

STATE FAIR AT DALLAS

Dallas Texas, Aug. 18th.—Prizes to be awarded in the poultry division of the State Fair of Texas, which will be held this year, Saturday, October 18th to Sunday November 2nd, aggregate \$2500 in value. President J. J. Eckford of the association is authority for the statement that this is the richest offering for an exhibit of chickens, ducks, pigeons and pet stock in America this season. Owing to the large number of entries already made and the interest shown by fanciers, the management has decided to install additional coops and have made arrangements accordingly. The coops have been ordered and will arrive in the next few days. President Eckford said:

"With the poultry division, live stock department, dog show, dairy exhibit and State fish hatcheries all in the northeastern section of Fair Park, it is expected by the management that thousands of visitors will assemble there daily during the coming exposition. The poultry building will be overhauled inside and out, and will be repainted. With the new sanitary coops already ordered and placed in the building, accommodations will be afforded to at least 2500 birds. There will be at least that many in the show in competition for the rich prizes offered this year. The coops are all of standard make, sanitary in every respect, are eight feet long, thirty inches in height and divided into four compartments. Each of these coops will be equipped with sanitary drinking cups and feedpens and all will have detachable bottoms, which will make it an easy matter to clean them daily"

Newspaper makers of Texas will assemble at the State Fair of Texas, Monday, October 20th, which has been designated as Press Day at the twenty-eighth annual meeting. The day was selected by the Texas Press Association and the Fair management was notified to this effect by Sam P. Harben of Richardson, secretary of that organization. President J. J. Eckford and director E. J. Kiest are to look after the Fair's end of the program. Mr. Kiest is the owner of the Times Herald of Dallas and served as president for several years. He declares that programs of unusual merit will feature the fair on Press Day.

The Boy Scouts of America are to have a day at the 1913 State Fair of Texas. C. M. Richmond, scout commissioner of the local council, is planning to make this an occasion of unusual interest. He is planning a parade of not less than 1000 boy scouts, and numerous competitive drills in front of the grandstand. He has written to several Texas cities and towns where there are Boy Scout Organizations and has received assurances from every one that they will take part in the program. Maneuvers of an intricate nature to music furnished by the Dallas Boy Scout Brass Band will feature the big drill on Boy Scout Day. The selection of a special day will take place in the near future.

The greatest trotters and pacers in America will take part in the races at the State Fair of Texas this year. Nearly \$40,

000 in stakes and purses will be distributed. Out of 350 horses entered in the ten pig stake harness events aggregating \$27,000, 150 horses have a mark around 2:05. Cheney the famous Texas mare, winner of every race started in last year excepting one and making a record this year of 2:04, the season's record for mares, in entered in several of the stakes.

SOME FARM FACTS

By Peter Radford, Pres. Farmers Union.



Our laws should not only possess good intentions but business ability as well.

The inventors have shown us how grand and noble it is for us to work for others.

Real farmers are too busy with the work of today to mourn over the mistakes of yesterday.

The farmers supply the cities with their brains, and we keep our brightest minds on the farm.

A half million Texas farmers cross the continent on their annual journey to a foreign market.

All legislation should be squared with the soil, as all our wealth must come from the earth.

The farmer can enlarge his responsibilities and extend his influence only through co-operation.

Kites rise against, not with the wind. No man ever worked his passage to success in a dead calm.

The song of the trowel should be as abundant an element in law as the shrill whistle of the policeman.

The essential difference between the town and the country is this: One is organized and the other is not.

As you swing the scythe you are overpowered by the grandeur of your calling—that is the spirit of the harvest.

No farmer should hide his light under a bushel, but when unusual results have been obtained, they should be exhibited and talked about at our fair.

The question of the high cost of living is worthy of the biggest brains and the most efficient effort the nation can produce. The farmer and the city man must think and pull together.

We call all help others for a brief period while we live, but it takes a master mind to tower into the realms of science and light a torch of progress that will illuminate the pathway of civilization for future generations.

The entire world feels the effects of agriculture.

The wise farmer profits by the mistakes of his neighbors.

Opportunity to the farmer is enclosed by a barbed wire fence.

The mudhole is often the bulwark between the city and the farm.

The farmer is the most independent man on earth—if he but knew it.

Love of occupation the same as love of profit, should be considered by the farmer.

The man with his hand on the plow should be the teacher and preacher of agriculture.

The county fair affords the farmer a chance to learn the great lesson of agriculture.

Hereofore justice has counted for little in the price the farmer

SOME INTERESTING COTTON STATISTICS

The following statistics from the Bureau of Labor and Statistics, Washington, D. C., relating to cotton were published in the Dallas News of July 11th, 1913:

Year	Bales	Farmers average price	Manufacturers average price
1904	13,679,954	\$ 6.85	\$17.25
1905	10,804,556	7.00	12.06
1906	13,595,498	9.06	12.25
1907	11,375,498	10.06	13.55
1908	13,587,306	9.00	12.25
1909	10,386,209	9.25	16.15
1910	12,005,688	13.06	19.75
1911	16,250,276	8.00	15.05
1912	14,318,015		
Averages, 12,888,662		9.24	14.85

It is seen that the average crop for the nine year period was 12,888,662 bales, that the average price received by the farmers was 9.24, making \$46.20 per 500 pound bale; that the average price paid by the manufacturers was 14.85 per pound, making \$74.25 per 500 pound bale and that the difference was 5.61 per pound, or \$28.05 per bale.

Multiplying the average crop of 12,888,662 bales by \$46.20, the average price received by the farmers, we find that they received an average yearly total of \$595,456,184.40.

Multiply the same crop by \$74.25, paid by the spinners, and we find that they paid annually \$956,983,153.50 for the crop.

Subtract from amount the spinners paid the amount the farmers received and we find that \$361,526,969.10 got away between the farmers and the manufacturers.

Multiply this yearly loss to the farmers by nine and we find that during the nine year period they lost \$3,253,742,721.90.

When we get into millions and billions the numbers are so large that the human mind does not comprehend them and we have to reach an understanding of them by making comparisons; for instance:

There are in Texas 1550 National and state banks with a total capital and resources of about \$300,000,000 which is \$61,526,969.10 less than the amount which got away between the farmers and spinners each year. In other words, the yearly loss by the farmers would more than wipe out every bank in Texas, which, were it to occur only one year instead of nine years in succession, would cause widespread financial ruin in every line of business.

The total valuation for the year 1911 of all land and personal property of every kind in the state of Texas was \$2,515,594,636, which is \$738,148,085.90 less than the \$3,253,742,721.90 lost by the farmers in the nine years.

Again, it costs about \$6,000,000 a year to run the state government of Texas, but if we make the liberal allowance of \$10,000,000 a year and divide that into the sum lost by the farmers in the nine years we find that it would run the State for 325.37 years without taxation.

Or allow the ten leading cotton states \$10,000,000 a year each and it would run the governments of the ten states for 32.53 years without the levy of one dollar of taxes.

By such comparisons we begin to understand the enormity of the loss the cotton growers of the South (and other interests suffering proportionately) are suffering under the cotton marketing system which has prevailed up to the present time.

It is a loss that can be stopped and every dollar of it turned into the pockets of the cotton growers who earned it, and, by them it will be turned into the various channels of trade and business throughout the South, and it is enough to make all of them prosperous beyond the dreams of the most optimistic.

The remedy is in the farmers and business men of the South backing up the Southern States Cotton Corporation and helping to put its cotton marketing system into successful operation. By means of its absolute holding system it can and will control the price of cotton, if it receives the cooperation of the people, but their co-operation is a part of the system and it cannot work without it. Do YOU want it to succeed? If you do, then do your part

received for his products.

It is important that the channels of traffic be kept open and blockades prevented at the crossroads of every transaction.

There can never be a lowering of the high cost of living to the non-producer until farming becomes a systematic business.

The greatness of agriculture calls for some assistance from all the people on earth.

The city man in hearing the knock of opportunity is turning his efforts toward scientific marketing of farm products.

It takes leadership and persistent, long continued and diligent effort to get the farmers to unite for any common purpose.

Come around and let us figure with you on that job of printing. We are prepared to please you, if you can be pleased.

CITY BUILDING NOTES

By L. M. Ward.

The greatest regrets come from the things we overlook.

Labor is the principal ingredient in the wine of happiness.

One action is worthy compensation for many failures.

The Press and the Commercial club are the masters of the City's fate.

Dreams of development will oft-times bring the means of doing it.

The whirl and hum of industry are sweet music to the ears of capital.

Boasting the city we live in should be the most natural thing we do.

Those who strive for wealth alone seldom occupy space in the

annals of great achievements.

To conquer local conditions and help build a prosperous municipality should be the ambition of every man.

Enthusiasm has been known to draw the sluggish blood from the veins of the demagogue and transfuse in its stead corpuscles that will eventually bring vigorous action in behalf of progress and development.

To organize a commercial club is worthy of mention, but to bring a dead organization to life and place into it new thoughts, action and execution, is the work of a master hand and should be included in the annals of great deeds.

Chasing the phantom factory has caused more commercial clubs to disintegrate than any other reason. A club could well afford to spend its entire time in agricultural development, for in that direction there can be no failure or dissolutions, if the proper methods be employed.

Singers! Singers!

The South Haskell District Convention will meet with the Sagerton Class the fifth Sunday in August. Be sure you have your class represented. Let us make this the best convention of the year. Everybody come and bring your dinner and let's devote the day in song service and you will not feel near so blue the following week. An invitation is extended the Free Press.

J. M. Riley, Pres.

PROGRAMME

Of the Fifth Sunday Meeting of the New Hope Association to be held with the Sayles Church beginning Thursday night Aug., 28, 1913.

Thursday, 8:30 P. M.
Sermon—Bro. Hubbard.
Friday 10 o'clock A. M.
Do the scriptures teach that without preaching the gospel none will be saved.—Bro. Webb.
2:30 o'clock P. M.

Is the present system of doing mission work as practiced by Baptist Scriptural.—Bro. Beavers.
8:30 o'clock p. m.

Saturday, 10 o'clock a. m.
The differences in methods of doing missionary work in the two Baptist bodies in Texas—Bro. Lockhart.
2:30 p. m.

The proper relationship that should exist between a church and its pastor.—Rev. Jim Hubbard.
8:30 p. m. Preaching
Sunday 11 a. m.

Preaching by J. J. Lockhart
Question Box Open.
Committee

Haskell School Land For Sale

FOR SALE—Four leagues (17,712 acres) Haskell County school land, located in the north west corner of Hockley County, Texas. Commissioners of Haskell County will receive sealed bids on October 14, 1913, at Haskell Texas, A Certified check for two per cent of the bid must accompany each bid. Will sell on forty years time, six per cent interest, one fortieth cash, and first year's interest in advance. For map and plat of the land and full particulars, address,

A. J. Smith, County Judge, Haskell County, Texas.

Notice.

The Turkey Growers of Haskell County are called to meet in Haskell, first Monday in September to organize, pool turkeys, and sell in large lots. 30-64

A GALA WEEK IN HASKELL

This week has been a gala one in Haskell. The Lachman Lewis Carnival Company has been holding forth, and great crowds have been enjoying the shows, merry-go-around, Ferris wheel, and other amusements of this company.

Then the West Texas Log Rolling Association meets in its annual session the day this is written, (Thursday), and will be in session three days. Quite a number of visitors and delegates are attending this association. We hope to give a more detailed report of this meeting next week, for it meets too late for this issue.

Among the attractions of the week was the home talent play, "Ferguson of Troy," under the direction of Miss Frankie Terrell, at Dick's Theatre. This was a very laughable and enjoyable production, and those taking part in it deserve compliment for the excellent manner in which they acted their parts.

Miss Terrell proved herself very capable in her management of the play.

Not the least in the entertainment of the people has been the base ball games between Haskell and Rule the first three days of the week. The games were hotly contested, and each team showed efficiency in the game. Monday's game resulted in 2 to 1 in favor of Haskell.

It was a most exciting and interesting game throughout. Tuesday's game resulted in 7 to 6 in favor of Haskell. While the work was not so good yet it was an intensely interesting game.

Wednesday's game resulted in 4 to 3 in favor of Rule. Haskell's team was organized only a short while ago, and has had very little practice together, but they were in pretty good trim, nevertheless. Rule has an excellent team, and the boys are a fine set of young fellows. The Rule band came over with that team Monday and discoursed good music to the enjoyment of the crowd. The band shows up well for the time it has been organized, and proves that Prof. Davis knows his business in the management and instruction of his band.

As we go to press, (Thursday evening), the Monday baseball team begins a series of three games with the Haskell boys. The Monday team is a splendid one, and we suspect our boys will have their hands full to handle them.

Altogether the week so far has been a good one. Everybody is having a good time, the merchants are doing a good business, and there is no room for complaint.

Notice.

The sealed bids for digging the 3000 feet ditch on the east side of the railroad and the 2400 feet ditch on the west side of town will be opened August 21st. Those wanting to bid on this work must their bids in by that time. The ditches are to be 36 inches wide and 24 inches deep. The City Council reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

T. C. Cahill, Mayor.

Let the Free Press do your Job Printing. We are prepared to please you both as to workmanship and price. Let us figure with you on your next order.

Welcome W. O. W. And Carnival Visitors

We cordially invite you to make our store your headquarters while in our city. We have been looking forward to your coming and are prepared to serve you with

**Refreshing Drinks, Ice Cream
and
Pure Drugs**

Call around and see us and don't forget the place to trade is at

Spencer & Richardson's

The Retail Store

LOCAL NOTES

Our drays are always subject to call.
Pinkerton & Loe.

Orange Julep is the king of drinks.
Corner Drug Store.

Just like you like it. Oakdale Nut, specially prepared for cooking fuel. Phone, 157. E. A. Chambers.



Dollars Dissolved in our Delicious Soda

Cleopatra used to dissolve pearls in her wine. There are dollars dissolved in our soda water. No soda ever made cost more than ours, therefore every drink served at our fountain is a bargain drink. The best obtainable for the price.

Soda
Dozens of popular flavors at 5 cents. Our soda goes to the spot and drowns thirst.

Ice Cream Soda
Is 10 cents. You'll understand why if you notice the amount of ice cream served in each glass.

Root Beer
Is a drink that not only tastes good, but does good. It is a healthful; thirst quencher.

Phosphates
A sparkling, pure, tart drink, cold as ice and full of vim. A tonic for tired nerves and brain.

Egg Drinks
Our Fancy mixed egg drinks are as good as a whole meal for satisfying that empty feeling.

Other Drinks.
We have scores of other delicious beverages to select from. Try your favorite drink at our fountain

Corner Drug Store

Mr. M. Pace arrived in this city Monday, after several months absence.

Y. F. Flaherty, A. C. Barr and Jesse Roberts went to Weinert Monday.

Oak Dale Nut coal, mothers' delightful cooking fuel, sold at Chambers'.

Judge Jas. P. Kinnard was in Sweetwater last Saturday on legal business.

The Swensons shipped five cars of cattle from this point Saturday, to Fort Worth.

Mr. O. R. Sowell came home from Seymour and spent Sunday with his family.

