

THE MOUNTAIN SUN.

VOL. XXII.

KERRVILLE, KERR COUNTY, TEXAS, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1905.

NO. 48

SOUVENIR SPOONS

Texas Handle, "Kerrville" engraved in bowl.

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Watch Brooches

Very pretty designs in gold and gold filled.

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Solid gold, gold front and filled.

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HIGH SCHOOL COMMENCEMENT.

The Closing Exercises of Tivy High School, Graduating Class of Fifteen.

The Commencement Exercises of Tivy High School, took place at Pampell's Opera House last night. In addition to essays and addresses excellent music was furnished by the music pupils.

The graduating class of 1905 consists of 15 members, Ida Pfeuffer, Mabel Davey, Velma Hodges, Edith Leinweber, Vida Gibbens, Zelma Swift, Lenora Council, Irene Wilson, Pearl Nichols, Amy Burris, Matilda Bacon, Will Garrett, Chas. Rawson, Robt. Lockett, Oswald Herzog. The essays, addresses, etc., which are highly creditable to the graduates and the school, are given below.

SALUTATORY ADDRESS

By Charles W. Rawson.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I greet you all; you who lead us along the rugged paths of knowledge, guiding our feet and supporting our tottering steps; you who come to listen and judge whether any of us have gained by instruction or not, and you, such of my schoolmates as do not take part in the exercises of the night, I greet you with a welcome to these halls, and a hope that this, trifling as its incidents may seem, will be a night in our lives to be referred to as one of quiet pleasure.

Older men wrapt in their cares or engrossed in the pursuits of busy life, are apt to look with passive contempt upon the immature efforts of school boys at a school commencement, but no one can leap to the head at a single bound, he gains it by many and often painful steps. His first steps are slow and cautious, and he becomes freer and bolder as he gains confidence. Still he must take the first steps or he does not travel at all. The child crawls first, makes a few tottering steps, then walks, and at last is able to run. As to the good of our essays that is evident. They are not only the first steps of the future writer or future speaker, but serve to give you some clue to the future of the boy or girl in whom you may, either from ties of blood or kindly feeling, take an interest. They are the first efforts of authorship or oratory, two of the most potent forces in shaping the destiny of men and state.

You do not expect much originality in what we say or do; but as the air brings the odors of the fragrant flowers over which it passes, so the pupil is apt in his first efforts at literature or declamation,

to show some traces of the training he has received, and the books he has read. Yet if among the chaff into which we may have beaten the solid wheat of our gleanings, you find a few grains worthy of note, if a single original thought or a happy turn of a sentence bears mark that it is not borrowed, but is of the speaker's own growing, I pray you take the trouble to note and admire it; and be liberal with your admiration. Applause is a cheap coin, it costs the giver little, but it goes a great way. The soldier dies to obtain it; the statesman labors hard by night and by day to secure it; the author burns the midnight oil to gain it; and why should not the school boy toil for it in his feeble way? And so I bespeak for my comrades what I do not ask for myself, kindly appreciation and "a show of hands."

VALEDICTORY.

The Night Brings Out the Stars.

By Miss Ida Pfeuffer.

Human life is a period of growth and attains to perfection only when every faculty of human nature, moral, mental and physical, is thoroughly trained. The importance of training was recognized in the earliest periods of history. Even then the nations seemed to realize that in aspiring to some great achievement, they must first fit themselves for the necessary labor. Not less important was the watchfulness which enabled them when the opportunity presented itself to use all their gathered strength.

The training of one faculty, or one set of faculties will not suffice. Such training leaves one to the mercy of chance. Sparta gave to the world a convincing demonstration of the inadequacy of one-sided training. Among all the ancient nations Sparta excelled in physical strength. Physical strength, physical endurance was the single aim of every individual among them. Their national games were tests of strength and prowess, and the laurel crown which proclaimed the victor was a coveted honor. They became a nation of warriors, who could bear pain without flinching and endure hardships unknown to modern age. Sparta reached the acme of her ambition and gloried in her invincible army.

Meanwhile the nations around her had grown wiser. Their eyes were opened to the fact that physical strength was not the only requisite. Therefore they devoted a great part of their time to mental training. By intelligent thought they devised schemes by which such nations as Sparta were conquered. Their broader training gave them more than mere power to conquer. Their minds were attracted into the richer channels of art and industry.

Another example of one-sided training though a marked contrast to the Spartan was the Athenian to whom "beauty was truth." They believed that wherever physical beauty was found there also was beauty of character. They loathed to look upon ugliness but were enraptured by a fair face and graceful form. They established a system of games that would develop the human form. The enhancement of physical beauty was their most serious pursuit. How much to be

deplored is their negligence, that they failed to carry out in full their beautiful theory, that they did not cultivate beauty of mind and heart. The partial development of their theory left them a prey to ignoble vices, and amid these they perished.

This is no less true of individuals than of nations. A broad experience increases strength of character.

As all natural forces seek the path of least resistance, so human nature seeks that sea of life on which is easiest sailing. If the waters remain calm and no clouds overcast the bright sky we float pleasantly before the breeze with no need for display of valor. But when storms overtake us and the darkness is upon us we are brought face to face with our real selves. The danger becomes a test of character, a trial of strength.

Napoleon said that Massena never quite himself until defeat stared him in the face. A great many men and women never realize the need of strength until ruin confronts them. They do not know how to bring out their reserves until they are overtaken by financial disaster, or until some great sorrow bereaves them of loved ones. The sight of their blighted prospects, or the wreck of their happiness arouses them and gives them the first glimpse of undiscovered possibilities, and awakens them to the necessity of calling into action faculties which otherwise might have slumbered forever.

It seems a cruel fate to be tied hand and foot in poverty, life a mere struggle for bare existence. But if accepted in the right spirit this discipline enriches and enlarges life, and makes happiness possible. "What seem to be stumbling-blocks often prove to be stepping-stones." Despair often gives the strength denied in prosperity. See young Disraeli, the child of a hated race, coughed and hissed down on the occasion of his first speech in Parliament, assuring that most formidable body that the time would come when they should hear him. Nothing could keep him back. Ridicule was soon changed to respect and he became the leader of that house that once scoffed at him.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, the one genius among prose writers of our land, because of an injury received while at play, secluded himself from public life for a period of twelve years. During this night of pain and suffering, he read, thought, wrote and rewrote. It was there that he shaped his own peculiar style. His first work was a failure; but this failure was only a preparation for his greater works. Years later when he had lost his position and seemed to be in the direst need, he set to work in earnest on a novel. The next year appeared his great masterpiece, "The Scarlet Letter." It settled forever the question of Hawthorne's genius and success. His works were eagerly seized upon and he reaped a just reward for his night of darkness. The days spent in such deep thought and labor were not lost for they gave to the world a true genius.

We have another example in Irving of character developed by misfortune. The pleasure-loving son of indulgent parents, he spent his early life in comparative idleness. When necessity aroused him he put forth his matchless skill and gave to the world the "Sketch-Book." Had no misfor-

tune overtaken him the world would have missed his sparkling humor and fascinating stories.

There have been, and are still similar instances all over the great world. Many real strong characters do not realize their genius until it is forced from them by chance of Providence. When they see the necessity for putting forth every effort the whole being becomes inspired.

The desire to achieve something worthy in life is an inherent trait of human nature. So is the desire for a life of ease and happiness. The lesson that ease and worthy accomplishment can never characterize the same life is hardly learned. Providence has wisely provided that each have some trial against which he must struggle. And this is fortunate, for every effort increases strength. The mere desire to remove some hindering cause may become a stimulant to greater achievement.

"Thus men may rise by stepping stones of their dead selves to higher things" led onward and upward not by the sunshine of life but by its shadow. It is too much to expect of human nature that one seek pain and sorrow, nor is it all probable that self-sought disaster would bring the increase of strength that comes from the wise resistance and brave endurance of unexpected evils. Men do not fail because of insurmountable difficulties nor unendurable sorrows but because they do not meet these natural foes of humanity with courage and hope. Classmates—

"Be strong! We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,

We have work to do and loads to lift,

Shun not the struggle—face it,
'Tis God's gift!"

ESSAY.

Silent Influences.

By Miss Vida Gibbens.

Before historic time was the voiceless spirit of silence held universal dominion, and only when creation divided it into fragments was her peaceful and happy reign disturbed. Since that day discord and strife have ever been her bitterest enemies. At their bidding the storms of Heaven grow angry and drive over the plains; "leaving in their track a sterile waste behind;" obedient to their commands the volcanoes of earth leave their darkened homes and flout the skies with burning breath; to satisfy their insatiable ambition cruel war marshals her armies to deluge the world in blood. But after all these storms of strife there has come a truce of silence when peace and prosperity blessed the land.

In this great world we are but atoms. And yet the character of every life is determined by the proportion of discord and strife to that of peaceful silence. The one may drive us into the madness of despair like that of the self exiled Childe Harold, the other lead us into quiet paths "where flowers will laugh before us on their bed, and fragrance in our footing tread." Not only this but every life is truest to its better self when alone with the bliss of solitude. It is there in words of tenderness and love we commune with our own soul, and conscience smiles a sweet approval. Flattered with life's

virtues and hopes, ambition builds her throne of burnished gold though it be in a cottage.

