

# THE KERRVILLE ADVANCE

VOL. 5.

KERRVILLE, TEXAS, THURSDAY, JAN. 25, 1917

NO. 19

## Death of C. T. Weston.

C. T. Weston died in San Antonio Wednesday, January 17, 1917, at 7 p. m. after an illness of two weeks. Deceased was 47 years old. He was born in Kerr County and spent his life here, previous to eleven years ago, since which time he has resided at his home near San Antonio.

The body was brought to Kerrville for interment, and the funeral services were held at the home of deceased's niece, Mrs. Lee Wallace, at 3 o'clock Thursday afternoon, the services being conducted by Rev. W. P. Dickey. The body was laid to rest in Glen Rest Cemetery.

Besides other relatives and friends deceased is survived by his mother, Mrs. Carolina Weston of Center Point and three brothers, Chas. Weston of Center Point, A. G. Weston of Leakey, M. F. Weston of Kerrville, and one sister, Mrs. Blanch Vann of Kerrville.

## Parent-Teacher's Club.

Due to the neglect of the press reporter, the meeting of Jan. 10 has not previously been reported. Hope to be more prompt in the future.

The club was opened by the President, and standing, all repeated the Lord's Prayer. Then after the usual business had been transacted, several items were discussed under new business.

About 5 p. m. the club adjourned to the domestic science room, there to enjoy a social time and partake of coffee and sandwiches.

Remember we meet promptly at 3:30 p. m. All parents and teachers are urged to be present. We need you.

PRESS REPORTER.

The Advance is now \$1.50 a year.

## Baptist Church Notes.

"Dangerous Drifting, will be the theme of our Sunday morning Sermon, at the Baptist church January 28. We hope to discuss some of the Kerrville sins that set others Drifting. The night theme is How God Saves. I cordially ask the unsaved man and woman to hear this sermon. As I stood on my front porch last Sunday and heard the often shouting of guns up towards the water tank I said how many more warnings shall it take to arouse our people?"

So many christian people abuse the use of the "Auto" by using it to desecrate the Sabbath day by "Joy Rides" while the church bells call to worship God. Friend, hear this plea, for our Lord's day and come to church and hear God worshipped if you are not interested.

J. B. Riddle, Pastor.

## Baptist Young People Union

Missionary Planning for 1917. Leader—Mrs. Alfred Staudt. Song—B. Y. P. U. Prayer by—President. Scripture Reading—Isaiah 12. Introduction by—Leader. Planning for Local Missionary activities—Otto Raaz.

Planning for the Promotion of Missionary Education—Miss Blanch Emms and Leland Richeson.

Planning for enlarged Missionary Contributions—Miss Lyla Russell.

Special Music. Planning a large Local circulation for Our New Missionary magazine, Home and Foreign Fields.—Eugene Butt.

Poem, "Others"—Miss Blanche Moore.

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

## Kerr County Poultry Association Organized

Quite a number of enthusiastic poultrymen met at the court house Tuesday evening Jan. 23, and effected a permanent organization to be known as the Kerr County Poultry Association. The following officers were elected: J. W. Burney, President; John H. Ward, Vice President; John Greer 2nd Vice President; and M. S. Osborne, Sec'y-Treasurer.

Fourteen members were enrolled the first evening and a number of others have signified their intention of joining. The organization starts out hopefully. In fact, it is already succeeding. At the next meeting Tuesday evening 7:30 Jan. 30th we have the promise of a visit and an address from George D. Gray an experienced and successful poultryman of many years.

Some of the purposes of the Association are: educative, co-operative and the encouraging of raising pure bred poultry.

Every interested poultry raiser in Kerr and adjoining counties are invited to attend our meeting and join your efforts with ours in the advancement of the poultry industry of the "Hill Country"

M. S. Osborne, Sec.

## PROGRAM

The following program will be held at the court house Tuesday evening 7:30, Jan. 30:

Called to order by the President, J. W. Burney.

Business.

Subjects for general discussion:

1. In what Respect I Have Failed.

2. In what Respect I Have Succeeded.

3. What is my Greatest Problem in Poultry Raising?

Address—Geo. D. Gray of Boerne. The ladies are especially invited.

J. W. BURNLEY,  
M. S. OSBORNE.

## Christian Endeavor Program

Program for Jan. 28.

Leader—Miss Vela Burney.

Subject, Seeing Good in Others.

Song, "Others," by choir.

Scripture, Phillipians 2: 3-11.

"The Mind of Christ."—Annabel Dickey.

"Sympathy and Service"—Jewel Paine.

Thinking Kind Thoughts.—Ruth Garrett.

"Good Shines."—Dorothy Doyle.

"A sermon in a capsule."—Mrs. Simmons.

"Zacchaeus."—Mary Claire Williams.

Song 36. Closing prayer.

Fresh Fruits and Vegetables at BERRY'S.

## District Court.

The Chapin vs. Ford case that was on trial as we went to press last week resulted in a verdict favorable to Chapin.

On Monday the jury for the second week was sworn in as follows: L. N. Coffey, W. T. Baldwin, H. G. Edens, J. N. Thompson, P. L. Raaz, T. F. W. Dietert, Joe Council, T. L. Cox, L. G. Burseson, P. H. Dozier, L. R. Fesenden, E. Gold, T. W. Hagens, Dee Burney, C. P. Smith, C. R. Eddins, Virgil Storms, Bruno Schott, Cleve Griffin, J. M. Bruff, W. L. Council, E. H. Speckles, S. D. Killough, H. C. Barfield.

The case of the State vs. Dave Stone, charged with theft of hogs, was tried by jury and a verdict of not guilty rendered.

Wednesday morning the following pleas of guilty were entered: Michael Stevenson, carrying a pistol; Lincoln Ware, carrying a pistol; Hubert Davidson, theft under \$50; Wenford Mosby, aggravated assault.

The grand jury adjourned Tuesday evening after being in session eight days. Nineteen indictments were returned, five felonies and fourteen misdemeanors. No indictment was returned in the drowning case although most of the term was taken up in its investigation.

The case against Everett Wood, charged with burglary by entering the house of Ernest Meeker and robbing same, was tried by jury and given a sentence of five years in the penitentiary, but allowed a suspended sentence.

Aaron Graham plead guilty in a case of using abusive language towards D. A. Beaver. Fined five dollars by the court.

Eddie Baker plead guilty to fighting in a public place and was fined \$25 by the court.

The case of Chas. Vann, charged with assault upon the person of Kearney Butt, was continued until next week.

## Will Raise Prices.

Owing to the increased cost of gasoline and tires I will raise the price of Jitney service from 10 cents to 15 cents for local calls after Feb. 1st.

WM. BECKMAN.

## The Hen Saith.

The White Leghorn way to better pay is the way to poultry success. They lay, therefore, they pay. Let them "show" you.

The Golden Rule Poultry Farm, M. S. Osborne, Mgr. phone 57.

Tanlac at The Rock Drug Store.

## Center Point Letter

Regular Correspondence: Rees Jones of San Antonio is up to superintend the irrigation work on his fathers place.

Rev. J. H. Meredith is spending a few days in San Antonio this week. We are sorry to report Mr. S. G. Wray on the sick list.

Geo. Walker and Dee Burney went for a hunt on the lake last week.

D. Richardson and family visited in Kerrville last week. We are sorry to report another one of Mr. Montgomery's children sick.

Mrs. G. W. Howell left for San Antonio after several weeks with friends here.

Grandpa and Grandma Fries have been here on a visit to Lee Fries and family. They left Sunday to visit in Fredericksburg.

## Another Small Blaze.

The residence of Gilbert C. Storms caught on fire last Thursday but the prompt work of the fire company and others who went to help soon had it under control. The fire originated in a partition wall at a flue connection and was in such a difficult place it required a great deal of work to get to it and the wall and ceilings had to be torn away. This occasioned considerable damage to the house but we understand it was covered by insurance. Mr. and Mrs. Storms ask to extend their thanks to the Fire Boys and all others who helped to save the building and take care of their household effects, very little of which was damaged.

Large shipment of men's and boy's work shoes, Peters brand, just received, guaranteed all leather. Bought last summer before leather went so high and we are going to give you the advantage of the saving in the price.

West Texas Supply Co.

## Camp Verde Letter.

(Regular Correspondence) Born to Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Storms on the 18th a boy.

Opal Hodges visited a few days on Verde last week.

Arthur Edwards and wife are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Dozier.

Miss Lydia Aaron who was quite ill last week was able to return to school at Center Point Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Hodges were Verde visitors Sunday.

Grandma Norris who has been on the sick list for the past two months is able to sit up at present.

Ivey Rees bought a nice bunch of sheep from Ben Denton Friday. Mr. and Mrs. Olan Davenport of Sonora are here on a visit to L. N. Stevens and family.

Earl Denton from Turtle creek passed through en route to Bandera to visit his sister, Mrs. Vic Stevens. Miss Pauline Geisler is not expected to live today (Monday). Her sister Emma from near Elmendorf was called home Sunday.

P. H. Dozier was among those who attended court from here this week.

W. H. Bonnell and wife went down to San Antonio Monday.

Hill Jones and wife came in Monday from the lower country.

## Kerr County Farmer's Institute

The next meeting of the Institute will be held at Kerrville court house Saturday, Jan. 27, 1917, at 2 p. m.

In order that there will be no misunderstanding in regard to the Farmers' Institute, I beg to state that every meeting of the Institute is open to everybody, ladies as well as men, in every walk of life.

I urgently request the presence of every farmer, stockman and business man to attend this meeting, as it is for the good and welfare of our county. Moritz Holekarp, Secretary.

## To Go On Cash Basis

On January 10th our business will be put on an absolutely cash basis. All bills incurred between now and that date will be due at that time. This step is not taken in a spirit of resentment against anyone, but as a change of policy merely. We are putting on a cash basis as a matter of protection against small losses which in the aggregate are considerable. Also to save both the labor of keeping the books and of collecting bills.

The cash basis applies to all Automobile Accessories, Supplies and Repairs. Also all Livery and Jitney service will be cash when service is rendered.

Trusting the public will accept this statement in the spirit in which it is made and thanking you for your patronage, Respectfully,

LEE MASON & SON  
Wm. BECKMANN

## Your Banking Business

Is Earnestly Solicited and Will be Appreciated by

## FIRST STATE BANK

KERRVILLE, TEXAS

A GUARANTY FUND BANK

E. H. PRESCOTT

A. B. BURTON,

PRESIDENT

ACTIVE VICE PRESIDENT

A. B. WILLIAMSON, CASHIER.

## LOOK! LOOK! LOOK!

SID C. PETERSON

C. W. MOORE

## Peterson-Moore Lumber Co.

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Three strong reasons urge you to buy the FORD car: First because of its record of satisfactory service to more than fifteen hundred thousand owners; Second, because of the reliability of the Company which makes it; Third, its Large radiator, enclosed fan, stream-line hood, crown fenders, entire black finish, nickel trimmings, it is more attractive in appearance. To these must be added its wonderful economy in operation and maintenance—about two cents a mile; likewise the fact that by reason of its simplicity in construction anyone can operate and care for it. Nine thousand Ford agents make Ford service as universal as the car.

Touring Car, \$360, Runabout, \$345—f. o. b. Detroit. On sale at

LEE MASON & SON  
"THE UNIVERSAL GARAGE"

Phone 154

Kerrville, Texas

## Chocolates and Bon Bons

A Complete Line of Year Round Repeaters. No Shelf Warmers.

Made right, under absolutely Sanitary conditions.

## PAMPELL'S

PHONE 6

# Whirl 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, is wintering at Palm Beach. Becoming lost in the everglades Gloria falls into the hands of the Seminole Indians. She falls in love with her rescuer, Freneau. Five years later she leaves school and meets Freneau at the theater. He has forgotten Gloria. Later Freneau persuades her to forgive him. Gloria's sister-in-law, Lois, becomes intensely jealous and Doctor Royce discovers in her an ally. Freneau takes leave of Gloria. She sees from her window an attack made upon her. Doctor Royce convinces her it is delirium. She accidentally sees the supposed suicide of Freneau reported in the paper. Gloria swears to find the murderer. Gloria insists on going to Palm Beach. She is recognized by her one-time captor, the young Indian chief. He tells her that Royce and not Freneau was her rescuer at that time. Gloria attends night court; she sees Mully there, also the tramp who attacked Freneau. But Judge Freeman releases him. She follows the tramp when he leaves court. She finds herself in a low saloon dance hall, and is selected by one of the patrons as his partner. Doctor Royce, however, follows her and when he attempts a rescue, calls down a riot on their heads. The hall is raided and the crowd, including Gloria and Royce, is arrested and taken before Judge Freeman. Casimir arrives with the child Gloria promised to adopt. The orders Royce to take Casimir's wife to the Stafford home. She follows Trask and lands on a houseboat to hear him accused of Freneau's murder. She confronts him, he imprisons her, but she ties him up and escapes. In the yacht Gloria and the men pursue the barge. In the light that follows Trask is badly wounded. He is taken to the Stafford home. Royce endeavors to return to Lois her letters to Freneau. During a playful scuffle Gloria sees and recognizes the envelope. She suspects Royce of complicity in the murder. Royce tells her all. She sees one of Lois' letters to Freneau. Judge Freeman confesses his part. When Lois is confronted she flees from Gloria intent on suicide. But Gloria races after her and prevents her from committing the deed. She then returns the letters to Lois and forgives her. Thinking that David is the one responsible for Freneau's death, she takes him aside to confront Trask. But Trask has been spirited away by Judge Freeman who believes as Gloria does.

