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Vol. 20

CLARENDON, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1909,

No. 84

Mrs. C. Adair's Herefords Took the First Carlot Prize

"Hats off to Mrs. C. Adair and Texas."

That is the way the buyers and spectators expressed their approval of the judges' decision on the carlot exhibits of fat cattle at the American Royal yesterday afternoon when the 2-year-old steers, bred on the ranch of Mrs. C. Adair at Paladuro, Tex., were awarded the blue ribbon and sold at ten and one-fourth cents a pound.

Mrs. Adair, on whose million-acre Texas ranch the steers were bred, is an English woman with residence in London. Twice a year she visits her Texas property to confer with her manager, Richard Walsh, and determine the policy of the ranch. She sells from six thousand to eight thousand cattle yearly, all Herefords or grade Herefords. The bunch that took the sweepstake carlot prize averaged 1,352 pounds in weight. They sold to the National Packing Company and will go to New York City's high class trade.

John Gosling of Kansas City, an authority on Hereford cattle and the man who developed the steer, "Plush," that won \$882 in prizes in 1886, said: "I never saw a smoother, well developed, range bred bunch of Hereford steers in my life."

The other carlot steers exhibited at the Royal, all native cattle, sold at \$7.60 to \$9.25 a hundred pounds. The range of prices this year was sixty cents to \$2 a hundred pounds higher than last year.—Kansas City Star.

Meow.

Amarillo Students a Mixture—Only 137 Natives Out of 1500

Amarillo, Tex., Oct. 16.—Facts unparalleled in the state of Texas were divulged today in the first monthly report of W. H. Long, superintendent of the Amarillo independent school district, in which it was shown that out of 1,500 pupils only 137 were born in Amarillo. Seven hundred and seventy-four were born in other Texas communities, while 545 claim nativity in other states; 336 came from other schools last year into the public schools of Amarillo; 135 came this year from other Texas schools, while 182 came from schools in other states. Only 950 attended Amarillo public schools last year.

Twenty states have children in the schools, including Nebraska, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Colorado, Mississippi, Missouri, New York, Texas, California, Arizona, Iowa, Kentucky, Arkansas, Louisiana, Michigan, Tennessee, Pennsylvania, Alabama and the District of Columbia. Six nations are represented in the schools at the present term, United States, Canada, Mexico, Japan, Holland and Korea.

The three Dallas county bond issues, aggregating \$875,000, and recently voted for bridges, public works and viaduct, remain in the hands of the county commissioners, unsold. Financiers declare the interest rate, 4 1/2 per cent, is too low.

At Muskogee, Ok., Friday W. L. Tull, a real estate broker, filed a suit against the local lodge of the Order of Owls for \$16,250 damages for injuries received while being initiated into the lodge. Tull was shot in the hip with a blank cartridge and as a result was in the hospital several weeks.

Even Oklahoma squirrels in the country surrounding Sapulpa have become tainted with Standard oil. Hunters complain that the meat of the squirrels tastes of oil, and explain the phenomenon by saying that the streams are so low because of drought that they are practically covered with waste oil.

Bailey Organs' False Statement About Hogg

Several anti-Bryan papers have published editorials and articles charging that Governor Hogg in a speech at Rockdale, Oct. 1st, 1894, repudiated the platform adopted by the State Democratic convention that year. In an editorial we characterized this charge as a slander to the memory of Governor Hogg as soon as we saw it. At that time we did not have the Rockdale speech. Now we have it and from it we take the following:

"The people of my country elected me one of their delegates to their convention, and adopted suitable resolutions and instructions to govern us. We went there and worked night and day to carry them out. In some respects we and those of our ways of thinking succeeded. In others we failed. The platform was a compromise, but so far as I am concerned I SHALL HANG ONTO IT SO LONG AS THERE IS A SPLINTER LEFT IN IT. There can be no storm severe enough to shake me from it, nor cause me to commit the unmanly act of trying to strike down my party by reason of any ugly feature in it."

Now the part quoted by the anti-Bryan papers in an effort to excuse Bailey's bolt of the platform occurs just before what we have quoted and is on the same subject. It was said in an effort to persuade those who were dissatisfied with the platform to stay with the party. Here it is:

"If reports are correct many orthodox Democrats are much troubled with the State Democratic platform. To admit the truth I am not altogether in love with it myself. Did you ever see a platform in your life that you would not change in some way? Did you ever see a platform that exactly suited your tastes and political desires? If you did, your powers of analysis and criticism are as weak as moonbeams in bottomless caves. Platforms are but the expressions of the people in the settlement of their differences upon political issues within party lines. As a rule they embrace compromises. They are intended to express party policies. In these they often signally fail."

Now what do you think of the fairness of papers that quote this last excerpt to sustain a charge against the dead that was absolutely and completely refuted a few lines below in the very speech from which their quotation was taken?

Such methods may fool some people but in their desperate efforts to destroy respect for Democratic platforms, they will not be permitted to injure the memory of the greatest governor Texas ever had.—Greenville Herald.

Denver Platform the Only Declaration for Party Policy

Lincoln, Neb., Oct. 14.—W. J. Bryan is opposed to the suggestion coming from the East that a democratic conference should be held in order to map out a party policy for the coming congressional elections. The former presidential candidate takes the position that the Denver platform is the only declaration of policy that could be truly representative of the masses. In the current issue of his Commoner Mr. Bryan says:

"Some of the eastern papers are suggesting a national conference to outline a policy for the democratic party, but who would do the inviting? And who would attend? How could we get a more representative body than the last democratic convention? It adopted a platform and outlined a policy which was indorsed by the democrats of the country. There were a few democrats who were not in harmony with the platform adopted, and some of them did not support the ticket. They might be in favor of a conference, but what influence would such a conference have except to sound a note of discord?"

Bailey's Speech and Votes

Gordon, Tex., Oct. 8.—In Senator Bailey's speech at Ft. Worth March 28, 1908, referring to a former speech he made at Austin, we find this remarkable language: "The only call to battle which I uttered in that speech was against those members of the house and senate who had violated their instructions. That was not a personal matter with me and I so declared. The right of the people to instruct their representatives, and the duty of all representatives to obey the instructions they receive from their constituents is a fundamental principle of this Republic, and no democrat can witness its violation without demanding the punishment of those who sin against it. So far as this is a contest to vindicate the proposition that representatives must obey the will of their people or resign office, I gladly accept the full responsibility for it; but the whole extent to which such a campaign could have divided the democratic party would be limited by the number of dissidents who might become candidates for re-election. In such cases, and in such cases only, could

Dallas is Most Wealthy County in Texas

According to figures by Tax Assessor Bolton the taxable values of Dallas county are \$102,818,930. Last year the total values were \$91,128,190. This shows a net increase of \$11,690,740 over 1908. The net value of Harris county property as given recently from Austin was \$100,800,000. This gives Dallas county a handsome lead over the South Texas county and shows her supremacy.