A boy whose lowly condition has been frowned upon by the world's pride, in sadness seeks the refuge of his humble home and there invokes the spirit of silence. Through the long and weary hours of the night he broods over his condition out of whose solitude encouraging spirits speak in audible whispers that life has yet something good in store for him. As his mind wanders through the vagueness of a hopeful future a spark of ambition is kindled in his breast to become a hero in life's struggle. And often have such resolutions found a happy fulfillment ere life's work was done.

Far away on a plain that is both desolate and wild stands a lonely cottage. Above it bends the blue sky, beneath it lies the barren plain. On this silent waste the note of a bird's song was never heard; from the turf of earth no bubbling fountain ever gushed forth; the only companion of this solitude is an aged man, who stands with one foot in the grave, the other on this barren plain. In youth an exile from home he came here seeking a refuge for his sorrows. Now his day is almost spent and none shall know when he has ceased to be. Can you tell me what his life has been?

In the heart of England lies a fertile plain across which winds the lovely "Avon." Deep woodlands and sweet meadows skirt this stream and fill the air with fragrance. All night long the nightingale chants her melodies and a choir of little throats hails the break of dawn. This silent place has also its companion and his life is what nature has made it. In the cradle of infancy he heard her voice and his poetic genius responded to the call.

In 1769 on the sea girt isle of Corsica was born the spoiled child of fortune. Over its lovely mountains and through its romantic glens roamed this meditative child, little dreaming that this isle would one day stretch out into the great battle field of Europe, with himself at the head of the army. Often Napoleon would steal away from his pleasant home surrounded by its velvet lawns to an old granite rock in a secluded dell where he once carved his name. This place seemed to him to be a favorite resort. It was here he formed those plans of military fame, which the voices of solitude told him would one day be carried out. From the silence of obscurity arose the man who was one day to clear every by path and thoroughfare in his native country, awake the sleeping millions from their lethargy touch their lips with an inspiration of freedom and arm them against their oppressors.

Under the shadow of Cambridge Hall, there grew up a friendship, true as ever knit the hearts of Jonathan and David together. "Then came a change as all things human change." Within the gates of Vienna the finger of death touched one and he fell asleep forever. The last remains of earth were brought back to his kindred and his native country. He was buried in the little church yard on whose slopes he had played when a child, and from the grave yard of which could be heard the music of the tide as it washed against the hanging precipice not far away. It was Christmas, but the



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It is a woman's reason for everything, but just because prospect are good and indications are that money will be plentiful is not a reason why you should waste your money. It is your duty to buy for just as little money as you can and yet get the best goods. We will prove to you that you can save money by trading here if you give us a chance.

Love is in the Air,

And the birds that sing in the trees, the rose bud that peeps modestly forth and the gentle daisy that timidly left its face to the sun tell the story of love and springtime. This is the time of year for pretty hats and fans and parasols and spring dresses, low shoes and a thousand other things in that line. We have them all and ask you to do your spring trading with us.

Christmas of a vacant chair and a broken home. And in the heart of a poet this sorrow never died. He forgot the present and lived in the past. His thoughts became reminiscent, and he roamed over the familiar paths of their youth. His mind was pursued by the shadow of mystery. It haunted his meditations and he was conscious of its presence. He was ever longing for the "touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still." But in all these memories there was a spiritual retreat and his soul like a storm-tossed bird winged its flight to the sheltering splendors of God. And thus the mind and life of a great poet were guided by this spirit which led him to the grave, on whose distant shores the soul of Arthur is waiting.

In the deep heart of earth the silent forces of nature are at work performing their mysteries. At night when all humanity is asleep beneath the stars, she sends forth her fairy troops of artisans who work their curious designs of crystal snow and ice upon the windows of our home. When the golden east proclaims the dawn of day they speed away to quiet retreats only to behold with sorrow the work of their own hands melt into tears. The sighing winds of autumn chariot to their wintery beds the little seeds of hill and plain. There they sleep the long silent sleep of winter until spring blows her clarion trumpet o'er the dreaming earth. At her sound a multitude of flowers peep from beneath the sod, and yield up their fragrance to wooing breezes which come from distant caverns. On green swards birds chant forever their unrestrained melodies, thrilled with the gladness of spring, but not knowing whence the inspiration came.

The voice of dead Caesar kindled

in the hearts of a Roman army, a spirit of revenge for a murdered hero. The spirits of solitude called from the obscurity of Domremy, a peasant girl, and made her the heroine of her nation. Through the long and bitter struggle of a cruel war the soldier boy remembers the look of anxiety and love written on a mother's face at their last good-by, following out its silent and unspoken meaning, he fights with a truer and nobler heart his country's battle. From the silent page of sacred lore the heart of humanity catches the inspiration of Christianity. Back of the storm and the rain-bow and the golden sunset, is the warm and loving hand of divinity itself.

ESSAY

Bows of Promise.

By Miss Edith Leinweber.

In the life of every national government on earth, there has come a crisis which caused it to tremble to its very foundation, totter, and even fall. Such an one came to the "Old South" with her secession and slavery. Her principal industry being agriculture, cotton and slavery ruled and monopolized her thoughts and energies. Not one thought was bestowed upon her natural resources, exhaustless, and unlimited, which could and should make her independent without that which is against all human and divine laws, both on earth and in heaven,—"The traffic in human beings."

Her majestic forests were standing in their primeval grandeur, her vast acres of pasture land open and unused, reaching from the banks of the peaceful Hudson to the Gulf

where the salt breezes blow, covered with the most luxuriant grass and herbage, beautified with the fairest flowers that even spent their fragrance in the free, wild wind. To this was added pure water and health-laden air, while her grand old mountains were teeming with the richest treasures of the earth, gold, silver, lead, iron, granite and marble,—A garden of Eden, an empire of itself.

The Old South did not accept the fact that the highest civilized nations had abolished slavery, and when she was called on to decide between the freedom of the negro and loyalty to the Union, she cast aside all allegiance and declared secession.

The southern blood was at boiling heat, every heart throbbed, every pulse beat high; the world stood still while the greatest nation, ruled by the grandest form of government, "fought itself."

When the dark, gathering cloud of civil war, burst with the boom of Sumter's signal gun, the tie between the North and South was severed and the call was heard for volunteers.

Men of all ages, from the boy of eighteen years to the gray haired man of sixty, rushed to arms to defend "state's rights." Conviction arrayed brother against brother, father against son.

It was a time that tried woman's soul, to stand and see the gray lines file away; to crush back the blinding tears and say brave words despite the sickening dread that filled the heart, then to turn to the silent, lonely home there to wait and pray for news from the war.

Thousands of mothers, wives and sweet-hearts passed through this same dark maze of grief, soon to grow weary of war and of life. It was a hard and bitter fight; and often "when the battle was over

and the sun had gone down, and the dense white smoke of the great cannons had been dispersed by the evening breeze that crept faint and sweet from the dark woods nearby." a southern hero might be found clasping in his last embrace a torn and bloody flag.

Defeat was suffered, victory won, and for a time the battle-field, with its wounded and dead, lay still and quiet save an occasional moan here and there, and the death summons now and again that told of some soldier's great promotion. Often the wounded heroes of the North and South lay side by side, clad in uniforms of different colors, one of well-worn gray and one of battle-stained blue. In this last communion on earth the old question of right and wrong, that had seemed so great when the black guns that frowned upon the evening scene had been wheeled into place, and the early sunlight flashed on bayonet and sword, dwindled away before the veiled face of the mighty angel "Death" that hovered near.

And so they lay gazing upon the golden stars and talking of home in the tenderest reminiscences, till, as those stars paled before the moon climbing higher and higher in the clear dome above them, there fell a silence that was the benediction of a pitying God upon his wandering, wounded children.

After four long, weary years of strife and bloodshed, Lee yielded his sword to Grant and the war was done. Peace spread her wings above our blood-stained land, and stern-browed, war-worn men laid down their arms and took up peaceful toil again. They hushed their grief for those who came no more, for they had gone where wounds, and death, and sorrow cannot be.

But there were many gifted lives whose light went out ere it shone

afar, and I sometimes wonder if the nation's victory was worth the priceless treasures that it cost.

In this dark hour many thought the "Bow of Promise" o'er our Southern horizon was dimmed forever, but the all powerful God who painted the first bow of promise across the vast expanse of heaven, who holds the fates of nations, empires and individuals within his mighty balance had not destined us to such utter hopelessness. Secession was dead, slavery abolished forever from our land; the union of states was sealed; the South returned in loyalty to the union, and the blue and the gray was forgotten in the old, old bond of common brotherhood.

And so the dark cloud which had hung like a pall over our beloved country was lifted, the mist cleared away and the "Bow of Promise" shone forth in greater brilliancy than ever before.

We are glad our country has that passed the crisis, glad that traffic in human souls is a buried and forgotten wrong. So let us shed a tear and waft a sigh above, for the noblest heroes that ever died on the field of battle,—"The Boys in Blue," "The Boys in Gray."

The South's humiliation was great, her suffering intense, but her humiliation is forgotten, faded the suffering and dimmed the sad memory of the terrible struggle and hope, peace, and prosperity have followed in their foot-steps.

The New South has awakened to what she can do. On the hill-top is heard the toll of the school and church bell where once thundered the cannon; on peaceful plains once stained in blood, now waves the golden corn whose blades are kissed by sighing winds, which come from fragrant hills. Happy homes nestle by babbling brooks on whose mossy banks southern fac-

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Terrific Race With Death.

