

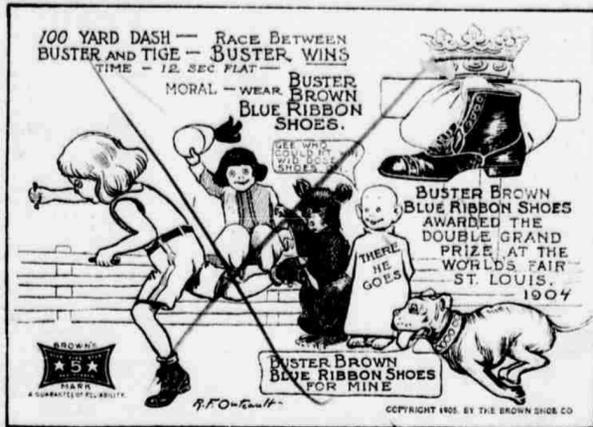
# The Haskell Free Press.

VOLUME XXIV.

HASKELL, HASKELL COUNTY, TEXAS, SATURDAY MORNING SEPTEMBER 11, 1909.

NUMBER 37

## Collier's Drug Store Always in the LEAD.



### C. D. GRISSOM & SON.

The Store With the Goods.



Latest fashions received monthly. A copy to any lady free that calls for it, Butterick quarterly. A large complete fashion book, price 25 cts. with any pattern you may select free. Have a large stock of patterns on hand and will order any number not in stock and get it to you in five or six days. The new double size Delineator. 15c a copy or one dollar a year. Mailed to any address.

S. L. ROBERTSON, Agt.  
Haskell, Texas.

#### HAS VALUABLE DOCUMENT

Edwin W. Ler an ex student of the University of Texas, for the past eight or nine years a clerk in the Comptrollers Office, and a candidate for Comptroller in 1910, has turned over to the State Librarian at Austin a copy of an old bond for \$100,000, that his grandfather gave in 1839, when he was appointed by President Lamar, Government Agent to select a site for the Texas Capitol, to plan and lay off the City of Austin, to sell the first lots, and erect all public buildings.

The news now comes from the far north that Capt. Peary too has discovered the North Pole, a feat he says he performed April 6th this year.

Peary also denies that Capt. Cook made a discovery of the Pole. He has wired that the eskimous that were with Cook say that Cook was never out of sight of land.

There seems room to doubt the sincerity of both explorers.

#### Spelling Bee

Friday night, the 2nd instant at the M. E. Church, the Christian Ladies Aid Society engaged the Aid Society of the Methodist Church in an old fashioned spelling bee.

Websters old blue back speller was used, and the contestants were selected from the members of the societies and their husbands.

Mrs. E. L. Adams headed the the class of Christian ladies and Mrs. S. W. Scott headed the class of the Christian ladies of the M. E. Church Society.

The first contest was won by Mrs. G. J. Graham of the M. E. Home Mission Society, and she was also the last of her class to Miss in the second contest, in the latter she went down on the word "brasier" which also seated the four or five remaining members of the other class.

Mr. R. E. Sherrill pronounced the words for the classes. It was really astonishing how few words were spelled. This scribe entered the contest under the dread of having to stand up there and spell the old book through, but fortunately we got mixed on doubling a consonant and earned a seat the second word we attempted to spell. We do not recall that any body else was more fortunate to regain a seat. Many of the spellers would become confused, forget the word they were spelling and conclude with an unheard of syllable in the amusing way so often witnessed in the school room of old.

Upon the whole the occasion was enjoyable and amusing. It brought to the mind of those of mature years, happy memories of the past, and many of us went away minus years of accumulated conceit. Those of us who have indulged in the soothing belief of our own superiority over common mortals, went away less conceited, humbled and we hope wiser, broader and better men and women.

#### NOTICE

The Hon. J. W. Boynton of Anson will speak in Haskell, Sunday, Sept. 19th. His address will be devoted to some topic or topics coming under the general head of Christian Education. Every body in Haskell should hear this address. A fuller notice will be given later.

#### GREER-SHAW

On Wednesday, Sept. the 8th Jas. A. Greer, the talented editor of the Stamford Tribune, and Miss Willie Rose Shaw, a beautiful and accomplished young lady of Stamford, were married at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hicks of this city.

The couple came over from Stamford unannounced and called by the Free Press office where they found Mr. Hicks, who is a relative of the groom, and who invited them to his home where the ceremony was preformed at eleven o'clock a. m. by Rev. Jno. A. Arbuckle.

Mrs. Hicks was taken completely by surprise and was busy preparing the noon day meal when she was apprised of what was going to happen.

After the ceremony the couple remained and took the first nuptial meal at the hospitable home of their kinsman. At 2 o'clock p. m. they left for Stamford, where they will make their future home.

The Free Press extends its congratulations and best wishes for the success and happiness of our brother editor and his beautiful wife.

#### Broom Makers Organized Local Union

The broom makers employed at the Haskell Broom Factory had a meeting on Labor day Monday Sept. 6th and organized a Local Union of the International Broom and Whisk makers union.

The following officers were elected.

President, J. A. Burton  
Vice Pres, W. S. Biggs.  
Recd. Sec. A. O. Hancock.  
Sec. Treas. C. B. McConnell.  
Guide, Parris Stepp.  
Guard, Wm. Cross.  
Trustees, C. L. Lyans, Wm. Cross and Paris Stepp.

The Haskell Broom Co. has signed a contract with the Local Union to use the Union label for one year. The International Broom and Whisk makers Union is an organization of great strength and is doing a great deal toward making the Broom trade a success both to the manufacturer and the workman C. B. McConnell 1st vice president of the International Organization conducted the organization of the new Local Union.

