

# The Haskell Free Press.

Vol. 9.

Haskell, Haskell County, Texas, Saturday, June 23, 1894.

No. 25.

## Directory.

OFFICERS 39th JUDICIAL DISTRICT.  
District Judge, Hon. C. P. Woodruff.  
District Attorney, W. W. Beall.

COUNTY OFFICIALS  
County Judge, P. D. Sanders.  
County Attorney, F. P. Morgan.  
County & Dist. Clerk, J. L. Jones.  
Sheriff and Tax Collector, W. B. Anthony.  
County Treasurer, Jasper Millhollon.  
Tax Assessor, H. S. Post.  
County Surveyor, J. A. Fisher.

COMMISSIONERS.  
Precinct No. 1, J. S. Rike.  
Precinct No. 2, B. H. Owsley.  
Precinct No. 3, C. W. Lucas.  
Precinct No. 4, J. B. Adams.

PRECINCT OFFICERS.  
J. P. Frost, No. 1, J. S. Rike.  
Constable Precinct No. 2, T. D. Suga.

CHURCHES.  
Baptist (Missionary) Every 1st and 3rd Sunday.  
Rev. W. G. Caperton, Pastor.  
Presbyterian (Cumberland) Every 2nd Sunday and Saturday before.  
No Pastor.  
Christian (Campbellite) Every 3rd Sunday and Saturday before.  
Pastor  
Presbyterian, Every 2nd and 4th Sunday  
Pastor

Methodist (M. E. Church S.) Every Sunday and Sunday night.  
N. B. Bennett, Pastor.  
Prayer meeting every Wednesday night.  
Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.  
F. D. Sanders, Superintendent.

Christian Sunday School every Sunday.  
W. B. Sanders, Superintendent.  
Baptist Sunday School every Sunday.  
W. P. Whitman, Superintendent.  
Presbyterian Sunday School every Sunday.  
R. E. Sherrill, Superintendent.

Haskell Lodge No. 90, A. F. & M.  
meet Saturday on or before each full moon.  
G. E. Couch, W. M.  
J. W. Evans, Sec'y.

Haskell Chapter No. 181  
Royal Arch Masons meet on the first Tuesday in each month.

A. C. Foster, High Priest.  
J. W. Evans, Secty.

## Professional Cards.

J. E. LINDSEY, M. D.  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.  
Haskell, Tex.  
Solicits a Share of Your Patronage.  
All bills due, must be paid on the first of the month.

J. F. Bunkley, M. D.  
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.  
HASKELL, TEXAS.

Office at McLemore's Drug Store.  
Residence N. W. from square.

A. G. NEATHERY  
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.  
Haskell, - - Texas.

Offers his services to the public and solicits a share of their patronage.  
Office in Parish building, - N. E. Corner square.

OSCAR MARTIN.  
Attorney & Counsellor-at-Law  
-AND-  
Notary Public.  
HASKELL, TEXAS.

ARTHUR C. FOSTER.  
LAND LAWYER.  
NOTARY PUBLIC AND CONVEYANCER.  
Land Business and Land Litigation specialties.  
HASKELL, TEXAS.  
Office in Haskell National Bank.

S. W. SCOTT.  
Attorney at Law and Land Agent.  
Notary Public, Abstract of title to any land in Haskell county furnished on application.  
Office in Court House with County Surveyor.  
HASKELL, TEXAS.

H. G. McCONNELL,  
Attorney - at - Law,  
HASKELL, TEXAS.

BALDWIN & LOMAX.  
Attorneys and Land Agents.  
Furnish Abstracts of Land Titles. Special Attention to Land Litigation.  
HASKELL, TEXAS.

Ed. J. HAMNER,  
ATTORNEY - AT - LAW,  
HASKELL, TEXAS.

Practices in the County and District Courts of Haskell and surrounding counties.  
Office over First National Bank.

P. D. SANDERS.  
LAWYER & LAND AGENT.  
HASKELL, TEXAS.  
Notarial work, Abstracting and attention to property of non-residents given special attention.

F. P. MORGAN,  
Atty and Counselor at Law  
AND LAND AGENT.  
HASKELL, - - TEXAS.  
Will practice in all the District and Supreme Courts of Texas, and the U. S. Circuit and District courts.  
Any business entrusted to his care will receive his prompt and careful attention.

ARE YOU A WORKER  
in Wood or Metal? If so  
read for Catalogue of  
BARBER FOOT  
POWER MACHINERY.  
Practical, Strong, Durable.  
W. F. & John Barber Co.,  
140 Duhy St.,  
Rockford, Illinois.

## Call for Senatorial Convention.

Palo Pinto, Texas, June 11th, 1894.

The Democracy of the 28th Senatorial District is hereby called to meet in convention in the city of Cisco, Eastland county, Texas, on Thursday, August 9th at 10 o'clock a. m. for the purpose of nominating a candidate to represent this, 28th District in the next State Senate, and to transact any other business properly coming before said convention. Each county is entitled to one vote for each 100 votes cast at the last general election for Grover Cleveland for President, and for each fraction exceeding 50 cast for Cleveland in each county. Each county being entitled to at least one vote in said convention.

J. C. Son, Chairman  
Elect 28th Senatorial District.

F. R. BOWLES,  
Member of State Executive Committee and Ex-officio chairman 28th District of Texas.

(Democratic papers please copy.)

THE Dallas News seems to be throwing a good deal of sop to the pops.

Too much of our American politics is cut and dried.—Dallas News.

An operation in which the people are not given a chance to participate.

"A drop of ink makes millions think." It will also help your business if used to print your advertisement in the Free Press.

It is stated that a treaty has been ratified between China and Mexico by the terms of which the people of each country are given the full privileges of citizenship in the other.

We may expect to see Mexico Mongolized and mongrelized within the next decade, if the treaty stands.

We have some pretty good campaign matter which we purpose giving to our readers next week. It is matter compiled from the record and cannot be denied. No sensible man who has in a moment of petulance gone to the populist party can read it and fail to see that he has leaped before he looked and has landed from the frying pan into the fire.

So far as the campaign is concerned Judge Nugent, the populist candidate for governor, is having a walk-over. How serene and happy his dreams must be compared to those of the leading democratic candidates, who are tossed about by fears and doubts. However, every dog has his day and Judge Nugent's day of tribulation will come in November.

If the populist theory that the government can stamp (put its fiat on) an unlimited number of pieces of paper, making each one of them a \$5 bill as good for all purposes as a \$5 gold piece is correct, why cannot the same government put its fiat on a 500 pound bale of cotton saying that it shall be good for \$100 thus making it bring the producer 20 cents a pound instead of 6 cents?

"Many of the citizens of Rainsville, Indiana are never without a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in the house," says Jacob Brown, the leading merchant of the place. This Remedy has proven of so much value for colds, croup and whooping cough in children that few mothers who know its worth are willing to be without it. For sale by A. P. McLemore, Druggist.

Nearly ten thousand tons—20,000,000 pounds—of paper are used in the United States every day. Of this quantity about 2,600,000 pounds are daily used in printing newspapers. Just think of it, 125 car loads of newspapers going out among the people every day. Most of the news paper is made of wood, which is ground into pulp and rolled into sheets.

THE News justly characterizes the rule recently adopted by the Dallas school board requiring as an indispensable qualification for teachers that they shall reside within the corporate limits of the city "a hidebound sentiment of shriveled localism."

The school board that would adopt such a rule is too narrow for the position, which is one that requires broad gauged progressiveness.

# JULY 4th!

## GRAND BARBECUE

—AT—  
**HASKELL, TEXAS.**

The people of Haskell have decided to celebrate the glorious 4th with a Grand Barbecue and mass meeting of citizens for social enjoyment.

Every Man, Woman and Child in Haskell and adjoining counties is **INVITED TO COME.**

Various games and amusements will be provided for the children.  
**Hon. J. M. Dean,**  
candidate for congress, will be present and deliver an address on the political issues of the day.

Other prominent speakers have been invited, and some local candidates will probably speak. Speaking will begin at 10 o'clock, a. m. and be continued in the afternoon.

Large canvas awnings will be erected in the court house yard to furnish shade. The court house will also be used. The tables will be set in the Opera house; dinner to begin at 1 p. m.

THE HASKELL BAND will furnish music for the occasion.  
The Committee Guarantee Good Order.

Come and Help us Have a Jolly Good Time.

# GRAND BALL

The young people have arranged to have a ball at night, for which they have secured the use of the court room and, will provide excellent music.

Competent floor managers and reception committees will see that good order and proper decorum prevails.

They confidently promise all lovers of the terpsichorean art a pleasant and enjoyable evening, and heartily invite all to attend.

Committee on Arrangements for Ball:  
Thos. G. Carney,  
J. A. Bailey,  
E. W. Carter.

Floor Managers:  
W. B. Anthony,  
Wat Middleton,  
R. D. Smith.

Only Gentlemen who dance "will pay the fiddler."  
COME AND HAVE A GOOD TIME.  
**COME!**

Rev. JOE JONES, brother to the irrepressible Sam, in his sermon at Weimar a few days ago, addressing himself to the young ladies said: "The girls of now-a-days have an idea if a man has money, even if he curls his mustache and parts his hair in the middle he is all right, so he has money. A man to be a man must be pure, do right, walk righteously and follow the dictates of God. A girl should not allow a drinking or an ungodly man to enter her doors. Better be an old maid than to marry such cattle and finally run a Cheap John boarding house and not only in time support him but perhaps a whole house full of kids."

I have two little grand children who are teething this hot summer weather and are troubled with bowel complaint. I give them Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and it acts like a charm. I earnestly recommend it for children with bowel troubles. I was myself taken with a severe attack of bloody flux, with cramps and pains in my stomach, one-third of a bottle cured me. Within twenty-four hours I was out of bed and doing my house work, Mrs. W. L. DUNAGAN, Bon-aqua, Hickman Co., Tenn. For sale by A. P. McLemore, druggist.

The man who wears the BUCKSKIN BREECHES has a happy wife. She never has to mend. Every pair warranted.

Have Your GLOTHES made to Order by...  
**M. BORN & CO.**  
The GREAT ...Chicago Merchant Tailors.  
They Guarantee to Fit and Please You.  
LARGEST ASSORTMENT. LOWEST PRICES.  
LOOK AT THEIR SAMPLES AT  
**F. G. ALEXANDER & CO'S.**

A. H. TANDY, President. J. A. W. HOLMES, Cashier.  
B. H. DODSON, Vice Pres.  
**THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK.**  
HASKELL TEXAS.  
All business pertaining to legitimate and conservative banking solicited.  
Prompt attention given to collections. Interest paid on time deposits.

M. S. PIERSON, President. A. C. FOSTER, Vice-President. J. L. JONES, Chas. Lee PIERSON, Asst. Chas.  
**THE HASKELL NATIONAL BANK,**  
HASKELL, TEXAS.  
A General Banking Business Transacted. Collections made and Promptly Remitted. Exchange Drawn on all principal Cities of the United States.

DIRECTORS:—M. S. Pierson, A. C. Foster, J. L. Jones, Lee Pierson, P. D. Sanders.  
**THE CITY MEAT MARKET,**  
DICKENSON BROS., Prop.  
DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF **Fresh Meat.**  
HASKELL, TEXAS.

**NEW SEED HOUSE.**  
SEED ON TRIAL.  
WE wish to introduce our Field and Garden Seed this season, and to do so we offer the following **GREAT INDUCEMENT**  
Will send prepaid to any address in the United States 25 EXTRA LARGE packages of Field and Garden Seed. 1 package containing mixtures of 200 annuals producing a beautiful mass of flowers.  
All delivered at your door for \$1.00. These seeds are guaranteed fresh and true to name. Send for full information if this does not satisfy you. Address **RICHMOND SEED CO., Richmond, Va.**

**THE CITY HOTEL.**  
—A FIRST-CLASS HOTEL KEPT—  
BOARD BY DAY, WEEK OR MONTH; NICE CLEAN ROOMS, BEDS, ETC. YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.  
COME ONE! COME ALL!  
**R. W. Meaders, Proprietor.**  
HASKELL, TEXAS.

**ELKHART CARRIAGE and HARNESS MFG. CO.**  
Have sold to consumers for 21 years, giving them the dealer's profit. We are the oldest and largest manufacturers in America selling Vehicles and Harness this way—ship with postage to your door, before any money is paid. We pay freight both ways if not satisfied with our goods for 2 years. Why not so matter \$1.00 to order for you? Write your own order. Nothing free. We take all risk of damage in shipping.  
**WHOLESALE PRICES.**  
Spring Wagons, \$21 to \$25. Guaranteed also as well for \$20 to \$25. Top Buses, \$27.50, as fine as sold for \$30. Phaetons, \$55 to \$100. Farm Wagons, Wagonettes, Bicycles, Delivery Wagons and Road Carts. Harness for Men, Women & Children.  
No. 1. Farm Wagon, \$11.00  
No. 2. Farm Wagon, \$13.00  
No. 3. Farm Wagon, \$15.00  
No. 4. Farm Wagon, \$17.00  
No. 5. Farm Wagon, \$19.00  
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No. 7. Road Wagon, \$23.00  
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AN unscrupulous American redskin is representing himself as Sitting Bull at the Antwerp fair, the visitors to which are not yet aware that Sitting Bull has sat.

AN English clergyman lost his sight through a fit of seasickness while crossing the channel recently. Other sufferers from seasickness have given up everything else.

A HORSE trotted into a billiard-room in New York the other day, but was captured before he did any damage. The chances are that he never got beyond the balk line.

PARISIAN critics often play the part of the corpse of Prince Vladimir, which Sarah Bernhardt weeps over in "Fedora." Many other actresses would like the privilege of weeping over the corpse of a critic.

A Chicago tailor sewed both husband and wife for amount due for trousers, coats and other male garments. Fact is, present fashions are so confusing that it is difficult to tell men's garments from women's.

WHEN bullet proof clothing comes into general use, the noble art of duelling can be practiced without any danger of those unfortunate accidents which now occasionally mar the pleasures of chivalrous meetings of this sort. The code of honor may look forward to a boom.

France is in a tumult of alarm because M. Turpin of Melinite fame is said to have sold an annihilator of armies to Germany. As a matter of fact, however, France should not be excited, for if there is anything in the annihilator, it will mean the end of war, and if there is not, a hated foe will have been "played for a sucker."

It is claimed by the mother of Mrs. Maybrick, now undergoing life imprisonment in England for poisoning her husband, that she has new and positive evidence of the fact that Mr. Maybrick was a confirmed arsenic eater, and had frequently purchased the drug, both in London and Paris. This evidence is apparently conclusive, and the fact that Maybrick's death was due to an overdose of the drug taken by himself to cure a skin eruption. The grave doubt as to Mrs. Maybrick's guilt should lead to a further investigation of the case, for there is little doubt but a grave injustice has been perpetrated upon her.

