

# The Kerrville Mountain Sun.

VOL. XXV.

KERRVILLE, KERR COUNTY, TEXAS, JANUARY 25, 1908.

NO. 32

## In Buying VALENTINES

Why not buy something useful?

Jan. 23 to Febr'y 15

I will sell all Rings, Brooches, Stick Pins and Watch Fobs at 25 Per Cent. Discount

**SELF,** Jeweler and Optician  
Rock Drug and Jewelry Store

## GEORGE BOWLES.

TALK TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS ABOUT COUNTRY SCHOOLS IN OLD TIMES.



YOU can't expect a fellow who writes stories for other people to read, to be always solemn and serious. I have been writing so much stuff for the grown

folks lately that I am tired, so now I am going to have a good romp with the children. Now you old nannies and daddies know all about these "old-timey" things I am going to tell you about, so you just go ahead discussing Mr. Aldrich and the finance bills and the wise things you read of in the Literary Digest. I'd rather talk to children anyway, they are so much easier to get along with.

Now, then, I am just going to talk to you chaps in a rambling sort of way about the kind of schools they had when I was a boy, and some of the things they did. The old school house was not much larger than a good sized cloak room, the window glasses were patched, and the door wouldn't shut tight. The blackboard was made on a kind of frame, and stood up against the wall. I remember distinctly the pride with which I solved the very intricate problem of "John Jones' estate" upon that much worn board, and also, how it hurt when poor little Nellie, who was working away at the other end of the old board, failed to extract the correct figures from her solution of the small but perplexing problem "29 of a mile less 7-11 of a furlong," and cried about it.

The desks in that old school house were made of native Sycamore sawed an inch or more thick and nailed together for service. They were battle scarred and much be-whittled. I sat just behind Nellie, and possessed, at that time, a picture card advertising the first barbed wire ever made. Up on the card was a picture of a house, a green field, and an impossible horse looking over a barbed wire fence. I prized the picture more highly than anything I possessed at that time, except Nellie's affection, but her tears had moved me deeply and I pulled her little plant of yellow hair, and surreptitiously passed the picture card to her. She gave me a grateful smile over her shoulder which would have paid me, at that time, for all the picture cards and barbed wire in the world. I wonder where Nel-

lie is now. She is probably grandmother somebody.

In those days we had no basket ball, or base ball. Sometimes the "big boys" played town ball, with a "sphere" made of yarn raveled from pap's old socks with a piece of lead in the middle to give it weight. The little boys and girls played base, and when they got tired of calling it by that name they called it Blackman or King Caticio. Oh, what would I not give to walk through that old wood on an October morning and have the smell of ripe crab apple and falling leaves in my nostrils, and the thrill of youthful joy as I neared the old school house and heard the voices of Nellie and the other girls singing "Ring-around-roses" as they played a game before "books."

Those were brave times in which the boys fought hornets nests, when they had no excuse for fighting one another. We had our hair cut twice a year, spring and fall, about like sheep are sheared in this country. The boys wore jeans and the girls wore linsey-woolsey dresses, cotton or calico strings for "head bands," except a few "rich people's girls," who could afford a black horn "roach comb." If any of you children don't understand what these things I am telling about are, just ask your pap, he'll know.

The school term usually lasted about five months. The boys would start to school after helping to gather the crop and their hands would be pretty rusty. So by the time they got the black off their knuckles it was time for school to close. Then was the time that epoch making events transpired. When I get to thinking over those things I am deeply grateful that there were few photographers in those days, and poor people could not get pictures. If pictures could have been made of such schools as that and preserved until now few of our children, after looking at them would own us as parents.

The school teacher, as a type, in those days, was a tall, slender man, whose hair was rather long and slightly curly. He wore a Prince Albert coat, broad as to lapel and shiny as to back, and some more clothes, and in addition to his wearing apparel he wore an air of the most profound dignity and learning that was ever paraded daily before the youth of any country on earth. The old field school marster posed as "an exponent of advanced thought," and indeed, he was ahead of everything that was behind him. But we must not go into detail, I have to close the school and this story, or some of you chaps will go to sleep before I get through telling it.

At the close of school we always had an "exhibition." Everybody in the world who has missed witnessing one of these, now extinct, serio-comic performances, has lost a leaf out of the log book of life. We practised for weeks on dialogues, recitations, declamations, tableaux, and the whole gamut of ridiculous things that "thought promoters" of the middle of the last century spent their time conniving at, and yet got away with their lives, and some of them even held honorable positions afterward.

Finally when the fateful night came the crowd began to gather before sundown, and by dark the little old shack of a school house was packed from the "stage,"

which was usually built about five feet high to keep the crowd off it, clear out into the yard in every direction. About dark tallow candles, on wooden brackets nailed to the wall were lighted and the neighborhood fiddler began to play. "Arkansaw Traveler" "behind the scenes" to cover the confusion of placing the Valedictorian and preparing him for his flights of oratory. The budding genius who was to deliver the Valedictory as soon as the curtain rose for fear the people would get away before he got a shot at them, was a most important personage. I think I can describe one to you from memory and that will about cover the whole tribe of them: He was the son of the "leading trustee" of the school with whom the teacher usually boarded. A middlin' fat boy with light hair that was much disposed to grow down the side of the face into what we called "monkey whiskers." His hair was oiled for the occasion and combed down slick on the top of his head, but by some unaccountable neglect they failed to get any grease on the "monkey whiskers" and with the light from the three candles at the back of the stage shining through them they looked like a disappointed hobo around the devoted head of the Valedictorian. He was about fourteen years old, or in that uncertain age known as "goshinghood," and as a consequence when he used his voice for one sentence, he could never rely upon finding it in the same key when he wanted it for the next. The school marster would fix this human effigy of unhappiness in the center of the stage with a Websterian pose, and ensconce himself behind a little side curtain to "prompt" the unhappy youth. Then the curtain which was made of brightly flowered "comfort calico," and strung on a wire, would be slipped aside and the speaker exposed to view in all his wretchedness. There he stood, with his tight fitting Sunday vest drawn across his "brisket" like a drum head, his father's big silver watch in the vest pocket looking like a virulent tumor that was likely to break out at any time. His left hand in such a position that it would have been in the breast of his coat had the lapels of that garment been disposed to meet on friendly terms, while the right hung at half mast like a disgusted pump handle, as if undecided what to do. Thus he stood looking like a convicted horse thief and acting like he was afflicted with locomotor ataxia of the swallowing apparatus, in his frantic effort to "make talk." Finally the schoolmarster called out, in a voice that could be heard a city block, "Feller citizens," with that the unfortunate lad grabbed the "Thread of his discourse" and started off with the alacrity and perseverance of an alarm clock afflicted with Sant Vitus' dance. The right arm became animated and raced up and down and round and round, without reference to the speakers' remarks, like a crazy wind mill in an Oklahoma cyclone. The boy, to do him justice, knew his "speech" well and never stopped to catch his breath until he butted into the "good bye friends and schoolmates," and because of that habit of perseverance, he was afterward a governor.

I can't give the whole show in detail, how the big boys and girls

## 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. Interest paid on time deposits. Come and see us.

**Chas. Schreiner, Banker**  
(UNINCORPORATED)  
Kerrville, Texas

had a dialog, the girls recited seven times seven. How the teacher singled his curly hair trying to light with a match some powder that had been placed in an old pie plate to make a flash light for a tableau.

But I cannot end my story without giving you a description of one other performance. I will skip over the recitation "Curfew shall not ring tonight," and the various dialogues in which the performers "made up" when it wasn't necessary, for they could play to a full house in any city in America 365 nights in succession, if they would appear now just as they were then. All these things I must leave until another time, except the remarkable rendition of what some misguided people have been pleased to call a poem, but what is in reality one of Lewis' nightmares, "The Maniac."

We had in our school, a girl whose name was Sally Jenkins, and I suppose there was a girl like Sally in every country school in the land at that time. Some weak minded woman whose father had taken her to a show when she was a child, told Sally's mother that the child was a born actress and natural elocutionist, nothing short of a prodigy. Sally was, about seventeen years old and had worn shoes one summer. She had black hair and eyes, and on the whole was pretty good to look at, and she knew it. Naturally, Sally liked the elocutionist idea, so, when the exhibition came on she tackled the "Maniac." When the show was about half over, the stage was cleared of the washstand and bowl and pitcher that had just been used in a new and startling rendition of some budding author's comedy-drama, and things put in readiness for Sally to gyrate.