#### REPORT ON KAFFIR CORN AND MAIZE

Farmers will please remember the report called for in circular letter of May 28th. A report correctly and intelligently kept of the planting, cultivation and yield of these crops this season will be worth a great deal to the farmers next year. If the record has been carelessly and incorrectly kept the fine opportunity for testing these crops afforded by this year's season will have been lost. A great many have planted entirely too thick and failed to work the crop enough, and these facts ought to be reported and let the facts speak for themselves. We want the report whether good or bad results have come from the crop.

Remember also the \$10.00 premium, \$10.00 in addition to the regular price, offered in the same letter. This is worth trying for.

R. E. Sherrill.

#### AGENTS WANTED

I want local and district agents for THE EMPIRE LIFE INSURANCE CO. of Beaumont, Texas, one of the best Companies in the south-west. Will give a good liberal contract. For particulars, write to, W. C. Rylander, Gen. Agent, Belton, Texas.

37-3t.Pd

#### PROGRAM FOR THE MEETING OF THE CENTRAL WEST TEXAS ASSOCIATION OF COMMERCIAL CLUBS.

Loarine Texas, Sept. 14th  
9:30 p. m. Address of Welcome - W. H. Henthorne, Mayor.  
Response - Hon. W. T. Potter, President.

10:00 a. m. Address, "Possibilities of Kaffir Corn and Milo Maize" - Dr. Carleton B. Ball, Government Expert, representing the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

10:45 a. m. Address, "Needs of Central West Texas From an Agricultural Standpoint" - Dr. H. H. Harrington, Director of State Experimental Stations.

11:30 a. m. Address, Hon. A. B. Davidson, Lieutenant Governor of the State of Texas.

12:00 a. m. Address, "Good Roads" - Judge Jas. P. Stinson, County Judge of Jones County.

12:30 p. m. Lunch.  
2:00 p. m. Address - Hon. Ed R. Kone, Commissioner of Agriculture of Texas.

3:00 p. m. Illustrated Lecture by J. A. Arnold, President Texas Commercial Secretaries' Association.

4:00 p. m. Address, "Commercial Clubs and Their Relation to the town, and Vice Versa" - O. P. Thomas, Abilene.

4:30 p. m. Business Session.

J. E. Robertson, J. V. Hudson, H. S. Wilson, C. D. Long and Joe McCrary have returned from an auto trip to Roswell N. M.

We now have the Juanita flour, better than ever.  
W. W. Fields & Son.  
37-4t

Editor J. D. Hall of the Rule Review was a caller at our sanctum yesterday.

Sheriff M. E. Park returned this week from Arkada, La. with Oscar Massey, who is charged with an assault with intent to murder, in the district court,

#### CITY SCHOOLS OPEN MONDAY

The Public Free Schools of the City will open Monday, Sept. 13th.

It is very important that every pupil be present on the first day to save time and trouble in organization and classification. It is hoped that all students will realize that it is of the utmost importance to their success to be in regular attendance. A person may quit picking cotton one day and return the next and do good work; not that way in school, for it takes some time before he can fill in the work of the lost day and begin real work with the class. Irregular attendance is the greatest cause of dissatisfaction on the part of the pupil and frequently gives rise to conditions that occasion the pupil to withdraw from school.

All the pupils will gather in the respective rooms they occupied last session; as soon as those who were regularly promoted are determined they will be conducted to the rooms they are to occupy this session. They should bring what books they think they need and have on hand; but under no circumstances buy any books until instructed to do so by the teacher in charge. Lessons will be assigned for those regularly promoted, and all the pupils are to report again at school Tuesday at 1 o'clock for work.

On Monday examinations will be given (1) for those who did not take the examination last session, (2) for those who failed but have been preparing during the summer, and (3) for those new pupils who do not hold pass cards from accredited schools.

#### NOTICE TO FIRE BOYS.

All fire boys are requested to be present at the City Hall on next Tuesday night, Sept. 14th, business of importance to be attended to.

The City Council are respectfully invited to meet with them.

JACK SIMMONS, Chief.

VERABEST is the name of our new flour. You may have tried all the other flour but VERABEST is the finest I have ever sold, don't take my word for it but try a sack. Sold only by S. L. Robertson. 4t

I will teach a class in music at the residence of Mrs. R. W. Tyson, near the north ward school house, beginning Sept. 13 and solicit patronage of those who have children they desire to take music.

Mrs. H. R. Jones.

#### Dead Property.

About the deadiest piece of property a man owns is a watch that doesn't run. Why did you buy a watch? Was it because it was pretty or cheap? No, it was because you wanted a time piece.

If you are experiencing some trouble with your watch bring it to Evans. My stock of Watches and Jewelry is more complete now than ever, and we handle a class of Jewelry that appeals to the criticizing buyer. We venture the assertion that there is not a more up-to-date little stock of Jewelry in West Texas than we have.

We believe in quality; everything we sell must give satisfaction.

Bring us your repairing and buy your Jewelry of us.

Gus Evans, Jeweler  
COGDELLS DRUG STORE

#### HOUSE PARTY

On the extensive ranch of thirty-five thousand acres belonging to the prosperous and hospitable ranchmen, S. S. Cummings & Sons in El Paso County fifteen miles south-east of Van Horn, a novel ranch house party was attended by a few honored guests.

The following were the honored guests: S. F. Cummings and family and Miss Meda Garner of Del Rio; Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Anthony and son, Cedric, of Austin; Miss Allie Irby, Mrs. Joe Irby and son Jerry of Haskell; Mr. and Mrs. Fred G. Irby of Kent.

The main features of amusement were mountain climbing, horse back riding and bathing. Never was feast more bountiful from garden, vineyard and poultry farm, also the fattest calf was killed.

