

Coke County Rustler.

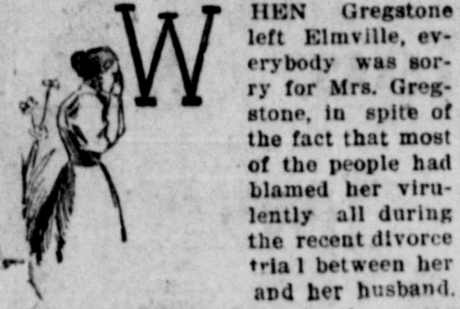
VOL. VI.

ROBERT LEE, COKE COUNTY, TEXAS, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1896.

NO. 46.

LOVE NEVER DIES.

(By Mrs. Julia Fairfax.)



Every man and woman in the pretty little town had been an actual or self-appointed witness against the cast-off wife, but now that the newly-released husband had shaken the dust of Elmville from his feet and had set his face toward the vague place known as "the west," Elmville began to notice how lonely poor Mrs. Gregstone really looked. Some of the less forgiving persisted in laying all the persecuted woman's sad looks and crushed manner to the lead of conscious guilt, which the court and Mr. Gregstone's witnesses had fastened forever upon her shoulders. But once in a while there was found a wife or a widow who shook her head doubtfully when slanderer's tongue wagged more sharply than usual.

As for Mrs. Gregstone herself, she lived on in the little white house, which she had bought before her marriage, when she had come from the east to teach in the Elmville schools. Her mother had been with her then, but the next year after the daughter's marriage to Mr. Gregstone the sweet-faced little mother fell softly asleep, and now that Mr. Gregstone had gone, his widow crept oftener than ever out to the tiny graveyard on the elm-crowned hill, just up from the town. The sharper-tongued gossips asserted all this was done for effect, but a wet-eyed young mother, who had buried her first-born baby just on the other side of the wild-rose bush which marked the farther boundary of Mrs. Gregstone's little portion of God's acre, could never see a town one summer evening, vowing never again to help, by word or tolerance of word, the disparagement of the deserted woman's name.

"She was sobbing there all alone when I left," whispered the young wife, as she was folded in her husband's comforting arms, "and all at once it seemed to me that I had no cause at all to grieve for baby, for I had you to come back to and poor Mrs. Gregstone had no one in all this whole wide world to care an atom whether or not she ever came back. It was lonesome out there in the graveyard for the sun was almost down but it seemed to me that her face meant that even that was less awful than her tiny, dark little house here in town."

Three years went by and the sentiment against the sad-mouthed, deserted woman had moderated to the degree of an occasional sympathetic smile. But the men of the town held back from absolute withdrawal of their condemnation, as a possible sword of Damocles above sundry rebellious

confess to having been the bearer of the cruel news to the first wife, but there was an extra shade of pallor on her sad, sweet face and she never raised her eyes from the bed of pansies she was weeding all morning long, notwithstanding that a goodly portion of the feminine population of Elmville seemed to have especial errands past her tiny white cottage that day.

Mrs. Gregstone the first did not go beyond her gate all day and the most prying eyes could not tell whether or not she sat behind her tightly drawn front curtains to watch the last journey of her erstwhile husband's father.

She couldn't see the man whose name she still bore, however, nor the woman who now occupied her old place, so perhaps she was not watching at all. But everybody else in Elmville saw them and noted how old and careworn their former fellow-citizen looked. But when they looked upon the new wife they some way did not wonder so much at Mr. Gregstone's air of perpetual unrest. For the strange woman's face, although beautiful, was a petulant, selfish one, which she seemed bent on showing to all the simple, honest people her husband used to know. Elmville was trusting and innocent, but a few of its women were wise enough to suspect the intense gold of the new Mrs. Gregstone's hair, and there was not a man in town but offered a silent, little prayer of gratitude that he did not stand in poor, harassed Gregstone's relation to this fretful, imperious woman.

Trains out of Elmville were rare, so that when the man and wife came back from the graveyard at dusk, it was found that they would have to wait till the following morning before they could leave again for their western home. A score of Gregstone's old friends and business associates called upon him early that evening at the little hotel, but he sent word back to them that Mrs. Gregstone had one of her terrible headaches and could not leave her.

"Poor fellow," they sighed, sympathetically, and slipped back home, so that by 10 o'clock the whole town was asleep, there in its little shadowy nest on the hillside, with the moonlight wasting its benign loveliness all unseen by the eyes of men.

As the last light on the square was extinguished, Mrs. Gregstone in the little white cottage drew a great sigh of relief. She had felt the merciless eyes of her inquisitive townspeople burn into her all day long, and the strain had been so cruel that she felt a few more hours of it would have found her last bravery gone. But now it was all over, no one was watching except God Himself, and, in spite of all the blame put upon her by man, Mrs. Gregstone did not fear God. Catching up a wisp of a white shawl, she crept silently into her garden, where the blossoms swung their worshiping cups in the soft summer-night breeze, like fragrant censers swaying in silent adoration before the throne of the perfect night. From the long, straight bed by the gate, where the maples threw half the path in a still, black shadow, there came the sweet breath of her lilies, and she knelt among them, bending her tear-wet face in grateful love among their waxy petals and dark, cool leaves. How long she was there she did not know, but all at once she heard her name spoken softly, timidly, pleadingly, by some one just beyond the low gate. At the sound of that voice, that dear, precious voice, that voice, than which there was nothing in all the world for which she hungered more that night, she lifted her eyes and looked, straight up into the beloved face of the man who had voluntarily put her away and taken another in her place.

The deep lines about his mouth, the hopeless, haunted look in his eyes, the silver of his hair, as he stood uncovered in the moonlight, struck to her heart with an icy terror. And yet—and yet, if she—the other one—had been the cause of this—

"Ellen?" he repeated, gently.

"I am coming," was all she said, as she rose from her knees and started toward him. Then, just as he touched her outstretched hands she bethought herself and locked her poor, cold fingers behind, as she cried:

"Why did you come here? It is not right for either of us."

"I know it, and I did not mean to when I slipped away from—from her. But when I found myself on the old street again I could not keep from one more glimpse of the dear little house. I meant to pass on the other side, but the odor of your lilies—the same sweet lilies you used to love—drew me across for one stolen, closer view, and—I did not expect to see you. When I did, I lost all courage, and here I am."

Still she stood, slender and pale, with her nails biting into her quivering palms. But she could not answer him, although he saw all her soul lying open and yearning in her sweet, sad eyes.

"Ellen," he asked at last, "you know, and I know that others would condemn us forever, but others need not know what I am going to ask. Will you kiss me just once again, for the last time and forever?"

Her heart stopped, then with a sudden start that sent the blood into her cold, white cheeks, she sprung toward him, and felt again the dear old pressure of his hands as he crumpled her fingers between his palms. Then he bent toward her and kissed her, once, twice, thrice, till she finally moaned out:

"Don't; I beg of you, don't! Help me to be brave. I have no right to you, for you are—hers."

"I have other kisses for her, Ellen—cold, perfunctory kisses, where my love never is. But to you goes all my soul, now and forever more."

Then he released her and she crept back into her still, lonely, dark, little house. But her face shone with a radiance which never quite left it afterward and she sobbed softly to herself.

"I know God will never forgive me, for I shall never truly repent me of it. But the knowledge that he loves me, even though she is his wife, will keep me glad forever, in spite of the awfulness of the sin there is in me."

A FRONTIER MYSTERY.

The Good-Looking Woman Shot "Kansas Jack."

One afternoon the train brought into Elbow a queer passenger, says the Detroit Free Press. It wasn't so queer that she was a woman, but that she was all alone and evidently a perfect lady. There was never a more lawless young city. Human life was the cheapest thing in it. The Terror was supreme. He killed right and left and was killed in return. Along a street not over half a mile long you might count from four to ten dead men of a morning. The wounded were not counted—the dead counted only by the hard-up tenderfoots who dug their shallow graves at \$4 each. The little woman was not an army officer's wife. She couldn't have come intending to take up her residence in a shanty or dugout. Some of those who looked into the barn-like waiting room of the depot and saw her sitting there said that she had got confused in traveling and had taken a wrong train. She made no inquiries and it was half an hour before any one addressed her. Then the ticket agent inquired if she expected any one to meet her.

"No, I'm not expecting any one," she replied. "I shall probably go east on the next train. Do you know a man here who calls himself 'Kansas Jack'?"

"Yes'm. He's boss of the town just now. He killed a man a few hours ago. Kansas Jack is what we call a holy terror out this way."

"He has killed several men?"

"A full dozen, I guess."

"I want to see him. Where do you think I could find him?"

"Why, ma'am, I'll send for him to come down here. Sure it's Kansas Jack you want to see?"

"Yes. I will be very much obliged to you."

The agent sent a boy out to hunt up the Terror and tell him what was wanted. The little woman stood at a window fronting the street and saw the man as he came swaggering along. Not a hundred feet from the depot he pulled his gun to fire on a man standing in a saloon door, but the threatened man dodged too quickly. The Terror kicked open the door with an oath and glared around in search of the woman. She left her place at the window, walked straight up to him, and, looking him full in the face, she put a pistol to his heart and shot him dead. He fell backward at full length and never uttered a groan nor moved a limb. The woman waited a moment, pistol held ready for another shot, and when she saw that he was dead she went away and sat down. They dragged Jack's body outdoors and hauled it off for burial, but no one disturbed her. Forty minutes after the shooting the east-bound train came along and she got aboard, and that was the last seen of her. The wooden head-board placed at the Terror's grave bore this inscription, rudely carved by some friend:

Here Lies

KANSAS JACK,

34 years old.

He was shot plumb-center by a cussed good-looking woman.

GONE TO HEAVEN!

Postage stamps to the number of 4,000,350,000 are annually used by the people in the United States.

TWO WITH ONE SHOT.

DAN KREIGER OF PINE CREEK REGION IS NOW FAMOUS.

How the Trick Was Done—An Easy Hunt—Seventeen-Year-Old Boy Kills a Deer with a Stone and Pocket Knife.

NOWADAYS three deer at a killing is mighty good luck in the hunting line but old Dan Kreiger of the Pine Creek region, near Williamsport, Pa., holds that distinction, says the Philadelphia Times.

Dan hunted deer when they were plentiful and shot many a fine buck as he stood working at a salted lick. But now that this style of sportsmanship is no longer allowed by the city chaps it is seldom that the outside world hears of Dan's successes. But last fall luck was so phenomenal that some of the hunters from town got hold of it and circulated the story. They also got hold of one of old Dan's deer and palmed it off as their own trophy, but the fat is out of the bag and everybody now knows that they paid \$10 in gold for the three-pronged buck.

Dan Kreiger still hunts deer according to old-time custom. Early last summer, when he learned that a fine old buck, a doe, and two fawns were making their home in Hell's Kitchen—a deep, dark ravine in the Black Forest region—he just made up his mind that he was going to have a sample of that herd. He went to work and selected a convenient spot on one of the runways of the deer, where he bored a dozen or more holes along the side of an old hemlock log. These holes he filled with coarse butcher's salt.

The rains came and soaking through the salt-filled holes the brine dripped down and settled into the earth. Each successive rain added more dripping and it was not long before Dan noticed that the deer had begun to work on his lick. The earth was pawed up under the log and as the summer wore on the deer signs became more and more frequent. Dan picked out a nearby hemlock tree as a good place from which to watch his lick.

One day during the latter part of August he determined to watch the lick just to see how many deer were in the habit of coming to his lick. The day was a drizzly, gloomy one. He mounted his perch an hour before dusk and waited patiently. Just as dusk began to settle he had the satisfaction of seeing an old doe and two half-grown fawns coming along the side of the hill in the direction of the lick.

The doe approached cautiously, every now and then jerking her sharp-pointed nose in the air, as though scenting danger. Then, with a sharp frisk of the tail and an impatient stamp of the foot, she would advance a rod or more. Once at the lick the doe pawed the earth under the log and licked the soil with her tongue. The trio of deer remained at the lick nearly an hour.

