

THE GRAHAM LEADER.

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No. 45.

BIGHAM & CRAIN,

Have Removed to Randolph Building, next door to the R. G. Grahm Drug Store, where they have one of the finest and best stocks of

GROCERIES,

To Be Found Anywhere.

They make a specialty of

FRESH FRUITS,
VEGETABLES, ETC.,

And are always supplied with

EVERY DELICACY OF THE SEASON.

They pay Cash for all

Marketable Country Produce,

And Can Always Supply Their Customers With Everything in This Line.

Telephone Line in Connection.
BIGHAM & CRAIN.

PRICE BROS.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

SADDLES & HARNESS.

We carry a full and complete stock.

Fine Hand Work a Specialty.

All Repairing Done Promptly at Low Figures.

GRAHAM TEXAS.

The J. B. Norris Hardware Co.

ARE CARRYING AN IMMENSE STOCK!

BUGGIES, HACKS, CARRIAGES, WAGONS, REYS, PHAETONS, COLTIVATORS, HARROWS



AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, WIND MILLS, TANKS, PUMPS, PIPING, ETC.

IN FACT, EVERYTHING FOUND IN A FIRST CLASS HARDWARE HOUSE.

Our Tin and Repair Shop is Complete.

AND ALL ORDERS WILL BE EXECUTED ON SHORT NOTICE.

Large Stock of Heating and Cooking Stoves,

Among which the "SUPERIOR" "WOOD HAWK" "CHARTER" "OAK" and other popular brands, which we are selling at Reasonable Prices.

GRAHAM TEXAS.

PORTER & EDDLEMAN,

MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN

Saddles, Bridles, Harness, Whips, &c.

Everything in our line kept constantly on hand or made to order on short notice.

BUGGY TOP REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

B. Norman, President. F. Arnold, First Vice President. B. Norris, Second Vice President.

W. T. Stewart, Cashier. J. T. Norman, Ass't. Cashier.

4418.

The Beckham National Bank.

Capital, \$100,000. Surplus, 25,000.

Colonel Ed. S. Terrell.

The historical edition of the Fort Worth Mail-Telegram, issued recently, gives the following sketch of an old citizen of Young county, formerly a citizen of Fort Worth, which will be read with interest by his numerous friends:

"One of the most remarkable of the sterling characters who made homes for themselves in Tarrant county nearly half a century ago was Colonel Ed S. Terrell, who is still living near Fort Belknap, nearly 90 years old. He came to the locality of Fort Worth in the early '40's and was captured by the Indians, but he talked them into letting him go to get a fresh supply of flour, with which to make more bread, he having captured their stomachs by his ability as a baker. It is needless to say that he did not return. Colonel Terrell was a great trader, and has been rich and poor at intervals during the whole of his long life. He had a contract to furnish the government with pork for the military posts, and spent \$20,000 in preparations. The contract was a failure. He is described by J. C. Terrell, who is a distant relative, as a man with a bushel of brains, uneducated, but a great reader of the newspapers and the possessor of a most remarkable memory. He signed with a cross, but his signature was good in those early days. Innumerable stories are told of his eccentricities and love of practical jokes. During one of his periods of financial depression he opened up a saloon in a log house that had been occupied by Gideon Nance. His wife was commonly referred to by him as "Cindy," and one day when indications of a northern were prevalent, Colonel Terrell called to his negro boy: "Nath, there's going to be a norther. Smash up some more wood for Cindy." "Marse Ed," responded the negro boy, "you know dere's no wood." "Then take another log out," was the cheerful response, and by the time the winter was over there were very few logs left in the old log cabin. Terrell was at one time postmaster in Arkansas, and ran the office on very primitive principles. One day a threatening looking letter came in a big blue envelope. As the postmaster could not read, he gave it to one of the idlers to peruse its contents. The interpreter was a little hazy about his understanding of its contents, and told him there was something in it about "Moll Fessens," who was threatening to sue him. "She's a d—llar. I never owed her a cent," was the reply to this information.

It was later learned that the letter was an official one from the postal authorities, who objected to the informal manner of conducting the affairs of the office, and threatened action for malfeasance. The colonel resigned. On the organization of the first city government of Fort Worth, Colonel Terrell was appointed city marshal, but only held the office one year.

He has several sons, three of whom are prominent cattlemen in Western Texas, and a fourth is a leading citizen of Colorado.

William McKinley and Mark Hanna, his political manager, first met in an Ohio court early in the '70's, when McKinley acquitted twenty-two out of twenty-three miners whom Hanna was prosecuting for having set fire to his mines at Massillon. It was by these mines that Mr. Hanna laid the foundations of his fortune, and he now possesses iron mines in Minnesota, in Michigan, in the Great Gogebic region and in Illinois. The nearest Mr. Hanna has ever come to holding a political office was his selection by Grover Cleveland as a government director in the Union Pacific railroad. Mr. Hanna transacts his political affairs in the same offices in which he attends to his ordinary business.

Senator Ben Tillman calls the populists the "political refuse of our day and time." Yet, some of the pops talk of nominating him for president. They probably think Senator Ben was joking when he said that about them.

The Cyclone's Destructiveness.

Investigation has made it apparent that the number of persons killed in the St. Louis cyclone is not less than five hundred, while the direct losses of property will reach \$10,000,000. When it is remembered that this loss was inflicted within the space of a few minutes it is possible to gain some idea of the enormous power of the storm which inflicted it.

According to the local usages of the "cyclone belt" and according to the derivation of the word, the storm, which in the official vernacular of the Signal Service was a "tornado," was unquestionably a true cyclone, and whenever the word "cyclone" is telegraphed from the West it describes a storm of this character, a vortex or maelstrom of opposing and rapidly whirling currents, charged with electricity and exerting a force of destructiveness to which that of the wildest hurricane is hardly comparable.

It is not yet possible to explain how such a storm could have passed through a great and crowded city like St. Louis without killing thousands instead of hundreds. How, for instance, could a large building like the city hospital, crowded with patients, have been wrecked without the loss of a single life? How could roof after roof have been lifted off and wall after wall have been taken out in cases where no lives were lost at all?

The fact that no satisfactory answer can be given to the question shows how little we know of the cyclone. It has been known utterly to wreck a substantial brick building on one side of the street and leave frame buildings on the other unharmed. It will frequently take a side or front wall from a dwelling, leaving furniture and bric-a-brac inside in their usual order. It seems to rise and fall, bounding and rebounding, and doing its worst destruction by something wholly different from the ordinary power of the wind.

St. Louis is a city of half a million people, and this cyclone passed through some of its most thickly populated quarters. Had any straight-blowing hurricane possessed such tremendous power accompanying its steady sweep, its path through the parts of St. Louis visited by this cyclone would probably have been marked by 50,000 dead instead of 500. But fortunately no hurricane ever has such power. It resides in the cyclone and in the cyclone only.

The signal service ought to set to work collecting the data which will enable it to explain not only the origin of cyclones but their entire history. No other work it can do is of greater importance to science or to the country.—New York World.

Palo Pinto populists are trying to side track Br'er Evan Jones. He has been getting quite a boom for railroad commissioner, but the Palo Pinto county convention instructed for him for lieutenant governor. The average Palo Pinto county pop doesn't know the difference between the office of lieutenant governor and railroad commissioner. An office is an office and all offices are one and the same to him. If half the Palo Pinto county pops should ever escape from the mountains and cedar breaks of that region they would never find their way back to the place where they first saw the light. A pop is a sort of simple Simon wherever you find him, but the Palo Pinto county pop hasn't enough sense to pound sand.—Comanche Chief.

Harold G. Franke, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., a clerk, was on his way to make a deposit when he dropped \$800. He did not miss the money until he got to the bank. In the meantime several boot-blacks, who were standing on a corner, were astonished to see a flurry of \$10, \$20 and \$50 greenbacks flying about. The police then came upon the scene and recovered only \$500.