"Death was fast approaching," writes Ralph F. Fernandez, of Tampa, Fla., describing his fearful race with death, "as a result of liver trouble and heart disease, which has robbed me of sleep and all interest in life. I have tried many different doctors and several medicines, but I began to use Electric Bitters. So wonderful was their effect, that in three days I felt like a new man, and today I am cured of all my troubles." Guaranteed at Rock Drug Store; price 50c.

Jokes at Niagara.

John Jacob Astor, at a dinner in Philadelphia, talked about Niagara. "Everyone who goes to Niagara," he said, "hears some absurd, ridiculous and inept remark there. You stand and gaze at the falls, profoundly moved, unspeakably impressed, and then, all of a sudden, something fatuous is said and the effect of all that grandeur is dissipated. The day I first saw Niagara a man touched my arm as I looked up at those white waters. I turned to the man. He had the silly, vacuous smile of the confirmed joker. 'It seems a shame,' he said, 'to see all this going to waste. 'What are you?' said I. 'An electrical engineer?' 'No,' he answered. 'A milkman.'"

Exposure.

To cold draughts of air, to keen and cutting winds, sudden changes of temperature, scanty clothing, undue exposure of the throat and neck after public speaking and singing, bring on coughs and colds.

Ballard's Horehound Syrup is the best cure. Mrs. A. Barr, Houston, Tex., writes, Jan. 31, 1902: "One bottle of Ballard's Horehound Syrup cured me of a very bad cough. It is very pleasant to take."

Few Chinese in Canada.

Canada's law imposing a tax of \$500 on every Chinese entering the Dominion has had a prohibitive effect. From January 1, 1904, not a single Chinese arrived, with the exception of two who escaped from steamships. In each case the steamship company had to pay the poll tax of \$500. The exclusion of Chinese has deprived British Columbia of a handsome revenue. In 1903 the province received from the poll tax \$225,000 and the year before over \$250,000.

Saved by Dynamite.

Sometimes, a flaming city is saved by dynamiting a space that the fire can't cross. Sometimes, a cough hangs on so long, you feel as if nothing but dynamite would cure it. Z. T. Gray, of Calhoun, Ga., writes: "My wife had a very aggravated cough, which kept her awake nights. Two physicians could not help her; so she took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, which eased her cough, gave her sleep, and finally cured her." Strictly scientific cure for bronchitis and La Grippe. At Rock Drug Store, price 50c, and \$1.00. Guaranteed. Trial bottle free.

ories are singing the sweet songs of industry. This prosperity thrills the South with new life. If she prospered with bondage how much nobler and grander her prosperity without it. From the beginning of nations there is a line of broken institutions, overthrown theories and wrecked governments, on this line let the Old South rest with her faults and her virtues, and let the New South, thrilling with the freedom and prosperity stand up with nobleness of purpose, and teach her sons to love truth, honor and loyalty.

And so, schoolmates, we have had our long, weary struggle of nine months. At times all seemed dark, but the crisis is passed, and tonight the bow of promise which spans our western horizon is bright. And may it ever, like that God placed in the Eastern sky as a token of His love and remembrance be painted with the colors of life's most ennobling virtues, so that when the great Arch Angel shall call time into eternity it will be the last to fade away.

CLASS HISTORIAN.

By Miss Mabel Davey.

We realize the tendency of the public mind to think of a class of high school graduates as so many awkward fledgelings—vainly attempting to impress the public by their first feeble efforts to soar. I can readily understand that you see before you tonight only so many girls all dressed in white and so many boys in black, each looking much like the other. But as we sit here taking part in our last public school exercises, memories of school days cluster about each member of the class separating him as an individual from the rest. Our mother's, we know, remember the many bright sayings of our childhood, and our teachers, we fondly believe, remember some of our victories over hard problems and tedious lessons, but lest you should have no idea of us, as individuals, I shall recount a few memories of our past, for your benefit.

Our class of 1905 would have lacked the life and spirit, which have ever characterized it, without our mischief loving Robert. Not that mischief making has been his only occupation, for from the time when he was one of the little chiefs of the Knox crew, until the present hour he has been among the first of his class. The absorbing questing on Rob's life has been how to achieve the maximum result with a minimum of effort, that he might have most of his time and energy for the enjoyment of present pleasures. Rob's spare time has been a problem for his teachers, a joy to his classmates, and a constant source of trouble to himself. Being blessed with a ready wit, however, it has been an easy matter for him to extricate himself from the difficulties which beset him.

Notwithstanding his devotion to the joys of the present, Robert is ambitious for the future. A look into his wide-awake, brown eyes will convince you that he means to attain great heights. This fact was confirmed by his laconic reply to a classmate who asked him what he intended to be when he grew up. "A United States Senator," he calmly announced. Rob has always had a chivalrous regard for the girls of his class, and they in turn are ever ready to fight his battles for him. His teachers have laughed over his mischief and loved him for his nobleness of heart.

A little girl with blue-grey eyes

and light hair spent her first schooldays at a private school. Ida loved her teacher dearly, and though very determined was a very obedient child. A year passed quickly and she was prepared for the High School. She began to study diligently, and was very eager to learn. Always prompt and ready for her work when the second bell rang. One day as I was walking by her side, I saw her studying I spoke to her, but she did not hear me, she was so absorbed in her work. Ida began at the very first to learn for herself, and not to depend upon others. In the summing up of life that only is ours which we have achieved of and by ourselves. Ida's achievements are her own.

Matilda, of stately demeanor, and perfect poise, had her first school experience under Miss Shepherd. She made such rapid progress that in a few weeks she was promoted from the chart class to the first reader. By the time she had reached the third grade she had acquired much learning and more mischief. She often remorsefully recalls throwing small articles at the top of her teacher's bald head. Once she was so unfortunate as to strike him with a piece of crayon, and her terror on that occasion returns to her in dreams. In the Fifth grade she reformed, and has been a model of deportment ever since.

A sweet, good natured girl is always beloved by her schoolmates. Zelma Swift is such a girl. She was unselfish, and always ready to do the little, kindly act as the chance came. Whatever was going forward was sure to make matter of mirth for the lighted hearted Zelma. The interest with which we looked upon an experiment in physics, has often been greatly enhanced by some prank of Zelma's. A gentle breath would make the candle flicker when a steady light was needed, and the unsuspecting Professor would close the windows, while the class struggled for serious faces. Or, standing behind him as he made some necessary explanation for her especial benefit, she would indulge in the most expressive pantomime to the silent delight of her classmates. The teacher, turning suddenly would find her gazing with serious interest at the board.

Far away among the green hills stands a large, old fashioned farm house, around whose hearthstone not many years ago, a band of merry, noisy children played, Irene the merriest, noisest of them all. It stood upon an eminence overlooking a broad strip of rolling meadow land, at the extremity of which was an old grey rock, where the golden rod and sassafras grew, where the green ivy crept over the crumbling wall, and where under the shadow of the thorn-apple-tree, the children built their play houses, drinking their tea from the acorn saucers, and painting their doll's faces with the red juice of the pokeberry, which grew there in great abundance.

Irene was sent to Kerrville to school, at an early age. Once when she was in the Fifth grade, the teacher who had give her some examples to work, asked her if she had finished them. She said, "Yes, ma'am, I have them all—except the answers." At this the school children laughed, but Irene did not see the fun. She entered our class in the Ninth grade, and has been one of its strongest pupils.

Little Oswald was six years when he entered school. His teacher gave him a merit card whenever he was good all day. But sometimes he whispered or was naughty in school, and then he

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PURIFIES AND REGULATES

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A MARVELOUS MEDICINE FOR DISEASED KIDNEYS

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The Mountain Sun.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

J. E. GRINSTEAD.

Corner of Main and Mountain Streets, Kerrville, Texas.

\$1.00 PER YEAR.

Entered at the postoffice in Kerrville, Texas or transportation through the mails as second class matter.

Advertising rates made known on application.

failed to get his merit card. His father told him he would give him a penny every time he brought home a card. So of course he brought them often. Oswald bought for himself a new boat with these pennies. He and his sister went to sail the little boat, but his sister, Hattie, soon grew tired and returned home. Seeing Hattie's doll under a tree, he thought it would be nice to give "Dolly" a sail. So he put the doll in the boat, and pushed it out on the water. He called for his sister, but before she reached the bank, an old duck swam against the boat and gave it such a push that Miss Dolly fell into the water. Hattie cried until she had no tears left to shed, and Oswald felt like crying too. He knew he had done wrong. So he saved his pennies until he had nearly \$3.00, when he bought a new doll for Hattie, and it was even prettier than the one he had drowned in the duck pond. This appreciation of the right has always been one of his strongest traits and has made for him many friends.

Amy when a small child, visited her old nurse, who lived in a tiny house and kept geese. One day the nurse showed her some little goslings. Amy thought them very cunning, and wanted to play with them. She was told not to catch them when they went to eat the tender grass, but she said: "Pooh! Who's afraid?" So the next day she tried to catch a gosling, and the old gander hearing the mother goose hiss, flew out of his pen and Amy. She ran, but the gander caught hold of her clothes and began to beat her with his wings. They made such a terrible noise screaming that the nurse ran up from the cellar to see what the trouble was. She kissed little Amy, laughed and said: "Who's afraid?" Amy entered our class in the Eight grade, and her timid manner and obliging disposition have endeared her to the entire class.

