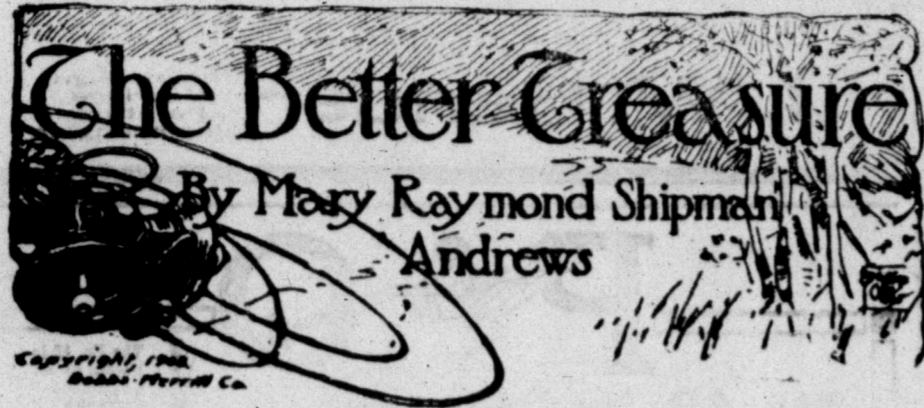


The Kerrville Mountain Sun.

VOL. XXVII.

KERRVILLE, KERR COUNTY, TEXAS, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1909.

NO. 28



The Better Treasure
By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

HERE were thick flurries at intervals as if the world were filled with a sudden storm of white feathers, but no weight of snow fell; the air had a sweet coldness as one inhaled it, yet was as mild as December twenty-fourth might be and not be pusillanimous—a well-behaved winter's day; there was not the ghost of a reason why the 1:05 local from Barchester should be two hours late.

The handful of passengers at Blenheim Junction wandered aimlessly, afraid to go away lest the belated train should make up time; now and again they drifted together and exchanged pessimistic surmises as to any one's chances of getting anywhere for Christmas. The shifting



"The Man Drew a Sharp Breath."

human atoms might be classified as four bunches: the small-boy bunch, three women circling about a stolid and annoyed boy; the tobacco bunch, four unshaven men; the parson—black of clothes, pallid, yet strong of face—and his friend, a prosperous business man by the look of him; and the fourth division, a solitary individual. This last was young, and so strongly built that muscle was the first impression on looking at him. His listless movements were powerful, his face was cast in a virile mold, but it was strength and beauty gone wrong. The face was lined with unhappiness; the eyes were dull; a swinging walk lapsed to a lurch; his coat collar was up and his hat brim down, his clothes were shabby. The hypothetical observer would have seen that the man avoided with some effort the clergyman and his friend.

As they came toward him down the long platform, walking briskly for warmth, talking earnestly together, he watched them from under his shadowing hat brim, turned his back as they neared him, and disappeared behind the station. His hands in the pockets of his overcoat, he stared out

at the fields with resentful eyes. He came to a stop in front of a bench, and, dropping into it, drew out a letter. The thin envelope fell open as if read often before.

"Dear Carl," the writing ran, "I saw Peterson two days ago and he told me you were playing in bad luck. There's an opening out here in my business for a person who knows several languages, and you came to my mind. Would you care to take it? You would have to put up a thousand or two, and that, beyond traveling expenses, would be all the money necessary. I think you would like it. The business is going to be a big one, and we are making money now. There is plenty of work, but plenty of play also of the kind you're good at—tennis and polo and that sort. And there's the certainty of a fresh start in life with every chance of a solid career."

"I'm sure you know what a pleasure it would be to me, because it's always been a pleasure to be with you since the first days of Groton. Think it over and send me a line by New Year's so I may know during January. I repeat that I want you and that I hope you may care to come."

The letter was dated from Hong Kong.

"Care to come!" The man flapped the paper with a gesture of despair, and at the second a door creaked mournfully behind him, opened halfway, and the clergyman's clear-cut speech sounded through it.

"You don't mind the draft?" the voice asked. "It's close in here."

The man outside, the letter clasped against his knee, did not stir; he listened intently. The two within sat down without seeing him, back to back with him, the wall between. Every word they spoke came out to him distinctly.

"Why don't you put that bag on the floor? You hold on to it as if it were treasure," the pleasant, easy tones of the parson continued.

The big man's answer came after a second's pause. "It is treasure," he said briefly.

"Do you mean—Sidney, you're not driving home alone to-night with the men's wages?"

"No, not alone. Tomlinson meets me."

"Tomlinson! He's nothing. That is—he's a good coachman, of course, but the mildest ruffian could do up Tomlinson with one hand. A great protection!"

"I don't want protection," the slow voice half-laughed. "I can protect myself—and Tomlinson."

The man outside could all but see the clergyman's head shake disapprovingly.

"I don't like it. It's six miles and you'll have to go through the River Mills—the other road's impassable. There's a bad lot of roughs there just now. Pat O'Hara—who used to be my man-of-all-work—told me about it last week. He's working now on the Falls' bridge, and lives two miles this side. He says they're genuine desperadoes. It will be known that you're coming—it's always known. What possessed you to go back at night?"

"Delayed," the laconic tones answered. "A meeting of the board of directors."

"Well, delay a bit longer, and you may save time," the clergyman threw back. "Don't go home to-night, Sidney—it's really unsafe."

"Must get home for Christmas

tomorrow—can't disappoint the baby," said the steady voice.

"I know," the clergyman agreed. "I'm in the same box. Yet," he harked back, "it's taking too much risk. You have no right to run such a risk. How much are you carrying?"

"Three thousand dollars."

The man outside drew a sharp breath as if the distinct words had hit him. Three thousand dollars!

The clergyman inside repeated them. "Three thousand dollars! It's too much to carry after dark through a nest of banditti!"

"Banditti!" The other's tone protested.

But Dr. Harding persisted. "At least leave the money in town."

"Where?" Maxwell asked. "The banks are closed. The men's wages must be paid the twenty-sixth. I'll carry it safe enough—the Maxwells have carried their employees' wages to Maxwell Field for five generations."

The clergyman's reply was serious. "With two Maxwells killed to discourage the practice," he said. There was silence for a moment. Then, "I see what can be done," the older man spoke. "Give me the money. I'll take it to the rectory to-night, and tomorrow you'll all be over to service and you can fetch it back. How is that?"

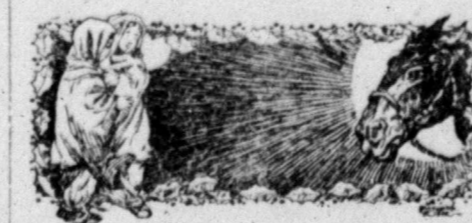
"You've a lonely drive, too."

"Only two miles," said Harding. "And there's no danger for me. Nobody suspects a parson of money."

Maxwell considered, hesitated. "I think I'll accept your offer, doctor," he said at last. "Quarles, the manager, objects to my landing with a bag which I carry carefully myself, as I must when it's loaded this way." The man outside, strained forward, could imagine the manufacturer's hand laid on the stout bag on his knee. "My dress-suit case I throw at somebody to be put into the trap, and I think no more of it, but this I keep by me, and I'm so well known about the country that they are familiar with my ways."

The confident voice, the voice of a personage, went on, but the shabby figure outside relaxed, shivering a bit, against the wall of the station. He was thinking fast, but his listening now was less careful; he knew the rest; his data were collected.

There was a whistle down the track, and a wave of humanity drew together; the train pulled in, the man hovering in the background waited to see Mr. Maxwell of Maxwell Field, in a fur-lined ulster with its collar and cuffs of sable, and the thin clergyman in his overcoat a little gray at the seams, enter a car together, before he sprang unnoticed into the car behind them.



The two big children and their small mother sat on the rug before the fire, the fire being an especial luxury for Christmas Eve. The nursery was a pleasant room; the spendthrift fire-light washed brightness over gay colors of course stuffs, over cheap prints of fine pictures, over the whitewashed walls and the peace of the two white beds folded back for the night. There was a homelike atmosphere, full of

Appreciation

This Bank values the business it receives from its customers and takes every opportunity of telling them so. Our customers on the other hand appreciate the fact that the service extended to them is coupled with security. Any business arrangement to be permanent must be mutually satisfactory and profitable. Therefore, in the selecting of your bank, have permanency in view and establish yourself for your present and future well-being with a good sound bank.

