

The Haskell Free Press.

Vol. 12. Haskell, Haskell County, Texas, Saturday, April 10, 1897. No. 15.

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Editor Free Press:

It is with sorrow and regret that we announce the death of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Ward's twin babes. Their souls have gone to the Savior, who said "Forbid them not, but suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

We all sympathize with the bereaved parents, but consolation must be found in preparing to meet them in heaven, where there will be no more parting, and no more sorrow.

We now have preaching at Idella on the Saturday, nights before the second and fourth Sundays in each month.

We had a delightful rain in this section to-day. Grass is growing nicely, and in riding across the prairie, we see several young colts and calves.

The "Poverty Ridge Literary Society" at Idella school house will have its next meeting on April 16th. We invite every body to attend and as many as can to take part.

BADGER.

[The above communication was received on last Friday evening—a day too late for last week's paper.]

THE DISCOVERY SAVED HIS LIFE.

Mr. G. Caillouette, Druggist, Beaverville, Ill., says: "To Dr King's New Discovery I owe my life. Was taken with La Grippe and tried all the physicians for miles about, but of no avail and was given up and told I could not live. Having Dr King's New Discovery in my store I sent for a bottle and began its use and from the first bottle began to be better, and after using three bottles was up and about again. It is worth its weight in gold. We want keep store or house without it. Get a free trial bottle at McLemore's Drug store."

On the Judicial District Question.

Mr. Editor:

There has been considerable talk about the measure now before the legislature providing for a reduction of the number of judicial districts now in the state. The bill which has been reported to the legislature by a joint committee of both houses, provides that Throckmorton Co. shall be taken from the 39th district and placed in the district with Baylor Co. and that Jones Co. should be placed in the district with Taylor Co. and that Haskell and the remaining four counties of the 39th district shall be consolidated into a new district embracing the counties to west and southwest, now in Judge Kennedy's district.

Strong influences are being brought to bear to have Haskell county thrown south into Judge Connor's district instead of west with the Kennedy district, as favored by the joint committee. Since it is a public question, we take it that no harm can come from an open discussion of it, in a candid and fair spirit. If the proposed bill passes it will likely stand for many years, and in settling the matter, in so far as Haskell Co. is concerned, we take it that personal considerations and personal feelings should be lost sight of, and only what may be to the interest of Haskell Co. and of the local bar considered. By this statement, we do not mean that the advantages or disadvantages accruing to the Connor or Kennedy district should be ignored. Should Haskell Co. be put in Connor's district, the district would be constituted as follows:

County	Dem. Vote.	Opposition Vote.
Jones	478	469
Taylor	867	795
Shackelford	247	265
Stephens	627	600
Eastland	1471	1365
Callahan	428	637
Comanche	1312	1468
Haskell	238	90
Total	6097	5688

Total vote of the district, 11,785.

Kennedy's district as reported by the joint committee would be composed as follows:

County	Dem. Vote.	Opposition Vote.
Haskell	238	90
Stonewall	117	94
Kent	81	63
Fisher	297	223
Scurry	162	220
Nolan	233	153
Mitchell	297	219
Howard	200	183
Martin	90	27
Ector	60	9
Midland	261	76
Borden	50	48
Total	2086	1405

Total vote of the district, 3491.

The vote of the unorganized counties of Crane, Upton, Dawson, Andrews, Gaines, and Garza are included in the vote of the above named counties, to which they are attached for judicial purposes. From foregoing, it will be seen that the Connor district would have more than three times the population of the Kennedy district, and presumably, three times the volume of business in its courts. It will also be observed that Eastland, Comanche, Taylor, Callahan and Stephens have 2836, 2779, 1692, 1464 and 1227 votes respectively, while Haskell would be the lightest county in the district with its 238 votes. It appears that in the Kennedy district, Haskell will have equal weight in convention with any county in the proposed district, while in the other district it would be completely overshadowed by the populous agricultural counties to the south and east. Recently, a petition was circulated which was signed by over two thirds of the voters of this county, giving



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expression to their wishes in this matter.

This petition contained, first, a protest against being cut out of the 39th district; second, an acquiescence in an enlargement of the district if deemed expedient; third, an expression that it would not be to the interest of Haskell county to be taken out of the present district to be put in another to the south or east. This petition was prepared and circulated for nearly a day before you, Mr. Editor, received from Senator Tillett, a letter published two weeks ago in your paper, stating how Haskell Co. had been placed, and that it would stay in the Western district unless a greater number of the citizens of the county should petition for it to go south. It has been charged that you withheld the letter from those who favored placing the county south, in order to give the friends of the move to place it in Kennedy's district the advantage of first circulating petitions. This is not the fact and does you a gross injustice.

As a matter of fact, according to your statement, H. G. McConnell, who, I am informed, is somewhat in favor of going south, was the first person outside of your office who saw the letter of Tillett. Also, as a matter of fact, I know that steps were on foot to circulate the petition above referred to for nearly a day and a half before the parties having charge of it knew that you had received the Tillett letter.

So much for that. I am informed by a party who has seen all the letters, that a number of the 220 who signed the petition, have written to Senator Tillett, retracting their signature and stating that the petition was misleading. Whatever else the petition may mean, it certainly expresses in plain English that the signers do not think it to the interest of Haskell county to be cut out of the present district to be placed in one south and east. I can not conceive how these parties, after looking at the matter through rose tinted glasses, making it appear to the interest of Haskell Co. and of the Haskell bar, to remain in the western district, should allow deft hands to adjust to their vision a pair of green glasses through which they see such terrors as to induce them to recant. I am constrained to believe that in this matter, extraneous influences, and personal feeling, foreign to the interest of our country and of our home bar, have been invoked. In the move to cut Haskell Co. south, Connor's has been a potent name to conjure with, and well it might, for some strong spell is needed to overcome the logic of our remaining in the western district, to which we naturally belong.

If it be the desire to equalize the work of the district judges, in reducing the number of districts, why place it in a district of nearly 12,000 votes, when it can with equal advantage be placed in a district of 3500 voters.

In the one case it is overshadowed by the populous counties to the South and East, and may aptly be called the tail to the dog, to use a homely comparison. In the other case it will be the peer of any county in the district. One other consideration, and then I am through. On account of the intimate commercial relations existing between Taylor and Haskell county, our home bar will be thrown much more closely in competition with the strong Abilene bar, should our county be thrown south. Perhaps this will be thought by some to be a case in which there should be "survival of the fittest." Were we all such profound jurists as that we could lay claim to being on one side of every case that comes up in our courts, we would not fear competition, and would not be prompted by such selfish considerations. Unfortunately, it is not given us all to enjoy such enviable distinction.

In what I have said in this matter, I am prompted by what I conceive to be the interest of Haskell Co. and what I regard as my own interest, as a member of the Haskell bar. In giving expression to my views on this question, it has not been my desire to say a word at which any one would take offence. If I have not stated facts as they exist, I am open to correction and they will be received in kindly spirit. Resp.
S. W. SCOTT.

WARNING.

We wish to caution all users of Simmons Liver Regulator on a subject of the deepest interest and importance to their health—perhaps their lives. The sole proprietors and makers of Simmons Liver Regulator learn that customers are often deceived by buying and taking some medicine of a similar appearance or taste, believing it to be Simmons Liver Regulator. We warn you that unless the word Regulator is on the package or bottle, that it is not Simmons Liver Regulator. No one else makes, or ever has made Simmons Liver Regulator, or anything called Simmons Liver Regulator, but J. H. Zeilin & Co., and no medicine made by anyone else is the same. We alone can put it up, and we cannot be responsible, if other medicines represented as the same do not help you as you are led to expect they will. Bear this fact well in mind, if you have been in the habit of using a medicine which you supposed to be Simmons Liver Regulator, because the name was somewhat like it, and the package did not have the word Regulator on it, you have been imposed upon and have not been taking Simmons Liver Regulator at all. The Regulator has been favorably known for many years, and all who use it know how necessary it is for Fever and Ague, Biliousness, Constipation, Headache, Dyspepsia, and all disorders arising from a Diseased Liver.

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From Senator Tillett Again.

Austin, Tex., Apr. 3rd, 1897.
THE HASKELL FREE PRESS,
Haskell, Texas,

Mr. Editor,

Will you allow me to answer, through the columns of your papers, many letters I have received from citizens of your county, touching the matter of redistricting the state, as it may affect Haskell Co.

I am today in receipt of a petition, signed by about one hundred and fifty of the good citizens of Haskell Co.

The petition reads as follows: "We, the undersigned citizens and voters of Haskell County Texas, hereby protest against the cutting of Haskell County out of the Thirty-ninth Judicial District as now constituted. While we do not object to an enlargement of the district, it deemed expedient by the legislature, we do not think it to the interest of this county to be cut out of the district in which it now is, to be placed in another to the south and east of the one in which it is now situated." Of course it would be wholly impracticable to cut Haskell county out of the thirty-ninth district, as now constituted, because it would leave a gap in the district, leaving Throckmorton on the right, and Stonewall on the left, in the same district, though separated from each other.

In order to reduce the number of Judicial districts, it is a mathematical impossibility, to leave the districts substantially as they are, and add to them a few more counties, from some other district.

The committee has been much amused, as well as annoyed, by this same proposition, coming from almost every senator, and representative.

Every one says to the committee, "Gentlemen, we are perfectly willing to do all we can to redistrict the state, and we now here propose to you that if you will leave our district just as it is, taking away no counties from us, we will allow you to put on any adjoining counties you wish." You see at a glance the trouble we get into when we accept this apparently liberal proposition. So now, the good citizens of Haskell Co. come to us one hundred and fifty strong and say "we do not object to an ENLARGEMENT of the district." What a lovely condition it would be if we could do as we wish we could, simply leave all the districts like they are, and add a few more counties to them.

But, the purpose of this letter, is

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HORRORS GOING ON IN CUBA.

LONDON TIMES CORRESPONDENT AT HAVANA PROTESTS AGAINST THE BARBARITIES OF SPAIN.