W. B. Lee, cashier of the First State Bank of Rochester, was in this city Wednesday.

Orange Julep, Orange Julep is delicious and refreshing.
Corner Drug Store.

We take the greatest care of your goods hauled by us.
Pinkerton & Loe.

Mr. J. S. Fox has been busy for some time at Weinert on the new gins going up there.

Mrs. D. L. Cummins and daughters, Misses Artie B. and Laverne are visiting in Bell County.

J. F. Vermon, formerly of this city but now in the banking business at Spur, is in the city.

Mrs. W. L. Smith has returned to her home at Denton, after a visit with Mrs. E. D. Yeates.

Miss Ruth Walden has returned from a visit to her brother, Mr. Claudis Walden at Seymour.

H. L. Sherrill of Temple, who owns several good farms in this county, arrived in this city Monday.

It's genuine cut glass and hand painted china you want, call and see Spencer & Richardson.

A regular jeweler's line of cut glass and hand painted china is sold by Spencer & Richardson.

Orange Julep and ice cream soda is the finest ever, try one.
Corner Drug Store.

Don't forget the North Side Variety Store for every day needs.
W. H. Parsons.

Mrs. Ed Robinson and children of Seymour, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Robertson of this city.

Mrs. J. H. Turner of Weinert, who has been visiting Mrs. J. R. Miller has returned to her home.

Jno H. Wood and family of Oklahoma is visiting their kinsmen, the Blands of this county.

Dr. and Mrs. G. F. Flahrty were in this city this week. Dr. Flahrty cattle Inspector for this district.

Mrs. T. M. Cass, who has been visiting J. M. Cass of this city, has gone to Temple for a visit.

J. D. Sanlin and family have moved to Ennis, where Mr. Sanlin will be employed by the H. & T. C. Railway.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Stevenson of Runnels county are visiting Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Edwards of this city.

Miss Ella May Halsell of Stamford, who has been visiting Miss Elsie Scott, has returned to that city.

Mesdames Lee Harris and Arch Harrison, of Seymour, who have been visiting their sister Mrs. E. A. Chambers of this city have returned to their home. Little Misses Vivian and Thelma Chambers accompanied them for a visit.

The Farmer Backs Our Bank



Because he knows that it is a Safe Place to put his money and he can always get accommodated here just when he needs it.

Always Feel at Home with Us

Make our Bank your headquarters while in town. Always bring your deposits where they are appreciated.

FARMERS STATE BANK
Haskell, Guaranty Fund Bank, Texas

LAND LOANS

MONEY GETTING CLOSER EVERY DAY. Don't wait until your notes are due to begin, but come to see us and get the matter arranged before it is too late. We do not look for a panic, but money will be close for some time and we advise you to get busy and get your finances easy while you can. We still have plenty of money and can give you the very best service possible, as that is our business, and we have no side lines. See us at Farmers State Bank.

J. L. Robertson

FARMERS STATE BANK HASKELL, TEXAS.

Your Next Trip East

Why not go via

NEW ORLEANS

One of the World's Famous Cities



Operates Two through trains daily and grants stop overs at New Orleans on all through tickets without extra cost

The Metropolis of the South
and the most interesting
City in the U. S.

Your Local Ticket Agent will give you all information or write
A. D. BELL, GEO. D. HUNTER
Ass't Gen'l Passenger Agent Gen'l Passenger Agent
DALLAS, TEXAS

In Every Home



Our Groceries are sure to please. We have a hobby for pure groceries and it is fast becoming popular among our satisfied customers.

YOU MAY NEVER KNOW

What real good things we do carry unless you give us a trial. We will appreciate your business.

FARMERS' SUPPLY CO.

Haskell, Texas.

Sam and Miss Meek Cobb and Miss Esta Joiner who have been out to the Cobb ranch, were in the city Monday.

F. N. Warren, the local representative of the Southern States Cotton Corporation, was in the city Tuesday.

Messrs. W. H. Starr, M. H. Gilliam and Mr. and Mrs. Hollis Fields made a trip to Dallas last week by auto.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Jones of Rule, returned Sunday from a trip to San Marcos, Austin and other points.

Misses Esther Wilfong, Myrle Neely and Frank Alexander, left Wednesday to spend the week's end at Fort Worth.

Mrs. M. F. Britton of Carlton, who has been visiting her brother, J. F. Pinkerton of this city, has returned to her home.

Mrs. W. L. Emery of Belcher-ville, who has been visiting the family of her uncle, S. A. Loe, has returned to her home.

Mrs. Mower of Antelope and Mrs. Pearl Stubblefield of Archer county are visiting Mrs. D. W. Kemp of this vicinity.

Misses Maggie and Irene Swayne of Munday, who have been visiting with Mrs. T. J. Lemon, have returned to their home.

O. Wilder and family of New Mexico, who have been visiting the family of Rev. L. N. Lipscomb have returned to their home.

Judge Thomas and family were passengers on the train Sunday evening, on their return from a trip to Houston and Fort Worth.

Mrs. S. F. Horton and daughter Mrs. Angus of Shreveport, who have been visiting Mrs. W. W. Fields, have returned to their home.

Spencer & Richardson have bought the complete stock of cut glass and hand painted china from Meek & Clough and will continue the line.

Judge W. L. Davidson of the court of Criminal appeals, District Judge Thomas and District Attorney Stenson were in this city Thursday.

J. D. Sutton and wife of Nolen-ville, Ala., who have been visiting the families of F. D. C. Middleton and J. D. Sutton, has returned to their home.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Hunt and Miss Julia Winn have returned from St. Louis and Chicago, where they have purchased a large fall stock of ot goods.

The most appropriate gift you can find is a nice piece of cut glass or hand painted china. The genuine article can be found at Spencer & Richardson's.

Many Rule visitors have attended the carnival. We noted the following from that city Tuesday; Dr. J. B. Reagan, W. H. Doss, Jim Smith, Will Hayes, and J. W. Mason.

Judge Jack Glasglow of Seymour, passed through Haskell Wednesday on his return home from Benjamin, where he has been on legal business.

Hardy Grissom and Miss Nelson have returned from Chicago and St. Louis where they have been to purchase fall stock of drygoods and millinery.

Mr. W. T. Hudson shipped three cars of sand and gravel from his pit in this city, to Munday, where the material will be used for putting down concrete side walk.

Texas Ranger, a registered Jersey male from the celebrated Clough stock, is now ready for service at Dyers Wagon Yard. Fees, \$250. tf

W. F. Tompkins.

Miss Anlida Hughes, who was operated on for appendicitis, at Abilene a few days ago is reported to be doing very well. Her mother returned from her bedside to this city Thursday morning.

Jno. L. Robertson left Saturday for his old home in Tennessee where he will recuperate and visit with his father's family in the home of his childhood. Mrs. Robertson, and the children are there and will return when he returns. Mr. F. L. Daugherty will hold the office down while he is away.

Let the Free Press do your job printing.



Just a Few
More Refri-
gerators Left.
We offer to
you at 20 per
cent Discount
to close out.

McNeill & Smith Hardware Co



Welcome Woodmen

While in the city don't fail to visit our place of Amusement. We will be glad to see you, give you the best show in town for your money, and you will be treated like home folks. A clean show and courteous treatment to everybody

August 21st, 22nd and 23rd

we present
GIROUX & LEONA, in High Class Vaudeville

Presenting a clean, refined and meritorious novelty, spectacular attraction. We personally guarantee this attraction and you should see it by all means. 3000 feet motion pictures in connection every night.

DICK'S THEATRE
EAST SIDE SQUARE



OIL INDICATIONS GOOD

The machinery is now arriving for drilling the Scott well near Haskell. One car arrived Tuesday, and will be taken out to the place where the well is to be drilled and work begun at once. It seems that the people behind this project have the money to do the work, as they have not offered any stock for sale. News from the Bunkley well shows that it is spouting gas, and as soon as some trouble with the casing is adjusted the drillers expect to bring it in as an oil well.

There is a good deal of excitement and speculators are active securing leases. Old Haskell is going to come into her own yet. Real estate is going to boom.

First Bale.

John Vaula brought in the first bale of cotton, Tuesday, August, 19th. It was Ginned by W. T. Newsom, weighed 520 lbs, classed strict middling, and was bought by Robertson-Bros Co. for 11 cts. A premium of \$25.25 was made up for the first bale. The premium cotton and seed amounted to \$91.50. Since this bale was brought in, several have gotten their first bale.

George Clifton returned from Benjamin Friday. While working on a silo he started to fall to the bottom 40 feet below. After falling a few feet he caught on a side door, and saved himself. He said he believed if he had gone one door further he could not have held on.

Youngster's Admiration.

The admiration entertained by a Trenton boy for his uncle includes all of the latter's attributes and even possessions which the uncle himself is not wont to deem desirable. "Uncle," said the lad one day after he had been studying his uncle in laughing conversation with his fateer, "I don't care much for plain teeth like mine. I wish I had some copper-toed ones like yours."—New York Globe.

Good Reason For His Enthusiasm

When a man has suffered for several days with colic, diarrhoea or other form of bowel complaint and is then cured sound and well by one or two doses of Chamberlain's Colic, cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, as is often the case, it is but natural that he should be enthusiastic in his praise of the remedy, and especially is this the case of a severe attack when life is threatened. Try it when in need of such a remedy. It never fails. Sold by all dealers.

Sizing Up the Situation

"So she was untrue to the man she was engaged to?"
"Yes, you see he drinks, smokes and gambles."
"Oh, I see. She was too good to be true."—Exchange.

INFORMATION ABOUT HASKELL COUNTY SCHOOL LAND

Be it remembered that on this 12th day of August, 1913, at a regular term of the Commissioners Court of Haskell County, Texas, all the members of said court being present, viz: A. J. Smith, County Judge, J. S. Menefee, Comr. Precinct No. 1, E. L. Ridling, Comr. Precinct No. 2, Bunk Rike, Comr. Precinct No. 3, and G. W. Sollock, Comr. Precinct No. 4.

Came on to be considered the proposition of selling the Haskell County School Land, located in Hockley County, Texas, consisting of four leagues, viz: No. 74, 75, 76 and the North one half of No. 77 and the North one half of No 73. And after due consideration it is ordered by said Commissioners Court that said School land be and the same is hereby offered for sale under the following terms, regulations and conditions:

1st. It is the order of the court that the sale of said school land be advertised in at least two daily papers in the state of Texas, in one daily paper out of the state and in the Haskell Free Press, for at least two issues in each paper.

2nd. It is further ordered by the court that on the 14th day of October 1913, that bids will be received for the sale of said lands, all bids to be sealed and opened only in open Commissioners Court.

3rd. There must accompany each bid a certified check, payable to the County Treasurer of Haskell County, Texas, for two per cent of the amount of such bid, same to be held by said County as a forfeit or evidence of good faith on the part of such bidder. In the event of sale, such certified check accompanying the offer of the successful bidder, shall be applied on the first cash payment on said land, as hereinafter provided. But in the event such successful bidder refuses or fails to take such land after it has been awarded to him, then such certified check shall become the property of and forfeit to Haskell County, Texas.

4th. Said land is to be sold to the highest or best bidder; but it is expressly understood that the court hereby reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

5th. It is further ordered by the Court that said land be sold on the following terms: One-fortieth of the purchase price as a cash payment, together with the first year's interest in advance, and forty years time on the remainder of the principal with interest at the rate of six per cent per annum payable annually in advance on December 1st of each year.

6th. In the sale of said land a deed will be made and vendor's lien retained against each league, section or sub-division thereof according to classification of said land as follows:

Class No. One, subdivisions Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 50, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 86, 87, 88, 92, 95, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Class No. two, subdivisions Nos. 11, 21, 22, 21, 49, 51, 68, 69, 70, 71, 83, 84, 85, 89, 90, 91, 93, 94, 96

Class No. Three, sub-divisions Nos. 101, and 102.

Class No. Four, sub-divisions, Nos. 103 and 104.

Said above referred to classification being shown by orders and plat recorded on pages 122 and 123 of Book 3, Minutes of Commissioners Court of Haskell County, Texas. Said vendor's liens against said lands will be prorated according to the bid and the classification above set out.

All interest and notes to be made payable at Haskell, Texas.

A Cow

Farmer—Only 250 marks for her? Why, she's a beautiful beast. An artist painted her not long since.

Possible Customer—H'm yes; called it the "Seven Lean Years" I suppose.—Fliegende Blatter.

Ouch!

He (bitterly). I suppose you consider it quite a triumph to make a fool of a man. She—Oh, dear no! A triumph is something done that was difficult of achievement.—Brooklyn Life.

Subscribe for the Free Press.

An Angel

Old Lady—Well, here's a shilling for you, my poor man.
Tramp—A shillin'? Lor' bless yer, lady, if there ever was a fallen angel, you're it!—London Opinion.

Subscribe for the Free Press.

Successful

"How on earth did Mrs. Mull-yuns ever buy her way into society? With her money?"
"Tact?"
"Yes. She always lost at bridge."—Baltimore American.

GOOD ROADS

By Homer D. Wade.

To bond or to bog, that is the question.

The lane that never turns is the muddy lane.

Quit spending money on roads, try to invest it.

A road tax means patch work. Road bonds spell permanency.

An improved highway is the shortest distance between two given points.

Good roads is a question that involves the happiness of the home. The perpetuity of our government.

The happiness of the home is involved in the question of good roads. This is the reason that our mothers are interested.

Economics in all its phases is embraced in the construction of good roads and good streets. Advocates of good highways are the heralds of prosperity.

A large portion of ignorance in our state is due to a lack of improved highways. Good roads beget wisdom and is an evidence of good citizenship.

A good way to keep the boy on the farm is to have good roads, and make rural life as effective as city life. An effective way to reduce the cost of living is to cheapen the marketing of products.

If you would prosper, make wise investments. In road building the best investment is to have the proper machinery, with the application of business judgment in the expenditure of road funds.

I had rather live in a hovel on the side of a permanent road than to reside in a palace where there is no such highway. I had rather be an advocate of good roads than be a king on the throne and oppose them.

I would not discourage foreign missionary work, but I am rather envious of the permanent highways that have been constructed in some of the countries to which we are sending Christian missionaries.

If it were possible to assemble the money wasted on patch work on public roads, there would be a fund large enough to build a permanent road from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean and from Chicago to the City of Mexico.

The beneficial effects of rural free delivery in Texas are becoming more and more apparent. Nothing will contribute more to the enlargement of this service than to have an increased mileage of improved highways.

The Best Hot Weather Tonic
GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC enriches the blood, builds up the whole system and will wonderfully strengthen and fortify you to withstand the depressing effect of the hot summer. It is a leg.

Come to the park that he didn't stop running. He had put miles between him and a grave. He wouldn't have gone with or witho to its location for the world clause.

JUST RECEIVED

At Stock of
Electric Irons, Stoves and Percolators
HASKELL POWER CO.

The Haskell Free Press

Published By
The Free Press Publishing Co.

OSCAR MARTIN
JAMES A. GREER Editors.

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HASKELL, TEXAS, August 23, 1913.