All who know Velma well understand why her experiences in school have been so pleasant. She is naturally courteous, with quiet, lovely manners, a girl whom the roughest creature would instinctively recognize and treat as a lady. Sorrow may come to her, as it comes to all of us, but she will never find the world the cold and dreary place it seems to many of us. For her it will always be warm with the sunshine of friendliness for she carries it about in her own heart.

Velma when about 10 years of age developed a fondness for one of the boys of the class who was of the same age. They soon began to pass notes to each other. He would throw the note down in the aisle, and before the teacher could see it, Velma would put her foot upon it. But one day, the teacher suspecting them, walked down the aisle and told Velma to please keep her feet under the desk. Velma overwhelmed at the thought of discovery removed her foot, but luckily for her there was a tack in her shoe, and the note catching on this went safely under the desk. But after that they gave each other the notes at recess.

One of the most successful stu-

dents in our class is Will Garrett. He is a boy of principle and has the respect of every member of the class. Though usually very diligent, he is full of fun and many a mischievous prank has he played in school. Even after arriving at the dignity of the Tenth grade his love for fun sometimes betrayed him. On one afternoon during the last year, the class having been left alone were studying quietly when they were suddenly overpowered by a dense fragrance. Will had emptied the contents of a bottle of cologne on the two boys who sat in front of him. A teacher coming in soon after, questioned Rob, who sat on the front seat. Rob told her that Will had the bottle. "But, Rob has the cologne," replied Will.

Lenora entered school when eight years of age, a little girl with light brown curls peeping out from under her bonnet. She was and is rather mischievous and fond of play. One day her mother planted some vegetable seeds, and told Lenora to turn the water on them, just long enough to moisten them. Lenora wanted to play in the water and a large stream made more fun than a small one. When she had played in the water an hour, the seeds were washed out of the ground. Running to the house she told her mother that the seeds were growing very fast, some of them were coming up. Ever quick to turn a misadventure to advantage, she has been successful in her school life.

Dreamy and romantic even in her childhood, Pearl delighted in spending long hours on the beautiful Guadalupe, picking flowers along its brink or sending adrift on its sparkling water, frail vessels made of leaves and freighted with dreams of the future.

Pearl joined our class when we had reached the ninth grade. Her poetic temperament sometimes causes her to seem careless of mundane affairs, and occasionally unpleasant consequences overtake her. One of these mishaps I cannot resist recounting for your amusement. A distinguished visitor came unexpectedly and Pearl anxious to make a good impression rushed to her room to make some slight improvement in her appearance. Snatching the powder puff, she dabbed it in an open box which she thought was the powder box. Dusting her face liberally she went to the parlor. The visitor seemed ill at ease, coughed a good deal, and sometimes had difficulty in speaking. Pearl exerted herself to entertain him until he left, which he did very soon. Returning to the mirror after he had gone, she saw with inexpressible horror that she had dipped her puff in powdered charcoal.

Vida's first school days spent on Turtle Creek were full of pleasure. Like most children she enjoyed play more than the lessons, but liked to stand well in her class. In their games the children called each other by the name of some great man or woman. Vida chose a title but retained her own name. She was called General Gibbons. They built their little houses of cedar and rocks under the trees near the school house and many times the careful little house mothers were late in line because they would not leave their houses until all was made safe. Vida became a member of our class in the eighth grade, and has been one of its best workers.

A mighty hunter, yea a very nimrod was the Charlie Rawson of yore. When a little boy about nine years old, he went with his father hunting. He carried his gun as if he were as "big" as his

his father and I am sure he felt so. Suddenly he saw a wild turkey and crouching, as his father had done, fired. To his great surprise it lay still. His father was very proud of him and when they reached town had Charlie and the turkey photographed. But he did not spend all his time in hunting. He went to school day after day. Once when one of the inspectors of the University was visiting the school and all the children were trying to show him how smart they were, the teacher asked the principal parts of the verb "think." Several had missed the question, and Charlie was snapping his fingers for a trial. Finally the teacher gave him permission and he answered, "I think, Thank, Thank." He was so sure he was right. Teacher, class mates and especially the inspector laughed heartily. Charlie did not understand why. He has always held high rank in his class.

Edith has been with us for one year only, but nevertheless holds a warm place in our hearts. She is especially at home in Geometry. Angles and triangles are to her mere play-things, while corollaries and scholia follow each other without effort. Edith remembers very vividly an experience which she had in school at the age of seven. She was not very fond of study, but was very fond of drawing pictures on her slate. She had made what she considered a life-like picture of the teacher, although she would have acknowledged that it was not a flattering likeness. The teacher saw the picture and told Edith to stand upon the floor and let the children see it. While she stood holding up the slate her father and the other trustees came in. Imagine her feeling.

My first school days were spent in a private school in happy play with my little friend Margaret. Margaret and I were always good friends and if an attack were made on one of us the other instantly gave battle. One day a little girl and her brother offended us, and we felt that our honor was at stake. So we commanded them to get on the other side of the wood-pile and the fight began. Luckily none of us could throw very well, and only one fatality resulted. I struck the little boy on the head. He would never have told but his head became so black and blue, that the teacher investigated with direful results for me. My fear of the

J. W. BUSBY.

J. W. HARRIS.

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Does a General Brokerage and Commission Business.
Buys and Sells Real Estate and Live Stock,
and All Kinds of

Real and Personal Property

List your property with us and we will give it prompt and careful attention, whether the value is \$10.00 or \$10,000.

Opp. Schreiner's Store, - Kerrville, Tex.

VITROLINE

1905.



The ONLY screw worm CURE. VITROLINE 1905, will kill the worms keep off flies and stops the bleeding. Every bottle guaranteed to do as we say. Give it a trial.

ROCK DRUG STORE

Manufacturing Druggists.

For Sale by all Leading Merchants and by Chas. Schreiner Co., Kerrville, Rock Springs, Junction; Paul Ingenhuet, Comort; Center Point Mercantile Co., Center Point.

Beauty, Beauty

Oh! What can equal the BEAUTY of NATURE in her lovely Spring dress, and no wonder faces all look more pleasant with all this beauty about them.

Why not have some photographs of yourselves or home, while everything is so new and fresh. Yes, I have a new portrait lens too, and with the good control I have over my light, I am able to do you very high-grade portrait work. Will photograph you anything you want, indoor or out. Fine collection of views for sale. Kodak work finished.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

MRS. O'NEAL,

Photographer, Opp. St. Charles.

ICE CREAM!

Same superior quality as always, packed and delivered in porcelain lined cans. Family and hotel trade solicited.

Get Our Prices.

J. L. PAMPELL.

GET \$1 FOR \$1.

THE CASH BARGAIN STORE

Is still doing business. Come and see me and be convinced of the bargains you can get for a little cash. Money talks here. I am going to sell everything I have in this store cheap for cash. Yours for bargains.

C. H. SAYERS, Prop.

The Finest and Latest Photographic Work in Texas done at

Powell's Studio,

511 1/2 East Houston St.,
San Antonio, Tex.

Awarded Three State Prizes, Also the Highest Prize at San Antonio International Fair 1904. You take no chances. Powell's photos are guaranteed to please. This is the only studio in the State making all of the highest grade finishes known to the Photographic Art. Old pictures enlarged to any size in the most artistic manner.

L. T. Powell.

HOME NEWS.

Interesting Items From Town and County.

Slippers and ties at the Famous. A. S. Parker, of Harper, was in Kerrville yesterday.

Buy your hammocks and croquet sets at the Book Store.

Walter Tarr of James river, was registered at the Gerdes Sunday.

Herman Stieler of Comfort, was in Kerrville Thursday.

Born, on the 12th ult., to Mr. and Mrs. Joe McFadin, of Frio, a son.

T. A. Dowdy, of Ingram, left Sunday for San Antonio on a business trip.

No hail yet, and the fruit is turning ripe. Get your jars, jelly glasses, etc., at the Famous.

Sam Durnett was in from Harper yesterday. Mr. Durnett says crops in that section were never finer.

G. J. Crumpe, of Harrison, Ark., Ex-U. S. Marshall of the Little Rock district, who had been visiting relatives at Morris Ranch, left Thursday for his home.

Dr. Edward Galbraith,



Dentist

Office Next to Rawson's Drug Store Kerrville, Texas.

Judge R. H. Burney, who is taking medical treatment at San Antonio, spent last Sunday with his family in Kerrville.

Mrs. E. W. Kaiser, of Lula, Edwards county, is in the city visiting her sister, Mrs. O. C. Bulwer.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Crotty of Harrisburg, visited friends in this city Wednesday. Mr. Crotty, who formerly lived in Kerrville, is now in the government surveying service.

Just got in a nice line of Ladies', Misses' and Men's slippers and low shoes. We are offering excellent values in these goods, and invite you to inspect them.

THE FAMOUS.

The ice cream festival which was to have been given by the Baptist Ladies' Aid Society, at Mrs. A. M. Morris's on the 12th, was postponed, and will be held, Wednesday 24, from 5:00 to 10:00 p. m.

Get Our Prices On
Binders,
Mowers,
Rakes
and Twine
Before Buying.
Chas. Schreiner Co.

