. R. A. Cochran had a friend visiting him from Morton, Miss., last week, Mr. Ed. Ligon, a prominent lumber dealer. He liked Kerrville so well that he may come back and locate here.

All kinds of nuts, Sunmaid raisins currants, and all other ingredients for the fruit cake at

West Texas Supply Co.

J. M. Hatch was in town from the ranch Saturday and made the Advance an appreciated call.

## Baptist Church Notes.

On next Tuesday Dec. 19 the Executive Board of our Association will meet in our meeting house at 11 a. m. This is to be an important meeting and we hope for the presence of every board member.

We will have our regular services next Sunday at the usual hours. Our attendance last Sunday was good and we had at the evening service a great crowd to hear the returned Missionary from Africa. How he did thrill our souls with his good message.

We had a good service at "Upper Guadalupe," last Sunday evening and I am to preach at Ingram the coming Sunday at 3 p. m. Phone it about. Our New Organization for Charity, is starting well. Join in and help a great and good cause. J. B. RIDDLE, Pastor.

## A United Thanksgiving

Since the organization of the Mexican Baptist church at Kerrville they have observed the day by having dinner and a religious program at the church.

This Thanksgiving they came out to Morris Ranch with a lot of good things to eat and joined in with the Mexican church here for dinner and a program in the afternoon.

The Thanksgiving Proclamation was delivered in Spanish by Lee Rodriguez. America was sung by children and many others made talks that were worth while. It was a day long to be remembered. I. N. S.

A few new Victor Records make an ideal Xmas gift

PAMPELL'S

Oliver Byas was in this city with produce to sell Monday.

FOR SALE—Screened tent house Phone 225 Blue.

## Deposit a Part of Your Earnings

regularly in this Bank. Be thus insured against want, and be ready to grasp opportunity for profitable investment. Success comes rarely in any other way.

## FIRST STATE BANK

KERRVILLE, TEXAS

A GUARANTY FUND BANK

E. H. BOTT  
PRESIDENT

A. B. BURTON,  
ACTIVE VICE PRESIDENT

A. B. WILLIAMSON, CASHIER.

## Hillyer-Deutsch Lumber Co.

DEALERS IN

## LUMBER

Shingles, Laths, Sash, Doors, Blinds, Roofing, Paints, Builders' Hardware.

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

R. NAGEL, Manager

YARD NEAR DEPOT --Phone 45-- KERRVILLE, TEXAS



The Ford car makes its appeal to you in appearance as well as for service. Large radiator and enclosed fan, stream-line hood, crown fenders, entire black finish, wheel trimmings—up-to-date in all requirements—handsome appearance—and serving the people the world over as a money-saving, time-saving, labor-saving utility. The Ford car is just as useful on the farm as it is in the city, just as necessary to the business man as to the professional man.

Touring Car . . . \$360.00

Runabout, . . . \$345.00

Freight \$37.50 to Kerrville.

LEE MASON & SON

"THE UNIVERSAL GARAGE"

Phone 154

Kerrville, Texas

## Seal Shipt

Those good and pure OYSTERS  
Shipment received almost every day.

PAMPELL'S  
PHONE 6

## Use Electricity

Take advantage of the day current we have put on for your benefit.

We have on hand for sale Electric Lamps, Irons, and other convenient appliances for the home.

Electricity means comfort, economy and convenience. This is the season you need it most. Let us wire you in today so that you can have these conveniences.

Kerrville Light, Ice & Power Company

## THE STAR MARKET

C. L. BIEHLER, Prop.

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING AT LOWEST PRICES

Free Delivery

PHONE 162

# 59 YEARS OLD HALE AND HARDY

### And Praises Cardui, Which She Says Pulled Her Through A Most Dangerous Period.

Mercer, Ky.—"About 15 years ago," writes Mrs. W. T. Ball, of this place, "I began suffering with change of life, and was suffering very much. . . I began taking Cardui after having suffered for 3 years, and I was dreadfully nervous. Hardly felt like doing my work. Couldn't sleep well at nights. However, after several doses of Cardui I saw an improvement and in a few days I could do my work with ease and in two weeks I was able to walk six miles and went to the street fair at Central City and enjoyed myself. After using two bottles, I got my natural health and strength and it pulled me through that most dangerous of periods in a woman's life with no trouble or suffering. . . I am now hale and hardy, and was 59 years old the 11th of this month. I will never cease praising Cardui, which did me so much good. It also saved my daughter's life when she had such a dreadful spell. . . Over 40 years in use, Cardui has proven its efficacy as "the woman's tonic." If you are weak, and run-down, and suffer from symptoms of troubles peculiar to women, give Cardui a trial.—Adv.

Sniff, Sniff. "How can I get to Fluddub's fish market?" "Follow your nose." "Follow my nose? Now, that seems indefinite advice to give a man." "It is all right when hunting for a fish market."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## RED, ROUGH, PIMPLY SKIN

Quickly Cleared by Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

You may rely on these fragrant, super-creamy emollients to care for your skin, scalp, hair and hands. Nothing better to clear the skin of pimples, blotches, redness and roughness, the scalp of dandruff and itching and the hands of chapping and soreness. Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Spiteful. She—I hardly ever get a new dress, and everybody thinks you are a mill-ironaire.

He—Why should they have that idea?

She—It's the only reason they can think of for my marrying you.—Boston Evening Transcript.

## WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY

In her hair. If yours is streaked with ugly, grizzly, gray hairs, use "La Creole" Hair Dressing and change it to the natural way. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

No Foreign Element in the Case. "Why don't you have your son examined by an alienist?" "I'd rather have a good American doctor than any of them foreigners."

A preacher's life would be awfully tame if it wasn't for weddings.



## Green's August Flower

Is the one remedy always to be relied upon for indigestion, constipation, and that dizzy feeling. 51 years test has proved it the best in many thousands of households. Try it and learn by that means how easy it is to keep well. 25c. and 75c. sizes at all Druggists and Dealers. Always keep a bottle handy.

## BLACK LEG

LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED BY CUTTER'S BLACKED PILLS. Low priced, both, and preferred by doctors, because they protect, where other venous fail.

## WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

Sold for 47 years. For Malaria, Chills and Fever. Also a Fine General Strengthening Tonic.

## PARKER'S HAIR BALM

A useful preparation of menthol. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair.

W. N. U., HOUSTON, NO. 49, 1916.

# ORCHARD GLEANINGS

## TO INSURE GOOD PEAR TREES

Top-Working is Recommended on Most Desirable Varieties—Grafts Should Be Evenly Distributed.

The first or second crop of fruit will show the quality, some of which may be undesirable. Some varieties are predisposed to cracking, some to softening of the core, while others are knotty, and of poor quality—not as a general thing, but under present conditions.

From the varieties that are most desirable, those showing inferior qualities should be top-worked as follows:

Scatter the grafts through the tops—inserting so many that each forming a small branch by itself—the whole taken together will make a full top in a few years.

Select six or eight of the main scaffolding limbs, and trip off the greater part of its side branches, but if



Bartlett Pear.

the tree is a large one, only part of the top should be removed the first season (the remainder to be taken off the second year), and this part of the tree grafted. In these six or eight limbs there should be 25 or 30 grafts set.

Care should be exercised that the grafts are evenly distributed over the top, so that there will be a well-balanced head of the new variety.

## MOUNDING IS GOOD PRACTICE

Soil Piled Around Base of Tree Will Keep Mice Away—Work Can Be Done Any Time.

Mounding trees with soil piled about a foot high around the trunk keeps away mice which, during some years, are very destructive. If one does not mound his trees, he should either put wire netting collars around them, or be prepared to tramp down the snow around each tree if there is much vegetation in the orchard.

It is not necessary to do the mounding or banking before the weather becomes fairly cold, but there is no reason why this should not be done at any time during the fall.

One important thing is to scrape away the vegetation that may be close to the trunk, so that the earth that is thrown in by the shovel will rest upon earth, instead of upon a mat of grass or leaves through which the mice may burrow and thus reach the trunk and girdle it beneath the mound which you have added.

There have been cases where the short-tailed meadow mice burrowed through the bases of the mounds because there was enough organic matter or vegetation under them to make them loose and vulnerable.

## BLACKBERRY IS WELL LIKED

Preferred to Raspberry for Orchard Interplanting Because of Immunity to Crown Gall.

Because of the marked immunity of blackberries to crown gall, which may be transmitted to fruit trees, that crop should be preferred to raspberries for orchard interplanting.

At the Ohio station 65 rows of raspberries, including black, purple, yellow and red varieties, were all infected this year by this disease, while none of the blackberries showed any infection.

## MULBERRIES OF MUCH VALUE

Many Birds Prefer Them to Cherries, Raspberries and Other Fruits—Remove Complaint Cause.

Probably the chief value of the mulberry is as a food for the birds. Robins, jays, catbirds and many others prefer it to cherries, raspberries and the fruits which they eat when no mulberries are available.

Plant plenty of mulberries and you will have very little cause for complaint regarding the damage done by birds.

## TO OBTAIN COMPETENT HELP

Combination of Orchard and Dairy or Poultry Will Solve Problem—Profit Is Assured.

The small orchard alone will not permit the employment of competent help all the year around, but when combined with dairy or poultry raising this difficulty is easily overcome, and the owner is in a much better position to take care of his fruit and make a better profit out of it than he would be if conducting the orchard alone with insufficient help.

## SWEATING FRUIT IS VIOLATION OF LAW

Food and Drugs Act Prevents Interstate Shipment of Immature Oranges and Grapefruit.

(From the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Growers and shippers of oranges and grapefruit are making inquiries of the United States department of agriculture in reference to what action will be taken by the department during the coming season toward preventing the shipment into interstate commerce of immature citrus fruits which have been artificially colored by sweating. The officials in charge of the enforcement of the food and drugs act state they will be guided in their action by the position of the department previously announced, to the effect that the shipment in interstate commerce of immature oranges and grapefruit, which are sweated either before shipment or en route, is a violation of the food and drugs act when the sweating conceals inferiority by making unripe fruit appear to be ripe. The sweating process turns the green color of the unripe fruit to yellow, and fruit so treated has the appearance of being ripe. However, extensive investigations by the department have shown that the sweating process does not ripen the immature fruit.

One of the tests to determine whether or not an orange is mature is the so-called "eight-to-one test." This test is based on the ratio of the soluble solids to the acid contained in the juice of the orange. The soluble solids increase as the oranges ripen, while the acid decreases. The oranges are considered immature until the juice contains soluble solids equal to, or in excess of, eight parts to each part of acid contained in the juice. The amount of soluble solids in orange juice is about equivalent to the amount of sugar it contains. The ratio of the sugar to the acid in the juice determines the sweetness of the orange. In the case of grapefruit, maturity is indicated by a ratio of seven parts of soluble solids in the juice to one part of acid. The United States department of agriculture will send to any grower or shipper, upon request, specific directions for making the eight-to-one test.

The position of the United States department of agriculture in reference to the sweating of immature citrus fruit is stated in Food Inspection Decision 133, and in Service and Regulatory Announcements of the Bureau of Chemistry numbered 11 and 15, which will be furnished upon application to the department.

## PROTECT ALL YOUNG TREES FROM RABBITS

Tarred Building Paper Tied Around Trees Will Afford Absolute Protection.

