

SOMETHING DISTINCTLY NEW

Realizing the demands created by a large and constantly increasing citizenship in Haskell and the surrounding country, we have prepared to meet these demands to the most complete satisfaction of everybody. This is a day of specializing. "Every man to his own trade," as the old adage puts it. We can by specializing on one thing give you

BETTER GOODS FOR LESS MONEY

than you could hope to get otherwise, hence we have opened up in Haskell at the Terrell Drug Store Building, S. E. Corner square, an exclusive

Paint and Wall Paper Store

and will carry these and the kindred lines such as, Glass, Mouldings, Artists' Material etc.

So to get the ball to rolling and you in our NEW store that you may make us prove our statements, we will sell during the month of January,

WALL PAPER AT 35 PER CENT DISCOUNT.

This is not old stock, odds and ends and remnants, but 1909, New Stock Wall Paper, bought to advertise our business and it MUST be good or we loose.

Come to see us and bring along that Diploma or picture and get it framed by one who is prepared and knows how to do it. WE ARE, YOURS TO PLEASE,

NORMAN'S PAINT STORE

Haskell, - - Texas.

TO MY FRIENDS AND PATRONS:

I wish to extend to you my sincere appreciation for the very liberal patronage given me while manager of the L. P. Davidson Grain and Coal Co. As the manager of this company, I sought to sell you the very best feed stuffs and the best coal that could be bought and at the same time to pay the highest market prices for all grain, Kaffir corn, Milo maize, corn, etc. brought me.

Two months ago, I bought the interest of this company at this place and became the sole proprietor of the L. P. Davidson Grain and Coal Co. Since I have owned the business, the patronage you have given me has been beyond my expectations and highly satisfactory. I now have the largest stock of feed stuffs of all kind that we have ever had, the quality is strictly first-class and my prices are right. I invite a careful inspection of my entire stock and ask for a continuation of your most liberal patronage assuring you courteous treatment, honest weights, prompt delivery, the best coal and feed stuffs to be had and a profound appreciation of all business given me. I am,

Gratefully yours,

E. A. CHAMBERS,

Successor L. P. Davidson Grain and Coal Co.

ORGANIZATION -- OF -- HASKELL COUNTY.

Wednesday, January 13, is the 24th anniversary of the organization of Haskell county. There are very few here now who took part in organizing the county.

We have procured from Mr. W. F. Draper a copy of the order of the commissioners court of Throckmorton county, and his original commission as presiding officer of election of this precinct, which we publish at length:

STATE OF TEXAS,
County of Throckmorton)

At a term of the Commissioners' Court held in and for Throckmorton County, Tex., December 1st, 1884.

Whereas at the term of said court held on the 15th day of November, 1884, it was ordered and adjudged that the county of Haskell be, and the same was organized and whereas it is incumbent, by law, upon this court to divide said county into not less than four precincts, to designate a convenient place in each precinct for holding elections, and to appoint a presiding officer for each of said election precincts; now, therefore, it is ordered that said county of Haskell be, and the same is divided into four precincts, the same being respectively bounded and set apart as follows, to-wit: Precinct No. 1, shall consist of and include all that part of Haskell county bounded as follows: Commencing at the northwest corner of said county, running thence east on the north line thereof, sixteen (16) miles, thence south on a line parallel with the east line of said county, eighteen (18) miles, thence west on a line parallel with the north line of said county to the west line thereof, thence north on the west line of said county 18 miles to the place of beginning, and that the place for holding election in said precinct No. 1, shall be at the store house of W. F. Draper, in the town of Haskell. Precinct No. 2, shall consist of and include all that part of Haskell county bounded as follows: Commencing at the northeast corner of said county, running thence west fourteen (14) miles on the north line thereof, thence south on a line parallel with the west line of said county fifteen (15) miles, thence east on a line parallel with the south line of said Haskell county, fourteen (14) miles

to the east line thereof, thence along said east line fifteen (15) miles north to the place of beginning, and that the place for holding elections for said precinct No. 2, shall be at the ranch of D. M. Williamson. Precinct No. 3, shall consist of and include all that part of Haskell county bounded as follows: Commencing at the southeast corner of said county, running thence north on the east line of said county fifteen (15) miles, thence west fourteen (14) miles on a line parallel with the south line of said county, thence south on a parallel with the east line of said county fifteen (15) miles, thence east on the south line of Haskell county fourteen (14) miles to the place of beginning, and that the place for holding election for said precinct, shall be at the residence of Col. Tucker, on California ranches. Precinct No. 4, shall consist of and include all that part of Haskell county bounded as follows: Commencing at southwest corner of said county, running thence twelve (12) miles north on the west line of said county, thence east on a line parallel with the north line of said county sixteen (16) miles, thence south on a line parallel with the west line of said county twelve (12) miles, thence west on the south line of said county sixteen (16) miles to the place of beginning and that the place for holding elections in said precinct shall be at the ranch of R. Payne.

And it is further ordered and adjudged that W. F. Draper, be and he hereby is appointed presiding officer of elections for Precinct No. 1, Haskell county; that D. M. Williamson, be and he is hereby appointed presiding officer of Precinct No. 2, said county; that Col. Tucker be and he is hereby appointed presiding officer of election for Precinct No. 3, Haskell county, and that R. Payne, be and he hereby is appointed presiding officer of election in Precinct No. 4, Haskell county.

State of Texas,
County of Throckmorton)

I, J. B. Massie, Clerk of the County Commissioners' Court in and for said county, do hereby certify that the above and foregoing is a true and correct copy, from the minutes of said court, Book 2, Pages 89 and 90.

Given under my hand and seal [L. S.] of said court at office in Throckmorton, this the 3rd day of Dec. A. D. 1884.

J. B. Massie,
Clk. Co. Comrs. Ct. T. Co. Tex.

THE STATE OF TEXAS
To W. F. Draper, presiding officer of election Precinct No. 1, Haskell county.

You are hereby commanded that you open the polls for the election of the following county and precinct officers, to-wit:

County Surveyor, District Clerk, County Judge, County Clerk, Sheriff, County Treasurer, County Attorney, Hide and Animal Inspector, Commissioner, Justice of the Peace, Constable, and for the purpose of designating the county seat of Haskell county, at the town of Haskell, the same being the place designated by law as the voting place of said precinct, on the 13th day of January, 1885; and that you keep the said polls open during the hours designated by law, to-wit, from 8 o'clock a. m. to 6 o'clock p. m.; and that after said hour of 6 p. m. you proceed, in conjunction with the judges and clerks of said election, and in accordance with law, to count the votes polled in your said precinct at said election; and thereupon, after certifying correct returns thereof officially, in triplicate, in connection with said managers, you seal and send up, and deliver through one of the managers of the election, one copy thereof to the County Judge of Throckmorton county, one copy of said returns to the county clerk of Throckmorton county, and the third copy of same to be retained by the presiding officer of the election for twelve months from the day of election. Said returns must show, first, the total number of votes polled at such box; second, the number polled for each candidate, accompanied with poll and tally lists, to be delivered within 10 days after the day of election.

Herein fail not, and of this writ make due return, with your endorsement thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Given under my hand and the [L. S.] seal of Throckmorton County, this 3rd day of Dec. A. D. 1884. J. E. Poole,
County Judge.

Rates for Electric Lights.

BUSINESS 20cts per KW.
16cp light, \$1.00 each per month
32cp light, \$2.00 each per month
8cp light, 50cts each per month
Larger sizes, 2cts per lamp watt, the lamp usually have number water on label.

RESIDENCE 20cts per KW.
1 16cp light, \$1.00 per month
2 16cp lights, \$1.85 per month
3 16cp lights, \$2.50 per month
4 16cp lights, \$3.00 per month
50cts each for additional
2 8cp lights to equal 1 16cp light.

The above rate will be enforced. Where the furnishes meters 25cts per month meter rent.

The minimum per month this no...

MANY HOMES

have been burnt to the ground by LAMP EXPLOSIONS due to use of new experimental coal oils.

EUPION OIL

has been used 52 years and has never caused an explosion. Are you getting EUPION, if in doubt about it phone No. 147 or 144.

With every dozen photos that come to as much as \$4.50 I will give one enlarged picture.

E. L. ADAMS.

We make prompt deliveries and give you the highest grade of feed and fuel.

E. A. Chambers Grain & Coal successor to L. P. Davidson Grain & Coal Co., Phone No. 158. Our Motto Service, Weight, Purity. 49-46

that!

The Iron Pot—Still a Mystery

By a Former Secret Service Man

Ex-Operative Tells of Cleverest of Counterfeiting Plots



"IT WAS THE VESSEL WHICH HAD HUNG OVER THE FIRE WHEN I VISITED THE COUNTERFEITERS."

Captain Dickson Relates Tale—He Tells of Encountering Desperado Gang and the Ultimate Consequences—Man with Bulldog Jaw and His Daring Escape from the Grip of the Law.

greatest confusion. Clothing and shells, guns and fishing-tackle were strewn about the floor, evidencing a precipitate departure. It was tantalizing to again allow the criminals to escape. I felt deeply chagrined, and resolved never again to put off a matter of this kind. The men had forestalled me by only a few hours, for I had intended arresting them that morning, and there had been nothing in their conduct during my visit to their cabin to indicate that they thought of flight.

"In one corner of the cabin, beneath the very bunk on which I had slept, there was an excavation three feet square and as many deep. The cover was down and dirt was strewn over it which gave it the same appearance as the dirt floor of the house. I discovered it by a hollow hound when I tapped over the spot. It was empty. I noticed the absence of the pot which had supplied my supper, but it was rather a subconscious notice of it. The fact really made no appreciable impression on me at the time, nor did it, in fact, until more than a year had passed. It was then recalled by a newspaper dispatch under date of the small village.

"Some of the boys in the village had appropriated the cabin as a sort of clubhouse, after the three men had fled. They would spend Saturdays there, fishing and swimming and hunting. Immediately in front of the cabin was a steep bank, and the river widened out into a broad, deep pool which afforded good fishing and swimming. The boys would throw white pebbles into this hole and dive for them from the bank. One of them had struck his head against something hard at the bottom of the river and had been pulled up a corpse, his skull having been fractured by the impact of the blow.

"The others investigated and found a large iron pot half buried in the soft mud. Its cover was sealed down and its weight had been so great the boys couldn't lift it from its cozy bed. The dispatch stated that the pot was to be raised and its contents examined.

"I was in Little Rock when I read this dispatch and, without waiting for instructions from headquarters, I boarded the first train and set out for the village. I was in a state of feverish excitement, fearing I would arrive there after the pot had been secured. I wanted to be the first to view its contents. I felt sure I knew what was in it.

"After a journey that seemed interminable I arrived at the village and inquired about the pot. My fears had been groundless. With the indifference so characteristic in country people the villagers had forgotten, after the funeral of the unfortunate young man, the incident of the pot. While there had been some talk of raising it, no one had taken the lead, and there the matter had rested.

"Securing a team of mules and some strong ropes and chains, I drove out to the cabin. By dint of much diving I succeeded in fastening the chains about the pot and had my assistant drag it out upon the bank. It was the vessel which had hung over the fire when I had visited the counterfeiters in their lair. Then I remembered its absence, when I had searched the hut after their departure. It was sealed with paraffin and sealing wax, and not a drop of water had passed the lid.

"I contained a complete set of engravers' tools, several bottles of powerful acids, glass stopped and sealed, a number of bars of silver, some three hundred odd counterfeit silver dollars, and the dies with which they had been stamped out. The dies were thickly coated with wax and were as bright and fresh as when they beat out the false coins in the secret cave.

"After swearing my assistant to secrecy, I returned to headquarters with my booty.

"Not many weeks later two of the men were captured. I had given the department a minute description of them, after their unceremonious departure, and its vast machinery had been set in motion for their apprehension. It is a maxim of the service that a man once a counterfeiter is always a counterfeiter. This rule held good with reference to two of the men, at least, for they were captured and convicted of another job. The incidents I have just related were not introduced in evidence against them and consequently escaped the press. The man with the bulldog jaw escaped completely at that time, but I met with him, years after, under circumstances neither of us will forget so long as we live."

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NEW TEACHING PLAN

EDUCATION INNOVATION BEING TRIED IN EAST.

Schoolroom and Factory Combined in Latest Experiment—High-School-boys Spend Alternate Weeks in Shops.

New York.—Advanced ground in industrial educational work has been taken in Fitchburg, Mass. Educators in all parts of the country are watching the development of the ambitious undertaking with more than passing interest, as upon the success or failure of the departure will depend whether or not the plan is adopted elsewhere. This fall the second-year high-schoolboys received the privilege of learning a metal trade by going into the factories of the town to work one week at regular factory hours and to return to the schoolroom the following week, thus alternating between factory and schoolroom throughout the year. Twenty boys were elected to take the new course, and the reports for the first three months of the experiment are altogether favorable, not one of the 20 boys having shown any desire to abandon the combination of schoolroom and factory work.

It is the first attempt of the kind in a public school. A course similar to this one has been in operation at the University of Cincinnati for older boys, and the Fitchburg experiment is patterned after the Cincinnati idea. The course is one of four years, the first year consisting exclusively of schoolroom work and the three following years of theoretical and practical training equally apportioned. The factory owners, seven of whom



are co-operating with the school department, say that the high-school-boys are making better progress than the full-time apprentices, and Superintendent Joseph G. Edgerly of the Fitchburg public schools reports that the schoolroom work of these boys is fully up to the standard.

The success of the Fitchburg plan seems so well assured that steps are being taken in a number of other cities, whose school authorities have been in correspondence with Superintendent Edgerly, to begin similar courses next year. Superintendent Edgerly and Principal John G. Thompson of the Massachusetts State Normal school at Fitchburg, who has taken a deep interest in the working out of the plan, believe they have gone a long way toward solving the problem of how best to keep the boys in the high school for the full four years' course, a problem that has been the despair of educators in all manufacturing towns, such as is Fitchburg. The belief of many parents, whether right or wrong, that their boys, who must eventually find their way into the shops, were wasting time in school when they could be learning a trade has been the chief cause of the falling off in the enrollment of second and third-year high school classes.

Inability of parents to support their boys during the four years they were in the high school has also unquestionably been a big factor, but this has been eliminated in Fitchburg, as the boys who take the shop-work course will be able to earn enough to clothe themselves, and even pay board, without interference with their school work, since they receive regular apprentice wages for the actual time they work in the factories. The first year they receive ten cents an hour, and they work approximately 1,650 hours. Working the same number of hours the two following years, they receive 11 and 12½ cents an hour, respectively, and they are as well fitted for their trade as if they had put in all of their time in the factory—better fitted, because of a livelier intelligence and ability to use their heads as well as their hands, Superintendent Edgerly says.

The shopwork consists of instruction under practical overseers in the operation of lathes, planers, drilling machines, bench and floor work and such other machine work, according to the ability of the apprentice, as pertains to the particular branch of manufacture of the shop where the boy is employed. Of the 20 boys who entered the Fitchburg shops last August, 16 are learning the machinist's trade, two are receiving practical instruction in pattern making and two in drafting. The co-operative course includes English, mathematics, with tables and simple shop problems; mechanics, including simple machines; freehand and mechanical drawing.

UNCLE SAM TO GUIDE WARSHIPS,

Plans for Extending Wireless Service Around World.

Washington.—Plans have been announced by Rear Admiral William S. Cowles, chief of the equipment bureau of the navy, which provide for the eventual establishing of wireless communication around the world. Some day—and Admiral Cowles is confident that the day is not far distant—Uncle Sam from his chair in the White House can direct the ships of



How Uncle Sam Will Keep in Touch with His Warships.

his fleet, no matter in which of the seven seas they may be cruising.

The corner-stone of this stupendous achievement will be laid when work is begun in the near future on a high-powered, long-distance wireless station in this city.

Necessity was the inspiration for the undertaking, naval experts say. The United States assumed the responsibility of patrolling the Pacific when the Philippines were taken under the fold of the Stars and Stripes. It is all very well, perhaps, for battleships to sail forth boldly on months-long cruises, but Uncle Sam wants to be in a position to call them up, day or night, and make them feel they are not so far away from home after all.

High-powered stations similar to the one soon to be constructed in Washington will be established along the Pacific coast. The next step will be stations in Hawaii, Guam, Samoa and the Philippines. Wireless communication with ships in the North Atlantic ocean is now possible to a satisfactory extent. With the future system installed the North Pacific, the greater portion of the South Pacific and part of the Indian ocean will be gathered up and figuratively spread out in view of the windows of the White House.