New York, April 4.—C. E. Akers, who has for two years been the London Times correspondent at Havana, has a four-column letter in the World, in which he declares that the worst horrors of Crete and Armenia are equalled by Spanish barbarities in Cuba, and that it is the moral duty of the United States to stop the war. Mr. Akers says: "The end of the dry season is now at hand, and Spain has accomplished little toward the pacification of Cuba.

"Certain gains have as certainly fallen to the Spaniards, the death of Maceo in December and the capture of Ruiz Rivera a few days ago, being the most notable. But at what cost has the campaign been conducted? "The provinces of Pinar Del Rio and Havana, and large portions of Matanzas and Santa Clara, are one staring mass of cinders. Desolation and extermination meet the eye at every point. Ruin in the present, famine, disease and death in the future, are all that the Cubans can hope for while Cuba remains under Spanish rule.

"Under these circumstances I do not think that the death of this or that leader can bring victory any nearer to the Spanish arms. Where one such man as Ruiz Rivera is lost a hundred spring up to take his place. "Moreover, it must not be forgotten that this guerrilla warfare needs not any great military genius to conduct it. The only object in view is

MEMPHIS is calling for aid for the Mississippi flood sufferers, who have taken refuge there in large numbers.

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to keep the country in such a condition of unrest as to make imperative the presence of an enormous army of occupation. Small parties of 50 or 100 men scattered throughout the island can do this more effectively than a concentrated force of 20,000 or 30,000 men, upon which the Spanish commander-in-chief could at once mass greater numbers, equipped with superior armament.

"Gen. Weyler's policy of extermination and devastation is nothing short of the almost insane working of an ignorant and completely unbalanced mind.

"To kill peaceful people on the technicality that they have neglected to obey the order to leave their homes and take up their residence in some town where no means of subsistence exists is inexcusable. To devastate the whole island of Cuba on the plea that by so doing all supplies will be shut off from the rebels only demonstrates the dense ignorance under which the Spanish general is laboring. The rebels can get food enough to live on for another ten years if necessary, while the cattle now roaming wild in the different districts will supply the insurgents with beef for at least a couple of years to come. As for the foreigners resident in Cuba, they have but one feeling with regard to Weyler's methods of conducting the military operations. They consider Weyler and his actions as a reflex of the worst barbarities of the middle ages, for more brutal indeed than many of the most severe means employed by the holy inquisition to attain its ends.

"The object of Weyler's present policy is to exterminate the Cuban people—a people composed of some 1,200,000 whites and negroes, or of mixed blood.

"To kill every peaceful male inhabitant of the country is one of Weyler's methods, and to drive the women and children into the towns to die of hunger is another. Not in one single case since Consul General Lee assumed the duties of the Havana consulate have any prisoners been accorded the privileges they are entitled to under the Spanish-American treaty and protocols. Gen. Lee states that his efforts to obtain the full treaty rights for Americans were invariably thwarted by instructions emanating from Olney in Washington.

"If I may be permitted to give one word of advice to the people of this great country, it is to leave Armenia and the Turks to be dealt with by the European powers and attend to their own Armenia, that lies but a stone's throw from their own shores."

Haskell Free Press.

J. E. POOLE, Publisher.
HASKELL, TEXAS.

The melancholy days for many office-seekers are here.

Mr. Gage is declared to be the handsomest man in the new cabinet. They can't beat Chicago.

There is a bright side to everything. The city of Canton, Ohio, is now enjoying a brass band famine.

A trust has been formed by the manufacturers of bourbon whisky. The toppers of the land have determined to put it down.

Turkey claims to have bought three American ironclads. The sultan evidently wishes to discover a few more sand-bars in the Mediterranean.

Mr. Cleveland is now experiencing the exclusiveness that is accorded an ex-president. Nobody pays the least attention to the number of ducks he kills.

By the way, who is it that is trying to recover the American flags captured by the Mexicans during the war with that country? There has certainly been no governmental action taken in that direction.

A preacher at Normal, Ill., says he uses beer because he is suffering from nervous prostration, resulting from being held up by a footpad. We have often wondered at the enormous consumption of the amber beverage.

Right here we wish to call your attention to a remarkably good man, in at least one respect. Stratton, the Cripple Creek millionaire, refuses to go into any money-making schemes. "What I'm trying to do," says he, "is to promoters, is to keep my income down within the limits of decency." Are you not pleased to know that there is one rich man who has no designs on the entire earth?

And now Dr. Lyman Abbott of Brooklyn tells us that out of the 130 Psalms David wrote but fifteen. David, therefore, is not the poet many supposed him to have been. Then comes Rev. William Lloyd, a congregational minister in New York, who solemnly avers that the story of Balaam and his ass is not literally true. In other words, Mr. Lloyd does not believe the ass spake with the voice of a man.

Representative Donovan of Bay City has introduced a bill in the Michigan legislature to keep bachelors and maids from "going on in their single cussedness." In explaining the bill Mr. Donovan says, "We won't have any penalty for men who have done the best they could and have been fitted, or so homely that no sane woman would look at them. These two classes will be exempt from all the penalties of the bill." The ministers and justices are much pleased with the bright prospect for increased business.

A negress who died the other day in a St. Louis hospital was probably the fattest woman ever known. She weighed 600 pounds, and when she was taken to the hospital it was almost impossible to get her through the door of the ambulance. She broke the stretcher on which they carried her up stairs, and it took six strong negroes to move her. When she departed this life it took over half an hour to ascertain that she was really dead. The layers of fat between the epidermis and the arteries were so thick that it was impossible to discern the ebbing and flowing of the blood.

A romantic story comes from Holly, N. J., concerning Frank Rice, formerly of that place, but now a wealthy California mining man, and Miss Lizzie Frake. The two were married quietly in Pennsylvania in 1881, but agreed to keep the marriage secret until success should have crowned the efforts of the bridegroom in the far west. Sixteen years elapsed before the desired result was attained, and a few days ago Rice returned to Mt. Holly and signed his wife. During all this time they guarded their secret so well that their friends never once suspected the true state of affairs.

An aged Chicago spinster, with the usual fondness of her kind for cats, has recently had an unpleasant experience on account of her pets. She had an unusual number of feline companions; in fact, about thirty, and the domestics in her apartments, and the neighbors have made a complaint to the health officers that cats are not desired in that neighborhood in such numbers. The woman has occupied the same rooms for eight years, and the landlady says that her door was always kept locked to keep out intruders. The health officer has ordered the cats removed, and great is the grief of their fond mistress.

Germany's fifteen largest landowners own between them 9,660,000 acres of German soil. Prince Wittgenstein has 3,990,900 acres, next comes the Duke of Arenberg with 890,000, then in order the Prince of Thurn and Taxis, the Duke of Brunswick, Prince Salim, the Prince of Tallebrand-Sagan, who is a French subject; the Prince of Pless, the Duke of Leuchtenberg, Prince Benheim, Prince Lowenstein, the Prince of Wied (father of the Queen of Roumania) and Prince Fugger. Many of these have large estates outside of Germany as well.

An Atlanta clergyman denounces the "beautiful women, members of our churches, who gamble for prizes at cards, against the law of both God and man." That clergyman's usefulness must be over, with the fair members of his church, at least.

The offer of Andrew Carnegie and other rich men to loan the State of Pennsylvania millions of dollars with which to rebuild its Capitol, causes the suspicion that they want either to clear their consciences or obtain some more favors.

A Tale of Three Lions

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)
"Lions, my boy," I said; "they are hunting down by the river there; but I don't think you need make yourself uneasy. We have been here three nights now, and if they were going to pay us a visit I should think they would have done so before this. However, we will make up the fire."

"Here, Pharaoh, do you and Jim-Jim get some more wood before we go to sleep, else the cats will be purring round you before morning."

"Pharaoh, a great brawny Swazi, who had been working for me at Plikrims Rest, laughed, rose, and stretched himself, and then calling to Jim-Jim to bring the axe and a rein, started off in the moonlight toward a clump of sugar-bush where we cut our fuel from some dead trees. He was a fine fellow in this way, was Pharaoh, because he had an Egyptian cast of countenance and a royal sort of swag about him. But his way was a somewhat peculiar way, on account of the uncertainty of his temper, and very few people could get on with him; also if he could get it he would drink like a fish, and when he drank he became shockingly blood-thirsty. These were his bad points; his good ones were that, like most people of the Zulu blood, he became exceedingly attached to you if he took to you at all; he was a hard-working and intelligent man, and about as carefree and plucky a fellow as a pinch as I ever had to do with. He was about five-and-thirty years of age or so, but not a 'keshele' or ringed-man, I believe he got into trouble in some way in Swaziland, and the authorities of his tribe would not allow him to assume the ring, and that is why he came to work at the gold fields. The other man, or rather lad, Jim-Jim, was a Mapeoch Kafir, or Knobnose, and even in the light of subsequent events I fear that I cannot speak very well of him. He was an idle and careless young rascal, and only that very morning I had to tell Pharaoh to whip him for letting the oxen stray, which he did with the greatest gusto, although he was, in his own way, very fond of Jim-Jim, and I saw him consoling him afterward with a pinch of snuff from his own ear-box, whilst he explained to him that the next time it came in the way of duty to flog him, he meant to thrash with the other hand, so as to cross the old cuts and make a 'pretty pattern' on his back.

"Well, off the went, though Jim-Jim did not at all like leaving the camp at that hour, even though the moonlight was so bright, and in due course returned safely enough with a great bundle of wood. I laughed at Jim-Jim, and asked him if he had seen anything, and he said yes; he had seen two large yellow eyes staring at him from behind a bush, and heard something snore.

"As, however, on further investigation the yellow eyes and the snore appeared to have existed only in Jim-Jim's lively imagination, I was not greatly disturbed by this alarming report; but having seen to making up of the fire, got into the skerm and went quietly to sleep with Harry by my side.

"Some hours afterward I woke up with a start. I don't know what woke me. The moon had gone down, or at least was almost hidden behind the soft horizon of bush, only her red rim being visible. Also a wind had sprung up and was driving long hurrying lines of cloud across the starry sky, and altogether a great change had come over the mood of the night. By the look of the sky I judged that we must be about two hours from day-break.

