

BANNER-LEADER.

VOL. XIX

BALLINGER, RUNNELS COUNTY, TEXAS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1901

NO 14

ATTEND

BRIN'S GRAND REMOVAL SALE

To Begin Monday, January 14th.

Positively the grandest money saving event ever inaugurated in Ballinger.

It is with much pride that we are able to announce that through the hearty co-operation of the trading public our business has increased to such proportions as to make it necessary for us to seek larger quarters and that we have rented the building on 8th St. now occupied by Lee Maddox, and we will move into same on March 1st.

The building after being thoroughly overhauled will be one of the most modern and up-to-date store houses in the west.

Our buyer will leave for the New York market in a few days, and it is our intention to have the largest and most up-to-date stock of spring and summer goods ever brought to Ballinger.

In the mean time we want to dispose of all the fall and winter goods now on hand,

And to accomplish this end we will start a grand Clearing Sale beginning Monday January 14th.

Cost Or Value

will be lost sight of as we are determined that the goods must go. The reduced prices on all goods will be marked in plain red figures. A hint to the wise is sufficient. Save money by attending our grand removal sale.

Remember Sale Begins Monday Jan. 14.

Yours to please,

BRIN'S

The New Dry Goods People in
J. H. Miller Old Stand.

+ +

BALLINGER, TEXAS.

THE

Unexpected Happens!

It is said by a certain Philosopher that "The Unexpected Happens." Of course you don't expect for your house to burn, you don't expect to die, be sick or have an accident, but it may happen never the less. Why not be on the safe side by paying a small premium and run no risk. We write Fire, Life, Tornado, Accident and Sick insurance, Loan Money, and will take pleasure in giving quotations or information about any sort of policy you may desire.

C. P. SHEPHERD & CO.

Office Over Ostertag Bld'g.

Phone 125.

Our School Building.

I was much interested to see in last week's paper that a movement is on foot to add more room onto, and complete, our Public School Building.

In adding these improvements let us not forget that most important thing of all—the thorough ventilation of each room. I have been thinking a great deal on this subject for some time, and since attending a concert a month or so ago, given in one of the rooms of the school building, feel constrained to call attention to the matter.

The foul air that met me at the door of that room almost turned me sick, and that air was closed up in there, for the children to go into, and breathe, for six hours the next day. The truth is, we thoughtlessly submit to our children living under conditions at school that we would not think of allowing in our homes.

The best that the teacher can do is to throw up the windows or open the doors, and then some poor child, or children, must sit shivering in a cold draught which is very injurious.

The fresh air should be let in

from far above their heads. If each window in each room were kept constantly lowered from the top one foot I doubt if the air would even then be perfectly pure, but it would be a vast improvement on present methods. If I am not mistaken those windows are not capable of being lowered from the top.

Some means could and should be devised for proper ventilation.

Let the teachers be heard from on this subject, they have to suffer along with the children for want of fresh air.

A Mother.

The Cudahy abduction case is still attracting attention. The kidnapers are yet at large in spite of the immense rewards offered for their capture.

Mary Ellen Lease, the Kansas politician, has patched up her trouble with her husband and has abandoned the idea of suing for a divorce. She will forsake politics and settle down to quiet domestic life.

A pretty Erath county lady teacher has adopted the method of kissing the first pupil to arrive each morning as a means to encourage attendance and there is such a rush for the school house that some of the hired hands in the community have had to have their wages raised to keep them from going to school.—Ex.

The 27th legislature is in session at Austin. Hon. R. E. Prince of Navarro was elected speaker without opposition. It is the general impression that the session will be a long on, lasting six months probably. So far the chief work has been that of organization. There being no contests there was seen very little of the oratorical fire usually in evidence on the assembling of this body.

The average pay of a colonel in the United States army is about \$3,500 per annum. He also has the opportunity to buy everything he needs from the government at very low rates compared with what civilians must pay. These officers, after serving the country, many of them for forty years, when retired must be supported by the tax-payers, who never had a salary in their lives.—Farm & Ranch.

There are various suggestions made as to the best way to secure good roads. The Morris County Banner alludes to the Grand Jury method as follows:

We hear a great deal of complaint about the wagon roads. They must be in bad shape from what we hear. They should be kept in fine condition, especially during the marketing season. The law requires that the roads must be kept in good condition and that a milepost must be put up at the end of each mile on the public road. Our attention has been called to this by several good citizens and we suggest to overseers that they work their roads better in order that these same parties do not refer this matter to the Commissioner's Court and perhaps to the Grand Jury.

Coleman Voice.

During the year 1900 the county clerk of Coleman county issued exactly one hundred marriage licenses.

Bird Wilson has bought a 400-acre farm near Glen Cove from W. C. Dibrell estate and J. C. Dibrell and will move to it at once. The price paid was \$3,200.

The stable of O. Johnson burned Tuesday morning. The fire was well under way when discovered, but was kept from spreading by the prompt arrival of the hose cart, when a couple of streams were put to playing on the burning building.

Sheriff Goodfellow on Monday found two saws and two files in the cell where Jeff Taylor, the train robber, is confined. He has reason to believe that Taylor has more of these little instruments, but he failed to find them although he searched him thoroughly and moved him to another cell. The saws found were hidden in a seam of Taylor's undershirt, while the files were in a pocket looking glass, behind the quicksilver. Taylor makes it interesting to his keepers, but Bob keeps a sharp lookout.

Senator Cullom's Pumpkin Pie.

Senator Cullom is still a lover of old New England fare, though he has been separated from the home of his fathers for many years, relates a Washington correspondent. The other day he took two ladies to luncheon. "This restaurant is famous for its pumpkin pies," he said; "real genuine pumpkin pie. Waiter, with our luncheon we shall want some pumpkin pie."

They had some oysters and some fowl, and then the man who looks like Lincoln turned to the waiter: "Now, three pieces of that fine pumpkin pie."

The waiter brought three pieces of golden-hued pie. Mr. Cullom looked at them in ecstasy. "That is pumpkin pie such as mother used to make," he said. "It is genuine pumpkin pie. Waiter, where do you get the pumpkin this pie is made from—in old New England, I'll bet."

"Deed, I dunno, sah," the waiter replied, "but dat ain't pumpkin pie, sah. Pumpkin pie was all out, so I brought you sweet pertater pie instead, sah."

The \$26,500 paid for the The Abbott was the highest price ever paid at auction for a trotting gelding. The late Robert Bonner bought two geldings for higher prices. Rarus for \$36,000 and Dexter for \$35,000, but both sales were made privately. The Abbot is said to be so well broken that when confronted by thousands of people in Madison Square Garden the day he was sold, all clapping their hands and gesticulating, he never moved a muscle, but stood with head and ears erect awaiting the command of his driver, Geers.

Regrets.

I am very sorry that I could not accomodate you better during the last month in the way of watch and jewelry repairing, but can promise you your work on short notice now.

ASA COREILL,
The Jeweler.

—For polite treatment go to the New Racket Store.

The Banner-Leader.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

Subscription \$1.00 per Annum.

HERVEY F. MAYES,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Postoffice at Ballinger Texas as second class matter.

Subscribers failing to receive the Banner-Leader each week will please notify us at once.

The date opposite your name on the address label indicates the time up to which your subscription is paid; if not correct please notify us at once.

Santa Fe Train Service.

Passenger Trains:

West-bound due at Ballinger 12:26 a. m.
South-bound due at Ballinger 6:30 p. m.

Local Trains:

West-bound due at Ballinger 3:15 p. m.
East-bound due at Ballinger 10:40 a. m.

It is now shown that it cost this Government \$50,000 to pay for the coal which the Oregon consumed in her celebrated race around the Horn during the Spanish war.

The diversifier is eating fruit cake and fatty bread these days and he is getting fat. Next thing you know he will be parting his hair in the middle and saying "Geeppo."—Bonham Favorite.

Last week a delinquent subscriber said he would pay up if he lived. He died. Another said, "I will see you tomorrow." He's blind. Still another said, "I'll pay you this week or go to the devil." He's gone. There are hundreds who ought to take warning of these procrastinators and pay up now.—Finley (N. D.) Slope.

The Grapeland Messenger is complaining because a lot of the boys of its town on Christmas day visited a number of the houses of that town, in mask, and forcibly kissed the girls. We don't see what kick the editor of the Messenger has, it seems the girls are the ones to complain, the idea of being kissed through a mask.—Palestine Visitor.

No one who has looked into life with honest eyes can have failed to discover that it derives untold value from the love which welcomes its dawn, attends its growth and advances step by step and soothes and cheers old age. Human love is itself a pearl of great price. How it enlarges, enriches and ennobles life! What beneficent ministries it conducts! What patient heroism and severe self-suppression it inspires! In a mother it is faith and hope and patience and effort and victory. In young hearts it is transforming gladness and awakening to the responsibility and to the rapture of life. In manhood and womanhood it is the balm of care a refuge and temptation and a source of serenity.—Ex.

Whosoever has suffered from piles knows how painful and troublesome they are. Tabler's Buckeye Pile Ointment is guaranteed to cure piles. Price 50 cents in bottles. Tubes, 75 cents. At E. D. Walker's Drug Store. 1

For Oats and Cotton Seed and Bran The Miller Mercantile Co. can furnish you in any quantity.

—My jewelry repairing is the best and cheapest. All work guaranteed.—Jas. E. Brewer.

In Memoriam.

As stated in last week's Banner-Leader the San Angelo Herald is a thing of the past. The following tribute to its memory has appeared in the Standard:

"Sacred to the memory of the San Angelo Evening Herald—Born under an unlucky star some three months ago, and departed this life Saturday, December 29, 1900, at its home in San Angelo, Texas.

Unable to cope with the stern laws of existence, it folded its little hands, and crossed the journalistic Styx to rest forever in Horace Greely's bosom, in that realm of shades among the departed spirits of just men made perfect, who, for a few brief years shed the light of their effulgent genius upon a dark and unappreciative world. To the friends who so nobly stood by it in its last fatal illness we return our heartfelt thanks. If its baby efforts ever brought a cheerful smile to one face, or helped one weary soul to a few moments cheer, it did not live in vain—and it has the sad satisfaction of knowing that only the good die young. Requiescat in pace.