When we review the influence exerted by rich men, as exposed by the lobby investigation, we should not lose sight of the fact that the big employers used the votes of the laborer to defeat candidates for congress who voted for labor measures. It is the ignorant labor vote that hangs like the sword of Damocles, over the head of a congressman who favored labor. Ever since the foreign born laborer has the balance of power in elections, some lobbyist has been stationed at Washington to oversee the members sent to that body. In the southern states the lobbyist has not been able to punish, for lack of labor votes, but they have used their power in northern states to keep good men out of the presidency. When southern socialists are sympathizing with the northern labor organizations they should consider how foolish the laborer is when he goes to vote. The rich man knows his friend, and knows that every laborer loves to be gulled and has never known either his friend or enemy. Why is a laborer willing for the tariff barons to take protection from the people, when the laborer has to strike for a ten per cent raise in wages, that is so insignificant compared to the graft he helped his master filch from the people?

This week again demonstrates the great need of a tabernacle in Haskell.

The Free Press favors an amendment to the federal constitution so as to provide that no citizen's property shall be taken for debt for less than the current market value of the same, to be fixed by judicial ascertainment in a court of competent jurisdiction. Such an amendment would have the most far reaching effect, in the commercial and economic system. It would be equivalent to putting legal tender value in all commodities as well as real estate. It would cripple the power of the money shark, prevent panics and for closeures. It would have saved such public benefactors as the railroad builders, Yoakum and Stilwell. Such a proposition will meet the opposition of every millionaire, who piles up a fortune by confiscating all a debtor has for a debt. The loan sharks in every neighborhood, village, town and city will be horrified at the far reaching result of such an amendment. People talk about court reform. If the power should be taken from the courts to butcher up the estates of debtors at the dictation of Shylocks, credits would be adjusted to business necessities and conditions, and men could not pile up millions in a few years by commercial piracy, that is being done now under the power of the courts of the country. This despotic power of the courts should not be permitted. We condemn the socialists for their doctrine of confiscation, and yet our courts practice confiscation daily, and have done it without protest from the rich. What matters it, if a robber appropriates all you have, on the pretext of debt, or the court does it for the same purpose. The result is the same. We need a reform of remedial law, as well as court procedure.

President Taft has endorsed Henry Lane Wilson in all he did as minister to Mexico. The facts show that in doing so he to some extent makes his administration responsible for the assassination of Madero.

Haskell merchants are receiving their fall and winter stocks of goods and they are making preparations for and expecting a big business.

What Wilson Has Done?

The Democratic Administration under the leader of Woodrow Wilson has been in power less than six months.

That is not a very long time in which to effect radical reforms or institute great improvements; in the lives of nations a year is a mere breath of time.

But there have been administrations which at the expiration of four years of power would have been pleased to point to the record which the present Democratic government has achieved in six months.

For one thing the people have been told through this lobby expose, just how far the big men with money can influence the making of laws; just how far big men with money succeeded in putting a stop to the passing of laws, which were unfavorable to them.

Working people have been told how the National Association of manufacturers manipulated and pulled wires to block laws designed to aid labor legislation in the United States Congress.

It was through the activity of President Woodrow Wilson that the eyes of the people were opened to this sort of work.

There is at present time a real currency measure under way, and the tariff is being dealt with.

The first steps have been taken towards the pacification of Mexico.

The California-Japanese controversy, a very delicate problem in diplomacy, has so far been dealt with in a politic manner.

Woodrow Wilson looks back on no blunders. He has far more than justified the confidence reposed in him.

The government of this country is in good hands.—Buffalo Times.

The Iron Hills Of East Texas.

Now comes press reports announcing the movement of iron ore in carload lots from East Texas, which means the opening of one of the greatest industries in the State. Long have the hills of Marion, Cass and Cherokee Counties concealed this valuable metal from the furnaces of the smelters and a mammoth resource has been lying idle, but the sound of the pick and shovel heralds the coming of East Texas into her own.

Nature has given East Texas many good gifts, but none more valuable than her iron hills.

Value of Advertising

It is easy enough to distinguish between the store that advertises and the one that does not. One is packed with customer who eagerly buy the goods for sale while the other is conspicuous by the absence of purchasers. Nowadays the merchant who does not advertise is doomed to certain commercial death and while the demise is sometimes slow and without clamor it is inevitable nevertheless. Up-to-date men of business realize this and set aside a fund for advertising. The money appropriated for this department is looked upon as an investment rather than an expense, just as a person sometimes invests money in real estate or stocks and bonds. It is sure to come back with interest, providing of course the merchant delivers the goods. Advertising is of little account unless the goods are behind it.

Suffered Eczema Fifty Years—Now Well

Seems a long time to endure the the awful burning, itching, smarting, skin disease known as "tetter" another name for Eczema. Seems good to realize, also, that Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment has proven a perfect cure.

Mrs. D. L. Kenney writes:—"I cannot sufficiently express my thanks to you for your Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment. It has cured my tetter, which has troubled me for over fifty years." All Druggists, or by Mail, 50c. Pfeiffer Chemical Co. St. Louis, Mo. Philadelphia, Pa.

Methodist Auxiliary.

Monday at 5 o'clock p. m. the Auxiliary met with Mrs. A. D. English. Seventeen members were present. Owing to the illness of our president, Mrs. R. C. Montgomery, our first vice-president, Mrs. R. G. Rike, presided. A few things of interest were discussed and passed on. How far, the exact date of the apron sale was not fixed owing to the fact that we do not wish to conflict with any protracted meeting that may be in progress. We hope however to be able to announce the date real soon. Everyone was very much interested in the work that is being done. The meeting with Mrs. English marked the close of our summer meetings from house to house, which we all regret. The evenings thus spent have been very pleasant, and we feel that a new interest has been created in our work by these meetings.

Quite a number of the ladies had their work. After enjoying a social hour, Mrs. English, assisted by Mesdames Rike and Patterson, served a delicious ice cream and cake course.

Next meeting will be a business one at the church, in September. We trust all will be present and enter into our plan for the fall work. Much is to be done and all hands are needed.

An eminent christian has given as his motto: "Dissatisfied always, discouraged never. Dissatisfied because he who is satisfied with his work is tempted to make no further effort to improve. Never discouraged because he who gives way to discouragement is already defeated." Shall we not take it as a motto for the life as well as for its works, for self as well as for its service? To become and to do, ever going on to perfection, is divine law of the spiritually imperfect and the promise of a "better country." "Wherefore God is not ashamed of them, to be called their God, for he hath prepared for them a city."

Supt. of Publicity.

Juniors Entertained.

The social event of the week was the lawn party given by Mr. A. J. Smith at his beautiful home in north Haskell, complimentary to the Junior B. Y. U.'s. The event was made merry with the presence of about twenty of these jolly young people. The lawn was made merry with beautifully lighted electric lights and the evening was passed in playing 42 and social chat. Mr. Smith was assisted by Mrs. Smith in serving delicious watermelon, after which the young people very reluctantly bade their efficient leader good night.

The Love of the Beautiful.

We should give more attention to beautifying the home and its surroundings. Nature has given us every facility for making the premises attractive. The most beautiful and luxuriant vegetable growths in the world abound in their natural state in Texas and they are easily transplanted and cultivated. The wonderful variety of ornamental shrubbery permits a full expression of our aesthetic tastes.

It is a sad day for the family when the head of the home gets too busy to make the flower bed, plant a tree or fence the hogs out of the yard. We dislike to think of a mother going through the summer without gathering roses and of children whose sweet faces are never brightened by flowers and who have noshade to play under.

Unkept promises always make the home dreary and lonely. There is nothing more repulsive than weeds where there should be grass and flowers. No matter how humble or poor, Nature, with a lavish hand, has provided entertainment for us all.

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

REVIVAL MEETING

Rev. L. L. Sams will conduct a revival meeting at the Baptist Church beginning Friday night, August 22nd. Everybody is invited to attend and co-operate with us in these services, especially the singers of the community.

Respectfully,
Committee

Everybody Invited

Attention Tyler Commercial College Students.

The Tyler Commercial College students will hold a reunion at Tyler, Texas, October 17th and 18th. All present and former students, together with their friends, will be cordially invited to take part in the most excellent program which will be a social and intellectual treat, also in the big reception and banquet. Reduced rates will be given on all railroads. T. C. C.'s will be present from many different states, and from present indications the attendance will run up into the thousands.

The management of the school desires the co-operation of every former and present student of the T. C. C. to make this reunion a grand success, and request all former students who are now of the opinion they will be able to attend, to write them at once that they may be furnished with program and full particulars. Address Reunion Department, Tyler Commercial College, Tyler, Texas.

Minister Praises this Laxative.

Rev. H. Stubenvoll of Allison, Ia., in praising Dr. King's New Life Pills for constipation writes: "Dr. King's New Life Pills are such perfect pills no home should be without them." No better regulator for the bowels. Every pill guaranteed. Try them. Price 25c.

Notice of Stockholders Meeting

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the stockholders of the Haskell State Bank will be held in the Haskell National Bank Building in Haskell, Texas at Ten (10) o'clock A. M. Tuesday, September 23, 1913, for the purpose of determining whether or not the affairs of the Haskell State Bank shall be liquidated as provided by law.

I. D. Killingsworth, Vice Pres.
H. E. Fields, Cashier. 29-9t

Mothers! Have Your Children Worms?

Are they feverish, restless, nervous, irritable, dizzy or constipated? Do they continually pick their nose or grind their teeth? Have they cramping pains, irregular and ravenous appetite? These are all signs of worms. Worms not only cause your child suffering but stunt its mind and growth. Give "Kickapoo Worm Killer" at once. It kills a nd removes the worm, improves your child's appetite, regulates stomach, liver and bowels. The symptoms disappear and your child is made happy and healthy, as nature intended. All druggists or by mail, 25c.

Kickapoo Indian Medicine Co. Philadelphia, Pa. St. Louis Mo.

Come to the Free Press for neat and artistic job printing.

HUSBAND RESCUED DESPAIRING WIFE

After Four Years of Discouraging Conditions, Mrs. Bullock Gave Up in Despair. Husband Came to Rescue.

Catron, Ky.—In an interesting letter from this place, Mrs. Bettie Bullock writes as follows: "I suffered for four years, with womanly troubles, and during this time, I could only sit up for a little while, and could not walk anywhere at all. At times, I would have severe pains in my left side.

The doctor was called in, and his treatment relieved me for a while, but I was soon confined to my bed again. After that, nothing seemed to do me any good.

I had gotten so weak I could not stand, and I gave up in despair.

At last, my husband got me a bottle of Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I commenced taking it. From the very first dose, I could tell it was helping me. I can now walk two miles without tiring me, and am doing all my work."

If you are all run down from womanly troubles, don't give up in despair. Try Cardui, the woman's tonic. It has helped more than a million women, in 50 years of continuous success, and should surely help you, too. Your druggist has sold Cardui for years. He knows what it will do. Ask him. He will recommend it. Begin taking Cardui today.

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for full instructions on your case and to get your bottle. Name of treatment for women, sent in plain wrapper.

The Famous Ford

1914

Announcement

Five Passenger Touring Car, Delivered at \$610

Two Passenger Runabout \$560.

We are now ready to deliver these cars. Visit our sales room at Stamford, Texas. Call or write for us to bring you a car. Exclusive agents for Haskell, Stonewall, Fisher and Jones counties.

SAMMONS & KINARD
Stamford, Texas

Heroic Treatment

By F. TOWNSEND SMITH

My friend Rogers was forty years old and a bachelor. He had no taste for society, and his life was solitary in the extreme.

I had been to his room occasionally, and his landlady knew my name. One day Rogers had worked himself up to such a condition that she feared he was going to commit suicide. They hunted my name in the telephone register and called me up to say that she wished I would come round and take charge of him. I went to his room and found him walking the floor with a desperate look in his eye. I took him out with me for dinner, after which we went to the theater, and he spent the night in my rooms. Before going to bed I said to him:

"Rogers, the thing for you to do is to get married."

"Who would marry me?"

"I know several young women who would be glad to get you. I'll introduce you to the one that I think would be the most likely to suit you if you like."

"Anything to relieve me of myself." The young person to whom I introduced Rogers was twenty-seven years old. Not having thus far fulfilled the condition for which she was made—a wife and mother—she was beginning to get dissatisfied with herself and those about her. I told her of Rogers' case, and she confessed that it was much like her own. She, too, said "anything but the life of an old maid." It was understood when I brought them together that it was for the purpose of matrimony, and they didn't pretend that they did not feel—that they were in that delirium commonly called love. They made short work of the preliminaries and, being very much pleased with each other, became engaged and were married.

I think their honeymoon was as happy as it is with married couples usually. Both seemed to have taken laughing gas. There was no attention too great or too trivial for Rogers to pay his wife, and she seemed disposed to suffer any inconvenience rather than put him to the slightest discomfort.

I called on them soon after their marriage. Then I did not see them again for six months. I met Rogers and, grasping him by the hand, said: "How are you, old man? How goes married life?"

"Oh, married life is well enough, I suppose."

"Well enough? Why, I thought at first you considered it delightful."

"That was in the beginning, when we hadn't really settled down to the business of married life. I find double harness pretty hard to work in some times."

"Have any company?"

"All we want."

"Well, I'm coming round to see you pretty soon."

When I called Rogers had been detained at business, and I was entertained by his wife. Being an old friend of mine, I did not hesitate to ask her how married life suited her.

"Oh, I don't suppose," she said, "that Ed is any harder to live with than most men."

"He isn't sadder, is he?"

"Oh, no; he is cheerful enough, but I surprise him every now and then by not being what he has always supposed a woman to be, and if all men are what he is sometimes they must be."

While we were talking in came Ed. He saw by his wife's expression that she had been pouring her troubles into my ear, and he didn't like it. He sat down with a very ugly look on his face.

"Well," he said to me, "I suppose she's been making me out a pretty hard nut."

"See here," I said, flaring up, "I did the best I could for you two in bringing you together. If you want to quarrel I would prefer that you leave me out."

"Who's drawing you in?" asked the husband, with a snarl.

"He's drawn himself in," snapped the wife. "He tried to pump you when he met you the other day, then came around here to pump me."

"Pump you! What interest have I in whether you get on or don't get on together? I bid you both good evening."

A YOUNG MAN'S SCHEME

By M. QUAD

Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press

"Gaul darn her picture, but I love her!"

The young man who uttered the words was at work in the field, and he straightened up to rest his weary back and mutter:

"And I'll make her love me before I'm through with her! She may think I don't amount to shucks, but all I want is a chance to prove that I do. Durn farm work! Durn widder! Durn love! Durn everything!"

He kicked the fence to show his disgust and wearily resumed work. Ebenezer Schermernhorn, hired man, was in love with the Widow Tompkins, whose farm adjoined that of his boss on the west. Ebenezer was twenty-four years old, plain of face and ungainly of form and without a hundred dollars' worth of property.

One evening as he dropped in to see the widow about borrowing some farm implement next day he found her reading a love story. She read a few chapters to him and afterward acknowledged that she had always been romantic and that if she ever married again it would be to a hero.

The farmer's hired man didn't rush right off that night and try to be a hero, but sat down and did some thinking.