"The oxen, which were as usual tied to the disselboom of the Scotch cart, were very restless—they kept snuffing and blowing, and rising up and lying down again, and I at once suspected that they must wind something. Presently I knew what it was that they were doing, for within fifty yards of us a lion roared not very loud.

"Pharaoh was sleeping on the other side of the cart, and beneath it I saw him raise his head and listen.

"'Lion, Inkonso,' he whispered, 'lion.'"

"Jim-Jim also jumped up, and by the faint light I could see that he was in a very great fright indeed.

"Thinking that it was as well to be prepared for emergencies, I told Pharaoh to throw wood upon the fire, and woke up Harry, who I verily believe was capable of sleeping through the crack of doom. He was a little scared at first, but presently the excitement of the position came home to him, and he became quite anxious to see his majesty face to face. I got my rifle handy and gave Harry his—a Westley Richard falling block, which is a very useful gun for a youth, being light and yet a good killing rifle, and then we waited.

"For a long time nothing happened, and I began to think that the best thing that we could do would be to go to sleep again, when suddenly I heard a sound more like a cough than a roar within about twenty yards of the skerm. We all looked out, but could see nothing; and then followed another period of suspense. It was very trying to the nerves, this waiting for an attack that might be developed from any quarter or might not be developed at all; and though I was a very old hand at this sort of business, was anxious about Harry, for it is wonderful how the presence of anybody to whom one is attached unnerves a man in moments of danger, and that made me nervous, I know, although it was now chilly enough, I could feel the perspiration running down my nose, and in order to relieve the strain on my attention employed myself watching a beetle which appeared to be attracted by the fire-light, and was sitting before it thoroughly rubbing his antennae against each other.

"Suddenly the beetle gave such a jump that he nearly jumped headlong into the fire, and so did we all—give jumps, I mean, and no wonder, for from right under the skerm fence there came the most frightful roar—a roar that literally made the Scotch cart shake and took the breath out of you.

"Harry ejaculated and turned rather green, Jim-Jim howled outright, while

the poor oxen stood and shivered and howled piteously.

"The night was almost entirely dark now, for the moon had quite set and the clouds had covered up the stars, so that the only light we had was from the fire, which was burning up brightly again now; but, as you know, fire-light is absolutely useless to shoot by, it is so uncertain, and besides it penetrates but a very little way into the darkness, although if one is in the dark outside one can see it from so far away.

"Presently the oxen, after standing still for a moment, suddenly wended the lion and did what I feared they would do—began to 'shrek,' that is to try and break loose from the trekto to which they were tied, and rush off into the wilderness. Lions know what they are about, and the oxen, which are, I do believe, the most foolish animals under the sun, a sheep being a very Solomon compared to them; and it is by no means uncommon for a lion to get in such a position that a herd or span of oxen may wind him, shrek, break their reins, and rush off into the bush. Of course, once they are there, they are helpless in the dark; and then the lion chooses the one that he loves best and eats him at his leisure.

"Well, round and round went our six poor oxen, nearly trampling us to death in their mad rush; indeed, had we not hastily tumbled out of the way, we should have been trampled to death, or at least seriously injured. As it was, Harry was run over, and poor Jim-Jim being caught by the trekto somewhere beneath his arm, was hurried right across the skerm, landing by my side only some paces off.

"Snap went the disselboom of the cart beneath the transverse strain put upon it. Had it not broken the cart would have overset; as it was, in another minute, oxen, cart, trekto, reins, broken disselboom, and everything were soon lying in one vast heaving, plunging, howling, and seemingly inextricable knot.

"For a moment or two this state of affairs took my attention off from the lion that had caused it, but whilst I was wondering what on earth was to be done next, and what we should do if the cattle broke loose into the bush and were lost, for cattle frightened in this manner will go right away like mad things, it was very suddenly recalled in a very painful fashion.

"For at that moment I perceived by the light of the fire, a kind of gleam of yellow traveling through the air toward us.

"The lion! the lion! hallooed Pharaoh, and as he did so, he or rather she, for it was a great gaunt lioness, half wild no doubt with hunger, lit right in the middle of the skerm, and stood there in the smoky gloom, and lashed her tail and roared. I seized my rifle and fired at her, but what between the confusion, and my agitation, and the uncertain light, I missed her and nearly shot Pharaoh. The flash of the rifle, however, threw the whole scene into stark relief, and a wild one it was I can tell you—with the scolding mass of oxen twisted all around the cart, in such a fashion that their heads looked as though they were growing out of their rumps and their horns seemed to protrude from their backs; the smoking air with just a blaze in the heart of the smoke; Jim-Jim in the foreground, where the oxen had thrown him in their wild rush, stretched out there in terror; and then as a center to the picture the great gaunt lioness glaring round with hungry yellow eyes, and roaring and whining as she made up her mind what to do.

"It did not take her long, just the time that it takes a flash to die into darkness, and then, before I could fire again or do anything, with a most fiendish snort she sprang upon poor Jim-Jim.

"I heard the unfortunate lad shriek, and then almost instantly I saw his legs thrown into the air. The lioness had seized him by the neck, and with a sudden jerk thrown his body over her back so that his legs hung down upon the further side. Then, without the slightest hesitation, and apparently without any difficulty she cleared the skerm fence at a single bound, and bearing poor Jim-Jim with her, vanished into the darkness beyond in the direction of the bushes—places that I have already described. We jumped up perfectly mad with horror and fear, and rushed wildly after her, firing shots at hap-hazard on the chance that she would be frightened by them into dropping her prey, but nothing could we see, and nothing could we hear. The lioness had vanished into the darkness taking Jim-Jim with her, and to attempt to follow her until daylight was madness. We should only expose ourselves to the risk of a like fate.

"So with scared and heavy hearts we crept back to the skerm, and sat down to wait for daylight, which now could not be much more than an hour off. It was absolutely useless to try even to disassemble the oxen till then, so all that there was left for us to do was to sit and wonder how it came to pass that the one should be taken and the other left, and to hope against hope that our poor servant might have been mercifully delivered from the lion's jaws. At length the faint light came stealing like a ghost up the long slope of bush, and glinted on the tangled oxen's horns, and with white and frightened faces we got up and set to the task of disassembling the oxen till such time as they should be light enough to enable us to follow the trail of the lioness which had gone off with Jim-Jim. And here a fresh trouble awaited us, for when at last with infinite difficulty we had got the helpless brutes loose, it was only to find that one of the best of them was very sick. There was no mistake about the way he stood with his legs slightly apart and his head hanging down. He had got the red water, I was sure of it. Of all the difficulties connected with life and traveling in South Africa, those connected with oxen are perhaps the worst. The ox is the most exasperating animal in the world. He has absolutely no constitution, and never neglects an opportunity of falling sick of some mysterious disease. He will get thin upon the slightest provocation, and from mere maliciousness die of 'povyerty'; whereas it is his chief delight to turn round and refuse to pull when ever he finds himself well in the cen-

ter of a river, or the wagon-wheel nice by fast in a mudhole. There is always something wrong with him.

"Well, it was no use crying as I should almost have liked to do, because if this ox had red-water it was probable that the rest of them had it, too, although they had been sold to me as 'salted,' that is, proof against such diseases as red-water and lung-sick. One gets hardened to this sort of thing in South Africa in course of time, for I suppose in no other country in the world is the waste of animal life so great.

"So, taking my rifle and telling Harry to follow me (for we had to leave Pharaoh to look after the oxen, Pharaoh's lean knee, I called them, which was not of appearing to the unfortunate Jim-Jim. The ground round our little camp was hard and rocky, and we could not hit off any spot of the lioness, though just outside the skerm we saw a drop or two of blood. Several hundred yards from the camp and a little to the right, was a patch of sugar bush mixed up with the usual mimosa, and for this I made, thinking that the lioness would have been sure to take her prey there to devour it. On we pushed through the long grass that was bent down beneath the weight of the soaking dew. In two minutes we were well through up to the thighs of the oxen, though we had waded through water. In due course, however, we reached the patch of bush, and in the gray light of the morning cautiously and slowly pushed our way into it. It was very dark under the trees, for the sun was not yet up, so we progressed with the most extreme care, half expecting every minute to come across the lioness licking the bones of poor Jim-Jim. But no lioness could we see and as for Jim-Jim, there was not the least trace of him to be found. Evidently he had not come there.

"So, pushing through the bush we proceeded to hunt every other likely spot about, with the same result.

"I suppose she must have taken him right away," I said at last, sadly enough. "At any rate he will be dead by now, so God have mercy on him, we can't help him. What's to be done now?"

"I suppose that we had better wash ourselves in the pool and then go back and get something to eat."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SOME QUEER AND CURIOUS FEATURES OF LIFE.

A Crow That Is Fond of the Foaming Beer—A Strange Malady Creating Havoc in the Mountains of Kentucky.

Song of the Summer Winds.
P the dale and
down t h e
south,
O'er the meadow
swift we fly;
Now we sing, and
now we mourn,
Now we whistle,
now we sigh.
By the grassy
fringed river,
Where the water
murmuring reeds we sweep,
Mid the lily leaves we quiver,
To their very hearts we creep.

Now the maiden rose is blushing
At the frolic tears we wash,
While aside her cheek we're rushing,
Like some truant bee at play.

Through the blooming groves we rush—
Kissing every bud we pass—
As we did it in the bustle,
Scarcely knowing how it was.

Down the glen, across the mountain,
O'er the yellow heath we roam,
Whirling round about the fountain
Till his little breakers foam.

Bending down the weeping willows,
Then our vesper hymn we sing;
On our weary wings we hie,
Where of illnesses dreaming,Scarce from waking we refrain,
Moments long as ages deemed,
Till we're at our play again.

This Crow Loved Beer.