ONE OF THE BOYS."

Music hath charms to soothe a savage, no doubt; but the Schubert Symphony Club and Lady Quartette are not traveling for the express purpose of soothing savages. Neither are they trying to educate the people. They are entertaining the public, and in a manner that is thoroughly enjoyable from first to last. Their program is full of novelty and artistic elegance, besides giving our readers many opportunities to indulge in the world famous American laugh. If you want to be happy on the evening of Jan. 19 you can be by going to hear this company's entertainment at the court house.

A Century of Journalism.

Nowhere in this country has such extraordinary advances been made in the hundred years of the nineteenth century as in the making of newspapers. The thirty eight papers in existence at the beginning of the century have grown to 21,739. In size, general appearance and importance there is no basis for making a comparison.

There was not a daily paper in the country in the year 1800. The thirty-eight were weeklies or monthlies. There was not as much matter in any one of them as in a page of the daily paper of today. While the circulation is not given of any of these early ventures in unwelcome enterprises, it could not have been much, because the limit of work of newspaper presses in those days was about 150 an hour. The modern perfecting presses, multiplying 8-page, 12 page or 16-page papers at the rate of 25,000 or 50,000 an hour are products of the needs of newspapers any of whose daily circulation is probably as great as the entire number of papers printed in the country in the year 1800.

Two of the papers of that day are still in existence. They are the Saturday Evening Post of Philadelphia and Maryland Gazette of Annapolis, Md.—Fort Worth Register.

The Terrors of Eczema

almost instantly removed by Remick's Eczema Care. 50c. No cure, no pay. At E. D. Walker's.

—Fine line of New Jewelry—anything you want at—Jas. E. Brewers.

BUGGIES AND WAGONS.

I am now ready to supply your wants in the these lines. Have just received a car of buggies of many styles, all the latest, and I offer them at prices competition can't equal. The quality of these goods is the best.

—Call Early and Look at My Buggies and Wagons. I Can Save You Money.—

Make Your Wife

A HANDSOME PRESENT

Of one of my buggies. Nothing will please her more and a more appropriate gift could not be named. I will make you right prices.

Still In The Implement Business.

This is an invitation for you to visit my store when you are thinking of buying a wagon, a buggy, a plow, a cultivator, a drill, a hoe, a shovel, a rake or any of the hundreds of the things I sell.

LEE MADDUX,

Ballinger, Texas.

A Good Thing, Push It Along.

We have a good stock of Staple and Fancy Groceries—as good as can be found in Ballinger. Our prices are low enough. Our salesmen are polite and accommodating. Our delivery of goods prompt. We are enjoying a splendid trade but can handle more. Can't we serve you during 1901. * * *

Yours, for groceries.

MILLER MERCANTILE COMPANY.

The fragile babe and the growing child are strengthened by White's Cream Vermifuge. It destroys worms, gets digestion at work and so rebuilds the system. Price 25 cents. At E. D. Walker's Drug Store.

—Eight Day Mantle clocks with alarms at Asa Cordill's \$3.00. Same without alarms \$2.50. See them.

Lovie Zandt Purcell, the famous contralto of the Schubert Lady Quartette, has one of the deepest voices ever given to a woman, and is the only lady vocalist able to sing an octave below middle C in cornet. Her voice is very powerful and yet so melodious that her strongest tone loses none of its sweetness. Hear her at the court house Jan. 19.

—Handsome rings of every description at Asa Cordill's.

—Try P. J. Baron's fine old Brookwood whiskey, opposite postoffice.

LANGE & DOOSE,

Real Estate and Loan Agents,
Abstractors and Conveyancers.

BALLINGER, RUNNELS COUNTY, TEXAS

When in need of anything in our line it will pay you to call around and consult us before buying elsewhere.

We can fit you up with anything from a town lot to a fifty thousand acre ranch.

WORMS! WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE!
For 20 Years Has Led all Worm Remedies. EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.
Prepared by JAMES F. BALLARD, St. Louis.
For Sale by E. D. WALKER, Ballinger, Texas.

OUR LOSS IS YOUR GAIN.

We have just received an immense shipment of Dry Goods of all kinds delayed in transit by the STRIKE, they are late in arriving but still

Seasonable

Rather than return them, we have been instructed to sell them, without regard to COST OR VALUE. Our instructions are to sell.

"Sell Them!"

You now have the golden opportunity to supply your wants, at your own price. It is a waste of time and space to particularize the items.

Everything in Stock will be offered
Everything in Stock will be sold
Everything in Stock will be a bargain

OUR MISFORTUNE IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY.

You can't afford to miss it. If you are from Missouri call and we will "show you." We have a large assortment of Jackets, and Capes, Overcoats, etc, which must go at any price.

RESPECTFULLY,

L. Markowitz & Bro

1901 THE NEW YEAR 1901

POSSIBLY you are already a patron of this bank. If not, it might be well to start in with the New Year. A trial may prove mutually profitable. With a view to getting better acquainted, we invite you to call.

W. G. Parks Banking Co.

—Jas. E. Brewer pays cash for goods, consequently can sell them cheaper.

You lose more than we do if you don't advertise in the Banner-Leader.

—Buy a diamond from Asa Cordill.

—See Bowden for Bargains in Iron Beds.

—A nice line of watches for your inspection at Jas. E. Brewer's.

—New stock boots, shoes, hats, shirts, collars, ties, etc at W. A. Davis & Co.

—I can shoe a horse but prefer repairing a watch. Yours for business. ASA CORDILL.

—Remember Bowden swaps all kinds of new goods for old.

—The best alarm clocks—guaranteed. JAS. E. BREWER.

—Just arrived—a fine lot of mens and boys' working gloves. THE NEW RACKET STORE.

It's "Van Pelt & Kirk" now, if you please

We still sell Live Oak Flour, the best. Also other good brands at Miller Mercantile Co.

J. W. Green, an insurance man from Brownwood, spent Wednesday and Thursday in Ballinger.

W. R. Farr, who has lately purchased land on the line of Coleman and Runnels county, was trading in Ballinger Friday. The Banner Leader man was pleased to make his acquaintance.

Austin, the five-year old son of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. McKinley, died at the family residence in this city Thursday evening from a combined attack of pneumonia and congestion. The remains were carried to their final resting place Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Rev. Manly conducting the services. The Banner Leader is sincere in its sympathy for the grief stricken parents and relatives.

—Your watch promptly put in first-class order. JAS. E. BREWER

Max Lange is planning to visit his mother in Germany at an early date. He will be away from Ballinger about three months.

"A Mother" in this issue makes some sensible suggestions with regard to the improvement of the Ballinger school building. The question of ventilation is often forgotten in the construction of public buildings and the same mistake has been made in this. The Banner-Leader wishes to second the suggestion of "A Mother" and urge that, when the improvement is begun, this be given attention.

—The best watch work at Jas. E. Brewer's.

A big French steamer has lately foundered off the coast of France. Ninety people were on board.

—Best watch repairing done by Asa Cordill.

The Canadian troops which went to South Africa to assist the English have been returned home.

—Give your watch work to Asa Cordill.

The ministers of Austin offered to perform the services of chaplain of the legislature free of charge but the offer was rejected.

HIS FAMILY SPECTER

"By Jove, Gordon, I don't know what to make of you!" exclaimed Tom Fairleigh, drawing on his gloves, with considerable show of vexation. "Amy Hepburn's happiness is dear to me. In fact, I came here tonight to tell you that I love her!"

"To tell me!" broke in Gordon. "Why don't you tell her?"

"Wait, can't you? Let me finish. I have told her, and she has declined me. It was done very gently and with the greatest possible regard for my feelings, but nevertheless I was declined. Don't think me a fool because I come here and make a confession which can be nothing less than mortifying. I'm doing it for Amy's sake."

"For Amy's sake?" echoed Gordon.

"Yes; I want to see her happy, and you are the man to make her so. She declined me on your account. Of course I knew long ago that you were my rival, but did not know until two hours ago that you were the successful one. You aren't worthy of her and don't deserve her, but don't think for a moment that I believe myself more worthy or more deserving." Pausing suddenly, Fairleigh walked to his friend's side and laid a hand on his shoulder. "I can't understand what you mean by leading Amy to believe that you care for her while all the time dividing your attention with Nell Fortbdyke. Would you be inhuman enough to break a heart as loyal as Amy's?"

"Don't get tragic, Tom. I'm not going to break anybody's heart. Nell is rich, you know."

"And so are you," sneered Fairleigh, walking hurriedly to the door and laying his hand on the knob, "but Amy Hepburn is poor. Society dares you to wed with poverty. If you love Amy, are you man enough to take the dare? Examine into the financial condition of the Hepburns, reflect upon the cause of their downfall in fortune and then let me see if you are strong enough to leap this Brahminical barrier of caste."

With this parting shot Fairleigh passed quickly out of the room and slammed the door behind him. Harry Gordon gave vent to a long whistle, settled himself back in a chair and thoughtfully lighted a cigar.

"That was quite a jolt," he muttered, looking upward through the curling wreaths of smoke. "How happy could I be with either were other dear charmer away! It's as sure as can be that I love one and fancy the other. But who will unravel the Gordian knot? Which is it to be—Amy or Nell?"

A knock fell on the door, not on the outside door, but on a door leading into a closet. Harry Gordon stirred uncomfortably in his chair, a vexed look coming into his eyes as he fixed them upon the closet door. After a brief interval of silence the knock was repeated.

"Now, what in the world aroused you?" cried Gordon.

"Business is business," came a hollow voice from the other side of the closet door. "I'm here for a purpose, and if I do not make that purpose manifest once in awhile you'll forget all about me."

This remark was followed by a clanking, cackling outburst that seemed to grate harshly on Gordon's ear.