On Monday night the thirtieth the guests, after a hay ride in the light of the moon, bid adieu to their gracious host and hostess altogether reluctantly and at 1:08 a. m. took the Southern Pacific railway for distant lands. All agreed that never had time been more pleasantly spent.

Lee Pierson has returned from a tour of the health resorts in Colorado.

### West Texas Loan Company

Representing four of the strongest Loan Companies in the country, have placed more money in Haskell and surrounding counties than any other company in the past few years. We give the quickest service, as we do our own inspecting and do not have to wait for inspectors to come from a distance. Our terms of payments are the most liberal, and the best of any Loan Contract. Be sure to call on me before you deal for MONEY. Also buy Vendor's Lien Notes.  
J. L. ROBERTSON, "The Loan Man" Manager,  
Office--State Bank, HASKELL, TEXAS.

Sugar Planters in the Islands Are Deriving Great Wealth from Plantations.

There are probably more self-made millionaires residing in Honolulu than in any city twice its size on the mainland.

Men of moderate means last spring became by fall men of great wealth after the sugar crop had been marketed.

The men of Hawaii who have created opportunities for themselves create opportunities for others.

One Trump, One Finger.

Joe Cowell, in his "Recollections of the Days Now Passed Away," tells a story characteristic of the days now passed away.

"Hello, stranger! What are you about? You have cut off one of my fingers," cried the dismembered man.

Curled Her to the Altar.

"The most ticklish job I ever tackled," said the hairdresser, "was accompanying a bride to church and curling her hair in the carriage.

"It's no use," she said. "I never can face people looking like this. There is only one thing to be done.

To Make Sleep Come.

If you cannot get to sleep try a sponge bath made thus: Into eight ounces of alcohol put two of ammonia and two of camphor.

Irving Was So Modest.

"Irving and Tennyson were very great friends," said the actor at the Hovey club.

Interesting Wagner Souvenir.

A curious Wagner souvenir in the form of a silk handkerchief was sold recently at Liepmann's, in Berlin.

NORTH POLE DISCOVERED BY DR. COOK OF NEW YORK

LONG SOUGHT FOR GOAL REACHED BY AMERICAN

Story of Finding Almost Forbidden Land April 21, 1908, and Dash for the Pole.

STARS AND STRIPES WERE PLANTED ON COVETED SPOT

Comparatively Smooth Ice Found at Pole by Explorer and Esquimaux Natives--Dr. Cook Writes of Experiences.

DR. COOK'S STORY. Lerwick, Shetland Islands, Wednesday.—After a prolonged fight against famine and frost we have at last succeeded in reaching the North Pole.

A new highway with an interesting strip of animated nature has at last been explored.

Big game haunts were located, which will delight the sportsman and extend the Eskimo horizon.

Land has been discovered on which rest the earth's northernmost rocks.

A triangle of 30,000 square miles has been cut out of the terrestrial unknown.

The expedition was the outcome of a summer cruise in Arctic seas. The yacht Bradley arrived at the limits of navigation in Smith Sound late in August, 1907.

Mr. John R. Bradley liberally supplied from the yacht suitable provisions for local use, and my own equipment.

Washington, Sept. 2.—Officials of the National Geographic Society of this city today are greatly elated at the news of the reported success of Dr. Cook in discovering the North Pole.

No news had been received from him and his friends reluctantly gave up hope of ever hearing from him again.

The departure of the relief ship Jeanie, early in the summer of 1909, from St. Johns, N. B., in search of the two Arctic exploration parties headed by Robert E. Peary and Dr. Frederick A. Cook, revived speculation as to the fate of the two polar expeditions.

How Cook Reached the Pole. ment for emergencies served well for every purpose of Arctic travel.

Many Eskimos had gathered on the camp were plenty of strong dogs.

The combination was lucky, for there was good material for an equipment, expert help and an efficient motor force and all that was required was conveniently arranged at a point only 700 miles from the boreal center.

A house and workshop was built of packing-boxes. The willing hands of this northernmost tribe of 250 people were set to the problem of devising a suitable outfit and before the end of the long winter night we were ready for the enterprise.

Plans were matured to force a new route over Grinnell Land and northward along its west coast out onto the Polar Sea.

Soon after the Polar midnight campaign opened. A few scouting parties were sent over to the American shores to explore a way and to seek game haunts.

Greenland shores at Annoctox for the winter bear hunt. Immense catches of meat had been gathered. About the

Their mission was only partly successfully because storms darkened the January moon.

At sunrise of 1908 (Feb. 19), the main expedition embarked for the pole. Eleven men and 103 dogs, drawing eleven heavily loaded sleds, left the Greenland shore and pushed westward over the troubled ice of Smith Sound.

The gloom of the long night was relieved by only a few hours of daylight. The chill of winter was felt at its worst.

In this march were procured 101 musk oxen, seven bears and 335 hare, and then we pushed out into the Polar Sea from the southern point of Peleberg Island.

As we crossed the heights of Ellesmere Sound to the Pacific slope the temperature sank to 83 degrees Fahrenheit. Several dogs were frozen and the men suffered severely.

The crossing of the campular pack was begun three days later, the other party, returned. The trains supporting them had been reduced by the survival of the fittest.

Copenhagen, Sept. 2.—Dr. Cook was on board the Danish steamer Hans Egede, which passed Lerwick, Shetland Islands, at noon yesterday, en route for Denmark.

"We have on board the American traveler, Dr. Cook, who reached the North Pole April 21, 1908.

"Dr. Cook arrived at Upernivik (northernmost Danish settlement in Greenland, on an island off the west coast), in May, 1909, from Cape York, (in northwest part of Greenland, on Baffin bay). Esquimaux at Cape York confirm Cooke's story of his journey."