Three or four days after Ebenezer's thinking hee a tramp came along the road and, seeing the young man hoeing corn just over the fence, halted for a word or two. Ordinarily Ebenezer would have leaped the fence and run the wayfarer half a mile, but on this occasion he invited him over to the corn and sat down with him for a confidential conversation. The result of that conversation was that at 9 o'clock that evening the tramp appeared before the Widow Tompkins and made threats of what he would do if she didn't set out victuals, hunt up old clothes and come down with a dollar in cash.

Ebenezer was not far away—just far enough to come running up and knock the tramp head over heels and rescue the widow. But as he started to come running he fell down and got tangled up with the bushes, and before he could get away the widow had broom-sticked the tramp into flight. She didn't say she was glad that the would be hero was so near at hand. What she did say was that she wasn't afraid of any tramp walking the roads.

Ebenezer's first try was a failure, but within a fortnight he was ready for another. Two or three farmhouses in the township had been robbed, and this fact became the basis for his second plan. One night at midnight he left his bed, descended to earth by way of a window, and, armed with a club, he became a guard for the widow's house. He circled around it and patrolled the garden and the orchard, and he felt that he would give a year of his life if a robber would appear.

He would first fell him and then arouse the house, and when the widow came to know that he had been guarding her for love her heart would melt toward him.

But no robber came. Instead of that his footsteps awoke the widow, and, peering out, she saw some one walking about, and she got a shotgun and raised a window and blazed away. The gun was loaded with bird shot to shoot hawks that might come swooping down on chickens, but in this case they answered just as well for a man. Ebenezer received about twenty of them and ran two miles to a doctor to have them picked out. He also had a vacation from work for a week under the excuse that he had sprained his back turning over in bed.

Ninety-nine out of every hundred would be heroes would have given up right here, but Ebenezer was a man to hang on. It was while he was limping around on his vacation and doing a lot of standing up and wandering over the fields that he came upon the widow fishing in the river at a certain point. He did not show himself, but fifty feet from where she sat under a tree he discovered a bumblebee's nest in the grass. It was a large and liberal nest, and it gave him a thought. The bees wouldn't bother anybody so long as they were left alone. If stirred up they would look for meat.

There was a haystack not far away, and Ebenezer had matches in his pocket. He retired behind the stack and collected a hatful of stones from the plowed land. These he threw one by one at the spot where the bees were pursuing the even tenor of their ways. The plot thickened. You can think a bumblebee plot in a very short time. All you've got to do is to tread on their coattails. When the insects found the rocks dropping on their heads they swarmed out of the grass to look for the enemy. They should have seen the widow and descended upon her, and at her first shriek Ebenezer would come charging down with a wisp of lighted hay in either hand. But things went wrong. The bees then went for him alone. They ran him up and down the haystack; they ran him over fences and back; they ran him across lots and in circles, and when they finally left him and he fell down the widow came forward and asked:

"But why were you such a fool?"

"Because I want you to marry me!" he groaned in reply. "And you said you would marry a hero. I thought the bees would attack you and I could rush in and save you."

"Why, you great idiot! I've been ready to say you any day for the last three months."

How I Came to Marry

By ALLAN G. LAMOND

In the gold hunting days I went out to the gold fields to make a fortune. I fell in with a young man of my own age, Elliot Mansfield, and we agreed to prospect together. Mansfield had left a mother and sister, to whom he was much attached. Unfortunately his mother had received an injury to one of her eyes, and since her son's departure for the west it had extended to the other eye, and she was gradually becoming blind.

The letters she wrote Mansfield were pathetic. She hoped that he might be with her again, but she did not hope to see him. His sister wrote him that, if possible, he should come home that his mother might see him once more before losing her sight. But he had no money for the journey, and if he could get home he would not be able to get back again. He was a resolute fellow and averse to giving up what he had undertaken—namely, to go back, if ever he did go back, with a fortune.

I was no better off than Mansfield. We wandered about with picks on our shoulders wherever we believed there might be gold and at last succeeded in striking dirt that promised to pay. While we were getting it into shape to secure capital with which to work it Mansfield was taken sick. He was ill a long while, and during this time I wrote letters for him to his mother and sister. In these letters, at his request, I forged his handwriting that they might not suspect that he was unable to write them himself. Furthermore, he charged me to tell them that he had struck a mine of value and would soon go east with a view to forming a company to work it.

The poor fellow did not recover. He asked me before he died to make over his share in our mine to his mother and sister and if possible go east, as he had hoped to do, and either sell the mine or organize a company, as I might be able. Dreading the shock of his death on his mother, he asked me to keep up the deception till I should go east and arrange with his sister for breaking the sad news to his mother.

I found an opportunity to sell out for \$50,000 and availed myself of it. If I had held on the property would have made me very rich, but I was tired of the deception I was practicing and knew my late partner's mother and sister were very poor. Taking their share of the proceeds with me, I went at once to the town in which they lived.

On my arrival I sent a messenger to Miss Mansfield to tell her that her brother's partner had arrived with news of him, but cautioning her to say nothing about me to her mother until I had had an opportunity to see her. She appointed a meeting with me at the home of one of her friends. I went there and told her the bad news I had for her.

To her grief was added the fact that her mother, who had now become quite blind, was looking for her son every day. Her daughter—Mildred was her name—was in agony at the idea of imparting the news to her. She could not think of doing so at the time, for the old lady was not in a condition to bear it. So we arranged between us that until she was better I was to write letters as before, putting off the son and brother's arrival.

Mildred Mansfield was a very lovely girl. I sympathized with her deeply, and it was a matter of satisfaction that I was enabled to turn over to her her brother's share in what I had realized for the mine.

One day, desiring to consult with Mildred, I went to her house to see her. I could see no risk of revealing the true situation in doing so. But the old lady, who was in her room above, heard my voice below and got it into her head that I was her son. The idea occurred to Mildred of permitting her mother to believe me to be her son, and I saw no objection to the plan. So I went upstairs and submitted to a hugging and weeping that were almost hysterical.

"The mine is sold, mother," I said, "and my share is \$25,000. It's all in bank right here in this town."

"I'm very happy," she said through her tears, "though I can't see you. You must stay here always, and so long as I live neither you nor your sister must marry, but live here for me and each other."

Mildred was too embarrassed by this to make a reply, so I was obliged to make it myself.

"Yes, mother. We will live only for you and each other."

I was looking at Mildred when I said this, and she raised her eyes and blushed. Then she said, "You'd better give mother time to recover from her excitement," and I went downstairs.

Well, we were in for it now deeper than ever. Of course I was obliged to take up my quarters in the house, and since Mrs. Mansfield was blind as a bat she was not available for a chaperon. We talked over the matter of telling her the truth, and finally I said:

"Why not let her remain in ignorance? We can be married, and that will make it all right for me to live here. After your mother's death, if you wish it, I will help you to get the marriage annulled."

So we had a wedding ceremony performed, just to enable us to deceive Mrs. Mansfield for her own good, and when she died we concluded to let the marriage stand. And that's the way I came to be a married man today and the father of seven children—just to avoid giving an old lady on the brink of the grave a shock.

Her Presentiment

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

Reuben Kastner was night watchman at the office of Jones Brothers, dealers in railway supplies. One night his wife gave him his supper, he went to the little bed where his two children lay, kissed them, then bade his wife adieu, with a sigh.

"What's the matter, Reuben?" she asked.

"I dunno," said Kastner. "I got a presentiment."

"A presentiment of what?" asked his wife.

"That some'n's goin' to happen. Some'n's turrable; some'n's that'll leave you and the children with nothin' to eat and no roof over your heads."

"And I've got a presentiment, too," said Mrs. Kastner.

"What's that?"

"That some'n's goin' to happen that'll set us all up."

"Oh, you're foolin'!" said the husband as he walked away. "You never take anything serious."

Kastner went to the office, where he relieved the porter, who acted as day watchman, and began his dreary night watch. He walked about from one room to another, occasionally going into a room where stood the safe. To do this he was obliged to take out a key and turn the bolt in the spring lock in the door that connected this room with the main office. After taking a look at the safe he would let the door close and would sit down in an office chair, and at the expiration of an hour would go through the process again.

He had opened the door to the safe room and gone inside for a look when three men—where they came from he could not surmise—seized him from behind and threw him to the floor. Producing a cord, they bound him hand and foot and gagged him. Then, sitting him in a chair, they tied him to it, and one of them, knocking off the knob of the safe door with a hammer, put a charge of nitroglycerin in the hole made and attached a fuse. Having done this they placed gunny bags over the safe to deaden the sound, lighted the free end of the fuse and all left the office. Their idea was to blow open the safe, killing the watchman, on the principle that dead men tell no tales, return and help themselves to the contents.

When they left the room the door was closed by the spring, and Kastner was shut up in the safe room while a spluttering fire was running along the fuse toward the explosive.

A great many things came to Kastner while watching that running fire. He saw himself blown into pulp by the explosion; he saw his wife waking from slumber to think about her lonely husband watching through the long night; he saw his little children sleeping in their bed with their arms around each other's neck.

He would not die. He would make an effort for life. If he could get down on the floor he might possibly escape the worst. He began a violent rocking, a swaying from side to side. This he kept up till he upset the chair. His fall broke the cord that bound him to it. There was still a foot of the fuse trailing on the floor yet unburned. Kastner, having his hands and feet tied, could not reach the fire or kick it, but he could roll toward it. This he did and presently rolled on it.

Another danger confronted him. Would the fire be smothered or would it ignite his clothing and first burn him, then blow him to pieces? He lay flat on the floor and felt the heat beneath him.

He heard a rattling at the door. The burglars, anxious to see what was going on within the safe room, were trying to open it, but, finding it locked, could not do so without breaking it down, and this might attract attention from those without. Since nothing seemed to be gained by effecting an entrance, they determined to await the explosion.

Meanwhile Kastner lay on the fuse, praying that it would be smothered. Gradually the heat under him died down. He watched to see if it were burning beyond his body, but since it did not he made up his mind that it had been extinguished.

At last the robbers, having concluded that the explosion had failed, after debating the propriety of kicking down the door, decided that they had better get out while they could. Some one might have gone into the safe room from another entrance.

When the porter went into the safe room in the morning and saw the night watchman on the floor, bound hand and foot, he knew at once what had happened. He released Kastner and telephoned for a member of the firm to come immediately to the office, since an attempt had been made to blow up the safe.

The senior, Mr. Jones, came without waiting for his breakfast, and when he saw the safe and heard Kastner's story he exclaimed:

"Thank heaven! There was \$30,000 in there in bank bills."

Kastner went home to breakfast in a carriage, and when his wife saw him all right she said:

"I reckon it's my presentiment that's come true, isn't it. Reub, seein' you're comin' home that way?"

"Well, mebbe it is." And drawing ten \$100 bills, a gift from his employers, from his pocket, he showed them to her.

Then he sat down to breakfast and told the story of his night's adventure to his wife and children.

A Country Doctor's Story

By CARROL H. PIERCE

I doctored Farmer Chubb's family for years and knew the constitution of every one of 'em. Billy, the only boy in the family, was a queer little chap. I never gave him a dose of medicine that he didn't ask me just how it was going to affect him, and, if it didn't act as I said it would, the next time I was called in he would throw it up at me. We doctors don't like that sort of thing, and I took a dislike to Billy.

The boy grew up and went off somewhere, I don't know where, but his mother said he was going to settle there and grow up with the country. She was sure he would be mayor or governor or something like that, for he was so smart.

One day when I was visiting the house to see some one of them that was sick Chubb asked me if I wouldn't buy a draft for him at the bank in Rogersville the next time I went there and drop it into an envelope he gave me addressed to his son Billy. He handed me \$100 for the purpose, and I consented to oblige him.

This didn't look very well to me for Billy. He was twenty-four years old and hearty. His father was having all he could do to get along, and I didn't see why his boy should accept money from him. But I said nothing to the old man about what I thought, because it was none of my business. He asked me not to say anything to any one else about it, and I promised I wouldn't.

It wasn't long after this, when I was called in again for something, that Mrs. Chubb gave me \$50 and asked me to buy a draft when I went to Rogersville payable to Billy and send it to him in the same way the old man did. But I wasn't to say anything to her husband about it. I agreed to send the money for her and promised not to let on to Chubb that I had done it.

"It beats all," I said to myself, "what people will do for their children!" Here was I doctoring the family without sending in any bill because I knew they were hard up and they sending money all the while to a man who ought to have been sending money to them.

You bet when I drove away from the house I was mad all over. I made up my mind that the next time any of them asked me to send money to the man, who was either speculating or gambling or loading, I would let out what I thought about it. And I wasn't going to make any more promises not to tell, either.

But when it came to the scratch I couldn't do it. Mrs. Chubb sent another draft by me, and when I asked her if she didn't think Billy had better be sending her money she looked at me so reproachfully that I didn't say another word. She said that Billy had invented a machine for getting the seeds out of watermelons, or something like that, and what she was sending him was the last payment for his patent right.

One day a girl came to my house, pretending that she came for consultation. What she really came for was to ask me how she could send money. I told her to buy a draft, and she asked me if I wouldn't buy one for her, seeing I went to Rogersville, where the only bank was, nearly every day. I asked her what name I should make it payable to, and she said William Chubb.

I thought I should explode. The good for nothing chap was taking money from a girl. Howsometer, if a doctor learns anything it's to confine himself to his pills and keep his mouth shut. So I bottled up my wrath and told the young woman I would be happy to serve her. She gave me \$18, but as she didn't know that the draft would cost anything I paid the exchange myself.

That was the last draft I was asked to send to William Chubb. His father introduced the subject of his son to me one day, but I cut him short, and he saw just how I felt and didn't press the subject. Mrs. Chubb didn't say anything, but it seemed to me she looked well pleased about something. Then one day Farmer Chubb astonished me by calling for my bill. It had been running seven years and amounted to \$250. I made it \$235. I was more astonished than ever to receive payment.

One day I was just starting out on my daily round of visits when a well-dressed, prosperous looking young man stepped up to my buggy and accosted me.

"Don't you know me, doctor? I'm Billy Chubb."

"How do do, Billy?" I said, trying to appear cordial. "Where you been all this while, and what you been doing?"

"Oh, I've been slaving around. I've picked up something since I've been away. I've come back to be married. I want you to come to my wedding. I'm going to marry Sarah Crofts."

Sarah Crofts was the girl who had sent him the \$18.

As soon as I saw Farmer Chubb again I spoke of his son and let him talk all he wanted to. He told me that Billy was a natural speculator; would take money from any or everybody to put a deal through, but he seemed to have a gift for knowing just what to take hold of and nearly always won.

And so it turned out. Billy not only made himself rich, but was enabled to give his father and mother anything they wanted. He adored his wife, and his wife is mighty well satisfied with him.

An Opened Grave

By SAMUEL R. BRANT

My father was one of the Argonauts, or forty-niners, as they were called. He told me this story when I was a little boy:

"I was washing for gold the same as others," he said, "and Jim Barlow, a young fellow about my age, was washing alongside of me. A storm was coming up, and we were concluding it was about time to get under cover when all of a sudden I saw Jim pitch forward on his face. At the same time I was blinded by a flash and heard a terrific clap of thunder. When we picked Jim up he was dead."