Gold Found Near Mena, Ark.

Mena, Ark., Oct. 15.—Prospectors who have been at work sinking a shaft on the gold mining claims located near Acorn, near here, report going through the cap rock and the discovery of good sulphide ore, with free gold in paying quantity. The vein is about four feet wide where the shaft crosses. A force of men are at work putting the shaft down and it is the intention of the prospectors to put in the machinery at once. Something like thirty claims are located in that vicinity. Gold has heretofore been found in many parts of the Ozark Mountains, but never in paying quantity, and never before in a body of rock like this.

Veale is in Race for Congress

A Daily Panhandle representative today asked Senator Veale the question straight:

"Senator, much has been said, both on the street and in the public prints, as to whether or not you will be a candidate for congress from this district. How about it?"

"Well, since you put it so bluntly, I will answer your question equally as terse," said Senator Veale. He continued:

"I will be in the race. Now, don't ask me how I stand on the ship subsidy movement, the probable report of the monetary commission, and what I think about that, nor the tariff agitation now on; to say nothing of countless other questions both state and national, now before the people, because I have been and am now, so busy with my private affairs that I have had but little time to think about such matters.

"Just as soon as I can find the time to do so, I will engage in a careful study of these questions and will define my position in such manner as I hope will leave no room for speculation as to what I think.

"Yes, in due season I shall make a thorough canvass of the entire district with speaking appointments in each county."—Amarillo Panhandle.

The Muddled Cook Affair

New York, Oct. 16.—Having failed in his effort to get Prof. Parker and Prof. Flala to conduct an expedition to ascend Mount McKinley, Dr. Frederick A. Cook announced here tonight that he would abandon his lecture tour as soon as possible and himself head an expedition to ascend the mountain, to obtain, if possible, the records which he says he left there. Dr. Cook said:

"I am fully determined to break off my lecture tour, complete my arctic data for Copenhagen and then begin an expedition immediately to Mount McKinley to recover the records which I left there. My decision has been reached, owing to the acuteness of the controversy the last few days. I have not seen my lecture manager, but I believe I am bound to deliver four or five lectures next week. But although I am booked to the coast and back, I shall not go farther than Minneapolis.

"I shall ask several unbiased scientists to accompany me and shall select a number of Swiss mountaineers to form the party. The funds will be gotten together without difficulty, of that I am assured. However, I myself would not be able to provide all the finances necessary.

"As to my north pole data, their completion will require six weeks or two months, but I intend to work on them day and night in order to finish them as quickly as possible. I shall not send them piecemeal because it has always been my intention to show them in their entirety."

Prof. Parker said this afternoon that he would have nothing to do with the expedition of Dr. Cook to Mount McKinley.

"Belmore Brown and myself will endeavor to find the top of the mountain next year," said Mr. Parker, "but our expedition will not follow the route Dr. Cook says he took. If we should find Cook's records at the top we will bring them back."

"I have read Edward Barrill's affidavit carefully and from the observations I made on Mount McKinley while with Dr. Cook, I believe Barrill told the exact truth."

It is said that George Washington never told a lie. But George did not live in pole discovery days.

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CLARENDON, TEX.

Duty of a Newspaper to Print the News And The Truth About It—No Libel

Judge A. B. Anderson of the United States court of the Indianapolis district dismissed the proceedings against Delevan Smith and Charles R. Williams, proprietors of the Indianapolis News, last week, who were resisting removal to the District of Columbia for a trial under a grand jury indictment charging them with having committed criminal libel in publishing articles, alleging that there was a Panama canal to the United States.

"That man has read the history of our institutions to little purpose," said Judge Anderson in concluding his decision, "who does not view with apprehension the success of such a proceeding as this, to think that citizens could be dragged from their homes to the District of Columbia, the seat of government for trial under the circumstances of this case. The defendants are discharged."

At the close of the argument in the hearing of Messrs. Smith and Williams, Judge Anderson said that he was too busy with other matters to write a long opinion in the case, although it clearly was one of great public interest and importance and involved several complex questions of procedure in the United States courts. He would proceed, he said, to sum up at once his view of the evidence and the arguments.

"I am of the opinion," said Judge Anderson, "that the fact that certain persons were called 'thieves' and swindlers' does not constitute libel per se. A newspaper has a certain duty to perform. As a former president has said, 'it is the duty of a newspaper to print the news and tell the truth about it,' it is the duty of a paper to draw inference for the people.

"Now, there were many peculiar circumstances about the whole Panama canal business. I do not wish to be understood as reflecting upon anybody in or out of office except such person or persons as I may name. The revolution in Panama, the circumstances concerning it, were unusual and peculiar. The people were interested in the construction of the canal. It was a matter of great public concern; a large portion of the people favored the Nicaraguan route, and other portions, those who were interested in it officially and personally—just interested—preferred the Panama route. A committee was appointed to investigate the relative merits of the two routes. They investigated and reported in favor of the Nicaragua route. Shortly afterward they changed to Panama. Up to the time of that change, as I gather the evidence, the lowest offer which had been suggested as the one at which the Panama property, the Panama canal company, could be procured was something over \$100,000,000. Then rather suddenly it became known that it could be procured for \$40,000,000."

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the issue be properly raised. I insist then, as I now insist, that the right of the people to correct their representatives who disobey instructions, is infinitely more important than the political fortunes of a thousand United States Senators or 10,000 representatives in the legislature."

Again we find the "unterrified" democrats assembled at Fort Worth in the name of the Bailey campaign committee proposing to fight under democracy's broad banner where assuring thusly: "We indorse the unanswerable utterance of our great democratic leader, William J. Bryan, that a party nominee who, when elected, violates the expressed will of his party on any proposition, is an embezzler of power."

Democrats for "revenue only" may be able to harmonize the foregoing with Senator Bailey's speech at Houston lately, wherein he says: "I know the platform demands me to put certain articles on the free list, but I refused to do so, and I don't go behind the proposition that I was not elected on that platform."

P. S. This is taken verbatim from the printed speech of Mr. Bailey sent out by his campaign managers.—W. Y. Fennell in Dallas News.

"Buffalo Bill" Cody

The Kansas City Times answers an inquiry about Cody thus:

William Frederick Cody was born in Scott county, Iowa, February, 26, 1846. His father was killed in the "Border War" in Kansas. He was a pony express rider in 1860 and 1861 and a government scout and guide and a member of the Seventh Kansas Cavalry from 1861 to 1865. March 6, 1866, he married Miss Louisa Frederici. Mr. Cody contracted to furnish the Kansas Pacific Railway with all the buffalo meat required to feed the laborers engaged in construction, and in eighteen months, in 1867 and 1868, he killed 4,280 buffaloes, earning the name "Buffalo Bill," by which he is best known. He was a government scout and guide from 1868 to 1872, serving in operation against the Sioux and Cheyennes; was a member of the Nebraska legislature in 1872, and joined the Fifth Cavalry as a scout in 1876. In the battle of Indian Creek he killed Yellow Hand, a Cheyenne chief, in a hand-to-hand fight. Since 1883 he has been at the head of the Wild West show. He is judge-advocate general of the Wyoming National Guards.

