

## THE TEXAS BARNYARD

The Texas Commercial Secretaries & Business Men's Associations has just issued an attractive booklet entitled, "The Texas Barnyard." This booklet sets forth the wonderful advantages of the Lone Star State as a producer of livestock.

In the "Barnyard" pamphlet the Secretaries Association says: "When Uncle Sam wants to bring all the nations of the earth to a full realization of their dependency upon him for their very existence, he takes them through his Texas barnyard—12,648,000 head of livestock; 15,000,000 fowls. We will follow Uncle Sam on his annual tour of investigation of the Texas barnyard, listen to his inventory."

Then follows an interesting recount of the glories of the greatest barnyard on earth.

This booklet will be mailed to any address by the Secretaries Association upon receipt of five cents in payment of postage.

### The Oil Mill Shut Down.

The Haskell Oil Mill shut down Tuesday after a big run the past season. We were informed by the management that the past season had proved a most satisfactory one, and that in addition to products shipped, that many cattle had been fed at their feed lots.

### Recital by Pupils of Mrs. Walden

Saturday night, March 16.

Duett, The Violet—Powell.

Lila Bunch.

Robins Song: —Spaulding

Lima Russel.

Trio, Valse: —Streabbog.

Effie Crow, Mable Cunningham,

Leta Roberts.

Skip: —Erickson

Ora Simmons.

Song, You musn't pick

plums from my plum tree.

Eva B. Richardson.

Skipping stones over water.

Bogbee: Lillian Neal.

Violet Waltz, —Streabbog.

Mae Simmons.

Valse Caprice, —Newland.

Ruth Walden.

Recitation, Key Kolb.

Duett, Dance of the butter-

flies. —Bonheur.

Mary Steadman, Ruth Walden.

Dance of the shadows.

Yettie Cummings.

Song, Ting Ling Foo—Tracy.

Myrtle Marr, Mary Steadman,

Ruth Walden.

Reo, Bessie Roberts.

Trio, Yellow Johnnyvills.

Ora Simmons, Mary Steadman,

Ruth Walden.

Silvery moonlight.

Leta Roberts.

Reo, Patsy Lou Koonce.

Duett, The June Bugs dance,

Holt.

Yettie Cummings, Ruth Walden,

The Bells, "Fantaisie de Con-

cert" —Holt.

Mary Steadman.

Song, A Honey moon in Jun-

gle Town. Master James Lee

Walden.

### Class Tablets

Admission 10 cts., proceeds to

be given to the Mothers Club for

the piano fund.

### The Sons of Herman.

The Sons of Herman will give

a public dance at their hall Sat-

urday March 16th., beginning at

7:30 p. m. Everybody invited to

attend. Good music to dance

by. Admission 50 cts. for gen-

tleman. Ladies accompanied by

Paul Zahn  
Rickleman  
J. B. Meyers

Committee.

## OUR EARTHLY REFUGE

(BY THE FREE PRESS STAFF POET.)

There is on earth a place  
Of refuge from care and strife,  
Where a kind word and smiling face,  
Give to us a joy in life.  
Don't complain and grumble,  
Because things don't go your way;  
But get up, if you stumble,  
Press on, and you'll win the day.  
"Behind the clouds is a silver lining,"  
Which will break in a beautiful ray,  
For those who do not give up in repining,  
But constantly follow the narrow way.  
Then make your home pleasant,  
Be courteous, kind and good,  
It is a refuge for king and peasant,  
Where temptations can be better withstood.

## REV. NORRIS' PERSECUTION

The trial of Dr. J. Frank Norris, pastor of the First Baptist church at Fort Worth, on charge of perjury, promises to be of as much interest to the public as the Sneed trial. Two attempts have been made on the life of the pastor; his church was burned, and on last Saturday his residence was destroyed by fire, the pastor and his family escaping with their lives from the roof of the residence. The grand jury which returned the indictment against Norris for perjury based the indictment that the pastor had falsified, willfully, when he testified before the body that he did not know the author of certain threatening letters received by himself and an officer of the church, and it is intimated that Norris himself was the author. As yet, no indictments have been returned by the same grand jury that returned the indictment against Norris, against anyone for the burning of the church, the attempts to assassinate Norris, or the burning of his residence. By this, it leaves one to conclude that in the opinion of that grand jury, of which Clarence Ousley, editor of the Fort Worth Record, was the foreman, had come to the conclusion that Norris had not only testified falsely before that body regarding the authorship of threatening letters, but was guilty of burning his church, attempting to burn his residence, and firing pistol shots through to window of his study to make believe that an attempt had been made to assassinate him. Not only the members of Dr. Norris' church seem to think him innocent of the charge of perjury, but yesterday the members of the Mulkey Memorial Methodist church of that city, at a congressional meeting, endorsed heartily the action of Dr. Norris, and expressed confidence in his innocence of wrong-doing. At Waco, Dr. Knickerbocker, a Methodist pastor who formerly had charge of a church in Fort Worth, devoted a portion of his discourse to the defense of Dr. Norris, saying, in short, that Fort Worth was more anxious to build up commercially than she was morally, and when good morals interfered with commercial progress that power and influence would be brought to bear to remove the cause at any cost, leaving one to conclude that from Dr. Knickerbocker's viewpoint a deliberate and cold-blood-

## MAN CUTS HIS THROAT

**Jones County Man Suicides**  
Milton Grantham, who lived near Round Mound church in Jones county, committed suicide last Sunday afternoon by cutting his throat with a razor. Deceased was 58 years old and had been paralyzed for a year or more. It is supposed that his condition caused his self destruction, although he never showed signs of despondency. He leaves a wife, several children and a brother and sister.

### A Correction

In the write up of the debate of the Declamatory League last week, we omitted to state that the special music was furnished by the pupils of Mrs. H. R. Jones and Miss Maxwell assisted by the Misses Garvin. The error was caused for lack of information and was in no sense intentional. We make this correction in justice to the pupils of Mrs. Jones and the Misses Garvin, who added so much to the success of the entertainment of an appreciative audience, as well as to put ourselves in the proper light.

### Mothers Club

The Mothers Club has planned to give an Easter Egg hunt at the residence of Mrs. J. F. Posay.

In addition to the hunt for eggs a little surprise in the shape of a Jack Horner pie will be provided and each child will be asked to "Put in his thumb and pull out a plum."

All the mothers are requested to donate as many eggs as they can for the hunt.

The admission will be 10 cts. and the proceeds will be devoted to much needed necessities in the three schools.

### Press Reporter.

### Money to Loan

on land at 8 per cent and 9 per cent interest, also to buy Vendors Lien Notes. If you want a loan come and see us.

SANDERS & WILSON.

ed plan to rid Fort Worth of Dr. Norris had been put into execution, and that back of the plan are men who stand high, both commercially and politically, in Ft. Worth and State of Texas. At the trial of Dr. Norris on the charge of perjury, the character of testimony to be introduced against him will no doubt be made public and until that is done, those who are fair-minded will withhold judgment.—Wichita Falls Times.

## HAEKEL HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

### probable Promotions

Many school children, and, in fact, many parents, seem to think that promotions are sure signs of rapid progress in school work. This is, oftentimes, a very mistaken view. Some say that a child will be discouraged if he is not promoted. The real experience of teachers is that ten children are discouraged in their school work by being promoted too soon for every one who is discouraged by being retained in a grade or from being demoted. The Haskell teachers are advised by the Superintendent of Schools to promote no pupil who does not show definitely and conclusively that he is able and willing to do the work of the grade to which he is promoted.

A large per cent of the children will not be promoted this year. Parents are requested to accept the teacher's judgment in this matter and to help the teachers to teach the children that the value of school work to them is measured by the thoroughness of the work and not by the number of grades the pupil has rapidly passed. The greatest weakness in the Public Schools of Haskell is that pupils are in work which is too hard for them. Teachers have not been rigid enough in the grading of the work of pupils. Ten mistakes are made by promoting too soon for every mistake which is made by delaying promotions too long. Parents are requested to assist the teachers in impressing the pupils with the idea of thorough knowledge of a given grade before they may expect to be promoted to a higher grade. Ninety per cent of those who have become discouraged and quit school this year have been trying to do work which is too hard for them. The teacher's motto is "Thorough work, Rigid Grading, and Strict Discipline." Parents should sanction the advice given teachers along these lines. Some parents feel that teachers do their children an unkind act by not promoting them. Remember that it is the greatest unkindness and injury possible to promote a child who is not ready to be promoted.

### Injurious Literature

Parents are requested to look very closely after the nature of the reading which their children are doing. Many of the children are reading books and papers that are very poisonous. The teachers are doing all they can to "weed out" such reading but they can accomplish little unless the parents help. Haskell has many bright boys and girls who are failing in their work and ruining their minds by such readings. It is not pleasant to say these things, but persons who have the interest of the boys and girls at heart, can not afford to be silent regarding a matter of such vital importance. Teachers are giving the Macedonian cry—"Come Over and Help Us." Parents and patrons are asked to become interested along this line.

### Length of School Term

Many persons are asking regarding the time for the closing of the school. The Board of Trustees made their plans for an eight months term of school. The term will be only eight months this year. It will close on May 3rd, eight weeks from next Fri-

## THE WEARING OF A GOOD LOOKING SHOE

is absolutely necessary if you would appear well dressed. Showing shoes such as others don't show, and values that are not to be equaled anywhere, places this establishment in a class of its own.

**Lots of discriminating buyers have long been aware of this fact, and great numbers are being convinced of it day after day.**

You have often wondered where that well dressed lady bought her shoes. You'll have the other lady asking the same of you when you wear the shoes we sell.

Krippendorf-Dittman Co's. fine shoes for ladies are ready for you here. There's a black, a tan or a white in the plain pump colonial or oxford in the style that will suit your fancy and in the shape that will fit you best.

The main reason why people comment so much and so favorably on the shoes that our customers wear, is not altogether the difference in the shoes, but it is the fit our shoes have. Our shoe man makes a close study of the foot and is an expert at fitting them. Then besides the looks when you wear our shoes there is always that comfortable feeling that goes so far in helping one to carry themselves with ease and grace.

## F. G. Alexander & Sons

### THE BIG STORE

## MORE CATTLE SHIPMENTS

Mr. Cogdell shipped 28 cars of fat cattle to Kansas City Sunday. He accompanied the shipment himself. Messrs. Rich and English shipped four cars of cattle with the same train, and Mr. Rich went with the shipment.

### E. L. Northcutt

We are authorized to announce E. L. Northcutt as a candidate for the office of Public Weigher of the Haskell precinct. Mr. Northcutt has filled the office one term and possesses the training and experience that qualifies him for this office. He has been a resident of Haskell for several years and is known by the farmers as well as the business men of the precinct. We would commend him to the careful consideration of the people.



Hot and Cold Drinks

Crazy Mineral Water

**Spalding Base Ball Goods**

**Spencer & Richardson**

**DRUGGISTS**

*The Rexall Store*

**Nyal's Family Medicines**

A five room house with 16 acres of land to trade for a farm. J. D. Kinnison.

A. J. Hill of this city left last week for Abilene where he has accepted a position with a wholesale grocery firm as traveling salesman.

A fresh shipment of H. J. Heniz goods, such as India Relish, Mustard Catsup, Peanut Butter, Dill Pickles, Olives, etc. at F. G. Alexander & Sons.

Master Lesher and Miss Almeida McGregor, Misses Bernice and Mary Long and Miss Mabel Baker spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Cain on McGregor farm near Weinert.

C. D. Long left Monday night for Fort Worth, where he will join Jno. B. Baker, and parties from Mineral Wells, who are interested with the Yaqui Gold and Copper Mining Co. Mr. Baker was at Ft. Worth attending a meeting of the republican executive committee. Mr. Long will visit San Antonio, Austin, San Augustine and Shreveport before returning.

For Sale or Trade—A good Tennessee Jack. If not sold will make the season 1912 at my place or at Haskell. (9-tf) W. T. Boatright.

Notice to Stockmen—If you are going to run a cut of your stallion in your advertising this spring, had you not best come and let us order you a cut for your horse?

**Royal Society Packages and Threads**

We are now offering a complete showing of Royal Society package goods and threads, embracing all the newest and best designs. Combination Suits, Shirt Waists, Corset Covers, Princess Slips, Kimonos, Baby Caps, Dresser Scarfs, Hand Bags, Gowns, etc. There is enough material and thread in each package to complete the garments and the prices are only

**25c, 50c, 75c and \$1.00**

We also have all the different threads in both ball and skim, in all the wanted colors. We are showing some of the finished pieces and garments and you must be sure to come and see them.

**I. P. Carr Dry Goods Co.**

**Watch our Window Displays**

**LOCAL NOTES**

You know Hit

You know hit we have the goods. Now come and share your trade with us.

Will Marr,  
Corner Drug Store.

Limeades at Corner Drug Store, and all kinds of drinks.

Sudder's Confection butter at F. G. Alexander & Son's.

Get Williams to set out some hackberries, and beautify your home.

Mrs. Jas. Kinnard visited her daughter Mrs. A. R. Couch of Weinert Sunday.

A fresh supply of Chase & Sanborn's high quality coffee at F. G. Alexander & Son's.

Blake Mantooth returned from Oklahoma after a two year's absence from this county.

I can make money and you can save money. Hair cut 25cts. at A. P. Kinnison's Barber Shop.

**Big Ben Alarm Clocks just arrived. Get one.**  
Parsons & Brewer.

Mrs. E. E. Marvin returned Saturday from Plymouth, Ind., where she had been to attend the funeral of her mother. We extend sincere condolence to Mrs. Marvin in her bereavement.

Meat Delicacies of the season.

Fresh Beet	Steam
" Pork	Roasted.
" Veal	
" Mutton	

at F. G. Alexander & Sons.

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

Northcutt and Ashcraft are the people to do your hauling. Our drays are always easy to find. Services prompt and reasonable charges. Phone No. 45.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Barnes of the Weinert community were in the city on business Thursday. While here they remembered the Free Press and called to exchange a few pleasant words with us, and also paid their subscription into the fall. Mr. Barnes says the farming interests are assuming a business like air and the people are hoping for a good crop year.

You can't afford to neglect your child's visual sense. Cross eyes are frequently the result of muscular weakness, which may be overcome with proper glasses, if you or your child is thus afflicted get our opinion.  
Parson's & Brewer.  
North Side Square.