Sally looked mightily pleasing to the schoolmarster, and he knew that he would make an excellent jailor for so fair a prisoner, even if she was a bit crazy, but Sally had a head of her own, and picked her own jailor. There was a young fellow, by the name of Asa Coats, feeding cattle in the neighborhood, who was red headed, weighed 200 pounds, and was about as graceful as a 4-year-old steer. Sally selected this Appollo to be her jailor, and he was it. When all was in readiness the fiddler struck up some drige-like air that sounded like someone turning an old wooden sorghum mill backwards. The parties to the crime were waiting and when the music began Asa backed out from behind a little side curtain like a bull with his head in a basket, holding gingerly, to the end of a rusty trace chain like it was a piece of muddy rope. Later developments revealed the fact that the other end of the chain was around Sally's neck. Asa backed to the middle of the stage with the grace and ease of a por-

poise trying to dance a minuet. Sally following him with her neck craned forward like a turkey looking for snakes. When the haughty jailor stopped, his victim kneeled at his feet and rolling up her eyes proceeded to say, "Stay jailor stay. Stay jailor stay I am not mad I am not mad, etc., in a shrill falsetto that sounded like a runaway phonograph with dust on the record. As she kneeled there I want you to take a good look at her and then I'll draw the curtain, but girls, if any body ever tries to get you into a thing of that kind, call a policeman at once. Sally was the most fearsome looking thing I ever saw. People thought Asa, of the Medusa locks, had intended to marry her, I don't know how about that, but I know he got crazy drunk the next day and never went to the Jenkins house again. Sally was made up "wild," that's a mortal cinch. The bunch who prepared that girl for her performance had evidently been living on hashish and "skeer soup" for a month. They had gotten an old blue check cotton dress with the waist and skirt all sewed together, and dressed her up in it. Then they tore the sleeves out, tore off sundry patches about the collar and other wise scarified the garment until it looked as if it had been through a threshing machine. They had painted blue, bruised spots on her neck and arms until the poor girl had the appearance of having been most foully dealt with. They painted black rings under her eyes and then put bella donna in them and enlarged the pupil, until they looked like two yawning black holes in her face. A plentiful application of possum grease had been given to her hair which hung in strings, under the stress of much oil, like small parties of grangers from a disrupted lodge. But I cannot dwell longer on the gruesome scene. I never do blame Asa Coats for getting drunk and I have always thought that if Lewis could have seen Sally that night he would have quit hitting the pipe and would probably have been a "changed man," if he had survived a good square look at his own booger.

Well, well, it is funny now, but it was a serious problem then. And yet, with all the drawbacks, misfortunes, lack of equipment and lack of knowledge that existed then, some how they made some pretty good men and women out of that gang—governors, congressmen, preachers, journalists and many plain, honest, good citizens were educated there, while God has never allowed better, nobler women, to live than Nellie and her playmates became in after years.

It don't make so awful much difference children what your environment is, if you do the very best you can with what you have to do with you will usually win out all right in the end. I shall not apologize for this long story, for if you have as good a time reading it, as I had visiting old scenes, in my mind, while writing it, an apology will not be necessary.



## LOCAL and PERSONAL

BY SUN REPORTERS.

For good live stock insurance see J. H. Ward.

Clas. Montague, of Bandera, was a business visitor in Kerrville on Saturday of last week.

Miss Allie Morris, of New London, Mo., is visiting the family of J. W. Russell.

Dr. J. D. Robinson, of Center Point, was a visitor to Kerrville Wednesday.

Rufus Peril, a ranchman and farmer of the Divide, was in town Thursday with a load of hogs.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Starkey, on the 21st inst., a daughter.

J. J. Sublett, a well-known farmer of the upper Guadalupe country, was in Kerrville this week.

Oscar Sellers, a prominent druggist of Harper, spent several days in Kerrville this week on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Mack Henderson, from the Johnson Creek vicinity, were visitors to Kerrville this week.

H. G. Edens, a prominent young farmer of the Center Point community, was among the visitors to the Metropo is Tuesday.

18 size, 15 j Elgin or Waltham mov't, in S. B. & B. or silver cases for \$6.00 at J. B. Love's. Prices on all other watches in proposition.

### Suits Cleaned and Pressed.

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

### S. Friedmann, THE TAILOR.

Mountain Street, Opp. Court House KERRVILLE, TEXAS

W. A. Nichols, a farmer of the Goat creek country, was in the city Wednesday circulating among friends.

John Leavell, who has been spending the Holidays with home folks, returned to San Antonio Friday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Davenport, of the Elm Pass community, were among the shoppers in Kerrville on Saturday of last week.

Mrs. J. W. Nelson of Center Point, was a guest of the St Charles Hotel, this city, Wednesday.

Mrs. H. A. Thorton, of San Antonio, arrived in Kerrville Tuesday to spend about two weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Boyer.

W. C. Zumwalt, manager of the Stowor's ranch, at the head of the Guadalupe, was among the ranch people in town Tuesday buying supplies and attending to business.

Miss Clara Herzog left Wednesday for New York, where she will resume her studies with Mme. Meyssphey, vocal instructor of the Conried Metropolitan School of Opera.

When you go to order the staples, please remember that our grocery department is up-to-date. Just now we have, special, fresh salt mackerel, pickled herring, water kraut and Russian sardines.

MOSEL, SAENGER & Co.

H. A. Thompson and wife, who have been visiting at the Masterson ranch at the head of Turtle creek, arrived in town last Saturday and took the afternoon train for their home at Austin.

Insure your live stock with John B. Ward.

Dr. J. L. Miller, of Ingram, was in the city Tuesday.

Onion sets at Mosel, Saenger & Co's.

J. J. Denton and little daughter, of Ingram, were among the visitors in Kerrville Monday.

W. P. Cowden, a well-known farmer of the Turtle Creek community, was on the jury this week.

Thos. W. Masterson and wife from their ranch at the head of Turtle creek, were over in the city Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Smith, of Garland, are in Kerrville for the winter and will probably locate here.

Geo. Benson, a farmer of the Japonica community, was in town the first of the week buying supplies.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Evans, of the Melissa Ranch near Mountain Home, were visitors to the city the first of the week.

## USE 'GOLDEN CROWN' FLOUR

THE CHEAPEST AND THE BEST FLOUR IN TEXAS.

The best mouse traps in the world, only 5c each at the Famous

A few choice Plymouth Rock cockrels for sale. Inquire of Robt. Saenger, Kerrville, Tex.

Mrs. John Williams, of the Turtle Creek community, was among the shoppers in Kerrville last Saturday.

Will Cavaness, a business man of Brady, and well-known in this city and county, was a visitor to Kerrville this week.

Mrs. G. W. Colvin and daughter, Miss Hattie, of Ingram, attended the Eastern Star meeting in this city Tuesday night.

FOR SALE.—Fine bay mare, 7 years old, 15 1/2 hands high, drives single or double, saddles well, safe for women or children.

J. J. McKEELEY.

C. W. Walker and wife, of Lynn, Mass., are spending the winter in Kerrville. They have rooms at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Dietert.

M. R. Braggins has sold his livery and transfer outfit to B. M. Hixson & Co. of this city. Mr. Braggins will devote his time to the Junction mail line.

Elder J. M. Norwood, Christian evangelist, will preach Sunday, Jan. 26, at 11:00 a. m. and at night at 7:30 p. m., at the Union church. All are cordially invited.

Morelock & Hixson have sold the Rock Drug Store, to Coats & Denman, who will conduct the business in the future. Both gentlemen are recently from Lufkin, Texas.

Dr. A. K. Tainter spent Wednesday night in Kerrville, having been called here in consultation with Palmer & Fordtran at the bedside of Mrs. T. F. W. Dietert, who is critically ill at her home in this city.

### Jury Like Loaded Dice.

Lake Charles, La., Jan. 18.—Somewhat of a sensation was created in the State Circuit Court here today when the sixth jury in the contest to remove Sheriff D. J. Reid from office, reported that, like its five predecessors, it could not agree. The case has now extended over four years.

When this report was made to Judge Lee by the jury he had them brought into the court and declared he was surprised that, after seventy two hours' deliberation, they were unable to bring in a verdict.

"It reminds me," said Judge Lee, "of a story I once heard related by Judge White. He said that if a man throws five sixes in a crap game it is not surprising. If he throw five sixes twice in succession it is not surprising. If he throws them three times in succession is rather curious. If he throws them four times successively it is a little remarkable. If he throws them five times hand running it is wonderful. But if he throws them six times there is nothing curious or remarkable or wonderful about it—the dice are loaded."

"Gentlemen, retire to your room. Mr. Sheriff, adjourn court until 9 o'clock Monday morning. I shall expect a verdict by that time."

White lawn 10c per yard, worth 20c, at the Famous.

### Hogg's Desk at Austin.

Austin, Tex., Jan. 21.—The old desk used for many years by ex-Governor James S. Hogg, deceased, has been acquired by the City of Austin and placed in the new City Hall to be used by the Mayor of Austin. It is a valuable piece of furniture outside of the sentiment attached to it and his Honor will be well equipped.

A suitable tablet showing to whom the desk belonged and by whom it was used, will be attached to it.

Egg beaters, the Nover pattern, only 10c at the Famous.

—We are making a special drive on all winter goods, including woollen dress goods, woollen and fleeced-lined underwear, fasciators, men's overcoats, and all reasonable wearables, a special reduction on cotton flannel. We are putting these things under the hammer to make room for spring goods.

MOSEL, SAENGER & Co.

### READY FOR BIRD OF PEACE.

An official of the state department who eats lunch without leaving his desk, usually has a cellar filled with salt within reach of his hand.

"What are you doing with salt on your desk?" asked a caller.

"O, that's so I shall be ready whenever the bird of peace puts his tail in a convenient position."

"And I suppose," suggested the visitor, "that that goose quill pen you have is a trophy of one of your victories?"

Chicago Daily Journal.

### READING MATTER.

"Martha Smith, the village postmistress, is in a fine humor," confided the rural mail carrier.

"Going to get a raise in salary?" asked the city boarder.

"Nope! That wouldn't please her half as much as the new postal kyards."

"New postal cards?"

"You bet! Since people are allowed to write on both sides of their Marthas has had twice as much to read every mail."—Chicago Daily News.

### ONE ON THE OSTRICH.

The game hunter came upon a foolish ostrich in his traditional retreat.

"Here is where I revise the old saying," laughed the hunter.

"How is that?" asked his friend.

"Why, instead of saying a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, I say the bird in the sand is worth two in the bush."

And then while the poor ostrich dug his head deeper into the desert the hunter helped himself to the plumes.