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Trespassing on railroad property caused the deaths of 47,416 people in the United States in the last 10 years.

The rumor that the M. K. & T. has been taken over by the Hawley-Yoakum interests is generally believed in Wall street. If so, it will become a part of the Frisco system.

The Dallas fair opened Saturday and the big attraction was Gov. Harmon of Ohio, this being democratic day. School children under fifteen were admitted free. Lieutenant Governor Davidson started the machinery and conducted the ceremonies incident to the opening.

Over at Pampa they have no calaboose in which to lock up their common drunks, so they disgrace their lively horses by throwing the c. d's. in a horse stall. The News says, "An old geeser got 'buck-eyed' Wednesday and he was given a stall in the livery barn until he recovered his mind."

Scurvy, so common and deadly among early polar explorers, is totally unknown among Eskimos who eat raw meat. This iodized raw food also explains the absence of enlarged tonsils, glands and goiter. Their perfect, splendid teeth and strong lower jaws mark them completely carnivorous. The exclusion of vegetable food has shortened their intestine, and indigestion is unknown. One would suppose their pure flesh diet would cause biliousness, etc., but the large percentage of oil in their food acts as a gentle laxative and protects against harms. The Eskimo eats with relish old rotten blubber that would stagger a buzzard.

Up in enlightened Ohio, in the "cultured" set at Mount Union College, a set of brutish, cowardly assassins calling themselves hazers, gave an exhibition of their refinement Friday night in their treatment of Forest Whittin. According to Whittin's story he was summoned from his room late that night and surrounded by thirty masked students. All wore their coats inside out, as a further protection against discovery. The hazers hurried him to a nearby woods, stripped him and, after shingling his hair with horse clippers, applied tar and feathers. Running short of feathers, they rolled Whittin in the dead leaves, and after dancing and singing about him, left him to find his way to his room. Whittin, although popular among his classmates, is reported to have talked more than the up per classmen thought a freshman should do.

Pay Your Interest

The new law regulating the payment of interest on school lands requires all interest to go through the hands of the land commissioner, and the law requiring all interest to be paid by October 31, will be strictly enforced or your land will forfeit. Prior to this year remittances have been made direct to the state Treasurer, and on account of the rush of business some remittances were not filed for several weeks or even months after they were received and some were negligent about sending up their interest and yet all went well, but the change in the manner of remitting will make it necessary that every remittance be in by Oct. 31.—Ex.

King Gets Off Light

Walter King, who was cashier of the branch of the Waggoner Bank and Trust company Ft. Worth, when \$5,000 disappeared last June, pleaded guilty Monday to the unusual charge of voluntarily returning stolen property and was fined \$100 by District Judge Buck. King did not confess to embezzlement. The state's attorneys announced they were unable to introduce the principal witness.

Texas Has Half Million More Hogs Than Ohio Value \$16,500,000

According to Statistics gathered by F. D. Coburn, author of "Swine in America," the number of hogs in Texas January, 1908, was 3,000,000 head, valued at \$16,500,000. Texas had half million hogs more than Ohio, but the Ohio hogs exceeded those of Texas by over \$100,000 in value.

The total value of the swine in the United States at the time named was \$339,030,000; and in twelve states the swine values reached \$239,317,000, which shows the degree to which hog raising has been concentrated in the states of the corn belt.

The difference in values in Ohio and Texas is due to the improved breeds in the former states. Texas has just as pure bred hogs as can be found in Ohio, but not as many.

Prohibition Next State Issue

In view of the fact that it is generally known that in our next state campaign the question of state wide prohibition will inevitably be the paramount issue, and that the leaders of both sides of the controversy are now busy formulating plans for the most effective work possible, it behooves every good citizen in the state to set about in a quiet and peaceful way to so thoroughly inform himself as to the merits of either side as to be able to cast a righteous and intelligent vote, unbiased by any element of excitement or prejudice, but a ballot expressing the honest conviction of a clear head and honest heart.

There is so much money involved in the liquor traffic, and the profit in the saloon business is so enormous, that they will spend money very freely in the campaign, employing the ablest speakers that money will hire, the most potent influences that can be obtained regardless of cost, and while they will have the co-operation and help of many of our highest class of citizens, yet it is certain that their chief dependence for defeating prohibition will be in the free and judicious use of money and the means that money and moneyed influences will procure and on the ballots of the negro and the lower and more dissolute character of our foreign population.—Wise County Index.

At Amarillo Chief of Police John Snider knocked down Ranger G. T. Smith, Saturday and whipped him thoroughly, the chief having rushed into a pool hall on Polk street while the ranger it is alleged, was administering a thrashing to Boss Oates of Claude in the same pool hall where A. B. Short was assaulted several weeks ago. Smith was later arrested and turned loose on his own recognizance, with the understanding that he will appear in police court.

William I. Buchanan of Buffalo, N. Y., former American minister to the Argentine Republic and Panama, who had been closely identified with several important American diplomatic missions, met a tragic death Saturday night on a London street. He was discovered lying on a sidewalk in Park Lane, near the American embassy, in a dying condition, a few minutes before 12 o'clock, and was carried to St. George's hospital, a short distance away. Life was extinct when the ambulance reached the hospital. The cause of death is not known, but it is supposed that it resulted from heart disease or apoplexy. There were no marks of violence on the body nor had robbery been committed.

A straw vote for our next governor was taken at the court house yesterday morning. It was rather a surprise to find that three-fourths of those present favored Davidson, with Poindexter and Brooks even seconds.—Quanah Tribune.

Some failures even in our section are almost complete, it is true, but not a man who tills the soil and is known as a man of industry and probity need suffer, for those who have a surplus will divide with such neighbors until they can recuperate.—Wise County Index.

Carelessness Causes \$60,000 Fire Loss

Lawton, Ok., Oct. 16.—Two fires which will aggregate in the sum of more than \$60,000, broke out tonight in Lawton within an hour's time. At 5 o'clock the transfer and storage barn, with \$30,000 worth of implements, hardware, pianos and household goods, burned; no insurance, except on barn.

The Allen 5c and 10c store building caught fire at 6 o'clock, and the building, belonging to A. Harris of Fort Worth, was entirely gutted; loss on the building \$5,000; stock \$20,000, insurance \$6,000. Loss to other occupants of the building \$5,000.

Matches and a gasoline lamp respectively are assigned as causes of these conflagrations.

STATE NEWS.

The antis have filed a contest of the recent prohibition election at Henrietta.