The members of a family residing at Honesdale, Pa., have for some time past been annoyed by the mysterious disappearance of various bottles of beer. All those connected with the household denied any knowledge of the thefts made, and did not understand the language he could make no denial. Feeling indisposed one day, the master of the house remained at home. Peter didn't appear to relieve his master's presence at all. He was peevish, and at last disappeared. Later in the day a creaking was heard in the cellar, and the master took a position where he could see what mischief Pete was doing. There was a creak on the cellar floor tossing the bottles over. He would set one on end and give it a kick against another, as though he was intent upon his work as if he, like many of his kind, were at that moment breaking clams upon rocky shores. At last he managed to break one of the bottles. The beer frothed out into the little hollows in the floor, but some remained in the concave pieces of the broken bottle. He drank all that he could find, and, seemingly, was about satisfied. He surveyed the broken pieces, cooled his head to one side, and winked his eye and strutted around in places exceeds three thousand feet in thickness. Through the action of various forces—that of contraction and expansion by changing temperature here, perhaps, the most potent—this ice-cap creeps steadily seaward and projects into the ocean a perpendicular front from one thousand to two thousand feet in height. The temperature of the sea water being about twenty-nine degrees, the fresh water ice remains unsoftened, and the ice-barrier plains the ocean bed until through flotation in deep water disruption occurs, and the tabular berg is formed. These bergs are of a size that long tax the boldest of men, but it is now well established that bergs two miles square and one thousand feet in thickness are not rare; others are as large as thirty miles in length and some nearly three thousand feet in thickness, their perpendicular, sun-washed sides rising from two hundred to four hundred feet above the sea.

BIG ANTARCTIC ICEBERGS.

Some Are Thirty Miles Long and Nearly Three Thousand Feet Thick.

"The snowfall of each year adds a new stratum to this ice-cap, which is as distinguishable to the eye as is the annual accretion of a forest tree," writes General A. W. Greely, U. S. A., describing in the Ladies' Home Journal "What There is at the South Pole."

"Thus in centuries have accumulated on Antarctica these snows, which, by processes of pressure, thawing and refreezing, have formed an ice-cap that in places exceeds three thousand feet in thickness. Through the action of various forces—that of contraction and expansion by changing temperature here, perhaps, the most potent—this ice-cap creeps steadily seaward and projects into the ocean a perpendicular front from one thousand to two thousand feet in height. The temperature of the sea water being about twenty-nine degrees, the fresh water ice remains unsoftened, and the ice-barrier plains the ocean bed until through flotation in deep water disruption occurs, and the tabular berg is formed. These bergs are of a size that long tax the boldest of men, but it is now well established that bergs two miles square and one thousand feet in thickness are not rare; others are as large as thirty miles in length and some nearly three thousand feet in thickness, their perpendicular, sun-washed sides rising from two hundred to four hundred feet above the sea."

A Strange Malady.

Reliable reports brought from the southern part of Perry county, near the Knott county line, say a fatal malady, something like black death, is raging there, and already several deaths have occurred, with more than sixty cases in the immediate vicinity, says a Sergeant, Ky., special. New cases are also developing every day, and the local physicians of Perry county have their hands full, although they were unable to give any aid, the disease being far beyond their knowledge. The victims first feel a heavy attack of chills, followed with a breaking out of the tongue and mouth. Usually they want to be sleeping all the while and can not be kept awake. Much excitement prevails throughout the county owing to the fatality of the cases, and every precaution is taken to prevent the spread of the strange disease. Some eight months ago this same disease waged in Perry county, and many victims were carried off, though it finally abated. Also the same malady waged on Beaver Creek, Perry county, where it carried off more than 100 people in less than three weeks. It was carried there in a suit of clothes from Cincinnati.

The Deaf Girl Understood.

It doesn't always pay to express your inmost thoughts even guardedly in the presence of deaf mutes. A story was told at the meeting of the Woman Suffrage association the other afternoon, which showed conclusively the wisdom of the above remark. A devoted couple who, apparently, had been long separated, were thus suddenly into each other's company at a largely attended reception. The lady who told the story said that she was present in company with an educated deaf girl. The happy reunited pair displayed fully the thoughts that were in their hearts by the beam upon their countenance. Suddenly the young man drew near to the one whom he adored and said in a low tone, inaudible to those about him, a few seemingly innocuous words. The deaf girl watched the proceedings with intense interest, and suddenly broke into a broad grin. Her companion inquired what it was that amused her. She turned about so that the couple could not see her and replied:

"That man said, 'if all these people were not here I'd kiss you.' If they don't get out of the way pretty soon I shall have to before them." The girl replied, "Then I shall scream." "The deaf girl understood their words by the motion of their lips.

Two Mighty Mean Ones.

Candidates for the dishonor of being the meanest husband are, fortunately, not abundant in the United States, but occasionally they enter the list. One Kentucky benedict gave his wife on the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding forty yards of "domestic," out of which she was to make him a shirt,

IN THE ODD CORNER.

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The Cat Came Back.

This, ladies and gentlemen, is a long-distance pedestrian cat. He is the property of Dr. Terrill, who recently moved from Covington, Ky., to Anderson, Ind., taking the animal with him. Soon the cat was missing and in due course turned up at the old place in Covington. Dr. Terrill was informed and once more brought the cat to Anderson. How he made his way back to Covington is not known. The distance between the two places is nearly 200 miles. Step to the next cage, please.

Expensive Costs for Small Appeal.

The attention of the District court at Webster City, Iowa, has been occupied ten days at a cost of over \$2,000 to the taxpayers of the county with the case of Hoffman versus O'Brien, an appeal from a justice court, wherein judgment was given to the plaintiff for \$26. In the costs of the court and the amount involved the case is similar to that of the Jones county calf case. The jury, after being out all night, gave a verdict to the defendant, who submitted a counter claim.

Snake Swallowed Lion.

The big box in Lemen Bros.' circus at Armontine, Mo., the other day gobbed down the baby lion McKinley. The cub weighs thirty-five pounds and yelped lustily. It was sleeping by a stove when the snake escaped. The mother lion saw the act and in her rage roared like Niagara. The other animals joined in and the watchman came. The snake was killed and cut open and the cub was doing business at the old stand as if no thing had happened.

Kangaroo Is Homeless.

A kangaroo in Central park menagerie, New York, escaped the other day and had a frolic. The animal did some tall jumping when he leaped through an opening in the roof of the deer house, right over the keeper's head, and four men who climbed up there found him worse than a jumping bean. He leaped over their heads in every direction, but one of them fell on his tail and that was the last of the fight.

Maine's Wild Heifers.

These two savage heifers, are wild heifers belonging to Charles George of East Orrington, Maine. They escaped from a pen last fall and have just been captured, after having lost all trace of domesticity. They are fat and sleek and have gone through some extraordinary cold weather without turning a hair. One had a calf so savage it had to be shot. Many animals run wild along the Maine coast and always winter well.

Human Astrich.

James Warburton, an Australian, 63 years old, was admitted to the state hospital for the insane at Morris Plains, N. Y., about one year ago, suffering from melancholy, died last week without apparent disease. Thomas P. Prout, hospital pathologist, performed an autopsy and found bits of glass, stones, three silver teaspoons and the handles of six others in Warburton's stomach. Part of the silver only came from the hospital.

A Promising Artist.

Berlin art circles are interested in a young artist who promises to make his mark. Though only twenty-three years old and still a student, W. Kreila has won the \$1,500 prize for the plan of a national war monument, to be erected in Leipzig. There were seventy-two competitors.

According to official figures recently published, 76,000 persons in Vienna live, sleep and cook in one room, while in Buda-Pesth 60,000 live in underground lodgings, often with eight or ten occupants in one cellar.

this being the only gift from him in the quarter of a century. A strong competitor is the Ohio man who gave his wife but \$10 in four years. Out of this she had to expend \$5 to replace a parol for her sister, which the man had lost, and he borrowed the remaining \$5 of her to get his trunk out of pawn and forgot to pay it. The only money he ever spent for her in any way was a nickel paid for a sack of peanuts, of which he took the lion's share. The wife was forced to clothe herself and pay for her own board.

Telegraphy Without Wires.

The postoffice department of Great Britain is experimenting on a new system of telegraphy which is embodied in the following idea: "The system depends not on electro-magnetic but electro-static effects; that is to say, on electric waves of a much higher rate of vibration, not less than 250,000,000 a second—that is, Herzian waves. These vibrations are projected through space in straight lines, and, like light, are capable of reflection and refraction. Indeed, they exhibit all of the phenomena which characterize light. More than ten years ago the discovery was made in a London office in the Telephone Exchange that operators read from sound messages that were in transit from London to Bradford by telegraph wires. Other experiments have demonstrated the possibility of telegraphing though the wires were broken. The probabilities are that the attraction is strong enough to continue the sound through the space between the broken ends of the lines.

Much has been said about the fine quality of some of the leather prepared by the Indians. The following directions from a reliable source will be useful to people who have the skin of a small animal that they wish to prepare without the trouble or expense of sending it away: "Take a skin, either green or well soaked, and flesh it with a dull knife; spread the skin on a smooth log and grain it by scraping with a sharp instrument; rub nearly dry over the oval end of a board held upright. Take the brains of a deer or a calf, dry by the fire gently, put them into a cloth and fill until soft; cool the liquid until blood warm, with water sufficient to soak the skin in, and soak until quite soft and pliable, and then wring out as dry as possible; wash in strong soapuds and rub dry and smoke well with wood smoke. Instead of brains, oil or lard may be used, and the skin soaked therein six hours."

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Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient and easy to take. 25 cents.

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IT IS MADE IN ALL THE LATEST SHAPES and STYLES and of every variety of leather. ONE DEALER IN A TOWN gives exclusive sale and advertises in local paper on receipt of reasonable offer. Write for catalogue to W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

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H. E. WILSON & Co., Inventors of the famous "WILSON" Patent. Send for free catalog.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SYMPATHY FOR THE GREEKS, SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text: "I Am Debtor Both to the Greeks and to the Barbarians"—Romans 1:14—Thermopylae and Bunker Hill.