### REPAID IN KIND.



Injun Ike (to city cousin)—Go it, 'd bronze, go it! Well, Reggie, I certainly appreciate the bouncing good time you shewed me when I was down ast last, a-takta' me auto riding an' own the bump the bumps an' sich, an' I alters lowed es how of yo' ever come west I'd do es much for you an' in a doin' it, by ding.—Chicago Daily News.

### Wise Counsel From the South.

"I want to give some valuable advice to those who suffer with lame back and kidney trouble," says J. R. Blankenship, of Beck, Tenn. "I have proved to an absolute certainty that Electric Bitters will positively cure this distressing condition. The first bottle gave me great relief and after taking a few more bottles, I was completely cured; so completely that it becomes a pleasure to recommend this great rem-dy." Sold under guarantee at Rock Drug Store. Price 50c.

**Use Golden Crown Flour—it is the Best and Cheapest Flour in Texas.**

### NOTICE.

I will prosecute anyone hunting with dogs or gun in the Reservoir pasture, North of town.

Chas. Schreiner.

**WANTED** Local representative for Kerrville and vicinity to look after renewals and increase subscription list of a prominent monthly magazine, on a salary and commission basis. Experience desirable, but not necessary. Good opportunity for right person. Address Publisher, Box 39, Station O, New York.

## T. F. W. DIETERT & BRO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

### GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

## 'VICTOR'

We Sell Victor Graphophones, Records and all the latest Songs and Music.




Music by the Greatest Masters in the World Right in Your Home.

Your Patronage in Our Line Will be Appreciated. We Have No Favorites Among Our Customers. Treat All the Same—Right.

## T. F. W. DIETERT & BRO.

West Water Street, Kerrville, Texas.





# PETERS SHELLS


Cannot be Beaten for Field or Trap Shooting.

THEY are strong, sure-killing loads—yet do not "kick" excessively. They give a splendid shot pattern, and no bird can ever get through it.

They are quick as lightning, leave the gun barrel clean, and best of all—every shell of a given load is exactly like every other—no disconcerting "pink" or heavy charges. You can depend upon them absolutely.

YOUR DEALER SELLS THEM.

**THE PETERS CARTRIDGE COMPANY,**  
CINCINNATI, OHIO.



## The Remington

always has been and is today the recognized leader among the writer machines. Send for descriptive catalogue.

**Remington Typewriter Company**  
227 East Houston Street,  
San Antonio, Texas.

## DAVY CROCKETT

The "Sap's" New Night Train Between San Antonio & Houston.

Leaves Houston 9:45 p. m. Arrives San Antonio 7:10 a. m.  
Leaves San Ant. 9:00 p. m. Arrives Houston 7:15 a. m.

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

### HAD GROUCH WITH HIM

Newsboy's Sarcaetic Comment Amply Justified by Circumstances of the Case.

A gust of wind snatched the new fall headgear from a stout man on the Euclid car the other morning just as the car slowed up to wait for a passenger train to get by at East Fifty-fifth street, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He made a futile grab for it, but it rolled along the curb for several rods. Then a newsboy stopped shouting "Uxtry" long enough to catch the hat on the wing and make a spurt for the car before it started on.

"Here's your hat, mister!" he shouted, as he handed the hat over to the anxious-looking, corpulent passenger.

The fat man took the hat and looked at a chunk of mud smeared over the crown, as if to say, "That wouldn't have been there if you had been a little quicker." Then he pulled the hat down on his head more firmly than before and resumed the reading of his paper.

"Nice, precatative old dodger, ain't he?" the lad yelled to another newsboy. Then he jumped off the car whistling.

**"To Keep Well"**  
The whole year through," writes L. A. Bartlett, of Rural Route 1, Guilford, Me., "I and my family use Dr. King's New Life Pills. They have proven most satisfactory to all of us." They regulate the system and cure biliousness, malaria and constipation. Guaranteed by Rock Drug Store.

**DIVERSION.**  
"Money doesn't buy happiness," said the trite philosopher.  
"No," answered Mr. Dusty Stax; "it doesn't exactly bring happiness, but it affords some of us billionaires a great deal of amusement to see the efforts of people to get some of ours away from us."—Washington Star.

### SCARED OFF BY SKELETON

Prospective Tenant Had No Idea of Mixing Up in Someone Else's Family Affairs.

A medical student out at Reserve took home a complete set of assorted human bones from the college laboratory some time ago to work up into a first-class skeleton. One thing and another, however, prevented him from wiring the bones together, and recently when his family moved to another location in the east end the bones were still scattered about his room. He dumped them all into a small store box to be moved to his new home.

In carrying the box out of the van one of the movers knocked one of the boards loose, and a complete skeleton of a foot—about an eight and a half D last—fell to the pavement.

Now, while one family was moving out of the house another family was moving in. But when the incoming family saw the foot on the sidewalk they called the movers off the job right on the spot.

Not another chair went into the house after that. And no one, not even one of the movers, was allowed to touch the foot. It remained right there until the former occupant of the house was summoned from town to pick it up.

"If you hadn't come to move it away I never would have gone into the house again," said the new tenant. "You don't catch me mixing in on anybody else's family skeleton."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### MAY FIND TREASURE SHIP

Fishermen While Trawling Bring Up Wreckage of British Vessel Sunk in War of 1812.

It is thought the paymaster's scuttled ship Ensign, which was sunk with her crew of 90 souls in Chippewa bay, in the St. Lawrence, near Brockville, during the war of 1812, has been located by fishermen near Dark island, the summer home of Commodore F. C. Bourne, of New York, says the Ottawa correspondent of the New York Sun. The discovery, if true, means great wealth for the lucky finders.

Odd pieces of ship's rigging and rope ends characteristic of 100 years ago and the cover of a sea chest with the word Ensign laid in pearl have come to light where the treasure ship is supposed to lie.

The discovery was made lately while two fishermen were out trawling. A heavy deep-sea lead was taken along and between hauls the lead was sunk by the men to satisfy their curiosity as to the depth of water. The chest cover was brought to the surface trailing two pieces of rope and a broken bar.

A close inspection revealed the nature of the junk and the fishermen angled around for four hours without anything further coming up. A later venture proved that the sunken ship was lying in 100 fathoms of water.

**DUKE OWNED ISLAND.**  
The duke of Atholl, who is now in residence at his beautiful Perthshire seat, Blair castle, is the lord of over 300,000 acres, including one of the finest deer forests in Scotland, and the bearer of a long string of titles, for besides being a duke he is marquis and earl of Atholl, marquis and earl of Tullibardine, earl of Strathgry and Strathardale, viscount Glenalmond and Glenlyon, viscount Balquhader, lord Gask and Balquhader, lord Balvaird, baron Strang, earl Strange, baron Percy, baron Murray of Stanley, baron Murray of Tullibardine, and baron Glenlyon. The dukedom dates from 1703. The third duke and his duchess disposed of their sovereignty in the Isle of Man to the British government for £70,000. The fourth duke disposed of his remaining property and privileges in the Isle of Man for £400,000.—London Tit-Bits.

### DEER FEED WITH CATTLE

In Massachusetts the Animals Are So Tame That They Eat in the Barnyards.

The farmers in this locality say that there has never been so many deer about the country as there has been this year.

In many places at East Middleboro the deer are so tame that they eat with the cattle in the barnyards.

Last year the farmers were troubled with their garden truck being eaten by the deer, and they had to go to a lot of trouble to get damage from the state.

Now that the law has been changed so that deer can be killed by the farmers if they are caught in gardens, the trouble has vanished, and the deer are satisfied with grass.

Last week a deer was shot by a party of hunters near the John Alden place on Summer street, and the game wardens of the state have been looking up the case. At this point a new road is being made and the laborers saw the deer on the brow of the hill, where they were working. Soon a shot was fired and the animal fell. A man came and clubbed it on the head, after which it was loaded into an express wagon which drove toward Bridgewater.

The wardens are determined to punish the poachers.—Middleboro (Mass.) Cor. Boston Herald.

**How to Cure Chills.**  
"To enjoy freedom from chills," writes John Kemp, East Otsefield, Me., "I apply Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Have also used it for salt rheum with excellent results." Guaranteed for sores, indolent ulcers, piles, burns, wounds, frost bites and skin diseases. 25c at Rock Drug Store.

### TALKED UNDER THEIR HATS

New York Damsels Found Enormous Headgear No Bar to Their Continued Chatter.

More than one masculine mind has wondered how the enormous hats of this season were to find room in the crowded subway cars, says the New York Press. Three stylishly dressed young women, apparently from a fashionable boarding school, entered the express train at Seventy-second street the other day. Each wore a hat of extreme proportions, and the passengers stared in unconcealed wonder as to how the girls would be able to seat themselves so as to carry on the confidential chatter indispensable to a trio of maidens of their age.

But the young women fluttered up the aisle and settled most naturally as if by preconcerted arrangement, the two tall girls with the short one between them, so that the brims of the two upper hats met over the crown of the middle one, which rested confidently on the shoulders of the tall girls.

"Do you suppose they rehearsed it?" whispered the messenger boy to the guard.

**HE GUESSED HER AGE.**  
Among the corps of instructors in one of Washington's high schools is a woman highly esteemed as a teacher of American history. The class under her eye had under consideration one day topics concerning the civil war, when one lad volunteered, in illustration of some point, a lurid account of a battle in which he claimed an uncle of his had participated.  
The teacher interposed to observe that the anecdote could hardly be true, as the date in question was near her own age, and she was not born until after the close of the war.  
At this the boy seemed a little chagrined at being so evidently in the wrong. After a few moments of embarrassed silence, he said with the naive air of one who has made the best of the situation:  
"Oh, but, Miss Blank, I did not mean the revolutionary war!"—Lippincott's.