**Notice of Sheriff's Sale.**  
(REAL ESTATE.)

By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the Honorable District Court of Haskell County, Texas, on the 9th day of January, 1912, as directed by the terms of a judgment rendered in said Court on the 20th day of June, 1911, in a certain cause wherein the State of Texas is plaintiff, and Ray Hunter is defendant, in favor of said plaintiff, and against said defendant, Ray Hunter, for the sum of sixteen and fifty-six one-hundredth dollars (for State and County taxes, interest, penalty and costs), with interest on said sum at the rate of six per cent per annum from date of judgment, together with all costs of suit and to me directed and delivered as Sheriff of said Haskell County, I have seized, levied upon, and will, on the first Tuesday in April, 1912, the same being the 2nd day of said month, at the Court House door of said Haskell County, in the city of Haskell, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m., on said day proceed to sell for cash to the highest bidder all the right, title and interest the said Ray Hunter had in said property on the first day of January, 1907, or at any time thereafter, in and to the following described real estate, levied upon the 6th day of March, 1912, as the property of Ray Hunter, to-wit: All that tract or parcel of land, lying and being situated in Haskell County, Texas, and more particularly described as Lots three (3), four (4), five (5) and six (6), in Block 42 in the town of Haskell, Texas, as the same appears upon a plat of said town, recorded in the deed records of Haskell County, to which reference is hereby made for a more complete description of said property. Subject, however, to the right of redemption of the defendant, or anyone interested therein, may have and subject to any other and further rights the defendant, or anyone interested therein, may be entitled to under the provisions of law. Said sale to be made by me to satisfy the above described judgment foreclosing the lien provided by law for the taxes, interest, penalty and costs, against said real estate, in favor of the State of Texas, together with interest and the costs of suit, and the proceeds of said sale to be applied to the satisfaction thereof. Said sale to be made subject to the defendant's right to redeem the said property within two years from the date of sale by complying with the provisions of law in such cases made and provided.

W. D. FALKNER, Sheriff  
Haskell County, Texas.

**S. H. Foster**

S. H. Foster has authorized us to announce him as a candidate for the office of Mayor of the city of Haskell. Mr. Foster has been in the grocery business in Haskell for a number of years and possesses the business training that will qualify him for the office to which he aspires. We would ask for him a careful consideration of the people.

Subscribe for the Free Press.

Bring your eggs and poultry to Co-operative Store.

Something new, Chop Suey at F. G. Alexander & Sons.

Jno. L. Robertson made a business trip to For Worth the 1st.

I have several good farms to rent. J. D. Kinnison.

Cleveland Pierson made a business trip to Aspermont this week.

W. H. Murchison made a business trip to Benjamin Wednesday.

We are in the market for poultry and eggs, Co-operative Store.

Lee Murray left Wednesday night to see the sights in California.

Marvin Bros sold a Ford auto to Dr. Dunn of Rochester a few days ago.

Kaffir corn, milo maize and millet seed for sale at M. A. Clifton's.

Mrs. J. M. Lee and Mrs. J. M. Murray visited in Abilene this week.

That corn cure at Will Marr's Drug Store will cure that corn patch.

Selected barred plymouth rock eggs, 15 for 30 cts., phone J. M. Woodson. 4t. pd.

Mrs. Aaron Wood of Stamford visited her niece, Mrs. Henry Johnson Sunday.

A. P. Kinnison has opened up a barber shop next door to the printing office.

Co-operative Store is prepared to handle your poultry and eggs at market price.

That hand lotion that Will Marr makes will make your hands smooth and soft.

Wake up and come to M. A. Clifton's to get first-class flour, fuel, wood and coal. Then if you are not satisfied phone 239 and your money back. M. A. Clifton.

Miss Mamie McNatt of Abilene is visiting the family of Mr. and Mrs. Jno. L. Robertson of North Haskell.

John B. Baker attended the meeting of the republican executive committee at Fort Worth Tuesday.

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

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Reed were called Thursday to the bedside of their daughter, who is ill at her home at Weinert.

Blue Tulouse Geese eggs, now for sale \$1.00 per dozen.  
Mrs. J. H. Cunningham.  
(9-2t) R. 2, Box 89

Everything you need in the Drug line at Corner Drug Store. We invite you to call in and see us. Make our store your store.

Gottlieb Wahlen has returned from an auto trip to Coleman, Lampasas, Georgetown and other points, where he visited relatives.

I have some pure bred Buff Orpington chickens for sale.  
J. D. Kinnison.

Prof. Claudis Walden, who is teaching at the Roberts School spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Walden of this city.

Get Urotropin tablets, Dobell's solution, Peroxide, Listerene and Atomizers for meningitis preventive at Will Marr's, Corner Drug Store.

Let the Free Press do your job printing. We can please you.

**You Know Hit**

We now have a complete line of Drug Sundries, etc. such as

Face creams of all kinds at.....	25c to 75c
Face Powders from .....	25c to 50c
Toilet Water from .....	25c to 1.00
Talcum Powders, from .....	10c to 25c
Chamois from .....	10c to \$1.00

Nail files, orange sticks, nail brushes, clothes brushes, hair brushes, combs, soaps 5c to 25c box, patent medicines of all kinds and everything that is carried in a first-class drug store, and last but not least, is our Prescription Department which is complete, and we have a Registered Pharmacist to fill your prescriptions for you.

**Come in and see us and share your trade with us.**

We will treat you right. Everything fresh but the help.

Yours to Please,  
**Corner Drug Store**  
Will Marr, Prop.

At the Baptist Church.

Rev. T. R. Waggoner will preach at the Baptist church next Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. at night. All are invited to attend these services.

All members of the church are earnestly requested to attend conference next Wednesday night, March 13, as business of importance will come before the church at that meeting.

O. B. Norman,  
Clerk of the Church.

**Some Mourner.**

Down in Georgia a negro, who had his life insured for several hundred dollars, died and left the money to his widow. She immediately bought herself a very elaborate mourning outfit.

Showing her purchases to a friend, she was very particular in going into prices and all incidental particulars. Her friend was very much impressed, and remarked:

"Them sho is fine cloes, but, befo' heaven, what is you goin' to do wid all dis black underwear?"

The bereaved one sighed:

"Chile, when I mourns, I mourns."—Harper's Magazine.

Come to the Free Press for your warranty deeds. We have them with or without the vendor's lien clause.

I have for sale a complete set of farming implements, consisting of a good John Deere sulky plow, disk, planter, two cultivators, a 34 Moline wagon, a deering binder, several sets of harness and a stump puller. B. C. Duke, Haskell, Texas. 2t.

This is a splendid season to set out fruit and shade trees. There is the best season in a long time. Let me take your order. I represent the East Texas Nursery of Tyler. I will make delivery in February. Owing to the good seasons the trees are thrifty, and with the good season in the ground this is a splendid year to set out an orchard. No time to lose. W. W. Williams. tf

I am co-operating with Northern Immigration firms, who are covering all territory from the north to the tropical lands of Old Mexico; if you want to exchange your farm lands here for tropical land or if you wish to sell I think I am in position to get your wants supplied, come and list your property with me at once, there is an excursion train running to the Mexico lands every month, call at my office and I can give you the date of excursion. Henry Johnson.

The thrifty housewife is economical. Practice economy by using Chase & Sanborn's coffee. The greatest strength—finest flavor. F. G. Alexander & Sons, Selling Agents.

Subscribe for the Free Press and keep up with Haskell.

**Avoid Sickness**

It shows more practical sense to take medicine to prevent sickness than to take it to get well after becoming sick. You save in three ways—a doctor bill, a smaller medicine bill and a good deal of suffering.

**Another Thing**

be sure to get pure drugs. We handle only the best drugs, and all prescriptions are given the most painstaking care. We carry a full line of toilet articles, cigars, etc. in connection with our splendid drugs and medicines. We are here to please you, and will appreciate your business

**West Side Pharmacy**  
J. R. Walton, Prop.

**Appreciations Expressed.**

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Manuel, living in the McConnell community, ask us to express their deepest appreciation to their neighbors and friends for their kind and generous aid during the illness and at time of the death of their infant son, little Paul Porter Manuel, who died on March 2nd at the age of four months. The remains of the little one were laid to rest in the Stamford cemetery.

I can furnish complete list of the poll tax payers of Haskell county with correct post office and occupation. If you want one see me.  
(9-tf) J. H. Meadors.

Let the Free Press do your job printing. We are prepared to please you in workmanship, material and price.

**YOU SHOULD BE COMFORTABLE**

And the surest way for comfort is to have a good bank account. Pay all your bills with checks and thus avoid the occasional discomfort that arises by reason of a demand for payment of bills more than one time. Sometimes you are not able to make an investment that would be profitable to you because you have permitted your bank account to run too low. Make your deposits with us and we will do our best to make you comfortable.

**...THE FARMERS NATIONAL BANK...**  
Haskell, Texas

T. L. MONTGOMERY, President  
S. E. MONTGOMERY, Vice-President

S. E. PATTERSON, Cashier  
LUCK GILLMAN, Assistant Cashier

**Electric Bitters**

Succed when everything else fails. In nervous prostration and female weaknesses they are the supreme remedy, as thousands have testified.

**FOR KIDNEY, LIVER AND STOMACH TROUBLE**

It is the best medicine ever sold over a druggist's counter.



## County News Items

Interesting Facts Gathered During the Week by Our Regular Correspondents.

### North East of Haskell

There is not a great deal of news this week but will come with a few items.

Mrs. Haley Patton has been on the sick list this week but we are glad to report her better at this writing.

Messrs. Roy Moreman and John Stonesspher of near Jud returned home Wednesday after spending a few days with C. D. and Hugh Webb; they were accompanied home by Miss Lela Stonesspher who has been visiting Miss Callie Webb the past week. Fred Barnett visited Jesse Strain Sunday.

Several of the boys of this neighborhood attended the show, Ten nights in a Bar Room Saturday night and said it was fine.

Mrs. C. Sears was shopping in Haskell Saturday.

Misses Lela Stonesspher and Callie Webb visited Misses Virgie, Flossie and Ocie Smithee Sunday night.

John Hitt did business in town Saturday evening.

Little Nona Webb was real sick a few days of last week, we are glad she has recovered.

Willie Cunningham did business in town Saturday.

Mrs. C. Sears and children visited Mrs. Willie Cunningham and little daughter Linnie May Sunday.

The little infant of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Patton is sick at this writing but we hope it will soon be well again.

Otis Smithee and sisters visited Callie and Hugh Webb Sunday evening.

Misses Iola Hollice and Pearl Kemp attended the show Saturday night.

W. T. Boatwright had business in Haskell Saturday.

As news is scarce I'll be going.

Blue Bells

### Sayles

Dear Editor I wish to take a seat over here by "Unknown" of South East Texas. He says he is unknown but I think I am slightly acquainted with him. Let us hear from you again, as we should like very much to have a description of some of the counties through which you have traveled.

J. R. Fouts made a business trip to Rule last week.

Despite the weather there was a goodly attendance at singing here Sunday p. m.

G. O. Hardeman attended the grand Socialist rally here Saturday night. He reported a large crowd.

Miss Essie Bland was a pleasant caller at Mrs. Johnson Saturday afternoon.

H. E. Melton and W. H. Wiseman visited school Tuesday afternoon.

V. W. Brooks and Will Hardeman attended the show at Haskell Saturday night.

Mrs. Olien Lackey and little daughter, Willie visited Mrs. Hardeman Wednesday afternoon.

The school children entertained a few visitors Friday afternoon, with a few recitations, stories, journal, etc.

We are sorry to report that Mrs. Jesse Bland is on the sick list this week.

W. E. Johnson and Mr. Bland and son, Will made a business trip to Haskell Tuesday.

A crowd of young people met at W. E. Johnson's Saturday night to sing a while. After having singing a while Mrs. Johnson passed the cake around which we all enjoyed very much.

Miss Vella Fouts visited relatives here Sunday.

Ina and Buck Guinn visited Miss Bessie Hardeman Saturday afternoon.

Jim Fouts was a pleasant caller

at Frank Jeter's Sunday afternoon. Jim Fouts was recently appointed as road over-seer.

M. W. McClintock while plowing last week was severely hurt by a root breaking, flying back and striking him just above the ankle. He is now rapidly improving.

Lets have some more interesting letters from Marguerite, Arkansas, Mocking Bird, Unknown and Vidette. Judge

### Roberts Locals.

Here we are again after a few weeks absence.

Health of the community is very good at present.

Miss Maud Via spent Saturday night with Misses Emma and Eva Woolsey.

The singing school taught by Profs. Warren and Cooner closed Saturday night with a large crowd present. The school was a success in every respect. We regret very much to see them leave us for we feel sure they have won many friends. We sure had some fine singing.

Profs. Laney, Mansfield, and Haley were present.

Frank Haley and family took supper with J. P. Wheatley and family Saturday night.

Lou Atchison and family took dinner with Arthur Merchant and family Sunday.

Bro. Jones filled his regular appointment here Sunday. A very good congregation was present.

Lawrence Carter and family spent Saturday night and Sunday with Mr. Cobb and family.

E. O. Chepman had business in Haskell Saturday.

Willie McCullough and wife visited G. C. McCullough and family Sunday eve.

Uncle Bill Norton has returned from a few weeks' visit to his son at Seymour.

Well as news is scarce, will be going.

Two Jolly School Girls.

### Stringtown

Dear Editor and Clats. How are you enjoying this cool weather?

Mrs. T. J. Christian and little daughter, Tiny, visited Mrs. J. B. Cox last Friday evening.

Mrs. C. D. Beasley and Mrs. J. G. White and daughters, Edna and Ivy, visited Mrs. Swilling and daughters Friday evening.

Miss Nell White spent the past week in Stamford visiting her uncle in Stamford.

Mrs. E. C. Derrick and Mrs. C. D. Beasley and daughters, Misses Algie and Jewel visited Mrs. J. G. White and daughter, Miss Nell Saturday evening.

Messrs. E. C. Derrick and Jack Beasley visited J. Swilling Monday evening.

Aubrey Cox visited Jack Beasley Tuesday evening.

Clyde Cox was on the sick list last week.

J. B. Cox and J. G. White visited J. Swilling a while Tuesday morning.

Effie Christian visited Sybil Rhodes one night last week.

J. G. White had business in Haskell Monday.

John White visited Sam Clary one night last week and they attended the debate at Haskell.

C. D. Beasley has been sick for the past few days.

Miss Effie Christian visited Miss Lee Swilling Monday evening.

Mrs. A. T. Massey visited Mrs. T. J. Christian Sunday evening.

Misses Blanch and Jewell Derrick, Cleo Swilling and Aubrey Cox visited Miss Algie and Jack Beasley a short while Saturday night.

Miss Irene Swilling visited

Miss Edna White a few evenings ago.

Mrs. Meador, Mrs. Mathew, Mrs. Clarley, Mr. and Mrs. Hendrix, Misses Nellie Crouch, Nell White, Grace Clarley, Mrs. Morgan and Jack Beasley were pleasant visitors at our school Friday evening.

Well as news is scarce, I'll be going. Juanita.

