

Baskell Free Press.

J. E. POOLE, Publisher.

BASKELL, TEXAS

A Philadelphia oyster dealer is named Shelton.

The corn crop this year amounts to 2,269,000 bushels.

Those who get the best of a community live longest in its memory.

Cole & Wood, Dealers in Wood and Coal, is the way a Boston sign reads.

Uncle Sam's deadhead mail matter last year amounted to \$2,348,000 pounds.

Atchison (Kan.) man who ate an election bet says it is bottomless.

The person who starts in the morning with no fixed purpose generally has trouble before night.

Success attends those who make the best of what is near at hand, without waiting for remote contingencies.

One of the greatest afflictions that can be placed on a person is to bear the surface indications of being a nuisance.

Chicago has on its public school rolls the names of 206,209 scholars. The average attendance is 181,862. The number of teachers is 4,750.

Australia will have to import more than 5,000,000 bushels of wheat this year, owing to the failure of the Australian harvest. The bulk will come from America and Canada.

A. L. Doris, a wealthy farmer living near Union, Ind., signed a contract last week by the terms of which he agrees to forfeit \$1,000 if he shaves or cuts his hair until Bryan is elected president.

American influence is making itself felt in China. Three engineers from this country have been engaged to build the first extensive railroad line to be constructed in the flowery kingdom, and an American syndicate will furnish the money to construct it. Europeans have too many political projects to further to suit the Oriental and Americans are smarter railroad builders.

"Love me, love my dog" is an old saying, but it does not apply to cats. Mr. George Fleischman loved Miss Stella Davis, a Missouri belle. He could not get the cat, especially when he discovered that Miss Stella loved puss better than George. Whereupon George took all the cat's nine lives at once. At least Miss Stella says he did. Some one did, and George was the only one who esteemed the cat his rival for the fair Stella's heart. (N. H.—The cat did not come back; neither did George.)

The Boston Transcript complains that too much of the commercial spirit has entered into the shooting of game in Maine. "The slaughter of moose and caribou in Maine is tabulated in the newspapers nowadays," says the Transcript. "Figures are given with counting-room accuracy concerning the number of animals killed, with the comparative increase of shooting for two years and the amount of cash accruing to the thirty state of Maine by the increased interest in shipments of game."

Bishop Potter of New York, acting arbitrator in four important strikes during the last eight months, makes the following statement: "If I were asked to say which side—employers or players—was distinguished for better manners, I should unhesitatingly declare in favor of the laboring men." He also spoke of the "singular dignity" with which the men listened to the arguments of their opponents. This is important testimony from one whose fairness and impartiality are well known. "I hope I was not rude to you just now," he said to one of his opponents. "When you woke me from what you called my dreaming."

"Perpetrating a row on truth" is what a prominent statesman called a roundabout method of writers exposed in the recent national election. One is reminded of Peppy's unflattering record of direct lying by telling a truth, as given in his famous diary two hundred and fifty years ago. "Captain Grove" he says, "did give me a letter directed to myself from himself. I discerned money to be in it, and took it. Knowing it to be so, I found it the proceeds of the lottery. I did not like my own business, and I came home not looking at all as if I had any money. I can scarcely tell you," he said. Presently he asked, speaking with hesitation, "I suppose you never feel that under certain circumstances—circumstances which you cannot explain—you are invisible to others?"

"I see things," said the other. "I know that certain people have asserted they possess what they call 'second sight,' but the assertion is too absurd to waste time in it." "Yet," said Carrington dreamily, "I know that if I did not strive to avoid the same such power would come to me." "You are too ridiculous, Carrington," said the other. "Some people see what others don't, because they have longer sight. You may, of course, imagine anything. But your eyes—handsome eyes they are—do contain certain properties, known as humors and lenses, therefore in order to see—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Carrington. "I know exactly all you are going to say. You, a man of science, ridicule things which break what you please to call the law of nature. I take all the unaccountable tales—Nine hundred and ninety-nine who go to scorn or throw grave doubts upon, yet the thousandth rests on a chance which can not be upset or

THE EYE OF THE MIND.

BY HUGH CONWAY.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER II.—CONCLUDED.

"I fancy I shall never marry," said Carrington, looking at me with his soft, dark eyes. "You see, a boy who has waited for years expecting to die, doesn't grow up with exactly the same feelings as other people. I don't think I shall ever meet a woman I can care for enough to make my wife. No, I expect my cousin will be Sir Ralph yet."

I tried to laugh him out of his morbid ideas. "Those who live will see," I said. "Only promise to ask me to your wedding, and better still, if you live in town, appoint me your family doctor. It may prove the nucleus of that West end practice which it is the dream of every doctor to establish."

I have already alluded to the strange beauty of Carrington's dark eyes. As soon as companionship commenced between us those eyes became to me, from scientific reasons, objects of curiosity, on account of the mysterious expression which I at times detected in them. Often and often they were a look like to which, I imagine, is found only in the eyes of a somnambulist—a look which one feels certain is intently fixed upon something, yet upon something beyond the range of one's own vision. During the first two or three days of our new-born intimacy I found this peculiarity of Carrington's positively startling. When now and then I turned to him, and found him staring with all his might at nothing, my eyes were compelled to follow the direction in which his own were bent. It was at first impossible to divest one's-self of the belief that something should be there to justify so fixed a gaze. However, as the rapid growth of our friendly intercourse soon showed me that he was a boy of most ardent poetic temperament—perhaps even more a poet than an artist—I laid at the door of the muse these absent looks and recurring flights into vacancy.

We were at the Fairy Glen one morning, sketching, to the best of our ability, the swirling stream, the gray rocks, and the overhanging trees, the last just growing brilliant with autumn tints. So beautiful was everything around that for a long time I worked, idly, or dreamed in contented silence. Carrington had set up his easel at some little distance from mine. At last I turned to see how his sketch was progressing. He had evidently fallen into one of his brown studies, and, apparently, a handsomer one than usual. His brush had fallen from his fingers, his features were immovable, and his strange dark eyes were absolutely riveted upon a large rock in front of him at which he gazed as intently as if his hope of heaven depended upon seeing through it.

He seemed for the while oblivious to things mundane. A party of laughing, chattering tourists approached, and the rugged rocks, and one by one passed in front of him. Neither their presence nor the inquisitive glances they cast on his statue-like face roused him from his fit of abstraction. For a moment I wondered if the boy took opium or some other narcotic on the sly. Full of the thought, I crossed over to him, and laid my hand upon his shoulder. As he felt my touch he came to himself, and looked up at me in a dazed, inquiring way.

"Really, Carrington," I said, laughing, "you must reserve your dreaming fits until we are in places where tourists do not congregate, or you will be thought a madman, or a least a poet." He made no reply. He turned away from me impatiently, even rudely; then, picking up his brush, went on with his sketch. After a while he seemed to recover from his pettishness, and we spent the remainder of the day as pleasantly as usual.

As we trailed home in the twilight, he said to me in an apologetic, almost penitent way: "I hope I was not rude to you just now?" "When do you mean?" I asked, having forgotten the trivial incident.

"When you woke me from what you called my dreaming?"

"Oh, dear me. You were not so all right, I'm glad to see. It was but the whims of genius, and should be respected, not checked by a 'bawling hand.'"

"That is nonsense. I see you are a genius, and you must forgive me for my rudeness," said Carrington simply.

After walking some distance in silence I spoke again. "I wish when you are with me you would try and stop me from getting into that state. Seeing he was in earnest, I promised to do my best, and was curious enough to ask him whether his thoughts wandered during those abstracted moments.

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blow—right at once disturb the balance of his mind. Let his life run on in an even groove, and all will be well with him."

My companion was silent for a few moments. "Did you mention your friend's name?" he asked.

"I laughed, 'Doctors never give names when they quote cases.'"

"At the next station my companion left the train. He bade me a polite adieu, and thanked me for the pleasure my conversation had given him. After wondering what station in life he occupied I dismissed him from my mind, as one who had crossed my path for a short time and would probably never cross it again.

Although I did not see Charles Carrington I received several letters from him during the course of the year. He had not forgotten our undertaking to pass my next holiday together. Early in the autumn, just as I was beginning to long with a passionate longing for open air and blue skies, a letter came from Carrington. He was now, he said, roughing it in the Western Highlands. He reminded me of last year's promise. Could I get away from work now? Would I join him? If I did not care to visit Scotland, would I suggest some other place where he could join me? Still, the scenery by which he was now surrounded was superb, and the accommodation he had secured, if not luxurious, fairly comfortable. He thought he would no longer. A postscript to his letter asked me to address him as Cecil Carr, not Charles Carrington. He had a reason for changing his name—a foolish reason I should not doubt call it. When we met he would let me know it.

This letter at once decided me to accept his invitation. In a week's time my arrangements for leave of absence were complete, and I was speeding northward in the highest spirits, and well equipped with everything necessary for my favorite holiday pursuit. I looked forward with the greatest pleasure to again meeting Carrington. I found him at Callendar waiting for me. The coach did not follow the route we were obliged to take in order to reach the somewhat unfrequented part of the country in which our tent was pitched, so my friend had secured the services of a primitive vehicle and a strong shaggy pony to bear us the remainder of the journey.