TIME was when grown up boys and their sweethearts thought they had to go to a circus and sit on the backless seats in order to eat peanuts, much as the Chinese once thought that they had to put a pig in a house and burn the house down in order to enjoy roast pig. The chief suggestion of different ways of making the nitrogenous goober palatable and the capacious epicure follows him, but finally ends with "Gimme some more." The desired peanut, like the once rejected love apple, has made its way into the commercial world until even the green grocer has been compelled to quote its prevailing price and keep it in stock. Like tubers, goobers are now a staple.

A CONTEMPORARY expresses the opinion that Mark Twain may have crippled his publishing firm by drawing out more money than the business could spare. We believe that this is an error. There is good ground for the statement that Mr. Clemens has put more money into his publishing business than he has taken out. Whatever profits he has made have been the legitimate returns of his own brain work as an author. Mark Twain has been uncharitably criticized as a bloated capitalist, but he has had half the ready money now that he has honestly earned by his own mental toil and spent in lifting other men from distress to independence he would not need to ask indulgence from his creditors.

SINCE the individual wine cup has been introduced into the communion service at Rochester, N. Y., as a precaution against the spread of tuberculosis and other germ diseases, another reform, even more important, has been urged as a precaution against the spread of disease, a reform of that school-room custom which provides for daily gathering up the pencils of the pupils into one common receptacle and daily distributing them miscellaneously. The habit of wetting the pencil in the mouth is almost universal among school children, and the danger of the spread of disease from this miscellaneous mingling of pencils is, therefore, much greater than is the danger of the promoters of the Rochester innovation, seek to avoid, because there are many more school children than there are communicants.

ADVERTISING is the sluice which leads the stream of custom into the mills of trade. See that your sluice is not defective, for in these hard times it is important that every drop of the precious stream be made to turn the wheels of your business.

AN elevator boy on a salary of \$6 a week has married the queen of the cloak department in a St. Louis emporium. The groom's station is humble, but the trusting bride feels sure that he will rise in life—and take her up with him.

THE authorities of a Rhode Island town are after a man whose saloon stands in three towns and two states, but as all the liquor is in Massachusetts while only the consumer is in Rhode Island, there is not likely to be any serious action taken.

THOSE who kissed the Blarney stone at the Columbian world's fair will be interested in the information that old Sitting Bull, who died several years ago, is being exhibited as a living curiosity at the Antwerp exposition.

DOROTHY, POLLY AND I.

Dorothy, Polly and I, we three, share every pleasure and joy that comes. Dorothy sits upon my knee, For Polly, the peerless, pours the tea, And we revel in cookies and sugar plums. Search through the world, if you will, and try to find friends bound by a closer tie. Than that which binds us, good old chums, Dorothy, Polly and I.

THE MERCHANT'S CRIME.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER I. The Mysterious Customer.

A man of middle age, muffled up in an overcoat, got out of a Third Avenue car, just opposite a small drug shop. Quickly glancing up and down the street with a furtive look, as if he wished to avoid recognition to any passerby who might know him, he entered the shop. It was a small shop, not more than twelve feet wide by eighteen deep. The only person in attendance was a young man approaching thirty years of age, his eyes and hair very light, and his features small and insignificant. He was the druggist's clerk, working on a small salary of \$10 a week, and his name was James Cromwell.

He came forward as the person first named entered the shop. "How can I serve you, sir?" he inquired in a respectful voice. The person addressed drew from his pocket a piece of paper on which a name was inscribed.

"What name?" he said; "do you happen to have it?" The shopman's face was tinged with a slight red as he read the name inscribed on the paper.

"This is a subtle poison," he said interrogatively. "Yes," said the other, in a tone of outward composure, "so I understood from the friend who desired me to procure it for him. Have you it, or shall I have to go elsewhere?"

"Yes; we happen to have it by the merest chance, although it is rather a rare drug in the materia medica. I will get it for you at once."

"The customer's face assumed an air of satisfaction as the clerk spoke, and he sat down on a stool in front of the counter. James Cromwell quickly placed a small parcel in his hands and the customer, drawing out a pocket-book, which appeared to be well filled, paid for his purchase. He then walked out of the shop and to the corner of the street, where he waited for an up-town car. As he left the shop, a ragged boy of 10, with a sharp, weakened face, entered.

"I want an ounce of caramels," he said. "Wait a minute, do you want to earn a quarter?" demanded the shopman abruptly. "I reckon I do," answered the urchin.

"Then you must follow a gentleman who just went out of the shop; find out where he lives and what his name is. Come out, and I will point him out to you."

Just outside of the door, James Cromwell cast his eyes up the street and saw his late customer in the act of jumping on board a Fourth Avenue car.

"There he is," he said, hastily pointing him out to the boy. "You will have to ride too. Can you catch that car?" "I've got no money," said the boy. "Here's a quarter. Now run."

"Yes, yes. Make haste." The boy ran forward and succeeded in ordering the car and clambering on board.

"Look here, young chap," said the conductor suspiciously, "have you got any money to pay your fare?" "Yes, I have," said the boy. "Don't you be afraid, old hoss."

"Show your money, then." The boy produced the quarter which had just been given him. "You're richer than I supposed," said the conductor. "Here's your change."

The boy put back the twenty-two cents remaining in the pocket of his ragged pants, and began to look about him for the passenger whom he was required to track. The latter was seated on the left hand side, four seats from the door.

The car rapidly proceeded up town, passing Union square and the corner house at the corner of Seventeenth street. Two blocks farther, and the passenger first introduced rose from his seat.

"Next corner," he said to the conductor. The latter pulled the strap and the car stopped.

The gentleman got out, and turned westward up Twenty-ninth street. Hake scrambled up also, and followed him up the street. He crossed Madison Avenue, and did not pause till he had reached a handsome house between Seventh and Eighth Avenues. Before this time he had thrown open the coat in which he had been muffled, for the weather was not inclement, appearing to feel that there was now no further need of concealment. He ascended the steps of the house, and rang the bell. The door was opened directly by a servant, and he entered. Scarcely had the door closed when Hake also ascended the steps and looked at the door-plate. The name was there, but unfortunately for Hake, he had not received an elementary education, and could not read. This was rather inconvenient as it stood in the way of his obtaining the information he desired. A schoolboy was passing and Hake asked him the name and was told it was Paul Morton. He was not sure however that the boy had told him the truth.

He went to the basement door and rang. "What's wanted?" said a servant, curtly. "Does Paul Morton live here?" asked Hake.

"You might say Mr. Paul Morton while you're about it," said the servant. "Yes, he lives here, and what do you want with him?" "I was sent here," said Hake with no particular regard for truth, "by a man as said Mr. Morton was a good man and would give me some clothes."

"Then you won't get them here," said the girl, and the door was slammed in the boy's face. "I've found out his name now," said Hake, "sure," and he repeated it over to himself until he was certain he could remember it. He retraced his steps to Fourth Avenue, and jumped on board a returning car, and was ere long landed at the druggist's shop.

"Well," said James Cromwell, looking up, "did you do as I told you?" "Yes," said Hake. "What did you find out?" "His name is Paul Morton."

"Where does he live?" "No. — West Twenty-ninth street."

"What sort of a house is it?" "A nice one."

"Are you sure you made no mistake?" "Yes, it's all right. I want my quarter."

"Here it is." "Paul Morton?" mused the clerk, thoughtfully. "I must put that name down. The knowledge may come in use some day. I hope some time or other I shall not be starving on ten dollars a week. It may be that my rise in the world may come through this same Paul Morton. Who can tell?"

CHAPTER II. The House in Twenty-Ninth Street.

The house in Twenty-ninth street was a solid and substantial one which could only be occupied by a man of wealth. It was handsomely furnished, and all the appointments were such as to confirm the impression that its occupant was to say the least in easy circumstances financially. But it happens oftentimes that outward impressions are far from correct. It was a fact that Paul Morton, who had lived here for ten years, was on the verge of ruin, and knew that unless some help should come he would be compelled to leave his fine residence and sink into poverty and obscurity.

He was a down-trodden merchant, but lived by the hope of large gains, had indulged in outside speculations which had sapped the springs of his prosperity and brought him face to face with ruin.

Just at this juncture, on reaching home one day, faded and anxious, he found that a guest had arrived whom he had not seen for years. Ralph Raymond was his cousin, of about the same age as himself. As boys they had been sworn friends and comrades, and each had promised the other that if he died first, without family ties, he would leave the survivor his entire property, whatever it might amount to.

When they became young men, Paul Morton remained in New York, but Ralph went, after a few years, to China, where he had spent his subsequent life with brief intervals, as a successful merchant. Paul Morton heard from time to time of his success, and that he had accumulated a fortune, and the thought occurred to him, for earlier generous feelings had been swallowed up in the greed of gain, "if he only dies first, I shall be greatly the gainer."

When he met his friend, he found him greatly changed. He was thin, sallow, and to outward appearances hadn't long to live.

"You find me greatly changed, Paul, do you not?" said Ralph Raymond. "Yes, you are changed, of course, for I have not seen you for twenty years."

"But I am looking very ill, am I not?" "You are not looking well; but perhaps it is the change of climate."

"It is something more than that," said Ralph, shaking his head. "Old friend, I feel that I have not many months to live. I have within my frame the seeds of a fatal disease, which I cannot much longer stave off. I feel its insidious approaches, and I know that my weakened vitality cannot much longer resist them. I have one favor to ask."

"What is it?" "May I spend the short remainder of my life in your house? I shrink from going among strangers. It will be a great relief to me if I can feel that I am in the home of my old friend when the solemn messenger arrives."

"Surely," said Paul Morton, "I hope you are mistaken in your gloomy prognostications; but, however that may be, you shall be welcome here as long as it pleases you to stay."

"Thank you; I was sure you would consent. As to my being mistaken, that is hardly possible. This time next year I shall not be numbered among the living."

Looking at his thin face and attenuated frame, Paul Morton felt that his words were probably correct, and his heart glowed with exultation as he felt that Ralph Raymond was without family ties, and that at his death, which would soon happen, in all probability his large fortune, one hundred thousand dollars at least, would become his. This would relieve him of all his embarrassments, and give him a firm financial standing.

Shortly after Ralph Raymond was confined to his bed by sickness. The physician who was called spoke ambiguously. He might die suddenly, or he might linger for a year. Days and weeks passed, and still he remained in about the same condition, so that the last seemed likely to be the correct prediction.

In the meanwhile, Paul Morton's affairs had become more and more embarrassed. He had plunged into speculations from which he did not see the way out. He perceived his mistake, but too late. Nothing was left but for him to float with the tide, and he bore where it might carry him. As time wore on, and his pecuniary difficulties increased, he began to long for his friend's death.

"A few months more or less of life would be of little importance to him," he thought, "while to me it is of incalculable importance to come into his estate as soon as possible." The more he thought of it the

more frequently the suggestion was forced upon him that his friend's early death was most desirable. As long as he was in a book store on Nassau street one day, he picked up an old medicine vial in which there was one division which treated of poisons. One was mentioned, of a subtle character, whose agency was difficult of detection. It must not accomplish its purpose at once, but it required some days. Paul Morton bought this book, and when he reached home he locked it up securely in a drawer accessible only to himself.

The poison which he sought in the small shop on the Bowery was the same whose effects he had seen described in the volume he had purchased in Nassau street. He had an object in going to an obscure shop, as he would be less likely to be known, and such a purchase would be very apt to attract notice. But it was only by chance that he succeeded. In most shops of such humble pretensions such an article would not be found, but it so happened that some had been ordered by a chemist a year before, and the druggist, thinking it possible he might have a call for it, had ordered some to keep in his stock.

When Paul Morton reached home, he went up to his friend's chamber. Ralph Raymond was lying stretched out upon the bed, looking quite sick; he was so sick as at times during his illness.

"How do you feel, Ralph?" said his false friend, bending over him. "I am feeling more comfortable to-day, Paul," he said.

"Perhaps you will recover yet." "No, I have no expectation of that; but I may be spared longer than I supposed possible."

"What medicines are you taking now?" inquired Paul Morton. "There is a bottle of cordial; I take a wine-glass of it once an hour."

Paul Morton took it up and gazed at it thoughtfully. "Is your nurse attentive?" he asked.

"Yes, I have no fault to find with her." "Where is she now?" "She just went down to prepare my dinner."

"And when did you take your cordial last?" "About an hour since."

"Then it is time to take it again." "Yes, I presume so; but I presume a few minutes later will make no difference."

AS IF DEAD.

A Dramatic Scene Between Lovers at a London Railway Station. A curious scene was witnessed lately outside Paddington station, London. A respectfully dressed young woman who had arrived at the terminus from the country was quietly proceeding in the direction of Edgware road when a young man, also respectfully dressed, met her, turned readily pale, and exclaimed: "Oh, Helen, we thought you were dead!" and would probably have fallen to the ground in a fainting condition had not the young woman and sympathetic wayfarers who witnessed the unusual occurrence assisted him into a temperance refreshment house, where restoratives were obtained.

Their case proved to be a strange one. The girl had for some time been a shop assistant at a village on the outskirts of South London and had there become engaged to the young man. She left her place and returned to her parents in the country for a holiday. Somehow or other a report was spread in the village that the girl had died, and the influence and the news appeared so circumstantial and detailed that it obtained general credence. The lover was disconsolate, mentioned his grief to the pastor of the Methodist chapel, where he and his sweetheart had worshipped, and the minister next Sunday preached a funeral sermon, drawing suitable lessons from the unexpected decease of their young friend. All was over.

The young man, it appeared, was actually on his way to Paddington station, en route to the home of the girl with a view of visiting the grave, when he met her in all flesh, alive and looking very well. She declared that she had written to him once, and was astonished not to have got an answer. He, on his side, averred that the missive never reached him. It is very probable that the Methodist minister who pronounced her funeral oration will soon be asked to officiate at a still more interesting ceremony, in which she will be one of the principal participants.

Business and That Only. Charles S. Scanlan, of the Cincinnati Enquirer — John R. McLean's paper — was once sent into a small town in the Southwest, says the Journalist, to get the story of a woman evangelist who had been greatly talked about. Scanlan attended one of her meetings, and occupied a front seat. When those who wished to be saved were asked to arise, Scanlan kept his seat and used his note-book. The woman approached, and, taking him by the hand, said: "Come to Jesus."

"Madam," said the newspaper man, "I'm here solely on business to report your work."

"Brother," she said, "there is no business so important as God's."

"Well, maybe not," said Scanlan; "but you don't know John McLean."

"I don't see your husband with you so much as when you were in your honeymoon," said the clergyman, as he met an occasional attendant at his church. "Has he grown cool?"

"Not if what you preach be true," she said, cooly. "He is dead." — Toledo Blade.

An Eye to Business. Prospective Father-in-Law — Will you marry one of my daughters? I'll give the younger one \$10,000 a year, and the elder one with a hump on her back, \$15,000.

Prospective Son-in-Law — Haven't you got one with two humps?

WICKED TOM SMITH.

HOW THE CONVICT'S HEART WAS TOUCHED.

The Prison Rebellion That Was Subdued With a Rose—Kind Words and Manly Treatment Worked Wonders With the Worst Man in the Pen.