# The Strongest Fence

Science proves that the strongest fence, because constructed throughout on scientific lines, is the

## ELLWOOD FENCE

SIMPLE—SCIENTIFIC—STRONG



**The Reasons:**  
1st—Each horizontal extension of the ELLWOOD is a steel cable, consisting of two heavy wires intertwined.  
2d—Each of these cables is tied to each other cable by a continuous heavy wire lapped tightly about every cable—not tied in a crooked "knot" or twist to weaken the strength of the wire at the bending point. (Wrap a wire around your finger and the wire is not weakened; tie a wire up in a hard knot and you cannot untie it without breaking, if it is so much weakened.)

**THAT IS ALL THERE IS TO ELLWOOD FENCE—**  
Heavy steel cables lapped about and held together by steel wire, forming uniform meshes. Simple, isn't it? No chance for weakness in any part, uniformly strong. The reasons for the superiority of ELLWOOD FENCE are not hard to find. This company owns and operates its own iron mines and furnaces, its own wire mills and six large fence factories—either one of the six being larger than any other fence factory in the world. These facts should be convincing.

We Handle ELLWOOD Fencing in Car Load Lots and Carry all Styles of Fencing and Gates. Come to see us. We'll talk Fence economy to You

# Beitel Lumber Comp'y

DEALERS IN

## Lumber, Shingles, Builders' Hardware, Supplies.

H. V. SCHOLL, Manager

Yard Near Depot.  
P. O. Box 26, Phone 126.

# Kerrville, Texas



# The Mountain Sun.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY  
...BY...

J. E. GRINSTEAD  
West Water Street, Kerrville, Texas

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## PAY YOUR POLL TAX.

The four words that compose the head of this article have been the burden of numerous editorials of varying length and strength, in the Texas press since the first day of January, until it is all but impossible that any citizen of the Lone Star State will be disfranchised, because he did not know that the law required him to pay a poll tax before the first day of February in order to vote in the 1908 elections.

It may be that these poll tax editorials are merely a fashion, but the Sun is inclined to think that they are the result of a certain amount of thinking that has been done by members of the newspaper fraternity and the men of affairs with whom they associate. There are not very many newspaper men who are candidates for public office and urge men to pay their poll tax from selfish motives. Publishers of newspapers are reading and thinking men, and they realize that an intelligent wielding of the ballot is absolutely indispensable to the well being of the commonwealth.

There is another feature of the case that the average voter does not consider. As a rule a man pays his poll tax, if he pays it, without stopping to think why he does it, except that he wants to be able to vote. When we come to look deeper into the matter we find that it is because he wants to be a good citizen. In a country where the boast of the nation is that it is "a government of the people, by the people, for the people," it does not look good for a man to sell his franchise for \$1.75. Money is not quite as plentiful just now as it was a year ago, it is true, but there is much more than \$1.75 worth of satisfaction and self-respect to be had out of owning a poll tax receipt, and being able to vote and to bear a hand in electing to office the men who shall preside over the destinies of the country.

The Sun does not print this article for the purpose of inducing do Kerr county citizens to pay the poll tax. It is not necessary to that, because there is, perhaps, a smaller percentage of our citizens who fail to pay their poll tax, than of the citizenship of any other county in Texas. We print this article more particularly to set our people thinking why they have possessed themselves of the poll tax receipt as a passport at the voting box. To the end that they may consider rather the betterment of conditions in the country, than the gratifying of some alleged grievance of their own, or of some friend who chances to be in politics. There has been no such thing in America since the Declaration of Independence was signed, as clean politics, and it is probable that no such state of affairs will ever exist, but it is the duty of every good citizen to do what he can toward making the conduct of the country's political affairs as much better than they have heretofore been as possible.

There are no candidates avowedly in the field for political preferment at this time, so it is impossible that we offend any by

saying that men who resort to intrigue, double dealing, back capping their opponents, purchasing votes and otherwise disgracing themselves and their country are unfit to hold any position of public trust, and if the voters of Texas do their whole duty in this good year 1908, they will put an abrupt stop to that class of political pirates boarding the ship of state at will. There is no duty, not even that of providing for those dependent upon him for support, that is more urgent and essential to the happiness and prosperity of individuals and of the country in general, than that which confronts the voter in the exercise of his franchise in the selection of public officials. To this end it is the duty of every voter to put away prejudices, personal animosity, and everything except an honest, sincere determination to use his best judgment in the selection of men best qualified to discharge the duties of office. The time has come when Texas needs one or two administrations of cool-headed, calculating business men, and the elimination of sentimentality and fanaticism from public affairs. Let the people of Texas rise and elect public officials for once, just as they would select men to perform a given service in private business. The best available. The state is but a gigantic business concern, and needs must have men of business ability to successfully conduct its affairs.

There is always some fool who is ready to pull something before it is ripe, and there is usually a lot of human monkeys ready to imitate him. There was a gang of people in the 30th legislature standing on the tip end of their hind legs trying to "gather" the unripe two-cent railroad fare. They failed to get the green fruit, and when the matter was put up to the railroad commission, whose job it is, under the law, to fix these things, it developed that Texas roads could not be successfully operated at that rate. Missouri people howled for a two-cent fare law and they got it. There were old fellows in the forks of the creek in that state who are still searing their children to sleep at night with the story that the "bushwhackers" are coming, and who never rode a hundred miles on the train in their lives, that lifted themselves by the boot straps and yelled until they scared horses loose and their mouths looked like the inside of a boot top, when some fool aspirant to the legislature talked about compelling the railroads to carry passengers for two cents a mile. Yes, they would take these "voracious monsters" into whose capacious maws the earnings of the down trodden people go by the neck and compel them. They did, and the next time one of those old fossils in the forks bought a barrel of salt he paid enough in increased freight rates to make up the other cent on all the railroad traveling his whole family ever done. It is gratifying to know that no citizen of undeveloped Southwest Texas, nor any representative of our people took a hand in the attempt at regulating railroad fares. We have too much freight to ship, going and coming, in the first place, and too much country to develop, and too much intelligence in general to attempt to hamper the industry that is a prime factor in the development of the resources of the country.

Secretary Cortelyou played the claim very successfully for several years after entering politics, but when once you prize a clam open right good and wide it is about the most wide open thing on the beach.

A dispatch states that the Pope is suffering from gout.

No use quarrelling over where the "gold of Ophir" came from. It is extremely probable that Solomon and Phoenicians got all there was there.

There are entirely too many bankers pestering the Governor about the convening of a special session of the Legislature. It don't look good.

If the growing of dry land olives is demonstrated to be a success in Texas, there will be very little waste land in Kerr county a quarter of a century from now.

The U. S. fleet on its way to the Pacific Ocean, is creating as much stir among the nations as a social leader entering church with a new coat and bonnet would create among the women present.

If John R. Walsh, the Chicago bank wrecker, gets stuck on all counts there are against him, he will get 270 years in the penitentiary. As well make it a life sentence and have done with it.

Some members of the United States Senate charge Roosevelt with being more autocratic than Kaiser Wilhelm. If Teddy had no more strings on him than "Willie" has, the German ruler would be left at the post in every race.

It begins now to look as if the reading public had cultivated the appetite for sensational matter to such a point that they crave it as a drunkard craves whiskey, or the "dope fiend" some poisonous drug. Where this abnormal craving of the human mind will end is hard to tell.

Frenchmen are cudgelling their brains over how to get French juries to convict pretty women. Better give it up. Pretty women have been getting what they wanted ever since Eve made Adam walk, barefooted, among thorns to gather Spanish needles with which to sew her fig leaf costumes.

The fleet of battleships headed for the Pacific Ocean are supposed to be now passing around the "horn." If Bob Evans don't stop and have a look at the island where Robinson Crusoe spent so many happy years, away from operas, phonographs, heroes, politicians and other worms in the apple of human happiness, he ought to lose his job as "main squeeze" of the fleet.

Governor Hughes, of New York, will not seek the Republican nomination for the presidency, but would not turn it down if it was offered him—in other words, he is in the attitude of the fellow who is prepared to say, "don't care if I do," should some generous friend make a proposal on a cold morning. It will be a cold morning in May when the offer is made to Mr. Hughes.

The yellow pine manufacturers "struck a knot" with the lumber trust law when the officers of the association were summoned before the federal grand jury at New Orleans Wednesday afternoon. Looks like hard luck that a trust can't have a little "gathering of its clans" without the law being enforced against them. By the time lumber goes up enough to pay for the fight of the lumber kings and costs attached, a common man will have to pick his teeth with a pin.

Economizes the use of flour, butter and eggs; makes the biscuit, cake and pastry more appetizing, nutritious and wholesome.

# Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE.

This is the only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar.

It Has No Substitute

There are Alum and Phosphate of Lime mixtures sold at a lower price, but no housekeeper regarding the health of her family can afford to use them.

## KERRVILLE MERCANTILE CO.

### BARGAINS IN GROCERIES

We are going to discontinue our Grocery business on February 1st, and until then will offer especial bargains in that line as long as they last.

We shall use the space now occupied by the Grocery Department for the enlargement of our Dry Goods Department.