### Ballew Happenings.

Hello there! Ballew is as fine as ever. Health is very good.

Haven't we been having some rainy weather?

Mr. T. L. Glenn spent from Friday to Sunday with his sister Mrs. Holder at Rule. He reports a fine time.

Our singing school is progressing nicely with Prof. W. J. Laney as teacher.

Miss Susie Bishop of Rose is over attending the singing school.

Mr. Andrew Jossett's baby has been quite ill for the past few days but we are glad to report it is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. V. J. Jossett were called away Thursday on account of sickness down on Paint Creek.

There was preaching at Ballew Sunday afternoon by Bro. Roberts. A nice crowd was out and heard a fine sermon.

Mrs. Lenora Bolles has returned from a short visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Laird; she reports a fine time.

Most of the young people attended the singing at Roberts Saturday night and reported a nice time.

Mr. Foster of Uvlade county has returned to Haskell. We are glad to welcome Mr. Foster back.

Mrs. N. G. Mosley left some time ago to attend the bedside of her brother who was ill.

As news is scarce I'll let some good writer have my place.

Rambler.

### Center Point.

It still continues to rain at this place, which causes the farmers to be rather late in getting their land put up.

Mrs. A. J. Rhodes has been quite sick for some days but is improving.

Mrs. Will Jeter spent Saturday afternoon with Mrs. Haralson.

Mrs. Elmore is spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. Briden.

A. J. Rhodes and Frank Jeter went to the Socialist local at Sayles Saturday.

Mrs. Bob Elmore is spending the week with her mother Mrs. A. J. Rhodes.

Gladstone McLennan of near Avoca visited relatives at this place last week.

Mrs. D. M. Gross visited Mrs. Henry Jeter Sunday.

Miss Wavie McGregor spent last Monday night with Mrs. Haralson.

Eugene McLennan spent Saturday night with friends at Stamford.

The Baptist Missionary Rev. Lawrence, preached at Center Point Sunday.

Mrs. G. W. Haralson attended services at Joe Baily Sunday.

Rev. Addison, the Methodist pastor, will preach at this place Sunday morning at eleven. Everybody invited.

The school continues nicely.

The trustees, D. M. Gross, H. F. Harwell and Will Jeter visited the school Tuesday. The teacher seemed to appreciate their interest greatly.

Unknown.

### Powell Items.

Bro. Roberts drove out through the heavy mist Sunday and preached to a pretty good audience.

Oursinging school feel through but we are glad to know our next door neighbors, Ballew and Roberts made up their classes.

We will get a school in the summer, when school is out and weather more settled.

Alex Lancaster has erysipelas on his face, and he is not en-

# Oh, You Spring Time!

## With a Mixture of Winter

But you cannot afford to wait until Easter is upon you to make preparations for this dressy occasion.

You will find all the new things in Dress Goods, Trimmings, Novelties, Linen Coats, Linen and Pique Dresses, etc.

Our footwear is the prettiest ever shown in Haskell, all the new snappy styles of this season are to be found in this line.

## Shelby Shoes Always Leads

Millinery that will appeal to the best dressers. You can't resist when you get a peep at this array of the season's newest ideas of the milliner's art.

Our stock is complete in every detail. Your spring business will be appreciated.

Yours to Please,

# C. M. Hunt

joying it either.

Miss Willie Rich reports the school progressing nicely; but so much sickness has considerably lessened the attendance.

Mrs. Henry Lancaster visited relatives last week.

Paul Cothran took a flying trip to Abilene with his cousin, Miss Freddie Lancaster to spend Saturday and Sunday with the latter's parents.

Misses Novell and Grace Munn attended the closing of the singing school at Roberts Saturday night and visited their sister, Mrs. Hartefeld.

Dr. Williamson was called at the midnight hour to see Mrs. Wallner, but she is better now. Just so the Death Angel will come sooner or later.

We are so sorry to hear of the serious illness of Hazel Powel, we hope soon to report her report her recovery.

Dr. Kimbrough is waiting on Mrs. Floyd Horn's little girl; she has pneumonia and we trust she will soon be well.

We have lived in Haskell county about five years and never heard of so much sickness until this winter. We believe it is caused by the continued damp east winds. It was a terrible shock to the community when Mr. William Emony Horn succumbed to pneumonia after only a few days illness. His little boy, age 5 years was stricken with it at the same time but under the careful nursing of Dr. Goose, he is out of danger. Words fail to express how much we shall miss Bro. Horn; his place will be hard to fill as our Supt. He conducted Sunday School one Sunday and the next Lord's Day he lay cold in death. Every Sunday found him at his post of duty; his every day life was an inspiration. He was converted when eighteen years old and joined the Baptist church. Bro. Griffin conducted the funeral services and he laid him away in the Roberts cemetery, Feb. 26th, 1912. Life seemed just to be unfolding many years of usefulness seemed evident, yet God saw fit to call him higher. He was born Oct. 6, 1881, was married to Miss Mary Boyle of Ala., who survives him with 4 boys and a baby girl. He also leaves an aged father and mother, several brothers

and a sister. Weep not, dear ones, as those that have no hope, for

"As I contemplate life's journey through a world of sin and strife.

There's a thought that steals upon me.

Whispering joy, after while. Bliss the Christian's habitation.

Some sweet day afterward." Tess and Ted

### Rose Chapel.

Good morning, Mr. Editor and chats. How are you all enjoying this wet weather we are having.

Mrs. D. Anderson visited Mrs. T. J. Johnston Friday eve.

Mrs. Maggie Haynes left Saturday night for Ennis to visit friends and relatives.

Miss Sallie Johnston left Thursday night for Stamford where she will spend a few weeks with her brother.

We had Sunday School at Rose Sunday with only a small attendance.

A large crowd attended singing at Mr. Henshaw's Sunday night.

Clyde and Ernest Johnston visited at Mr. Andrews Sunday evening.

Mr. Edwards of Haskell visited Mr. T. J. Johnston Friday.

The Rose school boys have the baseball nine organized as follows; Blake Johnston, catcher; Irvon Jackson, pitcher; Alfred Arthur, first base; Jesse Bar- toh, second base; Howell Anderson, third base; Fred Douglas, left fielder; Verna Anderson, right field; Jim Bishop, short stop, Claud Gordon, center field.

### School Boy.

A. L. Bullock for City Assessor and Collector.

We are authorized to announce A. S. Bullock as a candidate for re-election to the office of City Assessor and Collector of the city of Haskell. Mr. Bullock is now serving his first term and is asking for the second term, and in doing this desires to have the endorsement of the people. He is willing that anyone investigate his books and records and believes that he can prove his competency by his work. We commend him to the consideration of the people.

Subscribe for the Free Press.

### J. D. Hall For County Clerk.

We are authorized to announce J. D. Hall of Rule, Texas, as a candidate for the office of County Clerk of Haskell county, subject to the action of the Democratic party. Mr. Hall has been a resident of this county for a number of years, and has done his best in the work of developing the resources of the county. He has during all of this time been editor of the Rule Review, and has always defended Haskell county against those whose interests elsewhere caused them to cast aspersions on this section. His work as an editor has proven him to be a man of sterling integrity, and he has advocated those things that would advance the best interests of the country. In doing this he no doubt has aroused the opposition of people who always get on the wrong side of every public question, but a man should be judged by his work, and we feel sure the people of Haskell county will give him a careful consideration. He desires us to state that he will make an active canvass of the county and he expects to meet the people and give them a chance to make a proper estimate of his fitness for the office. He says he will appreciate the efforts of his friends in his behalf, and he hopes by his conduct of his canvass to win the confidence and support of the people, and promises if elected to serve the whole people, just as the law contemplates he shall do.

### NOTICE OF FIRST MEETING OF CREDITORS

In the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of Texas, at Abilene. In the Matter of Samuel Houston Foster, Bankrupt. No. 294 In Bankruptcy.

### OFFICE OF REFEREE

Abilene, Texas, March 1, 1912. To the Creditors of Samuel Houston Foster (City Gro. Co.) of Haskell in the county of Haskell and District aforesaid, a bankrupt. Notice is hereby given that on the 1st day of March A. D. 1912 the said Samuel Houston Foster was duly adjudged bankrupt, and that the first meeting of his creditors will be held at my office in Abilene, in Taylor County, Texas, on the 16th day of March A. D. 1912 at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at which time the said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, examine the bankrupt, and transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

K. K. LEGGETT,

Referee in Bankruptcy.



## The Haskell Free Press

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The Free Press Publishing Co.

OSCAR MARTIN  
JAMES A. GREER } Editors.

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the Haskell Postoffice, Haskell, Texas.

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" " " .50 Six Mos.

### ADVERTISING RATES:

Display advertisements under one-half  
page 12 1-2 cents per inch per issue.  
One-half page, \$7.00 per issue.  
One page, \$12.00 per issue.  
Two pages, \$20.00 per issue.  
Advertisements on First Page, 15 cents  
per inch per issue.  
Local readers 5 cents per line per issue.  
Local readers in black face type 10  
cents per line per issue.  
Obituaries, Resolutions and Cards of  
Thanks, 3 cents per line per issue.

HASKELL, TEXAS, March 9, 1912.

The county officials are having  
more trees planted in the court  
house yard. In a few years  
Haskell will have the prettiest  
court house square in this sec-  
tion.

The young man who does not  
heed the advice of father and  
mother will some day see his  
mistake, but maybe it will be too  
late then to regain that which he  
lost.

Keep your premises clear of  
rubbish and trash, loose papers,  
etc. It not only makes the place  
look more attractive, but it helps  
the sanitary condition very ma-  
terially.

Work is progressing nicely on  
the two story brick building on  
east side. We understand that  
there is a probability of several  
other brick buildings being erect-  
ed in Haskell this year. Let the  
good work go on.

We notice announcements has  
been made that Stamford will  
soon begin the construction of  
the Stamford and Eastern rail-  
road to Ft. Worth. This will be  
a very important road and we  
congratulate our neighbor upon  
its acquisition.

The revised version of Horace  
Greely's advice is, "Young Man,  
go to Texas." Pretty good ad-  
vice, as all who have come here  
and remained long enough can  
testify. Another phase of that  
advice might be, "Come to Has-  
kell County, Texas."

There can be no complaint of  
moisture in West Texas now.  
The ground is wet good, and the  
prospects for a bountiful crop  
were never brighter and had  
better foundation at this time of  
year. Watch Texas flourish.

There are many trees being  
planted in this section. We are  
glad to see an interest manifest-  
ed in shade and fruit trees.  
Nothing adds to the appearance  
of a home more than nice shade  
trees. And those who have  
space ground can make it not  
only comfortable but profitable  
as well to plant fruit trees.

A writer in the Farm Co-Op-  
erator says the "cotton gamblers  
can operate as successfully with  
a decreased cotton acreage as  
with an increased one, as is  
proven by the numbers of cot-  
ton gamblers who have come out  
in support of the decreased  
acreage idea." This may be  
true, but the Farm Co-Operator  
writer evidently overlooked the  
fact that when the farmer de-  
creases the acreage in cotton and  
puts in a larger acreage of other  
kinds of products that can be  
consumed on the farm, he nec-  
essarily blocks the game of the  
cotton gamblers by being more  
able to hold his cotton for better  
prices by reason of having his  
living at home and is not com-  
pelled to sell his cotton to buy  
provisions with, and in the end  
he comes out winner because a  
decrease of acreage decreases  
the yield of cotton and the mills  
sooner or later will be compelled  
to buy at any price or shut down.  
The farmer has the solution of  
the problem in his own hands if  
he will but use his opportunity,  
and diversification is the method.

## Spring and Summer Footwear Styles

### Tan and White Predominate in Shoes for Spring

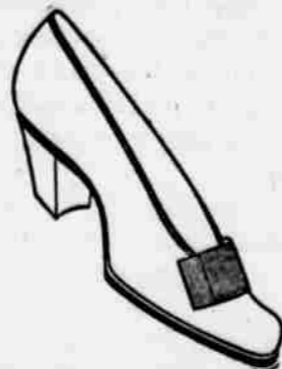
"Footwear fashions for women conform closely to the general fashion trend in Garments, with which they will be worn. American garment makers are of the opinion that this will be the greatest White Year we have ever known."

"This seems to guarantee a large demand for white foot wear, and, there is hardly a manufacturer or jobber who is not showing a gener-ous assortment of Boots and Pumps made of White Buck and White Canvas."

The above is taken from the last issue of the "Shoe and Leather Gazette" an authority on style in foot wear.



*Queen Quality* SHOE



Just such styles as these de-  
scribed above are in our Stock

The Daintest Pumps imaginable  
in White Buck, White Canvas,  
and Tan Calf as well as Black Satin, Suede and Patent Kid, are here  
for your inspection.

Also 16 Button White Boots in Canvas and Buck  
Boots are worth \$2.50 to \$3.50. Pumps \$3.00 to \$4.00 pair

## Dainty Val Laces, Handsome 45 in. Baby Irish Flouncing and new 45 in. Allover Embroidery.

It is hard to find a real new pattern in Valenciene Laces, but this week's express has brought us some absolutely new designs, some of the daintiest and prettiest laces that could be made are now here for you to see. Likewise the new effects in 45 in. Baby Irish Flouncing and Allovers are in our Stock and we invite your early inspection.

### New Arrivals in Silks, Voile, Linens, & White Goods

Our complete stock of all the above is now in and as a whole it is the most satisfactory lot of goods we have ever shown. The newest creations in Messaline and Foulard Silks in yard wide widths are here and priced at only \$1.00 a yard. Also new 27 in Marquisesets for only \$1.00. 40 in. Cotton Voile in fine Sheer quality, with Luster finish, in all the new shades for only per yard 35c. 27 in. Cotton Voile, for 20c.

### Sheer White Goods and White Pique

New Lace Style Effects in Sheer Dainty White Goods for only... 35c yd

Also Dainty Dimity Checks, from..... 12c to 25c yd

In fact most anything you might fancy is in our new stock of White Goods and every piece is marked very close.

Two Styles of White Pique..... at 25c and 35c per yard

This will be one of the favorite White Cloths of the season and we want you to see our selections as soon as you can.

## New Spring Millinery

From unavoidable causes our Millinery has been late in arriving but now the largest part of it is here and open for your inspection. Some of the choicest selections from the famous Gold Medal line of hats are in our stock and we want you to see them.