### TWENTIETH EPISODE

#### Love's Reward

The mystery of mysteries, the mystery that envelops every other, is the mystery of life and its negative, death. Pierpont Stafford had given his daughter Gloria what the penniless Trask had given his daughter Nell, life, the same all beginning, all necessary gift of Judge Freeman to his daughter Lois.

Through the existences of these three daughters Richard Freneau had wandered like a handsome Don Juan, wrapping each in romance and grief, as in a crimson cloak with a black lining. At Palm Beach he had flirted with Lois Freeman and won the child heart of Gloria Stafford. Gloria's father had wisely snatched her away from his spell and sent her to school for five years before she should enter the school of life.

In that long interlude Dick Freneau's frivolous heart had gone butterflying hither and yon. In his humbler days



He Talked Very Earnestly.

as a broker's clerk he met Nell Trask, whose pretty face was her only fortune, and the cause of her misfortune. Freneau had dealt sacrilege to the power of life and left Nell broken hearted with no wedding ring.

In his later prosperity as a winner and loser of fortunes he had forgotten Nell and turned to more gorgeous creatures, such as Lois. Her he had won away from the sacraments of her wedding ring. And then Gloria drifted back into his life like a white dove, and he felt that he had never loved till now. What the result of such a union might have been no one was ever to know, for Gloria fell ill, and merely to breathe became the one great problem with her.

Perhaps the torments of pain and the terrors of delirium she underwent in that long battle were less than the

pangs she would have had to endure as the wife of Freneau, for he had all the graces and none of the severities of character. Gloria had known only his charms when she saw him murdered before her window. She had a long battle to persuade her people that she even saw the deed. Her doctor, Stephen Royce, persisted in declaring that what she witnessed was the fiction of her imagination.

With great difficulty she had learned a few truths. She had overtaken Trask only to be told that she had better let him go since his confession would involve her brother David. She had refused to believe that David had taken justice into his own hands, and like an ancient Indian hired a brave to assassinate his enemy. Trask could clear David of that charge or fasten it on him. And Trask had vanished.

Doctor Royce had done all he could to keep Gloria from piercing the veil about the crime. But now that she had learned a part of Freneau's duplicity, he was ready to help her learn all the truth. He was eager to know it himself.

When she told him that Trask had been carried off, he said: "They can't carry him far without killing him. He is doomed anyway, I'm afraid. We must find him soon or there will be nothing to find."

He spoke a truth that Trask himself was beginning to realize. The human frame is not built to serve as a buffer between yachts and barges, and Trask's frame was wrecked within his flesh by his accident. His fear of justice had made him consent to the effort to escape from the Stafford house, but the judge's automobile had not gone far when he was compelled to beg that it run more slowly. Finally it grew plain to him that he was about to escape from earthly judgment and punishment altogether. He had nothing to fear from the police or the wearers of the black robe. He began to fear the more what higher courts awaited him. He dared not enter those tribunals with a burden on his soul.

Suddenly he felt that Gloria, who had been his tormentor and his enemy, was one person on earth who could give him comfort. He began to cry out that he wanted to be taken back to her, Jed and Nell and the chauffeur thought him mad, but they were afraid of him. He held the uncanny weapon of the power to die.

"He'll be dying on us," the chauffeur said, as he checked the car and began to turn it round. He had a superstitious fear of thwarting a man's last wish. He was not afraid of anything else, but he was in a panic lest Trask should die in his car. He paid little heed to Trask's groans and made all speed to the Stafford home.

Royce had just taken Gloria into his car to set forth on a hunt for Trask when Judge Freeman's motor brought him back. Judge Freeman saw the meeting and he was covered with chagrin. He saw that Gloria recognized his chauffeur, and she threw him a look of reproach, but she was too much absorbed in Trask's needs to reproach him.

To Gloria's astonishment, when Trask was lifted from the car he did not glare at her, but put his hand out to her.

"He's got a lot he wants to tell you," Nell explained.

Royce motioned for one of the reclining chairs to be brought from the sun parlor and Trask was placed in it. When they started to take him into the house, however, he shook his head and mumbled: "No, no; leave me out under the sky over where there's flowers."

It is strange how the suffering of an enemy pleads and prays for him. Gloria was distracted with sympathy for Trask, and her heart ached for him as for an old friend in distress. She had the servants carry him to a flower-walled nook where the breeze was spicy and there was shade without gloom.

Judge Freeman watched the group and an idea came to him. He stepped into the house and motioned to Pierpont Stafford's secretary to bring his note pad and pencil.

"Is it a dictation?" the secretary asked.

"Yes," said the judge, "but it's beyond my pen. It's possibly the final statement of a dying man and it may have legal importance."

He led the secretary back of the arbor, where he could hear without being seen. The secretary did not relish such eavesdropping, but the judge kept him to the work.

There was some delay in making Trask as easy as possible, and Royce sent for his medicine case that he might keep him from a sudden collapse. Trask grew impatient with the delay and clutched at Gloria, mumbling: "Listen, missy; I don't know yit jest you got a right to know what I

know about that yellow dog Freneau." Gloria winced at the insult to her dead lover, but she made no protest. Trask held her with lean fingers that hurt as he dragged her close.

"You said you seen me kill that man. What was he to you?"

Gloria flushed as she sighed: "I loved him. We were engaged to be married."

Trask chuckled gruesomely. "I thought likely. I guess I done you a service gittin' rid of him. He was engaged to my girl first, missy. He promised to marry her. He told me he was goin' to marry her and he allowed he'd come right back. But he never did."

"You see, I used to be a bargeman, but my wife—Nell's ma—got lung trouble and the doctor said I had ought to take her to South Carolina or somewhere. So I did. I took to minin' down there—found some zinc. New York brokers got interested, sent a young feller named Freneau down to look over the prop'ty."

"He was there when Nell fetched me my dinner pail. He took quite a shine to her—hung 'round for several days. Poor girl, plumb crazy over him. She hadn't saw many fellers and he was a killer anywhere he went. I guess. "I ketched him with my arm 'round Nell and I was goin' to beat him up. Wish I had. But he says they were engaged. So I wished 'em well. Nell bein' happy as all get out. Then he gets a telegram to go back to the city. He never comes back, never writes. Seemed like Nell took on more'n she'd ought to, and by and by I knew why."

"Her ma didn't get my better and she died down there—died before she knowed what had happened to the girl. Havin' my wife die and after-



"Leave Her to Me, Miss, She Belongs to Me."

wards havin' Nell goin' crazy with shame at not bein' nobody's wife drove me out of my senses kind of. I never been quite right since."

"I got over bein' mad at Nell, and we come away from there before the things got worse. I took up the large business again and didn't have much time for lookin' up Mister Freneau. When I found him by accident it was jumped your house in the city. I jumped for him and he hit me. I chased his automobile and got run over by another one. Went to the hospital. Come out a mite wronger than what I went in, I guess."

"Nell told me she'd found where he lived and she'd went to see him, took the baby with her, begged him to love her again, or leastways to marry her for the baby's sake. But no, he wouldn't. He jest laughed at her and told her to go on away."

"When she told me that, my head kind of filled up with poison. I didn't want anything but that feller's life. I put out after him and always jest missed him. That night I followed him to your house, seen him go in there, and I waited for him. A policeman chased me away and he must have went away without my seein' him, for I crept back to that big monument to watch for him. He didn't come out, but I waited. By and by I seen somebody comin' up Riverside drive. It was him. I thought I must a went crazy. I guess I had. But I waited for him. He stopped and lighted a match to light a cigarette with, and I crept up behind him and got a grand bolt on his neck with these old ten fingers and—"

His great crooked fingers made a feeble repetition of their work, and Gloria covering her eyes, Trask laughed.

"I s'pose I'd ought to feel sorry, and I do, now that I've got to go where he's went. But it felt mighty good then to know he wasn't goin' to break any more hearts or fool any more girls."

"I left him lay there in the snow and I got away fast as I could. Next day I expected to see a big holler in the papers. Not a word. A hull week passed and not a word. I felt creepy about it. Then I read about him bein' found down in the bay and I couldn't understand. I been driven near out o' my senses tryin' to figger out how he got there."

The secretary in hiding wondered, too, but the judge kept silence and so did Gloria on her side of the flower screen.

Gloria was not concerned about Trask's bewilderment. She was staring

at the little baby that Nell carried always in her arm. Her last spark of love for Freneau died out in her soul, leaving it utterly dark. There was not enough embers left to flare with jealousy. She was restless to have done with Freneau forever.

When Trask appealed for her forgiveness if he had caused her any pain, she gave it freely. Her bitter heart felt that Trask had done a deus in task in removing Freneau from the earth.

Trask sank back exhausted and his hand relaxed its hold on her. Then she left him to the ministrations of Doctor Royce, who whispered to her that she had better not linger to the last. He sent her away. She went to her room in a loneliness more profound than she had ever felt. She had not even a dead love for companionship now. She found the photograph of Freneau there and her lips curled with disgust at the kisses she had squandered on that worshipped image.

In her wrath she broke it to pieces, and laying the fragments in the empty fireplace, set a match to them. She watched them burn and flung herself across her bed weeping madly. She wept herself to exhaustion and finally to sleep. It was a troubled sleep with a hideous vision of Freneau in infernal flames that mounted about him as the flames had danced around his photograph only they did not consume him.

He put his arms out to her through the flames, appealing for pardon. She heard him say: "Gloria, I had repented of my evil ways and vowed to mend them, but I was struck down before I could. Forgive me!"

She answered him harshly: "Ask Nell, not me. Come back and undo the evil you did."

He sighed: "If only I could. There is only one evil that can be undone. I stole your love from a man who loved you before I did, and loves you still. Give him your heart, Gloria. Give him your heart, Gloria—Gloria!"

His voice died away as the vision of him faded and she woke. She wept again to think of the pity of life and death and love, and her heart melted a little toward Freneau.

She bathed her eyes and went out into the hall. There she found Nell Trask weeping inconsolably. Her father was dead. Gloria took the girl into her arms and tried to think of consolations where there were none. Her anger raged again at Freneau, whose treacheries were to blame for everything. The man Jed, hearing Nell weep, came blundering into the house and up the stairs and claimed her from Gloria's arms, saying: "Leave her to me, miss. She belongs to me. She told me all you heard today a long while ago. I love her just the same, or more, maybe. And I'll take good care of her and the baby. It's a nice baby; it ain't to blame. I'll take good care of the baby, miss, and Nell, too."

Gloria surrendered the girl to him and saw that Nell leaned heavily upon his strong, encircling arms.

Gloria left them together and went down to the living room. There she found Judge Freeman. The haggardness seemed to have left his ancient face. He spoke to her to blame for everything. "The man Jed, hearing Nell weep, came blundering into the house and up the stairs and claimed her from Gloria's arms, saying: "Leave her to me, miss. She belongs to me. She told me all you heard today a long while ago. I love her just the same, or more, maybe. And I'll take good care of her and the baby. It's a nice baby; it ain't to blame. I'll take good care of the baby, miss, and Nell, too."

Gloria answered drearily: "I haven't the strength. That's about all I know."

She walked out upon the lawn where the sunset was adding almost intolerable beauty to the majesty of the river and the Palisades. The vast old peaks, like relentless judges, were being softened into a tenderness by the soft colors from the sky. Gloria sat down on a bench before a softly plashing fountain whose waters were made rosy by the light. Royce found her there and sat down by her. He was tired and very solemn with the last rites of old Trask.

"Is your heart at peace at last, Gloria?" he murmured.

"At peace, no," she gasped. "It is all in chaos."

"About Freneau, I mean."

"No, I hate him now—or at least I'm trying to."

"Don't hate him, Gloria. Don't hate him."

"You ask that?"

"Yes, for how was he to blame? He was born what he was; he went the way his nature drove him. He had little help from women except to be what he was. He paid a hideous price for the wrong he did."

"Don't you hate him?"

"No."

"Or anybody?"

"No. Hate is not only unchristian, Gloria, it's unscientific; it's ignorant. It comes only from an inability or an unwillingness to understand. I can't bear to think of your dear heart giving out such poison as hatred implies."

"You want me to love everybody, then?"

"Yes."

"Including you?"

"Gloria!"

What more might have been said there was no telling, for Aunt Hortensia came hustling down the lawn with a yardlength of committee lists and tasks for Gloria. Before her tempest of garrulity, Royce took flight. Gloria



Trask Tells His Story.

was kept on the run for days and nights. She worked as only rich women work when some orgy of charity is on foot.

Gloria in turn kept everyone in her neighborhood scampering. Her father, her father's secretary, her brother and his secretary, even her brother's wife, she made use of.

Lois responded to the lash with an enthusiasm that surprised Gloria. She began to understand that idleness had been a more cogent excuse for frivolity than she had believed when Lois gave it. She saw that Lois' heart, which had yielded too easily to the blandishments of Freneau, yielded as easily to the allurements of unselfish labor.

The plans for the Polish fete were changed again and again. The boy Stas was so much in the way that Gloria set him a task to keep him out from under her feet. He brought in the children of the vicinage and established himself as their leader.

Some of the rich tots, like their parents, were good fellows; a few of them were snobs. These latter twitted Stas with his origin, whereupon he had resort to the wild arbitrament of battle, and two or three small bloody noses ruined two or three small suits of clothes. After that Stas was the accepted leader.