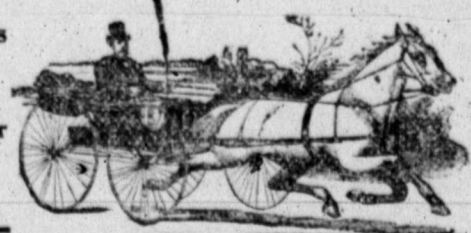
We aim to give our entire time and attention to the Dry Goods, Notions, Clothing, Shoes, Etc., business in connection with the Book Store Department and shall strive to give the best values in those lines.

## KERRVILLE MERCANTILE CO.

## HIXSON & CO.

LIVERY, FEED AND SALE STABLE

First-Class	Nice Gentle
Turnouts	Saddle
Single or	Horse for
Double	Ladies or
	Gents



Cater Especially to Drummers

**BURPEE'S SEEDS GROW!** If you want the Best Seeds that can be grown, you should read **BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL FOR 1908.** so well known as the "Leading American Seed Catalog." It is mailed FREE to all. Better write **TO-DAY.** W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.



**HOME NEWS.**

**Interesting Items From Town and County.**

Fresh onion sets at T. F. W. Dietert & Bro. 29-1f

Dominoes, only 10c per set at the Famous.

Rob Wellborn of Center Point was serving his country as a jurymen this week.

H. C. Griffin, the tombstone man of Center Point, was in the city Monday.

Make your old stoves look like new by using the silver polish just received at the Famous.

S. M. Yates, a farmer of the Center Point vicinity, was in Kerrville Thursday.

Will Leigh of Stoneleigh ranch near Center Point, had business at district court here Thursday.

Glasses that are strong, and reasonable in price just opened at the Famous. Come and try a set before they are all gone.

**Dr. Edward Galbraith,**



**Dentist**

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

Dish pans worth 50c are selling at 25c and everything in the tinware at greatly reduced prices.

THE FAMOUS.

D. E. E. Palmer went to Bander on Saturday of last week to attend Dr. Ardrey, who has been critically ill for some days.

It pays you to feed your chickens. We can sell you the best wheat for 75c per bushel, come and look at it.

THE FAMOUS.

Col. Otto Wahrmond, of San Antonio, spent last Saturday in Kerrville, a guest of his sister, Mrs. Lee Mason.

Prof. E. Haböcker, who had been spending a week with his family at their home on Turtle Creek, was in Kerrville Monday on business.

Grip! Everybody has it, but the Famous has the lowest grip on prices, and the highest grip on quality. Try us.

OSCAR ROSENTHAL, Prop.

We are offering special inducements to purchasers of barb and smooth fence wire, also some woven wire. We are closing out these lines to quit handling them, and will make low prices on cash sales.

MOSEL, SAENGER & CO.

John Silvers, aged about 60 years, died on Main street Wednesday night from cancer, and the body was buried Thursday at Glen Rest Cemetery. Mr. Silvers had been in Kerrville only a short time, coming to this place from Harper.

Galvanized foot tubs, only 50c at the Famous.

Guy Burney, of Center Point, was in Kerrville Thursday.

Barrel pickles something extra fancy, just opened at the Famous.

Louis Zoeller, of Boerne, was a witness in District Court here Thursday.

Hon. Chas. Montague, of Bander, was among the visitors in the city on Saturday of last week.

Deputy Sheriff Ed Dungan, of Boerne, attended court in Kerrville Thursday.

Just received a shipment of Armour & Co's 'Veribest' can meats. They are the best in the market. For sale at the Famous.

Geo. E. Meeks, a young Guadalupe valley farmer of the Center Point community, was in Kerrville Thursday.

WANTED: — Chickens, eggs, butters, lard and bacon. Will pay you the highest market price.

THE FAMOUS.

The body of J. H. Bartles, who died at Junction Tuesday night from pneumonia, arrived here Thursday at noon. It was prepared for shipment by Undertaker Ward and sent to his former home at Huntsville, Texas.

Mrs. C. W. Martin, a sister of Mrs. W. M. Bennett, and who came up from San Antonio last Sunday on a few days visit to friends and relatives in this city, returned to her home Wednesday and was accompanied by her son, L. Roy Martin.

W. C. Linden arrived in Kerrville Monday from Burnett where he had been as counsel for the State in the Don Gray case. Gray was found guilty of manslaughter, and given a sentence of four years in the penitentiary.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Schreiner, Misses Lallah Goodman and Eugie Myers and Messrs. B. M. Hixson and M. H. Alfred composed a party that spent a few hours at Cactus Hill, near the city, Tuesday night. Pleasant conversation and a delightful lunch were the order of the evening. All report a huge time.

The order of the Eastern Star held a very interesting, special, meeting Monday night. A good attendance of the members were present to witness the ceremonies in taking two candidates through the mysteries of the order. A fine supper was served at the conclusion of the meeting which was hugely enjoyed by all present.

A farewell reception was tendered Miss Clara Herzog, who left this week for New York city, last Monday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Schreiner, on Water street. A very enjoyable time was spent by all. Those present were, Misses Clara Herzog, Lallah Goodman and Eugie Myers, Messrs. J. H. Gardner, B. M. Hixson and M. H. Alfred.

# Charles Schreiner Co

Kerrville, Texas,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

## GENERAL MERCHANDISE And Leaders in Low Prices.

Agents for Samson and Aermoter Windmills Collins' Pumps, Jacks, Moline Disc Plows, Deering Harvesters and Springfield and Studebaker Wagons and Vehicles.

### Pasteurs' Vaccine for Blackleg.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Rawson.



The publishing of the bans of matrimony that united Mr. Herbert Rawson and Miss Georgiene Koester, witnessed the marriage of two of the most popular young people in Kerrville social circles.

The wedding took place quietly at the manse of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, San Antonio, on Sunday, January 19, Rev. Brooks I. Dickey performing the ceremony. The bride, who is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Koester, is a most beautiful and popular young woman, and has, since her graduation from school, been recognized as a social leader. The groom is prominent young druggist, son of ex-Mayor W. H. Rawson. Many friends will unite in wishing this popular couple a life of happiness.

Gloves from 15c a pair up at the Famous.

W. H. Rawson returned Thursday from Hillsboro where he had been called to the bedside of his sister who was critically ill. She recovered sufficiently to be brought to a sanitarium in San Antonio, where, it is hoped, she will entirely recover.

**PROUD OF HIS COLORS.**

The stalwart youth had gotten the worst of it in the senior-freshman scrap.

"You don't seem to be the least worried about your discolored eye?" remarked the visitor.

"Not at all," laughed the stalwart youth.

"But one eye is black and the other green."

"Ah, I am proud of them. Black and green are the college colors."

**Notice:**

We have sold the Rock Drug Store to Dr. R. L. Denman and will appreciate an early settlement of all accounts due the firm, as we have kept all accounts. Settlement may be made with B. M. Hixson, at the livery stable, or at the Rock Drug Store.

We wish also to thank the public for their kind consideration in giving us a liberal share of their patronage while in business.

Respectfully,

MORLOCK & HIXSON.

**THE DIFFERENCE.**

"Father," asked Rollo, "what is a financier?"

"A financier, my son, differs from the ordinary business man in being able to make the government sit up and worry when his affairs do not go right."

**WORLD'S COCOANUT SUPPLY.**

E. G. Simion, a cocoanut planter of Samoa, who is in Seattle, declares that the German government is saving the world from a possible cocoanut famine by having the old and dead trees in the domain under its jurisdiction replaced by young and healthy trees each year. According to Simion, there is no immediate danger of the cocoanut supply becoming exhausted, but the market for the commodity is growing better each year. The recent large foreign experiments in the cultivation of copra, the dried kernel of the cocoanut, from which cocoanut oil is made, is said by Simion also to be an important reason why new trees should be planted. The planter declares that the United States is neglecting its holdings in Samoa, while the various foreign powers are taking advantage of every opportunity to make money on the island.—Seattle Times.

**LITERARY COINCIDENCES.**

Tennyson said of a strange literary coincidence: "A Chinese scholar some time ago wrote to me saying that in an unknown untranslated Chinese poem there were two whole lines of mine almost word for word." Byron, in his monody on the death of Sheridan, where he says there will never be another Sheridan, the mold being broken up, employs, word for word, terms in which an ancient Sanskrit document refers to the death of Maru, notwithstanding that Byron could never have seen the document. Shakespeare's passage about love and lightning in "Romeo and Juliet," ii., 2, is almost identical with a quotation from "Malata and Madhava," an Indian poem by Bhavabuti, written nine centuries before, and not translated up to Shakespeare's time.

**TREE HAS HAD LONG LIFE.**

On the Jacob Zimmerman farm, about one-half mile north of Blue Ball, Lancaster county, Pa., is a pear tree which was planted in the year 1774, or two years before the signing of the declaration of independence. The tree measures three and one-half feet across the stump. There is no written record of the age of the tree, but it is known by a well-kept tradition, handed down from father to son from the time of the first settlement of the old homestead. The tree is bearing a nice crop of fruit this year.

**ALL SHE HAD TO DO.**

"I like that way of marching around the church and singing," said a woman visitor to a large Protestant Episcopal church recently, "I just wish we could have something like that in our Methodist church in Whitestown."

"Well, Betsy," said her meek little husband, who was carrying her handbag and fur coat, "if you want them to march around the church and sing, all you've got to do is to tell them to, they wouldn't dare not mind you."—N. Y. Press.

J. R. BURNETT, President  
T. F. W. DIETERT, Vice-Pres.  
H. HOLL, Cashier.  
M'COLLUM BURNETT, Ass't Cashier.

**FIRST STATE BANK OF KERRVILLE.**

CAPITAL STOCK, \$25,000.00

This Bank offers the best endeavors of a splendidly equipped and well managed institution, and is prepared to extend to its customers at all times the fullest accommodations consistent with existing conditions.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS.