J. B. Burk and wife of Pilot Point, who went to Dallas in an auto, ran into a street car wrecking their machine and Mrs. Burk receiving serious injuries Sunday night.

Captain Terrell, who was nearly 78 years of age and who had been a citizen of Fort Worth since 1857, died Friday at 11 o'clock from the effects of an accidental overdose of strychnine.

F. B. Johnson, residing a short distance southwest of Melissa, lost his residence by fire Saturday with all his household goods, together with \$30 in cash and two gold watches. Loss \$2,000; insurance \$800.

Mrs. Roxana Gunter, widow of the late Colonel Jot. Gunter, has sold the famous Gunter ranch in Grayson county to J. B. Wilson of Dallas for over \$220,000. The property contains 7240 acres on the Frisco railroad.

The gin at Kentuckytown was destroyed Saturday. Loss on gin plant \$6,000, partially covered by insurance. Loss on seed cotton and cotton seed, \$2,500, fully covered by insurance. The property was owned by Seay & Payne.

The home of Sam Knight, one mile east of Granbury, with its contents, was destroyed by fire Saturday. Loss about \$3,500, with \$2,200 insurance; origin of fire not known, but is supposed to have been caused by matches being ignited by mice.

At Tyler Saturday a house owned by Burl Wheeler and occupied by Tom Reaves and S. L. Orr burned, together with contents. The house was insured for \$1,500, contents \$1,000. Two houses near by were damaged about \$400, fully covered by insurance.

The only accident reported at the opening of the fair at Dallas was when a Texas & Pacific train ran over Mamie Blankford, a negro, near the fair grounds, just after noon. Both legs were cut off. She was taken to a hospital where she is expected to die.

Fire at Cloudcroft Monday morning destroyed the Belmont Hotel, Silver Lining printing office, Perry Kearney's store, Homocroft Hotel, Kotosky & Mendelson's store, W. H. Greason's saloon. Snow which covered the roofs of buildings, and a change of wind saved the rest of the town from destruction.

With his right arm ground off just below the elbow, the right leg cut away below the knee and the right side reduced to a pulp, W. D. Blanks, a switchman in the Denver yards at Amarillo was almost instantly killed Saturday night by being jammed between a tender of the switch engine and a caboose. Blanks was 25 years old and leaves a widow in Dalton, Ga., from which place he arrived in Amarillo in August this year.

Over at Elgin, Ok., Mrs. S. Leeper, wife of a farmer, is dead and several members of the family are ill as the result of mixing strychnine in biscuit dough. The drug was in a baking powder can left by the former occupants of the Leeper house.

THE FASCINATION OF FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

By HENRY S. SPICER.
[Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.]

Being junior member of the firm of Bunker & Co. of New York, whose business involved some correspondence with olive oil merchants in Italy, I concluded to learn the Italian language in order to be able to write those in their own tongue from whom we bought oil. I inquired of a friend for a teacher. He told me that he could recommend one, a young woman, a native of Italy, but there must be one condition attached to her giving me lessons—I must promise not to make love to her. Somewhat surprised that such a promise should be exacted, I asked a reason for it, but received no satisfactory reply. As I had no intention of making love to any one, I readily agreed to the terms. It is only too true, however, that such a promise was very inconsiderate on my part, for several episodes in the past had demonstrated my extreme susceptibility to the Goddess Love and her subtleties. But my word had been given and in all the verities I was placed upon my honor.

Miss (or, rather, Signorina) Aboni turned out to be a teacher in the New York public schools. She was about twenty-five years old, with the dark hair and eyes prevalent among her countrymen and, unlike most Italian women, possessed a very sweet voice. No language is musical when rapidly spoken and in a rough voice, but as Miss Aboni spoke Italian to me slowly and softly it was very mellifluous.

Now, I verily believe that if it had not been for the promise I had made I might have taken lessons of Miss Aboni for an indefinite time without danger to my bachelorhood. I should not have thought of making love to her. But all the while she was instructing me my mind, instead of being on the Italian language, was on the question, "Why was I pledged not to make love to my teacher?" That we wish to do what we are forbidden to do is a curious psychological condition for which I cannot account. I can more readily understand why one should dislike to do what he is compelled to do, and yet this condition is by no means so universal as the other. However this may be, I was soon seized with an uncontrollable desire to make love to my teacher. I resisted till I had been some time under her tutelage, then made a break.

The pain expressed in her face told me that I had in some way hurt her, and a sudden sensation of shame told me that I had dishonored myself. I stammered an apology, promising not to break my word again, a condition like that laid down by the poet when he says it is "weakness to be wroth with weakness." The poor girl could only accept the apology and hope that I would be stronger in future.

But I was tampering with a passion, and the passions usually master conscience. The only safe way out of the matter was to acknowledge myself bidden in the first encounter and avoid a second by ceasing to take lessons of Miss Aboni. This course occurred to me, but I persuaded myself that it would be more manly to conquer myself than to ingloriously run away. I continued to receive instruction, but there had come a feeling of constraint between me and my teacher. I went on conquering myself, as I persuaded myself I was doing, listening to the melodious Italian sentences as they glided from my teacher's lips. Then, too, we frequently read from the same book, and this compelled us to sit side by side, a dangerous position for those who are forbidden to be lovers.

One day while thus looking over the same page I suddenly found my hand resting on my teacher's waist. I can only assert that I did not put it there; I put it there. Then another unfortunate circumstance led to a fatal step. Feeling a tress softly graze my cheek, with my hand—the hand not on her waist—I turned her face to mine and kissed her on the lips.

I shall never forget the shudder that passed over her frame. I knew at once that I had done something terrible. But terrible things cannot usually be undone. Whatever it was, it must stand. One thing was certain—I had given my word and broken it.

"I am beneath contempt," I cried. "No, I have made a mistake."

"What mistake?"

"Instead of exacting a promise I should have taken you into my confidence. But you were a stranger to me, and if you told—"

"Well, if I told, what then?"

"I would lose my position; we would starve."

"We? Who are we?"

"I and my husband. Married women are not permitted to teach in the public schools of New York. My marriage has been kept a secret."

The announcement that she was a wife fell like a load on my heart. What had started in a desire to break in upon forbidden ground had resulted in a passionate love.

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Business locals five cents per line for first insertion and 3 cents for subsequent insertions. All locals run and are charged for until ordered out. Transient notices and job work are cash, other bills on first of month.

Phone for 150 and all of the local news you can think of that will interest our readers. This will be but little trouble to you and greatly help us to make a more newsy paper.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

W. J. Parsons went to Memphis today.

John Morrow's family will leave Saturday for Ft. Worth.

Joe Kendall and Ed Deason of Hedley are in town today.

Mrs. W. W. Gammon returned Monday from a visit at Hedley.

Paul Sarvis and Miss Vida Tarpely visited home folks at Hedley Sunday.

Miss Ethel White of Hedley is visiting her brother's family here this week.