In times of peace the navy department will be able to guide the ships at all times with the certainty of a man moving the pieces on a chess board. Should war come the responsibilities of a naval engagement need not rest entirely on the shoulder of the men aboard the ships. In the room in the White House a board of naval experts may sit and flash wireless messages directing and advising the fleet in its fight.

It will be difficult to catch Uncle Sam napping when he has "strung his lines" around the world. He can warn his sea fighters against traps into which otherwise they might fall while roaming the ocean without news events. Admiral Cowles' plans, contained in his annual report, has aroused much enthusiasm among naval experts, who say that with the building of the proposed stations the all-world wireless system will be proved a practical undertaking.

BIRTHPLACE OF WEBSTER.

House in Which Daniel Was Born Still Standing.

Boston.—Persons who visit the city of Franklin, N. H., to see the birth-



Bowdler Which Marks Site of Webster's Birthplace at Franklin, N. H.

place of Daniel Webster are surprised to find that the house is not upon its original site, which is marked by a bowdler appropriately inscribed.

The house in which Daniel was born is still standing, however, across the street. It has been changed, since it was moved from its first foundation, by being converted into the L part of another building. It is used for a shed. One of the objects of interest at the birthplace is the magnificent elm tree which was the pride of Webster when he was a boy.

Pertinent Definition.

"Pop, are there such things as athletic pains?"
"Well, son, I guess something no one is a jumping toothache."—Be more American.

THERE are few mysteries which are never cleared up," commenced Capt. Dickson, as he sat before the cheerful wood fire of his cozy study one night last winter, "although some of them slumber for years among the things forgotten, until the denouement is accidentally developed by some person who, perhaps, never

heard of the original matter." Such was the case which I have come to remember as that of "The Iron Pot." It was a vessel of this humble character that finally cleared up a great mystery and brought the guilty to justice.

"A St. Louis gang had their plant in a cleverly constructed cave in a suburban district. It was an artificial cave, dug back in the face of a clay and gravel bluff. The entrance was through the shanty of a poor Irish family, a circumstance that diverted suspicion from it and one to which is partly due the long immunity the gang enjoyed.

"There was no scrap of metal, no coins, chemicals, or other thing used in the art. Only the machine and a few wrenches and similar tools. The gang had skipped out. The Irishman was half-witted, and his wife was too clever to be caught in the traps we laid for her. We had made a water-haul, except for the machine, which was destroyed. The cave was filled up. Acting under orders from Washington, we maintained secrecy about the entire matter and nothing of it appeared in the newspapers.

"I found one thing in the shanty which might or might not offer a clue to the counterfeiters. It was an empty envelope bearing the postmark of an obscure railroad station in the sun-kissed district of northwestern Arkansas. I had long ago learned that it is the seemingly insignificant things that lead to the discovery of criminals, and while this envelope might mean nothing on the other hand, it might be of the greatest importance. It had been

beneath the sheet of metal on the cook stove stood, the tip of corner, discolored and grimy, at my attention. I had secured it without attracting

had never existed it appeared more effective to face with a us the more counterfeiters. the chief

suggested that I follow up the clew of the empty envelope.

"With as cumbersome and complete an outfit as every city sportsman carries into the woods with him, I left the train one day at the wayside station which bore the name of the postmark. Securing a guide and cook, in the person of a lanky native, I had my truck hauled out to the St. Francis river, only two miles distant, where I pitched camp and made preparations for an indefinite stay.

"By making inquiry of my visitors, I learned that about five miles down the river were camped, in a snug cabin built by themselves, three gentlemen from parts unknown. They maintained the place as a sort of club and had spent the spring season there. They left about March and were gone until October, when they returned one night and again took possession of their cabin. Our raid on the cave had been made on the 15th of October, and this caused me to think that perhaps the empty envelope was making good.

"As the three gentlemen did not deign to visit my camp, I decided to make a call upon them.

"I started out in a folding canvas canoe, late in the afternoon, and arrived in the vicinity of their camp just at nightfall. With a sharp cypress tree, aided by a jagged cut from my hunting knife, I succeeded in punching a bad hole in the bottom of the canoe, and with the boat rapidly filling with water, I landed just after sunset at the very door of their cabin. The three men were at home and they welcomed me with the open hospitality of campers, insisting that I spend the night with them. This was just what I had been playing for.

"It was easy to see that the men were crooks. There is always something to disclose the counterfeiter, if the observer is only sufficiently versed in their ways and mannerisms to recognize the telltale signs. I was pretty sure, before the evening was over, that these were the men who had done the job in St. Louis.

"Nothing about the cabin was the least bit suspicious. A large iron pot bubbled invitingly over the open fire, the fragrant odor of boiling meat issuing from under its lid when the steam pushed it up on one side. A steaming haunch of venison, cooking with some vegetables and dumplings, was produced from the pot for our supper, which was served soon after my arrival. In the center of the room was a big table, crudely constructed of heavy oak timbers. The cabin was well

lighted, the lamps being of expensive character and great brilliancy. Guns and fishing tackle and hunting tongs of every kind gave the cabin the atmosphere of a sportsman's club.

"The men talked freely of everything but themselves. They spoke of many cities, but never of their homes. They told me they were college chums who had always made it a custom to spend a few months together each fall in the woods. They were clever men and readily passed for the lawyer, the doctor and the merchant, the characters they respectively pretended to be. The one to whom the other two deferred in everything was a large, powerful man with clean-shaven face and a jaw like a bulldog. His face was too shrewd to be pleasant. He watched me furtively, a sinister, amused smile playing about the corners of his mobile mouth. That smile spoke volumes. It made me lie awake all night. It seemed to say that he knew my real character, and therefore I thought it best to keep on the watch. The man seemed capable of offering me personal violence. But the night passed away without incident. After breakfast, I repaired the leak in my canoe and paddled slowly upstream, trying to figure out where I had seen the big man with the square jaw before.

"While I was smoking a last cigar before retiring that evening, it came to me where I had seen him. It was on a street car in St. Louis, on one occasion when I was shadowing the shanty at the cave. He had been on the same car and had kept his seat when I alighted near the hut. He had looked at me then as if he wanted to know me the next time he saw me. I was assured that he was one of the counterfeiters, and made up my mind to arrest the three of them the first thing next morning.

"Here I learned a lesson in procrastination. While I hastily gobbled down my breakfast the next day, a trapper, who camped near by a dog who had gone to the village the night before for supplies, happened along and told me a most disconcerting bit of news. The three men had taken French leave. They had caught a through freight about midnight, taking little or no baggage with them. I hastened to the village, and although I worked the single telegraph wire to its utmost capacity, the three men succeeded in making their escape.

"Sending a full cipher report to Washington, I repaired to the cabin in the swamps and made a careful search of it. Everything within was in the

Educational Operative Union Of America

The Kicker and the Other Fellow.

Would you rather be a kicker or a cur, is the way a sensible man puts it. The question is worth thinking about. The kicker is the man who speaks out in meetings, and does not hold his tongue when he sees things going wrong. He calls things by their right name, a spade, is called a spade, a hoe, a hoe. Sometimes his unpolished sentences seem harsh, but they are brought with meaning. The cur is the other fellow, the fellow who keeps quiet because he don't want to make trouble; who stands round when wrong is done because he doesn't want to hurt the feelings of the wrongdoers. He don't kick even when he is kicked himself. There are no illustrious personages on the side of the cur; but a long list of famous names lined up with the kicker.

The first famous kicker I mention is that of the prophet Jonah. When swallowed by the whale I imagine Jonah set up a terrible kicking. He kicked the whale's digestive apparatus out of fix; so that the gastric juice failed to perform its proper functions. After three days and three nights of awful stomach trouble, the great fish decided he had made a bad job of swallowing such a kicker so he disgorged him upon the shore. This famous kicker went immediately to the city of Ninevah and told those wicked sinners of their awful doom. John the Baptist was another famous kicker, and by his boldness in denouncing wrong he lost his head. The prophet Daniel was a kicker in his day, and it landed him in the den of lions. Time would fail us to mention the Hebrew children, the prophet Nathan, the apostle Paul, who formed the long line of Bible worthies, that made up the potential forces in overcoming the wrong and establishing the right upon the earth. As we come on down the corridors of time we hear the voice of John Hurt, Martin Luther, Melancthon and others who kicked against the tyrannical powers that enslaved the human mind, and sought to keep humanity in midnight darkness. We also find some famous kickers on this side of the pond. George Washington was a famous kicker. Patrick Henry kicked loud when he said "give me liberty or give me death." No cur was ever brave enough to say this. The men who made a teakettle out of the Atlantic ocean were kickers of the right stripe. Our revolutionary fathers kicked against the stupendous wrongs sought to be perpetrated upon our country by a tyrannical power. In consequence of their potential and mighty efforts the sun of liberty has risen over our beautiful country. We designate as "the land of the free and the home of the brave." But the head-headed monster of tyranny year upon the powerful trusts and schemes are enslaving our people. products of our rich soil are eagerly sought by speculators. With their hoarded millions, wrung from the sweat and blood of our Southern farmers, speculators toil not in the fields, neither do they spin in the factories; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like these men. There is a field wide open for the kickers. Many of them are improving the opportunity. The cur says it is no use to kick, it will only make matters worse. Lamb-like they submit to be borne of their wealth. While some arguments of iniquity that have been kicked down by illustrious kickers in the past, lie in all their putrid rind, the cur says it is no use to kick.

Louisiana lottery that once controlled its millions of money, and was enthroned in the hearts of wicked gamblers, and walled about by the laws of a great state, has been kicked to smithereens. The whiskey traffic that once stood up like an Egyptian pyramid in its colossal strength, is now rapidly being broken down by the stern unflinching heroes of the nineteenth century to stand up for the cur's pity, while the cowardly no one will call and say it can't be done. Changes that gamble school and pose as the Jerry Hyable business enterprise. He is the targets his lower honest kickers are were so gans. Think of one "Eight million dollars in a sack of the gamblers and making 300 million dollars more from each cotton crop. Think of the New York exchange selling 100 million bales of cotton in one year, the world's production is only 18 million bales. Think of the few men who don't plow getting more clear money from the crop than the man who puts his sweat and blood into it. Think of the Southern women

When pigs are kept eight months, when fully as good weight could have been obtained at six months, the profit is anything but what it should have been.

Capitalism is getting very restless under what they call labor aggression. Move up, men, and crowd them; they will run like cowards.

The time has come when brawn and brains must be recognized. There are now organized and are able to take care of themselves.

and children that wield the hoe and pick the cotton. Now there are two million kickers lined up against these wrongs and they are still lining up. The wheat men are lining up and then there will come a mighty kick from the North and West. In five years more of honest, earnest kicking and this gigantic evil will be laid out by the side of the Louisiana lottery and the whiskey traffic. Then some of the cur will prick up their small ears, throw their hats into the air and shout, boys we kicked 'em at last. So you see the kicker is a potential force; the cur is a supine, inert, passive drag. Now let every farmer ask himself the question which am I, a kicker or a cur? If you only knew the supreme delight there is in kicking you would join the Union at once. Yours for lively kicking.—F. S. Roun tree.

The Farmers' Union.

When we see a lot of men working patiently and in a large measure unselfishly for other men we feel like taking off our hat to them, and then when we see a lot of other men, men almost absolutely ignorant of the plans, purposes and achievements of those unselfish toilers for others snarling, snubbing and criticizing them, it makes us feel like throwing a whole hull full of brickbats at the snarling critics. These few observations are intended to apply to the Farmers' Union and its ignorant critics.

The men who constitute the Farmers' Union are not all Solomons; they are not all successful farmers and business men; but it can truthfully be said of them that they are as wise and as successful as their critics are. The real purpose of the organization is to unite the farmers for their own protection and advancement in material, moral and intellectual things. Can any man oppose them in this most praiseworthy purpose? Ought any man oppose them in it? In fact ought not all good men unite their efforts to at least encourage them, and to discourage their critics?

With more than a passing knowledge of the Farmers' Union, its purposes, we do not hesitate to say that selfishness does not enter into the organization only as an incident. But, say the critics of the order, it made a mistake in fixing the minimum price of cotton last year at 15 cents a pound. If they did they only proved that they are no exception to the general rule, that the most successfully laid plans sometimes fail. But we are not prepared to admit that was a mistake. Had the banks of the South come to the assistance of the Farmers' Union with long loans, at reasonable interest, with warehouse certificates for security, the chances are ten to a hundred that cotton would have reached and remained at 15 cents. Although the banks did not do this, and although the cotton crop did not bring 15 cents, yet we are not prepared to admit that anyone lost a dollar by the action of the union. By reason of the action of the union enough cotton was held off the market to force the price up for those who did sell; while those who did not sell realized as much as they otherwise would have done had it not been for the holding agreement of the members of the union.

Space will not permit us to go into details, but we can't refrain saying that the Farmers' Union has undertaken a great work for the farmers of the South. Their work cannot be fully finished in a day, nor in a year. It may never be fully finished. Like the Grange and the Alliance, it may die or be killed before its great work is finished. But were it to die tomorrow, it, like them, has already done so much for the farmers as to entitle it to a place in their affections, and to be classed as one of the great economic factors of the agricultural progress of the world.—Tyler Telegram.

Whatever minimum price may be set by the National Farmers' Union is of less importance to the organization and to the world than the determination of the members set to stand by it. By concert of action the farmers of the South could put cotton up to 15 cents—even higher—in less than sixty days, but such concert as would be necessary to accomplish this would have to be stronger than would be necessary to secure a lower price. Hence, if a lower price is set, it will be easier to obtain. But, whatever may be the price, let the members stand together as one man. Don't offer cotton for sale at a lower figure, but drive to the warehouse and stow it.

Judgment has come to earth again. Labor organizations have taught the laborers a way to protect themselves and they are doing it, to the discomfort of trust magnates.

Texas produces more honey than any other state in the Union. Last year the output was nearly 7,000,000 pounds. California came next, with 3,600,000 pounds.

Attend your meetings, brethren, now is the most opportune time to learn what your organization is doing and how to offset the efforts of the enemy.

There are 3,000,000 sheep in the state of California, and up to date 2,500,000 have been dipped to prevent scab disease.

Sidney Kidman, a cattleman of Australia, owns 48 square miles of land, 1000,000 head of cattle and 10,000 horses.

THE LIVING WORD

By REV. A. C. DIXON, D. D.,
Pastor of the Chicago Ave. (Moody's) Church, Chicago.

"For the word of God is quick (alive), and powerful and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart."

The words of great men are treasures. We read books to find out what they said. We look to the papers and magazines to learn the last utterances of the great leaders of science, politics or religion. How much more important a word of God. Suppose it could be proven that God, who created the heaven and earth, had spoken just one sentence? It would be a diamond sentence. We would treasure it above all the wealth of earth, The Word of God. Yet that is what we have. "For the word of God," The word written, the word spoken, the word lived. The word written as we have it in the Bible; the word spoken as we speak it and transmit to others; the word lived as we translate it into character and deed.

The Living Word. "All Scripture is God-breathed." As God made man and breathed into him the breath of life and he became a living soul, so he inspired men to write the Scriptures, breathing into them the breath of his life, and so their words became his living words. So we ought to treat God's Book as a living thing. We ought to have the reverence for it that we have for life. We have more reverence even for vegetable life than for death. We certainly respect a living, growing flower more than an artificial thing. Where there is life it is elevated to a higher realm, and life makes all the difference between respect and disrespect, reverence and desecration.

When this word gets into our hearts and lives it becomes active; it shows life. No Christian is respected who does not show life. He may have the constituent parts of the Christian in different receptacles under the glass case, and people can look at him with a curious, gawdiness sort of interest. If he is dead, but unless they see him move, and move along the line of God's life, they have little respect for him or his claims.

Some of us have smiled at the foolish fellow who stood here on a Chicago street, and, looking through the window of the taxidermist's shop, saw an owl in the midst of the animals and birds he was stuffing for exhibition, and began to criticize the owl. The feathers were not arranged right, the head was not on right, the body was not poised right, and when he got through his criticizing the owl turned around and winked at him. The man walked off, feeling that he was a fool, and so he was. The moment that owl turned around and winked he was beyond that fellow's criticism, and everything he said up to that moment was true. If we have a stuffed sort of Christianity in the window for exhibition the world will pass by and criticize us and everything about us, but when we show life, the life of God, we get beyond the scalps of all the critics in the world.