Ed Heinen, who has been in Chas. Schreiner's bank for the past year, has resigned his position and left Tuesday for his former home in Bandera county. Ed says when spring came he experienced a strange feeling of unrest which developed into a longing for the old range, that actually interfered with his sleep. Ed Heinen has many friends in Kerrville who wish him happiness and prosperity in his "native haunts."

Houses to Rent

Apply to H. V. Scholl at Beitel's Lumber Yard. 48-49

If you want to keep cool buy a hammock at the Book Store.

We want chickens. The frying size kind, bring us all you have. THE FAMOUS.

John Collins of Benton, was registered at the Gerdes the first of the week.

J. M. Williams of Medina, was among the guests at the Gerdes Monday.

Guy Taylor of the Paint creek country, was registered at the Gerdes Thursday.

Kerrville Bermuda onions, the peer of any ever grown, at the Famous.

I Carry

A nice selection of Spring and Summer samples. Call at my place of business on Mountain street, and look at them.

S. FRIEDMAN,
The Tailor, Kerrville, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Fitzgerald of Bandera, were in Kerrville Tuesday.

O. C. Bulwer left Tuesday for Yoakum in response to a telegram stating that his sister was dying.

C. Goodman has purchased the Goulding residence on Water street.

W. A. Fawcett and family left yesterday for Gonzales county to spend a few weeks with relatives.

We invite you to inspect a new lot of window shades just received. They are first quality, will not fade and are equipped with the celebrated "Hartshorn" shade rollers. None better.

FAWCETT, BARNES & Co.

Oscar Tedford, Watt Bradshaw and ex-Sheriff W. W. Taylor, of Junction City, were in Kerrville last Sunday. They left in the afternoon for San Antonio.

Rev. R. Galbraith and Miss Galbraith left Tuesday for Laguna, where they will spend a month visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Heinen and sons, Oscar and Harry of Bandera, were among the visitors in Kerrville Tuesday.

Mrs. J. M. Hankins and children, of Junction, who had been visiting friends and relatives in San Antonio and Kerrville for the past three weeks, left yesterday for their home.

Mrs. J. H. Davis and Mrs. Robt. Davis, of the Frio country, were the visitors in Kerrville Saturday of last week. They were en route to San Antonio for a few days' visit.

Avoid trouble and Expense
By Using
Deering Twine.
Chas. Schreiner Co.

W. C. Linden, of San Antonio, spent last Sunday in Kerrville. Mr. Linden had been to Menard county on legal business and was en route home. He left Sunday afternoon on the South bound "Sap."

ICE! ICE!! ICE!!!

I am selling ice. June 1 I will put on a regular ice wagon, and will deliver ice every day. I shall endeavor to serve the trade promptly. Leave orders with me or with Frank Coleman, Jr.

48-49 CHAS. HEINEN.

Charles Schreiner Co.,

Kerrville, Texas,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

And Leaders in Low Prices.

Agents for Eclipse and Aermoter Windmills Collins' Pump
Jacks, Yellow Kid Disc Plows, Deering Harvesters and
Springfield and Studebaker Wagons and Vehicles.

Pasteur's Vaccine for Blackleg.

Killed by Snake Bite.

On Wednesday of last week little Selma Perner, the six-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Perner, whose home is near Comfort, was bitten on the ankle by a rattle-snake. Everything possible was done for the little sufferer, but of no avail and death resulted the following day at 9:00 p. m. The funeral which was largely attended, took place on Friday of last week. The Six extends sincere sympathy to the bereaved parents.

Charged With Horse Theft.

Sheriff J. T. Moore returned Sunday from Seguin, having in charge one Anton Schneider, who is charged with having stolen a horse in this county. Schneider was placed in jail to await the action of the grand jury at the next regular term of the Kerr county district court.

For Sale.

At the Live Oak Ranch a fine lot of Pure Blood Hereford Bulls, also Pure Blood Half Hereford and Half Durham Bulls; all two-year-old and up; at very reasonable prices. 6t-43

SCHREINER LIVE STOCK Co.

Children's Day Service.

Children's Day service will be held at the Methodist church next Sunday night, May 21, at 8 p. m. Everybody invited.

A SANITARY STORE.

Eminent physicians have decided that flies are great disseminators of disease by carrying germs from house to house, we believe this. We also believe that flies crawling over articles of food is a very dangerous thing, and we have had all doors and windows to our store screened. We handle all kinds of food articles, and we are making an earnest effort to give absolutely pure food to our customers. We solicit your orders for groceries, fruits, etc., and guarantee them fresh and pure.

THE FAMOUS.

"What's in a name?" The word "bitters" does not always indicate something harsh and disagreeable. PRICKLY ASH BITTERS is proof of this. It cleanses, strengthens and regulates the system thoroughly, yet it is so pleasant the most delicate stomach will not object to it.

A CAR OF

Deering Binders,
Mowers,
Rakes
And Twine Just Received.
Chas. Schreiner Co.

An Affiliated School.

The Tivy High School is now affiliated, not only with the State University at Austin, but, also with the Tulane University, at New Orleans, which is one of the leading institutions in America. The letters given below are evidence of the esteem in which our school is held by those universities.

New Orleans, May 9, 1905.
Mr. H. W. Morelock,
Principal Tivy High School,
Kerrville, Tex.

My Dear Sir:—

I have at my disposal, as President of Tulane University, a number of scholarships and I wish to award them to the best and most deserving students. I am reliably informed that your institution ranks among the best High Schools of the country, and I take it that the best graduates of your school are prepared to enter the Freshman Class of our Academic Colleges. I have therefore decided to offer one scholarship to the graduate of your institution who makes the highest record in his class, or to any one of your graduates whose character and scholarship you are willing to endorse.

If you are interested in this matter, I shall be pleased to hear from you at your earliest possible convenience.

A copy of our catalogue and my inaugural address will be sent you in a few days.

Very truly yours,
E. B. CRAIGHEAD,
President.

Austin, Texas, 5-8-05.
Mr. H. W. Morelock,
Kerrville, Texas.

My Dear Sir:—

There has been recently filed in my office memorandum of the Physics work in your high school, with the statement that the course is sufficient provided you have sufficient individual laboratory work done. If you have already submitted specimen examination papers and note books, please do so at your earliest convenience in order that the question extending affiliation of the Tivy High School to include the subject of Physics may be settled at the June meeting of the faculty.

Yours sincerely,
JOHN W. HOPKINS,
Inspector of Schools.

This year Miss Ida Pfeuffer won first honors and is entitled to choice of the two scholarships. Chas. Rawson won second honors and will receive the other.

Suits Cleaned

and Pressed.
I do all kinds of repairing and altering work promptly done. Ladies skirts cleaned.

S. Friedman,
The Tailor, Kerrville, Texas.

Attention Warriors and Chiefs.

Through this speaking leaf, we communicate to you that on the 23rd sun of flower moon, the for-ists of our hunting grounds will abound with fresh slain game and lovers of the sheaf of wheat and oil mustard. The chiefs and braves will meet in solemn council before the tepee of the Sachem, and after the council fire is extinguished, a great feast will be held. Among the features of the evening will be the war dance and the medicine dance. All chiefs and braves are welcome, but no pale face will be allowed in the sacred precincts of our forest.

CHAS. REAL, Sachem.
OTTO DIETERT, Chief of Records.

Amendment to Chapter 11, Section 2, of Revised Ordinances of the City of Kerrville.

Be it enacted by the City Council of the city of Kerrville, Texas, that Chapter 11, Section 2, be amended to hereafter read as follows:

It shall be the duty of each examiner, when appointed, to proceed to examine the books and accounts of the various officers of the city, up to the first day of April of each and every year, and to make a true and correct report of the financial condition thereof, under oath, to the city council as soon after their appointment as possible, provided that in no instance shall the return of such report be deferred longer than the second regular meeting in April of each and every year.

Tax Levy For 1905 and 1906.

Be it ordained by the City Council of the City of Kerrville:

SECTION 1. That the tax levy for 1905 and 1906 be as follows: General Fund, 25c; School, 50c; Sinking, 20c; Road and Bridge, 15c; total \$1.10.

SEC. 2. That there shall be levied and collected from every person, firm or corporation of persons pursuing any of the occupations taxed by the laws of Texas one-half of the State tax so imposed on such occupation.

Vitroline 1905. The Only Screw Worm Cure.

I am the originator and inventor of this famous screw worm cure. I will sell a copy of original formula, with full directions for making, to all stockmen and farmers on receipt of \$5.00. Send check or money order. Buy this and save yourself money.

F. F. HOYER,
Care 20th Century Drug Co.,
2t-47 Houston, Tex.

USE

Deering Twine,
None Better on the Market.
CHAS. SCHREINER CO.

public school with its many teachers and pupils was very great. Upon the first day I ran away from the sister who had me in charge, and had to be brought back by force. Since that time I have been in constant attendance, having been absent very seldom, and tardy, never. I soon learned to love my school life in the Tivy High School, and leave it with regret as I am sure does each member of this class. Our association has been most pleasant, and should fortune separate us in the future, we will still have many pleasant memories of each other. I will now leave the class in the hands of "The Prophet."

CLASS PROPHET.

By Willie Garrett.