In his researches among the picture books he found a "Pied Piper of Hamelin" and made his "Aunt Gloria" tell him all about it. He decided that she should be the pied piper and he would organize an army of children for her to pipe away. She kissed him for the inspiration and that event was one of the successes of the afternoon. Mrs. Stas, who had been the Stafford estate on the afternoon of the festival and the roads outside were quadruply lined with automobiles.

There was no hesitation about employing piratical methods of extorting from the rich as much money as they had been reckless enough to bring with them. The hollow eyes of the ragged starvelings of Poland would have filled with wonder if they could have seen in far-off America the well-fed, silk-clad aristocrats reveling in their behalf. It was a strange way of getting food for the hungry, but it was the fashion of the day, and most important of all, it accomplished its purpose.

The world was so packed with tragedy and so hounded with cries for pity that it took something more than sorrow to wheedle funds from the weary public. It took beauty and entertainment. Gloria furnished these in full measure at her festival. In her ragged doublet and hose, with her feathered cap-tilt, she danced and piped, and the children followed about the lawn with a moving audience till she led her little army into the great cave that Pierpont had ordered constructed in one of his hills.

The mothers left behind pretended to weep for their lost ones, and they begged the pied piper to return. So Gloria, contrary to tradition, came back from the cave, and surrounded by her kidnapped troop, bowed and bowed.

Gloria was good and tired when the last of the spectators had gone home impoverished. She stretched herself out on the divan in the living room and felt her old loneliness come back upon her. Her task was done and she was of no more use to the world, for, of course, her father had pointed-out to her that her project to take the funds to Poland in person was a beautiful impossibility. There were several million soldiers between her and Poland, and the price of the voyage, even if she could make it, would buy several thousands of loaves of bread.

She was in so forlorn a humor that when Doctor Royce took a chair close to her and poured forth his praises, she accepted them hungrily. He was encouraged to the wildest hopes by her response and he kept hunching his chair closer and closer.

His head was almost touching hers when her father had come into the room with the proceeds of the festival. There were baskets of bills and boxes of coin and the total was thousands of dollars.

Royce fell back disheartened. He had forgotten how rich Gloria was, and how poor in comparison was even his success. He had been on the point of

telling her how long and how deeply he had loved her, but he felt that such a declaration would only be a presumptuous folly.

Gloria could not read his thoughts, but she knew that he had suddenly chilled and shortly after he was gone. And then she knew how much she missed him. She was tempted to fall ill again so that she might summon him to wait upon her once more. But her health, which had broken down when she was in the first flush of her affair with Freneau (for "affair" was what she called it now), held up splendidly when she felt sick at heart and weary of life.

For some reason which he did not make plain—largely because his excuse was artificial—Doctor Royce happened to drop in at the country place a few days later. The fact was that he could neither endure the lack of Gloria nor find a plausible reason for calling. So he called and mumbled his reason inarticulately.

He talked very earnestly about nothing at all and kept saying that he must go, but did not go. At length he really started, and Gloria felt that she was being marooned once more on the dull waste of life. So she pretended to swoon. He heard her little gasp and saw her toppling over on a carefully selected soft spot. He ran to her in great alarm, tried her pulse and found it normal, chafed her hand and found it warm. He was bewildered. The symptoms and the condition did not jibe.

Gloria opened one eye and watched him unbeknownst. He let go her hand and walked the floor.

She sat up in disgust, demanding, "Don't you know what is the matter with me?"

"He shook his head meekly.

She cast her eyes upon despair and said: "I'm afraid you're too stupid a doctor to keep in the family. Good-by!"

"In the family?" he stammered, wondering why she said just that. "Did you say 'in the family'?"

She looked at him with despair in her eyes and nodded her head.

"I said 'in the family,'" she said. And, "Oh!" said he.

Then he stared at her so hard that she closed her eyes and did not see the change come over his face from bewilderment to an eager guess, to a rapturous hope, and a reckless courage. She did not even see him seize her in his arms and kiss her. But she was well aware that he did. And she had a womanly intuition that romance, instead of being ended for her, had just begun.

THE END.

Early Rising.

"You say you owe your success in business almost entirely to early rising?"

"Yes. I'm a manufacturer of alarm clocks."



"I Got a Good Hold on His Neck!"

# The Lone Star Ranger

## A Fine Tale of the Open Country

By ZANE GREY

CHAPTER XXIV—Continued.

If not later, then assuredly great passion toward Poggin manifested itself in Knell's scornful, fiery address, in the shaking hand he thrust before Poggin's face. In the ensuing silent pause Knell's panting could be plainly heard. The other men were pale, watchful, cautiously edging either way to the wall, leaving the principals and Duane in the corner of the room.

"Spring his name, then, you—" said Poggin, violently with a curse.

Strangely Knell did not even look at the man he was about to denounce. He leaned toward Poggin, his hands, his body, his long head all somewhat expressive of what his face disguised.

"Buck Duane!" he yelled, suddenly.

The name did not make any difference in Poggin. But Knell's passionate, swift utterance carried the suggestion that the name ought to bring Poggin to quick action. It was possible, too, that Knell's manner, the import of his denunciation, the meaning back of all his passion held Poggin bound more than the surprise. For the outlaw certainly was surprised, perhaps staggered at the idea that he, Poggin, had been about to stand sponsor with Fletcher for a famous outlaw hated and feared by all outlaws.

Knell waited a long moment, and then his face broke its cold immobility in an extraordinary expression of devilish glee. He had hunted the great Poggin into something that gave him vicious, monstrous joy.

"Buck Duane! Yes," he broke out, hotly. "The Nueces gunman! That two-shot, ace-of-spades lone-wolf! You an' I—we've heard a thousand times of him—talked about him often. An' here he is in front of you! Poggin, you were backin' Fletcher's new pard, Buck Duane. An' he'd fooled you both but for me. But I know him. An' I know why he drifted in here. To flash a gun on Cheseldine—on you—on me! Bah! Don't tell me he wanted to join the gang. You know a gunman, for you're one yourself. Don't you always want to meet a real man, not a four-flush? It's the madness of the gunman, an' I know it. Well, Duane faced you—called you! An' when I sprung his name, what ought you have done? What would the boss—anybody—have expected of Poggin? Did you throw your gun, swift, like you have so often? Naw; you froze. An' why? Because here's a man with the kind of nerve you'd love to have. Because he's great—makin' us here alone. Because you know he's a wonder with a gun an' you love life. Because you an' I an' every damned man here has to take his front, each to himself. If we all drew we'd kill him. Sure! But who's goin' to lead? Who was goin' to be first? Who was goin' to make him draw? Not you, Poggin! You leave that for a lesser man—me—who've lived to see you a coward. It comes once to every gunman. You've met your match in Buck Duane. An', by God, I'm glad! Here's once I show you up!"

The horse, taunting voice faded, Knell stepped back from the comrade he hated. He was wet, shaking, haggard, but magnificent.

"Buck Duane, do you remember Hardin?" he asked, in scarcely audible voice.

"Yes," replied Duane, and a flash of insight made clear Knell's attitude.

"You met him—forced him to draw—killed him?"

"Yes."

"Hardin was the best pard I ever had."

His teeth clicked together tight, and his lips set in a thin line.

The room grew still. Even breathing ceased. The time for words had passed. In that long moment of suspense Knell's body gradually stiffened, and at last the quivering ceased. He crouched. His eyes had a soul-piercing fire.

Duane watched him. He waited. He caught the thought—the breaking of Knell's muscle-bound rigidity. Then he drew.

Through the smoke of his gun he saw two red spurts of flame. Knell's bullets thudded into the ceiling. He fell with a scream like a wild thing in agony.

Duane did not see Knell die. He watched Poggin. And Poggin, like a stricken and astounded man, looked down upon his prostrate comrade.

Fletcher ran at Duane with hands aloft.

"Hit the trail, you liar, or you'll be in kill me!" he yelled.

With hands still up, he shouldered and bodied Duane out of the room.

Duane leaped on his horse, spurred, and plunged away.

### CHAPTER XXV.

Duane returned to Fairdale and camped in the mesquite till the twenty-third of the month. The few days seemed endless. All he could think of was that the hour in which he must disgrace Ray Longstreth was slowly but inexorably coming. In that waiting time he learned what love was and also duty. When the day at last dawned he rode like one possessed down the rough slope, hurling stones and crashing through the bush, with a

sound in his ears that was not all the rush of the wind. Something dragged at him.

Apparently one side of his mind was unalterably fixed, while the other was a hurrying conglomeration of flashes of thought, reception of sensations. He could not get calmness. By and by, almost involuntarily, he hurried faster on. Action seemed to make his state less oppressive; it eased the weight. But the farther he went on the harder it was to continue. Had he turned his back upon love, happiness, perhaps on life itself?

There seemed no use to go on farther until he was absolutely sure of himself. Duane received a clear warning thought that such work as

hundred lightning-swift evolutions. He meant to take any risk rather than kill Longstreth. Both of the men were out on the porch. Duane worried his way to the edge of the shrubbery and crouched low to watch for his opportunity.

Longstreth looked haggard and thin. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and he had come out with a gun in his hand. This he laid on a table near the wall. He wore no belt.

Lawson was red, bloated, thick-lipped, all fiery and sweaty from drink, though, sober on the moment, and he had the expression of a desperate man in his last stand. It was his last stand, though he was ignorant of that.

"What's your news? You needn't be afraid of my feelings," said Lawson.

"Ray confessed to an interest in this ranger," replied Longstreth.

Duane thought Lawson would choke. He was thick-necked anyway, and the rush of blood made him tear at the soft collar of his shirt. Duane awaited his chance, patient, cold, all his feelings shut in a vise.

"But why should your daughter meet this ranger?" demanded Lawson, harshly.

"She's in love with him, and he's in love with her."

Duane reveled in Lawson's condition. The statement might have had the force of a juggernaut. Was Longstreth sincere? What was his game?

Lawson, finding his voice, cursed Ray, cursed the ranger, then Longstreth.

"You damned selfish fool!" cried Longstreth in bitter scorn. "All you think of is yourself—your loss of the girl. Think once of me—my home—my life!"

Then the connection subtly put out by Longstreth apparently dawned upon the other. Somehow through this girl her father and cousin were to be betrayed. Duane got that impression, though he could not tell how true it was. Certainly Lawson's jealousy was his paramount emotion.

"To hell with you!" burst out Lawson, incoherently. He was frenzied. "I'll have her, or nobody else will!"

"You never will," returned Longstreth, stridently. "So help me God I'd rather see her the ranger's wife than yours!"

While Lawson absorbed that shock Longstreth leaned toward him, all of hate and menace in his mien.

"Lawson, you made me what I am," continued Longstreth. "I backed you—shielded you. You're Cheseldine—if the truth is told! Now it's ended. I quit you. I'm done!"

Their gray passion-corded faces were still as stones.

"Gentlemen!" Duane called in far-reaching voice as he stepped out. "You're both done!"

They wheeled to confront Duane.

"Don't move! Not a muscle! Not a finger!" he warned.

Longstreth read what Lawson had in the mind to read. His face turned from gray to ashen.

"What d'ye mean?" yelled Lawson, fiercely, stately. It was not in him to obey a command, to see impending death.

All quivering and strange, yet with perfect control, Duane raised his left hand to turn back a lapel of his open vest. The silver star flashed brightly.

Lawson howled like a dog. With barbarous and insane fury, with sheer impotent folly, he swept a clearing hand for his gun. Duane's shot broke his action.

Before Lawson even tottered, before he loosed the gun, Longstreth leaped behind him, clasped him with left arm, quick as lightning jerked the gun from both clutching fingers and sheath. Longstreth protected himself with the body of the dead man. Duane saw red flashes, puffs of smoke; he heard quick reports. Something stung his left arm. Then a blow like wind, light of sound yet shocking in impact, struck him, staggered him. The hot rend of lead followed the blow. Duane's heart seemed to explode, yet his mind kept extraordinarily clear and rapid.

Duane heard Longstreth work the action of Lawson's gun. He heard the hammer click, fall upon empty shell. Longstreth had used up all the loads in Lawson's gun. He cursed as a man cursed at defeat. Duane waited, cool and sure now. Longstreth tried to lift the dead man, to edge him closer toward the table where his own gun lay. But, considering the peril of exposing himself, he found the task beyond him. He bent peering at Duane under Lawson's arm, which flopped out from his side. Longstreth's eyes were the eyes of a man who meant to kill. There was never any mistaking the strange and terrible light of eyes like those. More than once Duane had a chance to aim at them, at the top of Longstreth's head, at a strip of his side.

He was game. He had the courage that forced Duane to respect him. Duane just saw him measure the distance to that gun. Duane would have to kill him.

"Longstreth, listen," cried Duane, swiftly. "The game's up. You're done. But think of your daughter! I'll spare your life—I'll try to get you freedom on one condition. For her sake! I've got you nailed—all the proofs. There lies Lawson. You're alone. I've got you and men to my aid. Give up. Surrender. Consent to demands, and I'll spare you. Maybe I can persuade MacNelly to let you go free back to your old country. It's for Ray's sake! Her life, perhaps her happiness, can be saved! Hurry, man! Your answer!"

"Suppose I refuse?" he queried, with a dark and terrible earnestness.

"Then I'll kill you in your tracks! You can't leave a hand! Your word or death! Hurry, Longstreth! Be a man! For her sake! Quick! Another second move—I'll kill you!"

"All right, Buck Duane, I give my word," he said, and deliberately walked to the chair and fell into it.

Longstreth looked strangely at the bloody blot on Duane's shoulder.