"Well, what do you want?" he asked.

"I want to come out and show myself. You know I'm here, but a little ocular demonstration won't come amiss. I take it. Remember, I'm showing consideration for you. I might have kicked open this door and stalked out into the room. But I didn't. I rapped."

"Can't you put it off? Come out tomorrow. I've got something else to think about now."

"The high and mighty order of family skeletons are not in the habit of playing second fiddle or taking back seats for anybody. I'm coming at once."

"All right, then," groaned Gordon, squaring himself about in his chair. "Come on."

The closet door flew open and a well developed skeleton strode out and dropped with a rattle into a chair. The cavernous eyes were blankly expressive to Gordon. For him also there was something sarcastic in the grin of the fleshless jaws.

"Dust me off," said the skeleton. "I want to show up as frightful as possible tonight."

The request presented itself to Gordon as a command which he was powerless to disobey. Picking up a feather duster, he plied it vigorously about the gleaming white bones.

"Achoo!" he sneezed, dropping the duster and falling into his chair.

"You ought not to neglect me," said the skeleton. "I'm one of the family and should be treated as such. Now, then, let's have a chat."

The skeleton crossed its bony legs and settled back comfortably.

"Will it do me any good to have a chat with you?" queried Gordon.

"That remains to be seen. It used to do your father good. Why, it was my custom to visit him every night. As he sat before that table there writing I'd sneak out of that closet, come quietly up behind him and put an arm caressingly about his neck." The skeleton laughed, working its bony jaws with a succession of crackling sounds that

made Gordon shiver. "How it used to startle him! He would turn white as a sheet as he looked up into my face. Once he sprang to his feet in desperation, and we had a wrestle all about the room, overturning chairs, tables and everything else that came in our way."

"You succeeded well in shortening my father's life," returned Gordon gloomily. "Under your tyranny he sank into his grave long before his time."

"So he did, so he did, and he passed me on to you with the rest of his property, real and personal. It was a rich inheritance, my dear boy, even though

I had to be dragged at its heels. Yet don't accuse me of any responsibility for your father's taking off. He was the author of my existence. Like Frankenstein, he built me up, bone by bone, and was not content until he had made a gigantic monster and had breathed into my bony breast the breath of life. Then, in order that I might not afflict his sight, he stowed me away in that closet. Suppose I became the instrument of his own undoing. Is it not true that he was nevertheless the author of his own downfall?"

"Your logic seems to be as merciless as it is correct," answered Gordon, with knitted brows. "Still, there are some points relating to your history on which my mind is a trifle obscure. What possessed my father to call into being a creature of your disagreeable character?"

"The almighty dollar, young man. He created me in order that you might inherit a little more wealth. He did not think, then, how I should one day sit astride his shoulders like an Old Man of the Sea, nor did he think that it was possible for me to afflict his son. For obvious reasons, my relations with you are not so intimate as they were with your worthy father. I was evolved out of the wheat pit of the board of trade. Your father was a bull, and he mercilessly gored both life and fortune out of a certain bear who was not nimble enough to get out of his way."

"And who was this bear?" asked Gordon.

"A man named Hepburn."

"Amy Hepburn's father?" murmured the young man, rubbing his hand across his brow in an effort to remember.

"Yes, Hepburn lost every penny he had in the world through that disastrous wheat deal. He was forced into bankruptcy and, unable to bear the disgrace, took his own life. His money went to increase the store your father left you, my boy, and it is now possible for you to live in luxury while Hepburn's wife and children must struggle on as best they can. However," and the skeleton got up and started back to its closet, "it is not for me to moralize. Now that I've caught myself delivering a homily, I'll just take my departure. Au revoir, my dear fellow!"

Halting at the closet door, the skeleton waved its adieu and disappeared within. Gordon sat in his chair, deep in thought, while his cigar burned itself out between his fingers.

At last he got up and shook his broad shoulders as though freeing himself of a disagreeable burden.

"Society has dared me," he muttered, "but I know my heart, now, and I'll do as I please!"

After Harry Gordon and Amy Hepburn had been married and had returned from their honeymoon Harry brought his bride up stairs to his old bachelor's den and seated her in a chair.

"My dear," he said, "I have a confession to make to you. My father once did your father a grievous wrong, and I have made myself the happiest fellow in the world by undoing it. However, as we are not to have any secrets from each other, you must know about this."

A look of astonishment came into Amy's blue eyes as she watched her husband proceed to the closet, throw open the door and go rummaging about inside.

"What in the world are you looking for, Harry?" she asked as he returned to her side.

"I'm looking for something that does not seem to be there—the Gordon family skeleton, Amy. For the first time in 15 years it is not to be found in that closet."

Just then a clanking tread was heard in the hallway without, the door was pushed slowly ajar and the skeleton limped in, supporting itself on a crutch and looking very much the worse for wear.

"There it is!" cried Gordon. "What's the matter with you, old chap? Here, sit down. I want to make you acquainted with my wife."

The family skeleton dropped into a chair and shook until it rattled like a score of castanets.

"I'm done for," it groaned. "You've fixed me, young man. I just dropped in to say goodby forever. But don't introduce me to your wife. We've met before."

"That's so, Harry," said Amy. "I know all about this family skeleton of yours. Don't let it worry you, my dear," and she threw her soft arms about his neck. "Let the dead past bury its dead. If we are happy, isn't that enough?"

"Enough, yes!" And he pressed a rapturous kiss upon her fair cheek.

That kiss pronounced the doom of the Gordon family skeleton. Forthwith it began to fade into thin air, finally vanishing and leaving not a wreck behind.

IN HIS STEPS.

"What Would Jesus Do?"

By Charles M. Sheldon.

Copyrighted and published in book form by the Advance Publishing Co. of Chicago.



Dr. Bruce was very pale. Never had he seen the bishop or heard him when under the influence of such a passion. There was a sudden silence in the room. The bishop had sat down again and bowed his head. Dr. Bruce spoke at last:

"Edward, I do not need to say that you have expressed my feelings also. I have been in a similar position for years. My life has been one of comparative luxury. I do not, of course, mean to say that I have not had trials and discouragements and burdens in my church ministry, but I cannot say that I have suffered any for Jesus. That verse in Peter haunts me, 'Christ also suffered for you, leaving you an example that ye should follow his steps.' I have lived in luxury. I do not know what it means to want. I also have had my leisure for travel and beautiful companionship. I have been surrounded by soft, easy comforts of civilization. The sin and misery of this great city have beat like waves against the stone walls of my church and of this house in which I live, and I have hardly heeded them, the walls here been so thick. I have reached a point where I cannot endure this any longer. I am not condemning the church. I love her. I am not forsaking the church. I believe in her mission and have no desire to destroy. Least of all, in the step I am about to take, do I desire to be charged with abandoning the Christian fellowship, but I feel I must resign my place as pastor of Nazareth Avenue church in order to satisfy myself that I am walking as I ought to walk in his steps. In this action I judge no other ministers and pass no criticism on others' discipleship, but I feel as you do. Into a closer contact with the sin and shame and degradation of this great city I must come personally, and I know that to do that I must sever my immediate connection with Nazareth Avenue church. I do not see any other way for myself to suffer for his sake as I feel that I ought to suffer."

Again that sudden silence fell over these two men. It was no ordinary action they were deciding. They had both reached the same conclusion by the same reasoning, and they were too thoughtful, too well accustomed to the measuring of conduct, to underestimate the seriousness of their position.

"What is your plan?" The bishop at last spoke gently, looking up with his smile that always beautified his face. The bishop's face grew in glory now every day.

"My plan," replied Dr. Bruce slowly, "is, in brief, the putting of myself into the center of the greatest human need I can find in this city and living there. My wife is fully in accord with me. We have already decided to find a residence in that part of the city where we can make our personal lives count for the most."

"Let me suggest a place." The bishop was on fire now. His face actually glowed with the enthusiasm of the movement in which he and his friend were inevitably embarked. He went on and unfolded a plan of such far-reaching power and possibility that Dr. Bruce, capable and experienced as he was, felt amazed at the vision of a greater soul than his own.

They sat up late and were as eager and even glad as if they were planning for a trip together to some rare land of unexplored travel. Indeed the bishop said many times afterward that the moment his decision was reached to live the life of personal sacrifice he had chosen he suddenly felt an uplifting, as if a great burden was taken from him. He was exultant. So was Dr. Bruce from the same cause.

Their plan as it finally grew into a workable fact was in reality nothing more than the renting of a large building formerly used as a warehouse for a brewery, reconstructing it and living in it themselves in the very heart of a territory where the saloon ruled with power, where the tenement was its filthiest, where vice and ignorance and shame and poverty were congested into hideous forms. It was not a new idea. It was an idea started by Jesus Christ when he left his Father's house and forsook the riches that were his in order to get nearer humanity and, by becoming a part of its sin, help to draw humanity apart from its sin. The university settlement idea is not modern. It is as old as Bethlehem and Nazareth, and in this particular case it was the nearest approach to anything that would satisfy the hunger of these two men to suffer for Christ. There had sprung up in them at the same time a longing that amounted to a passion to get nearer the great physical poverty and spiritual destitution of the mighty city that thrived around them. How could they do this except as they became a part of it, as nearly as one man can become a part of another's misery? Where was

the suffering to come in unless there was an actual self denial of some sort? And what was to make that self denial apparent to themselves or any one else unless it took this concrete, actual, personal form of trying to share the deepest suffering and sin of the city?

So they reasoned for themselves, not judging others. They were simply keeping their own pledge to do as Jesus would do, as they honestly judged he would do. That was what they had promised. How could they quarrel with the result? They were irresistibly compelled to do what they were planning to do.

The bishop had money of his own. Every one in Chicago knew that the bishop had a handsome fortune. Dr. Bruce had acquired and saved by literary work carried on in connection with his parish duties more than a comfortable competence. This money, a large part of it, the two friends agreed to put at once into the work, most of it into the furnishing of a settlement house.