The populists, in convention assembled, nominated Barney Gibbs, of Dallas, for congress, in their convention at Waxahachie on Tuesday of last week.

A Mean Woman.

There is an elderly spinster down in Lancaster county, Pa., who has earned the reputation of being the meanest woman alive. Her whole career has tended in the direction of upholding her right to this unenviable reputation, but a recent act of hers absolutely clinched her claim in the minds of her neighbors, says a correspondent in the New York Sun.

Her meanness got her into litigation with a neighbor, which lasted several years, and ended at last in her victory by reason of the cleverness and hard work of her lawyer. She anticipated that the counsel's bill would be large, and although a woman of wealth, the thought of having to part with several hundreds racked her mentally and physically. One day the lawyer received a hurried call to her home, where, it was said, she lay at the point of death. He found his client ill abed, breathing hard and apparently very weak. She explained that she expected to die very shortly, and as she had no near kin, she wished him to draw up her last will and testament. The lawyer made ready, and then the old woman, between gasps, said:

"I want you to make the will out so that your two sons, John and William, will divide between them all my property at my death. They are fine lads, and I appreciate the fact that they have always treated me with more consideration than any of my acquaintances."

The lawyer protested. His sons had no claim on her; perhaps she had some poor, deserving relatives. No, there was none, the spinster insisted. John and William to get all, or she would not die contented. After a half hour of expostulation the lawyer finally gave in and drew up the will in favor of his sons and had it duly signed and witnessed. Then it was placed in a drawer, where the testator said it would be found at her death.

She was fast growing weaker, but managed to say: "Now, before I die, I wish to settle my bill with you for legal work."

"But, madam, after such generosity, I can not take a cent for such services. Your goodness to my sons a thousand times more than repays me for my work. I will not take a cent."

"But you must, I wish to leave this world free of debt. Name the sum at once."

Then she reached under her pillow and drew forth her purse. The lawyer, to satisfy her, named the ridiculously small sum of \$20, which he received and gave a receipt for. This done, he backed out of the room. But as soon as he was gone the elderly woman leaped from her bed in the most sprightly manner, ran to the drawer, got the will and threw it into the fireplace, where it went to ashes and smoke. She carefully filed away the receipt, dressed herself and is living to-day.

At Bridgeport, O., a law has been proposed by the sapient legislators of the city council requiring married men to report to their wives at 11 o'clock every night; Sunday and week days. The measure was introduced by a Doctor Wagner, whose efforts to thus bring about domestic reform should be published far and wide, and not allowed to remain a parish tale. No account of the worthy doctor is given. But if one were to base a guess on the experience furnished by other men of his kind, he might with safety predict that he is a man without a wife, for the reformer of the home, man or woman, is usually one who has had no opportunity of learning what a home is since quitting the parental roof. The ordinance, which was defeated, led to a free fight, in which one man received two black eyes. There is a moral here, and it is a moral which will always hold good. The man who takes too great an interest in the welfare of other men's wives is ever sure to have a load of trouble on his hands.

In his baccalaureate sermon to the University of Washington Rev. J. H. Acton a Unitarian clergyman, predicted a revolution in the United States and a general overturning of all government.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrup, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
Dr. G. C. Osmond,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other harmful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
Dr. J. F. Kinschlog,
Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ... M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria had won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
Boston, Mass.
ALLAN C. SMITH, Pres.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

Electricity's Triumph.

A telegraph message dispatched over 15,000 miles in four minutes is the latest record of electricity's triumph. That two men should have been able to flash their words of congratulation over wires strung over mountains, stretching across vast continents and beneath the wide expanse of oceans in the time mentioned—this is a feat sufficient to inspire the orator and to cause the world to wonder.

And the future triumphs of electricity will be as markedly in advance of the present as those of the present are in advance of those of the past. The fables of antiquity Mr. Depew said, are the facts of today. Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" was regarded as nothing but a novelist's dream. But the dream has long since been, in a measure, at least, realized. Every new discovery carries with it a thought, which, taking root in the mind of the enthusiast, is subsequently bodied forth in some practical achievement. That has been the record of invention in this country up to the present, and it will continue to be its record in the future.

And in nothing has electricity proved itself a greater blessing than in the manner in which it has relieved mankind of certain forms of hard and killing labor. It has done away with the necessity for the laborious work to which men were hitherto accustomed. Hence, like machinery, it has developed mechanical skill, and has, therefore, proved an inestimable blessing to the worker.

Electricity is a continuing force, and since it can be generated by water, and since water is to be found within so short a distance of many desert places, those places should in time be converted into smiling and happy homes. We are only on the eve of its greatest triumphs. Year by year we may expect to see improvement after improvement and its greatest blessings will be enjoyed by men yet unborn.—St. Louis Republic.

A society to check the decline in population has been formed in France. It proposes to attain its object by legislation. Families containing more than three children are to be free from taxation, while those having no children will be taxed heavily. The legacy duties are to be revised, and the laws regulating the division of estates among children reformed.

Consciousness of error is, to a certain extent, a consciousness of understanding; and correction of error is the plainest proof of energy and mastery.

What McKinley Will Do for Them.

The republican leaders of the east are now studying this problem: Is there anything in a McKinley administration for us? Why not ask Hanna? he knows. If it is a fact that the McKinley is backed by one of the most powerful syndicates that this country ever saw or knew, then it is reasonable to suppose he will be elected president. When elected does anybody suppose he will forget his benefactors? Nay verily, he dare not. His race is entirely independent of these old leaders. They may caucus and scheme, and plot and plan as much as they please at the St. Louis convention but money will win in the end. Kings and queens, emperors and czars, presidents and citizens, all bow down before this mighty Moloch. Why not conventions, why not candidates? Is there anything in Major McKinley's composition in touch with the grand sentiment of the immortal Clay who uttered these memorable words: "I would rather be right than president." How many politicians are there in these modern days, who place patriotism above money? No, the great republican leaders need not concern themselves about what McKinley, when seated at the White House will do for them. He is said to belong to another gang. The gang who wear the golden slippers and the silk stockings. They have bound him hand and foot, and placed a collar around his neck. The next step in the program will be, a crown upon his head, richly studded with precious stones and diamonds. The syndicate will dictate his policies and name his appointments. Great is the syndicate.—Weatherford Republic.

At a dinner recently given in London by a South African millionaire every lady was presented at dessert with a large uncut diamond from the South African mine in which the host was interested.

One who is afraid of lying is usually afraid of nothing else.

Thousands of Women

SUFFER UNTOLD MISERIES.

BRADFIELD'S

FEMALE

REGULATOR,

ACTS AS A SPECIFIC

By Arousing to Healthy Action all her Organs.

It causes health to bloom, and joy to reign throughout the frame.

... It Never Fails to Regulate ...

"My wife has been under treatment of leading physicians three years, without benefit. After using three bottles of BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR she was able to leave her bed, to cook, to milk and wash."

The Graham Leader.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
J. W. GRAVES,
GRAHAM, TEXAS.

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Arizona sends a solid silver delegation to Chicago. Maryland and Ohio are fast falling into line.

The gold standard men of New York, it is said, will contribute a million dollars to defeat McKinley at the St. Louis convention.

The North German-Lloyd Steamship Company will start a direct line of steamers between Bremen and Galveston on September 20th.

The city council of Dallas is considering the advisability of taxing bicycles one dollar each, the proceeds to be used in improving the streets.

South Carolina has \$18,000,000 invested in cotton mills, operating 40,000 looms and 1,325,000 spindles. Nearly all of the mills were erected since 1880.

Ex-Governor Hogg is the most frequently mentioned candidate for the Democratic nomination for vice president. Boies and Hogg would sweep the country.

Hon. Joshua Levering, the prohibition candidate for the presidency, is a coffee merchant and his enemies now charge that he is racing in his own interest.

"As things now look," says the Providence Journal, "if the Democrats escape a split at Chicago, we may begin to think that the inevitable can be avoided."