Come with me into the future and see me, as I stand at the threshold of 1925, a lonesome old bachelor who can think of nothing more pleasant than a visit to my old classmates of 1905. I will ask you to go with me upon this visit and if we seem a little selfish in our reunion bear with us for old time's sake. Before we start a word or two of myself in order that you may know in whose company you are to make this visit. I am now, as I have ever been, the victim of circumstances, as in the incident of the perfume given you by our historian, my efforts to make things pleasant misunderstood. My mind often reverts to my old school days to the girl who sat on my right hand and who so generously translated my Latin for me, to the geometry problems which lost their mysterious indefiniteness under the treatment of my little neighbor on the other side, I feel assured that could I have had their gentle assistance through life my lot would have been a happy one. But enough of myself I must hurry on that you may be able to reach home tonight.

I will take you first to visit the public schools of one of our great southern cities. As we go from room to room we recognize as teachers two of our schoolmates, Velma Hodges and Lenora Council. We watch them as they earnestly try to guide the young lives into the right channels. As we see how cleverly they direct their small charges and with how great a vim they punish some unlucky youngster who has been so unfortunate as to be caught in his wrong doing, we wonder if they have forgotten the notes surreptitiously passed, or the lesson borrowed from a more industrious classmate in the old days at the Tivy High.

From the school let us go to a hospital. Here we see patients lying on their snow white cots and the doctors and nurses gliding among them administering to their wants. One bright face among the nurses holds our attention as she passes from cot to cot comforting the suffering and cheering the despondent. Her's the soothing touch, the encouraging smile. Her's the ear to catch the last faint message of love from dying lips, and her's to listen to the hopes and ambitions of those to whom life is spared. As we see her loved and revered in her chosen work our minds fly back to the little Amy Burris of 1905 and we number her among those we honor.

As we leave the hospital we meet a young doctor, an officer of the institution, of growing reputation. He is a graduate of one of our best medical schools where he stood among the first of his class. He is one who gives much time and

effort to scientific research and remembering the determined Charlie Rawson of old, we expect to hear of him in future as having discovered some new way to kill a man or he may in a benevolent frame of mind even invent a way to cure one. Should he give his attention to curing the ills of humanity the undertakers must need combine against him for he will leave them nothing to do.

It is now growing late and we bethink ourselves of some amusement for the evening. We decide to go to the theatre. As we look over the large and cultured throng, before the performances begin, we are caught by a bright face well known to us in former days. Seated in a box surrounded by a group of admirers is our old friend Mable Davey. As we look once more upon this brilliant woman and the circle held enthralled by the charm of her manner we remember that in her school days she had the same winning ways. No skilled acting has made her a social queen. She has simply been true to herself.

It is now time that we turn to the entertainment of the evening—a lecture from one of our distinguished Southern women. As I say this you will at once see in your mind's eye a disheveled female haranguing wildly upon "Woman's Suffrage," "The Training of Children," or some equally time worn subject. But as the lady, who is none other than Zelma Swift, proceeds with her lecture upon a topic of the day, handling it with ease and confidence in a most scientific way you forget your prejudice and are willing to admit as you leave the building, that you have been both entertained and instructed.

Since the morning has awakened us, we can do nothing better than take a walk through the most picturesque portion of the city. As we walk along the crowded streets, where throngs of people are passing to and fro, we see many little children going into one building. We go in with them and see that that it is a kindergarten and in the teacher we recognize another classmate Vida Gibbens. The children greet their teacher with loving confidence and she in turn seems happy to see them again. The glow of pleasure in her blue eyes reminds us of the mischievous sparkle of other days.

We pass out of this building and enter a large establishment from which one of our most important daily papers is issued. We see editors, reporters and messengers absorbed each in his own work. Among all the strangers we notice one face familiar to us in former days. This is Irene Wilson, editor of the Woman's Page of one of our best magazines, the page that makes the magazine so popular in thousands of homes. She seems so intent upon her work that we think her too busy to bother with us, but we are mistaken, she assures us that she always has time to meet old friends. And she tells us this with a happy ring in her voice that makes us glad to hear her.

Picture before you a great river across which a bridge is being built. The noise of the derricks as they hoist the great iron beams and the shouts of the workmen fill the air. This is the next place we visit and as we stand looking on we naturally seek for the superintendent, the master mind, who has conceived the gigantic plan of a bridge strong enough to battle against the current of this mighty river. We watch him as he shouts an order here, directs the placing of a mighty beam there or stoops with knitted brow to unravel a difficult problem. A familiar stoop of the

A Creeping Death.

Blood poison creeps up towards the heart, causing death. J. E. Stearns, Belle Plaine, Minn., writes that friend dreadfully injured his hand, which swelled up like blood poisoning. Bucklen's Arnica Salve drew out the poison, healed the wound, and saved his life. Best in the world for burns and sores. 25c at Rock Drug Store.

Who Is Insane?

A writer in Leslie's Magazine discussing the question, "Who Is Insane?" relates a story of a student who asked the French alienist Esquirol if there were any sure tests by which to tell the sane from the insane. "Please dine with me tomorrow at 6 o'clock," was the answer of the savant. Two other guests were present, one of whom was elegantly dressed and apparently highly educated, while the other was rather uncouth, noisy and extremely conceited. After dinner the pupil rose to take leave, and as he shook hands with his teacher he remarked: "The problem is very simple after all; the quiet, well dressed gentleman is certainly distinguished in some lines, but the other is as certainly a lunatic, and ought at once to be locked up." "You are wrong, my friend," replied Esquirol, with a smile. "That quiet, well dressed man who talks so rationally has for years labored under the delusion that he is God, the Father, whereas the other man, whose exuberance and self-conceit have surprised you, is M. Honore de Balzac, the greatest French writer of the day."

A Positive Necessity.

Having to lay upon my bed for 14 days from a severely bruised leg, I only found relief when I used a bottle of Ballard's Snow Liniment. I can cheerfully recommend it as the best medicine for bruises ever sent to the afflicted. It has now become a positive necessity upon myself.

D. R. Brynes, Merchant, Droversville, Texas. 25c, 50c and \$1. Sold by Rock Drug Store.

Herbine.

Will overcome indigestion and dyspepsia; regulate the bowels and cure silver and kidney complaints.

It is the best blood enricher and invigorator in the world. It is purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, and should you be a sufferer from disease, you will use it if you are wise.

R. N. Andrews, Editor and Mgr., Cocoa and Rockledge News, Cocoa, Fla., writes: I have used your Herbine in my family, and find it a most excellent medicine. Its effects upon myself have been a marked benefit.

Irish Land Act.

The act of 1903, by which the British government advances money to Irish tenants to enable them to buy at low prices the farms they occupy, may not kill the demand for political independence, but it is making a big hole in the British treasury. McLevy has been advanced to tenants to the amount of \$23,150,000 and agreements have been lodged with the land commission for advances aggregating over \$84,500,000. The land thus passes from the landlords and the class favoring English rule is being weeded out. Home rule is correspondingly favored. There have hitherto been two main reasons why self-government has been denied; namely, the strategic consideration and the belief that an Irish parliament would be unjust to landlords. In proportion as the landlords sell out this second objection to home rule vanishes.

Growing Aches and Pains.

Mrs. Josie Sumner, Bremond, Tex., writes, April 15, 1902: "I have used Ballard's Snow Liniment in my family for three years. I would not be without it in the house. I used it on my little girl for growing pains and cured her. I have also used it for frost bitten feet, with good success. It is the best liniment I have ever used." 25c, 50c and \$1.50. Sold by Rock Drug Store.

Cleared For Action.

When the body is cleared for action, by Dr. King's New Life Pills, you can tell by the bloom of health on the cheeks; the brightness of the eyes; the firmness of the flesh and muscles; the buoyancy of the mind. Try them. At Rock Drug Store, 25 cents.

The Tennessee Jack

HOBSON

In service at my farm near Center Point for the season of 1905, at \$8 to insure.

Mares kept at the rate of \$1 per month.

HOBSON has proven to be a fine breeder.

Neal Goldwell.

Clonmell

Will make the season this year at my farm 1 1/2 miles North of Center Point for \$25 season with usual return privilege for improved mares. CLONMELL is a dark bay, 6 years old, about 16 hands high, weighs 1150 lbs. by his Highness, dam, Nettie by Neptune. CLONMELL is a stake horse winning of Amsterdam stake of \$20,000, 1 mile in 1:38; won Saratoga heavy weight handicap carrying 126 lbs., 1 mile in 1:42 2-5 track heavy; he won the Brighton Braeh handicap 1 1/8 mile in 1:46 2-5. CLONMELL will take the place of Prince Russell who is sold.

W. J. Moore.

Breeder of Thoroughbred Horses.

MAHNCKE HOTEL,

San Antonio, - Texas

Corner Houston and St. Mary.

(Center of City.)

Rate \$2.00 a Day.

Modern Conveniences.

Special Apartments (en suite)

Large Sample Rooms,

Cuisine a Specialty.

L. MAHNCKE, Prop'r.

..GERDES HOTEL..

ED B. GERDES, Prop.

THE BEST \$1.00 DAY

HOTEL IN WEST TEXAS.

We make a specialty of caring

for Transient trade, and invite the

Stockmen of this country to stop

with us.

WATER STREET, KERRVILLE TEX.

J. P. MOSEL,

→ Saddles and Harness. ←

I make the best saddles in Southwest Texas, durable, comfortable and easy on the horse, and prices as low as first-class work can be done.

Opposite Schreiner's Bank. Kerrville, Tex.

PURE BLOOD GOOD HEALTH

CO. HAND IN HAND.