We knew he was coming to the prison a fortnight before he arrived — Wicked Tom Smith, as the police had dubbed him. We read of his arrest, trial, and conviction for rare and heinous crimes, and no one thought the sentence of ten years severe enough. He was a bad man. The papers said he was bad—the police said he was bad—the judge charged the jury so dead against him that they did not leave their seats to find a verdict of "guilty." He was brought to the prison in chains—sulky, revengeful, desperate. I searched his face to find one soft line, but it was not there. He was awed, as even the most desperate man is when the doors of a state prison close behind him, but the fire in his eyes proved that he meant to keep his individual independence. When he had given his record and been sent to a cell the officer who had brought him up heaved a sigh of relief and said: "I'm glad that you is safe at last! Of the 1,000 men within these walls he is the worst. It won't be three days before you will have to punish him, and it won't be a week before he will try to kill some of you."

If "Wicked Tom" had reasoned that we would fear him on account of his reputation and thereby show him favors he was mistaken, says the Detroit Free Press writer. If he anticipated a moral lecture from the warden or chaplain he was disappointed. He was put to work the same as all others, treated the same and no more or less was expected of him.

"No 1038 refuses to come out of his cell, sir," was the report one morning two weeks after "Wicked Tom's" arrival. He had been sulky and obstinate, evidently anxious to try conclusions with prison authority. When the prisoners in his corridor marched out to breakfast he refused to leave his cell. Not only that, but he had defied the officers to take him out. They could have done it, of course, but they closed the door on him and went away.

"What should it be in his case—the dungeon and bread and water until his spirit was broken by the grave-like silence and midnight darkness, or blows of the paddle in the punishment-room till his white lips parted to beg for mercy? There are men who are only hardened and made worse by the blow; there are desperate men who will break down, if left alone with themselves in the darkness. I did not want to make a mistake in "Wicked Tom's" case. He was not a man to make his "good time," but would serve his full term. If not taken right at the outset he would trouble us more than fifty other prisoners combined.

I gave the matter two hours' thought before I was ready to move. Then I decided to try an experiment. When I went to his cell I had a bouquet of roses from my office table, and the keeper who followed me had a rug, a clock and a picture or two which a prisoner had left behind in his cell.

"I'll never go out of here alive!" growled the convict as we reached his door.

"Tom," I replied as the door was swung open, "you are here on a long sentence and I'm going to make this cell seem a bit home-like. You are rather awkward in the tailor shop, and I was going to change you to-day."

"I'll fight to the death before I go out!" he said as he backed off.

"You won't have occasion to fight. You have your card there, but I don't think you've read up on the rules and regulations yet. You are a man, Tom, and a man of sense, and you know me, could have you out if it came to that. Put the flowers on the window ledge, the rug on the floor, and I'll send you a bracket for your clock and nails for your picture. Then take the rest of the day to read up on the rules."

"But I've sworn not to go into the tailor shop again!" he answered, though all the menace had gone out of his voice.

"You'd have to if I said so, Tom, but it was a mistake to put you there in the first place. A great big lusty fellow like you has no business with a tailor's needle in his fingers. We want you in the blacksmith shop and there won't be your equal for swinging the sledge. I've a small anvil now in the office which I'll send in to you."

"But the other men know that I refused to come out, and they'll say I had to give in!" he protested.

"Tom, if you were warden of this prison, bound by law to maintain discipline, would you permit a convict to set your authority at defiance?"

"Well, no, sir, but you see, I—"

"The men knew that you refused to come out. Instead of looking upon you as a brave man, they regard you as thick-headed. Tom, it may be that the public and police and jury didn't give you a fair show, but you are going to get it here. Ah! but smell of the roses! And how cheerful the tick of the clock! You'll feel at home here after a bit."

"And are you not going to force me out?" he asked, in a whisper.

"It won't be necessary, Tom, I'm going to treat you like a man, and I am sure you will treat me the same way."

"I will, sir—I will! Here's my hand on it! I've never done so much harder every day since I came in, but this ends it. It was the roses, sir—the sight and smell of the roses that drove the devil out of my heart first, and your kind words on top of that have changed me all over. Put me where you will—you'll find "Wicked Tom" doing his best and making never a complaint!"

In my cabinet of prison relics I have a paper bag full of dust—the dust of that bouquet which "Wicked Tom" kept in his cell for months and months. It was the first, but not the last bouquet sent to him, for he became as gentle as a child, and

many visitors learned the story, but I preserve the dust because it was those big roses with the morning dew yet glittering upon them which touched a bad man's heart and softened it as nothing else could have done. He kept his word to me and I kept mine to him, and when he left the prison he went out into the world to begin life anew and begin right.

SPECIMEN STONES.

Gems of the Most Perfect and Very Rare and Precious.

Before the existence of "specimen stones" becomes, through the drain of them to America, a thing of the past for us, it may be well to say a few words about things which very few people have ever seen, and henceforward have little chance of seeing. The word "specimen stone" explains that it is a gem of the utmost perfection, but few know how rare and precious it is and how little it differs to the eye of any but an expert from an ordinary example of this kind. Specimen stones are masculine luxuries. They are never set, because even the most delicate setting might hide defects which would make them comparatively valueless.

The desire to possess them constitutes the last infirmity of noblemen, for not only are they the most coveted form of property, but the appreciation of them is the most exclusive form of culture.

It may seem strange, but it is true, that there are probably not fifty persons in England who can tell a diamond worth a hundred pounds a carat from one worth five-and-twenty, and of these fifty not a dozen are jewelers. The trade in specimen stones is wholly in the hands of four or five great firms, and minor dealers, who have no custom for this class of gems, know almost as little about them as the laity. It takes years of practice, with such rarity of opportunity as the market affords, to train the eye to recognize exactly the orthodox color of a ruby, emerald or sapphire, and to distinguish a brilliant of the first water from an ordinary "fine stone" demands a delicacy of vision which most persons could never acquire.

Stones may be divided into four distinct classes. Poor stones, obviously bad in color and full of "clouds," "flaws" and "leathers," may be bought (one marvels who buys them) at comparatively exceedingly low prices. The value of two rubies of the same size, for example, might be several £1 and £1,000 per carat. Then come the ordinary stones, stones which a lady may wear without discredit, their flaws and the poverty of their color not being visible except to the practiced eye. Of such stones consist ninety-nine per cent of those worn even by rich women. "Fine stones," being of twice the value, are only to be seen on the persons of those who are fastidious as well as rich, though a commonly good judge can detect the difference at once, there is too great a temptation, with most women, to put conspicuous quantity before unobscured quality, for the latter to prevail.—Pall Mall Budget.

Von Bulow and the Drummer. While walking along the streets of Vienna one day with a friend, Von Bulow came across a regimental band on its way to the castle to play at a certain hour. He let go the arm of his companion, ran to the middle of the street, and joined the small boys about the drummer. Following the band, he kept bowing to the surprised drummer, and applauded him at almost every beat. "That is rhythm! Excellent! That's the way I like to hear it," he continued to ejaculate, to the surprise of the musical soldiers and the great delight of the small boys. People in the streets recognized the famous pianist and joined the procession, so that he had, upon arriving at the castle, had one of the greatest audiences to which it had ever played. He listened attentively to the end of the last piece, and then made a deep obeisance before the drummer and his instrument. "Thank you," he said; "that was refreshing! That puts my nerves in good condition again." When the drummer learned the identity of his strange admirer, he was the proudest man in the regiment.—Argonaut.

Another Superstition Discredited. A New York life saver, after a series of observations extending over a period of twenty years, says that the superstition that a drowning person rises to the surface three times is entirely unfounded.

Paper tubes for holding yarn or thread are a recent English invention. Elisbeth, Luther's native town, is to have a grand monument of the reformer.

In the German empire children under twelve years of age must not be employed in factories.

A deer hunt in the County Meath, Ireland, was terminated by the game swimming out to sea and safely reaching an island about a mile from shore.

Dr. Mulrhead, a Glasgow physician, has bequeathed \$70,000 for the founding of a college in Glasgow, to bear his name, for the purpose of educating women.

Some time ago the British government handed over to the Canadian archives department eight tons of valuable historical material, comprising 400,000 official documents.

On the Bolivian coast there is a singular fish of large dimensions. Another makes his home in Japanese waters. In all countries where they are known people will not catch or eat them.

The railway debt of Italy is nearly five milliards (\$1,000,000,000) and the annual railway deficit is not less than 200,000,000 of lire, (\$40,000,000) or more than the actual cost of the army.

During the summer season Krupp supplies his workmen with cold coffee and vinegar at intervals through the day, and such of the men employed in connection with the puddling works receive one-eighth of a quart of brandy.

The clerk of the English royal kitchen, who always carries, receives a salary of \$3,500 a year. The chef receives the same salary, and the two confiseurs who attend to the making of pastry, jelly, etc., receive annual salaries of \$1,500 each.

Improvement. Vienna has entered upon an extensive scheme of embellishment, and unsightly public buildings are to give place to new ones of artistic design.

The Terrors of Paralysis

Overcome at Last by the Advance of Medical Science.

The Testimony of a Man Who Was Half Dead for Four Years—To-Day as Well and Strong as Ever.

(From the Oeuvre N. Y. Palladium.) No citizen of this village is better known or more highly respected than Theodore J. Wheeler, who has lived here for nearly half a century. Five years ago he was stricken with paralysis and was in its worst form. The physicians said that he would surely die. But Mr. Wheeler did not die, and it is to tell the readers of the Palladium about his almost miraculous recovery that a reporter called upon him.

Despite his sixty-five years of age, and the intense mental and bodily afflictions, he has been obliged to endure for nearly five years, Mr. Wheeler is still a fine looking man. He answered the reporter's ring at the door bell in person, and invited him into his cozy sitting room, where he told the following story:

"It was on the morning of Nov. 9, 1888, that I was stricken down. I attempted to get up in the morning as usual, when I found that I could not use my limbs or feet. At first I thought they were asleep and rubbed them briskly with my hands for several minutes, but without result. Finally I got back into bed and sent for Dr. S. M. Bennett of this village. He informed me that I had suffered what is commonly called a 'stroke of paralysis.' I could not believe it at first, but the numbness continued to spread, accompanied by a prickling sensation, until the entire lower half of my body, as well as my legs, was affected. My bowels and kidneys refused to perform their functions, and I was only relieved by mechanical process. I was not satisfied with Dr. Bennett's diagnosis, and sent for Dr. Low of Pulaski. He only confirmed Dr. Bennett's statement and advised me to get ready to die. For six months I lay in bed, without any of my needs. Mr. G. A. Penfield, unable to turn over in bed, hardly, and requiring constant attention and care. Finally I grew used to my helplessness and would crawl out of bed, and getting partially dressed would drag my body about the house, using my hands like an infant when creeping, but unable to help myself in the least with my lower limbs. There was not the slightest feeling in the lower part of my body and a need to restrain my shuddering parts would not produce the slightest pain. This went on until eight months ago. One day I read in the Palladium of a Canadian gentleman who suffered from paralysis and who had found relief in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In the symptoms described by the sufferer I read an almost exact counterpart of my own afflictions, and I determined to give the medicine a trial. Before I could hardly hope for results I began to feel a marked improvement in my condition. First my kidneys and then my bowels began again, after a lapse of over four years, to perform their natural functions. The numbness left my body and the sense of feeling returned. This continued until the numbness had left my limbs entirely. Now I can go up to the village with one cane and in the house I go around without any. It is with the greatest pleasure that I recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to the public. I know what they have done for me and I believe they will help others similarly afflicted







# THEY TALKED WOOL,

## AND VOTED DOWN SENATOR PEPPER'S AMENDMENT.

Considerable Talk About Shoulder-The House Passed the Indian Appropriation Bill—A General Tangle Occurs in the Adoption of the Journal.

WASHINGTON, June 15.—When the tariff bill was laid before the senate on Saturday, the vote was immediately taken on the pending amendment of Mr. Pepper, to transfer all manufactures composed wholly or in part of wool in the free list. It was defeated by a vote of 3 to 46. The three Populists, Allen, Kyle and Pepper voted in favor of it. Mr. Hansbrough announced that he would have voted "yea" had he not been paired. The senate then plunged into the actual consideration of the woolen schedule. The first paragraph (257) placing a duty of 15 per cent on wool and hair in the form of shoddy, mungo shoddy, corder waste, carbonized nolls and wool in the form of roving or tops, in the following paragraph dutiable at 15 per cent. Mr. Vest explained that the finance committee had been moved to place a duty on shoddy and waste in order to exclude them from the country, to the end that the manufacture of shoddy, so prevalent in this country, might to a certain extent, cease. One of the purposes of placing wool on the free list was to discourage the manufacture of shoddy. Under the McKinley act the manufacture of shoddy, Mr. Vest said, had doubled. Last year it had reached \$90,000,000. Mr. Aldrich contended that there was nothing illegitimate in the manufacture of shoddy. The reduction in duty on shoddy from 30 cents per pound to 15 per cent ad valorem proposed in this bill, Mr. Aldrich said, would stimulate rather than discourage the production of shoddy goods. Mr. Quay took the floor and proceeded to deliver the fourth installment of his speech begun on April 15. This installment of Mr. Quay's speech proved to be the last, and at 1:30, after speaking two hours he announced that he had concluded. A vote was then taken on the finance committee amendment to strike out paragraph 278, and it was carried.

### The Wool Schedule.

WASHINGTON, June 16.—In the senate yesterday Mr. Stewart secured unanimous consent for the passage of his bill to amend the duty on wool of the revised statutes relating to mineral lands and mining resources. When the tariff bill was laid before the senate Mr. Dolph took the floor and resumed the speech for free wool. Mr. Pepper offered some modifications to his proposed amendment for a duty on raw wool. Where the McKinley bill levies a duty on first-class wool of 15 cents, he proposed a duty of 5 cents; the McKinley rate of 12 cents on second-class wool he proposed to change to 6 cents; wool of third-class, worth 12 cents or less, is to pay 15 per cent duty ad valorem, and worth over 12 cents is to pay 25 per cent, bearing in place of the McKinley rates of 33 per cent and 50 per cent. Mr. Teller offered as a substitute for Mr. Pepper's amendment the McKinley classification and rates, 11 cents on first class wool, 15 cents on second class, 33 per cent on third class wool, valued at 13 cents per pound or less, and 50 per cent on third class wool valued at over 13 cents. The substitute was defeated by a strict party vote—27 to 37. Messrs. Allen, Kyle and Pepper, Populists, voting with the Democrats against it, and Mr. Stewart of Nevada in favor of it. Mr. Powers, Republican, of Montana offered another substitute, fixing rates at 7 and 8 cents respectively on first and second class wools, and 25 and 35 per cent ad valorem on third class wool. It was defeated—29 to 37. The vote then returned on Mr. Pepper's amendment, which reduced the McKinley rates to an average of about 31 per cent. The three Populists charged front on this amendment and voted with the republicans in favor of it, but the Democrats were unbroken, and the amendment was lost—33 to 35. Mr. Hill refrained from voting. Mr. Irby was paired against the amendment. Mr. Pepper then offered an amendment to place all articles of manufacture composed wholly or in part of wool, hair of the goat, camel, or alpaca on the free list. After some discussion of this amendment, at 6 o'clock, on Mr. Coakrell's motion, the bill providing for the deficiency in the appropriations for the government printing office was passed, and then, at 7:10, the senate went into executive session, and ten minutes later adjourned.