"There come the girls!" he suddenly exclaimed. "Can you help me drag Lawson inside? They mustn't see him."

Duane was facing down the porch toward the court and corral. Miss Longstreth and Ruth had come in sight, were swiftly approaching, evidently alarmed. The two men succeeded in drawing Lawson into the house before the girls saw him.

"Duane, you're not hard hit?" said Longstreth.

"Reckon not," replied Duane.

"I'm sorry, if only you could have told me sooner! Lawson! Always I've split over him!"

"But the last time, Longstreth."

"Yes, and I came near driving you to kill me, too. Duane, you talked me out of it. For Ray's sake! She'll be in here in a minute. This'll be harder than facing a gun."

"Hard now. But I hope it'll turn out all right."

"Duane, will you do me a favor?" he asked, and he seemed shamefaced.

"Sure."

"Let Ray and Ruth think Lawson shot you. He's dead. It can't matter. Duane, the old side of my life is coming back. It's been coming. And I'd change places with Lawson if I could!"

"Glad you said that, Longstreth," replied Duane. "And sure—Lawson plugged me. It's our secret."

Just then Ray and Ruth entered the room. Duane heard two low cries, so different in tone, and he saw two white faces. Ray came to his side. She lifted a shaking hand to point at the blood upon his breast. White and mute, she gazed from that to her father.

"Papa!" cried Ray, wringing her hands.

"Don't give way," he replied, huskily. "Both you girls will need your nerve. Duane isn't badly hurt. But Floyd is—dead. Listen. Let me tell it quick. There's been a fight. It—was Lawson—it was Lawson's gun that shot Duane. Duane let me off. In fact, Ray, he saved me. I'm to divide my property—return so far as possible what I've stolen—leave Texas at once with Duane, under arrest. He says maybe he can get MacNelly, the ranger captain, to let me go. For your sake!"

She stood there, realizing her deliverance, with the dark and tragic glory of her eyes passing from her father to Duane.

"You must rise above this," said Duane to her. "I expected this to ruin you. But your father is alive. He will live it down. I'm sure I can promise you he'll be free. Perhaps back there in Louisiana the dishonor will never be known. This matter of land, water, a few stray head of stock had to be decided out of court. To protect himself he bound men to him. He could not control them. He became involved with them, and so he grew into the leader because he was the strongest. Whatever he is to be judged for, I think he could have been infinitely worse."

### CHAPTER XXVI.

On the morning of the twenty-sixth Duane rode into Bradford in time to catch the early train. His wound did not seriously incapacitate him. Longstreth was with him. And Miss Longstreth and Ruth Herbert would not be left behind. They were all leaving Fairdale forever. Longstreth had turned over the whole of his property to Morton, who was to divide it as he and his comrades believed just. Duane had left Fairdale with his party by night, passed through Sanderson in the early hours of dawn, and reached Bradford as he had planned.

That fatal morning found Duane outwardly calm, but inwardly he was in a tumult. He wanted to rush to Val Verde. Would Captain MacNelly be there with his rangers, as Duane had planned for them to be? Memory of that tawny Poggin returned with strange passion. Duane had borne hours and weeks and months of wait-

ing, had endured the long hours of the outlaw, but now he had no patience. The whistle of the train made him leap.

It was a fast train, yet the ride seemed slow.

Duane did not speak to Longstreth and the passengers in the car, changed his seat to one behind his prisoner. The girls sat in a seat near by and were pale but composed.

Duane did not speak to Longstreth again till the train stopped at Val Verde.

They got off the car, and the girls followed as naturally as ordinary travelers. The station was a good deal larger than that at Bradford, and there was considerable action and bustle incident to the arrival of the train.

Duane's sweeping gaze searched faces, rested upon a man who seemed familiar. This fellow's look, too, was that of one who knew Duane, but was waiting for a sign, a cue. Then Duane, recognized him—MacNelly, clean-shaven. Without mustache he appeared different, younger.

When MacNelly saw that Duane intended to greet him, hurried forward to meet him. A keen light flashed from his eyes. He was glad, eager, yet suppressing himself, and the glances he sent back and forth from Duane to Longstreth were questioning, doubtful. Certainly Longstreth did not look the part of an outlaw.

"Duane! Lord, I'm glad to see you," was the Captain's greeting. Then at closer look into Duane's face his warmth fled—something he saw there checked his enthusiasm, or at least its utterance.

"MacNelly, shake hands with Cheseldine," said Duane, low-voiced.

The ranger stood dumb, motionless. But he saw Longstreth's instant action, and awkwardly he reached for the outstretched hand.

"Any of your men down here?" queried Duane, sharply.

"No. They're up-town."

"Come, MacNelly, you walk with him. We've ladies in the party. I'll come behind with them."

They set off up-town. Longstreth walked as if he were with friends on the way to dinner. The girls were mute. MacNelly walked like a man in a trance. There was not a word spoken in four blocks.

Presently Duane espied a stone building on a corner of the broad street. There was a big sign, "Rancher's Bank."

"There's the hotel," said MacNelly. "Some of my men are there. We've scattered around."

They crossed the street, went through office and lobby, and then Duane asked MacNelly to take them to the Captain's room. Without a word the Captain complied. When they were all inside Duane closed the door, and drawing a deep breath as if of relief, he faced them calmly.

"Miss Longstreth, you and Miss Ruth try to make yourselves comfortable now," he said. "And don't be distressed." Then he turned to his captain. "MacNelly, this girl is the daughter of the man I've brought to you, and this one is his niece."

Then Duane briefly related Longstreth's story, and though he did not spare the rustler chief, he was generous.

"When I went after Longstreth," concluded Duane, "it was either to kill him or offer him his freedom on conditions. So I chase the latter for his daughter's sake. He has already disposed of all his property. I believe

he'll live up to the conditions. He's to leave Texas never to return. Cheseldine has been a mystery, and now it'll fade."

A few moments later Duane followed MacNelly to a large room, like a hall, and here were men reading and smoking. Duane knew them—rangers!

MacNelly beckoned to his men. They crowded close, eager, like hounds ready to run. They all talked at once, and the word most significant and frequent in their speech was "outlaws."

MacNelly clapped his fist in his hand.

"This'll make the adjutant sick with joy. Maybe he won't have it on the Governor! We'll show them about the ranger service. Duane! how'd you ever do it?"

"Now, Captain, not the half nor the quarter of this job's done. The gang's coming down the road. They'll ride in to town on the dot—two-thirty."

"How many?" asked MacNelly.

"Foggin, Blossom Kane, Panhandle Smith, Boldt, Jim Fletcher, and another man I don't know."

"Foggin—that's the hard nut to crack! I've heard their record since I've been in Val Verde. Where's Knell?"

"Knell's dead."

"Ah!" exclaimed MacNelly, softly. Then he grew businesslike, cool, and of harder aspect. "Duane, it's your game to-day. We're all under your orders."

"You understand there's no sense in trying to arrest Poggin, Kane and that lot?" queried Duane.

"No, I don't understand that," replied MacNelly, bluntly.

"It can't be done. The drop can't be got on such men. Poggin! That outlaw has no equal with a gun—unless— He's got to be killed quick. They'll all have to be killed. They're all bad, desperate, know no fear, are lightning in action."

"Very well, Duane; then it's a fight. That'll be easier, perhaps. The boys are spoiling for a fight. Out with your plan, now."

"Put one man at each end of this street, just at the edge of town. Put four men up in that room over the bank—two at each open window. Let them hide till the game begins. The rest of your men put inside behind the counters, where they'll be held. Now go over to the bank, spring the thing on the bank officials, send your men over one by one. No hurry, no excitement, no unusual thing to attract notice in the bank."

"All right. That's great. Tell me, where do you intend to wait?"

Duane heard MacNelly's question, and it struck him peculiarly. He had seemed to be planning and speaking mechanically. As he was confronted by the fact it unplunged him somewhat, and he became thoughtful, with lowered head.

"Where'll you wait, Duane?" insisted MacNelly, with keen eyes speulating.

"I'll wait in front—just inside the door," replied Duane, with an effort.

"But will you hide?" asked MacNelly.

Duane was silent, and then a strange, comprehending light seemed to flash over his face.

"Duane, I can give you no orders to-day," he said, distinctly. "I'm only offering advice. Need you take any more risks? You've released yourself. The governor, the adjutant-general—the whole state will rise up and honor you. I say, as a ranger, need you take more risk than your captain?"

Still Duane remained silent. He was locked between two forces. And one, a tide that was bursting at its bounds, seemed about to overwhelm him. Finally that side of him, the retreating self, the weaker, found a voice.

"Captain, just what I'll do or where I'll be I can't say yet. In meetings like this the moment decides. But I'll be there!"

MacNelly spread wide his hands, looked helplessly at his curious and sympathetic rangers, and shook his head.

"Now you've done your work—laid the trap—is this strange move of yours going to be fair to Miss Longstreth?" asked MacNelly, in significant low voice.

Like a great tree chopped at the roots Duane vibrated to that. He looked up as if he had seen a ghost.

Mercilessly the ranger captain went on: "You can win her, Duane! Oh, you can't fool me. I was wise in a minute. Fight with us from cover. You'll be free, honored, happy. That girl loves you! I saw it in her eyes. She—"

But Duane cut him short with a fierce gesture. He lunged up to his feet, and the rangers fell back. Dark, silent, grim as he had been, still there was a transformation singularly more sinister, stranger.

"Enough, I'm done," he said, somberly. "I've planned. Do we agree—or shall I meet Poggin and his gang alone?"

MacNelly cursed and again threw up his hands, this time in baffled chagrin. There was deep regret in his dark eyes as they rested upon Duane.

Duane was left alone.

Never had his mind been so quick, so clear, so wonderful in its understanding of what had heretofore been intricate and elusive impulses of his strange nature. His determination was to meet Poggin; meet him before anyone else had a chance—Poggin first—and then the others! He was as unalterable in that decision as if on the instant of its acceptance he had become stone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Tame Performance.

"Did the speaker make much of an impression on you?"

"No."

"But I understood he threw some mud."

"Well, if he did, it was free from bacteria and guaranteed not to soil the clothes."—Birmingham Age-Herald



Duane Saw Red Flashes.



"Duane! Lord, I Am Glad to See You!"

How deeply he felt that such only be a pre-

his thoughts, he had suddenly or he was gone, how much she tempted to fall might summon once more. But of broken down first flush of her "affair" was held up splen-

ck at heart and

which he did not because his excuse-

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or a little gasp and or on a carefully

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eye and watched He let her hand

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I meekly,

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on His Neck!"

Just that, "Did

with despair in her head.

ly!" she said.

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

The usual quietude prevails in Mexico.

No, we can't say that we are entirely unbiased as to the war in Europe. Our sympathies are distinctly with America.

The Advance force has had a full week's tussle with the grip. This will surely excuse us for the shortness of news matter in this issue.

The contractors and builders are all busy getting ready to start work on the numerous jobs awaiting as soon as the weather fairs up.

The moist weather the past two weeks has benefitted the grain very much. Some fields that were apparently killed out by the dry cold weather are now showing up pretty and green. But we still need a good soaking rain.

**Save the Tea.**  
 Save the tea from the teapot. When you have a good quantity pour boiling water over it, and after this water cools use it for wiping hardwood floors. This is an old English idea.

Those who are fortunate enough to have a few good hogs to kill and a surplus to sell on foot now while the price is so high are strictly in the swim. Let every farmer do this and it will save thousands of dollars to this county that are now being sent away to buy bacon and lard.

If a nickel show advertised a free performance it would require the services of a sheriff's posse to control the crowds trying to get in. The church has a more wholesome performance with open doors and a cordial invitation to everybody three times a week, but what about the crowds? Does it hit you?

Last leap year I didn't want to embarrass my best girl by making her propose to me, so I asked her to be my wife, and she said, "I'd rather be excused," and I, like a fool excused her. But I got even with the girl; I married the mother; then my father married the girl. Now I don't know who I am. When I married the girl's mother, she became my daughter, and when my father married my daughter, he is my son. When my father married my daughter she was my mother. If my father is my son and my daughter is my mother, who in thunder am I? My mother's mother (who is my wife) must be my grandmother, and I being my grandmother's husband, I am my own grandfather—Ex.

**Your Last Chance.**

Recently we published in these columns an offer of The Youth's Companion and McCall's Magazine, both for a full year for only \$2.10, including a McCall Dress Pattern. The high price of paper and ink has obliged McCall's Magazine to raise their subscription price February 1 to 10 cents a copy and 75 cents a year—so that the offer at the above price must be withdrawn.

Until March 31 our readers have the privilege of ordering both publications for a full year, including the choice of any 15 cent McCall Pattern, for only \$2.10.

The amount of reading, information and entertainment contained in the fifty-two issues of The Youth's Companion and the value of twelve monthly fashion numbers of McCall's at \$2.10 offer a real bargain to every reader of this paper.

1. The Youth's Companion—52 issues.
2. The Companion Home Calendar for 1917.
3. McCall's Magazine—12 fashion numbers.
4. One 15-cent McCall Dress Pattern your choice from your first copy of McCall's if you send a two cent stamp with your selection.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,  
 St. Paul St. Boston, Mass.  
 New Subscriptions Received at this Office.

**Purpose of History.**  
 He who reads history learns to distinguish what is local from what is universal; to discriminate between exceptions and rules; to trace the operation of disturbing causes; to separate the general principles, which are always true and everywhere applicable, from the accidental circumstances with which in every community they are blended.—T. B. Macaulay.