GRANDMAS TEA

Nature has a Cure for every Ill to which human flesh is heir.

GRANDMA'S TEA is NATURE'S CURE—a VEGETABLE CURE, and a SAFE CURE for DISORDERED STOMACH and SLUGGISH LIVER. It will give you rich blood and a rosy complexion.

Do As Others Do—Take Grandma's Tea

"I wish to write you of the benefit I received from Grandma's Tea for Biliousness and Indigestion, by using a few doses of the sample which a friend had sent in. I was relieved wonderfully, and praise it to every one I see."

"Thanking you for what it has done for me,
"Very respectfully,
"Mrs. H. T. VAUGHAN, Jailer, Texas."

25 cents a Package  At all Druggists

HARPER WHISKY



PURE AND MELLOW
RICH AND DELICATE

For Sale By
C. T. WESTON.

**WE CATER TO THE TASTE
THE
DELICATESSEN
STORE.**

GEO. W. WALTHER. - KERRVILLE, TEX.

**THE KERRVILLE MARKET
HAAG & MICHON, PROP.**

The Very Best Meats at All Times. Up-to-Date Refrigerator Process.

OPPOSITE BANK. PHONE No. 90. **KERRVILLE, TEX.**

**Prompt Service
Liberal Treatment
Absolute Safety.**

We give particular attention to the business of Merchants, Farmers and Stockmen. We cordially invite them to make this their Banking home. Advances made on Wool and Mohair. Come and see us.

Chas. Schreiner, Banker,
Kerrville, Texas.

H. Remschel,
DEALER IN

..LUMBER..

Sash, Doors, Etc

YARD NEAR DEPOT.

FULL LINE OF
Ready-Mixed Paints.

KERRVILLE, TEXAS

ST. CHARLES HOTEL.

LEE MASON, Proprietor.

Only First-Class Hotel in the City. All Modern Conveniences.
Water Street, Kerrville, Texas.

DAVY CROCKETT

The "Sap's" new night
Train between
San Antonio & Houston

Leaves Houston 10:15 p. m. Arrives San Antonio 7:45 a. m.
Leaves San Ant. 9:45 p. m. Arrives Houston 7:45 a. m.

Each train strictly up-to date, wide vestibule, pintsch lighted, soft berth Pullman sleepers, free parlor car, one combination coach and one baggage car.



WHEN YOU TRAVEL
SELECT A RAILWAY AS
YOU DO YOUR CLOTHES
KATY SERVICE
(MISSOURI, KANSAS & TEXAS RAILWAY.)
SUGGESTS COMFORTABLE AND CONVENIENT TRAINS.
**THE "KATY FLYER" AND
KATY DINING STATIONS.**
MEALS MODERATE IN PRICE,
UNSURPASSED IN QUALITY AND SERVICE.
**ONE PRICE
50¢**

THE BIG BASKET

Is Your Friend.

It makes a trip every week to
Paul Steam Laundry,

Old Hats made new. Old clothes made to look good, and all kinds Laundry work done in first-class style. The PAUL has no animal that eats shirts. They come home whole with the buttons all on. Leave Laundry at Kerrville Book Store.

John C. Graves, Agent,
Kerrville, Texas.

**CHAS. MOSEL
TINSMITH,**

Job Work Done on Short Notice

ROOFING AND GUTTERING
A Specialty.

KERRVILLE, TEXAS.
Opp. Schreiner's Store.

CITY MEAT MARKET

Fresh Beef, Pork,
Mutton and Veal.

Henke Bros., Proprietors.

All Orders Delivered Free

PRICE'S MEAT MARKET.

Beef, Pork, Sausage,
and Barbecued Meat.

All Orders Delivered Free.

**MAIN ST. KERRVILLE
TEXAS.**

That Summer Trip.

Have You Decided On

THIS YEAR'S VACATION ?

It's about the time to figure on it,
Also CONSIDER the TRAIN SERVICE.



Reaches many delightful resorts in
the OZARK MOUNTAINS and
offers the quickest service

TO ALL NORTHERN RESORTS.

**THROUGH SLEEPERS,
HARVEY DINING SERVICE.**

Write for information,
C. W. STRAIN, G. P. A.,
Fort Worth,
Texas.

Doping a Church.

The process which was used for the preservation of Cleopatra's needle in Central park, New York, is now being tried on St. Paul's cathedral London, together with a "dry cleaning" process which is the invention of an American, Neal Farnham, who has lately opened offices in London. The cause of the decay of the stone is the moisture and the strong acids in the air, and the Farnham process removes the accumulated matter by a sand-blast with a pressure of thirty pounds to the square inch. The loss of stone is said to be only a rooth of an inch. The preserving process consists in forcing a refined paraffin wax into the surface to a depth of an eighth of an inch or more. The Hotel Cecil has lately been cleaned by the sand-blast and is said to look never and smarter than when it was built.

shoulder, a sudden flash of the eye and we recognize our school friend Oswald Herzsg.

But we leave this noisy scene and return to the city. We next find ourselves in front of an artist's studio. As we go in we see that it will be some time before she can spare a few minutes to talk of old times so we stand near the entrance and look around us. We see among the people many who are there to give the painter orders for work and many more who like ourselves want to visit the studio of an artist so justly famous. When she leaves her work and comes forward to greet us we recognize with joy Matilda Bacon who even in her school days showed extraordinary talent for drawing.

We will leave the city with its noise and turmoil and go to a smaller place of some ten thousand inhabitants where we shall meet several more of our old schoolmates. First we will visit the house of one of our most successful lady physicians. This is Dr. Pearl Nichols whom we find in her office very busy. As we wait until after her office hours for our talk with her we are interested in the people who seek her aid. We recognize some of the most distinguished people of the city all of whom seem to place the utmost confidence in her. After her duties are over she comes out to us, not the grave and revered doctor, but the same good-natured girl we knew before.

As we leave the doctor's office and walk down the street we pass a beautiful residence and upon inquiring learn that it is the home of another of our schoolmates. We enter and find Edith Leinweber. Time has dealt very gently with our little friend and as we sit with her in her beautiful home and listen to the happy voices of children playing amid the flowers beside the doorway, we see that life is full of happiness for her. We spend a pleasant hour with her talking of old friends and reluctantly take our leave.

Now we will go to another private residence, where we will meet one of the most brilliant women in the state. A writer who has been spoken of for the past few years, as one of the best in the south. We see in front of her house many who are seeking an audience with her. We are admitted for the sake of old times and as she rises from her desk and greets us with the simple kindness of the Ida Pfeuffer of old our minds fly back to the class of 1905 of which she was the brightest and best. We remember that she laid the foundation of her present eminence in our school and we may justly feel proud of her.

It is time for us to hasten on, but first let us make a flying visit to Washington where we shall find among the lawmakers of our great nation an old acquaintance Robert Lockett. The wit of his class during his school days he now holds a more important position in a more distinguished body of which I grant you only a few, the United States Senate among them. The requirements are high. As our nation advances in progress she will need highly cultured and brilliant men to make her laws. Yet Robert's intellectual resources and sympathetic insight into the needs of his constituents enable him to take high rank among his colleagues. And should this section of country be so fortunate as to be represented by him, we may feel assured that our interests will be safe in his hands.

We have now visited each member of the old class and as we turn our faces homeward, we leave them

with many wishes for the years to come. May the class of 1905 fulfill our brightest hopes for its happiness and usefulness.

CLASS POET.

The Schoolboy's Dream.

By Robert Lockett.

The blooming flow'rs, the waving grass,
The tiny brook that murmurs by,
Flowing through the rocky pass,
Then dashing onward violently
Into deep and shady pool,
The picked retreat of wary trout
Who lazily bask in the waters cool
Ignoring the small fish 'round about.

The whispering zephyr, gentle breeze,
So soothing to the laborer's brow
Now rustling through the tops of trees
Who relish it as we, I trow.

The golden daffodils profuse
That clothe the meadows all in gold,
And bow before the wind and lose
Themselves in one vast, dancing, whole.

Yes all of nature seems to say
In accents heav'nly pure and sweet
"This is the beauteous month of May
Which I am sure you're pleased to greet."

The month of May—what magic spell
Is carried in these four small words,

When we our tales of pleasure tell
While listening to the singing bird.

When we go swimming in the pool
That spot so dear to every boy,
Sheltered with trees, inviting, cool
True pleasure's there without alloy.

'Tis my delight, in such a place
In nature's inmost solitude
To sit and watch her outward grace
In workings of such magnitude.

I am a boy—all men were boys,
What man but can remember still
The playful pranks, the larks, the noise
That all his boyhood days did fill.

And where's the person, young or old,
Who went to an old-fashioned school
And does not yet in memory hold
The stern professor's rigid rules?

And can you not recall to mind,
The fairy castles you then built,
Till some intruding, thought, unkind,
Would rudely give them all a tilt?

It has not changed—'tis still the same
The boys now dream as then did you
With high ambition, noble aim,
If to your calling to be true.

"I'll be an architect," says one,
"And by my skill may win a name
And when the race of life I've run
I may have then attained to fame.

But stay—an artist's touch I have
And in this calling may do much
And have the critics all my slave,
Surely others have done such.

And still one more—it may be best,
The sculptor's chisel long ere this
Has made man famous as the rest
And with small labor I insist.

And thus it was from first to last
On none could he firmly decide,
When all of them in dream, had passed
He sadly turned away and sighed.