The populists are no longer throwing bouquets at Tillman since that conceited genius declared that he might go to the devil, but he would never go to the populist party.

The river and harbor bill which the president vetoed has been passed over the veto in both houses of Congress by more than the necessary two-thirds, and will therefore become as effective as if he had approved it.

The Kansas City Star admits that "the capture of George Taylor is among the possibilities if he has been seen in Illinois, as the dispatches state," but insists "that Taylor is not so lacking in shrewdness as to have ventured outside of Missouri."

Some people have the gall to read a paper from 6 to 18 months without paying for same and the request the postmaster to fire one of Uncle Sam's free cards at the editor stating that they do not want the paper any longer. Such a villain should be ostracized and never permitted to look upon the innocent faces of women and children, and at last be garnered into the shambles with the damned.—Bozque Baaner.

The Kaufman Sun says: "Judge E. B. Perkins, of Greenville, Texas, was sent as a delegate from the Methodist conference south to the general conference of the northern M. E. Church at Cleveland, Ohio, which has just closed. Judge Perkins made an able address before the conference which has been highly complimented by the northern press. He said in his grandfather's family there have been 32 preachers, and when his great-grandmother died she left 742 descendants, all Methodist."

The Dallas News of Thursday of last week contained a crop statement covering all sections of the State, from which we excerpt the following: The cotton crop acreage over last year is 16.6 percent. This estimate of the cotton acreage is based upon 436 reports from Texas correspondents, covering 158 counties, and including every section of the state where cotton is grown. The condition of the crop is usually excellent, and correspondents often pronounce it fine. In perhaps half a dozen instances the reports are partly or absolutely bad. Rain is generally needed in every section of the state, but correspondents usually remark that cotton can stand two or three weeks yet without rain. Corn is more affected by lack of rain than any other crop except oats, which are practically a failure and too short to cut and bind, mowers being used. In some sections correspondents state that corn will be a failure unless rain comes within a week or ten days.

Color Line Drawn.

St. Louis, Mo., June 8.—What shall be done with the colored delegates and alternates to the national republican convention is a question which is puzzling the members of the national committee, who arrived in the city, and the Business Men's league, which secured the convention to St. Louis as well. Every hotel and boarding-house and cafe came out flat-footed to-day and declared that it would entertain no negroes as a guest or as a customer. Money is no object. Threats of prosecution have had no effect, and from the present outlook it would seem that unless tents are secured the colored men will have to go hungry and unhoused.

"I am thoroughly disgusted and disappointed," said national committeeman J. G. Long of Florida to-night in speaking of the matter. "I have been looking all day long for a hotel, boarding-house or cafe that would admit negroes, but it has been a fruitless search. I even went so far as to try to charter a steamboat, but when the owners learned for what purpose it was wanted, they found an excuse for refusing me the use of the vessel. It is the first time in the history of the republican party where such an embarrassing predicament has arisen."

A special from New Orleans, under a recent date, says:

An authentic report from Shreveport says that thousands of horses, cows, mules, hogs and sheep are dying in north Louisiana from the bite of a fly. The animals are attacked in the morning and are dead by night. Hundreds of carcasses are strewn along the tracks of the Vicksburg, Shreveport and Pacific road between Monroe and Vicksburg. People are burning the bodies. The stench is almost overpowering. Passengers over this line arrived to-day and say at Delhi, where the train stops for dinner, none of the passengers left the cars because of the terrible smell. Farmers are seriously hampered in the season's crop, as they dare not bring fresh stock into the country. In the affected districts no fresh meat, milk or butter can be used, as the people fear they will be poisoned. A corps of veterinary physicians is preparing to leave for the scene to study the nature of the terrible fly. Such havoc has never known before in this section.

Mr. Pat O'Donnell, a thrifty farmer near Taylor, has discovered a successful way to kill Johnson grass. Last year he had 100 acres of very choice land to go to Johnson grass; so thick was it that the cultivation of crops in this field was abandoned. He permitted the grass to grow and when it had reached the proper height, just before maturing, he cut it for hay. Selecting the very dryest and hottest period of the summer months last year he doubled up his plow team and uprooted the sod, plowing deeply and leaving the roots of the grass exposed to the hot, dry sun, which killed them.

He has the same land planted in corn and cotton this year and out of the entire 100 acres he says a hat full of Johnson grass can not be found.

Between 2,000 and 3,000 people were killed in the rush when the czar undertook to rush the people at his coronation. But a little thing like the death of two or three thousand peasants did not disturb the festivities or prevent the czar from enjoying an appointed dance. Why should it? Russia is still in that condition of barbarism in which the czar counts for everything and the people for nothing. If the czar had been killed all Russia would have been expected to go at once into mourning. But the mere killing of two or three thousand of the common people, including women and children—why, that's another story. On with the dance; the czar is crowned!—New York World.

Georgia is spotted with cotton mills. North Carolina is spotted with tobacco factories and neither state possesses half the natural advantages that Texas does. Why is it that the people of this state do not get a move on themselves in the matter of making Texas what she should be? There should be fifty cotton mills and a half a dozen big beef and pork packing houses in this state in order to make the most out of the favors the Almighty has showered on us.—Denton M. nitor.

A severe shock of earthquake shook Colon, United States of Colombia.

Cripple

The iron grasp of scrofula has no mercy upon its victims. This denot of the blood is often not satisfied with causing dreadful sores, but racks the body with the pains of rheumatism until Hood's Sarsaparilla cures.

"Nearly four years ago I became afflicted with scrofula and rheumatism. Running sores broke out on my thighs. Pieces of bone came out and an operation was contemplated. I had rheumatism in my legs, drawn up out of shape. I lost appetite, could not sleep. I was a perfect wreck. I continued to grow worse and finally gave up the doctor's treatment to

Made Well

take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Soon appetite came back; the sores commenced to heal. My limbs straightened out and I threw away my crutches. I am now stout and hearty and am farming, whereas four years ago I was a cripple. I gladly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla." URBAN HAMMOND, Table Grove, Illinois.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, easy to take, easy to operate. 50c.

McKinley Just Explain.

Columbus, O., June 4.—The Columbus Press, one of the leading newspapers of Ohio, will print the following significant editorial tomorrow under the heading "McKinley a Silverite."

"The astonishing revelation by the New York World of William McKinley's declaration in favor of free silver, made in the Congressional campaign of 1890, removes all doubt of the ex-governor's willingness to subscribe to the free coinage doctrine if by so doing he can gain votes in the St. Louis convention. The man who declared himself a silverite in order to obtain a seat in Congress would not hesitate to repeat that performance in order to reach the White House. McKinley is that man. 'I am in favor of the use of all the silver product of the United States for money as circulating medium,' he wrote to the Farmers' Alliance in the days of that organization's prosperity. He had his own words published in the Canton Repository, a newspaper owned or controlled either by the ex-Governor or by his relatives.

"The coinage of all the products of the United States meant then and means now the coinage of the world's product. The most ardent friends of the white metal have never demanded more. McKinley knew this fact in his Congressional campaign and he knows it now. Henceforth, in the absence of an announcement of his recent conversion to the gold standard, he can only be regarded as a free silverite. Perhaps this explains his success in the far West among silver delegates.

COMING.

The 4th of July is coming, and with it the 5th annual celebration and basket picnic of the Rook Creek Racing Association.

It is intended that this picnic shall eclipse all former ones of the kind, which will be the races in the afternoon. Large purses will be given, which has secured the best racing stock in the country.

The boys should come prepared to climb the grassed pole, and catch the grassed pig, for which a purse large enough to buy a suit of clothes will be given the successful contestant.

The round trip fare will be from West-land, 50 cents, from Mineral Wells 15 cts., from all other stations, one fare.

Silver bullion is advancing in the New York market, on the strength of the possible success of the silver party. This indicates what would be the result if silver were remonetized. The price of the metal would at once go to the old figure, and parity would thus be established between the two metals.