Dr. Frederick Cook, accompanied by a Norwegian, left Etah, Greenland, March 3, 1908, taking with him eight Esquimaux, four sledges and twelve dog teams.

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already reached the pole. Cook and his party were last heard of on March 17, 1908, when they were north of Cape Hubbard at a point 500 miles from the pole.

Search for Dr. Cook was made by an expedition fitted out by Herbert L. Bridgman of New York and other friends of the Brooklyn explorer, including Captain Samuel W. Briggs of Newfoundland.

In case the Jeanie falls in with the Roosevelt, Mr. Peary's ship, the latter is to take command of both vessels and to become, so to speak, a commander of a small arctic fleet.

Dr. Cook went with an expedition to the north which was equipped by John R. Bradley. Mr. Bradley is an amateur explorer and has spent large sums of money to gratify his taste for adventure in the northern seas.

When the Umbrella Took Fire. Thomas Simpson, the Detroit malleable iron man, is a grave and dignified person, but once he made a joke.

He was sitting with a party of friends, one of whom was smoking an enormous cigar. The friend had difficulty in keeping the cigar going, and by his repeated lightings had frazzled the end of it until it was about twice its original size.

Suddenly Simpson began to laugh. "What are you laughing at, Tom?" asked another member of the party.

"I was wondering what Jim would do when that umbrella he is smoking begins to blaze," he said.—Saturday Evening Post.

Care in Preparing Food. In recent years scientists have proved that the value of food is measured largely by its purity; the result is the most stringent pure food laws that have ever been known.

One food that has stood out prominently as a perfectly clean and pure food and which was as pure before the enactment of these laws as it could possibly be is Quaker Scotch Oats; conceded by the experts to be the ideal food for making strength of muscle and brain.

For years Dr. Cook has given attention to Arctic explorations and in 1891-1892, he was the surgeon of the Peary Arctic expedition, and in 1897-1899 he was surgeon of the Belgian Antarctic expedition.

The dash was made in April 1908.

Naturally. Magistrate (to witness)—I understand that you overheard the quarrel between the defendant and his wife?

Witness—Yes, sir. Magistrate—Tell the court, if you can, what he seemed to be doing.

Witness—He seemed to be doing the listenin'.—Pearson's Weekly.

Rough on Rats, unbeatable exterminator. Rough on Hen Lice, Nest Powder, 25c.

Rough on Bedbugs, Powder or Liquid, 25c. Rough on Fleas, Powder or Liquid, 25c.

Rough on Roaches, Pow'd, 15c, Liq'd, 25c. Rough on Moth and Ants, Powder, 25c.

Rough on Squeeters, agreeable ointment, 25c. E. S. Wells, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J.

Wasn't Settled. Caller—Why is your servant going about the house with her hat on?

Mistress—She only came this morning and hasn't yet made up her mind whether she will stay or not.—Harper's Weekly.

For Headache Try Hicks' Capudina. Whether from Cold, Heat, Stomach or Nervous troubles, the aches are speedily relieved by Capudina. It's Liquid—pleasant to take—Effects immediately. 10, 25 and 50c at Drug Stores.

Cathedral Insured for Large Sum. St. Paul's Cathedral, London, is insured for \$475,000.

Washington, Sept. 3.—The United States owns the North Pole. There is no question that its discovery by a citizen of this Government carries title.

International lawyers and officials of the Government say there is no better title than that of discovery. From the beginning of history original title passed to the discoverers of land.

Government officials advance the opinion that the probability of land under the snow cap at the pole would give good grounds for the claim of sovereignty should any Nation dispute title.

The public attention is centered on the arctic region again because of the return from the North Pole of Dr. Frederick A. Cook and because of the momentary expectation that Command-er Robert E. Peary's expedition may be heard from and that the persistency of this explorer in searching for the North Pole may at last have been rewarded.

VALUE PAINTED ON.

Well painted is value added whether the house be built for one thousand dollars or ten thousand. Well painted means higher selling value, and higher occupying value.

National Lead Company assist in making the right use of the right paint by sending free upon request to all who ask for it, their "Houseowners' Painting Outfit No. 49."

Nothing Doing. He—I'd kiss you if I dared. She—Well, don't you dare to if that's the way you feel about it.



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AFTER DOCTORS FAILED

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cured Her.

Willimantic, Conn.—"For five years I suffered untold agony from female troubles, causing backache, irregularities, dizziness and nervous prostration. It was impossible for me to walk upstairs without stopping on the way. I tried three different doctors and each told me something different. I received no benefit from any of them, but seemed to suffer more. The last doctor said nothing would restore my health. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to see what it would do, and I am restored to my natural health."—Mrs. EMMA DONOVAN, Box 290, Willimantic, Conn.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills, and suffering women owe it to themselves to at least give this medicine a trial. Proof is abundant that it has cured thousands of others, and why should it not cure you?

SICK HEADACHE. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heartily Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated 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.

Refuse Substitutes. Many smokers prefer them to 10c cigars. Tell the dealer you want Lewis' Single Binder. Factory, Peoria, Illinois.

This Trade-mark Eliminates All Uncertainty in the purchase of paint materials. It is an absolute guarantee of purity and quality. For your own protection, see that it is on the side of every keg of white lead you buy.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY 1902 Trinity Building, New York.