### In a Tangle.

WASHINGTON, June 18.—The house got into a parliamentary wrangle over the approval of the records Saturday, the first thing being the question arising on whether or not Mr. Richardson had obtained unanimous consent Friday for his personal examination and whether or not he had risen on a question of personal privilege. The matter ended by the house deciding to allow the journal to stand unchanged.

### Passed at Last.

WASHINGTON, June 18.—The Indian appropriation bill was passed by the house Saturday substantially as it was reported from the committee. A determined effort was made to kill the bill by a motion to recommitt with instructions to strike out the provisions for contract schools and to provide for the erection of government Indian schools, but it was unsuccessful.

### Income Tax Amendment.

WASHINGTON, June 14.—Senator Vest has given notice of an amendment to the income tax action of the tariff bill, which would exempt from the operation of the tax all fraternal and benevolent organizations. He said he believed the bill as it now stood would do that, but in order to make it perfectly plain this amendment would be added.

### A Canal Bond Issue.

WASHINGTON, June 15.—Such smooth sailing marked the first meeting yesterday of the subcommittee

# A WHALER WRECKED.

## THE CAPTAIN AND THE FIRST MATE DROWNED.

The Vessel Belongs to San Francisco, Cal. The United States Authorities Removing Inmates from the Choctaw Nation. A New York Suicide.

NASAIMO, B. C., June 18.—The steamer *Williamette* has arrived here from Dutch harbor. She brings a meagre report of the loss of the American whaler *James Allen*, which was wrecked off Atka Island, 200 miles west of Alaska, May 11. The steamer *Dora* picked two of the crew up on Bona Island June 7. The men were in a starving condition, their only food being salt meat. The *Allen* ran on a rock and sank almost immediately. The captain and the first mate were lost. The rest of the crew, who were left in one of the boats, are missing. The United States patrol is out searching for them. The vessel belonged to San Francisco. The captain's name is not known. He was drowned with the first mate in his cabin. The second mate is aboard the missing men. The *Allen* had on board at the time of the wreck a 16,000 cargo for whalers up north.

### Board of Trade War.

CHICAGO, June 16.—The Chicago board of trade as a business association, will soon have the liveliest kind of a competitor. It was so decided at a special meeting of the Elevator association yesterday. For the first time since 700 members of the big exchange decided two weeks ago that the public warehouse men must quit dealing in grain or be declared "irregular" the latter have outlined definitely what they propose to do. This, in brief, is to form an entirely new organization, to be known as the Chicago corn exchange. Where grain is stored in their elevators warehouse receipts will be issued, recognized and traded in. To this end they announce that they have leased a plot of ground directly across the street from the present exchange and will take immediate steps to erect a building large enough to accommodate the membership in the new organization, which is limited to 1000.

### Attempted Hold-Up.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., June 16.—What officials of the A. L. C. allege was a desperate attempt to hold up one of their passenger trains near Centralia, Ill., at an early hour Thursday morning was reported to General Passenger and Freight Agent R. A. Campbell yesterday. According to the story received by Mr. Campbell when train No. 4 of the Air Line, which left St. Louis at 3 p. m. Thursday, arrived at Centralia, Ill., five desperate looking men were seen to board it. Two of them boarded the "blind" baggage car and entered the chair car, while one took in the smoker. Before the train was out of the city limits the two men in the chair car made a bold attack upon the passengers. One gentleman whose name could not be learned, was relieved of \$100, while his companion lost several millage books and a number of valuable papers. The men apparently became frightened and jumped from the train.

### Edwards Will be Indicted.

WASHINGTON, June 18.—While no one at the district attorney's office will talk about the proceedings of the grand jury further than to say that no true bill has yet been reported against Messrs. Edwards and Shriver, it is known that the grand jury has informed Mr. Birney, and it was in consequence of this information that Mr. Birney notified the two newspaper men to be prepared with bail next Saturday if they did not want to be imprisoned under an indictment which he would frame between now and then. The intention is to arrest the two correspondents, and notice was given them in order that they might be prepared to secure their release on bond, and to avoid the unpleasantness of detention behind the bars. Their cases will be test cases.

### Removing Intruders.

SOUTH McALESTER, I. T., June 18.—The United States troops are putting out of the nation all intruders and people who have no occupation or have refused to take out permits. It is estimated that at least fifty prominent people of this town who have been classed as intruders, will be transported to the Arkansas line and warned not to return under severe penalty. Several hundred intruders from various parts of the nation have been ordered to show cause why they should not be removed as intruders. Intense excitement among new citizens is being manifested relative to the intruder question.

### Suicide in New York.

NEW YORK, June 18.—A well dressed young man who came yesterday afternoon to Smith & McNeill's hotel, registering as S. J. Otley of Augusta, Ga., committed suicide last night by shooting himself through the heart. In the room were found some bits of paper and the police put them together sufficiently to find that they referred to some case in the courts at Charleston, S. C. The connection of the suicide with the case was not learned.

### Firehouse Blown Up.

GREENSBURG, Pa., June 15.—The pump-house at the Averton coke plant of McKee & Co., was blown up with dynamite shortly after midnight last night. The building was completely wrecked. Strikers are held responsible for the outrage.

### Lawyer Killed.

HOLTON, Kan., June 15.—Charles B. Hamble, a prominent lawyer here was shot and instantly killed on the street yesterday evening by Clinton Osborne, a saddler. Osborne accused Hamble of betraying his daughter.

### The Wiman Trial.

NEW YORK, June 14.—Evidence for the prosecution in the case of Erasmus Wiman, accused of forgery in the second degree, was all in when the

# KILLING NEAR WACO.

## JIM CURRY SHOT MAC JONES TO DEATH.

Curry Surrendered to the Sheriff of Washington County—Found Dead—A Lady Frightened to Death—A Young Lady Accidentally Shot.

BRENSHAM, Tex., June 18.—Deputy Sheriff Cliff Torrence of Waco arrived here yesterday and returns home today with Jim Curry, the negro who surrendered to Sheriff Teague Saturday, stating that he had killed a negro man in McLennan county. The dead man was Mac Jones. Curry claims to have killed him in self-defense and that Jones first shot him. This story was corroborated by his wife and her sister, who were witnesses to the tragedy, but Friday when the inquest was concluded the women broke down and denied the truth of their first statement. They now say that Jones was unarmed when Curry shot him to death with a shotgun. Mr. Torrence says that nothing has been heard of him until he turned up in Brenham.

### A Lady Outraged.

BONHAM, Tex., June 15.—Tuesday evening near Windom, in this Fannin county, a girl was originally assaulted by two white men. The Jones family live in a secluded place and the house is surrounded by a dense grove and thick undergrowth. Mr. Jones is a farmer and has a large family, among them several granddaughters. The girls and boys work in the field. Miss Mittie, being in bad health, did not go to the field with the family but remained at home. She spent her leisure hours out in the grove near the house, reading. She was sitting under the trees when some one caught her by the shoulders and head. At first she thought it one of her sisters, and, throwing her head back, was horrified to see two grove men standing behind her. Each had a hand mask over his face and before she could scream one of the men crammed a handkerchief in her mouth, picked her up in his arms and carried her almost 200 yards into the thicket and while one held her the other assaulted her, both accomplishing their designs. They cursed her and told her that if she told on them they would kill her. About this time a sister of the girl appeared in sight, hearing a noise in the thicket, began calling for the dogs and her sister's assailants fled. Sheriff Chaney was telegraphed for. He went to the scene of the outrage and found that a struggle had taken place. He endeavored to trace them, but owing to the thicket he could not follow the trail, which was lost a short distance from the place of the outrage. The search for them is still progressing.

### Frightened to Death.

WYLIE, Tex., June 18.—Mrs. J. R. Flanagan, who lives a half mile north of Wylie, while visiting near Plano Saturday evening got scared at a runaway team that was hitched to a thrasher. She was thrown into convulsions, bursting a blood vessel in her brain from the effects of which she died in a few hours. Mrs. Flanagan was in delicate health.

### Horned Rabbit.

DODGE, Tex., June 18.—Mr. Tom Webb, while out at his farm about one mile west of this place, shot and killed a horned rabbit. It had two complete horns, resembling those of a goat. The horns measured full two inches long and came out of the head between the ears and eyes. Mr. Webb amputated the left foot of this rabbit for good luck.

### Corianna Oil Well.

CORISCANA, Tex., June 13.—Bring for artesian water, has been suspended here for twenty-four hours in order to test the capacity of the petroleum oil vein said to be almost pure, which was struck Saturday and to ascertain if it will pay to go into the oil business. The water development company is considering the matter at present.

### Found Dead.

EAGLE PASS, Tex., June 18.—Carl Prose, a German laborer employed as cook in the hotel, a gang which has been at work here for the past two weeks, was found dead in the hayco bottom east of the depot yesterday morning. There was a bullet hole at the base of the brain, and his pistol was found with two barrels empty by his side.

### Frank Concentrated Eye.

BRENSHAM, Tex., June 14.—Yesterday morning at 9 o'clock Leonora, the 5-year-old daughter of Fritz Zeiss, died at the home of her parents at Berlin, three miles west of here, from the effects of concentrated lye which she had swallowed Sunday evening.

### Killed on the Track.

MARSHALL, Tex., June 16.—Henry Johnson, colored, employed in the Texas and Pacific round house, was run over by an engine and instantly killed yesterday morning. Johnson was asleep on the track.

### Hurled to the Bone.

MARSHALL, Tex., June 13.—Will Robertson, who is working in the Texas and Pacific railroad shops, met with an accident. His leg was cut open to the bone by a red hot plate falling on it. He was taken to the hospital.

### Dropped Dead.

MCKINNEY, Tex., June 13.—A Mexican named "Cesar" dropped dead Monday night as he was retiring. He was about 40 years of age and had been in McKinney a number of years as a hot tamale vendor.

### Young Lady Shot.

KOUNTZE, Tex., June 18.—Miss Pauline Cottler at Nona Mills was accidentally shot Saturday evening by a young man who was fooling with a pistol. The ball took effect in her side.

### She Hacked Out.

SHERMAN, Tex., June 14.—A young man on his way to the clerk's office

# AT HOME AND ABROAD.

## Interesting Items Carefully Selected from the Reading Daily.

A sad tragedy recently occurred at Maryborough, the chief town of March county, Queensland. A woman gave a quantity of carbolic acid to each of her five children and then took a fatal dose of the poison herself. Before medical assistance could be given she and four of the children were dead, but the physician succeeded in saving the life of the fifth child.

At Delano, Minn., Alfred Johnson cut his wife's throat in two places with a razor recently. He then cut his own throat and died in half an hour. There had been no quarrel. Johnson stooped to kiss his wife and at the same time slashed her with the razor. She will recover. Johnson recently lost money in a land deal, and is supposed to have suddenly gone crazy.

R. H. Langdon & Co., of Minneapolis, Minn., have secured a \$2,000,000 canal contract in Arizona. The country to be irrigated is 400,000 acres, mostly in Maricopa county, and the water is to be obtained from the Rio Verde. The canal will start above Phoenix and will be 110 miles long.

The Erie Telephone and Telegraph company, which operates in Ohio, Minnesota, North and South Dakota and Texas, held its annual meeting at New York, recently, and Levy Sprague of Lowell, Mass., was elected president and James P. McInley of Cleveland, O., general manager.

At Eagan, S. D., a valuable prehistoric find has been made in a mound. A tomb has been uncovered lined with cement. In the tomb compartments were twenty-two male skeletons averaging eight feet in height. A red altar and many bronze utensils were exposed.

The Chinese miners around Grangeville, Idaho, have been "salting" their gold dust with silver filings and quicksilver and selling it to the merchants of that place, who only get about 40 cents out of every dollar of gold dust.

William A. Simrott of Chicago, the missing secretary-treasurer of the Switchmen's Mutual Benefit association, was discovered in Boston, Mass., crazy. His wife went after him and he did not know her. He is now in a sanitarium.

Two blacksnakes, one 7 feet 9 inches and the other 7 feet in length, were killed near Cabool, Mo., recently, by a tenderfoot. He saw them in the top of a tree and fired seventy-five shots at them before he brought them down.

Representatives of the Knights of Labor, Farmers' Alliance, Federation of Labor and Railroad Brotherhood met at St. Louis, Mo., recently to consider a plan for closer union.

The lifeless body of Mark H. Driver, a well known young business man, suicided at Meridian, Miss., recently, by deliberately hanging himself to a bedpost in his room.

The Chesapeake and Ohio and Southwestern shops at Paducah, Ky., have shut down and over 300 men are thereby thrown out of employment. Scarcity of coal is the cause.

A recent dispatch from London says that of all the guests on board the Chicago none were more honored than Miss Lee, daughter of the late Confederate Gen. R. E. Lee.

Isaac Kemp, a negro who murdered Deputy Sheriff Ned Carver in Westover, Md., some days ago, was taken from jail by a mob of about 400 men and shot to death.

Matters between the Catholics and American Protective association of Chattanooga, Tenn., have grown warmer with the weather and hotter with the summer.

Miss Snodgrass, the drummeress who sells vinegar for a St. Louis wholesale house, has driven the Chicago trade out of the northern part of Missouri.

At Ita Bena, on the Georgia Pacific railroad, near Greenville, Miss., a few days ago, J. L. Haley shot and killed W. W. Walker. Both prominent men.

Chicago has 1,500,000 population, is 26 miles square, and has 900 miles of paved streets. Philadelphia has 129 square miles, New York 39, Boston 37.

By a vote of 698 to 499 the Chicago Board of Trade has decided that elevator owners must not buy or sell grain or mix grain entrusted to their care.

Near Geneva, Ala., one night recently the house of Wade Bryant caught fire. He lost his dwelling and crib. His body was burned to death.

Bill Dalton, recently killed in the Indian Territory, was twice elected to the legislature of California. His remains will be buried in that state.

The corn crop throughout Missouri promises an unusually heavy yield and a larger quantity than usual will be converted into pork.

At Glasgow five women, including a member of the Salvation Army, were suffocated in bed one night recently by escaping gas.

John Laffer and wife, wealthy residents of St. Albans Township, Ill., are charged with having starved a paralytic son to death.

The first annual meeting of the train dispatcher's association has just been held at Chicago. The attendance was large.



ALL OVER THE STATE.

Interesting Collings on Various Subjects Taken from the Daily Press.

Recently S. H. Prewitt and family, in a farm wagon, drove on a temporary bridge that spanned Willow...

In Shelby county recently about 300 bottles of medicine were found buried in the bed of a creek...

The Houston East and West Texas railway people are alive to the work of broadening the gauge of their road...

George Proctor and Stacy Willie, charged with an attempt to criminally assault Mrs. Pauline Luckward...

At Sherman recently Charlie Cook, a lunatic, went head first into a well thirty feet deep, at the almshouse...