Late in October Dan visited the lick again—this time for keeps, having as his companion a Winchester rifle. It had rained only the day before and Dan calculated that the deer, if they were yet in Hell's Kitchen, would visit the fresh lick that night. Dan had sat on his perch on the hemlock tree for over an hour and he was about giving up hope of having a shot at the deer that night when a significant sound in the direction of the runway attracted his attention. It was a sound much like that made by a dog when sniffing the air and Dan knew what it meant. It was the sniffing of a buck as he approached the lick.

It was already quite dark, but there was a clear sky overhead and Dan could make out to see the outline of the log at the lick. He had chosen a position that looked parallel with the log, so that a ball from his rifle would rake the entire length of the log. He was not more than eight feet above the ground and he had taken the precaution of arranging a marker by sticking his penknife in the limb of a tree, so that in the darkness he knew just how low to shoot.

The sniffing came gradually nearer and before a half-hour had passed he discovered the form of a buck nosing in along the lick log and beginning to paw the ground. A moment later he was joined by the doe and she was followed quickly by two fawns. The buck was restless and every few seconds threw up his head and gave a loud snort. Dan let his rifle settle down on

the lick against his knife and then waited for the buck to raise his head again. The buck was nearest to him and almost concealed the doe, while the fawns worked at the farthest end of the lick.

Suddenly the buck raised his head for another reconnoiter and Dan fired. There was a wild scramble at the lick, but Dan saw only three deer start up the side of the hill and one of these was the big buck. Chagrined at the fact that he had missed the buck Dan hurried over to the log, where he found the doe stretched out as dead as a door nail. While he was engaged cutting the deer's throat one of the fawns returned to the lick, and before the frightened thing could escape Dan had sent a bullet into its body.

The animal's instinct had prompted it to return in search of its mother and the same cruel fate which the latter had met awaited it. Lighting a torch of pine splinters Dan found that the buck had left a trail of blood and following this up the mountain scarcely 200 feet he came to the dead body of the deer. It had evidently attempted to jump over a high hemlock log and dropped from loss of blood. It was shot through the neck. The one bullet had killed both deer.

A strange story of deer killing comes from the lower end of Center county, where 17-year-old Clarence Stover slew a doe with a stone and a pocket knife. This beats the deer killing in Clearfield county, where a party of trackmen on the railroad ran a deer into the river and then got after it with a boat and clubbed it to death. Young Stover was on his way to the log woods with his father, when they were overtaken by a neighbor, who was driving a light rig.

The elder Stover was invited to ride and Clarence soon found himself trundling along alone. Just at the edge of a clearing the boy was startled to see emerge from the woods about a rod ahead of him, a full grown deer. It was coming toward him and the lad slid into the corner of a "stake-and-rider" fence, where, with a good-sized stone, he waited its coming. The movement of the deer was slow and it came within twenty feet of the boy's hiding place, when he hurled the stone with such excellent skill that it took the deer square in the side. The animal leaped to one side, then stumbled and fell, apparently dazed. In an instant the boy was on it and then a battle royal ensued.

Stover is a well-built, athletic young fellow, the deer was no match for him, although it did manage to kick him in the stomach with sufficient force to bring about a rather "tired feeling." Finally Stover rested his knee on the deer's neck and pulling his jackknife from his pocket cut its throat. When dressing the deer it was discovered that it had been wounded by a gunshot back of the left shoulder. This accounted for its inactivity.

Shorter Days in Boston Retail Store.

The shorter working day in the large retail stores of Boston seems to be a movement that has come to stay, especially as our people appear to be forming the habit of doing their purchasing between the hours of 8:30 a. m. and 5:30 p. m. In most of the large departmental stores the system was adopted after the Christmas holidays of opening and closing at the hours named, each firm holding itself independent to go back to the old method of longer hours whenever it believed that its interests would be served by making the change. But thus far there is every reason to think that no trade interests have been injured and that the hours referred to can be safely made permanent hours of work. Indeed, two of the large retail stores which after the holidays adopted the plan of opening at 8 a. m. and closing at 5 p. m., have now concluded to bring their methods into conformity with the opening and closing hours of their business associates.—Boston Herald.

State Itinerary in Ex-Governor.

The death of ex-Gov. Robinson of Chicopee leaves Massachusetts with only five ex-governors living. Connecticut can do better than that. She has seven to show in ex-Governors Hawley, Ingersoll, Andrews, Harrison, Waller, Lunsbury and Bulkeley, and they will average up quite as well as those of the Bay state in point of ability and character also.—New Haven (Conn.) News.

Now Let's Hear from Ohio.

The same man was elected in Williamsburg, Maine, the other day, without any opposition, to seven different offices.—Ex.

COKE COUNTY RUSTLER

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF COKE CO.

M. G. REED, Proprietor

C. C. MERCHANT, Editor.

Entered at the postoffice at Robert Lee, Texas, as second-class matter.

SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1896.

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One copy six months .75
One copy three months .50

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One column one year \$100.00
Half column one year 60.00
Quarter column one year 30.00
One inch one year 12.00

If the RUSTLER fails to reach your Post office...

Richard P. Bland is the choice of Texas for the presidency.

We expect that senator Teller will have to come to the Democratic party instead of that party following him.

D. O. Lively, former editor of the Colorado Times is editor of the new sheet—The Worth Live Stock Reporter.

One half of the democracy of the state of New York is for free silver. But of course it is the cranks that favor it.

Senator Hill has made free silver speeches and sold standard speeches, but he did good work for the money power in his state convention.

Today is America's day—Independence day—the day of all other days to the American people.

The people of this country have enough of "he is a platform of himself" idea, and they will proceed to use the public servant as a "splitter" who presumes to be the platform.

The Baptist of Rock Springs will begin a camp-meeting at the Union camp ground, beginning on Friday night before the fourth Sunday in July.

If Senator Teller and his followers cannot vote a Republican gold standard ticket, how about them voting for a democrat on a free silver platform.

The Ft. Worth Live Stock Reporter, D. O. Lively, editor, published at Ft. Worth twice a week is a new paper devoted to home stock and markets, which very creditably fills its purpose.

The populist convention of Fulton, Ga., adjourned to await the action of the democratic convention at Chicago.

Democratic Mass-Meeting.

According to call of the chairman of the county Democratic executive committee...

After an address by Judge Perryman, stating the object of the meeting, the following business was transacted.

The chair appointed the committee on organization, W. W. McCutchen, G. W. Perryman, J. A. Gardner, C. C. Merchant, Lem Nations and W. C. Barron.

The committee recommendations of J. H. Burroughs for chairman and H. H. Hayley for secretary were adopted.

The following delegates to the state convention at Ft. Worth were instructed for the present state administration: G. W. Perryman, J. R. Patterson, R. R. Smith and T. L. Nations.

Delegates to Judicial convention, J. A. Gardner, I. J. Good, W. W. McCutchen and M. H. Davis.

Senatorial convention, J. W. Baggett, W. C. Barron, R. R. Smith and George Williamson.

Representative convention, G. W. Perryman, C. W. McCutchen, J. H. Burroughs and C. C. Merchant.

Instructed for Judge G. W. Perryman, Representative 95 District, Instructed for J. W. Timmins, for District Judge.

Instructed for D. D. Wallace for District Attorney.

The following county executive committee was elected.

J. P. Hutchinson Sr. Chairman, H. H. Hayley secretary, J. H. Burroughs, W. C. Barron, Wm. Childress and A. B. Blackwell.

Federal Court.

At Dallas on the second Monday in January and third Monday in May.

At Fort Worth on the first Monday in March and third Monday in September.

At Waco on the second Monday in April and third Monday in November.

At Abilene on the third Monday in March and the third Monday in October.

At San Angelo on the fourth Monday in March and the first Monday in November.

Counties returnable to San Angelo and Abilene are as follows:

All process issued against defendants residing in the counties of Eastland, Stephens, Throckmorton, Shackelford, Callahan, Taylor, Jones, Haskell, Knox, Nolan, Fisher, Stonewall, Kent, Dickens, King, Crosby, Garza, Lubbock, Gaines, Andrews, Mitchell, Seurry, Borden, Howard, Martin and Midland shall be returned to Abilene.

Under the old law the courts were held at Dallas, Waco and Graham. It will be seen that the court at this latter point has been abolished and the other points named substituted.

The bill also provides for the transfer of causes now pending at Waco, Dallas and Graham from counties embraced in the new bill to the new courts upon application of either party.

A ROMANTIC MARRIAGE.

Abilene, Texas, June 15—Cards announcing the marriage of Dr. Frank Nanny to Miss Alma Royd...

Miss Rhoe is a resident of Jones county and Dr. Nanny is now located at Brownwood. In 1891 they were both attending school in Nashville, Tenn., she was a member of the Peabody Normal Institute...

Not wishing to break into studies they decided to keep the marriage a secret, and have done so successfully from every one except the young lady family, and it was only by her mother discovering the marriage certificate in her trunk that it was made known to them.

Dr. Nanny has completed his studies and located at Brownwood, where the couple will make their home.—Ex.

A MOTHERLY SPANKING.

The Dallas News rolled up her sleeves the other day, tightened up her apron strings over her mother Hubbard a notch or two took a few of us smaller boys across her maternal knee and gave us a spanking that we are apt to remember.

Beginning at the rapid end of the class she "boxed" the ears of the Van Alstyne News, first on one side then on the other, till his olfactory organ leaked gore like the bung of the national treasury spills gold dollars when Wall Street touches the button.

The old lady then went around the corner exchanged congratulations with herself adjusted her spectacles and proceeded with her knitting: Yes, sir, we'er castig—3rd.—Alvarado-Bulletin.

There is much complaint about the scarcity of fish in the streams of this section this year. Some attribute this to the great dam at Austin, and predict that fishing in a few years will be a sport of the past.

CHEAP GROCERIES!

CHEAP GRAIN

AND

FREE WAGON YARD!

By doing business on a strict cash basis this year I will be able to sell groceries and grain at a very small profit.

I respectfully, John Barron.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY

COKE COUNTY.

DISTRICT OFFICERS.

J. W. TIMMINS, Judge. D. D. WALLACE, Attorney. ED. M. MOBLEY, Clerk.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

D. T. AVERITT, Judge. W. C. MERCHANT, Attorney. ED. M. MOBLEY, Clerk. L. B. MURRAY, Sheriff & Collet's H. E. JOHNSTON, Assessor. W. C. HAYLEY, Treasurer. J. R. PATTERSON, Surveyor. J. M. PERRY, Inspector.

COMMISSIONERS.

M. H. DAVIS, Pre. No. 1. L. H. McDORMAN, " 2. A. C. GARDNER, " 3. J. H. CAMPBELL, " 4.

COURTS.

District Court convenes 1st, Monday in April and November.

County Court convenes 3d, Monday May, August, November and February.

Commissioners Court convenes 2nd Monday in February, May, August November.

Coke County Church Directory.

Robert Lee Mission, M. E. Church South; services as follows: Bronte, 1st " 11 a. m. Rock Springs, 2d " 11 a. m. Hayrick, " " 4 p. m. Robert Lee, 3d Sunday, 11 a. m. Sanco, 4th " 11 a. m. Eugene T. Bates, P. C.

Methodist Protestant Church; services as follows: Robert Lee 4th Sunday; Sanco, 1st Sunday; Silver, 2nd Sunday; Live Oak, on Oak creek, 1st Sunday; Rock Springs 3rd Sunday. Each appointment begins Saturday night before.

A. M. JAY, Pastor. Baptist Church; 1st Sunday No Pastor.

Christian Church; 2nd Sunday No Pastor.

DAVE'S HOTEL

First class house, Good nice, clean beds, a specialty. FARE \$1. PER DAY.

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G. W. WEBB Proprietor



SUFFERING IN SILENCE.

Women are the real heroes of the world. Thousands on thousands of them endure the dragging torture of the ill-secular to womanhood in the silence of home.