Left-Handed Animals. It is well known that left-handedness has often been observed in animals. According to Viesseux, parrot-like objects with the left claw by preference, or exclusively. The lion strikes with the left paw, and Livingstone stated as his opinion that all animals are left-handed. Prof. Jordan has recently verified the statement with regard to parrots. He found that this bird makes a readier use of the left claw for climbing than the right.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Never Sees the Papers. Silk ribbons are used in the court of Victoria to hold newspaper clippings designed for the royal perusal. She never sees the papers in their original state. They are carefully perused by an official, who cuts out what he thinks will please her, pins the clippings on the ribbons, and lays them on the table.—St. Louis Republic.

WANTED.—Several trustworthy gentlemen or ladies to travel in Texas for established, reliable house. Salary \$750 and expense. Steady position. Enclose reference and self-addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company, Third Floor, Omaha Building, Chicago.

SOUTHERN "CRACKERS."

The Poor Whites Descend from the Early Colonist.

Old Lines Wiped Out by the Civil War—A Most Important Labor Element of the South.

The notion that the poor white element of the Southern Appalachians region is identical with the poor people generally over the country is an error, and an error of enough importance to call for correction. The poor white of the south has some kinfolk in the Adirondack region of New York and the Blue and Alleghany mountains of Pennsylvania; but he has few relatives any place else along the Mason-Dixon line. The states of New York and Pennsylvania were slave states until the early part of this century.

This poor white mountaineer descends direct from those immigrants who came over in the early days of the colonies, from 1620 to about, or some time after, the revolutionary war period, as "sold passengers." They sold their services for a time sufficient to enable them to work out their passage money. They were sold, article to masters, in the colonies, for their bread and fixed wages, and thus they earned the cost of their migration.

The laws under which they were article were severe, as severe as apprentice laws in those days. The "sold passenger" virtually became the slave of the purchaser of his labor. He could be whipped, if he did not do the task set him, and woe to the unlucky wight if he ran away. He was sure to be caught and cruelly punished.

And though he was usually a descendant of the lowest grades of humanity on the British islands, he still had enough of the Anglo-Saxon spirit about him to make him an unsatisfactory chattel.

From 1620 forward—the year when the Dutch landed the first cargo of African slaves on the continent, the "sold passenger" was fast replaced by negroes, who took more naturally and amiably to the slave life.

The poor white naturally came to cherish a bitter hatred for the blacks that were preferred over him. He already hated his dominating white master. When he was free to go he put as many miles as his means and his safety from Indian murders permitted between himself and those he hated and hoped he might never see again. In that early time the mountain region was not even surveyed, let alone owned by individual proprietors.

The English, Scottish, Irish and continental immigrants who had some means set down on the rich valleys, river bottoms and rolling savannas, and the poor white was made welcome to the foot hills and mountain plateaux.

These descendants of the British vilen of the feudal era grew and multiplied, became almost as distinct a people from the lords of the lowlands as the Scotch Highlander was as related to his lord by the time of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The str of the period since the close of our civil war has made somewhat indistinct the line that separates the mountaineer from the planter of the south, especially in the foot hills and at points where the two have intermingled in trade, in the schools, and church, and especially where the poor whites have been employed at mining, iron making, etc.; but go into the mountain far enough and you find the type as clearcut as it was 100 years ago, with its inimitable dwelling speech and curious dialect; its sallow complexion, heavy frame, heavy nose, and immorality—all as distinctly marked as they were when hundreds of these people found Cherokee wives in Georgia and Tennessee, in the early part of the century and bleached most of the copper out of the skin of the Choctaw, as well as out of the Cherokee.

It is a pity that some competent anthropologist, historian has not traced the annals of this interesting and distinctive section of our population and made record of it in the interest of science, no less than in the interest of the proper education and elevation of the mountain people. It has become especially in the Piedmont section of this month, a most important labor element. The cotton mill labor by thousands comes from the "cracker of the hills," and it is destined to become a great power, that labor population, social and political.

The redemption of the poor white began when slavery went down in blood and destruction, and it has gone on faster and traveled further than some of us think.—Chattanooga Times.

She Managed Well. Apropos of the facility with which women can adapt themselves to circumstances, a little woman boarded a street car with two ladies in her care, one in front and the other by the hand. She also carried a satchel, a bunch of wild flowers she had evidently gathered that morning, her pocket book, and as there was only one seat for the trio, she took the other lady in her arms and held both during the ride. But the piece of resistance was her dress, which she held, like some faithful friend, between her teeth. Nor did she relinquish it through the entire trip, but carried it with the air of one who had a place for everything, and everything in its place.—Detroit Free Press.

The Yacht Question. She—Tell me, hubby dear, what is that big aerolite everybody is talking about? He—It is an enormous heavenly body, which, according to the statement of a Spanish scientist, is shortly to explode over the earth, and the fragments of which are to lay Spain, Portugal, France and Germany in ruins. "What do you think I should wear on the occasion?"—Tit-Bits.

A Very Modern Antiquo. All is not gold that glitters, and all antiquities that come from Egypt are not genuine. A lady who recently returned from that land of mystery brought with her a terra cotta figure of a cat, which she saw with her own eyes dug up out of the ruins of Karnac. She paid a good price for it, and was delighted with her purchase. Unfortunately, the other day it was knocked down and smashed. Its head was then found to be stuffed with old numbers of the Birmingham Post, and it bore other traces of being distinctly of Brumman origin.—London Chronicle.

Don't Stop Tobacco.

How to Cure Yourself While Using It.

The tobacco habit grows on a man until his nervous system is seriously affected, impairing health, comfort and happiness. To quit suddenly is too severe a shock to the system, as tobacco to an inveterate user becomes a stimulant that his system continually craves. "Baco-Curo" is a scientific cure for the tobacco habit, in all its forms, carefully compounded after the formula of an eminent Berlin physician who has used it in his private practice since 1872, without a failure. It is purely vegetable and guaranteed perfectly harmless. You can use all the tobacco you want while taking "Baco-Curo." It will not only cure you, but it will give you a new lease of life. We give a written guarantee to cure permanently any case with three boxes, or refund the money with 10 per cent. interest. "Baco-Curo" is not a substitute, but a scientific cure, that cures without the aid of will power and with no inconvenience. It leaves the system as pure and free from nicotine as the day you took your first chew or smoke.

Cured by Baco-Curo and Gained Thirty Pounds.

From hundreds of testimonials, the originals of which are on file open to inspection, the following is presented: CLAYTON, Nevada Co., Ark., Jan. 28, 1895. Eureka Chemical & Mfg. Co., La. Crosse, Wis.: Gentlemen: For forty years I was a tobacco in all its forms. For twenty-five years of that time I was a great sufferer from general debility and heart disease. For fifteen years I tried to quit, but couldn't. I took various remedies, among others "No-To-Bac," "The Indian Tobacco Antidote," "Double Chloride of Gold," etc., etc., but none of them did me the least bit of good. Finally, however, I purchased a box of your "Baco-Curo" and has entirely cured me of the habit in all its forms, and I have increased thirty pounds in weight and am relieved from all the numerous aches and pains of body and mind. I could write a quire of paper upon my changed feelings and conditions. Yours respectfully, P. H. MARBLEY, Pastor C. P. Church, Clayton, Ark.

Sold by all druggists at \$1.00 per box; three boxes, (thirty days' treatment), \$2.50 with iron-clad, written guarantee, or sent direct upon receipt of price. Write for booklet and proofs. Eureka Chemical & Mfg. Co., La. Crosse, Wis., and Boston Mass.

Good Newspapers AT A VERY LOW PRICE.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS (Galveston or Dallas) is published Tuesday and Friday. 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.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS AND THE GRAHAM LEADER for 12 months for the low clubbing price of \$1.75 each (one year's subscription of all the political parties, in both State and National affairs).