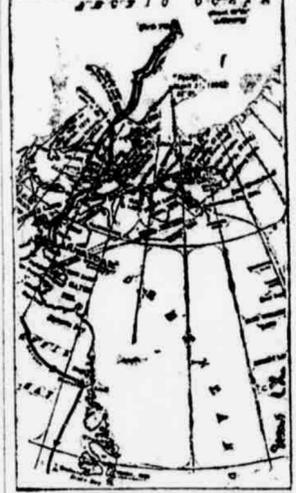
Sticky Sweating Palms after taking salts or cathartic waters—did you ever notice that weary all gone feeling—the palms of your hands sweat—and rotten taste in your mouth—Cathartics only move by sweating your bowels—Do a lot of hurt—Try a CASCARET and see how much easier the job is done—how much better you feel.

CASCARETS are a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

Readers of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

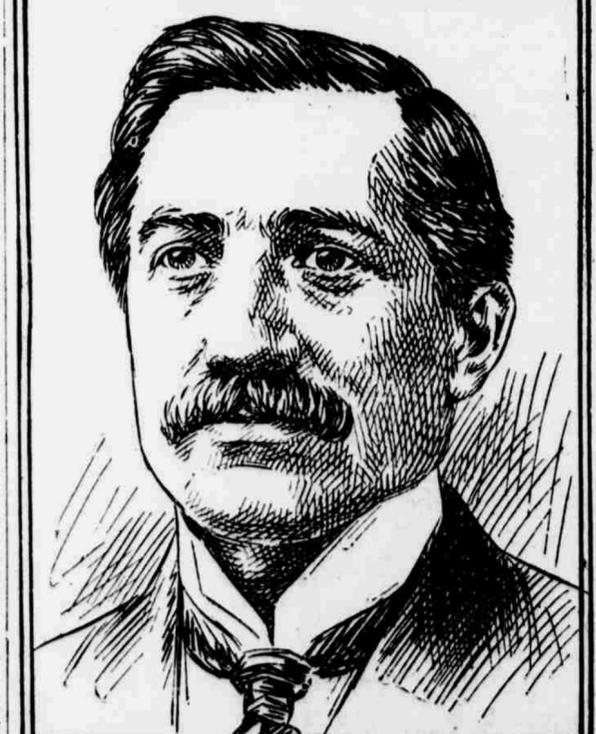
Ford's School AUSTIN, TEXAS. Prepares especially for the University of Texas. Graduates enter without examination. Six teachers, all university men. Fifteenth annual session begins Oct. 1. J. Stanley Ford, E. A. M. A., Principal, 610 West Nineteenth Street.

DEFIANCE STARCH—10 ounces in each package only 10 cents—same price and "DEFIANCE" is superior quality.

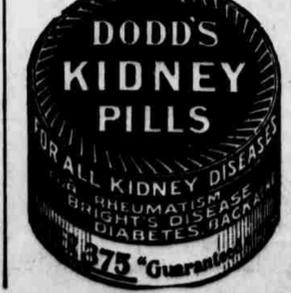


How Cook Reached the Pole.

DR. FREDERICK A. COOK,



American Explorer Who Discovered the North Pole.



DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. GUARANTEED TO CURE ALL KIDNEY DISEASES. RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, DIABETES, BACKACHE. 75c "Guaranteed".



# WHISPERING SMITH

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANDRÉ BOWLES

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### SYNOPSIS.

Murray Sinclair and his gang of wreckers were called out to clear the railroad tracks at Smoky Creek. McCloud, a young road superintendent, caught Sinclair and his men in the act of looting the wrecked train. Sinclair pleaded innocence, declaring it only amounted to a small sum—a treat for the men. McCloud discharged the whole outfit and ordered the wreckage burned. McCloud became acquainted with Dickie Dunning, a girl of the west, who came to look at the wreck.

### CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"From the divide it looked like a mountain on fire. I'm sorry Mr. Sinclair is not here."

"Why, indeed, yes, so am I."

"Because I know him. You are one of his men, I presume."

"Not exactly; but is there anything I can do—"

"Oh, thank you, nothing, except that the pretty boy left me sent over to us has sprung his shoulder."

"He will be sorry to hear it, I'm sure."

"But we are doing everything possible for him. He is going to make a perfectly lovely horse."

"And whom may I say the message is from?" Though disconcerted, McCloud was regaining his wits. He felt perfectly certain there was no danger, if she knew Sinclair and lived in the mountains, but that she would sometime find out he was not a conductor. When he asked his question she appeared slightly surprised and answered easily: "Mr. Sinclair will know it is from Dickie Dunning."

McCloud knew her then. Every one knew Dickie Dunning in the high country. This was Dickie Dunning of the great Crawling Stone ranch, most widely known of all the mountain ranches. While his stupidity in not guessing her identity before overwhelmed him, he resolved to exhaust the last effort to win her interest.

"I don't know just when I shall see Mr. Sinclair," he answered, gravely, "but he shall certainly have your message."

A doubt seemed to steal over Dickie at the change in McCloud's manner. "Oh, pardon me—I thought you were working for the company."

"You are quite right, I am; but Mr. Sinclair is not."

Her eyebrows rose a little. "I think you are mistaken, aren't you?"

"It is possible I am; but if he is working for the company, it is pretty certain that I am not," he continued, heaping mystification on her. "However, that will not prevent my delivering the message. By the way, may I ask which shoulder?"

"Shoulder!"

"Which shoulder is sprung?"

"Oh, of course! The right shoulder, and it is sprung pretty badly, too, Cousin Lance says. How very stupid of me to ride over here for a freight wreck!"

McCloud felt humiliated at having nothing better worth while to offer. "It was a very bad one," he ventured. "But not of the kind I can be of any help at, I fear."

McCloud smiled. "We are certainly short of help."

Dickie brought her horse's head around. She felt again of the girth as she replied: "Not such as I can supply, I'm afraid." And with the words she stepped away, as if preparing to mount.