CHARLES SCHREINER
BANKER

[Unincorporated]

Individual Responsibility More Than Two Millions Dollars

WOOL COMMISSION MERCHANT

Kerrville, Texas

the alert leisure of a house where much is done; The children leaned close against the woman between them; the girl's hair was spread on her mother's shoulders, and the boy's arm was around her and his head pressed her arm.

"Say 'The Night Before Christmas' again mother," he begged. "You promised you'd say it next."

"No, she didn't, Benny," objected the girl. "She only promised she'd say it again; she hasn't said 'White Shepherds Watched' at all yet, or told us the story of the beasts on Christmas Eve. Have you, mother?"

"Why are, Benny—let me get a ton first," remonstrated the mother, pushing a heavy log. "We'll do this, Alice. Benny knows 'White Shepherds Watched' as well as I, and I'll say it, then I'll do 'The Night Before Christmas,' and the story, and just anything you want."

"I like your saying of it, mother, better than I do Benny's. He always makes the angels talk like people," Alice demurred.

But the boy, undisturbed by criticism, began at once. His large brown eyes fixed on the fire, he recited, slowly and conscientiously, the two-hundred-year-old Christmas carol; While Shepherds watched their flocks by night

All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down
And glory shone around,

the reedy voice repeated, and a listener might have understood what Alice meant. It was much as if John Jones had met William Smith and mentioned to him a matter of news about a mutual friend, an angel. But to the woman who listened with the boy's head against her shoulder, the incongruous inflections were sweet; the audacity of it seemed to bring so near, that it thrilled her, a night when, for another Child's sake, the skies had rung with a song that has echoed always. Benny's fresh tones disclosed, with careful conversational emphasis, more and more facts about angels, to him a shade less real, a shade more holy than his mother.

To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign—

was elucidated in a realistic manner, and the child proceeded to explain.

"Thus spoke the seraph and forth-

with appeared a shining throng of angels—praising God—who thus addressed their joyful song."

An atheist would have got an impression, hearing him tell it, that the boy had seen with his eyes and heard with his ears what he related. There was a silence as the sturdy tones ended and Benny's eyes gazed on into the heart of the fire, as if they saw in a vision the still eastern night, the shepherds on the hills, the white flight of angels.

"You repeated it very nicely," Mrs. Harding said softly, and put her mouth against his head again. "Now you shall have yours."

The big 11-year-old girl caught her mother's hand—a hand worn with housework and sewing—and held it against her cheek.

"'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house," the woman began, and went on, as many women have begun and gone on with the charming old poem, to children on Christmas Eve. The fire crackled in the pauses, and the logs fell apart with gentle heaviness, an accompaniment to the swinging sentences.

"Now just one more, children dear, and you really must go to bed. It's very late—look! It's almost nine," and the girl and the boy cried out to Esther.

"Oh, the Beasts! The Beasts!"

They pressed against her, a head on either shoulder, and held her hands in theirs, while she told them a tale of a boy in a German forest whose father and mother were so poor that there was not enough to eat in the house. She told them how he lay in his cot on Christmas Eve and heard them plan; how he listened as they divided what food was left into three portions for tomorrow's breakfast, the largest for the boy; how he sobbed to himself in the dark as he heard them arrange to kill his two friends, the old horse Friedel and the old cow Minna, rather than let them starve to death; how, lying awake late in the night, he could not bear to think that the dear horse and cow stood hungry in the barn, on their last night of life; how he stole into the kitchen and found the coarse bread and the milk that were saved for his own breakfast, and carried them out

(Continued on page 3)

The Voting Contest

Miss Alida Scholl, Kerrville	64250
Miss Hazel Hamilton, Kerrville	51250
Miss Elizabeth Nichols, Ingram	38750
Miss Eugie Myers, Kerrville	38500
Miss Beatrice Ezell, Harper	27500
Miss Lou Rawson, Kerrville	11250
Mrs. T. O. Baker, Kerrville	6750

Last count to be published before final count is made

LOCAL and PERSONAL

BY SUN REPORTERS.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Nyc, on the 22nd inst., a daughter.

New onion sets at Welge Bros.

Miss May Rees returned Wednesday from a visit to San Antonio.

Use Golden Crown Flour--Best for Bread Cakes and Pastry.

J. L. Vining returned Wednesday from Mexico, where he had on business connected with mining interests.

For a Lame Back

When you have pains or lameness in the back bathe the parts with Chamberlain's Liniment twice a day, massaging with the palm of the hand for five minutes at each application. Then dampen a piece of flannel slightly with this liniment and bind it on over the seat of pain, and you may be surprised to see how quickly the lameness disappears. For sale by all druggists.

Items from Mountain Terrace.

Tuesday afternoon all the day pupils were invited to stay after school and when gymnasium time came were told that the exercises would be in the dining room. There they found a pot of candy boiling in the cooking class department, and before many minutes every one was "pulling" candy. When all the candy was hard they were invited back to the school room, where the teachers had prepared another surprise in the form of a marshmallow toasting party, which passed off with much merriment. Every one on the place had a surfeit of marshmallows.

Wednesday afternoon Christmas greetings were exchanged at the close of school while all enjoyed some cakes made in the cooking school, and then separated to return on January fourth and set in for some more hard work at lessons.

Some sleet is still on the ground, and Miss Scofield intends to set out some more fruit trees shortly and otherwise improve the place, hoping for a good growing season this year. The finishing touches will be put on the building during the holidays, and new pupils are expected with the new year.

Miss Scofield and Miss Gillmore will be at home during most of the holidays and will be glad to have their friends call on New Year's afternoon.

L. N. Scofield returned to San Antonio last Sunday, but will be back again in a few weeks.

Mrs. S. Campbell, and daughter, Miss Ruby, spent the week at Mountain Terrace and returned home Monday. Miss Ruby will likely become a pupil.

Card of Thanks

We desire to thank the kind friends who so generously gave us their sympathy and assistance during the illness, and at the death of Rueben Vining.

THE FAMILY.

Golden Crown Flour has no equal for real cakes and general home cooking.

Ill Health is More Expensive Than any Cure.

This country is now filled with people who migrate across the continent in all directions seeking that which gold cannot buy. Ninetenths of them are suffering from throat and lung trouble or chronic catarrh resulted from neglected colds, and spending fortunes vainly trying to regain lost health. Could every sufferer but undo the past and cure that first neglected cold, all this sorrow, pain, anxiety and expense could have been avoided. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is famous for its cures of colds, and can always be depended upon. Use it and the more serious diseases may be avoided. For sale by all druggists.

Alfred Biemel made a trip to San Antonio this week.

Dr. G. N. Harris, of Center Point, was a guest at the St. Charles Monday.

New onion sets at Welge Bros.

Ross Irvin, of San Antonio, is in Kerrville spending the holidays with his aunt Mrs. W. W. Allen.

Miss Kate Thompson, of Coatzacoalcas, is in Kerrville spending the holidays with her uncle and aunt, Dr. and Mrs. F. L. Fordtran.

Ivy Burney, who is attending the state university at Austin, is at home to spend the holidays with his parents, Judge and Mrs. R. H. Burney.

Miss Rosa Pfeuffer, who is attending the state university at Austin, is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. Pfeuffer.

Miss Sue Robinson, of Ingram, was a guest at the St. Charles Wednesday. Miss Robinson was enroute to San Antonio to spend the holidays.

Clayton Morris returned Wednesday from Waco accompanied by his son Reginald, who is attending the Baylor University at that place.

Mrs. W. R. Taylor, of Goliad, who had been visiting relatives at Junction, was at the St. Charles Monday. Mrs. Taylor was en route home.

Paul Smith, State Bank Examiner, of Austin, was in Kerrville Monday examining the accounts of the First State Bank, which he found in excellent condition.

Senator T. W. Masterson, of San Antonio, arrived today with a party of friends for a Christmas hunt on the Masterson ranch at the head of Turtle creek.

Frank Harper, who is attending the University at Austin, was a guest at the St. Charles Tuesday. The young man was enroute to Harper to spend the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Harper.

Stanton S. Bundy, from the Paterson ranch, Kimble county, was at the St. Charles Monday. Mr. Bundy was en route home from San Antonio where he made some unusual Christmas purchases. Among them a unique one was a "set of hounds." There were four in the pack, and two of them cost \$60.00 each. He is taking them to his ranch for wolf dogs.

How One Doctor Successfully Treats Pneumonia.