Opposite Opera House and St. Charles Hotel

# WE NEVER

Buy second-hand bottles, nor do we dispense medicines in them. It is most dangerous, as frequently bottles are picked up around doctors' offices and taken to a drug store and sold. You can best imagine what might have been in them. You don't have to demand accuracy, purity and elegance from us, that is our motto. Yours for business,

# ROCK DRUG STORE



# ANY THINGS

## FROM THE PAPERS.

Washers boil clocks to  
Some men "soak"  
clothes, too, but not to clean  
them.

During a recent parade in  
Washington the coachman made  
a blunder by calling for "two  
gressmen and two gentlemen,  
please."—Ex.

"If a twelve-foot snake takes its  
tail in its teeth and eats its way  
around to the back of its neck,  
how many times will the said tip  
of the said tail pass any given  
tooth?" asks an editor. Ah, the  
curse of strong drink!—Ex.

A very old lady on her death  
bed in a penitential mood, said:  
"I have been a great sinner for  
more than 80 years, and did not  
know it." An old colored woman  
who had lived with her a long  
time exclaimed: "Lord, I knew  
it all the time."—Ex.

A young husband was told by  
his affectionate spouse: "Well,  
dear, you know how I have been  
scrapping and saving for my new  
costume; well, I've decided on it  
now. It is to be a pale green  
broadcloth, and it will cost \$92.50,  
and I want you to help me a little."  
"How much do you need?"  
asked the fond hubby. "Oh, I've  
got it all but \$90," was the cheer-  
ful reply.—Ex.

A Sherwood girl, who recently  
returned from a visit back east,  
relates the following experience:  
She attended a party one evening  
where chocolate bon-bons were a  
part of the refreshments. She  
spied a nice plump one on the  
side of the dish, which she tried  
to take, but which seemed to be  
stuck to the dish. After the second  
attempt the negro waiter, who  
was passing the dish remarked,  
"Beg pardon, Miss, but dat's mah  
thumb."—Ex.

### As It May Be.

"Yes, madam," remarked the  
applicant for a handout, "it is  
true that I once saw better days."  
"Poor man," replied the woman  
of the house, spreading a slice,  
"tell me about it."  
"The fact is," continued the  
wayfarer, "that as president of a  
New York bank I had a good  
thing until the clearing house  
threw me out."  
"That surely was hard."  
"Hard! It was harder than you  
think. There was still some mon-  
ey in the bank at the time."—Ex.

A hardware dealer wrote the  
following to his wholesale house:  
"Dere sur: I receive de stove  
wich i by alrite but for why don't  
you send me no feet, what is de  
use of de stove when he  
don't have no feet? I am loose  
to customer, sure ting by no hav-  
ing de feet and as dat's no vary  
pleasure to me, what is de matter  
wit you? Is not my trade mon-  
eys so good like another man's  
you loose to me my trade and i  
am very anger for that, and i now  
tells you dot you are a dam fools  
and no good. I send you back at  
once you stove tomorro for sure  
bekaws you are such dam foolish  
peoples. Yurs respectfuller, P.  
S: since i wrote you, dis letter i  
had de feet in do oven, excuse  
me."—Ex.

### His Reason.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the

housewife, as she handed out a  
wedge of pie. "Why don't you  
take a bath?"  
"Excuse me, lady," replied  
Soiled Simon, gravely, "but it is  
impossible."  
"Impossible? Why so?"  
"Well, you see I am the 'Be-  
fore Using' ad of a celebrated  
soap company and if I took a  
bath I'd lose my job."—Ex.

### To Persevere a Husband.

Select with care; the very young  
and green varieties take longer to  
prepare, but are often excellent  
when done; those too crusty take  
a long time to cook tender. One  
neither hard nor soft will give the  
best satisfaction.

Do not keep in a pickle, nor in  
hot water, for even a little while,  
as this toughens the fiber, retard-  
the cooking and often spoils the  
result. Never prick to test for  
tenderness; this leaves a mark,  
and they are never so smooth af-  
terward.

Even the poor variety may be  
made sweet and tender by the fol-  
lowing method: Wrap in a man-  
tle of charity and keep warm over  
a steady fire of loving domestic  
devotion; garnish with patience,  
well sweetened with smiles and  
flavored with kisses to taste. Serve  
with peaches and cream.—National  
Magazine.

### An Interview In the Garden.

"Yes," said Adam, "it's true.  
We moved out of Eden. Too  
damp and no heat."

"There was some story of a a  
disagreement—er—a missing apple  
of something or something of  
that kind."

"Not a word of truth in it, so  
far as I am concerned," said Ad-  
am, decisively. "You may say  
for me that the public has been  
grossly misled by this Mr. Ser-  
pent, I've never even met him and  
you can publish this in the Daily  
Fig Leaf over my signature."  
"Was there an apple missing?"  
"Well there may have been a  
bite or two out of one. Eve—you  
know what women are—may have  
ribbled at one. She lacks the  
masculine will power and self con-  
trol. But you'd better ask her  
yourself. She's over there sew-  
ing with a pine needle."

"Did you hear anything of a  
missing apple?"  
Eve smiled. She has fine teeth.  
"Well, yes. That agreeable  
Mr. Serpent gave me one. I took  
a bite, and, well, you see, we're  
not staying at the Eden any  
more."  
"Do you regret it?"  
Eve smiled again. She has the  
whitest teeth.

"Regret it," she exclaimed.  
"Why there were no clothes there  
and no fashions. No, indeed.  
And, by the way, how do you  
think I'll look in this—it's for the  
Spring—I got it for 98 coconuts."  
"It's a dream."  
"It's such a job punching holes  
in these leaves," complained Eve,  
with a pout—her teeth are pearls  
—"but there's to be nothing but  
openwork effects this season,  
they say. Oh, but they won't  
say anything in the paper about  
me, will you? Newspaper noto-  
riety is terrible."  
"Just a few words."  
"Well, I suppose you must if  
it's your business. Would you  
like to have one of my new phot-  
ographs to go with it?"—Ex.

### HEMP FILLER.

"Great Raleigh!" ejaculated the  
regular customer, "this is the rank-  
est cigar in seven states."

"Why, my new clerk gave it to  
you," replied the tobacconist. "Don't  
you think he understands his busi-  
ness?"

"Oh, yes, he knows the ropes, all  
right."

### Cured of Lung Trouble.

"It is now eleven years since I  
had a narrow escape from con-  
sumption," writes C. O. Floyd, a  
leading business man of Kershaw,  
S. C. "I had run down in weight  
to 135 pounds, and coughing was  
constant, both by day and by  
night. Finally I began taking  
Dr. King's New Discovery, and  
continued this for about six  
months, when my cough and lung  
trouble were entirely gone and I  
was restored to my normal weight,  
170 pounds." Thousands of per-  
sons are healed every year. Guar-  
anteed at Rock Drug Store. 50c  
and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

**Use Golden Crown  
Flour--it is the Best  
and Cheapest Flour  
in Texas.**

### Dr. R. L. Denman, Physician and Surgeon

Diseases of lungs and throat,  
apendages of eye, stomach and  
intestines, children, skin, genito-  
urinary, and all conditions of  
acuteness.

OFFICE:  
**Rock Drug Store**  
Hours, 9-11 a. m., 2-4 p. m.  
Res. Phone 56, Bus. Rock Drug  
Store.

### THE ST. CHARLES HOTEL

GEO. MORRIS, Prop.  
Positively no regular Boarders  
taken without a Certificate from  
a Doctor stating that they have  
no Tuberculosis.

**RATE: \$2.00 A DAY**

Come to the mountains and spend  
a pleasant month during summer  
WATER STREET - **Kerrville.**

### PHOTOGRAPHS

**THE RICH SEPIA  
WORK A SPECIALTY**  
High Grade Kodak and View  
Work Promptly done  
Studio on Main Street, next door to  
Book Store

### MRS. O'NEAL PHOTOGRAPHER

### EMERSON & CO., Pawn Brokers and Jewelers.

**BARGAINS IN UNREDEEMED  
PLEDGES.**  
Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Guns,  
Musical Instruments, Etc.  
321 W. Commerce St.,  
**SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.**

### THE GERDES HOTEL,

MRS. ED B. GERDES, Proprietor  
**The Best \$1 a Day Hotel in West Texas**  
We make a specialty of caring for transient trade, and invite the  
travellers of this country to stop with us.  
Water Street, - - - Kerrville, Texas.