SUICIDES OF YOUNG.

MANY CHILDREN KILLED THEMSELVES OF LATE.

Is Modern Civilization to Blame? Phenomenon Is One of the Most Startling of Our Times—Causes of the Mania.

IN THIS country and in Europe people are beginning to wonder why so many young persons have committed suicide of late, says the New York Herald. The other day a consumptive lad named Rudolph Percival found death by means of a gas tube in this city, and hardly a week passes that we do not hear of somewhat similar and generally successful attempts elsewhere. The latest attempt in Paris was that of a young man who tried to blow out his brains with a revolver. Fortunately his hand trembled and he missed his aim. True, he did wound himself badly, but the physicians say that he will recover.

Disappointment in love, we are told, was the reason why this foolish young man wanted to quit life so abruptly. In this respect there is nothing peculiar about his case. Many men before him have killed themselves on account of women and doubtless many men after him will follow his example. What is peculiar is the fact that at 23 age he should already have grown weary of life. For he is not a man, but a boy. Nay, in the eyes of the law he is still an infant.

On this subject a French writer says, "When we investigate such tragedies we find almost always that a woman is the cause, some destructive and mercenary creature whose lust for money is abnormal, though her own value may be very little. How many of these foolish women have we known and how, when men have killed themselves for love of them, they have not scrupled to use this fact as an advertisement! Only a short time ago a son of one of the most honorable families in Paris committed suicide on account of a woman of this kind, and before that the little son of a woman of this class hanged himself in the bedroom because he could not endure the humiliation of hearing his schoolfellows' parents that his mother was a respectable woman."

But it would be absurd to hold women accountable for the deaths of all young men who commit suicide. Any one who reads the papers knows that boys and girls have killed themselves for the most trivial causes. To such excessive souls a parent's reprimand has more than once proved a death sentence, while in other cases want of pocket money or an unhappy home life or a willful temper has been the cause of a sudden and lamentable death.

At no time has there been an utter dearth of suicides, but at no time, we are told, have there been so many suicides of young persons as there have been during the last few years. Moreover, at no time have so many young men killed themselves on account of disappointment in love.

The exact causes of this epidemic of suicides among juveniles no one has attempted to explain. Some think that the stress of modern civilization is to blame. Our children become nervous and discontented, they claim, because too many of them find the enjoyments of life are not for them and that the world has nothing for them but many years of hard labor and a loveless old age. Competition, they insist, is so keen that many parents cannot give their children the ordinary pleasures of life, the result being that the children, seeing their parents' poor lot, resolve to remove themselves swiftly out of a world which has so little happiness in store for them.

Children in former days, it is argued, did not commit suicide, because they were taught to be content with their lot and hence were generally stolid and unambitious, whereas the children of to-day have the benefits of education and, naturally, know much more about the world than could possibly be known by the children of half a century ago. Hence, it is argued, the imagination of many young people has been over-stimulated, and the sudden knowledge that the real world falls far short of their ideal has proved a death blow to many of them.

Somewhat similar reasons are assigned for the suicides of so many young men, though disappointment in love is generally admitted to be the main cause. The young men of to-day, say these persons, prefer to live a fast life while they are still in their boyhood, and the shock of finding themselves deprived of their pleasures, mercenary women is too much for them. Instead of pursuing their studies and looking forward to a happy married life they fling themselves into dissipation at an early age and, after ruining themselves pecuniarily and physically, find that nothing is left for them but death.

Died on a House-Top.

W. R. Black, aged 63, a wealthy property owner of Pittsburgh, Pa., fell dead from heart disease on the roof of his house. He had gone upon the roof to do some painting, although warned by his physician not to engage in anything tending to agitate him. It is thought that the old man became dizzy while on the roof and got a scare which killed him. He was found holding to a beam with a death grip to prevent himself from falling.

Prophetic Bells.

At old St. Paul's, London, "ringing the hallowed bells in great tempests or lightnings" is recorded as a common practice, and similar entries frequently occur in parish registers throughout England. Not even yet is the custom quite obsolete in the more southern parts of Europe.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

What Did He Do That?

He—if I should kiss you would you call your mother? She (nervously)—Why, no; she wouldn't care to be kissed.—Journal.

ELECTRIC SOUNDING.

Difficulty of Cable Laying Largely Overcome by It.

It is said by the engineers who conducted the laying of the Amazon river cable to Manaus that the difficulties of their enterprise would have been almost insuperable if the ordinary methods of sounding had had to be relied upon, says Popular Science. There were no charts to go by, the river bottom was constantly shifting and the softness of the soil, mostly alluvial clay, would allow the lead to sink into it for several feet. An electric device, aptly named a submarine sentinel, was suspended from the cable ship and set at, say, five fathoms. So long as there was no signal from the "sentinel" the engineer could steam ahead without fear, but the moment the ship got into water shallower than the gauge fixed upon the sounder gave an alarm and special reckonings were taken. A somewhat simpler device, having the same end in view, has been invented, the idea being to have it used as a substitute for the hand lead as a vessel approaches a shoal or coast in darkness or fog, when the captain is doubtful of his bearings. The apparatus consists of a metallic cylinder having a water-tight chamber. Within the chamber works a piston, upon the outer edge of which is a heavy ball. When the apparatus is swinging clear in the water the weight of this ball keeps open an electric circuit, but, as soon as the sounder touches the bottom, the circuit is closed, and the current, conveyed by wires running in the cable by which the sounder is attached to the ship, rings a bell in any department of the ship. The cost of the device is quite moderate and its inventor claims that its operation is simple and sure.

The Poet's Difficulty.

Friend—You've written a great deal of poetry, haven't you?

Poet—Quite a quantity, yes.

Friend—And what do you find to be the greatest trouble in getting it just to suit you?

Poet (promptly)—Getting it accepted.—Detroit Free Press.

A Little Sarcasm.

Laura Lonely—This drinking cup was made for me when I was a baby.

Rosa Rooster—How beautiful! Are't the productions of the ancient metal workers charming?—Jewelry Weekly.

Danger Envisons I.

If we live in a region where malaria is prevalent, it is useless to hope to escape it unless provided with a medicinal safeguard. Wherever the miasma is most prevalent and malarial, in South and Central America, the West Indies and certain portions of Mexico and the Isthmus of Panama, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has proved a remedy for and preventive of the disease in every form. Not less effective in curing rheumatism, liver and kidney complaints, dyspepsia, biliousness and nervousness.

Caution in the Nursery.

"And why, Jennie, did you tell Willie you wouldn't be his little wife?"

"Because he didn't ask me 'til he knowed I had 5 cents!"

1667 BUS. POTATOES PER ACRE.

Don't believe it, nor did the editor until he saw Salzer's great farm seed catalogue. It's wonderful what an array of facts and figures and new things and big yields and great testimonials it contains.

Send This Notice and 10 Cents Stamps to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., for catalogue and 12 rare farm seed samples, worth \$10, to get a start.

Will you be a Winner?

He, driving with young lady, never try to do more than one thing at a time. She—Then let me drive, Mr. Successman.—Brooklyn Life.

NO-TO-BAC FOR FIFTY CENTS.

Millions of men who are daily "tolerating Spitting and Smoking Their Lives Away" will be glad to learn that the makers of No-To-Bac, the famous guaranteed tobacco, have cured that has freed over 100,000 tobacco users in the last few years, have put on the market a fifty cent package of their great remedy. This will give every tobacco user a chance to test No-To-Bac's power to control the desire for tobacco in every form and at the same time to be benefited by No-To-Bac's nerve strengthening qualities. Every tobacco user should procure a fifty cent box at once from his druggist or order it by mail. You will be surprised to see how easily and quickly the desire for tobacco disappears. Any reader can obtain a sample and booklet free by addressing the Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York and mentioning this paper.

When a "friend" tells you something about a neighbor just "say wad" and say nothing.

FLINGS AT THE FAIR.

A girl would rather be 27 than admit she is 27.

It was an created wop... had been 5... health... public-school... was of public health...

FOR BRAIN.

Apples supply must but do not give stay.

Tomatoes are thinking and the skins eaten.

Oranges are refused but are not good if order.

Green figs are excellent nerve and are bad for the liver.

Prunes afford the nerve food but should sufferers from their lives.

Walnuts give brain but there is heat and nerves serve as a substitute.

All stone fruits are furious for sufferers from juncial liver and should tiously.

Green water-grapes are value but are blood-purifier skin and seeds are not grapes are feeding and are too rich for the liver.

Soup stock is better into the meat while boiling using powdered spices.

Chicago claims to have who is a baron.

Chicago claims to have who is a baron.

COOPER IS LYNCHED.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA MURDERER MET DEATH.

After Making Desperate Resistance He Surrendered to the Officers, but a Mob Hanged Him and Hid His Body With Wreaths.