**Temporarily in Hard Luck.**  
 A New Orleans householder advertised for a man to do chores around the place, and the advertisement was answered by a colored man. "Are you married?" asked the prospective employer. "Yes, sah, I'm married," replied the applicant, "but mah wife is out of a job."



**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.**

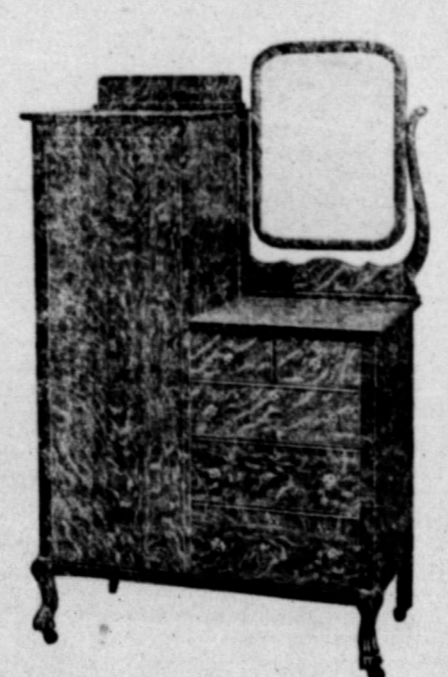
**J. E. PALMER**  
 LOWRY BUILDING      KERRVILLE, TEXAS

# FURNITURE

**BARGAINS---AND WHAT COSTITUATES THEM**

**Furniture sold from this store is better made than much furniture for which higher prices are charged elsewhere.**

**Our idea of a bargain goes deeper than the "handsome binding." We concern ourselves with the hidden workmanship which you cannot see, and we enforce the rule that this workmanship must be honest throughout. That is why furniture purchased here will endure.**



**Our stock for 1917 will be more complete and up-to-date than ever, and we shall try harder than ever to supply every want in the furniture and house-furnishing line.**

W. A. Fawcett & Co.

**Catholic Church Notes**

(By Father Kemper)  
 The Church Unity Octave closes this Thursday, feast of St. Paul's Conversion. We are well pleased with the fervent Christian spirit manifested during this novena by all participants for the return to a strong, undivided brotherhood.

Last Sunday at Comfort, Miss Delfina Longoria was united in holy matrimony to Mr. Domingo Valdes. On the same occasion Father Kemper received two catechumens into Mother Church by baptism.

Miss Christina Hlaviek, sister of Mrs. Ludwig Matula, returned to Corpus Christi on Thursday. She will soon be followed by the family of Mr. Ludwig Matula who is Notre Dame's janitor, and is very anxious to go back to farming.

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.

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

**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.

**At the Matinee.**  
 One devout woman, after gasping through the Litany on a hot Sunday morning in church, admitted that she had liked the service very much, "all but the matinee, which was much too long." She meant the Litany.

## Mosel, Saenger & Co.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

### GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Cedar Logs, Posts, Etc.

[Comfortable Camp Yard with water Free to All.]

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

## THE STAR MARKET

C. L. BIEHLER, Prop.

**THE BEST OF EVERYTHING AT LOWEST PRICES**

Free Delivery      PHONE 162

### FIRE, HAIL, TORNADO, AUTOMOBILE

INSURANCE

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

W. A. FAWCETT

Phone 31      P. O. Box 331

## Gilbert C. Storms

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Office at Kerrville, Texas

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

## The Man Who Bats

And the Man who Likes  
Good Things To Eat  
Asks his wife to buy at

# BERRY'S

We don't keep Groceries,  
We Sell them.

### Local Notes

J. J. Denton has our thanks for a fine load of wood on subscription.

Tanlac at  
The Rock Drug Store.

J. J. Duncan and Jim Thompson were among the divide ranchmen in town Monday.

Something new in Tennis Shoes at BENTON'S.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Mayfield and two small children were visiting in this city Saturday.

Bring us your green armadillo shells. R. H. Chaney.

Mr. W. S. Hinds who has been in the hospital for several weeks was able to return home Tuesday.

"Aunt Jemima's Pancake Flour; Maple Syrup to match. C. C. Butt Grocery.

Tanlac at  
The Rock Drug Store.

The Advance wants a regular correspondent at Ingram, also at Medina and Bandera. We would like, also, to have a letter to the paper from the various school houses of the county giving the real news from the different communities.

### Card of Thanks.

We desire to express our thanks to all who by their acts of kindness and floral offerings made the loss of our loved one, C. T. Weston, easier to bear.  
The Family.

T. M. Aaron who has recently moved down below Bandera was a welcome caller at this office Saturday.

Club House Jams are unexcelled Try them  
C. C. Butt Grocery.

M. D. Wardlow and W. A. Simmons motored to San Antonio and back Saturday in Mr. Wardlow's Ford.

Tennis Shoes Oxfords, Mary Janes Mens and Boys Tennis Oxfords, with rubber heels at BENTON'S. Prices right.

Will A. Morris, Jr., of San Antonio is spending the week here visiting his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Morris.

I am in the market for green armadillo shells. R. H. Chaney.

Boys "Hiker" shoes at  
West Texas Supply Co.

Be satisfied. Use Club House Canned goods.  
C. C. Butt Grocery

Mill run wheat bran, rice bran and pure corn chops at  
West Texas Supply Co.

### DR. WERBLUN IN KERRVILLE

Dr. L. Werblun, optician who makes regular visits here, will be in Center Point, at Dr. Merritt's office, Feb. 1, 2 and 3, and will be in Kerrville at Rawson's drug store Feb 5 to 10 inclusive. Examination of the eyes free.

Bring your green and dry hides to us. We pay highest market prices. Mosel, Saenger & Co.

A. L. Trotter from his ranch near Segovia was in town Saturday.

Only six more days to pay your tax. Better get ready to vote.

Green armadillo shells bought at highest market prices.  
R. H. Chaney, Kerrville.

Large lard cans, will hold 100 lbs for sale, only 50 cents.  
C. C. Butt Grocery.

Tom Johnson was here Saturday from San Saba. Mr. Johnson was for many years a resident of the upper Medina.

Bring us your Poultry and eggs. Highest market prices paid.  
West Texas Supply Co.

Just received 25 cases Tennis Shoes and Oxfords. See them in BENTON'S show window.

The marriage of Miss Ella Glause and Mr. C. A. Brown is reported to have taken place in San Antonio last Monday. Both are well known in Kerrville and their many friends will join us in extending them good wishes.

Peaches, Apricots, Apples, and Blackberries in gallon cans. Use them for making jams or table use. Very economical.  
C. C. Butt Grocery.

H. E. Rambie of Mason creek, Bandera county, brought his wife here to the Hospital Sanitarium last Friday and on Monday she underwent a right serious operation. She is doing nicely, we are glad to say.

We have already received a shipment of Spring Dress goods, Laces and Embroideries, etc., and you are invited to call and see them.  
Mosel, Saenger & Co.

Wheat and Milo Maize for chicken feed.  
West Texas Supply Co.

### Hides Wanted

Dry and green cow hides, and goat and sheep pelts wanted. We pay highest market prices.  
West Texas Supply Co.

The deal whereby Herman Harper was to sell his place to Fred Gammethaler of Battle Creek, Mich., mentioned sometime ago has been closed. Mr. Harper expects to leave for Bandera his future home, about Feb. 1st.—Harper Herald.

Walter H. Crider was in town yesterday from South Fork.

"Make room Sale" From 10 to 40 per cent off on all high shoes. at BENTONS.

Jas. Sellers was among the Center Point citizens here yesterday.

Cotton Seed Meal and Cotton Seed Cake. Other feed stuff.  
West Texas Supply Co.

W. D. Burney, president of the Guadalupe Valley Bank of Center Point, was here on business Monday.

Don't miss the last episode of "Gloria's Romance" at Pampell's Theatre tonight.

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

D. A. Beaver was in town from South Fork Tuesday with some nice pigs which he sold out to various parties here.

Examination Tablets and all other School Supplies can be found at the Nifty News Stand, in S. P. Benton's Shoe Store.

Premier and Beach-Nut Jams and Jellies at  
BERRY'S.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Nichols of Ingram are spending the day in town visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Morriss.

Remember we are always in the market for your poultry and eggs and will pay the best price the market will justify.  
Mosel, Saenger & Co.

White House and Our Pride Flour make the cook smile. We sell it.  
West Texas Supply Co.

The Morriss Brothers arrived in town Monday with a fine bunch of hogs, 111 head, which they drove from their ranch at Big Point. The hogs were shipped to the Fort Worth market.

Bulk Kraut, Dill and other pickles, Brick, Green and Cream Cheese Mackerel, Pickled Pigs Feet, and Bulk Peanut Butter, all fresh at  
BERRY'S, Phone 182.

Miss Ollie B. Gibson of Paris, who has been in our city the past year, received the sad news of the death of her 21-year-old brother, Joseph Lee Gibson, on Sunday Jan. 21, at the home of a sister, Mrs. W. D. Stevens, in Denison.

A. W. Hunter and Herman Harper were in Kerrville on their return to Harper from Bandera last Saturday. Mr. Harper has sold out at Harper and will soon move to Bandera.

Better get your Shoes Now. While they go at 10 to 20 per cent off at  
BENTON'S

Cold weather calls for more heavy clothing. We still have a fine stock of everything in winter goods. It will pay you to get our prices.  
Mosel, Saenger & Co.

Carload of new Pianos just received. See them on exhibition at the Kerrville Furniture Co.  
G. M. Doyle, Piano Dealer.

New onion sets, red, yellow or white. Better get yours.  
West Texas Supply Co.

### Phone 72

FOR THE BEST

## C. C. BUTT Grocery

The Satisfactory Store

## PAMPELL'S THEATER

### FRIDAY NIGHT

Third Episode of the Great Serial, featuring Helen Holmes in  
"A Lass of the Lumberlands"  
Prices 5 and 15 cents.

### SATURDAY NIGHT

Another great William Fox Photo Play entitled

### "AMBITION"

By that talented and internationally known emotional Star

## Mme. Bertha Kalish

It is a heart-gripping story of modern life showing the extent to which woman will go to aid those she loves.

Prices, 10 and 20 cents

### Eggs and Baby Chicks.

From fine bred-to-lay, White Leghorn stock. Eggs, 15 \$1.00; 100, \$5.00. Baby chicks, 25 \$3.75; 50, \$6.25, 100 \$10.

The Golden Rule Poultry Farm. M. S. Osborne, Mgr. Phone 57.

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

Miss Clara Corkill of San Antonio is spending a few days in Kerrville visiting her sister, Mrs. J. D. Motley.

Big Spring Stock on the road. Must make room; 10 to 40 per cent off on all high shoes at  
BENTON'S.

### Here's Your Tennis Shoes!

Just received a large shipment of Tennis Shoes and Oxfords for men, boys, ladies, misses and children. Also the Sifter-Sue Tennis Pumps for ladies, misses and children. The prices are right. Come and see.  
West Texas Supply Co.

Thrift Day Feb. 3!—Every day at Notre Dame Institute. It stands for efficiency in the highest Christian sense. Tuition one dollar a month only to those who can afford it.

### The Poultryman Saith:

Make your back yard profitable by raising from M. S. Osborne's White Leghorn Chickens. He has the kind that make good at the Nests. They lay, therefore, they pay.

The Golden Rule Poultry Farm. M. S. Osborne, Mgr. Phone 57

Fresh garden seeds just received, either in bulk or packages.  
West Texas Supply Co.

### Millinery Notice

My new Spring goods are arriving every day. All are invited to come and see them.  
MISS RUTH MOSEL  
In Chas. Mosel Tin Shop.

## Our Store is only as Far as Your Phone

When you need drugs or other drugstore goods, don't think of our store as so many minutes or so many blocks away, but recall the fact that our store is as near as your phone.

### Call Phone 60

when you need anything in our line. We emphasize service in all departments of our business. So, when we say that our Free Delivery Service is prompt, we mean it. Don't venture out when the weather is bad. Let your phone and our delivery boy do the work.

"The Store that Has It First."

## ROCK DRUG STORE

MISS IDA PFEUFFER, Proprietor

## 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

## 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

eights  
sixes  
fours

# Oakland

**There's an Oakland for You**

Whatever your ideas or ideals in a motor car, there is an Oakland to fit your needs. If you want mighty power, maximum speed, size and super-luxury there is the big, beautiful Oakland Eight at \$1585.

If you prefer a car of somewhat smaller size, but amply large for comfort, beautifully finished, and with all the flexibility and pull that six cylinders give, you can choose the Oakland Six at \$795. Then there is also the Oakland Four, \$1050, a family car of exceptional economy and simplicity. See your Oakland car today.

**DIETERT MOTOR CO.**  
Dealers, Kerrville, Texas



*"Sturdy as the Oak"*

Thousands Tell It

Why daily along with backache and kidney or bladder troubles? Thousands tell you how to find relief. Here's a case to guide you. And it's only one of thousands. Forty thousand American people are publicly praising Doan's Kidney Pills. Surely it is worth the while of anyone who has a bad back, who feels tired, nervous and run-down, who endures distressing urinary disorders, to give Doan's Kidney Pills a trial.

A Texas Case

Mrs. J. M. Beck, "Tom Peter's Sister" is a m. 35 E. "Four" St., Paris, Tex., says: "I was a sweeping when a sharp pain suddenly took me in the small of my back and almost doubled me up. Soon after my feet swelled badly, caused by retention of the kidney secretions, and there were puffiness under my eyes. I had a tired, drowsy feeling, along with dizzy spells. After being treated by several doctors without benefit, I used Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured me."