The Surgical Word. And yet there is a sense in which "the word of God" is surgical, "sharper than a two-edged sword, piercing to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit and joints and marrow." The word of God is not only living, but it is sharp—sharper than a two-edged sword. The business of the sword is to pierce, and it can pierce between soul and spirit, the joints and marrow, cut right into the innermost being. The soul here represents the natural man; the spirit represents the spiritual man. "It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body." "The natural man discerneth not the things of the Spirit," exactly the same words, "the soul of man discerneth not the things of the Spirit," and it takes the word of God to discriminate between the natural and spiritual. It is "the word of God" that tells you whether you are living simply a natural life or a spiritual life.

What Whisky Money Will Buy. The following card made into a blotter, signed by a dozen grocery firms of Delaware, O., has proved very effective in the no-license campaign: "Any one who drinks three glasses of whisky a day for one year and pays ten cents a drink for it can have in exchange at any of the firms whose names appear on this card: Three barrels of flour, 20 bushels of potatoes, 200 pounds granulated sugar, one barrel crackers, one pound pepper, two pounds tea, 50 pounds salt, 20 pounds rice, 50 pounds butter, ten pounds cheese, 25 pounds coffee, ten pounds candy, three dozen cans tomatoes, ten dozen pickles, ten dozen oranges, ten dozen bananas, two dozen cans corn, 18 boxes matches, one-half bushel beans, 100 cakes soap, 12 packages rolled oats for the same money and get \$15.00 premium for making the change in his expenditures."

EXPERIENCE TAUGHT HIM PITY.

Wealthy Man, Forced to Go Hungry, Now Feels for Unfortunates.

"I've been in a good many tight places," said the New York broker, "but only once in a position which caused me to cinch up my belt, as the Indian does when his stomach begins to clamor for food.

"My wife and I recently took a trip up into Canada and out west, returning by way of Buffalo. When we reached that historic city I found myself suddenly and unexpectedly broke, owing to a combination of circumstances which it is not necessary to relate. Of course we had our tickets home and I was anxious to get back at once. I had a few cents in change, so we took coffee and rolls before boarding the train, to avoid a dollar breakfast on the car. This sustained us satisfactorily and we regarded the matter as a good joke, which would furnish us a laugh all the way home. We took our seats in the car with just ten cents in my pocket as an available asset. When I am at home and busy my income is anywhere from nothing a day to a hundred thousand dollars a year, and we are rather good liver. As the day wore on, our habits began to assert themselves, especially when other people began eating. We thought about broiled quails, French artichokes, mushrooms au beurre noir, asparagus salad, and other little lunch-entoms of which we are fond. Nothing doing.

"Would it be possible to get anything for ten cents at a station?" asked my wife. "I know there are people who spend only a few cents a day for their food. What are the necessities of life, anyway?"

"I decided to investigate, so at Albany I got off the train and made for the poorest looking lunch stand I could see. I wanted the largest quantity for the least money—a luncheon for two people. Meat, fruit, butter, eggs or coffee was out of the question. I confided in the proprietor. After considering deeply, he dragged forth from under the counter a basket of antique and decrepit soda biscuits and sold me six of them for a nickel. These, he assured me, would be filling. He supplemented them with two apples for the other nickel.

"Since that experience I have been contributing rather freely to all the societies that make a specialty of feeding people."

Foreigners in American Colleges.

It is estimated that more than twelve hundred young men and women from foreign countries are this year studying in American colleges and universities. This is more by some hundreds than ever before and has been generally commented on, particularly in the east, as indicating the widening influence of American teaching.

It is not chiefly scholastic teaching, however, that these welcome visitors from the countries of the world will absorb and take back with them to their distant homes. However assiduously they keep to their text books and however much they may try not to imbibe the ideals of government, of liberty, of conscience and of conduct, they are bound to be influenced by them. Returning to their homes after completing their courses of study, they will become traveling advertisements of what America has to offer to the people of the earth. They will, whether they intend to or not, be the means of spreading Americanism over the earth. The colleges of the United States are doing missionary work of lasting value in encouraging and welcoming this foreign patronage.

When the Almanac Originated. The origin of the word almanac is derived from the Arabic words almanah—to count—and thus aptly applies to the measurement of time. Almanacs in ancient days were employed by the Alexandrian Greeks, but it is uncertain when they were actually introduced into Europe.

In 1150 A. D. Solomon Jarchus published an almanac, but the first printed one was brought out in Vienna in 1457 by the great astronomer Purbach. The most celebrated almanac maker was the dabbler in magic, Nostradamus, and since this time almanacs with predictions have been in vogue, and their weather lore and pictorial prophecies have invariably appealed to a large number of people who are apt to put unswerving belief in the cryptic remarks of Zadkiel and Old Moore.

Getting Even with Susie. "You'll be six years old tomorrow, Richard," said mother, "and I wish to give you a nice birthday treat. Tell me what you would like above everything else."

"Well, ma," said Richard thoughtfully, "just buy me two pounds of that 50-cent candy an' invite that Susie Engel in to watch me eat it."

Envy. "Julius Caesar's literary attainments were truly wonderful," said the student.

"Oh, I don't know," answered the discontented youth with inky fingers. "Anybody could get his stuff published with a pull like Julius Caesar's."

The Tally. "What are these notches in your gun?" asked the flirt, who was visiting the ranch.

"They represent men," replied Cactus Slim, "who thought they was smarter than I was."

"A good idea! I'll have to notch my parrot's handle."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Makes Pain Go Away

Are you one of the ones who pay in toll For your right of way through this life?

If so you will find Hunt's Lightning Oil. A friend which will aid in the strife. To those who earn their own way by their own labor, accidents occur with painful frequency. Burns, bruises, cuts, and sprains are not strangers to the man who wears corns on his hands. A better remedy for these troubles does not exist than Hunt's Lightning Oil.

Wise Kid.

My seven-year-old niece—writes a correspondent—is an up-to-date young woman. She has a passion for study, and thinks of little but her lessons. The other day I remonstrated with her. "Lila," I said, "you are working too hard. Why do you do it?" "Well, auntie," she answered, gravely, "I heard somebody say that the education of a child should begin with its grandmother. And I expect to be a grandmother, some day."

"It Knocks the Itch" It may not cure all your ills, but it does cure one of the worst. It cures any form of itch ever known—no matter what it is called, where the sensation is "itch," it knocks it. Eczema, Ringworm and all the rest are relieved at once and cured by one box. It's guaranteed, and its name is Hunt's Cure.

The Inauguration. Good people all, of every sort, give ear unto our song. Hike this way sure on March 4 and bring your folks along.—Washington Herald. Thanks for your invitation, Jim; 'twould please us to be there. Dost have the price in pocketbook to pay our railroad fare?—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson* in Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Opinion of an Expert. "I hear you are going to marry Charley?" "Yes; he asked me last evening." "Let me congratulate you. Charley is all right. He is one of the nicest fellows I was ever engaged to."—Stray Stories.

For Colds and Gripp—Capudine. The best remedy for Gripp and Colds is Hicks' Capudine. Relieves the aching and feverishness. Cures the cold—Headaches also. It's Liquid—Effects immediately—25, 50 and 100 at Drug Stores.

After a man has been married a year he doesn't get brain fog from thinking of his wife when she is spending a few weeks in the country.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE" That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GILROY. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day.

It is better to begin late doing our duty than never.—Dionysius. Lewis' Single Binder Cigar has a rich taste. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

For what the mind wishes, that it also believes.—Helioidorus.

Use Allen's Foot-Ease. Cures tired, aching, swelling feet. Trial package free. A. S. Glanville, Le Roy, N. Y.

A singer doesn't weigh his words on the musical scale.

WATSON E. COLEMAN, Washington, D.C. Books free. Highest references. Best results.

W. N. U., DALLAS, NO. 1, 1909.

HORRORS!



"What's the trouble, Zambo?" "I thought it was missionaries, but it's a load of Altruists."

Don't Delay The season of coughs and colds is not yet past—they will be prevalent for some months to come. Do not neglect or experiment with them. Use the safe and sure remedy—Simmons' Cough Syrup. It heals the soreness and stops the cough.

We would willingly have other perfect, and yet we amend not our own faults.—Thomas a Kempis.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heartly Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Costive Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature *Dr. J. C. Watson* REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

WHY NOT?

Try Schaa's Laxative Chill Cure and do not go through the same old siege of Fall sickness again. It is the best Remedy made for Chills and Fever, Bilious Fevers, Swamp Fever, Dumb Ague, all Diseases due to Malaria. It is warranted to cure or money refunded. Price 50c.

DR. MCINTOSH celebrated NATURAL UTERINE SUPPORTER gives immediate relief. Sold by all surgical instrument dealers and leading druggists in United States & Canada. Catalog & price list sent on application. THE BLASTING & MEIN FURN. TRUSS CO., 912 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., manufacturers of trusses and sole makers of the genuine stamped "MCINTOSH" Supporter.

Jewelers and WATCHMAKERS make a week from \$15 to \$30 a week. Do you want a position? Good pay and easy work. Positions guaranteed. Do you want to learn the trade? Write us this week. A. C. STUBBS, President, Kansas City, Mo. Send for FREE CATALOG.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY! gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days treatment FREE. J. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box R, ATLANTA, GA.

WANTED Young men to learn telegraph. Situations sure. Can't supply demand for operators. Dallas Telegraph College, Dallas, Texas.

Locals and Personals.

Mr. J. N. Ellis has lately returned from a trip to Austin.

All the bond election carried, as well as the stockholders of the City.

Have your saddles and harness repaired at Evers' shop, Haskell. 50tf

Born the 28th instant to Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Hamilton, a son.

Wanted—eight good milch cows, jerseys preferable. See R. E. DeBard for further information. J. E. Garren. 1-4t

Wood \$1.00 per cord (American Cord) 7 miles north-east of Haskell. W. C. Miller. 3t-p

D. Dellis and wife of Wichita Falls are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Dellis of this place.

R. B. Spenser of Dublin is visiting his lumber yard at this place.

Our abstract books are complete and up-to-date. Get your abstracts from Sanders & Wilson. (tf)

Read what Mr. Chambers has to say of a market for milo maize and kafir corn.

If Mr. Chambers carries out his plans, the early maize and kafir corn will bring the cash like cotton. This supply of money will come at a time when the farmers need it.

Mr. farmer go 'round and talk with E. A. Chambers about buying your kafir corn and milo maize.

Miss Bertha Taylor of Holliday visited Miss Dulin Fields the early part of the week and returned home Monday.

Saddles, harness and all leather goods cheap at Evers' shop, Haskell. 50tf

Wanted—three or four cars of maize. Will pay 50 cents per 100 lbs. See Earl Cogdell at Oil Mill.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Scott have returned from Austin where they went last week to attend the funeral of Mr. Scott's father.

For sale cheap, a bunch of small and medium size shoats. J. J. Stein.

J. C. Peck of Belton is visiting his sister, Mrs. M. O. Liles of this city.

Mr. Mazac of Chicago, a representative of several newspapers printed in the Bohemian language, was a visitor to our city this week. He will furnish his papers a letter concerning this section and its future.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hicks entertained a party of their young friends Saturday night.

Miss Mamie Odell entertained a party of friends Saturday night.

Mr. C. H. Stanley of Knox City spent a few days in Haskell during the Xmas holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas Killingworth spent the Xmas holiday with relative in Wise County.

To Whom it May Concern:

The firm of Hunt Hancock Co. has dissolved partnership by mutual wish. All indebtedness and accounts, will be assumed by C. M. Hunt.

Respectfully,
Hunt-Hancock Co.

Capt. B. H. Dodson died at Del Rio this week and Mrs. Dodson left Friday to attend his funeral at Fort Worth. Capt. Dodson had been in poor health for several years and his demise was not altogether unexpected. Capt. Dodson was a Union Soldier in the late war and has filled several offices. He leaves a wife and several sons and daughters; most of whom are grown and married. We extend our condolence to the bereaved family.

On next Monday, the 4th of Jan. our city will be visited by E. R. Kone, Cem. of Agr., Dr. H. H. Harrington, Director of the Experiment Station, Sam H. Dixon, State Horticulturalist, D. P. Toomey, Editor of the Dallas News, C. D. Reemers, Editor of the Fort Worth Telegram, K. K. Leggett, Chairman of the Board of Directors of A. and M. College, and representatives of the Fort Worth Star, Waco Times Herald, and Mr. C. A. Jones, Manager of the Spur Ranch in Dickens county, and Homer D. Wade, Sec. of the Commercial Club of Stamford.

At 7:30 p. m. there will be a mass meeting at the court house of ladies and gentlemen, and there will be speaking by the distinguished visitors. The farmers are especially invited to attend with their families.

Mr. A. B. Dement died of pneumonia after five days of illness and was buried Tuesday in the Haskell Cemetery by the Woodmen, of which was a member. His death was a great surprise to his friends. His family is bereft of a good prover and to them we extend our sympathy.

The young people had a delightful in the way of a social party at Mrs. Tho Wright on Wednesday night. Many Compliments was pass at the charming hostess Miss Jessie Wright.

Mr. McDaniel said his new attachment for ginning bales was working successfully, and that he was ginning picked cotton most successfully. He said he was able to get a better sample from the the picked cotton by running it through the huller. It seems that the process loosens up the lint so that it is not cut by the saws.

Better Than Refrigerator.
It is well known that food can be preserved without undergoing decomposition for a much longer period in a container, from which the air has been nearly exhausted, than in the customary refrigerator. In a nearly absolute vacuum milk, fish and meat have been preserved for months unchanged without further expense than that of withdrawing the air originally present in the receptacle.

Perfect Philosophy.
We read of a certain Roman emperor who built a magnificent palace. In digging the foundation the workmen discovered a golden sarcophagus ornamented with three circlets, on which were inscribed: "I have expended; I have given; I have kept; I have possessed; I do possess; I have lost; I am punished. What I formerly expended I have; what I gave away, I have."—From the Gesta Romanorum.

Man His Own Architect.
Every man is the builder of a temple, called his body, to the god he worships, after a style purely his own, nor can he get off by hammering marble instead. We are all sculptors and painters, and our material is our own flesh and blood and bones. Any nobleness begins at once to fine a man's features, any meanness to imbrute them.—Thoreau.

Fear Not to Be Condemned.
Often a girl or boy brave in all other respects is called a coward from one excessive fear, such as a dread of fire, or snakes, or dogs. This may be an inherited tendency or be caused by a shock in early years. In either case it is purely physical and not to be harshly judged. Caesar's fear of cats made him no less brave a soldier.

Unfortunate Allusion.
"Uncle," said the impetuous nephew, "you ought to go and see the new play. You would just die of laughing." The old man merely glared. A few minutes later there could be heard the sound of a scratching pen as he altered his will.—Stray Stories.

Chief of Them All.
"He tried to flatter me, but I'm proud to say he couldn't." "No? You're a greater flatterer than he is, then, aren't you?" "How do you mean?" "You flatter yourself that you can't be flattered."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Self-Love.
Self-love is a principle of action; but among no class of human beings has nature so profusely distributed this principle of life and action as through the whole sensitive family of genius.—Isaac Disraeli.

Faithfulness.
Remember the test of faith is faithfulness. Have we in us the stuff that will not weary or falter, that will make us stand a sleepless sentinel at the post till relief comes.—Hugh Black.

REFLECTIONS.

For twenty-three years the Free Press has done its best toward developing this new country materially and morally.

During all these years it has no doubt been human enough to make a few mistakes. These mistakes have served the good purpose of keeping in mind that the editor is human, for the reason our fellow townsmen have not fallen into paganism and deified us. For their consideration in this behalf they have all the praise. But seriously, the Free Press has tried to inculcate the highest moral ideal, we have tried to be fair in the treatment of subjects touched upon, and it has always been a pleasant task to say nice things of the deserving.

We find our task upon the whole a pleasant one, yet at times we have unkind criticisms to bear, but in most cases of this kind the critic does it through constitutional ignorance and conceit, and our pity for his insignificant mind robs his criticism of its sting, and we often in charity suppress a withering reply.

But the new year has dawned and the Free Press enters upon its twenty-fourth volume. It will treasure every moment of 1909, and strive to make a record, of which in the years to come, we shall all be proud, and when the future historian shall chance to turn through its dusty files he will find nothing that reflects on its author or the community it serves.

Some times, in our soul we are want to complain and charge the people with non appreciation of our efforts and ideals, yet again we are consoled when we reflect that for twenty-three years the Free Press has had both the moral and financial support of a people we know to entertain the highest ideals.

To our readers we extend the compliments of the season and best wishes for the new year.

Business lot with two room residences on it, will sell at reasonable price, and will take a span of mules on trade. Jno. B. Baker.