# Hardy Grissom

### Cotton Shows Greatest Increase.

That "Cotton is King" is again verified by a statement just issued by the Federal Department of Agriculture which indicates that the fleecy staple has shown a greater increase in farm value per acre during the past decade than any other crop. It has increased from \$13.32 per acre in 1909 to \$25.32 in 1910, a gain of \$12.00 or 90 per cent; rye comes second with a farm value in 1899 of \$6.32 and \$11.76 in 1910 an increase, \$5.44 per acre or 86 per cent; buckwheat is third, valued at \$7.74 in 1899 and \$13.71 in 1910, an increase of \$5.97, or 77 per cent; fourth, wheat with a farm value of \$7.30 in 1899 and \$12.63 in 1910, an increase of \$5.33 per acre, or 73 per cent;

fifth, hay valued at \$10.18 per acre in 1899 and \$16.37 in 1910, an increase of \$7.19, or 61 per cent; sixth, corn with a farm value of \$8.51 in 1899 and \$13.37 in 1910, a gain of \$4.86, or 57 per cent; seventh, potatoes with a farm value of \$36.27 in 1899 and \$52.35 in 1910, an increase of \$16.08, or 44 per cent; eighth, tobacco valued at \$52.02 in 1899 and \$74.13 in 1910 a gain of \$22.11, or 42 per cent; ninth, oats with a farm value in 1899 of \$7.94 and \$10.90 in 1910, an increase of \$1.96, or 37 per cent; tenth, barley with a farm value of \$10.80 in 1899 and \$12.92 in 1912, an increase of \$2.12, or 20 per cent.

Let the Free Press do your job printing. We are prepared to please you.

### J. F. Collier

In the proper column will be found the announcement of J. F. Collier as a candidate for the office of city assessor and collector of taxes. We can say that he served as tax collector of Erath county from 1888-1892, and that he made a reputation with the state comptrollers department for efficiency and accuracy, as the records of that office will show. Mr. Collier has been a citizen of this town for a number of years, and is honored and respected by all who know him. We would commend him to the careful consideration of the people.

Let the Free Press do your job printing. We are prepared to please you.

### Free If It Fails.

Your Money Back If You are not Satisfied With the Medicine We Recommend.

We are so positive that our remedy will permanently relieve constipation, no matter how chronic it may be, that we offer to furnish the medicine at our expense should it fail to produce satisfactory results.

It is worse than useless to attempt to cure constipation with cathartic drugs. Laxatives or cathartics do much harm. They cause a reaction, irritate, and weaken the bowels and tend to make constipation more chronic. Besides, their use becomes a habit that is dangerous.

Constipation is caused by a weakness of the nerves and muscles of the large intestine or descending colon. To expect permanent relief you must therefore tone up and strengthen these organs and restore them to healthier activity.

We want you to try Rexall Orderlies on our recommendation. They are exceedingly pleasant to take, being eaten like candy, and are ideal for children, delicate persons, and old folks, as well as for the robust. They act directly on the nerves and muscles of the bowels. They apparently have a neutral action on other associate organs or glands. They do not purge, cause excessive looseness, nor create any inconvenience whatever. They may be taken at any time, day or night. They will positively relieve chronic or habitual constipation, if not of surgical variety, and the myriads of associate or dependent chronic ailments, if taken with regularity for a reasonable length of time. 12 tablets, 10 cents; 36 tablets, 25 cents; 80 tablets, 50 cents. Sold in Haskell only at our store—The Rexall Store. Spencer & Richardson, Haskell, Texas.

### Atchison-Cobb.

Mr. W. E. Atchison and Miss Susie Cobb were married in the Roberts community at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon in the presence of a number of relatives and friends. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Jones. These young people are very popular among their many acquaintances, and their quiet, unassuming manner has won for them a host of lifetime friends who wish for them much happiness as they sail through the sea of life together.

### Law Enforcement.

"What are they moving the church for?"

"Well, stranger, I'm the Mayor of these diggin's an I'm fer law enforcement. We've got an ordinance what says no saloon shall be nearer than 300 feet from a church. I give 'em three days to move the church."—Students Helper.

Subscribe for the Free Press.

### Dr. JOSEPH DALY ABILENE, TEXAS.

Practice limited to dis-  
eases of the Eye, Ear,  
Nose, Throat and fitting  
glasses. If you have Eye  
trouble call and see him.  
He will tell you plain facts  
and will not treat you if  
your case is incurable.  
Will be in Haskell

Tuesday, March 12th  
Office West Dr. Kimbrough

### Dandruff and Itching Scalp Yield to Zemo Treatment

Why should you continue to experiment with salves, greasy lotions and fancy dressings trying to rid your scalp of germ life. They can't do it because they cannot penetrate to the seat of the trouble and draw the germ life to the surface of the scalp and destroy it.

Why not try a PROVEN REMEDY? One that will do this. We have a remedy that will rid the scalp of germ life and in this way will cure DANDRUFF and ITCHING SCALP.

This remedy is Zemo, a clean, refined, penetrating scalp tonic that goes right to the seat of the trouble and drives the germ life to the surface and destroys it.

A shampoo with ZEMO (Anti-septic) SOAP and one application of ZEMO will entirely rid the scalp of dandruff and scurf. Do not hesitate, but get a bottle of ZEMO today. It acts on a new principle and will do exactly what we claim for it.

Sold and endorsed by the Robertson Drug Store.

Ole Mammy Lize was dusting the Southern woman's drawing room. She came to a small bronze bust of Shakespeare and began carefully going over him with her rag. "Mis' Juliet, chile, who am dis yere gemmun?" "That is Shakespeare, Lize, a wonderful poet who died centuries ago." "Dat him, miss? Lor' I've done heyar o' Mistah Shakespeare a lot o' times. Ever'body seems to know him. 'Deed, I done heyar so much 'bout him dat I allus thought he was a white gemmun."

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## IN NEW QUARTERS

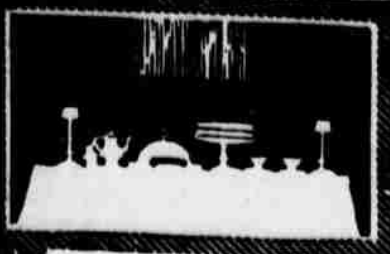
We have moved to the C. D. Grissom & Son building, where we are better prepared than ever to serve you in

## GROCERIES

We appreciate your liberal patronage in the past, and promise to give you the best service and best goods to be had in the future.

### Haskell Co-Operative Store





**Home Baked**  
**Flaky Biscuits**  
**Delicious Cake**  
**Healthful Food**  
*made with*  
**DR. PRICE'S**  
**CREAM**  
**Baking Powder**  
 The product of **Grapes**

No Alum  
 No  
 Lime Phosphate

**Mose and the Law.**  
 Bozeman Bulger, a baseball writer, says that in his home town down in Southern Alabama, a darky was brought into court to answer a charge of murder.  
 "Mose Tupper," said the Judge, contemplating the prisoner over his spectacles, "you are accused here of one of the most serious crimes known to our laws, to-wit, the taking of a human life. Are you properly represented by counsel?"  
 "No, suh," said the darky cheerfully.  
 "Well, have you talked to any one about your defense since your arrest?"  
 "I told the Sherriff about the shootin' when he come to my cabin to fetch me heah," said the prisoner, "but tha's all."  
 "And you have taken no steps whatever to engage a lawyer?"  
 "No, suh," said Mose, "I ain't got no money to be wastin' on lawyers. Dev tell me lawyers is mighty costive."  
 "If you have no funds," insisted the Judge, "it lies within the power of the court to appoint an attorney to defend you without charge."  
 "You needn't be botherin' yo' self, Jedge," answered Mose.  
 "Well what do you propose to do about this case," demanded His Honor.  
 "Jedge," said the negro, "ez fur ez Ise concerned you kin jes let de matter drap!"—Saturday Evening Post.

# This is the Spring to Plant Seeds

McNeill & Smith Hardware Co. handle a full line of BULK GARDEN SEEDS, Onion Sets, Peas, Sweet Corn. Ask your neighbor who bought seeds from us last year.

**More for Your Money**  
 and  
**Fresher Seeds**

## McNeil & Smith Hdw. Co.

**Not Confined to Chicago.**  
 "The teacher of one of the classes in a school in the suburbs of Cleveland had been training her pupils in anticipation of a visit from the School Commissioner," said George S. Wells of Pittsburg, at the Shorearm. "At last he came and the classes were called out to show their attainments.  
 "The arithmetic class was the first called, and in order to make a good impression the teacher put the first question to Johnny Smith, the star pupil.  
 "Johnny, if coal is selling at \$6 a ton and you pay the coal dealer

\$24, how many tons of coal will he bring you."  
 "Three," was the prompt reply from Johnny.  
 "The teacher, much embarrassed, said, 'Why, Johnny, that isn't right.'  
 "'Oh I know it ain't but they do it, anyhow.'"

**Calomel is Bad.**  
 But Simon's Liver Purifier is delightfully pleasant and its action is thorough. Constipation yields, biliousness goes. A trial convinces. (In Yellow Tin Boxes Only.) Tried once, used always.  
 Subscribe for the Free Press.

**Many Driven From Home.**  
 Every year, in every part of the country, thousands are driven from their homes by coughs and lung diseases. Friends and business are left behind for other climates, but this is costly and not always sure. A better way—the way of multitudes—is to use Dr. King's New Discovery and cure yourself at home. Stay right there, with your friends and take this safe medicine. Throat and lung troubles find quick relief and health returns. Its help in coughs, colds, grip, croup, whooping-cough and sore lungs make it a positive blessing. 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by Jas. R. Walton.

**Cause For Alarm.**  
 Loss of Appetite or Distress After Eating a Symptom That Should Not be Disregarded  
 Appetite is just a natural desire for food. Loss of appetite or stomach distress after eating indicate indigestion or dyspepsia. Over-eating is a habit very dangerous to a person's good general health.  
 It is not what you eat but what you digest and assimilate that does you good. Some of the strongest, heaviest and healthiest persons are moderate eaters.  
 We urge all in Haskell who suffer from any stomach derangement, indigestion, or dyspepsia, whether acute or chronic to try Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets, with the distinct understanding that we will refund their money without question or formality, if after reasonable use of this medicine, they are not perfectly satisfied with the results. We recommend them to our customers every day, and have yet to hear of anyone who has not been benefited by them. We honestly believe them to be without equal. They give very prompt relief, aiding to neutralize the gastric juices, strengthen the digestive organs, to regulate the bowels, and thus to promote perfect nutrition, and eradicate all unhealthy symptoms.  
 We urge you to try a 25c. box of Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets, which gives 15 days' treatment. At the end of that time, your money will be returned to you if you are not satisfied. Of course in chronic cases length of treatment varies. For such cases we have two larger sizes, which sell for 50c. and \$1.00. Remember, you can obtain Rexall Remedies in this community only at our store—The Rexall Store, Spencer & Richardson, Haskell, Texas.

**A Reactionary.**  
 "These reactionaries," said Lewis Fisher, the progressive mayor of Galveston, in a recent address, "remind me of old Hiram Conway, a miller of Dee.  
 "Hiram prided himself on being conservative, and he ground his flour in the old-fashioned way, between two millstones.  
 "A brisk young chap brought a sack of wheat to the mill one morning and stood and waited for it to be ground. As the stones turned slowly and the meal trickled forth in a thin sluggish stream, the young man said to Hiram.  
 "'Hang it, Mr. Conway, I could eat that meal faster than you old mill grinds it out.'  
 "'Yes,' chuckled Hiram, 'but how long could you keep on eating it?'  
 "'Till I starved,' said the young man."

**Home Endorsement.**  
 Hundreds of Haskell Citizens Can Tell You All About It.  
 Home endorsement, the public expression of Haskell people, should be evidence beyond dispute for every Haskell reader. Surely the experience of friends and neighbors, cheerfully given by them, will carry more weight than the utterances of strangers residing in faraway places. Read the following:  
 Mrs. W. T. McDaniel, Haskell, Texas, says: "I am so much better in health since I used Doan's Kidney Pills that I am glad to recommend them. I did not sleep well and in the morning when I got up felt tired and languid. Doan's Kidney Pills, which I got at Collier's Drug Store (now the Corner Drug Store) relieved me of all these difficulties and also benefited my kidneys."  
 For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.  
 Remember the name—Doan's and take no other.

**Dr. J. D. SMITH**  
**DENTIST**  
 Office Over Palace Meat Market  
 Office Phone.....12  
 Res. ".....111

**Dr. O. M. GUEST**  
**DENTIST**  
 Office in the McConnell Building.  
 OFFICE PHONE No. 52,  
 RESIDENT " " 83.

**Jas. P. Kinnard**  
**Attorney-At-Law**  
 Loans and Abstracts.  
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 "But I didn't own it then."  
 "No; but I did!"—Fliedgen Blietter.

R. G. Collins, Postmaster, Barnegat, N. J., was troubled with a severe la grippe cough. He says: "I would be completely exhausted after each fit of violent coughing. I bought a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound and before I had taken it all the coughing spells had entirely ceased. It can't be beat." For sale by Robertson's Drug Store.

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# A Grim Experience

The Way a Tourist Was Shut Up in a Church

By HOMER WORTHINGTON

We were on our wedding journey in Europe, doing picture galleries and churches. I will not assert that this is all there is in that elderly country for tourists to see, but it is the principal part of the matter. Lucia and I were one morning visiting a Roman cathedral several hundred years old, looking at pictures hanging on the walls, some of which must have been painted for the purpose of scaring away the devil; at ghostly marble figures lying on their backs, with their hands clasped over their breasts; straining our eyes in dark chapels to see hideous frescoes, the principal part of which had been chipped off, when we heard the clock above us strike the hour of noon.

At the moment we were looking at a statue, wondering whom it might represent. A gentleman—rather a singular looking person he was—bearing our remarks, politely told us all about the marble and of another much older and more curious in a different part of the church, offering to guide us to it. Lucia said she was tired and would go to her hotel and rest before lunch.

I would rather have gone with her, but the stranger was so urgent that I should see the curious statue that I consented to remain with him. I told Lucia I would be with her within half an hour, and she left me. Then I started to another part of the church with my guide.

He showed me the statue, told me its history, beginning back in the twelfth century and ending in the eighteenth, when, after having been stolen, buried, resurrected, lost its nose, one of its ears and both hands, it had been miraculously set up in its present position in the middle of the night, when the church was locked, with no one inside. As he proceeded I thought I had never met a person more voluble. Why he took so great an interest in me I could not divine. Instead of listening to what he said I was taking in his personal appearance.

He was rather small, wore a little bell crowned hat, which, of course, in the cathedral he carried in his hand; had coarse dark hair standing straight upon his head and a short stubby beard. His coat was a dark blue cloth, fitting tight at the waist, with a full flowing skirt. His trousers were checkered and tight to the skin. The most remarkable feature in his face was his eyes, which twinkled like a pair of stars in the heavens.