Some unknown parties attempted to rob the store of W. J. Fredericks one night recently at San Felipe...

The largest shipment of turtles from Rockport this season consigned to the New York market...

The other night at Dallas Will Gray, who resides near the Orphans' Home, was leaving the city for his residence...

A sudden rise in the river at Wharton recently carried away the false work under the new steel bridge...

C. W. Parnell, sheriff of Fort Bend county, has returned with Manuel Johnson, charged with the murder of his wife seven years ago...

The other morning A. B. Hayes, who has been employed in the racket store at Terrell, left the store...

Col. J. H. McLeary, ex-justice United States supreme court of Montana under Mr. Cleveland's first term...

Among the cotton shipments from Houston recently were 850 bales which were shipped by a Houston firm through to Japan...

Brown county obtained a judgment against Mills county the other day for \$17,694.73, together with 8 per cent interest from date of judgment...

George Armstrong and Will Brackel became involved in a difficulty at Olive, Tular county, recently, resulting in the former shooting and later with a pistol, inflicting a slight wound in the leg...

Work on the Texas Midland is being pushed forward rapidly. One hundred and fifty teams are at work, covering a distance of ten miles...

At Beville, recently, while playing near a wash pot of hot water in the yard, the little 4-year-old son of J. T. Borromio fell in, scalding himself in such a manner as to cause the skin to fall off...

At Dallas recently, while Marie Whitecombe and Pansy Lorene were out driving their team ran away and they were thrown violently to the ground...

L. C. Lounsbury was arrested by Sheriff Sullivan at Victoria recently on a charge of murder committed in Milton, Fla., October 16, 1890...

Major Jas. B. Quinn, United States engineer and lighthouse inspector, has selected a location for the \$50,000 Brazos lighthouse...

The remains of John Bowles, who fell off the steamboat Dallas the other day and was drowned in the Trinity river about three miles south of the city of Dallas...

The case against Miss Daisy Smith, charged with horsewhipping a young man near Bean, Grayson county a few months since, has been thrown out of court...

A vein of pottery clay has been discovered near Rockdale, Milam county, a sample of which was sent off to have the quality tested...

The jury in the case of M. F. Anderson, charged with the murder of Henry Kirk about fourteen years ago in Dallas county, returned a verdict of murder in the second degree...

Mexicans in search of buried treasures two miles west of San Antonio dug up two sacks of Spanish money a few days ago containing about \$600...

At Washington, Washington county, a few days ago Geoffrey Lowmark, a young German, while working with a gun, accidentally shot his foot...

Police officers of Waco recently arrested Antonio Suzzalo upon information that he is a deserter from the United States army at Fort Sam Houston...

Mr. Ed Biggs, a tie maker who has been making ties near Conroe, Montgomery county, had the misfortune recently to have his ankle crushed by a falling tree...

A newspaper correspondent at Wharton says: "The waterworks are now in active operation on Main street. This was much needed to lay the dust and assist vegetation..."

The towns of Holland, Bartlett, Granger, Parkdale, Yojo, Donahoe, Vilas and Davilla, being parts of Bell, Williamson and Milam counties, have all adopted prohibition...

The late equal suffrage convention held at Fort Worth was well attended and much work was done for the cause of woman suffrage...

The little son of Mrs. Laura Erwin, of Forney, Kaufman county, was bitten by a dog one night recently which is supposed to be rabid...

Near Lometa, Lampasas county, recently the badly decomposed corpse of a Mexican was found. The body was not identified...

Two negroes held up Clem Wiebusch at Brenham the other night. He had no money. They did not take his watch...

The deficiency in our state revenue is increasing at the rate of \$500,000 per day, and the registration of warrants continue...

At Crockett marriage licenses have been issued to J. Z. Barrett, aged 70 years, and Mrs. Georgia Biggs, aged 60 years...

W. O. Hamilton of Comanche, has been appointed United States district attorney for the Northern district of Texas...

Galveston has just consummated the sale of \$900,000 of bonds to a New York firm...

A good rain has fallen at Seguin and vicinity, which insures a good corn and melon crop. Cotton is fine...

EXCITED GOVERNOR.

SUBJECT OF DR. TALMAGE'S TALK THROUGH THE PRESS.

Acts 24: 12-17—Felix Trembled and Answered: "Go Thy Way For This Time. When I Have a Convenient Season I Will Call for You."

A city of marble was Cesarear—wharves of marble, houses of marble, temples of marble. This being the ordinary architecture of the place, you may imagine something of the splendor of Gov. Felix's residence...

One day in southern Italy there was a trembling of the earth, and the air got black with smoke interst with liquid rocks, and Vesuvius rained upon Drusilla and upon her a horrible tempest of ashes and fire...

May God Almighty forbid that any of you, my brethren or sisters, act the part of Felix and Drusilla, and put away any great subject. If you are going to be saved ever, why not begin to-night? Throw down your sins and take the Lord's pardon...

Why He Disliked Ham. He was Suffered With It During the Johnson Administration. "If there is one thing on earth that I can't eat it's ham," said Charles A. Morton of Pittsburg...

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UNDER A SAILOR'S BAN.

THE STORY OF AN ACCURSED SHIP.

A Spell Put Upon the Water by an Indian Who Had Been Abandoned on an Island—A Crew Unobtainable for Years and the Craft Burned.

Twenty-five years ago one of the stanchest whaling crafts that sailed from New London, Conn., was the schooner Franklin. She was now and able. She made several successful voyages to the Antarctic and then a sailor put a hoodoo on her that resulted in her being tied up at a wharf...

The story of the Franklin, as related by a correspondent of the Globe-Democrat, is one of the most interesting yarns that the old whaling men relate. In 1871 the Franklin was in charge of a man named Holmes. While cruising around the Antarctic ocean for seals he one day landed a boat's crew on an island for the purpose of killing what seals they could while the schooner kept on prospecting for rookeries...

From an old try works that had been left there they made a shelter for themselves, living on the oil of seals and sea elephants until the next spring, when they concluded to go to Cape Sheriff and kill all the seals they could find before the vessels began to arrive. They got jammed in the ice and were obliged to return. Two of the crew refused to make another attempt to cross the strait and were left behind...

This infuriated the man, and he ran down to the wharf where the Franklin was moored, and standing in the midst of the deck, called down a curse on the craft. The man was arrested and locked up. He was called crazy. This charge was not sustained, and Garby was set free. He suddenly disappeared, and has not been seen since. It takes but little to arouse a sailor's superstition, and when the story of Garby's strange action ran along the water front there was an ominous shaking of sailor heads...

Here's a piece in the paper I had around me last night, said Freddie Peto, "that tells how Chauncey Depew says it's easy to make an after-dinner speech..."

Satan—Who are you? New Arrival—I died from excessive cigarette smoking, and St. Peter wouldn't let me in.

Satan—Hum! Well, we'll receive you, but you've got to go off and air yourself first.

COLONIES OF THE WORLD. Portugal has 2,800,000 people in her colonies. The German colonies have a population of 385,000.

The colonies of France have 32,000,000 population. In 1888 the population of the British colonies numbered 222,000,000.

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THE BURGLAR'S STORY.

IF HE WAS SURPRISED THE MAN HE VISITED WAS ALSO.

Another man connected with the Sheriff's department told a Chicago record writer of a conversation he had with a burglar who was in jail. The "crook" had expressed surprise that so many persons are in deadly fear of a burglar.

"A burglar's the most harmless person in the world, if he's left alone," said he. "It's only the green-horns out in the country who go to work to kill the family before they rob the house, and of course they're always caught. A good burglar would never keep at his trade as just as anxious not to disturb the house as the house is not to be disturbed."

"Understand? He won't pull a gun and shoot unless some one shoots at him, grapples with him or blocks his way when he tries to get out. He doesn't want to make any noise. A pistol shot is almost sure to bring other people, maybe the police, and therefore he won't shoot except in self-defense. So you see there's no sense of being afraid of a burglar."

The burglar is the one that needs to be afraid. He's taking all the risk. "I'll never forget one night when I was going through a house on the south side. I had crawled in at the kitchen window and tried the front rooms without getting anything, and then I went upstairs. The first room I struck was a big one at the head of the stairs. All the lights were out, but the curtains were up and I could see everything in the room. There was a man asleep in the bed. He snored very loud. I began to fumble on the dresser and I came across a box made of polished wood, as I could tell by the feel of it. I lifted the lid and found there was a tray lid under it. When I tried to arise this second lid I happened to press against a lever or knob or something, and that little box suddenly made more noise than a brass band. You see, it was a music-box, one of those kind that you start off by a push of the finger. It had bells, too, that made an awful racket."

"The minute that box began to pump away the man sat up in bed and says, 'Who's there?' I started for the stairway and fell over a chair. You should have heard the yell that man let out. I simply rolled down stairs, fell out of that window and ran for dear life. All this time the man had his head out of the window and was calling, 'He-e-e! He-e-e!' It would be hard to say which was scared the worst. I ran through alleys for half a mile, and when I found I was safe I went into a saloon to rest and laugh at the good joke."

"Next day I didn't laugh so much when I read in the paper that the man it had over \$300 in his clothes, that were lying on a chair in the room."

The Cat's Breath. A recently published story criticizes the notion that a "cat sucks away a child's breath." This is merely an expression of erroneous ideas in its form of a physiological fact. All the feline possess poisonous breaths, intended by nature to act as an anesthetic to their prey. If a person comes to experiment by inhaling, for instance, a cat's breath, they can easily realize the truth of this statement. Carefully watch a cat playing with a captured mouse. You will discover that the mouse does not suffer, but is sort of stupefied, as if by chloroform. In the "Life of Livingstone," written by himself, of explorations in Africa, he states that once, when he was seized by a lion and his arm broken the crunching of the broken arm gave him no pain, so benumbed were his senses by the animal's breath. A cat seeks the child, its soft bed and the warmth of its body, and lies down on the chest of the infant. Its weight impedes respiration, its breath anesthetizes the child, and death follows. This circumstance has actually occurred, and medical records conclusively prove it.

The Deadly Fer-de-Lance. One of the deadliest serpents in the tropics is the fer-de-lance of which there are at least eight varieties. These snakes are of peculiar color which enables them to hide among the foliage or roots of trees. Sometimes they are a bright yellow and can scarcely be distinguished from the bunch of bananas within which they lie coiled. Again the reptile may be black or yellowish brown, or of any hue resembling tropical forest mold, old bark or decomposing trees. The iris of the eye is orange, with red flashes, and at night glows like a burning coal.

A Widower Probably. He, who has just been accepted—Carrie, darling! Do you know you have made me the happiest man in the world?

She—Yes, Harry, but we must not be married right off—not for a long, long time.

He—Oh, that's all right. That just suits me, you know. I'd like to remain the happiest man for a year or two.

A Remarkable Sand Dune. There is a remarkable sand dune near the light-house at Cape Henry, at the mouth of Chesapeake bay. The sand from the beach has been piled up nearly 200 feet at an easy slope on the ocean side, but on the inland side it descends in an almost sheer precipice, and particles of sand blow up the slope fall over the edge and are spread far and wide by the wind.

Rolling a Lie. Mother—I do not wish you to say anything to my father. Why not, father?—Oh, ma! Whenever you tell me that you are a falsehood, I'll—Then it is a falsehood. He is getting \$2.00—Lie.

WIFE AND MOTHER.

The Fat Overdressed Woman Though Children Were Such a Bother.

This is a true bill. It was raining one afternoon. The shoppers, who no sort of weather can deter from the delight of "going about," and the actors, who know they look distinguished in big macintoshes, were treading the pavements of Broadway, getting up appetites for dinner, according to the New York Herald. The sidewalk, as far as you could see, was roofed with umbrellas. It was dismal enough. Halting on a corner to watch the panorama, I saw marching majestically through the park one of those ponderous and pompous females of ill-concealed middle age, with much powder, gay brocade, boat booting and the inevitable bell-bespangled pug dog. She had diamonds in her ears, and how she had fitted her yellow gloves over so many and such giant rings was a mystery. Beside her toddled a faxon-haired child, four years old maybe. She was fully up to her mother's standard in the matter of dress, and was as pretty as a picture within.

The toddler picked her way independently along the dirty pavement until the gorgeous creature whom she called mamma and her smug-faced rival whom "mamma" called "Fido" stopped at the muddy crossing. Then she looked up, expecting to be carried or piloted across. "Mamma" gathered up her sumptuous skirts, got a firm grip on them and then paused, looking from door to baby and back again three or four times and then at the expanse of mud. Then she stooped—corset or no corset—grabbed the handle of "Fido's" shawl strap and sailed or tripped across the street.

When she set "Fido" down, sweet and clean, the baby daughter was still picking her timid way among people and vehicles, until a broad-shouldered young man picked her up and finished the journey for her. Mamma thanked him with a smile which carefully concealed the teeth, and he lifted his hat and passed on. "Children are such a bother."

Surprise of His Life. Sir William Pon was a handsome lad, who, when he came into his fortune, spent it all over \$300 in the space of four or five years, and then went on the stage. He was one of the most eccentric characters to be imagined, and odd things always happened him. In America he always went about under his title, and as baronets were not very common in those days his manner of writing his name, "Sir William Don, Bart," was sometimes misunderstood. It was his great amusement, he was often addressed as "Mr. Bart." One story is told of him in illustration of his business habits. He had hired a car for a short drive, and at its close asked the driver if he had any change.

"No," said the man, and as the fare was fifty cents, Sir William tore the bill in two and gave him half.

One day he said to a friend, "My dear John, if you will take a walk with me, I will give you the great surprise of my life. You will see me pay a bill!"

And he did pay it, astonishing the tailor even more than his friend. He died in Australia, while still a young man, poor and despairing.

The Hard Part. Here's a piece in the paper I had around me last night, said Freddie Peto, "that tells how Chauncey Depew says it's easy to make an after-dinner speech..."

Satan—Who are you? New Arrival—I died from excessive cigarette smoking, and St. Peter wouldn't let me in.

Satan—Hum! Well, we'll receive you, but you've got to go off and air yourself first.

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The Spanish dependencies now have a population of 8,503,000. In the days of Spain's greatest glory the colonies were estimated to have 150,000,000 people.

The area of the British colonies is 8,000,000 square miles, that of the French 3,000,000, of the Dutch, 600,000, of the Portuguese 295,000, of the Spanish 170,000, of the German 99,000 and of the Danish 73,000.





LITTLE THINGS.

A wood by itself is a little thing. With your hand on the door to go, but it takes the venom out of the sting of a thoughtless word or a cruel thing.

A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare. After the fall of the day, and it soothes the furrows plowed by care.

The baby's favorite. Every one has a different idea of what the wardrobe for the little baby should consist.

How to Treat Feathers. White or light colored feathers can be washed in benzine without losing their curl or color.

Scalloped Eggs. Make a forcemeat of finely minced ham or tongue, fine bread crumbs, pepper, salt, a little minced parsley, and some melted butter.

The Invalid's Hammock. A hammock will often prove a boon to a sick person who has grown weary of the bed.