It is time to think about protecting the young trees from rabbits. In the editor's boyhood days we attempted to do this by applying various preparations to the tree trunk, but we do not recall any that were effective. Last winter we saw a young orchard in which tarred building paper, costing 90 to 75 cents per 150 feet, had been tied around the trees, affording absolute protection. Cut in strips, wrap around the tree, and tie with tarred twine. The tar is repellent not only to rabbits, but to mice and insects, and the trunks of trees protected in this way will not be injured. This may be left on during the season if so desired. The paper may remain around the trunk for two or three years without injury.—Kansas Farmer.

## TO GET BETTER EGGS

Keep males from hens except during breeding season. Gather eggs carefully in warm weather twice daily. Keep nests free from filth and provide plenty of them. Market eggs twice a week if possible. Never wash eggs; it destroys their keeping qualities. Store away from vegetable cellar, musty grain, oils, etc.

## ADDITION OF ACID PHOSPHATE FAVORED

Interesting Test Made With Barnyard Manure by the Ohio Experiment Station.

The value of barnyard manure varies according to the way it is treated, according to the Ohio experiment station. In one test just announced in Bulletin No. 286, manure that was untreated was worth \$2.60 per ton and when treated with acid phosphate at the rate of 40 pounds to the ton and kept under cover was worth \$4.80. The experiment station explains that manure is not well-balanced fertilizer for the older farm lands and that the addition of acid phosphate should be made to obtain the highest results from the manure.

## IMPORTANCE OF ORCHARD WINDBREAKS

(By L. ARNY, New York Experiment Station.)

The important point is to place the tree in such a place that it will have the advantage of high altitude, which means good air drainage, but at the same time that it will not be exposed to high winds, which means quick evaporation. The best means of accomplishing this is to provide the orchard with a windbreak.

Windbreaks should contain both care and judgment, since they often become a hindrance instead of a help in places where they are wrongly planted. The one great drawback to them is the fact that unless watched



HEATERS WHICH SAVED CROP OF PEARS.

very closely, they may become a breeding place for dangerous insects; but if care is exercised in this direction, the good effects of them will overbalance this point. That is, if the orchard is regularly and intelligently sprayed, the insect problem is not an economically serious one.

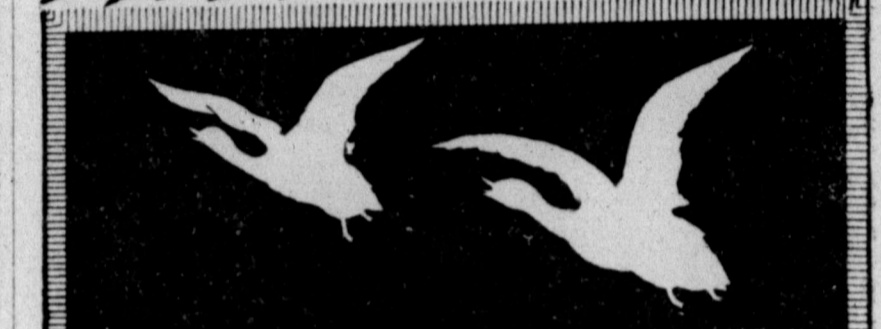
Object of Windbreak. Windbreaks should be planted with evergreen and deciduous trees. The object is not to stop the wind, since that would be almost as harmful as having too much, but it is simply to check it so that the force will be broken by the time it reaches the trees.

# CALOMEL SICKENS! IT SALIVATES! DON'T STAY BILIOUS, CONSTIPATED

I Guarantee "Dodson's Liver Tone" Will Give You the Best Liver and Bowel Cleansing You Ever Had—Don't Lose a Day's Work!

Calomel makes you sick; you lose a day's work. Calomel is quicksilver and it salivates; calomel injures your liver. If you are bilious, feel lazy, sluggish and all knocked out, if your bowels are constipated and your head aches or stomach is sour, just take a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone instead of using sickening, salivating calomel. Dodson's Liver Tone is real liver medicine. You'll know it next morning because you will wake up feeling fine, your liver will be working, your headache and dizziness gone, your stomach will be sweet and your bowels regular. You will feel like working. You'll be cheerful; full of vigor and ambition. Your druggist or dealer sells you a 50-cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone under my personal guarantee that it will clean your sluggish liver better than nasty calomel; it won't make you sick and you can eat anything you want without being salivated. Your druggist guarantees that each spoonful will start your liver, clean your bowels and straighten you up by morning or you can have your money back. Children gladly take Dodson's Liver Tone because it is pleasant tasting and doesn't gripe or cramp or make them sick. I am selling millions of bottles of Dodson's Liver Tone to people who have found that this pleasant, vegetable, liver medicine takes the place of dangerous calomel. Buy one bottle on my sound, reliable guarantee. Ask your druggist or storekeeper about me. Adv.

# WINCHESTER



## "LEADER" AND "REPEATER" SHOT SHELLS

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

## A Sticker.

"How do you account for the election results?" "I don't try to account for it," replied Senator Sangham. "That's too far ahead. Until the official count is over I don't intend to quit prophesying on the result."

## A NEGLECTED CHILD

is often followed by pneumonia. Before it is too late take Laxative Quinine Tablets. Gives prompt relief in cases of Coughs, Colds, La Grippe and Headache. Price 25c.—Adv.

## Winter Fatalities to Babies.

Although there is a general impression that summer is the only time that babies are sick, statistics show that the toll from respiratory diseases in the winter is nearly as great as that from intestinal diseases in the summer.

## STOP THOSE SHARP SHOOTING PAINS

"Femina" is the wonder worker for all female disorders. Price 1.00 and 50c. Adv.

## Literally So.

"The style of that writer is perfectly killing." "I should say so, the way he murders the king's english."

## FROM ECZEMA AND RINGWORM

You can obtain instant relief by using Tetterine, also the best remedy known for Chafes, Bites of Insects, Tetter Itching Bites Burns, Chills, old Itching Sores, etc. Because you have spent hundreds of dollars and experienced no relief for your itching skin troubles, besides devoting a great deal of energy scratching and pawing at the plague spot until the blood is shed forth, don't despair. Nature wisely provides a remedy for every ill that flesh is heir to. Tetterine will cure you permanently, positively and completely, nothing else will.

## Muffling Children's Cries.

"Teach your child to take his hair-brush or old slipper spankings without tears and without crying." is the advice of Dr. Benjamin F. Croft of Indianapolis.

## Hard on the Burglar.

"I hear that the home of Scribbins, the writer, was entered last night and a number of manuscripts stolen." "Is that so? I suppose Scribbins has set the police on track of the thief?" "Oh, he says that if the fellow has any better success in placing the stuff than he has had himself, he's only too glad to let him try it."—Farm Life.

## Cupid has enslaved thousands, but refuses to be enslaved himself.

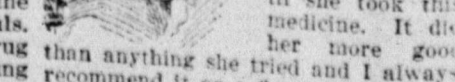
Let the other fellow have it his way—as long as it is only talk.

## Bodily Housekeeping

(BY V. M. PIERCE, M. D.) The subject of drinking water with meals has been misunderstood. In recent years investigation by means of X-rays, the observations of scientists such as Cannon, Gutzner, Pavlov, Fowler, Hawk, prove that an abundance of water taken during digestion is necessary in good bodily housekeeping. If your kidneys are sick, or you suffer with lumbago or rheumatism at times, pain in the back or back of the neck, take a little Anuric before meals. This can be found at any good drug store. Therefore my advice to young or old is, always drink plenty of pure water. And for long life, occasionally take tablets of Anuric three or four times a day. Anuric acts much more quickly than lithia. Many find that it dissolves uric acid as water does sugar.

## A PROMINENT WOMAN SUFFERED SEVERE PAINS

Houston Heights, Texas.—"My mother used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. She was in very bad health, was all run down and it seemed like she could not get anything to do her any good until she took this medicine. It did her more good than anything she tried and I always recommend it as a fine tonic."—MRS. JULIA STINSON.



Get "Favorite Prescription" today, either in liquid or tablet form, from any dealer in medicines or send Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., 10 cents for large trial package of the tablets.—Adv.

**HAVE HEALTH TO YOUR CREDIT**

One of Nature's most valuable aids in the promotion and maintenance of perfect health is

**HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters**

IT TONES STRENGTHENS AND INVIGORATES the digestive system. Try it

**ECZEMA!**

"Host's Cure" is guaranteed to stop and permanently cure that terrible itching. It is compounded for that purpose and your money will be promptly refunded without question.



"The Spirit Was Willing." Despite the exhortations of her teacher, small Mary persistently lagged during the march in the kindergarten one morning.

At last the teacher called Mary to her side, and said: "Mary, dear, can't you keep up with the music and the little boy in front of you?"

"Yes," answered Mary, with a beaming and obliging smile, "I can, but my new shoes can't."

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.—Adv.

**Health Item.** A learned doctor of Johns Hopkins says that football spells health for the spectators because they leap up and cheer wildly. After all, it appears that what the world chiefly needs for its health is some trivial excuse to leap and cheer wildly.

**Lovers' Quarrel.** "I demand back my lock of hair," "I'm sorry. I wanted that lock of hair."

**Another Good Place.** "We can't all dwell on Easy street." "No, but we can all live on the square."—Exchange.

**Getting Old Too Fast?** Late in life the body shows signs of wear and often the kidneys weaken first. The back is lame, bent and aches, and the kidney action distressing.

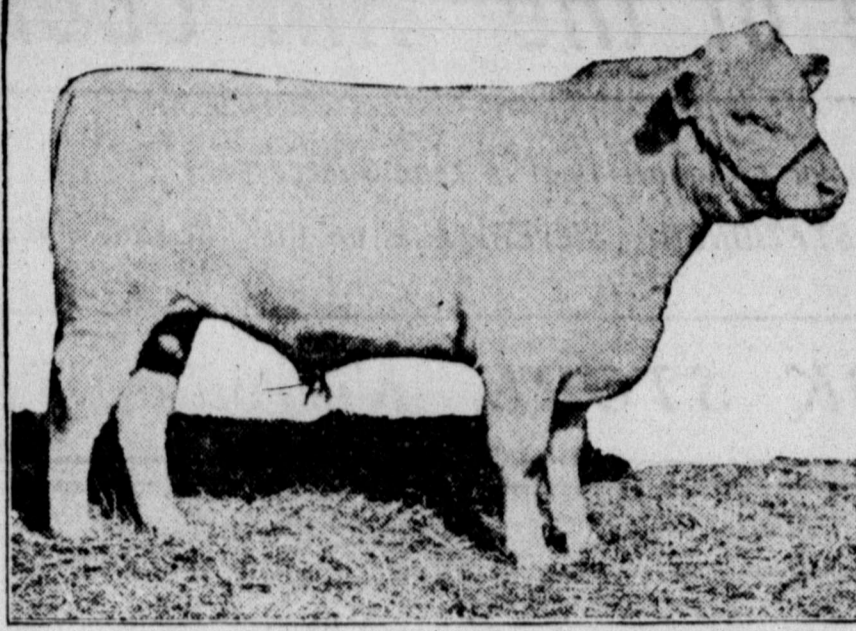
**A Texas Case** Mrs. Laura Watson, 525 S. Texas St., Greenville, Tex., says: "My kidneys were irregular in action and I had headaches and rheumatic pains in my joints. Morning, my back was very painful and my rest at night was broken. Finally, I used Doan's Kidney Pills and they relieved all these ailments."