"Ah me! I cannot tell what fate
In future life may wait for me
But trust what'er may be my state
I'll useful and contented be."

A Surprise Party.

One of the greatest events of this season was a surprise party given last Monday night at the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. A. Enderle, in honor of their son, Louis.

The crowd gathered in the parlor about 8:30, the doors were opened and the guests at once began playing "high five." At the 11th hour, prizes were awarded, and Miss R. Burnett won ladies' 1st prize, Mr. A. Beckman, the gentleman's. The booby prizes were won by Miss C. Beckman and Mr. Otto Dietert.

The hostess then announced refreshments, we were ushered into the dining room, the table was beautifully decorated with carnation and maiden hair ferns, at each plate were favors (carnation tied with pink and green ribbon to which was attached a card with name and a suitable adage.) These were read and caused much merriment.

Delicious refreshments were served as follows: Chicken, mayonnaise, chips, cheese straws, rolled bread, pickles, roasted nuts, ices and choicest cakes.

Then returning to the parlor, we had some choice selections on the piano, after which we bade the hostess good-night and wished our friend, Louis, many more birthdays as well as many happy returns of the day.

GUEST.

TENTH GRADE ENTERTAINED.

On Saturday night last the ninth grade of Tivy High School entertained the tenth grade or graduating class at a reception. The entertainment was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. Renschel and was one of the most enjoyable ever given in Kerrville. In addition to a happy social evening, delicious refreshments were served. The house and grounds were decorated in an appropriate manner and myriads of Japanese lanterns shed a mellow light over the festive scene. The decorations of the dining room and tables were a beautiful work of art. The earnest efforts of the ninth grade, and the open hearted hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Renschel will long be remembered by the graduating class and each of the many guests present.

Resolution of Thanks.

As an implication of our appreciation for the most elegant reception given in our honor by the ninth grade of Tivy High School, on the night of May 13, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. Renschel, we wish to tender the unanimous vote of our class as a feeble expression of our thanks.

Among the happy mentos of our school days we shall long cherish with delight the pleasures of that evening, and can only wish that next year's tenth grade will be made as happy as we were then.

We shall bear away in our hearts many pleasant memories of smiling faces and happy voices, and leave with you an abundance of good wishes for the future of Tivy High School and its graduates.

THE TENTH GRADE OF 1905.

K. of P. Entertainment.

Kerrville Lodge Knights of Pythias gave a very enjoyable entertainment at Pampell's Opera House on Friday night of last week. An interesting program of music and recitations was had. After which refreshments were served and the remainder of the evening spent in pleasant social pastime.

Happy Center Point.

Much to the delight of her host of friends and admirers, Miss Etta Rees has returned to her home in Center Point, after a ten month session in the Art Department of the San Antonio Female College.

Cleon Sellers has been laid up for repairs a few days this week just because he allowed a bad horse run away, smash up things generally and dash him against a tree. His wounds are not serious.

Mr. and Mrs. MOUNTAIN SUN and two junior SUNS were in our village Tuesday on business and pleasure. The former collecting for cards in the new Fair catalogue just issued.

Mr. James Crotty has made new and valuable improvement to his market plant. The latest is a 20-horse-power steam engine, and a cold storage room. An ice factory and electric lights may follow later, to all of which A-meri-cus says amen.

Judge and Mrs. H. M. Burney were pleasant callers at our sanctuary on Wednesday of this week.

Sunshine Band continued its festivities and business rallies by assembling this week at the hospitable home of Mrs. W. J. Moore, welcomed by Miss Fannie Moore, one of the most useful and faithful members of the jolly Band.

One of the greatest desires of the present age among the ladies of our land is to be beautiful. The most certain plan to attain beauty is to begin when you are young to cultivate objects of beauty, and seek pleasant, harmless companions: Buy a few of those crisp Bank Money Orders from the First National Bank, and the bloom of youth will seek you and kiss those frowns from your brow. Suppose you try them.

On Thursday, May 11, the Pricilla Club met with its newest member, Mrs. W. D. Burney, and were entertained in a most elegant and pleasing style. The usual business matters were taken up and disposed of, which closed with a snap shot of the ladies' as they diligently were plying their needles. The assembly was then invited to the dining room where delicious refreshments, ice cream and cake awaited them, where for an hour they feasted and enjoyed the happy occasion. The Club will be pleased to have new members. Such applications should be made to Mrs. Fred Cox. The next meeting will be on Thursday the 25th inst. at the home of Mrs. J. N. Hodges, the president of the Club. A-MERI-CUS.

We offer you a beautiful line of mattings and linoleums from which to select your floor covering. The quality is good, designs beautiful, and prices that will please you.

FAWCETT, BARNES & CO.

Notice.

All persons are warned against trespassing on my premises for any purpose whatever.

G. F. SCHREINER.

Don't Use the Kegs.

All persons are forbidden to use empty beer kegs belonging to the San Antonio breweries for any purpose hereafter. It is a trespass upon the property of said breweries to do so, and same will be prosecuted.

CHAS. HEINEN, Agt.,
Kerrville, Tex.

Warm spring days produce a feeling of drowsiness if the body is loaded with the impurities of winter diet. Cleanse the blood, liver and bowels with PRICKLY ASH BITTERS. It creates energy and cheerfulness.

When you want anything in the drug-line it will pay you to consult W. H. Rawson. He handles only the purest and freshest drugs. A competent pharmacist always in attendance.

Bulls for Sale.

I have for sale ten high-grade, 2-year-old Hereford bulls. Also four good grade Hereford and Durham bulls. These animals will be sold at a bargain. For further information address W. C. Zumwalt, Japonica, Tex., or call at G. A. Stowers ranch. 4t-47

Impurities in the blood produced by digestive disorders must be driven out before hot weather sets in, otherwise sickness will appear at a time when a strong vigorous body is most needed. PRICKLY ASH BITTERS will expel all impurities and put the system in perfect order.

DON'T SEND AWAY FOR SEEDS.

We Handle Them in Bulk.

We have just placed our order for the celebrated Landreth's Garden Seeds. We are going to handle these seeds in package and in bulk. If you are making a list now for fall planting get our prices. Everybody knows Landreth's Seeds, there are none better. Remember we will have seeds of every kind and in any quantity. OSCAR ROSENTHAL.

Bee-keepers Supplies

On Direct Lines
To All Points in Texas.

Leahy Mfg Co.

East St. Louis, Mo.

Wm. A. Cocke, Emmet B. Cocke,
Claude V. Birkhead.

COCKE, BIRKHEAD & COCKE.

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.

Money to lend in amounts above

\$1,000 on good ranch and

farm lands.

OFFICES:

Rooms 407 1/2, 408, 409, 410,

Alamo National Bank Building,

San Antonio, Texas.

\$100 REWARD \$100

I will pay \$100 reward for the conviction of any person for theft of cattle hogs, goats, sheep or horses in Kerr county after this date.

J. T. MOORE, Sheriff.

\$100.00 REWARD.

We will pay \$100.00 for the conviction of any person stealing a horse, cow or hog. After July 15, when the law making it a penal offense to steal sheep or goats goes into effect, we will pay \$100.00 for the conviction of any person stealing a sheep or a goat. We will also pay \$25.00 for the conviction of any person found trespassing in any of our pastures.

J. T. EVANS,
G. A. STOWERS,
B. M. HIXSON,
SAM H. HILL.

FOR SALE.

Barred Plymouth Rock Cockerels and a Few Fine Pullets.

Eggs for Hatching After February 15th, \$2.00 for 15.

Single Comb Brown Leghorns.

Single Comb White Leghorns.

Barred Plymouth Rocks.

There Are None Better.

Lee Mason, - - Kerrville, Tex.

SEWING MACHINES

It Pays to Buy the Best

New Home is Best

Nothing Made Better.
Call on us and let us show you
Our prices and terms
are right.

T. B. Turner, Agt.,

Kerrville, Tex.

BOND HARDWARE CO.

Incorporated \$125,000

Successors to C. H. Dean Co.

San Antonio, Tex.

Wholesale and Retail

Hardware, Vehicles,
Implements.

Fencing, Roofing, Tools, Bicycles, Machines, Cutlery, Stoves and Tinware.

COME SEE US--WE CUT PRICES.

F. T. Johnston & Co., WHOLESALE GROCERS

111, 113 and 115 Medina St.

San Antonio, - - - Texas.

Your Troubles

Are great enough without having to worry over the quality of the goods you buy, or the price you have to pay; we have only one kind of goods at our store,

The Very Best We Can Buy.

OUR PRICES

Are the Lowest, Quality Considered.

A fair profit is all we ask, we always try to so treat our customers that they will stay with us. Big stock of Winter Goods, Clothing, Hats, Dress Goods, Etc.



His Master's Voice.

Make your home happy with one of the Victor Talking machines, the best on the market.

Dietert Bros.,

DEALERS IN

General Merchandise, Farm Implements,
Machinery, Etc.

Hammocks and Croquet.

We have a nice line of Hammocks and Croquet. If you are needing anything in this line be sure to see ours before buying. Best grades at the lowest price.

Kerrville Book Store,

John G. Graves, Proprietor.

Wear

The Texas
TRADE MARK

Overalls and Jumpers

Your Dealer Has Them. Made By

The Lowry Manufacturing Company,
San Antonio, - - - Texas.