Get Doan's at Any Store. 50c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.



Macaroni—What do you think John and Daddy, when I told him that when we were captured I wanted a very nice, a country place, of acres and a lot of servants? Daddy—Well, what did the person say? Macaroni—He said that if I would stop near my right side I would have such dreams.

Bad dreams are a good sign of your digestion, when the hard worked stomach begins to complain the whole system suffers and we have constipation, offensive breath, dyspepsia and all sorts of similar disorders, every one of which, if you did not know it, cries aloud for

Green's August Flower

Which for 51 years has contributed to the health and well-being of countless thousands everywhere. 25c. and 75c.



Intuition is what a woman thinks she has when she makes a real good guess.

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

Many a man's good reputation is due to what isn't found out about him.

Send 10c to Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, for large trial package of Anurie for kidney—cures backache.—Adv.

The Oracle at Home.

They had been engaged a week. "Do you believe in dreams?" the young man asked.

"Sure," she replied. "Well, I had an awful one last night. I dreamed of a coffin and—"

"Oh, Jia," she exclaimed, "that's a sign you are going to be married."

The young man looked a her in bewilderment. "If that's the case," he responded gallantly, "I wish I would dream it a dozen times."

"I think you're mean," he exclaimed. "I'd like to know what an earth you would do with a dozen wives. I bet you couldn't manage one—by yourself!"—Indianapolis News.

One Best Bet.

"Pop!"

"Yes, my son."

"They get coal out of the earth, don't they?"

"Yes, my boy."

"And they get gold out of the earth, too, don't they, pop?"

"Sure thing."

"Well, from the present outlook it would appear that we've got to get the gold out first. What?"

"How?" demanded Clarkson, curiously.

"By buying Thomas out, lock, stock and barrel," Holmes answered. "He'll make us pay through the nose. I suppose, but it can't be helped now. We're in a hole and we've got to get out of it before we sink any deeper."

"I ran down to Dawsonville a month ago," said Clarkson, "and had a talk with Thomas. I told him we might consider buying the river rights if the price was low enough."

"Oh, he'll sell, all right, if we offer enough," Holmes said cynically. "Every man has his price. Where is Behrens now?"

"He was at Dawsonville a day or two ago," the other replied.

"Good! That's just where I want him. He can put through this deal if anyone can. Just take down this telegram:

"William Behrens, Dawsonville:—It is imperative that we acquire immediately, boom rights on Oregonia, now owned by Timothy Thomas. See him and close deal without delay. Am wiring Hewitt, lawyer, Capital City, to meet you at Dawsonville tonight and draw papers. Holmes."

The message was taken off the wire late that afternoon by the operator at Dawsonville. The operator was a very pretty girl who wrinkled her brows in a puzzled way as she copied the message on a yellow slip.

The operator's name was Helen Dawson. Helen had to read the telegram several times before she realized its full significance. Suddenly the solution

dawned on her. The trust wanted those water rights, whatever they cost, so that it might monopolize transportation.

For a long time the young girl sat at her desk, heedless of the chattering instrument, debating her action. Behrens, to whom the message was addressed, she knew by sight. He was a surly fellow, unscrupulous and domineering.

There was only one thing to do, she decided. She would show the telegram to Dave Dawson, her foster father, and abide by his decision.

It was five o'clock. In an hour the night operator would report for his trick and Helen would be free to leave her post. A few minutes after six she ran breathlessly into the living room of the Dawson home.

"Uncle Dave," she cried, holding out the square of yellow paper, "read this! I wanted you to see it before it was delivered to Behrens."

Twice, thrice, David Dawson read the message. Then, his mind made up, he rose and donned his hat.

"Come along, my dear," he said. "We'll go over to Tim Thomas and have a talk. He's pretty hard-headed, is old Tim, but whatever they may say of him he's not hard-hearted. If we can make him see things as we do, he'll not be likely to sell to the Amalgamated at any price."

Tim Thomas listened to the story, absently poking the fire as he did so. An inscrutable grin overspread his mahogany-hued countenance. At last he turned to Dawson with a gesture indicating that he had heard enough.

"Dave," he said, "you've sized me up right. I reckon I've got the reputation around here of being a close-fisted old fellow, but I ain't so d—greedy for money that I'd rula somebody else to get it. You needn't worry no more about his business, Dave, nor you either, Miss Helen—I ain't going to sell to the Amalgamated, no matter what they offer me. I'm getting a pretty fair income from the boom rights, anyhow."

So intent on their conversation were the three in old Tim's cabin, that they did not hear the approach of two men whose footfalls were denuded by the soft earth they trod. These new arrivals stood for a time outside the cabin door, listening intently. One of them was "Big Bill" Behrens, the other was Hewitt, the lawyer.

They were not slow to realize the desperate state of their mission, those two worthies. It was well into the evening before they again approached the cabin.

"Little matter of business to talk over with you, Thomas," said Behrens, as the old man opened in response to his knock. "Mr. Hewitt, here, happened to be in town so I brought him along."

"Go ahead," said Thomas, but none too amiably, for he had no love for the Amalgamated or its emissaries. "Spit out what ye've got to say," urged the old lumberman.

"It's about your boom rights on the Oregonia," said Behrens, easily, "while ago you offered to sell out to Mr. Holmes. Isn't that so?"

"That fellow Thomas, with his cursed boom rights has us in a devil of a hole. He seems to be doing all the business while the railroad is not paying for its grease."

"The railway is in bad shape," Clarkson admitted. "There is hardly any business outside the passenger traffic and a little local freight."

"You're right there," said Holmes. "We can't compete with the river so the job we've got before us is as plain as the nose on your face. We'll have to close the river up."

"How?" demanded Clarkson, curiously.

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A LASS OF THE LUMBERLANDS by E. ALEXANDER POWELL. NOVELIZED FROM THE MOTION PICTURE SERIAL OF THE SAME NAME. PRODUCED BY THE SIGNAL FILM CORP.

Third Episode.

Helen's exceptional intelligence and mental alertness made her an apt pupil of the telegraph operator at Dawsonville, so that within three months after her meeting with Rupert Holmes, she was able to send and take messages with a facility that astonished her instructor. Within six months she was able to take the messages of the fastest sender on the circuit.

The situation existing in the lumber territory adjacent to Dawson was a peculiar one. The railway itself was but a pawn in the shrewd game which the trust was playing in its effort to control the northern forests. It had been built by the Amalgamated at the insistence of Rupert Holmes, in order to tap the rich holdings of the independent owners to the north and east of Dawsonville.

No sooner was it put in operation than Holmes gave orders to boost the freight rates, for he was not hampered in that day by interstate commerce legislation, and he figured that if the rates were gradually raised to a point where the independents could no longer ship except at a loss, they would be forced, in order to save themselves, to sell their holdings to the trust at the trust's price.

But just as Holmes had ridden to success on the importance of a river, so his latest scheme was doomed to failure because he had forgotten the fact. The Calapooia boom rights, which had been the basis of all Holmes' wealth, had been no more important proportionately than were the boom rights of the Oregonia.

And just as Holmes, twenty years before, had owned the boom rights on the Calapooia, so the same privileges on the smaller stream were controlled by a shrewd old homesteader named Timothy Thomas. Under the terms of the homestead act Thomas had still five months to live on his land before the government would give him clear title to it. And the boom rights on the Oregonia went with the land.

With the completion of the railway, old Tim Thomas began to see a light shining on the tortuous channel of the Oregonia. When the Amalgamated put its staggering freight rates into effect on the new line, independent owners turned preference to the only other channel of transportation—the river.

As a result, within a year after the last rail had been laid and the last spike driven, the railway sidings were filled with flat cars lying idle, while the once despised Oregonia was fairly choked with logs hurtling along on their way to the coastwise mills. It was a transformation that delighted old Tim Thomas, for on every log floated away its owner paid him toll.

It is not difficult, therefore, to comprehend why Rupert Holmes was in an unpleasant mood, when, on his return from a prolonged business visit to European points, he summoned his confidential manager to a conference.

"Clarkson," he began, abruptly, "that fellow Thomas, with his cursed boom rights has us in a devil of a hole. He seems to be doing all the business while the railroad is not paying for its grease."

"The railway is in bad shape," Clarkson admitted. "There is hardly any business outside the passenger traffic and a little local freight."

"You're right there," said Holmes. "We can't compete with the river so the job we've got before us is as plain as the nose on your face. We'll have to close the river up."

"How?" demanded Clarkson, curiously.

"By buying Thomas out, lock, stock and barrel," Holmes answered. "He'll make us pay through the nose. I suppose, but it can't be helped now. We're in a hole and we've got to get out of it before we sink any deeper."

"I ran down to Dawsonville a month ago," said Clarkson, "and had a talk with Thomas. I told him we might consider buying the river rights if the price was low enough."

"Oh, he'll sell, all right, if we offer enough," Holmes said cynically. "Every man has his price. Where is Behrens now?"

"He was at Dawsonville a day or two ago," the other replied.

"Good! That's just where I want him. He can put through this deal if anyone can. Just take down this telegram: "William Behrens, Dawsonville:—It is imperative that we acquire immediately, boom rights on Oregonia, now owned by Timothy Thomas. See him and close deal without delay. Am wiring Hewitt, lawyer, Capital City, to meet you at Dawsonville tonight and draw papers. Holmes."

again for the cowardly Behrens, but the first shot had taken effect. With a shuddering gasp, Tim Thomas fell forward on his face. Within a few seconds he was dead and the man who had killed him was skulking off through the dense timber.

David Dawson, sad at heart, walked slowly over to his own home where the other members of the family were eagerly awaiting news of Thomas' condition.

"The old man's gone," he said, dropping into a chair. "He was mortally wounded. I guess the whole thing was deliberately planned. Now the Amalgamated will step in and grab his claim. That means ruin for the poor fellows up river."

"But how can the Amalgamated take Tim's claim?" demanded Helen. "Won't it go to his heirs?"

"Tom didn't leave no heirs," said Dawson, "leastways, none that I ever heard of. Even if he had any heirs it wouldn't make no difference, for he had left five months to live on his land before he could get a clear deed. Now he's gone the title lapses."

"Do you mean to say," Helen interrupted excitedly, "that Behrens could file a homestead claim on Tim's land and the boom rights that go with it?"

"That's about the size of it," Dave admitted.

"Tom," cried Helen, "have you got steam up on the engine?"

"Sure thing," was the answer. "I'm pulling out for Port Jefferson in thirty minutes."

"No, you're not," Helen fairly screamed. "You are pulling out for Big Falls in three minutes, and I'm going with you."

"Why, what on earth—" Tom began, but Helen interrupted him.

"No talk," she ordered. "We haven't a second to lose. Don't you understand? Behrens and Hewitt have heard that Tim is dead. They know that his claim has reverted to the government, so they've gone to Big Falls to file on it."

It should be explained that the railway parallels the Oregonia from Dawsonville to Shore Race Bend, a distance of fifty miles, after which it makes a long detour through the hills, regaining the river at Big Falls, the county seat. Between Horse Race Bend and Big Falls the river pursues an almost straight course, racing with the speed of a derby winner between high walls of rock.

Casting caution to the winds, Dawson threw wide his throttle and the engine hurried at terrifying speed over the twin lines of steel which stretched ahead. Telegraph poles flashed past like pallings in a picket fence. Behind them, a single flat car, retained to balance the engine, rocked and swayed like a raft in a rough sea. Lashed to the car was Helen's Indian canoe. What the intrepid girl had in her mind Tom Dawson knew and it terrified him. Helen's plan was to leave the railway, at Race Horse Bend and shoot the rapids into Big Falls.

Menerville Behrens and Hewitt were having a scarcely less thrilling ride in the latter's motor car. Though they were quite unaware that they were being raced for the county seat, they nevertheless were taking no chances.

Twenty miles they covered at reckless speed—thirty, forty, fifty miles an hour. Then, swinging round a curve in the road as a racing machine turns into the home stretch, they saw before them an old fashioned wooden bridge spanning the river. A repair gang was at work on the bridge and one of the men started forward waving his arms, but too late.

"Hang tight!" screamed Behrens, to his companion. "Half the planks are out and we've got to take it lying down."

There was a growing rumble as the tires hit the huge structure—then the crash of rending timbers as the rotten old supports gave way, dropping the car and its occupants into the rushing torrent beneath.

Almost simultaneously Tom Dawson brought his panting engine to a stand on the curve at the Horse Race. The canoe was quickly lowered into the water, and leaving his engine with banked fires on the siding, Tom Dawson accompanied Helen on board the frail little craft in which they were to complete their journey.

Twenty minutes of hard paddling brought them to the wrecked bridge where lay all that was left of a yellow automobile. A little shriek of triumph broke from Helen's lips and a roar came from the powerful lungs of her escort, as they saw two men standing on the rocky shore. They squeezed through the mess of timbers with only inches to spare, and were on their way, while Behrens and Hewitt shook their fists in impotent rage.

Ten minutes away lay Big Falls. The chimneys of the mills were already visible. From that on it was a mere canoe trip.

When Helen stepped down the broad stone front entrance of the court-house an hour later, a buckboard furiously driven, drew up at the curb. From it leaped two men. Helen smiled upon them sweetly.