**Your Liver Is Clogged Up** That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS** will put you right in a few days. They do their duty. Care Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

**Brentwood** **THREE IN ONE** DR. GUYER'S DIETETIC TABLETS for Gas in Stomach and Bowels, Tenderness in region of Stomach and liver, Pain under the shoulder blades, Catarrh of the Stomach and Bowels, Dyspepsia and Indigestion. Thirty years' experience in Europe and America. One month's treatment \$1.00 sent on receipt of price. THE GUYER MEDICINE MANUFACTURING CO., 531-535 Broadway, Toledo, O.

**DAIRY FARM IS NECESSARILY FERTILE**



VILLAGE MARSHALL, CHAMPION FUTURITY WINNER.

Farms used for dairy purposes should gain rather than lose in fertility, asserts R. E. Throckmorton, assistant professor of soils in the Kansas State Agricultural college.

"In dairying less plant food is sold from the farm than in any other type of farming," says Mr. Throckmorton. "In grain farming, the land is cropped year after year, and the products are sold off the land. In dairy farming, the crops are harvested and fed to animals."

"When grain or other crops are sold from the farm soil fertility or plant food is returned to the soil. This is clear when one considers the fact that a ton of milk contains \$2.09 worth of plant food, while a ton of alfalfa contains \$9.50 worth of plant food."

"With this system of farming a large variety of crops can be profitably grown and utilized. Such crops as alfalfa and clover for hay, corn sorghum for silage, and rye as a spring crop may be grown. With these crops it is possible to practice a rotation in which a legume is grown, thus increasing the supply of nitrogen in the soil. This is important, as the failure to include a leguminous crop in the rotation is one of the common causes of soil depletion. The nitrogen content of the soil is also increased when alfalfa is fed and the manure is applied to the land."

**Concentrates Are Fertilizers.** The soil on many farms contains a sufficient quantity of plant food, points out Mr. Throckmorton, but is so devoid of humus that the food is unavailable to the plant. A soil thus lacking in vegetable matter will not retain water, but packs, and bakes. Practically all the manure produced on a dairy farm may be returned to the soil. This will add humus, thus making the soil more productive. It may be profitably applied to alfalfa as a surface dressing or in the field where silage or soiling crops are grown.

Buying concentrated feeding stuffs, such as bran and oilmeal, is a common practice on many dairy farms. These feeds are rich in fertilizing ingredients and if the resulting manure is applied to the land the fertility may be increased to a considerable extent.

discharges from the tumors may not contaminate the feed. The use of the surgeon's knife can be used to remove the affected parts or the animal can be treated by the iodide of potassium method. This consists of giving one and one-half drams of iodide of potassium twice a day to animals weighing 1,000 pounds. This is kept up for ten days or two weeks and the animal allowed to rest for a like period and then the treatment repeated if necessary. The medicine may be given as a drench or in the drinking water.

**Food Stays on Farm.** "When animals or milk products are sold only a small portion of the plant food of the crop is removed from the farm. The greater part of it is left in the form of barnyard manure, which

**Why Raise Live Stock?** Because the raiser of live stock has a wider range of time in which to market his products than in the case of most other products of the farm.

Because the raising of stock makes possible diversified farming that favors independence. A diversified farm with no live stock is a difficult thing to handle successfully.

Because in all nations where live stock is largely raised agriculture is on a firm basis.

Because it is a patriotic duty to provide for the people the various kinds of meat food they need and the foods from the products of animals, such as cheese and butter, and the materials out of which to manufacture all kinds of the best of garments.

**Lumpy Jaw Is Not Contagious Disease** Trouble Is Caused by Fungus Growing on Some of Grasses, Rye, Barley and Corn.

Actinomyces, or lumpy jaw, is a disease not uncommon with cattle. It is caused by a fungus that grows on some of the common plants, such as the grasses, rye, barley and corn. When the mouth of the animal is injured from eating dry, stiff forage, as is frequently the case, the fungus finds an entrance into the tissues and begins growth. This causes the tissues to break down and form pus. If the bone is affected the normal bone will be broken down and new growth of bone takes place around the diseased areas, causing an enlargement or lump, hence the name lumpy jaw. The disease may affect any tissues, so there may not always be an enlargement of the jawbones.

A gradual development of a tumor, usually on the lower jaw, the side of the face or in the throat are characteristic symptoms. This swelling is not unlike that caused by an injury except that it does not go down in a few days. If the tongue is affected it becomes enlarged and the animal has difficulty in eating. The teeth may drop out and the jaw become so sore that the animal cannot ruminate. After a time the tumor will become soft and break, either on the inside or outside. This may heal, but will break out again later.

Lumpy jaw is not contagious, but affected animals should be separated from the rest of the herd so that the

**HORSES PIGS and CATTLE**

**WINTER HOUSES FOR SHEEP**

Especially Important That Feet and Fleeces Be Kept Dry—Ventilation Must Be Ample.

Contrary to general opinion, sheep as well as any other class of farm animals require clean, dry shelter. It is especially important that the feet and fleeces be kept dry. If their quarters are dry and clean the sheep will stand very cold weather without dis-



Sheep in Winter Quarters.

comfort or disease. There must be ample ventilation, for sheep if closely crowded sweat badly and quickly use up the oxygen in the air, but there must be no drafts, as sheep are very subject to colds.

In the ordinary climate the sheep barn may be constructed of one thick-ness of matched boards. It should be large enough to house the entire flock without crowding. Windows enough to permit lots of sunshine to enter, and clean, dry bedding underfoot are necessities. The lambing pens should be of warmer construction than the general shed.

**RINGING HOGS IS EASY TASK**

Rope Slipped Over Nose and Back of Large Teeth Will Prove Efficient With Large Animals.

(By R. E. RUSHING.) I was called the other day to help a neighbor ring some hogs that were giving him some trouble rooting under his fence and getting into his stuff.

He had some hogs that were rather heavy, and he considered that he had a great big job to hold them and ring them. He called me and another neighbor to help hold them for him. On arriving he had one tied by the foot (hind foot) and was going to down them and hold them, and then put the rings into their nose. I asked for another rope. I made a slip loop in it, and slipped the loop over the hog's nose back of the large teeth, and tightened the slip loop down on the nose.

When put on the hog will pull back with all its might, and when you go



Manner of Holding Hog.

to put in the ring he will pull the harder, which makes it an easy matter to put the ring in.

We just treated the hogs as described above, and one man can usually hold the largest hog, and it is much less trouble than to get them down and wallow around, and get hot and mad.

**FIVE-CALK SHOE FOR HORSES**

New Jersey Veterinarian Claims Extra Calks Add 100 Per Cent to Working Value of Animal.

A New Jersey veterinarian, in a recent article in the Journal of the American Veterinary Association, advises a shoe with five calks instead of the customary three. The two extra calks are placed, one on the middle of each side of the shoe. It is claimed that these two extra calks prevent the undue side strain on the foot which so often causes lameness with the three-calked shoe. The New Jersey veterinarian making the suggestion, claims that this will add 100 per cent to the working value of horses, and he closes his article with the following:

"Will someone give just one reason why shoes having but three calks ever should be used, or will anyone offer a single objection to the use of two additional calks?"

**STOP THAT HACKING COUGH.** Mansfield (formerly Hungarian) Cough Balm heals the inflamed and irritated membranes and quiets the tickling nerves that lie underneath the infected portions. Invaluable for babies. Price 25c and 50c.—Adv.

**The Way of It.** "Is Jorkins still in the motor running?" "Well, he is getting run in."

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

**Sentence Sermon.** If a good face is a letter of recommendation, a good heart is a letter of credit.—Bulwer-Lytton.

**DEATH LURKS IN A WEAK HEART,** so on first symptoms use "Renovine" and be cured. Delay and pay the awful penalty. "Renovine" is the heart's remedy. Price \$1.00 and 50c.—Adv.

**Very Much So.** "Is this really cut glass?" "I should say so! Cut from \$1.25 to 48 cents."

The average man doesn't add any dignity to the office he fills.

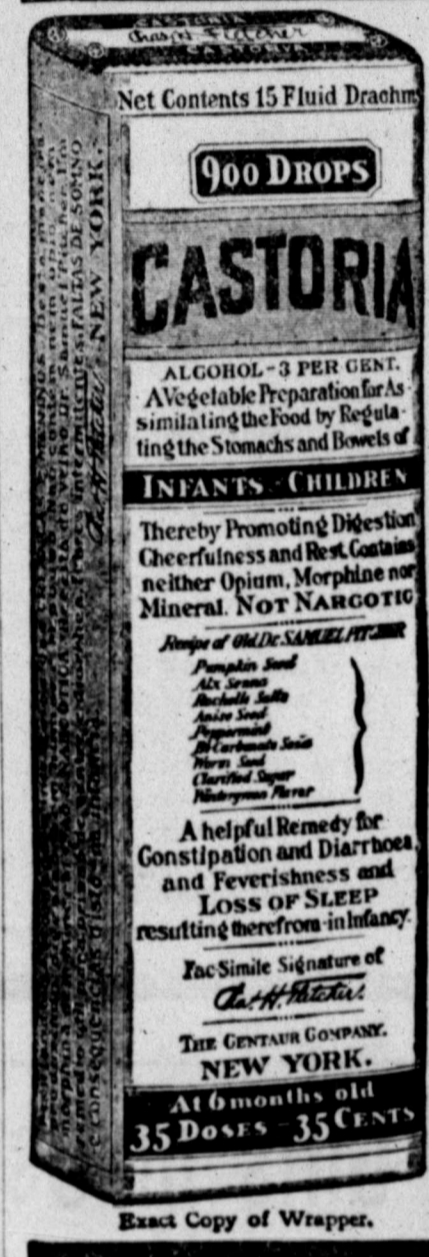
Ask for and Get **SKINNER'S** THE HIGHEST QUALITY **SPAGHETTI** 36 Page Recipe Book Free SKINNER MFG. CO. OMAHA, U.S.A. LARGEST MACARONI FACTORY IN AMERICA

**Texas Directory** GENERAL HARDWARE AND SUPPLIES Contractors Supplies, Builders Hardware, Etc. Prices and Information furnished on request

**PEDEN-IRON & STEEL CO.** HOUSTON SAN ANTONIO

**MCCANE'S DETECTIVE AGENCY** HOUSTON, TEXAS Expert Civil and Criminal Investigators. MALE AND FEMALE OPERATIVE.

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



**CASTORIA** For Infants and Children. Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Hatcher* In Use For Over Thirty Years **CASTORIA** THE CASTORIA COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

**Helping Along.** Timid Admirer—Will you be engaged tomorrow, Miss Ella? Desperate Maiden—I may be if somebody plucks up nerve enough to ask me.

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

No man or woman has ever been educated to great usefulness or lasting distinction outside the school of adversity.

Some folks consider themselves charitable because they give their old clothes away. We all squander money on schemes that won't work.

Poverty is the only luxury the rich man can't afford.

**Cost of Army Rations.** In 1913 the cost of a day's rations for army men in this country was 23 cents per capita. Now the cost is 30 cents.