"That was before the present methods of bringing persons to life as they sometimes do now, and no one had ever heard of a person receiving a dose of electricity strong enough to kill, and yet in a few hours be perfectly well again. None of us saw any use holding on to Jim's body for any length of time. He had been killed by lightning and that's all there was about it. So we set one of the gold washers, who was a carpenter by trade, to make a coffin or, rather, a box, and we buried him under a big tree that stood apart from other trees."

"I washed gold up and down the creek for some time when one of those earthquakes they have in the Golden State came along and left great fissures in its track. A few days after the occurrence I was passing the place where Jim Barlow was struck by lightning. One of the fissures that had been left by the quake ran right along the foot of the tree and there was the end of his coffin sticking out on one side of the cleft dirt."

"I didn't propose to leave the body of a friend in that condition, so I dug out the coffin, intending to rebury it. Either the quake or something had loosened the lid, and I raised it. The coffin was empty."

"I never had such a surprise in my life. The lid had been nailed on—we hadn't any screws at the time of the burial. The nailing had been so carelessly done that several nails had missed striking the box or had gone through sideways. If Jim had come to life it would have been easy enough for him to have kicked off the lid. But I questioned if he could have broken through the ground above him, though we hadn't taken pains to dig the grave very deep, also the long storm which followed the burial must have washed a good deal of ground off the surface."

"But all this was of no importance. Jim had been killed, and a few hours afterward had been buried. It was getting dark when we planted him, and the next morning we had all gone to work farther up the creek. But, being dead, what had become of the body? There was no medical college west of the Rocky mountains, and no one had any use so far as I can see for the corpse."

"Such mysteries don't interest a busy people such as we were out there at that time, and I didn't spend much time trying to solve the puzzle. I got tired of placer mining and, going to a different location, staked out a claim."

"There was a trail leading by my mine, and one day, when I was sitting on a log resting, with a pipe in my mouth, I heard some animal coming up the gulch. In a few minutes I saw a horse with a man on it coming licker-split. Horse and man dashed past me, the man staring at me wildly, and you'd better believe I stared at him. His face was white as that of a corpse, his eyes were starting out of his head, and he was Jim Barlow."

"At first I was too paralyzed to move, and when I came to myself he had passed out of hearing. I listened and thought I heard the hoofs of horses down the gulch, but nothing showed up, and soon I heard them no more."

"I never was much given to being afraid, but the sight of Barlow, who had been killed standing beside me, then shaken up by an earthquake and tipped out of his coffin, dashing past me like that unnerved me. My teeth chattered so that I bit off the stem of my pipe. What did it mean?"

"As soon as I recovered from the shock I concluded to go down the gulch and try to find out if any one else had seen the ghost. I found a man who had had. He described the sight just as I had seen it. He also told me that there had been considerable excitement thereabout on account of the escape of a horse thief. He was to have been hanged and got away."

"This would have explained the matter if it hadn't been that the man I saw was Jim Barlow, and Jim Barlow was dead."

"About a week after this a man came to my cabin and said a friend of mine wanted me to come down to L. I went with the messenger, who took me to the sheriff, who had a horse thief in limbo. The horse thief was Jim Barlow."

"Why, Jim," I shouted, "I thought you were dead!"

"I ain't dead," he said, "and I ain't a horse thief. These fellows have got me mixed with another man."

"I vouched for him, and they let him go. He told me that some time after he had been struck by lightning—he didn't know how long—he had dreamed he was suffocating. Raising a leg, he kicked off the lid of his coffin and a foot of wet dirt besides. He was so terrified that he didn't stop running till he had put miles between him and his grave. He wouldn't have gone back to its location for the world."

FATE AND A COW

By M. QUAD

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Professor Slocum of the college at Madison was fifty years old at a certain date. He was tall and stoop shouldered and ungainly. He was reticent and undemonstrative, and society knew him not at all. Miss Deborah Day of the same town had reached the age of forty-five. She was plain of face and frigid of attitude, and her charms were missing.

It was one Sunday in church that fate brought the old hick and the old maid together in the same pew, and they sang from the same hymn book. Fate, through a mutual acquaintance, introduced them after the sermon. A few evenings later the professor called. The talk was of philosophy. He called again, and they talked of theology. He made a third call, and the age of the world was under discussion for an hour. After that it was for the cow to do her part.

One evening, just at sundown, Miss Day walked forth in a meadow to gather a few daisies. At the same hour it singularly happened that Professor Slocum sought the same meadow in search of geological specimens. The lady discovered her daisies, the professor discovered her pebbles, the two people discovered each other, and together they discovered a cow. A cow may be simply an animated object on the landscape or she may be a discovery because she is engaged over the loss of a horn knocked off in some way and because she has her head down and her tail up and is charging the pebbles and daisy gatherers.

Then the fifth discovery showed up. It was a cow shed twenty rods away, a rough affair that had seen better days. The meadow was retired, and the shed was more so. They reached it just in time for the professor to find a board and bar the entrance against the cow and later on to further strengthen it. There was no doubt about the bovine being in earnest. She made frantic efforts to tear down the shed with her remaining horn, and when she could not effect an entrance she stood on guard to keep her victims from coming out. Darkness suddenly fell, and then the perturbed couple suddenly realized their situation.

"Professor Slocum, I must leave here this instant," exclaimed the horrified Miss Day.

"And so must I," was the reply.

"It is not proper!"

"Certainly not!"

"I shall be a laughingstock!"

"And I the same!"

"I can't go, but you must!" said Miss Day as the cow quieted down.

"Professor, you must see that you must go—you must see it!"

"I do see it," he replied, "and while I cannot depart from the shed, I can climb on the top of it."

This he accomplished by making his way through a gap in the roof. He was now in a position of propriety, but there was the cow again. When she saw him perched up there, so near and yet so far, she tried to climb up after him, and at the end of two minutes Miss Day was shrieking for protection. Down scrambled the professor, and the cow took to running around the shed to find where he had disappeared. The interior of the shed had now become so dark that nothing could be seen. In trying to strengthen the door some more the professor fell down, and rolled over. In trying to get to his assistance, Miss Day suddenly found herself sprawling.

Can a person maintain firmness when surrounded by a cow shed, with a mad cow battering away at the door? Can a person be stifled after rolling in the straw and dirt? Can he or she be severely embarrassed when it is impossible to see each other? The professor wisely decided that they could not, and he reached out and clasped Miss Day's hand. She returned the clasp. Then he put his arm around her in a protecting way, and she did not shrink. Then the old cow made up her mind to melt the frost and bring out the turtles if she had to break her neck to do it. She gave a bellow of warning and retreated eight or ten rods and then came for the side of the shed like a runaway locomotive. She hit it fair and square, and two-thirds of it caved in like a house of sand. In the caving she was mixed up with beams and boards, and the professor took advantage of the occasion to tear the door aside and then pull his companion out into the open. Then they ran for the nearest fence. It wasn't dignified to fall down three or four times, but they fell. It wasn't eminently proper, when the fence was reached and the cow was hard on their trail, for the professor to throw Miss Day over and then take a scramble himself, but that's the way it was worked. Then as soon as the man in the case could get his breath he realized the inevitable. They were both tattered and frizzled. They had together passed through peril by flood and fire (and cow), and romance had come to their hearts at last.

"Miss Day, I have loved you from the first!" announced the professor as he took her hand.

"And I—I—" she replied after gasping for breath.

Of course she had, too, and of course that settled it then and there. The old cow looked through the rails at them, heard the cooing of the doves and with a snort of disgust turned tail and walked away. And yet she had made over two human beings to be like the average.

On the Box

By THOMAS R. DEAN

Years ago there were two men living in one of the great cities on the eastern coast of the United States who, though they were father and son, were chums. They were rich and ultra fashionable, which meant then something far different from what it would mean today. In those days the fashionable people of the land were refined and intelligent. Now to be ultra fashionable is to be ultra fashionable, and one may be ultra fashionable, yet devoid of ordinary breeding.

The two men referred to looked like gentlemen and acted like gentlemen. Shakespeare has described them in his words "to the manner born." They were always seen together on the street, and one looking at them would think them a pair of noblemen belonging to some lordly English estate. In society they were known as "Dombey & Son."

The father, who was a widower, drifted on, thinking that their companionship would last as long as they lived. What a shock, then, was it to him when his son announced to his father his engagement! The older man could not believe his senses. But when he learned that his son was to marry a girl with no fortune, that the young couple could not retain the position in society that their ancestors, the Van G's, had held for 200 years, his desolation was complete. He could not conceive of himself falling to appear at the functions he had from his youth been accustomed to attend, and to go to them without the companion who had always gone with him would be worse than not going at all.

The first quarrel the two had ever had followed. "You shall not marry," said the elder Van G., "unless you marry one of our set and one with sufficient fortune to enable you to keep up a position as a married man."

"I have asked a lady to be my wife," replied the son, "and I will not turn upon my invitation."

"Very well, then, you must shift for yourself."

Harry Van G. married a lovely girl; but, since it would have required an income equal to his father's to take her in the society he had been used to going with, he did not attempt it. But this in comparison with the young couple's real condition was a bagatelle. They had nothing whatever to live on and sank rapidly into poverty.

The elder Van G., though it nearly broke his heart to go to functions without his double, chose what he considered the lesser of two evils and went. He saw nothing of his son—not that he blamed him or was angry with him, but that he considered Harry out of the chosen set who had composed society since colonial days, and it would be contamination for him to associate with any one except the elect.

One day the elder Van G.—this was several years since he had parted with his son—stepped out of his club to a carriage that had been called for him. Elegantly dressed, as usual, his head covered with a shining silk hat, his feet with white spats, his hands with ten gloves and carrying a cane, he stood for a moment looking up and down the street, then went down to the cab. The coachman annoyed him, for instead of looking straight ahead of him he turned his face in the opposite direction.

Mr. Van G. got into the carriage and told the cabman to drive him to the home of a lady social leader. On arriving at the door some friends of the aristocrat happened to pass, and he stopped on the sidewalk to speak to them. When, doing so, he happened to cast his eye to the coachman and recognized his son. He was too well bred to show surprise or shock at even this contretemps. Nor did he in any way recognize the fact that his own offspring was his cabman. When his friends passed on he went into the house before which he stood and after making a call came out, directed the coachman to drive him to his home, tipped him and went inside.

The next day the same cab was called at the same club for the same man. On this occasion Mr. Van G. was dressed in his most ordinary costume. As he entered the cab without looking at his cabman he gave his directions as to where he wished to be driven.

The cabman started. He was directed to take his fare to his own humble domicile. He whipped up his horse with as much sang froid as if he had been directed to drive to a railway station, considering as he proceeded what he should do. It was evident that his father had recognized him and was going to see him and his wife, but what for he did not know. Harry and his wife lived in a small suit of rooms in a cheap flat. On reaching it his father without the least unbending said:

"Can you direct me to the rooms of Harry Van G.?"

"Certainly, sir," said the coachman, touching his hat respectfully, and he, leading him to his rooms, rang, and the door was opened by Mrs. Van G.

Once across the threshold, a marked change came over the visitor. Taking his son's hand in one of his own, his daughter-in-law in the other, with wet eyes, he said:

"Come home, my dear boy and girl. I can stand this no longer. I shall give up society for you."

That ended the estrangement. The father was getting old and found more comfort at home than in society.

Evidence by Telephone

By EDWIN WATERMAN

There is nothing more irritating to a man than to be accused by a woman, especially when some part of the accusation is technically true. Being engaged to Clara Underwood, a very pious and lovely young lady, I felt it my duty before marriage not to give up certain amusements—a friendly game of poker, for instance—but to conceal such from my fiancée. It seemed to me that there would be no use in letting her know about them, for once married, I proposed to settle down and be a thoroughly domestic man.

What was my horror one day when my bosom friend, George Brewster, came to me and said:

"Great Scott, Billy! What do you suppose that tattler, Madge Ellis, has been telling Clara about you?"

"What?"

"Why, that you drink, gamble and have already jilted four girls that she knows of and as many more that she don't know of."

"You don't mean it?"

"I certainly do."

"I wish she were a man; I'd make her eat her words."

"She isn't a man and you're got a lot of diplomacy on your hands."

"What can I do?"

George thought awhile, then said:

"I have it—the telephone."

"What do you mean?"

"At Clara's home there is a receiver upstairs and one downstairs. You go to see Clara and send up word that you've come to explain Madge's allegations. I don't know whether Clara will see you, but if she does don't try to explain by a denial; it won't do any good; prove your case by telephone. Station Clara at one of the receivers and call up Madge at the other; then make Madge go back on what she has said about you while Clara is listening."

"How can I do that?"

"Don't ask me. Have you no inventive power? Lay a plan, if you can, before you begin to talk; if not, rely on your wits and be guided by what Madge says."

That afternoon I called on Clara, and I was half an hour getting an interview. When I succeeded I told her that I would call up a very dear friend of mine who would disprove the charges against me and that I wished her to hear what was said without the other person knowing she was listening. She consented, and I started the game.

Now, I knew what neither Billy nor Clara knew—that Madge was one of the girls I had jilted. That is to say, she had tried to make me in, and I had declined to be taken. Clara went to the receiver upstairs and I to the one downstairs. I called up Madge, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Is that you, Madge?"

"Yes. Who is this?"

"I'm Billy Meredith."

"Oh."

"How would you like to go to the theater with me tomorrow night?"

"The theater?"

"Yes."

"What would Clara Underwood say?"

"Oh, she wouldn't care. Didn't you know that my engagement with her is broken?"

"No; is it?"

"Yes; Clara broke it, but I have been for some time wishing to be free."

"Why?"

"For certain reasons."

"What reasons?"

"Well, I've never felt right about you. I didn't realize—but a telephone isn't the means by which to talk over."

"Clara is a very lovely girl. I wonder you didn't stick to her."

"She has her faults."

"Well—yes—some faults."

"Such as?"

"Well, she affects to be awfully good. I don't believe she's any better than any one else."

"I don't either. She thinks I'm a bad one. That's one reason why she broke with me. Did you ever hear that I drank?"

"No. And I know you don't, at least not immoderately."

"Or gamble?"

"Certainly not."

"Or that I'm generally wild?"

"How ridiculous."

"Well, how about going to the theater tomorrow night?"

"I have an engagement for tomorrow night, but I can break it."

"I wouldn't do that. I haven't bought the tickets yet. I'll see for what night I can get them and call you up again. Goodbye."

Without waiting to hear her own goodby I hung up the receiver and waited for Clara to come down to me. I feared that her ire would overcome her discretion, but she controlled herself, and in a few moments I heard her footsteps on the staircase. She approached me with extended arms, I clasped her in mine, and we stood for awhile without speaking. When she disengaged herself I saw that her eyes were moist.

"The horrid thing!" were the first words she uttered.

"You see that I'm not so bad as she painted me."

"Why, do you know the little liar told me you played cards for money at George Brewster's every Saturday night."

"Did she say that?"

"Yes, she did."

What great things those telephone are!

