

Classified Advertisements

THREE LINES 25c THREE TIMES

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—House and lot, cheap, close in on Lacy street. Call or phone C. C. Evretet, 913, "The Spot Store and Market." 13-6t

FOR SALE—Two lots 87x180, on Royall street, or will sell in one lot. These are fine building lots. Apply to Kendall & Wilson. 13-3t

FOR SALE—One 8-foot dining table, one sideboard with beveled plate mirror 16x30 in back. All for \$10.00. Must sell quick. Call at corner of Pine and Cedar St., or phone 8-4. 13-1f

FOR SALE—Black Minorca pullets, cockerels and cock, also Buff Plymouth Rock pullets and cockerels. Thos. S. Howard, corner Hodges and Perry streets, or phone 309. 9-6t

FOR SALE—Close in on South Sycamore street, east front, nice two-story seven-room house, with all modern improvements. Two baths. P. H. Hughes. 11-14-1f

FOR SALE ON SOUTH SIDE—Two new six-room cottages, with large oak shade trees, electric lights, sewerage and gas. Elegant bath fixtures, south front. Also east front four-room cottage very cheap. Small payment and monthly terms to right party. Phone 754 or call No. 3 Colorado St. 22-1m

FOR SALE—160 acres land, 6 miles east Palestine, 1 mile from I. & G. N. switch. Will sell cheap. M. Halpern. 11-3-1f

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—Two large, nice rooms, furnished or unfurnished. Apply 502 South Sycamore street, or phone 1129. 13-6t

FOR RENT—6 room cottage at No. 7 May street. H. Maymon. Phone 42. 10-6t

FOR RENT—Cottages. Apply to Mrs. Savage, 216 DeBard, or phone 418. 7-18t

FOR RENT—Residence, 206 Tennessee avenue. Apply 112 Austin street. 2-1f

LOST.

LOST—Bay pony, one or two white feet; 2 years old; had on leather bridle. Reward if returned to S. S. Adams, Route 2, Palestine. 14-2t

LOST—Between Royall National Bank and Palestine National Bank, a \$10 gold piece. Reward if left at Herald office. 14-3t

WANTED.

LIVE AGENTS WANTED—For an article which sells at sight; no talking; customers are waiting for it. The Lyle Sales Company, Drawer 46, Department H, Waco, Texas. 8-4t

FOR SALE OR TRADE.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Good second-hand surrey; will trade for horse, cow or wagon. Call phone 100. Geo. A. Wright. 19-1f

STRAYED OR STOLEN—Jersey cow, large size, 7 years old, dark sides, very large bag; no marks or brands. Will pay reward. J. L. Sanders, 702 Louisiana street. 28-6t

PATENTS.

PATENTS procured, also sold on commission. Positively no advance fee. Patent Exchange, Jenifer Building, Washington, D. C. 14-1f

Piano Tuning.

I have done as much work the past summer as I wanted to. In fact, I have had to keep my tuning fork on ice to keep it from melting, but it is getting some cooler now, and if any of my old customers want their pianos tuned or any new customers will trust me with their work, I will be glad to do it. I guarantee my work and will give entire satisfaction or money refunded. I have a limited time in Palestine to do this work, and have no time to solicit, so if you want me to do your work just drop me a card or leave orders with W. H. Kingsbury or W. E. Swift and I will give the matter prompt attention. Yours for good, honest work, H. M. Jones. 10-27-1f

ABSOLUTELY PURE, and if you want the best at a reasonable price we have the Candy that fills the bill. The Ark. 8-6t

HOLME'S CHRISTMAS

BY STACY E. BAKER

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It was Christmas eve. Holme, a stranger in his own land, strolled lonesomely through the streets of his own city nor knew one of the shoving, impatient shoppers who elbowed him from the points of vantage in front of the gift (and windows. It was seven years since he had been home. His mind wandered over his many adventures in foreign lands as he almost affectionately gave shove for shove and forced his way up crowded Broadway. These people were his people—kin of him, fellow citizens. The spirit of the night permeated his whole being.

He thought about Jessy and wondered what had become of him. Probably he had married pretty Beth Allen, and as this thought occurred to Holme a curious little tremor thrilled up from his heart, saying as plainly as a heart can say, "We remember Beth, you and I, my master, and that is the reason why we are come back—to find out."