"In treating pneumonia," says Dr. W. J. Smith, of Sanders, Ala., "the only remedy I used for the lungs is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. While of course, I would treat other symptoms with different medicines, I have used this medicine many times in my medical practice and have yet failed to find a case where it has not controlled the trouble. I have used it myself, as has also my wife for coughs and colds repeatedly, and I most willingly and cheerfully recommend it as superior to any other cough remedy to my knowledge." For sale by all druggists.

Furniture Prices Smashed

From now until January 1, we will make such reductions on cash furniture sales, that you can't afford to miss this opportunity for buying. Come in and let our prices astonish you.

W. A. FAWCETT & COMPANY

GREAT ENTERPRISE COMES TO KERRVILLE

New York and London Drug Company Establishes Branch Here

Since the establishing of the New York and London Drug Company, their growth has been most phenomenal and the people of Kerrville can congratulate themselves that this great concern should see fit to place a branch in this city.

Their preparations comprise a complete line of toilet articles and family remedies, and are manufactured by specialists and are superior to any medicines on the market.

They are sold under a bona fide guarantee to do what is claimed for them or your money refunded. This store will be known as the Nyal Store and it is to your interest to get acquainted with the Nyal preparations. These medicines may be secured from the up-to-date Nyal Store, Kerrville Drug Store says so.

The FLOUR That Makes Bread and Cakes Like Mother Makes

Guenther's Pioneer and Oklahoma Flours

FOR SALE BY

Mosel, Saenger & Co.

Stung for 15 Years.

by Indigestion's pangs--trying many doctors and \$200.00 worth of medicine in vain, B. F. Ayscue, of Ingleside, N. C., at last used Dr. King's New Life Pills, and writes they wholly cured him. They cure Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Stomach, Liver, Kidney and Bowel troubles. 25c at Rock drug store.

Flour sales. 3 cars White House flour per month. This proves that White House flour is best. Welge Bros.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Blanchard, of Houston, are guests at the St. Charles.

Loss Rogers, of Harper was a guest at the St. Charles Tuesday.

J. O. McNealy, of Ingram, was among the visitors in Kerrville Wednesday.

Leroy Garrett returned Tuesday from San Antonio, where he had been some time under medical treatment.

Mrs. E. O'Neal and daughter, Charley left Thursday for Cleburne to spend the holidays with relatives.

Edward Corkill Jr., of Benavides, arrived in Kerrville Wednesday night to spend the holidays with his mother.

Miss Freddie Wilson, who had been visiting friends at Seely the past two weeks returned home Thursday night.

Christmas services in the Episcopal church on Christmas day. Early service 7:30 a. m.; full service, 10:30 a. m. Collection will be for clergy widow and orphan relief fund. All are cordially invited to attend.

Golden Crown Flour has no equal for real cakes and general home cooking.

Alone in Saw Mill at Midnight

unmindful of dampness, drafts, storms or cold, W. J. Atkins worked as Night Watchman, at Banner Springs, Tenn. Such exposure gave him a severe cold that settled on his lungs. At last he had to give up work. He tried many remedies but all failed till he used Dr. King's New Discovery. "After using one bottle" he writes, "I went back to work as well as ever." Severe Colds, stubborn Coughs, inflamed throats and sore lungs, Hemorrhages, Croup and Whooping Cough get quick relief and prompt cure from this glorious medicine. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free guaranteed by Rock drug store.

If I Please You

Tell Others; If Not, Tell Me

J. W. Bender, House, Sign Carriage Painting, Paperhanging

P & O

No. 12 Cotton and Corn Planter

The most successful Planter and Middle Breaker combined that has ever been manufactured. It has ample strength for four horses, and if damaged in ordinary plowing in Cotton Stalks we will furnish repairs free of cost. The No. 12 is equipped with the Famous P. & O. Planting Device

For Cotton, Corn, Beans, etc., which has never been equalled. In fact an effort has been made to adopt it by other manufacturers.

The only Planter having a convenient lever for regulating the heavy front standard, a feature well worth the small extra price asked for the P. & O. No. 12.

There are other features equally as important found only on the P. & O. Insist on getting the P. & O. No. 12 from your dealer. If you cannot do so, write us for circular and special introductory price. We are headquarters for all that is best in Implements, Wagons and Vehicles. Write us your wants.

Parlin & Orendorff Implement Co., Dallas, Texas.

New onion sets at Welge Bros.

No other Flour "just as good" as Golden Crown.

Christmas and New Year's Greetings

We thank our customers and friends most heartily for the splendid business we have enjoyed during the past year. We kindly asked a continuance of your much valued and appreciated patronage and wish you one and all a Merry, Merry Xmas and prosperous, Happy New Year. H. Noll Stock Co.

NOTICE.

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

Chas. Schreiner.

CERTAIN QUALITIES influence certain results. These's nothing uncertain about any article, or deal, in our store. Trade here and be satisfied.

W. H. Rawson, Prescription Pharmacist.

FORD'S

FRUITS, NUTS
AND
FANCY CANDIES

SEWARD'S AND
LENOX'S FANCY
BOX GOODS

B. M. FORD
PHONE 148
CONFECTIONERY

Use Golden Crown Flour--Best for Bread Cakes and Pastry.

Before You Do Your Holiday Trading



Do not forget to give us a call. Our stock is complete, the quality the best obtainable, with the lowest possible prices and good treatment. We also have a neat little present with every ladies "Society," men's "Patriot" and children's "School Shoes" bought here next week while they last.

"Our Brand of Shoes"

None better in the market.



T. F. W. Dietert & Bro.,

There are lots of different syrups, made of lots of different things in lots of different ways, but only one has the delicious flavor of the pure sugar cane juice, and that is

VEIVA

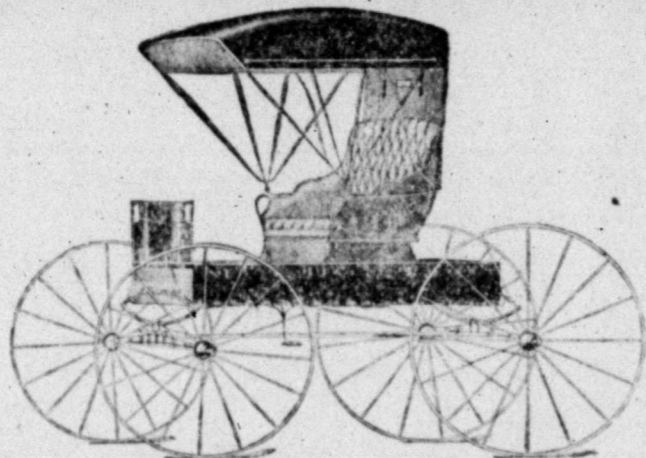
Breakfast Syrup

Smooth as velvet. Delicious and healthful
Right from the old Louisiana plantations
For sale by all grocers
Served by hotels

PENICK & FORD, L'TD.
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

WE HANDLE ALL
KINDS OF
MACHINERY

Gasoline Engines, Hay
Presses and Rakes, Wind-
mills, Tanks, Galvanized
roofing, Wagons, Hacks,
Buggies, Surreys, Har-
ss, Whips.



Will sell buggies from now to January 1, at lowest prices ever made in Kerrville. Also making special bargains on Singer sewing machines.

KERRVILLE BUGGY AND MACHINERY COMPANY

W. T. LEAVELL, MANAGER

Two Doors from Postoffice.

KERRVILLE, TEXAS

BEITEL LUMBER CO.

H. V. SCHOLL, MANAGER.

DEALERS IN

LUMBER AND BUILDERS' MATERIAL

CLOSE ESTIMATES ON LARGE BILLS

ELLWOOD FENCE

Best Woven Wire Fence Made

ALSO HANDLE CEDAR POSTS and LOGS.

YARD NEAR DEPOT
PHONE 26

P. O. BOX 126
KERRVILLE, TEXAS

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

LEE MOSTY, CENTER POINT

L. A. MOSTY

HARVEY MOSTY

KERRVILLE ORCHARDS AND NURSERIES,

L. A. MOSTY & SONS, Props.

Growers of Choice Nursery Stock, Fruits
and Tomatoes

Branch Nursery at Center Point. A Complete Line of Home Grown
Forty Acres in Nursery and Orchards. Nursery Stock Especially Adapted
Write for Prices. to Our Climate.



"Say 'The Night Before Christmas,' Mother, He Begged."