**The Entire Sex's Favorite.** "In conversation my wife frequently used 'environment.' Has your wife any favorite word?" "Yes; the last."

**Roman Eye Balm** is an antiseptic ointment, applied externally and not a "wash." Its healing properties penetrate the inflamed surfaces, providing prompt relief. Adv.

**The Leavings.** "You know, that tramp we just saw comes from a fine family." "Is that so? Why did he leave it?"

**His Voice.** Visitor—Is he a bass? Impresario—No, he is a base deception that won't work.

A girl is willing to elope—if there are no wedding presents in sight.

**DRUGGISTS HIGHLY RECOMMEND DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT**

**Satisfied With Results** I have been selling Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root for six and one-half years and my customers are always satisfied with the results obtained from the use of the medicine and speak favorably regarding it. I have used it for "pain in the back," and a bottle or two put me in good shape and made me feel fine again. I believe Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root will cure any cases for which it is recommended if they are not of too long standing. Very truly yours, FRANK JENKINS, Druggist, Pilgrim, Texas. November 11th, 1915.

**Customers Speak Favorably** We have been handling Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root for fourteen years and during all that time we never had a dissatisfied user of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root; all of our customers speak very favorably regarding it. We know of cases of Gall Stones, Gravel, Catarrh or Inflammation of Bladder and Rheumatism where it produced the most beneficial results. We believe it is a good medicine for the diseases for which it is intended. Very truly yours, McCUNE DRUG CO., By N. E. McCune, Bridgeport, Texas. November 11th, 1915.

**Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You** Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

# SELF'S, The Jewelry Store of the "Hill Country."

Buy Presents Which You Need Not Be Ashamed to Give. Our Reputation for a Square Deal is Your Guarantee.  
Nothing Else Quite So Appropriate as WATCHES, JEWELRY, KODAKS, STATIONERY, SILVERWARE or CUT GLASS. WE HAVE IT.

SELF'S JEWELRY And KODAK STORE, Kerrville, Texas

## THE KERRVILLE ADVANCE

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

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

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

If there is one enterprise on earth that a quitter should leave severely alone it is advertising. To make a success of advertising, one must be prepared to stick like a barnacle on a boat's bottom. He should know before he begins that he must spend money—lots of it. Somebody must tell him that he cannot hope to reap results commensurate with his expenditure early in the game. Advertising does not jerk; it pulls. It begins very gently at first, but the pull is steady. It increases day by day and year by year until it exerts an irresistible power.—John Wana-maker.

The country paper is the nucleus of community life, and the country must measure its progress by the community. The country editor exerts more of an influence on the community than any other agency. He is the advance agent of its civic progress, the stimulus of its social life, the big brother of the church, the patron saint of the school.—Merle Thorpe.

Selected goose feather pillows at Kerrville Furniture Co.

## Local Notes

Johnny Jones says he hopes Santa Claus is one of BERRY'S customers and will get some of that good candy. Do you get that, Santa?

A. E. Birge, a former prominent Kerrville citizen, but now of California, is spending the week here visiting relatives and old friends. Mr. Birge has made large and successful investments since he left here and is now a wealthy man.

A violin with box complete, a guitar, a banjo, a mandolin, Ukalelie, any one of these would make a splendid Christmas gift. See our line.

Kerrville Drug Co.

Mr. Adolph Bock and children, Marcy and Helen, of Yorktown, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Kolodziejcyk of Dobsyville, Goliad county, are here visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kreuger. They came up Friday in the former's Hupp.

Gifts for men,

Gifts for women,

Gifts for boys,

Gifts for girls,

Gifts for old folks,

Gifts for little folks.

At The ROCK DRUG STORE.

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

Messrs. J. E. Grinstead, Ed. Sublett, Harvey Deering, J. E. Palmer and J. A. Dawson of Kerrville attended District Court at Jourdan last week as witnesses in the Jim Lumpkin forgery case. The trial resulted in a hung jury, 8 for acquittal and 4 for conviction.

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

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

ROOMS—I have two rooms together or single rooms for rent at reasonable rates. Mrs. Buckner.

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

Second hand pianos for rent or sale. See Geo. M. Doyle at Kerrville Furniture Co.

For Rent—The Kenedy place on Mountain street. Apply to Rev. B. Schleifer Phone 120.

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

Use "Our Pride" Flour for your Christmas cakes. Sold by West Texas Supply Co.

## Musical Recital.

The Musical program given by the violin and piano pupils of Mrs. L. E. King's music class, which was unavoidably postponed from Nov. 18th to Dec. 9th was most successfully rendered on the latter date.

We regret that lack of space will not permit publishing the splendid program in full.

For Rent—Nicely furnished room with fire place. Inquire at my office. Gilbert C. Storms.

Scissors Sharpened Free  
Bring your dull scissors to me and I will sharpen them free.

J. A. Jackson, Jeweler.

## Cedar Wanted.

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

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

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

## Posted Notice.

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

## Returned Missionary Speaks At First Baptist Church

Rev. J. W. Allen, Presbyterian Missionary recently returned from Africa, who with his wife is for the present sojourning in Kerrville gave a lecture to a large audience at the Baptist church Sunday night, every available nook and corner of the building being filled with people.

The discourse was well delivered and much appreciated.

Will there be a Victrola in your home this Christmas? For Sale on easy terms at

PAMPELL'S.

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

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

Model Tailoring Co.

Church notices, lodge notices, programs, etc. which are run as free matter must be in this office by Tuesday noon. We close our forms Wednesday afternoon and cannot set up everything in one day.

See the pretty Christmas gifts in Furniture, Aluminum ware, crockery, etc., at reduced prices, at Kerrville Furniture Co.

## Religious Notice.

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

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

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

J. S. Johnston, Pastor.

## Notice to Taxpayers.

I will be at the following places for the purpose of collecting State and County taxes for the year 1916: Center Point, Dec. 21.

Comfort, Dec. 22.

Kerrville, Dec. 23.

All State and County Taxes are now due. Ten per cent. penalty will be added and collected after January 31, 1917.

J. T. MOORE.

Tax Collector, Kerr Co., Texas.

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

A few new Victor Records make an ideal Xmas gift.

PAMPELL'S

## Christmas Gifts of Usefulness

Articles of Every Day Service in the Home

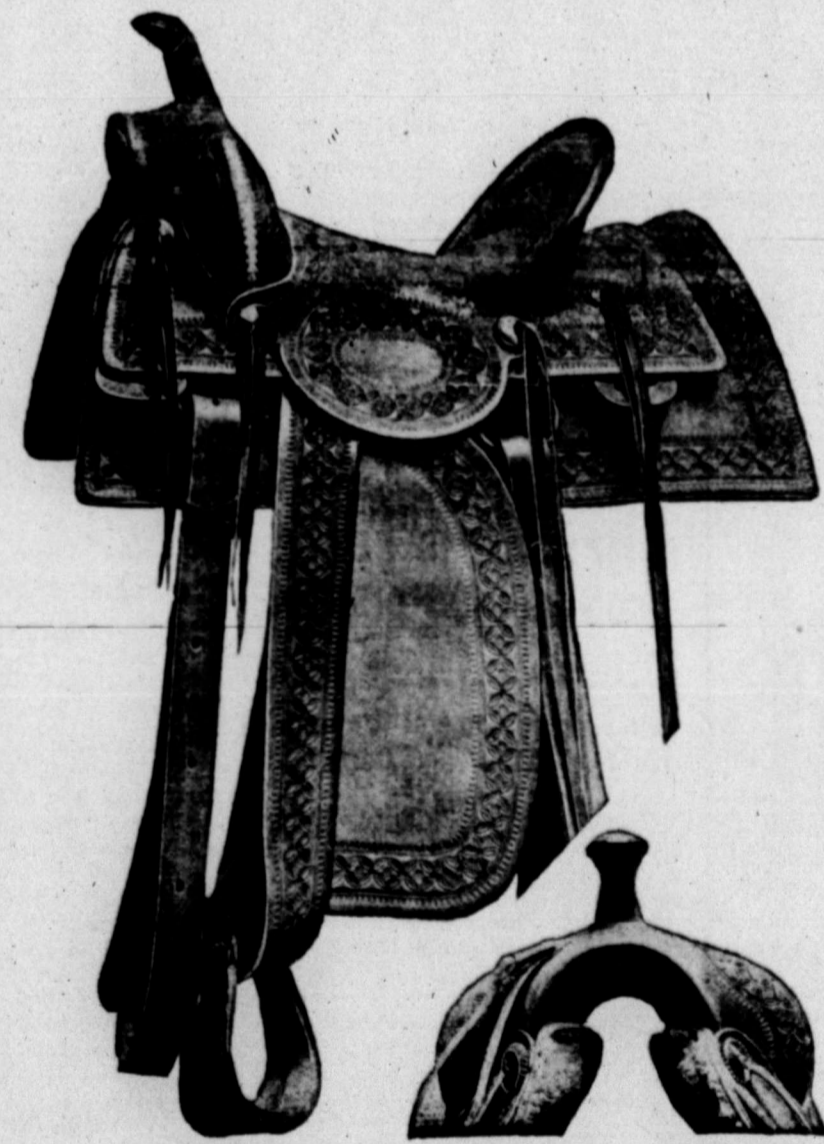
## Give Furniture for Christmas

☞ Furniture is the LASTING Christmas Gift---the gift that is never forgotten. It plays a part in the daily life of the people you give it to, always serving, always in sight, always becoming more and more useful---always recalling the giver.

☞ Give Furniture for Christmas. It need not cost no more than the ordinary trifling gift or can be as princely in cost as you desire.

☞ Our stock offers a thousand gift opportunities at the price you want to pay. Come and look through. You will be under no obligations to buy.

W. A. Fawcett & Co.



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

J. E. PALMER

LOWRY BUILDING

KERRVILLE, TEXAS

**"Mr. Rawson, Yours is the Prettiest Assortment in Kerrville. You Always do have Such Pretty Things."** Is what our Customers Tell us Every Day.

Across the Street from St. Charles Hotel

**W. H. RAWSON & SON**

**"The Gift Store."**

**Local News**

**Notice.**  
 Episcopal Church. st. Sunday 10:30 and sermon 2nd 0:30. l. Sundays 11 a. nston, Pastor.  
**taxpayers.**  
 following places collecting State or the year 1916: ec. 21. ec. 22. ec. 23. county Taxes are er cent. penalty collected after  
 T. MOORE, Kerr Co., Texas.  
 forgotten the money you owe If you worked r for a man you pay, even if it of \$1 or \$1.50. th reading it is so come around We need it to ligations.  
 or Records make  
 PAMPELL'S

Mrs. F. B. Klein and son Barney were in this city Monday buying Christmas goods.  
 Sweet, Sour and Dill Pickles, whole and mixed in sanitary glass top jars and bottles, at BERRY'S.  
 A. W. Hunter and Dr. McBeth of Harper were in this city a short time Friday en route to Bandera.  
 Just received several nice boxes fancy Winesap Apples that sell for \$2.25 a box, at H. Noll Stock Co.  
 Sid Peterson shipped two car loads of fine horses and mules to Florida Tuesday. Mr. Peterson and son Hal went with the shipment.  
 They still sell all the latest styles of shoes at the old prices at H. Noll Stock Co.  
 Fred Nichols, now living near Harper, was seen on our streets Monday.  
 A nice collection of fancy bath towels at H. Noll Stock Co.  
 Messrs. Albert Rosenthal and M. Thalmann of Bandera were here on business Monday and Tuesday.  
 Ready-to-eat Fruit Cakes at C. C. Butt Grocery.  
 Leroy Fesenden was in town from Johnson creek Saturday wearing that same glad smile.  
 Beautiful line of Box Paper at Kerrville Drug Co.  
 Editor R. S. Mayhall of the Harper Herald was a pleasant visitor at this office while in Kerrville last Friday.