To Make a Fortune Book. An attractive and amusing fortune book may be made at home for the edification of one's friends.

Pretty Hand Mirrors. Small hand mirrors which would delight a little girl to look into.

Fried Bananas. Take ripe bananas, not too soft, and peel them. Dip them in cracker dust.

Combined Shelf and Window Screen. A chance to set pies and other "goodies" fresh from the oven.

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against any innovation of old ways. Security against alien appetites may be secured for pies, cake, sauce and other articles while cooling.

A Good Word for Prunes. The fact, stated the other day by a contemporary in a letter to the editor, of the writer's belief that the daily eating of prunes is a preventive of appendicitis, is an interesting one.

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THE FISHER-BOY.

Little Jack lives close by the stormy sea. He goes out in a stout old boat.

Little Jack with his mother stays at home. But he loves on the sandy shore to roam.

And he's the first to catch a fish. Of his father's boat coming back at night.

And he's the first when it comes to land. To offer a ready helping hand.

And there's not in the town a lovelier sight. In spreading the long net where 'twill dry.

And he helps the men who have worked all day. To mend the net and to mend the gear.

And when the cargo is all ashore. He runs ahead to the cottage door.

There the mother waits with the supper spread. He drops his load and the early bed.

For food and prompt of her law is she. The lad who a fisherman brave will be.

And then he lies down to slumber light. He dreams of a boat with sails so white.

And he sails in dreams far over the sea. And who so happy and gay as he?

Ah, the day he distant when from the shore. He may watch for the boat that returns no more.

When he returns to the cottage with weary tread. And the mother weeps for the father dead.

—Harper's Young People

What is a Coward? "You are a coward," "Am I?"

It was one of the crowd of boys who were pouring out of the public school who made the statement.

Not being acquainted with the rules of "the ring," I cannot tell you of the fight, but I believe that whatever the little fellow who had been called a coward could do with his fists.

But what can a boy do when he is called a coward? And if he will not fight he is a coward; and worst of all things is to be that, argued Johnny.

But there are other things necessary, too, and a great many fighting characters are ardent cowards at heart.

In many Western country places are men known as "Jim the Terrible" or "Sam the Shooter," who are spoken of as having "painted the town red one day last week" and being dangerous to the community.

Three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of water and a teaspoonful of sugar, mixed together. One and a half cups of flour, two tablespoonfuls baking powder and a pinch of salt, stirred in quickly.

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to help them. That shows that he has the spirit of the protector in him, and one who has that is never a coward.

Another thing is very cowardly—to tell lies. You may fight all the boys in your county, but if you habitually tell falsehoods you are a coward all the same.

But he was extremely kind and benevolent. He showed great kindness to tramp dogs, and protected many a little vagabond.

He looked up at his master, wagged his tail asking for something to eat. A plate of food was set down and the little dog snatched at it ravenously.

He kept the little dog for quite a while, always permitting him to eat first. At night he took the dog into his kennel, himself sleeping outside.

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SUMMER GIRL AGAIN.

THE PAPERS NEVER WEARY OF HER.

That She is Cheating Proof There Can Be No Doubt—The Article for 1904—The Reader Again—Notes of the Modes.

Ninety-Four's Summer Girl.

When the summer girl of '91 is ready for inspection she will be a delightful combination of fluffiness, quaint demureness and piquancy.

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Children's Clothes.

Children's clothes promise to be particularly pretty this year, and never have the styles been more successful with the "awkward age."

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A strange thing has happened to an oil portrait of Mr. Cleveland, painted during his first administration and hung in a New York club house.

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MOUSSELINE DE SOIE OVER SILK.

Up-to-date affair, with corn-colored ribbon separating the two largest puffs.

For house dresses, nothing is prettier than the soft clinging cashmeres. Many prefer light, delicate tints, and these are very pretty.

There was a soldier's horse that was wont to be fastened by a river's bank, and the creature had the ill habit of kicking at passing men.

The Gallantry of Moses. A class in a boarding school were being examined in Scripture.

Crepon Gowns. Round waists remain in favor for crepon gowns, and have as a new feature a voice of jet.

Smaller Sleeves. Sleeves seem a little smaller, because they are lower, but they still keep up their reputation for quantity.

The Reader Here Again. With the same regularity that the spring blossoms appear the little reef coat comes to town.

Short Blouses. The short blouse which used to disappear under the skirt at the belt has had its day.

Braiding Designs. Close braiding designs are seen on silk goods traced in silk cord.

For Summer Girls. Thin summer dresses are sure to profit by trimming the skirts.

IN GAY COLORS. Little frill of white silk! The leg o' mutton sleeve has the cuff trimmed with braid.

Another new refer is of scarlet cloth, gay with gilt buttons. The deep collar is in blue with an edge of gilt and a small collar of red above it.



"I feel it a Duty"

To tell the world that Hood's Sarsaparilla has saved my life. I had dry spells, nausea and pains in my side, caused by bad condition of my liver and kidneys.

W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa. It is absolutely pure and soluble.

Unlike the Dutch Process. No Alkalies or Other Chemicals are used in its preparation.

DAVIS INTERNATIONAL Cream Separator. Every farmer that has cows should have one.

AGENTS WANTED. \$42.10 IN 14 HOURS. TRUMPET BLASTS! Talmage's latest and greatest book.

SOUTHWESTERN P.B. HOUSE. Nashville, Tenn.

LOTS GIVEN AWAY. Send your name and 4c in stamps and address to Jeff Brown.

CITY OF LAKESIDE. At the head of deep water navigation on Lake McDonald.

FREE! Madame FACE RELEASER. This is the first and greatest of the U. S. face releasers.

WE WILL MAIL POSTCARD. "MEDITATION" is a Picture FREE.

MONEY. For rich and poor. Such security as a man can have.

Send your name and 4c in stamps and address to Jeff Brown.



**Steam Road Wagons.**  
A Baltimore paper has a strong editorial on the use of steam wagons for roads, which it urges as the next step in economic transportation. It says that such vehicles, having broad tread wheels, have been found to benefit rather than injure the road where they are in use. Those of the latest type are cheaper in use than wagons drawn by horses, provided the freight offering for carriage is abundant in amount and steady in supply. Steam wagons in crowded streets occupy less space than horse-drawn vehicles. In army times they are on this account of special value and are about being used by some European governments. The horse, besides taking up space in the road, must stop at intervals to eat and sleep, whereas the steam wagon can go twenty-four a day. The steam wagon, in fact, has every advantage that the locomotive and train have over the wagon train drawn by horses, except that of a smooth steel rail and easy grades to run upon.

**Science.**  
A German pathological journal records a recent experiment of Drs. Sawtschenko and Sobolovitch which seems to border on the heroic. They vaccinated themselves with a preparation made from cultures of the cholera bacillus, and afterward swallowed virulent cholera germs with entire impunity. Then, with serum from their own blood they inoculated their guinea pigs and found that those animals could thus be protected against cholera. Usually it is the guinea pig who has first to face the chances of life or death in experiments of that kind, but in this case the doctors were so sure that they were right that they shouldered the risk themselves.

**Four Weeks.**  
It is found that shirts of white muslin and 2200 lines may be produced at 73 cents per dozen. Each shirt passes through the hands of seven operatives, and each woman employed averages about one dozen complete shirts per day. The greater part of the cost of production is the element of labor, and while the average pay is necessarily under 73 cents per day, some of the workwomen make a good deal more, while the superintendents, cutters, and the like are well paid. Machinery, in this instance, has enormously increased the power of labor and raised wages.

**The Marriage Rate.**  
The marriage rate in England and Wales during the last quarter of last year was lower than in any previous like period. There were 121,818 marriages, which was in the annual proportion of 16.3 persons per 1000 of population. The mean rate for the corresponding quarter in the preceding ten years was 18.3. It is also noted that the average of the last ten years is far below that of any preceding decade.

**They Were Mistaken.**  
A suspicious-looking stranger, while witnessing an operatic performance in Bordeaux, was quietly approached by two detectives and requested to accompany them to the police station. He was supposed to be an anarchist. He had on a wig and false whiskers. He proved to be an innocent clergyman, who is fond of opera, and had thus disguised himself to escape recognition by his pious friends.

**Those Little Nerves.**  
The kidneys, separate from the blood as it passes through them, impurities for which the renal medium of filtration from the system is the leader. When their function is suspended direful results ensue. Among these are dropsy, Bright's disease, diabetes and malady which terminate in some one of these. Hostetter's stomach and kidney pills cures the kidneys, not as an unmediated alcoholic stimulant would be exciting them, but by gently impelling them to renewed action and perpetuating their activity and vigor. Thus the blood is once more purified and the organs themselves saved from destruction. Malaria, constipation, liver complaint, nervousness, dyspepsia and rheumatism are all thoroughly remedied by Hostetter's pills, which is more, a most thorough appetizer, general tonic and sleep promoter. Use it regularly, not merely occasionally.

**A weak man needs just as much watching as a bad one.**  
**Indispensable.**  
Why spend \$1 for a bottle of medicine when one box of Beecham's pills costs only 25 cents. (annual sale exceeds 6,000,000 boxes) will cure most diseases? This is because constipation is the cause of all ailments and Beecham's pills cure constipation. A valuable book of knowledge mailed free, on request, by B. F. Allen Co., 282 Canal St., New York.

**Big Country.**  
If Texas were laid down in Europe, it might be so placed as to include the capitals of England, France, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria and Germany.



**KNOWLEDGE**  
Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs. Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative, effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers, and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance. Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists and is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

## TWO NAVAL HEROES.

### ADMIRALS IRWIN AND SKERRET GRAY IN THE SERVICE.

The Former's Retirement Elevates the Latter to the Highest Rank but One in the United States Navy—To Serve Nine Months Only.

HE ANNOUNCEMENT of the retirement of Admiral Benham and Admiral Ramsay, gives point and actuality to the current criticisms of our system of naval promotion. The critics say, with much plausibility, that old men are, in the nature of the case, not reformers; they say, further, that under the existing system not only must a man be past the active period of life before he can attain a rank in the navy that enables him to speak with influence and authority, but when he does attain that rank his remaining service must be too short to allow him to exert his influence for the improvement of the navy. They point to the British system, under which promotion by selection is so interspersed as to relieve promotion by



**BEAR ADMIRAL JOHN IRWIN.**  
seniority, and a young admiral, or at least an admiral whose days of professional activity and professional ambition are not over, becomes possible, while the "old shell-barks" are equally taken care of and vegetate at the public expense in an honored retirement, from which they emerge only to express in magazine articles and otherwise the opinions familiar to the reader of Murray's novels about the direction in which the service is tending.

All four of the officers concerned are gallant and meritorious seamen whose services have been distinguished otherwise than by length, and who are in such mental and bodily vigor that but for the compulsory retirement provided by law they might continue to do good service for many years to come in any department in which experience was more valuable than in initiative, says *Harpers Weekly*. Nevertheless, Admiral Ramsay, who was promoted by the retirement of Admiral Benham, has but three years to serve in his new rank, and that, as promotion goes, is an unusually long service. Admiral Skerrett, who succeeds Admiral Irwin on the list, has but nine months of the enjoyment of admiralty in store, since he will be retired in January, 1895. This is obviously too short a term to enable an ambitious officer to put into practice, within his own sphere and the limits allowed by the naval regulations, any reforms of the necessity of which his experience may have convinced him.

Rear-Admiral John Irwin was born at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in the year 1832, and was appointed a midshipman in the navy on the 9th of September, 1857. Having passed successfully through all the intervening grades, he was commissioned rear-admiral on the 9th of May, 1891. He has passed twenty-three years of his life in active sea-service, and seventeen years on shore or other duty. During the war of the rebellion he served continuously, with great distinction, in the South Atlantic squadron. Part of the time he was executive officer of the steam-frigate *Wabash*, bearing the flag of Admiral Dupont, and he afterward commanded several vessels of the blockading fleet, being present and giving great assistance in all the actions and operations of the army and navy on the Atlantic coast. He was remarked and commended for cool courage, correct judgment, sturdy persistency in the line of his duty, and earnest study of his profession. Although known to the navy as a rigid disciplinarian, his manners and bearing were gentle and winning, and he won the confidence of his superiors as well as of the officers and men under his command.



**BEAR ADMIRAL JOHN IRWIN.**  
Under the rigid laws that govern the retirement of naval officers he has retired from active service at a time when many years should be still left to him, which could be usefully devoted to his country's service. As the brain moved out, however, the young man rose to remove his ovaries, and a shower of rice fell out, while the passengers smiled broadly. But even that did not affect the youth, who also smiled and, turning to his partner remarked audibly: "By Jove, May, I've stolen the groom's overcoat!"

mand of our naval force in Pacific waters an officer who was necessarily identified with the enforcement of the discarded policy. For that reason, and without any imputation upon his predecessor, Admiral Irwin was detailed to the command of the Pacific squadron, in which capacity he served up to the day of his retirement, hauling down his flag April 16, on the Philadelphia, in the harbor of Honolulu. The coincidence has been noted that Admiral Benham and Admiral Irwin, after forty-seven years of service, should have hauled down their respective flags within a week of each other while in command of foreign stations. Joseph Salathiel Skerrett, who succeeds to the vacancy on the list of rear admirals created by the retirement of Admiral Irwin, has the distinction of a longer active service on sea and shore duty than any other of the commodores. Admiral Skerrett was appointed a midshipman from Ohio, Oct. 12, 1848, and his commission as commodore bears date Aug. 4, 1889. Commodore Skerrett served with distinction throughout the civil war, and the extent and activity of his total service are shown by the records of the navy department, in which he is credited with twenty years and ten months of sea duty, and twenty years and eleven months of shore duty, having been unemployed during the whole period of his service but two years and a half.

## ON HIS FEET AGAIN.

### Ex-Senator Tabor Recovering His Once Great Fortune.

H. A. W. Tabor, of Denver, the man whose \$10,000 lace nightshirt was the talk of the country when he represented Colorado in the United States senate, and who subsequently lost the bulk of his fortune, is on top again and the story reads like a fairy tale. Ten years ago he was worth about \$5,000,000, but he spent money by thousands, was lied by politicians and friends and lavished his wealth through a score of channels. Through it all he held on to the Tabor operation, worth over \$1,000,000, and the Tabor block, worth nearly half as much. He fell into the hands of money lenders, who charged him 4 and 1/2 per cent a month interest, besides sound commissions of \$20,000 and \$25,000. His principal indebtedness was concentrated within the last two years on his two big buildings in cut-throat trust deeds for \$750,000. There is no redemption clause in these deeds. Some months ago the old man went into the Jesus Maria mine in old Mexico, and now his "Tabor luck," long a favorite expression in the west, has returned. The blocks were advertised to be sold at auction some weeks ago, and they would have gone from him forever if his agents had not secured a temporary injunction. During the arguments in court since it has been shown that he got only \$175,000 out of \$750,000 debt. The rest was accumulated interest and commissions. The other day it was announced in court that the debts would be paid and the trust deeds lifted. There was a cheer which the judge with difficulty suppressed, as the ex-senator has general sympathy. While the usurers have been trying to obtain his property at half its value he has been working in overalls and with a candle



**H. A. W. TABOR.**  
as the actual underground superintendent of his mine, and it is now paying \$65,000 to \$70,000 a month net in gold. Several months' income has gone to pay obligations to the bank at Chihuahua and other preliminary expenses, but these are all cleared up and the stream of cash is diverted to Denver. The result is that a syndicate of old friends has been formed to pay off the trust deeds and in a few months Tabor will again be free of debt.