Sumter, S. C., Jan. 9.—Simon Cooper, the negro outlaw, who Thursday murdered three members of the Wilson family and a colored servant, was lynched near here yesterday. Cooper was captured by the sheriff's posse and was being taken to Sumter, when the mob decided to hang him.

The deputy sheriffs, aided by two men, resisted the lynching, but were overpowered. A rope was thrown over a limb of a tree, and as the man swung upward the body was pierced by more than 150 bullets. One bullet cut the rope and the corpse fell to the ground, where the coroner found it some hours later when he went to hold an inquest.

Cooper was captured about noon in a cabin five miles from this place. About 2 o'clock yesterday morning Jake Darwin, colored, went to the house of W. R. Burkitt, a white neighbor, and said that Cooper was at his house asleep. Burkitt rode to Sumter with the news, and a deputy sheriff with a posse of nine men immediately left. A woman and a man were in the house with Cooper. He sent the woman out, and later sent the man out to buy him ammunition in Camden, giving him a sample shell. The man rode over to the posse and gave them the shell.

Cooper was well armed with Winchester, and kept up a continuous fire. The house is a small one, and on a hill in the open, so that the posse could not get within range with any degree of safety.

Once Cooper came out of the house with a gun and was taking aim, when a Mr. McCown fired at him. Cooper immediately dropped his gun and seemed to be hit. He did not shoot, but returned to the house.

About noon an advance was made and the posse closed in. After a parley Cooper agreed to come out. Several men posted themselves at the door and as the outlaws stepped out he was seized by armed men. As he stood facing the crowd a shot was fired and Cooper dropped, with a rifle ball through his cheek. He was not badly wounded, however, and as he rolled over he made an attempt to get his hand to his trousers. In his shirt a razor was found, while beneath his trousers' band was a loaded revolver.

Cooper was drunk, and after the shot became almost unmanageable. A search of the cabin revealed a Winchester rifle, two revolvers, a valise filled with cartridges and a number of ske, some empty and others filled with whisky. On a page torn from a blank book was written: "Remember that I killed myself. There never was a man that could take me." SIMON COOPER.

HELSINKI MAKE AN ATTACK

Key West Fla., Jan. 9.—Advices received here from Havana show that at 4 o'clock on the afternoon of Jan. 3 the insurgent force commanded by Juan Delgado opened fire on the forts at Calabazar, province of Havana.

The military governor, Major Justiz, had charge of the troops in the garrison, and they resisted the attack of the insurgents so bravely that the latter were obliged to retreat.

On the following morning the insurgents renewed their attack simultaneously on forts No. 5, 6, 7 and 8 with a lively discharge of musketry, which was answered by the garrison.

At the same time the insurgents burned the dwelling of Senor Fernando Garcia, situated near the railroad station. The bullets flew thickly, many of the missiles penetrating the store of Pedro Brucena. In twenty different places. The Spanish troops finally compelled the insurgents to retreat. While the Cubans were retiring they destroyed with their machetes all the tobacco that had been planted in the vicinity. The insurgents also attacked the village of Rancho Boyero, but without result.

Advices received yesterday confirm the report that Calixto Garcia, with 5,000 well armed insurgents, after an engagement upon the arrival of Gen. Bosch's convoy at Bayamo, marched toward Jiguani, which place they besieged for five days. It is said that the garrison of the town resisted the attack of the insurgents until the arrival of the column of Gen. Bosch, when Garcia and his men retreated toward Santiago de Cuba, countermarching afterward in the direction of Holguin.

The insurgent leader, Jose Maria Aguirre, the dispatch also says, has been shot in the head, but is improving. He is at Aguacato, province of Havana.

One hundred and fifty-six wounded Spanish soldiers arrived at Havana from the province of Pinar del Rio on Tuesday last.

Advices from Havana say that a petition was presented on Tuesday last at the produce exchange by a number of merchants requesting the executive committee of Madrid, on the authority of the wholesale and retail merchants of Havana, addressed to Premier Canovas del Castillo, protesting against the action of the marquis of Azpeitia and other Spanish sugar cane grinders who are agitating the question of Capt. Gen. Weyler's recall from Cuba. These grinders claim that Gen. Weyler does not protect their interests by not allowing them to grind, but, on the contrary, thus favors the insurgents' plans. The signers of the petition state that they are above political corruption, and only wish that the truth be made known.

WORK OF A FIEND.

HE MURDERS FOUR PEOPLE WITH AN AX.

It is the deed of Simon Cooper, colored, a South Carolina Outlaw—Possibly in Forfeit—There Will be a Lynching When He is Captured.

Mayesville, S. C., Jan. 8.—Simon Cooper, the negro outlaw who shot and killed another negro and wounded several others at Magnolia a few days ago and for whom there is a reward of \$100 offered by the governor, added more murder to his record yesterday morning near Magnolia.

Cooper entered the house of Mr. Ben Wilson about sunrise and demanded the use of Mr. Wilson's buggy, which was refused. This human monster then picked up an ax and split Mr. Wilson's head open.

He attacked Mr. Wesley Wilson, the son, and chopped him in like manner. Cooper then murdered Mrs. Wesley Wilson with the same weapon, after which he struck down a negro who had approached on hearing the noise, and left the ax sticking in the negro's head.

As soon as the news of the shocking tragedy reached Sumter the sheriff organized a posse, chartered a special car and came to Mayesville, where reinforcements from there and the surrounding country awaited him.

Word reached the sheriff that Cooper had been seen within two miles of Sumter. The sheriff divided the volunteers into several posses and sent them out in different directions, but Cooper was not found.

The Wilsons were white people of high standing in their community, and their death is deplored by all who know them.

SENATE AND HOUSE.

Washington, Jan. 8.—The senate spent a long and busy session passing a number of bills on the calendar.

Including several amendments to the law of navigation, and also the bill authorizing the president to re-appoint to the navy Commander Quickenberry, whose case has caused much controversy. Progress was made on the bill for free homesteads on Indian lands, but a final vote was not reached. Mr. Platt opposed the bill in a lengthy speech, pointing out that it would cost the government a loss of many millions. It was disclosed during the day that Representative-elect Edward E. Robbins was the author of the letters from Havana read in the senate Wednesday.

The other Cuban developments of the day was a joint resolution offered by Mr. Mills of Texas, declaring that the power of recognizing a new republic resides in congress, recognizing the independence of Cuba and appropriating \$10,000 for a United States minister to the republic of Cuba. Mr. Mills will speak on the resolution next Monday.

The senate adjourned over until Monday.

Washington, Jan. 8.—The Pacific railroad funding bill, which is considered the most important piece of legislation which will come before congress at this session, came up yesterday in the house under a special order, which allows two days for general debate and one day for amendments and debate under the five-minute rule, with a provision for a final vote on Monday next.

Give Back Her Property. San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 7.—It is currently rumored that Mrs. Emma Spreckels Watson has decided to her father the bulk of her property, voluntarily making herself comparatively a poor woman. Mrs. Watson consulted her husband about the step before she took it, and he gave his unqualified consent.

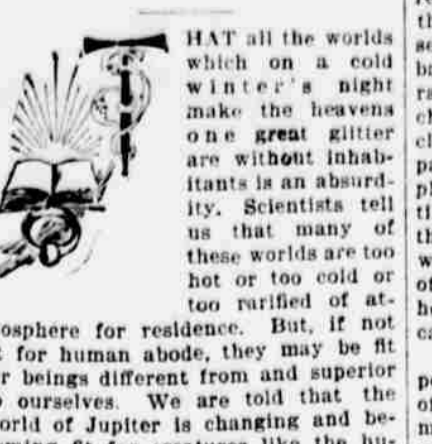
It is said that before the wedding took place Miss Emma Spreckels informed her father that she wished to marry Thomas Watson. Claus Spreckels would not hear of it, and upbraided his daughter when she told him that she intended to marry Mr. Watson whether he liked it or not.

Persuasion proving unavailing, Mr. Spreckels resorted to taunts, chiding his daughter for her ingratitude, and pointing out how much he had done for her. Yesterday Mrs. Watson told her husband she thought she ought to deed back to her father all he had given her, including United States bonds to the amount of \$1,000,000 and the property on Market street, known as the Emma Spreckels building.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"CROWNS OF THORNS AND CROWNS OF ROSES."

From the Text: "Ye Know the Grace of Our Lord Jesus Christ, That Though He Was Rich Yet For Your Sake He Became Poor"—II. Cor. 8:9.



HAT all the worlds which on a cold winter's night make the heavens one great glitter are without inhabitants is an absurdity. Scientists tell us that many of these worlds are too hot or too cold or too rarified of atmosphere for residence. But, if not fit for human abode, they may be fit for beings different from and superior to ourselves. We are told that the world of Jupiter is changing and becoming fit for creatures like and like the human family with a little change in the structure of our respiratory organs. But that there is a great world swung somewhere, vast beyond imagination, and that it is the headquarters of immensity, and has a population in numbers vast beyond all statistics, and appointments of splendor beyond the capacity of canvas, or poem, or angel describe, is as certain as the Bible is authentic. Perhaps some of the astronomers with their big telescopes have already caught a glimpse of it, not knowing what it is. We spell it with six letters and pronounce it heaven.