When he had told me all about the statue and the archaeological disputes as to just where it had lost its nose and the other features I thanked him for his kindness, bid him good morning and was about to leave him when he said:

"There's something far more curious in this church than this—the bones of St. — (I have forgotten the name), that have come down to us through 800 years. It will require but a moment to see them, and I shall be happy to show them to you."

"Thank you very much," I said, "but my luncheon hour is at hand, and I must rejoin my wife."

"I will not detain you five minutes," he replied and looked so anxious that I should enjoy a sight at these old bones in which he seemed to take such interest that I went with him to see them. Taking me to the forward part of the church on one side, he opened a door that I judged to be about five feet high—at any rate, one must bend to enter it—and told me to step inside. "After you," I said, but he stood holding the door open so deferentially that I went in. The only light there was in the place came in at the opening through which I had entered, and even that was shut off immediately, for I heard the door close and a click in the lock. My companion had remained outside.

It required a few moments for me to realize my situation, to become frightened. Then I turned to the door and tried to find a knob by which to open it. There was no inside knob. I hammered on the door, but it was of iron and made of several plates, so that my thumps were not likely to be heard. I listened eagerly for the door to be reopened. Perhaps it had closed of itself and sprung a bolt. In this case my guide must find some one to enable him to open it and might have gone away for that purpose.

Then I remembered that starry look in his eyes, and I became terror-stricken. Suppose he was insane! If so he had doubtless shut me up in a dark room, seldom opened, and at some future time, instead of the bones of a saint, my own skeleton would be found there. I felt around the walls of my inclosure and was horror-stricken to find that it was but about 5 by 4 feet. I could not lie down in it. I looked up and could see light—it seemed far above me—on the four sides of the ceiling, as though let in by a narrow strip of glass. Reaching up, even standing on my toes or jumping, I could touch nothing.

What would Lucia think when the luncheon hour came and I did not return? How long would she wait before becoming frightened, and what

would she then do? No one would likely think of looking for me in the cathedral, especially in that dark hole. They would infer that I had left the place and gone elsewhere. I thought of the many cases where persons have started forth on some ordinary errand and had never been heard of again. I remembered the old story of the bride playing "hide and seek" during her wedding festivities, getting into a chest with a spring lock and not being found for years, when the chest was opened and her skeleton taken out. Then I gave way to uncontrollable terror.

I heard directly above me the stroke of a bell. I listened for more, but no more came. This enlightened me upon my position. I must be in the clock tower. The clock had struck the hour. Looking up again at the rectangle of light the terrible fact thrust itself upon me that the dark space within it was the bottom of the weight that moved the machinery and the hands. The weight was slowly descending and would crush me. At the thought my legs gave way beneath me, and I sank in a heap.

Then I arose and renewed my knocking on the door. I hammered with my fists and kicked with my feet. But, since the substance on which I belabored was a very poor conductor of sound and produced but little effect inside, what could I expect of it without? During our inspection we had seen very few persons, and they had all been in the body of the church. Besides, the entrance to my dungeon was reached by a narrow winding passage.

I heard the clock above me strike the hours one after another and counted them as one condemned to death counts those before his execution. My thoughts were confused—a jumble. Now I would think of Lucia, of her fright at my absence, and what she would do in hunting for me. Again I would dwell upon the horrible death I would suffer when the life was being crushed out of me by an iron mass probably weighing several tons. Then a hope came to me at remembering that the clock would not be allowed to run down and might be wound before the weight had killed me. I wondered if when it came so low that I could brace myself against it would I be able to support its great weight till it was wound up.

It was past noon, as I have said, when I went into my prison. When the hour of 5 was struck the weight might have been from ten to twenty feet above me, though I had no means except sight of judging the distance. It occurred to me that there would be a special hour for winding, and this would be at 6 o'clock in the evening. The crisis for me was due in about an hour.

That hour was the longest, the most horrible, of my life. I sat down on the floor, looking up at the coming mass descending so slowly that I could not see it move. It came so near that standing on my feet I could touch it with my fingers. I held them there and could feel it move. When it came a little lower I placed my palms under it to see if I could hold it up. The only way I could tell if it was sinking in spite of me was by the slowly changing position of my hands. I knew that they were giving way under the weight and lost hope of saving myself by this means.

Slowly came the weight till when I stood erect it touched the top of my head. Then I was obliged to stoop, then get down on my knees. Lastly I sat on the floor. Surely the clock weight would not be permitted to sink to the floor before being wound, for this would necessitate the stopping of the clock. If I could be spared two feet by lying on my side with my knees drawn up I might live.

And to this position I was reduced. I felt the bottom of the weight pressing against my side till finally I lost consciousness.

But not for long. The pressure was removed, and I heard the winding of wheels, the click of cog, up in the tower. The clock was being wound. I was spared for twenty-four hours.

Soon after the hour of 10 sounded I heard a click at the door, which was thrown open, and the glare of a lamp showed me a number of excited faces. "Found!" was shouted joyfully, and Lucia, pushing forward, fainted in my arms.

Shutting me up in the clock tower had had a peculiar effect on the lunatic who had done the deed. He kept his secret till night, when he accosted a man passing the church and told him that the devil in human form had been following him to drag him down to hell. But he had tricked Satan, having put him under the weight in the clock tower, and he had doubtless by this time been crushed. The listener broke away from him, but, thinking there might be reality in his story, returned and, meeting a searching party, had led them to the tower.

I brought my bride straight back to America, where we have contented ourselves since our memorable experience. She is full of reverence for holy things and considers my being shut up in a clock tower a punishment upon us both for our heathenish behavior in nosing about in a building dedicated for worship. I consider it a lesson for hosts of foreigners who do that very thing. While pious people are kneeling at an altar tourists are staring over their shoulders to get a view of a famous painting. While praises are being sung to the great Creator these same tourists are straining their voices to tell one another about the antiquities.

At any rate, we will never do it again. I have had trouble enough getting rid of the results of my last trip. Lying awake at night, the deep tones of a town clock take me back to that frightful bell tower, and I feel the ceiling over my head is coming down to crush me.

# My Diplomatic Mission

It Was My First and My Last

By F. A. MITCHEL

I am the daughter of an American admiral. When my father was retired he joined us in Washington, where we lived. At his death, his income being cut off, I found it necessary to do something to add to the small income of my mother and was given a clerkship in the navy department, but the salary was small, and I confess I looked forward to the humdrum life before me with dislike.

Notwithstanding our limited resources I maintained my position in society. Washington does not suffer socially from commercialism as other American cities. I was invited just as often after my entrance upon my clerkship as before. Indeed, I occupied a better social status than many newly rich people who, having suddenly acquired wealth, settled in Washington to spend it.

One evening during a reception at the White House the wife of a member of the Russian diplomatic corps sought me out and drew me away from the throng for a chat. She gradually led the conversation upon myself and asked me how I would like to enter the diplomatic service. Upon asking her what she meant she explained that diplomacy was synonymous with chicanery. There was a constant effort between the diplomats of the world to get possession of each other's secrets and thus forestall action. I was interested, and the lady proceeded to tell me that women were usually mixed up in these affairs and were relied on principally by their husbands to extract information from their diplomatic rivals. Then, after pledging me to secrecy, she told me that the Russian embassy was at that time in want of an attractive woman to obtain a secret from a diplomat and that she would be paid liberally for the service rendered.

Of course the lady was sounding me to learn if I would undertake the matter. I neither accepted nor declined, leaving her, intending to think it over. I did think it over and came to a decision that may be considered peculiar. I determined that I would not dishonor my father's name by becoming a spy; but, being infatuated with the idea of swimming in that undercurrent of duplicity that had been mentioned, I resolved to accept the offer, but not for pay. I had an object in view that concerned my own individual self far more than Russia. When I had made up my mind I called on the lady who had been given the commission to employ me and told her I was ready to listen to a proposition.

I dare say that this may be considered whipping conscience around the stump, but at the time I was not aware of doing anything dishonorable. I was employed by the Russian embassy—no particular person in it was specified—to get a secret from the secretary of legation of Great Britain. It was suspected by the Russians that England was making a secret treaty with the sublime port, Russia has always been at issue with the other European powers as to Turkey, and ever since the Czar Nicholas I. was ousted by the British minister, just previous to the Crimean war, Russia has been eager to get even with England by some sharp diplomatic move. I was therefore employed to draw this secret from Edward Cathorne, who would surely be cognizant of it, who had chosen diplomacy as a profession and was expecting soon to be raised to the rank of ambassador.

At the next important social function, given by the secretary of state, a member of the Austrian embassy asked permission to present his friend Edward Cathorne. What the Austrian had to do with the matter I did not know. Evidently he was either in some way connected with the plot or was being made a tool of. That was nothing to me, but I experienced a peculiar sensation of pleasure at being launched in the whirlpool of diplomatic chicanery. I graciously permitted the introduction and found Mr. Cathorne very agreeable. Indeed, he was of the best type of English gentleman, not noble, but well connected at home and in every way desirable. I refrained at this first meeting from anything connected with the work I had undertaken. I simply endeavored to make myself as agreeable as possible to him. I saw at once that he was an intellectual man, and I treated him accordingly by talking, leaving him to chat as he liked. Small talk is all that can be introduced at social functions anyway.

Mr. Cathorne asked permission to call upon me, which was, of course, granted. We occupied the same house as when my father lived, a two story lark near — circle, and it had in it all the attractiveness of simplicity. My visitor told me during the evening that he would sail for England on leave of absence the next week. I told him that I was about to go abroad, and by comparing notes it turned out that I had engaged my passage on the same steamer on which he had engaged his—that is, I knew my friends of the

Russian embassy would do my bidding in the matter. Mr. Cathorne seemed very much pleased to have my company on the voyage and offered his mother's and sisters' hospitality during my stay in England.

I was offered a passage across the ocean and ample funds for other expenses by my employers, but Mr. Cathorne knew that I was not able to travel expensively so I chose one of the poorest staterooms and declined to accept anything from the Russian embassy until I had finished my work. Fortunately I had enough for the purpose saved from my salary. I offered to resign my position in the navy department, but on account of my father's services was given a leave of absence. I learned afterward that those who sent me on my mission were much puzzled at my declining to be furnished with funds. But they continued to be puzzled till they heard definitely from me later, for I gave them no satisfactory explanation. I also learned that from this time they began to doubt me and took measures to get the information they desired through other parties.

Mr. Cathorne was devoted to me on the voyage. He talked about everything except diplomacy, on which he maintained a rigid silence. I did not make the slightest attempt to draw him out in that line. Any effort to do so would have aroused suspicion. But it was not in accordance with my plan to draw him out. Something far deeper was in my mind. Besides, I soon learned from him what was necessary for me to know. He told me that he would remain at home only long enough to make a report at the foreign office in London, after which he would take a little trip on the continent. I well knew that this meant a visit to the sultan of Turkey.

Everybody knows what an ocean voyage is for matchmaking. We had not reached England before Mr. Cathorne and I were engaged in what in America we call a flirtation. The flirting, however, if it really was flirting, was all on one side. An Englishman is not an adept in such affairs. The game at which he is especially expert is not the game of love, but of diplomacy. I was content, for the time being at least, to let him have his own way at the game of diplomacy provided I could have mine at the game of love.

I had not been in England eighteen hours before I received an invitation from a sister of Mr. Cathorne to visit the family home, near London. I spent several days there, during which, I fear, the visiting was rather between Mr. Cathorne and me than between me and his mother and sisters. Our affair reached a crisis one evening when he told me that he must run over the next morning to Paris on business. Before going he told me what I had been hoping for—not his diplomatic secret, but that he wished me to be his wife.

Before parting with him that evening—I was not to see him the next morning—he admitted that he was going farther than Paris. I asked him if he was going still farther, and he finally admitted that he would not stop till he reached Constantinople. I asked him why he was going there, and he declined to tell me. I remonstrated with him, saying that a promised wife should share all her fiance's secrets.

"Not his government's secrets," I threw my arms around his neck, laughed and said:

"You're going to Constantinople on the matter of a treaty between England and Turkey?"

Disengaging himself from me, he looked at me with astonishment. I told him that I had been employed—by whom I would not say—to get a knowledge of that treaty; that I had accepted the offer for the fun of the thing and had declined to receive even the money for my expenses. He demanded to know who had employed me, and I refused to answer. That, I considered, would be dishonorable.

Had I set out with the intention of springing upon him his love for me, he would have turned to hate, even though I had weakened on the way through love for him. My action was incomprehensible to him. He became convinced that I had had from the first no intention of getting any diplomatic knowledge from him, but he could not understand the reason I gave him for entering upon the matter at all. I told him I had yielded to a desire to see something of the undercurrent of diplomatic life. It was not remarkable that he did not understand this, for there was another reason underlying the first.

And now it is time that I give this reason. Before I made up my mind to accept the Russian offer I felt pretty sure that Edward Cathorne was to be the man I was to prey upon. I had seen him often, and the moment I first looked upon him the little god shot one of his deadly arrows into me. But I had not had an opportunity of meeting the man I worshipped. The Russian offer I regarded as a possible means, at least an opportunity, to win him.

He did not feel easy about me for a long while, but I brought him around in time, and we were married. I made it a condition that he should not return to Washington. I didn't like the prospect of facing the diplomats who had employed me to do their spying. I having married the man I was to spy upon. I learned, however, long afterward that they had a very high opinion of me since they had learned that I would not give them away even to my own husband.

I have continued to be a diplomat's wife at many courts, but the diplomatic effort by which I received a husband is the only one of my life. I am quite content to leave the chicanery of the service to others.

# KITTY

She Is the Cause of a Young Man's Sudden Change of Mind

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"Confound the woman!" ejaculated Bob Folsom as he slammed the door. "I'd like to get hold of that cat. If I did it would never get out alive again." He stalked moodily to the window and listened, as if fascinated by the low pitched voice of the woman calling insistently in the yard below.

"Here, kitty, kitty, kitty!" she called.

"She's been doing that every night for a week," grumbled Bob, leaving the window when the sounds had died away in a murmur of endearments. "If I had only known there was a cat loving spinster in the house I would have stayed on the outside. No cats for me—not on your life!"

Bob looked around at the well furnished room containing furniture of his own. The low bookshelves were filled with his books. Everything in the two large apartments was his own. He resolved to remain there until that remote time when he would fall in love and marry. "That may be never," he always told himself cynically.

At breakfast he approached his boarding mistress concerning cats.

"Ah, Mrs. Porter, didn't I hear a cat in the hall just now?" he inquired as he sipped his coffee.

Mrs. Porter smiled impersonally. "Probably you have heard a cat, Mr. Folsom. There are three in this house."

"Three?" Bob was aghast. "And are they all lost at night and do their mistresses have to call them home at precisely 9 p. m., and—"

"Dear me, no! They are very quiet, stay at home cats—that is, all except Miss Lane's Snowball. He's an Angora and quite valuable, I believe. He has been a runaway lately and does not come home until poor Miss Lane has become hoarse with calling him. She has a touch of asthma, you know."