## MUCH NEEDED ORDINANCE.

Recommended to the Consideration of All Inconsiderate People.  
Be it enacted: That if any person, said person having arrived at the age of more than 9 years, shall walk along the sidewalk or stand thereon with his or her umbrella, cane, or parasol tucked under his or her arm in an approximately horizontal position, and person shall be deemed guilty, on sight, of being an obnoxious chump. Be it further enacted: That said obnoxious chump shall have no redress in court for any assault and battery that may be committed upon his or her person by any able-bodied citizen who shall come into violent contact with said umbrella, cane or parasol while the same is being carried in the horizontal position aforesaid, unless said obnoxious chump shall show to the satisfaction of the court other evidence of a feeble mind.—Ex.

## NOT A FOOL HUSBAND.

How the Groom Exploited Away the Groom's Rice.  
Under some circumstances assurance is an excellent quality to have and to hold. Not long ago a young couple entered a railroad car who were immediately put down as a bridal pair. But they were remarkably self-possessed, and acted just like old folks, so that the other passengers began to doubt it after all. As the train moved out, however, the young man rose to remove his ovaries, and a shower of rice fell out, while the passengers smiled broadly. But even that did not affect the youth, who also smiled and, turning to his partner remarked audibly: "By Jove, May, I've stolen the groom's overcoat!"

## BARN YARD LANGUAGE.

### A BALTIMORE PROFESSOR IS LEARNING IT.

He Finds That Hens and Roosters Hold Protracted and Interesting Conversations—Chickens Tell Each Other the News of the Hen World.

Professor Garner's simians who talk as readily as human beings, according to the professor's story, must look to their laurels, as Professor Asger Hamarik of the Peabody Institute, of this city, has found that hens and roosters, of the ordinary barnyard variety, hold protracted and interesting conversations with each other, says the *Baltimore American*. While Professor Garner has been investigating the mental equipment of African monkeys, Professor Hamarik has been equally industrious in his investigations into the habits and life of the feathered population of his barnyard. The careful attention he has given the subject has not been in vain. Although he has not yet advanced so far in his researches as to be able to discuss the topics of the day with his chickens, he has learned enough to be able to tell what a hen means when she cackles—whether it is for a newly laid egg, or a pair of triumphant quail, or the discovery of a fresh worm or juicy grasshopper. He can also tell you from the tones of a rooster's crow whether he is signaling a victory over a conquered foe or merely passing away the time or heralding the approach of day.

The professor has devoted the greatest part of his time studying the habits of the rooster. He has been on the greatest terms of intimacy with Sir Chanticleer for upward of twenty years, and in consequence has learned much that is new and of great interest. "Roosters," said he to your correspondent, "as well as hens are the greatest gossipers in the world. When they get together they do nothing but chatter continually. This is true also of young pullets. I have watched them for hours at a time, and they would talk in this way. [Here the professor gave an imitation of a hen cackling and other of the sounds so familiar in the farm yard.] That they are conversing with one another is proven by the fact that they absolutely ignore their rare occasions when it sings a low lullaby, as it were, to itself, much as humans do when alone, or like a cat, which, when contented, will purr. Just as soon, however, as the solitary hen or rooster meets another you will hear an animated conversation. I have not progressed so far that I am able to understand all they say, but I do maintain that I understand some of their sounds and can imitate one or two so successfully that a hen listening will pay close attention to me. Thus, if I sound the note of alarm a hen makes when a hawk is near or when some other danger menaces, she will immediately fly to cover."

The professor then related an interesting incident to prove that chickens when they meet tell each other the current news of the hen world. Among one of his possessions is an old Cochon China hen. The professor also has a dog with which the old hen is on warm terms of intimacy. The professor one day introduced a new hen into the yard, as soon as she saw the dog she set up a great cackling and flew around the yard in a state of evident terror. The old hen observed her for a few minutes, meanwhile making some sounds that were calculated to reassure the scared fowl, but which had no effect, for the new arrival cackled louder than ever, although the dog made no hostile movement toward her. Finally the old hen approached the cackler with difficulty and began chuckling to her in a low tone. What she said must have been of a reassuring character, for the new hen at once ceased her clatter, and never after that did she display the least fear of the dog.

**The Secret of His Success.**  
"The beauty of this medicine," said Dr. Rybold, writing the directions on the bottle and handing it to the nurse, "is that it will make him too sick to eat anything for the next three days. That will give nature a chance to take a whack at him. When me and nature can work together on a patient," added the doctor, putting on his hat and gloves, "we pull him right of the kinks every time."

**No! In But Out.**  
George—I called at your house yesterday.  
Clara, coolly—You did not find me in?

**LORDS OF CREATION.**  
Science has produced an instrument for counting the number of dust motes that exist in a sunbeam.

A long-distance telephone line is being constructed between Madrid and Barcelona, a distance of about 300 miles.

Father—Is the girl you are going to marry economical? Son, enthusiastically—Should say so! Last year she spent \$500 in bargains!

When a woman says to her husband, "You know I haven't a bit of jealousy in my nature, but I should like to know," etc., look out for storms.

Mr. and Mrs. Flynn Hargrett, of Harris county, Ga., have been married for sixty-two years. They both have passed their 90th birthday.

Stern Parent, to a young applicant for his daughter's hand—Young man, can you support a family? Young Man, meekly—I only wanted your Sarah.

James J. Styles, who died in Kingston, New York, recently, in the 93rd year of his age, left surviving a brother 87 and two sisters each over 80 years old.

It is hard on a young man to spend three months deciding which of two girls he will choose; for his wife, and then to find out when he proposes that neither one of them will have him.

Isaiah A. Hatch, known as the little man, died at Provincetown, Mass., lately. He was a midget, deformed at birth, and at his death was but little over three feet in height, and weighed only eighty pounds. Mr. Hatch was 63 years old.

Dr. William Henry Furness, the Philadelphia divine, who has lately celebrated his ninety-second birthday, is the oldest living graduate of Harvard college, being now the sole survivor of the class of 1820. He remembers Ralph Waldo Emerson well as a fellow student. He was 10 years old at the outbreak of the war of 1812 and was nearly 70 when he was ordained pastor of the First Unitarian church society in Philadelphia.

ning to me. Neither of the other two paid any attention, yet each recognized its name as soon as spoken. If I transposed the name Pot and called Top no heed whatever was paid to my call by Pot."

## HER DRESS POCKET.

The Man Was Driven Insane by His Inability to Find It.

The man's wife had asked him to go upstairs and look in the pocket of her dress for a key she thought was there, and being a man willing to accommodate, he had done so. It was a long time until he returned, and when he did there was a peculiar look in his eyes. "I can't find any key in the dress of your pocket," he said, with a painful effort. "Why," she retorted sharply, "I left it there."

"I say I can't find any dress in the pocket of your key," he said doggedly. His tone seemed to disturb her. "You didn't half look for it," she insisted.

"I tell you I can't find any pocket in the key of your dress," he replied in a dazed kind of way.

This time she looked at him. "What's the matter with you?" she asked, nervously.

"I say," he said, speaking with much effort, "that I can't find any dress in the key of your pocket."

"She got up and went over to him. "Oh, William," she groaned, "have you been drinking?"

He looked at her leerily. "I tell you I can't find any pocket in the dress of your key," he whispered.

She began to shake him. "What's the matter?" she asked in alarm.

The shaking seemed to do him good, and he rubbed his eyes as if he were regaining consciousness.

"Wait a minute," he said very slowly indeed. "Wait a minute. I can't find any dress in—no; I can't find any key in the dress of—no; that's not it; any—any—any pocket. There, that's it, and a flood of light came into his face. "Confound it! I couldn't find any pocket."

Then he sat down and laughed hysterically, and his wife, wondering why in the name of goodness men should such a row over finding the pocket in a woman's dress, went upstairs and came back with the key in two minutes.

**Curiosities From the French.**  
A novel which was recently crowned by the French academy as possessed of unusual merit contained a sentence of which the following is a translation: "It was midnight. A man who lay in ambush listened to their conversation; but suddenly a dense dark cloud passed in front of the moon, and prevented him from hearing more." Here is another phrase, written in full earnest by a master of French criticism: "It was one of those duels in which one of the blades literally buries itself in the heart of the other." A criticism in a French journal upon a dramatic performance lately ended with these words, which are worthy of Sir Boyle Roche: "Mme. Judic's talent is like the froth on good champagne. Beware of trusting the scum to it; for if you do, there will remain naught but a pinch of ashes at the bottom of the alembic." Another French journal, in speaking of the results of certain false reports, declared: "This is the handiwork of evil tongues, manipulated by cruel hands."—Argonaut.

**The Death Rate.**  
It is computed that the death rate of the world is sixty-seven a minute, and the birth rate seventy a minute, and this seemingly light percentage of gains is sufficient to give a net increase of population each year of almost 1,200,000 souls.

If you are not made better by giving double your gift.

"Money talks," but the least little scree shuts it right up.

Bad news should be broken as gently as a soft-boiled egg.

Money talks, but it does not always use grammatical language.

Find a man who has no hobby and you will find one who is not happy.

The man who takes the cake thinks he is only receiving his dessert.

The Royal Baking Powder is indispensable to progress in cookery and to the comfort and convenience of modern housekeeping. Royal Baking Powder makes hot bread wholesome. Perfectly leavens without fermentation. Qualities that are peculiar to it alone.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

**Where Ignorance is Bliss.**  
Although the match has long since supplanted the tinder box, thousands of the antiquated light producers are still made. Adventurers often take a tinder box with them on trips, knowing from experience that if slower than a match it is certainly surer, and in addition to the demand this creates, there are back country regions in Europe where the match is comparatively unknown, even now. Then again, the white man with his usual ultra-sensitiveness does not see any harm in shipping tinder boxes, and even the oldest kinds of gunflints to the savages of Africa, who derive sincere delight from using them, especially as the traders are careful to explain that the one is an improvement on the match and the other a great stride toward perfection in fireworks.

**She Stopped His Face.**  
Chicago has one young lady who knows how to deal with the dude masquerade, who insults unprotected ladies on the street. She was walking down State street, when a stylishly dressed fellow addressed her. She made no answer, but passing, she doubled up her little fist and gave him one in the mouth, straight from the shoulder. The deed was witnessed by many in the crowded street and they heartily cheered the lady, while the dude sneaked away up a side street. She served him right, but the crowd should have seconded her punishment a little. It is a shameful state of affairs when a lady cannot walk alone down a crowded street in the middle of the day without being subjected to insult.

**Under London.**  
It gives an impressive idea what subterranean London is fast becoming to learn that on emerging from the river the New City and Waterloo line will, in its passage up Queen Victoria street, run for a part of the way underneath the low level main sewer, which in its turn runs along beneath the District Underground railway. So that at this point in the city we shall have first a busy main thoroughfare, below that a steam railway, then a huge metropolitan sewer, then an electric railway, reaching its terminus at a depth of about sixty-three feet below the streets, and here it will communicate with another line—the Central London—which will lie at a depth of eighty feet.

**DOCTORS ENDORSE IT.**  
An Eminent Physician of Arkansas, Dr. J. V. Hyatt, writes:  
Stamps, La. Fayette Co., Ark.  
Dear Sir—I will say this to you, that consumption is hereditary in my wife's family; some have already died with the disease. My wife has a sister, Mrs. E. A. Cleary, that was taken with consumption. She used your Golden Medical Discovery, and to the surprise of her many friends, she got well. My wife has also had hemorrhages from the lungs, and her sister insisted on her using the "Golden Medical Discovery." I connected her with it, and it relieved her. She has had no symptoms of consumption for the past six years. People having this disease can take no better remedy, sure very truly,  
W. C. Rogers, M. D.

**WORN NIGHT AND DAY.**  
Ely's Cream Balm Cures CATARRH  
PRICE 50 CENTS. ALL DRUGGISTS

READ A FACT TAKE A HINT  
**CLARET SOAP**  
GIVES PERFECT SATISFACTION WHEREVER TRIED  
SOLD EVERYWHERE  
MADE BY THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, St. Louis.

**EAT SCOTCH OATS**  
BREAKFAST

Consumption and people who have coughs or asthma, should use Fairbank's Consumption. It has saved thousands of lives. It is not hard to take. It is the best cough cure. Sold everywhere. W. N. U. DALLAS, 25-94  
When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention this Paper.



Don't ask me to credit you for longer than 60 or 90 days, for I will be compelled to refuse you, I must have the money.

ALL KIND OF  
**MACHINE OILS,**  
CHEAPER THAN EVER.

I am the only one who handles BULK GARDEN SEED. Therefore if you want your seed to cost but little, buy from me.

**A. P. McLemore, Druggist, Haskell, Texas.**

**The Haskell Free Press.**

**J. E. POOLE,**  
Editor and Proprietor.

Advertising rates made known on application  
Terms \$1.50 per annum, invariably cash in advance.

Entered at the Post Office, Haskell, Texas,  
as Second class Mail Matter.

Saturday June 23, 1894.

**Announcement Rates.**

For District offices, . . . \$10.00  
For County offices, . . . 5.00  
For Precinct offices, . . . 3.00  
Cash in advance.

**Announcements.**

We are authorized to announce the following gentlemen as candidates for the offices under which their names respectively occur:

FOR JUDGE, 39th JUDICIAL DISTRICT.

ED. J. HAMNER.

W. T. ANDREWS.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY

W. W. BEALL.

FOR COUNTY JUDGE.

J. M. BALDWIN.

P. D. SANDERS.

H. R. JONES.

FOR DISTRICT AND COUNTY CLERK.

G. R. COUCH.

FOR SHERIFF AND TAX COLLECTOR.

W. B. ANTHONY.

FOR TAX ASSESSOR.

H. S. POST.

J. N. ELLIS.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

JASPER MILLHOLLON.

FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR.

W. R. STANDEFER.

FOR CO. COMMISSIONER AND J. P., PRE.

NO. 1.

J. W. EVANS.

**LOCAL DOTS.**

—Mr. R. D. C. Stephens and wife have a pretty girl baby at their house.

—For a handsome midsummer dress get you a white dotted swiss, newest designs on hand at Ladies Emporium at lowest prices.

—A sack race free to all would be a fun raiser on the 4th.

—Six spoils best bread for 25 cts. at S. L. Robertson's.

—Mr. W. H. Parsons has been marketing some fine blackberries and peaches this week.

—A little hard cash goes a long way at F. G. Alexander & Co's. these hard times. Try them and see how they will load you up for a few dollars.

—A practical feature for the 4th would be a yearling colt show. Who can show the best one?

—Hamilton-Brown shoes for men, women and children received to-day at S. L. Robertson's.