That is where Prince Jesus lived nineteen centuries ago. He was the King's Son. It was the old homestead of eternity, and all its castles were old as God. Not a frost had ever chilled the air. Not a year had been added to the cheek of one of its inhabitants. There had never been a headache, or a sideache, or a heartache. There had not been a funeral in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. There had never in all the land been woven a black veil, for there had never been anything to mourn over. The passage of millions of years had not wrinkled or crippled or bedimed any of its citizens. All the people there were in a state of eternal adolescence.

With characteristic force, Mr. Watson is said to have told his bride to do what she thought right in the matter: that he had not married her for what she had, and that he would have married her long ago if she had been a poor girl and he had been able to support her.

This occurred at noon. Within an hour the property had changed hands.

A Long Walk. Belleville, Ont., Jan. 8.—David S. Frazer, of Aberdeen, Wash., reached here on foot at noon yesterday, en route to Boston, Mass. Frazer began his long walk on a wagon of \$300 that he could walk from Aberdeen to Boston, 2,300 miles within a period of six months and fifteen days. He started on July 14, and must be in Boston Jan. 29. He is several days ahead of his time. By walking twenty miles a day he can win his wager.

Harry Sabin Arrested. San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 8.—Harry Sabin, 27 years old, was arrested Wednesday by Police Officer Galoway while driving a hayrack exhibition in a saloon on Howard street. He was booked as a deserter, and later in the day was delivered to the army officers at Presidio. Sabin says he is the son of Dwight M. Sabin, formerly United States senator from Minnesota, that his brother, Albert Reeves Sabin, is manager of the Mexican Central railway.

SENATE AND HOUSE.

Washington, Jan. 8.—The senate spent a long and busy session passing a number of bills on the calendar.

Including several amendments to the law of navigation, and also the bill authorizing the president to re-appoint to the navy Commander Quickenberry, whose case has caused much controversy. Progress was made on the bill for free homesteads on Indian lands, but a final vote was not reached. Mr. Platt opposed the bill in a lengthy speech, pointing out that it would cost the government a loss of many millions. It was disclosed during the day that Representative-elect Edward E. Robbins was the author of the letters from Havana read in the senate Wednesday.

The other Cuban developments of the day was a joint resolution offered by Mr. Mills of Texas, declaring that the power of recognizing a new republic resides in congress, recognizing the independence of Cuba and appropriating \$10,000 for a United States minister to the republic of Cuba. Mr. Mills will speak on the resolution next Monday.

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Give Back Her Property. San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 7.—It is currently rumored that Mrs. Emma Spreckels Watson has decided to her father the bulk of her property, voluntarily making herself comparatively a poor woman. Mrs. Watson consulted her husband about the step before she took it, and he gave his unqualified consent.

It is said that before the wedding took place Miss Emma Spreckels informed her father that she wished to marry Thomas Watson. Claus Spreckels would not hear of it, and upbraided his daughter when she told him that she intended to marry Mr. Watson whether he liked it or not.

Persuasion proving unavailing, Mr. Spreckels resorted to taunts, chiding his daughter for her ingratitude, and pointing out how much he had done for her. Yesterday Mrs. Watson told her husband she thought she ought to deed back to her father all he had given her, including United States bonds to the amount of \$1,000,000 and the property on Market street, known as the Emma Spreckels building.

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THE CHILDREN.



Like the rays of the natural sun, glad childhood sheds its brightness upon the world; to which the innocence, the merriment, the credulity, the inquisitiveness, the naturalness, the mischievousness of that happy period before the shadows begin to fall, are a perpetual source of refreshment and delight. When all these childish qualities are combined and a little touch of perversity is added, many a moment of perplexity as well as of amusement is caused.

To justly judge the child's act we must take its point of view. Only by means of an accurate memory of our own experiences and by a fine sympathy with those of others are we able to appreciate the mental attitude of the budding life and to realize how momentous are some of its occasions.

Countless are the bright pictures childhood throws upon our memories, for our lifelong enjoyment thereafter. Some of the most vivid from the many are here set forth.

An ever delightful child type is that in which the mentality is keen and early matured. These are they who read much and think much and to their daily vocabulary add the words encountered in books. In play and in popularity they are foremost, unflinching in power and attraction are such genial, bright natures.

An interesting boy of twelve years was shown the photograph of a lady who was to be married to the young man exhibiting the picture. He listened with interest to his friend's account of his lady love whom the boy had never seen. Not long after the little man saw the young woman in question for the first time. When he next encountered his friend, the lover, it was to announce to him with unconsciousness and enthusiasm that he had seen the substance of that shadow shown him a few days ago—a accustomed was he to talk in the language that he read.

An attractive child he was in countless ways, with his beaming, intelli-

Many are the homes they cheer, deeply in their value realized when the sweet baby voice is no longer heard, when the laughing little face is no longer seen. A few years glide by and then every baby face disappears, all childish speech ceases, for if these little ones do not pass into the eternal silence they merge as surely into manhood and womanhood. It is not in the life of one individual there were countless lives ending one by one as others begin; so wholly apart from the after life are the days of infancy.

blissing appears to descend. If ever there is virtue in a blessing it is when spoken by such lips as hers.

Looking out of the back window one day, her mother heard shrill screams and saw her baby girl carrying her cloak which a great rooster had caught in his beak and would not let go. The mother understood the little one's prolonged cries of fright and vexation, and acting outside freed the tiny girl from her tormentor. Shortly after, when the child was again in the house, she passed her mother in the music room.



THE QUESTIONING EYES OF CHILDHOOD.

One beautiful boy made light and gladness in a home. Year by year a picture of the child was made. Each twelvemonth seemed to perfect the life and face, until it took on a far away beauty not of this world. So the last portrait showed him, then a shadow fell upon the home that for a few brief years had been illumined by a lovely presence.

Her little legs bore her in longer strides than usual; there was determination in her face and vengeance in her baby heart. In one hand she carried a silver table knife, close to her side, that it might not be seen and taken from her. She spoke vehemently as she hastened on: "I'll kill 'at wooter!" 'I'll cut it on the feathers!"

The flowers bloom and fade. The birds' songs fill the world and then are silent. But the sweetness of the

Upon another day this little tot's father decided to rearrange a favorite vine upon the front porch of the picturesque cottage home. To do so it was necessary to be upon the front porch roof, and to reach that point without injury to the vines a ladder was placed against the rear of the house. By the ladder he mounted to the shed roof of the kitchen and easily gaining in this way the four sided roof of the cottage he descended thence to the roof of the porch. After a little time he heard a great puffing and blowing, wondering whence the sounds came he decided to reconnoitre, and saw it was his baby girl who had already reached the third roof! His heart stood still. What to do was the question. If he scolded she would turn and fall. So he smiled to her brightly and opened his arms and told her to "come on." With her natural fearlessness, she had climbed the ladder, a seemingly impossible feat, for the ladders were far apart. When questioned, this sturdy three year old showed the awestricken parents how she had mounted the ladder, climbed the side pipe, between the rounds, monkey fashion, because they were too far apart for her reach.

Affectionate, warm-hearted, quick of mind, she is a most lovable child. The years will come and go, and the happiness and charm of the baby life will reflect cheer upon many a shadowy hour for those who in after years recall the interesting and pretty ways of her childhood.—Nickell Magazine.

Artificial Diamonds. Whatever may be the origin of the gems of commerce, whether terrestrial or meteoric, it is certain that at least one method of their formation is known. Iron at a temperature of 3,000 centigrade saturated with carbon and cooled under high pressure crystallizes as diamond. The knowledge of this fact has led to experiments with hardened steel, which is made under somewhat similar conditions. The metal was dissolved in hydrochloric acid, and the solution was treated successively with concentrated nitric acid, fused potassium chlorate, hydrofluoric acid and sulphuric acid. From this treatment very minute crystals are obtained, which exhibit all the physical and chemical qualities of, and, in fact, are true diamonds.

"SWEET AS THE FLOWERS OF SPRINGTIME."

gent face, his quick action and his leadership among his companions. Strangely averse to going to bed, he was never really ready to go at any hour, his earnest wish being that life were all day, so deeply was he interested in the affairs of the world. Children of this class, whether boys or girls, are by nature endowed with a mentality above the ordinary. Fortunately they are often the possessors of high animal spirits, the result of good physical condition, expressed in a happy disposition or fine vivacity. Such minds are of splendid fibre, seize readily upon knowledge and facts which they easily retain and assimilate.

Blossoms and of the warbling lingers when neither may longer be enjoyed. A dear little California girl by her songs and sayings has made herself a joy to many. A chubby little figure, a sunny face, great blue eyes, a halo of fair curls—a sweeter cherub never lived.