"I hope Snowball gets over his wanderlust before long," remarked Bob as he pushed his chair away from the table.

Mrs. Porter looked pained. "I am very sorry if it annoys you," she said rather stiffly, "but Miss Lane is my best boarder, and she happens to own this house, and Snowball is the apple of her eye. Perhaps he will stay in now."

"Oh, it doesn't matter," Bob hastened to say, already feeling somewhat ashamed at his complaint against Snowball's asthmatic mistress. "I only happened to hear her calling every night and I wondered—you know," his voice trailed into embarrassed silence as he escaped into the hall and took his hat from the rack.

As he walked toward the front door, shrugging into his overcoat as he went, he observed a handsome white Angora cat sitting on the newel post. "Snowball, I'll be bound!" he said to himself, lifting his hand to pat the beautiful creature. But Snowball's white paw shot out and his claws dug deep, leaving a long ugly scratch on the back of Bob's hand.

"Here, kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty!" called a voice from the door above. "Come, Snowball!"

Snowball mewed delightedly in return and darted, a flying streak of white, up the stairs.

Bob sent one upward glance to where a face leaned over the banister of the second story. A stiffly brushed pompadour of gray hair above a high forehead and a pair of gold spectacles glistened down at him. He turned away impatiently. Snowball's mistress was all that his imagination had painted her.

As he went down the street he mentally cursed the cat that had administered the ugly scratch, and he was filled with unreasonable wrath at Miss Lane for harboring the vicious beast.

"That's the main trouble with boarding houses," he said to himself. "They are filled up with old maids and cats and parrots. I don't believe there is any hope of my finding a home anywhere unless I get married—and where is the right girl?"

Where was she? Up to this time she had never existed for Bob Folsom. He had his ideal, and he was especially convinced that she could not have red hair and be loved by him. Neither could her eyes be green. Her hair must be a soft dusky black and her eyes that rare hazel—He reached his office at this juncture and was compelled to drop day dreams in the face of dry realities.

That evening as he sat before the cosy hearth fire he heard the voice in the yard calling the recalcitrant Snowball.

"Here, kitty, kitty, kitty!" There were the same deep lower notes lifting upward to the last piercing, and to Bob Folsom's nervously sensitive hearing, irritating "Kitty."

For an hour the calling continued at frequent intervals and then suddenly ceased, much to Bob's relief. "Gracious," he muttered to himself as he prepared for bed, "I'm getting to be as old maidish as Miss Lane can possibly be—bet a dollar her name is Jemima!"

It must have been after midnight when Bob was awakened by a hideous yowling under his window. Then he realized that it must have been following him through his dreams, for

he had been dreaming of the irascible Snowball.

"Euh—guess he stayed out tonight and is just getting in! I'll soon put a stop to you, son."

Bob looked around the room for some missile to toss down upon the indignant Snowball, who obstinately voiced his complaints beneath Bob Folsom's window. Bob knew that all the other bedrooms in the house faced upon the front and sides, and it was doubtful if any one else in the house could be disturbed by the cat cries.

He decided that a paper weight was too heavy, a sofa pillow too soft, his boots quite out of the question. Snowball must be broken of this midnight serenading under his window. He whooped softly as a happy thought struck him. On his washstand was an unopened package of an especial talcum powder that he used when shaving himself. A quantity of this white powder sitting down from nowhere in particular upon the upturned face of Snowball would effectually put that feline nuisance to rout.

As Bob opened the half pound package of talcum powder he chuckled softly to himself, not hearing footfalls on the carpeted hall nor the careful opening of the rear basement door. His own window was wide open, and he thrust his head out, turned the package upside down and shook the powder out. Then he crumpled the pasteboard container and tossed that down after it. Snowball's cries ceased instantly, but they were followed by a feminine exclamation of surprise.

"Great Jove, if I haven't sprinkled Miss Lane! What in thunder is she doing down there, anyway?"

Thoroughly chagrined and penitent at the outcome of his joke upon the white cat, Bob Folsom paused, uncertain what to do. Miss Lane was an elderly woman, and the sudden descent of the powder must not only have startled her, but might have caused her suffering. Bob remembered what Mrs. Porter had said about Miss Lane's asthma, and he resolved to make amends as far as lay in his power. Consequently he dashed into a bathrobe and slippers and went out into the darkened hall and down the black pit of the stairway to the basement hall. He was groping his way toward the rear door, which he could see was still open, when a voice close beside him asked quietly:

"Who are you, and what do you want?"

"I—I beg your pardon, Miss Lane, is it not?" he stammered.

"Yes, I am Miss Lane." Bob heard a button click, and instantly the hall was flooded with light.

He leaned weakly against the wall and actually stared at the vision that confronted him. If this was Miss Lane who was the glass eyed lady who had peered at him over the banister that very morning?

She was beautiful. She was young, not more than twenty-three, with a peach tinted complexion, green eyes, dark eyebrows and—red hair! She was the antithesis of his ideal in every respect, and he should have turned away from her with superb indifference only he fell head over heels in love with her at once—yes, red hair and all. And the lovely waving red hair was powdered thickly with white talcum, and the peach tint of her complexion was flecked with talcum, and the dark blue silk of her dressing gown was flecked with it, and even the tip of her adorable nose. As for Snowball, clasped in the curve of her soft arms, he was tossing powder with every angry shake of his head.

Of course Bob Folsom had to apologize, and he did it hastily, stumbling over his words as he watched for some gleam of forgiveness in the green eyes.

"Of course you didn't know," she said when he had concluded, "and of course poor Snowball doesn't like it a bit. I'm glad that I went down after him instead of Aunt Cleopatra. She would really have minded the powder." She smiled sweetly at Bob as she proceeded on her way. "I wonder if you would mind closing the door and putting out the lights. I heard you coming downstairs, and I was so frightened that I did not stop to close the door. I felt that I must find out who it was."

"Your voice did not sound frightened, and—well, really, I'm afraid I've been awfully old maidish about that cat. I suppose you were anxious about him?"—he was saying when she interrupted him with a negative gesture of her head that sent two long red braids flying over her shoulders.

"No, indeed; I'm not a bit anxious or fond of Snowball—he is so cross and scratchy. But Aunt Cleopatra adores him, and that is why I've had to go down and call him in every evening at bedtime. I suppose you heard me."

He blushed and nodded sheepishly. "I thought it must be Miss Lane—your aunt, you know."

She cast an enigmatic smile over her shoulder as she went up the stairs, the snow white cat hugging close to her bosom. When she had disappeared Bob Folsom locked the door, snapped out the light and tiptoed up to his room. Before he returned to bed he stood looking out into the moonlit yard, his face soft with the wonder and delight of one who sees beloved dreams coming true.

"It is my dream girl all right, even if her hair and eyes are not the color I wanted. I wonder how I could have admired any other combination! Everything seems to go by contrast. It's Aunt Cleopatra instead of Jemima. Her name must be something very beautiful and golden. I wonder how soon I can find out!"

Of course Bob Folsom found out the girl's name long before he married her, and what do you think it was? Kitty!



## HASKELL COUNTY EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT

T. C. WILLIAMS, Editor.

In the last issue of this department the "Social Center" work was merely mentioned. The call of this work is a personal one, alike to teacher, trustee and patron.

There is no reason why a community should not have common interest, both concerning the individual and the community as a unit. I have known small schools or communities composed of five or six families to come together once or twice each month at the school house (feeling the need of such) and spend a short time pleasantly and profitably together as well as greatly improved conditions of both the young and the old, thereby increasing our appreciations of conditions around us and helping the community to be a desirable place in which to live. Even our larger neighbors, such as we choose to call independent ones, are becoming too selfish along this line. The failure of any community, be it large or small, to consider well its social conditions will in time serve to make its people selfish and lessen the educational advantages.

But one says, "I don't think my community would be interested in such a move, and our young people, especially some of them,

would 'take things in' if we were to meet at the school house." That is what you think, and if the community agrees with you it is because of your thinking and acting.

One of the most interesting exercises of this kind that the writer has attended was at Rose school last year. A majority of the patrons were present several of whom took part in the exercises of the evening, by reading selections of literature, singing songs, and discussing common interests and needs of the community.

The following schools, Howard, Post, Sayles, Mitchell, Cliff, Roberts, Ballew, Pinkerton, Lake Creek, Fairview, have established libraries. These schools have from 40 to 160 volumes each, of well selected literature for the children and in some cases several volumes for patrons to read. Several other schools have smaller libraries.

There is no reason why any school should not have its libraries both for school children and people of the community.

In this issue will be found a cut of Whitman school. The reader will remember that a cut of one school will appear each week until all are given.



### True Courtesy.

"There goes the politest hobo in Boston," said the genial looking man.

"Oh, I don't know; they're all polite enough when it comes to that," said his companion. "I never gave a nickel to a tramp in all my life without receiving a 'thank you.'"

"Oh, 'thank you's' don't count," said the genial man. "My man has risen far above 'thank you's' I handed him a quarter the other day and he invited me to come in and have a drink with him. That is what I call true courtesy."—Boston Herald.

The "Child's Welfare" movement has challenged the attention of thoughtful people everywhere. Mothers are natural supporters and will find in Foley's Honey and Tar Compound a most valuable aid. Coughs and colds that unchecked lead to croup, bronchitis and pneumonia yield quickly to the healing and soothing qualities of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. For sale by Robertson's Drug Store.

This campaign year and you should take the Free Press and keep up with county affairs. Subscribe now. Only \$1.00 per annum.

### Kindly Advice.

A colored man was brought before a police judge charged with stealing chickens. He pleaded guilty and received sentence when the judge asked how it was managed to lift those chickens right under the window of the owner's house where there was a dog in the yard.

"Hit wouldn't be of no use Judge," said the man, "to try to 'splain dis thing to you all. Ef you was to try it you would like as not would get yer hide full o' shot an' get no chicken, nuther. Ef you want to engage in any rascality, Judge, yo' better stick to de bench, whar yo' am familiar."—Zion's Advocate.

**How Cold Causes Kidney Disease.**  
Partly by driving blood from the surface and congesting the kidneys, and partly by throwing too much work upon them. Foley Kidney Pills strengthen the kidneys, give tone to the urinary organs and restore the normal action of the bladder. They are tonic in action, quick in results. Try them. Sold by Robertson's Drug Store.

Let the Free Press do your job printing. We are prepared to please you.

## OLD RED



**S C R I Red Cock that won 1st at Fredericksburg, Willow City and Sherman.**

Write me for prices on Eggs

**O. G. Warbritton**  
Munday, Texas

### Library Notes.

The public Library in the McConnell building is open on Tuesday and Friday afternoon from 3 to 5 and on Saturday from 5:30 to 6.

The library association feels very much encouraged by the amount of interest which is being shown in the library. At the book reception nearly a hundred books were received, part of which list will be published each week. Some donations were also made. Every little bit is of much help to the association and is certainly appreciated. Anyone having a book or books that they care to donate to the library will please not feel any hesitancy in bringing them to the librarian as they will be gladly received.

We are especially anxious for the donation of subscriptions to magazines as we want the library to be an attractive rest and reading room during the summer.

Below is a list of some of the books that have been donated:

The Prodigal Judge, given by Mrs. Garvin.  
The Silver Horde, Miss Fields.  
Case of Richard Meynell, Mrs. McConnell.  
The Uncrowned King, Mrs. Falkner.  
Moore's Poems, Francis Sherrill.  
The House of Egremont, Mrs. Patterson.  
Suganne, Mrs. Pitchford.  
Trenton King, Mrs. Blanks.  
Circular Staircase, Mrs. Irby.  
Options, Mrs. McKatt.  
Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, Mrs. Scott.  
Lucile, Mrs. Baily.  
Life of Napoleon, Miss Watson.  
Helena's Path, Mrs. Morton.  
Petticoat Rule, Mrs. Keister.  
A Wonder Book, Mr. Key.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address, F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.  
Sold by druggists, 75c.  
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Free Press is prepared to do your job printing on short notice. We carry a nice line of stationery. Let us have your next order.

### Pupils Recital.

The following is the program of the Maxwell-Day Pupils' Recital at the High School Auditorium, Saturday night.

Duett, "March Triumphant"....Miss Maurice Loven and Artie Belle Cummins.  
"Tom's Race".....Lowell Robertson.  
"The Wind and The Moon".....Mary Alexander.  
Piano Solo, "Dancing on the Boat".....Ruth Pierson.  
Hello.....Delbert Hudson.  
"The King's Bells"....Wayne Koonce.  
Piano Solo, "Corn Flowers".....Mary Clifton.  
"Mr. Brown Gets His Hair Cut".....Hucie Ellis.  
Duett, "Rustic Dance" (Mason)....Francis and Carrie Sherrill.  
"St. Peter at the Gate"....Alex Bullock.  
"A Newsboy in the Church".....Ruby Cahill.  
Song, "Dolly's Lullaby".....Mable Baker.  
Piano Solo, "Flower Song".....Hucie Ellis.  
"The Boy Engineer".....Robert Williams.  
"Jacob and Rachael".....Mr. Buell Baker.  
Duett, "Creole Eyes" (Gottschalk)....Gladys Huckabee and Florence French.  
"When the Cows Come Home".....Winnie Langford.  
"Uncle Dan's Prayer".....Willie Kirkpatrick.  
Piano Solo, "My Mountain Home" (Rathbun).....Lucile Wyche.  
"The Strike at Colchester".....Grace Barlow.  
Piano Solo, "Arabesque" (Wrangel). Miss Maurice Loven.  
"Jimmy Butler and the Owl".....Paul Loven.  
"Lasca".....Mr. Raymond Lewis.  
Piano Solo, "By the Mountain Spring" (Bohn).....Florence French.

### Backache Almost Unbearable

Is an almost certain result of kidney trouble. D. Toomey, 803 E. Olive St., Bloomington, Ill., says: "I suffered with backache and pains in my kidneys which were almost unbearable. I gave Foley Kidney Pills a good trial, and they do wonders for me. Today I can do a hard day's work and not feel the effects." Sold by Robertson's Drug Store.

### To the People

Having for the past 12 years been connected with the County Clerks' office, 6 years as deputy clerk and six years as clerk, I come now with the fullest measure of gratitude for the favors shown me in the past, to say that I will not be a candidate for re-election to the office for the next term, and am taking this method of notifying the people of Haskell county of my decision in this matter.

It would be impossible for me to express my thanks and appreciation to you for the loyalty and friendship you have shown me when I asked your suffrage in the past and I can only say that I will never forget those who have so kindly and nobly befriended me politically and that I will ever cherish a kindly feeling toward them.