THE BUCCANEERS

By F. A. MITCHEL

Some 200 years ago piracy was much in vogue on the ocean. The buccaneers of that day arose in this way: The English and the Spaniards were at war, and the English fitted out privateers to prey on the Spanish ships bearing treasure from Spain's Mexico possessions. When the war closed the privateers continued their depredations illegally under the flag of the skull and bones instead of the cross of St. George. After awhile the attention of the British navy was directed to eradicating them, but it proved a slow process and had not been entirely achieved at the beginning of the last century.

One afternoon the English merchant ship Petrel, Captain Stoughton, sailing down the east coast of Mexico, passed a corvet also bearing the British flag and was asked if she had seen anything of a low cut, rakish vessel. Captain Stoughton replied that he had not and passed on. An hour later, coming to the mouth of the Rio Grande river and the waters not being as well charted in those days as now, he concluded to run in a short distance and lay at anchor till morning.

Now, when the Petrel entered the river the low cut, rakish vessel mentioned was lying a trifle farther up stream. Captain Stoughton brought his glass to bear on her and didn't like her looks. But it was nearly dark when he discovered her, and he did not dare attempt to regain the ocean in the darkness.

Nevertheless as soon as the anchor had been dropped he called his first officer into his cabin, told him that he suspected the craft he had seen to be a pirate and directed him to take a boat and six men, go northward, find the corvet and report the vessel's presence in the mouth of the river.

Meanwhile the captain of the pirate lay low during the night, intending as soon as daybreak to make a prize of the Petrel, put the crew and every one else on board to the sword and loot her. Captain Stoughton, knowing that if the vessel near him was what he suspected this would be the result, awaited the dawn with great anxiety, hoping his messenger would bring the corvet.

But when light came a heavy fog came with it. This brought disappointment to the pirate captain, as well as to Stoughton, though the latter was not certain whether it would be a disadvantage or an advantage to him. It certainly brought delay, and delay meant suspense. Before break of day he awoke all on board and directed each and every one of them not to make the slightest noise, even to speak in whispers. There were women and children on board, and the dread was so great that the order was obeyed. The children were shut in the cabins where they would not be heard.

Half an hour after daybreak the sound of oars was heard. They must be either from the pirate or the boat sent to the corvet. That they were from the pirate was soon evident from a volley of oaths spoken by the captain who was in command of the boat and in search of the Petrel. The women all went to the cabins to make sure that if a child made a sound it should be muffled, while the men stood in a group on deck armed with such weapons as the ship afforded, that they might sell their lives as dearly as possible.

The pirate commander had noted the direction of the Petrel and steered by compass. In his yawl were twenty men armed to the teeth. They passed the Petrel some 500 yards astern and, reaching the shore, turned and this time passed under her stern 100 feet away. Every man on the Petrel's deck stood mute, listening to the orders in the boat, which they could hear as plainly as if spoken on the Petrel's deck. Every man thanked heaven for the density of the fog and prayed that it might not lighten. The women in the cabin heard almost as plainly as the men, and every child too young to understand the danger was covered with blankets.

The boat passed without detecting the ship, and it was fortunate that it missed by so narrow a margin, for when it turned again it went a hundred yards too far above. Captain Stoughton felt temporarily relieved, but every moment dreaded that the fog would lift and the ship's presence be detected. But as the sounds from the boat receded he felt that the evil was at least deferred.

When the fog passed it was blown out to sea, first exposing the pirate boat, next the Petrel. When the boat's crew saw the ship they gave a blood-curdling yell and pulled for her. But suddenly they ceased rowing. As the fog passed out it revealed the corvet nearer the Petrel than were the pirates.

That was the last of the latter. Being upstream, there was no escape from the man-of-war. Panic stricken, their captain was for a time unable to unite them in an effort to get away. Some insisted on pulling in one direction, some in another. The corvet quickly lowered three boats, each containing as many men as the pirate yawl. Before the pirate leader could get his men to obey him these boats were in the water and making for him. Then in his haste he ran aground. One of the corvet's boats made for the pirate ship, which was captured with all on board. They, with the boat's crew, were taken ashore and every man hanged.

OLD GORDON'S UMBRELLA

By M. QUAD

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Jonas Gordon, who was generally spoken of as old Gordon, lived in the village of Wayne and had got to be sixty-five years old. He had a daughter, who was his housekeeper, and she was engaged to a young carpenter named Henry Billings.

All went well till the old man decided to build a hog pen.

To build a hog pen you must have lumber and nails. Both were to be had in the village, but when that point was reached the old man cried out: "No, sir-ee! The last pound of nails I bought of Smith he was three nails short, and the last lumber I bought of Jones there were seven knots in one board. I'll show 'em that I'm not to be swindled. Take the horse and buggy and drive over to Acton and get what we want."

It was seven miles to the town named, but Henry took the ancient rig and set off cheerfully. In the back of the buggy and unknown and unnoticed by him was the tragedy. It was an old gingham umbrella. Just how old it was there was no authentic record, but old Gordon had time and again declared it was the veritable rain shed carried over the head of General Washington when he crossed the Delaware.

Old Gordon wasn't a church member, but he attended the Methodist services regularly and was prompt with his pew rent. On one occasion the minister doubted the age and adventures of that umbrella, and for the next two years he lost the attendance of the owner and \$50 a year pew rent.

Henry Billings purposed his way to the town of Acton with all the innocence of an unshorn lamb. On arriving there he hitched old Dobbin to a post and went to see about the lumber. A stray cow was wandering about the streets, and the idea came to her to investigate the buggy. There she found the umbrella. She had never tasted gingham, and she took a gingerly bite. It was good. She hauled the article out of the buggy and was chewing the remains of it when Henry returned. Not knowing the presence of the umbrella, he did not chide the cow, nor did he pick up the ribs and handle and carry them back. He drove home whistling and was proceeding to tell what a hog pen bargain he had made when the father of his loved one rummaged in the back end of the buggy and cried out:

"Where in smoke is that umbrella!"

"A-what umbrella?"

"My umbrella."

"I haven't seen it."

"You are a liar! It was in the back end of the buggy. I always keep it there to keep it from the rats. Where is it?"

"Why, over at Acton I saw a cow chewing the rags of an umbrella, but it didn't occur to me that—"

"Oh, it didn't!" shouted the old man.

"Well, lemme tell you that something else will occur to you right here and now! Don't you ever darken my door again!"

Of course young Billings could not force his way into the house against the wishes of the father. Every one predicted an elopement, but none came off. The lovers met at intervals for a minute outside the house, but both thought it better to wait for the old man to wear his grouse out. More than a year had passed, and he showed no sign of giving in, when a tin peddler came along one day who knew Billings and said:

"If you were smart you'd have had the knot tied long ago."

"You know the old man, do you, and how set he is in his ways?"

"I'll bring the old man around as sick as grease if you'll invest \$5."

"It's a go!"

The peddler was in Acton the day of the tragedy. He had picked up the handle and ribs of the umbrella, calculating to have a new cover put on. It took him a week, calling from house to house, to find a housewife with a piece of old gingham thrown away in the garret, but he found it and had a cover made of it.

One day the peddler drove up and said to old Gordon:

"I haven't wanted to ask you to buy tinware, but it's a case of conscience."

"I don't believe it!" was the grouchy reply.

"I stole your old umbrella out of the buggy at Acton."

"By thunder!"

"I am a great admirer of Washington and wanted a souvenir of him, but my conscience won't let me keep what I stole. Here it is."

"By John, but it's her!" exclaimed the old man as he received and inspected it.

"Same one I stole. You can see that there's a 'W' cut into the handle."

"Of course there is. I've seen it a million times. Washington cut it with his own hand that winter at Valley Forge."

"And you'll forgive me?"

"Kinder, but not quite. It was a darned mean trick of yours. Going into the house?"

"I'll step in a minute to see if Sarah don't want a nutmeg grater."

"Then you may tell her that there are three fools in town—you for bringing back the umbrella after you had got away with it; Henry Billings for thinking a cow chewed it up; me for ordering him out of the house. And, say, tell her that if she and Henry are not married within a month she'll be the fourth fool."

Caught a Tartar

By SAMUEL E. BRANT

John Riggs and Elmer Burch, two young men of the world, spinning about on an auto tour, stopped one day at a country hotel and, liking the lay of the land, the scenery and more especially the cuisine of the house, concluded to remain for awhile. They soon discovered a small game going on in a room behind the office and went in to look on. They were adepts at the national game of poker, but only played as gentlemen with gentlemen—for pastime and not for the purpose of replenishing their exchequers.

The game they watched was being played by four men, one of whom appeared to be a greenhorn, who was being fleeced by the other three. They had not been playing long, and Riggs saw that the sharps were permitting the greenhorn to win. When they left the table for supper he was considerably ahead, and the others exacted a promise from him that he would give them their revenge during the evening.

The two young tourists felt sure that if the winner played in the evening the sharps would contrive that he should lose not only all he had won, but whatever he had to lose besides. Riggs said he should be warned, but Burch suggested that he would not take a warning. Fools like that, he said, couldn't be taught wisdom. The only way he could be taught a lesson was to win his money from him, then hand it back to him with a lecture on trusting persons he didn't know.

After supper, while the two were smoking on the piazza, the greenhorn came out, and they began to chat with him. Burch said to him that he had watched his poker game and was surprised at his skill. Riggs chimed in. The result of the talk was that they invited him to cut the men with whom he had been playing and join them in a game in their rooms. The fellow seemed indisposed to deny the sharps their revenge and asked the friends if they thought he had a right to do so.

"Certainly," said Burch. "Every sitting at poker stands for itself. If these men had won your money they would not have played again with you unless they wanted to. Isn't that so?" he added, turning to his friend.

Riggs confirmed his opinion, and the three men adjourned to a room upstairs and sat down for a game.

For half an hour the greenhorn was permitted to win with ease. He played a very poor game, but the two friends failed to bet on their good hands and always bet on their poor ones. When they had let their opponent win about \$50 they changed their tactics and won it all back again. The greenhorn pulled out a roll of crisp ten dollar bills, manifesting an intention to back against his adversaries for all he was worth.

The friends glanced at each other knowingly. The little game they were playing interested them. They were not used to spending their time without amusement, and they were getting all they wanted. The greenhorn played even worse than before, and, losing his money, he became excited and lost his head completely. One after another his beautiful banknotes passed into the hands of his opponents. A thousand dollars of his had gone into their keeping and he was diving into his pockets for more when Riggs stopped him. Putting his hand on the greenhorn's arm gently, he said:

"My friend, don't get out any more money. We brought you up here tonight to save you from those sharps with whom you were playing before dinner. If you had joined them tonight they would have had this money instead of us. They would have kept it. We are going to return it."

The man gaped at them as though he could not understand what they were driving at. Presently he asked:

"How do you know those fellows I played with are sharps?"

"We could see them 'playing you.'"

"And you're going to give me back all the money I've lost to you without my winning it?"

"We are."

The greenhorn grasped the hand of each of the friends promptly.

"I'm mighty glad of it. Do you know this money I've lost wasn't mine. It belongs to a dear little child for whom I am guardian."

When the man had finished his expressions of gratitude the settling up came. The money was put in a pile on the table, and the greenhorn was told to help himself to what he had lost. There was old money, as well as the new bills he had brought out.

"I'll take the ragged stuff, gentlemen," he said, "and leave you the clean money."

Pocketing the ragged stuff, he grasped his benefactors' hands again, thanked them with moist eyes and withdrew.

The next morning the friends looked for him, but did not see him. Nor were the sharps around, either.

Burch, needing change, stepped up to the hotel clerk and asked him to break a ten dollar bill. The clerk was about to do so when something about the bill caught his eye.

"By jing," he exclaimed, "if that isn't one of those counterfeit tens some one has been circulating about here lately!"

And it was. The greenhorn had their ragged stuff, and they had his counterfeit.

"I say, John," said Burch, "we warmed a serpent in our bosom, didn't we?"

"You bet."

"No, sir; never again!"

NERVOUSNESS DENOTES WEAKNESS
but is promptly relieved by the medical nourishment in **Scott's Emulsion** which is not a nerve-quieter, but nature's greatest nerve-builder, without alcohol or opiate.

Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J. 13-25

Buffalo Items

Hello Dear Editor:
How are you all enjoying this warm weather?
Health of our community is very good at this writing.
There was a nice crowd attended the party at P. D. Solomon Saturday night.
Emmett McNeill left Wednesday for Wise county to look after some business and then he will go to Plainview where he will make his future home.
Miss Sallie Oliphant and Ed McNeill attended the party at Mr. Solomon's Saturday night.
Earl McNeil left Monday for Scurry county on a business trip.
B. F. McNeil left Wednesday for Wise county on a business trip.
John Whitford has moved back to town.
Little Bertie McNeil visited grand parents Tuesday.
I will ring off as news is scarce. Best wishes to all.
Blue Eyes.

Cures Old Sores, Other Remedies Won't Cure.
The worst cases, no matter how long standing, are cured by the wonderful, old reliable **Potter's Antiseptic Healing Oil**. It relieves Pain and Heals at the same time. 25c. 50c. \$1.00

Whitman

Here I am again for a short chat.
Bro. Griffin is holding a meeting at the school house.
Mr. Jim Ferrill and family spent Sunday of last week with Mr. Tom Eastland and family.
Charly Fouts, Hillery Stone, Charlie Quattlebaum, Bluford Griffin, Wesley Hays, Henry Smith and Misses Eva Stone and Lana Smith visited at Mr. Geo. Hays.
Miss Alba Griffin visited Miss Wanda Treat Sunday.
Mrs. Will Woggoner spent one day last week with Mrs. A. A. Frierson.
Mrs. Felix Frierson has returned from where she has been visiting relatives.
Messrs. Thomas Havins, Allen Adams, Virgil Bailey, Henry Smith, and Misses Minnie McNeely visited at Mr. Bledsoe's Sunday.
Miss Thelma Bledsoe spent Saturday night with the Hays girls.
Mr. Ray of Jub visited Mr. Melvin Newton Sunday.
Mr. Johnson and wife of Has-

Itch! Itch! Itch!

Constant Itch, Intolerable agony, ECZEMA!
A few drops of a mild, simple, wash
Instant relief—all skin distress GONE.
D. B. D. Prescription for Eczema
Sounds too good to be true? We guarantee it!
The first full size bottle free if D.B.D. cannot reach your case. For your comfort's sake, it is worth a trial. Come in and let us tell you about it. Also about D.B.D. Soap—it helps.

Corner Drug Store

McKELVIN TRADING CO.

We buy Cattle, Hogs, Horses and Mules. In fact will pay cash for any old thing. Phone 92, at English & Williams Feed Store stand. Home phone 5 rings on Wagner line, will catch us night and morning. We will go out and look at anything you have to sell.
Money to loan on short time.
McKELVIN TRADING CO.

pell, Sam Cearley, Wyle and Charlie Quattlebaum, Henry Smith and Beulah Hays visited at Bro. Griffin's Sunday.

Mr. Thomas Havins, Misses Mattie Frierson and Alice Hays visited Mr. Will Waggoner and wife Sunday.