She is not yet three years old, and when she is gathered up for the night in her long white night gown, and lifted to papa's shoulder to say, instead of the conventional "Good night," her "God bless you," to each one about her. God seems not far away and the

But how varied are the child-natures and faces; like the leaves of the forest no two are just alike. A type that everybody loves has the bright open countenance, the frank, true eyes. These are the little sunbeams in the world, dancing along beside the weary and oppressed, throwing their happy smiles upon the sorrowing, and upon saint and sinner alike. Sweet as the flowers of springtime, they gladden all about them. Rare indeed would life be without the blossoms and without these cherub-like children.

Diversity of talents is never more plainly seen than in the development of the little ones. It is marvelous how the son of the mechanic loves machinery so early. Even more wonderful is it when another son inheriting his gifts perhaps from his grandfather, father, interested only in farm matters, in live stock and in sowing and gathering of crops. How unlike are the various personalities of children. How self-will shows itself in earliest days in some. How mischief reaches an abnormal growth in others. What individuality and originality are frequently displayed by the little folks.



FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Various Cereals—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.

HUNDREDS of articles have been written on the advisability of farmers raising small fruit for their own use, but there is room for hundreds more of articles if they will in any way tend to bring about this desirable end, says New York Ledger.

As a rule, farmers live well, but their tables show little variety, and they rarely have any of those delightfully wholesome subacid fruits, even during the hot summer months when such fruits are most craved. In the fall and winter they have apples; and occasionally there is a farm that has a few pear trees; but where one farmer has strawberries and currants and gooseberries, there are ten that do not. If the children are too small to be of much use on the farm, they are sent after huckleberries and blackberries, and the older members of the family eat them with a relish that ought to be an inducement for them to have fruit of their own. But as soon as the berries are gone they go back apathetically to their diet of bread, and meat and milk, in its various combinations. I am convinced that it is not from a distaste of the work or expense involved that they neglect the small fruits so systematically. But the farmer, perhaps more than any other person, is a creature of habit. He seldom complains of his own work, but finds it almost impossible to step beyond certain accustomed limits. He will work from early morning till late night day after day and year after year, and not feel it any special grievance; but if he is brought face to face with a half-hour's work "out of his line," in the house, or in the flower garden, or anywhere where he will pay ten times to have it done rather than do it himself. "It is easy to raise strawberries and other small fruit," you tell him, and he agrees with you, but says that "he don't know much about 'em," and is "too old to learn." And that is all there is to it. You may talk to him until the end of time, and he will agree with you in everything, but he does not set any fruit, just the same. I have known a farmer leave his work and tramp all day over the fields, and return at night with a quart or two of wild strawberries that a fruit dealer would have rejected with scorn. He exhibits them triumphantly, and it is scarcely worth while to tell him that one-half his labor would have set out a strawberry bed that would have furnished him with fine berries every day for weeks. Now and then a farmer is induced to give them a trial, but the chances are that his interest will not go beyond the setting, and that the vines will become choked with grass and weeds and be plowed up at the end of a year or two, with the remark that they turned out just as he expected. And here lies one of the great difficulties. To a certain extent the apple trees and pear trees and peach trees take care of themselves, but the small fruit is not quite so accommodating. It is ready to yield an abundant return, but must be understood and have some care. Perhaps the best method is to let the strawberries bear once, and then plow them up. I have tried most of the methods advocated, and like this best. Set the vines in the spring, and keep them hoed the first year, going over them three or four times if necessary. It will not take more than half an hour to hoe a bed large enough to raise fifteen or twenty bushels. The next spring take some of the fresh runners and set a new bed, and after the old one is through bearing plow it up. It is easier than keeping the grass and weeds out, and I am convinced gives better results. A half day's work in preparing ground and setting plants, and another half day in hoeing, and the compensation is all the delicious strawberries your family can possibly eat, and a generous quantity for your neighbors or to sell, if you so wish.

Home Grown and Imported Flax Seed. There is not a great deal of difference in the composition of the ash of imported and home grown samples. The imported seeds are no richer in their stored-up food for the young plants than are our own seeds; if anything the Minnesota seeds are a little richer in phosphoric acid while the imported seeds are richer in potash. The difference between the imported and the home grown seeds, if indeed there is any difference whatever, is more a physiological difference, such as the vitality of the germ, etc., rather than a difference in the chemical composition of the seeds. The home grown seeds were richer in oil and total nitrogen—particularly so in total nitrogen. The total nitrogenous matter in the foreign seeds amounted to 23.12 per cent, while in the home grown seeds the amount was 27.98 per cent. Instead of the extensive importation of foreign grain seeds, an exchange and improvement of our home grown seeds should first be tried.—Bulletin.

Winter Care of Roses. How do you put away your roses to prevent them from winter killing?—P. A. Our rose bed is long and narrow, containing two rows of bushes, says the Farmers' Guide. Last winter a board was put up each side of the bed and fastened with stakes. The bushes were bent over all in one direction and covered with straw, and this held down with boards. This year we have made coverings out of boards by nailing them together V-shaped. These will be inverted over the bushes after they have been bent over and covered with straw. We find it a good plan after bending the bush over to hill up some dirt around the roots. With the small bushes this is especially beneficial. We do not cover our roses until we think settled cold weather is with us. This year we will cover them after the covering in readiness so that it will not take long to do the work at the proper time.

Commercial Fertilizers.—Most farmers buy only what are needed for immediate use. This is partly to escape losing the interest on investments not in use, but mainly because there is a popular idea that fertilizers deteriorate by exposure to the air. If they are kept from becoming wet they will be as good the second year as the first, except that absorption of moisture from damp air will make the mineral harder into lumps, which will make it difficult to drill. The best way to keep any surplus of mineral fertilizer is to scatter it from time to time over the stable manure heaps, and apply it with that. Both the stable manure and phosphate will be made more efficient by this combination, as each kind of fertilizer will supplement the deficiencies of the other.—Ex.

Sorghum for Sheep.—Sorghum fodder is not a fit food for sheep, unless it is cut when quite young, after which the next growths, also cut when young, may be used. The leaves are sharp edged and tough and the stalks exceedingly hard and flinty. These qualities make this plant unfit for the flock. Corn of the first early kinds is excellent in every way, and if it is mown will make a new growth, but the best way is to cut it clean as you go and then replant, so having a succession of plantings during the whole season. It is well to mix the corn with some other crops to be fed between the corn feedings. Sheep love change especially of feed.—Am. Sheep Breeder.

scarcely living until they can find another place. This, the poorest class of farmer, is the one that needs help the most. The renter may have a fortunate year or two, and get a little ahead, but then should he miss a year or pay too high, he loses what little he has, and must begin all over again. It is not my fault, neither is it yours, that this man is as poor as he is. Perhaps it is largely his own fault, but it matters not how he became that way, we should each of us try legitimately to improve this man's condition. If he rents your land, encourage and help him as much as you can; try to make him contented, to do his part, and want to remain with you year after year, or until he can buy land of his own. You will be profited, for he will grow better and larger crops as his condition improves, and it is so much more satisfactory to deal with a man you know can be trusted to do as he agrees. Every man who owns land, or depends for a living from the soil, should try to improve agriculture, and if the tenant farmer be made to do so there will be no trouble about the balance.

That's About Enough. A few days ago a neighbor came over to our place to ask why her hens were dying. I said I would go over and see the sick or dead ones. She replied that the hens were buried. On inquiry, I learned that she had been feeding oats and corn and oats right along. She said the hens got sick and died, usually with a lot of watery feed in their crops. Well, I knew what was the matter—indigestion. I had advised them to feed less grain, but no heed had been paid to my advice. They argued that grain was the proper food for fowls, and that was proven by nature. Therefore, there could be no harm in feeding the food that nature provided. That is just the trouble, the argument stands upon one leg of fact, but the other leg is error. It is true that nature intended fowls to eat grain, but not grain entirely. The fowl in a wild state goes through the fields, picking at the head of a weed or a spear of grass, gathering a few grains, but with it come all kinds of food, many of them not hard to grind up into proper shape for dissolving. But in a confined state, and with a whole grain ration, the thing is different. Then it is grind, grind, grind, the year round. The birds are fed to repletion, and that makes them do all the grinding possible. In fact, from birth to death, their machinery is required to run at high pressure. That is the reason we have so much indigestion among our poultry. I hope the readers of the Farmers' Review will heed the suggestion so often made, that a too heavy grain ration be not fed. I truly believe that next to lice indigestion kills more fowls than anything else.

MARY ANN.

At last when she turned from her pan to the dresser, she saw me and blushed, and said shyly: "Please go. Or my bread I'll be spolling, in spite of my toiling. If you stand here and watch while I kneading the dough."

I begged for permission to stay. She'd not listen: The sweet little tyrant said, "No, sir! no! no!" Yet when I had vanished, on being thus banished, My heart stayed with Nancy while kneading the dough.

I'm dreaming, sweet Nancy, and see you in fancy. Your heart, love, has softened and pitted my woe, And we, dear, are rich in a dainty wee kitchen, Where Nancy, my Nancy, stands kneading the dough. —Century.