McCloud intervened. "I hope you won't go away without resting your horse. The sun is so hot. Mayn't I offer you some sort of refreshment?"

Dickie Dunning thought not.

"The sun is very warm," persisted McCloud.

Dickie smoothed her gauntlet in the assured manner usual to her. "I am pretty well used to it."

But McCloud held on. "Several cars of fruit were destroyed in the wreck. I can offer you any quantity of grapes—crates of them are spoiling over there—and pears."

"Thank you, I am just from lunch-oon."

"And I have cooled water in the car. I hope you won't refuse that, so far out in the desert."

Dickie laughed a little. "Do you call this far? I don't; and I don't call this desert by any means. Thank you ever so much for the water, but I'm not in the least thirsty."

"It was kind of you even to think of extending help. I wish you would let me send some fruit over to your ranch. It is only spoiling here."

Dickie stroked the neck of her horse. "It is about 15 miles to the ranch house."

"I don't call that far."

"Oh, it isn't," she returned, hastily, professing not to notice the look that went with the words, "except for perishable things!" Then, as if acknowledging her disadvantage, she added, swinging her bridle rein around: "I am under obligations for the offer. Just the same."

"At least, won't you let your horse drink?" McCloud threw the force of an appeal into his words, and Dickie stopped her preparations and appeared to waver.

"Jim is pretty thirsty, I suppose. Have you plenty of water?"

"A tender full. Had I better lead him down while you wait up on the hill in the shade?"

"Can't I ride him down?"

"It would be pretty rough riding."

"Oh, Jim goes anywhere," she said, with her attractive indifference to situations. "If you don't mind helping me mount."

"With pleasure."

She stood waiting for his hand and McCloud stood, not knowing just what to do. She glanced at him expectantly. The sun grew intensely hot.

"You will have to show me how," he stammered at last.

"Don't you know?"

He mentally cursed the technical education that left him helpless at such a moment, but it was useless to pretend. "Frankly, I don't."

"Just give me your hand. Oh, not in that way! But never mind, I'll walk," she suggested, catching up her skirt.

"The rocks will cut your boots all to pieces. Suppose you tell me what to do this once," he said, assuming some confidence. "I'll never forget."

"Why, if you will just give me your hand for my foot, I can manage, you know."

He did not know, but she lifted her skirt gracefully, and her crushed boot rested easily for a moment in his hand. She rose in the air above him before he could well comprehend. He felt the quick spring from his supporting hand, and it was an instant of exhilaration. Then she balanced herself with a flushed laugh in the saddle, and he guided her ahead among the loose rocks, the horse nosing at his elbow as they picked their way.

Crossing the track, they gained better ground. As they reached the switch and passed a box car, Jim shied, and Dickie spoke sharply to him. McCloud turned.

In the shade of the car lay the tramp.

"That man lying there frightened him," explained Dickie. "Oh," she exclaimed, suddenly, "he has been hurt!" She turned away her head. "Is that the man who was in the wreck?"

"Yes."

"Do something for him. He must be suffering terribly."

"The men gave him some water awhile ago, and when we moved him into the shade we thought he was dead."

"He isn't dead yet!" Dickie's face, still averted, had grown white. "I saw him move. Can't you do something for him?"

She reined up at a little distance. McCloud bent over the man a moment and spoke to him. When he rose he called to the men on the track.

"You are right," he said, rejoicing Dickie; "he is very much alive. His name is Wickwire; he is a cowboy."

"A cowboy?"

"A tramp cowboy."

"What can you do with him?"

"I'll have the men put him in the cañon and send him to Barnhardt's hospital at Medicine Bend when the engine comes back. He may live yet. If he does, he can thank you for it."

### CHAPTER IV.

#### George McCloud.

McCloud was an exception to every tradition that goes to make up a mountain railroad man. He was from New England, with a mild voice and a hand that roughened very slowly. McCloud was a classmate of Morris Blood's at the Boston "Tech," and the acquaintance begun there continued after the two left school, with a scattering fire of letters between the mountains and New England, as few and as far between as men's letters usually scatter after an ardent school acquaintance.

There were just two boys in the McCloud family—John and George. One had always been intended for the church, the other for science. Somehow the boys got mixed in their cradles, and John got into the church. For George, who ought to have been a clergyman, nothing was left but a long engineering course for which, after he got it, he appeared to have no use. However, it seemed a little late to shift the life alignments. John had the pulpit and appeared disposed to keep it, and George was left, like a New England farm, to wonder what had become of himself.

It is, nevertheless, odd how matters come about. John McCloud, a prosperous young clergyman, stopped on a California trip at Medicine Bend to see brother George's classmate and something of a real western town. He saw nothing sensational—it was there, but he did not see it—but he found both hospitality and gentlemen, and, if surprised, was too well-bred to admit it. His one-day stop ran on to several days. In leaving, John McCloud, in a seventh heaven of enthusiasm over the high country, asked Morris Blood why he could not find something for George out there; and Blood, not even knowing the boy wanted to come, wrote for him, and asked Bucks to give him a job. Possibly, being over-sollicitous, George was nervous when he talked to Bucks; possibly the impression left by his big, strong, bluff brother John made against the boy; at all events, Bucks, after he talked with George, shook his head. "I could make a first-class railroad man out of the preacher, Morris, but

not out of the brother. Yes, I've talked with him. He can't do anything but figure elevations, and, by heaven, we can't feed our own engineers here now." So George found himself stranded in the mountains.

Morris Blood was cut up over it, but George McCloud took it quietly. "I'm no worse off here than I was back there, Morris." Blood, at that, plucked up courage to ask George to take a job in the Cold Springs mines, and George jumped at it. It was impossible to get a white man to live at Cold Springs after he could save money enough to get away, so George was welcomed as assistant superintendent at the Number Eight mine, with no salary to speak of and all the work.