Meanwhile Nazareth Avenue church was experiencing something never known before in all its history. The simple appeal on the part of its pastor to his members to do as Jesus would do had created a sensation that still continued. The result of that appeal was very much the same as in Henry Maxwell's church in Raymond, only Nazareth Avenue church was far more aristocratic, wealthy and conventional. Nevertheless when one Sunday morning in early summer Dr. Bruce came into his pulpit and announced his resignation the sensation deepened all over the city, although Dr. Bruce had advised with his board of trustees, and the movement he intended was not a matter of surprise to them.

But when it became publicly known that the bishop also had announced his retirement from the position he had held so long in order to go and live himself in the center of the worst part of Chicago the public astonishment reached its height.

"But why," the bishop replied to one valued friend who had almost with tears tried to dissuade him from his purpose—"why should what Dr. Bruce and I propose to do seem so remarkable a thing, as if it were unheard of that a doctor of divinity and a bishop should want to save souls in this particular manner. If we were to resign our charges for the purpose of going to Bombay or Hongkong or any place in Africa, the churches and the people would exclaim at the heroism of missions. Why should it seem so great a thing if we have been led to give our lives to help rescue the heathen and the lost of our own city in the way we are going to try? Is it, then, such a tremendous event that two Christian ministers should be not only willing but eager to live close to the misery of the world in order to know it and realize it? Is it such a rare thing that love of humanity should find this particular form of expression in the rescue of souls?"

However the bishop may have satisfied himself that there ought to be nothing so remarkable about it all, the public continued to talk and the churches to record their astonishment that two such men, so prominent in the ministry, should leave their comfortable homes, voluntarily resign their pleasant social positions and enter upon a life of hardship, of self denial and actual suffering. Christian America! Is it a reproach upon the form of our discipleship that the exhibition of actual suffering for Jesus on the part of those who walk in his steps always provokes astonishment, as at the sight of something very unusual?

Nazareth Avenue church parted from its pastor with regret for the most part, although the regret was modified by some relief on the part of those who had refused to take the pledge. Dr. Bruce carried with him the respect of men who, entangled in business in such a way that obedience to the pledge would have ruined them, still held in their deeper, better natures a genuine admiration for courage and consistency. They had known Dr. Bruce many years as a kindly, safe man, but the thought of him in the light of sacrifice of this sort was not familiar to them. As fast as they understood it they gave their pastor the credit of being absolutely true to his recent convictions as to what following Jesus meant. Nazareth Avenue church has never lost the impulse of that movement started by Dr. Bruce. Those who went with him in making the promise breathed into the church the very breath of divine life and are continuing that life giving work at the present time.

It was fall again, and the city faced another hard winter. The bishop one afternoon came out of the settlement and walked around the block, intending

to go on a visit to one of his new friends in the district. He had walked about four blocks when he was attracted by a shop that looked different from the others. The neighborhood was still quite new to the bishop, and every day he discovered some strange spot or stumbled upon some unexpected humanity.

The place that attracted his notice was a small house close by a Chinese laundry. There were two windows in the front, very clean, and that was remarkable, to begin with. Then inside the window was a tempting display of cookery, with prices attached to the various articles, that made the bishop wonder somewhat, for he was familiar by this time with many facts in the life of the people once unknown to him.

As he stood looking at the windows the door between them opened, and Felicia Sterling came out.

"Felicia!" said the bishop. "When did you move into my parish without my knowledge?"

"How did you find me so soon?" asked Felicia.

"Why, don't you know? These are the only clean windows in the block."

"I believe they are," replied Felicia, with a laugh that did the bishop good to hear.

"But why have you dared to come to Chicago without telling me, and how have you entered my diocese without my knowledge?" asked the bishop, and Felicia looked so like that beautiful, clean, educated, refined world he once knew that he might be pardoned for seeing in her something of the old paradise, although, to speak truth for the bishop, he had no desire to go back to it again.

"Well, dear bishop," said Felicia, who had always called him so whenever they had met, "I know how overwhelmed you were with your work. I did not want to burden you with my plans, and, besides, I am going to offer you my services. Indeed I was just on my way to see you and ask your advice. I am settled here for the present with Mrs. Bascom, a saleswoman who rents our three rooms, and with one of Rachel's music pupils, who is being helped to a course in violin by Virginia Page. She is from the people," continued Felicia, using the words "from the people" so gravely and unconsciously that the bishop smiled, "and I am keeping house for her and at the same time beginning an experiment in pure food for the masses. I am an expert, and I have a plan I want you to admire and develop. Will you, dear bishop?"

"Indeed I will," replied the bishop. The sight of Felicia and her remarkable vitality, enthusiasm and evident purpose almost bewildered him.

"Martha can help at the settlement with her violin, and I will help with my messes. You see, I thought I would get settled first and work out something and then come with some real thing to offer. I'm able to earn my own living now."

"You are?" The bishop said it a little incredulously. "How? Making those things?"

"Those things!" said Felicia, with a show of indignation. "I would have you know, sir, that 'those things' are the best cooked, purest food products in this whole city."

"I don't doubt it," said the bishop hastily, while his eyes twinkled. "Still, the 'proof of the pudding'—You know the rest."

"Come in and try some," exclaimed Felicia. "You poor bishop! You look as if you hadn't had a good meal for a month."

She insisted on the bishop's entering the little front room where Martha, a wide awake girl with short curly hair and an unmistakable air of music about her, was busy with practice.

"Go right on, Martha. This is the bishop. You have heard me speak of him so often. Sit down here and let me give you a taste of the fleshpots of Egypt, for I believe you have been actually fasting."

So Felicia and the bishop had an improvised lunch, and the bishop, who, to tell the truth, had not taken time for weeks to enjoy his meals, feasted on the delight of his unexpected discovery and was able to express his astonishment and gratification at the quality of the cookery.

"I thought you would at least say it was as good as the meals you used to get at the Auditorium at the big banquets," said Felicia slyly.

"As good as!" The Auditorium banquets were simply husks compared to this one, Felicia. But you must come to the settlement. I want you to see what we are doing. And I am simply astonished to find you here carrying your living this way. I begin to see what your plan is. You can be of infinite help to us. You don't really mean that you will live here and help these people to know the value of good food?"

"Indeed I do," Felicia answered gravely. "That is my gospel. Shall I not follow it?"

"Aye, aye! You're right. Bless God for sense like yours. When I left the world"—the bishop smiled at the phrase—"they were talking a good deal about the 'new woman.' If you are one of them, I am a convert right now and here."

"Flattery still! Is there no escape from it even in the slums of Chicago?" Felicia laughed again, and the bishop's heart, heavy though it had grown during several months of vast sin bearing, rejoiced to hear it. It sounded good. It was good. It belonged to God.

Felicia wanted to visit the settlement and went back with the bishop. She was amazed at the results of what considerable money and a good deal of consecrated brains had done. As they walked through the building they talked incessantly. Felicia was the incarnation of vital enthusiasm. Even the bishop wondered at the exhibition of it as it bubbled up and sparkled over.

They went down into the basement, and the bishop pushed open the door, from behind which came the sound of a carpenter's plane. It was a small but well equipped carpenter's shop. A young man with a paper cap on his head and clad in blouse and overalls was whistling and driving the plane as he whistled. He looked up as the bishop and Felicia entered and took off his cap. As he did so his little finger carried a small curling shaving up to his hair, and it caught there.

"Miss Sterling, Mr. Stephen Clyde," said the bishop. "Clyde is one of our helpers here two afternoons in the week."

Just then the bishop was called up stairs, and he excused himself for a moment, leaving Felicia and the young carpenter together.

"We have met before," said Felicia, looking at Clyde frankly.

"Yes, 'back in the world,' as the bishop says," replied the young man, and his fingers trembled a little as they lay on the board he had been planing.

"Yes," Felicia hesitated. "I am very glad to see you."

"Are you?" The flush of pleasure mounted to the young carpenter's forehead. "You have had a great deal of trouble since—then?" he said, and then he was afraid he had wounded her or called up painful memories, but Felicia had lived over all that.

"Yes, and you also. How is it you are working here?"

"It is a long story, Miss Sterling. My father lost his money, and I was obliged to go to work, a very good thing for me. The bishop says I ought to be grateful. I am. I am very happy now. I learned the trade hoping some time to be of use. I am night clerk at one of the hotels. That Sunday morning when you took the pledge at Nazareth Avenue church I took it with the others."

"Did you?" said Felicia slowly. "I am glad."

Just then the bishop came back, and very soon he and Felicia went away, leaving the young carpenter at his work. Some one noticed that he whistled louder than ever as he planned.

"Felicia," said the bishop, "did you know Stephen Clyde before?"

"Yes, 'back in the world,' dear bishop. He was one of my acquaintances in Nazareth Avenue church."

"Ah!" said the bishop.

"We were very good friends," added Felicia.

"But nothing more?" the bishop ventured to ask.

Felicia's face glowed for an instant. Then she looked the bishop in the eyes frankly and answered:

"Truly and truly, nothing more."

"It would be just the way of the world for those two people to come to like each other, though," thought the bishop to himself, and somehow the thought made him grave. It was almost like the old pang over Camilla, but it passed, leaving him afterward, when Felicia had gone back, with tears in his eyes and a feeling that was almost hope that Felicia and Stephen would like each other. "After all," said the bishop, like the sensible, good man that he was, "is not romance a part of humanity? Love is older than I am and wiser."

The week following the bishop had an experience that belongs to this part of the settlement's history.

He was coming back to the settlement very late from some gathering of the striking tailors and was walking along, with his hands behind him, when two men jumped out from behind an old fence that shut off an abandoned factory from the street and faced him. One of the men thrust a pistol into the bishop's face, and the other threatened him with a ragged stake that had evidently been torn from the fence.

"Hold up your hands, and be quick about it!" said the man with the pistol.