Miss Mottie Frierson and little sister spent Saturday night with the Hays girls.

Frank Tompkins and family spent a short while at Bro. Griffins Sunday eve.

Miss Minnie McNeely visited Miss Ruby Griffin Tuesday eve.

Jim Ferrell and family spent Sunday with Mr. Sears and family Robert Hays spent Saturday night with Milton Hays.

Mrs. Beckham and family spent Monday with Bro. Griffin and family.

Mr. Newsom and family from Bell County are visiting E. A. Hutchens and family.

Abbott Hutchins and Clarence Eastland visited the Misses Welch Thursday night.

Mr. Russell and children of Haskell attended church at the school house Saturday night.

Mr. Virgil Bailey and Miss Minnie McNeely visited at Mr. Geo. Hays Sunday.

Mr. Tom Eastland and wife visited Mr. McNeely and family Sunday.

Mr. Frank Tompkins and family spent Sunday with their father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Parr.

Mrs. Paul Frierson visited Mrs. A. A. Frierson Friday.

Mose Hays and wife of Rose Clarence Burson and wife of Sayles spent Sunday of last week with G. K. Hays and family.

Mr. Wesley Hays, Bluford Griffin and sister, Ruby, spent Monday at Mr. Geo. Hays.

Mrs. Tubbs and daughter Isabelle, and son John and wife who have been visiting in Crawford returned home Sunday.

Well, I'll be going, come on.
Rose Bud.

Costly Treatment

"I was troubled with constipation and indigestion and spent hundreds of dollars for medicine and treatment," writes C. H. Hines of Whitlow, Ark. "I went to a St. Louis hospital, also to a hospital in New Orleans, but no cure was effected. On returning home I began taking Chamberlain's Tablets, and worked right along. I used them for some time and am now all right." Sold by all dealers.

The Mexican Question.

WASHINGTON, August 20.—While the United State will now await John Lind's report on his further negotiations with Huerta, there are evidences that this government will not recede from its original contention that it cannot recognize any regime unless a constitutional election is held. In the event that a final and absolute rejection of the American proposals by Huerta, the policy of noninterference by refusing to allow shipments of arms to either side with the withdrawal of all Americans from the trouble zone is likely to be adopted, although in some administration circles there is talk of drastic measures.

So Many People Die of Blood Poison

A little scratch on the hand, a splinter, or small abrasion of the skin is often fatal, because the poisonous germs start the infection. That's where Hunt's Lightning Oil comes in handy as an application on the abrasion, kills all germs which may have lodged there, thereby preventing infection and death. It pays to keep this remedy in the home, especially where there are children. All drug stores in 25 and 50c bottles.

No Modern Invention.

Little Tommy (reading the Bible)—Pop, what is a hand maiden? Pop.—A hand maiden? Great Scott! They didn't have manicure girls in those days, did they?—Judge.

For Weakness and Loss of Appetite
The Old Standard general strengthening tonic, known as **DR. MOORE'S**, drives out malaria and builds up the system. A true tonic and pure Appetizer. For adults and children. 50c.

Find Petrified Wagon Used by Forty-Niners Whom Indians Killed.

BALLINGER, Aug. 16.—An addition to the historical relics of Texas was brought to light here today when W. D. Anderson and son, Coleman, of Cottonwood, Callahan county, exhibited the petrified relics of a wagon found on the Pecos river. These men found the single and double tree and the hind axle of an old tar pole wooden axle wagon, below the old San Antonio crossing on the Pecos. The relics were imbedded in rock and were partly submerged in water, and it was necessary to chisel part of them out of solid rock. They were petrified. Those who are familiar with Texas history and trouble with the Indians, state that a family by the name of Eastman was murdered, all their livestock stolen near this crossing on the river in 1849, it is believed that this part of the wagon in which the Eastman family was traveling over the country.

Mr. Anderson did not have time to get other parts of the wagon which he stated were imbedded in rock, but he reported his find to the citizens of Sheef- and J. M. and Tom Shaw are arranging to recover to other parts of the historic equipage.

READ THIS

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

Lucky for Him.

"The wolves were upon us," he related to the girl he was trying to impress. "Their howling penetrated to our very marrow. We fled for our lives. But each second we knew that the ravenous pack was gaining on us. Closer, closer—at last they were so close that we could feel their muzzles against our legs, so that—
"Ah," sighed the lady greatly relieved. "How glad you must have been that they had their muzzles on."—Everybody's.

The Best Pain Killer.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve when applied to a cut, bruise, sprain, burn or scald, or other injury of the skin will immediately remove all pain. E. E. Chamberlain of Clinton, Mo., says:
"It robs cuts and other injuries of their terrors. As a healing remedy its equal don't exist." Will do good for you. Only 25c.

Sad but True

"Sometimes," said the official, "I really yearn for a private life."
"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "the great objection to a private life, however, is that it cannot be pursued at public expense."—Washington Star.

Always.

"There are two sides to every question," snapped Mrs. Gabb.
"Sure, there are," replied Mr. Gabb. "The wrong side and your side."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Calomel is Bad

But Simmons' 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.

Of Course She Will.

Old Aunt (despondently)—Well I shall not be a nuisance to you much longer.

Nephew (reassuringly)—Don't talk like that, aunt. You know you will.—Boston Transcript.

How the Trouble Starts

Constipation is the cause of many ailments and disorders that make life miserable. Take Chamberlain's Tablets, keep your bowels regular and you will avoid these diseases. For sale by all dealers.

A STORY OF 1925
By F. A. MITCHEL

The nineteenth century, so prolific in inventions and discoveries, laid the foundation for some remarkable steps in knowledge of the functions of the body. During the first decade of the twentieth experimenters in institutions for original research became aware that there was an intermediate state between life and death, since life in many organisms could be suspended by being frozen in liquid air and afterward resuscitated.

It was found that bacteria, the lowest plant organisms, have enormous powers of resisting death. Bacteria of various diseases were frozen in liquid air at a temperature of minus 300 degrees F. These are instances of the lives of frogs, rats, snails and fish being suspended by this freezing process, yet on being "thawed out" after several weeks they revived.

These animals were found to be perfectly normal when placed in a refrigerating jar filled with liquid air at a certain temperature. After a short time the animals appeared lifeless. A month later they were removed and on being massaged showed signs of life, often reviving completely.

It does not appear that these investigators made experiments with human beings. Doubtless human beings objected to being thrust into a glass tank filled with liquid air 300 degrees below zero.

Since then there has been no effort to discover whether human beings could be frozen and brought to life.

In 1885 a party of tourists started from the town of Chamoni, in Switzerland, by the old route to climb Mont Blanc, the railroad to the summit not then having been built. One of the guides, Hans Twingle, twenty years old, was to be married on his return to Anna Bishop, three years his junior. The lovers, in the first freshness of youth, bade each other goodbye, the girl in tears, for she had dreamed that she had been separated from Hans till she was an old woman near sixty, when she met him again, he being a youth of twenty. At that age he had no sympathy for an old woman and turned his back upon her. At the parting she feared that her dream boded some trouble either for her lover or herself.

And so it did. When the party returned to Chamoni Hans Twingle was not with them. He had fallen into a crevasse on the glacier hundreds of feet deep, and no effort was made to recover his body. The glacier moves at such a rate that it would bring Hans' body down to a point where the ice would give it up in exactly forty years. Anna Bishop, though she married, all her life hoped that she would live to look once more on the lover of her youth when he should be returned from his icy grave.

A few years ago Dr. Donensbunner, an investigator of the Institute For Original Research, went to Chamoni and heard the story of Hans and Anna. He found the latter an old woman and on questioning her as to the date that Hans had disappeared learned that the body was due to come forth from the glacier during the summer of the year 1925. On the 1st of July last the doctor went over to Chamoni and waited for the appearance of the body. He did not reveal his purpose, since it seemed so quixotic that he feared derision. It was to determine with the assistance of the latest scientific methods whether Hans was dead or in the suspensory state and, if the latter, whether he could be brought to life.

It was late in September before Hans' body appeared. Dr. Donensbunner had revealed his intention to the deceased relatives and secured their permission to resuscitate him. He had secured a bathtub, which he filled with water at 33 degrees, or one degree above the freezing point. He placed the body in this tub and gradually advanced the temperature, massaging the thorax about the heart and extending the operation over the whole body.

A record of what further expedients the scientist resorted to be turned over to his institute, where they are on file. Doubtless they would be too professional to be given here. The point I wish to mention especially is how his former sweetheart's dream came true. When Hans, still a man of twenty, had been restored Anna, attended by her granddaughter, was introduced to the apartment where he was. Hans sprang up, brushed by his former sweetheart, nearly knocking her over, and, throwing his arms around the granddaughter, exclaimed:
"Anna, dear heart, I am back with you in time for our wedding!"
"Gott in himmel!" exclaimed the old woman. "My dream has come true! He spurns me!"
"What is the old hag saying?" queried Hans.
"Old hag?" whined Anna. Then, losing control of herself, she seized a broom standing in a corner and belabored him unmercifully.

Dr. Donensbunner blames himself for a scene that was too much for a heart that had been frozen forty years. He did all in his power to bring Hans back to life a second time, but his efforts were futile.

The incident had a singular effect upon the granddaughter, who was but seventeen years old and not prepared for such a strain. She accused her grandmother of having murdered Hans. The people of Chamoni say that the girl gave her heart to a man old enough to be her grandfather.

West Texas Log Rolling Association

Thursday, Friday, Saturday
August 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 1913

PROGRAM

Thursday, August 21st, in District Court Room 10: a. m. Opening Song, led by T. B. Russell
Invocation Rev. W. P. Garvin
Welcome Address in behalf of City by the Mayor T. C. Cahill
Welcome Address in behalf of W. O. W. by Bruce W. Bryant
Response by President, Log Rolling Association W. L. Doss
Welcome Address to the Woodmen Circle by J. N. McFatter
Response by
2: p. m. W. O. W. meets at Skating Rink.
2. p. m. Woodmen Circle meet in W. O. W. Hall
4. p. m. Public session at Court House.
Address by Hon. James P. Stinson
8:30 p. m. Drill Work W. O. W. at Skating Rink
8:30 p. m. Drill Work Woodmen Circle at W. O. W. Hall.
Friday, August 22nd at Court House
10 a. m. Address by Hon. Dwight L. Lewellen
2. p. m. Business session and general topics
8:30 Drill team contest
Saturday, August 23rd at Skating Rink
10: a. m. Address by Hon. J. P. Kinnard
General Topics
Hon. A. J. Smith, Master of Ceremonies

STAY ON YOUR FEET Church Directory.

Taking Calomel Means Staying Home for the Day—Take Dodson's Liver Tone and Save a day's Work

If an attack of constipation or biliousness hits you, there's no need to take a dose of calomel and spend at least a day getting over the effects of it. The Corner Drug Store sells the liver tonic, Dodson's Liver Tone, that takes the place of calomel and starts a lazy liver without any after-effects.

Dodson's Liver Tone does all the good that calomel ever did, vet it is absolutely harmless to young people and old. It is a pleasant-tasting vegetable liquid that will relieve constipation or sour stomach, other troubles that go along with a lazy liver, without restriction of habit or diet. You don't leave off any of the things you regularly do when you take Dodson's Liver Tone.

The Corner Drug Store sells Dodson's Liver Tone and give it a strong personal guarantee. They say, "A large bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone sells for 50 cents, and we will hand any person back his 50 cents if he tries a bottle and doesn't say that it does all that calomel ever does and does it pleasantly. Get the genuine Dodson's Liver Tone and if you are not pleased with it we will give you your money back with a smile."

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FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Preaching first and second Sundays in each month, both morning and night.
REV. J. F. LLOYD, Pastor.
Sunday School every Sunday at 10 a. m.
Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening. The public is cordially invited to attend all of these services.

FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH
No pastor at present.
Sunday School, 10 a. m.
N. McNEILL, Supt.
C. W. B. M. meets the first Tuesday in each month. MRS. S. G. DEAN, Pres.
Ladies Aid Society meets every Monday. MRS. W. F. DRAPER, Pres.

BAPTIST CHURCH
Sunday School 10 o'clock a. m.
O. B. NORMAN, Supt.
SR. B. Y. P. U. 7:30 p. m.
JR. B. Y. P. U. 5 p. m.
Sundays 3:30 p. m.
Ladies Aid 4 p. m. Monday.
Prayer meeting 8:15 p. m. Wednesday.

METHODIST CHURCH
Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 8:15 p. m.
REV. W. P. GARVIN, Pastor.
Sunday School 9:45 a. m.
J. O. CHITWOOD, Supt.

Senior League every Sunday at 5 p. m.
Intermediate League every Sunday at 4 p. m.
Junior League every Sunday at 4 p. m.
Prayer meeting every Wednesday night.
Woman's Missionary Society every Monday 4 p. m.
Stewards meeting Friday night before each second Sunday.
Choir Practice every Friday night at 8 o'clock.

The Free Press desires to call special attention to its job department. We are prepared to turn out as high class job printing as you can get anywhere. There is no need to send any printing away from Haskell. We can please you in workmanship, material and price.

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THE BEST HOT WEATHER TONIC, GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC

The Old Standard, General Tonic. Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System.

FOR GROWN PEOPLE AND CHILDREN.

It is a combination of QUININE and IRON in a tasteless form that wonderfully strengthens and fortifies the system to withstand the depressing effect of the hot summer. GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC has no equal for Malaria, Chills and Fever, Weakness, general debility and loss of appetite. Gives life and vigor to Nursing Mothers and Pale, Bitchy Children. Removes Biliousness without purging. Relieves nervous depression and low spirits. Arouses the liver to action and purifies the blood. A True Tonic and Pure Appetizer. A Complete Strengthening. Guaranteed by your Druggist. We mean 5c. 50 cents.

To Prevent Blood Poisoning

Apply at once the anti-septic... FORTNER'S ANTI-SEPTIC... great dressing that relieves pain and heals at the same time.

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Attorney-at-Law Office in McConnell Bldg.

Notice of Trustee's Sale

Whereas, by a certain deed of trust dated December 21, 1911, and recorded in Vol. 13, page 133, Real Estate mortgage Records of Haskell County, Texas, Chas. S. Fisher conveyed to Jas. P. Kinnard, Trustee, all his right, title, interest and estate in and to the following real estate situated in Haskell County, Texas, viz: Lots Nos. 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12, in Block No. 51, in the town of Hile, Texas as the same appear upon the map or plat of said town recorded in Vol. 34, page 29, Deed Records, Haskell County, Texas; and being the same property conveyed to Chas. S. Fisher by W. E. Shipp and wife by deed dated December 21, 1911, to which reference is hereby made, and WHEREAS said conveyance to Jas. P. Kinnard was made in trust to secure the payment of a certain promissory note for \$2500 in said deed of trust described, and whereas said note provides that the failure to pay any installment of interest thereon when due, shall, at the option of the holder, mature said note; and whereas the interest on said note has not been paid and is in default, and the said note for that reason declared due by the holder thereof, to-wit, J. S. Miller, Jr. NOW THEREFORE in accordance with the provisions of said deed of trust and at the request of the holder of said note, I will proceed to sell the above described real estate at the Court House door in the city of Haskell, Haskell County, Texas, to the highest bidder, for cash, at public auction on the first Tuesday in September, 1913, it being the second day of said month, between the hours of ten o'clock a. m. and four o'clock p. m. to satisfy said note together with the cost and expenses of executing this trust. Dated August 6, 1913. Jas. P. Kinnard, Trustee.