At this time, when that behemoth of abominations, M. ommehadamism, a f-ter having gorged itself on the carcasses of a hundred thousand Armenians, is trying to put its paws upon one of the fairest of all nations, that of the Greeks, I preach this sermon of sympathy and protest, for every intelligent person on this side of the sea, as well as the other side, like Paul, who wrote the text, is debtor to the Greeks. The present crisis is emphasized by the guns of the allied powers of Europe, ready to be unlimbered against the Hellenes, and I am asked to speak out. Paul, with a master intellect of the ages, sat in brilliant Corinth, the great Acro-Corinth fortress frowning from the height of sixteen hundred and eighty-six feet, and in the house of Gaius, where he was a guest, a big pile of money near him, which he was taking to Jerusalem for the poor. In this letter to the Romans, which Christyosom admired so much that he had it read to him twice a week, Paul practically says: "I, the Apostle, am bankrupt. I owe what I cannot pay, but I will pay as large a percentage as I can. It is an obligation for what Greek literature and Greek sculpture and Greek architecture and Greek prowess have done for me. I will pay all I can in installments of evangelism. I am insolvent to the Greeks." As the inhabitants call it, or Greece, as a third is insignificant in size, about a third as large as the state of New York, but what it lacks in breadth it makes up in height, with its mountains Cylene, and Eta, and Taygetus, and Tympheon, each over seven thousand feet in elevation, and its Parnassus, over eight thousand. Just the country for mighty men to be born in, for in all lands the most of the intellectual and moral giants were not born on the plain, but had for cradle the valley between two mountains. That country, no part of which is more than forty miles from the sea, has made its impress upon the world as no other nation, and it today holds a first mortgage of obligation upon all civilized people. While we must leave to statesmanship and diplomacy the settlement of the intricate questions which now involve all Europe, and indirectly all nations, it is time for all churches, all schools, all universities, all arts, all literature to sound out in the most emphatic way the declaration, "I am debtor to the Greeks."

In the first place, we owe to their language our New Testament. All of it was first written in Greek, except the Book of Matthew, and that, written in the Aramaean language, was soon put into Greek by our Savior's brother, James. To the Greek language we owe the best sermon ever preached, the best letters ever written, the best visions ever kindled. All the parables in Greek. All the miracles in Greek. The sermon on the Mount in Greek. The story of Bethlehem and Golgotha and Olivet and Jordan banks and Galilee and the shores and the embankment and Pentecost tongues and seven trumpets that sounded over Patmos, have come to the world in liquid, symmetric, picturesque, philosophic, unrivaled Greek. Instead of the gibberish language in which many of the natipons of the earth at that time jabbered. Who can forget it and who can exaggerate its thrilling importance, that Christ and heaven were introduced to us in the language of the Greeks? The language in which Homer had sung and Sophocles had dramatized and Plato dialogued and Socrates and Demosthenes thrived their oration on "The Crown?" Everlasting thanks to God that the waters of life were not handed to the world in the unawashed cup of corrupt languages from which nations had been drinking, but in the clean, bright, golden lipped, emerald-handled chalice of the Hellenes. Learned Curtius wrote a whole volume about the Greek verb. Philologists century after century have been measuring the symmetry of that language, laden with elegy and philippic, drama and comedy, Odyssey and Iliad; but the grandest thing that Greek language ever accomplished was to give to the world the benediction, the comfort, the irradiation, the salvation of the Gospel of the Son of God. For that we are debtors to the Greeks.

And while speaking of our philological obligation, let me call your attention to the fact that many of the intellectual and moral and theological leaders of the ages got much of their discipline and effectiveness from Greek literature. It is popular to scoff at the dead languages, but 50 per cent of the world's intellectuality would have been taken off, if through learned institutions our young men had not, under competent professors, been drilled in Greek masterpieces. Hesiod's "Works and Days" or the eulogium by Simonsides of the slain in war, or Pindar's "Odes of Victory," or "The Recollections of Socrates," or "The Art of Words," by Corax, or Xenophon's Anabasis. From the Greeks the world learned how to make history. Had there been no Herodotus and Thucydidies, there would have been no Macaulay or Bancroft. Had there been no Sophocles in tragedy, there would have been no Shakespeare. Had there been no Homer, there would have been no Milton. The modern wits, who are now or have been out on the divine mission of making the world laugh at the right time, can be traced back to Aristophanes, the Athenian, and many of the jocosities that are now taken as new had their suggestions twenty-three hundred years ago in the fifty-four comedies of that master of merriment. Grecian mythology has been the richest mine from which orators and essayists have drawn their illustrations and painters the themes for their canvases, and although now an exhausted mine, Grecian mythology has done a work that nothing else could have accomplished; Boreas,

representing the north wind; Slayphus, rolling the stone up the hill, only to have the same thing to do over again; Tantalus, with fruits above him that he could not reach; Achilles, with his arrows; Icarus, with his waxen wings, flying too near the sun; the Centaurs, half man and half beast; Orpheus, with his lyre; Atlas, with the world on his back, all these and more have helped literature, from the graduate's speech on commencement day to Rufus Choate's eulogium on Daniel Webster at Dartmouth. Tragedy and comedy were born in the festivals of Dionysus at Athens. The lyric and elegiac and epic poetry of Greece five hundred years before Christ has its echoes in the Tennysons, Longfellos and Bryants of eighteen and nineteen hundred years after Christ. There is not an effective pulpit or editorial chair or professor's room or cultured parlor or intellect's farmhouse today in America or Europe that could not appropriately employ Paul's ejaculation and say, "I am debtor to the Greeks."

The fact is this, Paul had got much of his oratorical power of expression from the Greeks. That he had studied their literature was evident, when standing in the presence of an audience of Greek scholars on Mars' Hill, which overlooks Athens, he dared to quote from one of their own Greek poets, either Cleanthus or Aratus, declaring, "As certain also to your own poets have said, 'for we are also his offspring.'" And he made accurate quotation, Cleanthus, one of the poets, having written:

"For we thine offspring are. All things that creep are but the echo of the voice divine." And Aratus, one of their own poets, had written:

"Doth care perplex? Is lowering danger high? We are his offspring, and to Jove we fly."

It was rather a risky thing for Paul to attempt to quote extemporaneously from a poem in a language foreign to his, and before Greek scholars, but Paul did it without stammering, and thus acknowledged before the most distinguished audience on the planet his indebtedness to the Greeks, crying out in his oration, "As one of your own poets has said."

Furthermore, all the world is obligated to Hellas more than it can ever pay for its heroes in the cause of liberty and right. United Europe today had not better think that the Greeks will not fight. There may be fallings back and vacillations and temporary defeat, but if Greece is right all Europe cannot put her down. The other nations, before they open the port-holes of their men-of-war against that small kingdom had better read of the battle of Marathon, where ten thousand Athenians, led by Miltiades, triumphed over one hundred thousand of their enemies. At that time in Greek council of war five generals were for beginning the battle and five were against it. Callimachus presided at the council of war and had the deciding vote, and Miltiades addressed him, saying: "It now rests with you, Callimachus, either to enslave Athens, or by insuring her freedom, to win yourself an immortal name, when ten thousand Athenians, led on by Miltiades, triumphed as they are at this moment. If they bow the knee to these Medes, they are to be given up to Hippias, and you know what they will then have to suffer; but if Athens comes victorious out of this contest, she has it in her power to become the first city of Greece. Your vote is to decide whether we are to join battle or not. If we do not bring on a battle presently, some factious intrigue will disunite the Athenians and the city will be betrayed to the Medes, but if we fight before there is anything rotten in the state of Athens, I believe that, provided the gods will give fair field and no favor, we are able to get the best of it in the engagement."

That was the vote of Callimachus, and soon the battle opened, and in full run the men of Miltiades fell upon the Persian hosts, shouting, "On! Sons of Greece! Strike for the freedom of your country! Strike for the freedom of your children and your wives, for the shrines of your fathers' gods, and for the sepulchres of your sires! All are now staked on the strife." While only one hundred and ninety-two Greeks fell, six thousand four hundred Persians lay dead upon the field, and many of the Asiatic hosts who took to the war vessels in the harbor were consumed in the shipping. Persian oppression was rebuked, Grecian liberty was achieved, the cause of civilization was advanced, and the western world and all nations have felt the heroes. Had there been no Miltiades, there might have been no Washington.

Also at Thermopylae, three hundred Greeks, along a road only wide enough for a wheel track between a mountain and a marsh, died rather than surrender. Had there been no Thermopylae, there might have been no Bunker Hill. The echo of Athenian and Spartan heroes was heard at the gates of Lucknow, and Sebastopol, and Bannockburn, and Lexington, and Gettysburg. English Charita, and Declaration of American Independence, and the song of Robert Burns, entitled, "A Man's Man for a' That," were only the long-continued reverberation of what was said and done twenty centuries before in that little kingdom that the powers of Europe are now imposing upon. Greece having again and again shown that ten men in the right are stronger than a hundred men in the wrong, the heroes of Leonidas and Aristides and Themistocles will not cease their mission until the last man on earth is as free as God made him. There is not on either side of the Atlantic today a republic that cannot truthfully employ the words of the text and say, "I am debtor to the Greeks."

But there is a better way to pay them, and that is by their personal salvation, which will never come to them through books or through learned presentations, because in literature and intellectual realms they are masters. They can out-argue, out-quote, out-dogmatize you. Not through the gate of the head, but through the gate of the heart, you may capture them. When men of learning and might are brought to God they are brought by simple story of what religion can do for a soul. They have lost children. Oh, tell them how Christ comforted you when you lost your bright boy or