One day, coming down "special" from Bear Dance, Gordon Smith, who bore the nickname Whispering Smith, rode with President Bucks in the privacy of his car. The day had been long, and the alkali lay light on the desert. The business in hand had been canvassed, and the troubles put aside for chicken, coffee and cigars, when Smith, who did not smoke, told the story of something he had seen the day before at Cold Springs that pleased him.

The men in the Number Eight mine had determined to get rid of some Italians, and after a good deal of rowing had started in to catch one of

the men, and lashed him across the table with his tongue until the blacksmith opened fire on him with his revolver, McCloud all the while shaking his finger at him and abusing him like a pickpocket. "The crowd couldn't believe its eyes," Gordon Smith concluded, "and McCloud was pushing for the blacksmith with his cue, when Kennedy and I squirmed through to the front and relieved the tension. McCloud wasn't hit."

"What is that mining man's name?" asked Bucks, reaching for a message clip.

"McCloud."

"First name?" continued Bucks, mechanically.

"George."

Bucks looked at his companion in surprise. Then he spoke, and a feeling of self-abasement was reflected in his words. "George McCloud," he echoed. "Did you say George? Why, I must know that man. I turned him down once for a job. He looked so peaceable I thought he was too soft for us." The president laid down his cigar with a gesture of disgust. "And yet there really are people along this line that think I'm clever. I haven't judgment enough to operate a trolley car. It's a shame to take the money they give me for running this system, Gordon. Hanged if I didn't think that fellow was too soft." He called the

unknown at the time, but destined within a few years to be scattered far and wide as constructionists with records made in the rebuilding operations through the Rocky mountains, none was less likely to attract attention than McCloud. Bucks, who, indeed, could hardly be reckoned so much of the company as its head, was a man of commanding proportions physically. Like Glover, Bucks was a giant in stature, and the two men, when together, could nowhere escape notice; they looked, in a word, their part, fitted to cope with the tremendous undertakings that had fallen to their lot. Callahan, the chess-player on the Overland lines, the man who could hold large combinations of traffic movement constantly in his head and by intuition reach the result of a given problem before other men could work it out, was, like Morris Blood, the master of tonnage, of middle age. But McCloud, when he went to the mountain division, in youthfulness of features was boyish, and when he left he was still a boy, bronzed, but young of face in spite of a lifetime's pressure and worry crowded into three years. He himself counted this physical make-up as a disadvantage. "It has embroiled me in no end of trouble, because I couldn't convince men I was in earnest until I made good in some hard way," he complained once to Whispering Smith. "I never could acquire even a successful habit of swearing, so I had to learn to fight."

When, one day in Honey street in Medicine Bend, he threw open the door of Marion Sinclair's shop, flung his hat sailing along the show case with his war cry, and called to her in the back rooms, she thought he had merely run in to say he was in town.

"How do you do? What do you think? You're going to have an old boarder back," he cried. "I'm coming to Medicine Bend, superintendent of the division!"

"Mr. McCloud!" Marion Sinclair clasped her hands and dropped into a chair. "Have they made you superintendent already?"

"Well, I like that! Do you want them to wait till I'm gray-headed?"

Marion threw her hands to her own head. "Oh, don't say anything about gray hairs. My head won't bear inspection. But I can't get over this promotion coming so soon—this whole big division! Well, I congratulate you very sincerely—"

"Oh, but that isn't it! I suppose anybody will congratulate me. But where am I to board? Have you a cook? You know how I went from bad to worse after you left Cold Springs. May I have my meals here with you as I used to there?"

They laughed as they bantered. Marion Sinclair wore gold spectacles, but they did not hide the delightful good-nature in her eyes. On the third finger of her slender left hand she wore, too, a gold band that explained the gray in her hair at 26.

This was the wife of Murray Sinclair, whom he had brought to the mountains from her far-away Wisconsin home. Within a year he had broken her heart so far as it lay in him to do it, but he could not break her charm nor her spirit. She was too proud to go back, when forced to leave him, and had set about earning her own living in the country to which she had come as a bride. She put on spectacles, she mutilated her heavy brown hair and to escape notice and secure the obscurity that she craved, her name, Marion, became, over the door of her millinery shop and in her business, only "M. Sinclair."

Cold Springs, where Sinclair had first brought her when he had headquarters there as foreman of bridges, had proved a hopeless place for the millinery business—at least, in the way that Marion ran it. She could, however, cook extraordinarily well, and, with the aid of a servant-maid, could always provide for a boarder or two—perhaps a railroad man or a mine superintendent to whom she could serve meals, and who, like all mountain men, were more than generous in their accounting with women. Among these standbys of hers was McCloud. McCloud had always been her friend, and when she left Cold Springs and moved to Medicine Bend to set up her little shop in Honey street near Fort, she had lost him. Yet, somehow, to compensate Marion for other cruel things in the mountains, Providence seemed to raise up a new friend for her wherever she went. In Medicine Bend she did not know a soul, but almost the first customer that walked into her shop—and she was a customer worth while—was Dickie Dunning of the Crawling Stone.

### CHAPTER V.

#### The Crawling Stone.

The valley of Crawling Stone river marked for more than a decade the dead line between the overland route of the white man and the last country of the Sioux. It was long after the building of the first line before even an engineer's reconnaissance was made in the Crawling Stone country. Then, within ten years, three surveys were made, two on the north side of

the river and one on the south side, by interests seeking a coast outlet. Three reports made in this way gave varying estimates of the expense of putting a line up the valley, but the three coincided in this, that the cost would be prohibitive. Engineers of reputation had in this respect agreed, but Glover, who looked after such work for Bucks, remained unconvinced, and before McCloud was put into the operating department on the Short Line he was asked by Glover to run a preliminary up Crawling Stone valley. Before the date of his report the conclusions reached by other engineers had stood unchallenged.