If you want to have a good laugh yourself and be informed on current topics; if you want your wife and children to laugh and grow fat, subscribe to Texas Sifter.

TEXAS SIFTER. Texas Sifter Publishing Co., Dallas, Texas.

POLITICAL CONVENTIONS.

For the following political conventions, the SANTA FE will make round trip rates of the fare from all of its Texas and Indian Territory points: National Prohibition Convention, Pittsburgh, Pa., May 27th, 1896. National Republican Convention, St. Louis, Mo., June 16th, 1896. National Peoples' Convention, St. Louis, Mo., July 22nd, 1896. For particulars as to limits and time cards call upon any SANTA FE agent or write to W. S. KEENAN, General Passenger Agent, Galveston.

ARE YOU GOING NORTH OR EAST THIS SUMMER?

If so, Try the Santa Fe Limited. A Solid Vested Train Between Galveston and St. Louis.

No Dirt, No Dust. A delightful mountain ride through Indian Territory, Arkansas and Missouri. Pullman Buffet Sleepers, Reclining Chair Cars, (Seats Free). Rattos train lighted with Patent Gas.

For the lowest rates and other information, address any SANTA FE representative, or W. S. KEENAN, G. P. A., Galveston.

WANTED.—Several trustworthy gentlemen or ladies to travel in Texas for established, reliable house. Salary \$750 and expense. Steady position. Enclose reference and self-addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company, Third Floor, Omaha Building, Chicago.

EXPECTANT MOTHERS, "MOTHERS' FRIEND" Robe Confinement of its Pain, Horror and Risk. My wife used "MOTHERS' FRIEND" before birth of her first child, she did not suffer from BRUISES or PAINS—she quickly relieved at the critical hour suffering but little—she had no pains afterward and her recovery was rapid. E. E. JOHNSON, Eufaula, Ala. Write for Mail or Express, on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle. BOTTLE "THE MOTHERS' FRIEND" mailed Free. BRADFORD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Wanted—An Idea. Who can think of a new thing to patent? Write JOHN WEDDING & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for full particulars and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

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DO YOU WANT THEM VERY CHEAP?

If You Do, MATTHWS & TIDWELL Are THE PEOPLE to Trade With.

IMPORTED PORCELAIN TABLEWARE, H. G. Meakin's latest productions. Fine Decorations, Under Glaze Acings, All in Gold. DINNER AND TEA SETS COMBINED. Also, Engraved Glassware for the Table, Silver Plate Ware for the Table, Lamps all Kinds. Full Line Decorated Toilet Sets, Clock and Table Cutlery, Full Line Painted and Plain Lower Pots, All Just Arrived at the Furniture and Lockery House of W. S. McJIMSY.

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East Side of the Square. GRAHAM, TEXAS.

D. M. HOWARD, Of Mineral Wells, Texas, Carries the Largest and Best Assorted Stock of Dry Goods, Groceries, Millinery, Etc.

In This Section of the County. I will sell you goods as cheap as any house in North West Texas. Will buy Cotton and Wheat. Give me a call, I will treat you right. D. M. HOWARD.

W. H. GEORGE, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in FURNITURE, CARPETS, And Household GOODS.

Window Curtains, Matting, Picture Frames, Etc. Undertaking a Specialty. Coffins Furnished Promptly. Mineral Wells, Texas.

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Carry a Full Stock of Lumber, Shingles, Moulding, Sash, Doors, Etc. Liberal Discount on large Bills. W. L. KEARNS, Mang. At the Old Stand, Mineral Wells, Texas.

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ENSOR TREATMENT, For the Cure of the Whiskey, Opium and Tobacco Habits.

DR. R. N. PRICE, Agent, Graham, Texas. RUPTURE! Also Guarantees to Cure any case of RUPTURE without operation of knife or hypodermic injection. It is endorsed by many physicians who have been cured by this treatment. These Cures Absolutely Guaranteed—No Cure No Pay.

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darting, cutting pains are r- rible. You are hardly sick enough to keep in bed, yet you are unable to go to work. It is severe suffering in every place and all the time. This is Neuralgia. It is chiefly caused by malnutrition, over-work and nervous exhaustion. **Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil**, with Hypophosphites, feeds the exhausted tissues and strengthens the nerves. Opium and similar drugs may quiet pain to-day, only to have it return again, for these drugs weaken. Scott's Emulsion permanently cures because it feeds and strengthens.

SCOTT'S EMULSION has been endorsed by the medical profession for twenty years. (Ask your doctor.) This is because it is always palatable—always uniform—always contains the purest Herring-liver Oil and Hypophosphites. Put up in one and two sizes. The small size may be found in every drug store.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

- MASONIC.**
B. A. BOTT'S CHAPTER No. 167
B. A. M., meets Friday night of or before the full moon of each month. Visiting companions invited to attend.
J. W. AKIN, H. P.
J. O. GAY, Sec'y.
- YOUNG COUNTY LODGE No. 485, A. F. & A. M.**
Meets on Saturday night of or before the full moon of each month.
A. R. McDONALD, W. M.
J. W. AKIN, Sec'y.
- Belleair Lodge No. 650**
A. F. & A. M., meets on the first Saturday night in each month.
W. B. POPE, W. M.
M. N. HARDY, Sec'y.
- I. O. O. F.**
ADELPHI LODGE
No. 291, I. O. O. F.,
meets on second and fourth Saturday nights in each month in Knights of Pythias hall.
W. J. HENRY, EGAR RYE,
N. G. Rec. Sec'y.
- K. O. F. H.**
TWIN MOUNTAIN LODGE No. 2202, Knights of Honor, meets on the 1st and 3rd Tuesday nights in each month.
O. E. FINLAY, Dictator.
J. R. HARRIS, Rep'r.
- K. O. P.**
Corinthian Lodge, No. 143, Knights of Pythias, meets in Castle Hall every Monday night. Visiting Knights invited to attend.
J. T. RICHMAN, C. C.
J. W. ALLEN, K. of R. & S.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

- ATTORNEYS.**
P. A. MAKIN,
LAWYER.
Practice in all courts. Has complete abstracts of Young county land titles. Notary in office. Beckham National Bank building, GRAHAM, TEXAS.
- JOHNSON & AKIN,**
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Graham, Texas.
Will practice in the courts of Young and adjoining counties. Office upstairs in the Morrison-Street brick.
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Office opposite College building in Crawford addition.
Operative and Mechanical Plate Work
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—DENTIST—
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GRAHAM, TEXAS.
- DR. M. H. CHISM,**
DENTIST and PHOTOGRAPHER,
—Graham, Texas—
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U. M. SCOGIN,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
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Office Up Stairs, Over Bigham & Crain's
- DR. R. N. PRICE,**
Physician, Surgeon and Obstetrician,
—Graham, Texas—
Calls promptly attend to in town or country.
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MANUFACTURER OF
BOOTS and SHOES,
GRAHAM, TEXAS.
It work in the Boot and Shoe line executed neatly and promptly. Give me a trial. You will find my work first class and at lowest prices.

Carmichael & McCarver
GENERAL
BLACKSMITH AND WOODWORK
EAST SIDE SQUARE
All work in our line executed on short notice. Give us a trial. In every particular.

Red Top Rumbings.

It is pretty dry in this part of the county, although the prospect for rain has been excellent for the past few days. Chopping cotton will soon be a thing of the past, but some people are going over their cotton the second time.

Thomas Casey has returned from Williamson county, where he has been for some time. A. R. Rutherford gave a croquet party at his residence Saturday evening, which was enjoyed by all who were present. After getting enough of croquet, fourteen of the boys departed for Steen's big tank, where they had a lively time swimming.

Scop McBee and several other boys were hunting one night recently when the dogs "freed" something, and as Soap was the largest one of the group the boys insisted upon him climbing the tree; but Soap said "No, no, if it was daytime, boys, I'd shore go up'er."