blue-eyed girl. They have found life a struggle. Oh, tell them how Christ has helped you all the way through. They are in bewilderment. Oh, tell them with how many hands of joy heaven beckons you upward. "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the trial of war," but when a warm-hearted Christian meets a man who needs pardon and sympathy and comfort and eternal life, then comes victory. If you can, by some incident of self-sacrifice, bring to such scholarly men and women what Christ has done for their eternal rescue, you may bring them in. Where Demosthenic eloquence and Homeric imagery would fail, a kindly heart-throb may succeed. A gentleman of this city sends me the statement of what occurred a few days ago among the mines of British Columbia. It seems that Frank Conson and Jim Smith were down in the narrow shaft of a mine. They had loaded the two buckets with coal, and Jim Hemsworth, standing above ground, was hauling the bucket up by windlass, when the windlass broke and the loaded bucket was descending upon the two miners. Then Jim Hemsworth, seeing what must be certain death to the miners beneath, whirling windlass, and though his flesh was torn and his bones were broken, he stopped the whirling windlass and arrested the descending bucket and saved the lives of the two miners beneath. The superintendent of the mine flew to the rescue and blocked the machinery. When Jim Hemsworth's bleeding and broken body was put on a litter and carried homeward, and some one exclaimed: "Oh, Jim, this is awful!" he replied: "Oh, what's the difference so long as I saved the boys?" What an illustration is of suffering for others, and what a text from which to illustrate the behavior of our Christ, limping and lacerated and broken and torn and crushed in the work of stopping the descending ruin that would have destroyed our souls! Try such a scene of vicarious suffering as this on that man capable of overthrowing all your arguments for the truth, and he will sit down and weep. Draw your illustrations from the classics, and it is to him an old story, but Leyden Jars and electric batteries and telescopes and Greek drama will all surrender to the story of Jim Hemsworth's, "Oh, what's the difference so long as I saved the boys?" Then if your illustration of Christ's self-sacrifice, drawn from some scene of today, and your story of what Christ has done for you does not quite fetch him into the right way, just say to him, "Professor—Doctor—Judge! Why was it that Paul declared he was a debtor to the Greeks?" Ask your learned friend to take his Greek Testament and translate for you, in his own way, from Greek into English, the splendid oration of Paul's sermon on Mars Hill, under the power of which, the scholarly Dionysius surrendered, naming: "The times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent; because he hath appointed a day in the which he will judge the world in righteousness, by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead." By the time he has got through the translation from the Greek I think you will see his lip tremble and there will come a pallor on his face like the pallor on the sky at day-break. By the eternal sensation of that scholar, that great thinker, that splendid man, you will have done something to help pay your indebtedness to the Greeks. And now to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, be honor and glory, and dominion and victory and song world without end. Amen.

Old Witchern the Goat. Bertie's Hall and the Little Snowbird—"Detention Hour," a Pretty Poem from Boys' Own Paper.

Detention Hour. THE GOLDEN sunlight floods the room, The flies wheel to and fro, And through the open window comes A beam of life before Three boys, before a battered desk, Survey with hopeless gaze A page of algebra bestrewed With x's, y's, and z's.

Before a blackboard scribbled o'er, In quills a cavelike was written, With scraps of knowledge gathered from The masters of the day, The master sits with pencil blue, And marks without a blush, The scribbles on the misspent word, The French that is not French.

And now at length the captives ease, Each gazing on his captives' ease, And side to their guile's seat, Snatching one furtive look; They scamble through the dreaded task, Then cast their books aside, And speed through the deserted school To the glad world outside.

Old Mrs. Smithers and her grandson Sammy lived in the nearest house to Rocky Row. Whatever a bit-washing and scrubbing and rubbing of windows and glass could do for a "shanty" was done for the walls, the floor and the windows of Mrs. Smithers' little home, as well as for Sammy, who had clean, well-starched shirt waists and boots that shone even when they were out at the shoes, which happened now and then.

Sammy was yet too small to earn anything, but he ran errands for his grandpa and put on the tea kettle to boil before she came home. Old Mrs. Smithers had not always been poor. She once lived comfortably and happily in a pretty white cottage with green shutters and a bit-washed floor, with a garden full of lilacs and peonies and strawberry shrub all set about with box borders, and Mr. Smithers, Sammy's grandfather, was buying it of Mr. Mix, who was said to be a miser.

One day he went to pay his last installment, and was coming home, driving his rig, when a piece of white paper fell along the road, and so frightened the horse that he ran away and threw his driver out. Sam's grandfather was so much hurt that he died of his injuries, and only lived long enough to tell his wife that the papers proving that he had paid for his house were in his pocketbook. However, no pocketbook was found, and Mr. Mix said that he had not been paid anything for his house.

"Produce the papers," was all that he would answer Mrs. Smithers when she told him what her husband had said. "If he paid they've got the receipts to prove it." But the papers were gone. Mrs. Smithers was turned out of her house, most of her furniture taken, and she was obliged to work, as we have said, to support herself and Sammy. "If we had only known just where poor grandpa was thrown out we might have found the pocketbook," his grandmother used to say to Sammy. However, Sam himself would have been happy enough if it had not been for Mrs. McMoorn's dreadful billy goat, old Whitehorn.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

TIMELY TOPICS FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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The creature was the torment of his life. He was always hiding behind the rocks when Sam went of errands. Sam would watch and listen, but old Whitehorn would keep quiet until he was close to his hiding place and then rush out with lowered horns, uttering that awful "Ma-a-a! ma-a-a!" and, as Sam expressed it, "so for him."

But it was to be that this very old Whitehorn was to do a good thing for Sam—a very good thing, though it did not seem so at first sight. "This is the way it happened: Old Mrs. Smithers had worked at a lady's house a whole week, and the lady had paid her well and given her a nice present besides, and she came home in good spirits. "Now you shall have a good cake for Sunday and a custard as well, Sam," she said. "Go to the grocery and get me two quarts of milk and a dozen eggs, some lemon flavoring and three pounds and a half of sugar, besides the

tea and coffee we usually buy. You must get some raisins, too. We will have a treat."

Sam was very much pleased. He put the basket on his arm, took a pall in his hand, and skipped past old Whitehorn so lightly that the goat was left behind before he knew it. But when Sam had filled his basket and was on his way home, all laden with good things, it was not so frolicsome. Just as he thought himself safe, whack came something behind him! Away flew basket and pall, and down he went into a deep hole where ashes and garbage were thrown by the careless folk of Rocky Row. It was a deep hole, and he was covered with dirt and a good deal scratched, and it was hard to find a place to climb up. Then the eggs and milk and raisins were gone, and where were the good cakes and custards to come from? Sam began to cry, and leaned up against the side of the pit, while Whitehorn looked down upon him and said "Ma-a-a!" At this sound Sam grew furious, and took a stone from the earth to throw at him. As he did so, he saw in the hole that the stone had left something red. He pecked it up. It was a long-shaped pocket or bill-book, and on the corner was a name, and Sam spelled out these letters: "Samuel Smithers."

A little later, Mrs. Smithers was astonished to see Sam, ragged and dirty, bruised and scratched, without basket or pall, but laughing, rush in at the door. "The milk is spilled, and the eggs are gone, and there is not a raisin left," he shouted, "but I've found grandpa's pocketbook with the papers in it!" And so he had. Every since it fell into the hole rubbish had been thrown upon it, and had kept it from the rain, and it was quite clean and dry. "But if Whitehorn had not butted Sam that day it never would have been found!" Mrs. Smithers often said that, after they went to live in the dear old home which grandpa had bought for them, and where they are so very happy together.—New York Ledger.

IN WOMAN'S CORNER.

INTERESTING READING FOR DAMES AND DAMSELS.

Some Current Notes of the Modes—Some of the Prettiest Gowns for Evening Have Flounces and Plaited Skirts of Satin.

The Mother of a Mighty Race. H MOTHER of a mighty race, Yet lovely in thy youthful grace! The elder dames, The haughty peers, Admire and hate thy blooming years, With words of shame And taunts of scorn And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread, That tints the morning hills with red; Thy step—the wild deer's rustling feet; Within thy woods, are not more fleet; Thy hopeful eye Is bright as thine own sunny sky. Ay, let them rail—those haughty ones—While safe thou dwellest with thy sons; They do not know how loved thou art—How many a fond and fearless heart Would rise to throw Its life between thee and the foe!

They know not, in their hate and pride, What virtues with thy children bide; How true, how good, thy graceful maid! Make bright, like flowers, the valley shades. What generous men Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen: What cordial welcomes greet the guest By the lone rivers of the west; How faith is kept, and truth reversed, And man is loved, and God is feared. In woodland homes, And where the solemn ocean foams! There's freedom at thy gates, and rest For earth's down-trodden and oppressed.

A shelter for the hunted head, For the starved laborer toil and bread, Power, at thy bounds, Stops and calls back his baffled bounds. Oh, fair young mother! on thy brow Shall sit a nobler grace than now; Deep in the brightness of thy skies The thronging years in glory rise. And, as they fleet, Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Up, up, it goes, and down, down, down it comes," said Bertie Brown, as he tossed his rubber ball up against the house and caught it again. "Up, up," he began once more, and sure enough it did go up this time; away up on top of the porch. Bertie waited to see if he could say, "down, down," but he couldn't, for the ball didn't; it stayed up there.

Bertie stood around and waited awhile, but finally concluded to go and play horse with Sam Clark, who lived next door, and ask papa to get the ball when he came home. But when papa came he told Bertie that there was no way to get the ball then. He would have to wait till the storm windows upstairs were taken off, for he had no ladder long enough to reach up to the roof.

Bertie missed his ball, for he was very fond of it, and the worst of it was that he could see it from his mamma's window upstairs. One day while mamma was dressing he stood looking out of the window and wishing, oh, so hard, that he could get his ball, when a little snowbird came fluttering down to the roof, peeped in at the window, and then hopped right upon the ball. It gave a little roll which must have frightened the bird, for with a swift motion it sped away and the ball rolled softly over the edge of the porch and dropped to the ground. You can scarcely imagine how surprised Bertie was. He ran down to the yard in a twinkling, and there was his ball in a little nest of dry leaves.

He has always felt very sure that the snowbird knew how much he was wishing for the ball, for this is a true story, and how else can you account for what the little bird did?—Julia Darrow Cowles, in Youth's Companion.

"How does it taste, I wonder?" said Jamie, as he saw Patrick Flynn take a glass of steaming punch at the bar of a restaurant. "Did you ever taste strong drink, James?" said a handsome old man standing by. "Never," said Jamie. "I wonder if it is good?" "I cannot tell you how it tastes," said Mr. Landers. "I am 60 years old and have never tasted it in my life, and I am proud to say it. I see what it does. It has cheated poor Flynn out of his snug little home. It has clothed his poor wife and children in rags and made him cross and quarrelsome. It is liquid fire, and theft, and poison. I don't want to know how it tastes."

"Neither do I," said James. "Thank you, Mr. Landers, for what you have said. When I am a man 60 years old I, too, will have to say, 'I never tasted strong drink in my life.'"

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A Brave Queen. Maria Pia, the Portuguese Queen Dowager, wears the gold medal of a Lisbon humane society. It was granted her for jumping into the Tago after Alfonso, when he was a little fellow. The Queen is a very plain but a very interesting woman.