Once Holme had asked Beth Allen to marry him, and—"Dick!" Paie as a statue, the man turned. There at the curb, both hands held out to him, was Beth. "You!" he gasped as he strode toward her.

"Even so," laughed the girl. "Met And this is the best Christmas present of all!" Two hands closed convulsively tight over his, and her low voice whispered: "Don't be surprised at anything. I will explain later. And so," she said aloud, "you thought you would surprise me, you naughty boy, and come tonight. I didn't expect you until tomorrow."

She turned quickly, and Holme now noticed that she stood just beside an automobile in which was seated a stranger. "Mr. Crenon," she said, "this is Mr. Richard Holme, my fiance."

Stone faced, without as much as a flicker of an eyelash, Holme acknowledged the introduction. Crenon was eying him grimly. Evidently this broad shouldered youth with the bronze of warm climes on his beardless cheeks did not appeal to him. "Silly brute," thought Holme as the tubby little middle aged one merely nodded in response to the other's polite acknowledgment.

And meanwhile Beth Allen, tall, slim and handsome as ever, was babbling of things beyond the ken of the youth—"his handsome present," "his letter" and other allusions too subtle for the comprehension of Holme.

He eyed the girl keenly. She seemed sane, and there were in those clear, well deep eyes only a boundless delight and enthusiasm over the wanderer's return. Fiance! Beth Allen had refused to marry him seven years before, and this had resulted in the man's voluntary exile. Now she referred to him as her fiance!

Truly explanations were needed. His old love of the girl had pulsed instantly into life again as her warm hands met his. His travels had been useless. "You must get in," Beth was chattering on. "I am done with my shopping, and we will return to the house. Boy-ton, home." This last to the chauffeur.

Not a word of explanation came from Beth as the machine silently sped over the frost jeweled streets, but she talked continually of everything—everything but what Holme wanted most to know. In due time they drove up in front of her home, and the three dismounted and entered.

"Ha, Holme!" There was genuine pleasure in the voice of old Major Allen as he strode forward to clasp the hand of the errant in his warm grasp. "Quite a surprise! We didn't expect you until tomorrow. Gad, sir, it seems good to see you!"

"The eyes of the youth were on the maid, and he knew in his heart that he wanted her more than he had ever wanted her before. But now she was silent. As her father continued talking one little hand patted a dusky strand back into the ebullient mass of her hair. She was beautiful. She was more to be desired than ever.

"And to think," the major was saying, his fine old face alight, "that you and my little girl here have been engaged all these years and we knew nothing about it. Well, I am glad, Holme; extremely glad. There is no

one in the world whom I would rather she would have."

The gray veteran had a most sincere admiration for Holme that had manifested itself directly after the youth had "gone things" at the battle of San Juan Hill.

Through all the conversation following Crenon was almost boorishly quiet. He responded to questions in throaty monosyllables. His brow wore a heavy frown. All in all, Holme thought Crenon a clog to the joyousness of the evening. He wished that he would go, and finally this is just what Crenon did. After making his adieus to the girl and her father the sullen one turned to Holme. "I suppose I will see you again?" he drawled a sneer in his voice.

"I doubt it," returned Holme, extending his hand, "at least not right away. I have been gone for some time, and—er—I shall devote the most of my time to my fiancee, and after our marriage we have planned an extended trip."

He looked across at the girl to see how she accepted this Munchausen flight. She smiled. After the departure of the discomfited Crenon the old major left the room. Holme turned curiously to the girl. She was gazing at him, shame in her eyes and the bright red spots coming and going high on her cheeks.

"I—I can explain," she began eagerly. "Honestly, Dick, I can explain."

"Take it easy, Beth," soothed the young man, half afraid the girl would become hysterical. "There are really no explanations needed unless you want to tell. I am only too glad to let the matter continue just as it is."

The girl gazed at him with eloquent eyes. "Do you really mean that—after this? After this brazen thing I have done can you marry me?" "Can I?" exclaimed Holme. "Try me and see!"

"Listen!" began the girl. "I am going to tell you all. Years ago, Dick, when I refused you, I fully expected to marry you later. I thought you would ask me again, and you—didn't."

"Since you went away father somehow came to the belief that I had refused you in order to sacrifice myself to him. I have been doubly affectionate toward him since my mother died—poor old man—but he looked upon my continued—er—coldness toward matrimony with distress, and to alleviate this I told him that I was engaged to you; that we were to be married upon your return from India.