The place was solitary, and the bishop had no thought of resistance. He did as he was commanded, and the man with the stake began to go through his pockets. The bishop was calm. His nerves did not quiver. As he stood there with his arms uplifted an ignorant spectator might have thought that he was praying for the souls of these two men. And he was, and his prayer was singularly answered that very night.

CHAPTER XI.

Righteousness shall go before him and shall set us in the way of his steps.

The bishop was not in the habit of carrying much money with him, and the man with the stake, who was searching him, uttered an oath at the small amount of change he found. As he uttered it the man with the pistol savagely said: "Jerk out his watch! We might as well get all we can out of the job."

The man with the stake was on the point of laying hold of the chain when there was the sound of footsteps coming toward them.

"Get behind the fence! We haven't half searched him yet. Mind you keep shut now if you don't want!"

The man with the pistol made a significant gesture with it, and his com-

panion pulled and pushed the bishop down the alley and through a ragged broken opening in the fence. The three stood still there in the shadow until the footsteps passed.

"Now, then, have you got the watch?" asked the man with the pistol. "No; the chain is caught somewhere!" And the other man swore again.

"Break it, then!" "No; don't break it," the bishop said, and it was the first time he had spoken. "The chain is the gift of a very dear friend. I should be sorry to have it broken."

At the sound of the bishop's voice the man with the pistol started as if he had been suddenly shot by his own weapon. With a quick movement of his other hand he turned the bishop's head toward what little light was shining from the alleyway, at the same time taking a step nearer. Then, to the evident amazement of his companion, he said roughly:

"Leave the watch alone. We've got the money. That's enough."

"Enough! Fifty cents! You don't reckon!"

Before the man with the stake could say another word he was confronted with the muzzle of the pistol, turned from the bishop's head toward his own.

"Leave that watch be and put back the money too. This is the bishop we've held up—the bishop! Do you hear?"

"And what of it? The president of the United States wouldn't be too good to hold up if"—

"I say, you put the money back, or in five minutes I'll blow a hole through your head that'll let in more sense than you have to spare now," said the other.

For a second the man with the stake seemed to hesitate at this strange turn in events, as if measuring his companion's intention. Then he hastily dropped the money back into the bishop's pocket.

"You can take your hands down, sir." The man with the weapon lowered it slowly, still keeping an eye on the other man and speaking with rough respect. The bishop slowly brought his arms to his side and looked earnestly at the two men. In the dim light it was difficult to distinguish features. He was evidently free to go his way now, but he stood there, making no movement.

"You can go on. You needn't any longer on our account." The man who had acted as spokesman turned and sat down on a stone. The other man stood viciously digging his stake into the ground.

"That's just what I'm staying for," replied the bishop. He sat down on a board that projected from the broken fence.

"You must like our company. It is hard sometimes for people to tear themselves away from us," the man standing up said, laughing coarsely.

"Shut up!" exclaimed the other. "We're on the road to hell, though; that's sure enough. We need better company than ourselves and the devil."

"If you would only allow me to be of any help"—The bishop spoke gently, even lovingly. The man on the stone stared at the bishop through the darkness. After a moment of silence he spoke slowly, like one who had finally decided upon a course he had at first rejected.

"Do you remember ever seeing me before?"

"No," said the bishop. "The light is not very good, and I have really not had a good look at you."

"Do you know me now?" The man suddenly took off his hat and, getting up from the stone, walked over to the bishop until they were near enough to touch each other.

The man's hair was coal black, except one spot on the top of his head about as large as the palm of the hand, which was white.

The minute the bishop saw that he started. The memory of 15 years ago began to stir in him. The man helped him.

[CONTINUED.]

Muffs were first used by doctors to keep their fingers soft and were adopted by ladies about 1550.

A REAL

GRAPHOPHONE

..FOR..

\$5.00

Simple
Clockwork
Motor.
Mechanism
Visible.
Durable Construction.

NO BOTHER, MUCH FUN

All the Wonders and Pleasures of a High-Priced Talking Machine.

When accompanied by a Recorder this Graphophone can be used to make Records. Price with Recorder, \$7.50. Reproduces all the standard Records. Send order and money to our nearest office.

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH CO. Dept. 30.

NEW YORK, 145-146 Broadway.
CHICAGO, 88 Wabash Ave.
ST. LOUIS, 720-722 Olive St.
WASHINGTON, 915 Pennsylvania Ave.
PHILADELPHIA, 1034 Chestnut St.
BALTIMORE, 110 E. Baltimore St.
BUFFALO, 375 Main St.
SAN FRANCISCO, 125 Geary St.
LONDON. PARIS. BERLIN.

BANNER-LEADER.

VOL. XIX

BALLINGER, RUNNELS COUNTY, TEXAS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1901

NO 15

ATTEND

BRIN'S GRAND REMOVAL SALE

To Begin Monday, January 14th.

Positively the grandest money saving event ever inaugurated in Ballinger.

It is with much pride that we are able to announce that through the hearty co-operation of the trading public our business has increased to such proportions as to make it necessary for us to seek larger quarters and that we have rented the building on 8th St. now occupied by Lee Maddox, and we will move into same on March 1st.

The building after being thoroughly overhauled will be one of the most modern and up-to-date store houses in the west.

Our buyer will leave for the New York market in a few days, and it is our intention to have the largest and most up-to-date stock of spring and summer goods ever brought to Ballinger.

In the mean time we want to dispose of all the fall and winter goods now on hand,

And to accomplish this end we will start a grand Clearing Sale beginning Monday January 14th.

Cost Or Value

will be lost sight of as we are determined that the goods must go. The reduced prices on all goods will be marked in plain red figures. A hint to the wise is sufficient. Save money by attending our grand removal sale.

Remember Sale Begins Monday Jan. 14.

Yours to please,

BRIN'S

The New Dry Goods People in
J. H. Miller Old Stand.

♦ ♦

BALLINGER, TEXAS.

Mrs. Cynthia A. Tanner.

Mrs. C. A. Tanner died Monday night at 1.30 after an illness of several months. The funeral services took place this afternoon at the hotel, the burial being at Greenleaf cemetery. For many months she had been a patient sufferer, but she has now entered upon that peaceful rest that has no ending.—Brownwood Bulletin

The deceased was the mother of Mrs. M. C. Smith of this city. At the time of her death Mrs. Smith was at her mother's bedside doing all in her power to aid the sufferer. Miss Herma Smith was in Goldthwaite but drove through the country to Brownwood to attend the funeral. Friends of the family are pained to hear of the death of this good woman.

Card of Thanks.

We take this method of thanking our neighbors and friends for kindness and help shown and rendered during our late affliction.

The Lord's blessing upon every hand that ministered to our darling sufferer.

Wm. W. and Mollie McKinley.

Christian Endeavor Program.

The following program for the C. E. will be rendered next Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock at the C. P. church.

Topic—Abiding Influence.
Leader—Miss Adrienne Truly.
Song.
Prayer.
Song.
Scripture Lesson Reading.
Select Reading.—Miss Augusta Hardgrave.
Song.
Right and Wrong Influences—Joe B. Wilmett.
Prayer.
Open discussion on topic.
Song.
A cordial invitation is extended to all, and especially to the young people to attend these meetings.

—Lots of Coal—5 cars now on hand and for sale. Potu Lump Coal at \$7.50 per ton. McAlister Lump Coal at \$9.50 per ton. Call on or phone W. E. Eskridge at the cotton yard.

Dr. Riggs, the dentist, says if you neglect the children's teeth you will regret it.

Epworth League Program.

Sunday, Jan. 20, 1901.
Topic—"Abiding Influence."—Heb. 11:4
Leader—Mr. James Brewer.
Song.
Prayer.
Scripture Reading and Comment—Leaguers.
Song.
Select Reading—Miss Ethel Truly.
Song.
Paper—"Generating Influence."—Mrs. Manly.
Topic Thoughts—Miss Sarah Padgett.
Song.
Benediction.

We still sell Live Oak Flour, the best. Also other good brands at Miller Mercantile Co.

Mr. Sam Sharp has lately bought a place near Hylton and the first of this week began moving his household goods there.

Hon. C. H. Willingham, at Austin, representing this district was appointed Monday by Speaker Prince a member of the following committees: Public Lands and Land Office; Agricultural Affairs; Stock and Stock Raising.

Eighth Anniversary Reception.

Last Friday afternoon, from 3 to 6 o'clock, a reception was given by Mrs. F. C. Miller to celebrate the eighth anniversary of her marriage.

Mrs. Miller kindly remembered her host of friends, as was evidenced by the number present, it being one of the largest gatherings of Ballinger's four hundred. Mrs. Miller was assisted in receiving by Mesdames D. M. Baker, Spencer, O'Reilly, and C. R. Miller. The evening's entertainment was opened with a piano solo by Mrs. T. A. O'Railly. This was followed by two vocal solos rendered by Miss Augusta Hardgrave. Miss Hargrave is a soprano of rare ability, and her "Rose and the Nightengale," a selection from the opera "Fencing Master," was rendered with skill and taste.

The dining room doors were opened and the guests invited in to partake of delicious refreshments, consisting of two courses. The dining room had been beautifully decorated. The color scheme, red and white, was carried out in the floral decorations and refreshments.

The afternoon seemed complete. But all things, it matters not how delightful, must come to an end, and only too soon did the enjoyable affair prove but a happy remembrance to the following ladies: Miss Hardgrave, Mesdames Davis, Milliken, Abe Millar, Starnes, Humphrey, Wylie, Allen, Baker, Wilmett, Love, O'Reilly, Spencer, C. R. Miller, Hall, Hodnette, Rape, Matthews, Butler, Bowdon, Bradford, Williams, Ryan, Odom, Van Pelt, Erwin, Geo. Vaughn, Will Vaughn, Francis, J. McGregor, Thomson, McGregor, Guion, Pearce and Blanchard. *****

Regrets.

I am very sorry that I could not accomodate you better during the last month in the way of watch and jewelry repairing, but can promise you your work on short notice now.

ASA COREILL,
The Jeweler.