He said, now, as he came to the door, he heard strange hoarse voices speaking low, and listened and found that it was Friedel and Minna talking together; how then he remembered that once a year, at midnight on Christmas Eve, dumb beasts may find speech in memory of the night when the Christ-child lay among beasts, in the manger; how little Hans listened to the thin old horse and the hungry old cow and heard them grieving for the poverty of their master and mistress and heard them speak of the secret which, if the beasts might have speech to tell it, would make everything right; how Hans went in boldly then and gave the animals his breakfast, and asked them to tell him the secret; how they told him, in unused,

when, 'cause the trains get late. Well, I hope he'll be here in the morning when we wake up. It wouldn't be Christmas without father; would it, mother?"

"I can't bear to have him out so late," the little woman said, and her tones were troubled. She went on as if thinking aloud—a way she had with her big babies. "Father isn't well—he ought to go south—I wish he could go," and Benny answered in strong baby tones:

"Oh, he can't go, mother. We have not got money enough—you said we hadn't."

"No, dear, we haven't," she sighed; and the girl shook her mane of hair back thoughtfully.

"I wish I could find a lot of money like Hans, for father," she said.

The fascination of the firelight as the children lay in their beds, their mother gone, held the drowsy eyes open. The girl, the more aggressive, the more imaginative of the two, went back, with a thought working its way in her mind, to the story which had a hold on both, the story of how two dumb brutes may talk once a year on Christmas Eve.

"Do you believe it's true, Benny?" she consulted her brother. "Mother didn't say it wasn't, you know."

"Then it's true, and I believe it's true," said Benny stoutly. "I'm glad they can. I know Nigger would enjoy a talking. He looks like he wanted to talk when he squeals, and he squeals words sometimes. I heard him say 'corn bread' one day."

Alice lifted her brown head from the pillow and leaned on one elbow and stared into the fire. "Nigger's out in the barn," she reflected. "Father took Mr. Jarvis' horse because Nigger's foot was lame. Benny—" she began excitedly, and stopped.

Benny gave an enormous yawn and turned his heavy yellow head. "Whu-ut?" he inquired.

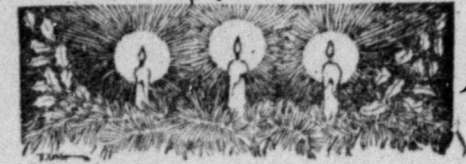
"Don't go to sleep, Benny—listen!" the girl begged. "I've got an idea—something lovely, really. Why can't we go to the stable, to-night—it's Christmas Eve—and listen to Nigger talking, like Hans listened to Friedel and Minna? And maybe he'll know about some treasure and we could get lots of money, and give it to father to go south with. Mother would be glad."

The boy's sleepy eyes opened and gazed at her. "Wouldn't it be naughty?"

As happened once before in a garden, "the woman tempted him." Benny was swept out on the tide of his sister's adventurous spirit, and while the fire steamed and purred an undercurrent they made their plans. Very nearly were the plans shipwrecked by Nature, however, for, as they waited till the night should be older, the clock ticked, the fire sang a lullaby, and the children fell asleep.

But at half-past eleven a log dropped noisily, the light of it blazed up and the adventurer-in-chief, the deed to be done in her veins, awakened. It needed all her energy to persuade the boy, numb with sleep, that sleep was not the one possibility in a midnight world. But there was a persistent spirit in her, and in ten minutes two muffled little figures crept through the shadowy house and out over the white lawn, misty with still-

falling snow, and up the slope to the door of the stable.



There were half-visible footsteps in the white carpet on the ground, but the big flakes had blurred them, the children did not notice. An hour before a man had hurried along the road from town, a powerful man, walking fast. As he walked he spoke to himself in a low tone.

"The note about Pa O'Hara's broken leg ought to take him three miles out of his way—it ought to delay him an hour. Lucky I remembered where the horse and trap would be kept."

He passed a stream, tinkling silverly in the stillness under its roof of ice and snow. He halted and stared down.

"I took my first trout in that hole," he murmured, and swung on.

But the ghost of a boy had caught his arm and clung to him and went with him down the road. He could not shake the ghost-boy loose.

"Dr. Harding took you home to lunch that day," the boy whispered, "and the trout was cooked, and they made an event of it."

"Well, what of that?" the man answered the memory aloud. "I'm not going to hurt Dr. Harding, am I?"

"He won't give up what he has set himself to guard."

The big fellow spoke again grimly: "He'll have to." The muscles of his bent arm tightened. The clinging ghost-boy clutched closer.

"You couldn't hurt him! You could not do it in this place, where the good years of your life were passed. You know every foot of this ground—every foot of it has a happy association. You've played hide-and-seek in that barn of Harding's, and gone to sleep in the hay-loft. Can you go there and take money from him?"

The man's hand flew out. "It's not his money—I wouldn't rob him. It's money that ought to be mine—it belongs to Sidney Maxwell, my cousin, and it's Maxwell money—family money. They make millions a year—I'm



Two Muffled Little Figures Crept Out Over the White Lawn.

one of them and I've nothing—worse than nothing. I ought to be as rich as he—it's a drop in the bucket to what I ought to have."

"Whose fault is it that you haven't it?" the insistent whisper came. "You threw away your chance!"

"I know it—I was a fool—I couldn't be controlled. But I was young, five years ago. If my father had lived, my uncle wouldn't have—turned me out. It was Sidney who was down on me—reliable, satisfactory Sidney, who never had a temptation—never made a mistake—never threw away his birthright for a mess of pottage. He's gone from success to success without an effort!" The man groaned. "I hate him!" he muttered. "I'm his flesh and blood, and he never throws a thought to me. We had our Christmas trees together, and played with our rocking-horses on the rug before the fire. He was kind as a big brother to me then. But now, the ends of the earth are no farther apart than he and I—Carl Maxwell, my chances all gone, a failure, a pauper." He shuddered. "This night a thief. Ah!" The syllable snapped sharply and he threw out his powerful arms. "No, my chances are not all gone—there's one left." He struck his breast with his hand where the letter lay inside.

"My one chance of beginning new is this night. I'll get that money which ought to be mine, and to-morrow I'll be off for China, and take up Bill Bacon's offer, and be an honest man, by Heaven, a successful one this time! I've got it in me, and I've learned my lesson. My God! I've learned my lesson."

(Continue on page 6)

\$1.00 PER YEAR

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

Advertising rates made known on application.



¶ Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

¶ For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

¶ Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

THE SEASON'S GREETINGS

Christmas is, in a way, the birthday of this publication. The name, "KERRVILLE MOUNTAIN SUN," was adopted on Christmas day, 1899, just ten years ago. The SUN will begin its 28th volume a week from today, because we inherited the age of the paper from those that have been absorbed by it. About the 10th of January, 1900, the original Kerrville Paper suspended publication, and was purchased by the SUN. A year from that date The Kerrville News, which at one time enjoyed considerable patronage, was purchased and absorbed by the SUN. Three months ago another Kerrville News, after a brief career, was absorbed in a like manner. That, in a few words, has been the newspaper history of Kerrville in the last decade. During that time we have made many mistakes, and in the main the people of Kerrville and of Kerr and adjoining counties have borne with them and have given us an opportunity, so far as we were able, to correct them. We have never at any time pleased all the people, we have not tried, because it is probable that in order to have done so we should have been obliged to leave town entirely. We are glad, however, that we have pleased a sufficiently large majority of them to enable us to continue our work. We are gratified at the last ten years of progress for us and for Kerrville. Glad because we have prospered against many untoward circumstances, and glad because the town has more than doubled in population in that ten years, which brings to us the satisfaction of knowing that we have been no detriment to its growth and prosperity.

We are aware that we have not, during the last ten years, acquired a reputation for saying nice things as a matter of policy, and we therefore feel assured that the people will believe in our sincerity when we say, as we now do, Merry Christmas, and all the things that happiness can add to it. If you are a

patron of the SUN, Merry Christmas! If you do not patronize this paper you doubtless have a reason that is at least sufficient for you. You have no doubt prospered without us, and we have prospered without you, so there can be no ground for heartburnings, and we wish you a Merry Christmas, and the joy of having your loved ones around you and the ability to make them happy today. Life is too short for men to waste one moment of it in unnecessary unhappiness. There is too much real, poignant sorrow in life for men and women to elevate petty grievances from their obscurity, to a seat in the council halls of sorrow and sadness in their hearts. If you feel aggrieved at the world in general, or at any individual in it, go out on the street and look for some ragged little child who has no wealth of gold, nor yet a few small pieces of silver with which to purchase one pitiful hour of good cheer. Meet him with an outstretched hand give him a small gift, then watch the fire of joy burn in his heart until it ignites the lamp in your own, and melts away the mantle of ice that imprisons the wells of hope in your own soul.