Frank Mace was brought home yesterday from Matador and his wound is healing up nicely.

Will Wells, passenger brakeman on the Denver, was here Monday and Tuesday as a witness in court.

Mrs. J. E. Carroll left Thursday night for Dallas and to visit relatives in the lower part of the state.

W. J. Greer J. R. Boston and Capt. E. E. McGee of the Hedley vicinity are attending court this week.

C. A. Burton came over this week as a witness in district court in the case of the state vs. W. H. Cooke.

The rain Monday night seems to have been general from Texline to San Angelo and as far east as Ft. Worth.

The daughter of W. A. Womack living east of town, who has had fever, is now clear of the fever and on the mend.

J. S. Young and daughter, Miss Dessa, of Giles, who recently visited in Georgia, visited the family of C. L. Young here this week.

Custis Benson and a Miss Hudson were married at Brice this week. We extend our good wishes for their happiness and prosperity.

Tom Buntin's baby at Amarillo is very ill and Mrs. P. A. Buntin has been with the family of her son in Amarillo now for more than a week.

J. G. Dodson thinks he will get off the first of next week with his family for Cordell, Ok., where he will take charge of the telephone exchange recently purchased.

Postmaster C. J. Lewis returned home Monday night from his eastern trip. He enjoyed his visit and stood the trip well. Mrs. Lewis will not return for a month yet.

A Good rain fell Monday evening and all through the night. It is too late to be of any benefit to the crops, but has laid the dust and will enable the farmers to do fall plowing.

Announcements are out for the marriage of Russell Harwood Beville and Miss Lelia Ross to take place at the Methodist church Wednesday Oct. 27th, at 8 o'clock, with a reception at the home of the groom's parents Thursday evening, the 28th.

The Clarendon football boys laid it over the Goodnight boys last Saturday on their own ground to the tune of 56 to 0. Previously in a game here the Clarendon team won by 41 to 0. We are told that the Goodnight girls objected to the rules Saturday and refused to play basketball with the Clarendon girls.

Drs. H. C. Caylor and L. M. Martin will soon begin the erection of a modern hospital for the use of their patients at Canadian. The hospital will be modern in equipment and furnishings. It will be a private institution and the only one in that section of the Panhandle. Dr. Caylor has lived in Clarendon and his many friends will be pleased to note his success.

Mrs. S. T. Sayre is visiting in Dallas this week.

Miss Mantie Graves has returned from her visit to the Dallas fair.

Charley Kinslow and sister, Miss Maggie, are up from Hedley this week.

A new boy is announced at the home of Walter Stanton, born Sunday.

Mrs. Mollie Gray and Mrs. Marion Williams have returned from El Paso.

Mrs. Buntin arrived last night from Amarillo, bringing home her little granddaughter, who has been ill for some time.

Clarence Martin left yesterday for the fair at Dallas, from where he will go to Sweetwater where he has charge of a school.

G. W. Washington will leave tonight for Dallas to take in the fair and buy mattress material. He may also go to Austin to visit relatives.

Dr. Pittman went to Rowe today to perform the marriage ceremony between Miss Ethyl Myers and Mr. Nippert, the accommodating Denver agent at that place.

Tom Hamlin, who has been an engineer out of Little Rock, is now visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Hamlin, at Jericho, accompanied by his wife and baby, all of whom feel the need of the recuperative effect of the Panhandle. He may go to work on the Santa Fe.

Sam D. Finley and family of Berthoud, Colo., arrived Tuesday evening and are visiting Mrs. Finley's mother, Mrs. L. C. Updike. Mr. Finley has been foreman of the Berthoud Bulletin for a number of years and this is his first vacation in six years.

John Alexander made the following sales this week: J. H. Reeves to J. W. Weeks of Seymour residence property in south part of town for \$3,500. C. Y. McDonald to Dr. B. L. Jenkins, of Lyra, Texas, the place recently owned by Dr. Wooten, price \$12,000. Mr. McDonald takes in exchange a dairy farm at Lyra at \$16,000. Mr. Weeks and Dr. Jenkins will both move to Clarendon.

District court convened Monday and the first case to be taken up is that of Ben Hardy, a damage suit against the Ft. Worth & Denver road for \$20,000 for personal injuries. It had not been decided last night when we went to press. The criminal cases are to be taken up next week and Sheriff Patman has gone to Huntsville to bring back Miller, the boxcar murderer, who was sent from Hall county for life for killing a man at Estelline, before he killed the one at Giles.

McLean had a fire Saturday, starting in a store room of Small & Co., which with the contents burned. Loss \$2,500.

Walter and Fred Dibbs of Clarendon were here the latter part of last week the guest of Will J. Hodges and family. They left Friday for eastern Texas, where they go in the interest of oil burner business.—McLean News.

Much damage was done at San Marcus yesterday by a cloudburst.

Unappreciated. "Dobson is an unnatural sort of father." "How so?" "His baby threw his gold watch from the third story window to the pavement, and he didn't see anything cut in it."—Boston Herald.

Market Report

The following is the Fort Worth stock market report for Monday: Steers \$3.00 to \$4.10 Cows \$2.15 to \$3.00 Calves \$3.00 to \$5.35 Hogs \$5.50 to \$7.25

Art squares at from \$6 to \$22.50 at H. C. Kerbow's.

Don't Send off For Music You can get what you want and generally at a less price at Stocking's store. If not in stock we will get it promptly without extra cost.

Good stock, neat work, moderate prices are features of our job work

Noel Morgan Stabs a Boy to Death

According to press dispatches Noel Morgan, son of Judge Morgan formerly of Clarendon, stabbed a boy to death in El Paso Saturday.

The following account is given: "A lad of 15 years was stabbed to death by a school companion just as President Taft was stepping from his special train upon its arrival in the center of the city at 9:30 o'clock this morning. The boys were in the crush of people gathered in the plaza, and in pushing forward to catch a glimpse of the President became involved in a fight. Noel Morgan, 14 years old, pulled a knife and before bystanders could realize what was happening, Lawrence Wimber, 15, was lying mortally wounded at their feet, a flow from his heart making the ebb tide of his life. Before an ambulance could reach the scene the boy was dead. The crowd was so great that even the wagon from the morgue could not make its way through, and during most of the time President Taft was at breakfast the body lay on the pavement not forty rods away. Some thoughtful person finally tore down two American flags from the decorations about the plaza and spread them over the dead boy's form. Morgan was arrested and is held in the county jail tonight. He is utterly crushed and a heart-broken boy."

Miss Ersa, the 15 year old daughter of the late Perry LeFors, who was taken to Amarillo for treatment Thursday died the following day. The body was shipped in on the 9:50 train this morning. Services, conducted by Rev. J. W. Whatley will be held at the Baptist church Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock after which the body will be placed to rest in the Miami cemetery. This community is intensely sad over the great grief and sorrow which has befallen this good and highly respected family. But a few months ago a happy home with father, mother and six children, the half of the family, while another member is hardly expected to recover from the ravages of the fever.—Miami Chief.