"If you've come to file on the Thomas property, Mr. Behrens," said the young woman, "you're just a little late. I filed a claim for it myself an hour ago. Tell your employer, Mr. Holmes, that if he still wants the boom rights on the Oregonia, he will have to deal with me."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Why He Saluted Her. As a pleasant-faced woman passed the corner Jones raised his hat to her and remarked feelingly to his companion: "Ah, my boy, I owe a great deal to that woman."

"Your mother?" was the query.

"No, my landlady."

Suffered Several Years. PERUNA MADE ME WELL

Mrs. Elizabeth Reuther, 1002 11th St., N. W., Washington, D. C., writes: "I am pleased to endorse Peruna as a splendid medicine for catarrh and stomach trouble, from which I suffered for several years. I took it for several months, and at the end of that time found my health was restored and have felt splendidly ever since. I now take it when I contract a cold, and it soon cures the system of any catarrhal tendencies."

Mount Inez for Suffragist. Residents of Elizabethton and vicinity have rechristened Mount Discovery, one of the highest peaks in Adirondacks, "Mount Inez," as a tribute to Inez Milholland Boissevain, who was buried at the foot of the mountain recently. From the peak may be had an excellent view of Lake Champlain, the Adirondacks and the Green Mountains.

10 CENT "CASCARETS" FOR LIVER AND BOWELS. Cure Sick Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, Bad Breath—Candy Cathartic.

No odds how bad your liver, stomach or bowels; how much your head aches, how miserable you are from constipation, indigestion, biliousness and sluggish bowels—you always get relief with Cascarets. They immediately cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour, fermenting food and foul gases; take the excess bile from the liver and carry off the constipated waste matter and poison from the intestines and bowels. A stomach sweet and head clear for months. They work while you sleep.—Adv.

Quite So. "That man is in a grave hurry." "Yes; I noticed he was buried in thought."

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

An instrument has been invented to check quickly and accurately the alignment of automobile wheels to ascertain if they track correctly.

A world liver condition prevents proper food assimilation. Tonic up your liver with Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. They act gently and surely. Adv.

To lessen the shocks a new detachable tandem seat for motorcycles is equipped with both horizontal and vertical springs and has a back rest.

Occasionally a man on the downward path is traveling in the opposite direction.

FOR ITCHING, BURNING SKINS. Bathe With Cuticura Soap and Apply the Ointment—Trial Free.

For eczemas, rashes, itchings, irritations, pimples, dandruff, sore hands, and baby humors, Cuticura Soap and Ointment are supremely effective. Besides they tend to prevent these distressing conditions, if used for everyday toilet and nursery preparations.

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

Any Direction Would Do. She had attained some success as an authoress and after her marriage decided to write a novel. Some months later she complained to her husband: "My new novel goes but slowly, dear; but my publisher assures me it would go into the thousands if we'd just get up some sort of a sensation—for instance—get you to enter divorce proceedings!"

The husband meditated thoughtfully a few moments.

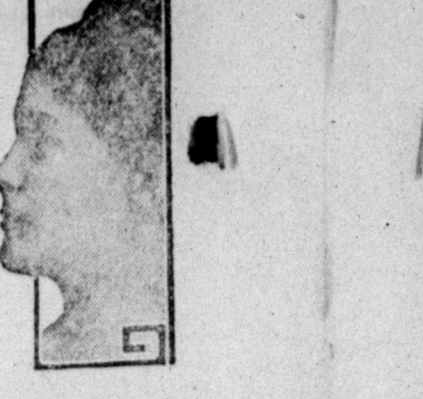
"Well," he said, "I can't afford that; but—I'm willing to run away."

The Quinine That Does Not Cause Nervousness or Ringing in Head

Because of its Tonic and Laxative effect, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE can be taken by anyone without causing nervousness or ringing in the head. It removes the cause of Colds, Grip and Headache. Used whenever Quinine is needed.

—but remember there is Only One "Bromo Quinine" That is the Original Laxative Bromo Quinine This Signature on Every Box

Use the World Over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c. C. W. Groves. Makers also of the Old Standard Grove's Tasteless Chilli Tonic



Those who object to liquid medicines can now procure Peruna Tablets.

Autos in Steel Cages. Los Angeles is trying to make joy rides and auto thefts impossible by supplying steel cages for cars on the street. Instead of the chalked-off spaces usually provided for parking in the downtown section. The movement is experimental and the cost may be prohibitive, but the cages now in use are rented for a small fee, which it is believed will cover the expense. Auto owners approve of the new scheme, counting the rental an effective auto insurance rate, and so far there is a long waiting list of applicants for every street cage available.

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.

Liberal-Minded Maid. The favored suitor ringed the doorbell. "Is Miss Blank at home?" he inquired. "Oh, yes, sir," replied the maid, and she ushered him into the drawing room.

Having waited for almost an hour he summoned the maid again. "Did you forget to tell Miss Blank that I was here?" he asked, impatiently.

"No, sir," was the reply. "Miss Blank hasn't got back from shopping yet."

"But you said she was at home." "Yes, sir. She told me positively that she was always home to you, sir."

A CURE FOR DISTEMPER. Distemper is something from which horses in this country are liable to suffer at any season of the year, but is usually much more prevalent in cold weather, during fall, winter and spring. It is during this time of the year that horses are more frequently exposed to the severe and rapid changes of weather and the germs of distemper manifest themselves quickly. Owners should not let the disease in any form run thru the stables. It can be prevented and cured by using Frazier's Distemper Remedy, Coughs, Colds and Influenza cured in three to six days. Your money back if not satisfactory. Sold by most druggists, or prepaid from the owners. Send for booklet. Price 50 cts. and \$1.00 per bottle. Binkley Medical Co., Dept. W., Nappanee, Ind.—Adv.

Business Methods. An elderly lady entered a shop and asked to be shown some tablecloths. The salesman brought a pile and showed them to her, but she said she had seen those elsewhere—nothing suited her.

"Haven't you something new?" she asked.

The clerk then brought another pile and showed them to her.

"These are the newest patterns," he said. "You will notice that the edge runs right around the border and the center is in the middle."

"Isn't that lovely!" said the lady. "I will take a half dozen of those."—Life.

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

Even a poor man who hasn't a dollar may be well off as long as he remains single.

No self-respecting man cares to make love to a girl who makes loves to a pug dog.

PAIN? NO LIFT Y OR

No hump! then just with

This new drug discovered by a

is c now bott very drug free two corn ly th Short corn you and No even ing, free

the shri in a wor a fo rid soft

the toes, as well bottom of your points and nerves flames.—Adv.

Gold, silver, mercury, iron, and aluminum generally

PAIN? NOT A BIT! LIFT YOUR CORNS OR CALLUSES OFF

No humbug! Apply few drops then just lift them away with fingers.

This new drug is an ether compound discovered by a Cincinnati chemist. It is called Freezone, and can now be obtained in tiny bottles as here shown at very little cost from any drug store.

Not a twinge of pain, soreness or irritation; not even the slightest smarting, either when applying Freezone or afterwards.

Gold, silver, copper, quicksilver or mercury, iron, nickel, tin, zinc, lead and aluminum are the ten minerals generally to be found in every house.

Ask for and Get SKINNER'S THE HIGHEST QUALITY MACARONI

PENSIONS FOR WIDOWS AND ORPHANS

Texas Directory GENERAL HARDWARE AND SUPPLIES

McCaNE'S DETECTIVE AGENCY HOUSTON, TEXAS

COTTON We handle cotton on consignment only

GOBLMAN, LESTER & CO. The oldest and largest exclusive cotton factors in Texas

HUNT'S LIGHTNING OIL MAKES PAIN VANISH

TYPHOID is no more necessary than Smallpox

To Kill Rats and Mice ALWAYS USE STEARNS' ELECTRIC PASTE

COLORED PEOPLE can have nice, long, straight hair

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC Sold for 47 years

WALL STONES

MINES YIELD FORTUNE

Arizona Produces \$34,000,000 in Dividends in Year.

Uncle Sam's Final Figures on Mineral Output in 1916 Expected to Show Total of \$3,000,000,000.

Ten mines in Arizona paid \$34,000,000 in dividends during the past year.

There are some of the impressive facts brought out by the report of Uncle Sam's geological survey to Secretary Lane.

"Never before," said Mr. Lane, "has so large a draft been made on the natural resources of our country as during this year, and never before have the metals been extracted from these ores with less waste or utilized to better advantage in advancing the general prosperity of the country."

"Again copper stands out as the best illustration of how American mines can meet a world demand.

"The output of zinc from domestic ores increased last year 55,000 tons, which makes a new record for that metal."

"With all this activity in metal production the coal mines have had to meet a heavy demand, so that the bituminous coal output has now passed the 500,000,000 ton mark.

"The reports received from the survey's western offices contain most significant mining records.

"These advance statements not only show that 1916 marks a new advance for the mineral industry of the country, but this remarkable increase promises to be approximately 25 per cent over the 1915 production."

Uncle Sam's Marines Are To Visit South America

With the prospect of viewing the greatest engineering feat of the century, hundreds of Uncle Sam's marines, now serving with the Atlantic fleet, are eagerly looking forward to the time when battleships, cruisers and destroyers are scheduled to make a five-day trip to the Panama canal.

The war in Europe curtailed the customary visits of the sea soldiers to many foreign ports, and, while no formal arrangements have been decided upon, plans are being made to enable the men of the fleet to make an annual visit to South America and other neutral ports.

TO DEVELOP COAL MARKETS

Uncle Sam's Commerce Boosters See in This a Means of Building Up American Merchant Marine.

An investigation of South American markets for coal will be undertaken by Uncle Sam's bureau of foreign and domestic commerce.

British economists are agreed that much of England's success in merchant shipping is due to the fact that Welsh coal has always been available for return cargoes.

Latin America is a promising market for coal because it has very limited supplies of its own. Chile, Peru, and Bolivia in particular need coal and have an abundance of minerals to ship in return.

AFTER 14 YEARS OF SUFFERING

This Lady Tried Cardui. Let Her Tell You in The Following Statement The Results She Obtained.

Wise, Va.—Mrs. J. M. Elam, of this place, in writing of her female troubles, says: "This trouble went on for 14 years, often I was unable to work and suffered badly at... times, when I could not be on my feet at all. Really I had health all the time during those 14 years, and was never without pain, with awful backaching, had no appetite, was nervous, but at that time my husband's sister... recommended that I try Cardui, which I began to take... and which has caused me to be in better health ever since. In a few days I felt that improvement had begun. My back got stronger and less painful. I got less nervous and my appetite began to improve. In a few weeks my improvement was noticeable, and I got into better health than I had had for 14 years... My walking before had been very painful, and could not stand on my feet to do any good. After using these medicines, however, I could walk without pain and was able to do the work and housekeeping for an ordinary family. My back and appetite were better and also my nerves."

If you suffer as Mrs. Elam did, take Cardui. It may be just what you need.—Adv.

England Conserves War Timber. The English crown woods, which cover 125,000 acres and contain timber worth \$25,000,000, are being extensively but carefully exploited to furnish war timber for the front.

END STOMACH TROUBLE. GASES OR DYSPEPSIA

"Pape's Diapiesin" makes Sick, Sour, Gassy Stomachs surely feel fine in five minutes.

If what you just ate is souring on your stomach or lies like a lump of lead, refusing to digest, or you belch gas and eructate sour, undigested food, or have a feeling of dizziness, heartburn, fullness, nausea, bad taste in mouth and stomach-headache, you can get blessed relief in five minutes. Put an end to stomach trouble forever by getting a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapiesin from any drug store. You realize in five minutes how needless it is to suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia or any stomach disorder. It's the quickest, surest stomach doctor in the world. It's wonderful.—Adv.

Appropriate Conduct. "Mrs. Jinsip is a consistent nagger."

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

A Stickler for Pa. "Pa."

Anoint the eyelids with Roman Eye Balm upon retiring at night, and in the morning observe the refreshed and strengthened sensation in your eyes upon arising.—Adv.

What About the Eggs? A country store in Delaware county, until the proprietor was made to see the point, bore this sign designed to catch the eye of the farmer bound Muehleward with his produce: "If you want to trade your eggs and butter for something good, come in here."—Indianapolis News.

TAKES OFF DANDRUFF, HAIR STOPS FALLING

Save your Hair! Get a 25 cent bottle of Danderine right now—Also stops itching scalp.

This, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff—that awful scurf.

Not That Kind. "I understand your husband is something of a valetudinarian, Mrs. Come-up."

The earth under a blanket of snow is usually ten degrees warmer than the air above it.

The empress of Russia is said to be the finest royal singer in the world.

INSTRUCTION FOR FARM WOMEN NEXT

New Line of Work to Be Undertaken by Uncle Sam's Agricultural Experts.

TEACHERS WILL DODGE FADS

Instruction Will Be Confined to Subjects of Practical Benefit—Would Save Time, Money and Labor.

By ELIZABETH VAN BENTHUYSEN. Thirty-three northern and western states will get the chief benefit from a new line of work that has been planned by the federal department of agriculture in which the chief consideration is the instruction of farm women in home economics.

Miss Florence E. Ward has been placed at the head of the new task. She has been prominent for many years in educational work and is believed to be thoroughly equipped for the latest venture in which Uncle Sam is embarking to make the farms of the country more profitable and productive.

Home demonstration work is the title of the department over which Miss Ward presides. The Smith-Lever act of 1914 made possible the work for the women. The law provided for the use of government funds in aiding the housewife to increase her efficiency and her stock of knowledge. It was the first important concession made to the wife of the farmer and may be taken as a natural outgrowth of the progress that woman's suffrage has made in recent years.