**It Is MORE BLESSED TO GIVE**

¶ To seek happiness without giving is a futile quest. Gift giving has become so well established that it is no longer a question of "Shall I Give?", but it is solely a question of "What Shall I Give?"  
 ¶ And our stock answers the question satisfactorily. We have a line of most suitable gifts and in qualities wanted. Newness, beauty, usefulness, novelty, etc., are some of the features of our goods which should appeal to every careful and discriminating buyer.

**Rock Drug Store**

**Watters Variety Store**

**The Red Front THE STORE THAT "SELLS IT FOR LESS"**

¶ We have COME TO STAY, and we ask a share of your patronage. We buy for cash and save the discounts, and sell for cash. Quick sales, small profits and turning our stock often, enables us to sell very low. We can save you from 25 to 50 per cent. on your bill. If that sounds "fishy" just come in and price our goods. We sell almost every small article used in the home.

**IN DRY GOODS**

We sell Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Towels, Elastic, Ribbons, Laces, Embroideries, Jewelry, Neckwear, Underwear, Sweaters, Caps, Knit Caps, Hoods, Gloves, Suspenders, Mens Overalls and Jumpers, Shirts, Rugs, Peroxide, Talcum, Combs, Brushes, Pins, Chamois Skins, Soaps, Purses, Rugs, Oil Cloth, and hundreds of other items to numerous to mention.

**IN HARDWARE**

We sell Butcher Knives, Pocket Knives, Table Knives, Forks and Spoons, Scissors, Strap Hinges, Padlocks, Bolts, Screws, Sausage Mills, Meat Choppers, Hand Saws, Hatchets, Hammers, Brace and Bits, Chisels, Screw Drivers, Tubs, Buckets, Wash Boards, Fry Pans, Clothes Pins and wire, Tacks, Brads, Half Soles, Mrs. Pott's patent Irons, Tea Kettles, Pots, Stove Pipe, Elbows, Coal Buckets, Shovels, All kinds of Tin and Enamel ware. Everything in Chinaware, Glassware, Dinner Sets, etc.

*We Carry Almost Everything Usually Kept in 5c, 10c and 25c Stores*

**TOYS AND HOLIDAY GOODS**

We Have one of the Largest Lines of TOYS and HOLIDAY GOODS Ever Brought to Kerrville now on Display.

We ask your patronage on good goods at a reasonable price. Now wont you come and look over our stock? We are always glad to show you. You will find the cleanest, neatest store in Kerrville. Look for the Red Front.

**WATTERS VARIETY STORE**  
 Lowry Building. KERRVILLE, TEXAS

Prof. A. Meadows and family of Center Point were among the Christmas shoppers here Saturday.  
 Our chocolate candies at 25c per pound can't be beat. C. C. Butt Grocery.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Lee Burney, from near Center Point were among our Monday visitors.  
 Christmas cheer will be at its height only over a smoking hot cup of fragrant Misa coffee. Buy it at BERRY'S store for your big dinner.  
 Watt Fellers and family from Lima were among the Xmas shoppers here Saturday.  
 Get in our free aluminum deal and fill your kitchen with Aluminum ware free of cost, call and get our little booklet at H. Noll Stock Co.  
 Mrs. D. H. Comparette spent several days in San Antonio last week visiting her parents. Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hankins, and her son Louis.  
 Walnuts, almonds, Brazil nuts, and pecans at C. C. Butt Grocery  
 Mrs. F. L. Fordtran who had been visiting for several months at Denton returned to Kerrville last week and went out to the ranch of her son, Geo. Fordtran on the Divide.  
 Cold weather is here. Ask prices on our Ladies, Gents and children's Coats and Sweaters at H. Noll Stock Co.  
 A Flash Light makes a nice Xmas remembrance suitable for any one. We also keep on hand at all times Batteries and renewal bulbs for all size of Flash Lights sold by us. PAMPELL'S  
 The Bazaar held at the Parish room of the Episcopal Church last Saturday afternoon was a splendid success and the ladies are very thankful for the patronage received. Almost everything was sold out.  
 Useful Christmas presents for Father, Brother or Sweetheart—a Safety or Shumate Razor. Let us show you our line. Kerrville Drug Co.  
 H. S. Barton of Buda and Sheron Barber of San Marcos came up Sunday and on Monday those two gentlemen in company with R. H. Chaney and E. B. Elam left for the Wilson ranch on the head of Frio on a week's hunt.  
 Mrs. W. W. Allen from her ranch on the head of the Llano is spending a few days in Kerrville with friends.  
 Pipes—all sorts and sizes from Corn-cobs to Meerschams. PAMPELL'S  
 Ed. Kaiser was in town Monday from his farm on Johnson creek.  
 Apples and oranges by the dozen or box at C. C. Butt Grocery.  
 A. G. Morris was in from his Big Paint ranch and spent Sunday with his family.  
 Xmas Boxes of Cigars at PAMPELL'S  
 T.B. Roebuck and family are now comfortably domiciled in their new home in the Schreiner addition.  
 Parker's Lucky Curve, self-filling Fountain Pens are a Christmas present worth while. Get them at Kerrville Drug Co.  
 Messrs. Olie, Dueby and Boothe of Austin are guests at the Mercer ranch for a few days. Mr. Olie is trying to buy a lot of goats for his ranch near Austin but can't find them for sale.  
 Jacobs and Lowney's fine package Chocolates from 25 cts. to \$16.00 a box. If you are looking for something extra to give her, look over these packages on sale at PAMPELL'S.  
 Mayor George Morris has had plans drawn for some extensive additions to the St. Charles Hotel. The increased patronage of this popular hotel the past season makes it necessary to greatly increase the capacity of the house.  
 If you care to make your Christmas dinner distinctive, buy all the good things to make it at BERRY'S store, where the goods are practically all new each month. We don't keep groceries. We sell them.  
 Of course we make mistakes. We wouldn't be mortal—not even human—if we didn't err. That's why we got it E. B. Elam instead of W. B. Elam in publishing a card of thanks last week.  
 Beautiful assortment of Box Stationary at PAMPELL'S  
 For Sale—Two trained wolf hounds and three puppies large enough to train. Apply to J. M. Hatch, Japonica, Texas.

# Gloria Romance

by MR. and MRS. RUPERT HUGHES

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

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### SYNOPSIS.

Pierpont Stafford, with his daughter Gloria, winters at Palm Beach. Gloria is a vivacious but willful young lady. Her childish capers cause young Doctor Royce to fall in love with her. Lost in the ever-glades she is captured by the Seminole Indians. Gloria falls in love with her rescuer, Freneau. Five years later she leaves school and meets Freneau at the theater; he has forgotten Gloria. Later Freneau persuades her to forgive him. Gloria's sister-in-law, Lois, becomes intensely jealous. Freneau goes sleighing with Gloria. It results in pneumonia for Gloria. Doctor Royce is summoned. Freneau's finances being low, he approaches Pierpont Stafford. Lois threatens him with dire punishment. Her husband, Gloria's brother David, becomes suspicious. Freneau plans to have Mulry send Gloria a bunch of telegrams. Gloria sees from her window an attack made upon Freneau. Doctor Royce convinces her it is delirium. Later, a telegram, followed by a letter, comes from Freneau. She replies, but her telegrams are returned. She sees the supposed suicide of Freneau reported in the paper. Gloria swears to find the murderer of her lover. Royce tells what he knows of Freneau to Mr. Stafford. Together they seek to prevent scandal from enveloping Gloria. She accuses them in her mind of conspiracy against her. Gloria goes to David's country home. She meets Mulry, who flees at once. Gloria insists on going to Palm Beach. Again she sees Mulry there. He leaves for the North. She is recognized by her one-time captor, the young Indian chief. He tells her that Royce and not Freneau was her rescuer. Gloria attends night court. She sees Mulry there, also the tramp who attacked Freneau. But Justice Freeman releases him. She follows the tramp when he leaves the court, and falls into the hands of holding men. She finds herself in a low saloon dance hall, and is accosted by one of the patrons as his partner. Doctor Royce, however, follows her and when he attempts a rescue calls down a riot on their heads. The hall is raided and the crowd, including Gloria and Royce, is arrested and taken before Judge Freeman.

### FOURTEENTH EPISODE

#### The Floating Trap

"Thank heaven, nobody knows of your escape," Pierpont Stafford was just saying to his daughter Gloria. She had declined to be frightened by his scowl and had almost won him to a smile across his breakfast coffee cup when his eyes fell on the headlines of the morning paper. He nearly went over backward. The butler, who was stealing a glimpse of the headlines over his master's shoulder, nearly went over forward.

Pierpont threw the paper down in a rage. Gloria picked it up, and what she read caused her mischievous smile with one whisk. This is what she read:

**POLICE NET GLORIA STAFFORD.**  
Millionaire's Beautiful Daughter, a Recent Debutante, Caught in Raid on East Side Dance Hall.

Dr. Stephen Royce Battered in Strawl.

Gloria was stupefied. She sat in a daze while her father went through the other papers. Equally hateful headlines or worse were in all of them. He pushed them before her. She pushed them to the floor. Then brother David came in, his hat and over-



Gloria Telephones For Doctor Royce, coat still on. He carried a bundle of papers, too. He was furious. Gloria meekly waived him and his papers away.

coat pushed him back and stalked out in a towering fury. He ordered the newspaper raiders off. They bombarded him with questions. He had to take refuge in the house. He returned to the dining room livid with wrath. He ordered the servants out. He thundered at Gloria.

"Now you see what would have happened if you had told the police about your delirium!"

He stormed on, Gloria trying vainly to break in. At last he was exhausted and she spoke:

"But, daddy, it was no delirium."



The Butler Gives Stas a Bath.

I saw poor Dick murdered. Last night proved it, for I saw the man who killed him. Why did the judge let him go. Why don't you want him captured?"

Pierpont stared at her, then took her to the window and pointed to the crowd of reporters. He shook the newspapers under her eyes, saying:

"My one and only reason for silence is this publicity! It is horrible!"

To one of Gloria's training and position the reporters were almost more perilous than the police.

Suddenly she stared and pointed out of the window at two forlorn, ragged figures strolling up the drive as if they had wandered from the slums and were lost. They were the waiter, Casimir, and his little boy, Stas, whom Gloria had befriended at the night court. She had forgotten them and now they arrived at the most important moment. Casimir had Gloria's card in his hand. He saw the reporters and grew uneasy. He pushed through and rang the doorbell. Gloria insisted on their admission and greeted them warmly.