The valley was not unknown to McCloud. His first year in the mountains, in which, fitted as thoroughly as he could fit himself for his profession, he had come west and found himself unable to get work, had been spent hunting, fishing, and wandering, often cold and often hungry, in the upper Crawling Stone country. The valley in itself offers to a constructionist no insuperable obstacles; the difficulty is presented in the canyon where the river bursts through the Elbow mountains. South of this canyon, McCloud, one day on a hunting trip, found himself with two Indians pocketed in the rough country, and was planning how to escape passing a night away from camp when his companions led him past a vertical wall of rock 1,000 feet high, split into a narrow defile down which they rode, as it broadened out, for miles. They emerged upon an open country that led without a break into the valley of the Crawling Stone below the cañon. Afterward, when he had become a railroad man, McCloud, sitting at a campfire with Glover and Morris Blood, heard them discussing the coveted and impossible line up the valley. He had been taken into the circle of constructionists and was told of the earlier reports against the line. He thought he knew something about the Elbow mountains, and disputed the findings, offering in two days' ride to take the men before him to the pass called by the Indians the Box, and to take them through it. Glover called it a find, and a big one, and though more immediate matters in the strategy of territorial control then came before him, the preliminary was ordered and McCloud's findings were approved. McCloud himself was soon afterward engrossed in the problems of operating the mountain division; but the dream of his life was to build the Crawling Stone line with a maximum grade of eight-tenths through the Box.

The prettiest stretch of Crawling Stone valley lies within 20 miles of Medicine Bend. There it lies widest, and has the pick of water and grass between Medicine Bend and the Mission mountains. Cattlemen went into the Crawling Stone country before the Indians had wholly left it. The first house in the valley was the Stone ranch, built by Richard Dunning, and it still stands overlooking the town of Dunning at the junction of the Frenchman creek and the Crawling Stone. The Frenchman is fed by unfailing springs, and when by summer sun and wind every smaller stream in the middle basin has been licked dry, the Frenchman runs cold and swift between its russet hills. Richard Dunning, being on the border of the Indian country, built for his ranch-house a rambling stone fortress. He had chosen, it afterward proved, the choice spot in the valley, and he stocked it with cattle when yearlings could be picked up in Medicine Bend at ten dollars a head. He got together a great body of valley land when it could be had for the asking, and became the rich man of the Long Range.

The Dunnings were Kentuckians. Richard was a bridge engineer and builder, and under Brodie built some of the first bridges on the mountain division, notably the great wooden bridge at Smoky creek. Richard brought out his nephew, Lance Dunning. He taught Lance bridge-building, and Murray Sinclair, who began as a cowboy on the Stone ranch, learned bridge-building from Richard Dunning. The Dunnings both came west, though at different times, as young men and unmarried, and as far as western women were concerned, might always have remained so. But a Kentucky cousin, Betty, one of the Fairfield Dunnings, related to Richard within the sixth or eighth degree, came to the mountains for her health. Betty's mother had brought Richard up as a boy, and Betty, when he left Fairfield, was a baby. But Dick—as the mother wrote back and forth, and he persuaded her to send Betty out for a trip, promising he would send her back in a year a well woman.

### (TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### Unsympathetic.

Mrs. Malaprop—Young Sharp will have to apologize before I'll speak to him again.

Miss Interest—Did he insult you?

Mrs. Malaprop—Did he? The last time I met him I told him that my uncle, Lord de Style, had locomotive attacks, and he had the impudence to ask if he "whistled at crossings." He's an unsympathetic brute.



"I'm Coming to Medicine Bend, Superintendent!"

them and hang him. They had chosen a time when McCloud, the assistant superintendent of the mine, was down with mountain fever. It was he who had put the Italians into the mine. He had already defended them from injury, and would be likely, it was known, to do so again if he were able. On this day a mob had been chasing the dagos, and had at length captured one. They were running him down the street to a telegraph pole when the assistant superintendent appeared in scant attire and stopped them. Taking advantage of the momentary confusion, he hustled their victim into the only place of refuge at hand, a billiard hall. The mob rushed the hall. In the farthest corner the unlucky Italian, bleeding like a bullock and insane with fright, knelt, clinging to McCloud's shaky knees. In trying to make the back door the two had been cut off, and the sick boy had got into a corner behind a pool table to make his stand. In his pocket he had a pistol, knowing that to use it meant death to him as well as to the wretch he was trying to save. Fifty men were yelling in the room. They had rope, hatchets, a sprinkling of guns, and whisky enough to burn the town, and in the corner behind a pool table stood the mining boss with mountain fever, the dago and a broken billiard cue.

Bucks took the cigar from his mouth, leaned forward in his chair, and stretched his heavy chin out of his neck as if the situation now promised a story. The leader, Smith continued, was the mine blacksmith, a strapping Welshman, from whom McCloud had taken the Italian in the street. The blacksmith had a revolver, and was crazy with liquor. McCloud singled him out in the crowd, pointed a finger at him, got the atten-

tion of the men, and lashed him across the table with his tongue until the blacksmith opened fire on him with his revolver, McCloud all the while shaking his finger at him and abusing him like a pickpocket. "The crowd couldn't believe its eyes," Gordon Smith concluded, "and McCloud was pushing for the blacksmith with his cue, when Kennedy and I squirmed through to the front and relieved the tension. McCloud wasn't hit."

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