Coloring in Dress. The horse show brought to light a new fad among fashionables. It is no less than to select a flower and build a gown around it, using its color as a foundation. Autumn foliage will play an important part in house party entertainments and its colors will be largely introduced in the gowns. Purple, yellow, red and white may now be combined in one gown, yet so artistically it is done that one blends into the other without a jarring note. Wood browns are also used to a great extent and tend to soften the general effect. White satin appears on all gowns; even costumes made of the

IN WOMAN'S CORNER.

INTERESTING READING FOR DAMES AND DAMSELS.

An Joy of the Kitchen—The Recent New York Horse Show Revealed an Entirely New Fad in Fashions—In Velvet.

Her hair was curled neatly when I, indiscreetly, stood watching while Nancy was kneading the dough.

Now, who could be neater, or brighter, or sweeter, Or who hum a song so delightfully low, Or who look so slender, so graceful, so tender, As Nancy, sweet Nancy, while kneading the dough?

How deftly she pressed it, and squeezed it, caressed it, And twisted and turned it, now quick and now slow. Ah, me, but that madness I've paid for in sadness! 'Twas my heart she was kneading as well as the dough.

heaviest materials have a vest of it, and the effect is not at all unpleasant. Perhaps the most artistic bit of coloring that appeared at the horse show was a gown in which purple, golden yellow, scarlet and brown are combined. The skirt is of purple faced cloth, with a tiny hand about the bottom of gold passementerie. The bodice is round, of yellow mousseline over silk, and has a peculiar corslet of purple velvet, low in front, but extending high in the back to a point that touches the collar. Tight-fitting sleeves are of yellow silk, flecked with scarlet blossoms and increased in shoulder measure by the help of outspreading bows of golden brown velvet. A similar bow finishes the neck ruche in the back. The latest.

Lasting Perfumes. M. M. asks what perfume retains its odor longest, and what is the most delightful of all oriental odors? Also, do camphor balls retain their odor longer than other articles of the same nature? Answer: What is the most delightful perfume depends entirely upon individual taste. The rose and sandalwood, with various mixtures, are greatly liked. Camphor balls retain their odor a long time. Pure camphor gum evaporates rapidly, and of course, loses its strength in a short time.

A Velvet Costume. Into the costume pictured here velvet entered freely, but there was no device of ingenious trickery about it. Skirt, yoke and vest were cream-colored glace taffeta, the remainder of the bodice being palm green velvet. The bodice had a jaunty ripple basque.



A HOUSE GOWN.—"From Godey's."

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Burmese Women Smoke. The Burmese women smoke, not cigarettes, but cheroots, the Burmese substitutes for cigars. It is a curious and a very picturesque sight to see one of these Burmese girls in the enjoyment of her cheroot. The greater number of them choose one that is fully ten inches in length and green, and in a day they smoke many of them. It is the custom in Burma for a woman not to smoke her cheroot in steady puffs, but to take a few whiffs, and then lay it down or pass it to the next one in the party. Quite as common is the smoking habit among girls as it is among women, and it extends to children. A frequent sight is that of a Burmese mother taking a cheroot from her mouth, and putting it to the lips of her baby. This child, even if it be only a year and a half or two years of age, will purse up his tiny lips and puff away at the weed with every indication of pleasure.

The Gay Doctor. "Who is that gentleman over there?" "Dr. Graves, a charming fellow. He takes life easily." "The life of others?"—Illustration of a man in a top hat.

A CHRISTMAS SISTER.

OUR great, strong boys, and not even one little girl!

before our eldest boy was born, said the mother of the "four great, strong boys" with a sigh.

She arose, and opening a small cabinet, brought forth a water-color painting of a year-old baby, whose sunny, laughing face captivated Aunt Becky at once.

About a month later, one bitterly cold December day, Aunt Becky was making a tour about the slums—that is, she was visiting a neighborhood from which had come her tales of sorrow and suffering.

So she went—her heart full, her hands full, her purse full, to succor and to save. She did not return to lunch, finding too much to do for others to think of herself.

I could not tell you of all her loving ministrations that day of days, but she went about doing good. It mattered not to Aunt Becky that Christmas was near at hand, and that she had intended looking into the wonderful shop windows that very day.

But these were only a few of her loving ministrations "in His name" that golden day. Emily Olmstead had begun to worry about Aunt Becky as the day—the short winter day—was about closing. The three sturdy boys had just gone to a Christmas Eve party, and Richard Olmstead had come home to the six-o'clock dinner when Aunt Becky arrived on the scene.

"I'm about tuckered out," she said with a faint smile, "but I'm happy. Here, Emily and Dick," addressing her nephew and his wife, as she gently untied the bundle, "the Lord has sent you another little girl. So, after all, the blessed boys will have a sister."

A tiny, frail little human blossom stood revealed to the astonished eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Olmstead. She was thin and pale, with big brown eyes and short, wavy hair of reddish brown. She was two years old, but no larger than a healthy child of a year.

"Why don't you speak?" asked the kind old lady. "Will you accept her, this child, from the Lord? He sent her by me. I could not leave her there all alone—poor baby!"

will the poor mother's prayer be answered to-night?

"The I, who led thy steps aright; The I, who gave thy blind eyes sight; The I, thy Lord, thy life, thy Light; The I, I be not afraid."

It was Christmas morning—a bright but bitterly cold morning. The Olmsteads, however, did not care how cold it was. They were all out of bed at early dawn to see what Christmas had brought them. Bertie, aged ten, did not wait to dress, but ran down stairs in his night clothes to see what he could find. Fred, aged twelve, and Edgar, not quite fourteen, managed to get their clothes before following their younger brother; Fred, meanwhile, singing as he danced about in frantic efforts to "beat Ed."

The shouts of the three boys awoke the mother of the household, and Bertie found it necessary to run back to his room to dress.

The boys had been well remembered. They found everything they had wished for, from balls to boxing gloves; but there was one present awaiting gracefully under the chandelier that made them open their eyes wide in astonishment. It was a doll—a lovely flaxen-haired doll—with a sweet baby face, and dressed in long lace-trimmed baby clothes.

"Well, I declare," shouted Fred; "that must be for Bertie. He's the youngest, so he's our baby, and Aunt Becky has bought him a doll baby. Ha! ha!"

They all laughed, even Bertie, who of course did not believe what Fred had asserted, but thought that the doll was one of papa's "jokes."

"One would think we had a sister to see that doll," he said. "I wish we had. I don't see why we don't have," regretfully.

"I've wished we had a sister a good many times," observed Fred, with longing in his tone. "I never see Carl Thorn's little sister but I want one. Why can't we have one, I'd like to know?"

"There was a little girl here once, a long time ago, before I was born," Edgar said; "you all know that. I wish she was here now. How pretty she must have been with that sweet dimpled face, all smiles!"

"Merry Christmas! my dear, dear boys!" It was their mother's voice, and it all ran to her with their morning kisses and Christmas wishes and thanks.

DIVORCE IS POPULAR.

SEVERING MARRIAGE TIE NO LONGER SHOCKS.

Marion Crawford, the Sociologist, Thinks That the Growth of Socialism Is Responsible for Much of the Spread of Divorces.

SEVENTY-FIVE or thirty years ago divorces were so rare as to be regarded in the light of very uncommon exceptions to the general rule. The divorce law itself is not yet forty years old in England, nor twenty years old in France.

Even in America every one can remember how divorce was spoken of and thought of until very recently. Within a few years it was deemed to be something very like a disgrace, and certainly a profoundly cynical and immoral proceeding.

They all laughed, even Bertie, who of course did not believe what Fred had asserted, but thought that the doll was one of papa's "jokes."

"I've wished we had a sister a good many times," observed Fred, with longing in his tone. "I never see Carl Thorn's little sister but I want one. Why can't we have one, I'd like to know?"

"There was a little girl here once, a long time ago, before I was born," Edgar said; "you all know that. I wish she was here now. How pretty she must have been with that sweet dimpled face, all smiles!"

"Merry Christmas! my dear, dear boys!" It was their mother's voice, and it all ran to her with their morning kisses and Christmas wishes and thanks.

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FOX HOUNDS.

A Description of a Hunt That Shows One's Blood Thirst.

We became aware, from the shouts of the hounds, that they were upon the thickets, that these animals had names of famous flavors, though their appellations had not been bestowed by one who possessed a fine sense of the historical or chronological unities, says Lippincott's. "Hi, yo! Clovis!" "Come hyah, Uncas!" "Git on, Brutus, git on! What yo' aulkin' 'bout?" These ejaculations were accompanied by sundry kicks, delivered upon the representatives of these and other renowned characters. To such uses do men's names come after death.