The young people of Red Top had singing at B. F. Harmon's Sunday night, which was enjoyed by all. Misses Roxie and Nannie Hughes and Mr. C. M. Bean of Indian Mound, and Mr. Earl Butler of Loving's ranch were among those present.

Mr. Clint Rutherford, Sr. and Jim Rutherford and family are off on a trip to Wichita county. One of our most popular young men was rather late at the singing Sunday night. Some say he had to hobble the chickens before leaving home. We would advise him to hobble them earlier next time.

BUCKEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Swells, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chillsblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by D. R. Akin & Co.

THE PRIMARY ELECTION RETURNS.

The following is the official count of the returns of the democratic primary election held for Young county on Saturday June 6th, 1896:

Candidates.	Graham.	South Bend.	Scottsville.	Ellisville.	Fish Creek.	Wichita.	Belknap.	Profit.	Spring Creek.	Other.	Provisional.	Franklin.	Merkey.	Lucy.	Indian Mound.	Total.
For the Free Coinage of Silver.	288	76	11	57	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	372
Against the Free Coinage of Silver.	10	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	62
For Delegates to Various Conventions.	312	72	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	384
Dr. W. M. Terrell.	49	23	7	17	7	36	35	64	26	26	685					
Smith Grove.	49	28	7	17	7	36	35	64	26	26	690					
W. L. Donnell.	307	66	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	372
A. J. West.	311	72	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	384
F. A. Hardy.	311	72	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	384
W. J. Timmons.	312	72	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	384
Joe W. Akin.	313	71	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	384
J. W. Graves.	316	72	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	384
G. L. Aynesworth.	321	71	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	384
J. T. Gay.	313	72	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	384
A. J. Fawks.	312	72	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	384
For Chairman Dem. Ex. Committee.	208	50	11	52	14	4	14	13	14	25	52	21	9	26	538	
A. T. Gay.	92	30	10	10	2	4	1	2	5	2	8	7	2	12	617	
N. J. Timmons.	92	30	10	10	2	4	1	2	5	2	8	7	2	12	617	
For Precinct Chairmen. Precinct No. 1.	372															372
G. L. Aynesworth.	97	60	15	55	6	7	3	4	6	10	25	36	7	9	17	366
H. C. Peery.	259	18	6	6	2	14	10	11	10	16	17	19	14	14	14	448
For County Judges.	171	21	7	39	56	2	18	12	3	32	23	2	7	11	886	
O. E. Finlay.	19	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	14
R. C. McPhail.	55	13	2	2	1	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	104
J. S. Starrett.	55	13	2	2	1	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	104
Joe W. Akin.	126	44	11	47	8	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	288
For County Surveyor.	164	27	7	30	41	4	13	12	8	13	19	29	14	2	16	369
Chas. Gay.	127	5	6	17	7	2	4	1	12	13	20	4	7	23	11	289
Andrew O. Norris.	87	46	9	12	8	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	188
James M. Wood.	845	66	16	60	25	9	15	14	15	30	43	63	24	26	27	776
For County Treasurer.	168	27	7	30	41	4	13	12	8	13	19	29	14	2	16	369
J. A. Dixon.	207	51	18	25	7	2	3	1	6	5	29	17	2	7	339	
T. E. Dowdle.	372	75	30	60	25	9	15	14	15	30	43	63	24	26	27	829
For Tax Assessor.	49	7	5	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	100
John C. Casburn.	78	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	98
J. W. Cornelius.	25	25	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	52
F. L. Thomas.	30	1	6	3	3	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	40
C. J. Lamson.	44	8	7	10	5	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	58
I. B. Padgett.	40	8	7	10	5	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	58
S. H. James.	27	1	4	10	3	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	38
B. B. Garrett.	18	2	1	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	38
L. H. Harris.	27	1	4	10	3	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	38
J. A. Kiehl.	18	2	1	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	38
J. T. Hunt.	27	1	4	10	3	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	38
W. A. J. Akers.	27	1	4	10	3	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	38
C. O. Wilkinson.	27	1	4	10	3	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	38
For County Clerk.	231	25	12	9	4	3	6	3	2	20	16	37	1	5	25	399
C. P. Benson.	132	61	11	49	18	6	11	12	18	11	24	27	23	19	5	411
Elisha T. Higgins.	156	69	16													241
For Commissioner Precinct No. 1.	156	69	16													241
A. J. West.	217	7	7													231
For Commissioner Precinct No. 2.	57	21	7													85
G. W. Hunt.	18	15	19	4	4											65
For Commissioner Precinct No. 3.	18	15	19	4	4											65
H. L. Leberman.	35	22	12	17	86											186
M. E. Graham.	11	11	1	9	23											56
Allen C. Casey.	10	13	4	38												65
B. W. Drum.	10	13	4	38												65
S. M. Wann.	10	13	4	38												65

Sure to Win.

The people recognize and appreciate real merit. That is why Hood's Sarsaparilla has the largest sale in the world. Merit in medicine means the power to cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures—absolutely, permanently cures. It is the One True Blood Purifier. Its superior merit is an established fact, and merit wins.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

The firm of Carmichael, Franklin & Co. is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Carmichael & McCarver will continue the business at the old stand and assume all indebtedness of the old firm and all debts due the firm will be collected by them. All persons owing the old firm are requested to call and settle same at once.

Wanted—An Idea

Who can think of a new idea? Who can suggest a new product? Who can suggest a new method? Who can suggest a new machine? Who can suggest a new process? Who can suggest a new discovery? Who can suggest a new invention? Who can suggest a new improvement? Who can suggest a new innovation? Who can suggest a new creation? Who can suggest a new contribution? Who can suggest a new achievement? Who can suggest a new success? Who can suggest a new triumph? Who can suggest a new glory? Who can suggest a new honor? Who can suggest a new fame? Who can suggest a new reputation? Who can suggest a new name? Who can suggest a new title? Who can suggest a new rank? Who can suggest a new position? Who can suggest a new office? Who can suggest a new post? Who can suggest a new station? Who can suggest a new place? Who can suggest a new time? Who can suggest a new season? Who can suggest a new year? Who can suggest a new day? Who can suggest a new hour? Who can suggest a new minute? 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SONG.
A robin sang:
The dull world awakened from its sleep,
Cast off its robe of winter sadness,
The leaves from bonanza trees to sweep,
The brooks o'erflowed in sally madness,
All nature listened to the warbling,
All laughed with glee in springtime's morn-
ing.
When robin sang:
A poet sang:
It was a song that reached the heart
Of many a man, of every woman,
It showed a power divinely human,
His name was known to all, and then
Fame on his tablets wrote it, when
The poet sang:
A mother sang:
Two little eyelids blinked and drooped,
And bright curls nestled on her breast,
Contentment's sunny riches trooped,
Sweet incense found loving rest,
The slumber fairies tiptoed near,
And all the angels stopped to hear
When mother sang.
—Charles E. Cook, in Troy Press.

HIS REFORMATION.

BY HAROLD F. NICKERSON.

Henry Dyson was alone in his little office at the back end of his place of business. The hour was late, and all his employees had gone. Mr. Dyson was a pleasant-looking man of about 35 or 40, and his fellow townsmen frequently pointed to him with pride as a self-made man.

But, while everybody had a good word for Henry Dyson, very few people spoke well of his brother, Tom.

On the night our story opens the merchant was waiting for his graceless brother, and as the hours rolled on the frown on his face grew deeper.

"I can do nothing with Tom," he said, as he paced the floor impatiently. "I have given him every possible chance, but he grows more idle and dissipated every day. Perhaps I ought not to wait for him, but he is so urgent in his request for an interview to-night that I could not refuse. Poor fellow! What new trouble can he be mixed up in?"

The front door opened and a young man entered quietly, and, after a furtive glance round the store, proceeded to the office.

"Well, Tom?" said Henry Dyson.

"I am here, you see," replied Tom.