WINE OF CARDUI

is a vegetable wine. It exerts a wonderfully healing, strengthening and soothing influence over the organs of woman-kind.

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Funniest Paper In The World.

Contains able editorials on the LEADING ISSUES of the day. Its CARTOONS are up to date, picturing in a forcible way the ups and downs of all the political parties, in both State and National affairs.

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SWEETWATER HOUSE. MRS. S. M. BULAH, Proprietress. BOARD BY DAY, \$1. MEAL 25c. Every attention paid to guests to make them comfortable. Clean beds, plenty to eat and well cooked. Where in the city come and see me.

J. B. Latham, M. D. Physician and Surgeon. ROBERT LEE, TEXAS. Office at Hamiltons' Drugstore.

Dr. J. O. TOLIVER, Physician and Surgeon. ROBERT LEE, TEXAS. Office—At My Store.

Cheap Metropolitan Papers.

There is no excuse nowadays for a citizen failing to subscribe for a great metropolitan newspaper in addition to taking his own county paper. The "twice-a-week" Republic of St. Louis, which is credited with the large circulation of any weekly paper, is only \$3 a year, for this sum it sends two papers a week, or 104 papers in a year—less than one cent each.

The Daily and Sunday Republic can now be had by mail for a little more than one cent and a half a day, or \$6 a year, when paid in advance. Though this paper has greatly reduced its price, it has increased its value twofold by adding many valuable features.

Right in Sight Sure Saving Show

We'll send you our General Catalogue and Buyers Guide, if you send us 15 cents in stamps. That pays part postage or expressage, and keeps off letters. It's a Dictionary of Honest Values. Full of important information for the home and the store. 750 Pages, 75,000 illustrations, lists of 40,000 articles and right price of each. One profit only between maker and user. Get it. MONTGOMERY WARD & CO. 111-116 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

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Ballinger, Texas.
The place to do your trading. Just received
250 Mens and Boys Suits
all new goods going at
\$1 TO \$14. Straw Hats.

for Men and Boys, are the cheapest.
**300 Pair Ladies and Childrens
Slippers, style to suit the most
Fastidious tastes.**

In Prices, Beauty, Wear and Comfort, they are unexcelled.
We Cordially invite our LADY FRIENDS of

Coke County

to call and see our complete stock of
DRESS GOODS, SHIRT WAISTS, LADIES VESTS,
EMBROIDERIES, LACES & ETC.
Our Motto: "Quick Sales and Small Profits."

Yours,

A. R. Fancher & Son.

Ballinger Lumber Co.

SUCCESSOR TO
CAREY-LUMBAR LUMBER CO.
DEALERS IN

**LUMBER, BUILDING
MATERIAL, PAINT, OILS
AND VARNISHES.**

J. A. BURLEY, MANAGER.

ROBERT LEE LIVERY STABLE

I have now assumed control of the ED GOOD Livery
Stable. I will keep good Teams, good Buggies and Har-
ness for my patrons and will treat you right when put up
at my Stable. Free Wagon Yard in connection.

Respectfully,

R. P. Perry.

Wagon and Feed Yard.

Alvin Campbell, San Angelo, Texas.
All Kinds of Feed. The Best Water. The Best Stalls. A Good
Brick Camp House. The Best Attention
to Customers. The best Accommodations
For The Least Money. We
Appreciate Your
Trade.
East of Nimitz Hotel.

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DEALER IN

**Dry Goods, Groceries And
GENERAL MERCHANDISE.**

Better Bargains for the Cash than any other house in town.

J. T. Hamilton

(Successor to Hamilton, & Patten)

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Robert Lee, Texas,

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

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The RUSTLER will charge the
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candidates for office.

Announcement Fees Al- ways In Advance.

All District Officers..... \$7.50
County Officers..... 5.00
Precinct Officers..... 2.50

All candidates not announcing
will be charged half the amount of
announcement fee to have their
names appear on tickets.

For County Judge.

We are authorized to announce
Mace Davis as a candidate for the
office of County Judge of Coke
County at the ensuing election.

We are authorized to announce
J. D. O'Daniel Sr. as a candidate
for the office of County Judge of
Coke County, subject to the ac-
tion of the People's Party.

We are authorized to announce
R. R. Smith as a candidate for the
office of Judge of Coke County.

For Tax Assessor.

We are authorized to announce
Frank Robinson as a candidate
for the office of Tax Assessor of
Coke County.

We are authorized to announce
H. E. Johnston as a candidate for
re-election to the office of Tax
Assessor of Coke County, sub-
ject to the action of the People's
Party.

For Sheriff and Tax Collector.

We are authorized to announce
Mr. I. J. Good as a candidate for
the office of Sheriff and Tax Col-
lector of Coke county, subject to
the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce
L. B. Murray as a candidate for
re-election to the office of Sher-
iff and Tax Collector of Coke
county, subject to the action of
the People's Party.

District and County Clerk.

We are authorized to announce
Ed. M. Mobley as a candidate for
re-election to the offices of County
and District Clerk of Coke Coun-
ty, subject to the action of the
Peoples Party.

We are authorized to announce
J. W. Barnett a candidate for the
office of County and District Clerk
of Coke County.

For County Treasurer.

We are authorized to announce
J. A. Gardner Sr. a candidate for
the office of Treasurer of Coke
County.

We are authorized to announce
H. M. Bennick as a candidate for
the office of Treasurer of Coke
County, subject to the action of
the People's Party.

We are authorized to announce
W. R. McDonald a candidate
for the office of County Treasurer
of Coke county, subject to the
action of the Peoples Party

For County Attorney.

We are authorized to announce
W. C. Merchant a candidate for
the office of County Attorney of
Coke county, subject to the ac-
tion of the Peoples Party.

Live Oak Dots.

Mr. Ed.
I don't know much to write,
but thought I would give you a
few dots from this part of the
country.

Mr. W. T. Winters has sold his
place to Mr. W. E. Read, Mr.
Wintees is going to leave in a week
or two. We hate to lose Mr. Win-
ters.

Don Allen and Oscar Sheppard
say they had rather go to Live
Oak to church than any where
else.

B. F.

Lee J. Good, the Oak creek cow-
man returned from the territory
on yesterday morning's train
where he has been looking after
his immense cattle interests, and
reports some sections of that coun-
try about as dry as it is elsewhere.
—Ballinger Banner Leader.

Geo. P. Hutchinson contem-
plates spending the 4th of July at
Robert Lee, Coke county, at which
place he states there will be a
grand barbecue on that date. We
hope you will enjoy the trip John.
—Ballinger Banner Leader.

Notice.

Saturday before the first Sun-
day in each month is meeting time
of the Peoples Party club of Pre.
No. 1. at which time the doctrines
of the party will be discussed by
selected speakers.

J. W. Tunnell,
Chairman.

Brontes efficient instructor,
Prof. Poplewell, was in town
last Saturday and informed us
that the building of the high
school there had been postponed
until next year. The Bronte peo-
ple will feel considerable disap-
pointed over the postponement
of the expected building.

Mr. John Benson, who has been
working down in the Devils river
country for several months return-
ed home Monday.

J. H. Turners, uncle, Mr. J. M.
Walker and family of Fisher coun-
ty are visiting him. Mr. Walker
says they have had fine rains in
Fisher county; says when he left
there Monday it was still raining.

Fifty cents will be charged for
placing candidates names on tick-
ets, except for those who do not
announce, who will be charged
half the announcement fee.

In this issue J. W. Barnett comes
before the people as a candidate
for the County and District Clerks
office. Mr. Barnett is well and
favorably known to the voters of
the county, and his official expe-
rience in the past is a guarantee
of his qualifications for the office he
seeks. We most humbly ask the
good people of the county to give
Mr. Barnett a fair chance.

Extra Patent Missouri Flour at
\$2 per 100 pounds other goods at
extra low prices are now being
sold by
A. D. White, San Angelo.

Brother Bates left Monday to
attend district conference at Com-
manche on July 2nd, and will visit
Denton county on his trip. He
will be gone about fifteen days.

C. L. Hughes, of the Bronte
neighborhood was in the city
Tuesday. Mr. Hughes reports
fine rains in his section of the coun-
try. He says that cotton is bet-
ter than he ever saw it at this
time of the year. He also order-
ed the Rustler sent to him and al-
so his father, Mr. J. C. Hughes,
Overton, Texas.

Call To The Democratic Execu- tive Committee.

The Democratic executive com-
mittee of Coke county is hereby
requested to meet at the court
house at Robert Lee, at 2 o'clock
p. m. on Saturday July 11th, 1896,
for the purpose of electing chair-
man for the differant voting pre-
cincts throughout the county, and
such other business as may come
before the committee.

Respectfully,

J. P. Hutchinson,
Chairman Executive Committee
of Coke County.

Drink Turners milk-shake and
keep cool.

"Aint no use"—Turners milk-
shake is worth while.

Sanco.

The welcome rain has somewhat
restored activity among the farm-
ers, some have plenty of rain, but
a few did not get much.

Everything is growing nicely.
Planting is the first step now
taken to make a corn crop if we
have any this year. Corn planted
the first of July last year made
good corn, better than that
planted in March.

Plenty of rain would make plenty
of corn and cotton now.

Grass is good and all kinds
of stock are in fine condition.

No melons in sight yet, but like-
ly will be soon.

No fruit this year on account of
early bloom or late freezing.

Migration is not equal to immigra-
tion in this section this season,
though a few young bachelors have
left for better pastures lately.

All is well with Sanco commu-
nity; hoping as much for others.

Yours,

Big Otry.

Dots From Live Oak.

Mr. Ed.—I havn't much to write
but thought I would give you a
few lines from this part of the
rainy country. Cotton is doing
fine, but corn has been dying, but
we have hope of raising some
corn this year.

Mr. Byron Robinson returned
home a few days since, from Col-
man county and says he is going
back soon after his girl.

Miss Edna Reed, of Edith atten-
ded Sunday School at Live Oak
last Sunday.

Some of the people are getting
uneasy about Hay-Seed, they have
not wrote in quite a while. So
will close hoping success to the
Rustler.

Some body.

Maverick News.

Maverick, Texas, June 28, 1896.

Ed. Rustler:

A nice rain fell here Monday
though farmers say it was not suf-
ficient as it was very dry here.

Corn, wheat, oats and gardens
is an entire failure in this neighbor-
hood.

Mr. Tom Castleberry happened
to the accident of getting his jaw
split through into the hollow of
his mouth by a horse running a-
gainst a tree with him.

Mr. Henry Glasier was throwa
from his horse last Friday and
badly hurt, though not serious.

Miss Mollie Good, of Edith, is
visiting relatives here.

Miss Ida Caperton, of this place
is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Issam Good
of Edith.

Mr. McAuley is in the Territory
on business.

Mr. Lee Good returned Satur-
day, from the Okla Homa Territo-
ry and reports everything in good
condition.

A big camp-meeting begins on
Oak creek 2 miles above the bridge
the 3rd day of July, conducted by
Rev'd Cumbie, Lackey and Cor-
dell.

Maverick will be represented at
Robert Lee the 4th.

I feel real sorry for the "bash-
ful youngman" of Ft. Chadbourne.
It seems that he is always in some
trouble. But his troubles are
nothing compared with what Hay
Seed got into not long ago. Hay
Seed is not bashful are else he
would not have rode so far to
"catch up."

Respectfully,

RICA.

San Angelo Bottling Works.

J. E. Stewart is agent for the
San Angelo Bottling Works and
will deliver your soda-pop and
cider in Robert Lee. Call on him.

HORRIBLE ACCIDENT.

A MINE CAVES IN THE WILKES-BARRE REGION.

Ninety Miners Entombed, and it is Believed Were Crushed to Death by the Roof Falling In—Wives and Mothers Wild With Grief—Matters in Mexico.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., June 29.—While ninety miners were working in the vein of the Win shaft at Pittston about 3 o'clock Sunday morning, the roof caved in and it is believed all of the men perished. About forty of the imprisoned men were English-speaking miners, the others foreigners.