With every dozen photos that amount to as much as \$4.50 I will give one enlarged picture. E. L. ADAMS.

Mr. E. A. Chambers came to Haskell about a year ago, and took charge of the L. P. Davidson grain and fuel business as manager. Mr. Chambers purchased the business last fall and stated to us that notwithstanding the panic and short crops he had done a good business. He wanted us to say to the farmers that he never got a letter from his jobbers that they did not inquire for maize and kafir corn. He said that the demand for these grains had grown enormously, and that he was going to build immense storage bins and buy and ship these grains. He said if the farmers will raise it he would be able to handle immense amounts next year. The grain will have to be threshed to be marketable, but he intends to buy it in the head and have it threshed at his bins. Mr. Chambers thinks there will be a steady market in future for these grains.

We had a subscriber to call at our office a few days ago who was slightly in arrear with his subscription account. He told us he could not cash up then, but said he liked the Free Press and desired us to keep it going. This request we cheerfully complied with, while we greatly need every subscription, yet we have a few subscribers who have made a short crop, and such as we can we are willing to carry but to be able to do this we urge more prosperous subscribers to come to our relief.

PROFESSIONAL.

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DENTIST

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RESIDENCE " " 149.

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W. N. MEREDITH
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Estimates and Sketches
FREE OF CHARGE.
OFFICE—over Collier's Drug Store.
Phone No. 72. Haskell, - Texas.

Christian Church.

The pastor will be out of town next Sunday but arrangements have been made for Bro. W. A. Boggess, State Evangelist to supply the pulpit in his stead. Bro. Boggess is one of our best state evangelists and during the past few weeks has done some excellent work in this district.

The house should be filled to the utmost capacity to hear him. The C. W. B. M. Day program will be given at the night service but Bro. Boggess will give a centennial talk at that service. James N. Thomas, Pastor.

Dr. E. E. Gilbert made us a present of a beautiful winesap apple sent him by his brother, from his farm at Mountain Park N. M.

Miss Alma Taylor of Kaufman is visiting her aunt, Mrs. R. B. Fields.



EXTRA FINICKY

about your clothing? Hate spots, creases and wrinkles? Want to look fresh as a daisy right along? Our methods of **Cleaning and Pressing** your entire wardrobe at money-saving prices will fill your demands and insure a perfect result. Try us at once.

Model Tailoring Co.
HASKELL, - TEXAS.



Jewelry of Merit
And Staying Qualities

My prices are no less attractive than the goods, but at my store quality is never sacrificed in order to sell goods at a lower price.

I am in favor of selling only goods of real merit at prices as low as possible for the safety of continuing in business, looking for my prosperity to the large volume of trade which fair dealing will make.

R. M. CRAIG
The Jeweler

PROGRAM B. Y. P. U. Jr.

Leader—Miss Allie Irby.
Subject—The difference between christians and the world. Song No. 221.

Prayer.
Song No. 444.

Servants of sin, Rom. 6:16-23—Lee Killingsworth.

The Servants of God, 1 Peter 2:16—Maggie Hill.

Entangled, Gallatians 5:1—Katie Clough.

Free, Rom. 6:22—B. Swope.
Sinners, Rom. 3:23—EllaRe Debard.

Saints, 1 Cor. 1:2—Emmett Couch.

Children of the Devil, Jno. 3:44—Ruth Jones.

Children of God, Gal. 4:3-7—Herbert Arbuckle.
Song No. 257.

A prodigal away from home, Luke 15:13-14—Ruth Haley.

A child in his Fathers House, Luke 15:20-25—Allene Couch.
Song No. 555.
Dismission.

Young man, it costs a few dollars, but get a business education. It will help you turn your idle moments into gold dollars. We can prepare you at your own home if you cant attend in person. We teach by mail. Write, Abilene Business College, Abilene, Texas.

If you want a nice buggy real cheap see mine before buying. 50 tf Evers at Haskell.

Our abstract books are complete and up-to-date. Get your abstracts from Sanders & Wilson. (tf)

WOULD FUSE WITH THE ORIENT.

Writer Declares That Out of Action Would Come a Better Race.

In many respects the orientals are our antithesis, and if our ideals, principles, and institutions are more beneficent, we are under obligation to present them. There should be no collision between the Mongol and the Anglo-Saxon races, but instead there should be a fusion. Out of this fusion there should emerge a better race. We can learn much from the various people of the orient which would be beneficial to ourselves, and while we receive from them we are able to contribute the one great principle of the Anglo-Saxon race, namely, liberty. Every race that has come into power and prominence has stood for some great, overmastering idea. That for which we stand and which is the great touchstone of our great national life is liberty. It is for our nation, as the great western wing of the Anglo-Saxon race, to join in the extension of this principle, and also to bear the message of peace.—Mason S. Stone, Commissioner of Education of Vermont, in Leslie's Weekly.

SAYS OXEN LAID OUT LONDON.

Swayed as They Plowed, Hence the Crooked Streets.

Lord Avebury has suggested an explanation of the crooked streets which have puzzled so many visitors to London. Presiding at the first of a series of addresses on the history of this city, he said it was remarkable how the London of to-day bore traces of its ancient history.

Between London and Westminster there were formerly open fields divided into long strips of an acre each. These strips, he said, had a tendency to curvature owing to the way in which the oxen walked while plowing the ground. An instance of that was seen in the curious way in which Longacre curved. Several of the strips abutted at right angles on Hyde park, and the fact that they did not end in one line suggested a reason for the singular irregularity of the line of houses forming Park lane. The dip in Piccadilly, added Lord Avebury, was the site of the old stream, part of which formed the Serpentine.

Saved His Life and His Rupees.

During the great flood at Hyderabad, India, a native banker, overtaken by the sudden rush of water, made his way onto a mound, where he was quickly isolated. The water rose and the banker's legs were covered to his knees.

"Fifty rupees, fifty rupees," he shouted, "to anyone who will save me!" When the water reached his shoulders he was shouting: "One thousand rupees!" When enveloped to his neck, with death staring him in the face, he yelled: "Help, help. All that I have will I give to anyone to save me!"

Shortly after the water began to recede. When once more he was covered only to his knees an offer of rescue came; but the banker, plucking up his courage, cried: "Keep off, keep off! I will not give a rupee!" and succeeded in making his escape free of charge.

Vells Please the Grocer.

"These vells the women folks are wearing, all nailed down tight under their chins, are a great boon for us all right, all right," said an East End grocer. "Women, you know, are the greatest people on earth to come in and sample things. They'll take a taste of this and a taste of that while you're wrapping up something for them, and the first thing you know they've eaten up about a nickel's worth of stuff.

"We can't say anything to a woman particularly those that are good customers. Now we don't have to, I haven't seen a woman taste anything in the store for a month or so. Those vells are put on so tight that the only way they can sample anything would be to take it through a straw."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Japanese Footfall.

One of the odd things which strike one in Japan is the footfall, so different from the sound made by leather, filling the ears in a crowded station in Tokyo with European looking trains, ticket offices, bookstalls familiar objects!

The musical clinking wooden sandals or worn out of doors Japanese and which the ground at varying angles to the state of the most characteristic of the country, and any picture recalled to the mind the clinkety clink, clinkety clink, as running accompaniment.

Suiting Him.

"Say, boss, where am I?" asked the recently deceased negro, as he woke up.

"You're in heaven," remarked the attendant.

"Dat so? Den where's mah wings and harp?"

"What you get is four brass buttons and a red necktie."

"Glory, glory!"

Impossible. "I don't care about a church wedding, Myrtle. Do you? Wouldn't you rather be married right here at your own home?"

"Yes, but I am afraid we can't do that. Algy, I'm quite sure it's forbidden in the Bible."

AN OPEN LETTER.

Haskell, Texas, Dec. 30th, '08.
To the Citizens of the City of Haskell:

During my short stay in the city of Haskell, one of the main objections has been the lack of unanimous support to the Haskell Board of Trade, and in consequence thereof, I, on the first day of December, 1908, tendered my resignation to take effect, January 1st, 1909, unless the members of the Board of Trade would give me more support in securing new members and making the organization more unanimous than it was.

On the 21st of Dec. the Board of Directors met and agreed by unanimous vote, to put in the day of January 5th, 1909, in securing business houses and getting the people interested in the City of Haskell, as members of the Board of Trade, who are not already affiliated with the same.

In consideration of the Board bringing no censure to bear upon me here or my work in the past, I considered it in the way of an indorsement of what I have done already for the City of Haskell.

Secretaries work is uphill work in the best of times. Now since we have a small adversity in the cotton for the year 1909, I feel that every citizen should come in even stronger than in good times, in order to offset the closeness of money and the other depressions which follow a crop failure, before next year's crops are harvested.

I wish to state in this letter that though I was sick for practically one month, I answered letters every day from the sick room, and have answered, all told, over 150 inquiries as to locating in Haskell county, also I have written to over 100 prospective industries and have written close to 600 circular letters out-side of the City of Haskell.

One of my main objections, and the reason for resigning was the lack of funds to get out what advertising matter was needed, and to pay the postage of same. I have now a list of over 2000 names in my desk which would no doubt bring many valuable returns and keep a secretary busy answering inquiries, but we must have more support of the business interests, whose members are not affiliated with the Club. Those that are not in, should join at once it is not fair for one man to take the fruits of another's labors.

There are a few people who I have trouble collecting subscriptions from. They are not however, for large amounts. It is usually men who subscribe a little bit that cause these delays, and some times entirely refuse to pay.

Some people do not understand that the Board of Trade should be considered as a business proposition, and it should be a spring house for every man's needs in the City of Haskell.

It would be well for every man to become a member of the business man, and by being in touch with the advancement of the city, to like very much to have my name to a public subscription or any other matter, and then break my word by refusing to pay same.

If you would make a study of the business men of Haskell, or of any other city, who are doing the business and getting the best of trade, you would find that they are the men who pay so much a year in advertising their town and take a pride in their homes, their schools and their citizens, and of whom you never hear a stranger designate as a "Moss Back."

I find some dissension in regards to my not organizing a

band. I did not care to induce any one to purchase an instrument, when I felt like I would move the first of the year, but now since things are settled, I will go to work at once on a large Concert Band for Haskell and would be glad to have any ladies of the city participate in the same, as they are doing in Munday and many other towns at which I have organized.

I have now started keeping house and intend to become a fixture to Haskell and will endeavor to do every thing for the betterment of the city that is within the power of my office.

Haskell, I can safely insure any skeptical people, has as good a chance, if not far better, than any town in Central West Texas barring none. I have been in office just long enough to begin to get results, and I find, after a careful study and from positive information, that there are no towns, at least within 100 miles of Haskell, that are going to pick up a railroad in a night and move it to their city, and I also find that a good deal of their supposed activity is more or less "hot air." I would rather see a town grow on something substantial than to continually be making air bubbles.

I wish to appeal to every citizen's pride in this city, as to whether he wishes his neighbor to buy his groceries, meats and other provisions, or whether he feels like if the town is going forward, he would like to bear his end of such a burden. We must have every business house in Haskell in the board of Trade for the year 1909, and would like all the property owners who have interests here, to become members. You will find if you try this for one year and take an inventory at the end of that time, of yourself, of the town and of your interests that you have made a substantial gain in all three parts.

Lets wake up and pull together. I beg to remain,
Yours truly,
D. H. McCosh,
Sec.

The wedding bells rang again Monday, Dec. 21st, at 7:30 o'clock p. m.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Draper gave their eldest daughter, Miss Mamie in marriage to Mr. J. P. Barron, Rev. Thomas officiating. Their home was filled with a large number of friends and relatives. While Mrs. Jno. B. Baker played "Mendelssohn's wedding march" the happy pair entered the room, attended by Mr. Joe Taylor and Miss Artie Labriere. Then the solemn vows were given while softly "The Flower Song" was played. The bride was beautifully attired in brown satin empire, trimmed in broad cream applique and gold fringe.

Mr. Barron has lived in Haskell for a little more than a year, during this time he has shown himself to be a christian gentleman with a high sense of honor. He is a mechanic by profession, and in the construction of the Barnes residence demonstrated first class ability.

Mr. and Mrs. Barron departed on the 10:15 o'clock train for a short visit with the groom's mother at Center, Texas. Early in January they expect to return to Haskell and make this their home.

Are you prepared?, is the question that confronts every boy or girl that is now starting out in life. If you do not feel satisfied that you are qualified to measure intellectual steel with the greatest giants in the business world, you would better write the Abilene Business College, Abilene, Tex., for their plan of preparing young people for success. tf

With every dozen photos that come to as much as \$4.50 I will give one enlarged picture.
E. L. ADAMS

Eloping Pastor Brought to Texas to Face Charges.

Rev. G. C. Summers Found in an Oregon Church.

CHANGED NAME

Pretty Girl Who Left Home for Him Returns With Her Two Children.

4 YEARS' SEARCH

Must Answer Indictment on Charge of Obtaining Money Under False Pretenses.

Throckmorton, Texas, Dec. 26.—Rev. G. C. Summers, formerly pastor of the Methodist church here, is here awaiting trial on a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses. His arrest a few weeks ago in Roseburg, Ore. startled that Northwestern city and brought to light the strange double life the man had been leading, in which he changed his name and lived with the pretty daughter of one of his former parishioners here.

It was in 1902 that Summers was assigned by the conference to the Throckmorton charge and he was returned here the following year. He made his home here with his wife and five children and worked with such zeal that he became very popular among all church people here.

J. B. Massie, an old resident of Throckmorton, formerly county clerk, and county judge, and a man of considerable means, was the chief member of the flock. Judge Massie had a large family, among whom was Miss Bessie, aged 26 years, when Summers first arrived here.

Miss Massie seemed an earnest church worker. She was a musician of some talent, and was very useful to Summers in his meetings, going about with him and conducting the musical part of the services. In September, 1904, Summers and the young lady departed for some point back East for the stated purpose of holding a meeting. Summers had complained of a stomach trouble and was to go when the meeting was over to Kansas City to have a surgical operation performed, and the young lady was to visit relatives in Fort Worth. To meet the expenses of his trip Summers borrowed money of several of the members of his church, the sums aggregating several hundred dollars.

COUPLE HAD ELOPED.

A week or more passed without either the Massie or the Summers family hearing from the couple. Little by little the truth leaked out—they had eloped. Summers was indicted by the grand jury of Throckmorton county for obtaining money under false pretenses and a reward of \$25 offered for his apprehension. Nearly four years passed. The Summers family moved away from Throckmorton. The matter had occasioned unlimited wonderment and indignation when first it occurred, but the memory of it had almost faded from the minds of the people.

Mr. Parrott, a young man who had grown up in Throckmorton county, and who was wandering over the northwest, went to church one night last September in the town of Roseburg, Ore. He instantly recognized the preacher as the long lost Summers. It happened that he had in his pocket a copy of the circular offering the reward and also bearing a picture of Summers.

He at once got in touch with the sheriff of the county. Summers, in the meantime, had changed his name. In Texas he had been George Clark Summers but in Oregon and other parts of the northwest he was simply

George Clark, he having even erased the Summers from his university diploma and church credentials. He tried to laugh out of countenance the young Texan who accused him of being Summers. But young Parrott was not to be outdone.

IDENTIFIED AS SUMMERS.

He swore he was positive as to Summers' identity; moreover, he swore he had gone to school with the woman, that he had known her nearly all her life and he could not be mistaken. The Roseburg congregation grew very indignant that their pastor should be thus assailed, and things looked ominous for young Parrott. Texas authorities were notified. An extended fight over extradition papers were had in Oregon, J. G. Spurlock, sheriff of Throckmorton county, went to Oregon and swore on the witness stand that he had instantly recognized both Summers and the woman with him who now has two little children. To the very last Summers maintained that his name was Clark, that he had formerly lived in Texas, but that he was not the man Summers who was so much wanted. Extradition papers finally were granted.

WOMAN RETURNS WITH HIM.

Judge Massie notified the Texas sheriff that if his erring daughter desired to return home the door was open to her. She returned with the sheriff and Summers bringing her children with her.

Summers is under a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses, that being the only legal charge against him. It is said that Summers is endeavoring to secure a divorce from his former wife and says if he gets out of his present trouble he will marry the mother of his last two children.

Summers is a man of persuasive eloquence, a fluent speaker and of fine education and appearance. He protests that he has done nothing wrong in deserting his wife and children and in his other acts.