I have abundant assurances from the people of this county of their continued support during the coming election, and feel that my re-election for another term is practically assured, were I a candidate. These conditions go to show that I am still serving an appreciative public ready to reward a servant for "for duty well performed."

After my term of office shall have expired in November, I will retire to look after my own personal business.

With respect and sincere gratitude I remain.

Your obedient servant,  
J. W. Meadors.

Advertised Letter,  
March 4, 1912.

J. L. Boyd, J. E. Callahan, Wm. Fleeman, Lester Hanley, Hughes Bros. Mfg. Co., Owen Toliver, Senor Angel Gil, Mrs. Ada Stevens and Mrs. Fannie Mason.

**Cocoanut Goodies**

There's not a cocoanut dessert—cake, pudding, candy—whatever it may be, that you can't make better, richer, more thoroughly delicious in every way by using

**White Swan**  
Shredded Cocoanut

There is that in the prime, selected cocoanuts used, the process of preparation and the method of packing that just simply makes White Swan superior.

Ask Your Grocer

For White Swan Food Products. There are few, very few, who do not carry them, but you may be one of the few who may not. Ask him to get them for you. He can, everywhere, of course.

**Waples-Platter Grocer Co.**  
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BRANCH HOUSES:  
Gainesville, Tex.—Greenwood, Tex.  
Pulaski, Tex.—Empirewood, Tex.  
Brenham, Tex.—Hawkins, Tex.  
Childress, Tex.—Amarillo, Tex.—Ada, Okla.  
Cookeville, Okla.

## OIL INTERESTS INCREASING

We are glad to report that in spite of the bad weather, the machinery for the Bunkley oil well is all on the ground and work is progressing nicely toward getting the drill to running. The commencement of the well will put new life in the oil business and should oil be found in paying quantities a vast field will soon develop. The new well at Brady shows that this field is included in the same geological formation that is producing oil in immense quantities.

The Corsicana company are putting in machinery at Moran, and as they have extensive leases in this county we feel sure they will soon take steps to develop their holding in this county. Should the Bunkley well prove to be a producer, Haskell county will prove to be one of the most extensive oil fields in the state. There have been no volcanic disturbances in this section to spoil the oil field. Experts tell us that there are both oil and gas indications in this county. The indications for gas are better west of Haskell than in the east side. If it continues raining, it will facilitate drilling in all parts of the county, as surface water will be plentiful. The scarcity of water has interfered with the development of the Electra field. With the prospect of oil, a new business house and a new railroad, and the splendid rains Haskell is going to be in the swim.

### How Foolish

To suffer from Skin Diseases (Itch, Eczema, Ringworm, etc.) when one 50c box of "Hunt's Cure" is positively guaranteed to cure or your money promptly refunded. Every retail druggist in the state stands behind this guarantee. Ask your druggist and see the guarantee with each box. You don't risk anything in giving it a trial.

### In a Glass House.

Mrs. Brown—Mrs. Jones has the worst habit!

Mr. Brown—What is it, my dear?

Mrs. Brown—She turns around and looks back every time we pass on the street!

Mr. Brown—How do you know she does.—Judge.

### Take Notice.

The time has come that every body should save money. Then phone 239 for feed, wood and coal. Your money back if not satisfied.  
M. A. Clifton.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Subject to the action of the Democratic primary in July, 1912.

For Representative of the 102nd Legislative District:  
R. B. HUMPHREYS, (Re-election)

For County Judge:  
A. J. SMITH, (Re-election).  
H. R. JONES.

For County Attorney:  
GAYLORD KLINE.  
F. L. DAUGHERTY.  
OSCAR MARTIN.  
C. B. LONG.

For Sheriff:  
W. D. Falkner, (Re-Election.)

For District Clerk:  
L. C. ELLIS.  
GUY O. STREET, (Re-Election).  
E. W. LOE.

For County Clerk:  
JOHN L. ROBERTSON.  
J. D. HALL.

For Tax Assessor:  
R. H. SPROWLS.  
J. W. TARBET, (Re-Election).  
OTIS B. SMITHEE.

For Tax Collector:  
J. E. WALLING. [Re-Election.]

For Public Weigher:  
A. T. CREWS.  
C. H. RUSSELL, (Re-Election).  
E. L. NORTHCUTT.

For Commissioner Precinct No. 1:  
R. C. WHITMIRE, (Re-Election).  
T. A. WILLIAMS.

For Commissioner Precinct No. 2:  
B. H. OWSLEY.

For Commissioner Precinct No. 3:  
J. B. DAVIS.

For Commissioner Prec. No. 4:  
G. W. SOLLOCK, (Re-Election).  
R. D. C. STEPHENS.

For Justice of the Peace of Prec. No. 1:  
J. S. POST. [Re-Election.]

For Constable Precinct No. 1:  
A. G. (Cap) LAMBERT, [Re-Election.]

## CITY ANNOUNCEMENTS

Election April 2nd, 1912.

For Mayor:  
R. W. TOMPSON.  
S. H. FOSTER.

For City Marshal:  
ED THORNTON.  
J. W. FRENCH, (Re-Election).  
J. E. STEENSON.

For Tax Assessor and Collector:  
J. B. LAMKIN.  
A. S. BULLOCK.  
J. F. COLLIER.

### Sunny Texas.

We had a letter this week from Mrs. N. C. Keithley, of Steelyville, Mo., enclosing money to keep the Free Press going to her. She once lived here and says she wants to keep up with our progressive little city. She said she often thought of the land of sunshine. Up where she lives it has been very cold, the thermometer registering below zero many times. They had lots of snow. She says she never saw so much snow before, a number times reaching a depth of fourteen inches, and she is getting tired of so much of it.  
Subscribe for the Free Press.

## THE Thomas School for Girls

A school of limited numbers for the thorough education of girls and young ladies. Ten teachers trained in the best colleges of this country and Europe. Building large and comfortable and especially designed for the school. Excellent advantages in music, art, elocution, physical culture, shorthand, typewriting, bookkeeping, and Spanish.

Write for catalogue. Address

**President Thomas School, 927 Alamo St. San Antonio, Texas.**



# My Lady of the North

THE LOVE STORY OF A GRAY JACKET

By Randall Parrish

Author of "When Wilderness Was King"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR B. WILLIAMSON

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### SYNOPSIS.

**CHAPTER I.**—The story opens in a tent of the Confederate army at a critical stage of the Civil War. Gen. Lee imparts to Captain Wayne a secret message to Longstreet, upon the delivery of which depend great events. Accompanied by Sergeant Craig, an old army scout, Wayne starts out on his dangerous mission.

**CHAPTER II.**—The two messengers make a wild ride, dodging squads of soldiers, almost lose their bearings and finally are within the lines of the enemy, having penetrated the cordon of pickets unobserved.

**CHAPTER III.**—Encountering a small party of soldiers in the darkness, Wayne is taken for a federal officer who came through with the dispatch to Lee. He is left alone near a rocky gorge.

**CHAPTER IV.**—The female companion of the two southern scouts is a northern girl, who, when she becomes aware of their army affiliations, slashes Wayne with her riding whip and attempts to escape but fails.

**CHAPTER V.**—One of the horses gives through with the dispatch to Lee. He and My Lady of the North are left alone near a rocky gorge.

**CHAPTER VI.**—The Confederate officer and the Union girl thread the mazes of the woods. He discovers a lonely hut, and entering it in the dark a huge man attacks him. The girl shoots the brute just in time.

**CHAPTER VII.**—The owner of the hut, one Jed Bungay, appears and he and his wife give the fugitives a welcome. Suddenly a party of horsemen are observed coming down the road.

**CHAPTER VIII.**—They are led by a man claiming to be Red Lewis, who orders Mrs. Bungay to give them food, and her husband to act as a guide. The woman discovers the man to be a disguised importer, attacks the intruder and there is a general melee.

**CHAPTER IX.**—The disguised leader proves to be Major Brennan, a Federal officer whom the Union girl recognized. He orders the arrest of Wayne as a spy. The girl protests and says she will appeal to General Sheridan.

**CHAPTER X.**—Wayne held prisoner in a copse, sees a file of Confederates pass the road at a distance and knows that Craig has delivered the message.

**CHAPTER XI.**—The captive is brought before General Sheridan who refuses to set him free unless he reveals the secret message.

**CHAPTER XII.**—Captain Wayne is led to understand that the woman he admires is Edith Brennan, wife of the Federal officer, who hates him. He is given the choice of revealing the Lee message or of being shot as a spy.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### A Strange Way Out.

Caton came in once more about the middle of the afternoon, bringing me some blankets; but he had no news, and his boyish face was a picture of

"I Am to Be Shot, Then?"

pathos as he wrung my hand goodbye. Sheridan, he said, had gone down the lines, and both Brennan and himself were under orders to follow in another hour. What instructions, if any, had been left regarding my case he could not say, but he feared the worst from the unusual secrecy. Sheridan expected to return to his headquarters that same evening, as the officers of his staff were to give a grand ball.

I felt no inclination to partake of the rude supper left me, and just before dark I was lying upon the bench idly wondering if that was to prove the last vestige of daylight I should ever behold in this world, when, without slightest warning, the heavy iron grating in the wall directly above me fell suddenly, striking the edge of the bench, and clattered noisily to the floor. The fall was so unexpected, and my escape from injury so narrow, that I lay almost stunned, staring up helplessly at the dark hole thus left bare.

As I gazed, a face framed itself in this narrow opening, and two wary eyes peered cautiously down at me. There was no mistaking that countenance even in the fast waning light, and I instantly sat up with an exclamation of surprise.

"Jed Bungay, as I live!"

The puzzled face broke into a grin of delight.

"Holy smoke, Cap," he ejaculated, with a deep sigh of relief. "Is that you, Jed? I was so darned scared I

made a mess of it while that thar roof dropped that I near died. What be they a goin' ter dew with ye?"

"I have every reason to believe it is their purpose to shoot me at day-break to-morrow."

"Shoot—Hell!" He stared at me as if he had just heard his own death sentence pronounced, and his little peaked face looked ghastly in the dim light. "Shoot ye? Good Lord, Cap, what fer? Ye ain't done nothin' as I knows on, 'cept ter scrap a bit with that blasted Yank, an' sure they's no shootin' matter, er else I'd a bin a goner long ago."

"That 'Yank' has seen fit to charge me with being a spy; and as I was foolish enough to insult General Sheridan last night, my fate is probably sealed."

This somewhat complex statement seemed to be too much for Jed to grasp promptly.

"Gosh, ye don't say!" he muttered. "Then, dern it, I'm in luck, fer all they've got agin me is pot-shootin' at a nigger soger up in ther mountings; on thet ain't much, 'cause I didn't hit ther durned cuss."

Jed was carefully covering every inch of exposed wall with his little shrewd, glinting eyes.

"Ain't much show ter work out of yere, is thar, Cap?" he asked at last reflectively; "leastwise I don't see none, 'less them thar dark corners hes got holes in 'em."

"The wall is entirely solid."

"So I sorter reckoned. But if ye'll crawl through yere inter my boodour, thar's a place whar I reckon ther tew of us together mought make a try fer it. It's too durn high up fer me ter git at alone. I reckon, Cap, if ye cud manage ter git out of yere t'ermight, an' take some news ter Lee thet I've picked up, he'd 'bout make both of us generals."

"News for Lee?" I exclaimed, staring eagerly at him through the now darkened room. "Do you mean it? What news?"

"Thought maybe thet wud wake ye up," he chuckled. "This yere's gospel truth: Sheridan hes started his infantry on a half-circle march fer Minersville. Ther first division left at three o'clock, an' thar won't be nary Yank loffin' on ther valley by noon t'ermorrow. An' more," he added rapidly, his eyes dancing wildly with suppressed excitement.—"Hancock is a swingin' of his corps west ter meet 'em thar, an' I reckon, as how thar'll be hell fer sartin up ther Shenandoah in less ner a week."

"But how do you know all this?" I questioned incredulously, as the whole scene and its dread possibilities unrolled before my mental vision.

"Ther nigger I held up hed a despatch fer Heintzelman over on ther left, an' then Mariar hes sorter pumped a young fule staff officer fer ther rest o' it," he replied promptly.

"Oh, it's a sure go, Cap, an' I reckon as how maybe Lee's whole army hangs on one of us gittin' out of yere t'ermight."

That he meant every word he spoke I felt convinced, and his enthusiasm was contagious. My blood leaped within me at this call to action; all lethargy fled, and with it every deadening thought of her who had so suddenly woven about me the meshes of her power. False or true, maid, wife, or widow, my duty as a soldier to my commander and the army to which I belonged, blotted out all else. Even as this new rush of determination swept over me, above us there sounded clearly the dashing music of a military band in the strains of a Strauss's waltz, and we could distinguish the muffled shuffling of many feet on the oaken floor overhead.

Caton's chance remark about the great hall to be given that evening by officers of the headquarters staff recurred to my memory.

"That dancing up there will help us, Jed," I said quickly, my mind now active to grasp every detail. "You say there is a chance for escape from your cell? Then give me your hand, and help me to crawl through that hole."

It was a narrow squeeze for a man of my size, yet I crept through without great difficulty, and found myself in the dense darkness of a room which, as I judged hastily from feeling about me, was similar in shape and extent to the one in which I had been confined. Bungay, however, permitted me little time for exploration. Grasping me firmly by the arm, and feeling his way along the wall, he groped across to the other side.

"There's a mighty big stone chimbley comes down yere, Cap," he whispered. "An' ther openin' ter take out soot an' ashes is up thar, jist 'b'low ther fluer. It's a sheet-iron pan, I reckon, ther way it feels; an' it must be thar ther put a nigger in ter clean ther chimbley whin it gits stuffed up. I could git up thar alone, but I couldn't do no work, but thet thar pan ought ter cum out all right. Dew ye think ye cud hol' me up, Cap? I'm purty durn heavy."

I smiled in the darkness at the little fellow's egotism, and lifting him as I might a child, poised him lightly upon my shoulder. He struggled a moment to steady himself against the wall, and then I could feel him tugging eagerly at something which appeared to yield slowly to his efforts.

As he worked, a dense shower of dust and soot caused me to close my eyes.

"She's a comin' all right," he said, cheerfully, puffing with his exertions, "but I reckon as how this chimbley ain't bin cleaned out since ther war begun. Hold up yer right han', Cap, an' git a blame good grip on her, fer she's almighty full, an' I want her go down sorter easy like."

I did as he suggested, bracing myself to meet his movements, as he stood straining on my shoulders, and in another moment I had succeeded

in lowering the large sheet-iron pan slowly to the floor.

"Room 'nough yere fer two men ter once," chuckled my companion, in rare delight. "The chief in silence strode before." Yere goes."

His weight left my shoulders; there was a slight scramble, another shower of dirt, then the sound of his voice once more.