More than two-thirds of the victims were married men and leave families. Among them were Acting Mayor Langan, who was inside superintendent of the mine, and J. P. Lynott, a ward councilman.

About two weeks ago the surveyors reported to General Superintendent Law that the mine was "squeezing" and that unless steps were immediately taken to timber a cave in or a fall might be looked for. Superintendent Law lost no time but at once put a number of men at work to brace the falling roof. The "squeeze" continued, however, and Saturday the situation became alarming. In the afternoon a slight fall occurred and the men who were at work had to retreat before it. A consultation of mine officials was then held and it was decided that heroic measures would have to be resorted to prevent heavy damage to the mine. Inside Superintendent Langan gave instructions that the most experienced miners should be secured, and that the party would go down in the mine at 7 A. M. Expert timber men put in an appearance at that hour and were soon lowered into the workings. They made their way to Red Ash vein, 1,500 feet down the slope. The work of proping proceeded rapidly until 11 o'clock Saturday night, when another fall occurred. It made a low rumbling noise and the flying coal and debris drove the men back. Then the "squeeze" ceased again and the men thought it was safe to resume work.

They labored until 3 o'clock yesterday when, so it is presumed, the roof fell in without warning, making a tremendous crash. It is supposed, however, that the men were not all together, but some near the slope, and these probably ran up the incline when the fall occurred. If the men received any warning they had time to run up the slope, but not to any great distance, falling rock and coal filled up the slope and the adjoining gangways, completely shutting off all avenues of escape.

It was supposed that the men might have escaped being caught in the fall and they were imprisoned behind the debris, but the finding of the two bodies disproves this.

It is still possible that living men may be behind the fall. Even if they escaped being crushed by the falling roof the possibility of their being alive for any length of time in a gaseous mine is remote. The alarm was first given by Water Carrier John Sheridan, who, with William Reichard and Thomas Gill, were the only ones to escape of the whole number who entered the mine Saturday night. He was on his way up the slope to get some water for the men, and when about 100 feet from the foot of the shaft was knocked down by the concussion. He was badly cut and bruised by flying coal and rock. He lay unconscious for ten minutes, and then came up the shaft.

The concussion was so great that it was heard for miles around. The foundations of nearly every building in Pittston were shaken and windows and doors rattled as in a tornado. In the houses nearer to the mines persons were thrown from their beds.

The first thought was that a great earthquake had occurred and the inhabitants rushed pell mell from their houses. The ringing of the fire bells and the whistling of the big mine whistle told the story. Crowds of people gathered about the mouth of the shaft and numbered thousands by daybreak. Shattered men stood appalled and frantic women who had husbands or sons in the doomed mine wailed in despair. One mother cried out that she had two sons below. Another was the wife or widow of some unfortunate and had nine helpless children at home. Many knelt on the ground and in voices broken with sobs implored divine providence to restore their loved ones alive.

When it was given out that there was little or no hope of rescuing the men alive, women and girls fainted and were borne away senseless. The work of rescue was prompt and efficient. The best miners who remained on the surface joined voluntarily in the hazardous task—for hazardous it certainly was.

There was the menace of another fall or explosion of gas damp. Special efforts were made to keep the air fan in good order, so that if by chance the

men were alive they should have fresh air to breathe.

The blocked slope and gangways held out little hope of the air reaching them. The rescuers were divided into three relays of forty men, each under the direction of Mine Foreman Alex McMullin. The men were worked as they never worked before, clearing away the debris in the slope with the energy that only springs of the knowledge of dear lives behind it. They made good headway, considering the difficulty they had to contend with, and at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon had cleared the slope a distance of 600 feet.

At 2 it became necessary to swear in extra police to control the crowd around the mouth of the shaft. It had increased to fully 7000. Ropes were stretched around the shaft and only mine officials were allowed to enter the enclosure. At 12:25 o'clock yesterday there was another fall in the slope. It drove the rescuers back. The 200 feet of ground they had gained yesterday was thereby lost. At midnight last night the crowd at the mouth of the shaft had dwindled to about 800.

Matters in Mexico.

Mexico City, June 29.—The preliminary Federal election occurred yesterday all over the Republic, and 16,000 electors were chosen in various electoral districts. The electors will meet in various districts next Sunday and vote for president, magistrates and members of congress. There is no doubt of the triumphant election of Gen. Diaz, whose candidacy has been welcomed in all parts of the Republic.

The polling booths were opened all over the City of Mexico and the election officers were busy. The lower classes abstained generally from voting.

A letter published from Hon. Matias Romero, Mexican minister at Washington, resigning his post on account of an article published in an official journal during the pendency of the Guatemalan question, and which Minister Romero felt to be severe in its judgment of his views regarding the proper settlement of that question.

Minister Romero reviews his patriotic labors in behalf of the country, often at great personal loss and inconvenience, and he adds: "I have continued in my post, believing that my long residence in the United States, my knowledge of its public men and above all, the kind welcome I have fortunately been given by all classes in that country would enable me to lend effective services to Mexico, but if the incident referred to, or any other, has caused me to lose the confidence of my government, I shall not remain a single day longer in that post, and I shall regard it as an especial favor that I be relieved of so burdensome an employment, in which it is necessary above all, to have the confidence and the decided support of my government."

A Kentucky Cyclone.

Owensboro, Ky., June 29.—A cyclone struck West Louisville, near this city, at 2:30 Saturday afternoon, and did considerable damage. The house of C. L. Clark was completely wrecked and Miss Pearl Hicks, who was visiting there, was instantly killed. Mr. Clark was seriously hurt and it is thought he will die.

A number of others are suffering from severe cuts and bruises. St. Alphonsus church at St. Joseph was destroyed.

The residences of A. T. Williams and Ned Thomas were almost completely destroyed and outbuildings were demolished.

The stable of Dr. J. N. Alvey was blown away.

The residence and outbuildings of J. F. Horrell were destroyed and two horses were killed.

The residence of Dr. Hardin Osborne at St. Joseph was badly damaged.

The residence of G. W. Morgan, two miles from West Louisville, was completely wrecked, but no one was hurt.

John Heard's residence was unroofed.

The farm houses at St. Joseph's academy were destroyed.

Six Lives Lost.

Shawano, Wis., June 29.—Word has reached here of the drowning of six persons at Shawano lake during a gale at 6:50 yesterday evening. A party consisting of O. A. Risum and wife, Herman Drackrey and wife, Louis Gokey, wife and child of Puleifer, Miss Emma Garbrecht of Shawano and Miss Margaret Crowe of St. Nazianz, Manitowish county, started from Ceeli about 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon in O. A. Risum's yacht en route for a few days' outing on the north shore of the lake. When about three miles from shore the boat was capsize by a sudden squall and the party precipitated into the water. Mr. Risum and Mr. Drackrey clung to the capsized yacht for several hours, the latter holding his wife in his arms, when they were rescued by parties from Ceeli, who were attracted by their cries for help. The bodies of the other six have not been recovered.

THE FULL PLATFORM.

ADOPTED BY THE REGULAR DEMOCRACY AT AUSTIN.

It Reaffirms the Traditional Principles, and Teachings of the Party and Favors Free Coinage of Silver and Gold and at 16 to 1—The Corner Stone Laid.

Austin, Tex., June 26.—The following is the full text of the platform adopted by the State Democratic convention on the 24th instant:

1. The Democracy of Texas in convention assembled reaffirms its traditional principles, in favor of a strict construction of the Federal constitution and the preservation of the rights of the state and the liberties of the people, the political equality of our citizens, freedom of conscience, the separation of church and state and the freedom of the press as among the fundamental doctrines embodied in the declaration of independence and the constitution of the United States, and at all times adhered to by the Democracy of the union.

2. We are opposed to all monopolies and trusts and all class legislation and demand equal rights to all and exclusive privileges to none, and we insist that all of the great corporations, while protected in all rights, should be held subordinate to law and held subject to all legal restraint and control.

3. We favor a tariff for revenue only, but in a sufficient amount supplemented by other taxation to meet the expenses of the government economically administered, so as to render it unnecessary to increase the public debt in any manner whatever. And we believe that the present tariff law which lets into this country raw materials free of duty and levies heavy duties on manufactured products, thus subjecting our agricultural and pastoral classes to competition with the world, while it enables the rich manufacturers by means of combinations and trusts to extort their own prices for their products from the people, violates the Federal constitution as well as the fundamental principles of the Democratic party that tariff duty should be levied and collected for the purpose of revenue only.

4. We favor an economical administration of the government. And we view with alarm the increased expenses caused by the session of congress just adjourned, which has appropriated for expenditures during the next fiscal year \$15,759,820.49. We condemn this excessive appropriation of the people's money and insist on a large reduction of the public expenditures, and we believe that there has been an unnecessary increase in the number of officers and employes of the Federal government, and that the number should be greatly and speedily reduced.

5. We demand the submission of a constitutional amendment to the several States which will authorize congress to pass an income tax law, to the end that the wealth of the nation may be compelled to bear its just share of the expenses of the government.

6. The Democratic party is unalterably opposed to the issuance of interest-bearing bonds by the Federal government in times of peace, and we demand that the Federal debt should be diminished rather than increased until it shall be fully paid off and discharged.

7. We favor the free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver into standard money, without discrimination against either, and at the ratio of 16 to 1, independently of the action of other nations, which standard money shall be legal tender for all debts, public and private, and we further demand that the money of the country shall consist of gold and silver thus coined, and of paper convertible into these coins on demand of the holder, and in this connection we demand that the practice of the treasury department of refusing to exercise its option to pay coin notes in silver the same as in gold shall be discontinued, because the same is an unwarranted use of power which results in making the federal treasury but a brokerage office for speculation in gold.

8. We demand that a law shall be enacted by the federal congress making gold and silver coined at the ratio heretofore mentioned, and the paper convertible into such coin on demand of the holder of such notes, legal tender for all debts, public and private, thereafter contracted, without reference to any contract or agreement that the debts shall be paid in some particular kind of money, reserving also to the federal government the right to designate the kind of money in which customs dues may be paid.

9. We are opposed to the cancellation and retirement of the legal tender notes of the government, which serve all the purposes of money to the government, and the people, at the least expense at which currency can be supplied.

10. We oppose national banks of issue, for the reason that the issuance of pa-

per currency is a function of the government, which should not be farmed out to any individual, either natural or artificial.

11. That the Democracy recognizes as a necessary result of the war between the states that the federal soldiers who were therein disabled, and whose necessities may require it, should receive a pension; but it is insisted that the pension rolls should be made a roll of honor, and that those who performed no service for the government, or who are in affluent circumstances, should not demand that the masses be taxed to increase their wealth, and a still greater burden should not be imposed upon those who are so little able to bear it. The Democratic party views with alarm the growing tendency in pension legislation to discriminate between the officers and soldiers of the late war and to give to the widows of deceased officers large pensions, and to the widows of the common soldiers very much smaller amounts, without reference to the needs of the one or the wealth of the other, thereby creating what the spirit of our government prohibits—a privileged class akin to and fashioned after the class distinctions of European monarchies.

12. The Democracy of Texas further hereby instructs its delegates to the national convention to assemble at Chicago to use their utmost endeavors to secure the adoption of the platform above outlined in its entirety, and particularly that portion which relates to the money question, which we believe to be the paramount issue in this campaign.

13. They are further specially instructed to use their utmost and best endeavors to secure the nomination of candidates for President and Vice-President of the United States at said convention who are known to be in perfect harmony with the money plank herein proposed, and who will endeavor to secure its enactment into a law by the Federal congress in the event of their election.

14. They are further instructed to vote as a unit upon all questions that may be presented to the convention, as well as upon the ones above specifically mentioned.

15. We believe that any law which permits the President of the United States to send troops into a State without a request therefor by the legislature or executive of the State, when there is no insurrection against the government of the United States nor resistance to the enforcement of the national laws, not only violates a plain provision of the constitution, but it is dangerous to the liberties of the people and should be repealed.