It is the opinion of the Editor of the Free Press that the several charges of the commissioners precincts that have been made from time to time are illegal. And we believe that the precincts as laid off by the commissioners court of Throckmorton county at the November term 1884 still constitute the legal commissioners precincts. Some years ago the editor of this paper while County Attorney so advised the commissioners court, but the court took a different view and made charges and subsequent courts have made further charges. The 30th legislature seemed to have taken a similar view as we entertain and submitted a constitutional amendment authorizing the commissioners courts to revise commissioners precincts. The amendment failed to carry.

It may cause considerable trouble in the future if it should be ascertained judicially that we are disregarding the lines of precinct when we elect our county commissioners. It is our off hand opinion that the question will not effect any acts of the court so long as the several commissioners hold and act de facto, but it might change the result of an election or by proper procedure a commissioners office may be declared vacant and the court forced to order a new election or the county Judge make an appointment for the lawful precinct. The original order is not clear on the creation of the original commissioners precinct, but when construed will probably be held to have created the commissioners precincts. If not so, then is Haskell county legally organized?

Mr. O. B. Norman made a business trip to Throckmorton Tuesday.

HOGS VS COTTON.

Editor Free Press:

I wish to make a little talk through your columns on hog raising in Haskell Co. The hogs received at Fort Worth this year amount to seven hundred thousand head. Texas with twice the population and four times the area in square miles of Oklahoma only furnished about ninety thousand of these hogs. This should not be the case. Renters in Illinois, Iowa, Missouri and other states depend on corn and hogs for their main existence. Many of these renters furnish teams, tools, seed, and give half the corn for rent, some even pay extra house rent, and yet they live and dress better than the average Texas farmer does. This looks fishy to the cotton grower but it is a fact. It only takes them four months to make and gather a corn and hay crop, they always make enough feed to run them twelve months, and meat and lard to do the same and often a surplus of each for sale, this leaves them eight months time to earn money for other purposes. Suppose the farmers in Texas raised a years supply of feed, meat and lard. Why they would be as independent as E. H. R. Green, the railroad magnate.

Trying to get Texas farmers to grow corn and hogs is like a locomotive climbing a steep grade, it will take a lot of puffing and blowing. Haskell Co. ought to, in a few years ship out one thousand car load of hogs a year, worth at present prices \$1,430,000, besides plenty for every person at home. The average farmer in Iowa and Kansas will ship from one to two cars of hogs from farms of 100 to 160 acres every year, and they can't grow half as much feed in a year as they do in Haskell county. The corn yield up there wont average over thirty bushels per acre, Haskell county can equal that. Then think about the maize, kafir corn, goobers, sorghum, stock peas, all a sure crop that can be grown in Haskell county. All of these crops are hog growers. Then the alfalfa for hog pasture eight months in the year, why this will beat the average gas well.

Just think about a Haskell county farmer, raising a few acres in cotton for his wife, for her pocket change, and sending his children to school eight months out of the year, then drawing \$1500 or \$2000 for a car or two of hogs. This looks windy but the Texas farmer has just as smart brain as his northern brother. All he lacks is the experience with a little help from farmers who understand hog and alfalfa farming as he does cotton farming. Then he will shake this old flaggyism out of his shoes and get down to business. In another article I will tell how these changes can be made and show how Haskell county can be made the richest and most progressive county in Texas.

Henry L. Owens.

F. H. Gatlin, representing the Abilene Business College, Abilene Texas, passed through Haskell Monday enroute for Abilene. Mr. Gatlin formerly lived in our county and our readers will be pleased to learn that he has succeeded in building up one of the best and largest commercial colleges in Texas. tf

Squire Lamkin reports the following marriage, Dec. 16th at his residence, Mr. Antonio Hodnek to Miss Maley Machac.

Mr. Tuck Davidson to Miss Pearl Fweler, Dec. 20th.

The Abilene people are to be congratulated upon having one of the best and largest commercial schools in the West. From what we learn of this institution it depends for its success, upon the success of its graduates and this alone is the true mark of a meritorious school. tf

THE SAGE WAS WISE

And Likewise He Had an Ax to Grind.

"What you need with that young, growing family of yours is a cow," observed the Sage of the Suburb. "A cow's what you want."

"What would I want with a cow?" asked the Fifty-Foot Fronter.

"A cow has many uses," explained the Sage of the Suburb. "From her hide we make leather for boots and shoes and alligator traveling bags; her horns we fashion into knife handles, tortoise-shell back combs, musical instruments and pipes for sailors; from her blood we make puddings that are highly esteemed by people who like them; her hair imparts cohesiveness to the plaster on our walls, and her hoofs make delicious calves-foot jelly, or glue, according to the process employed, to say nothing of the bones, which have various uses, ranging from fertilizers to piano keys."

"Which is the more useful animal, the cow or the horse?" inquired the Fifty-Foot Fronter. "You remind me of a village debating society," he added.

"Inasmuch as I am a highly improving influence, I presume," said the Sage of the Suburb, complacently, "I might also mention that the cow imparts, under gentle pressure, an opaque white fluid composed of albuminoids, sugar, phosphate and water, which is secreted in the mammary glands."

"It is known as milk and may be used either as a beverage or in the composition of angel food; or, coagulated, it is manufactured into the article of commerce called cheese. The skim skimmed from the surface, or separated by centrifugal motion, makes a very fair imitation of butterine. It seems to me that your children might appreciate milk."

"They do," said the Fifty-Foot Fronter. "We get it regularly from the milkman. He sells ten quart tickets for a dollar. I've used it for years in the family."

"Pardon me; you think that you have," corrected the Sage of the Suburb. "In reality you are imperfectly assimilating a calcareous mixture that is rapidly paving your interior and paving the way for future disorders in the system."

"I'm not much on arts and crafts," said the Fifty-Foot Fronter, "but I'm willing to bet that you can't use the same material for paving material and fresco work. You think that I want a cow, do you?"

"I think that you need one," said the Sage of the Suburb. "You don't know what a comfort a cow can be till you keep one. You can't conceive the luxury of an abundant supply of fresh, pure, wholesome, sure-enough milk and cream until you have enjoyed it."

"You don't have to purchase tickets for a scanty, stunted measure of stuff that, even if it has had a milky foundation, has been so contaminated, germinated and inundated that it is totally unfit for human consumption by the time that it reaches you."

"With a cow you get milk—milk fresh from nature's font—the rich, sustaining, invigorating liquid that makes the calf frisk and kick up its heels in a frenzy of exuberant joy. I think your children are looking a little pale lately."

"That's a new one on me," said the Fifty-Foot Fronter. "What do you do just pour the sour milk on a griddle and let it stay till it browns?"

"That's the idea exactly," replied the Sage of the Suburb. "I believe my wife usually mixes in a little flour and soda and an egg, but that may not be entirely necessary."

"You take those cakes with some good maple sirup and butter—that's another thing. I don't see that there would be anything to prevent you making your own butter. All you will need beside the cow is a churn."

"What does the cow do?" asked the Fifty-Foot Fronter. "I've heard of dogs churning, but I didn't suppose that a cow would be intelligent enough."

"She furnishes the cream," said the Sage.

"But not the maple sirup? That's extra?"

"Don't be a bigger idiot than you can help," said the Sage. "I'm talking seriously now. If you had a cow you would have all the advantages that I have mentioned, and buttermilk besides. You would have milk for drinking, milk for cooking and cream for your coffee and your berries. You would restore your poor children to health and save a large part of the cost of living, after the initial expense of purchase."

"The cost of feed is very little and you can milk her yourself and be the better for the exercise. You think it over, and talk it over with your wife. She's a sensible woman, and she'll tell you that I'm right."

"Well," said the Fifty-Foot Fronter, as his visitor turned to leave, "I'll think it over. By the way," he called, "how much do you want for your old cow? Somebody told me that she was drying up."

Beautiful Sight.

The salt plain near Cherokee Springs in several directions is a soft white, smooth expanse, the most beautiful picture imaginable, under favorable conditions. An interesting feature of this great field of salt is the mirage which occurs particularly on dry days, and which is described as most beautiful. The forms of trees, lakes, rivers, bridges and buildings frequently shown with most beautiful effect.—Enid (Okla.) News.

HASKELL FREE PRESS

OSCAR MARTIN, Publisher

HASKELL, TEXAS

Soon, predicts a Cornell professor, children will quit being born. All the children we know have done so all ready.

The duke of Abruzzi is to try Alpine climbing. He is determined to get to the top of some of his mountains of difficulty.

England shows its good manners and good sense in not getting excited over those alleged interviews with the German emperor.

Both England and Germany would sleep better on dark nights if they would generate a little more of the spirit of brotherly love.

Mr. Hammerstein says "a theatrical man can't be a pinhead husband." Which would doubtless be interesting information if we could translate it.

Lord Roberts has grown so nervous over the aggressive curl of Emperor William's mustaches that he demands for England an army of 1,000,000 men.

A St. Louis justice became very indignant when a bridegroom offered him a drink after the ceremony. The customary fee will buy several drinks.

Sir Theodore Martin, the doyen of English literature, recently celebrated the ninety-second anniversary of his birthday at his Welsh home, Bryntisilio, Llangoen.

A powder firm in Cologne refused to fill an order from Roumania on account of previous large orders from other Balkan states. Naturally, a Cologne firm would be able at first sight to scent war trouble.

Mr. Rockefeller has just drawn his check in favor of Richmond college, Richmond, Va., for \$150,000. Another item added to the cumulative evidence that he really has some other business besides that of making money.

A society in Norway has concluded an agreement to work Dr. de Sazal's patents for making metallic zinc out of low-grade ores. At first about 50 tons of metallic zinc and about one ton of metallic lead, as well as a little copper and silver, will be treated each day.

Mrs. Charles Brodie Patterson, a student of longevity, announces that it is possible for a man to live forever. Precisely. Not only "a man," but all men live forever, although they cannot remember this earth, which is rather limited in its standing capacity. Man has to move up to give other fellows a chance here below.

An attempt is making in New York to limit the height of buildings in that city to 350 feet. It is urged that the higher buildings, those of five or six hundred feet, are a menace to the health of the people as well as dangerous in case of fire. In Boston and in Washington a much lower limit has been established by law.

The divorce statistics just published emphasize again the need of a uniform national divorce law as the only means by which the evil can be kept in check. As a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, neither is divorce in the union more difficult than in the state with the most lax laws. There is no use in passing a restrictive law in one state which can be nullified at individual pleasure in another.

Mr. Powderly, after investigation, declares there are few men in the New York "bread line" who want to work. He suggests state farms. Good, as far as it goes. But many of these men would be of no use on any kind of a farm. Some are better adapted to building roads. The plan of Orlando F. Lewis for employment stations is more comprehensive and more practical, thinks the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

A British peer advocates temporary confiscation of a car for automobile speeding. The remedy is, in the opinion of the Baltimore American, rather drastic, but it is evident from the increasing number of accidents and the disregard for life and limb manifested by the speed maniacs that something must be done in the way of punitive legislation. The present system of fines is wholly inadequate; in fact, they constitute but the smallest part of the running expenses of motoring, and plainly are so regarded.

The navy department wants a wireless telephone plant established in Washington for its use. If the system is sufficiently practical to be in such demand it will soon be in general use and vocal messages will be floating through the air in every direction. But where is the sound while the message is on its travel? The query suggests the old problem: If a tree falls in the middle of a forest where no man can hear it, is there any noise from the crash?

Wilbur Wright is going after a \$15,000 prize in a French aeroplane race next month, although he knows perfectly well how the French aeroplanists hate to lose the money.

What satirist of society has done such a sketch of degenerate aristocracy as is drawn of themselves by the French princelings in the court proceedings for the possession of an American girl's fortune? It is the bauble for which American heiresses barter themselves to titled rakes worth the incumbrance asks the New York World.

EVENTS BOILED DOWN

DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN HAPPENINGS SERVED UP IN ATTRACTIVE STYLE

NOTHING GOOD GOT AWAY

Everything Important that Could Be Confined to a Small Space Is Here Given

WASHINGTON NEWS.

Announcement was made at the White House Monday of a proposed plan for a conference looking toward the conservation of the natural resources of North America to be held at the White House Feb. 18 next.

To familiarize themselves with conditions and the present form of government in the Panama Canal zone, twelve members of the House Committee on Foreign and Interstate Commerce left Charleston, S. C., Monday for Colon.

The Geological Survey is shortly to establish a number of rescue stations in vicinity of coal mines throughout the country, and one of these will be at McAlester, Ok. The purpose is to train men in the use of oxygen helmets and of other apparatus devised for rescue work in case of mining disasters.

That the falling off of approximately \$300,000,000 in important and perhaps \$150,000,000 in exports, in the United States during 1908, is merely part of a general condition which has prevailed the world over is shown by the monthly statement of the Bureau of Statistics. Of the twenty-five principal countries of the world whose foreign commerce bureau records month by month all but four show a falling off in exports.

The question whether there will be a river and harbor bill during the present session of congress is becoming a matter of much concern to many members of both houses. The committee having charge of the question find themselves confronted by a constantly growing deficit in the Treasury, with the accompanying complaint that it is going to be impossible to find money enough to go around without trampling too deeply upon the reserves.

DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN NEWS.

There is a well defined movement on foot having for its purpose the creation of an additional civil court for Dallas county and the next legislature will be asked to create one.

Young Donahue of Boston knocked out Tommy Mowatt of Chicago in three rounds in a feature fight before the Royal Athletic Club in New Orleans Friday night before a crowd of 10,000.

Because he did not have money to provide the usual Christmas toys for his children, C. A. Easters, a farmer living near Quitman, Ga., deliberately planned his own death Friday morning and died at he had planned.

A deal was consummated Tuesday by the Commercial National Bank and Trust Company were consolidated.

Gov. Campbell has pardoned Willie Bass, the 19-year-old boy who was given a life sentence in the penitentiary in Georgetown in 1901.

The Panama Canal will be opened January 1, 1915, according to an official communication received Tuesday by the California reception committee from Joseph Buckner Bishop, secretary of the commission.

Ignited by sparks from a passing switch engine, about 200 bales of cotton, valued at \$6000, stored in the yards of the Harriss-Irby Cotton Company, was destroyed Thursday afternoon in Oklahoma City.

Jean A. David, a switchman recently from the North, was killed in the Texas and Pacific yards at Baird Wednesday morning while on duty.

The whole question of the sentencing for contempt of court of President Gompers, Vice-President Mitchell and Secretary Morrison of the American Federation of Labor by Justice Wright in the supreme court of the District of Columbia Thursday will be thrashed over at the meeting of the executive committee of the federation to be held in Washington January 11 next.

A battle between strike-promoting miners and five United States marshals took place at Stearns, Ky., a coal mining town Friday in Whitley county and resulted in the death of two men and the wounding of several others.

A head-on collision on the Great Northern railroad near Elmira, Idaho, ninety miles east of Spokane, Friday, between the Bonners Ferry local passenger train and an extra freight, resulted in the death of Charles Mackey, fireman on the passenger, and the injury of four others, two trainmen and two passengers.

The dark side of the English Christmas of 1908 is the great number of unemployed and the distressing prevalence of destitution and suffering. This is seen principally in London and at Glasgow and along the Tyne and other shipbuilding centers, where many establishments have been closed and thousands of men are out of work.

Sam Langford, the negro middleweight, making his first appearance in a local ring in San Francisco Monday made good with a vengeance and incidentally made short shift of Jim Flynn of Pueblo, Colo.

The Elks' clubhouse was totally destroyed by fire, Wednesday, in McAlester, Okla.

The Wichita theater, the new \$50,000 play house, opened Monday night in Wichita Falls.

Rock, Ark., destroyed the Board of Fire Wednesday morning in Little Trade building, valued at \$100,000.

Irwin Cooper and William Arnold, Jr., killed each other in a pistol duel in a saloon in Ponchatoula, La., Friday.

The public works department of Sherman is worried over a wanton destruction of street lamps, not less than a dozen of which have been broken recently.

As a result of a shooting at Burks, a small town eight miles from Lufkin, Saturday, Mrs. Joseph Ferguson and her daughter, Bertha, who is 17 years of age, are both seriously wounded.

Cipriano Castro Thursday gave out a statement to the Associated Press which amounts virtually to an abandonment of his present claims to the presidency of the Venezuelan republic.

John McBride, constable at Round Rock, was killed Friday at Duval, by Luis Guerra, a Mexican with several aliases. Guerra was killed by Constable Lem King, who met him at Merriltown.

Many letters threatening Gov. Campbell's life on account of his attitude in closing the gambling houses and enforcing the Baskin-McGregor law have been sent through the mails from San Antonio.