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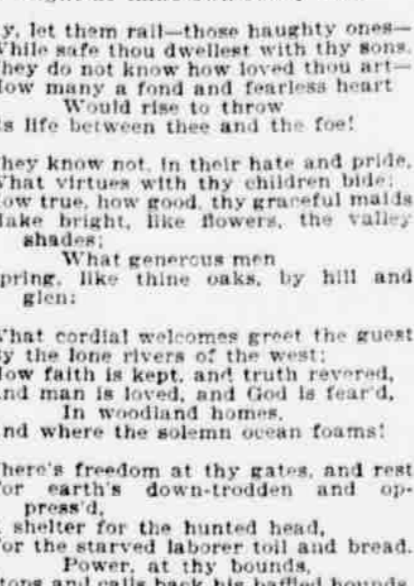
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VISITING TOILET OF PARMA SILK.

A HOOSIER GENIUS.

MISS FURMAN OF EVANSVILLE HAS WON FAME.

The Author of "Stories of a Sanctified Town" has a genuine genius in her childhood days...



(Evansville Ind.) Letter.

THE success of "Stories of a Sanctified Town" has brought many inquiries to the personality of its distinguished author...

Perhaps no one enters so intimately into the homes and hearts of people as their family physician...



LUCY F. FURMAN.

often rode with her father on his daily rounds of visits in town and country...

At the suggestion of a friend, Miss Furman sent some of her stories to James Whitcomb Riley...

The first stories she wrote were published by the Century Magazine...

Miss Furman has been for several years a resident of Evansville.

Skeleton Dance of New South Wales.

The skeleton dance is a tribal event of great importance among the natives of New South Wales...

A New Decorative Material.

Bedding for drapery and upholstery purposes has recently been launched upon the market...

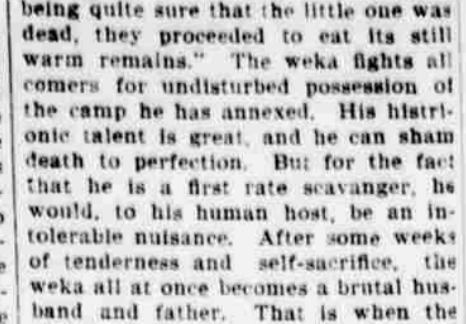
Footgear in Foreign Lands.

The Portuguese shoe has a wooden sole and heel, with a vamp made of pigskin...

BEAR MEAT MARKET.

HOW SAN FRANCISCO IS SUPPLIED FROM BRUIN'S HAUNTS.

Fresh Tastes Like Pork—Gamey Flavor—Bearing Fat Used by Perfumers and Boarding House Keepers—The Hunting Season.



THE fact that bears bring from \$20 to \$50 each in the San Francisco meat market...

scour the hills for them and ship them hence, says the San Francisco Chronicle...

MARKED EXHIBITION OF IT SEEN BY A NATURALIST.

Even the cold-blooded and clammy snake evinces maternal affection...

MOTHER-LOVE IN SNAKES.

Even the cold-blooded and clammy snake evinces maternal affection...

Fought a Bear.

George Loftis, who met and fought a large cinnamon bear to death on Bad Water, near Wind River, Wyoming...

Toilet of Animals.

Cats large and small, make the most careful toilet of any class of animals...

The Old Creed.

The historic creed of the church is not alone true, but the simplest, largest, and most...

There are 233 convents in Great Britain.

DEAF-MUTES MARRIED.

Interesting Jewish Ceremony Which Made Two Persons One.

An interesting marriage ceremony was celebrated recently in Philadelphia...

Behold the law of Presidential succession is a curious chapter of unwritten history...

That Awful Yellow Kid.

READ the papers every day: I swallow all that they contain...

That Awful Yellow Kid.

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PRESIDENTIAL SUCCESSION.

Circumstances That Kept Cleveland from Hendricks' Funeral.

Behold the law of Presidential succession is a curious chapter of unwritten history...

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THE JOKER'S CORNER.

WIT, HUMOR AND SATIRE ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

What He Wanted—Hard to Please—Meddled with Water—Dog Eat Dog—A Modern Fairytale—A Point of Grammar—A New Use for Congressmen.

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The Haskell Free Press.

J. E. POOLE, Editor and Proprietor.

Advertising rates made known on application. Terms \$1.00 per annum, invariably cash in advance.

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

Saturday, April 10, 1897.

LOCAL DOTS.

Mr. Claude Mooneyhan has a daughter. Pure Louisiana sugar house molasses at S. L. Robertson's. See those belts at T. G. Carney & Co's. Judge 'Hammer' left for Austin yesterday. Always something good to eat at S. L. Robertson's. The very latest in ladies' shirt waists, ties, Jabots, bows, &c., at T. G. Carney & Co's. T. G. Carney & Co. received quite a nobby delivery wagon this week. S. L. Robertson is still selling everything low for cash. Ladies' waist goods in silk, cotton, linen and novelties of the latest designs a specialty. T. G. CARNEY & CO. Mr. Parker of Dallas came in Thursday on a visit to his children at Mr. Cason's. We are Western agents for Racine Spring work. Our stock is large and our prices are right. ED S. HUGHES & CO. Abilene, Texas. Dr. Gilbert says enter one 11 lb. boy to the credit of Mr. Cowley, arrived Saturday morning. Our stock of embroidery and insertion is full of the latest styles and prettiest designs—the prices are all right. T. G. CARNEY & CO. Mr. S. W. Scott leaves for Austin to-day to argue some cases before the supreme court. We can give you any width in ribbons and any color in satin, silk, velvet or novelty ribbons at prices too cheap to think of. T. G. Carney & Co. Our job department finished up a 30 paged law brief this week for Messrs Foster & Scott and W. T. Andrews. IF YOU HAVE CASH TO PAY FOR GOODS GO TO S. L. ROBERTSONS. As for you men and boys: On pants, shirts, boots and shoes, J. B. Stetson hats, neck ties, bows, collars, cuffs, handkerchiefs and both riding and work gloves, we can suit you in all you wish, and ESPECIALLY IN PRICES. T. G. CARNEY & CO. Mr. Thurwhanger says he has the finest prospect for good wheat and oat crops he has had in five years. Racine vehicles are made especially for this and western climates and will stand the racket. ED S. HUGHES & CO. Abilene, Texas. We had to leave out nearly all of our editorial and local matter this week to make room for communications. We guarantee to please the most fastidious taste of any lady on Dress Goods, Notions, Gloves &c. T. G. Carney & Co. Miss Fannie Hudson gave a delightful musical entertainment to a number of her friends Wednesday night. Ladies', Misses and Children's hats in all styles, all prices, all kinds. Don't buy until you look at OUR stock and get OUR prices. T. G. CARNEY & CO. We are daily expecting our 4th car-load of Racine Buggies and Hacks. They have given entire satisfaction and will stand the racket. ED S. HUGHES & CO. Abilene, Texas. We can please any one on shoes, slippers, New Port ties, sandals, opera slippers, &c., in any color of tans, cherries, ox-blood, etc., also hose to match. Prices cut no figure with us—come get the goods. T. G. CARNEY & CO. The M. E. church at this place held its second quarterly conference Wednesday. Presiding Elder Daniels was not present on account of sickness in his family, and Rev. Rogers of Throckmorton presided in his stead.

LACES—We have them sure. Any width with insertion to match. Latest designs either in white, butter color or ecru—they are out o'sight. Prices so low that you can buy the best from us at same prices others sell ordinary stuff at. T. G. CARNEY & CO. Prof. Core, Bert Farmer and Frank Allen of Throckmorton, were visitors in Haskell this week. We are Western agents for the celebrated J. I. Case Threshing Machinery. We offer you our services if you need goods in this line. ED S. HUGHES & CO. Abilene, Texas. Mr. J. L. Baldwin received yesterday the sad news of the death of his younger brother, Van, which occurred on last Tuesday, the 6th inst. at his home at Windom, Texas, from consumption. I am better prepared than ever to fit your eyes with the best glasses made, and at an honest price. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. I am still making a specialty of diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat. J. E. LINDSEY, M. D.

A Card of Thanks.

Through the kindness of the Free Press I take this method of thanking all the friends for their great kindness to me in the donation of this week.

Words, I feel, are inadequate to express the gratitude of my heart. I pray God's blessings upon every one and shall use the gift as a faithful General. M. L. MOODY.

Why is it that so many merchants sell goods so cheap in the fall and so high in the spring? We sell them the same price the whole year round, so come, see and price our immense stock now on hand. T. G. CARNEY & CO.

Dental Notice.

Dr. W. A. Morris, dentist, announces to the citizens of Haskell and vicinity that he is now in Haskell prepared to serve them in any line of dentistry. As he will remain but ten days, parties desiring his services should call at once. DR. W. A. MORRIS

Leave your watch work at the McLemore Drug Store. Promptness and satisfaction guaranteed. O. NICHOLSON Wichita Falls, Tex

Special B. B. Rates.

Account meeting of Grand Lodge, Knights of Pythias at Fort Worth, April 21st and 22nd, '97, the W. V. R'y will sell round trip tickets Seymour to Ft. Worth at one price \$4.95, selling date Apr 19th and 20th. Tickets limited to Apr. 23rd '97. April 23rd, '97, we will sell round trip tickets Seymour to Denver, Col., at \$21.55, final limit to return May 8th, '97. L. P. DAVIDSON, Agt.

We are still giving away ladies and misses hats. We have given away over a hundred, have about 150 left. If you would like one of these come and get it with trimming to match free. These are left over stock, but many of them can be made to look quite nice—we do it free of charge. T. G. CARNEY & CO. AID has been freely sent to Chandler, Oklahoma, which last week suffered about the same fate from a cyclone that Cisco did about two years ago. We sent wagons to Seymour this week for corn, but they returned Thursday evening without being able to get any. They reported that the grain dealers at Seymour said that they would have corn in a few days but would not sell at less than 45 cents in wholesale lots. We are informed that the retail price at Abilene is 49 cents. So it appears that since we quit furnishing corn at cost Seymour and Abilene have jumped the price up. Now we don't propose to see the people imposed upon in this way, and if a sufficient number of our people want corn at cost again to make up a car load or nearly so, we will order it by telegraph and knock a crimp in 'em again. There is no need here for sale now at any price and if you want corn let us know at once. T. G. CARNEY & CO.