Pierpont stared at the shabby waiter in disgust. He looked at his watch. He started to go. Gloria nabbed him. She told him that she had promised the waiter a job. Pierpont said he had no jobs for waiters. Then he ordered Gloria to lunch with him at the Bankers' club.

"The very idea," she exclaimed. "Get Casimir a job there."

"In those clothes?" Pierpont exclaimed.

"Buy him a new outfit," was Gloria's solution.

Pierpont was enraged, but she had her way as usual, and he motioned the waiter to come with him. Casimir kissed Gloria's hand. The boy tried to follow him and clung to him in terror. Gloria knelt down and called the boy. Stas ran to her and let Casimir go with Pierpont.

The boy Stas looked about the room as if he were in heaven and Gloria the winged angel that flew there with him. He threw his arms around her again lest he fall back to earth. The butler in horror took the boy's dirty hand from Gloria's shoulder and tried to cleanse it on a napkin. It blackened the napkin, but the hand was not visibly bleached.

Gloria laughed, put the boy in a chair at the table, and called for finger bowls. The butler brought two. Gloria called for soap and a towel. This was appalling. The butler almost mutinied. Then she washed the child's hands with soap in the finger bowls. They turned out to be surprisingly white.

She drew a wet towel down his cheek and it left a white canal. She laughed again, but more soberly. She pondered a minute, then made up her mind and motioned to the butler: "Griggs, what he needs is a bath. You may give him one."

carefully selecting the clean streak on his face, and assured him that Griggs was a nice man. She watched while Griggs led the boy by one clean finger to the servants' wing and one of its bathtubs. Then she ran into her own room. She called up her father's tall, only to learn that it would take three weeks to make the boy's clothes. He could not possibly wait! She banged the receiver on the hook and ran through the telephone book till she found the number of a large men's furnishing establishment. A dainty gentleman answered the telephone.

"Send me several of everything a boy has to have," Gloria demanded. When the clerk ventured to ask what his measurements were Gloria answered, "Measurements? How do I know? Do you have to have them?"

When he said that he did, Gloria called for her maid, a pencil, a tape measure, a piece of paper, and ran to the servants' quarters. She was about to enter one of the doors when she caught a glimpse that made her retreat.

Old Griggs, with coat off, sleeves rolled up, and a towel for apron, was just lowering the boy into the steaming water. He dropped the boy with a splash and, whirling, flung himself against the door. He spoke through it in a shocked manner, motioning the boy to hide in the suds. Gloria explained. Griggs opened the door a little and clutched the tape measure. He took the boy's dimensions and called them out to Gloria, who repeated them to her secretary-maid. Griggs had to thrust his arms into the water two or three times to reach the boy's knees and heels. He was most gloriously unhappy.

Gloria ran back to the telephone and resumed negotiations with the clerk. When he had transcribed the numbers, he promised to deliver the goods in a jiffy. A jiffy is a long time to a boy just out of a tub, and when Griggs explained to Gloria that Stas' entire wardrobe consisted of one Turkish towel and two safety pins, she had more thinking to do. She solved the problem by sending her maid to fetch a pair of her silk pajamas.

By and by there was a knock at the door, and Griggs carried in Master Stas. The pajamas were worlds too big for him, but he was almost unrecognizably improved—white and pink with curls of gold and the eyes of a cherub. The laundries do not always send things back better than they went, but Stas had gone out a grimy pauper and he came back a prince. Gloria embraced him, called to the maid for a pair of her satia mules for his bare feet, and took him in her lap and combed his curls. He was her new doll, and she wept a little into those curls to think that she would never have a child of her own.

She remembered her own childhood and the nursery where she and her brother had been indulged in every toy that money could buy or ingenuity invent.

She hastened up to the great room which she had not visited for years. Poor Stas had never had any nursery besides the streets or any toy except some pitiful makeshift. He did not really know how to play. Gloria had



"Thank Heaven, Nobody Knows of Your 'Escapade!'"

to teach him. He was an apt pupil with the horn and drum. He pounded and blew till Gloria covered her ears. He tried to climb the hobby horse with the drum still on. He got off head first on the other side, but he soon mastered the fierce steed.

His attention was attracted by a picture of Indians on the walls. They were doing a scalp-tango about a white captive. Stas wanted to know all about it. He had thought Gloria an angel before, but she grew still more wonderful when she told him that she herself had been an Indian captive. He seemed to be a trifle disappointed when he learned that she had never been honored by being tied to a stake. She saved herself a little by explaining: "I might have been worse than tied to a stake if I hadn't been rescued by Mr. Fre— I mean, Doctor Royce."

Then she fell into such a deep meditation that Stas could hardly recall her to finish the story. It was not yet ended when the butler and the second man marched in with two towers of pasteboard boxes—Stas' trousseau had arrived.

Now there was excitement, indeed, and Gloria and Stas forgot the mere Indians in the thrill of dressing and being dressed. Gloria began to fear that she had adopted a hopeless fop when she saw how Stas strutted in his finery. In his knickerbockers and frilled shirt, his starched collar, silk tie, patent leather shoes, and derby hat, he looked like a pocket Beau Brummel. And then her rapture turned to alarm.

The boy began to cough, to turn red and purple in the face, and to shake with paroxysms.

"O, dear! O, dear!" Gloria moaned; "he's had a bath, and it's given him pneumonia. The doctor! Quick, I must get him to the doctor!"

Dr. Stephen Royce was trying to practice the proverb, "Physician, heal thyself." He was dressing the wounds of battle he had received the night before in Gloria's defense. He was plastering his fist and approving it for its good work when a caller was announced. It was Lois Stafford. She had repented of her affair with the dead Freneau and was trying to live it down. Idleness was both temptation and distress. She wanted to know if there was not some work she could do. Royce told her that there were always poor people in plenty and lonely sick. He gave her the address of some of his patients who would never pay, but whom he treated with none the less care.

As she was leaving she met Gloria coming in with the boy. Royce was disgusted because Gloria looked angry. He should have been delighted at the hint of possible jealousy. Gloria coldly informed him of the boy's bath and its terrible consequences. She made the boy cough for the doctor. Royce did not seem to be as much impressed as Gloria had been. He set the boy to laughing and got him to put out his tongue by making faces at him which the boy mocked. Then he said:

"It's nothing. Just a little tickling in the throat, eh?"

"I guess so," Stas confessed. "I am tickled all over."

He gave the boy a lozenge for medicine and turned to Gloria. She asked him again why he had tried to deceive her about the delirium.

"Why don't you tell me the truth now? What is Lois to you?"

Royce protested that Lois was nothing to him, and that a doctor has his secrets—like a priest, Gloria was furious. She gathered up the child and was about to storm out, but she paused, meditated, whirled, and went to him impulsively.

"Forgive me. You saved my life twice. You fought for me then, why against me now?"

He answered sadly, "I am not fighting against you, Gloria. Some day you will know it, but not from me."

Gloria went out sadly and Royce indulged in a little delirium of his own, cursing his luck in managing always to have his devotion misunderstood. He was glad that Lois repented her liaison with Freneau, but he wished that she had chosen some other person for father confessor or some other time to call.

In the majestic blue dining room of the Bankers' club, Gloria found Casimir already installed. Pierpont's influence had secured the engagement for him and money had provided the neat costume that changed Casimir almost as much as Stas had been changed. The captain waiter placed a cushion on a chair for Stas and motioned Casimir to lift him into it. Casimir had not yet recognized his own boy, disguised as he was with a bath and rich men's clothes. But Stas



"Thank Heaven, Nobody Knows of Your 'Escapade!'"

recognized his father and hugged him with vigor to the amazement of Aunt Hortensia, who had been invited to the luncheon so that she and Pierpont might agree on some new interest for Gloria. They agreed to postpone the task till after luncheon. By that time Gloria had flown.

As the luncheon neared its last course Casimir was beckoned out by an anxious-looking waiter. When he returned he was evidently suffering a great emotional strain. He made blunders and was so excited that when Pierpont rebuked him Gloria took pity on him and asked him what the trouble was. The captain was agast. For a waiter to have personal troubles during a meal was as bad as for a soldier to stop a battle to write a letter home. But Gloria was "she who must be obeyed."

Casimir told her that he had just received word that his wife had been sent back from the hospital. He broke down and clung to the weeping Stas. Gloria could not understand. She said, "But I should think you would be glad to have your wife sent back."

"No, no," Casimir sobbed. "Poor people who are going to die are sent away from the hospital so they will not die there."



She Heard Voices of Anger Coming Up.

doctor he was ideal. So Gloria dashed away with Casimir and Stas, while Hortensia and Pierpont held up their hands in despair of her.

When Gloria's chauffeur and footman heard the chauffeur she gave them they thought they had misunderstood. She repeated it in most positive tones. They raised their eyebrows in a way that insinuated, "What next?"

Coincidences do happen now and then in real life—not quite so often or so gracefully as in fiction, and yet one in a while. In fact, coincidences make life what it is. And so it chanced that the murderer of Dick Freneau whom Gloria had followed from the night court had found a hiding place in the same block where Casimir lived.

Gloria recognized the region as soon as her limousine turned into it. She recognized the saloon and dance hall where she had found and lost her man. But she did not recognize the murderer's daughter in the crowd that gathered about the unusual limousine when it drew up along the garbage cans.

Nell Trask was looking for her father, and she paused to see the fine lady descending from the palace car. In Nell's arms was the child of Richard Freneau, a beautiful creature like its father. Gloria, hurrying through the crowd, could not help pausing to admire the baby and to tweak the little finger it held up. There for a moment the two women paused with Dick Freneau's child between them; and neither dreamed that the other had ever heard of him. Gloria passed on into the tenement and Nell went to seek her father.

When Gloria was led up and up a gloomy staircase to the one dismal, barren room which Casimir and his wife and their child had had to call home, she felt that she had no right to complain of any woes that had befallen her.

The sick mother was outstretched on an old bed by a dark window. A neighbor's wife, who introduced herself as "Mrs. Slattery, thank you kindly," was sitting by her. Casimir ran to his wife, and gasping with terror at her appearance, dropped on his knees. She embraced him with long white arms so gaunt that they frightened Gloria. Stas ran to the other side of the bed and clambered up. His mother turned, stared at him, and only realized after a long look that he was hers. Then she gathered him to her poor bosom with a sob of pitiful rapture.

Mrs. Slattery rubbed off a chair with her apron and invited Gloria to rest herself, but Gloria went to Casimir's wife. The wretched woman clutched her hands and held them to her cheek, while Stas and Casimir both explained to her who Gloria was. They told her what miracles Gloria had performed and they plainly hoped for another, but Gloria was filled with a dread that money would be useless here. She promised glibly, but her heart felt helpless.

Doctor Royce came at last and she had some hope that he might redeem the life of the victim of life. He made his examination and spoke cheerfully enough, but Gloria was sure from his tone that he was lying, too. She led him out into the hall to question him. He shook his head gloomily. Gloria protested.

"But surely there must be some way to help her!"

"Not in this cavern," Doctor Royce insisted. "Of course if she were in the country somewhere—in the air under the sky—but what chance has she of that?"

That was so easy that Gloria laughed aloud. "Oh, if that is all, I'll furnish the air and the sky. I'll take them all up to our country place at once. You get them ready. I'll go tell my father that we are expecting guests."