Good wishes! Yes, we have them for everybody. To express our good will to all those who may read this, we shall reach away into the sanctuary of obscurity, to where one who had naught else but love and good wishes to give, said to those whom he loved:

"Sum up the things you've labored long for, and the gifts you most admire, Count all the aims you've spent your life, those by which your heart sets store. Make out the list, and make a long one, of the things you most desire; May my Christmas wishes bring all these, aye all, and even more."

There is little real poverty in this blessed town of ours at this time, but where there is a home in which happiness and good cheer will not be a guest today without the aid of others who are more fortunate, it is but an opportunity for some one to win happiness for himself by making others happy.

We wish you joy! Ten times we have told you this. Ten waves of time, all more or less turbulent, have rolled by as the tide has slowly ebbed toward the shores of eternity. Here's hoping that all who read this will see another wave roll by, and through many barks may be wrecked and riven upon the cruel rocks of selfishness, others stranded upon the treacherous sands of flattery and tossed by the billows of ridicule, and yet others drawn into the seething maelstrom of malice, spite and hate, we wish for you that for another twelve months you may sail your craft upon the sea of life, having the star of hope ever unobscured as a beacon; that when you have passed that wave you may again find yourself on Christmas day, in peaceful seas, where the sunlight shall kiss the ripples into golden gladness, and where you may feel in your own heart, and may hear others say:

"On earth peace, good will toward men."

THE attorney general's department has decided that "or" does not mean "and", as used in the general Incorporation Act of Texas, and has called on the supreme court to construe the law. If the court is to render a ruling on "The English of it" it will, seems to us, not be difficult, but if the intention of the framers of the bill is sought, it would be wise to remove case from the court, on a charge of venue, to the secret cell of some clairvoyant.

THE agricultural department has discovered a kind of boll weevil "chicken mite," that get on the weevil and pesters him to death. Hooray for the agricultural department. Hope they'll turn loose four hundred billion of these little bugs in Texas, about the time grass rises.

THE Louisiana crop pest commission has discovered a drug that will kill boll weevil, but you must first catch your boll weevil. The same thing might be said of killing them with a seasoned elm club.

SOMEONE has accused W. E. Hawkins of saying West Texas is peopled with thieves. Mr. Hawkins says, "never said no such a thing." It makes little difference to West Texas one way or another.

A FARMER can stand a lot of tough things. But when a fellow comes in at night almost frozen and sits down by the fire, it makes him cuss to think that ice will not kill boll weevil.

DISPATCHES say Congress will mark time through this week. If all reports are correct that body has been giving a correct demonstration of goose stepping since December 1.

ONE million dollars for telling on the naughty sugar trust, and just before Christmas too, ought to look good to Richard Parr.

Rich Men's Gifts Are Poor

beside this: "I want to go on record as saying that I regard Electric Bitters as one of the greatest gifts that God has made to woman, writes Mrs. O. Rhine-vault, of Vestal Center N. Y. "I can never forget what it has done for me." This glorious medicine gives a woman buoyant spirits, vigor of body and jubilant health. It quickly cures Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Melancholy, Headache, Backache, Fainting and Dizzy Spells; soon builds up the weak, ailing and sickly. Try them. 50c at Rock drug store.

Married Leaders.

"He that hath wife and children," says Bacon, "hath given hostages to fortune, for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief!" Yet, looking over the world's "great enterprises of virtue," it is a curious fact that one finds more married men than single among their leaders.

For Ezeema, Tetter and Salt Rheum.

The intense itching characteristic of these ailments is almost instantly allayed by Chamberlain's Salve. Many severe cases have been cured by it. For sale by all druggists.

ALL BUSINESS MEN

require a safe bank in which to deposit their money and securities.

A bank from which to borrow money to carry on legitimate business interests.

A bank liberal in its business methods, but conservatively managed to insure safety.

A bank large enough to inspire the confidence of its customers—but not too large to give every consideration to their interests.

You are cordially invited to call on us

FIRST STATE BANK
KERRVILLE, TEXAS

It is a safe policy to do your Meat buying at

THE KERRVILLE MARKET

All the Time
Because it supplies you every day in the very best meats obtainable
KARGER & RAGLAND, BUTCHERS
PHONE 92

Moving Pictures

- ¶ We have arranged to give performances on Monday, Friday and Saturday nights of each week.
- ¶ These exhibitions are good, wholesome and instructive shows and women and children are always welcome.
- ¶ Two performances are given each night. The first begins at 7:30; the second at 8:30. There is a complete change of program each night. Admission, for grown people, 10 cents; for children under 10 years old, 5 cents.

PAMPELL'S OPERA HOUSE

For That Dull Feeling After Eating

I have used Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets for some time, and can testify that they have done me more good than any tablets I have ever used. My trouble was a heavy dull feeling after eating—DAVID FREEMAN, Kempt, Nova Scotia. These tablets strengthen the stomach and improve the digestion. They also regulate the liver and bowels. They are far superior to pills but cost no more. Get a free sample at all druggists' drug store and see what a splendid medicine it is.

Buncoed.

"No, me good woman, I didn't come fur nut'n' ter eat; I knowed me job better'n dat."
"What did you come for, then?"
"Jest ter tip you off ter w'at de woman down de road is sayin' about you."
"Well, what does she say?"
"She says dat your cookin' is so plum bad dat even de hoboes can't eat it."
"She's just right, they can't; move along!"

Merry Christmas, Happy New Year

¶ We wish to thank the public for a very prosperous year's business. The liberal patronage we have enjoyed during 1909 enables us to enter another year with renewed hope of progress and prosperity.

The One Price Store

¶ We wish for you a full meal of happiness and joy, around boards of feasting, with the company of loved ones at Christmas time; and abundant happiness and prosperity throughout the coming New Year, is the wish of

John C. Graves

W. G. Carpenter

R. B. Knox

Kerrville Mercantile Co.

HOME NEWS.

Interesting Items From Town and County.

Rufus Peril, of the Peril community, was in Kerrville Monday.
 Henry Barton, of the Turtle creek community, was in Kerrville Tuesday.
 W. A. Peril of the Peril community, was in Kerrville Monday.
 Hart Goodwin, of San Marcos, arrived in Kerrville Sunday to spend Christmas.
 Roy King, of the Segovia, left Monday for home, after being snow-bound in Kerrville several days.
 Will Garrett, who is attending the University at Austin, returned home Tuesday to spend the holidays.
 Miss Bessie Reynolds, of Reynolds ranch, in Edwards county, was in Kerrville Sunday en route to San Antonio.
 Homer and Payne Rudasill, of Lula, were in Kerrville the first of the week buying ranch supplies.

Use Our Pride flour for your Christmas cakes and pastry. None better. Welge Bros.

Miss Nannie Allen, who had been visiting in Austin, returned home last week.
 Henry Scholl, who is attending school at Tyler, returned home Sunday to spend the holidays.
 Perry Deering, who is attending the University at Austin, returned home Sunday to spend the holidays.
 Mrs. C. C. Lockett, and daughters, Misses Sadie and Nell, left Saturday for San Antonio, to spend the holidays with relatives and friends.
 Capt. Henry Schwethelm was in Kerrville Monday from his ranch. Capt. Schwethelm says that the sleet has been of inestimable value to the winter grass and grain crop.
 Miss Lillia Williamson and Miss Virginia Jones, of Harper, were in Kerrville Sunday. They were en route to San Marcos, where they will spend the holidays with Miss Williamson's mother.

Jack Hodges is at home to spend Christmas with his parents.
 E. C. Hopf and son, of Harper, were in Kerrville Monday on business.
 C. A. Stapp and family, of the Mountain Home community, were in Kerrville Tuesday doing Christmas shopping.
 Mr. and Mrs. Jim Thompson from their ranch on the divide, were in Kerrville shopping Wednesday.
 Julius Rummel, of San Antonio, visited his sister, Mrs. G. F. Schreiner, at Cedar Lodge, the first of the week.
 Nyal's face cream will do your complexion a world of good. Kerrville Drug Company says so.

B. F. Denton and family, of the Turtle creek community, were in Kerrville Tuesday doing Christmas shopping.
 Henry Cowan bought, this week, from Walter Real, a car of fat hogs and shipped them Tuesday to market.
 Bob Stephens, of Junction, was a guest at the Hutchison House Tuesday night.
 Scott Schreiner, who is attending the University at Austin, arrived home Tuesday to spend the holidays with relatives.