—Just received—a full line of LOWNEY'S chocolates, the finest money can buy. Christmas candies, fruits and fireworks.

I. O. WOODEN.

WINKLER'S

SPECIAL SALE

BEFORE TAKING STOCK

DRESS GOODS.

15c and 12½ quality
Reduced to close out:
at..... 10c yd

25c and 30c Dress
Goods, several differ-
styles, all Reduced
for this sale to..... 19c yd

All the finer qualities
of Dress Goods, black
and in colors at a dis-
count of 25 per cent
from regular price..... 1-4 off

Regular 10c grade of
Outing Flannels and
Flannellettes, Dark
Colors Reduced for
this sale to..... 8c yd

Outing flannels in
Dark Plaids 6½
grades to close out
at only..... 5c yd

REMNANTS of all kind in wool-
en and cotton goods at Great
Bargain Prices.

Men's woolen and cotton fleec-
ed Underwear to be closed out
at a Great Reduction in prices.

NEW GINGHAMS.

Just received 50 pic-
es of New Gingham,
dark and medium
colors, it is a regular
12½ quality, but
for this sale marked
only..... 10c yd

Embroideries and Lace very
much below the Regular Price.
Come and see them.

25c quality Ladies
Ribbed Vests for this
sale at only..... 19c each

50c quality Ladies
Ribbed Vests clos-
ing out price only... 35c each

White Bed Spreads
the regular \$1.50
kind reduced to..... \$1.20 ea

The \$2.25 quality re-
duced to only..... \$1.85 ea

Wool Blankets, just a few pairs
left, at Bargain Prices.

Ladies and Misses
Union Suits, the 50c
grades to close out
at only..... 35c suit

Many other bargains to offer, but space will not permit to enumerate them all, come and look through the stock, all winter goods will be sold at REDUCED PRICES.

H. WINKLER,

BALLINGER, TEXAS.

Banner-Leader.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

Subscription \$1.00 per Annum.

HERVEY F. MAYES,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Postoffice at Ballinger Texas as second class matter.

Subscribers failing to receive the Banner-Leader each week will please notify us at once.

The date opposite your name on the address label indicates the time up to which your subscription is paid, if not correct please notify us at once.

Santa Fe Train Service.

Passenger Trains:

West-bound due at Ballinger 12:26 a. m.
South-bound due at Ballinger 6:30 p. m.

Local Trains:

West-bound due at Ballinger 3:15 p. m.
East-bound due at Ballinger 10:40 a. m.

At the beginning of the new century there were 165,155 miles of railway in the United States.

The mosquitos have been convicted of carrying yellow fever germs and now it is in order to give them the death penalty and to find somebody to carry out the order.

Donald Cameron, the recently elected county attorney of Coleman county, has issued a manifesto declaring that the Sunday law will be rigidly enforced and that he who fails to heed will surely suffer the full penalty of the law.

The Pecan Valley Benevolent Association has had its charter amended, changing the name to the Texas Life and Accident Association. The board of managers intend to increase the business so as to cover a wider scope of operation.

Brownwood is to have something she has long needed, a new Santa Fe passenger depot. The little box concern they are using now has served its time and now fails to answer the requirements. The new one will, it is said, be in accordance with the pretensions of the city.

The Chicago Woman's Club, at a late meeting, after discussing the question pro and con, decided that the American woman has too much the gift of conversation and that they talk so much that men have little opportunity to become proficient in that accomplishment.

The statement was given out some time since that the buyer of horses, for the British army in South Africa, was making his last round. He is now sending out notices to all his agents to continue to buy. The war in South Africa isn't yet over, one concludes by this.

If there is one person, more than another, whom the busy editor remembers gratefully, it is the one who is ready to impart freely when the question is asked "what's the news." The editor doesn't know it all, he isn't a mind reader, and he is rather a sorry guesser, but he has a great big desire to make his paper the newsiest in the county, so is ready at all times to receive a news item. Now, to use a phrase oft quoted, "a hint to the wise is sufficient," and if you will be wise nothing more need be said on this subject. Just 'phone No. 27.

Our Heroes.

They are lying all around us,
Legion we might call their name,
Men who on the field of battle
Died in honor and in fame.

Time would fail me, half to mention,
Those who suffered, fought and bled,
Who bravely faced the cannons roar
As the shot hissed over head.

Men who've taken forth our banner,
Unfurled it 'gainst our strongest foes;
Men who've fought for love and freedom,
For our country, and our homes.

Yes, history tells full many tales
Of battles fought, of charges won,
Of men who've left behind the record
That their tasks were nobly done.

We have the names they once were
known by,
Names that we revere and love,
Though their owners long have left us
For the shining courts above.

But methinks, as time speeds onward,
That there's many a hero left
Whose names have never been recorded
Though they've nobly done their best.

We can find them all around us,
Legions still might be their name,
Though perhaps they'll never reach
The altar fire of worldly fame.

But they're pressing ever forward,
Though life's cares around them close,
As they bravely face the evils
Stronger than our strongest foes.

We can find them in the workshop,
At the press, or on the farm,
Helping forward some poor comrade,
Shielding him from hurt and harm.

Yes, methinks there's many a hero
Who no earthly fame has won,
That at last when life is ended
Will hear the welcome words, "Well done."

And though grass may wave above
them,
And their names forgotten be,
Christ said, "What ye do for others,
That I count as done for me."

—A. L. GREENWOOD,
Ballinger, Texas.

In Ruessels County.

Frank Russell returned from the Day ranch Thursday night. He reports our little neighborhood, Miles Station, on a boom. There are three lumber yards in full blast and they can't supply the demand. Carpenters are wanted there badly. C. M. Campbell & Sons, lumber men of Temple, are going to put up a hard ware and implement house there in the near future. The people are building a good class of houses, and there are new ones springing up everywhere. In the vicinity of Miles Station there have been some forty or fifty houses put up within the last three or four months. A cotton gin is one of the improvement contemplated soon. Eb. Boykin, ex-mayor, is adding to his hotel. Ike Ferguson, manager of the Campbell Lumber Co.'s business at Miles, will soon begin the erection of a nice residence. A great number of farmers have moved into the vicinity of Miles within the last few months, attracted by the splendid showing made on cotton the past season. Mr. Russell says that it makes a man feel like getting a hustle on himself to visit Miles.—San Angelo Standard.

Whosoever has suffered from piles knows how painful and troublesome they are. Tabler's Buckeye Pile Ointment is guaranteed to cure piles. Price 50 cents in bottles. Tubes, 75 cents. At E. D. Walker's Drug Store. 1

There are in the United States 2,777,497 horses, not counting those on stock farms and ranches. New York comes first with 302,281, while Texas only musters 106,819. Most of the Texas horses are on ranches and hence not counted in this list.

—Try P. J. Baron's fine old Brookwood whiskey, opposite postoffice.

Banner-Leader, \$1.00 per year

BARTLETT ALL BEARING SEWING MACHINES

ARE THE

Lightest Running On Earth.

Our No. 9

OLIVER PLOW

— Is —

The Plow For West Texas,

Don't buy until you try it. It is sold strictly on merit.

Avery Plows, Avery Cultivators, Avery
"Middle Busters," Avery Disc Harrows.

Moon and Columbus Buggies.
Brown Wagons.

LEE MADDUX,

THE IMPLEMENT AND VEHICLE DEALER.

A Good Thing, Push It Along.

We have a good stock of Staple and Fancy Groceries—as good as can be found in Ballinger. Our prices are low enough. Our salesmen are polite and accommodating. Our delivery of goods prompt. We are enjoying a splendid trade but can handle more. Can't we serve you during 1901. * * *

Yours, for groceries.

MILLER MERCANTILE COMPANY.

The fragile babe and the growing child are strengthened by White's Cream Vermifuge. It destroys worms, gets digestion at work and so rebuilds the system. Price 25 cents. At E. D. Walker's Drug Store.

Belton, so says a leading physician of that town, has 3000 cases of la gripe now on hand. That's about half, or over, of all the population.

The case of Jeff Taylor, charged with murder and attempted trap robbery, will be tried at Belton some time during the term of court now in session there. He is now in jail at Coleman near where the attempted robbery occurred.

To Cure Eczema and skin eruptions try one box of Remick's Eczema Cure. 50c—Guaranteed. At E. D. Walker's.

—For polite treatment go to the New Racket Store.

WORMS! WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE!
Most in Quantity. — Best in Quality.
For 20 Years Has Led all Worm Remedies. EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.
Prepared by — **JAMES F. BALLARD, St. Louis.**
For Sale by E. D. WALKER, Ballinger, Texas.

A BOON TO MANKIND!
DR. TABLER'S BUCKEYE PILE CURE
OF PILE TUBE
TABLER'S BUCKEYE PILE OINTMENT IN TUBES
ASK DRUGGISTS FOR TABLER'S PILE OINTMENT IN TUBES
PRICE 75¢
CURES PILES ONLY
BLIND, HIDDEN & BLEEDING
ITCHING
PILES CURED WITHOUT THE KNIFE

A New Discovery for the Certain Cure of INTERNAL and EXTERNAL PILES, WITHOUT PAIN.
CURES WHERE ALL OTHERS HAVE FAILED.
TUBES, BY MAIL, 75 CENTS; BOTTLES, 50 CENTS.
JAMES F. BALLARD, Sole Proprietor, 310 North Main Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.
For Sale by E. D. WALKER, Ballinger, Texas.

Subscribe for the Banner-Leader. \$1.00 per year.

S. MILLER,

Business Established in 1879.)
BALLINGER, TEXAS.

Estate Agent, Abstractor
and Conveyancer.

Author of Complete Abstracts of
Title to Lands in Runnels and
Concho Counties

Wilson & Wilson, Blacksmiths & Woodworkers

Every Job Guaranteed
Experts in Horseshoeing;
Prices Very Reasonable;
Your Patronage Solicited.

R. B. Truly,

— ATTORNEY-AT-LAW —

Ballinger - - - Texas.