"But what will he say to—"

"What does it matter what he says?" said Gloria as she ran back into the dingy hall to scatter good news like flowers. She ordered Royce to attend to the details of transportation and hurried away to inform her father that she had invited three strangers to his country estate. Gloria's feet skipped down the stairway and she was hum-

ing as she stepped into the limousine and told the footman, "The office."

The car started and was checked almost at once by a tangle of tracks. Gloria, looking about impatiently, caught sight of Nell Trask and her father just leaving the opposite tenement. She recognized the old man. She was dumfounded. As she gazed, they were lost in the crowd. She saw that the car could not be turned around. Every moment was precious. Impulse told her not to lose this precious chance. She obeyed impulse.

Without pausing to inform the chauffeur, Gloria opened the door, dropped out, and ran after the Trasks. She picked them up again after a while. She saw a policeman. She resolved to order him to arrest the criminal. As she hesitated, she saw Trask stop and tenderly relieve the weary Nell of her baby's weight. He fondled and nuzzled the child and laughed with a grandfatherly foolishness. Gloria turned away from the policeman.

She followed at a little distance, wondering what to do. The best thing would be, she felt, to find out where he lived. She followed for blocks. The Trasks climbed the stairs of the elevated. Gloria went up after them. She took the next car on the same train. It seemed that they would ride on forever. Far uptown they got out. Gloria got out. She trailed them at a greater distance now because the streets were sparsely populated. The street sloped sharply down to the river. Moored to the wharves were a number of huge, rust-colored barges. To one of these the Trasks went. They went down into it through a cabin door.

Gloria was in a plight. She had traced her fugitive to his home. But his home was about to move. A tough-looking tugboat with a tough-looking crew was already fastening a towline

to the barge. There was no policeman in sight anywhere. The men loitering about the barges did not appeal to Gloria as desirable Samaritans to ask for help.

Another of Gloria's impulses stirred her feet almost against her will. She ran along the wharf, crossed a plank to the Trask barge, and went to the cabin hatchway. She heard voices of anger coming up. The girl was upbraiding her father for deserting her and accusing him of a further crime. She was crying hysterically.

"You killed him. He is dead and you killed him."

The old man denied the charge with frenzy. He laughed at it, swore that he was innocent. The girl was already persuaded and this so enraged Gloria that she darted down the steps and cried out at "ask":

"You did kill him, I saw you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



He Did Not Really Know How to Play.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# THE LONE STAR RANGER

This is a story about the Texas Plains People

By ZANE GREY

### SYNOPSIS.

The time of the story: about 1875. The place: the Texas cow country. The chief character: Buckley Duane, a young man who has inherited a lust to kill, which he suppresses. In self-defense he shoots dead a drunken hully and is forced to flee to the wild country where he joins Bland's outlaw band. Buck, an amiable rascal, had fate. They determine to rescue the girl and restore her to civilization. Buck has just recognized, and is reporting the outlook to Buck. Buck is killed. Buck kills Bland and is dangerously wounded by Mrs. Bland, but escapes with Jennie. Jennie is abducted. Duane barely escapes death at the hands of lynchers for a crime he never committed. He goes to see Captain MacNelly of the Rangers.

### CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

Duane averted his face a moment, flushed till the swelling left his throat, and then said, "It's worth what I went through to-day to hear that."

"I can imagine how you feel about it. When I was in the war—but let's get down to the business of this meeting."

He pulled his chair close to Duane's. "You've had word more than once in the last two years that I wanted to see you, why didn't you hunt me up?"

"I supposed you imagined me one of those gun-fighters who couldn't take a dare and expected me to ride up to your camp and be arrested."

"That was natural, I suppose," went on MacNelly. "You didn't know me, otherwise you would have come. I've been a long time getting to you. But the nature of my job, as far as you're concerned, made me cautious. Duane, you're aware of the hard name you bear all over the Southwest?"

"Once in a while I'm jarred into realizing," replied Duane.

"It's the hardest, barring Murrell and Cheseldine, on the Texas border. But there's this difference. Murrell in his day was known to deserve his infamous name. Cheseldine in his day also. But I've found hundreds of men in southwest Texas whose your friends, who swear you never committed a crime. The farther south I get the clearer this becomes. What I want to know is the truth. Have you ever done anything criminal? Tell me the truth, Duane. It won't make any difference in my plan. And when I say crime I mean what I would call crime, or any reasonable Texas."

"That way my hands are clean," replied Duane.

"You never held up a man, robbed a store for grub, stole a horse when you needed him bad—never anything like that?"

"Somehow I always kept out of that, just when pressed the hardest."

"Duane, I'm glad," MacNelly exclaimed, gripping Duane's hand. "Glad for your mother's sake! But, all the same, in spite of this, you are a Texas outlaw accountable to the state. You're perfectly aware that under existing circumstances, if you fell into the hands of the law, you'd probably hang at least go to jail for a long term."

"That's what kept me on the dodge all these years," replied Duane.

"Certainly," MacNelly's eyes narrowed and glittered. The muscles along his brown cheeks set hard and tense. He leaned close to Duane, laid his fingers, pressing fingers upon Duane's knee.

"Listen to this," he whispered, hoarsely. "If I place a pardon in your hand—make you a free, honest citizen once more, clear your name of infamy, make your mother, your sister proud of you—will you swear yourself to a service, any service I demand of you?"

Duane sat stock still, stunned.

Slowly, more persuasively, with show of earnest agitation, Captain MacNelly reiterated his startling query.

"My God!" burst from Duane. "What's this? MacNelly, you can't be in earnest!"

"Never more so in my life. I've a deep game. I'm playing it square. What do you say?"

He rose to his feet. Duane, as if impelled, rose with him. Ranger and outlaw then locked eyes that searched each other's souls. In MacNelly's Duane read truth, strong, fiery purpose, hope, even gladness, and a fugitive mounting assurance of victory.

Twice Duane endeavored to speak, failed of all save a hoarse, incoherent sound, until, forcing back a flood of speech, he found a voice.

"Any service? Every service! MacNelly, I give you my word," said Duane. A light played over MacNelly's face, warning out all the grim darkness. He held out his hand. Duane met it with his in a clasp that men unconsciously give in moments of stress.

When they unclasped and Duane stepped back to drop into a chair MacNelly fumbled for a cigar and, lighting it, turned to his visitor, now calm and cool. He had the look of a man who had just won something at considerable cost. His next move was to take a long leather case from his pocket and extract from it several folded papers.

"Here's your pardon from the Governor," he said, quietly. "You'll see, when you look it over, that it's conditional. When you sign this paper I have here the condition will be met."

He smoothed out the paper, handed

"That's so much more than I've dared to hope."

"Well, it's settled, then. I'll give you money for expenses. You'll start as soon as you like—the sooner the better. I hope to think of other suggestions especially about communicating with me."

Long after the lights were out and the low hum of voices had ceased, round the camp-fire Duane lay awake, eyes staring into the blackness, marveling over the strange events of the day. And as he lay there, with the approach of sleep finally dimming the vividness of his thought, so full of mystery, shadowy faces floated in the blackness around him, haunting him as he had always been haunted.

It was broad daylight when he awakened. MacNelly was calling him to breakfast.

The rangers were eating in a circle round a tarpaulin spread upon the ground.

"Fellows," said MacNelly, "shake hands with Buck Duane. He's on secret ranger service for me. Service that'll likely make you all hump soon! Mind you, keep mum about it."

The rangers surprised Duane with a roaring greeting, the warmth of which he soon divined was divided between pride of his acquisition to their ranks and eagerness to meet that violent secretary of which their captain hinted.

They were jolly, wild fellows, with just enough gravity in their welcome to show Duane their respect and appreciation, while not forgetting his lone-wolf record. When he had seated himself in that circle, now one of them, a feeling subtle and uplifting pervaded him.

After the meal Captain MacNelly drew Duane aside.

"Here's the money. Make it go as far as you can. Write me care of the adjutant at Austin. I don't have to warn you to be careful where you mail letters. Ride a hundred, two hundred miles, if necessary, or go clear to El Paso."

MacNelly stopped with an air of finality, and then Duane slowly rose. "I'll start at once," he said, extending his hand to the captain. "I wish—I'd like to thank you!"

"Hell, man! Don't thank me!" replied MacNelly, crushing the proffered hand. "I've sent a lot of good men to their deaths, and maybe you're another. But, as I've said, you're one chance in a thousand. And, by Heaven! I'd hate to be Cheseldine or any other man you were trailing. No, no good-by—adios, Duane! May we meet again!"

shackle structure that bore upon its wide high-boarded front the sign, "Hotel." The hotel had a wide platform in front, and this did duty as porch and sidewalk. Upon it, and leaning against a hitching-rail, were men of varying ages, most of them slovenly in old jeans and slouched sombreros. Some were booted, belted, and spurred. No man there wore a coat, but all wore vests. The guns in that group would have outnumbered the men.

It was a crowd seemingly too lazy to be curious. These men were idlers; what else, perhaps, was easy to conjecture. Certainly to this arriving stranger, who flashed a keen eye over them, they wore an atmosphere never associated with work.

Presently a tall man, with a drooping, sandy mustache, leisurely detached himself from the crowd.

"Howdy, stranger," he said.

The stranger had bent over to loosen the cinches; he straightened up and nodded. Then: "I'm thirsty!"

That brought a broad smile to faces. It was characteristic greeting. One and all trooped after the stranger into the hotel. It was a dark, ill-smelling barn of a place, with a bar as high as a short man's head. A bartender with a scoured face was serving drinks.

"Line up, gents," said the stranger.

They piled over one another to get to the bar, with coarse jests and oaths and laughter. None of them noted that the stranger did not appear so thirsty as he claimed to be. In fact, though he went through the motions, he did not drink at all.

"My name's Jim Fletcher," said the tall man with the drooping, sandy mustache. He spoke laconically, nevertheless there was a tone that showed he expected to be known. Something went with that name. The stranger did not appear to be impressed.

"My name might be Blazes, but it ain't," he replied. "What do you call this burg?"

"Stranger, this heah me-tropolis bears the handle Ord. Is theh new to you?"

He leaned back against the bar, and now his little yellow eyes, clear as crystal, flawless as a hawk's, fixed on the stranger. Other men crowded close, forming a circle, curious, ready to be friendly or otherwise, according to how the tall interrogator marked the newcomer.

"Sure, Ord's a little strange to me. Off the railroad some, ain't it? Funny trails hereabouts."

"How far was you goin'?"

"I reckon I was goin' as far as I could," replied the stranger, with a hard laugh.

His reply had subtle reaction on that listening circle. Some of the men exchanged glances. Fletcher stroked his drooping mustache, seemed thoughtful, but lost something of that piercing scrutiny.

"Wal, Ord's the jumpin'-off place," he said, presently. "Sure you've heard of the Big Bend country?"

"I sure have, an' was makin' tracks fer it," replied the stranger.

Fletcher turned toward a man in the outer edge of the group. "Knell, come in heah."

This individual elbowed his way in and was seen to be scarcely more than a boy almost pale beside those bronzed men, with a long, expressionless face, thin and sharp.

"Knell, this heah's—" Fletcher wheeled to the stranger. "What 'd you call yourself?"

"I'd hate to mention what I've been callin' myself lately."