Discovers a "Sleepy" Grass While making a trip through the southwestern part of New Mexico, Herbert W. Wolcott of Alamogordo, N. M., found a grass which he believes a narcotic may be extracted which will take the place of those now known to medical science.

"The grass is known as 'sleepy grass' to the natives of New Mexico near the Apache reservation," said Mr. Wolcott. "Cattle and horses will eat it the first time they see it. It makes them fall to the ground in their tracks and lie in a state of coma for two days. When they wake up they have no ill effects from their opiate. But they will never eat it again; in fact, they will run away if it is offered to them. 'This sleepy grass is not to be confused with the loco weed. The grass is a real grass, not unlike the Kentucky blue grass in appearance. The loco weed is a plant and bears a flower. Horses and cattle become loco fends and are worthless after tasting the deadly stuff."—Kansas City Star.

Pecans! Pecans! I will be back to Clarendon soon with a shipment of pecans for my friends and customers. J. T. Morrow.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

Up-to-date wall paper at Stocking's store.

Our school shoes are guaranteed. Rathjen's Shoe Store.

For Rent—Shop suitable for carpenter. Call at this office.

The Peerless, long-life electric lamps, best in town, for sale by G. A. Murrell.

If you want anything repaired call at Murrell's repair shop. We repair anything.

For Sale or Trade—A new Edison phonograph and 40 records, also a splendid upright piano at a bargain. What have you? C. C. Bearden.

Seed Wheat for Sale. A limited amount of Turkey red wheat for sale. Robt. Sawyer, 1 1/2 miles north of Clarendon.

OUT ON BAIL.

Strange Things to Which Running Over a Cow May Lead.

By HELEN MARDEN QUINN. (Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

"I'm going to fall in love with that girl!"

It was at a New England summer resort, and "that young man from Boston" had been there less than an hour when he had his first view of Miss Minnie Haddon. Young men from New York and other places had arrived a week ahead of him and uttered the same words, but as Paul Dillon didn't know it he was not dismayed.

To fall in love properly with the handsomest girl at a summer resort there should be a formal introduction, and a formal introduction may be hard to achieve under certain circumstances. There must be a mutual acquaintance to bring it about. Miss Haddon's mother was a widow and an invalid and kept to herself most of the time. Paul Dillon looked the crowd over twice a day for sight of faces he knew, but looked in vain. Four days passed, and the hotel did not take fire, the mountain behind it did not slide down, and there was no strike of waiters to give him an opportunity to play the hero and present his card. Then he decided to take a spin in the auto which had been shipped up to him.

When undecided what to do in a case of love, trust to the auto. It has a hundred possibilities.

Mr. Dillon had driven fifteen miles and stopped at a hotel to refresh himself, when he was pleased and surprised to see Miss Haddon and another young woman drive up in another auto. They had followed him from the hotel. They alighted and disappeared. By indirect information he learned that Miss Haddon had brought back the other young lady to her hotel and was to make the return trip in care of the chauffeur.

In the course of an hour Miss Haddon reappeared and after thirty or forty goodbyes to her girl friends took a seat in the tonneau and moved off. Three minutes later Mr. Dillon was traveling the same road. All went well for five miles. He was following so closely that he could see that the other machine was holding anything but a straight course. There were wabbles to right and left to signify that that tract on temperance that he had seen the chauffeur reading hadn't quite cured him of his thirst for highballs.

By and by two things happened in the same minute. The chauffeur suddenly increased his speed, and a cow suddenly started to cross the highway in front of a farmhouse.

The best mechanical engineer could not have planned things better. There was a whoop, a scream and a smash, and then an auto brought up against a rail fence and sent the splinters flying.

Fate was with the young man from Boston. He stopped his machine and leaped out and over the dead cow and the unconscious chauffeur lying on his back, and his strong arms were extended to the half fainting girl in the tonneau. She fell into them just as the farmer came from the house with a milk pail in his hand and cried out: "Now, by crickets, but this is a nice state of affairs, ain't it! What in Jericho have you folks been doing?"

"This auto struck your cow," briefly explained Mr. Dillon as he placed the girl on her feet on the ground.

"Struck my cow! Why, it's killed her as dead as a doornail! By gum, but you've got yourselves into a nice scrape. Yes, sir; gone and killed my cow and smashed my fence, and the two things together will send you to jail for at least thirty days!"

"We shall pay all damages, of course. Please let this young lady go to the house. She isn't hurt, I hope, but the accident has shaken her up."

"Oh, she can go to the house. Look at that cow lying there! Only seven years old and giving ten quarts of milk a day! Worth \$30 of any man's money. It's a serious job, my friend."

Miss Haddon was assisted to the house, where the farmer's wife received her, and then Mr. Dillon returned to the chauffeur. He had been fung out, but those highballs had saved him from serious injury. He was more intoxicated than hurt, and, after being propped up against the fence, proceeded to indulge in a good, long cry. When finally at liberty Mr. Dillon turned to the farmer and said:

"I am now ready to talk with you."

"Yes, there's got to be some tremendous talking over this thing. In the first place, I'm a constable, and it's my business to arrest somebody for speeding. If that machine hadn't been going thirty miles an hour the cow could have dodged it. I've been throwing stones and clubs at her ever since she was a calf, and she's dodged 'em all. It's speeding and killing a cow and smashing a fence all in one, to say nothing of the shock to my feelings."

"We are very sorry, of course," answered Mr. Dillon. "If you will figure up the damages I will pay."

"Waal, we'll call the cow \$30 and the fence about \$2. As for the speeding, you'll have to be taken before Squire Johnson. He lives six miles away, but is off on a visit to his brother in New Jersey just now, and I can't say when he'll be home."

"But we can't fool around."

"Can't you? Waal, I guess you'll have to. When you're talking to me you're talking to the law. I could handcuff the three of you and take you

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K of P—Panhandle Lodge, No. 90. Meets every Tuesday night. Visiting Knights invited to attend. G. B. BAGBY, C. H. KELLEY, K. of R. & S.

Pythian Sisters—Panhandle Temple, No. 58. Meets 1st and 3rd Monday nights at Pythian Hall. Mrs. H. S. WHITE, M. E. C. Mrs. JOHN M. CLOWAY, M. of R. & O.

Modern Woodmen of America—Clarendon Camp No. 12, 422. Meets 2nd and 4th Saturday nights of each month at Woodman Hall. C. P. CORDER, Clerk. Royal Neighbors—Agility to Mylora Woodmen—Meet 1st and 3rd Thursday in each month in Woodman Hall. Mrs. R. T. JOHNSON, Oracle. Mrs. H. W. KELLY, Recorder.

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Bundle of 100 papers 15c at this office. Five bundles for 50 cents.