16. We approve, endorse and recommend our present State administration as being patriotic, wise and economical and pledge our continued support of the same.

Resolved, that we, the delegates composing this convention, do hereby pledge ourselves, and, as far as we have the power to do so, the Democracy of this State, to sustain, uphold and advocate whatever policies may be adopted by the Democratic national party to be put forth by it at the national convention soon to be held in the city of Chicago.

We endorse and confirm in detail and in whole the action of the State executive committee in the conduct of the campaign up to the present time, and congratulate the chairman, Hon. J. G. Dudley, upon the able and patriotic manner in which he has discharged the onerous duties devolved upon him as chairman of said committee.

Resolved, that we favor the election of United States senators by a direct vote of the people.

Resolved, that we look with horror upon the tendency of some of the people to adopt the wild vagaries advocated by the Populist party.

Resolved, that we believe that all differences of opinion upon political issues that may exist among Democrats should exist within party lines, and we deplore the disposition of any Democrat to leave his party because he may not agree with the majority upon economic questions, and trust that all Democrats will abandon such purpose and remain with us and help to defeat all enemies of our grand old party.

Resolved, that we view with alarm the fact that the Republican party is unable to profit by the light of experience or observation, and that by its recent platform adopted at St. Louis it has shown that it is still in favor of carrying out all the pernicious policies so long practiced by it, to the great detriment of the people, and that the people can no longer hope for any relief by the supremacy of that party.

Mad dogs are getting in their work all over the country.

Missouri and Texas Democrats have instructed for "Silver Dick" Bland for president.

Gov. John P. Altgeld has been nominated for governor of Illinois by the Democrats.

A most effective remedy for sheep scab and ticks is a preparation of pure nicotine prepared from tobacco. Owners of sheep generally are using it instead of lime, sulphur and arsenic and seem unanimous in believing that sheep ticks and scab will soon be totally exterminated. Nicotine is a deadly poison to insects, but when diluted for dipping does not affect animals. In this respect it differs from the mineral poisons. The Skabura Dip Co. of Chicago are the largest manufacturers of nicotine in the world.

The world has had Edwards heirs in it from the first.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me large doctor bills.—C. L. Baker, 4225 Regent Sq., Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 8, '96.

Every married man has something to be proud of.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth, Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

It is not safe to permit any set of public officials to fix their own salaries.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured, 20 days after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free trial bottles and treatise. Mary, Missouri. Dr. KLINE, 931 ARCH ST., Phila., Pa.

Do not permit your ideals to get away with you.

National Populist Convention St. Louis July 22d, 1896.

On account of the above mentioned attraction the Iron Mountain Route will sell tickets from all points on the line to St. Louis for one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be on sale July 19th, 20th and 21st., with final limit for return July 27th, 1896. Write or call on Representatives of the Company for full information. J. C. Lewis, Traveling Passenger Agent, Austin, Texas.

So far, the sweet girl graduates have tackled everything in sight.

Hall's Catarrh Cure Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

There are lots of things that are worse than death.

Econo-Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists sell Hood's Pills cure biliousness, headache.

A METHODIST MINISTER

Stricken Down at Church—Disabled and Compelled to Give Up His Clerical Duties—Suffered Intensely.

Dyspepsia, Rheumatism and Bronchial Troubles Cured Completely by

THE VENO REMEDIES.

He Speaks of His Speedy Cure to His Congregation at Bradner, Wood County, Ohio.

The Rev. A. P. McNutt, of Bradner, Wood County, O., upon his death says:

This is to certify that I have rheumatism in my back, stomach and limbs, the larger half of my life, and I am now almost 56 years of age. I have tried everything I could hear of and a goodly number of doctors, and failed to get permanent relief. On the 23d day of July, 1894, I purchased Veno's Curative Syrup and Electric Fluid, and I found almost instant relief. I have used Veno's medicine now for five weeks and have had four weeks' solid comfort. I am now free from pain, and can return to my work feeling well, which, for the last two years, I had to abandon, not being able to preach on account of the above named disease. I have so much confidence in the medicine for what it has done for me, and what it is doing for others here, that I am acting as agent in selling the Veno medicines, and can hardly get it here fast enough to supply the demand.

REV. A. P. McNUTT, Bradner, Wood County, O. Methodist Protestant Church, State of Ohio, 1895.

Personally appeared before me, a notary public, in and for the said county, the Rev. A. P. McNutt, who, being duly sworn, declares that the above statement is true. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 20th day of August, 1894.

JOHN W. WYANT, Notary Public. None will doubt the extraordinary power of the Veno medicines in the face of such evidence.

VENO'S CURATIVE SYRUP is the best and only scientific cure. It permanently cures malaria (chills and fever) and thoroughly cures catarrh, constipation and liver trouble. It strengthens the nerves, clears the brain, invigorates the stomach and purifies the blood, leaving no ill effects. This medicine has for its body the famous Llandrinod water, the great germ destroyer and blood purifier, and when used with

VENO'S ELECTRIC FLUID will cure the worst and most desperate cases of rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, neuralgia and all aches and pains. No home should be without these medicines. They are sold at 25 cents each. Ask your druggist to get Veno's Curative Syrup and Veno's Electric Fluid for you. R. M. MACKENZIE'S CATARRH CURE relieves in 5 minutes. 10c. All druggists.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

Half Rate To Chicago and Return

July 3,
July 4,
July 5, } 1896

VIA
SANTA FE ROUTE

W. S. KEENAN, G. P. A., Galveston.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT,
Tulane University of Louisiana.

Notwithstanding for instruction are large, in its laboratories and abundant hospital material. Free access is given to the great Charity Hospital, 700 beds and 5,000 patients annually. Special instruction at bedside of sick. Next session, Oct. 15, 1896. For catalogue address Prof. S. E. CHAILLE, M. D., DEAN, P. O. Drawer 361, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup, Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

WE PAY each WEEKLY and want see EVERYWHERE to sell GOLD (\$2,000.00) PLUM and ALL other STARK Trees.

24th, FREE. No Money to Invest. No Risk. STARK BROTHERS, Leitch, Mo., Export, Ill.

When you come in hot and thirsty, —HIRES Root-beer.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A 2c. package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

Patents, Trade-Marks.
Examination and Advice as to Patentability of Invention. Send "Inventor's Guide, or How to Get a Patent." PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

SCHOLARSHIP IN DALLAS COMMERCIAL COLLEGE for sale. Address Box C, Dallas, Texas.

OPIUM Habit Cured. Est. 1871. Thousands cured. Cheapest and best cure. FREE TRIAL. State case. DR. MARSH, Quincy, Mich.

RODS For tracing and locating Gold or Silver. Ore lost or hidden treasures. M. D. POWELL, Box 337, Southington, Conn.

W N U Dallas 27-96
When Answering Advertisements Mention this Paper.

BLACKWELL'S

I WANT **BLACKWELL'S DURHAM** AND NO OTHER. SEE?

DURHAM

You will find one coupon inside each two ounce bag, and two coupons inside each four ounce bag of Blackwell's Durham. Buy a bag of this celebrated tobacco and read the coupon—which gives a list of valuable premiums and how to get them.

ESCAPED FROM CHILL.

THE DANGEROUS ADVENTURE OF DETECTIVE W. M. LUGG.

Compelled to Cross the Mountains on Muleback—Taken Sick During the Journey.

From the San Francisco Examiner.

Four years ago, at the time of the trouble between the United States and Chili, as a result of the killing of the sailors of the United States Steamship Baltimore, in the streets of a Chilean city, many Americans were obliged to leave the country for safety. Among them was W. M. Lugg, the private detective and collector, whose office is in the Crocker building, San Francisco, Cal. When Mr. Lugg left Chili he went across the mountains into Argentine, traveling on muleback.

Mr. Lugg says that the trip is a delightful one in point of beautiful scenery and perfect weather, but many people dislike to undertake it on account of the unhealthy stagnant water which they are compelled to drink along the way.

"I fell a victim to the injurious qualities of the water," said Mr. Lugg. "It affected my kidneys to an alarming degree. When I got over into Argentine I thought the trouble would gradually leave me, but instead of that it grew more aggravated, and I suffered terribly from pains in the region of my kidneys. I was en route to Chicago, and I was determined to reach my destination before the complaint should grow so serious as to confine me to my bed. Upon reaching Chicago I at once consulted a physician, who told me my kidneys had been affected by drinking polluted water. He treated me for some time for that complaint, but I grew steadily worse, and new ailments were added to my already serious condition. I began to have neuralgic pains in my head, my spine was affected by shooting pains and I had no control over the urinary organs. It was next to impossible for me to get any sleep. I lay awake many a night suffering the most intense pains, and the physician unable to relieve them.

"But relief came at last. One day one of my friends came to my room and handed me a box of Williams' Pink Pills. Of course I laughed at him for daring to think that any patent medicine could aid me when my physician had failed. I took the pills, however, to oblige my friend more than for any faith I had in them, and I was treated to the most joyous surprise of my life when I realized that I was being relieved of my pains. First the peculiar pains along my spine ceased, and then my neuralgic trouble began to grow less, and finally left me entirely. It took a good while to improve the condition of my kidneys, but after I had taken a number of boxes of the pills I knew that they had done their work successfully, for then I had regained control of the urinary organs and the action of my kidneys was strong and steady.

"When I thought I was out of all danger I quit taking the pills. The relief they had afforded was permanent, however, and I have never since felt a recurrence of the complaints. I hardly know how to praise Williams' Pink Pills as they should be praised.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

Not So Modest.

When a summer girl is invited out to dinner, she pays a delicate compliment to the hostess by letting out her belt two holes. In getting ready for the occasion.—Atchison Globe.

She Wasn't Sure.

Mrs. Yergler—"In making that cake this morning I hope you were careful not to put any bad eggs in it."
Matilda Snowball—"I don't know, mum; I hasn't tasted it yet."—Texas Sifter.

The greatest men learn the most by the fewest experiences.

There is probably no greater handicap than vanity.

If Remote from Medical Help.
Doubly essential is it that you should be provided with some reliable family medicine. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the best of its class, remedying thoroughly as it does such common ailments as indigestion, constipation and biliousness, and affording safe and speedy help in malarial cases, rheumatism and inactivity of the kidneys.

It takes money to keep one cool all summer.

LIVED AND DIED ON FRUIT.

Curious Quest of a German Lieutenant for a Dietetic Paradise.

Lieut. Wilhelm Boeter less than four years ago was an ordinary meat-eating, lager-beer drinking officer in the kaiser's crack regiment of hussars, says the New York Herald. A treatise on the advantages of a "frutitarian" diet came into his hands and he was completely won over. He was no common or garden vegetarian. Such individuals may revel in rice, riot on radishes and eat vegetables, but the lieutenant would have none of them. This fin de siecle purist would have nothing save nuts and some ripened fruits. But nuts from over the seas were hard to get and fruits that travel long distances became soft. Hence, to obtain them in a state of pristine purity and digestibility Herr Boeter resigned his commission and started for the land where he could make a home that met his special requirements. He visited Egypt, Tonga, Fiji, New Zealand, Australia, Java, Ceylon and India. But none of these entirely commended itself. Finally he went to Jamaica. He had inherited several large estates in Germany and was possessed of a fortune of some \$2,000,000. In December last he arrived in Jamaica accompanied by a salaried companion—Herr Georg Pentzke, a retired paymaster in the German army. "The frutitarians" became generally known. They wore clothes made of the lightest possible silk fabrics and carried green sunshades. One serious fault that the lieutenant found with the Jamaicans was that they dressed improperly. His idea of fitness was but a trifle removed from what Tribby described as "the altogether." So far as diet was concerned Herr Boeter was perfectly satisfied with Jamaica. He found a continuous and abundant supply of the luscious fruit. His only tippie was the milk of the coconut. He kept a cutlass in his room, for the special purpose of chopping off the husk of the nut. His habit was to take a quantity of oranges, star apples, bananas, etc., and, having removed the skins, pound the fruit together in a mortar, squeezing lime juice over the whole and making what he said was a dish fit for the gods. He took several cold-water baths daily. Instead of soap he used the lime fruit. He and his companion made a tour of the island in a covered van, in which they slept at night. While camping among swamps on the north side the lieutenant was attacked by malarial fever, in the height of which he plunged into a river and then went for a long walk in the sun. He became seriously ill and traveled back to Kingston. He refused to call a doctor, and when his landlady went for one on her own responsibility the lieutenant chucked the physic out of the window and persisted in his diet of fruit and on the 2d day of March last passed away in his sleep. His effects were handed over to the German consul, among them being two drafts for £1,000 each and nearly £300 in gold. The deceased was 35 years old, a cultured gentleman and could converse fluently in seven languages. He was buried with a coconut bough on his coffin. A few days before his death he had a serious quarrel with his companion because he discovered that Pentzke was in the habit of indulging in the substantial pleasures of ham and eggs, mutton chops, etc.