This sally fetched another laugh. The stranger appeared cool, careless, indifferent.

Knell stepped up, and it was easy to see, from the way Fletcher relinquished his part in the situation, that a man greater than he had appeared upon the scene.

"Any business here?" he queried, curtly. When he spoke his expressionless face was in strange contrast with the ring, the quality, the cruelty of his voice. This voice betrayed an absence of humor, of friendliness, of heart.

"Nope," replied the stranger. "Know anybody hereabouts?"

"Nary one."

"Jest ridin' through?"

"Yep."

"Stopin' fer back country, eh?"

There came a pause. The stranger appeared to grow a little resentful and drew himself up disdainfully.

"Wal, considerin' you-all seem so damn friendly an' concourous down here in this Big Bend country, I don't mind sayin' yes—I am in on the dodge," he replied, with deliberate sarcasm.

"From west of Ord—out El Paso way, mebbe?"

"Sure."

"A-huh! Theh so?" Knell's words cut the air, stilled the room. "You're from way down the river. Theh's what they say down there—'on the dodge'."

Stranger, you're a liar!"

With swift click of spur and thump of boot the crowd split, leaving Knell and the stranger in the center. The stranger suddenly became bronzed. The situation seemed familiar to him. His eyes told a singular piercing light that danced like a compass-needle.

Next morning Duane did not return to Ord. He struck off to the north, riding down a rough, slow-descending road that appeared to have been used occasionally for cattle-driving. As he had ridden in from the west, this northern direction led him into totally unfamiliar country. While he passed on, however, he exercised such keen observation that in the future he would know whatever might be of service to him if he chanced that way again.

After a couple of hours' riding he entered a town which he soon discovered to be Bradford. It was the largest town he had visited since Marfa, and he calculated must have a thousand or fifteen hundred inhabitants, not including Mexicans. He decided this would be a good place for him to hold up for a while, being the nearest town to Ord, only forty miles away. So he hitched his horse in front of a store and leisurely set about studying Bradford.

It was after dark, however, that Duane verified his suspicions concerning Bradford. The town was awake after dark, and there was one long row of saloons, dance-halls, gambling-resorts in full blast. Duane visited them all, and was surprised to see wildness and license equal to that of the old river camp of Bland's in its palmy days. Here it was forced upon him that the farther west one traveled along the river the sparser the respectable settlements, the more numerous the hard characters, and in consequence the greater the element of lawlessness. Duane returned to his lodging-house with the conviction that MacNelly's task of cleaning up the Big Bend country was a stupendous one. Yet, he reflected, a company of intrepid and quick-shooting rangers could have soon cleaned up this Bradford.

The innkeeper had one other guest that night, a long-coated and wide-sombreroed Texan who reminded Duane of his grandfather. This man had penetrating eyes, a courtly manner, and an unmistakable leaning toward companionship and mintjuleps. The gentleman introduced himself as Colonel Webb, of Marfa, and took it as a matter of course that Duane made no comment about himself.

Duane, as always, was a good listener. Colonel Webb told, among other things, that he had come out to the Big Bend to look over the affairs of a deceased brother who had been a rancher and a sheriff of one of the towns, Fairdale by name.

"Found no affairs, no ranch, not even his grave," said Colonel Webb. "And I tell you, sir, if he'll say anything other than this Fairdale I don't want to expiate my sins there."

"Fairdale. . . I imagine sheriffs have a hard row to hoe out here," replied Duane, trying not to appear curious.

The Colonel swore lustily.

"What this frontier needs, sir, is about six companies of Texas Rangers. A fine body of men, sir, and the salvation of Texas."

"Governor Stone doesn't entertain that opinion," said Duane.

Here Colonel Webb exploded. Manifestly the governor was not his choice for a chief executive of the great state. He talked politics for a while, and of the vast territory west of the Pecos that seemed never to get a benefit from Austin. Duane exerted himself to be agreeable and interesting; and he saw presently that here was an opportunity to make a valuable acquaintance, if not a friend.

"I'm a stranger in these parts," said Duane, finally. "What is this outlaw situation you speak of?"

"It's damnable, sir, and unbelievable. Not rustling any more, but just wholesale herd-stealing, in which some big cattlemen, supposed to be honest, are equally guilty with the outlaws. On this border, you know, the rustler has always been able to steal cattle in any numbers. But to get rid of big bunches—that's the hard job. The gang operating between here and Valentine evidently have not this trouble. Nobody knows where the stolen stock goes. But I'm not alone in my opinion that most of it goes to several big stockmen. They ship to San Antonio, Austin, New Orleans, also to El Paso."

"Wholesale business, eh?" remarked Duane. "Who are these—er—big stock-buyers?"

Colonel Webb seemed a little startled at the abrupt query. He bent his penetrating gaze upon Duane and thoughtfully stroked his pointed beard.

"Names, of course, I'll not mention. Opinions are one thing, direct accusation another. This is not a healthy country for the informer."

When it came to the outlaws themselves Colonel Webb was disposed to talk freely. The great name along the river was Cheseldine, but it seemed to be a name detached from an individual. No person of veracity known to Colonel Webb had ever seen Cheseldine. Strange to say of an outlaw leader, his enigma, his widely separate raids of his fitting here and there like a Jack-o'-lantern; but never a word of his den, never a word of his appearance.



Here Colonel Webb Exploded.

expected. Invited to start a fight or withdraw, as he chose, Knell proved himself big in the manner characteristic of only the genuine gunman.

"Stranger, I pass," he said, and, turning to the bar, he ordered liquor.

The tension relaxed, the silence broke, the men filled up the gap; the incident seemed closed. Jim Fletcher attached himself to the stranger, and now both respect and friendliness tempered his asperity.

"Wal, fer want of a better handle I'll call you Dodge," he said.

"Dodge's as good as any. . . Gents, line up again—ah! if you can't be friendly, be careful!"

Such was Buck Duane's debut in the little outlaw hamlet of Ord.

Duane had been three months out of the Nueces country. At El Paso he bought the finest horse he could find, and, armed and otherwise outfitted to suit him, he had taken to unknown trails. He passed on leisurely, because he wanted to learn the way of the country, the work, habit, gossip, pleasures, and fears of the people with whom he came in contact. When he heard Fletcher's name and faced Knell he knew he had reached the place he sought.

Duane made himself agreeable, yet not too much so, to Fletcher and several other men disposed to talk and drink, and eat; and then, after having a care for his horse, he rode out of town a couple of miles to a grove he had marked, and there, well hidden, he prepared to spend the night. This proceeding served a double purpose—he was safer, and the habit would look well in the eyes of outlaws, who would be more inclined to see in him the lone-wolf fugitive.

Long since Duane had fought out a battle with himself, won a hard-earned victory. He had assumed a task impossible for any man save one like him, he had felt the meaning of it grow strangely and wonderfully, and through that flourished up consciousness of how passionately he now clung to this thing which would blot out his former infamy. He never forgot that he was free. Strangely, too, along with this feeling of new manhood there gathered the force of imperious desire to run these chief outlaws to their dooms. He never called them outlaws—but rustlers, thieves, robbers, murderers, criminals. He sensed the growth of a relentless driving passion, and sometimes he feared that, more than the newly acquired zeal and pride in this ranger service, it was the old, terrible inherited killing instinct lifting its hydra-head in new guise.

This night a wonderful afterglow lingered long in the west, and against the golden-red of clear sky the bold, black head of Mount Ord reared itself aloft, beautiful but aloof, sinister yet calling. Small wonder that Duane gazed in fascination upon the peak! Somewhere deep in its corrugated sides or lost in a rugged canyon was hidden the secret stronghold of the master outlaw Cheseldine. All down along the ride from El Paso Duane had heard of Cheseldine, of his hand, his brutal deeds, his cunning, his widely separate raids of his fitting here and there like a Jack-o'-lantern; but never a word of his den, never a word of his appearance.

CHAPTER XV.

West of the Pecos River Texas extended a vast wild region, barren in the north where the Llano Estacado spread its shifting sands, fertile in the south along the Rio Grande. A railroad marked an undeviating course across five hundred miles of this country, and the only villages and cowboys lay on or near this line of steel. Unsettled as was this western Texas, and despite the acknowledged dominance of the outlaw bands, the pioneers pushed steadily into it.

The Rio Grande flowed almost due south along the western boundary for a thousand miles, and then, weary of its course, turned abruptly north, to make what was called the Big Bend. The railroad, running west, cut across this bend, and all that country bounded on the north by the railroad and on the south by the river was as wild as the Staked Plains. Across the face of this Big Bend, as if to isolate it, stretched the Ord mountain range. In the valleys of the foothills and out across the plains were ranches, and farther north, villages, and the towns of Alpine and Marfa.

Like other parts of the great Lone Star State, this section of Texas was a world in itself—a world where the riches of the rancher were ever enriching the outlaw. The village closest to the gateway of this outlaw-infested region was a little place called Ord, named after the dark peak that loomed some miles to the south.

Toward the close of a day in September a stranger rode into Ord, and in a community where all men were remarkable for one reason or another he excited interest. His horse, perhaps, received the first and most engaging attention—horses in that region being apparently more important than men. This particular horse at first glance seemed ugly. But he was a giant, black as coal, huge in every way. A bystander remarked that he had a grand head. His face was solid black, except in the middle of his forehead, where there was a round spot of white.

The rider, like his horse, was a giant in stature, but rangier, not so heavily built. Otherwise the only striking thing about him was his somber face with its piercing eyes, and hair white over the temples. He packed two guns, both low down—but that was no common thing to attract notice in the Big Bend. A close observer, however, would have noted a singular fact—this rider's right hand was more bronzed, more weather-beaten than his left. He never wore a glove on that right hand!

He had dismounted before a ram-



"Any Business Here?"

ranger. You'll see there's no date on that paper. No one will ever know just when you entered the service. Perhaps we can make it appear that all or most of your outlawry has really been good service to the state. At that, I'll believe I'll turn out so."

MacNelly paused a moment in his rapid talk, chewed his cigar, drew his brows together in a dark frown, and went on. "No man on the border knows so well as you the deadly nature of this service. It's a long, long chance against your ever coming back."

"That's not the point," said Duane. "But in case I get killed out there—"

"Leave that to me," interrupted Captain MacNelly. "If you lose your life out there I'll see your name cleared—the service you render known. You can rest assured of that."

"I am satisfied," replied Duane.

to the limousine. "The office" was checked at angle of trucks. impatiently, Frank and her opposite tense the old man. As she gazed, crowd. She was not turned it was precious, lose this prod impulse. form the chauffeur door, dropped Trasks. She after a while, She resolved to be criminal. As Frank stop and feared Nell of He fondled and laughed with a hess. Gloria policeman. little distance. The best thing find out where wed for blocks, the stairs of the up after them, ar on the same they would ride own they got out. trailed them at now because the ly populated. The ly down to the the wharves where camorous barged Trasks members, into it through a plight. She had to his home. But to move. A tough-looking a tough-looking esting a towline

was no policeman The men loitering did not appear to Samaritans to ask

impulses stirred her will. She crossed a plank and went to the heard voices of the girl was up- for deserting her a further crime. rically. He is dead and

if the charge with at it, swore that the girl was al- this so enraged d down the steps ask: "I saw you." (FINUED.)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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