Dr. Edward Galbraith, Dentist
 Office Next to Rawson's Drug Store
 Kerrville, Texas.

Oswald Herzog, who is attending the University of Missouri returned home Tuesday to spend the holidays with his parents.
 Sheriff W. W. Taylor, of Junction, was a guest at the St. Charles Tuesday night. Mr. Taylor left Wednesday morning for San Antonio.
 You will not need to burn all the buildings on the ranch to smoke your meat if you use liquid smoke. Let us tell you about "Tigaro Meat Preserver." Kerrville Drug Co., opposite Chas. Schreiner Company's store.

THE HILL COUNTRY BLIZZARD SWEEP

Ice King Grips the Country About Kerrville—Severest Weather that Has Visited This Section in Several Years—Live Stock Reported Standing the Weather Well

Some of the surplus boreal blasts stirred up by recent polar discussions finally found its way to Kerr county, and the "Ice Mantle" has been in the majority for several days. On Saturday morning of last week a real old time blue norther struck this section, and reminded one of the "coldest day" about which we have heard the oldest resident talk. About noon the weather thickened into a frozen mist, followed by sleet which continued throughout the greater part of Saturday night, covering the ground to the depth of two inches.
 Sunday was a day of sleigh riding. Buggies were put on runners, and sleighs were improvised from every conceivable article from mother's wood box to the family carriage.
 Boys and girls skated on side walks and smooth places, coasted on the hill sides, and robbed the north of a thousand falls and the consequent hilarity.
 On Monday the sun came out and a slight thaw occurred in the middle of the day. As night came on, however, the Ice King gripped the land again, and during the night sent down another mantle of mist and cloud through which our semi-tropical sun could not penetrate.
 This is the most severe, and the longest "cold spell" that has visited this section in the last ten years.
 Farmers and ranchmen report stock standing the cold fine. The cold and ice will kill insects, and in other ways benefit the growth of vegetation. The advantage to small grain and winter grasses resulting from the snow and sleet will be great.

Potatoes. The best Colorado Pearls, and a full line of groceries. Get our prices before buying. Welge Bros.

Mrs. G. F. Schreiner went to San Antonio to spend the holidays with relatives.
 Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Dewees, Mrs. K. H. Dewees of San Antonio and Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Rumschel and Chas. T. Dewees of Falls City, are spending the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. J. T. S. Gammon, at "The Oaks."

Suits Cleaned and Pressed.
 All kinds of altering and repair work promptly done. Ladies' skirts cleaned
S. FRIEDMAN, Tailor.
 KERRVILLE, TEXAS
 Mountain Street, Opp. Court House
 Also make suits to order.

Mrs. A. R. Jones, of San Antonio, who had been visiting her mother, Mrs. Ed Corkill, left Saturday for home. She was accompanied by her sister and brother Clara and Leg J. Corkill, who will spend the holidays at there.

Miss Maud Anderson, whose home is near Lula, in Edwards county, and who is attending school at Austin, arrived in Kerrville on Friday night of last week, accompanied by Miss Montgomery, a class mate, who will spend the holiday vacation at the Anderson ranch. The young ladies were snow bound in Kerrville Saturday and were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Ligon.

The big feed sale is now on. Pure corn chops, oats, bran, corn, cottonseed meal, Hulls and meal mixed for cowfeed. Welge Bros.

When people come back and say Floral Lotion is the best preparation for chapped hands and buy more, we know they are satisfied. If you try it you will be satisfied. Guaranteed by Kerrville Drug Co.

Christmas Gifts



IT is not the size of the gift, or the money it costs, that makes a Christmas present acceptable to the one who receives it, but it is the spirit in which it is given.

OUR stock of Holiday goods is one from which a present may easily be selected for any one. It comprises Toys, Books and Dolls for the little folks; Fancy Articles for the young people and Useful Things for everybody you will make a mistake if you do your Christmas shopping before you see our stock.



The FAMOUS

OSCAR ROSENTHAL, Proprietor

Phone 67

Next Door to P. O.

Farms City Property Ranches
E. L. SUBLETT,
 (Successor to Buehler & Sublett)
Real Estate Agent
 We have many desirable pieces of property, both ranch and city, that we are offering at bargains. Call on us at our office, cor. Water and Mount'n Sts.
 Agent Texas Life Insurance Co., Waco, Texas
Kerrville, Texas, = P. O. BOX 232

RECREATION HALL
 Billiards, Pool, Restaurant, Reading Room, Checkers, Dominoes, Box Ball
GEO. W. WALTHER, PROP., - KERRVILLE, TEXAS

P. J. HAAG
General Blacksmith
 Fancy Horse Shoeing, Wagon Work, Rubber Tires for Buggies, Second-growth Wagon Timber and Iron Repairing
 WATER and QUINLAN STS., KERRVILLE

Henke Bros.---Butchers
 butchers only the very best animals obtainable in this county. The meats are carefully handled by modern process and strictly sanitary methods.
Fish on Fridays
Phone No. 7

H REMSCHEL,
 DEALER IN
L U M B E R
Sash, Doors, Etc
YARD NEAR DEPOT
Ready-Mixed Paints. KERRVILLE, TEXAS

Golden Crown Flour

(HIGH PATENT)

MADE BY

Kerrville Roller Mills

KERRVILLE, TEXAS.

48 LBS.

A PURE, CREAMY, WHITE FLOUR,

Made From the Wheat Kernel.

There is no bleaching used in the manufacture of "GOLDEN CROWN."

ion. "I'll work hard and earn my life and I'll send back this three thousand to Sidney. I'll give it to a man at the bank. I'd be a cowardly fool not to take it—and after all I'm just borrowing—not stealing. I'll send it back sure as fate."

The sophistry which has soothed many consciences was good enough for this desperate one. Something which felt like self-respect, the unused sensation of a hope, sent him springing over the two miles from the railroad town to Fairfield, and through dim, well-remembered lanes to Fairfield parsonage.

He found his way readily down the shadowy drive to the stable, and the door, left unlocked for the master, opened at a touch. The horse stamped in his stall in the dark, and Maxwell went to him and spoke quietly, and he was still.

There was an empty stall next, where would be put the other horse arriving with Dr. Harding, and here

hand and voice. The door of the stall. "Nigger," she whispered, "Nigger," and the horse whinnied and turned his head toward her.

The boy had followed, stumbling across the floor. "Maybe he doesn't know it's Christmas," he suggested. "Let's sing a carol so he'll remember."

The man in the stall listened. In a low tone, because it was a mysterious business they were on, the two sang: Silent night, hallowing dawn, Far and wide breaks the morn, Breaks the day when the Saviour of men Bringing pardon and healing again, Holy, harmless and undefiled—Cometh a little child.

"Pardon and healing!" They sang it and they were silent, waiting. Nigger sniffed softly, then whinnied.

Benny's slow speech began coaxingly:

I had a little pony
His name was Dapple Gray;
I lent him to a lady—

He halted, listening. "I thought maybe he'd like that because it's

darkness. "Merry Christmas, children!" the voice said.

The girl clutched the boy's shoulder. "He's talkin'—Nigger's talkin'." Benny announced, interested but unperturbed.

In his perspective a beast's speaking was no larger marvel than the wonders of every day—sunrise and sunset, and stars and tides, and it may be the unwarped-vision of youth saw things in not unjust proportion. But the girl was shivering with joy. She answered the unearthly tone with sweet, excited eagerness.

"Merry Christmas, Nigger," she said, and added tremulously, "I'm so



He Saw, Astonished; the Figures of Two Children.

glad you really can talk—it must seem nice after being dumb."

"Yes, it's nice," Nigger responded civilly, but he seemed preoccupied. He went on with promptness. "You must go back to the house, children, at once. You'll catch cold."

It was queer to have their own horse giving them orders, yet the tone was of authority.

"But, Nigger," Alice pleaded, "we want to talk to you—we want to ask you some questions."

It seemed almost as if Nigger had stopped to listen to something. They did not notice the pad-pad of hoofs still a long way off.

"What questions?" the hoarse voice demanded. "Be quick."

Alice began, but choked with excitement, and Benny plunged to her relief, collected and deliberate.

"We'd like some hidden treasure," he explained. "Treasure is money. To send father south where it's warm, 'cause he's sick. We want you to tell us where to get some treasure for father."

Nigger appeared to be struck back

to dumbness by this simple request. For no word came from the stall, only another of the soft, deep inhalations—he had relapsed into beasthood. Yet once more the weird tones spoke.