Notice of Sheriff's Sale

By virtue of an execution issued out of the Honorable Justice Court of Precinct No. One of Haskell county, on the 28th day of July A. D. 1913, in the case of W. H. Murchison versus, D. M. Cogdell, Jr. and G. T. McCulloh No. 1411, and to me, as Sheriff, directed and delivered, I have levied upon this 6th day of August A. D. 1913, and will, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock, p. m. on the first Tuesday in September A. D. 1913, it being the 2nd day of said month, at the Court House door of said Haskell County, in the town of Haskell, proceed to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, all the right, title and interest which G. T. McCulloh had on the 5th day of August A. D. 1913, or at any time thereafter, of, in and to the following described property, to-wit: A lot, parcel or tract of land being situated in Haskell County, Texas, a part of the Peter Allen 2-3 League and Labor, known as Abst. No. 2, Certificate No. 136, Survey No. 140, patented to the heirs of Peter Allen on the 31st day of December, 1866, by patent No. 365, Vol. 77, and specifically described and designated as lots five (5) and six (6) in Block "A" of the D. R. Gaas Addition to the town of Haskell, Texas. Said property being levied on as the property of G. T. McCulloh to satisfy a judgment amounting to \$193.00 in favor of W. H. Murchison and costs of suit. Given under My Hand This 6th day of August, A. D. 1913. W. C. Allen, Sheriff Haskell County, Texas, By M. S. Edwards, Deputy.

NO. 4474

Report of the Condition of THE HASKELL NATIONAL BANK at Haskell, in the State of Texas, at the close of business, Aug. 10, 1913.

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts	\$222,062.87
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	26,000.00
Banking house, Furniture and Fixtures	8,600.00
Stocks and other Cash Items	4,131.75
Other Real Estate owned	1,151.75
Due from National Banks (not reserve agents)	2,430.36
Due from State and Private Banks and Bankers, Trust Companies and Savings Banks	11,000.00
Due from approved Reserve Agents	4,689.00
Notes and other Cash Items	2,200.52
Notes of other National Banks	1,005.00
Fractional Paper Currency, Nickels, and Cents	102.72
Unpaid money orders in Bank, Visa, specie	5,750.90
Legal tender notes	5,000.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)	1,250.00
TOTAL	\$254,667.12

LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	\$60,000.00
Surplus fund	12,000.00
Undivided Profits, less Expenses and Taxes paid	20,057.96
National Bank Notes outstanding	25,000.00
Due to other National Banks	622.80
Due to State and Private Banks and Bankers	1,433.54
Due to approved Reserve Agents	57.48
Individual deposits subject to check	118,571.48
Time certificates of deposit	11,143.00
Cashier's checks outstanding	386.10
Bills Payable, including Obligations for money borrowed	50,000.00
TOTAL	\$254,667.12

State of Texas,)
County of Haskell,)
I, G. E. Langford, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
G. E. LANGFORD, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 15th day of Aug. 1913.)
R. M. Whiteaker, Notary Public.
S. W. Scott,)
Lee Pierson,) Directors
Geo. A. Conch,)

NO. 893

Official Statement of The Financial Condition of THE FARMERS STATE BANK at Haskell in the State of Texas, at the close of business, on the 9th day of Aug., 1913, published in the Haskell Free Press, a newspaper printed and published at Haskell, State of Texas, on the 23rd day of Aug., 1913.

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts, personal or collateral	\$59,220.19
Loans, real estate	6,182.39
Overdrafts	272.30
Bonds and Stocks	2,165.03
Real Estate (banking house)	8,000.00
Furniture and Fixtures	2,000.00
Due from approved Reserve Agents, net	9,125.46
Due from other Banks and Bankers, subject to check, net	596.54
Cash Items	9.90
Currency	677.00
Specie	6,559.13
Interest in Depositors Guaranty Fund	750.00
TOTAL	\$85,148.07

LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	\$25,000.00
Undivided Profits, net	1,094.75
Due to Banks and Bankers, subject to check, net	329.56
Individual deposits subject to check	52,036.47
Cashier's Checks	418.21
Bills Payable and Redcounts	15,268.00
TOTAL	\$85,148.07

State of Texas, county of Haskell,)
We, R. C. Montgomery, as vice-president, and O. E. Patterson, as cashier of said bank, each of us, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.
R. C. MONTGOMERY, Vice-President.
O. E. PATTERSON, Cashier.
Sworn and subscribed to before me this 15th day of Aug. A. D. 1913. Witness my hand and notarial seal on the date last aforesaid.
H. M. RIFE, Notary Public.
CORRECT ATTEST:
H. S. Paul,)
M. A. Clifton,) Directors.
J. L. Robertson,)

Tactless.

"Everything that is lovely reminds me of you," he fervently declared. "It is nice of you to say that," she replied. "I hope you see a great many lovely things." "I wish I did, but this is such a dreary, dismal place, don't you know." - Chicago Record-Herald.

The Mexican Situation

The trouble in Mexico has developed one fact of importance in the U. S., and that is that both Federals and Constitutionals are firm believers in Hunt's Lightning Oil, the great American remedy for neuralgia, rheumatism, cuts, burns and other aches and pains. No wonder, since it makes the pain go away at once. All druggists sell it in 25c and 50c bottles.

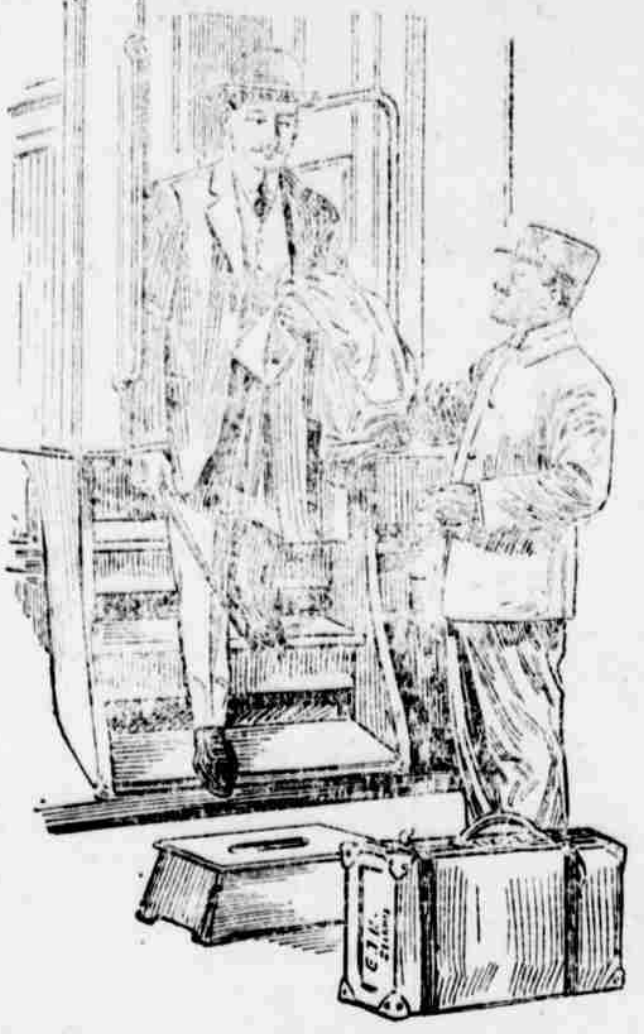
Scratching For Fun

We would have great sympathy for those who have to scratch continually, if there wasn't a remedy for the trouble, but as Hunt's Cure is Guaranteed to cure or money refunded, it would seem that those who scratch do so just for the fun of it. It's a special remedy for Itch, Eczema, tetter, ringworm, etc.

It's Time To Visit The

Texas Gulf Coast Resorts
The Convenient Route is Via The TEXAS CENTRAL R. R.
The Rate from Stamford:
\$14.40 to Galveston
\$17.15 to Corpus Christi
\$17.15 to Rockport
Tickets on sale each Friday, to and including September 26. Limited to return 10 days from date of sale.
For rates to Aransas Pass, Palacios, Port Lavaca and various other destinations, call on or write.
E. BLAIR, G. P. A.
WACO, TEXAS

The man who knows



travels with the same discrimination that he exercises in everything else he does.

He knows that equipment and schedules are the essentials for a comfortable and convenient journey, and he selects the road accordingly.

That is why the man who knows always goes via "The Katy."

Dependable Trains

NO. 496

Official Statement of The Financial Condition of THE WEINERT STATE BANK at Weimert, State of Texas, at the close of business, on the 9th day of Aug., 1913, published in the Haskell Free Press, a newspaper printed and published at Haskell, State of Texas, on the 23rd day of Aug., 1913.

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts, personal or collateral	\$50,502.75
Loans, real estate	1,821.60
Overdrafts	30.18
Real Estate (banking house)	1,000.00
Furniture and Fixtures	1,000.00
Due from Approved Reserve Agents, net	2,907.52
Cash Items	332.02
Currency	1,824.00
Specie	615.33
Interest in Depositors Guaranty Fund	324.80
Other Resources as follows:	1.65
Assessment for Guaranty fund	24.74
TOTAL	\$59,386.47

LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	\$10,000.00
Surplus Fund	2,600.00
Undivided Profits, net	2,872.51
Individual Deposits subject to check	18,712.87
Cashier's Checks	1.65
Bills Payable and Redcounts	8,000.00
TOTAL	\$39,386.47

State of Texas, County of Haskell,)
We, E. E. Cokerell, as vice-president and Alvy R. Couch as cashier of said bank, each of us, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.
E. E. Cokerell, Vice President.
ALVY R. COUCH, Cashier.
Sworn and subscribed to before me this 15th day of Aug., A. D. nineteen hundred and thirteen.
Witness my hand and notarial seal on the date last aforesaid.
K. L. RIDLING, Notary Public.
CORRECT ATTEST:
P. R. Bettis,)
C. T. Jones,) Directors.
Alvy R. Couch,)

Johnny Knew

"Now, Johnny," asked the gentleman who had consented to teach the class, "what does this fascinating story of Jonah and the whale teach us?" "It teaches us," said Johnny, "that you cannot keep a good man down." - New York American.

Horrible

"Oh, Henry," she said when she had thrown off her wraps and flung herself into a chair, "I'm so mortified." "What's the matter, dear?" I met Mrs. Biggles at the reception, this afternoon, and she seemed so nice that I stood there before the crowd for half an hour and talked to her. When we were leaving, her chauffeur drove up in an old four cylinder and after she had taken her seat in it she called out right before everybody that she would expect me to call on her soon.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the past fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by his firm. NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, TOLEDO, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation. Let the Free Press do your job printing. We are prepared to please you.

NO. 396

Official Statement of The Financial Condition of THE CONTINENTAL STATE BANK at Saperton, State of Texas, at the close of business, on the 9th day of Aug., 1913, published in the Haskell Free Press, a newspaper printed and published at Haskell, State of Texas, on the 23rd day of Aug., 1913.

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts, personal or collateral	\$69,116.22
Loans, real estate	777.95
Overdrafts	90.65
Real Estate (banking house)	4,475.15
Furniture and Fixtures	1,024.50
Due from Approved Reserve Agents, net	2,512.85
Due from other Banks and Bankers, subject to check	78.15
Cash Items	20.00
Currency	1,729.00
Specie	760.29
Interest in Guaranty Fund	541.92
TOTAL	\$80,925.68

LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock paid in	\$10,000.00
Surplus Fund	1,500.00
Undivided Profits, net	396.91
Due to Banks and Bankers, subject to check, net	3,769.60
Individual Deposits subject to check	14,594.00
Time Certificates of deposit	509.00
Cashier's Checks	40.24
Bills Payable and Redcounts	10,000.00
TOTAL	\$40,925.68

STATE OF TEXAS, County of Haskell,)
We, J. C. Davis as vice-president, and M. R. Smith as cashier of said bank, each of us, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.
J. C. Davis, Vice-President.
M. R. Smith, Cashier.
Sworn and subscribed to before me this 15th day of Aug. A. D. nineteen hundred and thirteen. Witness my hand and notarial seal on the date last aforesaid.
W. P. Gandle, Notary Public, Haskell County, Texas.
CORRECT ATTEST:
J. C. Davis,)
M. R. Smith,) Directors.
F. Franke,)

Heard Her Think.

"Then, Minnie, you are going to get another physician instead of the old health inspector?" "Yes; he is too absent-minded. Recently as he examined me with the stethoscope, he suddenly called out, 'Hello! Who is it?' - Flegende Blaeter.

Remarkable Cure of Dysentery

"I was attacked with dysentery about July 15th, and used the doctor's medicine and other remedies with no relief, only getting worse all the time. I was unable to do anything and my weight dropped from 145 to 125 pounds. I suffered for about two months when I was advised to use Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I used two bottles of it and it gave me permanent relief." writes B. W. Hill of Snow Hill, N. C. For sale by all dealers.

Carbonated.

His Honor (gazing at intoxicated prisoner)—What is he charged with, officer? Officer (newly appointed)—Oi don't know, yer honor, but Oi think it's shtraight whisky.—Judge.
How the Trouble Starts
Constipation is the cause of many ailments and disorders that make life miserable. Take Chamberlain's Tablets, keep your bowels regular and you will avoid these diseases. For sale by all dealers.
Let the Free Press do your job printing.

NO. 290

Official Statement of The Financial Condition of THE FIRST STATE BANK at Rochester, State of Texas at the close of business, on the 9th day of Aug., 1913, published in the Haskell Free Press, a newspaper printed and published at Haskell, State of Texas, on the 23rd day of Aug., 1913.

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts, personal or collateral	\$40,401.26
Real estate (Banking House)	3,000.00
Furniture and Fixtures	1,700.00
Due from Approved Reserve Agents, net	6,647.28
Cash Items	247.29
Currency	2,205.00
Specie	1,101.50
Interest in Depositors Guaranty Fund	410.47
TOTAL	\$55,913.70

LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock paid in	\$15,000.00
Surplus Fund	3,000.00
Undivided Profits, net	4,349.98
Due to Banks and Bankers, subject to check, net	89.64
Individual Deposits, subject to check	28,924.94
Cashier's Checks	58.14
Bills Payable and Redcounts	5,000.00
TOTAL	\$55,913.70

STATE OF TEXAS, County of Haskell,)
We, J. S. Menefee, as vice-president, and W. B. Lee, as cashier of said bank, each of us, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.
J. S. Menefee, Vice-President.
W. B. Lee, Cashier.
Sworn and subscribed to before me this 15th day of Aug. A. D. nineteen hundred and thirteen. Witness my hand and notarial seal on the date last aforesaid.
T. C. Browning, Notary Public.
CORRECT ATTEST:
J. S. Menefee,)
T. W. Johnson,) Directors.
W. B. Lee,)