It Saved Reputation.

It was on the 5 o'clock accommodation on the Boston & Maine. He was a green brakeman—greener than grass at this time of the year—and it was his first run over the road. At Somerville he woke old Sprettegrew out of his every afternoon nap by announcing "Chelsea!" and a little later, when they stopped at East Everett, he paralyzed old lady Pettijohn by proclaiming "Pride Crossing!" But the climax was reached when the train arrived at Lynn. When the veteran brake-twister on the front platform threw open the door with a bang and with a familiarity born of long experience rattled off: "Lynn, Lynn! Change cars for East Lynn, Swampscott, Phillips Beach, Beach Bluff, Clifton, Devereaux and Marblehead! Lynn, Lynn!" the brilliant idiot on the rear platform poked his head in the other door and shouted: "Same here!"—Harper's Drawer.

Not a Far-Seeing Man.

Walters—Jackson is a chump!
Williams—Why, what makes you say that? He always seemed to me to be an exceptionally bright, hustling fellow.

Walters—Well, so he is, but he's a chump, just the same. He got a good job as collector for Smith, Jones & Brown a month ago and he hustled so that he had collected all their accounts last Saturday. Then they discharged him because they hadn't anything for him to do.—Somerville Journal.

Wonderful.

Emptthead—Prof. Seekifer tells me that his experiments with X rays are progressing so nicely that he expects to be able to take a picture of my brain in a short time.

Knockley—That will be bringing science down to a very fine point, won't it?—Philadelphia North American.

CATARRALH WEAKNESS.

Some Facts That Every Woman Ought to Know.

Catarrh is a very frequent cause of that class of diseases popularly known as female weakness. Catarrh of the pelvic organs produces such a variety of disagreeable and irritating symptoms that many people—in fact the majority of people—have no idea that they are caused by catarrh. A great proportion of the women have seen called by the various doctors she has consulted as many different names. These women have been treated and have taken medicines with no relief, simply because the remedies are not adapted to catarrh. It is through a mistaken notion as to the real nature of the disease that these medicines have been recommended to them. If all the women who are suffering from any form of female weakness would write to Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio, and give him a complete description of their symptoms and the peculiarities of their trouble, he will immediately reply with complete directions for treatment, free of charge.

A book on Female Diseases, written by Dr. Hartman, will be sent free to any woman who wants it.

A boy is awfully young when anything his mother says scares him.

It is a pious farmer who does not work on Sunday during harvest.

Almost any habit seems to be fashionable.

"Mend it or End it,"

has been the rallying cry of reform, directed against abuses municipal or social.

For the man who lets himself be abused by a cough the cry should be modified to: Mend it, or it'll end you. You can mend any cough with

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

A STORY OF GOLD
And Description of Cripple Creek.
Every Page Illustrated. Price 50 Cents.

5¢ Cut out this ad and send with 25 cents (stamps or silver) and book will be mailed postpaid.

O. W. CRAWFORD,
1312 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.



Battle-Ax PLUG

The umpire now decides that "BATTLE AX" is not only decidedly bigger in size than any other 5 cent piece of tobacco, but the quality is the finest he ever saw, and the flavor delicious. You will never know just how good it is until you try it.

19 Years' Experience

Just think of the wealth of wisdom accumulated during 19 years of building good bicycles, that comes to you for the \$100 you pay for

Columbia Bicycles

STANDARD OF THE WORLD.

The buyer of a Columbia has no uncertainty. He knows its quality and workmanship are right—the Columbia scientific methods make them so.

\$100 TO ALL ALIKE

Beautiful Art Catalogue of Columbia and Hartford Bicycles is free if you call upon Columbia agent; by mail from us for two 2-cent stamps.

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

Branch Stores and Agencies in almost every city and town. Columbia is not properly represented in your vicinity, list name.

FAILURES IN THE WHOLESALE MARKETS

Induced us to purchase too large a stock of DRY GOODS and CLOTHING this season. We positively will not carry any goods over to next year, therefore Offer TO the public Our Entire Stock at the lowest sacrifice prices known in the History of West Texas. Come early.

DRY GOODS.

Light Shirting Prints, standard make 3 1-2 cents.

Dress Gingham 8 1-3, 10 and 12 1-2 cent quality, during sale 5 cents per yard.

Apron Gingham fast colors regular, 6 1-4 cents, quality, during sale 3 1-2 cents per yard.

Redigo Blue Calico (American) worth 1-4 cents, during sale 4 cents per yard.

35 inch Bleached Domestic, worth 5 cents, during sale 3 1-2c.

32 inch Heavy Sea Island Domestic 7 1-4 cent quality, during sale 4 cents per yard.

We must sell our stock, so come to see us.

50 pieces figured Challie, during sale 2 1-2 cents per yard.

50 pieces of Figured Lawn 10c quality, during sale only 4 1-2 cents per yard.

10 pieces shaded Crepon 12 1-2 cent goods, during sale 5 cents.

Large sized Turkish Towels only 10 cents each.

12 papers of pins 10 cents.

2 paper best needles 5 cents.

10 cent quality Indian Linen only 6 1-2 cents.

7 cent quality Check Nainsook 4 1-2 cents.

15 cent quality Imported Zephyr Gingham 7 1-2 cents.

10 cent quality Curtain, only 4c.

12 inch Bleached Domestic Table damask only 20 cents per yard.

Your money's worth at our Store

5 cent quality White Lawn only 3 cents.

50 pieces Figured Dimities, five sheer quality, worth 12 1-2 c during sale 6 3-4 cents per yard.

10 pieces Cold Plaid Lawn 12 1-2c quality, only 7 1-2cents a yard.

15 pieces Flatter Duck 15 cent quality, only 8 1-3 cents per yard.

20 Cent quality, Wool Challie, during sale 5 cents per yard.

SHOES.

Ladies pink and blue Sandals worth \$1.50, during sale 75 cents.

Ladies plain opera slippers worth \$1.00, at 50 cents.

Ladies black Dongola one strap Sandal \$1.25, only 65 cents.

Ladies black Dongola, Oxfords square, patent tip, \$1.50 quality only 90 cents per pair.

Men's Kip Boots solid leather worth \$2.25, our price \$1.35.

Boys Boots worth \$1.50, our price \$1.25.

Men's Genuine Calf Boot, former price \$3.50 during sale \$2.00.

Ladies Tan Oxford regular \$1.25 quality, our price 85 cents.

Misses Sandals sizes 12 to 2 in tan and black \$1.25 quality, only 75 cents.

Misses Oxfords sizes 5 to 6 in tan and black 40 cents per pr.

Baby slippers size 3 to 8 our price 25 cents.

An assorted lot of Misses Slippers with heels, worth from 75 to \$1.25 Choice 35 cents per pair.

Men's Oxford Ties Viel Kid regular 2.25 quality, during sale 1.65.

Men's 2-buckle Grain and Kip Brogan Shoes worth \$1.50 during sale \$1.10.

HATS.

Men's black Wool Hats, former price \$1, during sale 50 cents.

Boys latest style Hats all colors worth 75 cents, during sale 35c.

Men's Casimere Hats wide brim Black and White low crown, worth \$3.00 to \$4.50, now for \$1.25 each.

Men's back and tan Cassimere Hats worth \$2.00, during sale \$1.00

MILLINERY.

Our special pattern Hats are the proper styles. We have cut the price to half.

We have the largest stock of Sailors and Straw goods in West Texas at the right price.

Come and see us as we want your business, if fair and square dealing cuts any figure, why then we are your people.

Money back in every instance if you want it.

This Sale Will Last Till Stock Is Reduced. Come Early Before Sizes and Patterns are Picked Over.

L. SCHWARTZ & CO. The Leaders.

M. ALEXANDER, Managing Partner, SAN ANGELO, TEXAS.

LOCAL CHIPS.

More grass.
Good crops.
More rain Monday.
Politics is warming up.
They are all here to cry.
Old Coke is all right now.
Implements at Hagelsteins, Angelo.
Pay for your paper to-day.
Another fine rain fell last Sunday.
Hardware at Hagelsteins, San Angelo.
Bester Spinks, of Nolan county, was in the city Monday.
Well Supplies, Hagelsteins, Angelo.
Uncle Johnie Rodgers was in town Saturday.
Glassware at Hagelsteins, San Angelo.

Guitars, Mandolins,

Violins,

STRINGS AND INSTRUCTORS
For All
INSTRUMENTS.
SHEET MUSIC, MUSIC BOOKS
PIANOS From \$190 up.
ORGANS " \$35 "

Send for Catalogue,
GEO. ALLEN,
San Angelo, Texas.
The only exclusive Music house
in WEST TEXAS.
PIANO MORGAN
Tuning and Repairing.

Mr. E. C. Good is on the sick list this week.

Just as predicted, the drought broke up with a rain.

The Colorado took a rise of several feet last Sunday.

A. K. Landers, was in the city several hours Wednesday.

Hacks at Hagelsteins, San Angelo.

R. B. Higgins went to San Angelo this week.

Aeromotors at Hagelsteins, Angelo.

Brother Bates preached to the Banco people last Sunday.

Born: To Mr. and Mrs. John Kay Kendall on the 29th a fine boy.

Brother A. M. Jay filled his appointment here Sunday.

Tinware at Hagelsteins, San Angelo.

Considerable rain fell between here and San Angelo Monday.

J. D. O'Daniel was here several days this week.

C. W. McCutchen was here a few hours Thursday.

Binders at Hagelstein, San Angelo.

Mr. Charles Roe and son Jack, of Hayrick were in the city Thursday.

Mr. B. N. Tancibilli has our thanks for a load of wood on subscription.

Only a few more days until the Democratic party decides her fate.

Masters at Hagelstein San Angelo.

Brother Bates reports a good interesting Sunday school at Sarco.

Wire, at Hagelsteins, San Angelo.

Mr. Fred Baker, of the Grape creek country, was in town Monday.

S. L. Mitholand gave the Rustler office a pleasant call last Saturday.

Go to A. D. White, San Angelo Texas, for fresh Groceries of all kinds.

Prof. Popplewell, of Bronte was in the city last Saturday.

Miss Alice Craway, of Hayrick is attending the Summer Normal at Sweetwater.

Eclipse Repairs at E. L. Wilson Angelo.

Tomorrow is Brother Berryman's appointment day to preach here—come out and hear him.

W. T. Winters has sold his farm on Oak creek to Will Read and will probably move to Hamilton county.

Wagons at Hagelsteins, San Angelo.

Will Warren, of the Oak creek country was seen on the streets Monday.

C. M. Brown, of Silver, was in town Tuesday and reports fine rains in his section of the country.

There is still talk of Cal McCutchen coming out for the Assessors office.

Electors at Hagelsteins, San Angelo.

R. L. Allen, J. B. Morris and Frank Robinson called at the Rustler office Monday.

Mr. L. D. Sheppard, and daughters, are visiting friends and relatives in San Angelo this week.

Wm. Childress and Pleas left last week for the Territory, where Pleas is to spend the summer with their cattle.