—The Free Press suggests as a mirth provoker a fat men's race on the 4th between Drs. Lindsey and Neathery.

—Ladies Emporium make a specialty of ladies dress goods and trimmings and you can always get what you want at great reduction of city prices.

—Messrs. Glascock and Yoe brought in half a wagon load of nice cat and buffalo fish on Wednesday and sold them out at good prices.

—For quality, variety and prices W. W. Fields & Bro. can't be excelled on groceries.

The grass is growing so fast that the numerous and ubiquitous town cow can't keep it mowed down on the vacant town lots.

—Please don't ask us to credit you any longer, if you do you will compel us to refuse you.

Rike & Ellis.

—A sheet of local copy got misplaced last week and the fact was not noticed until the paper had gone to press, thus preventing several local items from getting in the paper.

—Everything sold low for cash at S. L. Robertson's.

—Your money will buy more goods at Rike & Ellis than any house in town, but your credit won't buy anything.

—A hurdle race by the entire bicycle force twice around the square would be interesting as an amusement feature on the 4th.

—W. W. Fields & Bro. handle peacemaker, Albany and Kansas City flour and their prices are as low as the lowest.

—Mr. Oland Wright and Miss Annie Isbell of Benjamin visited friends in Haskell the latter part of last week.

—Now is the time to get your hats cheap, and it might pay you to get a hat before the new line is out. Great closing out sale.

Ladies Emporium.

—Mrs. J. J. Lomax left this week on a visit to her mother at Files.

—Mr. Marshall Pierson and sister, Miss Alice, and Miss Mary Rice and Miss Una Foster attended the Baptist convention at Abilene this week.

—Mr. T. G. Carney of the northwest portion of the county, and one of our most progressive farmers and stock raisers, complimented the Free Press with some very fine Irish potatoes this week, as a sample of the vegetables and crops they are raising out that way.

—Mr. E. Y. Hildreth is on crutches this week, as a result of an injury to one of his legs by a wagon running over it.

—The young people were handsomely entertained on Monday night at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Tandy.

—Mr. J. A. Greer of the staff of the Herald-Echo of Mexia, Texas, was in Haskell Thursday. He is visiting relatives in this county.

—W. W. Fields & Bro. Keep their stock of Groceries constantly replenished with new, fresh and choice goods.

—Mr. H. B. Martin, who presides over the geographical department of the Free Press with skill and ability, to-day rounds out his eighth anniversary in that position.

—Mr. E. H. Green, one of our progressive farmers and horse raisers, called the other day and had his name entered on our subscription book. Mr. Green says crops are fine in his neighborhood, except that the weeds secured a pretty strong hold during the rainy spell. It was just getting dry enough to permit of working in them and, he said, although 61 years old, he was a pretty good hand at weed slaying, and he and his boys would soon clear his crop.

—Mr. Collins and Fred Sanders say that Alex- & Co's goods don't cost them anything and that is the reason they can afford to sell them so cheap. And another advantage is, it keeps them busy waiting on customers and they don't get lonesome like the other fellows do.

—Mrs Tandy and Mrs. Pierson called at the Free Press office Wednesday and requested us to announce that the Baptist ladies aid society is preparing to give a dinner, supper and ice cream festival on convention day, July 10th. Further details as to place, prices etc. will be given next week. They hope to have a large attendance and liberal patronage, as the proceeds are to be used for the benefit of the church.

Sometime ago I was troubled with an attack of rheumatism. I used Chamberlain's Pain Balm and was completely cured. I have since advised many of my friends and customers to try the remedy and all speak highly of it. SIMON GOLD-BAUM, San Luis Rey, Cal. For sale by A. P. McLemore, Druggist.

—Those farmers who get their crops worked over early and keep stirring the soil will hold the moisture in the soil and get full benefit of the copious rains that have fallen and, we think, will make fairly good crops even if it remains dry during the rest of the growing season. Of course, we are not farmer, and this is not an original idea or theory of ours; it is gathered from the writings and experience of the most practical and progressive farmers in the best farm journals.

—Why not be in style? Get you a pair of tan slippers at Ladies Emporium?

—Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Long entertained the young people Thursday night.

—The "frying size" were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Nick Hudson on Thursday night.

—Come to see us on the 4th.

—Isn't it time for the board of health to be heard from?

—Mr. D. Jameson and Mr. McCreary of New Castle, Pa., have been spending a few days in Haskell this week. Mr. Jameson is largely interested in real estate in our county and takes a deep interest in its prosperity, being always a liberal contributor when any movement for its advancement is on foot. He is also largely interested in banking and manufacturing in Pennsylvania.

—Rev. N. B. Bennett of the Methodist church began a protracted meeting last night, which we understand he will continue with the assistance of the minister from Seymour until the Methodist district conference meets here on the 27th inst., which will continue in session three days. From 50 to 60 preachers and delegates are expected to be in attendance.

**Cure For Headache.**

As a remedy for all forms of Headache Electric Bitters have proved to be the very best. It effects a permanent cure and the most dreaded habitual sick headache yields to its influence. We urge all who are afflicted to procure a bottle, and give this remedy a fair trial. In cases of habitual constipation Electric Bitters cures by giving the needed tone to the bowels, and few cases long resist this medicine. Try it once. Large bottles only 50 cents at McLemore's Drug Store.

—Mr. W. R. Standefer places his name before the people of Haskell county this week as a candidate for the office of county surveyor.

Mr. Standefer is one of the oldest citizens of this county, having surveyed and platted the town of Haskell before there was a resident on the land now comprising the town. On the organization of the county he was elected county surveyor, and during his term of office, and since, he has had large experience in land surveying, so that perhaps there is no man in the county possessing a more extensive or accurate knowledge of its land lines, corners, etc. These facts naturally indicate that he is prepared and competent to execute the duties of the office in a thorough and competent manner.

His announcement is subject to the democratic primaries.

—County Judge Sanders has just completed the abstract of the scholastic population of the county, which is as follows:

In district No. 1, white	209.
" " " 2, "	66.
" " " 3, "	77.
" " " 4, "	65.
" " " 5, "	25.
Total in county	442.
Colored, male,	1.
Of the whites 247 are males and 192 are females.	

It seems that Hill of N. Y., Gor-man of Md. and a few other democrats, who, with the republicans, have prevented progress in the senate on the tariff bill by resorting to every parliamentary device and by taking advantage of every rule and hoary custom of the senate that would serve the purpose of delay, have at last about got to the end of their rope and that the prospect for the bill to pass next week is very good.

The bill will be a piece of patch work, not at all what was expected from the democratic congress, but no one ever expected to find traitors there who would willfully disregard the solemn party pledges. Their names should forever be held in scorn and contempt by the great body of true democrats.

**Stockholder's Meeting.**  
A Meeting of stockholders of the First National Bank of Haskell will be held on Thursday, July 5th, 1894, at its banking house in Haskell, Texas, to authorize an increase of capital stock and such other business as may come before it.  
J. V. W. HOLMES, Cashier.  
June 4, 1894.

**Notice to Bidders.**  
By order of the commissioners court of Haskell county I will receive until the 6th day of July, 1894, bids for putting two coats of paint on the court house roof. Bids to contain estimates for work and material, and for work alone. The court reserves the right to reject any or all bids.  
P. D. SANDERS,  
Co. Judge.  
June 21st, 1894.

—The county commissioners while in session this week passed an order establishing a separate scalp fund, the object being to bring the common fund up to par before further inroads are made upon it by paying scalp bounties.

This will only be a partial success, however, as scalp scrip can be paid on county taxes and prevent the collection of money with which to pay other scrip. If the order had been to stop the payment of scalp bounties in future entirely it would have been the proper thing. While the payment of bounties has helped a few people during the dull times the law has proved an utter failure for the purpose for which it was intended, that is, the eradication of the prairie dogs and jack rabbits from the country, and we are informed that a number of persons who signed the petition last fall asking the court to resume payment of scalp bounties regret their action. One of the first acts of the next legislature should be the repeal of the present bounty law.

A WACO item in the Dallas News of the 19th inst. quotes Col. Charles Hamilton, vice president and general manager of the Texas Central railroad as saying:

"The Texas Central railroad company will not build new track for the present. As to the extension from Ross, our southeastern terminus, to Waco, we will probably do nothing in respect to that until the status of the Waco and Northwestern railway is settled. We are still using the Waco and Northwestern track from Waco to Ross."

Thus is another hope deferred for us, while the Central people take long chances on some other road occupying its coveted territory.

**Dean on Silver.**

We were shown a letter the other day received by Judge H. G. McConnell from Hon. J. M. Dean, in which he stated more fully his position on the silver question. The letter was in reply to one written him by Judge McConnell informing him that some of our people considered the expression of his views in the letter read before the convention a little uncertain or ambiguous.

He says that he intended, and supposed that he had, expressed himself explicitly in his former letter, but it was written in a great hurry to catch the train and he may not have done so.

We quote as follows from his last letter: "I am in favor of congressional legislation to establish the free and unlimited coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1, not only this, but I advocated in the state senate more than a year ago, a resolution to memorialize the president and congress to call an American congress to consist of South and Central American governments, Mexico and the United States for the purpose of coming to an agreement upon silver, believing, as I did, that if England, Germany &c were to take part in the conference, all benefits to the people from it would amount to nothing, or practically nothing, and, therefore all gold standard countries, and every country, except the two Americas mentioned and the United States and Mexico, were left out."

**Bucklen's Arnica Salve.**  
THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. P. McLemore.

JUDGE REAGAN is pushing his campaign for governor with all of his time and energy. It is very nice (to the drawer) to be drawing a good fat salary as railroad commissioner while he is junketing over the state electioneering for another big office, but it isn't so nice for the people whose money pays the taxes that pay the salary.

We recognize and fully appreciate the eminent services heretofore rendered his country by Judge Reagan. But Judge Reagan nor any other official is, nor should they be, above just and fair criticism when they veer from the straight line of duty, or appear to do so, and we submit that Judge Reagan should either resign as railroad commissioner or relinquish the salary for the time he neglects the business of the office. The former course would be of most advantage to the people, if they are to receive any benefits from the commission, as then, it having been sustained by the United States supreme court, some other man could be appointed to go ahead with the work.

If there is anything unfair to Judge Reagan in this criticism it does not appear to the writer and he would like to have it pointed out.

**HALF A DOLLAR TO KNOW IT ALL.**

For only fifty cents you can get THE SEMI WEEKLY NEWS (Galveston or Dallas) every Tuesday and Friday for six months.

This will take you through and beyond what bids fair to be one of the most exciting state campaigns ever witnessed in Texas.

Hand 50 cents to your postmaster or the local newsdealer, or send direct to A. H. Belo & Co., Publishers, and get full proceedings of the political procession in the best general newspaper in the southwest—sixteen pages a week.

**GUARANTEED CURE.**

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, upon this condition: If you are afflicted with a Cough, Cold or any Lung, Throat or chest trouble and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We could not make this offer did we not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on. It never disappoints. Trial bottle free at McLemore's Drug Store. Large size 50c and \$1.00.

The Times estimates the wool clip of Throckmorton county this year at near 400,000 pounds.

**They Want Names.**

The Russel Art Publishing Co., of 928 Arch street, Philadelphia, desire the names and address of a few people in every town who are interested in works of art, and to secure them they offer to send FREE, "Cupid Guides the Boat," a superbly executed water color picture size 10x13 inches, suitable for framing, and sixteen other pictures about same size, in COLORS, to any one sending them at ONCE the names and address of ten persons (admirers of fine pictures) the gather with six two-cent stamps to cover expense of mailing, etc. The regular price of these pictures is \$1. but they can all be secured free by any person forwarding the names and stamps PROMPTLY.

NOTE—The editor of this paper has already received copies of above pictures and considers the really a "Gem of Art."

Mr. H. F. Petry of A. utin, an organizer for the order of Woodmen of the World, a benevolent, social and insurance organization, has secured twenty-two charter members for a lodge at this place. Lodge supplies are expected to arrive to-day and the organization will probably be affected Monday.

**\$85.00** If your dealer does not handle our goods write us for prices  
**Buggies Spring Wagons, Road Carts and Wagons.**  
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LARGEST AND BEST EQUIPPED FACTORY FOR INDIANAPOLIS, IND.  
ON EARTH PRODUCING SUPERIOR VEHICLES.

WATT MIDDLETON. BUD SMITH.  
**THE NEW MEAT MARKET,**  
MIDDLETON & SMITH, Props.  
Will keep the choicest and best beef to be had, also pork, mutton etc. when it can be procured of good quality.  
Their prices will always be reasonable, and a share of the public patronage is solicited.  
N. W. Corner Public Square Haskell, Texas.

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—DEALERS IN—  
**HARDWARE,**  
**AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,**  
Stoves and Tinware, Tanks, Pumps, Pipe and Fittings.  
Call and Try Us.

**8 ft. \$25**  
**12 ft. \$50**  
**16 ft. \$100**  
**AERMOTORS**  
ALL STEEL GALVANIZED  
PUMPING OR GEARED SAME PRICE.  
Our competitors may "blow their biggest horns inside out," as the old song goes, telling about the bargains they have to offer, but if you will drop into Dodson & Halsey's store and ask them to quote prices to you on their choice clothing, dress goods, boots, shoes, hats and the good things to eat which go so far toward making life happy and enjoyable, and which they always keep in stock, you will find the song of low prices which they will sing you far sweeter music than the tooting of all the horns in Texas.  
Try it once for the fun of the thing; no charge for admittance to the concert. The curtain is up and the play is in full swing now. Front seats reserved for gentlemen accompanied by ladies.

**A. R. BENGE,**  
DEALER IN  
**SADDLES & HARNESS**  
To my friends in Haskell Co.—  
While in Seymour, call and examine my Prices on Saddlery and Harness Goods.  
A. R. BENGE,  
N. Main St. Seymour, Texas.

**S.S.S.**  
PURELY a vegetable compound, made entirely of roots and herbs gathered from the forests of Georgia, and has been used by millions of people with the best results. It  
**CURES**  
All manner of Blood diseases, from the pestiferous little boil on your nose to the worst cases of inherited blood taint, such as Scrofula, Rheumatism, Catarrh and  
**SKIN-CANCER**  
Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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RAILROAD, FARM, GARDEN,  
COUNTRY, LAWN, POULTRY and Rabbit Fencing.  
TENSIONS OF WIRE IN THE CATALOGUE FREE. PRESENT PAID.  
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costs only 25.00 per 100 square feet. Makes good roof for years and any one can put it on. Gum-Elastic paint costs only 50 cents per gal. 100 lbs. or 64.50 for 5-gal. tubs. Color, dark red. Will stop leaks in tin or iron roofs, and will last for years. Try it. Send stamps for samples and full particulars.  
**GUM-ELASTIC ROOFING CO.**  
22 & 41 West Broadway, NEW YORK  
Local Agents Wanted.  
**FLOWER SEED FREE**  
This offer is for immediate acceptance. Don't get it off. Send to-day, and you will receive the best seed and WILLIAM promptly. Address WILSON & PULLMAN CO., New York, Va.