Practice in all Courts in Runnels and neighboring counties; in Federal Court at San Angelo, the Courts of Civil and Criminal appeals and the Supreme Court of the State.

BALLINGER-:- MILLING-:- CO.

Full Roller Process Flour and Bolted
Corn Meal.

COTTON GIN IN CONNECTION
BALLINGER, TEXAS.

No use Sending Off

for

SEWING MACHINES.

I can sell you high grade Machines for from \$20 to \$40, guaranteed for five years. Come and

LEE MADDOX,
Ballinger.

OUR FRIENDS'

SHAVING PARLOR

Good work and polite treatment. Hot
and cold baths always ready.

PINK HUBBARD, Prop.

W. R SPENCER

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

(Office up Stairs Walker Building)
BALLINGER, TEXAS.

You lose more than we do
if you don't
advertise in the Banner-Leader.

Drs. Halley & Love,

General Medicine and Surgery.

(Office up Stairs Walker Building)

- BALLINGER. -

THOS. A. RAPE, M. D.,

OFFICE AT
J. Y. PEARCE'S DRUG STORE.
BALLINGER, TEXAS.

DR. W. W. FOWLER,

OFFICE AT
WALKER'S DRUG STORE.
BALLINGER.

Try the Ballinger
Steam Laundry. It
is the nearest, best
and healthiest....

A. H. Friemel & Co.

You lose more than we do
if you don't advertise
in the Banner-Leader.

Best watch repairing done by
a Cordill.

T. D. Bishop and son, of Winters were trading in our city Tuesday.

Rev. J. W. Raby, of Valley Creek, was a welcome visitor in the Banner-Leader sanctum this week.

J. D. Ratliff, one of the New Racket Store men, made one of his regular visits to Coleman Sunday.

Mrs. Oscar Pearson returned Saturday night from a month's visit with relatives at Utah, Ala. Oscar is "living" once more.

Capt. J. D. McCamant arrived Sunday night from his home in Jones county to visit his son, Jno. M., and his daughter, Mrs. Day.

The new county officials are settling down to work in earnest. The harness is set to them like they are old hands at the business.

I. O. Wooden packed his grip, took his traps, his dogs, and himself and hied away on a hunt Monday to be gone three days or three weeks, dependent on the success which attends his efforts.

"Chas. S. Miller, Jr.," was born at the family residence in this city Monday afternoon. The Banner-Leader trusts he may grow to mature years and make a worthy successor to his father's business.

"It's a boy" said Mr. Watt Harvey Sunday morning, to a reporter, "and it weighs 11½ pounds." The young gentleman arrived at the Harvey home Saturday. The Banner Leader wishes him a long and useful life.

Mr. Louis Wardlaw, of South Ballinger, left Saturday for Coke county where he began teaching school Monday. Before leaving Ballinger he called on County Clerk Towner, secured marriage license, and then stopping at Maverick he was happily wed to Miss Mira Gregory, of that place. The Banner Leader hastens to extend congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Wardlaw and to wish them a life of unalloyed wedded bliss.

Rev. J. W. Raby, of Valley Creek, in befitting words and with due ceremony united in marriage Mr. Harvey A. Grimes and Miss Donnie Thaxton last Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, while the young people were seated in their buggy at the preacher's gate. These are among the county's most esteemed young people, and a large circle of friends will join the Banner-Leader in wishing them a peaceful and pleasant voyage o'er life's fittul sea.

Little Ora Louder, the 5-year old daughter of Mr. John Louder, died Monday night in this city at the residence of W. T. Padgett, of heart disease. Mr. Louder is a newcomer, had bought land near Maverick, and his family were stopping temporarily with Mr. Padgett until a house could be built for their occupancy. The Banner-Leader tenders its sympathy to the sorrowing family in their grief. The remains were placed in the cemetery at Maverick.

D. P. Gay, of Ballinger, who owns a ranch and has considerable cattle interests in the Pecos country, arrived in Fort Worth yesterday and speaks well of the cattle conditions in his locality. He remarked that there was a growing tendency among the cattlemen to raise graded cattle, and that the registered cattle are in demand in his locality. Mr. Gay leaves for home today. No shipping has been done from that locality recently.—Mail-Telegram.

—The best watch work at Jas. E. Brewer's.

Saturday night, Jan. 19th, at the Court House.

S. M. Parks visited home folks in Brownwood Sunday.

Miss Kate Thomson visited friends in Runnels a few days this week.

Dr. J. F. Riggs, a San Angelo dentist, was in Ballinger Thursday hunting up more patrons.

The Banner-Leader learns that its young friend, Preston McKinley, is quite ill with La Grippe.

J. W. Pickens went to Brownwood Tuesday afternoon to accept a situation with the Brownwood Bulletin.

Attend the K. of P. meeting Monday night in order to get your name in the pot for that banquet and oyster roast.

E. M. Brown, the Coleman cotton buyer, with headquarters at Ballinger, shipped 100 bales of cotton out of Angelo last week.

Mrs. B. F. Davis, and her two youngest children, went to San Angelo Sunday night to visit her parents. She will likely spend a month there.

J. C. Osgood, from the Oak Creek country, was in Ballinger Monday and while here remembered his friend, the Banner-Leader, with a call.

Mrs. J. E. Smith, wife of the esteemed commissioner and justice of the peace, went to Mullin Sunday to attend her daughter, who is reported quite sick.

M. C. Bright, a solid friend of the Banner-Leader, came down from Content Tuesday to do a little trading. He doesn't often visit Ballinger but his visits are always appreciated.

The first issue of the "Commoner," Wm. J. Bryan's paper, will be issued on the 23rd of this month. The Banner-Leader and the Commoner 1 year for \$1.55. Come early and get in on the first issue.

Messrs. Joe Vancil and J. W. Murray were down from Winters Tuesday with cotton which was damaged in the recent gin fire there. Out of six damaged bales they managed to get five good bales when re-ginned.

Friends of Mr. C. P. Day will hear with genuine regret of his serious illness at the Landon Hotel in San Angelo. Drs. Tucker and Cooper are attending. The Banner-Leader is one of the many friends who wish him a speedy recovery.

B. C. Kirk has purchased the railroad corner lot near, and on the same side of the street, W. M. Wright's residence and has already put the lumber on the ground with which to build a neat and comfortable cottage. Work will be pushed to an early completion.

The present schedule on Santa Fe is especially convenient for San Angelo boys who are sparking at Ballinger. They can leave here at 5:15 p. m., spend about four hours with their sweethearts and get back to Angelo at 1:40 p. m., in time for an early breakfast.—Standard.

Litt Chastain was the victim of an unfortunate accident Monday afternoon and as a result he will carry his hand in a sling for some days. He was pumping up his bicycle when the handle of the pump broke and the rod went almost through his hand near the center, even forcing a part of the wooden handle so near through that Dr. Love cut it out from the back of the hand. It is hoped and believed that no serious results will follow.

A NEW BROOM SWEEPS CLEAN.

I have purchased Oscar Pearson's Livery business and will devote my entire time to serving the people in that line. I promise good horses, handsome rigs, prompt and polite attention and in return solicit the patronage and good will of all. My prices are moderate.

B. S. REED, The Ballinger Liveryman.

We Have Moved

To our new building and are now comfortably and conveniently fixed, ready for your trade. We have a complete line of Staple and Fancy Groceries and solicit your patronage.

Our Grocery Store

Contains all the essentials for your Christmas dinner and we will be pleased to fill your order and deliver the same at satisfactory prices.

Davis & Co.

Are also in the Gents Furnishing business and a visit to our New Store will show you a handsome line of Shoes, Boots, Hats, Shirts, Collars, Ties, ready-to-wear Pants, and all the essentials to a gentleman's complete wardrobe. We are in the business to stay and we have the goods, so call on us at

BALLINGER TEXAS.

—All Kinds Of Building Material.—

Call on us and we will suggest something suitable,
Something that will please.

BALLINGER LUMBER CO.,

J. R. McVAY, Manager.

Col. W. T. Melton, of Brownwood, passed through Ballinger Sunday afternoon enroute home from San Angelo.

Mrs. G. W. Royalty and little daughter, after a pleasant visit with relatives in this city, returned Sunday to Gatesville.

H. G. McClain, the dry goods and grocery merchant at Eden, has been playing in hard luck lately. The news came to Ballinger Monday that his store and stock was burned Saturday night, all a total loss, with little insurance. This is the second time he has burned out in a year. Friends in Ballinger sympathize with him in his loss.

Wouldn't it be a good idea for the Ballinger boys and girls to enter into the contest for the two gold medals offered by the Daughters of the Republic of Texas. Any student in private or public school is eligible. Those over 16 years of age are to write an essay on "The Annexation of Texas." Those under 16 are to see who can write "The best biographical sketch of some character who gave service to Texas from 1820 to 1845." All papers are to be finished and in the hands of Mrs. M. G. Millby, Harrisburg, Texas, by March 15. Those medals are worth working for, not to mention the honor of being successful.

—The best jewelry made, sold and engraved tree.

JAS. E. BREWER.

C. W. Duke was a business caller at the Banner-Leader office Saturday.

W. S. Syler, one of the county's successful teachers, was in town Saturday from Winters.

Not a vacant residence, of any description, in Ballinger. Isn't that a good beginning for 1901.

Mr. Jno. McMinn, of Brownwood, was in Ballinger Saturday from a business trip to Menardville.

W. P. Nash is working temporarily for the Ledger, in the absence of A. W. Sledge, the foreman.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Mapes Friday of last week, a pretty baby girl. Mother and babe doing well and S. S. happy.

Mr. Fred St John spent Sunday in San Angelo. He likes the town and was surprised at its size, but he remains partial to Ballinger.

Ballinger is attracting some attention of late at least. Six drug drummers have visited this town since January 1st. Three were from Dallas, two from Waco and one from St Louis. All did some business here.