Dividends, interest, disbursements in stock and bonds of the banks, trust companies, railroads, industrial and other corporations of New York City for the month of January, 1909, will exceed \$210,000,000.

J. C. Strubling, a wealthy and prominent stockman who lives twelve miles east of Llano, had his barn and all its contents destroyed by fire at an early hour Sunday morning. The loss will probably reach \$12,000.

New Year's Day will witness the beginning of the evacuation of Cuba by the United States Army of pacification, which has been in possession of the island since the beginning of the provisional Government in 1906.

The Supreme Court of Missouri issued a decree ousting from that State the Standard Oil Company and the Waters-Pierce Oil Company and assessed a fine of \$50,000 against each.

The United States has received an official communication from the government of Venezuela expressing the wish of President Gomez to settle satisfactorily all international questions and expressing a desire for the presence of an American warship.

Definite steps toward the establishment of a standard for the different grades of cotton shortly will be undertaken in Washington by a committee of the leading cotton men of this country and Europe in co-operation with the experts of the Bureau of Plant Industry of the Department of Agriculture. The meeting probably will be in January.

Planning a demonstration of 200,000 laboring men next Sunday in protest against the jail sentences imposed upon Samuel Gompers, John Mitchell and Frank Morrison, the Central Federated Union Sunday appointed a committee of thirty to make arrangements and adopted resolutions in this connection, of which a copy was sent to President Roosevelt.

The preliminary report of the committee of ten prominent business men appointed by the National Society for the Promotion of Industrial Education of New York, to consider the industrial education addition to the general educational system of the country has been made public. The report, which was presented at the annual convention recently held at Atlanta, Ga., recommends the establishment of industrial improvements, schools and trade schools and a National department with a Secretary of Education in the President's Cabinet.

Seventeen soldiers of the Eighteenth Infantry, stationed at Camp Keithley, Mindanao, P. I., are still ill as the result of drinking poisonous alcohol that killed ten of their comrades on December 15.

The fact has just been made public that the First National Bank of Monrovia, Cal., was robbed of a sum of money to the amount of \$29,000.

The most complete mystery, so far as any official admission can be obtained, surrounds the destination of the battleship Maine, which left Norfolk Monday under sealed orders.

The Southwestern Telegraph and Telephone Company announces a new system in Wichita Falls the first of the year.

An earthquake shock Sunday threw the populace of Puyotre Dame, France, into a panic, but did not materially damage anything.

Dwight C. Morgan, an expert employed by the state to make a valuation of the property of the railroad in Minnesota, estimated the value of the Northern Pacific railway property in round figures at \$39,000,000 less than the figures represented by the company's officers.

Gov. Hoch Tuesday appointed a commission to join with a commission from Oklahoma to investigate the Kansas penitentiary and the charges of inhuman treatment, poor food and unsanitary surroundings.

The faculty of the A. & M. College of Texas is now arranging for the summer school that is to be held at College Station from June 15 to 30, 1909. Courses are to be arranged for farmers, for teachers and for students, and it is believed that it will be such an attractive proposition that many of each class will take advantage of it.

EARTHQUAKE IN ITALY

INCOMPLETE REPORTS RECEIVED AT ROME INDICATE HUNDREDS DEAD.

DEATH AND DESTRUCTION

Shocks Begin at Early Hour, Causing Trembling Over Country—Coast of Sicily Inundated.

Rome, Dec. 29.—All Italy was shaken this morning by a series of severe seismic disturbances more violent and destructive, it is believed, than the earthquake of 1905, as reports which have been received here state that several towns were devastated in the southern provinces, while the city of Messina, in Sicily, was almost entirely destroyed, the death list there, it is feared, reaching far into the hundreds.

Cantania, another Sicilian city, was flooded with a tidal wave which swept into the port. It is believed that there has been serious loss of life there also.

The intensity of the shocks may be estimated from the fact that they extended right through Italy from Calabria to the Alps, having been appreciably felt at Demodossola, on the Simplon route, and at Monceneri, near Turin.

The seismic disturbance had its center in Calabria, and occurred at 23 minutes after 5 o'clock this morning.

Fatalities are reported from Gioi, from Ste. Fanaconi, near Cantanzaro.

They Seek to Prove Alibi.

Union City, Tenn.: The sudden illness of Arthur Clear, one of the defendants, caused a suspension in the night rider cases Monday. The defense had put two witnesses on the stand, both defendants. Both men denied any connection with the night rider raids. The defense laid the foundation for a complete alibi, and propose to put all the defendants on the stand, one by one, and corroborate their testimony by members of their families. The indisposition of the witness was pronounced temporary and the court resumed Tuesday morning.

Bad Wreck on Great Northern.

Great Falls, Mont.: As the result of a collision between a freight train and a work train on the Great Northern late this afternoon nine men are dead and a number of others badly injured. The collision occurred at Midcannon, about forty miles south of Great Falls, but details are lacking thus far. The work train was carrying men engaged on dredge work for the company, and with one exception all the men killed were carpenters.

Little Girl Dies of Burns.

Big Sandy: Joyce, the 5-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Smith is dead and her father has severe burns on his hands as the result of fire from a Christmas sputtering match igniting the garments of the child Mr. Smith extinguished the flames, but the child died from the effects of the burns.

Mother Regains Long Lost Son.

Dallas: Believing her eight years that her son had lost his life in the storm at Galveston, Mrs. Nevada J. Blease of 806 Commerce street, on Christmas morning had the boy restored to her. Up to the time the two recognized each other and rushed into the open arms neither knew that the other was alive.

Johnson County Judge.

Cleburne: The commissioners' court Monday afternoon appointed Hon. J. B. Haynes county judge to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Judge Frank E. Adams.

Accidentally Kills Self.

Paris: C. W. Wilburn, a well known citizen of West Paris, accidentally killed himself at 8 o'clock Monday morning with a revolver at his home on Ross avenue. He had just arisen from the breakfast table and was preparing to go with a friend to the country to spend the day hunting.

Loss at Houston \$13,000.

Houston: An entire block of residences was destroyed by fire in Houston Monday morning between 2:30 and 3 o'clock, some of the residences being fire buildings. The losses total about \$13,000 and it is stated that every piece of property was insured to some amount.

Giants Will Bring Many Men.

New York: The New York Giants baseball team will bring to Texas on the spring training trip thirty-five players. These, with two trainers, a secretary, four or five newspaper reporters and the wives of players will make a party of more than fifty people. Some of them will leave New York early in February. All of them will reach Marlin by February 10.

They're After Dr. Wiley.

Washington: The question of what is going to happen to Dr. Wiley is exciting a great deal of speculation. Dr. Wiley is head of the Pure Food Board, and in that position he has stirred up deep and widespread opposition among all kinds of manufacturers of liquids, foods and condiments. They have been bombarding him by means of complaints filed at the White House. The whiskey men were first, followed by other manufacturers.

NEWS FROM OVER TEXAS

The Haskell County Teachers' Institute, which has been in session in Haskell for a week, ended Wednesday afternoon.

A report has reached Corsicana that it is in the range of possibility to move the Trinity and Brazos Valley shops there.

Nine buildings on Chadbourne street in San Angelo were destroyed by fire causing a loss of approximately \$25,000 early Friday.

While handling a 41-caliber revolver Ernest B. Griesbeck was shot and instantly killed Tuesday afternoon at his home in San Antonio.

During the last year there has been made evident the positive presence of oil of a high grade underlying much of the earth's surface around Toyah. Jim Thornton, aged 11, son of J. J. Thornton, who lives three miles south of Dublin, accidentally shot and probably fatally injured his brother Tuesday.

A glance at the football scores between Oklahoma University and Texas University for the past five years shows that Texas won three and lost two.

Negotiations are about closed for a 2500 foot well within the corporation of the city of Henrietta. The people firmly believe that gas will be found under the city.

Commissioner Doran Monday received notice of the shipment and the bill of lading for 2,600 street signs, which are to be placed on the streets of Dallas.

Lee Nutter, one of the best known ranchmen and cattlemen in the southwest was found dead on the floor of his room in the hotel at Los Vegas, N. M. Tuesday.

Den Hadley, aged about 21 years, son of A. D. Hadley, a prominent farmer living about three miles west of Joshua, was found dead with a bullet in his head Wednesday afternoon.

Now that the Hill interests have acquired the Colorado and Southern attention is again centered on the Katy, which is still an independent line, extending from St. Louis to the Gulf.

At a meeting of the Feeders and Breeders' executive committee Tuesday held in Fort Worth dates for the holding of the next fat stock show were set—being March 15 to 20 inclusive.

T. B. Wilson of McKinney, one of the largest land owners in the county, has offered to donate 460 acres of land, worth \$100 an acre, to the state for the location of a branch of the A. & M. College.

I. M. Putnam, owner of the Hot Wells Hotel at San Antonio announces that he will spend \$350,000 in improvements, work to begin immediately. He will double the present capacity of the hotel and in addition will surround it with an amusement park.

In order to give them an opportunity to study irrigation, truck, fruit and general farming in that section, E. J. Kyle, professor of horticulture of the A. & M. College of Texas, will take a number of students from the agricultural department of the college to Brownsville during January at the joint executive meeting of the Texas State Horticultural Society and the Texas Nurserymen's Association and the Texas Nurseries' Association. It is expected there will be a large attendance at this meeting.

In support of the "anti-bucket shop" bill which Congressman Henry desires to pass, the county superintendents of the Farmers' Union in session in Fort Worth Tuesday pledged the unions of the state and elected President Neill, national legislative committeeman from Texas, who is instructed to go to Washington when the matter comes up in January.

Advices received Wednesday from Little Rock settle definitely that Texarkana will be a member of the Arkansas Baseball League for the coming season.

President-elect William H. Taft decided Tuesday to visit the State of Texas at some convenient time after his inauguration, preferably after the special session of congress, which he is to call to revise the tariff. While his itinerary for the visit has not been arranged, he will make the city of Dallas one of the principal points of the trip.

The Legislature of Texas will doubtless be asked for an appropriation sufficient to create and maintain another State normal schools. At least the inadequacy of the present system to supply the demand for teachers will be brought to its attention as forcibly as figures can do so.

D. R. Lipscomb and J. W. Crawford, workmen at lock and dam No. 1 on the Trinity near Dallas, fell twenty feet with an immense steel trestle at the dam Monday morning and were pinned under another falling trestle. Both men were carried to Dallas and placed in the city hospital.

Among the men given scholarships at the close of exercises of Phillips Exeter College, of Exeter, N. H., Wednesday, was John O. Sharpe of El Paso, Tex., in the senior class, upon whom was bestowed a Phillips prize of \$150.

In answer to a number of inquiries from postal clerks as to whether they must pay the poll and road tax, Assistant Attorney General R. E. Crawford, Wednesday, rendered an opinion they are not exempt from this tax because of their connection with the Federal government.

REAL GRIEVANCE.



"Boo-hoo! Johnny Jones has got de measles, an' can't come out." "Ah! An' you miss your dear little playmate!" "Yis-m, he's the only kid in the town dat I kin lick—boo-hoo-oo!"

INTOLERABLE ITCHING.

Fearful Eczema All Over Baby's Face—Professional Treatment Failed.

A Perfect Cure by Cuticura.

"When my little girl was six months old I noticed small red spots on her right cheek. They grew so large that I sent for the doctor but, instead of helping the eruption, his ointment seemed to make it worse. Then I went to a second doctor who said it was eczema. He also gave me an ointment which did not help either. The disease spread all over the face and the eyes began to swell. The itching grew intolerable and it was a terrible sight to see. I consulted doctors for months, but they were unable to cure the baby. I paid out from \$20 to \$30 without relief. One evening I began to use the Cuticura Remedies. The next morning the baby's face was all white instead of red. I continued until the eczema entirely disappeared. Mrs. P. E. Gumbin, Sheldon, Ia., July 13, '08."

His Absent-Minded View.

They were engaged in purchasing shoes for the children. The husband was a former teacher, but the wife was a very intelligent and practical person, relates the Chicago News. "For school purposes I don't want and dull kids for they roughen up so easily," said the wife to the saleswoman, adding: "What do you think of it, dear?" "Well," he said absent-mindedly. "I have known a good many dull kids at school, but I never regarded them as any rougher than other children."

The Land of England.

Twelve thousand seven hundred and ninety-one persons own four-fifths of the soil of England, their aggregate property, exclusive of that within the metropolitan boundaries, being 40,180,775 acres. In point of fact, the number of owners of four-fifths of the English land is nearer 5,000 than 12,000. Of these 500 are noblemen, and four or five of these swallow up the rest.—New York American.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the danger they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made by Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co., Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Too Much for Mamma.

"What's the matter with your eye, Tommie?" "The boy next door struck me, mamma." "What for, pray?" "He said I struck him first." "And did you?" "No; honest, I didn't, mamma!" "Well, why didn't you?"

Not "Just as Good"—It's The Best.

One box of Hunt's Cure is unfailing, unqualitiedly, and absolutely guaranteed to cure any form of Skin Disease. It is particularly active promptly relieving and permanently curing all forms of Itch known. Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, and all similar troubles are relieved by one application; cured by one box.

Troubled Even In Death.

"How is this? I thought you liked your mother-in-law, and you are carrying flowers to grave!" "Exactly! She hated 'em 'nal Amusant."

Every Woman Will Be.

If you have pain in the Bladder or Kidney try certain, pleasant herb pills, try Mother Gray's LEAF. It is a safe and speedy reliever. At all Druggists. Sample package FREE. Mother Gray Co., Le Roy,

A Work of Art.

Patience—And is he fond of art? Patrice—Why, sure! He married one!—Yonkers Statesman.

For Headache Try Hicks' Capudine.

Whether from Colds, Heat, Stomach or Nervous troubles, the aches are speedily relieved by Capudine. It's Light-pleasant to take—Effects immediately. 10, 25 and 50c at Drug Stores.

Show us a man who acts smart and we will show you one who is in a position to make a donkey of himself.

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded.

A new cook may bring the best of references—but you can't eat them.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c. You pay 10c for cigars not so good. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Ferris, Ill.

He isn't much of a baker who eats all the bread he kneads.

The SEVENTH PERSON

BY BEN McCUTCHEON

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY MELVILL

SYNOPSIS.

Gerard Chambers, son of a wealthy importer and a student at an eastern college, was awarded a membership in the "Cluster of the Gemini," a secret organization, founded by Rodney Graves. The society was exclusive, only seven being admitted. The members were known as Persons. A meeting was held and each member was awarded the "call of destiny," which amounted to an assignment to test his metal. Chambers read his destiny. He was told to pass a period as a sailor and not set foot in North America for a year. Then he was directed to go to Mexico for further instructions which were to assign him to another year's exile, during which time he must make his own living unassisted, and keep everything a secret. Jerry then told his father of his duty. He gained his elder's consent. He also acquainted Marsylla Bayless, his father's choice for his wife, with the fact that he would be away two years. She left him angrily. Young Chambers had a fiery interview with his father, who sought again to prevent the boy's departure. Jerry obtained a berth as supercargo on an ocean freighter. His father tried to obtain his promise that he would seek the hand of Miss Bayless.

CHAPTER V.

The Sister Mary Goes to Sea.

With his mother's sobbed blessing and his father's strained words of parting ringing in his ears, Jerry Chambers boarded the old ship Sister Mary a few minutes after seven o'clock the next morning. In his pockets was \$25 in money and in a small satchel were clothing and other things not exceeding total value of \$25. Capt. Bulger was gruffly issuing orders up forward, but his face lost its sternness when he saw Jerry.

"On time, I see," said he. "I reckon you've made a good enough start."

"Where are we bound for, captain?" promptly asked Jerry, who had been in a stew of wonder as to the vessel's destination.

"I'll tell you all about it as soon as I get time," said the captain. With this on his lips he started across the deck. Jerry took his satchel into the dingy old cabin, returning almost immediately to the deck, where all hands were busy in final preparation for the departure. He further worked his way into the officer's good graces by volunteering his assistance, but the grizzled old salt suggested that he would be more serviceable out of the way of the men, who knew what to do and how to do it. He went up forward, away from the other men, and, lighting his pipe, fell to picturing the possibilities of his remarkable adventure. The longer his eyes looked in the direction of his old home the more strongly did he realize the sacrifice he was making to earn an enduring right to his personality.

"I did my level best to make peace with father," he mused, "but, and the spirit of resentment again flared up, 'he wouldn't let me. He was the unreasonable one.'" Although he felt that his action was justified, he went to sea with a new love for Wallace Chambers.