"I suppose," said Henry, "it is useless to ask why you are so late or where you have been during the last two days?"

Tom looked nervous and his eyes fell.

"That is neither here nor there," he answered, in a swaggering way. "I have had some business of my own to look after, and I knew that you were not short of help in the store."

"Well, what is it?" asked Henry, abruptly.

"Brother," Tom broke out, hurriedly and in a faltering voice, "I must have some money—at least \$200."

"I wonder where you will get it?" Henry rejoined. "You will not get another dollar from me—that is certain. Why should I toil here and economize in order to furnish you with funds to be spent in the gaming table?"

"If I do not see this money," said Tom, turning very pale, "I shall have to leave the country."

"A good thing for the country, then," snapped Henry. "Don't let me interfere with your traveling plans."

Tom seemed to let all his pieces at this reply. He made one more effort.

"I hope you are not hard up yourself," he said.

"I was never getting along better," replied the merchant, "but that has nothing to do with the case."

He pulled open the door of the iron safe and pointed to a little tin box.

"Do you see that?" he asked. "Well, that box contains 20 crisp \$500 bank notes. I drew the money from the bank to-day for an investment. No, Tom, I am prospering, but I am tired of your endless drain upon my purse. It must stop, and now is the time."

Henry rose from his chair and went into a little closet for his overcoat.

In an instant, before a man could count three seconds, Tom had drawn the flat tin box from the safe and slipped it into the breast of his heavy overcoat.

His brother slowly emerged from the closet and put on his overcoat. Then he closed the door of the safe with a click.

"I am ready to go," he said. "You have no further business with me, I presume?"

"No, sir," Tom responded, with a pale, determined face. "Neither now nor later, good-by."

"Good-by, old fellow," said Henry, with a wave.

Tom walked out of the store without another word, banging the door after him.

"I know him," soliloquized the merchant. "He will not leave here. He will be here to-morrow with a new proposition. Perhaps, after all, I had better look into his affairs and give him another chance."

He walked slowly out of the store and looked the door. A glance up and down the street showed him that Tom was not in sight, and he then quietly made his way to his home and straightway went to bed.

After leaving the store Tom hugged the tin box to his breast and walked at a rapid pace.

"It was an awful thing to do," he muttered, "but I had to have money, and I helped to make some of it for my lucky brother."

The young man sped onward through the deserted streets of Painesville until he reached the river. He crossed the bridge and started up the hill on the other side.

His plan was plain enough. He was going to the railroad station to take the train for New York.

Suddenly he pulled up with a jerk. He took the box from under his coat.

"Hang it!" he exclaimed. "I must have been mad. I am no thief, and I will not cut my throat before I will become one. There is but one thing to do. I will return the box back to my brother, confess my folly and then leave him forever."

He turned and retraced his steps. When he reached the bridge he paused.

"I may find peace there," he said, half gloomily.

He leaned over the railing and listened to the swiftrolling current.

"My God!" he cried. "The box—the tin box!"

It had slipped through his fingers, and already the rushing waters were carrying it far from him.

After a few moments Tom ran in the direction of his brother's house and then responded to a knock and ran back to the a future of it. His first impulse was to throw the box or to jump into the river.

"A fool!" he cried. "Suicide will not restore the money. I must be a man if there is any manhood in

Across the river and over the hill into the thick darkness of the night the guilty fugitive fled. Mile after mile he walked like a madman. The lights of the city disappeared from view, and Tom found himself wandering in an unfamiliar locality.

Again the river came in sight, and the wretched man decided to follow its course. He would go anywhere, to get beyond his brother's reach, and the eyes of those who knew him.

Thus the light of day found him, but it was not likely that anyone along the river side would recognize him. There were few dwellings, and the people he met were farmers, who were not disposed to be unpleasantly inquisitive.

So the half-crazed man rushed on through the day, till, at nightfall, he limped wearily into a small seaport town.

Henry Dyson made every effort to find his missing brother. When he thought of the pained look in Tom's eyes the night the poor fellow fled, he reproached himself for allowing him to go away without a kind word of encouragement.

Henry Dyson engaged detectives, and the newspapers published an account of Tom's mysterious disappearance. But it was of no avail. There was no trace, no clue, and, after a year or two, the merchant came to the conclusion that his brother was a dead man.

Henry Dyson continued to prosper. He married happily, and, in the course of time, his little children came to make his home still brighter.

Twenty years had rolled away, when one night, the merchant found himself alone in his office, writing a letter.

As he leaned back in his chair, to take a moment's rest, he thought of the night a score of years before, when Tom visited him there, to make a last appeal. Tears came into the rich man's eyes.

"He was my own brother," he sobbed, "and I acted like a brute. How easy it could have been for me to pay his little debts. Then I could have watched over him, and, in time, my love would have touched his heart, and he would have turned out all right. But it is too late now to think of those days."

The door opened with hardly a creak, and the merchant would not have known it but for the rush of cool air. He rose from his chair just in time to greet a visitor, who walked into the office without even a knock on the door to herald his approach.

Henry Dyson looked upon him in speechless astonishment. If he could trust his eyes, this was Tom Dyson, but not the Tom of 20 years before. He was an old man, with a wrinkled face and white hair.

"Brother," said the visitor, holding out his hand, "are you glad to see me?"

With a joyous exclamation the other caught him in his embrace, and they seated themselves in a chair.

"This is a glad hour for me, Tom," he said. "I have given you up for dead, and I have, all these years, been reproaching myself for my harshness to you that night, you know."

"Hold on!" cried the other, excitedly. "You must not overwhelm me with kindness until I have made resistance. Here, in this package, you will find the sum I took from the safe in the little tin box. It has taken me these 20 years to make it, but here it is at last."

"But I do not understand," interrupted Henry.

"Oh, but you must," replied his brother. "When you landed at New York, I drew the money from the bank to-day for the rush of cool air. I slipped the box out of the safe and concealed it. Then you closed the safe, unaware of your loss, and left you."

"But the box was empty!" shouted Henry.

"Impossible!" answered Tom. "For you told me that it contained \$10,000. Well, I rushed up with the box, as expected, and was on my way to return it when I suddenly let it slip into the water as I crossed the river. Now you know why I ran away and concealed myself. I had but one object—to make enough money to pay my debts, and then I would ask your forgiveness."

"Oh, how foolish!" said Henry. "Why, man, I found in the morning that my book keeper had taken the money from the box and carried it back to the bank that afternoon, when he found that it was not going to use it until the next day. I missed the empty box, but I never connected that with your disappearance."

"Then this money—"

"Is yours," said Henry. "But, even if you had lost my money, as you supposed, you should have come back to me. I sometimes talked roughly to you, but you ought to have known how I loved you, Tom."

The two white-haired men sat there till midnight, talking about old times and making their plans for the future.

"You must live with me," said Henry, as he took his home. "I can't trust you out of my sight again."

And Tom gave his promise, rejoiced that his reformation had brought about a reconciliation with his brother.—N. Y. Weekly.

—All foods should be carefully chewed, because the gastric juice is thus enabled the better to do its work.

Peddling in Darkest Africa.
William B. Walker, a gentleman who moved from the Mississippi valley last fall to settle in Seattle, Wash., told a story recently of an old acquaintance of his whose experiences in South Africa are of a rather romantic character, says the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Early in the '80's Henry Moore lived near Cornith, Miss., and was a shiftless sort of a fellow. He gathered courage enough to shift from there, however, and climbing on the end of a railroad train managed to ride the blind baggage to Denver. He spent some time in Colorado, then drifted to the Arizona gold fields, lounged in the ever-lasting sunshine of Mexico for a while, and one day found himself at Galveston. There he drifted on board a sailing ship, and the ship drifted him to the eastern coast of Africa.

Here he found there was gold to be had without digging. When the ship got to Liverpool he spent all his wages in trinkets and worked his way back to Africa on another ship. His exploits from the time he landed the second time through those of Livingstone and Stanley entirely in the shade; for they went armed with a retinue of followers, with baggage wagons and tents, commissary department and cooks. All alone, with as big a pack as he could carry, he started from the east coast in a direct line for the west.