"I didn't think that he would mention it to a soul. I thought I had cautioned him that it was a secret engagement, but it seems I did not, and I verily believe that he has told it a dozen times to every one who has called here during your absence.

"It was terribly embarrassing to me but I knew you, and I hoped in the event of your returning single—that was the biggest boggy—you would acknowledge the engagement and then later I would release you."

"I shall not accept a release," murmured Holme. The girl continued: "Crenon has been a most persistent suitor. He has money—millions—but no manners." She shuddered. "Oh, I never could marry that man, but—but I believe he guessed my secret. He used to smile whenever your name was mentioned and leer—positively leer—at me. I hated him, but I was afraid.

"You can imagine with what mingled feelings I saw you as we came from that store. I waited for you at the curb. I—I couldn't do otherwise. Besides, I wished to show that persistent Crenon that at least I knew you."

"Then I became bolder, and I introduced you as my fiancee." The girl's face was crimson. "And now," she finished sadly, "we must cancel the engagement. I—I can't literally throw myself at your feet, you know, and then accept your whole souled offer to let the farce continue."

"But it isn't a farce," protested the man. "I love you, and I want you to marry me if you will. Why, dearest, that is why I came home."

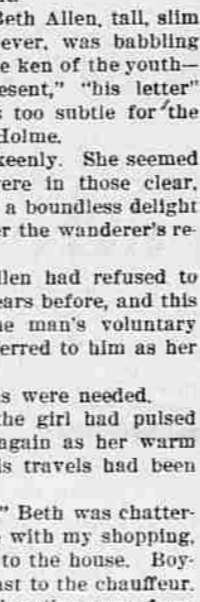
He strode over to the girl and lifted her chin until her eyes were level with his. "Thank God!" he said and kissed her.

A WHITE CHRISTMAS.

THERE is one way to make a white Christmas even though there may be not a flake of snow in sight. Let the whiteness be in your heart. Put aside all thoughts of gruff. Forget all the big or little bitternesses you may be entertaining against some other person. Cast out all envy, all covetousness, all unkindness. Endeavor to harbor in your heart only such thoughts and feelings as the Nazarene knew when he dwelt by Galilee. Cultivate human brotherhood. Practice Christian charity. Look beyond and above your workaday horizon. Get out of yourself. Get into the hearts of others. Then you will be sure of a white Christmas this year.



"DICK!"



"THANK GOD!"



"HA, HOLME!"

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Cures Headaches—All Kinds—Gripp, Colds, Aches From Malarious Conditions, Etc.

Capudine cures Headaches, whether from heat, cold, brain-fag, over-exertion or stomach troubles. It cures sick headaches and nervous headaches also. Capudine is also the quickest and best remedy for attacks of Cold or Gripp. It relieves the aching and feverishness and restores normal conditions. Capudine is liquid—easy and pleasant to take—acts immediately. 10c., 25c. and 50c. at drug stores.

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A Real Circus on the Stage

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PRICES: Night\$1.50, \$1.00, 75c, 50c Matinee\$1.00, 75c, 50c

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No. 3 leaves at 8:11 a. m.
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For the North.
No. 2 leaves at 1:35 p. m.
No. 4 leaves at 10:58 p. m.
No. 6 leaves at 7:35 a. m.
From the South.
No. 2 arrives at 1:15 p. m.
No. 4 arrives at 10:40 p. m.
From the North.
No. 3 arrives at 8:01 a. m.
No. 5 arrives at 7:35 p. m.
No. 7 arrives at 8:25 p. m.
From the West.
No. 4 arrives at 10:53 p. m.
No. 6 arrives at 7:10 a. m.
No. 8 arrives at 7:00 p. m.
Schedule State Railroad.
Wee. days, mixed train No. 1, arrives at 12:01 p. m.; No. 2 leaves at 2:30 p. m.
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Quick Service and Satisfactory Work.
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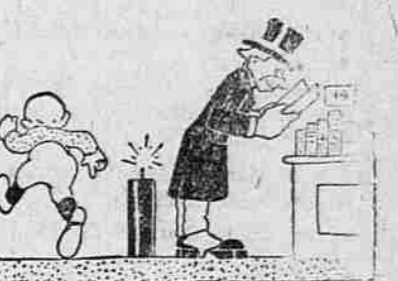
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Cut Glass and Fine Furniture Packed for Shipment.
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