"I can't tell you where to find any treasure," they said, "because there isn't any buried around here. But if you're good children and go straight into the house, then your father is going to have enough money to go south—this winter or next. Now run quickly."



The stable was quiet; small feet scurried over the snow toward the house; the door was left standing open, and strong moonlight poured through it and illumined the place. When Dr. Harding drove in, the figure of a man stood black in the patch of brightness.

"Who is that?" he asked cheerily. The man answered: "It's a friend—Carl Maxwell."

"Carl Maxwell!" the clergyman's voice had a tone of unbelief. "What do you mean—how can it be Carl Maxwell?"

The man swung forward. "Look at me," he said, and pulled away his hat. Harding looked searchingly, and with a quick movement set on the floor the bag he held, and caught the other's hand.

"My boy, I'm glad to see you," he said. "Help me unharness. We must get a fire and something to eat as soon as possible."

As if it were a custom to find men waiting in the stable at 1 a. m., Dr. Harding talked of the horse and the harness and the roads as they unbuckled the frozen leather, and the

(Concluded on Page 7)

CLASSIFIED ADS

TRESPASS NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that any person dumping trash, old cans and other refuse on my lots at the mouth of town creek, known as the Pecan grove, will be prosecuted for trespassing.

47-46 CHAS SCHREINER.

TRESPASS NOTICE—I will prosecute any one seen hunting with gun or dog in my pasture. DEL BACON.

TRESPASS NOTICE—No hunting with dog or gun, or trespassing of any kind will be permitted in our pastures on Lamb's creek.

STROHACKER & HEINEN, HARRY WILLIAMS, A. J. GIBBENS.

TRESPASS NOTICE—No hunting or other trespassing will be allowed in our pastures on the head of Cypress and Quinlan creeks. KARGER BROS.

TRESPASSERS AND HUNTERS TAKE WARNING—Any one trespassing or hunting on what is known as the Melissa ranch, near Mountain Home, Texas, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. WMSPOHN. 12t-21

TRESPASS NOTICE—No hunting, camping or trespassing of any kind will be allowed in my pastures on the head of Turtle and West creeks. WALTER REAL.

TRESPASS NOTICE—No hunting or otherwise trespassing will be allowed in my pastures. WASH. BURNEY.

NO HUNTING or trespassing of any kind will be permitted in our pastures. No exception will be made to this rule. JULIUS REAL.

MORITZ HOLEKAMP, WILL RIDGWAY.

NOTICE TO PUBLIC—No hunting of any kind allowed on Ragland ranch, now leased by me. J. M. THOMPSON.

TRESPASS NOTICE—No hunting or trespassing of any kind will be allowed in my pastures on the Johnson fork of the Guadalupe. W. C. WHORTON.

TRESPASS NOTICE—No hunting or other trespassing will be permitted in my pasture on Camp-meeting creek, near Kerrville. G. F. SCHREINER.

FOR SALE

Good second-hand stove for sale, apply at this office.

FOR SALE—One three year old registered boar (Essex.) Price \$25.00. I have registered papers for the hog. M. G. LOWRY.

FOR SALE—Plymouth Rock Homing Pigeons, one dollar per pair. Raise pigeons three-quarter lbs. each. Address 1103 S. Flores St., San Antonio, Texas. 4t-24

FOR SALE—Two residences, hack, horse and buggy. Apply to L. G. DUBUS, at wool warehouse, Kerrville.

GOBLINS OF CHRISTMAS TIME

In Greece They Are Called Lame Needles, and They Do a Deal of Mischief.

Greeks of low degree have a belief that certain spirits called "lame needles," visit the earth at the Christmas season. One lame needle, probably the leader, comes on Christmas eve, and the rest of the tribe put in an appearance on Christmas day. They are dreadful creatures to look upon, yet are dangerous only at night, from sunset to cock crow. When not engaged in dancing, these queer goblins wander about and do any amount of mischief.

It is their custom to enter houses by the chimney; so every housewife is careful at this season of the year to leave some embers burning all night. For the lame needles dread fire, and also crosses, and it is for this reason that at Christmas time one sees so many whitewashed crosses on the cottage doors in Greece.

The priests alone have any power over these uncanny visitors, and it is to ward them off that a procession of priests and two acolytes goes from house to house on Christmas day. They give each house a blessing, waft the censor in at the door and pass on. When Epiphany comes the lame needles are forced to flee again underground.

The Supreme Test.

"When can a boy be said to have arrived at man's estate?" "When he begins giving his old clothes to his father."

The Real Question.

Ruskin: The great question is not so much what money you have in your pocket as what you will buy with it.

The City Tin Shop

CHAS. MOSEL, Prop.
Roofing, Plumbing
and Repairing
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO
Job Work Done on Short Notice

We carry in stock a supply of
Bath Tubs, Lavatories, etc

KERRVILLE, TEXAS.

FANCY GROCERIES FOR CHRISTMAS

Nuts of all kinds,
candies, apples,
oranges and all
the fruits and
confections for
Holiday goods.

MRS. F. T. BUTT
PHONE 72

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 - Kerrville.

The Best Fencing,
The PITTSBURG

Welded Fence

also all kinds of barbed and smooth fence wire.

For Sale By

Mosel, Saenger & Co

No other Flour "just as good" as Golden Crown.

Another Secret.

She—She told me you told her that secret I told you not to tell her. He—The mean thing! I told her not to tell you I told her. She—I promised her I wouldn't tell you she told me, so don't tell her I told you.—Boston Transcript.

Willing to Trust One.

Says a man: "I never trust more than one woman at a time. Safeblowers and hold-up men won't have anything to do with a man who trusts any woman. I always make one exception."

Convict Designation.

The convicts of England wear prison clothes marked with a broad arrow. The origin and meaning of this mark has never been satisfactorily explained.

Her Way.

A woman is unreasonable enough to expect her husband to be as long forgetting their wedding day as she herself is, though she remembers it for the ivory satin in which she looked so stunning, and he only for the egregious fool he felt himself to be.—Puck.

Hard to Classify.

"How about this new student's ideas of orthography?" said one professor. "He has me puzzled," replied the other. "I can't decide whether he is simply illiterate or a spelling reformer in advance of his time."

Following Homer's Example.

"Oh, no," said the impecunious author, "I don't mind my poor, bare garret. Homer, you know, wrote his masterpieces up under the roof." "Where's your authority for that?" "He certainly wrote them in the Attic."

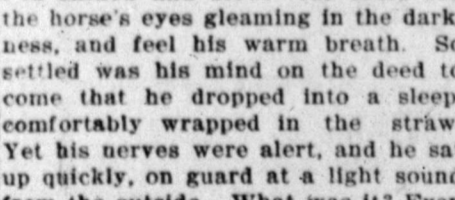


"He's Talkin'—Nigger's Talkin'!"

the man stowed himself. When the clergyman led the animal to the opening, then, while his hands were busy, would be the time. He might have to struggle, to knock him down perhaps—he set his teeth and drew in a breath. It was not pleasant to knock down such a friend, but it had to be done, and he would be careful not to injure him. A trained boxer knows how.

He sat drawn together, in the thick straw, waiting. Nigger, in the stall close by, stamped uneasily and put his black nose through the opening above and sniffed and blew. He could see the horse's eyes gleaming in the darkness, and feel his warm breath. So settled was his mind on the deed to come that he dropped into a sleep, comfortably wrapped in the straw. Yet his nerves were alert, and he sat up quickly, on guard at a light sound from the outside. What was it? Even

allowing for the snow-covered road it was not the sound of wheels—and, while he wondered, the side door of the building, which faced him as he sat hidden, opened. A late moon had risen, making the landscape outside as clear as day, and against the white ground he saw, astonished, the figures of two children sharply silhouetted.



Whatever encouragement for beasts might be in a Christmas hymn, Benny meant to extend it to Nigger. Unhurried, with the sleepy note of a bird going to roost, his piping voice plodded on, telling a tale which he did not doubt. With the full angel song he ended:

All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace,
Good-will henceforth from Heaven to men
Begin and never cease.

"Peace! Good-will!" There was a stir in the empty stall, but the children did not hear it. From a mile away down the road came faintly a sound of hoof-beats, and Nigger blew out an agitated breath and whinnied again gently. It was very quiet. Alice and Benny, standing patient, thrilled suddenly as a strange, hoarse voice issued from the

The big girl held the boy by the hand as they peered in. The man, unprepared for this complication, watched them, troubled, uncertain, and immediately the boy spoke in a full, sweet voice.