After the disappearance of the hounds in the thickets, the pine lands, listening intently for that peculiar canine cry, which announces the discovery of a trail. It was not long delayed, for gray foxes are almost as numerous in eastern Virginia as rabbits are in the western states. Suddenly, amidst the chorus of sharp, short yelps, we heard that long-drawn, wailing cry which at night would be interpreted as a cry of the banshee, but which, ringing out on the air of a bright November morning, loses its ominous significance for every one except the fox whose trail has been "struck."

When a doctor looks at you in the street he may know your ailments, says the New York Journal. Facial expression can and does to a considerable extent indicate the character of disease from a diagnostic and prognostic point of view.

Pain is invariably clearly written on the face. Contraction of the brow indicates pain in the forehead. Sharpness and contraction about the nostrils indicates pain in the chest. A drawing of the upper lip indicates pain in the abdomen. The upper third of the face is modified in expression in affections of the brain, the middle third in diseases of the chest and the lower third in those of the abdominal organs.

There are various forms of honorable political dreaming and of dishonorable political mischief-making nowadays, which we are accustomed to call "socialism." Most of these rely for hope of popular success upon their avowed intention of dividing property and preventing its subsequent accumulation. Marriage is an incentive of such accumulation, because it perpetuates families, and therefore keeps property together by inheritance.

THE ROMANCES OF BROOKLYN BRIDGE. The romances of the business world, under the new order of woman's wide invasion of it, have not yet been written to any great extent. The novelist who attempts it will not find a better chance to study his types than the New York end of the bridge almost any day toward 6 o'clock.

THE LITTLE NIPPER. One of Chevalier's Characters Show in an Old Picture in St. Louis. Among Chevalier's best character songs is "The Little Nipper." It was exploited at some length in the New York papers when the actor made his appearance there. "The Little Nipper" is a "downy core" and on one occasion, when he is out with his father and mother they stop at a "pub" and the old man orders "two 'alf-and-drinks'."

What Caused Her Wor. "I am impossibly sorry, Mr. Smithers," she said, "to learn that when you called the other day Tiger bit you."

It is a mistake that people who are properly informed and warned, do not take advantage of the warming and thus insure happiness and prolong life.

Am I Not Surprised to Die.

"I am just tired to death," began Mrs. Whittaker.

"Why should you be?" asked the lady, truly.

"As I said before, I ain't. Some people might be surprised at your continuing to talk after you are dead, but I am not."—Indianapolis Journal.

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A Great Reason.

"See here, Hoffman, my name, Hoffman, has two 's's, and yet you are continually being my letters addressed to some Hoffman with only one 's'."

"That only happens on Saturday nights, sir. You see, I and a few friends have a little party every Saturday evening, and, of course, when I deliver the last mail I'm apt to see double."

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A Lost Voice.

Advertising will do a great many things, but it won't bring about the return of a lost voice.

The best thing to do is to begin, at once, the use of the sovereign cure for all affections of the throat and lungs—Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, etc. It has a reputation of fifty years of cures, and is known the world over as

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.

Leading dealers everywhere sell FERRY'S SEEDS.

DR. ABENDROTH'S SAFE-GUARD PASTILLES. Guaranteed cure for female diseases.

OPIMUM AND DRUGS. For treating and locating tooth or silver.

THE DALLAS BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

STARR PIANOS. Write to an manufacturer Jones.

SEEDS. Our annual illustrated catalogue of high grade seeds and plants.

CORRUGATED IRON. A reliable, fireproof, and durable material.

The Haskell Free Press.

J. E. POOLE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Advertising rates made known on application.

Terms \$1.50 per annum, invariably cash in advance.

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

Saturday, Jan. 16, 1897.

LOCAL DOTS.

—Geo. Boyt is able to be on the streets again.

—Always something good to eat at S. L. Robertson's.

—Haskell was visited by another good shower Thursday.

—Get Hicks' 1897 Almanac, and get posted on the weather, at T. J. Wilbourn's.

—We are glad to note that Mr. Sam Ramsey, who has been sick for the past four months is up again.

—See us about your seed oats. We will save you some money on anything you wish to buy.

T. C. CARNEY & Co.

—Fancy cheese, Buck wheat Flour, fine Syrup and Honey at S. L. Robertson's.

—Judge J. E. Poole having been called to Abilene this week on business, "ye scribe," assisted Mr. J. W. Meadors to get out the Free Press.

—A nice stock of Ralston Flour, Breakfast Food and Pancake Flour, fresh from the mills, at T. J. Wilbourn's.

—Mr. F. C. Wilton says the farmers of his neighborhood have been busy with their plows preparing their corn land the past four days.

—We have two cars of corn on track at Seymour. Will open them as soon as it is dry enough. Come to us for your COST CORN.

T. G. CARNEY & Co.

—Mr. C. C. Frost and wife, have returned from Fort Worth and Mineral Wells, where they had gone to spend the holidays with relatives.

—Beginning with the first day of the year, I want to say to the people I shall give special attention to keeping up my grocery stock and shall endeavor to keep a better assorted stock than ever before.

S. L. ROBERTSON.

—Mr. L. B. Agnew has gone to Harrisonville, Mo. to see his son Bert, who is very low with some lung trouble. Mrs. Agnew had preceded him several months.

—We will furnish you white Bolted meal, here, as soon as we open the cars now at Seymour for 55cts per bushel. T. G. CARNEY & Co.

—Mr. Marshall Daugherty says there are some of the most beautiful subjects for superb photos among the young ladies of Haskell of any place in the West.

Now girls who of you does he have reference to?

—Leave your watch work at the McLemore Drug Store. Promptness and satisfaction guaranteed.

O. NICHOLSON

Wichita Falls, Tex.

—Mr. C. C. Frost has returned from a trip to Mineral Wells and Fort Worth.

He says the Brazos Valley railroad is being extended from Millsap to Mineral Wells and will be extended to Jacksboro where it will meet the Frisco. E. H. R. Green is an officer of the Brazos Valley and newspaper reports say he has gotten control of the Frisco and will extend that road through Texas.

While in Mineral Wells, Mr. Frost was told that the management of the Weatherford and Mineral Wells road were preparing to have that line extended to Graham. This move on the part of the latter road will be absolutely necessary if the Brazos Valley goes to Jacksboro.

Mr. Frost says he saw a good object lesson on the single gold standard while in Fort Worth. He says that from his observation in that place he would estimate that one fourth of the business houses were closed. A merchant of that city in conversation with Mr. Frost placed the houses closed at one third of all in the city. It is a sad condition of affairs, but such demagogues as Cleveland, Carlisle, as well as money sharks have persuaded the big financiers in little western towns that to make money plentiful and lots of business, the national currency must be contracted to the gold standard.

—Miss Lena Wilson wishes to notify her friends that she will resume her old position with F. G. Alexander & Co. this spring where she will be happy to serve her old friends, and arrange the ribbons on their hats a la mod.

—There are very few farmers in this county who take a pride in planting shade trees around their residences. Can't all of them try to make a little improvement on arbor day along this line.

This, it seems, is a defect in all, or most of the Texas homes. A little more time spent in ornamenting the home will enhance the comforts of life.

Notice.

Taken up by the undersigned on his premises in Haskell, Texas, one black gilt also one black and white spotted gilt, each will weigh 75 or 100 lbs.

The owner can recover the same by paying the cost of taking up, keeping and advertising. W. R. TVSON.

A Call.

A mass meeting of the Peoples party of Haskell county is hereby called to meet in the court house at Haskell on Saturday, Feb. 6th 1897, at 10 o'clock a. m. for the purpose of electing a county chairman and Secretary and to transact other business that might be presented for their consideration. All Populists and those that are in sympathy with the Peoples Party are earnestly requested to be present. W. P. CAULDE, Secy P. P. Ex. Com. of Haskell Co.

ONE of our schools girls with a Websterian head was overheard describing the sensation the first kiss given by a boy caused her. She said: "I felt like a tub of roses swimming in honey, cologne, nutmeg and cranberries. I felt as if something was running through my nerves on feet of diamonds escorted by several little cupids in chariots drawn by angels, shaded by honey suckles, and the whole spread with melted rainbows."—Seymour Banner.

That girl was like the Haskell girl who described her sensations on falling in love as being "An outward all overishness of an inward inexpressibility."

THE twenty-fifth legislature has convened at Austin, and organized with L. T. Dashiell, Speaker of the house. The legislature adjourned the first day without electing a sergeant-at-arms, after having taken several ballots.

There are 127 members, seven of whom are populists. There are only ten members in the combined opposition to the democrats.

AT THE monetary conference held in Indianapolis the other day it was demonstrated that the financiers of the country were all in favor of retiring the national currency, known as greenbacks. These patriots are solicitous about the credit of the government and offer such solicitude as a reason for retiring the greenbacks; which they propose to replace with paper money issued by the banks, based on the guaranty of the government.

Fine Weather Calendar.