### WELGE BROTHERS LEADERS IN BEST FLOUR

LIBERTY BELL FLOUR takes the lead for light bread  
SKY HIGH for biscuits  
**FEED STUFF**  
We carry the Best Grade of Corn, Oats, Bran and Corn chops  
Alfalfa, Johnson Grass, Sorghum Cane and Prairie Hay  
SALT—Texas, Liver Pool and Ice Cream Salt.  
**GROCERIES**  
A full assortment of the best Grades. Glass Lamps, Tin  
and Hard Ware.  
JORDAN'S CHALLENGE STOCK SALT—The Best Tonic  
on the Market.  
STORE AND WAREHOUSE OPPOSITE DEPOT  
**KERRVILLE TEXAS**

### RECREATION HALL

(In Rear of Delicatessen Store)  
**Billiards, Pool and Other Amusements**  
ALL THE COMFORTS OF A CLUB  
**Walther & Arnold, Prop's,** **KERRVILLE, TEXAS.**

### BUY YOUR CEMETERY WORK FROM

**H. C. GRIFFIN,**  
Center Point, Texas.  
With LUCAS & MEIER MARBLE WORKS, San Antonio, Texas.  
Beautiful Marble and Granite Monuments, Headstones, Iron Fining, etc.  
At prices to please everyone

### CITY MEAT MARKET

Fresh Beef, Mutton,  
Pork and Veal.  
**Henke Bros., Proprietor**  
All Orders Delivered Free

### H. C. Fisher Jr. Attorney at Law

Will practice in the Courts of Ker-  
rville and adjoining counties  
OFFICE  
OVER SCHREINER BANK

### CHAS. MOSEL TINSMITH,

Job Work Done on Short Notice  
**ROOFING AND GUTTERING**  
A Specialty,  
KERRVILLE, TEXAS.  
Opp. Schreiner's Store

### Clean Clothes

Even if they are not very  
fine, give one a look of res-  
pectability. When we do  
your laundry work it is done  
right. If we could not do the  
best class of work we would  
not do any

### Our Big Basket

Leaves Kerrville every week  
on Tuesday and returns Fri-  
day. Your laundry will be  
called for and delivered free.  
Have your laundry ready by  
Monday evening.  
**Paul Steam Laundry**  
HERBERT RAWSON, Agt.  
PHONE 37. **KERRVILLE**

### THE KERRVILLE MARKET

**OTTO DOEBBLER, Prop.**  
The Very Best Meats at All Times.  
Up-to-Date Refrigerator Process.  
Opposite Bank - **Kerrville, Texas.**

### The Delicatessen Restaurant

This popular place has recent-  
ly changed hands. It has  
been overhauled and groceries,  
fruits and confections are now  
carried. Short orders at all  
hours a specialty.  
**Regular Meals 25c**  
CLAYTON LOVE, Prop.

### WHEN YOU WANT

A Good Square Meal  
An Afternoon Lunch  
or a Hot Dish of Chili  
the place to go is to

### S. N. JAMES'

Opposite Schreiner's Bank  
**REGULAR MEALS**  
25 CENTS  
Oysters in any style  
in season.



# MOSEL, SAENGER & CO.,

(Successors to Anderson Bros.)  
Dealers in

## General Merchandise

PHONE 133

Buy and Sell All Kinds of Feed Free Camp Yard.  
Buy and Sell We kindly solicit a share of public patronage.  
Country Produce Opp. Depot, Kerrville, Texas

# W. H. Rawson,

DEALER IN

## Drugs and Druggists' Sundries.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

A large assortment of watches have been left on display at our store by manufacturers for thirty days only.

# H. Remschel,

DEALER IN

## LUMBER

Sash, Doors, Etc.

YARD NEAR DEPOT.

FULL LINE OF  
Ready-Mixed Paints.

KERRVILLE, TEXAS

## I. W. Harper Whiskey

"On Every Tongue"

Everybody Knows It!  
Everybody Likes It!  
They All Demand It!

Sold By  
M. F. Wesler & Co.

# H. KUENEMANN,

DEALER IN

## LUMBER, Shingles, Sash, Doors

Blinds, Posts, Brackets, Etc.

ROBERT SAENGER, Manager

Yards Beyond Depot. Office at Mosel & Saenger's Store

Kerrville, Tex.

## "GESUNDHEIT IST BESSER WIE KRANKHEIT."

"Gesundheit ist besser wie Krankheit."  
Is an old German proverb which always holds good!  
There is genuine health in OUR NEW

### "TEXAS PRIDE"

beer, for there is no purer beer brewed and our  
malt is "Not how cheap, but how good." Nothing  
but the Very Best Malt and the Finest Imported  
Hops, in connection with the purest German distilled  
water are used in the manufacture of same. It is  
bottled in steel Enamelled Glass Bottles in a sterilized  
condition, the malt is a food and the hops a tonic,  
and together they form a healthy beverage.

We do not ask you to drink our beer on account of our  
advertising, and because a "Home" industry slogan,  
but by the fact that we have absolutely a  
superior article.

Lay prejudice aside, try it, and be convinced!

San Antonio Brewing Association

# The Woodrat

A True Story of the Devil's River  
Country as Told in a Letter

Written by "The Wrong  
Mr. Wright."

Volcanic Knob,  
Devil's River Bend,  
December 7, 1907.

To the Fossilated Editor of the Devil's River Sunflower:—Your sulphuric and pasilanamous letter informing me that I was indebted to you for three years subscription to your rag-time sheet, was received some time ago and would have been answered before now except it came in an open envelope with a one-cent stamp on it. You should have had better sense than to dun a gentleman in a one-cent open letter.

At outstart of your caustic and impertunate epistle I observe you are an honest editor and unless I settle three years' subscription to your "Sunflower Reflector" you will cause me considerable trouble. And you call yourself an honest editor, do you? Great Scott, old man, if you ever saw an honest editor he had a crow-bar stuck in—I mean behind his ear—and was peddling hardware. Talk about causing me trouble! Ye gods and little fishes! I have already had enough trouble to send fifty shyster editors like you to the "bottomless pit" a thousand times.

In the first place, old man, let me give you a gentle tip: Getting money out of me is like stuffing hot butter down the guzzle of a wild-cat with a peggingawl in August. This is a frozen fact, as the last time I ever yielded up a dollar was the time that I was held up and robbed by a deputy sheriff, constable and a crazy old justice of the peace who wasn't legally qualified to decide a dog fight. That was a hold-up proper and had I not been already been starved out on "rotten fish and rag-time pianny music," I would have seen the whole push cross-ways, swimming heads downward in the fiery lake of brimstone, before coughing up a darn cent.

But I see you don't understand the status of the case and I will have to give you an insight into my past history before you take a tumble to yourself and stop annoying gentlemen with inflated bills for the sorriest abortion of a newspaper that the sun ever rose and set on.

Well, to begin, I came to Texas from Michigan about seventeen years ago and homesteaded 19 sections of school land on Devil's river. Finding a fine batch of mesquite and post-oak timber thereon, I wrote back to a Michigan manufacturing firm, giving them a glowing account of my good luck, and asked them to send me a saw-mill, promising to pay for same on the installment plan as soon as I could saw and deliver half a million feet of mesquite weather-boarding and flooring. The saw-mill was forthcoming, and on its arrival I got busy and soon had it in operation. I bought two Texas ponies, four yoke of oxen and two tog wagons, all on the installment plan, and after hiring a half-dozen Mexicans, my saw-mill was soon sawing like the saw they sawed with down in Arkansas.

It didn't take long to saw enough lumber to build a two-room box house, and as soon as it was finished and furnished (on the installment plan), I wrote to my wife in Michigan, telling her that I was prepared to receive her and for her to come at once.

She arrived in due time, and it

was with her coming my troubles commenced in earnest. After being installed in her new home a few weeks she informed me that Devil's River was too lonesome for her, and unless I got her a "pianny" she would go back home. The music box was immediately ordered (on the installment plan), and my wife after banging on it three consecutive days was taken violently sick. That night she gave birth to twin boys and died in great agony. The next day I hired a Mexican wet-nurse for the twins at a salary of \$40 a month, and wrote back to Michigan for my father and mother to come at once. They came in post-haste and on the day of their arrival one of the twins died from being doped on Castoria and the other choked to death on a button. The wet nurse then sued me for her wages and got judgment for a year's salary. The following night my oxen broke into a neighbor's corn field and killed their fool selves, eating green fodder. Three weeks thereafter my house and saw-mill burned flat to the ground, my father was killed while trying to extinguish the fire, and I was left without a frizzling-frazzling darn thing. After father's death my mother eloped with my Mexican ox driver and they have not since been heard of. I then hired my Texas ponies to a prognosticated, circumsized jew who killed one by hard driving. The other one was stolen by a negro and rode to death while he was trying to escape from an infuriated mob. After these experiences I made application to join Charley Adams' show and received 49 black balls with notice that a second application would not be considered. I then moved further heliwards, run for justice of the peace, and was defeated by an old tramp printer who knew no more about law and equity than a razor-back, acorn-fed hog knows about the rules of table etiquette. This caused me to take to drink, and while trying to drown my sorrows in the tempting cup I was held up in broad day light and robbed by three legally qualified officers of my last cent. This was the feather that broke the camel's back, and after being juggled, half-starved, cursed and damned by a set of slueths, I hummed two plugs of tobacco and hiked out of the Devil's river country, vowing to return there again and make another race with that old "rat" printer for the high office of justice of the peace—pledging myself to the good people of Sonora, that if elected, I will see that the "old blisters of Mexico" will no longer flaunt their red lights and scarlet banners in the face of respectability.

And now, Mr. Fossilated Editor of the Sunflower, proceed with your trouble making. I don't owe your blasted old rag-time sheet a blooming cent, and if I did you have already bilked me out of enough cash to buy your whole junkshop. Besides, if Xmas turkeys were selling for ten cents apiece I couldn't at this time negotiate with a jay bird for a pleasant look. Yes, by all means make me more trouble. I don't expect anything else except to be pestered and harassed by a lot of shyster editors and unscrupulous petty officers the rest of my allotted days. I am a man of trouble, expect trouble and am never disappointed when it comes. I do, however, expect to be released from all earthly woes when I shuffle off this mortal coil, and I have therefore already petitioned to the high heavens for a seat in glory where I can peer in to the bottomless pit and satiate my majesty above coal on you and the

rest of such d—

represent. you

Trusting you and appreciate the and hoping that the g and Devil's river, for th of established reputation, fair play, will apply thing good and strong to you. er end, I am, sir, with t Profoundest res "The Wrong Mr. Wr

P. S.—Enclosed please find personal note for 30 cents, which you will announce in Wallpaper that I will again be candidate for justice of the pea on Devil's river next year, and will continue to run for office until the Woodrat goes in his hole. You will have no trouble in negotiating my note, as everybody holds them and they are considered good.—Ex

### Don't Believe Eddie Foy Punched Ben Thompson.

Because they didn't believe that the late esteemed Ben Thompson had been "poked in the jaw" and relieved of his armament by Comedian Eddie Foy, as related a couple of Sundays ago in the New York Morning Telegram, a number of well known men who live at the Menger hotel, among them being Clerk "Santa Claus" Rutherford, have written a letter to the comedian demanding further particulars.