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A Business Proposition

Did you ever stop to think, Mr. Business Man, that the news of your business is as much a part of the local events as a wedding or a church fair? The ladies are just as much interested in a new fabric you have on the shelves as they are in any home happening. Your store news and announcements in these columns will reach a large circle of eager buyers. This will enable you to sell your goods while they are new and fresh and you will not have to sacrifice later at remnant counter prices. Think it over.

Image of a woman sitting in a chair.

Image of a woman sitting in a chair.

Image of a woman sitting in a chair.

Image of a woman sitting in a chair.

Image of a woman sitting in a chair.

Fifteen Million Dollars Worth of Warships Rusting Away

Fifteen million dollars worth of war ships is going to rust at the League Island Navy Yard, in Philadelphia. The Navy Department has no further use for them. They have done their duty, have seen their day, and now they're antiquated, out of date. They are not so old, as the years run, but the developments of the ship builder's art have left them stranded. There's nothing left for them save the discard, or mayhap they will serve a last glorious purpose as targets for the younger vessels of the American fleet. But beyond that there isn't the slightest hope for these former terrorists of the bounding deep.

Most famous in this collection of obsolesces is the Brooklyn, about which memories of American progress and victory will forever play. The cruiser Brooklyn was launched in 1895, of 7,215 tons displacement, four hundred feet in length, with a speed of 22.2 knots, costing nearly 3 million dollars. Her armament consisted of eight 8 inch rifled cannon, twelve 5 inch, twelve 6-pounders and four 1-pounders; her crew was 718 men. In 1896 she was completed and her conquest of the seas was an unbounded one. She visited the Orient and the Occident. She was in England at the time of the queen's jubilee, in the Danish West Indies, Venezuela, flagship of the Flying Squadron on the trip to Australia. But above all and better than all, she was at Santiago when Cervera made his dash for liberty, and she helped sink the Teresa, shot holes through the Vizcaya, Oquendo and Colon, and drove them on the shores, hopeless wrecks. She was worth the 3 million she cost, and she earned it over and over again. But there's nothing more for her to do. She's too hopelessly outclassed by the newer warships of the navies of the world.

For the other six ships that are pounding out their lives on the Philadelphia shores there's not so much to say. Not one of them ever saw a scrap, although all of them were ready, willing and anxious to give account of themselves. They lived in hope, but they die without the realization of those hopes. The cruisers Minneapolis and Columbia, the doubleturreted, low freeboard monitors Terror, Miantonomah and Amphitrite, and the ram Katahdin, for whom the word of doom has been spoken, never served in battle. Of the Katahdin I have previously written and now she has been selected to serve as a target for the newer ships of the navy at battle practice. Her keel was laid in 1891. Her purpose was to ram the foe, being so constructed by virtue of heavy armor and lying low in the water as to defy the shot and shell of the enemy. But she never could make a speed of more than ten or twelve knots, and the million she cost was practically wasted. She didn't get into action during the Spanish-American war and has been kicked about from one navy yard to another ever since then.

The Terror, Miantonomah and Amphitrite were of the famous monitor class, a development of the first Monitor that sunk the Merrimac during the Civil War. They were great improvements over this vessel, of course, and when their keels were laid in 1874, they were acclaimed as veritable wonders. Their cost was approximately 6 million dollars. They were slow and unwieldy and made many cruises, but none of marked historic importance.

The Minneapolis was one of the younger swift cruisers. She was capable of a speed of 23 knots an hour. She was finished in 1894 at a cost of nearly 3 million dollars. The Columbia was another swift cruiser, launched in 1894, and costing, complete, \$2,750,000.

And now the barnacles cover their bottoms. Their mighty armaments have been dismantled. They lie idly awash in the back channel. Once in a while a visitor treads their decks and hears the story of their lives from the old salt who keeps a lonely vigil on

their decks. Their race is run.— Cincinnati Times-Star.

A herd of fifteen black Angus cattle which was awarded first prize at the Chicago International Stock show, and which was sold at \$17 per hundred pounds live weight, was fattened on a ration which included molasses. Besides pasture feed, corn and oats, the owner fed during the last month a mixture of oil meal and oats, to which was added a sprinkling of molasses. It was found that the molasses added a glossiness to the hides and improved the appearance of the animals in every way.

BILLIARDS--AND SOMETHING ELSE.

The Chance That Came With a Lesson In the Game.

By M. J. PHILLIPS.
[Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

The trouble was that, while Carrick admitted his offense and was anxious to present his excuse, Miss Welland by her manner ignored the existence of an offense and so made excuse impossible. At first blush that sounds all right, but it wasn't.

For how could a fellow secure freedom from his grievous dungeon when the pardon board publicly and officially pretended to believe that he was enjoying the sweet atmosphere of liberty? That was the question which bothered Carrick.

He felt that five minutes' talk with Miss Welland would set everything right. But she was graciously and firmly unapproachable. She insisted on treating him just the same as ever, only more so. And Carrick rattled his dungeon chains, while Miss Welland smiled sweetly on Purves Bland.

Carrick wasn't really to blame. They had been going to the theater Wednesday evening after having waited three weeks to get tickets because everybody else seemed to want to go too. And that very Wednesday afternoon the manager had sent for Carrick.

"Be here at 8 o'clock tonight," he directed. "There will be a special meeting of the board for the purpose of discussing your carbon improvement plan. If we take it up—"

For a young man whom opportunity had seized by the nape of the neck and was thrusting headlong into prosperity Carrick was singularly unappreciative. He knew how Miss Welland was anticipating seeing "What a Woman Would Do" and the impossibility of securing other tickets during the remainder of the run. Miss Welland's slightest wish was more important just then than a good many other things, so he mentioned "another engagement."

"Then you must break it, Mr. Carrick," said the manager quite decidedly. "Mr. Kern, who is our president and heaviest stockholder, will be here from the west tonight on his way to New York. He can stay only two hours. We can do nothing without his approval. So you see how necessary it is that you attend the meeting."

There seemed no way out of it. Carrick wrote a note to Miss Welland explaining the circumstances, sealed it and rang for a messenger. When a diminutive representative of the A. D. T. arrived Carrick was smitten with a brilliant idea. Why not send the tickets so she could go anyway? So he wrote another note, inclosed the tickets with it and handed both envelopes to the messenger. And the one containing the tickets was never delivered.

All unconscious of this fact, Carrick went back to the office at 8 o'clock. Fifteen minutes later word came that Mr. Kern was delayed by a wreck and that the board meeting would be held next morning.

On the chance that he might yet be in time to escort Miss Welland to the theater he rushed off to find her, only to be informed by a maid that she had gone out. He went on home then, where he was promptly pressed into service by his sister Beatrice, who wanted company as far as Gladys Burton's. And at the Burton door they had encountered Miss Welland.