Teach Women to Do Part. The object of the venture is to prevent women from falling in their part of the communal life. She is to be instructed in the keeping of accounts, in the state of markets, the channels for the purchase of food and clothing and in becoming an efficient aid to the farmer in handling his own work.

In the first study of the new department it is stated that the average work of a farm woman covers ten hours a day—quite an illuminating statement in view of the nationwide fight by the labor element for an eight-hour day. The demonstrators to be sent out by the government will seek to avoid technical, laboratory terms in their instructions. They will dodge fads and seek to confine themselves to the things that farm women can use today. They will assume that women of the farm have brains as well as hands and are prepared to use them to get more important results.

The government is seeking to get practical women on the roster of demonstrators. Women are wanted who can go into rural schoolhouses, face a dozen practical, able women and teach them something worth while that they do not already know better than the teacher.

Obviously the task is great. Most women raised on a farm are not behind in getting the most from the least. They once had to do so and in many cases have to yet. The new teachers must teach the best things socially and economically and carry the very best light into the rural communities that can be afforded.

Save Time, Labor and Money. The keynote of the government's venture is to teach women to save time, labor and money.

That means, as a corollary, to make time, to make leisure and to make money. The program of work calls for this schedule: March, April and May—Poultry production, gardening, keeping the home grounds and home sanitation.

June, July and August—Canning, food, sanitation, the dairy, home laundry work.

September, October and November—Clothing, food and the co-operative purchase of things needed for each community.

December, January and February—Heat in the farm, home, community life, education and home management.

This is indeed an ambitious program and I shall watch it with peculiar interest, born of many years of effort in this service for the betterment of the farm, the garden and the home.

Nation to Promote Saving. Uncle Sam announces that the Colombian congress has adopted a measure providing for the appointment, by the minister of public instruction, of a commission to investigate methods for promoting saving throughout the country.

The Consequences. "The first time he tried, that ambitious aviator flew into a gate."

ACTRESS TELLS SECRET.

A well known actress gives the following recipe for gray hair: To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 1/2 oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. Adv.

Worn Tires for Sole Leather. An ingenious Maine cobbler has substituted material of worn tire casings for leather and patrons mob his shop. Leather prices are quoted as "over the moon" and the new substitute, if generally adopted, ought to help materially in stopping the kiting of man's most pressing necessities.

Dr. Perry's "Dead Shot" is not a "strong" or "weak" but a real old-fashioned dose of medicine which cleans out Worms or Tapeworm with a single dose. Adv.

A barge built for harvesting kelp on the Pacific coast gathers up about 500 tons of seaweed on a trip.

In Italy the refuse gathered in the streets is sold at auction.

IN THE Maintenance OF HEALTH

It is highly important that you pay special attention to the stomach, liver and bowels

AT THE FIRST TENDENCY to sluggishness or weakness you should try HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. Mothers Don't Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Williams. In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA

His Reason. "He's been known as 'Jason B. Jenkins' ever since he came to this city ten years ago, but now it appears that isn't his name at all."

Air-cooling methods of the rapid-fire guns now in use have proved inadequate, and the soldiers seek to think that water-cooling is superior.

IF YOUR CHILD IS CROSS, FEVERISH, CONSTIPATED

Look Mother! If tongue is coated, cleanse little bowels with "California Syrup of Figs."

Mothers can rest easy after giving "California Syrup of Figs," because in a few hours all the clogged-up waste, sour bile and fermenting food gently moves out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again.

Sick children needn't be coaxed to take this harmless "fruit laxative." Millions of mothers keep it handy because they know its action on the stomach, liver and bowels is prompt and sure.

Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which contains directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups.—Adv.

Salt was once used for money in paying the soldiers. It was called "salerium," hence the word salary.

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

In the last five years our national and state lawmaking bodies have passed 62,500 laws.

In some quarters it is held that Russia is the greatest single field in the world for new business.

A Great Discovery

Swollen hands, ankles, feet are due to a dropsical condition, often caused by disordered kidneys. Naturally when the kidneys are deranged the blood is filled with poisonous waste matter, which settles in the feet, ankles and wrists; or under the eye in bag-like formations.

As a remedy for those easily recognized symptoms of inflammation caused by uric acid—as scalding urine, backache and frequent urination, as well as sediment in the urine, or if uric acid in the blood has caused rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, gout, it is simply wonderful how quickly Anurie acts; the pains and stiffness rapidly disappear.

Take a glass of hot water before meals and Anurie to flush the kidneys. Step into any drug store and ask for Anurie, many times more potent than lithia and eliminates uric acid as hot water melts sugar.

Why, it seems the very day he reached town he found a fine new umbrella in the train with that name on it.—Philadelphia Press.

DON'T SNIFFLE! You can rid yourself of that cold in the head by taking Laxative Quinine Tablets. Price 25c. Also used in cases of La Grippe and for severe headaches. Remember that.—Adv.

The steel mast on an Atlantic City oil barge is used as a smokestack on the galley.

Tomato seeds ground and pressed into loaves constitute a valuable cattle fodder.

Ouzenka is pronounced Wuh-ha-ku.

WHAT IS LAX-FOS

LAX-FOS is an improved Cascara (a tonic-laxative) Pleasant to take In LAX-FOS the Cascara is improved by the addition of certain harmless chemicals which increase the efficiency of the Cascara, making it better than ordinary Cascara. LAX-FOS is pleasant to take and does not gripe nor disturb stomach. Adapted to children as well as adults. Just try one bottle for constipation, 50c.

"ROUGH ON RATS" kills Rats, Mice, Bugs, Lice, woodrats, and all vermin.



A WOMAN'S BURDEN are lightened when she turns to the right medicine. If her existence is made gloomy by the chronic weakness, delicate derangements, and painful disorders that afflict her sex, she will find relief and emancipation from her troubles in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. If she's overworked, nervous, or "run-down," she finds new life and strength. It's a powerful, invigorating tonic and nerve which was discovered and used by an eminent physician for many years, in all cases of "female complaints" and weaknesses. For young girls just entering womanhood; for women at the critical "change of life"; in bearing-down seasons, periodical pains, ulceration, inflammation, and every kindred ailment, the "Favorite Prescription" is guaranteed to benefit or cure. Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure biliousness.

# WEST TEXAS SUPPLY COMPANY

*Where Every Dollar Does Its Duty*

*You will make no mistake by trading here, for we handle only  
The Best of Everything*

## Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Groceries and Feed

**YOUR TRADE ALWAYS APPRECIATED**

### Highest Prices Paid for Country Produce

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

#### J. A. Jackson

JEWELER

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

Window in Elite Tailor Shop  
KERRVILLE, TEXAS

#### Dr. E. Galbraith

DENTIST

Office Opposite St. Charles  
Office Phone 37  
House Phone 63

KERRVILLE, TEXAS

#### Horace E. Wilson

LAWYER

216-17 STATE BANK BUILDING  
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

#### Stockmen's Hand Made Boots

is MY SPECIALTY

We are especially equipped to  
turn out the best work and do  
all kinds of leather repairing.  
First Class Shoe Repairing  
and we do it promptly

LO WHEELER

#### County Judge's Notice of Bids for County Depository

Notice is hereby given that, at  
the February Term of the Commis-  
sioner's Court, 1917, said Court  
will receive proposals from any  
banking incorporation or individual  
banker in Kerr County, desiring to  
be selected as the Depository of the  
funds of Kerr County for the ensu-  
ing two years. Dated this the  
11th, day of January, 1917.

LEE WALLACE,  
County Judge, Kerr County, Texas.

#### COAL! COAL!

We have on hand a supply of the  
best, clean coal which we will sell  
at \$8.00 per ton, delivered. Phone  
us your order today.

Kerrville Light & Power Co.

Incubator for Sale—60-egg capac-  
ity. Would trade for good healthy  
chickens. Apply to C. H. Johnson,  
at H. Noll Stock Co.



We're  
Shouting

about the excellent quality  
of our printing. We don't  
care what the job may be,  
we are equipped to turn it  
out to your satisfaction. If  
we can't, we'll tell you so  
frankly.

Let Us Convince You

#### Profit and Prejudice.

Larded scales can't measure fairly.  
The men we dislike are always better  
than our opinions of them. Person-  
ality properly determines social prefer-  
ences, but performance alone is the  
arbiter of competence. When preju-  
dice intrudes upon trade, profit shud-  
ders.

#### Not as Bad as That.

"Fatty, you order me a couple of  
oysters with that bottle of champagne,  
won't you?" "But, my dear child, I  
haven't ordered any wine." "What,  
you haven't ordered any wine? Well,  
look here—do I have to swallow these  
oysters dry?"—Lustige Blaetter (Ber-  
lin).

#### Not His Concern.

"Tom," said a rector to a lad who  
was picking mushrooms in the rec-  
tory-field, "beware of picking a toad-  
stool instead of a mushroom; they are  
easy to confuse." "That be all right,  
sur, that be!" said the urchin; "I  
bain't a-goin' to eat 'em ourselves—  
they're goin' to market."—Tit-Bits.

#### Telephone Service.

Two million five hundred thousand  
telephone messages in Chicago each  
day; 413,000 Bell telephones—more  
than continents of Asia, Africa and  
South America, more than Italy, Spain,  
Greece and Portugal combined.

#### KERRVILLE

Is the county seat of Kerr County,  
has a population of about 2500, is sit-  
uated 50 miles northwesterly from San  
Antonio, and is the terminus of the  
Kerrville branch of the S. A. & A. P.  
railroad. It has two daily trains to  
and from San Antonio, and daily mail  
route, carrying passengers in autos,  
to Ingram, Junction, Rock Springs  
Harper and other places north and  
west of Kerrville, and also a daily line  
to Fredericksburg. From Kerrville to  
Fredericksburg is 25 miles; to Ban-  
dera and Medina City, 25 miles; to  
Junction 60 miles; Rock Springs 80  
miles, Harper 21 miles.

Kerrville has electric lights and a  
splendid system of water works. The  
sum of \$20,000 has been spent on the  
streets and \$10,000 has been spent for  
road improvements in this precinct.

The elevation at Kerrville is 1750  
feet. The Guadalupe river, which  
heads 80 miles north of Kerrville, runs  
through the city. On the east side  
where the city is located, there are  
high bluffs on the river, and on the  
west side is a fertile and beautiful val-  
ley, and mountains surround the city  
on the east and west. The Guadalupe  
valley is occupied by thirty farmers  
and ranchmen, and the mountain re-  
gions, among which there is consider-  
able valley, creek and arable land,  
there are large ranches of cattle,  
horses, sheep and goats, all of which  
do well in the Kerrville country. The  
land generally is well wooded, princi-  
pally with live oak, Spanish oak and  
cedar, and the range is good, and  
water excellent.

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

The climate of the Kerrville country  
is unsurpassed. The winters are  
short and generally mild and invigor-  
ating owing to the dryness of the cli-  
mate and the prevalence of sunshine.  
The summers are cool and delightful,  
and the mountain air is pure and brac-  
ing. Game abounds in the Kerrville  
country, and fishing in the Guadalupe,  
especially north of Kerrville, is good.  
Kerrville and the adjoining towns are  
popular resorts for health and recrea-  
tion.

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

#### Happy Combination.

"May both races forgive us," said  
the California philosopher, "yet if the  
lords of Karma grant us our will, we  
will in our next incarnation be half  
Irish and half Hebrew. For the Irish-  
man is happy as long as he has a dol-  
lar, and the Hebrew always has it."

#### ROUND TRIP RATES

To San Antonio and Return

**\$3.50**

Limit Ninety Days

S. A. & A. P. Railroad

L. D. LOWTHER, Local Agent, Kerrville.

#### KERRVILLE AUTO LIVERY AND GARAGE

WM. BECKMAN

#### JITNEY SERVICE IN THE CITY

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

PHONE 115

KERRVILLE, TEXAS



TAN-NO-MORE  
AND  
FRECKLEATER



Two of the most  
Scientific Beautifying  
Agencies Known.

#### TAN-NO-MORE

THE SKIN BEAUTIFIER

The scientific combination of Cream  
and Powder. Delightful in appearance  
and pleasing in its effect. Used during  
the day it is a protection from the sun  
and wind. In the evening its use assures  
a faultless complexion.

Experience has taught us that the best way  
to apply Tan-No-More is to pat it on very wet and  
wipe off with a soft towel at once and do not wait  
for it to dry.

All Dealers

50 AND 35 CTS.

All goods sold under an absolute guarantee to please or money back.

Anyone requesting it will be sent a small sample of Tan-No-More and our little Booklet by Mail

BAKER-WHEELER MFG. CO.

DALLAS, TEXAS

#### FRECKLEATER CREAM

For the removing of Liver Spots,  
Freckles, Ring Worm and all kindred  
blemishes of the skin. It will bleach the  
skin in 10 days and make it as smooth  
and soft as a baby's.

Makes Bad Complexions Good  
Good Complexions Better.

All Dealers

50 AND 25 CTS.

All goods sold under an absolute guarantee to please or money back.

Anyone requesting it will be sent a small sample of Freckleater and our little Booklet by Mail

BAKER-WHEELER MFG. CO.

DALLAS, TEXAS

#### Advertise

IF YOU  
Want a Cook  
Want a Clerk  
Want a Partner  
Want a Situation  
Want a Servant Girl  
Want to Sell a Piano  
Want to Sell a Carriage  
Want to Sell Town Property  
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Want Customers for Anything  
Advertise Weekly in This Paper.  
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Advertise or Bust  
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ADVERTISE  
At Once

In This Paper