As the old vessel glided away from her pier a spirit akin to remorse and despondency seized him, and he went to the cabin in order to escape seeing his beloved New York fade from his view. Sitting at the captain's table, he started to read a novel, but the book had no charm for him. He was alone until the boat was well away from the Hook, when Capt. Bulger joined him.

"What's your name?" asked the captain, drawing up a chair and reaching for a bottle of whisky.

"Gerard Chambers—they call me Jerry" for short.

"Well, Jerry, I've got time to talk about this trip now." He filled a tumbler almost full of liquor and cocked his feet upon the table.

"I am all ears," said Jerry, leaning forward.

"Well, sir, the Mary ain't bound for no port straight across and them guns below ain't meant for no trainin' school!"

Jerry was a picture of startled interest. His eyes were wide open and his lower lip was down. The captain wore something of a guilty smile.

"The guns are not for a training school?" Jerry exclaimed.

"No, sir—ee! Them guns are meant for somethin' more'n mere school kids. I don't reckon they'll ever be introduced to blank ca'tridges." The old sailor looked thoughtfully at the floor for a minute and then added: "I reckon you know all the world ain't as peaceable as the U. S. A., don't you?"

"I suppose there are strifes somewhere," said Jerry, his mind whirling.

"Well, to come right down to the fine p'nt," went on the captain in a business-like tone, "this boat 'n' me's engaged in a little movement that ain't just 'o' the sort to appeal fav'ly to the U. S. government. The guns are goin' to the enemies of a government that's friendly with her. Understand? They're goin' to the rebels in Urania—far down in South America."

"To the Uranian insurrectionists?" gasped Jerry, dropping his pipe to the table and staring wildly at the smiling captain.

"That's the trick parackly," answered Bulger, with a smack of the lips.

"Who—who is shipping the guns?"

"Hank Bulger o' the Sister Mary. Me 'n' the Mary are known a t'arnal sight better in South American waters than we are in the Erie basin. Herero Barado, the head o' the Uranian rebels, dickered with me to fetch him two cargoes o' guns. The fust lot was delivered about four months ago."

"Go on, go on," half cried Jerry, with no intention to interrupt.

"I buy up the guns on my own hook."

"And assume all responsibility?"

"I'm not entirely responsible for my supercargo. You see, he takes some chances hisse'f. You was looking for excitement?"

"Some, perhaps," floundered the seventh person. "Who was in charge of the other cargo?"

"A nice young fellow—a little more hardened 'n you, I reckon."

"Why isn't he in charge of this lot? He had the experience."

"Well, I'll tell you, Jerry. Things didn't go just accordin' to program last time. To come right down flat, we was s'prised. I had arranged with Barado to land the guns on the main coast, about 100 mile below Pandaro, the capital, but there must 'a' been a cat at the rathole. The gov'ment got wind o' the deal and set about to spile our plans. It near done it, too. We managed to land the guns, but just as we was t'akin' off the last boxes one o' the gov'ment gunboats come down on us. We was in a position to move at short notice, and we pulled away as fast as we could. The gunboat kept gettin' closer 'n closer, and I'd about give up hope o' gettin' away. She sent a pill across our bow, and just as I was givin' orders to slow down, I noticed the chaser check up suddenly. I took a long chance and sprinted. We got away. The gunboat busted an engine, we jedged, and that was the on'y thing that saved our hides from perforation. It was a great streak o' luck!"

There was a gleam of triumph in his eyes and he shook his head emphatically. Jerry's mouth was open and his eyes were like burning coals.

"And the fellow in charge of the guns?" he asked.

"He was on shore when we steamed away."

"And now—"

"We ain't seen him since, but—with a little chuckle—"we bet he's runnin' yet."

"Capt. Bulger," said Jerry, stoutly, "what am I expected to do in connection with this enterprise?"

"You're the supercargo, of course."

"And what does that mean—in full?"

"Watch the guns—if they need watchin', and see that they get into proper hands."

"Won't the government of Urania be sharply on the lookout for this boat?"

"The Mary wasn't the Mary last time. She was the Spartan then, and we changed the name for convenience's sake. But there ain't goin' to be no trouble this time, Jerry. We're goin' to land the guns on a little island—called Ringo Island—50 mile off the upper coast. You ain't weakenin', are you?"

"And, captain, if I should decline to act in this capacity?"

"But you ain't goin' to decline—now," smiled the captain, most convincingly. Jerry's philosophy was quick to overcome his excitement and to disguise the fear that was within him. He determined to employ his diplomacy in dealing with the filibuster.

"Did you say weakenin'?" he laughed with affected bravado. "Well, I should say not! I suppose I can make a pretty hard try at what you expect me to do. Still, I must confess that I had not bargained for this."

"You must certainly think hard o' me," said the captain; "but you are sensible enough to know I couldn't 'a' told you about it on shore. I didn't know who you were; and, comin' right down to it, I don't know who you are now."

"How did you manage to get away with these guns?"

"By a leetle twist o' the wreat," chuckled the captain. "We cleared for Havre with a cargo o' merchandise!"

"Am I expected to collect for the guns on this island?"

"You're simply to get a receipt. That won't be hard, and as soon as 'a' get it we'll nose right back."

Jerry thought hard for a full minute, and, while he realized the possible dangers, his spirit of philosophy gave him strength and courage to display it. He was, naturally, brave and fearless—some have said that all Gemini persons are brave and fearless—but he would have been infinitely more comfortable if the duty before him did not carry with it such strong possibilities. He felt much as a rat in a trap.

"Of course, I may count on your full assistance?"

"Lost certain," said Bulger, in great assurance. "You ain't awful sorry you took the contract, are you?"

"Contract" is a little strong," laughed Jerry, "but I can't say that I am downright sorry."

"That's the spirit—it's a heap stronger 'n I thought it would be. Make yourself 'a' home and everything 'll come out to your entire satisfaction. Why, lad, it's a treat for you."

"But, captain, tell me—won't our government learn of this some time—and isn't there the possibility of unpleasantness?"

"Young man, the U. S. A. ain't my gov'ment, and, to be frank with you, I don't care a whoop in blue hell what it does. I ain't afeared of it."

"You're not an American?"

"Never was—never will be."

"What is your country?"

"Advertisin' don't always pay," chuckled Bulger.

CHAPTER VI.

Bulger's Heart and Jerry's Spirit.



"To the Uranian insurrectionists?" gasped Jerry, staring wildly at the smiling captain.

It was after midnight when Jerry went to his narrow bunk. For an hour or more he tossed about with a nervousness that was almost chilling. In a moment of his wildest emotion he half determined to attempt an escape from the old vessel, but an afterthought assured him that the wily captain had planned to keep him under watch all the time.

Before he finally fell asleep he was reconciled to his fate, and just before his uneasy mind found temporary relief he was experiencing, in a degree, the sensation of actually yearning for the climax to this phase of his extraordinary adventure.

He was on deck at the first gray tint of dawn. Here and there members of the small crew were sleeping in blankets that served as both beds and coverings. The old boat was moving along at what seemed to him small pace. The shore was barely visible. Jerry was standing against the railing, his eyes fixed on the dim streaks in the east, when Capt. Bulger came on deck.

"Well!" exclaimed the captain. "I'm s'prised to find you up so early. Even Mother Carey's chickens ain't off their roosts yet. Didn't you sleep well?"

"I don't think I did. A bunk is a bit new to me, you know."

"Sure it wasn't worry that kept you from restin' well?"

"I think not—that is, not exactly worry. Still, I must confess that I did an unusual amount of thinking. When do you expect to reach Ringo Island?"

"Maybe in five weeks. We'll put in three or four times—once at Havana, where I'll be able to tell you more definite about things that interest you most."

Jerry drank his strong coffee with Capt. Hank Bulger half an hour later. Notwithstanding the assurance he had given, the officer was certain that he detected signs of worry and apprehension in the young man's manners. After a time he said:

"Lad, I'm gettin' more'n more to the belief that you ain't feelin' just as chipper as you might—'cause o' worryin' about what's ahead of us. I like you fast rate, and I ain't goin' to do nothin' that'll rub too hard ag'in the grain. I think you're square all 'round; and the more I've been thinkin' 'bout deceivin' you the more I've been hankerin' for a way to polish up my conscience. You should 'a' known before we started just where you was goin' and what you'd be expected to do. But you know I didn't know you from Adam's off ox, and I ain't got your full pedigree yet. Still, I believe you're o' the right sort, and I'm goin' to take a chance. If you want to leave this boat at Havana you can; there'll be no strings tied to you. Do you want to leave the Mary?"

"I'll stick with you, captain!" he said, the excited emotions raging wildly within. "You may count on me to the finish!"

"Good!" cried the captain, extending his hand, which Jerry gripped firmly as he brought his teeth together in determination. "And you'll be glad of it, I'll warrant."

Jerry's heart brightened and he was actually happy. His spirit of adventure now was thoroughly aroused, and he longed for the exciting times that he felt sure were ahead of him.

The Sister Mary kept close to shore all the way down to Havana, where the second of the stops was made. It was two weeks to the day after leaving New York that the old craft slowly glided into the harbor of the Cuban metropolis, where several days were spent in re-coaling. On the second day Capt. Bulger communicated with a representative of the Uranian revolutionists—Senor Emilio Chahara, receiving from him final instructions for landing the guns on Ringo Island.

On the rest of the trip the course was well out at sea, the rocky outlines of the northern parts of South America coming to view only at intervals of days at a time. All the time the Sister Mary crept along slowly, the captain using the jury-rig as much as possible in order to save fuel.

some liquor for himself, Bulger said: "Lad, we'll be in sight o' Ringo by dusk to-morrow, if everything goes well. Have you anything to suggest?"

"No suggestions at all, captain," he answered. "I am ready to act on your instructions."

"Well, then, we'll make final preparations in the mornin'—get the guns in shape to put into the small boats. Chahara told me to swing around to the nor'west p'int o' the island till we come to a protrudin' cliff. There'll be a white sheet stuck up there. That's where the guns will be landed. The water there is shallower than I thought, and we'll not be able to get closer 'n half a mile o' the place."

The two remained on deck until after midnight talking over the plans. At last Jerry said:

"Captain, I'm going to see that those guns are properly landed and to come back to you with a receipt for them if it lies within my power to get it. But there is a possibility that, in view of what Chahara said about the shallow water, we might have some difficulty. You know it will take a long time to finish the job. If anything should go wrong, and we should be parted in some way, I wish you would make it a point to—"

"To hunt you up?" provided the captain, lightly.

"Yes, in a way. I want you to see that I don't stay on that island forever."

"I understand, lad."

"And, captain," Jerry went on, after a little thought, taking a pencil and an envelope from his pocket, "I'll just give you the address of my father in New York, in case—"

"You'd best be goin' to your bunk, Jerry," laughed the captain; "you're gettin' sort o' sentimental."

CHAPTER VII.

The Surprise at Ringo Island.

"There! To the left a leetle, Jerry! Look sharp! Don't you see?" said Capt. Bulger, peering through his glasses from the hurricane deck late in the afternoon of the next day.

Jerry quickly brought his glasses to the direction indicated and looked intently for a moment.

"It looks like a heavy haze," said he.

"That's Ringo! We'll make it in three hour."

Jerry remained on the hurricane deck until the ragged outlines of the island could be distinguished plainly. It was still quite light, and the captain ordered the steam shut down for a time. A stiff wind was blowing and the water was choppy, making the Sister Mary restless and uneasy. Jerry naturally was excited, despite the fact that he tried to keep cool and composed, and when the order came to put on steam again his heart beat wildly. The sky was as clear as a crystal, to the utter disappointment of Bulger. It was about six o'clock when the vessel crept to within a mile of the shore. Here she was swung around and all eyes were on the lookout for the white sheet on the cliff. In order that the signal might not be overlooked, three of the small boats were sent closer to land. The ship went on slowly for about two miles farther, when the captain suddenly ordered all steam off.

"The first boat sees it!" shouted Bulger, unable to conceal his excitement. "See, it's signalin' yet! This is the place, and—yes, sir—ee, I can see the sheet myse'f now! Right straight over there, Jerry; see that spot high up—that white spot?"

Jerry brought his glasses to play on the object indicated and kept them there a full minute.

"That must be the sheet," said he, moving nervously. "And, see! There are some men moving about down below it! We're expected!"

Capt. Bulger looked long, finally exclaiming:

"Barado's men, as I live! This business is movin' along like it was on greased lightning!"

The small boat had signaled the captain that the revolutionists were there to receive the guns, and was headed for the Sister Mary. Within a few minutes the other boats had returned.

"Lower all boats," ordered Bulger, "and pack the guns on as fast as possible. We'll be through with this thing before we get started."

The eight small boats were quickly loaded and manned to start to the island. The captain had difficulty in keeping his men on the ship until it became darker. The delay was irritating to Jerry, who was assigned to the first boat that was to start in. Time and time again he urged that the move be begun. After a while a small boat was seen to put out from shore, and all eyes on the Sister Mary watched it as it neared hailing distance. Capt. Bulger spoke it in Spanish, which Jerry understood.

The man at the bow called out excitedly, and both Bulger and Jerry turned deathly pale.

"The hell you say!" roared Bulger,

forgetting that the man in the boat did not understand English. Then, in Spanish, he spoke rapidly and excitedly for several minutes, being interrupted frequently by the man from the shore, who was to receive the guns for Barado. The small boat started back, and Capt. Bulger turned sharply and paced across the deck, his head down in deep thought. It was plain to everybody that he was much disturbed. Jerry was close at his heels.

"What—what does it all mean, captain?" he asked.

"We are expected!" answered Bulger, and the big veins in his neck stood out. "The Uranian government has learned of this movement and it's on the lookout sharp! Barado's man says to hurry, hurry, hurry! At first he urged that I give it up, but I kicked like a stung shark at that. Them guns have got to be landed—and this very day! There's 50 or 60 rebels ashore waitin' for 'em. They're keepin' pretty much to 'emselves, for the government's gunboat Cristobal is in these waters—just where, they don't seem to know. But it's near, that's certain."

Jerry was quick to bring himself together and face the inevitable, and, with teeth firmly set and his greatest courage buoyed up, he urged that there be no further delay in taking the guns to the island. Capt. Bulger could not refrain from commenting on the young man's fearlessness.

Jerry went ashore with the first boatload of guns, accompanied by four sailors. He had been instructed to remain on shore until all the guns had been sent away in the boats.

As the boats were returning to the vessel after the third trip in, Capt. Bulger, who was keenly watching from the hurricane deck, uttered an exclamation of horror. For an instant his blood was frozen, his senses paralyzed.

Stealing down the shore was a low, rakish black craft headed straight for the Sister Mary. She had come from a point less than four miles away. Bulger caught the attention of the men in the returning boats, and they laid full strength to the oars.

As soon as the last set of sailors had scrambled over the side of the vessel the steam was high and great clouds of black smoke were rolling from the weather-stained funnel. The ship was swung around sharply to the open and every ounce of steam put on. The intruder was bearing down fast, and the rugged Bulger's heart almost stood still. There seemed to be no possibility of escape, and in a moment of wild rage he determined to keep away from the chaser as long as possible and then, to prevent capture, scuttle and burn the Sister Mary. There was a puff of white smoke from the ominous-looking craft and then a spout of water to the old boat's stern. Capt. Bulger knew that the range was too great for accuracy, but that it would be a matter of only a short time until the government's scout would be near enough to do damage. He watched the approach of the little warship and cursed as only a seasoned sailor can curse. Closer and closer the gunboat came, glazing with every turn of the propeller. With a shout that could be heard in almost every part of the vessel Bulger ordered the men to prepare for setting the ship on fire. Then, before the men had time to respond, he observed that the chaser was turning around. The order was countermanded, and the old captain's hopes rose high. The scout had seen lights on the shore, and, to Bulger's utmost surprise, it gave up the chase for the Sister Mary and started straight for the island. She knew the waters of Ringo well and she plowed through the choppy waves until she was within a quarter of a mile from land. Then, under the protection of the guns, boatload after boatload Uranian marines started in to shore.

Jerry Chambers was the only one of the Sister Mary's flock ashore!

The insurrectionists were practically helpless to resist, and, panic-stricken, they abandoned the guns, for which they possessed no ammunition, and ran madly to the heavy thicket. The marines were wading through the shallow water, guns in hand, before many of the revolutionists succeeded in reaching the dense growth of bushes, and those in the fore were beginning to shoot.

Jerry Chambers was witless for a time, and, in his uncontrollable excitement, simply ran along the shore line, not knowing whether to go. He was a target for the shots of the marines, some of whom were near enough to land to make their voices distinctly heard by him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Silver in the Ocean.