The Free Press has received a Cardui Weather Chart and Calendar for 1897 from the Chattanooga Medicine Co., manufacturers of McElree's Wine of Cardui and Theodor's Black-Draught. This is one of the best calendars ever published. It consists of twelve sheets of paper 13x20 inches in size, all fastened together with a gilt tin strip and a brass loop hanger. Each sheet contains the calendar for one month in large figures that can be read across any room. Under the figures patent weather signals indicating Prof. DeVoe's Weather Forecasts for every day in the year appear. The moon's changes and legal holidays are also shown. The calendar is valuable in any home. We understand a few copies of it can be secured by sending 10 one-cent postage stamps to the Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

CURE FOR HEADACHE.

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

POPULIST OUTLOOK.

MR. CHENAULT OF KANSAS RECOUNTS THE MISTAKES OF THE PEOPLES PARTY.

Fort Worth, Tex., Jan. 11.—R. M. Chenault of Fort Scott, Kan. who has been in Fort Worth for a day or two, leaves for his home to-morrow. Mr. Chenault is one of the populist leaders in Kansas, and last fall accurately forecasted for The News the result in Kansas, not missing a single one of his predictions.

He was asked how he regarded the political outlook.

"Very gloomy indeed for the populists, after the mistake made by the party in St. Louis. But the party generally had a monopoly of mistakes. The party made mistakes wherever it could, it seems. Take Texas for example. As great as was the mistake of the surrender to a part of the democratic party in St. Louis, the populist party in Texas made a greater mistake in rooting around as it did with the republican party which strove so long to foist the government of the carpet-bagger on the southern people. I do not think the populist party as a party can ever recover from the mistake at St. Louis and the mistakes made in the several states."

"If the present outlook is so gloomy do you see a ray of light in the future?"

"As to the future, I think it may be best to organize a new party to carry on the reform movement. That movement has the vitality of truth. There are many in the democratic and republican parties who are dissatisfied with the wrongs of their parties, but they do not respect certain erratic men who are in the party or erratic measures advocated by the populists. Now a new party can be organized that these people can join, for they will not join the populist, and these combined forces can carry forward the reform movement, which is not dead by any means. There are great needful reforms to be accomplished, and maybe—indeed, in my opinion it would be better for these to come up under the auspices of a new party."

"I had a talk recently on this subject with Col. Henry Watterson. He thinks the next presidential contest will be the most bitter the history of the country has ever known. He said the fight would be between the 'orderlies' and the 'disorderlies.' By that he meant the free silver men who wanted free and unlimited coinage of silver at 16 to 1 and independent of the act of any other nation on earth, the populists and the other elements which were united in the support of Bryan in 1896. By orderlies he meant all the other voters."

"What of the political outlook?"

"Oh, there will be the usual ups and downs. I look for the defeat of the republicans in 1898, a defeat by which they will lose control of the lower house. You cannot do business on confidence alone. We are trying that now, and I think every one will be used to it by '98, when the republicans will be swept from control of the lower house, and thus vitally from control of the government. I think the independents, by which I mean the free silver men of all kinds, will come into control of the house of representatives. But this will be a forerunner of the great political contest of 1900, when in fighting the battle for the presidency in that year, which will be the greatest political battle in the history of our republic, the voters will be arrayed in such elements that the real contest will be in effect to decide whether the republic shall end and a monarchy be established. So grave are the conditions that I think that coming contest will threaten the stability of our government."

"Who will be the victor in the senatorial struggle now on in Kansas?"

"While the conservative democrats are claiming the senatorship. I think when our people meet in caucus Senator Peffer will be determined upon to succeed himself. He has made a good, conservative senator, and while not as strong a man as some, while some of his ideas and the measures he has advocated I do not endorse, many of his acts have been for the true interests of the people, and I do not think when these matters are properly presented there will be serious opposition to his return to the senate."—Dallas News.

Hon. W. J. Bryan's Book

ALL who are interested in furthering the sale of Hon. W. J. Bryan's new book should correspond immediately with the publishers. The work will contain



An account of his campaign tour . . .

His biography, written by his wife . . .

His most important speeches . . .

The results of the campaign of 1896.

A review of the political situation . . .

AGENTS WANTED

Mr. Bryan has announced his intention of devoting one-half of all royalties to furthering the cause of bimetallism. There are already indications of an enormous sale. Address

W. B. CONKEY COMPANY, Publishers,
341-351 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

The Battle for Decency in Literature

"Richard Watson Gilder, editor of The Century Magazine, thinks this battle is just now at its height. In an article in The Independent on 'Editing' he speaks of the editor's duty to take part in the battle, and he pays his respects to the 'realists' in the following terms:

"Reality is a word to conjure with; any one who raises a 'blue pencil' against reality is in peril of losing his literary standing. The editor is prone to level things down; to object to the novel and original; he may be a Philistine; he may even be touched with hypocrisy. But if there is any greater humbug and hypocrisy than 'realism' can be I do not know what it is. Take, for instance, the single detail of profanity in the 'conversations' of a story. Did any one who has ever heard the thing in all its luxurious and picturesque reality ever see it 'really' reported? Is there a living realist who would be willing to put down in cold black and white to the extent of a foolscap page the habitual language of certain types with which he deals in fiction? and if he did so, would he be willing to keep that piece of paper over-night even under lock and key? The unthinkable blasphemy, the rank and violent vulgarity, they are as real as many other things outside of art. Say what you will, there is no realist who does not draw the line somewhere; and that line is at least as debatable as the one between Venezuela and British Guiana."—Literary Digest.

A WIDOW of Kansas City started with her arms extended to grope her way along a dark hall one night recently to awake her sons and send them after a burglar who she thought had just gone down stairs. Suddenly she found that her arms had passed over the shoulders and around the neck of a man. She hugged him with the force of desperation and screamed to such effect that the burglar broke from her and ran away in time to escape her sons. It takes a very nery man to withstand a hug and scream at the same time.—Ex.

THE following shows the bold autocratic excuse and justification Grover Cleveland has for deserting the people who made him, written to the chairman of a gold bug banquet: "Executive Manison, Washington, Jan. 4.—Franklin MacVeagh, Esq., chairman, etc., Chicago: My dear sir—I regret that official duties prevented my acceptance of the invitation I have received on behalf of the national democrats of the middle states to attend their Jackson day banquet on the 8th instant.

"When passion and prejudice threaten to obscure the meaning of true democracy and its patriotic purposes, a reunion of those who are democrats for the sake of principle and the good of their country, can not fail to be inspiring and useful. On an occasion when the character and achievements of Andrew Jackson are commemorated the old landmarks of democratic faith should be distinctly pointed out. At such a time it should be impressively taught that democracy is not disorder; that its regard for popular rights does not mean the care of only a portion of our people; that its loyalty to the constitution and law does not mean a petulant challenge of the duty of civic obedience; that its aggressiveness does not mean class hatred and sectional vituperation and that its success should never mean mere partisan triumph at the sacrifice of principle and patriotism. Yours very truly,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

FOUR BIG SUCCESSES.

Having the needed merit to make good all the advertising claimed for them, the following four remedies have reached a phenomenal sale: Dr. King's New Discovery, for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, each bottle guaranteed—Electric Bitters, the great remedy for Liver, Stomach and Kidneys. Bucklin's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, and Dr. King's New Life Pills, which are a perfect pill. All these remedies are guaranteed to do just what is claimed for them and the dealer whose name is attached herewith will be glad to tell you more of them. Sold at McLemore's Drug Store.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Marshal Daugherty, PHOTOGRAPHER

Will remain in Haskell about 30 days

Guarantees all his work to be First-Class.

Works as well in cloudy as in clear weather.

Located at Dr. Neathery's office.

At Haskell, Dec. 19 to Jan. 18th.

Room Wanted; Money Wanted.

To make room for their new

SPRING STOCK

and to get more money to put into new goods

F. G. Alexander & Co.

will for the next two or three weeks sell very low for

Cash in Hand.

JOB PRINTING.

We have received a new stock of stationery and we solicit your orders for

- Letter Heads,
- Note Heads,
- Bill Heads,
- Statements,
- Envelopes,
- Business Cards,
- Law Briefs, Etc.,

and we guarantee as neat press work as you can get anywhere and at satisfactory prices.

We keep in stock for sale the following blanks:
Warranty Deeds, Chattel Mortgages, Crop Mortgages, Land Leases, Promissory Notes,
 and some others, and are prepared to execute orders for Circulars, Dodgers, Posters, Programmes, Etc., promptly and in good style.

If you want any kind of printing see what the FREE PRESS Job Office can do before you order.
PATRONIZE THE HOME OFFICE.

KAUFFMAN BROS.,

The Oldest and Largest Saddlery House in West Texas.

We keep constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of **Saddles, Harness, Bridles, Etc. Etc.**

Rigging Stockmen's Saddles to order, a specialty. Give us a trial.
KAUFFMAN BROS., Abilene, Tex.

M. S. PIERRON, President. A. C. FOSTER, Vice-President. J. L. JONES, Cash. LEE PIERRON, Asst. Cash.

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 A General Banking Business Transacted. Collections made and Promptly Remitted. Exchange Drawn on all principal Cities of the United States.

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THE BEST AND PUREST
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 containing one pound full weight
 is manufactured only by
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