"Lift up yer ban's, Cap; dig in yer toes on ther stones, an' we'll begin our v'ge."

He grasped my wrists with a strength which I had no conception the little fellow possessed. There was a moment's breathless struggle, and I squirmed through the opening, and lay panting on the flat slabs which composed the foot of the great funnel.

To afford me more room Bungay had gone up a little, finding foot-lodgment upon the uneven stones of which the chimney was constructed. For a moment we rested thus motionless, both breathing heavily and listening to the music and shuffling of feet now almost upon a level with our heads.

The noise, which was strong and



"Jed Bungay, as I Live!"

continuous, rendered discovery from any misstep highly improbable, and as delay was dangerous neither of us was disposed to linger long.

"Be ye all ready, Cap?" questioned Bungay, bending his head down. "Fer if ye be, I'm a goin' up."

"All right," I answered, struggling to my knees in the narrow space; "only take it slow, Jed. I'm a trifle bigger man than you, and this is rather close quarters."

"Wal, yes, maybe a matter of a poun' er two," he retorted, and the next moment I could hear him scrooping his way upward, feeling for foothold upon the irregular layers of stone.

I followed, pressing my knees firmly against the rough wall, and trusting more to my hands than feet for security against falling. There was evidently a fireplace of some kind on the first floor, with a considerable opening leading from it into the chimney we were scaling, for as Jed slowly passed, I could perceive a sudden gleam of light streaming across his face from the glare of the lamps within. He glanced anxiously that way, but did not pause in his steady climb upward.

A moment later I came opposite that same beam of radiance, and cautiously peered down the sloped opening that led to the disused fireplace. All I could perceive was a pair of legs, evidently those of a cavalry officer, judging from the broad yellow stripes down the seam of the light-blue trousers, and the high boots ornamented with rowel spurs. He stood leaning carelessly against the mantel, talking with some one just beyond the range of my vision.

At that moment the music ceased suddenly, and afraid to proceed until it should strike up again, I braced myself securely on a projecting stone and bent my head over the orifice until I could catch a portion of the conversation being carried on by my unconscious neighbors.

"No," said the cavalryman, gruffly, and apparently in reply to some previous question, "the fellow was most devilish obstinate; wouldn't tell the first thing; even a threat of treating him as a spy and hanging him outright proved of no avail. But Sheridan's theory is that Lee has ordered Longstreet to hit our rear, while he makes a direct attack in front. That's why the 'old man' proposes to get in his work first, and we march at daylight to form connection with Hancock. By Jove, Chesley, but that woman in black over there with Follansbee is the handsomest picture I've seen south of the line. Mark how her eyes sparkle, and how prettily the light gleams in her hair. Who is she, do you chance to know?"

"Yes," lisped the other, languidly, "met her at breakfast, headquarters, this morning. Deuced pretty and all that, mighty good style, too, but taken, old man. She's Brennan's."

"What! not Major Brennan?" in surprise. "Why, he's always posed as a bachelor among our fellows."

"Don't know anything about that, dear boy," indifferently, "but the lady came in with him yesterday, was introduced to the crowd of us as Mrs. Brennan, and he called her Edith. Deuced nice name, Edith. As Brennan has shown such poor taste as to be absent to-night, I am inclined to give a little of my time to his lady. Was and away the prettiest thing here. Well, so long, Somers; see you in the morning. I'm going to give the fair Edith a whirl."

The cavalry legs shifted their position; the band resumed its functions, and in the renewed activity and noise I began again the toilsome climb, my mind now a bewildered chaos between my plain duty to Lee and my nearly uncontrollable desire to meet once

more the woman who was climbing in the room below.

The little mountaineer, as active as a cat, and not especially hampered by lack of room in which to work, was well above me by this time. The chimney, acting as a tube, brought down to me from time to time the slight noise of his climbing, varied by an occasional exclamation or comment, but I could perceive no other evidence of his presence. Above, all was as black as the 'grave.

"Holy smoke!" he ejaculated, probably unaware that he was giving utterance to his thoughts. "That was a sharp rock! Durn if thar's a inch o' skin left on my knee. Ough! stop thet! who's got hold o' my fut?"

"Hush your racket, you little fool," I said angrily. "Do you want the whole Yankee army to trap us here like rats? I cannot get up this chimney any further; it is growing too small to permit my body to pass."

"Is that so, Cap?" he asked anxiously. "Whut be ye goin' ter dew 'bout it?"

I made no answer for a moment; I was groping about in the darkness of our narrow quarters to see if I could determine exactly where we were.

"How high is this house, Jed, do you know?"

"Three stories an' attic."

"How far up are we?"

"'Bout halfway 'long ther third story, I reckon; must be jist 'b'low whar ye are; thet I stuck my fut down an openin'." Reckon 't was 'nother fireplace, like thet one on ther first flure."

I lowered myself silently, and felt along the stones until I located the opening, and roughly measured its dimensions.

"I shall have to risk crawling out here, Jed," I said finally, "for I shall surely stick fast if I go up another ten feet. Do you suppose you can squeeze through to the top?"

"I reckon I kin," he returned calmly. "But hadn't we better stick ter-gether, Cap?"

"No," I answered firmly. "You go on, and one of us must get through to Lee. Don't mind me at all; get down from the roof as best you can. If I am caught it will be all the more important that you should succeed."

"T is done—I thank thee, Roderick, for the word; it nerves my heart, it steels my sword."

Even as he spoke I could hear him creeping steadily upward. It soon became evident that his progress was growing slower, more difficult. Then all sounds above me ceased, and I knew he must have attained the roof in safety.

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### I Became a Colonel of Artillery.

My own situation at this moment was too critical, too full of peril and uncertainty, to afford opportunity for moralizing over Bungay's chances of escape. Only one possibility lay before me—there remained no choice, no necessity for planning. It was pure luck which pries open most doors of life, and it was upon luck alone I must rely now. I have often won-



I Saw No Other Signs of Human Occupancy.

dered since how I ever succeeded in squeezing my body through that narrow opening into the empty fireplace without at least knocking over something during the difficult passage. But I did manage, working my way down slowly, creeping inch by inch like a snake, carefully testing each object I touched in the darkness for fear of its proving loose, until I finally lay stretched at full length upon what was evidently, from its feeling, a carpet of unusually fine texture.

The room proved to be an inner one and unlighted, a bedchamber, as I soon determined, for my outstretched hands encountered the posts of a bed. Then a slight gust of air partially swept aside a hanging curtain, which rustled like silk, and I caught a brief glimpse of the adjacent parlor. It was likewise unlighted, but the door leading into the front hall stood ajar, and through that opening there poured a stream of radiance, together with the incessant hum of many voices in animated conversation, the deep blare of the band, with the ceaseless movement of dancing feet.

Satisfying myself by sense of touch that the bed was unoccupied, for I was far too experienced a soldier to leave an enemy in my rear, I crept cautiously forward to the intercepting curtain, and drawing it aside took careful survey of the outer apartment. It was a large and handsomely furnished room, a polished mahogany writing-table littered with papers occupying a prominent position against the farther wall. A swivel chair stood beside it, and across its back hung what appeared to be a suit of clothing. I saw no other signs of human occupancy.

Occupied, and the apartment was deserted, and discovering no different means of egress, I crossed the room on tiptoes, and peered cautiously out into the hall. It was not a pleasing prospect to one in my predicament. The lower portion, judging from the incessant hum of voices, was filled with people, who were either unable to find place within the crowded ball-room, or else preferred greater retirement for conversation. Even the wide stairway had been partially preempted, a young lieutenant, as I judged from his shoulder-straps, sitting just beneath the landing, whistled eagerly into the attentive ear of a pronounced blonde who shared the broad carpeted step with him.

I drew back noiselessly, to figure out the situation and determine what was best for me to attempt. It would be sheer madness to venture upon a passage to the front door, clad as I was in travel-worn gray uniform; to rush through that jam was impossible. If I were to wait until the dance was concluded the later hours of the night might indeed yield me somewhat clearer passage, yet it was hardly probable that the house, used as I knew it to be for a military prison, would be left unguarded. Besides, such delay must absolutely prevent my getting beyond the Federal picket lines before daybreak, and would hence render valueless the news I sought to bear to Lee.

I moved to the only window and glanced out; it opened upon the back of the house and presented a sheer drop to the ground. At the slight noise of the moving sash a sentry standing at the corner glanced up suspiciously. Evidently each side of the great building was abundantly protected by patrols.

Something had to be attempted, and at once. The room I was in bore unquestionable evidence of recent occupancy, and at any moment might be re-entered. My searching eyes fell upon the articles of clothing carelessly folded over the chair-back. I picked up the garments one by one and took them out; they composed the new uniform of a colonel of artillery, and were resplendent with bright red facings and a profusion of gold braid. With all my soul I loathed the thought of disguise, and especially the hated uniform of the enemy. It was repugnant to every instinct of my being, and would certainly mean added degradation and danger in the event of capture.

Yet I saw no other way. Sheridan, Brennan, Caton, the three who would certainly recognize me on sight, I was assured were absent, although they might return at any moment. The greater reason for haste, the less excuse for delay. But if I should chance to run foul of the rightful owner of the garments amid that crush below, and he should recognize them, what then? I stood close beside the writing-table as I revolved these considerations rapidly in mind, and my eye chanced to fall upon an open paper. It was an official order, bearing date at 5 p. m. that same day, commanding Colonel Culbertson to move his battery at once down the Kendallville pike, and report to Brigadier-General Knowles for assignment to his brigade. Evidently the new dress uniform had been carefully brushed and laid out to be worn at the ball that evening; the sudden receipt of this order had caused the owner to depart hastily in his service dress, vigorously expressing his feelings, no doubt, while his servant, now enjoying liberty below stairs, had neglected to pack up his master's things.

This knowledge was the straw which decided me; I would chance it. Hastily I drew on the rich blue and red over my old gray, adding the dress sword I had discovered in a closet, and then, wondering curiously what sort of figure I might cut in all these fine habiliments, sought a glance at myself within a mirror hanging upon the bedroom wall. Faith! but it was God's mercy that I did!

Such a face as grinned at me from that glass, peering over the high-cut, decorated collar, would surely have created a genuine sensation in those rooms below. Serious as my situation was, I laughed at the thought of it until tears ran down my cheeks, leaving white streaks the full length of them; for no chimney-sweep in the full tide of his glorious career was ever worse sooted and begrimed. I thought of the elegantly dressed lieutenant and the blonde young lady upon the stairs—surely they would have supposed the very devil himself was coming down.

It took me nearly a quarter of an hour to get myself tolerably clean, and I could not have done that had I not used some grease that was upon the stand. At the end, however, I stepped back from the glass confident that with good luck I should run the gantlet safely.

Just as I prepared to step forth a new thought occurred to me—who was I? If questioned, as was highly probable, how could I account for my presence? Who should I pretend to be? I turned over the mass of papers lying before me on the table. They were mostly accounts and detailed orders about which I cared nothing, but

finally my search was rewarded by the discovery of a recent army list. I ran my eyes hastily down the artillery assignments—Barry, Sommers, Fitzmorris, Sloan, Reilly. Ah, there at last was exactly what I wanted—Patrick L. Curran, Colonel Sixth Ohio Light Artillery, McRobert's Division, Thomas's Corps, assigned special service, staff Major-General Hallock, Washington, D. C.

"Curran, Sixth Ohio," good; and the other? I glanced again at the open order. "Culbertson, Fourthteenth Pennsylvania." I would remember these

names, and when I finally commenced in my success, both of thorough preparation, I stepped to the open door and strode forth into the brilliantly lighted hall. Barring the single accident of encountering a possible acquaintance in the throng below, I felt fully capable of deceiving his Satanic Majesty himself.

(To Be Continued.)

### The Men Who Succeed

as heads of large enterprises are men of great energy. Success, today, demands health. To ail is to fail. It's utter folly for a man to endure a weak, run-down, half-alive condition when Electric Bitters will put him right on his feet in short order. "Four bottles did me more real good than any other medicine I ever took," writes Chas. B. Allen, Sylva, Ga., "After years of suffering with rheumatism, liver trouble, stomach disorders and deranged kidneys. I am again, thanks to Electric Bitters, sound and well." Try them. Only 50 cents at Jas. R. Walton's.

### What the Caddy Thought.

"Now, caddy," said the clergyman about to start off with his golf game, "I'm very particular when on the links, and I don't want you to open your mouth during the game."

"Then, I takes it, sir," replied the boy, that you intends don't your own swearin', sir!"—Yonkers Statesman.

### Lumbago, Rheumatism and Chillblains.

There is nothing that gives so quick benefit as Hunt's Lightning Oil. The very minute it is rubbed on the improvement is noticed. For over thirty years this Liniment has been acknowledged to be the best for these troubles. Every druggist will recommend it. Price 25c and 50 cents per bottle.

"Open your mouth; I shall not hurt you—you will feel no pain," said a dentist to a patient.

"Doctor," exclaimed the latter, after the operation had been performed, "now I know what Ananias did for a living!"

### A Cold, La Grippe, Then Pneumonia.

Is too often the fatal sequence, and coughs that hang on weaken the system and lower the vital resistance. Foley's Honey and Tar Compound is a reliable medicine that stops the cough promptly by healing the cause; soothes the inflamed air passages, and checks the cold. Keep always on hand. Refuse substitutes. For sale by Robertsons Drug Store.

### Revenge.

A rather brutal thing was said unawares at an evening party. Shortly after midnight a gentleman was pressed to sing. Very thoughtfully he put forth the excuse that at the late hour the next-door neighbors might object. "Oh, never mind the neighbors" cried the young lady of the house. "They poisoned our dog last week."—Lippincott's.

### A Texas Wonder.

The Texas Wonder cures kidney and bladder trouble, removes gravel, cures diabetes, weak and lame back, rheumatism, and all irregularity of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women, regulates bladder troubles in children. If not sold by your druggist, will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1.00. One small bottle is two months' treatment and seldom fails to perfect a cure. Send for Texas testimonials. Dr. E. W. Hall, 2926 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo. Sold by all druggists.

### Also With Gloves.

Assistant Editor—Here's a farmer writes to us asking how to treat sick bees.

Editor—Tell him he'd better treat them with respect.—Boston Transcript.

C. A. Glossner, 24 Ontario St., Rochester, N. Y., has recovered from a long and severe attack of kidney trouble, his cure being due to Foley Kidney Pills. After detailing his case, he says: "I am only sorry I did not learn sooner of Foley Kidney Pills. In a few days time my backache completely left me and I felt greatly improved. My kidneys became stronger, dizzy spells left me and I was no longer annoyed at night. I feel 100 per cent better since using Foley Kidney Pills." Sold by Robertsons Drug Store.