That young lady had smilingly cut short his explanations before they were begun. Later, when he heard of the nondelivery of the tickets, he tried again. But Purves Bland was now in the play, and explanations were impossible. He never saw Miss Welland unless the hint-imperious Mr. Bland was at her elbow. He haunted balls and recitals and tea fights in an endeavor to tell her of the meeting that didn't come off, but in vain.

Weeks of plotting and planning and waiting for opportunities that never came left him worried and hungry looking. Why rejoice that his carbon improvement scheme was a go when the only girl in the world-it had reached that stage-wouldn't look at him or, worse still, looked at him precisely as she looked at everybody else?

But his persistence won finally. By the assistance of Dick Sargent, engaged and consequently sympathetic, he was assured of a monopoly of Miss Welland and the billiard room during a dance at Burton's one night. Dick promised fifteen minutes if he had to tie the Purves Bland with the portieres. "Miss Welland," he began breathlessly when Bland had been lured away

by Dick and the future Mrs. Sargent, "you know the night of 'What a Woman Would Do'?"

"But you were to teach me to play billiards, you know," remarked Miss Welland.

"But I want to explain," he urged. "I got your note," Miss Welland reminded him. "And Beatrice has told me about the loss of the tickets. So that's all over and forgotten."

Being equipped only with the slow going mental processes of mere man, Carrick was somewhat dazed by this information. For weeks he had been preparing himself to take the enemy's fortifications by storm. To find that there was to be no war was surprising, to say the least.

"You know all about it?" he queried stupidly.

"Yes."

"And it's all forgotten?"

"Yes."

"Forgiven too?"

"I suppose so."

"Then," said Carrick, with a radiant smile and a glint of determination in his eye, "we shall take up the billiard lesson—and something else." Miss Welland chose to ignore the remark.

"First we will send the balls to the lower cushion to see who gets the first shot. That is a bank."

"What a funny name!"

"Yes," said Carrick. "The word is usually applied to the edges of a river; also, with a sidewise glance, 'to institutions where young men who are contemplating matrimony hoard up their money.'"

"Hadn't we better join the others?" asked Miss Welland irreverently.

"No; they said they'd be back for us."

"O-oh! I missed that one," said the girl presently.

"You don't hold the stick properly," pronounced Carrick. "It's like this." And he calmly took possession of both her hands as they rested on the cue.

"Isn't billiards very difficult to learn?" asked Miss Welland.

"Why?"

"It takes so long to learn how to hold the cue!" The lesson progressed better after that—for a time.

It came Carrick's shot. The balls had stopped in the form of a triangle. A clever "draw" earned him the billiard. Miss Carrick applauded. "It came as though a magnet were attracting it," she said.

"That being my ball," expounded the teacher, "the same forces act upon it as act on me. A magnet has been drawing me for about two years now. And doesn't the red ball remind you of some one? See how closely it has stayed near your ball since we've been playing!"

"Why shouldn't it?" queried Miss Welland saucily as she shot and missed. "And, anyway, resemblances have nothing to do with the game. You're teaching me billiards, remember."

"Billiards—and something else," said Carrick. "See how the red ball sails at the lower end of the table. I'm going to stir it up."

His ball clicked Miss Welland's cue ball gently and doubled the corner just in time to be stopped by it. They met square on its return from the cushion and stopped, a few inches apart.

"See how near they are," said Carrick—"no chance for a misunderstanding, no opportunity for theater tickets to get lost en route from one to the other. The red ball is the length of their world away. That's the way they belong, side by side, always."

"What is it called," asked Miss Welland hurriedly, "when one ball prevents the other from going, like that?"

"That," said Carrick, laying down his cue with a certain finality and advancing around the table, "is called a kiss."

Dick Sargent is in favor of a double wedding, "for," he says, "a fellow needs the moral support of his kind in a crisis." Carrick is building a house with a billiard room in it.

A Decisive Step.
His chum came in and found him slipping a lock of hair into an envelope, not furtively or surreptitiously, but just placing it under cover in a calm, businesslike way.

"Hello!" says the visitor. "What's up?"

"Nothing," he answered. "I'm only sending back Miss Hamilton-Highlow's lock of hair; that's all."

"Engagement or again?"

"Yes."

"How many times does this make?"

"Five. It's final this time, though, one way or the other."

"Does she say so?"

"Oh, she always says it's final. I'm deciding things just now. It's off forever or cards out soon!"

"How do you do it?"

"Little scheme of my own. You know the color of her hair, don't you—warm brown, with a little raw umber in it? Well, this sample of hair I'm doing up is red—good, regular, standing red. I tell you we're going to get down to genuine emotion this time. She'll know whether she loves me or not, and if she does she'll walk in by the ear."—London Mail.

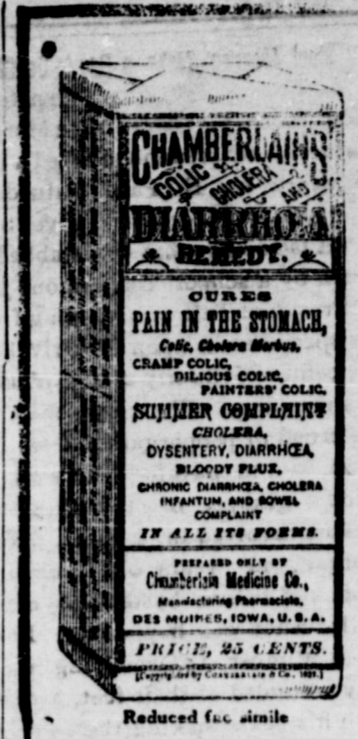
Saved His Life.
"I saved a beggar's life yesterday."

"How?"

"I asked him what he'd do if I gave him a sovereign. 'Good Lor!' he said. 'I should drop down dead.' So I put the sovereign back into my pocket."—London Mail.

A Hard Case.
"How does your boy take to life on the farm?"

"He worries me," admitted Farmer Haw. "He won't do enough work to reimburse about in case he ever gets into politics in future years."—Louisville Courier-Journal.



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His Crushed Cigar.
"Yes," said the man with the open countenance. "I married a girl in the mutilated currency bureau of the treasury department at Washington. Quite a little romance it was too."

Corn Products Entrained.
The president of a western railway system was spending the week end at the country house of a friend in New York when one evening some reference was made by a layman touching the commercial greatness of the country as evidenced by railway operations.

Preferred the Men to Talk.
A Philadelphia writer who belongs to the Society of Friends is a charming story teller. Here is one from his store of Quaker anecdotes.

No Cause For Worry.
"It's sure enough strange how marriage changes some men," commented a Washington Heights dweller to a friend who stood with him on a corner.

Not the Time For Magnifying Glasses.
There was a little Scottish boy who had the quality of astuteness highly developed. The boy's grandmother was packing his lunch for him to take to school one morning. Suddenly, looking up into the old lady's face, he said:

"Grandmother, does yer specs magnify?"

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