W. R. McDonald and W. H. Walton went to San Angelo Thursday and returned Friday.

Job Press For Sale.

A good second hand No. 3. Liberty job press for sale or will trade for a smaller one.

J. I. Westfall, of Silver was here Thursday and they had good rains in his part of the country, but not as much as the needed.

Good Goods, low prices, honest weights and good measure is my motto. Come and see me when in San Angelo and be convinced that this is the place to buy your Groceries and Grain.

A. D. White Post Office block.

W. B. Moore, of the Ft. Chadbourne country, was in town Thursday with a load of corn for J. H. Burroughs.

E. Meineille, the Coke county cattleman and farmer, arrived Monday from a three weeks to Williamson county, accompanied by his nephew, John Saul.—S. A. Standard.

Coke county was represented in San Angelo by G. C. Arnett, E. Meineille, J. A. Gardner, Jr., C. C. Merchant, Frank Harris and others the first of the week.

Miss Eva Vestal has been visiting Miss Lucy Mobley this week at their new home, about four miles south of town.

Messrs Buchanan and Dancer of Robert Lee, were down fishing a few days this week.—Ballinger Ledger.

Mrs. Cyrus Odem of Ft. Chadbourne, was in the city last week visiting Mr. and Mrs. G. Odem and other relatives.—Ballinger Ledger.

E. Meineille and G. C. Arnett, two prominent stockmen of the Edith country were in the city Monday on their way to San Angelo.

Mrs. J. O. Toliver and children returned from Hitson Monday, where they have been visiting Mr. Cooper a brother of Mrs Tolivers.

I. C. Baldwin, a merchant prince of the lovely little town of Crews, spent a few hours in the city yesterday. L. Binger Banner Leader.

M. D. Boyd, and family of Hylton, Nolan county, are visiting friends and relatives in the city. They intend staying over until after the barbecue. Mr Boyd says they had fine rains in his section of the country, but too late for the corn crop.

TONSORIAL EMPORIUM

Jess. Buchanan, Pro.

Shaving, Shampooing, Hair Cutting etc., done in the best of style. When needing work done in his line call on him

The Second-Hand Furniture Store

Keeps on hand at all times a full stock New and Second-Hand Furniture, a full line of Cooking and Heating Stoves, Bed Springs, Mattresses, Red Room Suits, Marble and Wood tops.

Mrs. E. C. Fitzgerald,

Opposite L. Schwartz & Co's.,
San Angelo, Texas.

Millinery And Dress Making.

I have a select line of Millinery Goods now opened up in the lower part of the Odd Fellows building. I am now ready to wait on any and all who may want anything in that line, also careful attention paid to Dress Making.

MRS. M. B. INGRAM,

ROBERT LEE, TEXAS.

Polk Livery Stable

I have bought the POLK LIVERY STABLE and every

Buggy, Hack and Harness

is new and first class, with the very best TEAMS. In connection with the Stable I run the only Wagon Yard. Coke county patronage is most respectfully solicited.

J. R. SIMPSON.

SWEETWATER TEXAS.

Residence For Sale.

One of the best residences in Robert Lee for sale for only \$300. \$100 in cash, the balance on easy terms.

Good, roomy house, well finished and painted; 2 lots fenced; both cistern and well, good lots, and other improvements. Buy before the bargain is called in. Apply at this office.

The Coke county people are invited, when in Ballinger to stop at the Pearce Hotel, only \$1.00 per day to them. All trains met by porter. Free feed yard to patrons.

H. D. PEARCE, Proprietor.

Wagon Yard Change Hands.

We desire to notify the public that we now own and operate the Wagon Yard formerly owned by W. E. Eschridge on Hutching Ave and will take the utmost pains to see that all customers are given every accommodation. Good camp houses and other conveniences; also feed kept for sale. The Coke county people are cordially invited to give us a trial, and you are our customers.

CURRIE BROS.,
Ballinger, Texas.

POLITICAL CONVENTIONS.

For the following political conventions, the Santa Fe will make round trip rates of one fare from all of its Texas and Indian Territory points.

National Prohibition Convention, Pittsburg Pa. May 27th, '96.
National I. publican Convention, St. Louis, Mo. June 16th, 1896.
National Peoples Convention, St. Louis, Mo. July 22nd, 1895.

For particulars as to limits and time cards call upon any Santa Fe agent or write to

W. S. Keenan,
General Passenger agent,
Galveston, Texas.

GOOD NEWSPAPERS AT A VERY LOW PRICE.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS (Galveston or Dallas) is published Tuesdays and Fridays. Each issue consists of eight pages. There are special departments for the farmers, the ladies and the boys and girls, besides a world of general news matter, illustrated articles, etc.

We offer THE SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS and the RUSTLER for 12 months for the low clubbing price of \$1.80 cash.

This gives you three papers a week, or 156 papers a year, for a ridiculously low price.

Hand in your subscriptions at once.



Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1.00 price list and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

NOTICE.

I have sold my groceries to Dr. J. O. Toliver and have put my books and accounts in the hands of J. T. Hamilton for collection, and all who are indebted to me will please come in at once and pay him or make satisfactory arrangements otherwise.

Respectfully,
B. F. Montgomery.

The City Hotel

Is the place to stop. Everything is home like; nice, clean and comfortable. Good grub, pleasant rooms, and beds that you can sleep in. Only Hotel in Sweetwater. Fare \$1.00 per day.

A. J. Roy, Proprietor.
Advertise in the Rustler.

WILL SIMMONS FREE.

Broke Jail At Ballinger Saturday and took French Leave.

News was received Saturday evening by Sheriff Shields that Will Simmons, who is under sentence of fifty years for the murder of Jack Lehmon, had successfully effected his escape from the Ballinger jail and had cut the Menardville telephone wire. Sheriff Shields immediately formed a posse composed of Deputy Sheriffs West and Runyon, and Cy Ogden Jack Miles, Will Talbott and Tom Farmer, and left for the country south of San Angelo with the intention of heading off and capturing the fugitive.

Up to the hour of going to press last night these officers had not returned; it is therefore inferred that they must be on a hot trail and have hopes of getting the man.—San Angelo Enterprise.

CENTRAL HOTEL.

Mr. Q. Lee, at the old Nickel Store in San Angelo is now fully prepared to meet the demands of the eating and sleeping public. Meals or beds 25 cents. Good rates by the week or month. Call there, try him once and you will go again.

The railroads running into Kansas City have done away with the \$1.50 terminal charge, and Chicago is now the only point that allows the steel.—S. A. Enterprise.

Buggies at Hagelsteins, San Angelo.

Our reporter informs us that there was a delightful musical entertainment at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Douglass last Saturday night. Glen Boozer and Cyrus Odem furnished banjo and violin music.

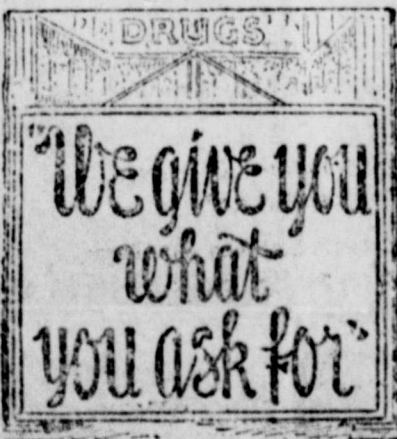
On Wednesday morning about 8 o'clock, K. Green, of Sanger, was bitten by a rattlesnake on the forefinger of the right hand. The bite was fatal to town Thursday morning for medical treatment. The hand and arm are badly swollen, with blisters here and there over the fingers and hand. The appearance of having been burned. It may require amputation.

Those that missed the barbecue to day missed half their life.

J. W. Ashurst, of the divide was in from the divide yesterday.

Our old time friend, Cal McCutchen one of the best farmers in Coke county has our thanks for a fine winter-meal presented us Friday. This is the first we have seen this year.

Will Cathey and Grand Pa Hayley made a business trip to San Angelo Wednesday night and returned Thursday night.



A smart Broadway, New York, druggist has this sign hanging outside his store; it marks the new era of drug selling. Is it any wonder that he has to enlarge his quarters, that his clerks are busy, and that his store is one of the most popular along the leading thoroughfare? You can afford to trade with a druggist who gives you **SCOTT'S EMULSION** when you ask for it.

Burns & Bell, DRY-GOODS, CLOTHING, GROCERIES AND MERCHANT TAYLORING.

When in COLORADO give us a trial.

COLORADO ----- TEXAS.

When In Sweetwater CALL ON D. S. ARNOLD & CO., Groceries & Hardware.

Jehu Graham.

BLACK SMITH AND WOODWORKMAN. Will make new and repair old wagons and carriages. Knife Blades of all kind made to order.

PLOW WORK A SPECIALTY

Prices reasonable and all work guaranteed to be first class. East side square. Sweetwater Texas.

Robert Lee & San Angelo STAGE & EXPRESS LINE.

SINGLE TRIP \$1.50 ROUND 2.50

Good Horses, Hacks and best time a Specialty. Orders left at R. E. HARRIS & Bro., San Angelo, or J. T. HAMILTON'S, Robert Lee will receive prompt attention. Reasonable charges on all packages or freight.

Don Green, Proprietor.

DON'T BE FOOLED
into buying spurious imitations of
B. T. BABBITT'S POTASH
Sold under similar names and labels.
THE BEST AND PUREST
Put up in
WHITE TIN CANS
containing one pound full weight
is manufactured only by
B. T. BABBITT
NEW YORK CITY
and has stood the test for over 55 years.

J. J. VESTAL.

Blacksmith and Wheel-Wright

South East Corner Square. - - - ROBERT LEE, TEXAS.

SOMETHING NEW.

My goods have now arrived.
I have in stock a full line of

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, STOVES,

CARTRIDGES, WAGONS AND BUGGIES.

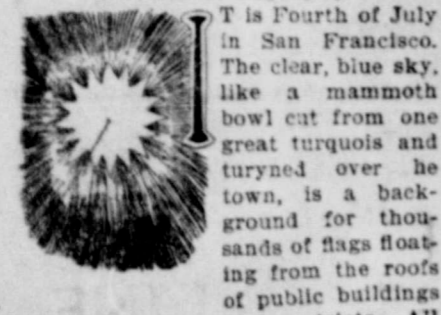
COFFINS AND UNDERTAKERS GOODS.
All Kinds of Tin Work Done To Order.

We most Respectfully solicit your continued patronage.
BULLOUGH & CO.
South West Corner 6th Square.
ROBERT LEE, TEXAS.



THE FATAL STAR.

A Fourth of July Story.



It is Fourth of July in San Francisco. The clear, blue sky, like a mammoth bowl cut from one great turquoise and turnyed over the town, is a background for thousands of flags floating from the roofs of public buildings and windows of private patriots. All the flags are big. Everything is on a large scale in California, the fruit that is exposed for sale, the great roses that enamored youths are buying for their adored ones. The children are playing in the streets with mighty torpedoes, that make an explosion calculated to deafen one. Large men, with ample ladies on their arms, may be seen in every direction. Immense baskets are being borne to the doors of their customers by grocers, butchers and confectioners. Immense suppers are to be given tonight, and many happy returns of the glorious Fourth will be drunk in rivers of champagne. Everything is on a large scale but the Chinese, whose small figures and alert movements are in marked contrast to the bulk and size of everything else with which the eye falls.

Yet little Washy-Washy balances on his head a clothes-basket that would serve him for a cradle, or in his kitchen—for he is a favorite cook with California housewives—stirs a pot in which he might easily be boiled himself.

In the arms of San Francisco sleeps Chinatown, the curious offspring of old China, of which Americans think that they know all that is to be known because they can visit the shops and go into all the strange places, and, if they are in the humor, make themselves sick with an opium-pipe among opium smoking Chinamen.