"He's not talkin', Alice," the boy said. "Let's go back—I'd rather go to bed."

But the girl stepped forward, warily poised, yet determined, and drew her brother. "Maybe he doesn't know it's us," she said. "I don't want to go back till I see." She dropped the boy's

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man's fingers slipped into the once familiar business, and his ears listened to the once familiar voice. Ten minutes of swift work and the harness hung on its hooks, and the horse stood cared for and blanketed, in its stall. Maxwell swung across the stable and lifted the small black bag.

"I'll take that, Carl," the clergyman spoke quietly.

"No—let me carry it for you," the younger man threw back, holding to it firmly.

There was a second's hesitation; Harding's fingers loosened; he turned to the door; Carl Maxwell held the bag in his hands.

Down the slope Harding led the way, and through the orchard vividly black and white with moonlight and shadow. Suddenly he faced about—the footsteps behind him had stopped—he stared through the zigzag of bare branches and a splash of blackness ten feet back stirred the figure.

"Carl!" he called, and out of a splash of blackness ten feet back stirred the figure.

"All right, doctor," Maxwell's voice answered. "I stopped to see if the seat I built in the Queen apple-tree was still there."

A low light shone in the study as the two mounted the steps of the side piazza, and the clergyman slipped his key into the lock.

He threw open the door and stood aside to let his guest enter. The man halted, and made an uncertain movement backward. Then he stepped inside. In a moment the light was turned up, the fire was blazing, the room hung with cheerfulness. Maxwell stared about it, at the books, at the papers, at the worn furniture. The clergyman watched him a moment, and then turned to a tray.

"I don't know about you, Carl, but I'm hungry." He held out a plate of sandwiches.

The young fellow set the bag down hurriedly and stretched out his hand. He was shivering, and he looked starved. Then the hand dropped. His teeth chattered, and he stared blankly into the clergyman's face.

"I came here to rob you," he said. Harding gazed at him; his glance wandered to the black bag; he turned his back and bent over the coffee. Bubbling above an alcohol lamp. Maxwell regarded him miserably. Harding lifted his head with a smile.

"We'll talk that over later, Carl," he said. "Sit by the fire—you're cold. And drink this coffee."

The man sat down. The hot coffee was almost at his mouth, when he looked up into the other's face.

"How do you know I won't take the money?" he asked. "I could."

The parson laughed. He put a friendly hand on the deep shoulder and patted it, as if the man were a child. "Well, yes, you could," he said. "Drink your coffee, Carl."

Ten minutes later the man stood before the fire and told his story. He finished the recital with a look of bitterness in his eyes.

"I believe I'm a fool," he said. "The money means the chance of my life for a start—and I've no other chance. I meant to take it, till the children came, and then I lost my nerve. Alice has grown a lot. I taught her her first word—do you remember? I didn't do the best act entirely to get rid of them. I did it so they wouldn't be disappointed. I'm a fool. I'd planned the thing and I ought to have put it through. I could have gone to China, and in a year I'd have sent back the money—I'd have had a



"I'll Take That, Carl."

clear conscience and a grip on life such as I've never had before. But it's beyond me now."

The man looked down suddenly at his dingy overcoat. He smiled a queer smile at the clergyman.

"I happened to think of how they used to have us sing 'Silent Night' before we had our Christmas tree, and

of the velvet clothes I wore one year," he explained. "And now," he lifted the skirt of his coat, "to be talking about Christmas trees—and carols. I'm just one of the submerged. I'll go now, doctor. I might as well go. I had my chance and threw it away for sentiment. I'll go now." He held out his hand. "It won't hurt you to shake hands."

The clergyman did not stir. "Carl, I've got something to tell you about your cousin Sidney," he said.

The man scowled. "I don't want to hear it," he shot through his teeth. "When I saw him walking with you to-day in his furred overcoat and his prosperity I wanted to kill him. He's forgotten I'm alive. It's nothing to him that I'm strangling—in the depths."

"That's where you're mistaken," replied Dr. Harding in a quiet but positive tone.



Maxwell lifted his chin and threw at the clergyman a glance like a blow. Harding went on at ease.

"It's very much to him. When you saw him talking to me to-day, what do you suppose he was talking about? You. When the man in the stable just now answered in your name, I felt as if Heaven had reached down and picked you up from somewhere and put you in my hands as an answer to what Sidney Maxwell said. He told me that Christmas never came out the thought of you was with him; that when his own boys played with their toys around their tree he remembered always how you and he had played together; that he had tried in vain to find you; that it was a constant grief that he and his father had judged you harshly; that he would give his fortune to know where you are and make things right."

As the man listened, defiance melted out of him; he did not answer or look up. The clergyman went on. "You see what child's play it seemed to me when you spoke of stealing three thousand dollars, with the Maxwell millions waiting. Not that it would have been possible in any

clothes and over his face, molding now into new lines under a crisis. His eyes lifted to his friend's with a dazed gaze which had lost bitterness. Dr. Harding, standing over him, laid a calm hand on his shoulder.

"My lad," he spoke gently, "it appears to me that going into wrong-doing is like going into a tunnel that leads downhill to darkness. At every

step the walking gets harder, and the air gets worse, and it's dirtier and more uninteresting. And all the time all you have to do is to face about, and you see the sunlight.

"Of course it's not simple getting back—I know that. Sure fate you will bark your shins, and stagger into holes, and fall down, and maybe get discouraged. But Heavens, man! What's that, when you see daylight, and see you're getting to it! What's more, you'll see the faces of friends you didn't know you had, waiting for you—they were there all the time and you wouldn't look at them—you were facing the wrong way.

"Of course a poor soul may wander so far into the depths that he's beyond seeing the light—that's the awful danger." The clergyman sighed. "But even then a hand stronger than your own will pull you out, if you'll trust to it. However—his tired face brightened—however, you're not in that case, Carl. You've swung about, and sunshine and friends are waiting for you—a clean life—a man's work—a place in the world. It's wonderful how much less bad a bad situation usually is than we think. This afternoon you were going to kill yourself; you were saved from that by the hope of a crime; then two babies spoke a message and you listened to it and faced about. That's the secret, to face about, to face right."

Like drops of a strong cordial the words struck hot shafts into Maxwell. "A clean life—a man's work—a place in the world."

He felt with a shock the strength and the will to get these things. The worn man whose inspired eyes burned him, who stood for a force beyond either of them, had poured strength and will into him. He threw out his arms, drew a quick breath, and rose to his feet resolutely.

"Lord helping me, I'll do it," he said.



"I Came Here to Rob You," He Said.

case," he added quickly. "You thought you could do it, but you never could—never."

"Perhaps I couldn't," the man said brokenly. "I meant to—I don't know what stopped me."

"The Lord," Harding answered tersely. "It isn't the first time he has made children his messengers."

Maxwell lifted his eyes dreamily, like a man who had been unconscious and who was coming slowly back to a world too good to be true. "I—I used to believe those things," he said. "I'd like to now. I've been a long way down. But I've never liked it. I've—been unhappy. It doesn't seem possible that I'm to have a chance. I was coming here to drown myself in Meadow Brook—I thought I was at the end of the rope. That was my plan this afternoon. And then I heard you and Sidney—and I was glad to get a chance to live—I think it's in me yet to work hard and make a place for myself. I think so. I never enjoyed being scum—only you know I always went headlong whichever way I started, and it was the same with the bad life I've been living. I can't believe I've been faced about—in a minute."

The clergyman had pushed the man into a deep chair; the firelight washed a friendly vagueness over the shabby

"That's the way to go at the business," Harding said, his face glowing with enthusiasm. "You'll do it, that way."

And with that the clock in the hall struck four, and from upstairs there was suddenly an eruption—and a descent of barbarians. Alice and Benny, mysteriously warned in a dream of their father's arrival, came down upon him, like a wolf on the fold, and all but tore him limb from limb with stress of affection, and then, all at once, aware of the stranger, they were shy and lapsed into silence. But Dr. Harding took his girl's hand and put it into Carl Maxwell's.

"I've brought home an old friend, Alice," he said. "Wish him a merry Christmas, my dear."

And Alice smiled and said the words, while Benny, strangling his father, re-enforced the greetings with full, slow tones.

"Merry Christmas, old friend—an happy New Year," said the deliberate Benny.

Harding, hung with children, loosened a hand to pat the man's shoulder. His eyes were bright with the vision of the pure in heart, who see

"Benny's hit it," he said. "That's what we all wish you, and what's coming, Carl—a happy New Year!"

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