The Back Tax Question.

The legislature now in session should delegate to its best legal talent the work of correcting any defects, uncertainties and weak points there may be in the law passed by the last regular session, known as the Colquitt law, for the collection of back taxes due the state and counties. And when the law has been made iron-clad in every detail an ample appropriation should be made to enable the comptroller's department to furnish the delinquent lists to the several counties as rapidly as an efficient clerical force can perform the work.

For ten years and more, large land owners throughout the state, and especially in western Texas, have persistently and systematically dodged and shirked the payment of taxes, leaving almost the entire burden of supporting the county governments in many of the sparsely settled counties on the resident citizens, whose burden as the forerunners of civilization and developers of the country, is heavy enough without this unjust treatment. The tax dodgers as a rule have acquired their lands at a small price or by inheritance and are holding them for speculation when the labor of the pioneers of the country, on whom they are throwing this extra burden, shall have made them valuable by the establishment of society, schools, churches, farms, etc.

Take the case of Haskell county alone and it illustrates the whole situation. We have personally examined the records and find the amount of delinquent taxes due the county by non-resident land owners from 1885 to 1895, inclusive, is \$13,826, divided among the several funds as follows: general fund, \$4994; court house fund, \$4456; road and bridge fund, \$2594; district school fund, \$1782. Now it is clear to any person that if this tax had been paid property could have been assessed at a lower valuation, or, the tax rate could have been lower, making taxation lighter on both the citizen and the non-resident property owner. But owing to this large delinquency the county has been forced to place both the valuation and tax rate as high as possible in order to meet its expenses and has not been able to do it. On account of not having the money to meet its scrip it has had to pay higher prices for all supplies and services employed, and those who have received its scrip have in many instances had to sell it at a large discount, not being able to wait an indefinite time for the county to pay it. Non-residents or their agents frequently buy this depreciated scrip and pay county taxes with it at par, thus making another speculation on the resident and taking advantage of their own wrong.

There are dozens of other counties in the state in the same condition with Haskell and they should urge their legislators in no uncertain terms to prompt and decisive action in this matter. The same argument of course applies to the delinquent taxes due to the state. We say again that the legislature should leave no loophole for these tax dodgers, they have been dallied with too long already. Make the law definite and certain in every particular, iron-clad and impregnable.

A Chapter on Prairie Dogs

We have experimented on prairie dogs for 11 years and have discovered the best poisons yet used. We prepare two poisons. One is put up in 31 bottles containing poison for a peck of grain; 4 bottles \$3.50 or 6 bottles \$5.00. One grain of the poisoned wheat has been known to kill a dog. This is the best poison when you wish to prepare the grain yourself and is for sale by most druggists. The other poison we mix with millet seed and sell at \$1 per peck or \$3.50 per bushel. It has no taste or smell and the dogs will always eat it. Never put out poison in bad or windy weather. We can give close prices on strychnine and other poisons. Write or call on us BASS BROS., Abilene, Texas.

AN EASTER TASK.

There's pleasure and money saving for the ladies of Haskell at our store,—pleasure in seeing and money saving in buying our New Spring Goods, New Spring Silks, New Spring Shoes and Slippers, New Spring Millinery.

In short, new spring goods in all lines crowd every nook and corner of our store. LOOKING will not cost you a cent, and BUYING not much more, as the prices are very low.

A Dainty Pair of Shoes

Is the finishing touch to any costume, especially an EASTER outfit. Shoes that look neat enough with an ordinary dress will look shabby stealing in and out beneath your New Easter Suit. It is quite necessary in order to have your costume complete in every detail that you walk to church Easter morning in a pair of shoes or slippers selected from our elegant new line of footwear.

And again: A woman's crowning glory is said to be her hair. There is an exception, however. On Easter morning, if she is a Haskell lady, it will be one of our ELEGANT SPECIMENS OF MILLINERY. All the skill and taste of our modiste seems to have crystallized and taken concrete form in the hats we are showing for our spring trade. They are dreams of beauty and loveliness.

Then there's one more point,—and it's a very important one, that is: THE PRICES ARE EASY TO PAY. We shall be glad to have you look elsewhere and then come here. You will at once see the difference between last year's stocks and the latest novelties shown in the best markets.

We will have some other dainty novelties on exhibition in time for EASTER. The way our DRESS GOODS have been moving out, together with our general line, renders us much satisfaction and pleasure in showing us that we have met the demands of our friends, and we tender you, one and all, our thanks, and promise you to try and merit your trade by honest and fair treatment.

Yours, F. G. Alexander & Co.

J. W. BELL, Manufacturer & Dealer in SADDLES and HARNESS. Full Stock, Work Promptly to Order. Repairing done neatly and substantially. Prices reasonable and satisfaction with goods and work guaranteed. Your Trade is Solicited.

SHERRILL BROS. & CO. DEALERS IN HARDWARE AND LUMBER, Pumps and pipe work a specialty. Best Wind Mills on earth at reasonable prices. Galvanized Iron Tanks made at home. The best Planters and Cultivators made. Machinery Oils at railroad prices. Good Lumber offered, and big trade asked for.

McCOLLUM & WILBOURN CO. HARDWARE IMPLEMENTS FURNITURE UNDERTAKER'S GOODS. Our aim is to keep a well assorted stock of general hardware, tools, cutlery, etc. We also handle a good line of stoves, wind mills, pumps, etc. The best and most popular makes of plows, planters, cultivators, wagons, etc. Anything not in our stock will be procured promptly. We shall continue to handle furniture, carpets, mattresses and general housefurnishing goods and solicit your trade in these lines. We keep in stock an assortment of coffins, trimmings, etc., and can fill orders promptly. McCOLLUM & WILBOURN CO.

I Can save you money when you need: MACHINE OILS, CALIFORNIA DOG POISON, WALL PAPER, WAGON OR BUGGY PAINT, TABLETS, WRITING PAPER, LANTERNS, LAMP GOODS, or any kind of DRUGS. I want your trade, A. P. McLEMORE. P. S. Condition Powders 15cts lb.

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.

B. T. Babbitt's PURE POTASH IS EQUAL TO 3 of any Other BRAND. 3 Cans of any Other Brands, 25 cts. 2 Cans of B. T. Babbitt's PURE POTASH, 20 cts. SAVES THE CONSUMER, 5 cts. INSIST ON HAVING B. T. BABBITT'S Pure Potash or Lye.

Fairview School Exhibition. April 4th, 1897. Editor Free Press: The school at this place closed last Friday night. Miss Nannie Standefer, our teacher, has taught us a good school; all the patrons and trustees are well pleased with Miss Nannie's teaching. We had a nice time at the school house Friday night, the pupils acquitted themselves nicely with speeches and dialogues. The following is the programme in part as rendered: The exercises opened with a song by all the pupils: "A Happy Band." Welcome Address: Mabel Nolen. "A Little Girls Speech:" Mollie Walton. "What to Drink:" Robert Clendennen. "We Little Boys:" Quinton Carter. "A Little Boys Speech:" Warner Smith. "Ambition:" Ada Pitcock. DIALOGUE. Laurence Carter, Hattie Fay Smith, Mary Witten and Ida Walton. "A Wife Wanted:" Ed Clendennen. "The Pear Free:" Tom Witten, Jr. "Strangers on the Hill:" Boyd Tanner. "Curfew Must not Ring To-night:" Miss Alice Walton. "A Queer Sermon from a Queer Text:" Mr. Hill Walton. "A Boy Who Told a Lie:" Herschall Adams. "Beautiful Gates" Ajar:" Lena Nolen. DIALOGUE.—"Editing a Newspaper:" Misses Bettie Adams, Alice Walton, Ala Tanner and Willie Pitcock. "The Reaper and the Flowers:" Hattie Smith. A Song: Mary Witten. "A Smack in School:" Lewis Witten. "Two Victims:" Miss Ala Tanner. "Two Little Kittens:" Elsie Carter. "The Maniac:" Miss Bettie Adams. "A Little Boy's Belief:" Luke Clendennen. "Conceited Grasshopper:" Asberry Pitcock. "How to Turn the Grind-rock:" Shirley Smith. "Seeds of Kindness" Effie Adams. "Johnny on Easy Writing:" Everette Smith. "Grand and Gay:" Little Geo. Walton. We failed to learn Willie Walton's piece. Another rain last week, but Mr. G. R. Walton says that is not all—the balance is a new girl at his house. Mrs. T. A. Witten has been quite sick, but is better at this writing. A. Frank Smith. CURE FOR HEADACHE. As a remedy for all forms of Head ache 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.

LAST week a trial shipment of about 400 beef steers was made from Galveston to Liverpool, England. Quite a number of prominent cattlemen from various portions of the state went down to see the shipment off. This is the initial step in the revolution of the export livestock business of this country, and is the beginning of the fruition of the hopes based on the achievement of a deep water port on the Texas coast. We have no doubt but that the great bulk of the livestock and grain shipping of Texas and the great Northwest will be going through the port of Galveston within a year.

McELREE'S Wine of Cardui. has demonstrated ten thousand times that it is almost infallible FOR WOMAN'S PECULIAR WEAKNESSES. Irregularities and derangements. It has become the leading remedy for this class of troubles. It cures a wonderfully healing, strengthening and soothing influence upon the menstrual organs. It cures "whites" and falling of the womb. It stops bleeding and relieves suffering and painful menstruation. For Change of Life it is the best medicine made. It is beneficial during pregnancy, and helps to bring children into homes barren for years. It invigorates, stimulates, strengthens the whole system. This great remedy is offered to all afflicted women. Why will any woman suffer another minute with certain rapid relief? Wine of Cardui only costs \$1.00 per bottle at your drug store. For advice, in cases requiring special attention, address, please, promptly, the "Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn. Rev. J. W. Smith, Camden, S. C., says: "It will cure all kinds of Cardui cases." McCOLLUM & WILBOURN CO.