Lin Ham is an ordinary dealer. He keeps no shop. He executes orders for the favored few. Each he puts a surprise—an invention of all made of color—are the curious boats, the water, apparently by means of a single man in blue the stern, manned by little



BLINKS UP AT THE FACE OF A TALL MAN.

and gold and crimson, and all going off in a wonderful flash and whiz and spatter at last. His are those cylinders which, rising into the air, discharge wonderful sprays and stars and jewels skyward, while at the same time fiery little acrobats let themselves earthward by golden ropes and only vanish as they touch the ground. His was the great green dragon that coiled and darted moonward, and wrote "July"

across the sky before it changed into the flag of our nation, which every one so admired last Independence Day.

At present something that smells very curiously is smoking and steaming in queer fashion, in what looks like a little furnace, and Lin Ham, while still busy with his hands, twists his head about and blinks up into the face of a tall man in a curious, theatrical costume, who stands with his bare arms folded on his chest, and looks down upon him. The man wants Lin Ham to invent a fatal trick.

"Such things are costly," he says. "I do not say that I have anything of the sort, but if I had, you would not buy them, Min Toko."

They are speaking in Chinese, for Min Toko, though not a child of Chinese parents, has been brought up by them. You can believe the story that his father was a Russian and his mother a Tartar when you look at him.

A little Chinese boatwoman took him



"COME TO ME ALL YE BUTTERFLIES"

from his dying mother's arms and nursed him with her own, somewhere near those quarters where there are English warehouses and the barbarian comes to traffic in tea and porcelain, and he starved and played and swam about with her own, and early in his boyhood came to San Francisco. There he dwelt in Chinatown, and became renowned amongst the showmen of San Francisco for his acrobatic feats. To-night he is engaged to assist in a performance on the lawn before the mansion of Benson Blashfield, Esq. Mr. Blashfield will have fireworks and a great supper, the crowning feature of which will be the feats of Min Toko, who, amongst other things, throws a rope into the air, where it is caught by some unseen power, sends a kitten up its length until it vanishes from sight, sends a monkey to find it, follows himself and draws the rope up after him, and ten minutes after is heard calling from the inside of a great lacquered box to be let out, and there he is, indeed, coiled up like a great serpent. Oh, there is nothing Min Toko can't do, and no one ever discovers how he does anything.

Now he laughs. "I know you have what I want, or can make it in a twinkling, Lin Ham," he answers. "As for money, I am richer than you think. Name your price. I have told you what I want—to kill a man without a knife or a blow or poison—to kill him so that it seems to be done by the hand of Fate; so that no one can suspect me."

"Is he a Chinaman?" asks Lin Ham. "He is an American," said Min Toko. "He has taken the woman I love from me. This rich man, to whose house I go to-night, has a daughter. I love her. You grin! Why not? I am handsome; I am no Chinaman; I am famous. I am a favorite with the ladies, and

she smiled on me. You grin again! Of course, the rich man would say no. I did not mean to ask the rich man. If she loved me, that was enough. I could spirit her away where they would never find us. That is what I mean to do."

"You are mad!" says Lin Ham.

"No," says the acrobat. "She could be won. She can be still, if I can kill the man."

"Do you mean her father?" cries Lin Ham.

"No. To-night they celebrate her marriage," said the acrobat. "To-morrow the bridegroom will take her away. To-night I must kill him. She will be a widow for awhile; afterward, mine."

"It is the dream of a madman," says Lin Ham.

"Does it matter to you?" asks the acrobat. "I know that it was you who made the toy the rich tea merchant gave to his wife when he found she was false to him. The little bird that perched on her wrist and sang and bit her fingers like a real bird, and of the bite she died. I know it was you who—"

"No more reminiscences!" cries Lin Ham. "I admit that I have another toy that, with a slight addition, I could make in ten minutes would wipe your rival out of existence. But of what avail would it be? Rich American ladies do not marry such as you. Her relatives would kill you if you touched her hand."

"I have kissed it thrice when we were alone," says Min Toko. "Yes, I have kissed her hands three times. The next time it should have been her mouth. Let me kill this bridegroom so that she cannot suspect me, and it shall be yet. Look!" He thrusts his hand into his tunic and draws forth a pouch. "See!" he whispers, piling bank notes before Lin Ham. "How much for that toy?"

The eyes of the old man glitter. He gathers up the heap in his claw-like hands, and says, slowly:

"This sum makes me have enough with which to return to China and live there happy for the rest of my life. After all, what does one more dead barbarian matter? But I will tell you this: Unless you can make your rival take the toy in his own hands, it is useless."

"I can manage that," Min Toko replies.

The old Chinese goes to a little recess



"I DIE FOR YOU."

in the room, before which hangs a beaded screen, and comes back, holding in his hand a curious kite.

"You fly it like any other kite," he explains. "When at its full length, you begin to call: 'Come down, butterfly!' A butterfly descends the cord and flies away. Follow rose!" you say. A rose glides down the string and drops to ashes. 'Come down, pretty mouse!' you call next. The mouse descends and runs up your shoulder and is gone.

Then you call for a blue bird, for a white bird, for a red bird, for a yellow bird, a green bird. Thus it might end with the applause of the people. But let me work upon this kite ten minutes longer and add one trifle more, and then there will be something else to see. Then you may call aloud: 'Come to me out of the sky, bright star.' And far above you may see a star shine, bright as any in the heavens. At this moment, he whom you wish to kill must hold the cord, for that star brings death. As it touches the man's breast life departs from him. Mark me well, the other things that come down the cord are innocent as drops of dew. The star is fatal."

"I understand," replies Min Toko.

"Hasten with your work, Lin Ham."

A little later the old Chinese puts into the hands of the younger man a paper box covered with shining roses, butterflies and birds, and says to him: "Min Toko, the great performer, you have bought me a pretty kite, which brings down from heaven the birds of the air, and the flowers the spirits pluck. For all I know, you may coax the stars down its cord also. It is well made. If any accident happens, that is the fault of others, not mine. I am not responsible."

"I absolve you from all responsibility, Lin Ham," replies Min Toko.

He throws about him a cloak that covers his theatrical costume, and carries the box downstairs, where a carriage containing the paraphernalia used in his exhibition awaits him, and is driven to Mr. Blashfield's residence. There they celebrate not only the glorious Fourth but a wedding.

Early in the evening, the rich man's daughter, Rosabel Blashfield, had been married to Mr. Arthur Ware, the son of another California magnate. There has been the usual reception, the usual display of gorgeous presents, a fine band has been playing, professional dancers have done their part; now they are ready for Min Toko and his performances.

The whole lawn is flooded with electric light, and, in mighty tents, all decorated with roses, they are setting forth a feast. The bride and bridegroom sit upon a sort of throne that seems made of orange blossoms. Tiers of seats, occupied by people in evening dress, surround the lawn, leaving an archway through which the performers enter. It is opposite the bridal throne; and, as Min Toko passes through, bowing and smiling, his eyes meet those of the bride, and he seems to give her special greeting.

Standing in the midst of the circle, he begins to gather, from heaven knows where, white roses, of which he makes a mighty ball, how, no one can guess. This he throws toward the throne. As it floats in the air it opens and forth flies a little pink Cupid, who flings kisses abroad and flies skyward and is gone. Thunders of applause follow this compliment to the bride, and then the little boy-in-waiting on Min Toko brings in the chairs, the tables, the fans, the wands, the boxes, and the show begins. It is sufficient to say that the man seems to be able to overcome the laws of gravitation, to stand upon nothing, to fold himself up like a foot-rule, to put himself away in spaces that seem impossible; and to do all this gracefully, with beautiful accessories.

The bride's eyes never leave him. Min Toko did not boast falsely. Though his position and residence in Chinatown seem to her to place him as far beneath her as though she were an empress and he a serf, she has always admired him intensely, and she knows that he is in love with her. She has often wished that he were of her race and kind. He has been made a sort of pet amongst the Californians before whom he has performed, and he has had opportunities to speak a few words to her and, as he said, to kiss her hand thrice. To-night she feels that she bids him adieu and to-night he fascinates her strangely.

When at last, as usual, he inquires if any two of the audience will assist him in some closing performances, she whispers to her bridegroom:

"Come, Arthur, let us go."

And the young man replies. "Awfully bad form; but if you wish it, of course."

It is a look that Min Toko has given her that makes her do this thing, and the bridegroom hands her down into the center of the lawn, and they three stand together there.

"Will you be pleased to help me fly this kite, sir?" says Min Toko to the bridegroom, as he flings into the air the thing we know of. "See, this is how!"

The kite darts upward swiftly in a moment. Its brilliant breast is no longer visible. Only a long copper-colored cord shimmers in the air from Min Toko's hand moonward.

"Come to me all ye butterflies!" he cries. "Come! Come!" And down the cord sweep a myriad butterflies and cover the performer's bosom and vanish. "Little mouse!" he cries. "Come, little mouse!" and whistles exquisitely. And the little gray mouse creeps down, sits on his shoulder and is gone. "And now, sir," Min Toko says, with a bow to the groom and a smile to the bride, "if you like you may call a blue bird and a white bird, a red bird, a yellow bird, a green bird, and after that one of the stars from heaven." And he puts

the cord into the bridegroom's hand, who calls loudly:

"Here, you blue bird, come if you can!" And there is a blue bird and amidst shouts of merriment, and while the bride claps her little palms and showers smiles about her, the birds of all colors come down.

The green bird has arrived and disappeared, when suddenly the bride puts forth her hand playfully and snatches the cord from the bridegroom's hand.

"You shan't have all the fun," she says, with a pretty pout. "I intend to call the star down myself. Ah, how the cord pulls! No, you shan't touch it. I will do it alone. What do you say, Min Toko? 'Brightest star of heaven come to me!' Is that right?"

She beams on him and lifts her sweet, shrill voice and calls aloud, and far up in the sky appears a great diamond star, that shimmers and glows as it comes earthward. And, with one wild spring, Min Toko snatches the cord from the bride's hand, saying something that she only hears as he does so, and pushing her fiercely from him so that she falls into her bridegroom's arms.

Then the star is upon Min Toko's breast and he lies upon the ground, and the gaudy kite flutters down and lies beside him; and those who gather about him see that he is dead, with the fearful burn of electricity upon his bosom.

The kite must have attracted it, they say. Plainly, when he snatched it from the bride's hand, he saw that there was danger. Poor fellow! How brave! How noble!

There are no more festivities that night, of course—no feast, no fireworks.

All night the bride weeps bitterly, and when, in the morning, her bridegroom bears her away, she is still broken-hearted.

The words that Min Toko whispered as he snatched the fatal cord from her are still ringing in her ears. She will never repeat them to any one, but she can never forget them. They were: "Adieu, my love! I die for you!"

A GENTLEMAN OF '76.

He cut a gallant figure
In bonnie buff and blue;
A goodly sight his buckles bright,
And primly powdered queue!

A more courageous quester
Ne'er served Sultan nor Shah
Than he, my brave ancestor,
My great-great-grandpapa!

And then in his elation
Did my forefather gay
Speak out the word he'd long deferred
For fear she'd say him "Nay!"

And when he saw how tender
Within her eyes the light,
He cried—"In your surrender
I read—we win the fight!"

And when the freedom-pean
Swept, surgelike, through the dell,
A mighty clang whose echoes rang
From Philadelphia bells—

Loud from a stern old steple
He hurled the proud burrah,
The Joy-peal to the people,

My great-great-grandpapa.
He held the brutal Briton
A "thing" beneath his scorn;
A tory he conceived to be
The basest calf born;

And not a neighbor wondered
He looked upon them so—
Forsooth, that was one hundred
And twenty years ago!

How true the happy presage!
In faith, how teal and true!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.



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Thy whole long life of love and strife,
Thou saint in buff and blue!
Beyond all touch of travail,
With great-great-grandmamma,
Now flooding time, slips by in rhyme
For great-great-grandpapa!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Look Out for Your Boys.

Giant firecrackers this year are fourteen inches long, and contain powder enough to break a plate-glass window when exploded on the curb. Small boys will not only have to look for their fingers on the Fourth, but parents will have to look for their boys.—Kansas City Journal.