A German technical journal has gone to the trouble of estimating that the water of the whole ocean contains in solution over 2,000,000 tons of pure silver.

VALUABLE INFORMATION
for the Buyers of
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Does it run easy.
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sewing machine recently placed on the market by the Free Sewing Machine Co. combines the best qualities of all other machines. It is the latest, best and most complete achievement in building of a sewing machine. Compare it with all other machines in anything in which they claim to excel and you will find it **FREE** easily the best.

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The Spur Farm Lands are now being open to sale, and offered to the homeseeker selection from a body 430,000 acres in extent, all under one ownership.

The immense property is being sub-divided into quarter-sections, and sold direct from the owners to the farmer, thus insuring him best values for his outlay, as the land is not loaded with selling commissions.

The first offerings are in Dickens County, Texas. Land produces wonderfully; easily cultivated. Reliable cotton territory, this crop having never failed. Absolutely free from boll-weevil, it cannot propagate here. Corn and feed stuff and a great range of farm crops produce abundantly. Ideal for hog raising, cholera unknown.

The Stamford & Northwestern Railway is being pushed into this country and will be operating in time to handle the 1909 crop. Present purchasers get the benefit of best prices, easy terms, with certainty of railroad facilities and increased value of holdings. Fine healthful climate, altitude about 2000, lying below the plains.

For further information, address Charles A. Jones, Manager for S. M. Swenson & Sons, Espula, Dickens County, Texas.

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WACO NURSERY

As agent of the Waco Nursery I have located in Haskell, and will take your orders for trees, shrubbery and shade trees. We sell on a guarantee and I will be on the ground to deliver the stock. See me before you give your orders to others.

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NOTICE.

Will sell one of the best farms in Haskell County 1 3-8 miles north of Court House, containing 240 acres, every foot tillable. Easy terms. Write owner.

A. P. McLemore.

Abilene,

48-6t

Texas.

Stockholders Meeting.

Notice is hereby given that a regular meeting of the stockholders of the Haskell National Bank, at Haskell National Bank at Haskell, Texas, will be held in the office of said bank, on 2nd Tuesday, January 1909, at 2 o'clock p.m. for the purpose of electing a board of directors for said bank, and the transaction of such other business as may properly come before such meeting.

G. E. Langford,
Cashier.

HER DOUBTS



countenance.

"Don't you feel well?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, I feel all right," she said, and sighed.

"Something is bothering you," he insisted, as they sat down. "Tell me."

The pretty young woman sighed again. "Edgar," she said, impressively, "I got to thinking to-day and I couldn't help wondering whether you came to see me because you really wanted to or because you thought you had to, seeing that we are engaged. Is it—?"

"Well!" exclaimed the young man, cheerfully. "That's simple enough to settle. It's because I want to, of course!"

"That's what you say," persisted the young woman, "but there's no way for me really to be sure. Besides, you may be deceiving yourself. You may think it's because you want to come when in reality it may be only your exaggerated sense of duty."

"Don't you suppose that I'd rather be with you than anywhere else?" exclaimed the young man. "So don't let that foolish idea worry you."

"You didn't think any idea of mine was foolish before we were engaged," objected the young woman. "Anything I did was right. You see how it is—I've grown to be an old story already and you begin to see my faults. Of course I know that I have faults, but it hurts to find that you are beginning to see them. You wouldn't if you weren't bored. That shows—"

"Nothing of the sort!" said the young man. "I don't see what on earth ails you! Don't I act glad enough to come?"

"Edgar," said the young woman, "that isn't the point! What I'm trying to get at is whether or not you are deceiving yourself! It makes all the difference in the world to me! You know perfectly well that you would not be content to come here seven evenings in a week forever and never go anywhere else! You'd miss your friends and everything!"

"Oh, I don't know!" said the young man, heroically.

"Didn't you enjoy yourself awfully at the fraternity banquet last week?" she asked. "Now, be honest."

"Why, of course I did!" admitted the young man.

"There!" cried the young woman, tragically. "That proves what I said! It is a relief to you to get away from me! I've no doubt that lots of evenings you come here when you really are longing to go somewhere else! Don't people ask you sometimes to go with them?"

"Johnson wanted me to play billiards one night this week," admitted the young man. "But—"

"You love billiards," said the young woman, mournfully. "I know you wanted to go. Wasn't it to-night he asked you?"

"What's the difference?" asked the young man. "I'm here and I'd rather be here!"

"You sacrificed yourself because you thought I wouldn't understand," persisted the young woman. "I'd rather never see you than have it this way! Just as soon as a feeling of duty steps in love goes. Why, it won't be a month before you won't care two straws for me! It was just a premonition this afternoon, but now I—I know! And if I hadn't forced it from you you'd have gone on to the bit-bitter end!"

"Now, Annabel," said the distracted young man, trying to pull her handkerchief to her eyes, "this is foolish and I don't understand in the least what you are talking about! There isn't any bitter end or any other kind! Don't you think I love you as much as ever? Don't I act that way?"

"But what's the good of acting if it isn't real?" wept the young woman. "And how can I tell?"

"Didn't I give up billiards to-night to come here?" demanded the young man, sternly. "And I hadn't promised to come or anything either, and could have telephoned just as easily as not that I wouldn't be here. How about that?"

"That's so," admitted the young woman, dropping her handkerchief. "I hadn't thought of that. Tell me truly—It was really because you wanted to come, not because you thought I'd expect you anyhow!"

"Truly," vowed the young man.

"I'm a horrid, suspicious creature!" said the young woman, contritely. "Only it upset me so when I got to thinking about it. You go and play billiards to-night, Edgar!"

"I'd rather—" began the young man, nobly.

"No," said the young woman. "I insist!"

"Well, of course, if you insist. Only you know I'd rather be here!"

"Would you, really?" asked the pretty young woman, happily. "Of course I believe you, Edgar, but are you sure?"

"—Chicago Daily News.

TRACES WATER UNDER GROUND.

Invention of Frenchman Discovers Subterranean Streams.

A rational device for finding underground currents of water has been invented by a Frenchman named Dierert. It was suggested by the instrument known as Daguin's acoustele—a device for the analysis of sounds, looking somewhat like a megaphone. To use it a hole about a foot deep is sunk in the earth and the large end of the horn is placed in it, tubes attached to the small end being inserted in the ears. If there is underground running water anywhere in the vicinity it may be heard plainly, the sound resembling that of the wind in a forest. Still water, of course, cannot be detected. Experiments with this instrument near known subterranean streams have succeeded well, but it does not appear that it has ever discovered any hitherto unsuspected stream. There seems to be no reason, however, why it should not be so used.

WAS NOT GREATLY IMPRESSED.

Visitor's Speech Dealt with Frankly by Youthful Critic.

Princess Lwoff Parlaghy, the Hungarian painter, was asked in Philadelphia to address a women's club on portrait painting—a subject that would have much interest, for the artist has done portraits of the kaiser, the czar and others celebrities.

But she declined to deliver the address.

"I cannot speak impromptu," she said, "and what is more wearisome than a speech read from notes?"

"A friend of mine once spoke before a class of school children on literature. She had spent a week writing the speech. She read it to the little ones, as she hoped, with great success."

"But the next day she heard that a boy, on being asked by his mother what had happened at the school, replied carelessly:

"Oh, nothing much, except a lady talked to herself on a piece of paper."

Fresh Grapes All Winter.
The grapes were very fresh and sweet.

"These must be hothouse grapes," said the guests.

But the host pointed from the window toward his gray garden, where, sheathed in ice, a leafless vine shivered in the blast.

"The grapes came from that vine," he said, "two months ago."

"But how have you kept them so fresh?"

"I'll tell you the secret. When I want to keep my grapes I cut each bunch with a long stem, with quite eight inches of stem. Then I take a lot of wide-mouthed bottles and fill them with water. Then I hang the grape bunches in the cellar, their long stems each in a bottle, taking care that the grapes themselves are in contact with nothing (that would rot them), and that the stems are buried deep in the water. They keep so for five or six months. I can keep so a hundred bunches all winter without losing a bunch."

So Tired.
He was the laziest tramp that ever waited at the water tank for a south-bound freight.

"Partner," he drawled when a young man passed that way, "got any tobacco?"

"Guess so," responded the youth, fumbling in his pocket and pulling forth a bag of mixture.

"Got any cigarette papers?"

"A few."

"Well, make me a cigarette, that's a good fellow."

With a few dextrous twists the stranger handed over the "coffin nail."

The tramp yawned.

"Say, partner," he said, finally, "would yer mind puffing dat dope an' blowing de smoke in my face? I feel awfully tired—too tired to smoke."

World's Sugar Production.
An estimate by the British board of trade of the sugar production of the world for 1906 makes a total of 14,312,716 long tons, of which 7,317,472 tons were cane and 6,995,244 tons beet, the production of both kinds advancing practically at the same rate since 1898.

In the production of cane sugar British India had the largest output of 2,223,400 tons, and in beet sugar Germany ranked first, with an output of 2,362,187 tons. In consumption of sugar per head Australia stands first at 129 pounds, the United States coming next with 89 pounds, and the United Kingdom following at 81 pounds.

During Gun Firing.
The British admiralty has given attention to the question of ear protection during heavy gun firing, and it has been decided to use plasticine, with the addition of cotton wool, but the form of ear protection to be used is to be left to the individual choice of officers and men. Plasticine may be supplied to ships and gunnery schools if specially demanded. The addition of 50 to 60 grains of cotton wool has been recommended to insure perfect safety. It is pointed out that the cost of the material is very small and its use is often desirable.

Bridget's Mistake.
"I have a great joke on the old woman," said Pat. "I think Bridget must be getting a bit near-sighted. She was out for ten minutes this morning, calling to the scarecrow to come to breakfast. What do you think of that?"

"Well, if I were you," said Mike, "I'd either get a new suit of clothes or a younger wife."

THE SIGNAL MAN'S STORY

Bruin Enjoyed His Electric Bath.

"I sat up there in my signal tower in the Otterkill valley," said the talkative railroad telegraph operator, "blowing smoke rings from my pipe and jumping through them when I heard the train dispatcher calling me on the wire. I answered and he directed me to put the bug against extra 733 west, as he had orders to give 'em."

"In that tower we had in addition to the ordinary semaphore signals a distant signal for westbound trains, as they approached the tower from a curve on a down grade. It was operated by an electric switch in the tower.

"So when I received the instructions from the train dispatcher I set the electric signal and waited for the 733 to show. In a few minutes I was surprised to see her come around the curve under full head of steam, making about 30 miles an hour with a light train. Of course as soon as the engineer saw the semaphore at the tower at danger he whistled for down brakes and halted her, as the railroad expression is when the engineer is compelled to reverse his locomotive in order to make a sudden stop.

"At that they ran a couple of train lengths by the tower and the conductor had to walk back about 500 feet to get the dispatcher's message. To make a conductor cheerful, just compel him to walk a few extra feet for a message setting out additional work for his crew.

"Well, say, you would have had to have a shorthand specialist to get down the shorter and uglier words which passed between the knight of the throttle, the train crew and myself. They averred that I hadn't set the distant signal at danger to warn them what to expect when they came in sight of the tower. I just as strenuously maintained that I had set the signal. But what was my word against seven or eight of them?"

"The same thing happened several times and I got reported to the superintendent as being lax in my watchful care of the signals. I vigorously defended myself and set forth that the electric signal must be out of kilter, so they sent a lineman to look it over.

"We tested it thoroughly, the lineman walking around the curve and staying there while I threw the signal to danger and released it time and again. It worked to perfection.

"Of course it looked bad for me. In the eyes of the boss I was getting to be an undesirable citizen and he was rapidly taking shape in my mind as a flabby person troubled with stony degeneration of the heart.

"Notwithstanding the close inspection of the repair man the incorrigible signal still sulked, its balking being particularly apparent just after dusk at night and along just before daybreak in the morning. In the gloaming one evening I set a distant signal in order to stop the Mountain express, owing to obstructed track. The repair man happened to be in the tower.

"The way that passenger came around that turn was a caution. Having high pressure air brakes, they stopped without going a great distance. This was the last straw for me. Leaving the inspector in charge of the tower, I ran around the curve with a lantern to do a little inspecting on my own hook.

"Approaching the signal I saw it was at safety all right. I heard howls of pain and then saw a large bear seated on the base of the metal signal pole making frantic endeavors to free himself. Hastily getting a gun, we dispatched his bearship and thereafter the signal was right up to snuff.

"The way we doped it out was that at some time or other the bear had swum the Otterkill creek and, his way taking him across the track, accidentally his paw came in contact with the electrical signal. You know dampness increases the strength of an electric current and the bear's wet body, fresh from the creek, made a fine conductor and he got an extra heavy dose.

"He rather liked the sensation. So every night and morning, before retiring and after leaving his bed, Bruin would swim the Otterkill and sit on the signal for a free electrical bath. His wet body had the effect of short-circuiting the semaphore, rendering it locked at clear and inoperative.

"The night he got caught the electric current became so strong as to hold him in its grasp, just the same as you see people try to let go of those electric machines which test your electrical endurance, although the motions he went through in trying to free himself would have made one of those chorus girls doing a Salomy dance look like a wooden Indian afflicted with locomotor ataxia."

"Say," put in the tall, cynical conductor, "I should think you could make more money selling those electrical bear traps than you do operating 'em from the signal tower."

Scientists Found in Error.
After regarding it as a true mollusc for many years, French scientists have found that a small snail-like creature found on trees is the larva of a species of fly.

Makes Horse-Cleaning Easy.
By a new adaptation of the vacuum-cleaning machine a horse can be cleaned in less than one-fourth the time that the ordinary curry comb and brush take.

FOR SALE

1.—197½ acres red sandy land in the N. R. Brister survey, nine miles southeast of Haskell, 50 acres in cultivation, 3 room house, cistern for drinking and plenty of stock water. Price \$25 per acre, 1-3 or 1-2 cash, balance 1, 2, 3 and 4 years at 8 per cent. interest.

2.—Six room house and 3 lots northeast suburbs, 2 wells cow sheds and storm house. Price \$1400.

3.—320 acres black land six miles north of town, 100 acres in cultivation, 4 room house, cistern. Price \$30 per acre, ½ cash, balance in seven notes to run 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 years, 8 per cent interest.

4.—160 to 200 acres 4 miles north of town to include 3 16 foot room house, two porches and a hall, black land, part in cultivation, good cistern and tank. Price \$35 per acre, one-third cash, balance 1 to 5 years at 8 per cent interest.

5.—213 acres of land in the Antonio Rodriguez survey, at \$21.00 per acre. Terms to be arranged.

6.—205 acres 19 miles northeast of Haskell, 8 miles from railroad town of Goree, 2 two room houses, barn sheds, two good wells, will cut if can find buyer for all of it, 125 acres in cultivation, 90 per cent smooth black prairie land. Price \$35 per acre cash. One acre reserved for store building and residence occupying same.

7.—312 acres of hog waller black land, big mesquite timber, three miles west of Weiner, and ten miles north of Haskell on the Haskell and Benjamin road, fenced three sides, fencing belongs to land. Lake Creek runs through south side, good tank site, roads on west and south side. Price \$30, one-third cash, balance, one to 5 years at 8 per cent interest.

8.—320 acres, dark loam, almost black, mesquite timber 12 miles from Haskell, 5 miles southeast of Weinert, all tillable, 65 acres in cultivation, two 2 room houses, good well and wind mill, lots and 2 cribs fenced and cross fenced. Rented for 1909. Price \$30 one-half cash, bal. 1 to 5 yrs. 8 per cent interest.

Martin & Jansky, Agts.
HASKELL, - - - TEXAS.

MONEY

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Do not let any dealer impose any cheaper grade on you. If you do you are endangering your home by fire. Ask for **EUPION OIL**

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For any further information phone No. 144 or 147

McMichall-Tucker.

On Wednesday the 23rd of Dec. at the home of Mr. W. B. P. Tucker, their daughter Miss Julia was married to Mr. W. A. McMichall of Louisiana. Rev. Jno. A. Arbuckle officiated.

The bride and groom will return to Louisiana to make their home. The Free Press extends its best wishes to the young couple.

Miss Eva Fields is visiting at Wills Point.

Mr. J. T. Hester of Rochester

stated to us Monday that had it not been for his grain crop last year he would have been in a bad condition financially. He has eighty-five acres in oats and sixteen acres in wheat that is up doing well. He said he would plant more oats yet.

Mr. J. T. Hester of Rochester called at our office Monday and cashed up his subscription account.