In a story in the Morning Telegram some of Eddie Foy's personal reminiscences of the days of long ago, when his name was not known everywhere and his fame was not batted around from lip to lip and back again, as it is now, were related.

Foy goes on to say that on one occasion he was playing in Dodge City. One night Ben Thompson, the Texan, whose fame as a gunman had spread everywhere, happened to pass a remark about Foy's acting. Just what remark Thompson made Foy does not say, but it is believed that he called him a "ham," or something similar, which is a deadly insult to a real actor, of course. But Ben didn't know this apparently.

The diminutive actor thought rapidly. He knew that if he took slack from Thompson he would be regarded as having been afraid to protest. He arrived at this conclusion almost instantaneously, as it were and he reached a decision just as quickly.

He went up to Thompson and before poor Ben knew what was doing, according to Foy, he had received a most terrible punch in the jaw. This floored him and while he was thus engaged in holding communion with the pavement, Foy took away his several guns, Bowie knives and other implements of war.

Now, that's what Eddie says. Rutherford says that Thompson was never in Dodge City, and Rutherford ought to know, because he trailed with Ben for many years.

"Ben would never have stood for that, you know dad-blamed well," said "Santa Claus." "I've a whole lot of old-timers about this and they are saying a harsh, ugly little word in connection with Foy. For my part, I believe Foy went through it all right, but the transition from the pipe to consciousness of the every day sort was so easy he didn't exactly know when he left off sleeping and when he got awake. We wrote him a letter, at any rate, and I'm anxiously looking for an answer.

"If you see old man Hagen about this you ask him. He knows all about Ben."—San Antonio Gazette



# THE FAMOUS

DOOR TO POSTOFFICE

TELEPHONE NO. 67

## Special Sale.

We are now offering special inducements to buyers of laces and embroideries. Our stock in this line is unusually full and very attractive, while the prices will assure us the trade of those desiring.

Laces & Embroideries

Oscar Rosenthal, Prop.  
Kerrville - Texas

### Bible 150 Years Old.

Noah Benson is the owner of one of the most remarkable bibles in Texas. The book was printed in 1758 by special command of the King, and contains in its family record a long list of Bensons. The book is yellowed with age, but is complete, not a leaf being gone. The old book followed the tribe of Bensons in their meanderings from the Atlantic Seaboard, Westward to Illinois, and finally came with a branch of the family, the present owner's father, W. H. Benson, to Kerr county in 1855. The book has evidently been much read and handled, but its excellent state of preservation attests the excellence of the material of which it is made.

### An Ordinance.

Be it enacted by the City Council of the City of Kerrville, Tex.

SECTION 1.—That the office of City Attorney, beginning the 7th day of April, 1908, be hereby abolished, and the Mayor be given power to appoint an attorney when his services are needed by the city.

J. O. H. WARD,

Attest:

Mayor.

A. R. JONES.

### Married.

Mr. Frank James and Miss Susie Hyde were married Wednesday, January 22, at the home of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nathan James, Rev. T. N. Barton performing the ceremony. Both of the young people have resided in this county since childhood and have many friends who will wish them happiness and prosperity in their married life.

### Lost.

A heavy, grey overcoat, between corner of Mountain and Washington streets. Finder return to this office and get suitable reward.

### From Leakey, Texas.

May I step in a few minutes. Well I am a real live boy, and Santa Clause said he would send me to the "Calf Run" girl if I would send her a description of my self, so her she goes.

I have blue eyes, and light hair, I have a little shepherd dog with light hair too. I wear boots and spurs and can ride anything that won't pitch, I always behave nice never get drunk. I am six feet high, weigh 175 pounds, I shave twice a week a month if I have time. O, I'm a worker I tell you right now. I'm a pretty good fellow. O, yes, I'm as big as any boy to my age, and mighty good looking. I will sure be out of luck if I don't root. My pa and ma are in Arizona, so they won't be in the way, I work on a ranch and had my picture taken Sunday, and I know it is fine to talk to the girls in the mountain shade, and I think it is just as nice to talk in the Mountain Sun. But I sure don't like corn bread at all. This is all I'll tell, but if this don't suit I can't help it. Cow Boy.

### Butcher Shops Will Close Sundays.

After February 1st, we will close our shops promptly at 9:00 a. m. Sundays, and will remain closed until Monday morning. Carts will leave shops at 8:00 Sunday morning, and we wish all our customers to have their orders in before that time, otherwise we cannot deliver their orders. We ask our customers, if possible, to give us their orders Saturday evening to insure prompt delivery.

Respectfully,

OTTO DOEBBLER,  
HENKE BROS.

Large, fresh mackerel, only 3 for 25c, at the Famous.

### DISTRICT COURT.

The District Court has been grinding steadily along. Several criminal cases have been disposed of and a few civil suits of minor importance adjudicated. The following is a list of jurors for this week:

W. C. Whorton, H. D. Barton, C. S. Burks, W. P. Cowden, J. M. Howell, J. J. Sublett, G. W. Baldwin, R. L. Dowdy, Robt. Rees, J. M. Harris, W. F. Cox, T. A. McBryde, W. H. Richworth, G. E. Thomas, A. S. Johnson, F. T. Vaughn, Wm. Nimitz, J. M. Webb, S. P. Crenshaw, R. G. Leinweber, R. H. Vaughn, Sam Crider, J. T. Deering, H. G. Koester.

In the case of Granville Blanks, (colored) charged with "pistol toting" the jury failed to agree and a mistrial was had.

A charge of perjury was also held against Granville Blanks, but was dismissed for want of sufficient evidence to convict.

Zebedee Tatum, (colored) charged with perjury, was tried by jury, found guilty and his punishment assessed at two years in the penitentiary.

In the case of the State versus W. W. Mills on a charge of rape, a jury was selected at noon Thursday. Attorneys for the State and for defendant both announced ready and trial proceeded. Thursday afternoon was consumed in the examination of witnesses.

### Tuesday Musical Club.

The Tuesday Musical Club met with Mrs. S. E. Howard. A very entertaining program was rendered by Mesdames R. Galbraith, S. F. Howard, J. W. Burney, J. L. Pampell, J. W. Taylor and F. Coleman.

Lard cans, only 25c at the Famous.

### Typical History of the Bot Fly.

In the South-west this fly is known as the "heel fly" and to stock raisers the larva is known as the "grub."

In early spring these flies lay their eggs upon the legs of cattle, just above the heel, and for this reason they are known as the "heel fly." There are usually from four to six eggs and they attach themselves to the hair by means of little clasps. The cattle lick their legs, the larva is at once hatched and carried down the oesophagus, which it penetrates by its long spines.

After molting it wanders for several months through the connective tissue of the cattle, finally reaching a point beneath the skin on the back of the animal. Molting then again takes place, the fly becomes more spiny, bores through the skin, where it can get air.

The larva now develops rapidly, living upon the pus and blood produced by the irritation of the skin. After molting again it grows to an inch in length and is yellowish white in color. It then works its way out, hardens, grows smaller and drops to the ground. In from three to six weeks, the full grown fly escapes by pushing off the circular cap at the end of the puparium.

### Stockholders' Meeting.

The stockholders of the West Texas Fair are requested to meet at the Court House, Kerrville, Tex., Saturday, Jan. 25, 1908, at 2:30 p. m., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors for the ensuing year. Matters of importance will come before the meeting, therefore your present is desired.

H. REMSCHELA,  
CHAS. REAL,  
Sect'y.-Treas.

### "Ose!"

The other morning  
When I arose  
From a sweet repose,  
I put on my clothes,  
Down town I goes,  
With my partner, Mose,  
And what do you suppose,  
Before very far we goes,  
Between me and Mose,  
A quarrel arose.  
Mose  
Smashed my nose,  
Back home I goes,  
Pulled off my clothes,  
The doctor gave me a dose  
Of, I don't know,  
But what I do knows  
I knows  
I knows.

—By Henry Story.

### BUSINESS CHANGE.

Dr. R. L. Denman has purchased the Rock Drug Store from Hixson & Morelock. The business will be continued at the same stand. Mr. C. P. Coates, who recently came to Kerrville from Lufkin, will be in charge of the business as manager, while Mr. C. C. Amsler will continue in the business as pharmacist. Dr. Denman being himself engaged in the practice of medicine will make every effort to accord such treatment to the profession and give them such service as will warrant their making the Rock Drug Store their prescription headquarters. To the public in general the assurance is given that the best and purest of drugs and medicines will be kept and the service equal to that of the best class of drug stores in Texas.

### AN UPLIFT.

"I see a woman has left 10,000 francs for elevating French morals. How do you suppose it will be applied?"  
"Don't know, but I suggest that if they buy up and suppress a few editions of French novels it would help some."