It begins to look like the "wild and wooly west" when we see a woman chasing her husband down the street with a butcher knife in her hand. Such was seen in Ballinger recently. No damage was done. They were traveling dago fakirs.

**A LITTLE CHANGE
IS A GOOD THING.**

That's why the New Racket store is advertising. We want the people to know we have the goods and that it takes very little change to make them change hands. We have bought just the goods you need and they are here for you. Come quick. They're moving fast. Get in the push. Dimes count with us. We save you money. We will please you. Tell it to your neighbor.

**THE NEW RACKET
STORE,**

RATLIFF & DARNELL,
Proprietors.

—Best line of jewelry at Asa Cordill's.

—Fire or life insurance—phone No. 125.

—Your watch promptly put in first-class order. JAS. E. BREWER.

You will find Dr. Riggs, the dentist, at the Royalty Hotel this week.

Hear the Lady Quartette at the Court House Saturday night. You will not be disappointed.

Stanley Hull went to Hyton this week to assist Mr. Sam Sharp in moving to that point.

The City Hotel, M. A. Nations, proprietor, is among the patrons of the Banner-Leader job office this week.

Mr and Mrs. R. K. Wylie were in the city the first of the week returning from an extended trip to Eastern cities.

W. H. Lee, of Waco, an expert machine man, arrived the first of the week and is now employed with R. A. Hall, the hardware dealer.

Miss Lenora Harper, who had been a guest of her brother in this city, returned Saturday evening to her home at Corn Hill, in Williamson county.

J. H. Holland left Thursday afternoon with J. E. Nunn for Ft. Davis. Both gentlemen are on a prospecting tour and may purchase if they can find bargains.

Mr. Seal, a druggist at Paint Rock, was in our city Tuesday looking for a house in which to open a drug store here. He is also negotiating for a residence for himself and family.

A Mr. Conner and family, of West Tennessee, arrived in Ballinger last Saturday and will make this their home. However, not being able to find a house to rent they are now camping near Mr. S. N. Allison's residence, six miles from town.

Caddo Mills, Hunt county, sent another delegation of home seekers to Ballinger this week. They arrived Wednesday night and have already seen enough of our country to be enthusiastic in its praises. They are good men and we would be pleased to have them as citizens. Their names are Robert McAdams, E. S. Sandusky, G. A. Tredwell and A. M. Tredwell.

The Banner-Leader has only recently learned of the starting of a nursery of fine fruits near our city by Mr. Hopson. He has something near 10,000 plants out and in a few years will have the biggest thing of the kind in West Texas. He is experienced in the business having been actively at work for some of the eastern nurseries for several years. He says the soil here is specially adapted to the growth of such stock and that the outlook is very bright. The Banner-Leader certainly hopes that he may have as fair a future as he now believes is in store for him.

L. F. Gressett, the blacksmith, received a letter Thursday morning saying that on Wednesday his father, J. D. Gressett, peacefully departed this life at his home near Comanche. Mr. Gressett was more than 84 years of age and a more Godly man and devoted Christian could scarcely be found. All who knew him, and his friends were legion, spoke his name in praise and esteem. He lived for a term of years in Ballinger with his son Frank and will be remembered by many. A good man has gone to his just reward.

M. D. L. Barnett, of Valley Creek, was in town Wednesday. He has one of the finest farms in the county, in splendid shape, and \$20,000 would scarcely capture it. Mr. Barnett had 180 acres in cotton this season and got 120 bales, while he is sure 5 bales are still on the ground. Then in addition he raised a bountiful supply of small grain and feed stuff. Best of all he doesn't owe a dollar. He has a right to feel good.

Mr. Williams, of Taylor, is in Ballinger this week endeavoring to secure a place in which to start a merchant tailoring establishment. Ballinger has never had anything of this kind before and such an enterprise ought to pay handsomely.

A home man figuring on opening here a wholesale grain and feed house. He has abundant capital and the only thing lacking is a suitable house. The deal may be closed and the matter settled before the end of the week.

See Lee Maddox' new card this week. He is going after the business of this county in dead earnest and you may be sure he will get his share.

"The Commoner" and the Banner-Leader is proving a popular combination. Come in and join the list. It only takes \$1.55 to get the two.

Dr. J. M. Smith, the Content physician, remembered the Banner-Leader this week with an appreciated order for stationery.

Reed McLamore came in Sunday afternoon and next day went out to visit his sister, Mrs. J. M. Sedberry on the ranch.

Corn, Seed Oats, Feed Oats Corn Chops, Bran, Cotton Seed and Hay at Miller Mercantile Co.

Mrs. Arch Holman, nee Miss Northcutt, of San Angelo, spent Sunday and Monday in Ballinger.

T. J. Webb, the Maverick ranchman, was in Ballinger several days this week.

Fresh Garden Seed and Onion Sets at Miller Mercantile Co.

—For Building paper and Carpet paper get our prices. A big stock just received.

CREWS & MCGREGOR,
Furniture dealers
and undertakers.

**You lose more
than we do if you don't advertise
in the Banner-Leader.**

—Roger's and Taft's silverware are the best. Sold by
JAS. E. BREWER.

S. F. Carroll, of Content, visited Ballinger on business Monday.

Dr. Riggs, the dentist, is in the city and can be found at the Royalty Hotel until Saturday, the 26th.

The best thing of the kind on the road, elegant, reined and elevating, at the court house Saturday night.

The Menard County Enterprise is rejoicing over the fact that the stage connecting this point and that has so far improved as to get in on time.

Note the new enterprises that are on foot in our town. The only thing that prevents them starting at once is the necessary house in which to begin operations. No vacant houses speaks well for Ballinger.

W. K. Powell, a justice of the peace at Marque, has his eye on Runnels county as a good place in which to locate and the Banner-Leader will visit him regularly hereafter to keep him posted as to the happenings of the best county in the west.

J. E. Nunn, of Runnels, left this week for Ft. Davis, to make that his future home. He lived at that point several years, sold out, returned to visit old associations at Runnels and now returns to Ft. Davis. He has not yet decided as to the business he will engage in.

Mr. Sam Petty, from Brownwood, is a newcomer in Runnels county, having located near Norton. His goods arrived Thursday and he was hauling them out Monday. He will build as soon as he can put the lumber on the ground. He believes in starting right so will be visited regularly by the Banner-Leader. We welcome him. His father, a citizen of Bell county, has been a regular subscriber of what is now called the Belt on Journal-Reporter since 1857.

Ballinger is short on beds. A queer statement perhaps, but true enough. Wednesday night of this week there were not enough beds to accommodate the strangers in the town and all night long people could be heard going from hotel to boarding house trying to find a place to sleep. Many sat up all night. The wagon yards were filled, every place was full. This does not mean that Ballinger is short on hotels and boarding houses but that she is long on travelers and prospectors.

The Banner-Leader ventures the prediction that if a fire should break out at night in Ballinger it would take the fireman half an hour or more of close searching to find the hose cart. Lately it has been moved from pillar to post, from house to house, until now it is glad to find a temporary refuge in what is left of the old Pearson stable. That is on wheels ready to move and when taken away will leave the hose cart outside. The city should provide a house for its shelter. Then the Banner-Leader further doubts if two out of ten of the firemen can run 200 yards without stopping to rest. They haven't had a meeting or a practice in so long that many of them have lost interest. Can't something be done to put a little more life into this very important body of workers?

Be Not Deceived!

**The Cheapest is not the Best,
but the Best is the Cheapest.
We use Pure Oak-
Tanned Leather in our
Saddles and Harness,
And use Skilled Workmen in
Manufacturing.**

Our force consists of J. E. Cole, Charles E. Collins, G. E. Hubble, Preston McKinley, E. J. Cathey and A. L. Greenwood. We carry a complete line of Harness, Collars, Chains, Bridles, Lines, Whips, Lashes, Tops, Poles, Cushions, Curtains, Storm Aprons and Buggy Trimmings.
Yours for Business,

T. S. LANKFORD,

THE : SADDLE : AND : HARNESS : MAKER.

Marriage licenses issued since last Friday are Frank Sommers and Katie Burger; H. A. Grimes and Donnie Thaxton; Charlie Meyers and Ruth Anne Burns; G. B. Stacy and Mrs. J. R. Milinder; C. Alfred Doose and Miss Emma Richardson. The matrimonial market seems to be picking up a little.

J. W. Sherrell, of Wingate, a good friend to the Banner-Leader, visited the city Tuesday. His report of his neighborhood was that nearly everybody was about up with their work, and that things were prosperous enough.

The question of improving the public school building will not be allowed to drop. Have you made up your mind to contribute?

—Ready now for your watch and repair work. Everything guaranteed. Asa Cordill.

Dr. Riggs, the dentist, is at the Royalty Hotel.

—Lime for sale in any quantity—J. F. Drew, Ballinger.

—My watch and jewelry work guaranteed. JAS. E. BREWER.

Capt. J. E. Smith, our justice of the peace, is of comodating turn of mind and is especially pleased he can unite "two minds with one, a single thought, two hearts that beat as one." Early Monday morning he was summoned to the Temple of Justice and arriving found a loving couple anxiously awaiting him. They stated their wishes, so in his usually happy style the two were soon made one, and sent on their way rejoicing. The happy couple were G. B. Stacy and Mrs. J. R. Milinder. For further particulars apply to Capt. J. E. Smith.

**The Best Advertised,
The Most Patronized,
The Least Criticized,
The Most Eulogized.**

As you have heard, doubtless, I have bought the McGregor & Francis stock of Groceries and will continue the business at the same old stand, where I solicit the trade and good will of all old customers and where I hope to gain many new ones.

I intend pushing the business, giving good goods, correct weights, low prices and honest treatment until my store is the best advertised, the most patronized, the least criticized, the most eulogized store in Ballinger.

I have a complete line of Staple and Fancy Groceries, also Grain, Hay and Feed stuffs. Will be pleased to receive an order.

Yours for trade and fair treatment,

G. F. SCHROETER,

Successor To McGregor & Francis.