It was something over a year before he was seen again by one of his race or heard his mother tongue. He got back to the coast, but was not carrying his pack. He had a string of donkeys to carry it and it had grown to a goodly size. There were ivory tusks in it, and gold nuggets and precious stones and curious things never seen before. All by himself he had gone nearly 1000 miles into the interior, and "been doing" a right smart of tradin' with the coons," as he modestly said.

"Meet any savages?" he was asked.

"Mostly all savages," was the quiet reply.

"And cannibals?"

"Yes, they are most all cannibals, but nary a one of 'em ever eat me, and I am here to prove it," said he.

This was what he said when he got back to Cornith some time later. What he did when he got his goods to the coast was to get them and himself onto a ship and at Liverpool he disposed of them. With a small part of the money he invested in a still larger pack and again went into the wilds of Africa, but this time with donkeys and camels and native servants. He passed through Mashonaland and to the northward. He carried many bundles of matches, and when he deftly and quickly swung his right hand upward past his thigh and fire was the result the natives were ready to worship the firemaker. He also took a few firearms. When he came to a large festival he had the ruler informed that he could kill a man and nobody would know "what had struck him."

The king was curious about this, and ordered one of his chiefs to be experimented upon. Moore said his machine would work just as well on a cow, and an animal intended for slaughter was placed 300 yards away, which dropped dead when struck by Moore's bullet. Moore says he could have had a bigger piece of land than the State of Mississippi and live stock thrown in for that ride, but he could only bargain for things he could carry away with him. Some time after that, however, he did receive a donation of land about seventy miles square from one of these African kings in the interior and sold a half

interest in it to an English syndicate for nearly \$1,000,000.

Moore got back to Cornith in 1887, and has been going and coming between Africa and this country ever since. When Chattanooga had a land boom he went there and asked the price of a large tract. The price was \$75,000. "But how much cash?" asked Moore. He bargained it \$70,000 and gave a check for that amount on a San Francisco bank. The land dealer laughed at it, but on a telegram being sent to San Francisco the bank on which the check was drawn replied: "Moore good for \$250,000."

Moore has \$100,000 in government bonds and large accounts with several banks. He is not married and his family connections are all poor people. That is, they were poor before he returned. He has sent his brother's two daughters to a fashionable boarding school and given each a bank account of \$50,000. He has also taken his brother's boy and sent him to school. To the rest of the family and intimate friends he has also been liberal.

Texas Men for Boies.
Washington dispatch: The Texas senators and members of silver tone have determined to throw what influence they may possess in and out of their state for Boies for president at Chicago. Boies seems to be a growing quantity in political calculations, and as he looms in the foreground the shadow of the Stevenson boom diminishes.

Elaborate preparations were made to give the Stevenson boom the right kind of a send-off and for a few days it looked as though it might assume formidable proportions, but there was a lack of genuine force behind it, and it has been steadily losing ground for some time. He has been too secretive and exclusive to suit the "rustlers" and the "roosters." If he had been a little profuse in his distribution of sentiment tips and not so dilatory it would have been better for his chances.

An alleged scheme that has been maturing in the Washington free silver camp for some days, and which is said to have been now practically agreed upon by the element that will be powerful at Chicago, is to include in the platform the names of several and possibly all the members of the cabinet the dominant faction would like to have their standard bearer surround himself with if elected. The cabinet slate, so the rumor goes, will be made up as a clever vote catcher. Thus if the Chicago convention should nominate Boies and a Middle Western or Southern man for vice president, as now seems probable, the platform will express a preference for Teller for secretary of the treasury; Tillman for secretary of agriculture; Holman for Indiana for secretary of the interior, Eustis for secretary of state, Bland for postmaster general, and so on through the list. The program is a catchy one and meets with favor wherever it is suggested. The social end of the plan seems thus far to have been neglected to some extent, but it at least enjoys the advantage of entire novelty. It will be the first time in history that the voters will have the privilege of voting for a president, and, in effect, for his entire official family at the same time.

The gold Democrats who profess to be surprised because of the light vote polled in the late Democratic primaries, would think it strange if a race horse should do its best when its only competitor went lame on the first quarter. The silver bug didn't bays any record to beat.—Gazette.

WANTED.—Several trustworthy gentlemen or ladies to travel in Texas for established, reliable house. Salary \$750 and expenses. Steady position. Enclose reference and self-addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company, Third Floor, Omaha Building, Chicago.

The Business Man.
That the life and experience of the business man are one eternal day of pleasant hours, contentment and Oriental luxury and ease is one of the erroneous impressions that has become fastened upon the minds of those who are inexperienced, or who are not close observers.

Though over ninety per cent of the men who enter the arena of mercantile life fail to succeed, there is seldom a man to be found who has not at some period of life had a burning desire to be a merchant. Many have converted their property into goods only to see their life's savings swept away by the tide of commerce, on which they happily anticipated an easy ride to an independent fortune.

The advancement and commercial prominence of a town depends largely upon the enterprise and liberality of its merchants. Every subscription paper, whether for charity, churches or public improvement, is presented to the business man, and to refuse to donate is taken as an invitation to be dubbed a clench-fisted old moss-back. Whether he possesses a big bank account or a ten thousand dollars in debt matters little to the solicitor of aid; he is a merchant, consequently he has money of every hue. Being so situated, the business man suffers a constant drain upon his purse, often crippling his business by a liberal donation rather than be regarded as a miser by his neighbors.

The most difficult matter to serve is the public, with its whims and whines. This is the master of the business man. He must adjust his circumstances to meet the requirements of the public, or go down in defeat at its hands.

As in every other vocation, the mercantile life has its pleasant associations which go a long way toward making it bearable, but when it is looked upon as one grand, sweet existence, free from care, toil or unpleasantness, a great mistake is made—a mistake which has led thousands to the precipice of bankruptcy.—Morgan News.

There is great indignation among the farmers of the Rio Grande valley on both the American and Mexican sides of the river on account of the drying up of the stream within the past ten days, due to the use of the water for irrigation purposes in Colorado and New Mexico. The farmers claim their orchards and wheat fields are a total loss, aggregating \$500,000. Petitions have been forwarded to President Diaz by the Mexican farmers, asking that he bring the matter to the attention of the American government, with a view to prevent the wholesale use of the water of the Rio Grande, which must be maintained as an international stream.

James McKinney of the commission firm of McKinney Eros, of Kansas City, has practically cornered the potato market. McKinney has been styled the potato king, and is said to have more of the product to sell than all other potato brokers in the West. For the past week McKinney has steadily raised the price of potatoes, and further rises are anticipated. Twenty days ago McKinney contracted for the only available potato supply in the West, 1,500 car loads from Greeley, Col. McKinney is said to have cornered the market five years ago, when he raised the price from 25c to \$1 a bushel.

A little girl had been rummaging in her mother's trunk and found a church letter, which her mother had neglected to present to the church into whose neighborhood she had moved. The little explorer used into her mother's presence shouting: "O, mother, I've found your religion in your trunk."

Four hundred seats in the St. Louis convention are reserved for representatives of the press.



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GOOD LOOKS & PAIN

When you see a "good-looking" woman, you nearly always see a healthy woman. Beauty is really health. It is the attractiveness of face and form that comes naturally when weakness and pain are absent. Sickness and pain drive attractiveness away.

It is difficult to make women believe their tortures can be cured at home. The popular belief is that they must suffer on and on—or go to a physician, and reveal secrets that he ought not to know. Nine-tenths of women's troubles can be cured without physician's aid.

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is a remedy that stops the drain on the system. It stops the pains that drag and pull at the organs of womanhood. It makes them strong and well. It makes them attractive by making them healthy. Price \$1 per bottle. SOLD BY ALL DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

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